

It started out as a typical quiet afternoon within the Lyra Colony. Just a typical minor alarm here and there from the defenses going off due to a few animals wondering around outside if the tall walls. The guards at the control base radioed to the guards stationed at the outposts to confirm. All seemed fine and the shift was changing out.

Out of nowhere the whole control panel lit up, alarms started to go off. Amara the security chief was finally on her lunch break. She always makes sure things are in order before she took her lunch. Likes to make sure everything is in shape and ready for anything at any time. Well, by the sounds of all the alarms going off. Seems this is that time.

Leaving her lunch behind on the table she started to jog towards the control room. Amara radios over to see what the situation is.

“This is charlie-victor 842, what is going on?” The radio turns over. Amara pulls the radio close to her ear so she could hear over the blaring sirens.

“Seems we have aerial incoming ma’am” Radio cuts back out.

As Amara runs threw the door of the control room, she takes control, even if she’s slightly out of breath. “Have the shields been activated?” She asks after taking a deep breath to slow her heart rate. “Yes, Chief! Shield’s have been activated and are stable.”.

“How many do we spot incoming?” Asked Chief Amara. “Only spotting about a dozen Chief.”

Amara sighs and remarks, “Good, make sure all defense cannons are locked and loaded.”

As the attackers got closer one guard to the right that was monitoring cannons on the west side stated he had gotten word that the attackers looked like they were from the Dark Jedi Brotherhood, part of the Iron Navy.

Amara looked at him confused. “Why would they be attacking us? That does not seem right.”

With a puzzled face she informed all units to fire away, to protect the Colony. The ships made their passes and tried to damage as much as they could. They succeeded in destroying a couple of the towers but nothing more. The shields held over the colony to protect most if it.

The fight did not last for long, and no more had came to make an attack. Still puzzled Amara had a gut feeling that something was not right. Once the shooting was over with she had to go and find wreckage of one of these ships that seemed to be coming from the Iron Navy of the Brotherhood.

She brought a group of guards with her to some wreckage that was not too far and still partially intact. Her crew had to put out the fire but was able to salvage most of the cockpit. One of the

guards walked over to it and seemed like it had recently been painted. Under parts of the symbol for the Iron Navy was the original paint job that had the Collective emblem. Amara took the proper pictures with her datapad to send to the higher ups of the Serverian Principate.