

"I believe Centam is ready."

These words echoed through Centam's head for days after he had overheard Appius conversing with the Consuls of a few of the other Clans. He had still not figured out quite what Appius meant, but he did not want to disappoint him. This urge to prove himself had already caused him to track down several members of an illegal gang operating on Kasiya and turn them over to the police, but he knew he could do more.

On his next journey into the city, he brought with him several thousand credits, which he handed out to struggling families. On his way back, he was confronted by another member of the gang he had busted earlier.

"Hey, you," the man said. "Heard you were handing out credits. I'm gonna need you to give me the rest right now."

Centam frowned. "No, I don't think I will," he said, casually moving his hand closer to the hilt of his lightsaber. He was wise to be cautious, because before a second had passed, the man had drawn a blaster and pointed it directly at Centam's stomach.

"I don't think you understood me," the man said threateningly. "I said give me the rest of your credits."

"I understood you perfectly," Centam replied, retrieving his lightsaber and holding it to the side. "But I'm not giving you anything."

"Oh, I think you will," answered the man, and without warning he had fired three blasts at Centam, whose lightsaber was activated just in time to catch the bolts and send them flying over the thug's head and scorch a nearby wall.

Centam sighed. "I don't think you want to try that again."

Startled, the man fired several more shots at Centam's head. Redirecting them with ease, Centam sent the last into the thug's left leg, causing him to fall to the ground with a yelp of pain.

Contacting the authorities, Centam led them to the place where the man had fallen and was now lying on the ground.

"Help me," shouted the man, clutching his leg. "This... this *Jedi* attacked me!"

"That's not true," Centam argued. "He shot at me and I deflected the blaster bolts." Pointing to the walls, he pointed out the places where the energy bolts had scorched the material. "He's only injured because he attacked me and I redirected one of his shots back at his leg."

"All right, I've heard enough," said the police officer, grabbing his stun baton. "You're under arrest for assault, Jedi."

"You don't want to arrest me," said Centam quickly, drawing on the Force to influence the man's mind.

"Oh, I think I do," the cop replied, unaffected. "And if you try to use a mind trick on me again, I'll have to add to your charges."

*Great*, Centam thought to himself. *Now I'm the criminal.* With a mighty leap, he sprang above the officer's head and landed on the rooftop.

"Wait a second," he said. "If I do this, I'll be hunted down anyway. It will be much less of a hassle for everyone if I just go peacefully."

Sighing, he dropped back down and held his lightsaber out to the cop. Before it could be taken, however, three more appeared silently behind the first, and the one in the middle stunned

the police officer. "Sorry about the misunderstanding," the cop said. "That guy had been impersonating us for far too long, and we hadn't managed to catch him until you distracted him."

"Oh, okay," Centam said, slightly confused. "So I'm not under arrest?"

"Nope," the middle officer said. "But the guy behind you is."

After that was cleared up, Centam went on his way, donating to a couple more families who were in need, then his excursion was over and he returned to his house.