In her first few days, after having newly graduated from the Shadow Academy and before she went into battle, Kooki would often shudder to herself, as if she could tell what was approaching beyond her horizon. Ever since she could remember, she seemed to have a strong sense of precognition.

Upon arrival only a short time previously, Kooki's master Atyiru wearily shared a brief story about how this battle commenced. Long before she had arrived a war had broken out between the Brotherhood and the One Sith. Sadly, there was not time to shed more light on this event. Atyiru, like many others who had been within the Brotherhood for some time, was exhausted both physically and mentally.

Just before Kooki embarked into the warzone, she happened to exchange words with her Rollmaster, Andrelious in the cantina. These calm surroundings rapidly became a mini warzone in itself once Kooki's internal dark side emerged. All it took was a few hard hitting remarks from the Sith Warlord, and before she knew it, Kooki was atop a table, kicking Andrelious to the floor and waving her lightsaber about in a vague attempt at revenge. The exhilaration and relief and letting out some of her hidden resentment felt incredible. Her innocent exterior encased something raw, delicate and feisty inside. Although she was overthrown by Andrelious’ superiority and ended up slightly wounded amongst some shards of broken glass, she felt that she had gone out to prove a point and succeeded. Andrelious informed her that her temperament would bode well when she was on the front line. He genuinely seemed quite concerned for her welfare too. Kooki was quite taken aback by the sudden act of kindness and gracious attitude.

With these words echoing through her mind, body and soul, and despite the foreboding, Kooki wasted no time and joined the battle. She was determined to do justice for both herself and her new Clan, but the war continued to drag on and her energy was really stretched beyond limits she never even knew she had. As exhilarating as the adrenaline rush she was getting was, a warzone was not always the most pleasant place to be. For many years Kooki had been roaming for a place to call home and now she had landed herself into a place of conflict and resentment; yet at the same time a place of teamwork and a strong spirit of leadership and fellowship. This Crusade was holistically challenging. Kooki was surrounded by a mixture of opposing senses: there was a juxtaposition of emotions amongst fellow journeymen and other Arconans higher up on the hierarchy. There was clear evidence that the past year had taken its toll on many and an aura of exhaustion loomed. Kooki's feet had barely even touched the ground, and she intended on manipulating her freshly-acquired skills and Force abilities to achieve her aims. Nothing was going to stand in her way. Not now, not ever.

Despite being relatively unfamiliar within her Clan of Arcona, Kooki had swiftly realised the general consensus amongst her fellow members was sheer apprehension and fear about entering the Dark Crusade. New members such as herself and those who had been members for years and had obtained higher ranks alike all shared this feeling of unease. Despite this aura of negativity, Clan Arcona pulled together almost like long-lost relatives at a family reunion and rallied together as one united side. This strong bond brought the two Houses closer and despite any odds and any animosities or ancient histories between members, they united and went into battle to capture Ziost like never before. Qel-Droma and Galeres fought their damnedest and let nothing get them down. They were Brothers within one Clan, after all. Alone, each member had their own personal attributes, but united, they were one powerful side and were rich in determination to overthrow the enemy.

Whilst amidst the warzone, Kooki was full of passion and drive to succeed. Since the epiphany that the planet Arcona were attempting to seize was similar in landscape to her home, it had ruptured her exterior peacefulness. This led to her bitter, twisted and troubled past being stirred up in the darkest pits of her soul. To make matters even worse for this tortured and emotionally raw Krath, she felt like a slave to the Dark Council and her Grand Master. To them, she was just another one of their many minions doing all the hard work and contributing all the efforts. Here Kooki was putting her life in the line in this new place, and if anything disastrous were to happen to her, the Dark Council wouldn't even notice. It wasn't like she was significant. They barely even knew she existed. To them, it would be one less blade of grass in their lawn army. Mixed with her existing negative emotions, this angst and resentment to the authorities was chipping away at Kooki and all was beginning to take its toll upon her. After all, she wasn't as young and nimble as she once was, yet she was very keen to survive. Not just for her own sake, but for the sake of Arcona. At times victory seemed so distant, but at least however hard she fought, at least very soon the Crusade would be over and then and only then would there be no looking back. Arcona could look forward to a new age. And hopefully one with a captured planet in tow.