

Kano sat at the bar in a crowded cantina. His helmet sat in front of him next to a notepad he had been using to keep track of his current bounties. As he enjoyed his beverage he listened slightly to the many conversations going on in the rowdy environment. Friends laughed, coworkers talked gossip, and criminals whispered of their wrongdoings. These little breaks were few and far between as the Mandalorian had been increasing his workflow.

Somewhere off in the corner of the cantina a voice began to raise over all the chatter. He was screaming at another patron about something being taken but it wasn't anything Kano cared to focus on.

"I just got back... Orlun Space Station... that's mine... No, stop..."

Several seconds passed by and just as the Mandalorian was about to take a sip of his drink he felt a hand on his shoulder. Kano spun around, unholstered his Westar-35, and placed it under the unknown figure's chin. The man threw both his hands into the air as a panicked expression covered his face. He stuttered a bit as he began to speak.

"E. E. Easy m. Man. I just came over with an offer. You're a mercenary right. I have credits."

Kano pressed the barrel of his blaster harder into the bottom of the man's chin and pushed him back to arms length and slid the barrel to the man's forehead.

"I'm not working today. Take your issues elsewhere."

The look on the man's face changed from panic to anger in seconds.

"No, you work for credits. I have 500 credits for this. Now go over there and beat that man in my seat to a pulp."

Kano glanced over the man's shoulder to see a large sitting where the potential client had come from. The large man was grimey looking with blood stained clothes hanging loosely from his frame. The man saw Kano looking in his direction, smiled, then took a large bite from the sandwich sitting in front of him.

The potential client slammed his fist on the counter.

"Now that scumbag is eating my food. Get over there and butcher him. I want him dead. 1000 credits."

The target saw the man's reaction and laughed out loud. Bits of food fell from his mouth and landed on the table in front of him. He took the rest of the sandwich and threw it towards Kano and his potential client. The sandwich slapped against the face of a bystander, knocking him back a few steps and sending parts of the sandwich all over the floor.

Kano holstered his blaster and removed his helmet from the counter. He placed the well known helmet over his head and took the credits from the clients had while stepping past him and towards the target.

As Kano stepped up to the table he looked down at the large man leaning back in the chair smirking.

“Get up.”

The man leaned forward and rested his arms on the table.

“You think that just ‘cuz you gots that fancy Mandalorian armor you can come **demand** anything of me? I gutted bigger warriors and left them in a trench to rot for less.”

“Fine.” said Kano. “Die sitting.”

Faster than the target could react Kano drew his Westar-35 once again, this time firing off 3 quick bolts. The first two struck the man in the chest and the third hit the man just above his right eye sending his body backwards, tipping the chair onto the floor and the corpse came to a rest at the feet of another cantina patron.

Kano reholstered his pistol and started towards the exit. The patron yelled in Kano’s direction.

“You can’t just leave. The security patrol will need an **interview**.”

Kano kept walking out of the cantina thinking what bar he would go to next to spend his newly acquired credits.”