

### *Started at the Bottom*

The halls of the Shadow Academy were ominous and forbidding as they were cramped and dark. A slight moldy, earthy smell engulfed the stale air as the faceless men and women scurried about hurriedly about their studies. The young Zeltron eluded a few curious looks, but generally all of the students were too preoccupied to be troubled with his existence. Fenn was indeed nervous and confused as to his purpose at such an odd and peculiar location.

His trip to Antei had not been uneventful. The freighter was attacked by a squadron of dilapidated pirate fighters from a hidden base amongst the nascent Hutt Space. He had suffered an injury as he fought off the boarding party. A part of him thought that the attack had been orchestrated to test the limited abilities of the young man. He was not an overtly skilled fighter but had handled himself well. The owner of the freighter, the cloaked and masked silent man nodded approvingly when Fenn had subdued the three pirates who had breached his section of the battle station.

The walk ended at a large assembly area, the darkened halls receded and light slowly flickered into existence as Zagro took stock of the assorted neophytes and support staff. Some of the species he knew, many he did not. He could make out many voices attempting to breach his mind and the tricks being played in the hall. "New recruits, single file please!" came the booming voice from behind a massive desk strewn in the corner of the assembly area. The lump in Zagro's throat grew.

He waited nearly three hours before he made his way to the front of the line, facing the desk and the Zabrak sitting behind it. His turn approached, and he shuffled forward. "So then, what do we have here?" asked the Zabrak. Fenn was at a loss for words initially, but regained his composure. "Zagro Fenn, recently of Coruscant but originated from the Unknown Regions...not sure where..."

The Zabrak stopped him immediately, "no you pathetic insect, why are you here?" it was more a threat than a question. Fenn's mind was racing as he failed to grasp a compelling story to spin to get the Zabrak off of his back and allow him to pass to whatever next ordeal would come his way. He knew Zabrak's were an abrasive and hostile lot, but perhaps the natural charm could do what words could not.

Fenn leaned over the desk slightly, and cast his best grin and slowly and nonchalantly ran his fingers through his short hair then looked in the Zabrak's eyes. "My friend, indeed a good question, I am here to learn and to gain power over men and woman. I have been all over the galaxy in my short years and have tricked, seduced, lied, and cheated everyone in my path. I hunger for more. Do you know such a hunger, Zabrak?"

This line of questioning appeared to do the trick. Coupled with his natural pheromones and irresistibility the Zabrak softened slightly. While there were no smiles or laughter, the Zabrak eyed Fenn with a peculiar curiosity that had not been there earlier. "Well then...that is something I can

understand and support young one. Indeed, you will get your chance. A shuttle leaves for the Cocytus System...be on it." And with that, Fenn's legacy was secured.