Aru was enjoying a well-deserved break at a shady cantina in Lyra’s Colony when a group of militaries entered. By the looks on their faces, they were just there for a drink. That cantina was, after all, considered neutral ground. But their entrance made Aru less comfortable. Something in the Force was getting in his head. He got up and made his way to the front bar.

“Another round sir” he said, “For me and for my friends”.

The soldiers noticed Aru’s gesture and they looked at him with suspicion. Their superior, a well dressed man with short blonde hair and a small scar below his right eye approached him and looked him seriously.

“What are those drinks for?” he had a very strong accentuated accent.

“I’m in a good mood” Aru replied, “Just wanted to give some hardworking men a gift.”.

“Are you implying we don’t have enough money to buy our own drinks!” The man angrily said. This caught the attention of his mates and they started to gang up on Aru.

“Easy there fellas” he said calmly, “I have no ill intentions. What if we just played a game of Sabacc?”

Some men in the back got excited with the proposal. Seeing their excitement, their superior accepted the offer. Soon, Aru was sitting on a table in front of the same superior with a deck of Sabacc in his hands \*Got ya right where I want ya\*. He started rapidly shuffling the deck in his hands.

“So, before we can start, just to make sure of course” Aru said with a fun tone, “How much are you willing to bet with me?”

The man didn’t answer. Instead, he took a handful of credits from his pocket and placed them on top of the table. Being fast on his head, Aru quickly calculated the amount he had bet and immediately covered it with credits of his own.

“This is a good opening round.” He said, and then started to hand cards.

After three rounds of Sabacc, the military man was getting upset. He had lost all three rounds, and the alcohol was starting to affect his thoughts.

“This round I’ll get you boy!” he said with a dragged loud voice. His companions cheered on him.

“I’m all up to another round” Aru said, “If you have the credits, that is.”

The man was almost out of credits to bet, he asked his companions for some money, but they didn’t have nearly enough to cover the first bet. He then looked at Aru and smiled.

“What if we make this more interesting?” He asked in his dragged accentuated voice.

“What do you have in mind?” Aru questioned, leaning forward to get closer to the man.

The man put a folder on top of the table. It was closed and was stamped with a classified symbol. Aru immediately recognised it from the Inquisitorius latest report. It was undoubtedly a Collective classified document.

“What interest do I have in a useless folder?” He asked, trying to fool the man.

“Oh, this is no ordinary folder” the man replied in a whisper, “This contains every information about a highly classified target.” And he giggled.

“Oh really? And what would you have me bet in return?” Aru asked as if falling for the man’s taunt.

“All the credits we bet before” he said, “And that droid!” And he pointed to Tinker, Aru’s droid.

Aru took a moment to think this one through. Was he willing to put in risk his droid for a document he knew nothing about. Although he had received clear orders from the Inquisitorius to be on the lookout for suspicious activity, he couldn’t be sure if this was one of those. But the uncomfortable feeling he had felt in the Force surely meant something. He trusted in his sleight of hands and natural luck to always favour his hands, but what if all this had been a scheme to catch him off guard?

“What do you say?” The man asked, breaking Aru’s line of thought.

He took a deep breath and one good look at his droid “I accept!”

The men cheered for his decision and Tinker beeped in an angry manner. Aru dealt the cards and the usual rounds of betting went by. When they were about to finish the round he hesitated, \*I hope this was worth the risk\*, he thought to himself.

“Plus 23!” The man screamed. All of his companions cheered loudly as it was practically certain that he had won.

“It’s not over yet.” Aru said looking at his cards again. He had Minus 20, which wasn’t enough to beat the man. “Time to gamble with Lady Luck again.” He said with a smile on his face.

Aru threw 2 dice on the table, a standard procedure in some Sabacc games that allowed dice. If he got 2 equal symbols, he could discard his whole hand and draw a new one. And he had been lucky once again. Once the dice had stopped, both the symbols pointing up were equal.

“Looks like I get a second chance.” He said, trying to hide his discomfort with the situation. He drew a new hand and his face turned pale.

“What’s the matter boy?” the man mocked, “Didn’t get a good enough hand to beat me? Looks like I get me a new droid tonight!”

“Not today!” Aru yelled as he threw his cards on to the table. They were a 2, a3 and a 0, which when played together made the Fool’s Array, the overall winning hand in Sabacc.

The man couldn’t believe what had happened. While in his shock, Aru took the document to himself and opened it.

“What are you gonna do with that?” The man asked, his voice trembling.

“Just going to take a look.” Aru said, “Wanna see why you think this was so valuable.”

Aru started reading the document. Many words about the Brotherhood and taking out important targets and then he stopped. He read the sentence again and turned the page to confirm what he had just read.

***The Target to assassinate is Kordath Bleu, Consul of Arcona***

Aru looked at the man in front of him.

“Now you got me pissed!” He said.

He reached for his blaster, which was hidden in his boot, and shot him in the head at close range. The man died and his companions, being too drunk and afraid, ran away tumbling everywhere. The bystanders in the cantina hushed for a moment.

“Carry on!” Aru said, “Next round’s on me.” And he threw a handful of credits to the table.

He left the cantina with the document, closely followed by his droid. While walking away, Tinker stretched out his arm and gave a slight shock on Aru’s leg.

“Ouch! What was that for?” his droid beeped three times. “Of course I wouldn’t let him take you. You’re my friend!”

His droid beeped once again, this time in a more friendly manner.

“I’ll make it up to you ok? I’ll buy a nice oil and let you go look at the nurse droids!” Tinker beeped with excitement. “There’s my droid. Now let’s get out of here before his friends decide to come for us.”