

Centam Javik took a deep breath, letting it out slowly as he pinned his badge to his uniform and placing a hat on his head. Today was his third day as Sheriff of Port Kasiya, and already he'd stopped a robbery in the eastern side of the city, suffering no losses.

He stepped into his office and took a seat behind his desk, steeping his fingers beneath his chin as he looked at the most recent reports. Mere moments later, Centam's deputy burst into the room, breathing heavily.

"Armed robbery - South street - three casualties," he wheezed.

Centam was on his feet in an instant.

"Where's your radio? Why didn't you call it in?" He demanded.

The deputy held up a hand as he caught his breath.

"Broken - wouldn't turn on."

Centam frowned and grabbed his pistol from the desk. "Lead the way," he ordered and followed the deputy out of the room, closing the door and instructing his secretary to let no one in until his return.

As he neared the crime scene, Centam could hear the repeated shots of a blaster and the cries and screams of the wounded. Stepping over the body of one of his fallen officers, his senses were immediately assaulted by the complete and utter carnage. Corpses were piled against the far wall and the smell of scorched flesh filled the smoky air.

Centam stopped. This felt somehow... off. He turned to his deputy, freezing suddenly as he watched the deputy receive a small bag of credits from a masked figure.

"You betrayed me." The anger-laced words fell from Centam's mouth as the figure turned, drew, and fired in one smooth motion, a slug blazing through the space Centam's head had occupied just half a second earlier.

Centam came out of his evasive roll to the side in a crouch, his right hand stretched, open, toward the figure, as he used the Force to pluck the weapon from his assailant's grasp.

The pistol flew toward Centam's palm suddenly as the figure released it and drew from his belt a small throwing knife. He threw it with a flick of his wrist, sending it straight at Centam, who tried to dodge. Unfortunately, he was not quite fast enough in his movement, and the blade slashed open his face, just missing his left eye. Centam lost all control and gave into his rage, flipping around the slugthrower and firing a rapid salvo of shots at his attacker, dropping him dead where he stood. His deputy fell soon after as the figure crumpled to the ground. Centam ripped a piece of fabric from one of their bodies and bound his wound, slowing the bleeding, as he staggered from the room. There he was met by medical professionals, who rushed him to a nearby hospital. He made a complete recovery, but a shortage of synthflesh ensured that a scar would remain as a constant reminder of the betrayal of his most trusted companion on that fateful day.

Once he made it out of the hospital, Centam promptly turned in his badge and keys and left the task force.

He carries the scar, visible on his left cheek, to this day.