

## *A Brief Invasion*

### **Zeltros**

#### **Imperial Garrison**

The Imperial commander clasped her palms together and sighed heavily. There had been mass defections since planet-fall. It had been wise to import the prefabricated headquarters and fortresses; storm troopers and officers left in the open generally returned drunk if at all within minutes. The euphoria of Zeltros was too much for most men and women. "Bring in the prisoner" ordered the commander.

Two Imperial Navy troopers ushered in the Zeltron. The young man's hands were bound together, his legs in shackles. Small bruises were visible near his eyes and on his chin. The commander addressed the guards, "Please, leave us." The guards were somewhat puzzled but did as obeyed. Without orders, they removed the shackles and about-faced, leaving in an orderly fashion.

The prisoner took a seat in front of the commander's desk. The commander removed her cover and placed it on the desk, and let down her hair. It had been a very rough twenty-four hours and her reputation was on the line. "What is your name and how did you get captured by Imperial forces?"

The prisoner looked at the female commander and smiled, gazing intently into her eyes. "My name is Fenn, Zagro Fenn. I was simply tending bar at the cantina when several of your...soldiers came in with a few of my patrons. It was a great time and a party started...until a few officers hurried in and gathered up their men and put me in cuffs. I have done no wrong and demand to be released. I have no connection to the government and have no intelligence to give you. We on Zeltros have a small standing army that is barely functional we are a peaceful and caring people" Fenn stated as calmly as possible, never taking his gaze off of the woman.

A rapid knock rang out on the door of the office. The commander slowly diverted her eyes from the young Zeltron. "What is it?"

"Colonel Gridley, there is terrible news coming in from all sectors. A quarter of our infantry has simply melted away within the populace and is not returning communication reports. Widespread partying is reported. Should we begin bombardment to create a quarantine zone? These Zeltrons have a powerful effect on all sentient beings that come into contact with them" the orderly delivered his message in a hurried tone.

The commander shook her head and rubbed her palms against her temple. Finally, she looked up. "Negative, repeat, negative. We came here to occupy and hold

this world, not destroy it. We can readily hold the planet with the flotilla in orbit. Pull back all ground forces to the fortresses and garrisons and have them restricted to barracks. Only deploy when needed. Clearly, sentient beings are no good here...send a request for droid forces and more automated assault vehicles. All extra forces will be ferried back to the transports. We are done here...this has not been a failure as long as we hold the system we de facto hold Zeltros. I will take full responsibility. And release this man.”