The high duke of Emlion surveyed the column that marched quietly below him. His house servant dared a quick look up at his master to see his mandibles twist slightly into just a hint of a sneer. Or was it disappointment? Very often the two traveled together with the duke. Was anything worthy of his notice?

“They're fools the lot of them” The duke admitted quietly. His servant stayed quiet. He knew better than to talk. He knew better than to move or even turn to his master. The duke was a particular man. It was rare for him to voice his opinions so openly.

“The Third is a shell of what it once was.” The duke turned his upper segments slowly towards the servant and observed his posture. The servant was careful not to let anything slip.

“Hmm. Once the noblest of fighting men would clamor to join its ranks. The scouts. I applied myself but did not make it on account of my lost third leg.” He patted segment where his well pressed uniform should have had an opening.