

The characters Jeffrey Alan Sakaar Andrews, Na'Krista Nahala Christina (nee Keth'lan) Keth'lan, Kamram Keth'lan, Na'Kesta (nee Cern'lan) Keth'lan, Tegram Keth'lan, Traci McDonald, Talram Keth'lan, Bosteg Haas'lan, Kestam Ramm'lan, Treman Baze'lan, Merret Treet'lan, Tascal Hone'lan, Hallett Trasc'lan, Hammet & Na'Kayla Nahala (nee Keth'lan) Craine'lan, Gillat Deen'lan, Marlett Blane'lan, Sa'Densa Nasia (nee Deen'lan) Andrews'lan, Argess & Arrissa Wrraal, Rellen Sandren'lan, Sa'Jenna Nasia Deen'lan along with the characters Torvald and Victoria Svensen are the properties of Kellan Meig'h and may not be used without express written permission.

Copyright © 2012 - 2020 Kellan Meig'h All rights reserved, both USA and World.

“Scribe”

by Kellan Meig'h

Chapter Thirty-Seven

“Impossible Odds”

The Senior Adjunct called the House Tal-Hassanai special meeting to order, feeling a bit out of place due to this being a closed door assembly. No other beings were present besides the current ruling members of the House. The Adjunct took up his seat on the lower row, left side and waited while clerks handed out the required paperwork.

Kerret Mevvit'lan stood, the tall light gray male resplendent in his official garb of dark green. He slowly walked down from his second tier seat to the podium in front of the tiered seating arrangement. He took up his gavel and tapped his striker smartly, garnering everyone's attention. Once he was sure he had the respect of all in attendance, he continued.

“This meeting is for a matter that has come to our attention, concerning mixed species joining and possession of property by those not born to Elazia. I know we have always been less than accepting of such things and at times we have denied such joining and land acquisitions on various basis. Only once have we openly allowed without reservation a joining and a large land acquisition due to the position of the one sponsor that asked for these acts to be undertaken.

“Through due diligence by Arbiter Gammal Evert'lan, it has been determined there is a very old set of laws that specifically forbids such joinings and land possession. It is a crime to allow such joining or property purchases to take place, providing for fines and time in prison for said offenses. Although I am not clear on the specific reasons said laws were enacted under, I do know we have a problem.”

“Can you be more specific, Saar?” a tenured member asked from the top row.

“Yes, I will elaborate.” Saar Mevvit'lan agreed. “We have a member of the House that is illegally joined to an Earther. We have also allowed that Earther to become an established member of the House. We have to take action to remedy this issue at once. All in favor of renouncing the Earther's membership?”

When a majority of the members voted in agreement, the speaker continued. “By the regulations of the law, the Earther will be arrested and returned to his home planet. His *One Love* will be arrested and given a prison sentence of no less than ten solar cycles. All properties belonging to the Elazi member will be seized and sold off to the highest bidder. Are there any questions?”

Since no member offered a question, Saar Mevvit'lan clapped his gavel. "Then it is so. I will contact the District Police and begin the process. This meeting is adjourned."

Several senior members stayed behind to sign the required documents relating to this House session, documents that would become part of the House history. Kerret was particularly bothered by this very distasteful piece of legislature, having done his own due diligence in the matter before bringing it to the House for a vote. Just like his fellow arbiter Gammal, he had found no reason to believe this paperwork was not what it appeared to be. Taking the padd offered him, he reluctantly signed it with his left thumb print, setting an unwanted action into motion.

"You don't agree with it." Saar Evert'lan asked of Kerret, startling him momentarily.

"I do not." he replied, turning to look at his fellow house arbiter.

"We should have continued with our study of this. Something isn't right but I could not find that issue." the white-furred male offered up.

"I agree, Saar Evert'lan. Just remember, we cannot speak of this outside the chambers."

"I know." Gammal put forth. "I will have a difficult time not speaking to those that might be affected. You know I served with Na'Krista on Earth, right? I was going to ask her to join with me before she became interested in the Earther."

"It's too late for that." Kerret stated. "It is very much too late."

The Dannen'lan siblings had followed the mystery male to a twentieth floor flat in Kas'madelle, being careful to avoid detection by their mark. They had used the stairs to keep track of their quarry, using a sub-miniature tracking device they had attached to his clothing via a custom blow-pipe.

The sisters had noted that the person, this Tavmet Mavvit'lan, if that really was his true name, had paid no attention to their tailing him up through the building. Once it was clear he was in a flat, not moving around much, Na'Mari brought up a floorplan of the building. Finding the level they were on, it was apparent there was not much in the way of hiding places once they barged into the place.

In the meantime, Na'Cira had hacked into the internal surveillance system and brought up the cameras installed in various rooms. Currently, it showed two beings sitting on the patio. A quick scan through the other cameras proved to show there were no others present. Moments later, she had the front door unlocked.

The sisters put on gas masks, just in case the Trinn gas discharge system triggered, then they prepared to enter. Making sure their neural disruptors were "Safety Off," they rushed the door. What they found waiting for them inside made the sisters pull up short.

“Good Mid-day, Meres.” Retten Trent'lan offered up with a smile. He was holding a pair of Falcoss revolving magazine handguns, trained directly at them. Behind him stood Varten Tallev'lan, their mark Tavmet and Argess Wrraal, all armed. Retten stowed one revolver and produced a fob from his pants pocket. He pressed one button, which electrically closed the front door for him. Another button locked it with a resounding “*Clack*” from the bolt closing.

“Put your weapons on the hall table if you would, please.” Argess ordered. “Either that, or we hit you with our neural disruptors. That would in all probability sting, just in case you did not know that fact.”

The sisters reluctantly put their firearms and disruptors on the table as asked, and at Retten's urging, removed their masks and added them to the growing pile. Varten cuffed them with their hands in front of them, using Figure Eight cuffs, wrists crossed. He then marched them over to the couch and had them sit at his insistence.

“Varten, you owe me ten Crown.” Retten stated with a smile. “They came right to us with no need to ask. Just as I had predicted.”

“I should know better than to make a wager with you,” the rust colored male replied, handing Retten a Ten Crown note. He then carefully sat the tiny transmitter from his clothing on the coffee table in front of the siblings. “Next time, make sure your mark is not paying attention to you when you tag them with a transmitter.”

“Now what happens to us?” Na'Cira asked. She was concerned they had just forfeited their lives by being captured, as it were.

“First, I should point out, Retten and myself are related to Na'Krista. That means we are also related in somewhat indirect lineage to the both of you.” Tavmet offered up as an answer. “Second, with the exception of Argess Wrraal, we are members of the *Tah Ghan Order*. I think that indicates we will do no harm to you. Na'Cira, Na'Mari, the two of you have made it so hard to keep Na'Krista and Jeffrey safe, it was becoming frustrating at times.”

“Now I'm confused.” Na'Mari stated. “You were in Dassan's office, striking a deal with him. What makes you think we didn't see that?”

“We are trying our best to keep him at bay.” Varten replied. “If Dassan thinks we're working for him, doing his bidding, that gives us time to figure out a proper end to this situation. We were getting close to a resolution when you so rudely snatched the Andrews'lans from under our noses and took them to the *Trade Platform*.”

“We wanted to keep them safe.” Na'Cira offered up. “When we sold them into chattel with Hhess Wrr . . . Hold it a minute. Argess, are you related to Hhess Wrraal?”

“That is my brother so yes, we are related.” the huge leonid agreed. “The thing is, he is trustworthy but in his own way. I'm sure he agreed to keep them safe but on the other hand, he did fire a warning shot across Mevelia's bow, the ship Na'Krista and Jeffrey were piloting albeit temporarily. That all happened less than a *Hazecan* from the platform, not allowable by Elazi regulations. Such actions are punishable by fines and-or jail time. See my point?”

“And Mevelia fired back at us, almost killing us!” Na'Mari pointed out. We almost . . .” she was interrupted by Argess.

“Mevelia knew exactly what she was doing.” he replied. “She flew with our primary offensive fleet during the Tunn wars, mostly as a weapons control officer aboard a Fast Interdiction and Superiority Ship. She knew where to place the shot for maximum effect without blowing you out of the sky. Am I right?”

“Well, it was quite effective. We lost atmospheric support plus the core cooling so Marinna was forced to SCRAM her reactor.” Na'Cira agreed. “I suppose she could have taken a direct shot on the core and made a new star out of us. She did show restraint, now that I think about it.”

“Now you see the truth in this matter.” Retten offered up. “I want you two to go back to Na'Krista's station and keep an eye out for anything that might seem out of place. We will continue with our due diligence and do not be surprised when one of us asks for help of some kind. Please take your equipment and go.”

That mid-day, Jeffrey and Na'Krista were having lunch at the All Ranks cafeteria, enjoying a treat that didn't occur often in food service. They were having freshly ground Gesh'wa sandwiches, sort of an Elazi take on hamburgers. A Gesh'wa was a herbivore that was often found by rivers and the coast. It was kind of analogous to an Earth Capybara only much larger with purple and gray fur. The staff had prepared the meat just so, a medium rare and served it on what could have been an Italian sub sandwich roll.

“Why haven't we fixed this at home?” Jeff asked, truly amazed at the hearty flavors of the fare. This was a food he could eat several time a week, he thought.

“Gesh'wa are not easy to catch because they are very fast and they have a crazy way of hiding right in plain sight.” Krista replied. “That means the meat is costly and besides, it doesn't keep well. Fresh Gesh'wa has to be cooked that rotation or is starts to lose it's flavor. Three or four rotations later, it would have to be thrown out because it would get too bitter with age.”

“I will keep that in mind.” Jeff offered up. “Um, I need to know something. How is it you have so many *Heth* of seat time in military craft? That has been bugging me ever since you pleaded your case to the investigators concerning teaching me while we went along.”

“It's a short story, I guess.” the femme Elazi replied. “When I was going through what you would call college, I had to pay my way, as you would say in English. It is a family tradition to do so. When school wasn't in session, I shuttled new *Lighters* into orbit to be loaded onto *The Korralid* and her sister ships during the Mallar Police Action. It would take about half a rotation to do each shuttle so I accumulated a number of hours. Since each craft had less than ten *Heth* on the chrono and none of the *Heth* were trans-orbital, there would be little issues along the way to deal with.”

“Sounds dangerous.” Jeff admitted.

“Not as dangerous as flying the prototypes.” she offered. “I had to eject out of two of them, the last one having just two *Heth* on the chrono. That's the chrono that's on display over the fire hearth in our home.”

“I had wondered where that had come from.” Jeff mused. The device in question showed two point one *Heth* in actual time on the airframe. “So you punched out? What was the catastrophic gripe that precipitated the ejection?”

“We had a total coolant system failure at thirty-thousand quatre over the *Salkaire Desert*, East of here. It was either punch out or become a low hanging star. I'm not much for being incinerated so I climbed as high as I could, rolled the craft belly-up and launched the reactor towards outer space. The core had made it just outside the atmosphere when it went critical.

“I rolled what was left of my craft right side up, did a long glide until we, meaning my co-pilot and I, ejected right before we went under two thousand quatre and landed safely in the desert. I think the airframe could have been salvaged if we had stayed with it but regulations say to punch out if you're in the atmosphere. The airframe on automatic landing did a very long gear-up slide on the sand, didn't really accumulate much physical damage but the interior of the drive power containment compartment ended up full of sand from the slide. It rained hard, an odd occurrence in the middle of harvest season before Lestim could recover it, getting the bridge full of water. It was a total loss according to the engineers.”

“That sounded like it would have made me quit flying.” her husband mused.

“I almost did quit at that time.” she stated. “Had to change my undergarments, though. When you SCRAM a core, every warning light and alarm goes off instantly, with the exception of the battery status. Not long after that, I finished my schooling and joined up with the Trans-Atmospheric Forces. My first tour of Earth was mostly in the right seat of a *Fask-aal* manufactured *Corren Az'fal Fighter-Interceptor* that was equipped with camera pods on the inboard hard points.

“My pilot's job was to keep us out of danger while my job was to beam images back to the ground movement controllers. One of the Bil Mark One-One cameras could take an image good enough to tell if you tied your shoes left or right handed from a thousand quatre in the air. I think it worked out to a hundred and thirty-three images an Earth minute at an image size of somewhere around eight thousand by six thousand pixels resolution. Your Air Force wanted to see this technology since the Blackbird didn't have this kind of resolution.”

“Are we talking about a film camera?” one of the Orange Detachment troopers asked.

“Digital.” she put on the table. “I had enough memory in each pod for a flight of two Earth hours. Remember, our solid state memory is so small a newer Elazi thumb drive has about eleven terabytes of storage, unformatted.” She fished several small storage drives out of her pants pockets and put them on the table. Sorting them by feel, she asked her hubby for some help. “How big is this drive?”

“It's an Earth manufactured Kodak flash drive of two hundred and fifty-six gigabytes.” he replied. She slid another to him, which he looked at for moment to read. “This is a *Faener*

Memonics drive from here on Elazia, says it holds eight point seven-one terabytes when formatted.” It was no bigger than the earth-designed unit. Now Jeff knew why the Air Force wanted to adopt that technology.

Na'Cira stepped out of the shower, now back to that Chattel One coloration. While she didn't clearly understand what was going on, maybe her sister could clarify the situation. Na'Mari was helping to run one of the Kebra harvesters and the younger one was assigned to assist in the house today. Any discussion of the situation would have to wait until after last meal. Slipping on her light work blouse and shorts, she mused about how she could be related to Tavmet and Retten. She kind of knew the family tree on her mother's side but her father's ancestors were a mystery. Even the family didn't talk about them much.

She knew her father and grandfather Dannen'lan had both served in the Trans-Atmospheric Forces so maybe she could inquire about them at *Post Fontaneauz*. She herself had served one enlistment, just to fulfill the planetary requirements. She had been at Phaarpont, assigned to the security detail where her commanding officer asked if she was related to Al'Sammar'an Dannen'lan.

The male her commander spoke of seemed to be a real rogue, taking matters very personal and not giving up for any reason. She couldn't say this was true or not because she had never known her grandfather, who had died during the Varpur wars before she was born. He had been in service to the planet long enough to achieve the rank of Wing Commander before his untimely demise. The current classroom literature concerning the Varpur Wars listed her ancestor, but only gave the major engagements as his accomplishments. They generally listed his death due to “Overwhelming *Ezed-Comeri* projectile fire during the assault on the major refinery of Varpur's largest moon.” Her father's father was highly decorated and while he was alive he apparently functioned as a major influence on younger Elazi to serve the Ground Forces Division from what was said about him.

As she made her way to the main house, she stopped in the courtyard and looked at the plantings and trees. They complimented the house in every way, making it seem that much more of a place one would want to live. Looking back at her own accomplishments, it was clear she had not done well for herself. Living up until now in a rented hotel room, no savings and no roller or skimmer to her name. That didn't sound like the daughter of a decorated Wing Commander.

Shaking her head, she turned and headed to the kitchen entrance. She knew she really needed to get her life in order.

Lawkeeper Senior Grade Danven Valmet'lan approached his superior's office, knocking once on the partially open door before entering. His commandant, Section Commander Zerfal Malnar'lan was busy at his computer, motioning for Danven to sit down. After a few more moments, he looked up from his screen and addressed his subordinate.

“Lawkeeper, I have an assignment for you. Please read the warrant, then we will talk more about it. This matter is very serious in my eyes.” It was clear the Commander was not happy about what was soon to occur.

The commander offered the keeper a page with the warrant spelled out on it, a typical form sheet that was filled out by the secretary in charge of warrants. He scanned it twice to be sure of what he had read, followed by checking the back for any further special instructions. He then sat the order on the desk and took a deep breath before he spoke.

“Commander, are you sure want me to serve this warrant? I do not think this is a wise order to carry out. You do know who we're speaking of?” the lawkeeper asked. “Maybe we should ask the District Police to handle . . .” His superior interrupted him.

“That is the exact reason we have that warrant.” Commander Malnar'lan put on the table. The pale gray male motioned for his subordinate to close the door before he brought out a bottle of *White Fire* and two small glasses. “The District Police wouldn't touch that warrant. I had the Kas'madelle Sub-Exec bring this to me personally. He said and I quote; “I will not get caught in the cross fire.” Those were his exact words.”

“A wise decision.” Danven put forth. He sipped his liquor, then made this statement; “Saar, do I have any other choices in this matter? I'm not particularly willing to be caught up in this, either.”

“I didn't think you would.” the commander agreed. “Go to their station this evening. A small detachment only, no large weapons. An advocate for the Military Arbiters will meet you there and help to get some preliminary paperwork going. Do not cuff the Andrews'lans and do not treat them roughly. I want this to go as smoothly as possible because I fear there will be a huge backlash in the Tal-Hassanai senate. I have this bad feeling that many heads will roll. Let us make absolutely sure none of the rolling heads are our own.”

That evening, Na'Cira was making the evening meal with the help of Marinna Reall. They had decided on some traditional *Fask-aal* fare for last meal, a pasta, vegetable and meat dish with some freshly prepared bread on the side. She had thought it was a bit heavy on the meat but since she had nothing to base it on, all she could do was follow the instructions given her.

Na'Cira had contacted a close friend at *Post Fontaneauz* and found out a bit more about her grandfather Al'Sammar'an. According to her source, he was the third son of a Southern Sweptlander named Al'Jannar Dannen'lan and he had joined the Trans-Atmospheric Forces to support his family. Her grandfather served twenty-five solar cycles before his untimely death during war.

Her father Af'Kalmit'af was the first son born to his father, and he also served to support the family. She was told he had relatives in *Tefaal* that were said to operate a grocery market chain. Well, that was one lead she would have to investigate when she had the time. While she was plating up some salad to go with their last meal, there was some shouting outside that garnered her attention.

Marlett's voice could be heard plainly from the window by the preparation area, shouting at someone to halt and put their hands outward, palms forward. Another male was saying something about a warrant and a female voice, most likely Sa'Vesi Derrel'lan, was loudly telling her troopers to hold their weapons. Through the window over the sink, she could see the approaching male, a Regional Lawkeeper with a document in one hand. Marlett met with him, then after a short conversation they both began to walk toward the patio doors. Once the two males had entered the living room, Orange Detachment's leader asked her a question;

“Na'Cira, where are Jeffrey and Na'Krista? They need to talk with the Lawkeepers about a very serious issue.” the trooper put forth.

“We're right here.” Krista replied as they came out of their bedroom suite for last meal. “Is there a problem?”

“There is.” Sub-Commander Blane'lan replied. “Let us sit at the table and discuss the issue.”

While they sat down, Na'Krista noticed what might be the outlines of the armed lawkeepers that were standing at the front door, the side door to the garage and one by the nearest patio door. All of them might be holding impulse rifles in the ready position, from what little she could see and that did not bode well.

“I am Lawkeeper Danven Valmet'lan. I have an active warrant for the arrest of Na'Krista and Jeffrey Andrews'lan.” the peace keeper offered up once they had sat down. “You may read the warrant if you want, and I would suggest you do read it. We are waiting for an adjutant from your post to arrive so certain papers may be filed before we arrive at the detention facilities. I will also put this out in the open; my commander and I both feel this is wrong. We are doing what we can to mitigate this situation.”

Jeff read the complaint to Krista several times, then the femme Elazi tried to be as civil as possible while she asked her questions.

“Was this demand straight from the House? Was my father advised of this first?”

“I do not know, Sub-Commander. I only know there is something tragically wrong with this warrant. I can feel it in my heart, Mere Andrews'lan.” Before he could elaborate further, they were joined by the Post Adjutant.

“I brought the paperwork as soon as I could.” Commander Hallett Carver'lan stated as he sat down on the same side of the table as Jeff and Krista. “Here, I need you both to sign, date and time stamp this document for me.” the buff-colored male stated as he put the paper in front of the Earther.

“What is this . . .” Saar Carver'lan curtly interrupted Jeff.

“Sign it now, please. I will explain after you have both signed. This document must be executed with all haste.” Jeffrey signed the document, dated it and began to put in the time but he was interrupted again. “You need to time stamp it for four *Heth* ago.” the adjutant looked at the

lawkeeper, who nodded in agreement. “Don't ask, just time stamp it.” The lawkeeper seemed relieved when Krista added her signature, date and time stamp with Jeff's help.

“May I have a copy of that?” Danven asked.

“Yes, you may.” Commander Carver'lan replied. He gave the peace officer the bottom copy and placed the originals in his attache binder.

“Okay, now will you tell us what that paperwork was that we just signed?” Jeff asked firmly. This really bothered him that on top of being arrested, they had signed some unknown document that gave unknown powers or rights to someone else.

“That is a document that says you are giving the Trans-Atmospheric Forces possession of your property for military uses.” the adjutant explained. “That means we can do whatever we want here and it prevents the property from going to auction should Na'Krista be found guilty.”

“Auction?” Na'Krista blurted out.

“Yes, by the purported laws that allowed this warrant, your property would be sold to the highest bidder. This way, it doesn't go to auction and if you're cleared, we will deed it back to you, citing the geographic and structural conditions aren't suitable for military use. Commander Fellen'lan said I should make sure you understood that clearly.”

“I understand that part. What if I am found guilty?” she asked. That really concerned her.

“In that case, we would just hold the property until you were let out of prison. We could then deed it back to you. I know you have a full staff to run your station and we would most likely have your father keep track of the day-to-day operations for you.”

“Oh . . .” she mused. “Is that all?”

“You might want to put on your everyday uniforms.” the law officer stated. “We have been warned to respect your rank and treat you accordingly. If you will come quietly, I will not cuff either of you.”

On the way out of the door after the accused had changed clothes, the small retinue was met by Temmer Frain'lan. “I just received a communique from Na'Cira. What is going on here?” he asked.

“The Commanders are being arrested.” Danven stated.

“I am their House law specialist and arbiter. I request a copy of the warrant and any other documents.” Once he had his copy of the warrant and a copy of the land deed in hand, Temmer shook his head. “This is *B'Taagh* excrement! Jeffrey, Na'Krista, I will get you out on your own recognizance as soon as I can. We will fight this.”

“You will have my help, if you want it.” Commander Carver'lan stated.

“Thank you, I will appreciate your help.” the azure male agreed.

The two males stood by while Jeffrey and Na'Krista were put into the waiting roller for transport. Temmer knew something was up so he decided he would make a few calls, just to find out what he could. After all, he was their chattel and it would be wrong of him not to do his best to get them exonerated.

Dassan Trent'lan was poring over his daily reports, checking to make sure all monetary payables and receivables were properly accounted for. This had been another dismal day for harvest, coming up far short of the previous day's tally. Just as he finished the meager totals for Kebra fruit production, his desktop communicator chirped.

“Dassan,” he offered up as a greeting, not really giving full attention to the image resolving itself on the screen after he tapped the virtual 'accept' button.

“Good Eve, Saar.” Arbiter Sallan Fenn'lan replied. “I thought you might like to know, Na'Krista has been arrested for the illegal joining with her Earther.”

“That is *very* good news!” Dassan retorted, turning to smile at the screen. “Can you tell me when her station will go up for auction? I have plenty of funds to make that purchase and I'm hoping we can keep that auction private, if you know what I me . . .” He was interrupted by his pale gray associate.

“Her station is now the property of the Trans-Atmospheric Forces. They signed it over about five *Heth* ago, according to my sources. As I understand the situation to be, the Commandant of *Post Fontaneauz* has sent a detachment to prepare her station for military purposes.”

“What?” Dassan blurted out, not sure of what he had just heard. “This can't be so! She cannot . . .” He was interrupted again by Sallan.

“According to the regulations under which she was arrested, any legal transactions that occurred before the warrant was tendered are considered legal and binding. I am sorry, Dassan. You have tried your best to twist the laws to your favor. I tried to warn you and I'm not surprised you were denied the opportunity to bid on her station.”

The buff-hued male didn't wait to see if Sallan had anything further to say, roughly ending the conversation with a swipe of his hand across the screen. Seething, he had to take several deep breaths to calm down enough to find his blood pressure medicine. Taking a double dose, he sat back in his chair and pondered this new puzzle that had been placed in his lap.

This was going to be difficult to deal with, since one didn't just arbitrarily purchase land from the military. The typical scenario was an outright denial of purchase, since they had a hard time finding suitable land close to the city. Three hundred units of land could provide housing for a garrison, maybe two. Well, he would contact Sallan in the morning and have him see what it would take to obtain those three hundred and eight units of land.

Temmer was making a few calls to see what he could find out when another arbiter reached out to him. After the call was accepted, the screen resolved to display the face of Sallen Fenn'lan.

“Good Eve, Temmer.” the pale gray one offered. “I am calling regarding your chattel holder and her *One Love*. I know what has happened and I will offer this; meet me at the law library tomorrow at Ten in the morning. I will help as much as I can to find the loophole that will stop this insanity.”

“I see.” the azure male mused. “Why the generosity?”

“This whole action seems wrong.” Sal put forth. “If this law really existed for all these solar cycles, why bring it up now? Jeffrey and Na'Krista aren't hurting anyone by being joined. If anything, they are stronger by this joining. From what I can see, he's a reserve officer, a Flank Commander and he brings new military knowledge to the table. He is a language instructor, a valuable member of the military. Na'Krista is an officer, an instructor and she was soon to be the supervisor of that training department. This is disrupting our military training.” After a moment, he said softly, “This is wrong. All wrong.”

“I agree, Sallen. And I will take you up on that offer.” Temmer put forth. “I will meet you at Ten, after I meet with my chattel holder. Na'Krista needs to be kept apprised of our work.”

“I will see you soon.” Sallen bid as the screen faded out. Temmer sat there, staring at the computer screen, wondering where this had started and where it would end. What he did know for sure, there would be some beings hurt along the way.

And, he needed to talk to Na'Cira, tonight. His pelt needed to be dyed some other color than Chattel Blue Five. He needed to look proper if he were to be moving about the judiciary halls unnoticed.

Gammal Everet'lan was at his desk, using the quiet of the evening to get some work done. His three small children were a handful to deal with, noisier than he thought he and his siblings were at that age. Now the little ones were finally asleep so he took full advantage of that to study some work he needed to do for the House. His communicator icon flashed on the corner of the screen so he accepted the call.

“Good Eve, Saar Everet'lan.” the gray male on the other end offered up as a greeting.

“Good Eve to you, Saar Fenn'lan. Do you have good news for me?” he asked.

“Yes, Gammal. Temmer is going to represent them and he has agreed to meet with me at the library, tomorrow at Ten.”

“Very good, Sal. I will meet the two of you there at Ten. I will bring my notes to get us started. We will get to the bottom of this.”

“See you at early Ten of the day, Gammal.”

The pale male arbiter watched the screen fade back to his work spreadsheet, still waiting for input. Nodding his head, he was glad this was going to give him a real reason to prove that set of laws invalid. The proof had to be there, somewhere. It all amounted to finding a particular grain of sand in the desert. Difficult, but not impossible.

Gammal thought back to the day Sallen had come to his office, wanting to talk about this very issue. Sal indicated he had been paid a huge sum of Crown to find the specific law they were going to attempt to discredit. Arbiter Fenn'lan had expressed his concerns that the information he had dredged up was wrong, that it wouldn't pass scrutiny.

Saar Evert'lan told his contemporary that the House Arbiters would do their due diligence in the matter so he had nothing to worry about. If the law could be debunked, then nothing would happen. Gammal even felt the law was not as they suspected. His ten-day in the law library had only given him heartburn, a sore neck and eye strain. It did appear the legislation was true at the time.

He just hoped they would find the one piece of evidence that would derail this whole charade. This effort was for the Keth'lan and Andrews'lan families.