*Euphoria*

 “ZZZZZtttt ZZZZZttt”, hummed the broken entrance sign to the *Black Repose* cantina. The smoke of assorted pipes and the byproducts of cheap narcotics wafted slowly through the room. The air was stale and made a beautifully dreaded counterpoise to the inhabitants. Drunks, whores, the burnouts and never-were all coalesced into this tiny and dark place. “In the land of gods and monsters”, whispered Zagro Zenn as he sat with his back to the general populace from a corner booth.

 The Hapan had one hand on an empty bottle and the other taking a needle out of his right bicep. Rigors of training and the strict discipline were lost on the Acolyte...or almost that is. The man was in trouble, protected by his new House Scholae Palatinae surely, but in trouble still. The cantina entrance opened slowly as three Twi’Lek sauntered in and fanned out but unmistakably making their way to the corner where Zagro sat unperturbed.

 Dice and ale were always his undoing. “This is what I want…” again whispered Zenn as he removed the needle and placed it meticulously on the table next to the empty bottle, which he promptly clutched with one hand the other slowly, instinctively reaching under his armpit for his concealed shoulder holster. A serene calmness came over the Krath as he used his nascent telekinesis to find the men who we knew where here to collect on a bill no honest man could pay. Yet Zagro was no honest man.

 Sensing the first assailant closing to within three meters, Zagro slowly rose as if to pay his bill and squared up with the second oncoming attacker and squeezed the trigger. The bolt took the tall Twi’Lek in the chest and doubled him over, causing a momentary confusion in the demeanor and shake in the resolve of the nearest target. The inner tranquility was rapidly rising in the Hapan as he spun and used all of his might to smash the empty bottle into the next Twi’Lek’s skull as he was within arms’ length. The man fell, hard, with a sickening audible crunching sound.

 “Whose next!” Screamed Zagro as he faced the final adversary. “Put down your blaster junkie and I will take you alive…my henchmen were hired thugs no good to me anyhow. Kneel and put these on.” The unidentified Twi’Lek tossed vibro-shackles to the feet of Zagro who obliged and dropped his blaster. The Twi’Lek moved closer, his own hand itching at the trigger of his rifle.

 “Mistakes like that will cost you”, thought the Hapan. Feeling like a resurgent paladin of old he prostrated himself closer to his knees, the perfect angle to remove his second blaster. “ZZZZZZZtttt” sand the blaster bolt as it took the Twi’Lek in the shin. Zagro wasted no time as he darted upward, removing his hidden knife from his left boot and dug it into the heart of the unwise warrior. Kicking the dying man to the side a triumphant Zenn cried out “Look at you now! I am unconquerable!” No one in the cantina raised an eye. Zagro regained his seat in the corner, ordered another bottle, and reminded himself of past glories, yet again alone with his ghosts and demons thinking of angels and knights.