

<Post Confalon CutScene>

*Two hours later, Master Weavers' Chambers, the Enclave of the Eve, location unknown*

The incantations that maintain the veilfold require three Master Weavers constantly adjusting the complex, 11 dimensional weave. Weavers switch off to give others time to recover from the arduous task.

At the same time, another weaver monitors an infinitesimally small gap in the fold for the transmission from the survey team recently sent out. Having only been gone for two hours, they are not expecting a return message, but protocol requires it. Once that message is received, the gap will be closed and the data analyzed.

The junior weaver would have missed the transmission entirely if it was not for the detailed algorithms deployed by the Master Weavers. He immediately records the transmission and passes it to the First Master Weaver.

The First Master Weaver, the Chief Engineer, and the First Ruling Director gather to review the data.

"Something must a gone horribly wrong for them to transmit so soon. Our enemies must be waiting on our doorstep," the Director begins.

"I'm not so certain. There is a tremendous amount of information to decode," the engineer replies.

Minutes later, several displays open up. The three study the information for several minutes.

"No one near the Enclave, that's a good sign," the Director says.

"But the usurpers have spread far beyond Eden. They have developed their own methods of manipulating the Veil. I see things in common with us and the a'Dam, but no obvious signs of complicity with us or the a'Dam," the engineer states, "But I do see stark evidence the Order of Stellar Light's influence," display enlarges, "They use the Order's communications network. Based on this historical data, this Hawdon family obtained control of the network and trade access to it for material gain or influence. The strange thing is that they do not mention acquiring it from the Order directly. In fact, there is no mention of the Order in the data at all, nor the Eve or the a'Dam for that matter."

"How did this happen so quickly, we've only been gone for less than a century?" the Director asks.

"Based on the information gathered by the team, over 8500 years have passed," the engineer states.

"Impossible!" the Director exclaims, "Even near limitless power provided by the star, we would not be able to maintain the fold that long."

The First Master Weaver, scanning the data says quietly, "Now that we have sensor telemetry from outside the fold, I can make an analysis."

"Go ahead," the Director replies.

"While we maintained the veilfold in eleven dimensions, the passage of time was somehow altered. Within the space created by the veilfold, time flows more slowly than outside the veilfold; a ratio of approximately one hundred twenty to one. Based on this information the team has actually been gone almost two weeks," the weaver says.

"If that is true, then what happened to everyone else?" the Director asks.

The engineer continues reading, "The team report provides no explanation. They looked, but no direct evidence has been found thus far. However, their investigation was cut short. The group split, some members decided to reveal themselves to the usurpers. The remaining team members departed the planet and have gone into hiding among the usurpers with no pending location provided."

"I said that decanting them into a limited form, without all of their memories and abilities at their disposal could backfire on us," the weaver says, shaking his head, "Now the usurpers are aware of our existence."

“But that knowledge provides them no benefit. Based on what I see here, they have long forgotten about us. Even their historical and cultural references relegate us to myth; and poor myths at that,” the Director replies, “I would say that this gives us an advantage over them.”

“To do what?” the engineer replies, “They occupy over 300 star systems at some level and exploit hundreds more for resources. That gives them a formidable advantage, regardless of our potential superiority in technology and weaving.”

“I agree,” says the weaver, “and who knows that other techniques they have discovered associated with the Veil. Besides, we cannot immediately return to Eden, even if these usurpers did nothing to prevent us.”

The Director paces around the various displays then stops as he comes to a decision, “Master Weaver, release the fold as soon as possible. The veil-sourced radiation should dissipate shortly thereafter. Once that is done, we must start the decantation process.”

“Director, I must protest!” the weaver cries out, “To drop the fold would put us at the mercy of anyone who comes across us. We would be better off waiting a while longer.”

“No, I think not,” the Director replies, “The Enclave’s point defenses should be sufficient to drive off any of these usurpers that come across us. Besides, no one is looking for us, so we should release the fold and prepare ourselves, while we have the element of obscurity on our side.”

“What should we be using for the decantation process?” the engineer asks.

“A mixture of course, those suited for dealing with others as well as combat and construction,” the Director replies, “Focus on getting our ships operational as soon as the radiation levels die down. If only we could have given the survey team the more advanced units, they could have held their entire engram...”

“But the advanced units are more susceptible to the radiation during decantation, we could not grow them in this kind of environment,” the engineer replies.

“True. It is what it is,” the Director actually smiles, “Trust me, this works to our advantage. Get the process underway as soon as possible.”

“Yes sir,” both the weaver and engineer say in unison.

An hour later, a completely empty portion of space erupts in chaos. Bolts of blue energy play around space as a star system, where none existed before, slowly fades into view shrouded by diminishing mist.