

The Bureau Bandits and the Case of the Haywire Daughter

Name	Dossier #	Character Sheet Link
Kamjin "Maverick" Lap'lamiz	711	Komilia Lap'lamiz (Royal Guard)
Thran Occasus-Palpatine	5101	Thran Occasus-Palpatine (Typical Thran)
Rayne	8405	Rayne (Standard)

"Joe, where are we with the crisps?" Head Chef Louise, screamed over the roar of the kitchen. With the end of the civil war life was starting to return to normal.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I've got chips ready in two minutes," Joe replied, tartly as he shook the basket in the fryer.

"You bloody wanker, it's crisps. How many times do I have to tell you that? Now get the order ready!" Louise said, no longer certain if this was polite banter or a real argument. When the Emperor ordered his ham sandwich he always wanted fresh *crisps* to go with it. He was not going to end up like the previous Head Chef who served Ewok at a state function. Especially since it wasn't his fault.

"Oui, where's the damn..." Louise was interrupted as a woman in a hair net rushed up to him with a fresh plate of crisps. "Finally, thank you. Joe, you could learn a thing or two from this *lasse*." Louise dusted the crisps lightly with salt, arranged them next to the golden brown fried ham sandwich. A fresh pull of parsley finished the plate. Louise covered it with a silver lid and rung for service to take it to the Emperor.

Some days Raleien hated his life. As a soldier, as a Viceroy, he dealt with a lot of horrible situations. But, this one took the cake. He sat rubbing his hands. They were dry and cracked from the sanitizer and scrubbing. "Where are they?" he bellowed at his attache. The door opened before she had a moment to check. A squad of stormtroopers marched Thran and Rayne into the chamber.

Both looked thoroughly confused as to why they had been brought before the Viceroy. "Which one of you did it?" Raleien started into them.

"Did what?" Rayne asked, a look of innocence upon her face.

"You're going to need to be a lot more specific, Raleien," Thran added, equally looking innocent of any crime.

"You know exactly what this is about. This has gone too far now. The desks were one thing but actually poisoning the Emperor," Raleien was worked into a tirade.

"I still don't know what you're talking about," Thran replied.

"The Emperor, poisoned? How?" Rayne inquired.

"You poisoned Kam's Ham Sam! I just left him in pain on the ground, his bowels emptying uncontrollably," Raleien rubbed his hands unconsciously trying to feel clean.

Thran and Rayne both looked at each other. Once the shock wore off their faces they exploded in laughter.

"ARGH! Once I can prove it I'm going to have you both in the dungeon! Now get out of my face," Raleien screeched as he left the chamber in search of a more abrasive pad to clean his hands.

Rayne paced back and forth. Her long silver hair flicked over her shoulder with each about-face. The dimly lit office was filled with the smoke of pipe tabac. She coughed slightly.

"Can you go easy on the pipe?" she said.

This case had been a tough one from the start. The prank that had been pulled was executed to near perfection. Normally, the prospect of aiding Kamjin "Dadrick" Lap'Lamiz would not have even crossed their minds. However, with the threatening entrance of a new top prankster on their turf, the Bureau Bandits had been forced to go on the level. They had rebranded, if only temporarily, as "The Davenport Detectives, Private Eyes". Even with no solved cases, they were advertising themselves as the Galaxy's greatest detective team.

"My dear, Dr. Rayne...a great detective simply must have a pipe." he said, taking another deep toke from the clay pipe.

"How come I don't get a cool hat?" she said.

"Believe me, you don't want to wear this. It's itchy as all hell. Besides, I'm Shoreluck Combs and you're Dr. Rayne. That's how it works. Shoreluck gets the hat." he said, adjusting the forward facing brim of his deerhunter cap.

"Riiiiight. Anyway, chem analysis came back. It wasn't poison in Kam's Ham Sam. It was a laxative. High grade Gundark laxatives. More than a gram. Wouldn't have killed him, but definitely put him out of commission for a while. Whomever was responsible for this scam wanted Kamjin out of action. So, that helps us with a motive." Rayne said, tapping her chin as she laid out the evidence.

She turned to the makeshift tactical screen they had set up in the office, looking over each of the points of evidence.

"So, what do we have, Dr. Rayne?" Thran said, standing up from his lounging chair to join her review of the evidence.

"Whoever perpetrated the Kam's Ham Sam scam is smart." she said, narrowing her eyes.

"So, We have a gram of contam rammed in a Ham Sam that belongs to Kam." he said.

"It hit him with a wham, then they scrambled." she added.

"So the scam put's Kam in a jam, because of the contam in the lamb sam. The perp is on the lam, Kam's slammed, he blames us in a sham. We exam the contam. Hrmmm." Thran said, taking another pull from the pipe.

"The sam was ham, not lamb." she said.

"A Ham Sam? Kam's Ham Sam with crammed contam. Kam's slammed, tries to lock us in the clam on a sham, perp does a quick scam. Are you serious?" he asked

"About Kam's Ham Sam?" she quizzed

"Yes." he mused.

"I am." Rayne affirmed.

"Damn. Well, ma'am, we must solve the mystery of Kam's Ham Sam. To the Ali-am! Er...Alium!" he said.

Arriving at their destination, Rayne quickly exited the Alium heading towards the kitchen, the scene of the crime. The bandits were known for their Sithly mischief but this was not their modus operandi. Laxatives to poison the Emperor, oldest trick in the book. Whoever did this was at an amateur level of pranking. She felt right at home investigating and sleuthing again as her background was that of stealth and recon in a different time of her life. It was utterly refreshing being back at it. Good habits die hard, she mused. She glanced back at her partner in crime as he leisurely strolled down the exit ramp in no hurry whatsoever. She rolled her eyes light-heartedly, knowing full well what his antics were like. She scurried off to the kitchen, knowing Thran would join her.

No one was in the kitchen except a guard posted at the door. He was not expecting the duo.

"Halt right there! You may not enter as this is a crime scene! Official business only" he spoke forcefully

Rayne's deadly smile lit her face at this guard's demand. However, she spoke calmly if not a bit arrogantly "First off, we are here on ***official*** Scholae business. Secondly, are you gonna stop us?"

The guard's eyes widened in fear and he simply nodded, convinced by the Firrerreo's words.

Rayne got to work, her eyes scanning the kitchen for the most obvious clues. Thran strolled in moments later. He spotted the guard there, and Thran could sense the man's fear. He walked right up to him without a word spoken. He took a long drag of his pipe he still had and exhaled, causing a plume of smoke, the guard to start coughing a bit. He swiftly moved into the room, leaving the man there hacking up a lung before returning to silence.

Rayne was inspecting the log book of everyone who was allowed into the kitchen. Chef Louise, Joe, Komilia. Odd Komilia was here in the kitchen but maybe not, Rayne thought. Komilia was known to get into other people's business unnecessarily.

Thran opened the fridge, looking for something specific. He opened drawers randomly and picked up the celery in the fresher. He smelled it like a bouquet of flowers, intrigued by its smell and promptly returned it back where it was. Putting his pipe back in his mouth and simply casually walked off leaving the door wide open. Rayne quickly noticed and walked over and shut it with another hard eye roll. This son of a Sith, Rayne thought loudly.

At this angle, she noticed a vial on the ground. It seemed to have not made it into the trash receptacle. Using her adept powers of telekinesis, she reached out with the Force to lift the vial effortlessly into the air to inspect it further. Rayne's icy blue eyes lit up brightly, finding a potentially groundbreaking clue. She captured the vial into a sealed container to be analyzed back at the base where they had all the equipment.

"I hate to cut this wonderful discussion brief but I simply have pressing business I must attend to," Kamjin said, a smile beaming on his face as he left the conference. As soon as he was alone in the corridor he bolted upright, his buttocks forcibly clenched together as he scooted awkwardly down the corridor towards the fresher.

"What the kark is this?" he moaned, bouncing from one foot to the next. A sign hung upon the door 'fresher closed for maintenance'. Kamjin looked down the corridor quickly doing the math of where the next refresher was and whether or not he had time. The math was not looking good as the door opened. A petite framed maintenance woman exited, pulling the sign off behind her. Kamjin rushed past her.

The fresher smelled newly clean. He gave a sigh of relief, he enjoyed being the first one into a newly cleaned fresher. Moving as quickly as his clenched cheeks allowed he entered the nearest stall. Mutter curses to whomever designed his armor he unbuckled and plopped onto the commode. He didn't hear what came next.

Raleien's blue skin looked like a bruised blueberry as he continued to rub on his hands. Before him stood Thran in the, to date, most outrageous outfit yet. The hat looked completely out of place and the pipe was releasing the most noxious smoke he had smelled. Rayne stood besides him looking amused at the whole scene.

"First poisoning and now a rigged toilet," Raleien growled. "If you're attempting to ascend to the throne this has got to be the most bungled attempt yet to happen in the history of the Sith." Raleien, though not a Sith, knew enough about their history to consider that an insult. He, however, did not know enough to realize no one would care.

"How many times must we tell you we didn't do this?" Rayne said. Thran absentmindedly puffed on his pipe, nodding as if he was half listening. "We've found..." Rayne started, but Thran held out a cautioning hand to stop her.

"If someone was going to assassinate the Emperor he'd have to have a motive. Where were you at the time of the crime?" Thran said, taking the pipe from his mouth and jabbing it at Raleien. The Pantoran scuffed at the accusation.

"He was dealing with the remains of the conference," Komilia said, as she entered from behind the throne. "You'd have known that if you were worth your stuff as an investigator." Her face was obscured by her helmet but the way she leaned into the words everyone knew she was giving them a glaring look.

"Merely verifying the facts," Thran said, returning the pipe to his mouth and taking a drag. "What we know now is that there's villainy afoot. Villainy, most foul!"

"Thran, I think it's time you started being serious about this one. These pranks are getting more dangerous." Rayne said, tapping her foot.

"My dear, Dr. Rayne...Don't you see, the person who has been perpetrating these despicable excuses for pranks has already been identified. We just need to catch them in the act. Where do you suppose this villain will strike next?" he said, glancing down at a golden pocket-chrono.

"I don't rightly know, but judging on the pattern, I suspect they will continue attempts on Kamjin's life." The Firrerreo said, sitting opposite Thran and crossing her legs.

"Mmyesss. A wonderful deduction, Dr. Rayne. In order to catch a villain one must think like the villain, no? Where would you prank next?" He said, taking another hit of his tabac pipe.

"Hrm..." Rayne looked over the array of clues they had scattered out before them. "The perp seems to be striking at things of great importance to Kamjin. So, I would...the

hangar...Kamjin will be forced to leave this post. They will sabotage his transport. It'll be the last chance to get him here."

"Yes! Exactly!" Thran exclaimed. "Come, we must make haste! You too, Toby! We'll need that sniffer of yours!"

The canid creature sighed. He was a Bimm attorney and had worked with Thran for many years. K'vin would not have put up with the antics, insults, and litany of other degrading practices his client put him through were it not for the extraordinary amount of billing hours he could charge. His suit was well tailored to his large form and was finely made.

"For the last time, Mr. Kast...My name is K'vin. I'll accept Kevin...but Toby...That's not even close!" The Attorney growled.

"Kevin...You're embarrassing me in front of my friend. Every Galaxy's greatest detective has a dog, you're a dog...Lets go...You're sniffing for bombs." Thran whisper-yelled.

"Mr. Kast, this is degrading...I went to University. I graduated with honors." Kevin objected.

"I'll pay you for today in pork rinds." Thran said.

K'vin sighed again. "Ok. I'm in." he said defeated.

"Yes, to the hangar! With our trusty hound Toby!" Thran said, spinning a magnifying lens into his tweed coat pocket.

The trio made their way to the hangar, moving through the halls and corridors unchecked by the Praetorian Guard standing watch over the Emperor's offices. Most of the soldiers watched as Thran tried to place a collar around his attorney's neck, but dare not interject themselves in the goings on of Thran and his associates. Some craned their necks, but most just let the detectives pass through. When they arrived in the hangar, the cavernous room was vacant save for a few vessels on standby. He directed his attorney towards the Emperor's ship.

"Yes, that's it...Go Toby, sniff out the bomb." he directed.

K'vin looked at Rayne. "I literally cannot do that. Can I borrow your scanner?"

She nodded and passed the device over to the faithful hound. Within a few moments, K'vin had scanned the entirety of the ship. It seemed they had arrived before the assassin. Thran looked around the room for a place where the trio could hide. They'd already begun to unwind the plans of the would-be saboteur, they were now in the perfect place to spring a trap and catch them red-handed.

In the hangar, Rayne spotted some stacked crates that would serve as an excellent place to hide and wait for whoever was behind this. "Over there." she motioned.

The other two spun around and looked. "That'll work." K'vin and Thran said in unison, heading into position.

Rayne got out the datapad she had with her and reviewed the evidence gathered, hoping to figure out who this perp was before they decided to show. She could hear Thran and his attorney arguing in hushed tones.

"--Why do I even pay you if you can't smell bombs?" Thran prodded.

"Because I have kept you out of prison in at least half a dozen different star systems." K'vin countered.

"What, no...I've never done any crimes." Thran said half-heartedly.

"Criminal usury in the first degree, promoting prostitution in the fourth degree, unlawfully refusing to yield a party line, lollygagging in the seventh degree, arson in the second degree--" the attorney listed off his clients offenses from the top of his head, slightly raising his hushed voice with each crime he named.

"Now hold on, that last one was her doing." Thran said, using his pipe to point directly at Rayne.

"You're the one that gave her a flamethrower!" K'vin exclaimed slightly louder.

"Yeah, that was pretty funny..." Thran admitted, thinking about it for a second.

Rayne uttered a half-suppressed laugh until she noticed something. The doors to the hangar wooshed open. It was Komilia. Rayne saw her and silently told others to shush, gesturing to the door. They both scrambled to watch from their hiding spot. "Interesting..." Rayne silently whispered.

Rayne went to stand up but Thran put a cautioning hand on her shoulder. "Not yet, the game is still afoot."

"What game?" Rayne asked.

"Thran, as your lawyer I must remind you if you believe a crime is about to happen, especially a crime against the Emperor, and you do nothing to stop it you may be held liable for the crime itself," K'vin said holding the scanner with both hands to keep it from shaking.

"My dear Toby, we're about to save the Emperor," Thran said.

Komilia, meanwhile, was moving unaware of the interlopers. She had a small device in her hand that she was entering commands into as she walked around the shuttle. Thran, Rayne, and K'vin watched in silence. Moments later Kamjin, Raleien, Reiden, and his assorted guards entered the hangar. Komilia slipped the device onto her belt behind her cloak and stood at attention at the bottom of the boarding ramp.

"Are we ready to go, daughter?" Kamjin asked.

"Yes, the shuttle is prepped and ready, Papa," Komilia said in reply.

"Ah-ha, we have you now! Halt in the name of the law," Thran shouted, bursting forth from their hiding place. Rayne and K'vin followed with puzzled looks on their faces.

"Thran, what is the meaning of this?" Raleien demanded, stepping in front of the Emperor. "Explain yourself!"

"In good time my dear, Blueberry," Thran said, pulling out his pipe and filling it. "Toby, if you'll inspect the shuttle." K'vin sighed, as he began scanning the shuttle. As he walked around the underside of the shuttle Thran lit his pipe. "We'll have our suspicions confirmed here momentarily."

K'vin looked at the display of the scanner in disbelief. "Thran, there is something..."

"Toby...we talked about this. How do you signal when you find something?" Thran said.

K'vin looked at Rayne with such an anguished pleading stare. Rayne mouthed 'sorry, just do it'. K'vin put the scanner down and got down on all fours. He then motioned with his front hand. "Yip, yip," K'vin said, the embarrassment oozing out of him.

"Ah-ha!! By George I think we have it. Guards, arrest Komilia immediately!" Thran said, pointing his finger directly at the Emperor's daughter. The guards looked at Thran, then Komilia, then the Emperor for some sort of confirmation.

"Enough, Thran. This is bad comedy, even for you," Komilia said. "I've been monitoring your progress and aside from your little game of dress up you seem to be no further in solving these attacks than you are at getting your latest film bankrolled," Komilia sniggered out the last as an insult.

"Kamjin, you really must teach your daughter manners," Thran said. Rayne, meanwhile, was removing a small device from the landing gear well. She turned it over in her hands and then handed it to Thran. "I'm sure your daughter, if that is who she really is, would like to explain why there's a remote denoted thermal imploder installed upon your shuttle?" Thran said, holding up the device.

The guards, recognizing the explosives, grabbed Komilia, restraining her. "Thran, I expect you have an explanation for all of this?" Kamjin said, gritting his teeth as his bowels gurgled noticeably. "And, please, the brief version."

"Right. Pip pip then. We've found your would be assassin, besmircher of our disreputations as the Bureau Bandits, and all around amateurish prankster. Pause for gasps and shocked reaction. Komilia!" Thran said.

"What in Sithspit are you talking about?" Kamjin said.

"Oh, simple Kamjin, are you too blind to see all that which is so easily placed in front of you which I have so easily deduced with my powers as the greatest detective of all time?" Thran boasted, toking again on his pipe.

"Hey, we helped." Rayne piped in.

"Yes, yes. Of course...as did our trust pup, Toby."

"To the point, Occasus." Raleien said, frustrated with the Sith's pageantry.

"Let me lay it out from the beginning, then...Our tale of intrigue begins with the summoning of myself and my dear associate, confidant and minority stake business partner Dr. Rayne. Alas! What cruel villains point accusations at us as if they were a wookie's bowcaster? Well, none other than the Emperor and the Viceroy themselves. Serious allegations, I assure you." Thran said, beginning to pace back and forth.

"And wholly false." K'vin added.

"Yes, thank you Toby. And wholly false allegations at that! It appears someone had poisoned or attempted to poison Kam's Ham Sam! Devilish! What cruel beast would violate the sanctity of a tender ham sam? A heartless one indeed!" Thran said, sending an evil eye at Komilia.

"What? You have no evidence of this!" Komilia said, defending herself.

"Ahhh, the evidence you say, where are the clues? Offense one, the Ham Sam slam! A laxative is applied, rather than poison...Why? So as to embarrass her dear father? Nay! The sham of the Ham Sam Slam was to remove the only people who could solve this mystery from the picture! So, our perpetrator was smart enough to know that the Bandits couldn't get word of this...they have a reputation to uphold afterall. Who is smart? Komilia...She went to boarding school!" Thran began.

"You might want to sit down...This is going to be a minute." K'vin said with a sigh

"But Nay! We evade persecution! Then, we must look at the scene of the crime...Who could have gotten to the kitchen to deliver the laxative? Why Komilia of course! How do I know she was there? It's simple...The celery in the fridge! Only Mandalorians like celery! Everyone else knows it's icky and the stringy bits get in your teeth!" Thran said, waving his hands wildly.

"What are you talking about? Celery is a healthy snack and part of a well balanced diet." Komilia said

"Yes, exactly what a Mandalorian would say...but no...now we're on her tail, so she must resort to grander measures! Explosives in the toilet! Seriously...What are you twelve? That's a

rookie move. Everyone knows you use glue in this application. So, we know our perpetrator is not wise to the ways of the world and therefore they must be young!" Thran said, ranting.

"...and has no sense of humor!" Rayne added.

"Yes! Of course...who doesn't have a sense of humor...Mandalorians! Who is young and Mandalorian...Komilia! Then, when informed about the second attempt...who mysteriously appears from behind a curtain...Komilia! That's suspicious. That's weird. And she says she's been watching us...but who informed her of our mission? How would she know? She doesn't know...she's just attempting to discredit us! Oh, we are close now!" Thran said.

"Is he almost there?" Kamjin asked Rayne.

"Yes and no," Rayne replied.

"Oh, the first explosives are too small and don't work...How do you correct? The Mandalorian way...with bigger explosives! Where do you put the explosives? The only place you can, cause time is running out! Those same explosives that were strapped in the Emperor's transport just moments ago...where we caught her red handed!" Thran exclaimed.

"You are certifiably insane," Komilia said.

"Oh, am I? Do you know what gave you away, dear Komilia...just now...You called him papa. No teenage girl calls their father papa! Being a father to a teen myself I would know! It's always 'dumbass' or 'space cadet' or 'laserbrains'. Affection from a teenage daughter! HA! Only if she wanted to appear innocent before murdering you!" Thran bellowed.

"What? No, I love my Father." Komilia replied.

"No, you don't. That brings me to motive...The role of Emperor is a dangerous one, fraught with peril at every turn...but, is not the role of raising a child filled with so much more hazard and uncertainty? For what reason could a daughter turn against her father? Could it be money? No. For the Black card lies not in his hands but mine and all the money is spent on finger puppets and juice pouches! Could it be that she's held away from her secret love? Nay! For you wear that helmet all the time and I can smell you from here! Ain't nobody loving that stank. Could it be that the father hath forsaken her and her mother and siblings? What to leave them to die and fates worse than death...perhaps that they become Jedi?" Thran said with a smile, slipping a hand into the pocket of his tweed overcoat.

"I don't think that's it..." Rayne said, nervously raising a finger to interject into his monologue.

"Wait...that actually checks out...How could you Komilia?!" Kamjin said, tears welling up in his eyes.

"Boom goes the dynamite. Ya done messed up! The charade is up! Your goose is cooked! Arrest her for besmirching the name of the Bureau Bandits and like attempted murder or whatever else! But do the besmirching first, that's the real crime here." Thran said, dismissively waiving his pipe at the girl.

The guards closed in on Komilia, grabbing her under each arm and restraining her as she struggled. One pulled free a set of binders, clasping them around her wrists. She struggled against them, trying to free herself.

"You'll pay for this!" she roared.

Rayne turned to Thran, smiling, "Not quite right in the events, but you are correct. Komilia is the assassin, but it's also not."

"What? What do you mean?" Raleien exclaimed.

"I'll explain what we've found." she said calmly.

"First of all, in the kitchen we knew she was there because she signed in the log book, she appeared randomly on the day of the Kam's Ham Sam. She can go into the kitchen as she pleases but she was the only one randomly showed up just before the regular chefs began making the sandwich...Sorry, Kam's Ham Sam. Also, the vial of the laxatives was left behind and I noticed fingerprints were missing. Turns out, no fingers ever touched it nor was it wiped down to get rid of fingerprints." Rayne revealed.

"Then, after the exploding toilets when Komilia was in the Throne room, I tried to read her mind but there was no mind to read from her. Usually you get some resistance from people's mind as a Force user, but there was nothing to crawl inside. I found that very suspicious," She continued on.

"I placed a tracker on her person but lost its signal. Thran happened to get really lucky at guessing that was where she would be heading soon. Sure enough, she showed up." Rayne said.

"Well, that doesn't mean anything! I can go with my father whenever I want!" Komilia shrieked.

"True, but we have you on video right here planting bombs on Kamjin's shuttle" Rayne held up a datapad showing the exact moments of Komilia in the act on a looped video. The evidence was damning.

"Well...one thing doesn't make sense, Rayne. You said it was Komillia, but it wasn't. What did you mean?" Kamjin inquired.

Rayne smiled. This was the fun part.

She reached into her pocket, revealing a taser and flipped it on. She walked right up to Komilia, plunging the device straight into her shoulder. Ten thousand volts pulsed through the girl. She screeched in pain and sparks flew. The carefully constructed image of Komillia faded, revealing a full sized droid as it clunked to the floor. The TR-8R droid crackled slightly. Branded across its face plate was the Children of Mortis symbol.

Rayne held up the vial mentioned from before, hurling it at the sizzling pile of metal of the droid. "Droids don't leave fingerprints!"