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The Crusades Ending

**A Loss and a Gain**

Teu sat in her bed, her holojournal open before her; she silently flipped through various pages reading the entries that she posted from the start of this Crusade to that night before when the call to arms was lowered.

Entry 1:

*Tonight was a good night; the first in a long time, the grief has lessened slightly. I don’t know if it will ever dissipate to nothing. I am no longer married, I have left my home to pursue a journey of what I am convinced is of self-discovery. But now the first night in my new room, I am wondering if I did the right thing? I abandoned my son to his father because I do not have the means to get him back, I doubt anyone would help me. Hopefully one day I will be reunited with my son. Oh. The medical droid did tell me I am three months along with my third child. A little boy I am told, his name will be Jayden Thomas. Darra is asleep on a mat next to my bed, every day she reaches more and more of her potiential. Hopefully she will understand when I send her away tomorrow. The Grandmaster is calling the clans to rally into Sith space, I hope it is worth it. We shall see. I miss my family.*

Entry 2:

*Not much has happened, I left and then I came back. I am back in my home unit. I got my son back. Now I have three children, I got my grandmother here to help raise them. They love their nana. We are on to another planet tomorrow, another front. Hopefully the Clan has enough to overcome the falling it had a few months back. Too many new faces, too many old ones gone, the clan seems to be treading water alright for now, what I left to and what I came back to are two different things. My family is no more, I still see my cousins occasionally, Methyas is a big part of the summit still, silly jedi. He’s no more dark than I am. I am once again a leader within the Clan. I can once again show them what I can do. We’ve already have several hopefuls show themselves on the battlefield, they’ve slowly come closer to earning their lightsabers. Hopefully soon we will be able to stand abreast with the best unit.*

 *War is not something I can ever get used to, I know I am a dark Jedi but I feel more towards the gray side. I get why we do what we do. But sometimes I wonder if there is a need for all this mindless killing. But then I realize that if we don’t make a move first then we will have another enemy banging on our door steps, just what we don’t need. More of my friends have left the space that Naga Sadow calls home. Hopefully they come back, some do come back they come back changed. I know I did.*

Last Entry:

 *The fighting is over, I am not sure of the results. However as a leader I am very proud of my unit. They answered the call of their unit with pride and strength that I have not seen elsewhere. I hope the fighting is over for now, each unit needs to go back to their home regroup and mourn their losses and nurture those that are coming up. My second in command suddenly went rogue without warning, leaving me to watch my unit fight as I stood in the command tent issuing instructions, the wound from the last round is nearly healed. The Medbot said I would be healed already if I went into the bacta tank. I will not, I want to heal naturally a few scars wont hurt me. Dark Council has had some change ups, the Herald are new, so is the Master of Arms. They are good choices, they do the entire space well. Hopefully they see the need for a break as we home front leaders do. I do not want to be in that leader room when they have that discussion. Nope, it’d be like a dozen angry hornets all trying to discuss the next step until the big one says the final word. They seem to want to listen to us bottom feeding leaders.*

Teu shook her head as she finished reading the journal. Changes were coming she could feel it hopefully they had time to prepare. She felt some time on home turf would be needed.