In a distant galaxy, aboard the starship Luminara, there was a mischievous young cadet named Jax. He thrived on pranks, especially those that disrupted the crew’s routines. One day, while monitoring the ship’s sensors, Jax decided to amuse himself. He blared an emergency alert across the comms: "Breach! Breach! Hostile lifeform detected in Sector 7!"

The crew, busy with repairs in the engine bay, froze. Commander Veyra, a seasoned veteran with a cybernetic eye, barked orders. Engineers sprinted to Sector 7, weapons drawn. When they arrived, Jax stood grinning, surrounded by holographic projections of harmless space slugs. "Just a test!" he laughed. The crew seethed but returned to their duties, muttering warnings.

Weeks later, during a routine asteroid dodge, Jax struck again. "Breach! Breach! The airlock is compromised!" The crew, now wary, hesitated but still rushed to assist. They found Jax giggling beside a malfunctioning coffee dispenser. "You’re wasting our time," growled Chief Tarek, a burly engineer with a scarred face. "Next time, we won’t come."

Then it happened. A shadow flickered on the hull—a true breach. An alien predator, sleek and silent, slipped into the cargo hold. Jax, alone on patrol, panicked. He screamed into the comms: "Breach! Breach! It’s here! Help!" Again and again, his voice cracked. But the crew, numbed by his lies, ignored the alerts. By the time they realized the truth, the alien had claimed its prize.