

Dear Sister,

I am so sorry I could not make it. I know that I have promised to meet you in a refugees camp on Felucia. I really wanted to visit you there and to take you with me. I am too well-aware of the pain you have suffered, when our parents got killed during the pirate raid at Velantis, and your misery while you were a slave to one of these sluggish Hutts. I know that you hoped that I would arrive soon and save you from further torment and dangers of living in the refugees camp. As a Stormtrooper, I have seen far too many places like this. Hunger, poverty, rotting wooden cabins that people share with rats and worms. Constant acts of violence, rapes and thefts. Refugees camps are ruled by the law of jungle. Only the strongest and the most adapted can survive at the expense of weaker and less adapted. It is not a place to live. It is more like a place to die.

However, I could not have protected you. The Empire had struggled to defend its citizens against an invasion of an unknown alien race. Their fate depended on defense provided not only provided by Imperial Navy and Army, but on assistance that could be given by people like me. People gifted with abilities to use the Force. Our efforts were necessary to save billions of lives. After two years, we have turned out to be successful in our crusade against the alien incursion. We have suffered countless casualties, but we have saved countless more. We have lost many good and dear friends, but we have defeated the strange enemies. The cost of our victory was beyond imagination, but some of us lost even more. Specifically, I have lost you as a result of the war and my loyalty to the Empire.

I have always gone above and beyond to serve the citizens of the Empire as its leaders have accepted me, despite me coming from a non-Human species. They gave me a purpose, which I had lacked since leaving Duros. However, my loyalty has costed me much more than others. I was always necessary. My skills and time were stretched to maximum so that we could secure the victory over alien invaders. It has prevented me from saving you. I simply had no time to come to Felucia and to take you with me to the Imperial space, where you would be safe and could live a satisfying life. When I learned about the skirmish over Felucia, I arrived as soon as I only could. I was looking for you wherever I could, but it was too late. I learned that the refugees camp you were merely existing at (no one can actually call it *living*) was bombarded from the orbit. Thousands of people were killed instantly. Even more succumbed to wounds, fires and lack of food. But they mean nothing to me. I had no obligation towards them. I would let thousands more to die, if it could only save you or bring you back from the dead. You were my precious one. The only person I loved after our parents were killed by the pirates. I might have helped to save thousands of people, but I have failed to save you. The only remaining truly important person in my life. Nothing can justify my negligence of my duties as your older brother. I should have been there to protect you, to save your life. I have no valid explanation for my improper behaviour and wrong decisions that I made at that time.

I know that writing this letter to you does not make much sense. You will never be able to read it. However, I need to do it. I feel it is the only thing that can help me come to terms with your death. People, who have been directly responsible for killing you along others innocent people in the refugees camp, are all already dead. I have executed them personally for their crimes, but it has not brought me peace or relief. I had to write this letter to explain reasons behind these sorrowful and tragic events. I had to write it to deal with the trauma I have suffered due to your death and my indirect involvement in it. I have never wanted to see you dead. I have dreamt for you to live as long and happy life as it would be possible. I remember I have promised you to make this dream come true. I am sorry that I have not kept my word. I am sorry for failing you. I hope you can forgive me.