

Battlelord Kz'set di Plagia
DJB # 13299

Finally, a mission to the depths of the Anchorage to deal with Drax. It's well past his time to die. But they're saying there's more than just him down there. Something about ancient spirits and the like. That's why they called the Tarenti, they apparently know something about the dead. Interesting area of expertise, but who am I to judge. Still, I'll need to have supreme focus when going down there.

There was a time not long ago that I didn't believe in this stuff. Spirits, ghosts, whatever you call them, for a long time they weren't real. Some other engineers would talk about the "ghost in the machine" when they didn't an explanation for a problem. I never saw the point of the term. I thought it was silly. How could there really be a malicious spirit in a machine? It was just lazy troubleshooting, there was always a technical fault. Code to fix, a capacitor to replace, but never a ghost. It was always so easy with technology. Machines, droids, even starfighters worked on rules. Once you understand those rules, you can figure out how to fix anything. I understood those rules well. Even organic life had rules. Life, death, it all made sense. I knew the rules and could work them to my advantage.

But that was before I knew what I was.

I don't thank the so-called "One Sith" for much, but they did open my mind. They did show me I had power. But they also showed me the rules weren't what I thought they were. For some, death wasn't final. A mind, soul, spirit, or whatever you want to call it could linger. It could even inhabit someone or something else. Master Synin showed me things that made me rethink the notion of the "ghost in the machine". The rules I'd thought I'd known well were turned upside down. Organic or synthetic, alive or dead, with the Force it almost didn't matter anymore. The lines were blurred, the laws all broken.

This is especially true where I'm headed. Down there, the rules are different. I can't count on anything or anyone doing what I expect. The dead apparently live, so how can I trust anything? These spirits can be anything or anyone. They can enter and leave people and perhaps things at will. There could, quite literally be a ghost in a machine. It's pure speculation of course, but anything is possible. Everything is possible when the Force was at work. What was one to do? How can I ever really be ready?

No, I can't dwell on that anymore.

If what they say is right, I can't afford doubts. These things feed on fear and doubt. They play on uncertainty. In order to survive I can't have any of these things. I need to focus on the goal. I need to focus on Drax or they'll destroy me. I need to be prepared for anything and everything. While that might not truly ever be possible, I have the Force as an ally. It will tell me when I'm in

danger. It will keep me from harm and allow me to deal with whatever I find down there. That's what it does, or what at least what it's supposed to do.

Or will it? What if that's not even certain?

No, no doubts. Doubt leads to fear. They feed on fear. But then again, so do I.

Technology is so much easier.