The Cantina was dark. There was a thick fog of smoke in the room. The cloaked figure entered as discreetly as he could, taking a seat in the back of the room.

A droid, a haphazard thing of cobbled together parts, shuffled over to the table. The man ordered an Ale and the droid painfully shuffled away.

The man was sitting in the shadows watching the people. Examining them. Nerfs, they were all just animals. Walking dead. Meaningless beings with no clue of what was to come.

His drink appeared as he was lost in this thought. He was happy.