

41 ABY

Clan Scholae Palatinae Equite 2

To whoever finds this letter,

The enemies keep coming. The brotherhood converged upon Arx; they were preparing to activate the portal to the Ethereal Realm. That's where it all began. Little did we know that was the start of the end. It's all their fault, the Children. We sought revenge...no, we needed revenge. Much like in our blood, our lust for power brought us here, but was it worth it? I will not live to tell. We stepped into the Ethereal realm, and I must be honest, it was hauntingly beautiful. Red skies painted the air where a heavy mist clung to everything, shrouding even more ethereal sights.

I'm told through the troops that Darth Nehalem and Telaris Cantor met face-to-face, and I don't know if anyone thought that would be possible. There are ghostly reflections across Eos City. The spirits of the slain attack us relentlessly...over and over.

I have no family left, no one at home waiting for me. My master has been gone for a long time; I no longer know what I'm fighting for. There's a hole in my heart as I take each step, walking towards nothing—no goal, no push, just a hollowness that grows with each pace. My saber feels heavy; my swings are sluggish after each foe is slain. The hatred in my heart no longer fuels me. The longer I stay awake, and I crave to close my eyes one last time and never wake up.

My companions have fallen one after another, disappeared into the ethereal mist; what's to stop them from coming for me?

We cannot get out...we cannot...get ou