

There had only been a few moments to react before chaos reigned over the scene.

Call outs to various pilots, the ones leading the flock at first, came back unanswered or worse. Then the ships had started dropping. One nose diving, another was *spinning*. Some were managing to steer downward with less issue.

All in a moment.

As her own ship began to drop, and without time to even try to rush forward and take the controls, Zuza braced with her arms over her head. Her body was thrown back and forth against the seat straps across her chest, held in place but little could fully protect from the impact.

The screaming stopped as water rushed into the ship. Zuza lowered her arms, scrambling with the clips and getting free. The Human froze in place as she looked up, grasping onto her seat still as the angle of the ship slowly rectified even as it sank.

Where was everybody?

They couldn't have gotten out yet. Unless she'd been knocked out but surely-

Zuza felt her breath catch and swallowed hard. The water was already reaching her knees, rushing in, everyone would be outside. They would be. She was small and wearing all black-out gear. In the emergency lighting, she'd be easy to miss. That was it.

Once she got out, she'd catch up with the rest of the unit on the beach.

Despite the adrenaline coursing through her the Human stopped in place. Zuza paused, closing her eyes and taking multiple long deep breaths as the water steadily rose up. It reached her upper thighs before she took a final inhale and dove.

If it was hard to see above water, it was even more so underneath. Thankfully, it wasn't the first time Zuza had rode in one of these and the layout was familiar. To either side of the cockpit were the doors. One was crumpled, caved in at the hinges. The other was open already, the pressure of the water pinning it so. Awkward to navigate in a sinking vessel, but she was far from overly hampered and made it without much difficulty.

Still, she gasped heavily upon surfacing. Blinking salt from her eyes and trying to not gag as it invaded her taste buds.

The panic returned with force.

"Guys?" Still catching her breath, Zuza turned her head this way and that. Sodden strands of hair stuck to her cheeks, across her lips but it was hard to focus on anything but the *lack* of anything.

They had been close to Tekpantli. She'd seen it. The ship was still sinking, it can't have drifted that far even if she had been knocked out.

Zuza called out again, hoping for someone to pop their head up. Anything.

But they weren't there.

I can't stay in the water. They- Someone has to be here. I can't- They won't find me.

The Human made way for the top of the carrier. It wouldn't be there long but it would give her a better view, a vantage-

A current yanked at the Rollmaster. Even as she swam, legs kicking against the flow, she was pulled away from the small haven. It was stronger than her, dragging her. Zuza's head dipped below the water.

Her arms slashed around in the water, pushing up. She gasped for breath, this time with a scream gagged by the water. The ship was gone now. The water was still dragging her. Zuza stopped kicking, just trying on the surface with her arms.

It was a struggle, heartbeat pounding in her ears. It was the only thing she could hear at this point aside from her own breathing. Crying, she more supposed.

Zig had given her units to use. But they weren't waterproof. There wasn't a point checking.

They wouldn't find her. Even if she found land, there'd be no one there. No way to get home.

To Zig. Her father. The clan. Frond. He was still just a puppy-

Zuza inhaled water, spiralling thoughts interrupted by the increased distraction and pace of her breath. She choked, leaning back in an attempt to keep her face up.

Maybe it'd be better if she just drowned, rather than all that.

No. No it wouldn't.

SMACK-

Zuza shouted some choice swears, curling up as her hand shot up to her cheek, grimacing as sand grazed the smarting-

Sand?

Brown eyes blinked open as she swung herself over, pushing up to her knees. Looking up, Zuza met the gaze of a green Twi-Lek.

"L'ara?"

She looked along the beach, and let out a relieved sob as despite the destruction, many were coming on shore. Ruka was shoving Wolfe to the sand, Sivall nearby. Bub was

dragging Strong despite the Chiss' resistance. People were in varying stages of distraction, recovery and regrouping but they were *there*.

"What happe-"

"Caxquettes, come on." L'ara offered an armoured glove to Zuza, who took it hesitantly. No wonder her cheek hurt so bad. With the Human on her feet again, L'ara took no time waiting, rushing off once more.

Zuza looked to the tree line, checking over her equipment as her heart rate began to settle again and mind calmed *somewhat*.

Kriff this crap.