

Aftermath  
by Plaid Sadira  
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*War.*

Plaid Sadira had been pondering upon that concept for nonstop in the weeks following the invasion of Nancora. He sat there near the small pond, cross-legged. The rock beneath him had become his favorite new chair; he often came to this secluded location to be isolated, sometimes to meditate, sometimes just to read in his leisure. Adjusting to his new home, and his subsequent new role, was not an easy task.

“War.” He spoke it out loud this time. The word crawled its way through his throat, squeezing its way out like a womp rat attempting to flee from the clutches of a Krayt dragon.

The war had taught Plaid a lot of things. When his feet first touched the soil of Nancora Prime, he was a mixed bag of emotions, a nervous, yet excited and eager young Sith, and he *thought* he was prepared for the trials and the tribulations that would follow. When his feet left the soil of Nancora Prime, his life was heading in a different direction entirely.

“I’m not really sure why I believed that was worth it,” he said to himself, thinking out loud. “I watched as strong, brave men, *good* men, were trampled under the feet of a cruel and twisted fate. The Sith treated them as if they were just objects, statistics, pawns in a dark, bloody game of holocaust. Not only did I watch good men get slaughtered - I aided in the slaughtering of other good men. I *had* to atone. The only right thing to do was to leave. There was no alternative.”

The war completely changed the young Zabrak. Plaid abandoned Arcona. His faith was completely shaken by the way that he saw his fellow Sith conduct war. He hadn't seen his master during the conflict, but he was sure that the Dragon himself, Wuntila Arconae, had slaughtered plenty. He wondered what Wuntila would think of his leaving; he had abandoned not only the Clan, but the Sith ideology as well. The Jedi of Odan-Urr were reluctant to bring him in - Wuntila was a feared and reputable man, and most of the Jedi were aware of his immense power. Many originally showed great distrust of the young Zabrak, but they were continuing to warm up to him, noting his continuous study and application to the Jedi teachings, as well as his immense desire of and dedication to atonement.

The war had changed Plaid in many ways, some good, and some bad. For starters, he was already scarred from the images that would not quit antagonizing his mind; images of his comrades bleeding out, gasping for air, crying for help - and images of his enemies, their eyes widened with horror, as his blade cut straight through them, and as his lightning roasting their bodies. These moments of euphoria then had been replaced with feelings of bitter regret now. On the upside, however, the war was a turning point for the newly-minted Palawan learner; the

Jedi were training him to abandon those thoughts and move past them, and he was learning to control his once-dominating emotions. Self-restraint had begun to grant him a peace that he had never felt before, and he believed himself to be within the reach of redemption. Despite everything that took place on that battlefield, one thing was clear:

“I’m happy now,” Plaid said to himself. He looked at his reflection in the pond, and even cracked a smile. “I’m happy now - and, I have finally found peace.”