“It was the smell that had hit me first, the burning flesh mixed in with sulfur. The war is at its climax but this battle is over.”

The plan was simple, we have cornered the Grand Master and were going at him in full force. Three armies from three different points surrounding his base, what we did not count on was the might of his defense. It seemed to be thousands upon thousands of troops, from slaves to highly trained Force users and more and more poured out of the Grand Masters base by the minute. We had thought the Grand Master had made his own Star Forge, for the army he had created was like a bad nightmare that we could not wake up from.

We did not fear death in this battle, we feared not winning and so we charged in. We fought on all sides, from ground to air support we pushed and pushed on. We turned took the inch they gave us and turned it into a mile, but they continued to come pouring out of the base. My small team finally made a hole big enough to make it to the front door but it was when we got the door open that the lightsaber pierced me in stomach. My team swiftly took control and pushed forward making it inside as I feel to my knees.

More and more of our armies poured into the base as I took in the smell of the battle around me, it was then that I smiled at death and that we might win.