Mattock Station had been on high alert for some time. Unauthorized access to the Regent's mainframe computers had been recorded in the wee hours of the previous evening. Zxyl had personally charged his Praetor with locating the villain who had infiltrated the system. The analysts were still trying to determine what information had been siphoned from the computers, but the necessity to locate the infiltrator remained.

Eight soldiers, who were taller and leaner than the standard soldier, and clad in the all-black armor of the standard Imperial Deathtrooper, flanked the Praetor as he marched the hallways. He'd issued the order to the other squads several hours ago to detain any personnel who were out of their designated duty areas within the last 24 hours.

"Sir. Gamma Squad has completed your orders." Remarked the soldier to his left, holding his hand to the matte black helmet crowning head.

"Thank you, DT-R771." The Sith commented

A recent batch of new recruits increased the difficulty of cornering the sneakthief. Twenty-eight persons had been locked in the brig, information which had been revealed to the Praetor via the data pad that had been transferred to his hands along with the verbal message from the Deathtrooper. He scanned the names and designations, comparing them with their present duties.

"Dockworkers and Inventory Techs." He remarked to himself.

The caravan of men marched into the Brig. The eye-eyed Praetor looked up to the men. Many of them were frightened. He feasted on the fear, and their internal shouts of worry immediately ruled out nearly a dozen of them. Genuine fear had a certain flavor to it.

The Praetor pointed, one by one, as he ruled out some of the crewmembers. Each was let through the particle shielding and sent back to their duties. Each man and alien released dare not make eye contact with the Praetor. In his quick scans of the thoughts and emotions of the individuals, he was able to rule out several more.   They, too, were directed to depart.

Occasus looked over the four that remained.

"Each of you is to give me your name, designation, and role. Immediately." He said sternly.

"Tasher Vonn, IN-62314, Tug Operator." The first man said, boldly.

Thran examined him for a moment, looking over his clothing and his hands. It seemed to fit. He waved the man off.

"Jorn Ashe, TR-223, Inventory and Supply Specialist." Said the second man.

The Praetor cast a suspicious eye. An inventory Specialist would be one of the few roles that could access the computer terminals. His green eyes pierced the man for a moment, before waving him off.

"Holth Zatch, TR-889, Inventory and Supply Specialist." the third man said firmly.

This man was also suspicious, however something about his attitude indicated insult that he would even be accused. Thran could almost rule him out entirely.

"Zeemi Colf. PP-5534. Sanitation Specialist." The last person said.

There was a certain soulless look in the last person's eyes, like they had seen the depths and horrors of the Galaxy and it was just another day at the office. That was fitting for the sanitation officers of the station. They'd seen all matter of horrors in their line of work. They were ruled out.

"Your cooperation is appreciated. But I am afraid we have not established who is guilty... Send in the interrogation droid." The Praetor said, turning his back to the accused.

They tossed within the cell. Notification that the interrogation droid would be coming was enough to bring a fright to any of them. Each through accusations at the others and Thran listened intently as he marched to the door.

"It's him! You have to believe me, Sir. I've never seen such him on this station before! Please, you have to listen." Tasher Vonn said.

"Shut up! It's you! Everyone knows its you! Isn't that right, Mr. Kast?" the second man replied.

Thran stopped dead in his tracks. No one in this place dared to call him by his given name. He used in out in the Galaxy at large, but here, here he was a Palpatine. He was certain he'd found his mark. He turned back to the four men.

"Vonn. Colf. And Zatch...You're free to go.   Mr. Ashe here has just provided me with all the information I needed.   Commander," He turned to the Deathtrooper at his side. "Please notify the Regent we've found his rat..."