

**XQ1 Platform**  
**Sunrider HQ**  
**36 ABY**

The senior officers of the XQ1 Platform snapped to attention as Colonel Archenksova entered the briefing room. Her second in command Raizel's massive frame turned to face her, various members of Tython Squadron including their leader Jon Silvon did the same as Alethia took a seat among them.

"Proceed with the briefing," Alethia declared from her seat of the Council.

Yes ma'am," Raziel replied. The Aedile turned his attention to another member with a suggestive nod. The staff member brought up a series of reports through the holotable and sent copies to each of the attendees' datapads.

"A few hours ago a signal was received originating from a satellite located above New Tython. At first we assumed the encrypted message was com traffic picked up outside the system. However our operatives identified something interesting within the code." Raziel paused for a moment as the images over the table flickered and changed waiting until he received a nod to continue, the Miraluka's vision meant briefings required assistance from an interpreter.

The image of an old HH-87 Starhopper appeared along with a location beacon indicating the last signal received above New Tython.

"The vessel in question broadcast using identification codes dating back to the Old Republic." Raziel paused as eyebrows raised and a few muttering comments were made.

"Specifically of note, the identification tag included those of the old Jedi Order dating prior to the rise of the Empire." Another nod and an audio clip began to play.

*"I don't know if anyone can or will receive this message, I am seeking any remnant of the Jedi. I am not your enemy. I heard a cry for help and have found my way home. If you're receiving this please find me at these coordinates. This is Ira Oji-"* The message came to a sudden end, the holoprojector indicating the signal was lost at that moment.

"We received the coordinates shortly before the communication was intercepted and shut off. We're unsure of the specifics but our satellite picked up two vessels of the Iron Fleet engaging the Pilot before they moved out of range." Raziel finished taking a seat to the right of his Quaestor.

"What are your thoughts?" Alethia asked, surveying the staff and members of Tython Squadron as their reactions flickered across their faces.

Jon Silvon lounged in his chair, the elected leader of Tython Squadron chewed the inside of his cheek for a moment before cracking a smile

“Absolute garbage I’d say, it’s either a trap or the fool got himself shot down broadcasting like that above a glassed world.” With a casual shrug the man seemingly dismissed the briefing.

“Show some respect” Creon spoke up for the first time, his tone calm but forceful. Odan-Urr’s wounds suffered at New Tython were still fresh for many of them. He continued on. “If this Pilot is somehow associated with the old Jedi Order, we have a responsibility to at least try and make contact.”

“Why? What benefit is there for us to risk our lives on nothing more than an old ID that could have been faked and some audio?” Jon shot back quickly.

The debate continued several minutes, each member contributing their own commentary except for a few who kept quiet watching the situation unfold. The assembled council remained civil but were split as to whether the benefits outweigh the risks involved. Alethia sat upright, the movement enough to draw the assemblies attention.

“Get your Squadron together Silvon, I don’t like leaving things to chance. Whether it’s a trap or not, it is too dangerous to ignore the situation.” Alethia’s tone didn’t broker negotiation on the matter.

“Yes, ma’am.” Jon said with a sardonic note, a quirk of a smile on his lips from knowing exactly how the situation would play out.

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***Nilgarrd Sector***  
***Planet Karkaris - Provided Coordinates***  
***36 ABY***

Jon stepped off the shuttle, the small island they’d landed on barely more than a mile across was one of the few land masses that dotted the oceanic world. Flanking him, Creon Saldean walked to his left. Allowing Silvon to take the lead while remaining close enough to support him.

The ocean spray swept across them, pelting their gear and exposed skin with a cold chill. The duo approached a loan figure who sat several meters from an old and worn down HH-87 Starhopper that had several fresh scorch marks covering it’s frame. The man came into view, his blue skin and shaved scalp exposed to the elements. He sat in a meditative stance, an old and worn lightsaber sitting in plain view and out of reach.

They approached close enough to speak over the roaring ocean tide. Creon stepping aside slightly as Silvon stopped in front of the man. His hands rested comfortably in front of him clear of the weapons he carried.

“Seems like you had a rough flight” Jon commented glancing at the Starhopper behind the Pantoran.

“Some difficulties are inconsequential when compared to the rest of the journey.” The man said, his eyes opening as he took in the duo in front of him.

“So you’re uhh Ira was it?” The Raider stated as he appeared to relax, leaning back slightly on his haunches.

Creon scanned the skies surrounding them, the beachfront, any angle of approach. He and Jon knew the Pride of Harakoa was in orbit above them and would give them plenty of warning should anything come out of warp near the planet, an ambush on the ground was another matter altogether.

“I am, I can only hope that you are not associated with those I encountered above that broken world?” Ira responded.

“Not quite, we used to be residents of New Tython though, well some of us at least.” Jon glanced at his companion, discomfort evident in the mention of Odan-Urrs old home.

“I heard your people cry out on that day, even in the depths of space I felt their loss” Ira’s voice shook slightly, a memory of that moment within the Force flickering through his senses. Creon sensed his feelings through the Force, the welling of regret and a momentary flash of anger causing him to take a step forward in preparation.

The Pantoran held both hands up, a heavy sigh erupting from him as he ensured they could see he meant no harm.

“I have had to relive that moment time and again, it acted as a means to an end for me. I was lost and that instant I felt a connection to the remnants of my childhood, of the Jedi and it guided me here.” Ira slowly lowered his hands as the Odanites eased their hands away from weapons.

“Though that is a story for another time I think. You know my name, strangers. Yet I do not know how to address you.” Ira’s smile was genuine, hope reflected in his eyes and the two men found themselves wanting to drop their guards.

“Well we can get proper introductions done when we’re underway, for now we’ll be towing your vessel and so long as you don’t mind my friend here will hold onto that saber of yours.” Jon responded, whether he felt he could trust the man or not he knew better than to take chances.

“For now, all you need to know is that we’re Tython Squadron and we’ll be taking you to see the Council. From there, we’ll sort things out.”