

Moon of Thillon, Lyra System

Unnamed shanty town outside of Tenmos Excavation Site Cresh

Dive bars and criminals go together like... two things that go really well together. This is a blatant generalization, but like many such generalizations, it's also entirely accurate. It's one that I've exploited a lot over my life and this would be no different. Equally accurate is the trope that the local law enforcement knows where these establishments are, and again this was proven accurate as Chief of Colonial Security Amara Cirrus had been able to provide a couple of locations, one of which was near the Tenmos mining facility on the moon of Thillon. I swept into the bar that I'd been pointed at with my hood up, outer robe open, and lightsaber prominently hanging off my belt. I wanted these people to know what I was. Every eye turned to me as I walked in, and almost every being in there had some combination of hostility and guilt in their eyes. A few immediately made to scurry out, some kept glaring at me, but most turned back to their drinks, games, and fellows eventually.

I focused in on one such group that had been one of the more hostile and had been one of the last to turn away. They were playing some sort of card game and there was an open chair next to the one who picked up the deck. Perfect.

"Mind if I deal myself in?" I asked, using the Force to pull the deck to me out of the would-be dealer's hands. Much harder than it sounds, actually - if you don't practice the trick you're more likely to send cards flying everywhere than to move the deck as a whole. I plucked the deck out of the air and started to shuffle the cards as I sat down. "What game are we playing?"

"Kark off, *jeedai*," snarled one of the men at the table, a Devaronian.

"Never heard of that game," I snarked. "And I'm no Jedi, I'm just a stranger passing through looking for some conversation. For example, what have you heard about the attack a couple days ago?"

"It was your kind as did it," drawled another man, "and we's gonna show you what we think, too."

All the other men stood up, flexing muscles and cracking joints, less-than-friendly smirks on their faces. I simply kept shuffling the cards, letting the group loom over me momentarily.

All in all, I reflected as I looked around, I felt I had been fairly restrained. I wasn't exactly known for my brawling ability, but between the Force and the heavy end of my lightsaber - and some carefully non-lethal hits from the shiny end of it - most of the denizens of the bar around me were on the ground, unconscious or cradling appendages in pain.

I wasn't untouched myself. A couple of grazing blaster shots, a rather vicious cut across my side - non-lethal, but just painful enough that I was using a trickle of Force energy to... set aside the pain is the best way I can articulate what I did. My lip was split and bleeding, and I was pretty sure that I was developing a hell of a shiner on my left cheekbone.

The last couple of people on their feet were a Rodian, a bruiser of a Twi'lek, and the Devaronian from before. The Rodian, ignoring the multiple demonstrations I'd given, went for a blaster pistol on the ground. I flowed forward, lightsaber flashing, and the Rodian screamed as the pistol's barrel and his trigger finger were removed in the lightning-fast strikes Vapaad was known for. The Rodian fell as I twirled my lightsaber around and sent a pulse of Force energy into my arm, enhancing the strength of the pommel-strike to the temple I gave the Twi'lek. He fell to his knees, dazed, and frowned in surprise as I repeated the blow. "Thick skull," I said conversationally to the Devaronian as the Twi'lek's eyes rolled up as the rest of his body went down.

"I know nothing, *jeedai!* Nothing!" the Devaronian kept protesting but the way he was looking around told the real story.

"Oh, you might not know anything," I said, closing down my lightsaber as I reached out with the Force and lifted the Devaronian until his horns were piercing the cheap flimsiplast ceiling."But you know somebody who knows somebody who knows *something!*" I was getting angry now and let that bleed into my voice. "Now, do you want to talk, or shall I demonstrate exactly how I am *not* a Jedi?"

I saw in his eyes the moment he decided to cooperate. I smelled it from the growing wet spot on his pants, too.

Ew.