

Warrior Aldaric – Objective 2

Through the eyes of Amara Cirrus - Head of Security for Lyra Colony

Center City

Lyra Colony - Eorilia's Moon

The Lyra Colony was a hellscape. Power to large sections of the colony had already been knocked out. The streets were only lit by the dozens of fires that burned alongside them. As Amara Cirrus ran to the spaceport, she passed the flaming ruins of several buildings that formerly had been apartments. She did her best to ignore the bodies of their unfortunate inhabitants that were now strewn across the road. The TIEs were still flying overhead, screaming past as the anti-air batteries did their best to bring down the attackers.

As the spaceport came into her full view, Amara could already see that it was in shambles. Several large holes were blasted into the roof of the structure, and several fires were burning within. Nevertheless, the remaining batteries on the roof with still blasting away at the TIEs when they came into range. Just then, she could suddenly hear a group of the fighters approaching from behind. The street was suddenly bathed in an eerie green glow as the TIEs made another attack run at the spaceport. Dozens of laser blasts impacted the ground in front of the building and walked their way up the building. An explosion blew a large hole in the wall of the spaceport and sent a shower of rubble flying in all directions. Amara stopped in her tracks to take in the spectacle, and as she did, one of the laser batteries scored a hit on one of the fighters. Not a clean kill, but enough to send it off course and into one of the others in the flight. She watched as the second flew wildly into the side of a building and explode. The first TIE, however, hit the ground on its side and slid along until it impacted the side of the spaceport. Fortunately, it wasn't completely destroyed. "Finally, a chance to get some answers," she thought to herself as she readied her blaster rifle and dashed for the downed craft.

The TIE wasn't going anywhere fast, that much was certain. However, it wasn't so damaged as to be sure that the pilot had been killed in the crash. As Amara came within a few meters of the craft, a hatch flipped open. She immediately dove for cover behind some nearby rubble. Slowly, with her blaster leading the way, she peered over the top of her improvised refuge. The pilot, obviously male, had removed his helmet and clearly had seen better days. He was swaying as he walked away from the crash site, though he still had a blaster in his hand. "Drop your weapon now scum!" she shouted as she trained her weapon on the pilot. The pilot, clearly startled, turned and fired a few quick shots that sailed meters wide of Amara's position, and then turned to flee. He made it a few steps before tripping over his feet

and face planting on the ground. Amara was on top of him before he could even try to move. She grabbed his arms and violently pulled them behind the pilot's back and put a pair of binders on him. He yelled out as one of his shoulders dislocated. "If you so much as twitch, I will show you what this blaster can do to your skull," she said as she pushed her blaster rifle into the base of her prisoner's skull and began to check his pockets. In one of the pockets in his pants, she pulled out a datapad. After a brief look at its contents, it was clear that it had been hastily wiped clean. As she stashed the pad, she noted that the Dark Brotherhood insignia on the pad had wiped off and left a black streak on her glove. "Let's go," she said as she hauled him to his feet. "We are going to have a nice chat about what you're doing here, and we have a slicer that would love to see your datapad," she said wryly as she led him to the barracks.