

To whomever finds this,

I am tired, oh god am I tired. I have been in the Ethereal Realm for what feels like forever. But this place is strange, what feels like hours could be days, days could be weeks. I have seen armies of those crystal monstrosities tear through Brotherhood forces, friends and strangers ripped apart and left in pieces to rot.

I am getting too old for this, I don't have the stomach for war that I once had. But my orders are clear, and if I fail the Dread Lord I may as well stay trapped in this hellscape. I must stay strong, the troops look to me for guidance and leadership. I don't want this responsibility, but I fear the chaos that will reign amongst our forces without my veteran experience to bring them together and push them forward.

The real kicker of this whole thing is that we seem to be at war because two grandmasters are throwing a hissy fit. They can't just deal with their problems like regular people, they have to start a whole war in a different dimension to settle some grudge that no one else really understands.

I may have to retire when this is all over. Give it all up and disappear. Find a nice homestead on a long forgotten planet that I can call my home. I never thought I would say this but, that seems like the dream now. Just a bit of peace and quiet.

Now I just need to find a game of Pazaak to get enough credits to make this happen.

- TuQ'uan Varick di Plagia

P.S. If you're reading this, it either means I've died or was successful, which is it? You'll never know...