I would never forget my password!

Inner Archives Arx 41 ABY

Howie sat at the access point to the Brotherhood's internal servers. The Human wore his panda suit, as he always did. The smell was comforting, the humidity just right within the confines of the structured costume. Yet even the soft interior could not bring joy to Howie today.

This karking AI! The Council thought they could replace *him* with some stupid AI apparently. It could yell like him, deny things like him. Poppycock. Even if it could- well, he was a Councillor too! He just had to sign in to the servers in the archives, find the files and delete them along with any back-ups.

Now if only he could remember his password.

How long had it been since he last needed to sign in to the damned systems? It had been years, after all he just yelled for other people to hit the buttons. It was already signed in on his personal data pad, as it had been for the last two decades. Seriously, who doesn't have auto-fill for their passwords in ABY? Amateurs.

The Human tried the classics: 42069, *RenatusSux*, *BubbaButtx7x*, 123456 and even *abc123*.

Yet the servers box flared red, a crisp reminder of time running out and the terror of this situation. Afterall, who'd keep fixing his panda suit if he wasn't paying them so many credits? It was at *least* a quarter of his monthly budget, and it wasn't his fault beer doesn't mix well with the suede boots.

Username or Password Incorrect.

Hint: I would never forget my password, go away hacker!

Howie shook his head, leaning forward. Damn his witty, charming self. In his absolute genius, he'd forgotten that his passwords were far too powerful for mortal brains.

He continued on, trying more convoluted options. *Hamm3rThisEmp3r0r*, *TheMothersBellyIsInTheLogoDammi*t and even *654321!* He tried the numbers in every order. Tried every insult to every councillor current and past that he could *recall* at least. Some of them hadn't been worth enough sobriety to remember them.

Though one of them did smell distinctly of Ewok musk. *EwokMusk* did not summon the green lights of freedom. Of entry into the files.

Slamming the keyboard, he entered that keyboard smash but still nothing. Strings of curses spewed from his tongue.

The hint still glared from its position on the screen.

-go away hacker!

The audacity of himself! Even Howie wasn't allowed to defy Howie, yet here he was stumped by himself and not even sexier for it.

He typed in the words of the hint. Separately. Together. In phrases. Screaming into the darkened rooms of the servers, he fell backwards, the rotund, padded butt of his suit protecting him from the impact as he laid back and howled-

Base Camp The Reflection of Eos City The Ethereal Realm 41 ABY?

Alethia snickered as Renatus stared on. The Justicar was settled into the rightmost seat of the room, by the door for when he could swiftly exit. Himself and the Headmaster to his left had claimed the most comfortable seats while the others gathered around the holo-projector in a circle. Except Evant, who was duct taped in place onto the ceiling. His head lolled side to side, humming to himself some song about wanting it that way.

The Holo-projector bore the live feed of the computer in the inner archives. Howie fell back, his scream inaudible but visible as his eyes scrunched together and mouth bore open, barely visible through the laced facial features of his suit.

Idris still had bags under his eyes from the ghosts of his past he'd faced, yet even he chuckled at the display, looking to Dacien, "How long had you been planning this?"

Dacien simply shrugged, gesturing up at Evant.

"Oh." Idris looked up at the Grandmaster before his attention was drawn down once more.

James had waved a hand, "At least six months. As soon as it was discovered what was occurring with the Children. We thought we'd need a laugh."

"When will you tell him the 'Al' is just a porgbot?"

James took his turn to shrug as Dacien smiled, his blue-grey eyes reflecting the projection.

At least a little bit longer.