Nesolat Platform
Arx

Sanguinius grumbled as he shuffled the papers on his desk. His status as Professor of the Department of Lore had enabled him a small private office on the Nesolat Platform to enable him to study areas of interest that piqued him personally. He liked the feel of the paper between his fingers, rather than the use of a computer tablet all the time.

He had taken the day off from working to get some study time in and had just sat down to peruse a particularly interesting piece about the mysteries of some misforgotten sect of ancient Sith that was of no interest to anyone other than the most tedious of scholars.

Instead he was met with blaring alarms as the platform shuddered under the assault of landing craft docking with it. Sanguinius refused to hurry as several of his researchers ran past his office door, towards the nearest escape pods.

He strode towards his door and stuck his head out after the scholars, "I do hope you remembered to back up the files before you ran off!" the Entar shouted at the retreating backs of his staff.

The Augur huffed indignantly before making his way back to his desk. He finished sorting out the papers he had planned to study that day, and filed them away in a thin file container that fitted nicely in his satchel.

He keyed his comlink into the security feed of the station, demanding the attention of the security forces on board, but getting no response as they were too busy doing their job to pay attention to a professor who thought they knew better.

"Nevermind," Sanguinius muttered as he pocketed the comlink. While the Sadowan was adept at neutralising Force Users, he wasn't such a fan of dealing with the mundane. At least those who weren't trying to actively kill him. Instead he would focus on making sure his department's records would be protected, otherwise Ciara would have a few choice words for the Anaxsi after this was all done.

The alarms continued to blare as booted feet rang heavily along the corridor outside his office. Several Shadow Academy security officers ran past Sanguinius' office, and the Entar took this as a chance to follow after them.

Well, just after he finished locking up his office. It wouldn't do to have anyone get inside and access his personal files. The Sadow entered his code into the keypad, locking the door and he then hung up an 'Out of Office' sign on the door.

"There, that should stop anyone trying to get in." Sanguinius smiled and nodded to himself. "Now then, where were those guards going to?"

The Professor looked both ways down the corridor and then looked both ways once more before shrugging to himself and began walking down the corridor that seemed the most likely.

Whoever was trying to gain access to his office would have hell to pay, the young man vowed. "It's probably some students causing trouble and raising havoc again." he grumbled as he walked past several more security officers setting up a barricade.

The security officers ignored the Sadowan as he ambled past them, used to the weird behaviour of many of the members of the Brotherhood, however one of them spoke up. "Uhh, sir?"

"Hmm?" Sanguinius replied, looking at the officer. "Can I help you, officer?"

"It's just that we're under attack, sir. By the Collective, sir. We're meant to be setting up areas of resistance to hold the attack off while we wait for reinforcements?"

"Oh my, indeed." the Sadow replied, "I can see why that would be a problem." he nodded to himself and then continued, "Very well, officer. Carry on. I'll go and do my duty to the Academy."

The officer wearily saluted in response as the Entar turned around and went back towards his office. While doing so, the rest of the security forces completed the barricade and blocked the corridor.

Sanguinius came to a stop outside his office and looked at the sign stating that he was 'Out of Office'. "They can take the platform, they can take the other departments, but they can't take my office!" he exclaimed.

It was time to die hard...