

Selen Orbit
AGV Nighthawk
3 hours to jump

The Nighthawk was frenzied like a bee hive struck with a stick. Rulvak carefully plotted his course through the chaos, listening to the clamoring throughout the halls as the various crewmembers of the Nighthawk scurried back and forth. Some were just quickly doing a supply run and replenishing their supply of various habits and necessities. Some were headed to their closest coworker or buddy's quarters to confide thoughts and fears of what was to come. Hushed voices could be heard from both sides of the hall from start to finish of his chosen route through the madness. The air thick with anticipation and fear. The Sephi couldn't blame them. After all, we are talking about *war*. The Grand Master was quickly descending in a downward spiral, destroying everything the Brotherhood had based on his insane theories and ideas. Tarentum and Plagueis had made up their minds, and soon Arcona would join them in an attempt to finish off the Grand Master and his fleet, should the need arise. Finally, he reached the turbolift. The doors hissed open, a member from the cargo deck came bustling out, nearly losing his balance avoiding running into the Captain on his way past him. Rulvak stepped in and turned around to catch one last glimpse of the organized chaos. *Not much longer now.*

Unknown Space
AGV Nighthawk
Exiting hyperspace

The ship lurched as it came to a stop. They had exited hyperspace. *We couldn't possibly be there already.* Rulvak felt dread. Before he could issue a single order, he saw a few ships just ahead of their fleet. The Grand Master's scout vessels. We were about to be cut off from the other Clans. *This war may be lost already. No, we can still win.* Rulvak quickly shook off his doubts.

"All members to battle ready! This is not a drill. I repeat: All members to battle ready!"