

Compromises must be made

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by [DavidFalkayn](#)

Summary

My entry into the weekly challenge looks at how to change things we often to make compromises

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Archopolis-Imperial Palace

“Come in, gentleman.” A young man wearing a standard Imperial Fleet uniform, but with the exception of a purple sash around his waist, waved in the two admirals standing at the door. “Have a seat.” He requested, gesturing with another wave of his hand at a pair of comfortable chairs in front of a genuine mahogany wood desk.

“Thank you, Your Majesty.” Fleet Admiral Alexei Kuznetsov replied as both he and Vice Admiral Morgan Bateson, entering the office with him, bowed respectfully.

“Save all that bullshit for the throne room.” The Terran Emperor smiled, “Would you care for refreshment?” he asked, signaling a servant bearing a tray with a carafe and three glasses, “Falarian brandy.” The young monarch said as he took one of the goblets and, swirling it, sniffed before taking a sip.

“Thank you, Sir.” Alexei respectfully acknowledged as he and Morgan each took goblets.

“I just came back from the Diet.” The Emperor declared, “I’m sorry, Morgan. I couldn’t get everything through, but I did manage to strongarm the Peers into going along with a liberalization of the caste laws where intermarriage between castes one level lower or higher will be now permitted. I know you wanted more...that you would like the caste system to be completely abolished.” Jerome held up his hand, “But it’s too much a fabric of our culture. The leaders of the major Houses are all descended from those who led the fight against the Xindi. They are heroes to us all. However, I also recognize the need to, as that friend of yours you told me about once said...do better. And I am trying.”

“I understand, Your Majesty.” Morgan responded. “And I think Bob Wesley would understand.

“Thank you.” Jerome replied, “To get what we want, we are going to have to make compromises. Yes, I can issue an Edict turning the Empire into a replica of your Federation, but then I would most likely be overthrown and afterwards we would have revolutions, succession struggles, and civil war, leaving openings for the Klingons, Romulans, and anyone else wanting a piece of the Empire.”

“It’s as I said, Morgan.” Alexei admonished, “We have to take what we can get. We can’t move too quickly. We will never be your Federation. But at the same time, we will never fall into barbarism as those from the Mirror Universes have done. We will keep our honor, our love for our families, and our love for our homeworld intact.”

“We have our own heritage and identity, Morgan.” The Emperor explained, “Formed by years of resistance to the Xindi occupation and a determination to never let it happen again. That shaped us in the same manner as your First Contact shaped you. “That being said, there is much we can do to improve the lot of our subjects without losing who we are to be...better. We’ve outlawed duels to the death...opened up citizenship...somewhat loosened the caste barriers...so...what’s next?”

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