

Author's Note:

This account is from 4ABY, shortly after the Battle of Endor, and a personal journal entry from an Imperial Storm Trooper. Written by a trooper known as BR-6645, this account describes the Battle of Endor and provides a first hand account to the brutal fighting that soldiers faced. Further on, the account describes the fighting experienced on the planet of Endor against Storm Troopers and native Ewoks. While this is just a portion of CBR-6645's journaling during this time period, the remainder of the journal can be accessed at the University of Sanbra.

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Today I sit in a far corner of the galaxy, hiding on a planet that I will keep anonymous. The Rebel Alliance has won the Battle of Endor, and the honorable Emperor Palpatine has been pronounced dead, betrayed by Darth Vader.

How could Lord Vader do this? He is a traitor, and for that I hate him. He has betrayed everything the Emperor has worked to create and selfishly thrown away the Emperor's dream to unite the galaxy under his rule.

Now the Rebels have taken control of the galaxy once again. I despise them. How will they run the galaxy when they can hardly fly fighter jets? Their ideas will not work, and soon they will realize the damage they have done to the galaxy. The galaxy needs to be ruled by one powerful citizen; one who can valiantly lead and maintain order. The Rebels cannot do this. Their ideals are ridiculous and I am certain they will fail miserably.

I've lost fellow soldiers. I watched them fight alongside me, and consequently die. My mind is filled with images of the war. I see red, grotesque, and bloody images of white helmets scattered across the forest floor. I see brave men lying dead still on the ground, and although I cannot see their faces, I know their eyes stare endlessly into the deep darkness that is death. I feel angry more than anything. I curse all Ewoks. I curse their pathetic fighting tactics, which were only successful because of the aid they had from the Rebels. These primitive creatures are in no way intelligent enough to take on the Empire. If it weren't for their alliance with the Rebels, they would've been massacred by our troops. These savages clearly serve no real purpose in the galaxy; although I must say they were cheap slaves for the Empire to purchase and sell.

And now I hear the Ewoks are being honored for their efforts in the battle. I've never heard anything more ridiculous! If the Rebel's had any sense they would exploit the resources on Endor and annihilate the troublesome Ewoks. After all this would serve them better than honoring these unsophisticated creatures.

I know that someday soon the Rebels idea of a new republic will fail, and I will be ready. For now I must remain in hiding, but I eagerly wait for the day when the galaxy realizes that the Rebels are far worse than the rule of the Empire.

Until then,
BR-6645