

We don't have enough time. The Grand Master has gone missing. Sanguinius has called upon the various members of our Summit to discuss what is resulting. It still doesn't answer the question on everyone's mind though. We all wondered what happened, before news came of the move to the Arx system. More than a few have suggested this move might be the reason that we have not heard from the Grand Master in all this time. Yet, the silence continues.

There are occasional updates from the Iron Throne but they always come through a third party. As I look through the various pieces of intel, I keep stealing glances at my Consul. The Sadowan Entar appears worn and haggard as he shuffles through various datapads in turn.

"So tell me." I paused for a moment and cleared my throat as I watched my fellow Summiteer. "How bad do things really look for Clan Naga Sadow?"

Sanguinius stopped reading the screen, his hand dropping to the table as he rubbed his eyes with his free right hand. I could see his nostrils flare as he drew a slow, steady breath. "As far as I can see we are in roughly the same position we were in a few weeks ago."

"How can that be?" The question escapes from my lips unbidden. I briefly shook my head before I continued. For once I silently cursed myself for my ingrained habit of speaking my mind freely. Sanguinius really didn't need that right now.

"Even without Pravus, the Inquisitors are still out there somewhere. Our members have grown quiet and withdrawn from the larger galaxy."

I pondered on his words. As I stopped to think about it, we had seen little of the Inquisitorius since sometime after Atra Ventus had returned to the Orian system and razed our fleet. None of our intelligence reports had given us any more insight into that. Still, it did not seem that the Dark Brotherhood had ground to a halt. Other clans had taken all advantage of the quiet and I even received a message from the Shadow Academy calling me to muster. That is how I had found out about the new planet.

"Arx is pretty out of the way. I see there being one of two possibilities, Sang. One very real possibility is that Pravus has been biding his time and that he is going to strike us all hard very soon." I looked down for a moment, before speaking more slowly. "The other possibility is a little more worrisome, in a way." This statement caused Sanguinius to raise an eyebrow. "The possibility is that we are dealing with a bit of insurrection."

"What?" The surprise was evident in my Consul's voice, his voice becoming hushed.

"Well, do you really believe, given what we have seen over the last couple years, that the Dark Council is as unified as they would like us to believe?"

As I watched him, the Augur leaned back into his chair, drawing a slow breath as he intertwined his fingers in contemplation. I already started to think about our immediate options. I could try to contact Arcona, Tarentum and perhaps even Odan-Urr. If I was lucky, perhaps even the Lotus would step up to help us in preparation against a possible attack. Now, I would just have to trust my Consul and friend to see sense despite the pressure of our imminent doom.

Force help us all.