

Proconsul's Log
The Twenty-Eighth Day of 36 ABY

Nearly a month of the new cycle has passed. The echoes of the conflict on Nancora are still felt all over Sepros and the other planets within the Orian System. It has created a new conflict in me, it has left scars upon members of our Clan from our Consul down to our lowest Novitiate. I have watched how the conflict has twisted Kojiro Keibatsu, has humbled Aul Celsus, and has warped even myself into new shapes.

It has revealed weaknesses in me. I am a firm hand with a lightsaber. I am passable with a blaster. With basic training with a sword, I can at least keep from cutting myself. It isn't enough. I can disappear with the barest of thoughts and typically remain hidden as long as I care to. Still, I can't match Tasha'Vel blow for blow with a sword. My skill with a blaster has deteriorated significantly since I took my post.

I can improve. I have mastered the subtler arts of lying. I have mimed and pretended at being a diplomat. My wife improves as a combatant and I weaken. More and more often I see the sorts of roles I played filled by others. I have forsaken physical strength for dexterity, and have in turn focused solely on that precision and dexterity. I stand on the precipice of greater power.

I am not Krath. Rather, the path of an Obelisk, though scorned by the Grand Master and his ilk, still defines my path. I am a sneak, a backstabber, and more prone to trickery but I should not give up my physical skills. I will not forsake the application of the arts of Sith Alchemy, nor will I allow myself to lose all that I have gained.

With access to the archives provided by Farrin, I can study further forms of combat. The training facilities on Sepros are still accessible to me as Proconsul. I have the time to focus on fine-tuning my skills with telekinetic powers. I can further sharpen my ability to turn my burning hatred into forks of lightning, the likes of which I might destroy my enemies.

Above that, I can work in the gyms to become stronger. I can train to become quicker. I will push my body to its utter limits. It is all a matter of training. I can start with 30 minutes a day. I will move it up by five minutes a week until I am working two hours a cycle in order to sharpen and sculpt my body into a sharply tuned tool. I will enhance my service to the cause of Sadow.

In time, I will usurp the Consul. In time I will ascend to greater power. I will become a blade in the darkness. I will be unseen until I strike. I will be a spectre, felling the true enemies of the Brotherhood. I will experiment with new weaponry and expand my skills with martial arts. Perhaps I can even talk with Macron or one of the elders. I am sure that none of them would say no to a weapon to aim. Little will they know what I will truly be capable of.