

Dear Dek,

I loved our time together on Judecca. It didn't last long because of the planet dying and all, but I know that we both got out. So that's what counts.

The war is going good. The actual war itself? No. But I came into a few disruptions that I can't get away from. Ultimately good.

I betrayed the Brotherhood. I brought my gun to The Collective and said that I wanted to join them. They then implanted me with cybernetics and turned me into a robotic soldiers. Just wait! The good part is coming! I fought some stormtroopers as a mindless automaton, but I eventually found a pirate group. They were willing to smuggle me out of the war in exchange for my electronic parts. Yes, I am now half-brained and without one arm and a leg, but it's for the best.

The war is good because I'm not in it. I'm now a servant of some Hutt. I serve him drinks and he pulls me in front of the crowds to debase me and moan about my existence being bad.

Don't worry! The best is yet to come!

I was able to transplant a trandoshan foot onto myself, as well as a Twi'lek tentacle for an arm. Not the best idea, but at least I can speak broken lekku now. Also, I stomp well.

The war is good. It cost me an arm and a leg, but I do miss you. I hope I can see you again soon.

Love,

Dek