

*Taldryan forever.*

This was his mantra; it had cycled through his head for the past three weeks while he underwent the most despicable forms of torture. This phrase kept his mouth shut.

Centam Javik had been abducted by remnants of the Galactic Empire, who were bent on overthrowing the Brotherhood.

They just needed information. And Centam wasn't going to give it to them.

No matter the cost.

*Taldryan forever.*

He sighed as his torturers entered the interrogation room. They had fallen into a pattern: electrocute, question; "dental work", question; break a bone, question. Obviously neither of them was Force-sensitive; otherwise they would have been able to detect Centam bolstering his will and healing himself with the Force; two abilities that left him too drained to respond to pain.

*Taldryan forever.*

He screamed as they began their grisly work. But still, when it came to questioning, the same phrase echoed through his mind.

*Taldryan forever.*

At first, the interrogators wanted to know specific details: size of the Clans, names of the leaders, etc. But then the questions turned to more personal matters, presumably so they could threaten Centam's friends and family.

The interrogations had started peacefully, but when he refused to answer, they had begun the torture. But he was determined not to crack.

*Taldryan forever.*

Then, one day, everything changed. They continued the torture, but there was a new vigor to it, a ruthlessness that had never been there before. Instead of electrocution for five seconds, it was ten. Instead of breaking one bone, they broke three.

Centam soon learned the reason for this increase: a new overseer, determined to get results.

But Centam would not be broken.

*Taldryan forever.*

*Taldryan forever.*

*Taldryan forev- AAGGGH!!!*

He mentally screamed as a new presence entered his mind, tearing at his thoughts and attempting to rip his sanity apart.

The agony he had felt during torture paled in comparison to this.

He could shut out pain from without his body, but from the inside?

No.

No!

NOOO!!!

The presence ripped through his memories, pulling out the information these Empire remnants desired.

Centam longed for the sweet release of unconsciousness; the relief from this unbearable pain.

But it never came.

Finally the dark presence receded from his mind, and he passed out.

*Taldryan forever.*

When he finally gained consciousness, he had a splitting headache. Mercifully, he was left alone for a long time to recover his sanity, then the physical interrogations began anew.

But this time, Centam was numb to the pain. That mental interrogation had broken his mind, and he had pieced it back together. Nothing they could do would affect him: during that period of unconsciousness, he had grown even more connected to the Living Force.

*Taldryan forever.*

He stretched out his mind and probed those of his captors. It was a simple matter to then influence them to release him.

They dropped him in an alley, a few blocks from where they had first grabbed him. He wiped the entire incident from their minds and sent them on their way, then turned his attention to getting back.

He contacted the Brotherhood, and upon his return, many asked what kept him going through that horrific ordeal.

Centam's answer?

"Taldryan forever."



