

An unwilling messenger

Augur Xantros

11518

36 ABY, Ragnath, Caperion System

„No! It is not possible!” screamed Xantros with anger. “How dared anyone to steal our beloved mascot in such an important moment! We were just about to officially celebrate conquering the first part of Ragnath!”

“Unfortunately, it has happened just couple of minutes ago,” explained one of the Imperial security guards. “Mooka was right there a moment ago and later, it disappeared.”

“You fool! We have now to look for Mooka, as the celebration cannot take place without him!” shouted the Augur. “Lucky you, the kindapper still has to be somewhere around. It will be the best, if I search for him personally to make sure that he or she will be punished severely for their crime against the Empire.”

The Duros looked around, carefully observing the surroundings, in order to check, if there was anyone behaving suspiciously. However, he did not see anything that would bring his attention. A little bit disappointed, he closed his eyes and concentrated on the whispers of the Force to detect intentions of other people nearby. After half a minute of sustained concentration, he sensed a mind that was focused on avoiding detection no matter of the cost. It was located around twenty meters away from the Augur.

Xantros looked in the direction of the mind that he had sensed and noticed a young tall, red-headed human that seemed to be a bit nervous. He was carrying a relative large bag that looked like a typical sports bag...except the fact that something inside was moving slightly. The Duros walked silently towards the man and concentrated for a moment to create a sphere of blackness around his target, who immediately stopped moving.

“You are under arrest, young man,” said the Augur firmly to the human, who seemed to panic even more, when the blackness surrounding him vanished and he noticed a group of Imperial guards aiming at him with blaster rifles.

“What do you want from me?” asked the captive. “I did nothing!”

“You have done something profoundly bad,” explained Xantros. “You have stolen our precious mascot, Mooka. Give me your bag.”

“Do I have a choice?” asked the human.

“Actually, yes,” replied the Duros. “You can give us the bag freely and be fairly judged in accordance to the Imperial law or get killed at once without a trial, as a dangerous criminal, who decided to resist the authorities of the Empire.”

“Well...” said the kidnapper, put the bag on the ground and put his hands in the air.

Xantros opened the bag and saw the chimerical being of Mooka species. He hugged it and delivered back to the celebration stage, so that the celebration could finally take place. In the meanwhile, the kidnapper was put in a brig to await for further trial.

Several hours late, the interrogation of the criminal started. It turned out that he was not prepared for any attempt of interrogation, as he quickly decided to testify. He was a new operative of Clan Arcona,

who had recently completed the very basic training. He was very ambitious, so he had decided to take up a secret mission without approval of his superiors. He had hoped that if he was successful, he would have soon got promoted. As a target, he had chosen Clan Scholae Palatinae, as amidst the chaos of their former homeworld destruction and conquering a new one, they would not recognize him as a hostile operative. Everything had been fine until he finally decided to make a real action, as it turned out that he was unable to operate under prolonged stress and panicked, when he caught the mascot of the Imperial Clan.

As a result, the leader of Clan Scholae Palatinae decided to hand over the operative to Clan Arcona with a subtle warning burnt on the forehead of the human – “Keep out – Clan Scholae Palatinae”