**I'd like to introduce myself, again – Howlader – PIN: 8**

The Boy was awakened from his agitated sleep with the force of a cane striking his shoulder, and the shouting of the Old Man: "stamps! I need more stamps, boy! The good red ones! We must make sure people know we’re serious this time! Only the purest medals will get through our shop! The honour of the Brotherhood and the Emperor’s Hammer is at stake, after all!”

The Boy sighed inside – sighing within earshot of the Old Man was an invitation to a beating, or worse still – a lecture on all the reasons that the Boy was wrong on any and every subject. The Boy trudged over to the dusty cabinet at the far end of the dark room, and fumbled with the handle. The room was so dark he could only see the outlines of the stamps – and not their colours.

The Boy became more frustrated with his inability to fetch the appropriate stamp. He knew how much faster, efficient, and effective the Chancellor’s Office could be if the Old Man would just have this old cramped office hooked up to the Council’s network and grid. No more paper that had to be filed away, no more candlelight that strained the eyes, no more stamps that were becoming increasingly difficult to procure. Just electronic records – all easily tracked and collated for all the Brotherhood to enjoy. With no stamp to be found, the Boy expected a beating – so he surmised he had nothing left to lose…

The Boy cleared his throat and turned toward the Old Man: "You know, Master, we could get a lot more work done if you would just hook up this dusty old hovel of an office to the rest of the Council’s systems…"

The Old Man would hear none of it, and flung his cane with tremendous velocity at the Boy’s head: "Never! We will do things here on Eos as we have always done of them! We will do things in the traditional way, the honour of the Hammer demands it to be so! I won’t hear of your treasonous accusations and suppositions!"

The Boy, expecting a violent response, lunged out of the way of the flying cane, and continued with his tirade: "No! You listen to me old man! The Hammer? Eos? They haven’t been relevant in a generation! Just like you! I’m done humouring you, I’m done with your fantasies, and most of all I am done with you!"

With that, the Boy threw down the depleted red stamp onto the dusty and dirty floor, and stormed out onto the street. The stamp rolled over and stopped at the feet of the Old Man.

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A loud crash filled the upper levels of the Great Hall on Karufr, as the Proconsul, still mostly unconscious, crashed from his comfortable chair onto the floor: "STAMPS!" Howlader shouted at the empty room as he awoke from his second to last nap of the afternoon.

A junior Expansionary Force staffer assigned to the Proconsul’s office ran in to find out what the commotion was, and noticed his Proconsul on the floor. "Are you alright, sir?" the young man asked, while helping Howlader to his feet.

Howlader ignored the question, and instead looked at the left-hand wall of his office and walked over to a framed uniform. He started at it wistfully for a moment, and then took it off the hook and placed it on the ground: "I think so, son. I think so."