

Cloning Facility

Kamino

37 ABY

As an eternal storm bellowed above the circular platforms of the Cloning Facility Rhyllance watched from a viewing port as his ship, *the UC - Providence*, descended towards the metallic structure. He had long awaited this meeting within the rebuilt facilities and his stoic face hid the bubbling excitement from being seen. As the ship set down, and the exiting ramp opened, the Chiss was met by the towering form of a Kaminoan.

"Hello, I am Taun We. Welcome to Kamino Master Ehsau." Her voice sounded of its age, though her body seemed *young* by native standards.

"Thank you for having me. I assumed I would be met by the Prime Minister? I am on a tight schedule after all."

"I am to bring you to him. Please, follow me."

The wispy colored attendant led him into the large, impeccably designed building. The stark white walls were rich in their lack of color, and the perfectly clean visage was highly admirable to the medical science officer. Rarely would Rhyllance admit to being impressed, but in this instance it was easy to do. A sprawling door slid open revealing an extravagantly dressed Kaminoan sitting at an immaculate looking desk. A free seat remained empty in front as Taun We led Rhyllance in.

"Master Ehsau, this is Lama Su, Prime Minister of Kamino."

Rhyllance took his seat as Taun We left them. Respectfully he bowed his head to the important figure of the planet.

"Welcome to Kamino, Doch'ylancehsau. I hope your journey here was a pleasant one."

"It certainly was, and please, just refer to me as Rhyllance. I do not go by my family name. At least not in trade."

"I understand you've long tried to set up this meeting. I apologize for the delay. There were...unfortunate complications that needed attending to."

"I fully understand. As a man of both science and logic, I understand the nature of waiting." Rhyllance showed a slight smile at the "joke".

"Now that you are here, how can I assist you. I believe our record as cloners speaks for itself. We can do whatever it is you require of us in that regard."

Rhylance could tell from the Prime Minister's tone that his ego was sprawling. They were good at what they did and they knew it. The Chiss pulled out a small flask and poured two drinks. He offered one to Lama Su, who accepted it gratefully.

"I would like to work with you here a bit, to better understand your abilities with the cloning process. No one has ever succeeded at the level your planet has. I desire to gain this knowledge for myself, so that I may apply it to my own needs."

"I do apologize, Rhyllance, but I'm afraid I will have to refuse your request. Our processes are our own. I will not allow them to fall out of our grasp. Not again. Not after what the Galactic Empire did to us. Rebuilding from that was not an easy task."

"I understand your concerns in this matter. I also wished to extend an invitation to joining the new prestigious institution of education in Science and Medicine that I have built. I feel like offering your greatest growing minds admittance would be a welcomed first move in the merger of intellectual resources."

"And why would this benefit us? Obviously we have no need of your resources. Why would we offer...ugh" Lama Su's cocky attitude regarding his people's intellect was interrupted by a feeling of nausea and dread. The glass fell from his hand shattering upon impact. His body grew weak, and soon he found it hard to move at all.

Rhyllance stood slowly from his chair. A wicked grin marred his normally serious expression. He strode over to the fearful being on the floor.

"Now, how about we begin this discussion once again," he pulled out his scalpel from his jacket. "Only this time, the answers will be much more to my liking."