*Wynter’s Bones*

Extraordinary personages tend to have extraordinary legacies. More oft than not, a traumatic upbringing will inculcate a burning desire for greatness, or revenge, in a person. In life, people are generally a product of their environment, their upbringing, and their families. Yet, not always is such a dramatic stance readily visible in all protagonists of note.

Some heroes, admirals, generals, politicians, and famous holo-vid entertainers began in more humble, mundane origins. Mauro Wynter is such a character. His sordid history as an adult and professional mercenary could not readily be ascertained by looking at the family lineage of the boy from Corulag.

His father was not a man of wealth or importance. Nor was he a hostile figure or a tragic loss of his youth. His father was like many others the galaxy over, he was a civil servant. Not a highly placed Imperial officer, mind you, but a well-connected member of the Corulag security forces. He spent a lifetime maintaining order and bringing criminals to justice. Whether the sovereignty of Corulag belonged to Republic or the Empire it mattered little.

His mother was more mundane still. A bright, industrious woman, Wynter’s mother was a merchant who owned her own businesses. First was an antiques outfit, followed years later by managing her own franchised location for the needs of spacers. While not exciting, this trade allowed Mauro an appreciation for commerce, numbers, and profits in the same manner that his father’s career taught him to respect order.

It should be no surprise, then, what path the young human took. Naturally, Wynter used his father’s connections to gain acceptance to the Corulag Military Academy. He sought not fame or renown as a starfighter ace, or supreme power as a commanding officer of a space fleet. He simply wished to join the Empire and forge his own path as an officer in the supply field. He exceled at numbers. He exceled with loyalty and honorable manner with his peers, superiors, and subordinates. He was a model officer.

Yet, the Empire was not a perfect machine. Mauro’s sense of honor and honesty were in sharp contrast to the scruples of many of his peers and superiors. The day came where he could not look the other way. The day came where he could no longer turn a blind eye to the evils that men do in the name of order and control. The day came where he turned his back on the Empire.

It happened the way most things do, over a beautiful girl. Some senior officers had taken liberty with the local Zabrak women of Dathomir, setting up an illegal brothel on the Imperial Star Destroyer *Dauntless*. The day came when he met *her*. He offered his assistance, and they escaped together. Turning his back on his duty, on his friends, and on his leaders, was no easy task. The lawmen of Corulag did not take kindly to such actions. However, he knew what justice and honor dictated. So Mauro saw her, and he did what he must. He hoped his parents would be proud of him. He never found out. For the Empire treats harshly to those who betray it. He would spend the rest of his days trying to repay the debts his parents had obliged him.