

## *A Day in the Life*

**Adjutant's Office**  
**Sky Breach Base**  
**Daleem**  
**Kiast System**

The klaxons rang out as they often did within the command center of Joint Task Force Satele Shan. Flight crews ran full sprint to the hanger bays and security guard squads rapidly deployed to their battle stations. Indeed, even the mess cooks and maintenance staff were scurrying about with a newfound purpose and duty in their steps.

And yet, the personnel assigned to the administrative staff of the JTF Satele Shan remained seated. Most did not even deem worthy to look up or talk amongst themselves to find out what the commotion was pertaining to. The rows of neat data banks and communication consoles took up most of the Adjutant's Office, leaving not much room for pondering the importance of their duties.

All of the staff knew instinctively that without their efforts none of the tip of the proverbial spear could be wielded against the enemies of Clan Odan-Urr. Yet, they were not front-line fighters, and were looked down upon by those armed with blasters and lightsabers. They waged war with spreadsheets, payroll ledgers, expense reports, and logistics reports.

Marus Trent was one such desk warrior. The Devorian was a mild mannered, somewhat gruff middle aged functionary. He was once a staff officer in the logistics field, but had resigned to have more time with family and friends on Daleem. And yet, in the heat of combat, he missed the excitement and comradery of those in the line of fire.

He turned to his cubicle mate, Trev Kryon, and asked him what he thought the commotion was about. "Are we being attacked or are we launching a sortie? Drills perhaps?" asked the Devorian.

Kryon raised an eyebrow, then looked back at his screen. "Does it matter? The shields will hold won't they?" The Kiffar was even more gruff than Trent. Once a proud warrior, Kryon was sidelined by several injuries. His sense of pride would not allow his injuries to be seen as a hindrance in battle, and so he sat behind a desk.

"Come on Trev, where is your sense of duty? Doesn't this get your blood pumping at least a little? You know we could get a comms relay setup down here to follow the action." Marus knew before he said it the answer he would get in response from the Kiffar.

“Sure thing friend. We could. But then who would do these expense reports? You know the end of the month reports and consolidated budgets are due? I loathe staying after hours or working on the weekends to finish such boring work.”

And with that Marus looked back at his screen, crestfallen. He was surrounded by bitter and boring people. He turned to look out the small porthole of reinforced glass and sighed heavily. He watched helplessly and listlessly as a pair of Z-95 Headhunters circled the building, taking up a protective position in low altitude. Thoughts of adventure left his mind as he returned to his work.