**Orbit over Eos City**

**Clan Viszla’s Immobilizer 418-class Heavy Cruiser**

**Command Bridge**

Maybe it’s true that peace is a lie. War is too beneficial. The victor advances in their economy, technology, science, and are edged in the galaxies’ history. The economy is reaped and spent, and when it gets low there will be war again. The technology would be used by the clans against each other when the Brotherhood is at rest, for the clans always seek to rise to the empire’s heights, following its example through war. Advances in science make us stronger for a longer life and stronger tools of war. It thus strips us of our nature with the Force. Their names will be etched in the galaxy's history. But all of history eventually fades into legends.

The entire bridge crew watched in a cold silence as the second half of their vessel floated away from them in a slow spin. The Collective had fired a weapon of cosmic magnitude that no shield nor hull in existence could defend against it. There was simply too much energy at a temperature no matter could withstand.

“Status report, Lieutenant” Creon ordered.  
  
“Sir, we have been separated from the artificial gravity well. The electrolysis systems are still functional. Communications and sensors are still online. The turbolift is non-functional.”  
  
“Give me Summit Command,” Creon replied.  
  
“Hailing frequency sent, sir.”  
  
An hour of patience had passed with no response from neither the Viszla Summit nor his chain of command in the Iron Legion. There was an eerie grim tension of silence in the room from the realization that they were on their own. There would be no rescue; everyone understood their expendability from the beginning.  
  
Creon turned and read the room to analyze his crew officers’ state of mind. Some had accepted the quiet wait for death, while others whispered amongst their neighbors. He needed to keep them unified as a professional community to maintain Order. This room and the people in it were now all that mattered to him.  
  
“Each and every one of you earned your place on this bridge through extensive study, and dedication on the principles of leadership and ingenuity passed from generations before us. We walk amongst the stars, and have made this black ocean our home. I believe if we put our heads together here and now, we can insure our survival. It is our duty to survive, as representatives of the Iron Legion. I call on each of you to join me in a combined brainstorming discussion on a plan to assure our safety. Raise your hand if you have an idea.”

The Major scanned the room of the company sized population of officers all putting their minds to work. Some small mumbles and whispers were spread, followed by the first hand to be raised by a young woman.  
  
“Sir, I recommend we refocus our communication efforts to the other sections of the Immobilizer. Although we are separated from the other crew, we can see in plain view small portions of the ship still intact. If we can establish communications it can only help to coordinate with the other survivors.”  
  
Creon snapped his finger and pointed his index to her, “Brilliant!” He then turned to his comms officer once more, “Lieutenant, make it so. Contact engineering, supply, and sick bay.”  
  
“Aye, sir” he replied, and manned a console that responded with a notification beep. “Sir, Engineering has linked us.”  
  
“On screen,” Creon ordered.  
  
The window before him that showed the array of starships exchanging lasers over Arx changed to a camera’s visual of the engineering station’s commanding officer.  
  
“Commander? This is Captain Xivar, main engineering.”  
  
“Captain, what’s your status?”  
  
“We have 41 alive, sir. Hyperdrive and main power converters are all shut-down, which gives us a limited air supply.”  
  
“Sir, the Quartermaster has linked with us,” the comms Lieutenant included.  
  
“On screen,” Creon replied.

A second hologram screen appeared to the left of the first. A male chiss came into view.   
  
“Status report, Quartermaster.”  
  
“We’re in the main vault. I fear outside the blast door will just be the vacuum of space. It’s just myself and 3 others, sir.”  
  
“Do you have spacesuits and welders?”  
  
“Yes sir. We do.”  
  
“Engineering,” Creon turned, “Do you have any welders who can operate under a spacesuit? I have a mission for them.”  
  
The engineering officer, who had heard the conversation over his comm channel recognized and understood the plan behind the commander’s questions. “Aye, sir. We have a few. Are you thinking of trying to build a craft?”  
  
“Just a landing one, Captain. The Quartermaster will bring his supply over to Engineering. As that is happening, we need a plan on using the materials we have to make landing at Arx possible. I speak for everyone here that we agree this is feasible. We may have gotten knocked down, but we always get back up.”  
  
“Aye aye, sir.”