Unrestricted

Entry for: **[GJW XIV Phase II] Fiction and Audiobook - The Front Lines [Option 3]**
Written by Dasha Jala Renza on 2020-06-2x to 2020-07-07.

Dasha opened her eyes and looked about the dark ship where she had fallen asleep after her last mission. They had just escaped from the Ocaejar when she found a cushioned corner in the ship with Appius and Meleu and decided to take a quick nap. Her arms and legs stretched outwards when she found a heavy blanket was carefully draped over her while she slept; she blinked and wondered where they found such a nice blanket.

The ship's engines were turned off and sounds of battle seemed distant. With a quick gear check, Dasha got up to go find Appius. No doubt they were back in a war zone.

The area outside the ship seemed eerily quiet to the point where the hairs on the back of her neck stood up. Dasha hurried into a corridor to try to find her way around and soon recognized some of the halls, they were at the Shadow Academy! Her ears turned here and there as she could hear heavy footstep, synchronized yet no voices. Suddenly, there was a splurt of blaster fire followed by death screams a bit too close for comfort.

Startled, Dasha turned to another hall she normally had no reason to go down... just to avoid the soldiers. She'd find herself entering a region that seemed more intricate compared to others. One that she recognized is potentially a research sector.

Curiosity took hold as she cautiously entered a room that seemed to be more programming related. She checked a terminal and happily found that it was unlocked; its previous occupant was probably in too much of a hurry judging by the full mug of now-cold bitter coffee nearby.

After a quick bit of investigating the terminal, Dasha found a surveillance-like program of which she put on the headset and tried to hit various buttons, seeing if any of them did something useful.

Immediately, she found she could adjust various systems in the Shadow Academy. Air conditioning was adjusted, doors could be opened and closed, and so on. She paused as she realized that this was definitely NOT a research sector.

Deciding to try to help, she tried to open doors to allow fellow Brotherhood to pass while closing doors to block off the Collective.

A group of 5 from another clan seemed to have just been spotted by some Collective, so Jala closed the door between them. One of the Brotherhood were not exactly happy about that and started cursing words the young Sephi has never heard before.

At another location, she tried to urge a group of students trapped in a room out while blocking off doors. The Collective were setting up a large explosive which would kill said students if they didn't move, so Dasha cranked up the heat hoping they would get out of there. She couldn't tell what happened due to the camera fizzing out, probably melted. She could hear a far off explosion a good few minutes on the other side of the Shadow Academy though.

'Strength in numbers', she thought and tried to bunch Brotherhood together to take on Collective together. This sometimes ended fine but other times… clan symbols flashed as tempers flared resulting in less than optimal outcomes. Jala made a mental note to herself to learn about said rivalries, but one seemed weird.

A man with messy, brown hair and amber eyes dressed in regent robes said nothing as he was flanked by 2 dark armored figures. The first time, he just drew his red lightsaber and slaughtered a group. After the second time, Jala tried to keep him separated from others. Oddly, the Collective didn't bother with him… yet he's a Force user and they don't like Force users...

There weren't many Taldryanites about but she tried to guide them to safety while using other clans as shields as necessary.

After a while of trying to mastermind a win for the Brotherhood, she couldn't spot Appius anywhere. So, Jala decided to try to connect a nearby datapad to the terminal to download the necessary files and access codes to do so remotely; this would allow her to visit the nooks and crannies that would not be accessible. She made her decision none too soon as she spotted some groups of Collective starting to head her way, thus, she tried to use the various other clans to buy herself more time with good enough success.

Soon, the datapad would be ready for her to do everything while on the move or hidden elsewhere; after all, no one would miss a datapad for a while, right?

She closed and locked the terminal, not wanting the Collective to have control of it easily and took off from the room as quietly as she could. It didn't take long for her to hear them starting to move in from various hallways as if casting a net in an increasingly small pond. It reminded her of some of her heists while in the streets.

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