**AGV *Nighthawk***

**Deck 3**

**XO’s Quarters**

**03:42:31**

**:32**

**:33…**

**Start of Log**

**Entry 8**

-hissing of door opening and closing-

*It has been a relatively quiet night. I’ve taken a short leave from the bridge to tend to a personal matter or two. Some things just need to be kept on file for reflection…and I am definitely in need of more coffee...*

*I’ve noticed many of the* Nighthawk *crew haven’t taken to me very well. I’ve overhead some of them even go to the point of calling me a ‘stuck up bitch.’  To me, it just seems they aren’t used to rules and regulations. I could probably ease up on them a bit...but if Teroch wants this group to be a single working entity, they need to learn to play by the rules.*

*I have also noticed that Uji has been doing a little digging. Whether he knows or not, I was brought aware to my personal records being tapped. I’m sure he’ll sort out the discrepancies sooner or later...as for the rest of the crew...*

*Children, in my eyes. They still aren’t accostomed to handling life on their own yet…all yearning for the power that is just out of their reach. I hardly even use the Force that touches me. All my life I was military, not Jedi. I never had need of the Force.*

*Dark Jedi...so they call themselves. Some born into it...some thinking it to be their right...their only way of survival...hmph...if I had it my way I would have never pursued those desires.*

*Then you have Marick…*

-three short pings-

**~Commander, sensor sweep has been accomplished. Nothing new to report. Any further instructions?~**

**~Negative. Continue monitoring communications. The Captain is waiting for something important.~**

**~Affirmative. Will be in contact.~**

-one long ping-

-throat clearing-

*Ahem...Just recently has he decided to play distraction for our crew so we can accomplish our mission. Forced to meet his family once again...how hard that must be. From what I’ve heard in my short time here, he even went as far as to strike his blood name from himself. I can relate to that...though he may hold more true of a reason...mine was simply out of fear…*

*Ahhh, Destri...Destri Corden. Daughter of Jasper and Ellie Corden...though I do miss them, that silly girl is dead. I could have gone back to using that name after my encounter with...with Zek...but…*

-faltered sigh-

*...it would have been too easy to trace a name that unique…*

*When I joined Imperial Intelligence they faked my death, which was to be expected, but little they knew, I still kept in contact with Mother and Father. I had built up an elaborate system of contacts through my various positions in the communications field, so I was always sure my messages arrived safely.*

*I have now, however, not sent word to them in several years. Worried as they may be, it is for their own safety...All previous correspondence was always signed ‘Destri,’ but now they receive nothing. It is for their own good, though...I can’t, in any way, link them to my new life. It would put them in too much danger...and I can’t lose them...even if I don’t talk to them anymore.*

*When my superiors faked my death, I went by a designation, X02. That was my life until I met Zeklynd. He tempted me with the power he held and I wanted it for myself. He graced upon me the name Sephren, which to date I still have no idea what meaning it holds. Little did I know he was more paranoid and insane than anyone had previously expected…*

*...and it cost me my child...*

-sobbing-

-extended silence-

*I...I had chosen the name Arcia for her...such a beautiful name for what could have been a beautiful girl…instead that name is now destined for something darker...It won’t be Destri...it won’t be Sephren that kills Zeklynd...it will be Arcia...she will have her own revenge…and I won’t rest until that deed is accomplished… Great...hopes that Teroch can show me how to further myself for when I find Zeklynd again...*

*Maybe some day I will use my birth name again...whenever it is I choose to settle down. I just don’t see that time coming soon...*

*...I wish Jericho hadn’t left me that night so long ago...never to be seen again…*

-three short pings-

**~Commander to the bridge.~**

-one long ping-

-deep breath-

-sounds of clothing being situated-

-hissing of door opening and closing-

**End of Log.**

**04:00:05**

**:06**

**:07...**