

Monitors make for poor companions.

"Ma'am your audience has been requested by chancellor Victoria via holonet."
Very well then. Please inform her I will do so in ten minutes."

"T-The chancellor said it was very urgent-"

"I don't care if it involves the last season captain, you'll just have to inform her that it'll have to wait."

"Aye commander."

"Dismissed."

"Yes commander"

A deep sigh emanates from my lips. Yet sometimes it seems all I ever have are these monitors and little else.

Numbers and graphs dance on the screen in front of me. Their information of vital importance to my career but as to whether or not they held my complete attention I couldn't be bothered.

Here I was. Admiral to an entire fleet, and yet still I am forced to play at the petty affairs of bureaucrats. A ringing, followed by a small icon signaling someone wishes to speak to me dredges my mind from its drifting. Yet another sigh escapes me. Here it comes...

"Need I remind you I still have three minutes."

"Pardon me Sarah, but my time is something not even I have the luxury of wasting."

Fully expecting the apologetic tones of a subordinate I'm almost startled to hear *her* voice. Then again, she was the seamstress after all.

"Might I ask who does then?"

A smirk appears on her lips.

"Certainly not one such as yourself, that's for certain. I believe I was able to pass through one of your subordinates that I have information of utmost importance?" Her face darkens.

"Well, you have my attention."

"Do I?"

"Excuse me?"

For a moment a questioning look furrows in her eyebrows, but soon fades away.

"Never mind."

"Alright then, get to the point."

This time it's her turn to sigh.

“She's dead.”

“Who's dead?”

“Amelia, she's been assassinated.”