

Centam's greatest fear is not making a difference.

It was the day of the Taldryan Parade. An anonymous tip had come to Centam, since he was the Taldryan Gatekeeper, about a planned heist of the Port Kasiya City Bank. Being the loyal Taldryanite that he was, he had set out to stop it before it could happen, but one person had gotten away with a sack full of credits. Chasing him through the city, Centam tried to intercept him several times at alleyways, but the robber managed to escape every attempt.

At the outskirts of the city, the robber made a final attempt at evasion, stealing a starfighter from a private landing pad. Centam pursued him in his Eta-2 *Actis*-class interceptor, flying through tunnels and over trees, as he tried to shoot the thief down with ion cannons. Somehow, he managed to dodge each shot, until finally a blast hit him square in the center of his ship, causing it to go down in the middle of a forest.

Once Centam found the downed ship, the robber had already made his getaway on foot, lugging the loaded bag through dense bushes in an attempt to slow Centam down and cause him to lose the trail. But Centam's training in the Force allowed him to track the bank robber through rivers and over boulders, even letting him notice when the robber slipped and drifted downstream in the middle of a river.

When Centam caught up to him, he found the thief crawling ashore without the bag of credits. When Centam questioned him about its location, the robber only laughed in his face, saying "No one will find it, not in a million years."

This caused feelings of anger and frustration to flow within Centam, and only his adherence to the Jedi Code allowed him to keep his temper. Instead, he resorted to a mind trick, trying to convince the robber to reveal the location of the stolen money.

This failed as well, and by then it was getting dark, and the after-parade party was about to start. Centam wouldn't be able to miss it, as he had been asked to give a speech to any who were assembled there. If he took much longer, he would get in big trouble with Appius, who had delivered the request personally.

With a groan, Centam turned away from the criminal after immobilizing him by tying him to a tree. Walking back to his starfighter, he pondered how he would deliver the bad news to the Supreme Chancellor.

The flight back to the city took less time than Centam would have liked, since it cut short his meditation on the issue. But he made it to the party on time, and gave his speech, considering the problem the whole time.

After the party

"Hey, Centam! Great speech!"

Centam turned to find Appius approaching him with a grin.

"Thanks," he replied. "Your opening speech was the best I've ever heard."

"Thank you! By the way, how did your plan to stop the robbery go?"

Centam winced inwardly. He had been expecting that question, but it didn't make the answer any easier to give.

"Well... I tracked down the one robber that had gotten away, but he had already ditched the credits, and wouldn't tell me where they were. I brought him in, but... I wouldn't expect him to talk. I even tried using a mind trick to loosen his tongue, but he shrugged it off."

Appius frowned. "That's too bad, because he escaped shortly after you brought him in. He slipped past the guards like he wasn't even there."

"Great," Centam groaned. "So nothing I did made any difference?"

"Well, we did manage to recover the stolen ship, but the main computer was fried by the ion blasts. But that can be replaced."

"Still," Centam replied. "I had used the ion cannons to try and bring it down *without* damaging anything." Then he chuckled to himself. "At least he can't get away in *that* ship again."