

Status report:

Situation: abysmal.

Estimated enemy forces:

- ≥ 2500 ground troops, estimation of aerial forces too uncertain for statistical significance, estimation: high.
- Force composition: regiment of exclusively jediit, crystal beasts, possible biochemical warfare;
 - fog/gas, causes: delirium, torpor, decreased efficiency/ability
 - incendiary weaponry; identified: stationary fire hazards, not explosives/cartridges, environmental hazard.
- Armament: squadrons of blastboats, TIE bombers/Hunter fighters/fighters/defenders, star wings, decimators, dropship flights, landing craft, assault ships, command shuttles;
 - unlike Brotherhood forces, enemy navy includes ship models larger than corvettes, but still no destroyers.
- Artillery: AT-APs, AT-M6s, support companies, lander platoons.

Additional confounding enemy forces:

- incorporeal echoes, immune to physical damages/force, categories: blunt, bladed, bullet, blaster, misc. traumas, energy weaponry, explosives, etc.
- Vulnerabilities: more Force powers. Condition: angry. Estimated number: technically infinite if they keep coming back.

Likelihood of success against embedded enemy jediit forces of such composition: 2.071%.

Environmental hazards identified:

- Fires
- Difficult terrain of crags, crevasse, ravines requiring Force ability or mechanical assistance to traverse
- Floating islands causing fluctuation in gravitational pull and instrument malfunction
- Killing field full of decomposing biological matter, likelihood of infection/injury: 99.99%.

It's a field of fraking corpses, Jax. And we are walking through it because the ships cannot reliably fly.

Don't even know if you'll get this message. If telemetry can be sent through interdimensional goddamn magic portals over 160 kms away through a landscape of actual hell.

Initial contact achieved, foothold achieved in "city."

Duration of viability of foothold: unknown.

Resources: uncertain.

Backup: uncertain.

Retreat: unlikely.

Everything: uncertain.

Orders: advance to objective.

Objective's a fraking floating magical shit chain in the fraking sky, we're watching it break the frak apart. What do these bozos expect us to do? Wave the arms at it? Shoot?

Stand here and be cannon fodder, more like it. Feed the fraking animals. Pile the corpses higher, clearly there isn't ENOUGH bacteria present.

Flyndt says there's something ahead. He feels a pull. Can't describe it. But has to go. So I'm going. And Minnie won't leave her fraking Zabrak either, and he's got a hero complex like you do.

Listen. Listen. If we all die here, you get your shit together. You marry that piece of traitorous trash and you name all the Foundlings you're going to adopt and love after us. You keep going and you don't get your dumbass killed being the stupid fraking bleeding heart you are, you hear me? Listen.

If the others come back. I made preparations. Not fraking disappearing without plans this time. You'll be sent a datapack if I'm not back in four weeks standard to disable the automated delivery. All necessary files/information included. Also notes for: you, fraking Kobign, Minnow, her boytoy, Gaile, and Flyndt. Deliver them.

Most important: you have to finish my mission. Find Gaile. Make sure Flyndt gets his brother back. Make sure he's safe. Everything we've been able to find about Gaile or the mercenaries is in those files. So is my will. House has already been transferred to Flyndt and his tribe, it's under their name, it's notarized. Monetary assets are divided between you all. Just going to need you to make sure he gets all the funds/can liquidate the property if he doesn't want anything to do with it. Make sure he and Gaile get back to Omwat. Make sure they get home.

You fraking do this for me, vod. You guard my heart.

Marry your idiot. Make sure Min lets go this time. Walk her down the aisle for me if her and Bril work out.

I love you.

-F