

***Orbit over Myrkr***  
***Aboard The Remembrance***  
***Medical Bay***

Ira lay on a stretcher within the *Remembrance's* medical wing. The wounds he'd suffered during the battle for the Myrkr Temple had been evaluated and stabilized. He would remain under observation during their return to the Kiast System.

Throughout the bay wounded Soldiers, Jedi, and medical staff created a buzz of white noise. It came from a combination of hums and beeps of medical equipment, groans of pain, shuffling feet, and even conversation among those who remained conscious and aware enough to talk.

Ira closed his eyes to listen, reaching out through the Force to gently touch the minds of those around him and allow his physical senses to pick up snippets of conversation among his fellow wounded.

"You heard right? We found whatever it was the council was after. Word is we not only recovered the artifact but we took those Plag bastards down a notch..." A youthful voice spoke, his words full of regret bordering on the verge of tears. The soldier stood beside the bed of a fallen O.E.F officer; the prone figure was missing a leg, with extensive burns and scarring from what appeared to be an explosion requiring the medical staff to place them into a medically induced coma. The machinery and droids were working to keep the man alive long enough for more extensive surgeries.

Ira stopped for a moment, reaching out through the Force to wordlessly comfort the younger soldier. Easing the boy's fear and doubt over his own actions, his regrets of what could have been done differently to bring more of his squad home. Moments passed and the boy wiped his eyes quickly before saluting the officer's bed and turning heel to leave.

"I heard Ta'var fought that damned Sith woman." An older voice this time, nowhere near Ira's own age. But hardened by conflict over a long career.

"That had to be a thing to see," responded a woman's voice, each of them speaking quietly as they laid side by side in separate beds.

"From what they said it was a pretty even fight, the two of them clashed across the whole of the battle. Neither of them was willing to back down or give ground to the other," replied the older of the two, his voice wistful as the two envisioned the scene in their own ways. Ira smiled as he picked up the surface thoughts and images the two put together, their conversation shaping the battle, elevating the conflict of the two Consuls in ways far beyond the realm of possibility.

"You two thought that was something? You should have seen when the 1st Regiment did a fly-over. I've never seen something so beautiful. The Plag's were dug in, we were getting slaughtered trying to get them out of the trench near the temple," another chimed in excitedly.

“Next thing we know their position is lit up by O.E.F Heavy Blasters, the LAAT’s opened up those laser turrets and really gave us the opening we needed,” came another voice.

“You’re welcome!” came a shout from across the room to a chorus of laughs.

“We owe you flyboys a drink for that!”

“Hell, I owe whichever one of you it was who dug me out of the wreck when they took my shuttle down.”

The victory had come at a cost. Reports were still coming in confirming the losses among the O.E.F but they had pulled together in a bad situation, faced an enemy Clan they hadn’t expected, and still came out the other side with a win.

Plageuis had bloodied them, but not broken them. Next time might be different, but today the men and women getting to go home would continue to share stories, tell tall tales and keep their spirits high even in the face of losses. They had faith in the Jedi who not only led them, but fought beside them.

Ira opened his eyes, bringing his focus solely back into the realm of the physical. He was surprised to find a smile on his face. Despite his fears going into this engagement, despite his reservations at having to take lives to protect those around him. He felt the spirit of those around him, he saw the light in each and every one of them willing to do what was required of them.

The soldiers, pilots, and Jedi of Odan-Urr truly lived by the Clan’s motto they were the Light Amidst the Darkness. Ira closed his eyes, letting himself drift off into another restful sleep hoping he had done his part to earn his place among them.