Faith, Faith has been something I haven’t been able to call upon throughout this war. Not that I was ever a religious man of any sort, even before my coming to the Brotherhood, I always had faith in that whatever I did things would work out in the end and that whatever I achieved it would be perfect. After all in life the only thing that truly matters is perfection. Be it in the arts, combat or even something more obscure as my own field of work; Self Improvement and Alchemy.

I once believed that a man without faith was lost, that he had no purpose and without a purpose he had no point in living. This is not a recent thought by any means, in fact I’ve held onto this believe ever since my days on Arkania, or should I say I had held. But as I was thrust into the fold of the Arconian war front I soon realised that men without faith could do truly outstanding things. As I think back now to what has been and gone, and those that I’ve lost I do not feel anything. I do not believe that it is because I am so jaded or broken that I cannot feel anything. Instead I am fully aware that I choose not to feel anything because feeling anything would do me no good; in fact it would do no one any good. However that is beside the point and nothing to do with what I am discussing today.

I realised I had lost my faith after Bhargebba, that beautiful dangerous world. It was my first time in open conflict I had always stayed behind or in my laps working on this or that and not really bothering by the goings on of the outside world, a Krath through and through is what I used to think, but one’s curiosity has to be sated. Especially if one is a researcher so I decided to ply my skills to the field of combat and go to war. War isn’t a pleasant thing, in fact it’s not even beautiful and I have no idea why songs are written about it and why the Obelisk enjoy diving head first into it, or well I didn’t. I had little to do being more a liability than a real asset but I was allowed a little fun. The creatures of the planet truly enthralled me, being a keen zoologist, and the chance to work on them and ply my Alchemic talents to the carcasses and live specimens truly filled me with a sense of purpose. I took the smallest creature I found and twisted it, reshaped it and it became something so beautiful I almost wept. It scurried around me like a new born child, it was a new born child, my new born child and yet some called it an abomination and informed me to put it down. Apparently Sithspawn are not safe to have around a camp full of Sith, or at least those unchecked!

However like a good servant to the Clan I abided by the rules and put the creature, my creature, down. Having little to work on I requested some piece of work to keep me entertained and I was informed I could sit in on Interrogations and make sure our prisoners did not die. I was astonished to say the least I am not some mere healer, I create and give new life to creatures beyond normal ken! Though of course I agreed not being one to turn down orders. It was here and now at this point in time my faith began to waver in those above me. For how could anyone deny me the right to work and create and give life in the way that I could? My temper grew with each day and it soon became apparent that I was not going to be easily appeased and when all was lost it happened and I came to realise that a man without faith can exist and strive.

A prisoner died or at least gave the impression of having died. Now this was not an unusual occurrence, after all we were at War with the One Sith who were by all accounts an intriguing enemy and one I even came to admire but I am jumping ahead and will come back to it in a few moments. As the body was left where it hung I moved towards it and attempted something I had never tried before on any living sentient. I reached out to the corpse and lay my hand upon it, building up the Force within the space between my palm and the flesh of the man and I felt something as I channelled. The stirring of the organs as they shut down, the wrenching of the heart as it faltered and failed to push blood around and the utter failing of the cardiovascular system. However as I pushed with the Force, the same way I did when I experimented on non-sentient creatures I could feel them all attempt to restart and at one point I know for a fact I felt the increase in the hearts failing rhythm. I was intrigued and a little bit spooked to say the least, but I wanted more. I wanted to push back the boundaries of death or perhaps even control it itself but where to start I hadn’t a clue and nor would I get the opportunity for a long time to find out but still I began to realise that those without faith could go further than they dreamed and without the limitations of false idols before them.

My time on Bhargebba was done, but not before I ‘acquired’ some interesting One Sith articles relating to their ideals and philosophy. To say I was a little disappointed I found nothing on their Alchemic practises would be an understatement but you cannot have everything your own way in life. Our next port of call, after some down time which I used to conduct some more experiments of my own on willing and not so willing subjects to which I must sadly report went nowhere quickly, was Svolten.

Now I’ve been in some infested places and upon the surface of putrid planets, Hutta was sickening, but Svolten…Svolten was a nightmare reborn. Due to my part of being in Battleteam Shadow Gate I was suited up in a blasted Enviro-suit and infiltrated into a rig. I didn’t know a thing about infiltrating or fixing machinery and most people get suspicious if an Arkanian is walking amongst them and hasn’t a clue what he is doing. After all we are better than most other species at just about everything and if we can’t prove that then what’s the point? Luckily however I was able to craft the rest of the team enough explosives to blow a few of the anti-air guns and I myself even managed to blow the main generator by crawling through ridiculous sized service tunnels. It was going so well until I attempted to extract myself and took a las shot to the face from my own side. Never again. Luckily that pit wasn’t a wasted journey as I managed to acquire some samples of what appeared to be the walking dead. Yes you read me correctly the walking dead. Something in the air killed them and brought the bodies back, or took control of the mind and had them go mad. I’m not sure as the samples I attempted to smuggle back were confiscated and disposed of due to health risks! This is why I lost my faith but never the less one of these days I shall manage to push past the barriers and get what I want.

Somehow, and this I find quite hilarious, I got moved into helping to run Shadow Gate in between Svolten and Kalsunor. On top of this I was elevated to a d’Tana, a crime family that was interested in me due to my skills in Alchemy. Apparently they presumed I could make drugs or at least develop formula for new drugs. Really I’m an Alchemist not some Nar Shaddaa peddler but never the less the family did come with some perks and I get to fight alongside my Brother d’Tana Etah so I guess in some ways it worked out. I also think it was around this time my House underwent ‘another’ leadership upheaval or perhaps that came later, I cannot remember but since this War started and I got involved there have been two changes in leadership, two! Start getting to know one and they vanish, then again it seems the upper echelons of the clan changed too Wuntilla stepping down and Marick stepping up. Does this place ever remain stable I often wonder to myself, I mean if I’m stable surely everyone else could be? Never the less, I did come across some interesting tomes that I poured over and learned some glorious little secrets. But they are not important.

Kalsunor presented nothing new to me, nothing worthwhile and If I am honest the planet was so unremarkable all I remember doing was helping Etah construct orders and…that is honestly all I can remember. I learnt the planet used to have giant bugs. So I guess that was something. The best bit of the event however was our new Quaestor, Ernordeth Puer-Irae let slip something about his old House dealing in Necromancy. I pushed him further for more information but he knew nothing but mentioned some of the elders of the House may know, so like any good scholar I sent a personal request to Tarentum’s Quaestor and am still awaiting a reply. I am hoping they remember they are our clan’s allies and grant me my wish to train under one of their masters. I can but hope.

I’m unsure where the next few days will take me, in fact I’m unsure about everything. I am however sure that I have no real faith in anything anymore and that includes myself. With each failure I scar my body as a reminder and with each scar I become even more imperfect. I find myself a walking contradiction but I know that given time and the right training I shall become perfect. Ziost awaits, perhaps there is something down there to either restore my faith or finally allow me to become a God within my own twisted eyes.