

Super Me

He was not always a simple Lieutenant Colonel. No, he certainly was not. By day he served in the Odanite Expeditionary Force, of course, but by night he had other gifts and hobbies. Each evening he returned to his state room and took out his secret bunk and slowly donned his disguise.

It was no proper disguise, in fact it was a luxurious outfit he had painstakingly created himself at great price and much effort. Few knew the truth about Lieutenant Colonel Mauro Wynter, and that was the way he liked it. If the truth got out about his powers he would be considered a threat, even to the Force sensitive members of Clan Odan-Urr.

He was not gifted in the Force himself, no the truth was far from that and indeed much different. He was no mere vigilante either, taking care of the dirty business of protecting the weak and walking the fine and murky grey line of morality and justice that those bound by the Jedi code and the rules of law must bind themselves to.

By night he had no name. The press and those that told the tales simply called him Karma, with a capital K. Others called him Justice, a proper noun for a proper action in an improper galaxy. His power was also his curse. For Lieutenant Colonel Mauro Wynter had the power of knowing the truth.

This sense of knowing is entirely different from telepathy or the arts of a telepath. Every two-bit Sith and Jedi had this ability. No, those with enough willpower and resolve could steel their minds to the parlor tricks of the Jedi and Sith and other myriad Force adherents. For Mauro Wynter knew the truths that men themselves could not ponder or understand about themselves.

Many people tell themselves they are good people, or that they do bad things for a good cause. Self delusion is a power of its own that Wynter wished he had. But, the simple fact remained that Mauro Wynter knew the evils inside mens' hearts and the wicked vices and evils that they could and would inflict on others. And so at night, each night, he lurked the halls of the Sky Breach Base and the streets of Daleem. His costume was a matte black that reflected light, constantly shrouding him in the shadows. He was inconspicuous and that was for the best.

Each person that he passed he could judge, and instantly know what bad things they were capable of doing. Some men and women were easier to read than others, to be fair, but in the end he always knew. He did not have to torture them or seek to find the guilt in their souls. He simply read them like an old lore tome or one of the newly fashionable magazines that arrived time to time from Coruscant and the Core worlds. And when Mauro Wynter saw what these men and women were he simply walked up behind them and sliced them down with a slender blade. Justice. Karma. He would always find them.