

Day Log Entry 1

Archpriest Jason Hunter PIN 974

**Begin Entry**

Today we begin what, according to popular rumor, is being called the “Dark Crusade.” The One Sith, the cowards who struck at us from the shadows and attempted to assassinate our leaders, will feel the full weight of the entire Brotherhood armada.

Tarentum will be landing on the world of ­­­­­­Nfolgai, one of the worlds within the domain of the Ancient Sith. I’m feeling a bit…well, wary of this, to be honest. The stories that surround the planets of the Sith Empire are many, and each one gets worse. Whether it’s one about some curse left behind by a powerful Lord, or the beasts they created through their now all-but-forgotten alchemy. Even for beings such as us, who steep ourselves in the Dark Side, to set foot upon a world of the Ancient Sith is wrought with peril.

As Tarentum’s Aedile, and a veteran within her halls, I find myself needing to be stronger than I feel my resolve may be. To present myself as being anything but that in front of my subordinates, would allow fear to creep into their hearts. Fear that could get them killed on any one of these planets, and that is something that I, as a leader and as a man, simply won’t allow. Lead from the front I was always taught, and that is how I intend to do it.

I just received word that the shuttle to the *Magnus Kaerner* is prepping for boarding. I’ll continue these logs as I go through this “Crusade,” to track my thoughts and the daily events of the war.

**End Entry**

Day Log Entry 2

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**Begin Entry**

Well, the trip to Nfolgai was *fun*.

I got to do my first HALO jump from the upper reaches of the atmosphere, all the while hoping that I wasn’t going to be blasted out of the sky by a turbolaser. Obviously, I wasn’t, because I’m writing this (no thanks to Anshar). I made it to the surface in one piece, located the frozen remains of a ship formerly known as the *Render*. It had crashed on Nfolgai some millennia before, and the One Sith have taken to calling it home lately.

Well, little sooner than I had located my objective, than one of their number located *me*. I guess my high-altitude approach wasn’t completely stealthy.

The Zabrak woman and I fought for a while, before I eventually bested her. She was defiant to a fault…she may have a little Corellian in her. I had to resort to a mind reading technique that I haven’t used in ages in order to obtain the information I was after.

Then the real fun started.

Her allies, somehow, found out what was occurring on the ridge above the *Render* crash site and began to rush up the hill after me. I did my best to fend them off, and would have most certainly fallen (but not without going down without one hell of a fight) if not for the intervention of the Jen Kaari. Kalmah and Levathan dropped in at just the right moment to save my nerf hide, raking the One Sith with cannon fire while I hefted my Zabrak captive and dragged her to safety.

Last I heard, Oberst was applying his gentle mercies to her in an effort to extract information. I feel sorry for her on a sentient level.

Now, another mission is in the books, and I’m taking a little time to myself in my quarters aboard the *MK*. We’re moving on to the next world in a day or so, and then it’s back to battle.

**End Entry**

Day Log Entry 3

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**Begin Entry**

I’m making this a quick log entry.

We’re heading down to the surface of a world called Khar Delba. It’s an icy, barren planet, similar to Hoth. It once housed one of Naga Sadow’s fortresses, which was razed by Ludo Kressh and rebuilt. Now it lies in ruins, ravaged by time. A team of us are embarking to reconnoiter this location.

Not long ago, I had a vision. I felt the need to meditate prior to joining my teammates in the hangar, and it may prove to have been a mistake. It was an experience that has shaken me to my core, but I’m not letting anyone know what happened. They all know that I went to meditate, to clear my head…but nothing else.

And that’s how it’s going to remain. They don’t need to know that I saw myself becoming a weapon of the Dark Side, and slaying the entirety of Tarentum.

I know Khar Delba is steeped in the Dark Side, and that many of us are already commenting on this even in orbit. The power left behind by Sadow is far-reaching. I’m fearful of what this taint will do to us when we reach the surface.

And I’m about to find out…here comes the atmosphere…

**End Entry**

Day Log Entry 4

Archpriest Jason Hunter PIN 974

**Begin Entry**

I karking *knew* Khar Delba was going to be a bad idea! We couldn’t even get two clicks into the atmosphere before our shuttle was knocked out of the sky, forcing us to make an emergency landing. Not how I wanted to make my entry. Then, no sooner than we collected our wits and gear, and formulated something resembling a plan, we were set upon by a group of Sith Warbeasts!

The hulking creatures proved to be almost more than we could handle. It took nearly our entire group to bring down just *one*. Needless to say, with two more already upon us and more on the horizon, we made a strategic withdrawal. Translation: we ran. Quickly.

Then things *really* started to get interesting. We found our way to our objective, the ruins of Sadow’s fortress. We quickly worked our way inside, seeking shelter from the cold and the Warbeasts chasing us. What we found instead was the concentration of the Dark Side power on Khar Delba. And this is where my recollection of events becomes hazy.

I remember entering the ruins at the rear of the group. The others were ahead of me, chatting amongst each other. I didn’t really care about what; I had this notion that they were scheming, and that I needed to only worry about myself, and ending them and their machinations. As we wandered through the dark halls, plainly lost, I can vaguely recall dragging a finger or two along the wall and hearing some sort of voice in my head. After that, everything becomes dark.

The next thing I remember, I’m sitting on the cold stone floor of a large chamber. My compatriots were gathered around me, arguing about something. In the distance, there was some great gory conflagration. Later I learned that the chamber we were in had about a dozen of the Warbeasts in it, and they had turned on each other and tore one another apart. I tried to focus on the scene, but my eyes wouldn’t respond to the demand I was putting on them. I could feel a coldness spreading from my gut, and my eyes, of course, would allow me to gaze upon the gaping hole in my abdomen. My shock at that moment caused me to pass out again, for I recall momentarily coming to again a few minutes later.

Scion and Hades were a few meters off, nearly yelling at each other. I could hear them mention my name; I was part of the debate everyone was having. I glanced to my other side, where I noticed Dranik bandaging Anshar’s leg. Kalmah lay motionless beyond them. Then, to add to my confusion, Hades appeared in my vision again, leveled his blaster at me, and fired. Again, later on, I was informed that he had stunned me.

It wasn’t until I fully awoke in the infirmary aboard the *Magnus Kaerner* that I was allowed to begin piecing things together. Some things, people are keeping from me, probably to prevent a relapse of sorts.

From what I’ve gathered in the three days since, I had some kind of psychotic snap due to the overwhelming power of the Dark Side on Khar Delba (as did Kalmah and Levathan, it seems) and I had attempted to kill Anshar. I claimed that I had the power and right to rule Tarentum, that he was failing in his duties, and that it was time for the next Quaestor to take his place. And I had intended to do so by force. A battle ensued, which was ended by Hades intervening and blasting me in the stomach.

I requested the medics to not treat the scars: I’ll bear them as a reminder of this moment, of when I allowed my baser impulses to rule my mind and I almost killed a friend and ally. I only hope it does the trick as we continue this Crusade, and we delve deeper into Sith territory.

I think I need a vacation…

**End Entry**

Day Log Entry 5

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**Begin Entry**

Been some time since I’ve done my log. Never been the best at keeping up on journals and the like…even since I was a kid.

Things have changed around Tarentum. Anshar stepped down as Quaestor a few weeks ago, and the Grand Master selected Scion to succeed him. I *was* slated to move up to lead the House, but the DC, as always, has other plans. And procedures, I guess.

Am I upset at this? Yeah, some. Scion’s a good man, a solid leader. He’ll do fine as Quaestor. And, truth be told, I’m not sure if I’m cut out to do the job right now, anyways. Still dealing with the effects of what happened on Khar Delba, even three or so months later.

I’ve taken to assisting with House operations, instead of being actively involved with the campaign. Prepping fighters and transport ships, repairing and modifying those same craft, giving our forces pep talks. Those kinds of things. Keeping my hands and mind busy.

Oh, and I resigned as Aedile. If I’m unsure of my mental state, I can’t be sure of myself leading our forces in a combat situation. I’m following Anshar’s lead and joining the Jen Kaari. I’m hoping that being in a Battle Team again, instead of leading a House, will help focus my mind again.

Well, here’s to continued Tarentum success and mental health! Until the next log…

**End Entry**

Day Log Entry 6

Archpriest Jason Hunter PIN 974

**Begin Entry**

Well…as I said before, I’m horrible with keeping my commitments to journals. Months have passed, and no entries. I guess I’ve either been too busy, or haven’t had anything noteworthy to write about.

The war is almost over. We will soon be embarking to attack the world of Ziost. Again, an ice ball of a planet. Before what occurred on Khar Delba, I wouldn’t be feeling any trepidation over this; times have changed, however. I’m fearful that, being in a similar environment, repressed memories may come surging forth to wreak havoc. I need to be on my mental toes to keep them at bay.

Keeping busy in a supportive role has been a great help, though. Getting back to basics, as it where, has done wonders for my wounded psyche. I’ve had little time to actively dwell on what happened, how I nearly killed Anshar and potentially everyone else down there. I let that world and its’ Dark Side corruption get the better of me, and that’s something that I *will not* allow to happen again. I toe the line daily, but I will not cross it like that again.

Ziost will be a test for all of us. Not only for the forces of Tarentum, but all the Brotherhood. We’ve pushed the One Sith off every world we’ve invaded thus far, but I feel that this trend may change here. I get the impression they’ve been holding back, saving their best for last, allowing us to get spread thin and complacent with our victories.

That’s a dangerous place to be at during a war, complacency. It’s when you start getting lazy and lax, when you’re at your most vulnerable. I also know that a lot of us are getting weary of the fighting. Not many are accustomed to the long, protracted warfare. It normally comes in spurts, a month or so and it’s over. But a year of it? People are tired, and that puts us at risk, too. I don’t think this is going to end particularly well for the Brotherhood, and I hope I’m *very* wrong about that.

As for myself, I’m preparing to head down to Ziost. I’ve volunteered to join our Special Forces team, so I know that I’m going to see the worst that this mean world has to offer. I just finished doing some last-minute adjustments on my prosthetic arm, making sure it will handle the extreme environment I’m about to enter. My lightsaber is cleaned and ready, my pack is packed, and my cold weather gear is sitting by the door waiting to be donned.

If I make it back, I’ll do another log. If I don’t, well…

**End Entry**

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