

Corporal Juv Hiljarg sank deeper into her chair now that she had responded to the last of the pending messages in her personal inbox. The communications specialist had been at her terminal on the bridge of the *Dark Prophet II* for at least three days while the the Bothan cruiser led the remnants of the Taldryan Fleet away from the Kr'Tal system. The ships that survived Jac Cotelin's assault on Karufr had been running for their lives before a fleet from Clan Odan Urr finally chased their pursuers away. The effort it took to help coordinate the repeated synchronized hyperspace jumps had taken a toll on many, including the young specialist.

"How many jumps do you think we made Brain, it had to be at least seventy?" Juv found that she had begun speaking to her brain, as if it were a separate person, as soon as she was alone in her quarters. Near constant speaking over the comms the last few days had ruined her internal monologue. As concerning as the new habit was, it scared her more that it was a two-way conversation.

*It was ninty-four straight jumps Juv.*

Juv audibly scoffed at her own Brain, "You would know the exact amount."

*We need to rest, we are tired Juv.*

"Come on Brain you saw that last message, the fleet might be safe for now but our fight isn't over yet."

*What good can you do for them when we are over tired, under fed, and let's face it, losing our marbles since we are having this very conversation. Just close our eyes so we can just take a quick nap and we will be better prepared to solve this latest problem.*

Juv scowls knowing that her Brain is right but she feels reason won't win the day so she pushes herself up and out of the very comfortable chair. The corporal grabs the datapad off her desk knowing that it contains the entire record of the communication logs from the last... "How many hours were we at our station?"

*We sat there for eighty-one hours Juv, which is why we need rest. Lay down and we can work on this later after we have had time to refresh.*

The datapad in her hands contains the telemetry of every communication that was received by the *Dark Prophet II* since their flight from her homeworld began. "They won't wait for us to take a nap Brain, we have to do this now!"

Brain attempted to protest more but Jav silenced him while making her way to the cruisers main docking bay. Corporal Hiljarg was able to locate the pilot she was told to meet immediately upon stepping onto the hanger deck. Lieutenant Ko'rti was standing next to his X-Wing decked out in his full flight suit.

*Juv can you really entrust this information to him? Maybe it's better to tell him we were tired and forgot to download it.*

“Brain I’m done talking to you, stay out of this and let me handle it.” Juv finished her walk over to the waiting pilot and handed him the datapad. In return he simply nodded at her before climbing into his cockpit.

On the walk back to her quarters her Brain chimed in again. *Can we at least get some sleep now that we did what they asked?*

The door to her quarters opened and shut before she responded, “Yes, but it will only be a quick nap. I need to keep checking my inbox for confirmation from the Justicar’s agents that they’ve released my family.”

*What if they don't? We don't have any leverage to keep ensure they hold up their end of the bargain.*

“Why didn't you say something earlier! Isn't that your purpose Brain, to think this kind of stuff through ahead of time?” Regret poured over Juv as the realization hit her that all she could do is hope that the deal she made for her family’s lives would be upheld. “We don't even have a way to contact them, what have we done?”

*I told you we needed that nap.*