

My very dear TK-616,

It seems that indications are strong that we shall move out tomorrow, or perhaps as early as today. If I should not be able to write to you again, I feel I must write to you one last time to read these few lines if I should never return.

There are no doubts in my mind, or misgivings I have, about the cause in which we currently find ourselves. My Death Trooper indoctrination does not halt, nor does it falter. I know how the future of Plagueian civilization depends upon the triumph of our forces. And what a debt we owe to the Sith that fought before us to save us from the suffering of the Rebellion. As a Death Trooper, I am willing to lay down all that I am to maintain this Clan.

TK-616, my love for you is deathless, even as a Death Trooper I am. It binds us together with a mighty chain that even the Children are unable to break. And yet my love of battle comes over me like an irresistible force, and bears me in my armor to the battlefield. My memories of the time spent with you, training on the range or during PT, come over me and I feel most grateful to our commanding officers for assigning us together for three tours. It is hard for me to give up the hopes of future training maneuvers, or battles at your side when, Sith willing, we might still have marched and fought together. And to see our enlisted men grow into honorable noncommissioned officers around us.

If I do not return, my dear TK-616, never forget how much I fought with you. Nor that when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield I will have taken many scores of our enemy with it. Forgive my many non-judicial punishments I have been forced to assign you over the years, and any pains they have caused you. But oh TK-616, if the dead can come back to this Galaxy, as it is my belief that Death Troopers can, I shall always be with you in the battles of your future in both brightest day and blackest night. And when you find that last power pack for your weapon that you thought you had lost, it will be my hand that will have placed it within your pack.

TK-616, do not mourn me dead. Know that while I am gone, that we shall meet again.

~ Colonel DT-6430 ~  
*Sullivan Ballou*