

\*Note: Written from the perspective of Amara Cirrus\*

## ***Lyra Colony Spaceport***

### ***Lyra-3k-a system***

#### ***37 ABY***

The spaceport has fallen eerily silent in the aftermath of the fighting with just the pained moaning of the injured Lyra-Sec officers filling the air, despite casualties and some severe injuries, the surviving security forces had done their best to ensure that none of the 'Brotherhood' attackers had survived the skirmish. While it was too late for most, a team of medics set to work making sure that those still alive didn't succumb to their grave injuries.

"Frak that noise!" Amara shouted to no one in particular, the normally composed human had long since lost her cool.

Another human rushed past to offer aid to a Duros medic who had been forced to amputate the arm of a Lyra-Sec officers. As the Duros cinched a tourniquet tightly around his patients bicep the gave out starting howl of pain. The man begged and pleaded for the medic to stop his work but he continued on, removing everything below the man's elbow.

"We can't trust this Kriffing *Brotherhood*," she spoke to everyone and no one at once.

Pacing back and forth, Amara took in the sight of her fallen comrades. These people had trusted her, followed her, and laid down their lives to protect what they believed in, the Severian Principate. And now they were being told 'Oh no, it was all a mistake! Don't worry'. Jar'deon wouldn't be saying that if he were down here, on the front lines instead of hiding in his plush office. Not once in his life had he actually had to fight for anything, he had never needed to defend his people from an outside threat. Not without politics anyway.

"They come to *our* home, and threaten *our* people," she grumbled, "and they just expect us to roll over and let them take whatever they want."

A loud crack erupted as Amara's foot swung heavily downward and kicked a loose 'Brotherhood' helmet that had fallen to the ground with all the strength she could muster. A bone in her large toe cracked with the impact and the head of security let out a howl of pain and frustration. The Human took a deep breath and looked around at the chaotic scene around her. One of the medics rushed to her side, attempting to examine her for wounds.

"Get off of me, go help someone who needs it," she growled, scaring the medic off.

"Ma'am, what are your orders?" a Bothan security officer had sheepishly approached, terrified of setting her off. "We need to know how you'd like us to proceed."

A thought suddenly occurred to Amara. Reaching down, she removed her blaster pistol from its holster and checked its charge before registering it. She didn't trust the Brotherhood to partake in a ceasefire, and if they didn't, why should she. Bending over, Amara scooped up a fallen blaster and tossed it to the Bothan.

"Let the medics clean up here. Gather up every one who is able to fight. The Brotherhood is going to pay for what they've done here."