

“Fraking Dadrack and his piece of crap starship,” Komilia cursed as her legs kicked in the air as she pushed herself out of the engine compartment. It really wasn’t Kamjin’s fault, she had borrowed without permission the Ghtroc 720 light freighter *Tātorutaimu* while he wasn’t otherwise distracted. The emergency lights were flickering in the hazy smoke that was permeating the interior of the ship. “This can’t be happening, I have to get back to Seraph,” she screamed, kicking the bulkhead. If not for the Beskar armored boots she’d have broken a toe.

“Excuse me, Miss? Are you having some sort of trouble?” A lone voice yelled up from the still extended landing ramp. Hope sprang in Komila’s bosom. Collecting herself she walked over to the landing ramp and peered down at the concerned look on the elderly...purplish-blue alien. Komilia had never been good at identifying non-human species and this one she thought started with a P.

“Yes, I’m having an issue with my engine and I absolutely have to break orbit in the next half hour or I’m not going to make it home in time,” Komilia said, doing her best to conceal the panic in her voice. The elderly man gave an understanding nod.

“Permission to come aboard? My ship is idling nearby waiting for the crew to get back from lunch. Maybe I can help,” he said, with a smile.

“Of course, please...come on up,” Komilia said, waving him onboard and leading him back to the engine compartment. Her potential savior began coughing as soon as the engine compartment opened again. Within moments he scrambled back out, coughing violently. As he spat on the floor he shook his head.

“You’re not going anywhere without a new engine. That one is completely melted. When was the last time any sort of routine maintenance was done on the oil?” Komilia grabbed her head in frustration. No wonder the ship was unoccupied. It was in the hangar for frakking maintenance and probably had all its fluids drained.

She began to pace in front of one of the cargo hold doors. The good samaritan, slowly recovering, watched what must have been a silent conversation going on in Komilia’s head. Her head shook as she gestured and made plans in the air. Apparently none of them were panning out as she continued to pace and wipe the air clean with each turn. “Miss, I know you said you needed to be somewhere but there’s a nice hotel in the town and the mechanics here are top notch. I can put in a good word with Rosmerta for you cause this engine needs to be rebuilt. You’re going to be here for a few days,” he said, putting his hands on his lower back to crack it back into place as he stood.

“Days!” Komilia screeched. The man’s eyes went wide with panic. Komilia whipped out her pistol and pointed it straight at the man. “Your ship, I’m taking it.” The man’s eyes darted between the pistol barrel pointed at his head and his reflection in Komilia’s visor. He went to say something and Komilia shot a blast past his ear. “Now, come here, get ahead of me,” she said, gesturing towards the cargo door. The door opened and the man stepped into the darkness. Komilia activated the lift control and the floor lowered to the ground below.

“Grab it and move,” Komilia said gesturing with the pistol as she looked around to see if anyone was noticing what was happening. The man looked down at what she was gesturing at.

“What in the galaxy are you?” he said in disbelief. Komilia kicked him in the back.

“No questions. Move! We’re running out of time,” Komilia said as the man began pushing the hovering container. “Where’s your ship?” Komilia demanded. The man gestured to a rusting

out YV-865. "Move, quicker," Komilia said, despite being a few feet from the landing ramp now. The man pushed the container up and into the maw of an opening at the front of the ship.

"Miss, let's think about this. I'm sure we can charter you to wherever you're going. The crew will be back shortly and this doesn't have to get anyone in trouble," the man said, turning with his arms raised. However, this was not the thing Komilia wanted to hear.

"I am leaving now!" she spat back at the man, pistol whipping him in the temple. As his limp body rolled down the ramp she was already racing to the cockpit. She barely registered the screams as the returning crew saw their companion face down in the dirt and the cargo hold closing. Komilia raced through the controls bringing the ship to life. By the time the crew had begun attempting the override codes she had lifted off, racing through the atmosphere towards orbit.

As the ship streaked away into hyperdrive, Komilia took off her helmet. Her auburn hair cascaded around her face, fresh tears streaked her cheeks. She climbed down the ladder back to the cargo hold and looked upon the container that rested there. "It's alright Hikaru. I know Papa can hea you," Komilia said, stroking the carbonite frozen face of her youngest brother.