

Arden Karn di Plagia
#13299

<<Arden Karn's Personal Log - recorded in route to Capis>>

War, war never changes.

I've heard that statement made to me before a dozen times. I've read it in reports, seen it in holovids, and bandied about by numbers of soldiers. Pain, death, suffering, they say that's always present and is what defines combat.

I've always thought it was a narrow minded load of bantha crap.

War is always changing and it always will. People learn, enemies adapt, and the lines are always shifting. That was evident back in the Corporate Sector, damn clear with the Jade Dragons, and super evident when it came to the Clan and the Brotherhood. Since I met up them we've been fighting constantly and nothing has ever been the same about any of those wars. First it was that Zoraan character, then the so called "One Sith", and even the other clans. More than once the Clan has been driven from a place, suffered great losses, but always from a different source, for a different reason. Someone kicked our door in and we went after them. Just like we're doing now.

Hmm, maybe they are right about war never changing.

I keep trying to convince myself that each time it's different that I don't see the ever so simple truth. I'm so focused on getting my job done and taking out an enemy that I don't look at the big picture any more. Being a soldier is simple, you look down your scope, focus, and shoot someone. I got used to that life, even when I was supposed to be leading. I was good at taking down that one target, but now, now I don't have that luxury.

For the first time in a very long time, I'm actually supposed to be leading a large force into battle. Not a recon team, not a squad, but an entire regiment. Sure, I've directed men in battle, but being in charge of that many means I have to look at more than just the one head in a scope. That's something I'm ready for I suppose, but I'm not sure I'm going to enjoy it, and that seems odd to me. Like any other soldier, I always wanted to be the one in command. I'd complain about superior officers, always thinking I knew better. And I wasn't alone, we were all like that. Colonels, Admirals, they had all the prestige and, in some cases, money. They led the cushy life.

Now I'm there and I'm complaining and I have to ask myself why.

Truth is, there's no joy in using others to accomplish a goal, well there is, but not like this. Command is just moving pieces around a board, playing the big game. Sure, there are times

you end up shooting someone, but in those cases something has gone horribly wrong. I want to be on the board, I want to be one of those pieces. I don't want to have to trust that others will accomplish the goal that we have here. I can't whine about it now, there's a job to do.

And what a job it is.

One more group has come in and hit Plagueis in the face, it's still not entirely clear who. The odd thing is that once they did, they didn't stay to finish the job. They simply took out our fleet and left. And as the pattern seems to be, the Dread Lord has struck out to strike back, just like we did against the One Sith when they came calling. Just like they did against that bastard Drax when took the Anchorage. Our enemies must have realized we would pursue them, so I have to assume that was exactly what they wanted us to do. Hence they'll know we're coming, so that means I'll have to figure out what they don't expect. Thankfully, that is something I'm good at.

So here we go again, off to seek revenge against someone who has dared cross Plagueis. At some point, 'they' are going to figure out that maybe that's not a good plan. Maybe war really doesn't change.

Doesn't matter anyway, I'm just ready to kick some butt.