

Lyra Colony

“Are you sure about this? I mean it’s not exactly...right. They’re just civilians father,” the usually strong voice of Pandora seeped into the ears of Kojiro as he took heavy footsteps through the back alleys of the colony towards his destination. “I mean sure I don’t tend to care what happens to hapless idiots but isn’t this just a bit too far?”

“Oh be quiet girl, your father knows what he’s doing,” snapped the Miralukan Witch Beira. “This is all part of his experiments into the new toxin he’s developed. Plus with sick people in the colony then attention will be dragged away somewhat from the issues above. So he’s helping the war effort.”

“This reeks of you, you Witch...”

The rest of the conversation tapered out as Kojiro flicked the switch on his datapad cutting the open line. The Witch and his daughter had been bickering for days and it had done nothing but disturb his work. Idle distractions weren’t to be tolerated and he’d warned both of them on multiple occasions but neither heeded him. They never did. The Clone sighed, which itself turned into a body-wracking cough. They were getting worse these fits, but he persevered with his work. It was all he had.

Lyra Colony, he cared little for its people and despite what Beira had mentioned he wasn’t for yet another pointless war. Him being here was for one thing only, to see what the organic body could take and study the results. The tanks that hung at his side and over his shoulders bore the fruit of his recent labours and he was curious and excited to test their contents. Should his tests also prove beneficial to one side of the conflict or the other then so be it. But all that mattered to him was the results.

The scientist rounded the corner and before him lay his destination. A sign read water treatment, his target was in sight. Kojiro moved from the shadows of the back alley and made his way towards the wall before him, his physical fitness these days was appalling but he reached into the Force and used it to propel him up and then down into the complex. No alarm sounded and he pushed himself into one of the nooks that lined the outside of the building. Shadows clung to him like an old friend but he knew he couldn’t stay put. His eyes scanned the building and above him to the right, he noted a half-open window and his way in.

Luck appeared to be on his side as he squeezed through the opening, his lungs felt fit to explode but he held it in. The coughing would have given him away, but he had no need to worry about such a trivial thing. Instead, one of the canisters slipped and clattered against the edge of a table. The resounding clang echoed through the chamber and drew a confused voice from the adjoining room. Seconds later the door opened and a bleary-eyed workman stood facing the Keibatsu.

“Wha...what are you doing here? You’re not from here. Everyone has gone home for the evening. Who are you?” The man held what appeared to be a thermos flask in one hand, he was brandishing it like some sort of weapon. Kojiro rolled his eyes and simply waved his hand, drawing on the Force.

“You know me, I have always been here. I am the one who brings the chemicals to help clean the water. I come every night”

The workman's eyes glazed over momentarily and a smile flitted across his face. “Of course I know you, I saw you last night. Are those new chemicals for cleaning? You usually come in the day so I was a bit surprised to see you here.”

“I was made to come on a later delivery. I got myself lost, you will take me to where I need to be.”

“Gosh, you’re sure in the wrong place. Here let me lead you to the work area. Don’t worry no one else is about to notice your mistake. It’s just me and I was somewhat napping, so I won’t tell anyone you got lost and you don’t mention I took forty winks deal?”

“Of course, lead on.”

The worker nodded, turned on his heel and departed the room. Kojiro followed suite. The corridors winded around several times before finally, they found themselves in a large circular room with a pool situated in the middle. A machine hung above the pool, probes from it dipped themselves into the water every now and then taking readings and measurements.

“Well, there you are, need me to stick around or can I go...eh finish up on my nap?”

“Feel free to go.”

The workman did so leaving Kojiro alone to work. Three canisters he had brought with him and each one he hooked up to the water cleaning machine and allowed the contents to spill into the drinking supply. As each one emptied a sense of...something flitted across the back of his mind. Perhaps guilt he thought to himself momentarily then flushed away such a ridiculous thought. This was science, results are all that mattered.

The last canister emptied and Kojiro scooped it up, rose to his feet and exited the room the way he had come. The workman could potentially be an inconvenience but he had no idea who Kojiro was or who he worked for. So he would live for now. The Clone was also positive he’d been picked up on cameras but again, to them, he was just a masked face and soon it would be too late. The results would be in and he was very curious to know exactly what he had concocted in his lab.

As he made his way back across the wall and back into the alleys he switched on his comm unit once more to find the squabble had escalated into a full-blown abusive argument. He sighed and coughed, allowing his lungs to announce his return.

“Oh, father...you went quiet. Is it done?”

“Of course.”

“The results?”

“Foolish girl, how is your father supposed to know that now,” Beira snapped. “It’ll take a while for anything to occur and even then he still won’t know what he’s done until reports start arising at clinics.”

“So what was the point?” Pandora asked tentatively “If it might take a while, why do it?”

“Because I could and I wish to know how far organics will go once their water supply begins to kill them,” the youngest Keibatsu retorted. “When the very thing they rely on begins to kill them they’ll panic.”

“But eh..how do you know it will kill anyone father? You said you weren’t sure what it does.”

“I don’t my sweet child, but either way I’ll stil have my results and I’ll ensure the next batch certainly will. Now meet me at the rendezvous, I want off this filth ridden rock,” Kojiro let the silence follow him all the way back to where he was to meet his child.

He would wait to see what happened in the following days after all he was good at waiting. If this batch proved fruitless then perhaps next time, just to make sure, he’d mix some Alchemy into his toxins. Kojiro was sure applying any of his learned Alchemy may have more erratic effects but he was positive the results would speak for themselves and make any and all effort more than worth it.