

Death Comes to Zeltros

When the Empire came to Zagro Fenn's world everything changed. The bacchanal orgy that was the lusty and vibrant home world of the Zeltrons instantly transformed into a land of oppression and stunted cultural hegemony. A once pleasant land of drink, food, and festivities in an instant curtailed to a garrison world.

First, the capital ships could be seen in orbit. The dread grew for Fenn as the Zeltrons hurried to hide and make what hasty preparations they could. The landing craft and assault vessels came in a flash and were hardly delayed in their victory. He had been a student and a bartender. He became a firebrand and a rebel.

For one who was so recently full of hope and pacifism, he became an ardent militant and xenophobic partisan. Seeing one's neighbors and friends being arrested and led off to labor camps leaves a lasting impression. Not gifted in martial arts or diplomacy, he fled to the underground and learned sabotage. The body count grew.

When the Imperials found him, he was beaten and tortured endlessly. Not for intelligence or to turn on his accomplices, but for the sheer sport of it. The Empire was swift and efficient in asserting its dominance. When he escaped the penal colony he vowed revenge, and took to Hutt Space to forge himself into a warrior and an agent for revenge.