**Personal History**

The Umbaran Zagro Fenn’s later adolescence and early manhood was a period of intense dedication to the craft of treasure hunting and excavation of ancient Sith and Jedi locations spread out amongst the far flung expanse of the Mid Rim. Leaving the decaying Umbaran diaspora community on Raxus Prime as a stow away on a scrap freighter, the greater galaxy became available to Fenn.

The first stop was on Ossus, not far from the environs of the Tion Hegemony. Ossus awarded Fenn a rich hunting ground, here he spent years pursuing Jedi artifacts and learning much from the old library world. Armed with the information gathered here Fenn’s nascent Force knowledge and abilities grew slowly. He made a small fortune on selling these trinkets as oddities to the occasional tourist and spacer that braved the Imperial control to conduct research here. Eventually, Fenn became a locally renowned historian on the traditions of Ossus. Yet, his time here would not end happily.

His exploits had attracted the notice of the Imperial overlords. In the aftermath of the Great Jedi Purge and the rise of the Empire, few could study the Jedi without strict scrutiny and the danger of being abducted and questioned. Hot on his heels, Imperial agents were closing in and the window of escaping an Imperial jail cell was diminishing for Zagro. Fenn was forced to turn over his entire fortune to bribe his persecutors and seek passage on a mining vessel in the employ of pirates to the ancient Sith colony of Malachor V.

Now in his early twenties, penniless, and with only the clothes on his back and no way of communicating with his remaining friends on Raxus Prime, Fenn determined to make the best of it on the backwater of Malachor V near the Outer Rim. Far from the heart of the ancient Sith Empire, Malachor V held many secrets for the Umbaran to discover. The hulking asteroid field that remained of Malachor V was an odd choice for Zagro, as it required great skill in salvage work and deep space mining to find any treasures or relics of note. He plied his trade, and assisted the pirates who stalked the system waiting for any wayward traveler or Imperial survey team that was unlucky enough to trespass in this foreboding system.

Fenn found several artifacts in the debris field, many he turned over to his pirate brethren. However, he was able to piece together a star chart to the Deep Core. This chart would present the location of the mythical planet of Korriban, a Sith stronghold of ancient times. Zagro successfully stole a shuttle from the pirates and slipped out of the Malachor System undetected.

The successful hijacking of a pirate shuttle and the waypoints to Korriban provided Zagro with a sense of accomplishment that would come to a jarring conclusion almost immediately upon reaching Korriban. Entering the system, a myriad flotilla of hostile fighters, capital ships, and landing craft were descending on the Sith citadel world. Taking evasive maneuvers in a slow shuttle proved nearly useless, and Fenn resorted to trying to force a landing on Korriban. Relying on his resourcefulness, for a time the Umbaran was able to evade the hostile creatures and unknown legions of Force users that had waged war on Korriban. Near the Tomb of Ajunta Pall Fenn sought refuge and for a time was able to hide in the ruins and subsist off of the local flora and fauna he could track and kill. Hunting by night and learning the ancient Sith culture and history by day the first few weeks on Korriban passed uneventfully.

Finally, near the end of this first month on Korriban, the Umbaran was spotted by Force users and was cornered within the tomb. Armed with a blaster, a dagger, and very clumsy untrained abilities in the Force for a short time Fenn held his attackers at bay. However, the robed assailants easily incapacitated Zagro. He awoke at a base command center surrounded by soldiers, mercenaries, and Dark Jedi. Questioned and tortured mercilessly, in short order Fenn found himself onboard another shuttle departing for space unknown. It was perhaps the darkest moment of the wily and cold Umbaran’s life.

Yet, in this defeat another success rose from the ashes like the proverbial phoenix. The Dark Jedi who had taken him belonged to Clan Scholae Palatinae and were sending him to begin his Force training deep within the heart of the Dark Brotherhood hegemonic holdings, the Shadow Academy on Lyspair.