*Karufr
Three days ago*

Howlader sat in his cramped office in Taldryan’s Great Hall, surrounded by reports on the progress of the Clan’s numerous journeymen. The Rollmaster had chosen (or rather, been obliged) this small office, normally reserved for one of staff assistants to the summit, after his numerous protestations and rants about the position he was dragooned into taking. Evidently, the Proconsul of Taldryan did not feel that a position that "was not a real thing" was entitled to the opulent space that was used by previous holders of the position. Howlader had grudgingly accepted the logic (and spite) behind that decision and moved on.

Howlader shook off his grumbling thought and went back to reviewing his progress reports. After another half dozen or so reports, Howlader’s concentration was broken by an anomaly – buried amongst the status updates from Taldryan’s numerous masters was a short note from the Master at Arms to an unrecognized party, but it was the content of the message that first drew Howlader’s interest. The message, from Dupar himself, concerned the movement and operational capabilities of a number of ships in the Navy of the Iron Throne. Normally, communications from the Master at Arms’ office (or the Councillor himself) would not be cause for notice, let alone concern, as past office holders did not concern themselves with the day to day details of the Brotherhood’s Navy, and were content to merely be the ceremonial head and leave the real tasks of running the naval forces to the professional captains and admirals. For better or worse, the new Master at Arms decided to take his naval command responsibilities more seriously, and was actively engaged in the minutia of naval operations.

As Howlader began to read more carefully into the message, he realized that this was not a routine naval transmission that was misdirected, this was classified operational and technical data that could be devastating to the Brotherhood if it fell into the wrong hands – especially the One Sith.

He needed more information – and only a member of Dupar’s office staff could provide it. Unfortunately, there was no way they would simply give up the information – even if they were aware. Howlader would need to pry the information from the mind one of one of the assistants…

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*Three days later*

The room was dark, sparse, and cold - it was not the type of setting that the Howlader was used to – he preferred to be in a more temperate setting, surrounded by creature comforts and a nice tasty drink. Unfortunately for Howlader, there was work to be a done – and the captive sitting across the table from him had information about a traitor within the Dark Council – and extracting that information was vital to the interests of Taldryan, and the Brotherhood as a whole.

Howlader scratched at his beard for a moment and pondered the situation. If he was lucky, this interrogation would not take too long, and he could return to the comforts of the Old Folks’ Home – a place he had spent far less time in the past year than he would prefer. Thanks to Ashen’s never ending crusade against the One Sith and being dragooned into being the Clan’s Rollmaster, Howlader was unable to experience the glories Old Folks’ Home on a regular basis.

Howlader shook the thoughts away and turned his attention towards Dupar’s assistant. "So. You know why you are here, do you not?" Howlader began coldly, tossing the datapad containing the transmission from the Master at Arms towards the prisoner, "you and I both know what is contained on that datapad – so why don’t you save both of us time and just fill me in on the details?"

The prisoner pondered the datapad for a moment and then uttered his first words with a hearty laugh: "Bosh, flimshaw!"

"Do you think I am going to tell you anything?" the prisoner mocked his interrogator, "even if I knew something about this, which I do – I won’t ever talk!"

The next few hours were characterized by the same interactions. The interrogator would ask questions, and the prisoner would laugh and say no. Even when force was applied, the prisoner simply shrugged it all off. Eventually, Howlader recognized the resolve within his target – there was no way traditional methods of interrogation would break him, and he would need to resort to other methods.

He rose from his seat and signaled to one of the cameras in the corner of the room. A few moments later, there was a knock at the door, and then another person entered.

Chaosrain Taldrya, decked out in his tradition garb of fishnet stockings, high heels and a blonde wig was led into the cold room. Just by looking at Chaosrain, you could tell that the room was cold.

Howlader turned towards his prisoner again and mocked: "perhaps this will prove to be a better motivation. Maybe you can resist pain to yourself, but what about others? If you don’t tell us what we need to know, we will kill her…him…whatever."

The prisoner laughed once more – "you think I care about him…her…whatever? You are making me laugh."

Howlader knew that his bluff had been called – so he nodded to the camera once more and Chaosrain was led back out of the room.

Howlader, resolved to win, continued with his questions to the prisoner for several more hours. Finally, a sudden bursting open of a door at the rear of the sparse room shattered the mood of the room, and light from the hallway flooded the room. Keirdagh Cantor, Taldryan’s Proconsul strode into the room and bellowed: "Howie, what the hell are you doing?"

"Interrogating the prisoner,” Howlader shouted, "what do you think I’m doing? Why the hell are you even bothering me? There is a traitor on the Council – and somebody has to get to the bottom of it." Howlader turned back towards the prisoner. "What, do you think he’s going to save you?"

Cantor walked up to Howlader and put a hand on his shoulder: "Howie, there is no one else in here. Just you and a mirror. Did you not recognize yourself? Just where do you think you are?"

With that, Howlader was led out of the chamber by two men in white coats, so that the old Chancellor could spend some quality time away in a padded room.

Howlader
Clan Taldryan
PIN: 8