**VANGUARD  
  
Ruins**  
**Qirool VI**  
**Qirool System**  
**Taldot Sector**  
  
The ancient ruins of Qirool VI were imposing, still grand in their advanced age. Palisades jutted from massive edifices of raw matter, the odor of decay hanging on the air. Thanadd Mawgath, clad in his armor tomb, kept a secret grin. He knew death would be found, here.  
  
He recalled Scion’s grim expression, one which did not betray his true feelings, as the two parted ways.  
A creature of action, Thanadd was often dispatched to perform Scion’s bidding, and was chosen by the old commander to act as part of Tarentum’s vanguard. His true master, ever efficient, supported the gambit.  
  
*Typical*, he thought, stomping through the earthen pathways which constituted the temple approach.   
  
Bloodfyre was efficient, his plans always seeming to inexplicably align with events as they transpired. His schemes were august tapestries of excruciating beauty, hidden within the shadows of Tarentum. Whatever he desired from Qirool would be merely a thread, woven with deliberate care into some greater strategem. Of that, Mawgath was sure.  
  
The clicking and shuffling of ragtag regiments played in disparate volumes as he made his approach, and through the indignant façades of the officers who deigned to travel planetside, the Tarenti recognized chaos. Military tacticians enjoyed little opportunity to ply their skill, the wit of academy-churned administrators as useless against the restless dead as the pageantry of their station. Leaders from both clans wore expressions of worry, anger, or simple defiance, stymied by forces they simply did not understand.  
  
Striding with heavy footfalls, Mawgath chuckled.  
  
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