

*“Attention, an Imperial prisoner has escaped. She is extremely dangerous! Find her!”*

This are the words I hear as I stand on patrol onboard the *Invincible Faith*, corridor J-5, near the airlocks. I was one of the few survivors from Alderaan. I remember hiding aboard that transport, with my parents next to me. We were saved by the Rebel Alliance, and I decided, that when I was old enough, I would fight for them. And I did. That’s why I’m here. To strike back.

I race down the hallway, with my blaster at the ready, my heart pounding in my chest. I round the corner, making for the airlocks. If this bastard wants to get out of here alive, they’re going to have to use the airlocks. Two other soldiers join with me as we rush down the hallways, following the sound of blasterfire and screams. Guess she can put up a fight. We round the corner, and I can see that airlock in front of me. And she’s behind it. I rush for the door, trying to get it open. I look into the soulless pits of her black helmet. That’s all I’ve ever seen people like her. Soulless. They’re the people that turned my world to ash. She gives me a casual salute as she triggers the airlock release. All I can do is stare in disbelief. What in the name of the Force is she doing?

All I can do is stare as she flies out the airlock into the stars.