Kalon grumbled down the highway in his Tiger II, the thunder of the engine music to his ears. He had been sent on a chore to nip over to KFC at the end of the street by his loving girlfriend Atyiru. She was blind, and so it fell to Kalon to deliver the goods.

Rows of cars had gathered behind the slow going tank. The noise of horns blowing and angry drivers yelling alerted Kalon to the commotion he was causing. Frowning, he lifted the lid of the tank up, setting the heavily modified 8.8 calibre sex machine to cruise. Standing now on top of the Tiger as it continued travelling 25 miles per hour, Kalon turned to the angry drivers.

For the next 45 minutes Kalon took delight in giving each and every driver the bird multiple times as he screamed about how he would indeed ‘stone their bird to death’. The drivers usually just went red and overtook him wherever they could, none wanted to mess with a crazy guy driving a Tiger II it seemed.

Knowing now that he was nearing KFC, Kalon climbed down into the tank, closing the lid after him. As he took the tank of cruise and began to manually control it along the narrow side roads of the countryside, his thoughts turned to whether he should have brought his T-34 soviet medium tank instead, as it was faster. But then again, he never knew when he might need the armour protection that came with the Tiger, especially when going to KFC. He thus deemed it wise to stay with this tank on similar occasions.

As Kalon directed his tank through the Drive-Thru section, he smirked as he saw people gasp and stand open jawed at the side of a tank casually waiting in line with more minimal choices of vehicle that the families in front of him and behind him seemed to use.

As he drove forward to his turn he climbed off the tank and sat at the side.

“KFC, how can we help you?” boomed the radio, the voice of a female evident.

“Yeah, I’d like twelve eighteen piece family buckets and five gallons of coke please.”

As the women relaid the order and the Mandalorian confirmed it, he drove forward once more, to the window where the blonde hair, blue eye girl stood, astonishment on her face.

“Yeah, I know what your thinking. How can a man like me own with a barrel length as long as this. Well..in the words of Yoda..or Ghandi ‘Size matters not...hmm?.”

Kalon took the meal from the hot KFC girl. Oh..and he took the girl too. He needed more, they were his life source, his yang.

The way home was rather uneventful compared with other aspects of his life, not that anyone seemed to give a damn about his life. They always saw his collection of exotic ‘goods’ he enjoyed importing from other countries and wisely decided to ‘back the fuck away’.

And so, life went on.