

Personal Logs of Dek Iron'yikut
Property of Imperial Scholae Intelligence
The 21st to 32nd Day of the Tok'gon Month
Caelestis City, Ragnath

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Log 105: (Password: CaperionSun666)

It's a brisk day outside, cold. Not favorable conditions for walking. So I'm inside for the day instead. Lots of work to get done. Lots of things to prepare for. Especially the mission.

Kalee Reechi is her name. She's a member of the Principate. She'll be working partly out of a Casino on Dandoran. That is the time I'll strike. I'm a decisive person! The task will be one of the many I will accomplish throughout the day. It wouldn't take long at all.

Flying to Dandoran should be easy. My Infiltrator will be a welcome sight among the criminal elements within Hutt Space. I don't particularly like the Hutts. They deal in sex slavery and the worst of the worst. I understand the irony: I am supporting the Tenixir Revenants after all and they have slaves. However, my purpose is purer. The Principate cannot be allowed to exist as an abomination of the Empire. Remnant or not, they do not deserve existence in this galaxy.

The details of my mission must be kept mostly secret. But more will be revealed soon.

Log 106: (Password: BlanketFort27)

On our way to Dandoran. The target is going to be exactly where I need her to be. She's not an Imperial even. This will make the mission so much easier. We fought so hard for Caperion, and for Judecca in the past. And they just take an empty system? They rely on the Republic for some of their resources? They dishonor their past!

Even though we ultimately objected to joining the Final Order, we broke free of the will of the old Empire. We are still Imperial through and through! We chose our side! When confronted with diverging paths, a remnant can be one or the other. They can continue to evolve and exist in the perfect form of cultural imperialism, or they can hide away and turtle in hopes of becoming morally bankrupt more than before. They believe they need to atone for what they did. They believe in trying to become morally greater at the expense of all else.

Truly wonderful the naive mind of a child is!

Believing in the impossible? Believing in things that do not exist? One cannot abandon the past and hope to live in the future! One cannot ignore the core of an identity of the self and still

hope to gain other parts!

This is why the supporters of the Principate must be put to rest! Weakness cannot infect the galaxy. Weakness cannot infect the Clan! Weakness must be the antithesis of false liberty! And these pirates are the best way to accomplish that.

Reechi will find purity in death!

Log 107: (Password: DaughtersoftheImperium1)

I've been scouting the Casino out. Seems like Reechi makes a detour out to her balcony every couple of hours. I've put myself in the luxury tower room from across the hotel.

I was able to perceive her activities and her discussions every once in awhile. By all means, she is a traitor to the Empire. But what will I be accomplishing by this task? By this mission? If I don't go through with it, who will I be failing? If I do go through with it, who will I be helping?

Surely there are better targets than a Nebulon Frigate and an Umbaran soldier! Higher ups deserve less than this woman does!

I can still accomplish what I set out to do. But I am having serious misgivings about what I'm about to do.

This catalyst of change is not something that we need now. But maybe there is something I'm not seeing? What I have seen is me coming out taking the night time shot at the Umbaran. She sees the flash of light and it dazzles her. I quickly bring up a giant illusory crowd of people and we run back through the room. Security cameras disabled for our 'private party' obviously. That's when I take action and give chase to a false enemy. I will dominate those who stand in my path.

Log !&8: (Pa\$\$w04!: *#^H@...Y&&&&)

Live l0g - "Target in *#^(!. -3-*)\$%sI0 the rifle. En----h---ing the scope. ***_**_***_*****_*_**_---* conditions in order to pull the trigger. Just waiting for the perfect \$%^*..

(silence)

I can *TTTT^^^R\$.

(heavy breathing)

You falksalhkgsg1hlkdfag2fhks3agh4fd, Dek.

(silence)

You HAVE KNOWN what 2 DOES?

(heart pounding)

The Kylo is worth it. She """"""s a menace. Now hersa killin like da menace she issen.

(silence)

Owahka no poodie baadaa...3...2...9...

(silence)

I can take the shot. I know I can. It's 662626 the wai76&. It's worth the MOMMA in MOM#!!!!. This is ---! --- got this! She knows many things, but that is te^^^e%\$ne(e!

(silence)

Take...the..."

(end live recording - 30% recovered)

Log 109: (Password: NitrousOxide234)

The mission.

I could not do it. Have I failed? I am not sure. I just couldn't do it. I couldn't! This is unlike me!

I think that I couldn't get past her Imperial heritage. The infighting that the remnants of the Empire fought over? The Insidious coming to harvest us? The First and Final Orders? The sudden death of Snoke at the hands of a rogue Jedi? This infighting has to stop! The Principate must change though! Will death do it? I don't think so.

Maybe I should focus on what I do best. Knowledge. Tactics. Intelligence. Sometimes power doesn't flow from the barrel of a gun. I must respect the process! Maybe...we can unite in the future.

I have hope for what little unity we can accomplish!

Log 110: (Password: eXecuteoRder66)

The deed is done. Not by my hands. Erinyes, the Consul of Taldryan, delivered the killing blow. Our faction is considered victorious! We did it! It has been completed. I wish it were under better circumstances. It should not have taken Erinyes to complete the task. I had her in my

sight. I could have done it. But I chose not to.

My actions were not futile. I came to know that I could do it. I could have pulled the trigger. I could have killed her. But I chose not to. My hands were tied in a way. In one life she may have been an ally. If we had chosen to join the Final Order, and so had she, we would definitely have been allies on the battlefield. But we were not.

Too many ifs! What I should focus on is the now! How do I recover from this? How do I get my allies to trust me if they ever found out I was so close and yet so far? Will I dishonor my Clan? My position? Or worst of all the members I chose to serve? They won't know of my success! Only my failure!

Should I have pulled the trigger? Would it have done any good either way? My mind is racing with thoughts. I need peace and calm. I need my mind to slow.

It's cold outside. I think I'll take a brisk walk.

****Dandoran****

****Casino****

The Sullustan walked up to the Consul and sat down beside her at one of the unused card tables.

She was the first to speak: "Pazaak. We used to play that a lot."

"Not so much anymore. Fell out of popularity," Dek responded. He was grinning, almost unable to contain the information that he had.

Erinyes was slightly irradiated, "Just give me the files, Dek."

He pulled a few holopads out of his pocket and handed them to her.

"Forged, right?" she mentioned.

"Absolutely. Not by me, but by a trusted Imperial Intelligence officer."

"Are you sure they can be trusted?" she reconfirmed with Dek.

"Yes," he smirked, "They can. It all adds to our cover story."

She turned from serious to a smile as she placed the pads in her own pocket. "No one is going to attack a Consul with a Clan coming after them. A Quaestor though? Fair game in many

people's eyes."

"This will easily throw everyone off of our tail," Dek reassured.

"Pleasure doing business with you, Battlelord. Now move along, you're blocking the view." She motioned to her shot glass and the Twi'lek dancer trying to entice credits out of some of the patrons.

Dek stood up and whispered, "We both know Reechi was the best target possible. Now we both get our way."