

Urgent Matter

“Major Taurus? Major Taurus! Answer me for Sheeve’s sake.” Captain Syllas Pitt furiously hammered against the blocked cabin of the most silent place of Firebird’s Quarters. The Toilet. At the moment occupied by a bull in need. Who seemed to be either not to listen or didn’t want to listen his Commander. “We have a task at hand! Finding rumors about navigators! Everyone is ready only you are missing!” A loud, angry wheeze could be heard, disrupting the silence of the most holy place. “I’m coming, when I’m ready, Sir. I have a very important task at hand so to speak! I will help you from here.” Captain Pitt stared annoyed at the door then turned around, in sheer disbelief of the bull and went down to the hangar bay. Inside the toilet Taurus was finally relaxing again and went back to finishing his business. Well, this and the brand new Dejarik puzzle, that bothered him for the last three hours.

In the meantime, Firebird Squadron departed from the *Renegade* together with Eagle Squadron. The nearby System Wing XXII was sent to scout, had two planets with habitants in the Goldilocks Zone, whereas the rest of the planets were a bit too close to the main gold, flaming red star. The Target of Firebird was the planet literally next to the *Renegade*. A mundane grey-blue ball with a breathable atmosphere. Scans indicated a few big cities as well as many small villages, but nothing really outstanding. Captain Pitt looked through the scans and reports his droid sent, the target where abnormally strange waves sent by the so-called navigators to communicate with something big, as Admiral Stryker called it. Basically, nobody really knew what to look for. The information given by Fleet Command were usually vague and abstract. He also noted a strange feeling in his head, a presence in the force so to speak, pulling on his mind, pecking like a bird. “Atashi? Anything?” He asked his XO. The static noise of his commlink vanished into the voice of Atashi. “Nothing, Sir. No strange waves, nothing abnormally. But I can feel something, something force based. I can not quiet place it, but I think I know it.” Firebird’s Commander placed a hand at his head, the feeling got stronger almost like a presence trying to connect with him. Not that he wanted that, he tried to shut his mind close focusing on his training. The feeling exploded into a pain cutting through his nerves as he felt the presence punching into his brain.

On board of the *Renegade*, Major Taurus was still in session. Sweat was building on his forehead, he needed his whole being to concentrate onto his body, while the other part of him concentrated on his Squadron. His force lashed like tendrils out into space, trying to connect with everybody and channeling their mind into one. He let out a loud angry scream. “Why Pitt? Why! Just let me, IN!” As the force-mind defense of his Captain shattered like glass, his mind joined his commander and formed a net with him. He sent a chuckling echo through the connection. “Was that so hard?” Taurus

went back to his concentration, sending a rapid sequence of pictures into the web. Everything he could have felt as force fragment from the planet under him. Strange pictures of the Sith Empire of old, linked to an old civilization of the Zeffo; Kujet the Great. Kujet's Echoes on the planets persisted there for centuries, it could be a direct connection to these so-called navigators and the information needed for the fleet. After his transmission, Taurus pulled back his mind, the job in the reality was not yet done and he needed some time to finish his business.

"Sir? Commander Pitt? Did you see the images?" Atashi's Voice ringed through his ears. The presence in his head, he knows it. It's Taurus, who decided to pull a mind connection on him without asking. Consent was apparently not a word that existed for the bull. The pictures showed to him, were Zeffo. The name Kujet echoed in the force. "I did, Atashi. It seems to me that our missing flight member found an ancient temple of the Zeffo culture here on this planet. We will check it out, form up at the coordinates I sent you, my droid seems to have found a structure that could be the source of our headaches."

The Temple structure indicated on the scans was huge. A monument of stone, inscribed with Zeffo runes. And it seems it was used, a large crowd of hooded people hailed the temple, there were loads of food items for a sacrifice. Captain Pitt ordered his squadron to land nearby, Travis and Jaxx would be their lookout for emergencies, the rest of the squadron was ready to infiltrate the temple. They changed their flight suits into black hooded cloaks to blend into the crowd. "Remember! We are visitors. Be open, do not engage, just ask, we need to know everything we can about this temple." He ordered his squadron. "We must always use the chance to learn new things about different cultures." He fanned out into the crowd as found a hood with a few golden ornaments, indicating for maybe a priest or something similar. The connections in his mind once more regained life, almost like pulling him back away from the hooded creature towards the temple, but Pitt didn't care and approached his target. He raised his voice to a soft wind. "Apologies, I'm not from here could you help me?" The figure turned around looking at him mindlessly. "Hail, Kujet! Hail our Savior! You will find home soon, child." The figure reached out for him touching his shoulder. "Head into the temple, the navigator will show you the way. Hail, Kujet." The voice of the figure faded back, but a feeling in his gut rose. A dark feeling, filling his heart to long lost places of his own, drowning his heart in sorrow. For a moment Captain Pitt drifted into the darkness, his body moved without asking him into the crowd and the crowd pushed him into the portal of the temple.

Meanwhile on the *Renegade*, Taurus finished his business on the toilet, laying a battlefield to clean up for the sanitary droids and Sub-Lieutenants. As he walked out of the quarters, he could feel darkness flooding onto his connection with his commander and it ripped like a cut string. The ripple echoed through the webs of connections. Pitt was vanished. "By all Sith Lords! What is happening here?" He

started to sprint towards the bridge, almost colliding with Admiral Stryker. "Stryker! Pitt lost. Connection dead. Possible Firebird in danger!" Taurus roared at the confused Battlegroup Commander. Stryker's facial expression derailed into a mask of shock. "Major? Are you sure? How do you even know?" Taurus turned around and began sprinting towards his quarters again, he turned around answering the question. "He vanished from the force. Need my holocron!" He left a severe disturbed Admiral, who tried to get a signal to Captain Pitt.

Taurus rushed into his bunk room, grabbing his bag and pulling out a small red crystal pyramid. He locked the door and began to remember his lessons to center himself. He sat down cross-legged on the floor the old holocron placed right before him. As his mind drifted into the force, it connected to the crystal, flooded through it like a vitalizing wave, echoed into the pyramid filling it with life. The room was filled with red light, brimming with unnatural energy. Taurus held out his hands, an electric spark connected with the crystal, filling it with energy, helping him to focus into his connection even more. Dirty red beams of pure force energy lashed out from the ship towards the planet into the temple and attached to the darkness, now become Captain Pitt. The brimming energy of the holocron vibrated through his connection into the force and found their way into Pitt once more, replacing the darkness in his soul with energy like the morning sun.

Captain Pitt gasped, as he felt something red pulling him out of his darkness. The sorrow in his heart was gone, he felt alive again. "Thanks, Taurus" He looked around, as he was standing in a big ring of cloaks, centered around a small black glowing object. A man was holding it into the air, a figure like the one, who just touched. The object seemed to brim with a kind of energy. Pitt ducked deeper into the crowd, pulling out a small scanner and pointed it towards the object. His eyes went wide, this was their target. This figure must be one of the so-called navigators. His scan was conclusive. The wavelength was the same. The navigators were force-users, working with artifacts left by the Zeffo, maybe even Kujet himself. His eyes started to scan the environment. He needed to find a way out of here, the fleet needed to know, what they are dealing with. There. On the other side. The portal was still open. He needed a diversion.

On the *Renegade* Taurus could feel the need of his commander for a quick extraction. His mind lashed into the net forming a bond with whole firebird again, giving them the feeling of retreat. He flashed a picture to Jaxx, guiding him and Travis to perform an airstrike near the temple.

Suddenly Pitt could hear an explosion, it sounded almost like a Missile hit something on the temple. For a second nobody seemed to move, then with a fluid motion the navigator grabbed the artifact and screamed. "Defend Kujet! Defend him!" The reaction of the crowd was like a black wave storming to the portal, whooping Captain Pitt with it out of the Portal. Some were running to barracks near the temple, grabbing blaster and spears, others did just run. Just like Pitt. He ran through the hooded

figures to his X-Wing. His Commlink went back to live and he could hear a stressed Stryker to report in immediately. His ship was already prepared to take off, he jumped into it and sent his squadron the code to retreat and fly back to the *Renegade*. On the flight back, he messaged his Admiral to remain silent and the information was found.

After Taurus felt his squadron being safe and on the way back, he severed his connection through the force. He was exhausted like running through rain and cold for days and he was very hungry. With a sigh, he stood up from the floor, picked up his holocron and put it back into his dark corner of belongings. After all it's urgent time for a snack and a liter of beer.