

806.M41 Prior to Eldrad's first
engagement with the Tau on Cano'var

Eldrad looked out at the cracked Horizon ripping appart the safety of the unknown. He could hear the suttle ripples of wind swirling across his councils robes. A shallow thud of an unnatural step broke his concentration. A flash of blinding hatred consumed his mind. His lungs filled and he settled himself once again searching.

He stood In an endless puddle, the liquid apeared suspended in place, as if time had stopped. He was barely visible before his own eyes, catching the glint of his ring as he stared at the water beyond

where his hands should be, he felt safe he felt alone but this was an impossible lie. He had felt nothing since planetfall and was beginning to feel concern. He raised his head over his shoulder to scan his surroundings. There was something there, he could see himself through the eyes of another. Someone knew.

There's a good chance if you find a webway gate you'll find yourself a gem-necklace and if you wait you might come across a set of matching earrings. If you're lucky enough you could even stumble upon technology that minces the fabric of realities. Assets were unaccounted for and knowledge of a pathway was now on every vidbox worth its weight around

the quadrant, the mental image left a grotesque stain on Eldrads mind. He had left breadcrumbs to float through the collective mind which greeted him with open arms the intent of the embrace a discovery upon the path of the true allegiance against the great enemis. But a new form shifted behind the first. It appeared lost but its eyes never flinched.

A performance played in his head he watched the dead climb into yet another casket, the living followed blindly, Torment vented from the corpses and as utter annihilation played its hand a blank look filled the mirror. A violent shake distorted the vision and it split into two and then three, he broke into a run trying

to not loose sight of it. Evershifting eyes seeking understanding looking for the truth. All minds had the same goal every destination distinct.

A raging storm trapped the horizon and all was taken back. Across the eastern valley the wind had picked up, the Monkeigh had begun packing their gear and a low rumble of steel teeth gripped the air. In the distance dropships pierced the violent clouds, opening volleys fractured the twilight and in an instance the bluff was empty. Eldrad turned round to a meditating choir. A low hum reverberated through the seer. His mind began to wander many hallways, many doors, in which way would he destroy

the ignorant today, still somewhere in a tiny chamber a fraction of himself was looking through a slit hoping to catch sight of this new presence, just once more.