“*In the end, we’re all just chalk lines on the concrete, ready to be washed away…*

*For the time that I’ve been given,*

*I am what I am.”*

* Ivan Moody

“It’s simple, Shaz’air. Document what you remember. You were a vital to victory at the beginning of Taldryan’s Core operations from the start of this madman’s command. And you continue to prove yourself to your namesake.”

“This has been a disaster.” Said Shaz’air in a monotone voice.

“Then write that down… or speak it to the careless piece of mechanical equipment in the library that will undoubtedly record it. I don’t care. But someone does. I am doing my job, they are doing theirs. Now do yours.” Keirdagh said collectively. The Dark Jedi Master was almost surprised – if that was a word that could be used to describe any of the Aedile’s thoughts – at the response he received from the Primarch. But the Sith had seen too many great men rise and fall in the past to become surprised by any reaction. Starring into the Miralukan’s blind eyes he remarked to himself. Perhaps Shaz’air was truly beginning to fit into the shoes of a Taldrya?

Shaz’air stared back, the tidy desk that stood before the two men was illuminated by a small datapad that lay rest beside the Cantor’s hand.

“This was a power play. A plight of over indulgence by the strategist that we have sitting on the Iron Throne. I relieved myself from the position that you now sit in because I would not see myself under the pressure of a sadistic overlord who only takes pleasure in toying with our resources. There was nothing to come of this dubbed ‘crusade’ except to dwindle Taldryan’s forces so that we might be more easily manageable.”

“The same reason that he pitted each other in the war for ‘dominance’ between the Orders. I do not wear these blue marks upon my armor for a certain belief system. I wear them to maintain order and discipline amongst our ranks. If Taldryan were to…” The passion in Shaz’air’s voice trailed off.

“Go on, brother.” Said Keirdagh. “You sit on the Council of Taldryan. You have kept your thoughts to yourself on this matter for too long, I think.”

“Taldryan is her own. We do not need the Dark Council to tell us how we should use our resources or when it is our turn to cut off our arm. Even my lust for blood on the battlefield cannot count for the amount of ground we have lost, and won. The Iron Throne will never give us full reign over the dominions we have taken for ourselves. So why fight for them?”

“From the start of Rhelg my thoughts have been clear: Defeat our opponents and move on. Don’t look back, only forward. Sith Space is all but conquered, just as it has been in the past by The One Sith and many before them. Taldryan has lost many and gained much. But is there anything to show of all this? Time lost seizing planets that have little concrete standing for us as a House. Only when we reclaim our title as Clan could we ever hope to make use of the realms we have won. Where do we go from here? I do not see an end game. Perhaps in time, things will unfold and we will see ourselves at the helm of the Brotherhood and back in our forefather’s good graces.”

The office of Taldryan’s second in command grew quiet in silence, the Primarch’s emotions filling the void.

“We do not fight for the Brotherhood, Shaz’air. We fight for our own. You fight because you are commanded to. Not by the Iron Throne or the Master At Arms; but because if you do not fight, then we will not exist. You gain dominion for the Brotherhood for Taldryan’s glory; not your own.”

“I see that, Brother. Put this down for your record, on my behalf, then.” The tall man shifted his positioning and glared even more steadily at his Aedile. His thoughts reeling with spiteful things to say about the Dark Council. About the loss of good men, women and resources.

“If Taldryan is called upon to defeat more opponents under the banner of the Brotherhood, then I will do so with honor and without regret. I have not made it this far in my career by deciding which battles I wanted to fight. So when the Dark Council calls for aid, I will be there. But know this, dear reader, that Taldryan will look back at this sham and laugh as you drown in our wake of dominance.”

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Special Forces Event Entry – Taldryan, Dromund Kaas

**OPM Shaz'air Taldrya (Obelisk) /**[**Battle Team Wardens of Unity**](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/330)**of**[**House Taldryan**](https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/units/11)**[ACC: II] [GMRG: I]**

SB / GC / SC-SoA / AC / DC-BP / GN-AuL / SN-BL / BN-AuL / Cr:1D-1R-4A-3S-12E-15T-9Q / PoB / CF-SF / CI-GC / DSS-BL / SI / SoF / LS-AgL / SoL-TC / S:5Rm-19U-3B-11De-3Ret-21Dec-6Aff-1Rn

{SA: MVPH}

Son of Taldryan

PIN# 9193