

Dear Diary,

It's been a rough few months.

The sickness I picked up on Chorin IV proved far more difficult to treat than I had anticipated. Who'd have thought that traipsing around ancient ruins unprotected could be so dangerous? With all of the capabilities of modern medical science, not to mention aiding those capabilities with my own Force talents, I didn't believe there was still any microbe out there that was a threat to organic life.

Boy was I wrong.

Thankfully, I had not taken the rest of the Order of the Convor with me on this specific mission. In what now looks like a stroke of great fortune, Diego and the rest of the Order were focused on acquiring an ancient Nihil artifact from some less than savory Niktos. Not wanting to miss the chance at such a rare find, I assured them I could handle something as boring as an old temple with just the droids.

To be fair, I very capably navigated the traps and puzzles of these ruins with only minimal assistance from Kilo and RH-825. I also found contained within the ruins showed evidence of interesting metallurgical work on early scans. That was enough to prompt me to remove it from what someone once thought was its final resting place and bring it aboard the Quantum Void.

How could I have expected any kind of biological danger? My preliminary study of the lost civilization of Chorin IV showed no evidence that they had built up genetic modification capabilities. Instead, it seems that it was a "happy" accident of evolution. While the complex itself was in no way hermetically sealed, there had been enough variation to the surrounding environment, and sufficient passage of time, that a unique ecosystem arose within the ruins themselves.

Obviously, I had only returned to the planet for further study after I had cured myself of this strange sickness and with the safety of full hazmat equipment. But, my continued exploration showed an interesting chain of mutations. A local herbivore had developed an ability to weaponize its micro-biome, specifically its gut bacteria, into a sort of projectile vomit onto predators. It seems that in response, the predators of this herbivore developed a highly evolved immune system. You see, they had no way of leaving the complex and thus they had to adapt to eating their now dangerous prey or die off.

This started an evolutionary arms race between the bacterium in the guts of the herbivores and the antibody producing capabilities of the predators. By now, my dear diary, you probably see where this is going. Nature created the perfect cauldron where "superbugs" could develop. As the prey's microbiome adapted to their predator's antibodies, they became increasingly potent over the centuries. Had this little natural laboratory been discovered earlier, I'm sure someone

would have either turned it into a weapon or burned it to the ground before it could get out of hand.

I chose the latter. Well, technically I bombed it from space but the effect was the same. I can't be sure this current iteration of bacterium would have the same impact on all lifeforms as it did to me but I wasn't going to find out. Don't look at me like that diary, I haven't gone soft. This wasn't an altruistic act, far from it. Biological warfare on the scale this microbe could allow would be a major threat to Force Users like myself. To be honest, one of the only real threats the enemies of the Brotherhood could use to truly threaten us.

That could not happen because I very much enjoy my station in life. Me and the rest of the Order get to comb the galaxy for lost knowledge for the low price of fighting in the occasional war. Sure, there's always the threat of death but the combined might of the clans always prevails. Had one of these groups been able to truly weaponize the bactium on Chorin IV, they may have actually had a chance in the next war.

Oh well, six proton torpedoes made sure that never happens.