

The repulsor craft that carried Amara Cirrus sped through Lyra Colony toward the spaceport. Amara had started tracking the fighters as soon as they had begun their assault. While there were some still in the air causing havoc, a couple had managed to be knocked down by the colony's defense grid. She would have to remember to commend the defense grid personnel on their quick action and aptitude on the knockdowns.

The pilot chimed in to notify her that they were coming up on a downed TIE Fighter. Amara ordered him to slow and scan the wreckage; he directed a live feed to her datapad of what was left of the fighter. As they passed directly over the downed TIE, Amara noticed that the cockpit structure appeared to be bowing outward – something that would only happen if there had been a fairly large explosion from inside. She filed this information under oddly suspicious and had the pilot continue on to the spaceport.

By now, more and more reports were starting to filter in from her security staff located throughout the colony. Most were damage reports and injuries, but a few were starting to come in that mentioned a very large group of individuals had suddenly appeared at the entrance to the ruins that lie beneath the colony.

Alarms started going off throughout the repulsor craft, making Amara snap her attention to the cockpit. "Ma'am, we have a TIE targeting us." As the pilot finished his explanation for the alarm, a defense grid turret's fire started tracking the starfighter. The TIE fired a single double shot at the craft just as the turret found its mark, clipping it in the engine and forcing it to the ground. The TIEs shot had managed to directly hit one of the repulsor craft's engines, which was causing the pilot some problems. "I need to set her down, ma'am, I don't think I can keep her in the air any longer."

"Get me as close as you can to where that TIE crashed." Amara ordered. If she could discern the truth behind this attack, it would go a long way towards her redemption. The pilot managed to *land* the craft about two blocks away from the downed TIE. She could see the smoke trailing upward from behind a building up the block. Telling the pilot to request additional security forces and a new repulsor craft to his location, Amara set off down the street to the crash site to learn what she could from that pilot.

As Amara neared the corner of the building blocking her from the crash site, she checked her weapons, making sure they were still there and hadn't been lost in the *landing*. Peeking around the corner, Amara could clearly see the TIE Fighter sitting in the crater it had created. The cockpit looked fairly intact, but she could not see if the pilot was still alive or if they were still there at all. Ducking, Amara checked back toward the repulsor craft, then looked down the opposite direction of the street where the TIE was sitting to make sure that there was no one else around who could cause problems. Just as she was stepping around the corner, the cockpit hatch opened and the pilot emerged, cursing about getting shot down and having to walk. Amara was still a good 50 meters away, so she jumped back around the corner, hoping to garner any information about the pilot's allegiance.

Amara, while peeking around the corner, watched as the pilot clambered down off the ship, dusted himself off, and looked around as though trying to get his bearings. The pilot pulled out a comlink and talked to someone briefly before turning and walking down the street toward her. Looking behind her, Amara located a doorway a few meters down that she could hide in

and ambush the pilot if need be, quickly ducking into it as the pilot appeared from around the corner.

Luckily, the pilot didn't turn the corner, but instead kept walking along the same street where he had crashed. Confused as to where he was going, Amara pulled out her datapad to look up a map of the colony. Amara was certain that he would probably head to the spaceport to get picked up, but he was headed in the opposite direction. Zooming out on the map, Amara saw that he was heading in the direction of the entrance to the ruins under the colony, where that large group had gathered. Amara was now very curious to see what was going on, so she decided to discreetly follow him, ducking in and out of doorways, alleys and side streets.

Twenty minutes later, and a couple of close calls of being seen, they arrived at the entrance to the ruins. Amara couldn't see any way for her to get any closer without being seen, so she looked around for a place that would have the best vantage point. She found a three-story building that had an exterior alley external staircase, and quickly made her way to the top floor. Finding a room with a window that faced the ruin entrance, Amara took a knee and pulled her blaster rifle up to her eye. She began scanning the group and found the pilot she'd been following as he arrived on the outskirts of the group, where he was greeted by the other and handed a blaster rifle. Frowning, Amara began scanning the group trying to figure out under whose banner the group belonged. Not seeing any identifiers, she began to question whether these were from the Iron Navy at all.

Shouting and yelling could be heard from the far side of the entrance, and the group instantly started running toward that side, pointing to the sky. It was at that moment that Amara could hear the sound of a large transport coming in. She quickly pulled out her comlink and contacted her pilot asking if there were any ships inbound, who came back with an affirmative, adding that their identifiers were showing them to be from the Iron Navy. Confused more now than before, Amara truly wondered what was going on. She decided that these incoming ships were either reinforcements or enemies of the incumbent group that seemed to be growing frantic the closer the ships became.

One answer to her questions came as the ship was coming in for a landing; the original group started firing on the transport's boarding ramp, telling her that these weren't reinforcements, but enemies. But now she wanted to know who was the real Iron Navy group. She watched intently as the boarding ramp descended amidst heavy blaster fire, and got her final answer as scores of blaster fire and lightning spewed forth from the ship. The ground and beings were thrown up and away from the nearest the ship. She knew that the Iron Navy had Force-users within their ranks, and that the Collective did not. Lowering her blaster rifle, Amara pulled out her comlink, contacted her pilot to relay a message of who was behind the initial attacks, then had him connect her with whomever was in charge of the Iron Navy forces that had just landed at the ruins entrance.

"This is Bentre Kairn'tel of Clan Naga Sadow, identify yourself." A gruff voice came over her comlink.

"This is Amara Cirrus, Head of Lyra Colony Security. I am 200 meters to your group's right, and will have a couple of squadrons of troops at your disposal in 5 minutes. Leave some for us."