

*The decimated planet of Jedha was crippled by fear. Many moons ago, the Galactic Empire began to drain it of its most valuable resource, Kyber Crystals. Used as fuel to energize a weapon so powerful it could obliterate entire planets. Alderaan was a demonstration of its power. Jedha was the test subject. The people cried out for help, but none would come. Hope had been lost, until...*

Whistles of a droid filled the interior of the Wandering Eye's blacked-out cockpit. Red flashing light washed over the features of a furry mammalian sitting in the Captain's chair. Its pointed right ear jumped and a steely eye bathed in red flicked towards the comms-system. An agent of SeNet, the Bothan Rollmaster, when not managing personnel dossiers, often sat in orbit of Kias, intercepting transmissions or interfering with them, depending on the message. This was disguised as something different, it was a coded distress beacon.

"Dio, trace the signal."

In a matter of seconds, the droid chirped and whistled.

"Weak signal, imminent danger, liberation," Nobu Tek repeated the droid's analysis, "Jedha?"

The droid whistled its affirmation.

The Bothan rotated his wrist and the comm-link he had stolen from a collective corpse came to life with the press of a button.

"Analyst Officer Porro," he beckoned. Tiko Porro was in charge of Communications and Intelligence and if Nobu had done his job training the members of SeNet well, then the communications agent would have also picked up on the frequency.

"Go for Coln-Arm Porro, I'm reading you sir. Also picking up on a strange signal. It seems primitive yet highly encrypted."

Black fur rippled, a sign of approval as he continued. "Decode the message and notify the Summit. Update me immediately of any changes."

"Yessir."

Slumping back into his chair, the Bothan grabbed his datapad resting on the arm of his seat. Its blue glow was comforting to him and as he pulled up a detailed history of Jedha, a loud shriek filled his ears and a creature swooping past startled him out of his concentration. The datapad hit the floor.

"Siggi!" The Bothan growled as he launched his hand forward and caught the avian creature. It was a Convor, beige in color, with the round eyes of a sight predator. The feathered nuisance

wriggled itself free and dashed back into the corridor to then land on the shoulder of a giggling girl, a Human girl.

The spindly little girl, no more than eleven years old was from a backwater planet known as Batuu. She was a unique creature, full of life, a prodigy of her people. Strong in the Force and in tune with emotion to levels rarely seen in even adults.

"Don't be frustrated, No-no." Her voice was soft but surprisingly stern as her focus washed over him. They had a special bond, and like a father, he guided her.

"Siggi, I need you to be ready we have to go to Jedh-"

"Jedha?!" excitement welled up inside of her before Nobu could even spit out the name of the planet. She just felt it. "I've always wanted to go there, they have tombs, tomes, and was home to-"

"It also has strife," Nobu brought her back to reality. "It was nearly destroyed."

"Yeah but it wasn't!" she jibed, always the optimist. "Where there's life, there's opportunity."

"Maybe," Nobu grumbled. "But maybe not."

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*An hour had passed. . .*

"Porro to Spymaster Tek."

"Go for Tek." The Bothan sat up straight in his seat. "Any developments?"

"Yessir, uploading the decoded transmission."

*"To whomever is listening, my name is Jarra Hon. I am the community leader of an outpost known as Breaking Dawn located on Jedha. We are part of a reformation crew and we are being harassed, raided, and killed. Our supply ships keep turning up as stripped husks. We cannot survive much longer without our supply chain. Please, I beg of you, restore hope to my people, we need help."*

A small group had already been on Jedha, working an excavation. The Jedi hadn't yet reached the planet but small teams of scientists were there, digging deep. There was no word from them, why were they not sending transmissions, were they still alive?

Nobu processed the possibilities as the Wandering Eye tore through time and space. He wondered what he would find on the other side or if anything would be left when he arrived, several days later.

"Were there!" Siggs screeched with excitement, waking Nobu from his restless sleep. He did not share her optimism.

"Siggs, be careful with excitement. It can cloud your judgement and lead to disappointment." After spending so much time on Kias, Nobu was beginning to sound like a Jedi himself. His lip slightly curled as he realized this.

"Jarra Hon to un-named vessel, we are charting your approach. Please identify yourself!"

"I'm your help." He snapped in Bothese.

"I didn't catch that, repeat!"

"Nobu Tek, a member of Clan Odan-Urr. I am here to assist."

"Very well," the name of the Clan was one she did recognize. She was a member of the Church of the Force and was now leading the Breaking Dawn Outpost. A spire that sliced through the clouds, becoming visible as the Wandering Eye ripped through the atmosphere. "I dare say you've come just in time. Proceed to landing pad four-four-seven."

"Copy."

The blackened ship seemed to rotate as it hovered over the assigned landing pad, thrusters sputtered and hissed from its belly as it finally came to rest on the makeshift pad. A woman, accompanied by two armed guards stood at the entrance of the pad which led to the guts of Breaking Dawn. Her hair kicked up in the wake of the Eye and she welcomed the crew as the leading ramp lowered and Nobu, Siggs, and Dio stepped out.

"Welcome, welcome!" Jarra smiled as she approached and knelt down to rest her hand on Siggs's shoulder. "I take it you received my message?" Her gaze shifted to Nobu.

"We did, Madam. How may we be of service?" He grumbled, thinking of ways his 'service' may be beneficial to him in the long run.

"Hauk Industries, ever heard of them?" She wasted little time as she stood and looked down into the eyes of Nobu.

He hated questions like these, where he didn't have an answer. "I have not, I am interested, however, in learning everything you know."

"Very well, come, you've had a long journey." Jarra guided them with her soft touch before turning back to a series of PIT droids scurrying around on the platform. "See to it that proper care is taken of this ship, refuel it, diagnose it of any problems-

"Ma'am that won't be necessary

Jarra shushed him "Trust me, Nobu."

The Bothan hated these words more than any other. Trust, a human no less. He trusted no one except for the little girl by his side and even then he had his reservations. Trust couldn't even be earned from Nobu, he merely had contacts and to trust was a weakness.

He merely nod his head in response and followed her inside.

Droid chatter filled the corridors and the atmosphere seemed chaotic, still, it didn't seem to put Jarra in a negative mood.

"Dio, tap into the droids, see if you can find a way into the mainframe." He spoke in Bothese. He always liked to have the upper hand and knowledge was always a powerful tool in terms of leverage.

"I'm sorry?" Jarra puzzled.

"Oh, my apologies, I was simply musing. You have a remarkable camp here."

Her eyes softened as they proceeded.

"I've put so much work into this Outpost, only to have everything crumble around me. Jedha, to many is a lost cause, to me it's home. Now Hauk Industries is threatening our existence. Competition is fierce and their leader, Gorrum would like nothing more than to push us out."

"Why?"

"Gorrum is interested in credits and trade rights. He wants to mine what's left of the Kyber here. In essence continuing the work of the Empire, but for his own gains."

"A dangerous goal, indeed." Nobu added.

"Very dangerous. We wish to preserve what's left not-"

Her words were cut short as klaxons blared within the facility.

"Were under attack!" One of the researchers shouted in the background. "They must've seen that ship arrive. No doubt they assume it's making a delivery."

"Man the turrets!" There were only two left operational, the rest were destroyed in the raids.

"Two tanks and a squadron of footsoldiers, Ma'am. They're approaching the rear gate."

"Is that all?" Nobu fought back a smile.

"This Outpost was not designed for sustained attacks, how we've survived this long..."

"Let us handle this, it is the least we could do."

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Nobu and Siggie sprinted down a long corridor as the rear gate shuttered against cannon fire.

"Dio, overload the southside terminal on my signal. A small strike team will try to hack into the door controls!" Dio chirped and broke free from Nobu's back, scurrying to the nearest access point as Nobu and Siggie refused to break stride. They reached a command center at the end of the hall, though it was less of a center as it was just a computer tucked away behind a large window that allowed Nobu to see the gate and encroaching force.

As he predicted, a small team of hackers broke from the loose formation. "Dio, get ready." The Bothan spoke into his comm-link.

"Siggie, I need you to run interference, I have a surprise up my sleeve."

The child nod her head in compliance and split from her guardian. She immediately knew what to do as she grabbed two armed guards running the opposite direction. "The fight is this way!"

Nobu smiled, only Siggie could make him do that as he watched her disappear around a corner.

"Gorrum, we're in position at the checkpoint. Were proceeding to hack the sys-" a bright flash erupted from the terminal in that moment and tendrils of electricity chained through the small team. Their bodies writhed and jerked violently as they fell to the ground and the terminal exploded.

The remaining forces pulled back and the tanks turrets shifted towards the spectacle as a small child and two guards stepped out onto a balcony just above them.

"You there, freeze!" The enemy commander shouted, all guns sweeping upward.

"Hello!" the little girl shouted with glee. "You can't come in. I can't let that happen!" She giggled.

"Stand down or be destroyed!"

Siggi just flashed a giant grin and closed her eyes, giving in to the feelings of anger and fear exuding from the cohort. Concentration was found, even in the midst of chaos as her eyes opened back up to witness each troop swing their barrels onto their comrades standing beside them, in front of them, behind.

Confusion swept over their faces as their arms trembled and their fingers were itching to fire. Their fragile minds at the mercy of an eleven year old girl.

Nobu anxiously watched his adopted daughter tread dangerously close to the Darkside. He didn't fully understand the Force but what he did understand was action and reaction.

"Siggi, no!" he shouted, hoping that she would hear him in some way.

Her smile grew bigger as her fingers became taugth with surfing energy. But the prodigy remembered her mission.

*Peace*, She whispered to herself and in that instant, each attacker buckled at the knee and dropped their weapons, clasping their hands behind their heads as if a mass arrest were taking place.

"There, that's better." She giggled. "Now let's find out what you really want."

Nobu sighed in relief, bolstering his slugthrower as he made his way to the balcony, "Jarra, send troops. We have... some prisoners to gather. When they're processed, bring them to me. I'll get the answers you seek."

In the darkness of her chambers, Jarra's smirk drooped into a scowl. There was more to her story.

"Dio, did you find anything in the mainframe?"

Beeps and whistles caused Nobu's eyebrows to jump with suspicion.

"Interesting."

