

From “The Rising Tide: Memoirs of a Collective Officer” by Major Nuy Vexus

People often ask me why I joined The Collective. New recruits, especially inquire when looking for inspiration, or doubting their own resolve in the cause. It can often look hopeless, at times, when the forces arrayed against you are the mighty and powerful lords of all the galaxy, and that is why it's important to look back and reaffirm the reasons why we are fighting in the first place.

It was only a few decades ago, back on my homeworld of Utapau, during the dark days of the Clone Wars. The galaxy may have been consumed by the war, but my people had always been careful to maintain a respectful distance from the lesser races. We only heard rumors and stories of the battles taking place across the galaxy, and life went on as it always had.

I had just managed to work my way up to the position of warehouse administrator, managing imports and exports from a section of Pau city. A position of some prestige, despite my young age, and I remember being quite proud of it. The afternoon I received the position I remember going Dactillion flying with my brother Kuy through the caves underneath the city, and dreaming of what new freedom and wealth my promotion would bring.

Resting to water our mounts in an underground stream, we talked for a long while about going saving up some money and going into business together. My brother worked for port security, a grueling, dead end job managing a group of Utai and keeping the peace in the starport. He imagined with my new-found connection we could get a permit to open a business all our own in twenty or thirty years. My brother had always been a dreamer.

The next morning I awoke to the smell of smoke and fire.

The Separatist fleet, under the command of General Grievous, had evaded our sensor nets and slipped into orbit with a massive fleet. The invasion was under way before we could even muster a defense. The Port Administrator sent out a desperate cry for aid to the Republic, but was forced to surrender lest the entire city be destroyed. Only a handful of Port Security personnel were killed by the General's assault, but every one of those handful had a family. Like my brother.

The occupation was horrible, but livable compared to the “liberation”. The Republic had heard the Port Administrators distress call, and sent aid to help us. A clone legion, under the command of a Jedi general. The two forces confronted each other on the seventh level of the city, and wrought such havoc that I truly struggle to put it into words.

This was the beginning, the first in a long series of injustices wrought upon the galaxy. The clone wars, the Empire, and the thousand other little conflicts across the face of existence. A Galaxy in flames, a universe destroyed.

As a Pau'un I have the privilege of being able to take the long view. Our centuries long spans mean we are quite adept at identifying the long-term cause of a problem. I looked back at the wars and the genocides of the past decades and I realized, always, a singular pattern took shape. At the center of every conflict was a Jedi, or their more sinister counterpart, the Sith. Always there, always lurking, always pulling strings behind the curtain. The lives and livelihood of good people, people like me, people like my brother, used as pawns in their eternal game of chess!

That's why I joined the Collective. I am here to cut the puppeteers strings and bring the power of self-determination back to the people of the galaxy. I am here because I want to give others the freedom to live the life that was taken away from me.

I am here to give you a choice.