He was only a youngster on Kashyyyk when the slavers attacked his village. The raids had occurred time and time again and for whatever reason their neighbours the Trandoshans would not leave them alone, regardless of what decrees were passed by the senate. Everyone knew it occurred and regardless of exactly how many times his people petitioned for aid nothing was every truly done. Czerka had hounded them, the Trandoshans hounded them and in about two hundred years the Empire would actively sanction the hunting of the Wookies. They never gave up though and on the day the lizards struck they never gave up then either. Blood spilled between the boards of their treetop homes and though the village fought bravely nothing could be truly done and so it ended as most raids do with dead Wookies and others captured. It was in this unfortunate situation young Tarryyhn found himself in.

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Something was seen in the young Wookie and though by normal standards due to his age he would not be trained they took in the fact his species was long lived and thus he was still considered a child. Once he had found his feet he took up his training alongside other younglings, some he out aged by maybe a decade but given his life in the dark he didn’t exactly mentally out challenge them. He was diagnosed with anger issues early on. Of course most knew about Wookie tempers but his was from the years of abuse and so they took it easy with him attempted to move him into more peaceful pursuits and at times it worked but he still had the fiery edge that needed to be tempered.

He was taken under the wing of V’yr Vorsa. A scholar of the order and it was her that tempered his anger, her that looked past it all and managed to turn him around. Of course he always pursued more martial pursuits but he was often found in the libraries helping her carry out her duties. It was nice for him to work alongside a long lived Jedi, watching the younglings around him develop faster and mature quicker as was befitting their species often left him feeling alone and so he could relate to her. She helped him obtain his Knighthood some one hundred and twenty years before the clone wars and even helped temper and guide him towards the path of the Guardian.

The Wookie kept accompanying her on various missions but it wasn’t long before he began branching out and taking part in missions that required his blade over his mind. He made it his duty to assist as he could in liberation missions, ending the menace of any slaver activities and generally doing what he considered honest hard work to help the people of the galaxy but then as he aged he began to sense the politics in everything they did. Requests he submitted to help certain people were turned down because it might affect a positive standing with another people. The amount of times he was reprimanded for going against the orders of the council was staggering and soon they had to put a total ban on any further combat missions where he could go off the rails and cause issues.

His annoyance grew with the council but he stayed true and would often at times approach his master for advice. He simply wanted the galaxy safe so children didn’t have to suffer what he suffered and yet rules and regulations, stoic stupid policies and ridiculous premises kept his hand away from the duties he should be carrying out. More than one wall panelling was broken as his anger found it. But over time he started to become jaded and simply fell into the premise that we do what we do for a reason.

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Soon he found himself upon Kashyyyk again attempting to help his own people repel the invasion forces of the separatist army. His mind wandered elsewhere and though he managed to time and time again push forward with those under his command he always found himself becoming distracted and making errors that more often than not meant the ground they gained was cut in half the next moment. Infuriated he decided a risky manoeuvre needed to be performed and soon found his idea and plan being questioned by a younger Wookie. It happened so fast he didn’t even realise what had occurred. The youngster was on the ground, blood dripped from gouges crossing his face and as Tarryyhn looked down at his own hand he saw his claws were blooded. Word spread and he was deemed Mad Claw and no Wookie would fight with him from that moment on, he was left with his Clone troopers and that only lasted until order 66 was initiated.

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===Early Life ===  
  
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=== Dark Brotherhood ===  
  
He lost track of time and wasn’t even aware that the Empire had fallen until a few years after the event had occurred. Palpatine was dead, Vader alongside him. Soon the Empire would fall and everything would be better. Of course, nothing really was better. The Empire never truly faded and in its place some years later the First Order arrived. The Empire under a different guise yet only more terrifying in their ideals.  
  
He found his way to an organisation calling themselves the Dark Jedi Brotherhood and though he never considered himself dark he found their way of thinking ideal. He had no interest in being a Jedi anymore but he certainly wanted the power back he once commanded. So he trained, he passed tests and courses. Worked his way up the ranks until he joined the ranks of the Equites and soon found his way to the ranks of Clan Naga Sadow and House Marka Ragnos, he found solace in this fact and that the circle had completed. The things he learnt and understood made him understand why the galaxy truly worked. The way it should have worked back when the Jedi had power and failed to use it.

He joined the Inquisition and hunted down those undesirables he could find. Hoping to earn his place in the Brotherhood under the new regime of Pravus and not be killed along with the rest of the aliens.  
  
He refused to be a dog, to be used by politicians for their own gains again. His methods became colder and more brutal. In fact, he used everything he had to be something more than he was. Terror, hatred, anger and his strength were all used in conjunction with one another to overcome whatever got in his way. He began breaking bodies and spirits and soon found himself past of Battleteam Night Hawks under the old Grand Master, Muz Ashen. A man he had come to respect greatly from the shadows. A man he hoped could show him what it meant to take the power one was given and truly use it.