

Proconul Stahoes
Personal Logs
The 30th Day of 36 ABY

The unease of the War has not settled from the members of the Clan. I am no different than the rest of them. Many grow concerned with perceived weakness or anger about the actions of the Collective, but my unease comes from a more practical point. I worry that the risk to the morale of our members. I worry about my own strength. I can never show that to them. I have not allowed my wife to leave the system, even though I know that the family home on Ryloth has need of her. I have been in contact with my wife's brother to administrate as many things as can be done in her absence.

Until we can return, I have been engaging in training sessions in the day after I finish my work with the Consul. When /I am neither working with Sanguinius or in the gym, I have been taking extra time to spend with my daughter in particular. I have a terrible feeling of unease. Apart from these times, I am the very picture of cold indifference. Sometimes the voices overcome me while working, or as I continue to study my tomes and holocrons. Still, the work for the Clan, for the Headmaster and the Tribune all ensure I have little time to think about what occurred on the surface.

That is really the trick. I keep working and I never have to face up with the lives I have ended. The knowledge that Oligard was once one of our own- if only under the umbrella of the Brotherhood- echoes too greatly with the purges that once drove aliens, Krath, and Obelisk alike from our ranks. I know that I owe nothing to these men and women who attacked all under the jurisdiction of the Iron Throne. Perhaps I am placing too much weight on similarities to when I marched against my fellows at Boyna, but the trauma from the combat on Nancora has proven more than I had expected.

I have been watching both Houses within the Clan closely now. If the likes of a man like Rath Oligard turned against the likes of the Grand Master and our Brotherhood, then what is to stop the likes of a Quaestor or secretive sub-faction from trying to shatter the back of our Sadowans? All has been quiet on the home from on Aeotheran but this has not been the case for Tarthos. There have been little more than murmurings from the surface. Still, I will have to stand watch against the traitors that may arise. I must guard the loyalty of the Clan, even against their own ideas. I worry not for a loyalty to the Grand Master or his uncomfortable chair, but rather I need to ensure that the Clan remains loyal to its own ideals.

Thus far, Sanguinius has proven his loyalty through continued service. The former Grand Master Keibatsu has not made any overt moves that fall out of the best interests of Naga Sadow. It is only a matter of time, however. I must stand a steadfast vigil. I must be alert. I cannot allow any of them to know of my suspicions. It would be better they see me as a frosted tyrant than a weakling. They might accuse me of paranoia, but I know better. I must purge weakness from our ranks, before it consumes us all.

I know this to be true. The voices told me so.

END OF PERSONAL LOG