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<Ziost - One Sith Bunker>

If there is one thing I'm good at, it's calculations.

I've been doing a lot of them lately, and more than just the usual ones. Weapons calibrations, easy. Can do those in my sleep. Lightsaber calibrations, harder, bit more finicky, but still not taxing. Those aren't the sort of calculations I've been doing though, I've been doing much harder ones. Future is full of variables, makes the equation harder, a true challenge. Harder to solve, but not impossible. What is best for my future? How do I continue to gain power? Who should I trust? Nothing is yet clear, but I do know one thing.

I need to make a decision soon.

Much has happened in recent weeks, skirmishes, battles. We've been under attack, no, that's not quite right. The One Sith are at War. A war we started but haven't had the strength to pursue. We struck this "brotherhood" when we thought they were weak. No, the masters did. They've kept me at a distance, here on Ziost. Hasn't stopped me from watching, observing, calculating. Despite my best efforts to analyze, compute, plan, show them the right path, they still keep me away. They don't care about the opinion of an apprentice, despite the amount of power I've gained, despite what they've made me into. . They don't care even though they are losing. They miscalculate constantly, underestimate our enemy. They suffer defeat after defeat and yet they don't listen. But why?

Perhaps they still see me as a slave. That's what I was, a captive they forced to work. They realized I was good at something, so they didn't kill me. Then I thought I was just good at fixing things, making things, but they found something else. The Force. Not common among my kind, but it's not unheard of. I have no idea how those skills went unnoticed for so long, but I've always been able to see things clearer than others. I anticipated problems before they occurred, could diagnose complex systems quickly. I thought it was just talent, they found it was more than that. They said I needed anger, fear, to fuel my power. So they worked me harder, longer, under harsh conditions. They beat me, tortured me, and did everything to fuel the power they had found. They even killed those that they had been taken with me in front of me, often in gruesome ways. It took months, but eventually it happened. I don't remember it, except for one image that I always focus on when I meditate.

One of my tormentors impaled by a durasteel beam.

The image reminds me of my past, what they did, and what it made me. They made me into a weapon, one of raw rage tempered by intellect and logic. But like many fabricators and forgemasters, they cared little for how they made the weapon. They cared less how they wielded it. They know I can fight, I can kill. I proved it on several raids. Yes, they use my skills building and making things, but nothing else and the reason is clear. Distrust. They trust mercenaries, hired guns, and droids more than they trust me. They value the advice of the scum of the universe over one of their own. I could have helped them, but they don't use me. I told Lord Esoteric I could hack the Brotherhood droids on Athiss, make them turn on their masters as the other weapon made their soldiers do the same. My plan was sound, perfect, but Esoteric just laughed. Overconfidence, I see it all the time. They always think they know best, but they always disagree. They

don't think, they feel. They don't calculate, they act. They don't understand, they don't care, they don't listen. That can only lead to one outcome, one solution to the equation.

We're going to lose this war.

That's crystal clear now. We might resist for a time, weaken them, but the Brotherhood is too strong, too numerous. They have more ships, more Sith, and at least as many soldiers. While not entirely united, they do share a goal, and a simple one, revenge. They're clever, they adapt, no matter how many steps ahead of them we are they always catch up. I've studied them, watched them, everything but fought them, at least directly. That will likely change one way or another soon since they're about to land here on Ziost. I might not truly understand an enemy I've not engaged directly, but I've watched them enough. Enough to know that I have more of a future amongst them than amongst the One Sith. Part of me doesn't want to betray those who shaped me, can't help it I suppose. Loyalty was something I once held highly. However the calculations don't lie, the One Sith, while valuing loyalty, doesn't value mine that highly. They see me as a sword, no, worse, a tool. Something to be kept in a box until needed, something with only one purpose and nothing else. And now they finally need me for something, but I've already made up my mind. They've asked one more task of me, one that finally requires all my skills. Something I wished they'd ask me to do a long time ago. Even though I intend to leave them, it's the sort of task I can't resist.

They want me to kill Selika Roh.

I'm still trying to work out why. Maybe they have sensed something about me, found the messages I've been trying to get to the Brotherhood. Possible, but not likely. This still could be a trap though, could just want me dead. She'd be the right tool for the job too. Crafty, dangerous, skilled in the force. Don't know much more about her. Calculating my odds of success. Not high. Would require guile, using my skills against hers. Long range kill most likely. Could forgo completely, just leave quietly. However killing her, might be gesture to gain trust with Brotherhood. Will consider option, but must go now.

And I don't mean to come back.