

Tarsus was a much younger lad. He was 17 to be exact. The merc was on his first mission alone. His parents didn't exactly give him an easy assignment either. Tarsus was to sneak in a heavily guarded palace, and kill a politician. As dirty and corrupt politics is, Tarsus found it to be very profitable. One politician gains power, and the other seeks to gain it. This case was no different. The politician that was the target was one of those revolutionary ones. He spoke of words against corruption. The people loved him, so he was elected. Already, this politician was causing trouble for the other politicians. Now, they are paying Tarsus a huge fee to take him out.

The Mando studied the compound for three days. For three days, he studied guard moments. The merc quickly realized that they are well organized, and well trained. There was one huge flaw. They were orderly. The guards shift changed exactly every time. There was no flex in their movements. Each guard had a certain area to scout. They had to look out after this area for hours on hours. This caused the guards to grow bored, and they were easily prone to distraction. Tarsus also found that the rear would be easiest to get through. It was finely covered in a beautiful garden, and the guards weren't as numerous. Perhaps they felt that the garden would act as a barrier, and less guards were needed. Either way, Tarsus found his point of insertion.

It was day four. Night fell, and Tarsus was in luck. There was a huge party that invited much of the public. This politician had a reason why he was so popular, and this was one of them. Because the public was invited, all guards were focused around the guests. This left the rear completely exposed. Tarsus snuck around through the back with ease. He reached the main door, and looked around. The merc made sure he was alone, and then studied the door. He checked for alarm sensors that would give his situation away. There was none.

The Mando slowly opened the door, and peeked around. The hallway was empty. He went right, and followed the hallway all the way down. Tarsus hugged the wall, and peeked around the corner.

*No one. Good.*

The merc snuck down the hallway, and found a stairwell. He quietly open the door, and entered the stairwell. The Mando looked around carefully, making sure that no one was around. Tarsus quietly walked up the stairs to the floor he wanted to be on. He peered through the door carefully, and saw one guard with his back turned from him. Tarsus quietly opened the door, and walked out. He swiftly looked around, and saw that the other guards were focused on the guests. The Mando quickly snapped the guard's neck as he quickly, and quietly killed him. The merc dragged the body in the stairway so not to be found. Tarsus then left the stairway, and found himself an opening within the crowd. He quickly blended in, and slowly made his way to the politician. The politician was interacting with the guests, and having a good time. Tarsus stopped the politician, and began talking to him. Tarsus pulled out a small gift, and gave it to the politician. The politician gratefully accepted the gift. Tarsus then made his way out from the front entrance. There was a taxi service that was available to the guest. Tarsus got in, and told the

driver his final destination. A small explosion could be heard, and screams of horror and shock came from the palace. The merc grinned as he knew what had happened.

A week had passed. The public was angry over their favorite politician's death. They knew who was to blame. A rebellion formed, and a civil war began on this planet for political power. Tarsus was in a hanger as several rebel generals surrounded him.

“So,” Tarsus said with a grin. “It comes to my attention that you'd wish to hire my services.”