

# BREWSTER'S CLEAN SLATE

WRITTEN BY  
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## PART 3 **INTERFERENCE**

"So let me get this straight. You stole this little handheld tracker from a group of mercenaries hired by Boris Skandlen to track down a treasure that was stolen from him?" Lenny asked.

"That's about it. I had been shadowing them for a while and I overheard a lot of what they said," Doug replied.

Brewster had been quiet throughout the entire explanation. Now he stood and started pacing.

"Okay Doug, what else did you hear them say?" Brewster asked.

"They said there were two guys who had robbed Skandlen and took a valuable artifact he had to have back and fast. Then they had this little device," Doug said as he grabbed it from Lenny and handed it to Brewster. "So then they said something about being able to use it to track the stolen stuff and that's what brought them to my neighborhood. So I swiped it as soon as I could and then tried to sell it back to them."

"How is it they didn't find this thing when they had you in the alley?" Brewster asked.

"Easy, I have a hidden pocket in my pants that is lined with blocking fibers that can't be scanned through."

Brewster smiled at the kid's ingenuity then quickly covered it up. He walked over to Doug and handed him the device.

"Here take this and head down to the ship's common room. You can help yourself to anything down there," Brewster said.

Brewster watched as the young man bounded off down the hallway. He waited until Doug was out of sight, then turned back to Lenny.

"We've got a problem."

"Tell me about it. We stumble upon the legendary treasure vault of the most vile criminal in the galaxy, clean him out and then this comes up," Lenny said angrily.

"We knew Skandlen would come after us with a vengeance but him being able to track things is a game changer," Brewster said. "The good news is we've got their tracking device and that should stall long enough for us to get to Academia 7 and pay Professor Fay back what he's owed. Then we can hurry back to Faarsted and figure out what's being tracked, toss it, load up the rest and move on."

"I think that may work but what happens if they have more than one of those trackers?" Lenny asked.

"Let's just hope they don't."

A loud beeping noise came from the navigation computer. Lenny leaned over and flipped a switch to silence the alarm.

"We're approaching Academia 7," Lenny said.

"Great, I'll go find the kid and get ready to go," Brewster replied.

Brewster left the bridge and found his way to the common area. It wasn't a big room and there was only one chair that still had padding. Doug was sitting and staring at the small handheld device.

"We made it to Academia 7 so get ready to head out. We've got to make a trip over to the university to take care of some business, then we'll go back to Faarsted," Brewster said.

He noticed that Doug was fixated on the handheld device and not listening to him at all. After stomping over to the kid, he paused seeing a something flashing on the screen. He bent closer and could see an overhead map of the planet with a

bright red flashing dot. He didn't know how, but some of Boris Skandlen's treasure had ended up on this planet.

"Okay, pack that thing in your hidden pocket because we're going to find whoever has that artifact and warn them that Skandlen can track it."

"What if it's a trap or something?" Doug asked.

"I've considered that but at the end of the day it's a risk I've got to take because it's the right thing to do. Now come on."

Brewster headed towards the bridge to prepare for landing. A shudder ran through the ship and he knew they'd entered the atmosphere of Academia 7. He walked in and sat down in the seat next to Lenny. He watched his cousin fight the rusty levers and controls of the freighter. It wasn't long until they were directed to land on docking bay 23. The large merchant ship creaked and groaned as the reverse thrusters slowed it's velocity. Finally they landed with a thud.

"I hate this ship," Lenny said.

Brewster smiled and headed for the cargo bay. Doug was already there and Lenny joined them after shutting everything down. He punched the cargo button and the ramp slowly opened up. The hustle and bustle of the space docks was much like Faarsted's, minus the angry mob chasing them. As they walked down the ramp they were greeted by the maintenance workers.

It was common on all planets to be greeted by a team that offers it's services of refueling, rearming, and cleaning. The cost was usually tacked on to your final docking bill.

Brewster asked for the freighter to be refueled and nothing more. As they started to leave a man in a suit stopped them. He was from the dock authority and had some paperwork they needed to fill out. Brewster was instantly suspicious because dock authority managers didn't ask any questions as long as you ordered some of their services.

He quickly communicated with Lenny via hand signs to be on his guard. Then he smiled at the dock authority manager.

"What exactly is all of this paperwork I need to fill out?" Brewster asked.

"It's just standard forms to register your ship at our dock."

Brewster flipped through the pages and handed it back to the manager.

"No thanks. We're only here for a day," Brewster said.

"What do you mean no thanks? I just need you sign some papers."

"Well I'm not signing anything. Especially because that is a registration for luxury yachts that are changing their auto refueling services from another planet to this one."

Brewster saw the manager start to sweat and knew instantly it was a setup. He quickly signed to Lenny to take Doug and go. Then grabbed the manager and pulled him around the side of the freighter. He pulled his gun and stuck it to the side of the man's head.

"Who sent you here to stall us?" Brewster asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I..." the manager stammered.

"Cut the crap! I'll make it really simple for you. You talk or you die. Choose now."

"As soon your freighter landed I got a call from the university. I don't know from who, I swear it, just someone in the administrative office. They told me there was an old IM-40 merchant vessel landing and I needed to stall the occupants for as long as I could. That's it I swear that's all I know."

"We're gonna have company," Brewster said to himself.

He turned to run back around the cargo ramp and caught movement off to his right side. He turned quickly and found himself staring down the barrel of a silver pistol. The younger man wore a black shirt with a red scarf looped around his neck. Brewster instantly recognized him from the holo news as Sean Varis.

Sean Varis was a famous bounty hunter who had recently been all over the news. He also happened to be one of the people present when Brewster's dark bounty hunting team was wiped out on Kleet.

"Listen kid, you're one of the good guys and I don't want to hurt you because I'm a good guy too. We're just here on some quick business then we're leaving," Brewster said.

"Last time I checked good guys don't hold guns to a dock manager's head," Sean said.

"Yeah okay, so I'm trying to be a good guy. Look, either way I'm just here to pay Gordon Fay back then I'm gone."

"Pay Fay back?" Sean asked.

Brewster sensed Sean had relaxed a bit as he tried to think through his connection with Fay. He didn't hesitate to take advantage of the younger man's mental slip. He instantly sprung forward and knocked the gun from Sean's hand. He began to bring his own pistol up when Sean lashed out quick as lightning and knocked the gun from his hand. Both men stood, waiting for an opening. Sean finally lashed out with a kick that was easily blocked then followed with a punch. Brewster didn't dodge. He lowered his head and the punch landed on the top of his helmet. There was a loud thump and Sean recoiled in pain.

Brewster sprung forward and punched Sean in the stomach, threw him on the ground, then turned and sprinted off. He bent, scooped up his pistol as he sprinted by and never looked back.

He had to find Lenny and Doug quick because if Sean Varis was onto them, that meant his mentor, Charles Bryant was onto them also. He cursed under his breath as he ran faster. Charles Bryant was the famed bounty hunting professor. A celebrity within the media but dark bounty hunters talk and he'd heard stories of what this man was capable of.

"All I want to do is the right thing and the whole galaxy is standing in my way," Brewster said under his breath.

End of Part Three

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