***Personal Journal Entry:***

Since I was brought into the Brotherhood, my life changed. I hadn't enough time to cope with the death of my fiance, my clan delved into war after war after war, there seemed to be no end, my emotions callused; My shell hardened, and any kindness that was left was purged. Through my time on the battlefield I did catch the eye of a seasoned warrior that if it were not for her I would be counted among the dead in past battles of this vendetta. To the both her and my clan I owe my life, but it seems I am not the only one affected by this turn of events. When we lost our first battle on Krayiss II, there was an unmentionable sense of anger among my clanmates, throughout my time I have seen members both come in and leave, they fought with the same brutal mindset that I had possessed when I’d first traveled the gauntlet, but that time seems so far away now, crowded by war, betrayal, and death.

The one loss that my clan has experienced has driven them to fight harder, to show no mercy (not that they’ve shown any before or anything.) I cannot place my finger on it, but things around here have changed, i have no real intent to get to the bottom of it, no good will become of those who delve too deeply into curiosity and no matter how wretched my life has been, I still value it greatly; however I doubt the same can be said for some others, it seems that some of the older members of Arcona see life as only a means to an end, something that is almost… unnecessary their logic intrigues me.

Personally I have no idea as of what to think of the Grandmaster, I mean… He isn’t a terrible leader, but to me he seems a very trivial individual, but it is to be expected as I have never met him up close. The closest I have come to his audience were holovids and other content available to me through the Shadow Academy, I have skimmed over multiple events of brotherhood history, Great Jedi War X, Horizons, and a few of the .Rites of Supremacy. This *group* has a very interesting history, I took a personal interest in the invasion of New Tython and what happened to Liu, oh I’m getting off track again aren’t I? Well then back on topic now.

Around Rhelg I noticed that I began changing, the betrayal of the One Sith member Rei, It made me sick, but that can’t be helped now. Nearing the end of this vendetta I am beginning to see the logic of this, or at least I feel that I am. It is like a game, to see which clan is the strongest and can handle whatever upcoming event that the Dark Council isn’t telling us about, but then again what do I know I could be entirely wrong, and I honestly don’t care, this Brotherhood gave me a reason to go on living and quite frankly the killing and siege is only half the fun of my membership.

In our downtime I was hired by an Entar named Legorii to *dispose* of a certain darkside practitioner that he’d run into many years ago, I like to think that he was keeping me on my toes for the last phase of this vendetta that the shadesworn are fighting so hard in, and I love winning, it seems that all my clanmates do so I will continue to fight for Arcona’s honor, no matter the cost. Unlike the Jedi I feel this brotherhood won’t stab me in the back, onto other things the Crusade hasn’t visible done anything else other than tie people together in a tight war bond, a bond that cannot be broken, a bond I now share with my fellow gatewardens, my fellow Qel-Dromans, my fellow Arconans. We all share the same bonds of brotherhood, though most of my team (Adi and Skar) have minor experience, they are *sufficient* among other things when it comes to war and crusading; however it saddens me that this little *game* is nearing it’s it, I was actually beginning to enjoy the fast paced days, my blood rushing, the adrenaline pumping through my veins, the rush is unmentionably amazing. And there are many memorable events possibly far too many for this single journal entry so I will say no more…. Arcona Invicta, Kanis out.