

<Post Confalon CutScene>

*The Enclave of the Eve, location unknown*

The exterior sensor subsystems tracked the vessel as it departed the station until it jumped at the edge of the system. The Director stares at the screen for a long time, studying his reflection in the terminal screen.

The voice of the facility management system breaks into his consciousness, "The Chief Enclave Engineer requests an emergency audience," it says.

"Very well," he says, "Come."

The door swings open and a jellyfish-like creature floats into the room. The door closes as it moves to a position close to the edge of the desk.

"Yes Chief Engineer," the Director says,

"First Director, my apologies for the intrusion, but I bring terrible news," the jellyfish says, "One of control junctions has destabilized due to corruption of the transmission medium by veil-sourced radiation. Transit to and from the affected nodes is not possible at this time and all backup systems in that area were similarly affected. Analysis reveals a flaw in the original medium expanding over time by the exposure to the radiation."

The Director calls up a schematic display and studies it before answering, "How many nodes are affected?"

"Four, with each node holding anywhere from one to four engram patterns," the engineer replies.

"Their status?" the Director asks.

"Unknown at this time, a powerful surge of energy fed back into those nodes during the failure," the jellyfish hesitates before continuing, "The probability analysis subroutine gives a 95% probability that engrams were damaged beyond recovery."

The director thumps his fist against the desk, frustration evident on his face. After regaining his composure he says, "Continue following protocol, if the system cannot re-establish the connections within an hour, then power down the affected nodes. What about the other junctions? Are they as vulnerable?"

The jellyfish waves tendrils in the general direction of the Director as a data window materializes near his head. "As you can see, each of the media conduits has this flaw; it is a matter of time before they all fail. As they fail, they will send feedback surges throughout the system, further weakening the overall system stability. We can divert more power into the radiation shielding to slow the progress, but eventually, the system will undergo a catastrophic failure," the engineer says.

"Why have you not done this already?" the Director asks.

"All remaining power is diverted to either the Master Weavers for maintaining the fold or the strategic reserve they use to handle the sporadic spasms in the veil itself," the engineer says, "I need an authorization from you to divert the necessary power. However, this could leave the weavers without sufficient power to address the needs of the fold. Should that happen, the fold would fail and we would be exposed."

The Director studies the figures then touches the data window, it vanishes.

"Thank you, I shall inform the overseer for the weavers prior to diverting the power," he jellyfish turns to leave.

"Just to satisfy my curiosity, why this form?" the Director asks.

Without turning back or stopping, the engineer replies, "Because I can. The virtual nature of the place we inhabit allows for the evaluation of various possibilities and the expansion of our consciousnesses. The same reason you chose your form and setting."

The Director watches as the doors close and he returns to the screen he was watching originally. With the ship gone, the display goes back to various views of space around the massive enclave. Clouds of radioactive particles conceal portions of the station and the ships tethered to it; giving both a ghostly appearance.

"Doubtful," he says to the empty room, "very doubtful my friend."