

Month 003, Day 6 of Imperial Service

Today, I got assigned to the Gozanti-class Cruiser Second Wind, somewhere in the Mewari Sector. It's a pretty nice ship. Sturdy, Corellian design. One of the guys from the Academy, TK-171, I think his name's Madrox, is here with me. At least I've got a familiar face to look at, underneath that helmet and all. It feels good to wear that armor. Like a second skin. Makes you feel, a part of something, something bigger than just you and your family on some galactic raindrop. I miss my parents, their Panna cakes. My Rib-cats. But this job pays well. And it's for a good cause, so....

Month 005, Day 17 of Imperial Service

I beat 542 at Sabacc today. He'd been on a hot streak for almost a week, and today he broke it with a straight staves. I'd lost almost 200 creds on the guy, and now I've almost won it back in one game. He was so mad. The rest of my fireteam cheered me on, and one of the TIE pilots even gave me a pat on the shoulder. Heard some weird things about those guys. Maybe they aren't as bad as they say.

Month 005, Day 26 of Imperial Service

Today I had my first real taste of combat. We ran into a freighter smuggling spice. Disabled the thing's hyperdrives and fried its shields. We went around to board it. The scum made the decision to try and resist. Bad move. We killed maybe half a dozen of them, took the leadership prisoner. I almost shot the rest of them right then and there when I found out these were Fenix Syndicate scum. They'd been harassing the Bubble Wink for decades; I'd seen them in the streets of my home. I heard a few years back the Empire snuffed out their command headquarters. Somewhere in the Meegan System. Its better there now. Empire's policing it a lot better. Good thing we found these moof milkers. Only a few casualties, though. Madrox took a nasty hit in the abdomen, and I had a few glancing wounds, but otherwise we did alright. Our sergeant pulled me aside, told to make sure to keep my head cool. He wouldn't understand.

Month 011, Day 26 of Imperial Service

I can't believe it's been almost a year since I've been in the Corps. I've fought off nearly a dozen of pirate boarding's and made almost as many myself. But now I've been reassigned to a higher purpose than just chasing after two-bit smugglers and petty pirates. After Yavin, after the Death Star, the Rebels got bold. Started attacking Imperial garrisons, making headway. The Second Wind has been reassigned to the 127th Squadron, and we're shipping out to Yumouy in two rotations. I'll be serving with the 432nd Regiment. This'll be the first time I've been planetside in a long time.

Month 3, Day 028 of the Yumouy Campaign

We've been here for almost four months now. These Rebels fight dirty. They lay mines, night raids, guerilla warfare tactics. It's brutal. The ash, it comes in clouds. Makes it hard to see, gets in your respirator, clogs up your rifle. We've been in a stalemate at Pynuma for almost two weeks. The scum are holed up in towers, and we're entrenched ourselves at the outer perimeter, and wait for the bombs to come. Then we rush the guns. We push up, they drive us back, we lose more men. Madrox died in the first hour. Got shot by a marksman. We didn't even have time to bury him. Sarge died six days ago charging into an occupied building. I watched as the shrapnel tore threw him, the blast throws him back, watch his helmet roll, scorched, covered in ash. I couldn't hold my gun straight for two days. 542 got promoted. He's leading our squad now. I'm leading my fireteam. This place is hell.

Month 4, Day 016 of the Yumouy Campaign

We finally pushed the Rebels out of Pynuma. They routed, rushing into the ash plains. We took their leadership hostage. Executed the rest of them. Traitors, scum, all of them. And I heard it was happening across the planet. Rebels fleeing. Hundreds captured. Imperial victory. We move out for Coyerti in 12 hours. Heard it's even worse than here. Bunch of primitive natives rising up against the Imperial garrisons. What a joke. But there's rumors the Alliance is nearby. Could mean trouble.