# Calm Before the Storm...

Entry for: **Unchained Malady - Full Frontal Assault (Gamuslag/Sepros Major)**

Written by Dasha Jala Renza on 2021/4/30.

Dasha pouted as she sat in her chair with her left arm acting as a pillow between her chin and the buttonless ledge of the console she was working at. With her right hand, she was turning a knob delicately as she scanned the frequencies for the enemy's line of communication. Her ears were slightly tilted back, peeking out from the large headset she was wearing.

She didn't want to be here yet her new job at the SRI meant she needed to be. There were no spare suits to keep her safe from environmental hazards and she was never told that she needed to have an adequate set ready.

Then again, what could she do? She wasn't a soldier and she is a teenager. Even with her rank of Major, she has basically no leadership experience other than that one time when her superior sacrificed himself 'honorably'… then started appearing around his son more against the late Biask's wishes.

She wondered if there was more that she could've done. Yet, Lord Vodo Biask not being around any longer meant that he couldn't hunt her down for accessing files from HIS terminal when she shouldn't have AND he cannot threaten her away from Zakai. Why was she attracted to him? She's not even sure.

The dial clicked a heads up that she reached the end of the range of communication frequencies that are always used. With a sigh, Dasha pulled out Vodo's ring, the one she has spent a large chunk of her free time polishing to get rid of burrs and grime that scarred the surface from the blast.

Pushing herself into a proper sitting position. Dasha tapped away at the keyboard and brought up the frequencies she had found that weren't any known Taldryan frequencies on her screens. She had been recording them while searching for more.

There were two sets, no doubt one was from the Naga Sadow. The transmissions were garbled due to encryption. A message popped up on her datapad, vibrating it on her desk. An annoyed swipe and fingerprint press unlocked the pad and opened up the message.

'Naga Sadow are on the listed frequencies, attached file is the cipher.'

The sender was another of the SRI that she recognized, so she sighed and loaded the cipher so she could get to work matching up battles and decoding the enemy's encryption.

She felt on edge. She was on a battlefield with a very real war just outside of this ship's hull. Yet, why did she feel almost too safe? The thought unnerves her, it usually meant someone wanted her guard to drop. With a grumble, she took off her headset for a moment as an odd chill went down her spine. The walls were sound-proof ‘just enough’ so her neighbor shouting expletives isn’t as loud as if they were right beside her.

Speaking of her neighbors, there were some other SRI agents in the same hallway of this mobile base. It was a temporary solution as there were not any spaces large enough to house them all and their equipment so they got a hallway with small rooms instead.

Her delicate ears twitched as she heard some clanking in the hallway. Another door in the halls opened. There was a delay before a muffled scream caused her ears to twitch again. Something was definitely wrong.

Dasha quickly went over to deadbolt her door before going back and sending a fast message to her other neighbors and an SOS to whomever nearby for help. Multi-tasking, she downloaded as much as she could onto her datapads while opening a vent. Her ears caught some swearing going on in the hallway before some hissing of a lightsaber melting through thick metal.

The Sephi shoved her pack of equipment and datapads and went into the vents; her memory of the blueprints allowed her to escape to another floor and on her way to the Bridge where hopefully she could find help or at least lock herself somewhere safe.

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