

[Aurora Collegium of Sciences: War Studies]

[The Trancendence War; Relics of the Front line Data Entry 81, 42 ABY]

[Notes: The following recovered letter from the front is transcribed from Omwatese, hastily written in pigeon scratched marks. Italicized words are believed to be from a rare dialect of the language, possible from the planet's steppes region and have yet been translated. The writer may have been an Omwati who went by the name of Flyndt and had been seen aiding the Arconan troops, although no dossier has been found on this individual.]

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Serenosse Inid Low,

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I pray the suns' light has gifted you good health and that, I am sorry. I am sorry I left unannounced, that I did not talk with you for guidance first. I regret this but not why. I had to find him. I needed to know what happened to Gaile. I know it has been seven years since ~~he left with them~~ they took him, but if there was a chance that maybe...

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Except I have not found him, not yet under these foreign stars, and I am beginning to loose faith, *Serenosse*. A year, a whole year since I left Omwat and nothing. I did not think and my rashness, naiveness had gotten me in some situations. But that introduced me to some people I would not have wished not meeting. Some attuned with the Force like we are, I train with a couple of them and learning their ways, open ears and eyes. Others are not but know so much about the culture in their system, foods and holonet films, trampolines. You would love Minnow. She is brighter and warmer than the Omwat suns, cheerfully infectious that I find myself blindly pulled along. Her partner, Bril, I might of not seen eye to eye at first yet we share similar culture views, his people respect and honor their ancestors much like the Han'duwil.

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If I make it back to Omwat, I hope maybe you could meet Foxen. I lack the words to explain our relationship, and how it came to be. But he listens in a way unlike others, and I hear him in his. Just fit together like the Gran'fau river to the Jklan Mountains. Hoo, he tolerates when I am, well, you know? I have not figured out the depth of my feelings for him, we helped each other out of that tough spot and if we survive this one, sitting here thinking perhaps this is something more. I want him to meet you. I want to see you again, one more time. I want...

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Inid Low, I stumbled into a realm mirroring our own and a war to save the Force as we know it. It is twisted and vilely unnatural, so much death and carnage. I can not grasp the Force at times and others it is unwieldy. It is like Lithuindor, an ethereal plane of ashen ghosts but more corrupted. And, and a bright light, orange-white. I do not know why, but I have this feeling that...it is *Whi*. Whenever I open my senses to the energy of this land, it is there. A sharp presence, stabbing from the horizon in the direction of the heart of the evil here. I can not focus on it, I need to stay sharp and focus to aid my team but... I spent so long hating her, and now I wonder if you were right, that it was all misdirected and...Well if you get this letter, I just wanted to let you know, in case it if her. You loved her as much as *Atta* did so...

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Seranosse, ni instale. I am happy to have known you, love you. I am sorry for those hard times before and just want you to know I am grateful for everything you have taught me. Please take care of them, just in case if, if I do not return. May you see if they will raise my *ondole*, join *Seregyn Lines* with *Atta*?

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I pray our wings cross paths once again in body, but if not than in soul. Know me in the suns' rays on your feathers, the spark that starts the hearth.

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Your *Senya*,
Ciris Naro.

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[The signature include a symbal sketched beside it, a small diamond almost akin to a simplified flame and a dot between the two tips.]

[End of Transcription.]