

Datalog 9:
Letter from the Front
Exe 4283A7D4Id Memory 1qb

Alaris Jinn, passcode, Aura, Desh, 7, 5, 1. Record

Log Begin

What a mess.

I have not seen such a vile warzone in my lifetime. The streets of this faux Arx are littered with the bodies of young Brothers, Sisters, and Siblings. Potential Sith Lords all wiped out. The Children aren't faring much better and all I can assume is that The Father cares little about anyone but his precious Chain. The tower looms before all of us as a beacon, yet I'm sure that all this death is fueling The Father in his tireless effort to -

- to what end I do not yet know. I have gazed upon that man only once and in that moment, all I felt was comfort. I don't know how he accomplished that task, but any who can provide that cannot be trusted. Omanor Crask had done the same and I felt an immense relief when that fool was slaughtered.

I led Battalion Beta.I through their paces and their first real taste of battle. My 100, 200, and 300 series droids all managed to rack up a number of kills. One of my Dark Troopers will need some repairs when we return to Aliso, but otherwise, I am happy with their performance.

I was personally against the transition away from slaves to droids, but I have since changed my opinion on this matter. These droids performed admirably and I will gladly command them again in the future.

We wait now. The war is coming to its end. I have heard whispers from my spies that Darth Nehalem will be facing the former Grand Master in a matter of hours. The tower is hours and -

Audio file compromised. Restoring integrity.

- ear drums nearly just shattered. There was a massive cracking noise just now coming from the Fortress of the Unchained. I don't know what this means for us, but I have to mobilize the battalion. This war is far from over.

Log closed. ENCRYPTION SUCCESSFUL