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House Odan-Urr
Dark Crusade - Phase 2 Chapter 3:Fiction Event (SF)

**Name: Vorsa, V'yr
Rank: Commander
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Speech to H.O.U. Armed forces**

I have heard many whispers. Whispers of fallen hope and talk of defeat. Questions without answers. I have felt hearts growing dark and low and minds falling under stress. I have heard them all and I wish to tell you *my* answers. I wish to share with you *my* feelings.

We have been in this war far too long and it's end doesn't seem to be near. It seems that, not so long ago, we were in the same situation. The Clone Wars weren't very different than this. We fought a cunning enemy - and ourselves - over goals we scarcely understood. That war defined us and marked us all. Then, as now, we stand upon the cliff edge and peer into the abyss. Fatigue, both physical and mental, are showing on the faces of all our comrades, our brothers in arms. The pain and suffering we have endured, the losses we counted, the friends we've missed... When will it end? We fight the Brotherhood on every theatre, every planet, every step, and still it's not enough. Still we are being pushed back like some kind of irritating insect. Still they laugh at our attempts to stop them.

And now we have to take back New Tython, as well. Our home which lays in ruins, destroyed by a mad man. But he is not the only one. Hundreds more await in the Brotherhood, and they want complete domination of... life. They want the universe to burn so they can rebuild it in their own image. How do we fight such reckless hate? We are expected to fight the good fight and fight for the people, yet on every step we are hunted, hated and shunned. Who are we fighting for? What are we protecting? Them? The people who shun us? Do we protect madmen or scholars, murderers or soldiers, mothers or kings? How do we choose who to protect?

We protect everyone. We are Jedi. We are the defenders, the peacekeepers, the warriors. We are the solid wall of willpower standing before the darkness saying "We are here and we are not afraid. We will stand against you until our bitter end and we will not falter." We are the blades illuminating the dark, the shining beacons people can gather around and the mighty shields they can hide behind. Ours is the duty to protect those who cannot protect themselves. Every mother, father, brother and sister. Everyone you have ever known and loved - Everyone.

This is our duty. This is our calling. This is our path.

Our resources grow thin, our enemies grow stronger and our missions grow ever more perilous by the day. We must endure, not for ourselves but for the people we protect. We must take on our backs all the pain, suffering; all the losses and friends we're missing so they could have a peaceful and happy life. Even when they hate us, they need us. We are their wall to hide behind.

The old Order made the mistake of putting the system before the people. They protected the Republic, not truly understanding that they needed to protect the people. We must change that. We must change the way people view us and hopefully, some day, they will learn the truth of our war.

I stand before you today, not to say a few encouraging words, but to tell you all - my brothers in arms, my family by war, blood, sweat and tears that we are not done. We are not done and we will never be done until every last home is rebuilt, every last heart is mended and every last grave is marked. We are not done... Not yet. There is a war out there and billions upon billions of souls in the balance. We have chosen this war - all of us - and by the Force we will see it through. We will pierce the black heart of the Brotherhood and we will do so in our own way and by our own rules.

Dromund Kaas, the home of an old long forgotten Empire, waits for us beyond the distant stars. It may be our last battlefield together. But I say we fight them to the very end. Not one step back. Not anymore. For the sake of the galaxy and the people we fight for, not one step back.

Freedom or death!