

## *Scientific Research*

It was not the fatigue that troubled the Zeltron as much as it was the chronic isolation. He was not used to such loneliness as he found in his small cell. It had been nearly four weeks since he had been apprehended. He knew his mission, and he was aware of what would be required. Still, his people were not physiologically adapted for such solitude and it took its toll on him nonetheless.

The guards only took him out for rounds of torture and interrogation. They knew he would never crack though, so had relied on the element that would always prevail; time. No, Zagro Fenn would never divulge his secrets. A highly trained member of the Inquisitorius and a skilled interrogator and espionage agent in his own right, he was prepared for every trick of the trade. Isolation was something he was prepared for mentally, but it did not make the ordeal any easier.

He hoped he would not be left behind on Mon Calimari for much longer. He longed for the pleasures found in Hutt Space and the Cocytus System. The species on the aquatic world were far too stoic and reserved for his type of entertainment. Fenn did not agree with the tactical level of the mission. Indeed, a part of him cherished the educational practices it offered but being allowed to be detained made him laugh.

The bulbous head of the lead guard was staggering to behold. The other two were far less impressive. "Good morning swine. I hope your stay here continues to be unpleasant" stated the Mon Calimarian. Fenn looked his jailor in the eyes and smiled. "I am ready to talk now" came his response.

The Zeltron did not use his natural pheromones to augment his persuasion. It wouldn't matter much, against such a tertiary level of humanoid as these. "I am ready to admit my crimes."

The three took their seats near the chained Zeltron. Without being prompted, Fenn began. "Indeed, I did it. I butchered those squadlings. Your kind is beneath me. Animals. I saw those three little squadlings being hunted and I drove off their predator. They adored me for it. And I had their trust." Fenn smiled as he spun his tale.

One of the guards rose rapidly and drilled two bulbous and scaly arms down on the Zeltron's shoulders, rattling him immensely. The next guard lashed out with his fists for a staggeringly long duration. The head guard stopped them slightly, "continue Zeltron, and perhaps we will make your death quick and painless."

Fenn laughed heartily and smiled, gritting his teeth as blood trickled down his lip and he could feel the swelling in his eyes. "Well the first little squid I played nice with, it was easy to manipulate him. He showed me how easy my natural talents are at molding those to my bidding. The next one I used fear, and that indeed was a useful tool. I showed her what I would do to her and she was like clay in my hands. The final one, well, I used no real skill just pain. Of all these things, ultimately pain was the best motivator."

The guards were now enraged as Fenn discussed casually the experiments he conducted on the squadlings. "It was very informative mind you, and here I have mastered the study. The truth of my actions has lead you to rage and directly into my hands far more so than any other form of subterfuge." Fenn smiled one last time. The guards hadn't noticed him as he slowly removed his shackles during the speech, and he laughed as he began to lunge out with Force lightning, burning the insides of the vile Mon Calimarians. Perhaps the solitude was a fine teaching tool after all.