**Title: The Whispering Vault of the Iron Cryptographers**

Deep within the forgotten data-catacombs of **Neo-Antikythera**, an ancient machine whispers. Its gears, forged from star-metal and encrypted logic, hum with a secret—a relic from the *Age of Automata*, when sentient constructs ruled the ruins of the Old World.

Legends speak of the **DH-9000 Cipher**, a protocol etched into the machine’s core, said to hide a key that could awaken slumbering war engines buried beneath the wastes.

You are **Kaelis**, a scavenger of arcane algorithms. Three days ago, you stumbled upon a corroded terminal in the belly of a derelict server-fortress. On its screen, glowing faintly like a ghost, were four numbers:

p = 8089

g = 823

A = 1228

B = 6820

A fragmented log entry flickered beside them:  
*“The Vault demands harmony… The primes must sing in the key of shadows. Find the resonance, and the gate will open.”*

The machine’s last caretaker, a half-mad drone named **Unit-λ**, warned you before its core expired:  
\*“The Iron Cryptographers designed DH-9000 to be\* ***unseen, unbroken***. *But their flaw was poetry—they hid secrets in the dance of primes. To claim the key, you must trace the footsteps of their numbers… before the Vault’s guardians rewrite themselves.”*

**Your Task**  
Decipher the resonance hidden in the numbers. The Vault’s archives hint at a method:  
*“To break the seal, solve for the shadow-exponent. Let the generator’s pulse reveal the path.”*

**The Terminal’s Final Warning**  
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*“Speak the secret in this tongue, or the Vault will consume you.”*