Revak Kur

12656

Who Are You?

It has been years since the fiery crash that changed my life forever. Years since the Cuy'val Dar trained me to fight. To kill. To protect others. Years since leading the most elite of Odan-Urr’s striketeams. Ooroo. Years since the dark side corrupted me and I turned against those I fought alongside. I have risen. I have served. I have led. I have fallen. All has brought me to where I am today. Sitting in a small room. Alone. Surrounded by desks. Trying to think of what to write for an assignment the Knight Commander has given me for the reflection portion of my evaluation. I’ve spilt blood. Now, I’m writing an essay. I wish I had died on the battlefield.

So why have I joined the Knights?

Besides them being the only ones who could capture me and hold me in custody? The only ones who would have given me the chance at redemption? I had trained StO to destroy threats to the Clan. I was one of those threats. I would have been proud to fall to them. But nope. The Knight Commander, or Tisty as I like to call him despite the fact that he hates it, has chosen to babysit me. Pull me from the darkness instead of letting me fall and be destroyed by it. He trusts me enough to bring me into his inner circle though I’m still trying to decide if he is doing this because he sees me as an asset, or if he’s just a fool.

 Two hundred thirty eight words to go. Ok, this sentence brings me down to two hundred twenty seven.

Since my incarceration, it has taken me time to re-adjust to the strict discipline of military life. I go through the motions. I do as I’m told but still not to the same intensity as before. In time that will change I’m sure but for now, this is who I am. My time away has enabled me to reflect on who I was, who I am and who I want to be. Am I an empty husk? No, far from it. Do I have flaws? Yes. Does Tisty see something in me that I have lost sight of? Possible. Still think he’s a fool for not killing me when he had the chance.

The Jedi are taught to suppress their emotions. To control the power that the dark side feeds off of. This makes them weaker. But at the same time, they are strong because of it. I admire that. I never felt fully light. But even in the dark, I was never at home. So I mixed the two disciplines. Remaining calm and clear headed, but drawing power from my emotions when needed. I have a complete view of the Force. I have control over it. It doesn’t consume me, nor does it scare me. I am its Master and servant. I am one with the Force. Come to think of it, this may be why Tisty keeps me around. For my “complete” perspective on life. I can give him insight into things he may not yet understand or I can slowly begin to manipulate him. Corrupt his thoughts and align him with ~~my~~ Vadon’s will. Hahaha, it’s fun to joke with him. You are safe to put your trust in me Commander. I ~~won’t~~ can’t let you down.

There it is. Five hundred seventy one words.