*“Ode to Matricide”*

*-Classified Archives Vault*

*-Hapan Royal Navy Intelligence Directorate, Transitory Mists*

*-Late 38 ABY*

The heavily redacted dossier sat singularly open amongst the paperwork on Intelligence Director Sybila Djo’s desk. The bomb resistant vault was sparse but cavernous, an inauspicious and calm place for the Hapan officer to do her work. More of a database and hardware warehouse than a true administrative nexus, this was the personnel database of the entire Hapan Consortium.

Sybila sat down and frowned, puzzled, and let out an audible sigh. “Where has he gotten to? Weekly I get pressed to find Operative Fenn from the Royal Household and yet nothing?”, said Sybila to herself, more of a statement than a true question. “His dossier lists nothing unique…as normal as far as Hapan intelligence operatives who were rolled out of the officer corps goes. A lesser male noble, a dime a dozen these days.”

Abruptly and unannounced, a Hapan Royal Navy Lieutenant entered the chambers and saluted before the Director. “What is the meaning of this distraction, Kendria?”

“Ma’am, urgent dispatch from Hapes…for your eyes only…I was commanded to show no one and oddly enough the file specifically is not go to the Royal Household….”, the officer stammered rapidly, fear gripping at her thoughts as the palpable heart beats rang with an alarming rapidity and acrimony.

The Director eyed the dispatch slowly and methodically as any operative would, then turned her attention to the young female officer. “Go, and tell *no one* of this.”

Frightened but visibly buoyed by her early release, the officer left the vault with the greatest of haste. “Awkward girl…but trustworthy and honorable. It was right for me to employ spies in our own Naval forces”, Djo thought to herself.

Sybila opened the document and poured over the information contained therein:

*Name: Zagro Fenn*

*Born: 13 ABY Hapes*

*Sex: Male*

*Position: Agent of Hapes*

*Rank: Intelligence Operative II*

*Previous Employment: Lieutenant, Hapan Royal Navy*

*Criminal Record: 6 months incarceration Transitory Mist for espionage & slicing*

*Psychological Assessment:*

*Processed by: Dr. Tamora Kreetal, Hapan Royal Navy*

*Date of Assessment: 36 ABY*

*Zagro Fenn is a highly intelligent and charismatic officer. In his service with the Queen’s Royal Logistics Regiment he earned a battlefield commission and was promoted for gallantry prior to the Battle of Transitory Mists. Shortly thereafter he resigned his commission due to perceived hypocrisy as the Yuuzhan Vong, despite his heroic efforts that ensured not a single Hapan craft was lost, massacred 200 of his support staff.*

*As Intelligence Operative Fenn has refused to work with a partner. Moreover, no other Operative has to this date offered to work with him. Oddly, Zagro is not anti-social. Contrarily, he is extroverted and was noted for his leadership. He blames himself for the death of the 200 men of the 712th Tactical Wing support staff.*

*Due to this personal guilt Zagro has shown many self-destructive and suicidal tendencies on assignment. Fenn has zero regard for his own life, mission success is his only regard. While this makes him an excellent Intelligence Operative, his survivability and the anticipated longevity of him as an asset is negligible.*

*More troubling is his alcoholism and narcotic dependency. Zagro, on liberty, spends most of his spare time at various cantinas or hacking into Hapan Royal Navy databases looking for personnel files. When inspected many vials and needles were found in his possession. Fenn refused rehab and accepted the Hutt-Space Force user expedition assignment as a partial exile.*

*Experimental brain mapping was conducted on Fenn prior to his commissioning. Extensive personal trauma has been noted and repressed in his cerebellum. Assassins of House Drollen murdered his father when Fenn was 13 years old. His mother is the current Lady Madrax Drollen, wife of the scion of the family and favorite son of Matriarch Saleen Drollen.*

*Zagro has never been revealed his mother’s identity. All records of this family connection have been secured by the order of Lady Cressida Drollen. Her file is now sealed by the direction of the Director of the Royal Household.*

*It is highly suggested Fenn has been searching for his mother’s identity and location since his father’s murder. Due to her position within House Drollen and as a high level Intelligence Division officer she has eluded all of his efforts. Despite this potential matricidal desire it is heavily eluded that his mother secured his commissioning and elevation. Zagro Fenn’s citizen record was erased prior to his entry into Hapan Royal Navy service…we have not ascertained how this was accomplished yet top-level clearance would be needed to conduct this operation.*

*My clinical findings are that Fenn needs to be mandated rehabilitation for his addictions and placed in intensive therapy to overcome his personal tragedies. Recommend immediate relief from duty upon return from Hapes-Space. It is highly troubling that the quadrant of the brain associated with jealousy and revenge is hyperextended and overriding drive for this operative is to find and kill his own mother. He is a danger to himself and to the Intelligence Directorate as a whole.*

*End of Report*

Sybila read the report with muted disbelief and a slight acceptance of what she had always suspected by the normal yet unorthodox operative. It was a poorly held secret that the Operative reached his rank due to patronage and false pretenses. This was the norm in the Hapes Consortium; despotism was meritocracy here. However, the melodramatic aspect of the family tree, betrayals, and homicidal desires was perplexing and troubling. Pondering this new information the officer returned aghast.

“Ma’am…the communications uplink was been spiked. Someone accessed the dispatch on Operative Fenn. Our research was able to conclude that the slicer that tapped into this report initially accessed the Hapan database and passed the information to a planet known as Judecca on the outskirts of Hutt Space…it is a no man’s land. The only knowledge of its existence was gathered from old Republic documents and some mentions from Hutt smuggler’s dispatches”, the officer diverted her eyes awaiting the Directore’s response.

It was now Sybila turn to be troubled by the turn of events. “Lieutenant, where did the spike originate? In the system? On the surface of Hapes? The Transitory Mists itself?”

“Ma’am…from the Intelligence Directorate itself…”

The Director’s eyes glared and her heart stopped. “Someone is passing this information to me. Someone with very high clearance and authority, even as the Director of Intelligence many secrets are kept from me. The Noble Houses are always at work vying for power and the next seat in the Queendom.”

Both parties marched out of the archive chamber and closed the door with a loud thud as the security bolts engaged. Built to withstand orbital bombardment it was perhaps the safest chamber in the Directorate. “The question, young officer, is just whom sent me this information and what end…could it be the mother trying to make contact with her son? Or the son trying to send a message of a red homecoming?” Said Sybila as she led her young double agent away.