SW Eetherbiail (Sith) / [Battle Team Caliburnus](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/315) of [House Scholae Palatinae](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/10)

SC-SoF / AC / DC-CP / GN / SN-BL / BN-AgL / Cr:3R-3A-3E-6T / PoB / CF-PF / CI-GC / SoF / SoL / S:10De-1Ret-21Dec-13Aff-1Rn

{SA: MVPH}

 Eetherbiail sat on his bed staring at the ceiling. This crusade was long and frustrating. There were some great moments that had occurred, while there had also been terrifying and heartbreaking. There were many people within Scholae Palatinae that had lost their lives and/or disappeared. His face was grim in the darkness, he started at nothing while looking upwards. Eether had become haggard and worn for wear throughout this entire event. The long arduous months of going planet to planet had cost him a lot of his former weight. The rations did not sit well with him, and he didn't have the amount of food needed to sustain his muscles old body weight. He wasn't quite wasted away, but certainly not at full capacity.

 His mentality was more worn for wear as he gained allies and lost them. As a Sith, he was used to war, pain, death and torture. But it was another thing to have to deal with it with your family. The Brotherhood changed the way that Sith saw things. It was no longer a Rule of Two, but a group that stuck together. He had seen too many of them slaughtered, destroyed, crushed, and blown up in the fiery pits of wreckage.

 There were many things racing through his mind going a sector a minute. His body on the other hand, lay on his cot, completely unmoving. It was almost as if Eether couldn't willingly move it, his body was exhausted to the point of immobilization. His mind was the only thing keeping him awake. The loss had been extremely difficult on House Scholae Palatinae. His friends who had become his family, the people who had pulled him out of himself and the rage filled state who had honed him into an actual Sith were not all there. Eether knew that death was a par to life, and he had faced it many times throughout it. But seeing those who he loved when he was younger was much different than those he knew now.

 Some, like Xan, had been found during the war. That had been a glorious moment. His friend who had disappeared on a mission with his partner had been assumed dead. He was haggard and nearly destroyed in stature, but he was alive. After his recovery, the leading members of House Scholae Palatinae had sat down with him to discuss what had happened with its members. The stories that he told, the danger they faced and the destruction of the one called Akatsuki had them all sitting on the edge of their seats. Something else was out there. It wasn't just the One Sith forces...they would have to alert the Grand Master of this, but only when the time was right. They would hold this precious amount of information.

 Another member who had been close with Eether before her imminent disappearance during the war was Shadow. No one had heard from her since the first part of the crusade. They had no idea of her fate and where she was if she was alive or when she perished. It was amazing that he himself were alive. Was this what survivors guilt felt like? After losing his family, his 2 closest friends next to his master and feeling utterly alone in the universe.

 Eether closed his eyes and just lay there. Eventually, after an unknown amount of time had passed, he fell into a fearful dream. The scenes shifted in his mind, people being cut down, his House failing and being dismembered, and the destruction of the few things he held close to his heart. It was morning when he finally opened his night, drenched in sweat, but at least he could move his body again. Albeit he was extremely sore and slow, he changed robes and wandered the halls with people starting to wake up. They moved like corpses raised from the dead. He shuffled to and fro to avoid banging into people and knocked on Xen's office. The Crusade had taken a heavy toll on his former master and leader. The man rarely got any sleep and was haunted by more ghosts than Eether.

 Xen looked up from his desk, dark circles under his eyes bared their fangs upwards to Eether. They looked each other up and down in silence until Xen spoke up, "You look like poodoo..."

"So do you sir" Eether stated with a soft chuckle. The only way to get through this Crusade was to find humor within it. They would get through this long war that their insanely ambitious Grand Master pursued, and they would become victorious despite the losses and it would be a hard earned victory. It would be well worth it for their comrades that did not see this, the survivors would celebrate enough for them all.