

The droids had already combed over the area. The Force Adept shuffled into the room, trying to take note of anything that he could. The Force had offered him no glimpses of the past, no premonitions, and no hint so far. A silver-plated protocol droid strode from beside the astromech scanning the form of what Kurios could only figure was the body. It looked as though the responsible party had taken quite the time in making the corpse.

*Poor bastard.*

“Sir,” the protocol droid spoke in a clipped tone, drawing the Savant’s attention to itself, “I assume that you are the sentient assigned to this particular case?”

“I suppose that assigned is the term that one might use. I was available to come, and told that my talents might assist here.”

“Very good, then!” The droid swung back toward the corpse. “Have you received the medical reports we sent to the Command staff, then?”

Cimozjen pulled thoughtfully at his beard. “Blunt force trauma, with bruising indicating an object no narrower than five centimeters as the likely weapon?”

“Well, yes sir.” The droid did not turn immediately as the Savant leaned down to touch the body of the deceased. “The post-mortem reports showed an unusual amount of alcohol in the victim’s system as well.” Pondering the droid’s words, the Sorcerer moved the head around, examining it for wounds, and feeling about the corpse’s clothing. Taking note of the condition of the body, he closed his eyes, trying to will some image up. Oft times the Force would permit him the briefest of glances into the past. He brushed a hand down the side of the body, and as it trailed across the weapon at the victim’s side, the first hint came to him.

“This victim was an officer, am I correct?” Cimozjen stroked at his beard. “Which would account for the weapon. He had a struggle with someone very close to him. A subordinate perhaps? Were there any blaster burns found in this room?”

“There were no less than three located in this locale, but all of them show carbon aging of greater than three weeks ago. One was in line with the body, but given the age it did not seem pertinent. It was considered anomalous, but deemed not to be worthy of putting into the report. Do you feel these marks indicate something more than careless blaster maintenance?”

The Sadowan did not immediately reply to the droid. Instead, he was counting back steps. He counted out thirteen steps before whirling around, with his hand stretched out as though he were carrying a blaster pistol at the ready. Nodding silently to himself, the Savant moved his imaginary weapon across different points in the room.

"Was there anything else sir needed to know of us, or may we continue to scan the body for further analysis?" The investigative protocol droid's tone was respectful, but had an edge of irritation.

"How did you come to discover these blaster marks, if they were so anomalous?" Cimozen glared pointedly at the droid. "It seems like that would have been a more important fact to bring to the attention of anyone investigating the scene. For that matter, who discovered the scene?"

"Why," the droid seemed to chirp, "I was the one who found the deceased lying here, face down."

"Face down?" The Force Adept smiled. "Odd observation, given that the blast wound I observed was to the back of the head."

"Blaster wound? Whhat," the droid's vocabulator warbled slightly, "blast wound? Initial scans only detected physical trauma. No burns or discoloration was detected."

"It would be a bit hard to find without more than a cursory scan. The bigger question, dear mechanism, is why wasn't one conducted sooner?"

"The reports had to be forwarded to the Summit. As per protocol."

"This man has been dead for at least an hour longer than your initial report indicates. There must be something wrong with your memory banks, because what you see, and what I see differ very much. For a droid in the service of the Warhost, you seem very nonplussed when an officer has been slain. For a 3PX unit droid, you were abnormally calm." Kurios pulled the Reynolds DE-21 Slugthrower from its holster at its side. "Which strikes me as more than a little odd." Placing the nose of the pistol between the photoreceptors of the protocol droid, the Force Adept pulled the trigger.

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"So, let me get this straight." The dark-haired Sith was punching notes into his datapad. "You are trying to tell me that a droid murdered an officer of the Warhost Navy in cold blood. How did you come to that conclusion?"

"Flashes in the Force indicated that he was murdered by someone he had no reason to suspect. Who, of all people on a ship, would have been suspected of harboring ill intent, than a droid? Many people take them for granted, the galaxy over, after all."

"Oh," the Sith shook his head, "Okay, so putting that aside, how can you prove the droid did the crime?"

“The logs on the droid should more than prove it.”

“But,” the Sith shook his head. “What brought you to that conclusion?”

“Oh,” Cimzojen paused, before shrugging, “that just made sense.”

“How!? How does something like that just make sense?”

“Simple.” Cimozjen smiled. “I weighed the options, was left with the only reasonable answer being that it would have to be someone in the room, and given the data and the timing, it seemed clear it was the droid. When I checked the memory banks, sure enough I found an assassin protocol buried in its core programming. Really, we ought to be a little more careful with where we acquire our droids.”

“So, you figured it had to be the droid, because you couldn’t think of anybody else?”

“Eh,” the Savant shrugged. “Either I eliminate all the obvious and take what is left,” he smiled, “or I took a bit of a guess and turned out to be right when we started taking a look at the droid. Either way, this particular case is solved. So how about we nip down to the onboard cantina for a pint?”