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September 28, 2501; *The Enclave of the Eve* (location unknown)

The Director stares out the floor to ceiling windows at the manufacturing node on the far side of the Enclave. A huge vessel is attached to the outside of the node, all of its lights dark. He can make out little remote vehicles flitting around various points on the ship.

A tall dark skinned male, handsome in his physique and dressed in a simple toga, storms into the office and says angrily, "Why am I denied access to the fabrication units? I am told that you ordered the blockage." His chest heaves in and out as the man huffs.

The Directory, currently in his elderly adult visage of a white suit, rimmed glasses, and a cane, slowly turns back to his desk and faces the irate man standing before him. The window blurs as it is replaced by a wall of bookshelves full of books. The man sits back in his chair and says calmly, "Mr. Bayyina, you were reckless and we all paid the price for your arrogance. Until you learn better, there will be no more excursions from the Enclave for you I am afraid."

"Reckless," the man shoots back, "Stop calling me that. Darius Bayyina died a long time ago."

"Alpha Omega sounds so... uncivilized," the Director replies, "And if you call strapping that Child to a table and running tubes and wires all over his body getting results, perhaps you should rethink your definition."

"I got the results and information I wanted," Alpha says.

"And I got the bill," the Director adds, "We had just revived that old Order base. You drew their attention to it and now it is gone, totally. Fortunately for you, everyone managed to download before the link was severed. Had just one of them been trapped there, you would be in isolation. Not a good place to be, I assure you. Keep in mind we are not here for your little revenge plots and we are not limitless in our resources."

"4-Void deserved everything he got and will get," Alpha says with a savage smile on his lips.

"Perhaps," the Director replies, "But did you ever pause to consider that you would not be here now if it were not for him? Perhaps you should let your anger and hatred go and move on. We have larger goals to deal with. It is time for you to take your place in them instead."

Alpha looks thoughtful for a while then says, "Maybe you are right. I am now free of that confining form. And he gets to live in fear of me the rest of his miserable existence. What role did you have in mind for me?"

"Better... Much Better," the Director says, "When the time comes for us to implement our plan, we will need someone to create as much chaos on GalactiComm as possible. That will be your major role. You should begin preparing your simulations now."

"Very well," Alpha says and turns to go."

"Wait!" the Director calls out, "I said that was your major role. I have another role for you as well."

Alpha turns back but says nothing.

The Director turns his chair back towards the wall and the window reappears. "You are the only one among us who can think like those who would stand in our way," he says, "I need you to advise me on how they will react to our actions."

"Ok. I can do that," Alpha replies, "Will there be anything else?"

"Yes," the Director says, "One last thing." The image changes to a schematic of the large ship attached to the manufacturing node. "This ship is almost completed," he says, "What should we name it to strike the most fear into the hearts of our foes?"

"What is it?" Alpha asks.

"It will be my command ship when we kick off our plan," the Director replies, "You will be performing your task from it as well. It will serve as a counter to the Order of Stellar Light's *Impresario*. Its key advantage is that instead of just one archon consciousness on board, this ship will have hundreds. It has the best technology we have ever developed. We were building it prior to our disappearance and are just now able to finish it."

Alpha strokes his chin thoughtfully, "Several imposing names come to mind. But if this is truly a counter to the *Impresario*, you should consider something counter to that name. When the time comes, known space will look to that ship to save them. Instead they should see this ship crushing the *Impresario* instead. My suggestion would be the *Judiciary Auditor*."

"The *Judiciary Auditor*," the Directory says a bit quizzical, "That sounds rather bland."

"Perhaps if all you were going to do was paint the name on the side," Alpha says with an evil grin on his face, "But when you broadcast that those who resist us have been judged, found lacking, and will be punished. The thought of being found wanting will stick in the back of the minds of those who come after. Use a combination of gold on black paint and lighting to enhance the effect."

The Director nods, "Interesting. Thank you. I will take that into consideration."

"You're welcome Director," Alpha bows slightly to the Director, "If you will excuse me, I have work to do."