

Dearest Eleanor,

The Command Post was quiet today. They sent more suicide starships at us, but our weapons batteries blew them up first. Don't worry, the target wasn't near me.

This war is hard to support. We came based on a cryptic message of some teenage girl wearing funny glasses? A powerful Sith in the Brotherhood is hostage, and they want standard troopers like me to save him? Yeah... when has that ever worked out for us...

When I get home let's look for a quiet place to raise a family away from Arx. I miss you.

Love,

Jimbo