

# A HOLE IN THE WALL

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The room we entered was large. It was bigger than most rooms I had seen. Dempsey, my Master, appeared unimpressed as she strode through the door. She headed straight for the back wall, where a single hole was all that broke the whiteness of the wall. She stared at the hole, lost in thought. I looked at the hole as well, trying to figure out what it meant. But my training had only just begun, and so I quickly gave up. There was nothing there, but a hole in the wall.

"Don't give up yet, Young One," my Master said. "Give up, and you will never achieve anything." I bowed my head. She was right. She always was. And so I looked up again at the hole. It was a near perfect circle, about two centimeters in diameter. There was some black scarring around the edge.

"A lightsaber?" I asked. My Master shook her head. "Look again, look closely."

I took a step forward and looked closer. "The circle isn't round," I said. "It's irregular." My Master nodded. "So not a lightsaber," I said. "A blaster."

Dempsey smiled. "Indeed it is. And a small one at that. A small handweapon I'd say, designed to be hidden." She turned, and stared at the opposite wall. There was nothing there, but the door we had come through.

"So how does a small handweapon burn a hole in this wall, when there is nowhere the blast could have come from outside the room?" I asked. "If the shot had been fired from inside, surely we would have found the blaster. The room was locked after all!"

"There is a more important question, Young One," my Master said. "How the weapon was fired is simple, since there is only one logical option. The more interesting question is why would anyone go through so much trouble for something seemingly as trivial as a hole in a wall...."

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Before I go on, I should probably let you know who I am. I am Llorana. I was brought here, to Judecca, to be trained in the ways of the Dark Side of the Force. The last few years, I have trained my skills, and this week, Jedi Knight Anahorn Dempsey is my Master. She will teach me many things. And I need to learn much, if I ever wish to fulfill my destiny.

This morning, we were called to a village several kilometers west of Teyr. Though insignificant, the owner of a home had found a burnmark on his wall, and called for someone from the Brotherhood. Normally of course, we Jedi do not concern ourselves with such petty things as this, especially not from someone outside the Brotherhood. But this man wasn't just an ordinary man, once he had also

been trained as I am now. And he had been right. You could feel a darkness in the room. But why he called upon us, I do not know. It's not like the man is scared, at least he didn't appear to be.

Oh, I am trying to be coherent as I write down what has happened today, but I'm afraid my mindset isn't cooperating at all. You see, our victim may not have been afraid, somehow I am. I do not know why, or how. I do not know what this blasterhole in the wall has to do with me. But I have a gut feeling that says it does.

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"So tell me, Llorana - how did that blasterhole get into the wall when the door was locked?"

My Master looked at me as I sat on the floor. I had been pondering this question for awhile now, as I knew it would come. And still, I had no answer. I could almost feel my Master's disappointment.

"Don't go searching for complicated answers," my Master said. "An answer to a mystery should be as simple as possible," she continued. "But no simpler. What is the simplest way that a blasterhole would get into that wall, without piercing any of the others?"

I looked up. "Someone stood in the room and then fired," I said. My Master smiled.

"Indeed. And how then did whoever took that shot get away. The farmer said he heard the blaster go off, and yet found the door locked. When he opened the door, he saw the burnmark."

"The simplest answer would be," I ventured, "that either he has lied to us, or that whoever fired the shot left the room, locked the door behind him and then snuck away."

"And how long do you think that would take?"

I nodded. "Too long," I said.

My Master smiled again. "Exactly, and so we can ignore that possibility. And then we are left with the only possible answer."

"He lied to us."

"Indeed he did. The question therefore is the same I asked you earlier today."

I closed my eyes and tried to remember. I smiled as the memory came to me. "The important question is not how, but why," I said.

Again, my Master nodded. "Exactly, Young One. You are catching on quickly. I do think it is time we paid our friend another visit. We leave first thing in the morning!"

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And so, as I write these words, I am still trying to figure out what is going on here. I do not know, and I am not sure my Master does either. Then again, from what I have seen and heard, she always knows everything that's going on. It would not surprise me if she already has this one figured out. And that she is pretending not to, so that I can figure it out on my own. We will see. Tomorrow morning, we will visit the village again. Perhaps then I will learn the answer to this mystery.