(*Snapshot:* [*https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/10311/snapshots/361/705*](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/members/10311/snapshots/361/705))

**A Quick Flight**

**By Locke Sonjie**

The Damnation was lost.

The massive Venator-class capital ship was burning. Flames gushed from it's hull in half a dozen places. It was falling slowly, caught by Nancora's atmosphere, and would not survive the descent through the world's atmosphere.

By the time it reached the surface, the once proud flagship of Naga Sadow would be nothing but burning wreckage. Thousands would die on that ship, or were already dead. It was a loss and a full-scale evacuation had been ordered. All Sadowan forces had been ordered to abort rescue attempts.

Locke Sonjie ignored those orders. He was supposed to be assisting with a mission to the planet's surface. He was supposed to be searching for an ancient artifact. He was supposed to be on the ground, fighting through the enemy's troops. He didn't care.

Admiral Araic Simonetti was onboard that ship.

The Admiral had been one of Locke's closest friends for a long time. In many situations where others in the Clan had written him off as dead, Locke had refused to let Simonetti be lost. He had never acknowledged the possibility before and he would not now.

Locke was not sure why he felt so strongly about rescuing this particular individual. Araic Simonetti was something of a father figure, a brother, and a mentor all rolled into one. He was a "mere" non-Force Sensitive officer, but he knew Naga Sadow better than most of the Dark Jedi who called it home, and he had always been loyal. Surrounded by depths of betrayal, destruction, and upheaval, Simonetti had always been the same, dependable Admiral.

If he died, Locke was not sure how much of an impact it would have. It would destroy morale for sure.

The Augur deftly piloted his personal ship, the *Gemini Alpha* into one of the Damnation's hangar bays. The doors had been blasted apart and hung loosely, but fortunately, it appeared, the atmosphere was still holding. Locke was down the ramp in a flash, leaving his pilot droid to tend to the ship until he returned.

The vessel rocked violently as another explosion ripped through it, and Locke knew he did not have much time. He rushed through the ship, making his way toward the bridge. Knowing Simonetti, the Admiral would still be up there, fighting to the bitter end.

While Locke found that commendable, he was going to fight to the bitter end as well, and that included rescuing his friend.

There was not much time left. Corridors streaked by in a blur. Locke had no time to look at them. He saw fire, he saw smoke, he saw people running every which way. They were not his target, nor why he was here. Once, he found a wall of fire crossing a corridor. Locke didn't even think as he charged through it, feeling the heat, feeling himself burn, calling on the Force to shrug it off. That was someone else's pain.

Finally, he found it: the bridge. Locke burst onto it and found Admiral Simonetti standing at a computer console, hands clutching it as the vessel rocked.

Locke didn't even look at the rest of the ship. He looked only to one side. There, one of the bridge escape pods was still intact.

"Simon!" Locke yelled.

"Locke?" the Admiral said. He might've said something else, but Locke barreled into him, grabbing the man, dragging him. Together, the tumbled into that escape pod.

Locke hit the launch button.

An enormous boom deafened Locke and drowned out Simonetti's protests. The pod seemed to tumble end over end. An alarm beeped somewhere. Before he could figure anything out, Locke watched the pod's only control console rush down to meet his face.

Then everything went black.