

Lyra Colony - Eorilia's Moon
Lyra-3K-a System
37ABY

"Why!? Why would they be?!" the Governor's shrill voice rang out through the observation deck. Stumbling forward, he caught himself against a nearby railing to try and steady himself.

Amara Cirrus pushed herself away from the wall. Whereas the Governor's pale features appeared visibly shaken, Amara stood stoically and crossed the room. Her voice silenced the confusion in the room. "Contact emergency services and coordinate with sector security. We need everyone on the streets, now. The public will be in disarray and panic could cause as many casualties as the assault."

As she spoke, the first bursts of turbolaser return fire erupted from the city's defense grids. A single TIE Fighter exploded as it was unable to avoid the stationary turrets from the city. The remaining TIE Fighters screamed above the city, the last strafing run ending, and they fired thrusters, departing back to the stars and their awaiting carrier.

"But why would they attack us!? We were meant to ally with them, this ruins everything," the Governor continued to shout.

"Mr. Blazio, I recommend you either make yourself useful or shut up." Amara's dark features turned on the man who suddenly quieted, his pale features going from shocked to angry in response.

"How dar—"

"The citizens of this Colony don't give a damn about your political schemes, they care that an unknown enemy just led an unprovoked assault."

"Unknown!? It was the Brotherhood!" Blazio shouted.

"Oh, think it through, you idiot, what do they have to gain from attacking us now? We have an executive officer of their corporation and his entire administrative staff aboard one of our vessels this very moment!" Amara sighed and turned her back to the man's sputtering. "Raise communications with our diplomatic crew, we need information on what is happening up there."

"Ma'am, we've received reports of the Kyber Mines and Shipyards coming under assault almost simultaneously. Reports indicate it's the Brotherhood's flagship attacking the Thuvis Shipyards," stammered one of the communications adjuncts.

"We can't seem to raise the *Ninox*, communications seem to be blocked," another voice spoke up.

“Emergency services are spreading throughout the Colony,” a third responded.

Focus and deal with one thing at a time, Amara, she thought, her arms crossed, fingers coiled tightly around each arm. Moments passed as she considered what to do. None of this made any sense to her. If the Brotherhood intended to attack them, why now? Why with their people still aboard Severian vessels and leave themselves exposed to counterassaults from both the Principate and the Collective?

Stepping curtly across the room to a lone communications system, Amara leaned over the aide and spoke quietly.

“Send out a broadcast via AES 256, command code zero-dorn-one-aurek-seven, activate *Revenant* — dual-purpose, discover the true identity of assailants, secondarily board and take command of the *Ninox* ensuring the safety of crew and passengers aboard.” The aide nodded and began relaying the order into their console without another word.

“What are you doing?” Blazio demanded, his meaty knuckles still clenched firmly on the railing as he stared at the Security Officer with barely concealed hatred for the damage her actions would cause his reputation.

Amara bit back a retort. She knew the Governor could well make the proceedings far more difficult for all of them if he chose to take command. “Executing the plans *you* had previously ordered in case of emergency, Sir. The first priority is to discover the reason for these attacks, secondly to restore order for your citizens and lastly to ensure the safety of our diplomatic corps.”

Blazio seemed taken aback for a moment before with a curt nod he responded, “Very good, Officer Cirrus, your dedication, and quick response will be noted.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Now let's hope the Revenant can figure this out before any further hell breaks loose.