**Revenge**

 Lourana had a dilemma. Should she kill the man or let him live? After all, he had stolen from her market stall. As this was the first person to do such a thing, she had to make an example. She couldn’t be seen as weak. She had made her choice.

 “Nobody steals from me.” She said, as she looked down at the thief. “You were caught running away from my stall with items that you hadn’t paid for.”

 “Please,” cried the man, “I have a family.”

 “Ooooh, Mr. Big Shot has a family. Okay, I’ll let this thieving piece of dirt live just because he has a family….Not.” Lourana looked at her pet fenwolf. “Lu’Pai, kill.”

 The man’s son, Sarti’opoz, rushed to the front of crowd just as Lu’Pai ripped out his father’s throat. *Ironic,* Lourana thought, *Mr. Big Shot’s kid wanted to see someone die, but when he got to see someone die, it was his own father.*

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 That night, Lourana dreamt about the day that she first met Lu’Pai. She was walking through the market when she saw a fenwolf lying at the end of an empty stall. Its stomach was bloated and it appeared to be in pain. Lourana realised that the fenwolf was about to give birth. She looked around but couldn’t find an owner. She thought that it must be a rogue fenwolf and decided to stay with it.

 A few moments passed, and then she saw movement. A head had appeared, shortly followed by the rest of the tiny body. She cleaned the cub and looked at the mother. There were no signs of life. She shook the mother, but it was obvious that she had died during the birth. Lourana decided that she couldn’t leave the cub alone because it would eventually perish, so she took the cub as her companion.

 As the months went by, Lourana and the cub, which she named Lu’Pai, developed a strong bond. Lu’Pai had beautiful snow coloured fur and razor sharp teeth. That day with the thief at the market had been exactly a year since Lu’Pai’s birth.

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 Lourana awoke suddenly. She heard a noise outside and went to the window, where she saw two figures, one lying still on the floor, the other running into the distance. She ran downstairs, her heart in her throat, fear taking over. As she yanked the door open, she instantly recognised the snowy fur of Lu’Pai’s dead body lying in front of her. She also recognised the figure running into the distance. Sarti’opoz had gotten his revenge. After spending several moments by the side of her companion’s lifeless body, mourning her loss, she vowed revenge.

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 Later that day, as Lourana was walking through the market, she saw Sarti’opoz enter a tavern, The Red-Eyed Jedi. She walked up to the tavern, attempting to look inconspicuous. She leaned against a window, but the tavern was old and the owner too cheap to replace the rotting wooden window frames. She fell through the window with a bang, picked herself up, dusted herself off and looked around. Every single set of eyes in the room were fixed on her.

 “God dammit, woman. Did you not see the door? That’s how most of my usual patrons enter my establishment.” Screamed the owner.

 “Doors are for people with no imagination.” Lourana replied, dismissing the owner with her hand.

 She scanned the room for her target and wasn’t disappointed. He was running out of the back entrance of the tavern. *Great,* sighed Lourana, *running, just what I need.*  Luckily, she was athletic and caught up to him in mere seconds. He brought his saber out just as Lourana brought out her charric. His jaw fell.

 “No fair,” he whined, “only a heathen would bring a gun to a saber fight.”

 “And only a moron would bring a saber to a gun fight.” Lourana retorted.

He started taking a few steps backwards. Lourana noticed this and shouted, for everyone nearby to hear, “Look everybody, the man’s retreating.”

 “I’m not.” He argued, while everyone around started to laugh. “I’m….I’m….I’m advancing in reverse.”

 That was the last thing he ever said. Lourana’s charric was still smoking when Sarti’opoz’s lifeless body hit the ground. *Well,* Lourana thought, *revenge is a dish best served….smokin’.* She had her revenge. Though it could never bring back her closest companion, she felt a little bit better, even if it was only because she killed someone. She turned around and headed home.