Objective 3: *TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAOS CAUSED BY THE ATTACK ON LYRA*

*RECONCILiATION*

(Decided to invert the scenario)

Lyra colony. That’s where Taranae was doing her part for the war. Muse knew her friend would have chosen a combat-based mission; it’s just the type of person she had become. With the Lyra-3K-a system in chaos and turmoil, Muse decided to seize her chance to find her long time friend and catch up on current events. The last time she had seen Taranae, she had been stealing a ship from the station the Twi’lek worked on. She always wondered why the ship hadn’t been returned and had set off to find out. The tracking device on the ship had led her to Aliso, an unknown planet. Here, she had found the Brotherhood and had offered her services as a mercenary to gain access to the rank and file and track down her friend of old. She had heard mutterings and talk of a fiery-haired sith.

This made Muse wonder; had Taranae fallen to the dark side? The one thing her father, Genarous, had tried to avoid all the time he was alive? She found it hard to believe, but all the talk led her to believe that she actually had. Muse always tried to keep herself neutral in all things. She would never be dark, but with her misdemeanours she would also never welcomed as a light side disciple. Nevertheless, she joined Clan Plagueis, the darkest clan the Brotherhood had. They needed mercenaries as much as any other clan, but she knew her choice may eventually lead her to the dark side.

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, Muse grabbed the controls of the TIE fighter she was sitting in. The signal had been given that she was clear to launch some time ago, and the hangar techs had begun to wonder why she hadn’t moved. Lost in reverie, Muse hadn’t noticed the crew trying to attract her attention as another TIE flew into the hangar, heading for her landing area. She quickly punched the controls and rose into a hover as she watched the incoming tie veer as the pilot saw her lift from the deck. She pushed forwards and her ship barrel rolled around the other and out of the hangar doors, probably to angry shouts and curses from everyone in the hangar. She set course for Lyra colony on the moon below and sped to the surface.

The views were breathtaking. Muse could only stare at the huge fauna the moon had. In varying degrees of all colours, the sight was fascinating. Muse knew that Taranae would be seeking the artifacts mentioned in the briefings she had heard and she decided to head directly for the temples where she knew they had been directed. As she travelled, she saw flashes in the distance and could only assume that a fight was ongoing. It could only be the Collective, fighting to secure the artifacts for themselves. Where the thick of the fight was is where she assumed Taranae would be, so she adjusted her course. Landing in the middle of a war zone would be suicide so she decided to put down in a clearing a little to the south of the fighting.

Vegetation bent outwards and the engines hummed loudly as the Twi’lek set the TIE down in the area she had decided upon. She watched, worried as huge beasts ran from the craft as it touched down on the surface.

 \_If I have to face those, maybe I’d be better on the front lines\_ she thought as she climbed from her seat to exit the cockpit. She reached up and opened the hatch. The scent of the fresh air seeped through the open hatch and she breathed in deeply. Air had never smelt so good. But on top of that, the acrid smell of smoke and burning followed and she knew the fighting couldn’t be far off. She reached up and grabbed the ledge to pull herself out and scrabbled for purchase as she slipped. Heaving with all her might, she eventually surfaced from her small cockpit into the bright glare of Lyra-3K-a’s star. She could see the battle going on a few clicks north of her and she climbed down the side of her craft towards the grass-covered floor. As her feet touched the ground, she spun around. The blaster fire drew nearer and she instinctively reached for the blasters on her belt.

Flicking off the safety clasps, she crouched behind the TIE’s fin as a group of men backed into the clearing, firing blasters at an unseen foe. One of the men glanced around and stopped in his tracks shouting at the others to get their attention. The others seemed bent on keeping themselves alive as he tried to point out that they had just stumbled upon a TIE in the clearing. The others fell back into the open area as they tried to retreat from their assailants. Muse saw blaster bolts coming back at them, but never directly. The shots were always on target, hitting the men in the chest or head with accuracy. She wondered who could be such a good aim when suddenly her thoughts were answered by a figure in a red cloak barrelling through the trees. The last of the armed group fired off a salvo of shot directly at the figure which spun a saberstaff in an intricate pattern, blocking every shot. The shot ricocheted back at the shooter and struck them in the chest, killing them.

The figure reached up and pulled down the hood of her cloak as she stood in a half-crouch, waiting for any other attack. A look of hate was on her face as she spotted the TIE fighter ahead of her. The look turned to confusion as she walked stealthily forward with her blade in front of her, parallel to the ground and across her body, guarding it. Muse could not hide her glee as she realised her friend was here at last. She had dreaded walking to the front lines to find her and now here she was, right in front of her. She had heard tales of how good Taranae had become, but in Muse’s eyes she was amazing. It wasn’t often that a display like that would have impressed the Twi’lek, but Taranae had managed it yet again. She holstered her weapons and stepped out from behind the fin of the TIE gingerly.

“Taranae!” she yelled. The sith stopped in her tracks and growled. She hadn’t realised she had left one alive. She turned angrily on the one left standing.

“\*Where is it?\*” she hissed. “\*Where is the artifact?\*”

“What artifact Tara?” Muse asked, now beginning to understand what she had been told about Taranae’s berserker behaviour.

“You know the artifact. You stole it from the temple! Give it to me or you will die right- wait. Why and how do you know my name?  \*Answer me!\*”

“Taranae it’s me, Muse!” the Twi’lek squealed, “Your friend!”

Muse saw Taranae visibly shake her head. Maybe trying to clear her thoughts.

“You can’t be here!” Taranae shouted. “You’re supposed to be back on Naboo! \*So who are you?\*

Muse held up her hands and stood to walk slowly towards Taranae.

“Look, I’m not holding weapons Tara.” She said, still walking. Taranae dropped into a crouch, confusion playing across her face as she tried to battle her inner demons. “It’s me, Muse. I followed your ship tracker when you didn’t return. I missed you. You’re my friend and I didn’t want anything bad to have happened to you. Please, Tara, let me in.”

Reaching the confused sith. She gently laid her hand on top of the one hand Taranae held her saberstaff with. As she looked into her eyes, her face softened.

“Muse? W-why are you here? You shouldn’t be. The Brotherhood will find you and force you to...“

“Don’t worry. I’m already enlisted in Plagueis as a mercenary,” she replied.

Taranae’s eyes widened at this and her saber dropped to the ground, deactivating with a hiss. She put her head in her hands and sobbed. Muse knelt beside her and wrapped her arms around her body as it shook and heaved, her tears flowing freely. She knew she had hurt her friend now by enlisting and from what Taranae said, she would be trapped in the brotherhood. She didn’t care. She had found her friend and she would stick by her through thick and thin. Friends always have each other’s backs..

\_Just like back in the old days.....\_ she thought.