

## **Festive mercy**

### **Xantros**

### **11518**

#### **41 ABY, streets of Hanna City, Chandrilla**

A 68 years old Duros was walking through dark streets of Hanna City, the capital city of Chandrilla. It was a dark night and the area was considered as a no-go zone for any respectable citizens or visitors of Chandrilla. It was a typical slum with old, devastated buildings, damaged street lamps and poor inhabitants, who had no chances to improve their social and economic situation. Only some of influential criminals of the district lived a relatively wealthy life, but a constant threat to their lives and the lives of their close ones was the price they had to pay for their money and properties. Most of things they got had an illegal origin and most of people were actually proud of that, because it proved their entrepreneurship. However, all these things changed their owners quite often. A circle of life, one would say. Some made it to the top, but very few soon fell from it very soon.

However, most of people inhabiting the district had no chances not only to break that vicious circle, but even to improve their position in the lowly society of the slum. Just like a young boy that the Duros barely noticed. The Human boy was crawling into an alley and crying. Xantros immediately noticed why. The boy had an open fracture of his left leg. No matter of what happened, whether if it was a mere accident or a result of a severe beating, but the Duros guessed that only shock and a surge of hormones made it possible for the child to move.

The Force Adept looked around and smiled sadly. Despite not knowing the area very well, he was aware that there was no functioning hospital in there. Running one would in such district would make no sense since any hospitals in the past were targets of raids conducted by local gangs to obtain medical supplies. Moreover, the hospitals used to be murder and gunfire scenes. It was not safe not only for patients, who often were members of local gangs, but also for the medical personnel, who was kidnapped and forced to save wounded gangsters very often.

There was no one to help the boy. No one would be able to fix boy's leg as it would not be beneficial to anyone as the child looked extremely poor, malnourished and neglected. Definitely, the boy was not a member of a gang so no one would care about him. No one needed him, so he would be left to die due to starvation or dehydration. It would be a long and unpleasant death. He would be helpless due to the broken leg. The Duros did not wish such fate to no one, not even to his worst enemies.

Xantros sighed and took out his blaster pistol from the holster on his right hip. He walked towards the crawling boy and aimed at the Human's head. He killed the unfortunate child with a single shot. Then, he put his blaster pistol back to the holster and simply walked away, like if nothing happened. Even if the body was found by local police, the boy would be considered as a victim of a robbing or an execution by local gangs. No one ever would make any connection between the Duros and boy's death. And it was an act of mercy towards the boy to shorten his suffering. It was the only way the Force Adept could celebrate a Chandrillan festive day that was one of old traditions on the planet.