

THE ANTHOLOGY OF JULIETTE ANDRONICUS

By DIANA JUDE



Eighteen months.
No contact.
Watched, unseen.

WARNING

**IF THIS FILE COMES INTO POSSESSION OF
UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL,**

DESTROY IMMEDIATELY.

**FAILURE TO COMPLY
WILL RESULT IN EXECUTION.**

ARCHIVE NOTICE

*Agent Juliette Andronicus was assigned to
conduct reconnaissance on Planet Earth in the year 2000.*

She has not returned.

This archive contains her surviving field reports.

NEW POMPEII DEPARTMENT OF WAR & FOREIGN RELATIONS



**TOP SECRET INFORMATION
DO NOT DISTRIBUTE**

ARCHIVAL INDEX

RECOVERED MATERIALS: SUBJECT J. A. ANDRONICUS

FILE 47-1	AGENT PROFILE
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**NEW POMPEII DEPARTMENT OF WAR &
FOREIGN RELATIONS ARCHIVES.**

DEPT. OF WAR — NEW POMPEII
FIELD RECORD: 47-1
ACCESS: LEVEL-III

SUBJECT FILE

DESIGNATION:

J. A. ANDRONICUS

AGE: 136 TR

SPECIES: FI (ROMAN LINE)

RANK: PRIMUS PILUS

FUNCTION: RECON

HT: 177.8

WT: 58.9

SERVICE LOG:

412th FLEET — INFIL/EXEC
(SPEC OPS)

322nd FLEET — RECON

452nd UNIT — PEACEKEEPING

TRIERDON-0 — OUTCOME:

DECISIVE

CASUALTIES: [REDACTED]

PERFORMANCE METRICS:

TACTICAL EFFICIENCY: 97.8%

THREAT RESPONSE: OPTIMAL

CIVILIAN LOSS: WITHIN
PARAMETERS

NOTABLE CAMPAIGNS:

- TRIERDON-0
- GALACTIC INSTALLATION OF PEACE
- MECCA-08



COGNITIVE ALIGNMENT:
DEVIATING
LOYALTY INDEX:
VARIABLE
STATUS: UNDER REVIEW

NEW POMPEII DEPT. OF WAR & F.R. ARCHIVES

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PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION

SUBJECT: J. A. ANDRONICUS

ACCESS: LEVEL-III

COGNITIVE PROFILE:

INTELLECT: HIGH

STRATEGIC RESPONSE: ADVANCED

EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION: SUPPRESSED

INCIDENT RECORD:

TRIERDON-0 — SIEGE EVENT
EXCESSIVE FORCE DEPLOYED
REPRIMAND ISSUED—LVL XIII ACCESS REQ.

BEHAVIORAL ASSESSMENT:

DISCIPLINE: CONSISTENT

COMMAND RESPONSE: RELIABLE

COGNITIVE ALIGNMENT: VARIABLE

DEVIATION MARKERS: PRESENT

RISK EVALUATION:

AUTONOMY: ELEVATED

INDEPENDENT ACTION: MODERATE

LOYALTY INDEX: STABLE

(UNDER REVIEW)

STATUS:

CLEARED FOR DEPLOYMENT

AUTHORIZATION:

Aurelia Andronicus

NEW POMPEII DEPT. OF WAR & F.R. ARCHIVES
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OPERATIONAL DIRECTIVE



PURPOSE:

LOCATE AND RETRIEVE ANCIENT ARTIFACT:

VOLUMINA MORTORUM — ETRUSCAN/ROMAN BOOK OF ANCIENT SECRETS

AGENT ASSIGNED:

PRIMUS PILUS, JULIETTE AURELIA ANDRONICUS

MISSION STATION:

PLANET: EARTH

CITY: BOSTON

STATE: MASSACHUSETTS

COUNTRY: UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CONTINENT: NORTH AMERICA

TIMELINE: 6 TRI-ROTATIONS (2 EARTH YEARS)

RISK ASSESSMENT

- EARTH IS A PRIMITIVE PLANET OUTSIDE OF FEDERATION LIMITS
- HUMAN CIVILIZATION IS EXTREMELY HOSTILE
- MAINTAIN UNDERCOVER IDENTITY AT ALL COSTS
- **KNOWN THREAT:** CONSTANTINE'S ORDER — ANTIQUATED FACTION
CREATED TO ENSURE THE FI DO NOT RETURN TO ROME

**HIGHLY TRAINED PERSONNEL
EXTREMELY DANGEROUS
DO NOT ENGAGE**

NEW POMPEII DEPT. OF WAR & F.R. ARCHIVES
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DEPLOYMENT AUTHORIZATION



AGENT:

JULIETTE AURELIA ANDRONICUS

STATUS:

APPROVED FOR DEPLOYMENT

MISSION OBJECTIVE:

RETRIEVAL OF THE VOLUMINA MORTORUM FROM PLANET EARTH.

THIS DEPLOYMENT HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE NEW POMPEII
DEPARTMENT OF WAR & FOREIGN RELATIONS COUNCIL & EMPEROR SEVERUS

PRAETOR MAXIMUS

A stylized, cursive signature in white ink, appearing to read 'Lucius Antonius'.

LEGATUS PRIMUS

PRAEFECTUS PRAETORIO

A stylized, cursive signature in white ink, appearing to read 'Marcus Antonius'.

QUAESTAR BELLATOR

A stylized, cursive signature in white ink, appearing to read 'Julius Caesar'.

MAGISTER MILITUM

A stylized, cursive signature in white ink, appearing to read 'Titus Lartius'.

TRIBUNUS MAGNUS

A stylized, cursive signature in white ink, appearing to read 'Sicinius Velatus'.

EMPEROR

A large, stylized, cursive signature in white ink, appearing to read 'Severus Alexander'.

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NEW POMPEII DEPARTMENT OF WAR & FOREIGN RELATIONS

FIELD REPORT DATA LOGS

TOP SECRET INFORMATION
DO NOT DISTRIBUTE

OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent



MAY 4, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG 1

This planet is primitive. The air is tepid and undesirable. *A pity*, for a planet to be so far outside of the reach of the Federation, it will never reap the benefits of advanced society.

This town, Boston, is active and never silent. I do not desire the bustling streets and loud pedestrians during the day. I have set up my station to begin research and reconnaissance.

I have assimilated properly, gathering similar attire and items to make myself part of their society. While I possess no profession, I have established a documented routine to appear 'normal'. It will consist of a daily run, breakfast, research in my residence, and nightly outings to buy supplies.

I assume with proper research and fruitful expeditions, the *Volumina Mortorum* will be attained in 6-9 months.

Dog of War,



DIGITAL RECORD OF ASSIMILATION

HUMAN FORM

ALIAS: Juliette Andrews

AGE EST: 26 Y.O— 33 Y.O

OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

Fi

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent



MAY 25, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG 2

I began research immediately. For the last several days, I have been to the library, one of Earth's supposed centers of information, to try to find clues toward the location of the *Volumina Mortorum*. I can see Constantine was quite... *influential and revered*. How sickening! This man is remembered as a saint, an emperor. Humans are the antithesis of advanced society, glorifying tyrannical rule and marginalized ideas of faith.

I hope one day Earth will know the horrendous atrocities Constantine committed on the people of my father's father. I take pride that the Fi have now advanced far beyond the mortals of Earth.

My research, however, remains fruitless. No book, no record, no document even whispers of the *Volumina Mortorum*. Time is slipping away, and failure is not an option. I will take what I have gleaned from the accounts of Constantine's life and use it to guide my expedition to Rome.

Dog of War,

A stylized, cursive handwritten signature in dark ink that reads "Juliette Andronicus". The letters are fluid and interconnected, with a prominent 'J' and 'A'.

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OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent

MAY 30, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG 3

For three consecutive days, a human male has remained stationed outside my tenement in an automobile, maintaining consistent 12-hour intervals. He exits only briefly to indulge in nicotine consumption in the adjacent alley.

How human, to require such vices.

His presence is deliberate. The duration, positioning, and routine suggest surveillance rather than coincidence. I suspect affiliation with a governmental body.

I will begin documenting his behavior.

If this assessment proves correct, it is imperative that I give him no cause to question my identity, nor the origin of my presence on this planet.

Dog of War,



OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent

JULY 15, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG 4

I have studied Constantine extensively, and have compiled a list of locations of the *Volumina Mortorum*:

- The Hagia Sophia, Istanbul, Turkey
- The Arch of Constantine, Rome, Italy
- The Basilica of Maxentius and Constantine, Rome, Italy.
- The Aula Palatina, Trier, Germany

Given the lack of information from New Pompeii's Department of War & Foreign Relations, it has been difficult to identify locations for discovery. My mission cannot afford indecision; each day makes success less likely.

That man still watches my tenement

I noticed a notepad on his passenger seat. He is taking data on me.

I feel as though I am an animal in a cage.

Should I name you, sir? I can watch you as well.

No, you are undeserving of a title.

Nameless man, I've been given permission to eliminate interference. Should I take your life?

...

No. Bloodshed this early will only prove troublesome.

Dog of War,

OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent



AUGUST 30, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG 5

I have arrived in Italy.
My flight to Rome was long. My wings are tired. Fatigue has forced me to rest in a local hostel.

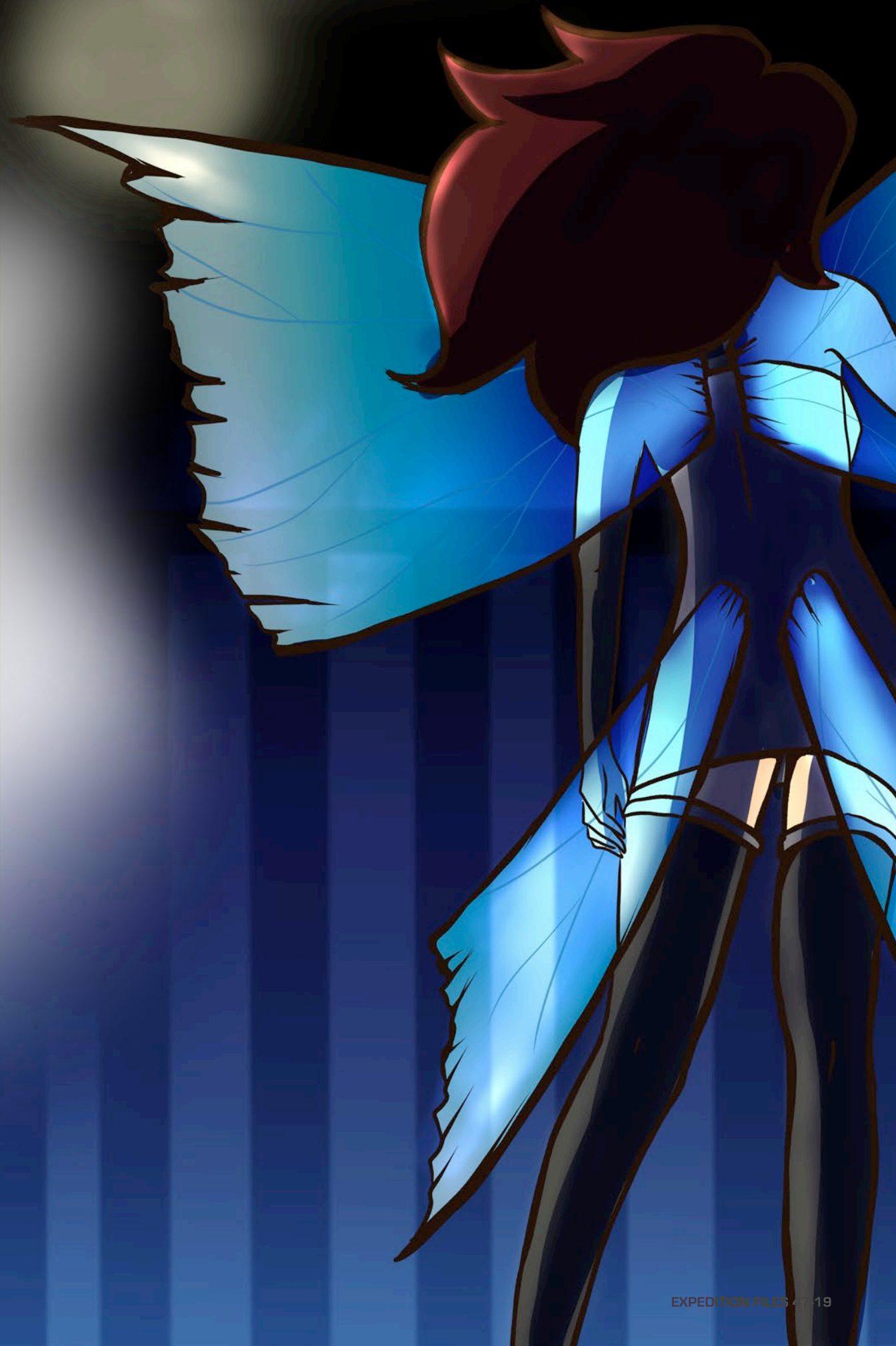
Tomorrow, I will travel to the Arch of Constantine and the Basilica of Maxentius and Constantine.

I was taken aback upon first glance at the Vatican. *The complex sits ominously, stationed as a dominant structure in the city.*

It has captured my interest, and I will be investigating it.

Dog of War,

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Juliette Andronicus".



*"This canine has followed me throughout the day.
Its persistence suggests intent."*



OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent

AUGUST 31, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG 6

Today was a vain endeavor. Nothing more than antique, empty buildings with a crowd of people believing such monuments are worthy of notoriety.

HOW AGGRAVATING.

Tomorrow I will venture to the Vatican.

Dog of War,

Handwritten signature of Juliette Andronicus in black ink.



OBSERVER:
Juliette Andronicus
CLASS:
FI
ROLE:
Level IV Reconnaissance Agent

SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG 7

Today was remarkable. I researched Vatican City from afar. It is a massive complex, holding many items of interest.

It is clearly a stronghold for what they wish to conceal.

However, I noticed that eyes were on me specifically. More than one man, decorated with the gold medallion of Chi Rho, a symbol of allegiance to Emperor Constantine, was tracking my movements.

This is, without a doubt, Constantine's Order.

His intentions to keep the Fi out of Rome remains intact.

I shall leave tomorrow for Boston. I will analyze plans for contingencies, knowing that **I am under lethal surveillance.**

Dog of War,

“Numerous civilians engaged in identical self-documentation rituals.”





OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent

SEPTEMBER 2, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG 8

SEPTEMBER 2, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG

SEPTEMBER 2, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG

I have returned to Boston unscathed.

The nameless man is outside my tenement once again.

Did you note my absence? What occupied you in that time?

Should I expect your mission to be nearing its end?

Dog of War,

NEW POMPEII DEPT. OF WAR & F.R. ARCHIVES

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NEW POMPEII DEPT. OF WAR & F.R. ARCHIVES

OBSERVER: ^{OBSERVER:}
Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:
FI

ROLE:
Level IV Reconnaissance



DECEMBER 7, 2000 —DATA ENTRY LOG 10

I have spent my time gathering intel on the Vatican. I have learned that around 600 years ago, the Vatican Apostolic Library obtained a collection of knowledge from Constantinople. I am certain now that the *Volumina Mortorum* resides inside.

Currently, I am keeping my distance from Rome to prevent re-identification. I have formulated contingency plans and defensive strategies to address potential retaliation.

In the most favorable scenario, I will slip in unseen, recover my book, and finally return home.

— DATA ENTRY LOG CONTINUES —



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The man who observes my tenement has adopted new investigative methods.

On my morning run, he now resides at an establishment for baked goods. I routinely pass by as he pretends to read a novel.

Does he think I am so daft that I couldn't notice him?

Am I not worthy of a highly covert operation? Or have you deemed me so low a threat that you do not care for my discovery of you?

Perhaps I have misjudged his intelligence.

I have noticed he is a younger human. His hair is unkempt, and his clothing rather unrefined. I contemplate intervention. I could educate him on proper espionage; regale him with methods and strategies I learned as a reconnaissance agent for the Federation.

Perhaps it could provide entertainment to my lengthy station.

How unfortunate you are an enemy of mine.

Dog of War,

Juliette Andronicus



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Planetary Reconnaissance Reconnaissance

Division // Level-III Access Required

Planetary



OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent

FEBRUARY 13, 2001 —DATA ENTRY LOG 11

I have returned to Italy and am residing in Cesano.

My observer has not followed. I will not account for him further.

I am acutely aware of the uncertainty that will hold my expedition tomorrow. I only have a short time to enter the Vatican Library. I will enter during the guard exchange, with an even slimmer chance of finding the *Volumina Mortorum*.

Juno, I pray for your protection. I wish to go home and leave this pathetic, worthless planet behind. There is nothing here of value.

Dog of War,



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OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent



MARCH 27, 2001 —DATA ENTRY LOG 12

I am severely wounded.

I write from the cold sheets of my bed back in Boston.

My observer was not present upon my return.

~~— I am severely wounded. —~~

STATUS: STABLE

This was my first direct confrontation with Constantine's Order. These men were specially trained. They could anticipate my attacks and knew my weakness.

I was electrocuted twice during the engagement. Weakened, I fled the situation but still received several gunshot wounds to my wings.

I had a mix of epinephrine and DXTRS on hand to regain my strength.

I sought asylum on a cargo ship bound for the United States. It took several weeks to arrive.

I am weak. Tired. Vexed by such opposition, and angered by this forced period of recovery.

Dog of War,

NEW POMPEII DEPT. OF WAR & F.R. ARCHIVES

TOP SECRET—DO NOT DISTRIBUTE

OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent

MAY 4, 2001 —DATA ENTRY LOG 13

I was once a force of unfettered power; one that inspired fear in those before me.

I have led multiple campaigns against those who dared oppose the peace of the Galactic Federation. Single-handedly, I defeated the entire royal line and staff of the Empire on Trierdon-0.

The feeling of blood that saturated my clothes was once a passionate embrace of power, fulfillment, accomplishment, and pride.

Retiring with honor to New Pompeii, I was appointed to the Department of War and Foreign Relations. I trained for 5 years for this mission. I learned English, slang, colloquialisms, and Earth history, all for assimilation.

All of this in preparation for the most important mission I have ever been assigned.

Failure was never a consideration.

—DATA ENTRY LOG CONTINUES—

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Now I feel nothing but **shame** and **embarrassment**.

To have been bested by a couple of humans?

How far have I fallen from your grace, my gods? My body has healed, yet I am hesitant to return.

My planet is waiting for my return; this book will save it from its eventual decay.

I must plan carefully; I will go back only once. I have compromised myself enough already. If only I had confirmation that the book was present in such an institution.

Juno, please guide me, lead me to success.

Dog of War,

Juliette Andronicus

—DATA ENTRY LOG END—

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OBSERVER:
Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:
FI

ROLE:
Level IV Reconnaissance Agent

JUNE 5, 2001 —DATA ENTRY LOG 14

I leave tonight for my last expedition in Rome. I am uncertain of the outcome.

The nameless man still remains outside, watching me.

Would you stop me if you knew my intentions? Who are you truly?

What government allows one to watch another for so long without action?

I think I may miss you.

I think I may miss you.

This may be my last time stealing a glance at you from my tenement.

Constantine's Order is lethal and calculated; my chances of success are slim.

Nameless man, once again, I find it unfortunate that you are my enemy.

Dog of War,

NEW POMPEII DEPT. OF WAR & F.R. ARCHIVES
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ARCHIVE SYSTEM: NODE 7
RECOVERY ATTEMPT: FAILED
FILE INTEGRITY: 12%

SYSTEM FAILURE: DATA RETRIEVAL ERROR

Archival Notice:

**Sequential data logs have been corrupted
or lost.**

**Communication from
Agent Andronicus has ceased.**

RECONSTRUCTION PROCESS TERMINATED.....

OBSERVER:

Juliette Andronicus

CLASS:

FI

ROLE:

Level IV Reconnaissance Agent

August 11th, 2001.

I return home again, my spirit weakened.

My recording tablet has died, so I record this log on a spiral of paper in my tenement.

The nameless man continues his watch. I have not engaged.

Immediately upon my return to Rome—despite what I learned from my first encounter—I **was ambushed again.**

Unable to escape them, I was engaged in relentless combat.

I suffered a severe fracture to the exoskeleton of my right

wing. I was again not able to fly home, so I sought passage on a cargo ship once more.

After arrival in the United States, I walked from the port of New York back to Boston on foot.

I am exhausted.

I have been defeated.

And—

For the first time in my short life... **I don't know what to do.**

Dog of War,

*Juliette
Andronicus*



He does not look away.

September 1st, 2001.

Depression envelops me; I don't think I have left the small enclosure of my residence in several weeks.

I have failed.

I am in pain. Much more than I expected.

I desire the medical resources of the Federation, but I am over 100,000

light-years from the nearest outpost. I must endure alone.

I was sent here with a two-year limit to retrieve the book and return home.

I am aware of the fate that awaits failure.

It is death.

I can see the nameless man sitting outside my apartment once more.

I am starting to question if he is watching me at all, or if I have fabricated his surveillance as a justification for my intrusive thoughts about him.

~~I have spent far too much time wondering about you.~~

How often do I occupy your thoughts, nameless man?

Are you concerned about me?

If I revealed myself—my purpose, my origin—would you turn away?

Or would you remain...

and allow me the comfort of your presence?

Would you speak with me—

not as an observer... but as something else?

~~Would I frighten you... if you knew what I am?~~

How foolish of me.

I am sure you, too, will leave soon, and I will be left with the fate that awaits me.

Dog of War,

*Juliana
Anthony*



DATA RETRIEVAL ERROR

SYSTEM RECONSTRUCTION // FINAL LOG

CORRUPTED FILE — SOURCE UNSTABLE
PARTIAL LOG FOUND.

DATA RETRIEVAL ERROR

RECONSTRUCTED LOG—October 4, 2001.

My life has been in vain.

Every moment I have spent researching, tracking, planning, and fighting for has been a wasted effort to **prove myself significant.**

The pride I once felt is nothing in comparison to the dread that overtakes my soul.

A dagger to the heart would be less painful.

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Nameless man, once again, I find it unfortunate
that you are my enemy.

Somehow, I have continually brought myself back to this
same humiliating realization.

The revelation that I am meant to be ~~singular—despised—outcast.~~
singular—despised—outcast.

I fooled myself into believing my escape had defined me.

That it had given this husk of a body some redeeming
quality. That I had been able to separate this disgusting
past—

~~aware of the fate that awaits failure.~~
and become someone new—

~~It is death.~~

someone of value.

~~I see I was wrong.~~

I see I was wrong.

~~I see I was wrong.~~

~~I see I was wrong.~~

**NEW POMPEII DEPT. OF WAR & F.R. ARCHIVES
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I curse those who reside on New Pompeii,

such ignoble souls who showered me with contempt.

How often I wished to walk alongside you.

You have shown me the backhand of life.

~~Dog of War,~~

~~Juliette Andronicus.~~

and now—

I will condemn you all to my fate.

COGNITIVE ALIGNMENT: DEVIATING

FILE: CORRUPT—

THE FEELING OF BLOOD THAT SATURATED MY CLOTHES WAS ONCE A
PASSIONATE EMBRACE OF POWER, FULFILLMENT AND PRIDE.

OF BLOOD THAT SATURATED MY CLOTHES WAS ONCE A
EMBRACE OF POWER, FULFILLMENT AND PRIDE.

INCIDENT RECORD:

TRIERDON—0 — SIEGE EVENT

EXCESSIVE FORCE DEPLOYED

REPRIMAND ISSUED— LVL XII ACCESS REQ.

E OF UNFETTERED POWER, ONE THAT INSPIRED FEAR IN THOSE

CONDEMN YOU ALL
EL CONDEMN YOU ALL TO MY FATE.

JULIETTE AURELIA ANDRONICUS.

SECOND CHILD OF LUCIUS AND CAMILLA ANDRONICUS

412TH FLEET COMMANDER OF THE
GALACTIC FEDERATION OF PEACE.

PRIMUS PILUS, FIRST SPEAR OF NEW POMPEII

NEW POMPEII DEPT. OF WAR & F.R. ARCHIVES

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The Die is Cast.

Boston is a wretched, humid, polluted city.



I loathe the humans on planet Earth, and I curse this putrid air that I breathe.

I ask myself if there is anything on this planet worth saving—

anything at all that could make its existence tolerable.



I am sickened by my desire
for you.

My verdict is you.

NAMELESS MAN.



If fate shows you mercy, sir,

erase me from your memory.

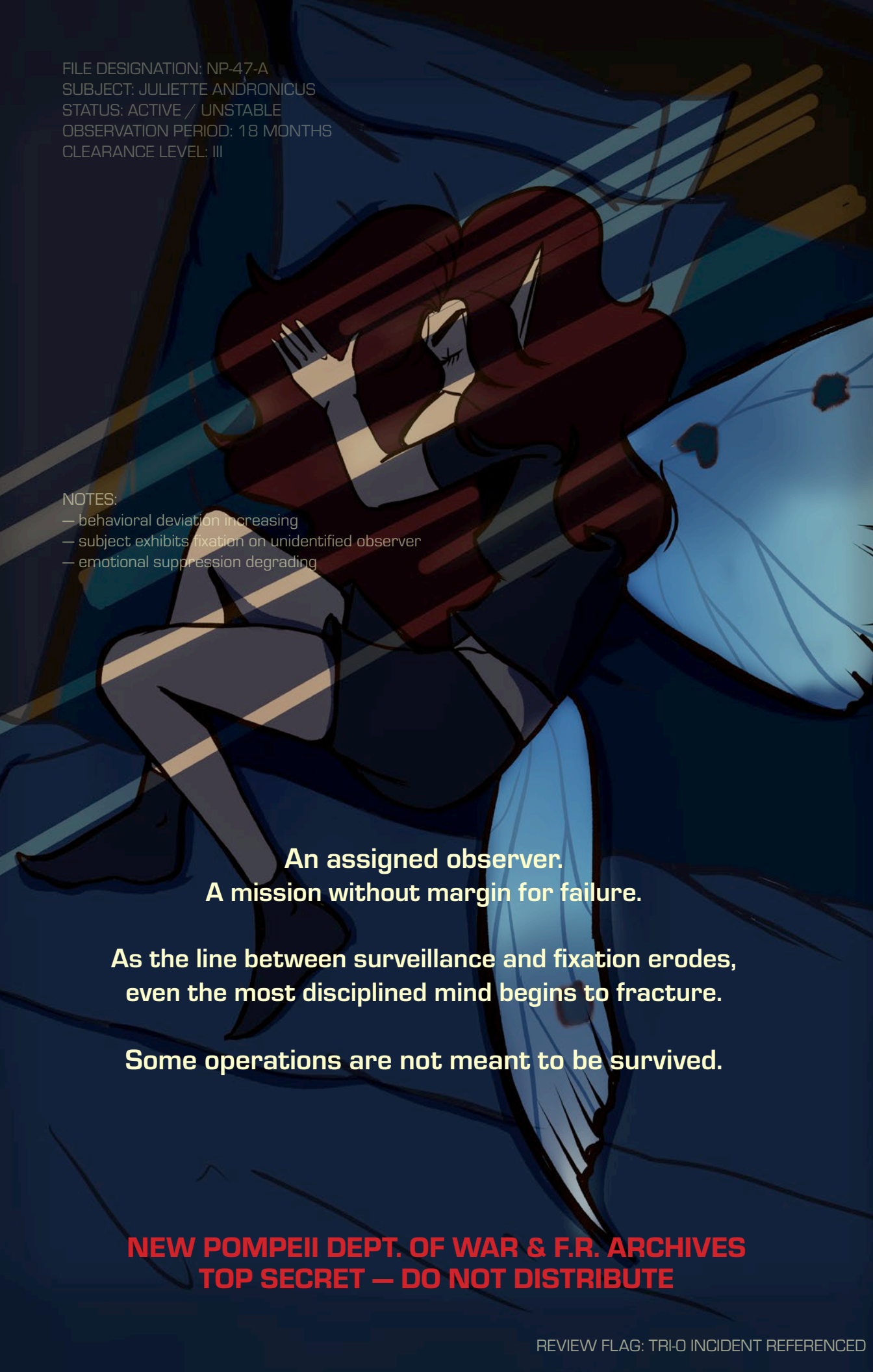
I release you.

Casualty of War,

Juliette Aurelia Andronicus.







FILE DESIGNATION: NP-47-A
SUBJECT: JULIETTE ANDRONICUS
STATUS: ACTIVE / UNSTABLE
OBSERVATION PERIOD: 18 MONTHS
CLEARANCE LEVEL: III

NOTES:

- behavioral deviation increasing
- subject exhibits fixation on unidentified observer
- emotional suppression degrading

**An assigned observer.
A mission without margin for failure.**

**As the line between surveillance and fixation erodes,
even the most disciplined mind begins to fracture.**

Some operations are not meant to be survived.

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