**Murder Most Foul**

The murder of the new apprentice had shocked Scholae Palatinae. Not due to the rank or the newcomer’s status. It was the sheer timing. The young Corellian, a former smuggler on the run from the Hutt Cartels, had only arrived the day before. He had no time to make enemies, in fact no one truly knew him. Atticus Oryn stepped off the shuttle from Antei like all the rest. He was unsure of what he had gotten himself into but was excited and filled with anticipation. Now, he was sitting in the morgue waiting to be incinerated once the autopsy was conducted by Dr. Elincia Rai.

 I was assigned to this case to assist my friend and partner Zagro Fenn. You see, Fenn and I did not get along initially. In fact, we had tried to kill each other several times. “Kor Vaal, take a look at these charts.” Stated Fenn.

 Fenn was adamant that I review the charts that the Krath doctor Elincia Rai had compiled. Nothing. All vitals were good, no defensive wounds, no bruises. But Atticus Oryn was indeed a dead man. It seemed that Zagro was more than annoyed with this case. He simply didn’t want to be involved.

 “Friend, what is to be done? There was no struggle, no medical reason this man should be dead and yet he is. We might as well simply put together a report and end this.” I told him.

 Fenn’s answer was direct. “And let the Emperor have an unsolved mystery on his hands because we couldn’t draw any conclusions? No.”

 There it was. The Dark Jedi Knight would not let it rest. This did not seem like a dedication to duty, but as a way of getting payback for a case he simply did not want.

 “Follow me to the comms bay…now!” came Fenn’s response. I followed my partner to the other end of the Imperial Winter Palace on a hunch. What the hell could we find in the comm’s bay? The footage was scrubbed and nothing was found.

 Fenn sat down at a computer bank and started furiously keying buttons. In violation of every Imperial protocol Zagro plugged in his own datapad and started running codes and script. “If the Force didn’t kill him, he was fully healthy, and there was no struggle then that simply leaves technology to be the answer.” Came Zagro’s angry answer.

 The screens furiously buzzed and exchanged data. Fenn was reviewing frequencies and incoming fragments of communications and radical stray voltages. Seemingly useless data, but to Fenn it seemed to matter.

 “Gotcha…the Smuggler’s Moon…our friend Atticus Oryn had some powerful enemies he was running from. This is good. I have never seen anything like it before.” Stated Fenn.

 “What the hell are you talking about?” Came my response to Fenn.

 Fenn looked at me like a child. He barely gave me the attention the question deserved as he typed his final report rapidly. “Kor, the Hutt Cartel implanted Atticus with a dissolving transmitter. Microscopic really. It would dissolve over time leaving no trace. If a certain transmission came through it would instantly trigger a small blood vessel in his brain to slowly hemorrhage over time. He had a death sentence from who knows how long back. Poor bastard. Dead on arrival and he never knew it.”