

War is hell, no matter how prepared you or your team is. I should have expected it to turn out this way, but I was naive, a mistake I refuse to make again. I led my men into the fray, we were part of the second strike, mid-battle cleanup detail if you will. It was supposed to just be in and out after we made way for the final strike, but my short sighted decisions left my company and I open to a counter-attack. We are Arcona's finest, but even the best can't always save themselves, or their brothers. It was around the beginning of the counter attack when a blaster bolt headed straight for me. Simmons was the first to see the gunner, and jumped... Sorry, I need a moment to compose myself... he jumped in front of me, and the blaster burned a hole into his heart. We fought back hard, but that didn't stop more casualties from arising. Jackson got his legs blown off, poor kid kept fighting to the end. After all was said and done, we pulled what we could of our allies from the bloodied mess that stained the battlefield. I hope this war is worth it Shadow Lady, because we lost one too many good men today.