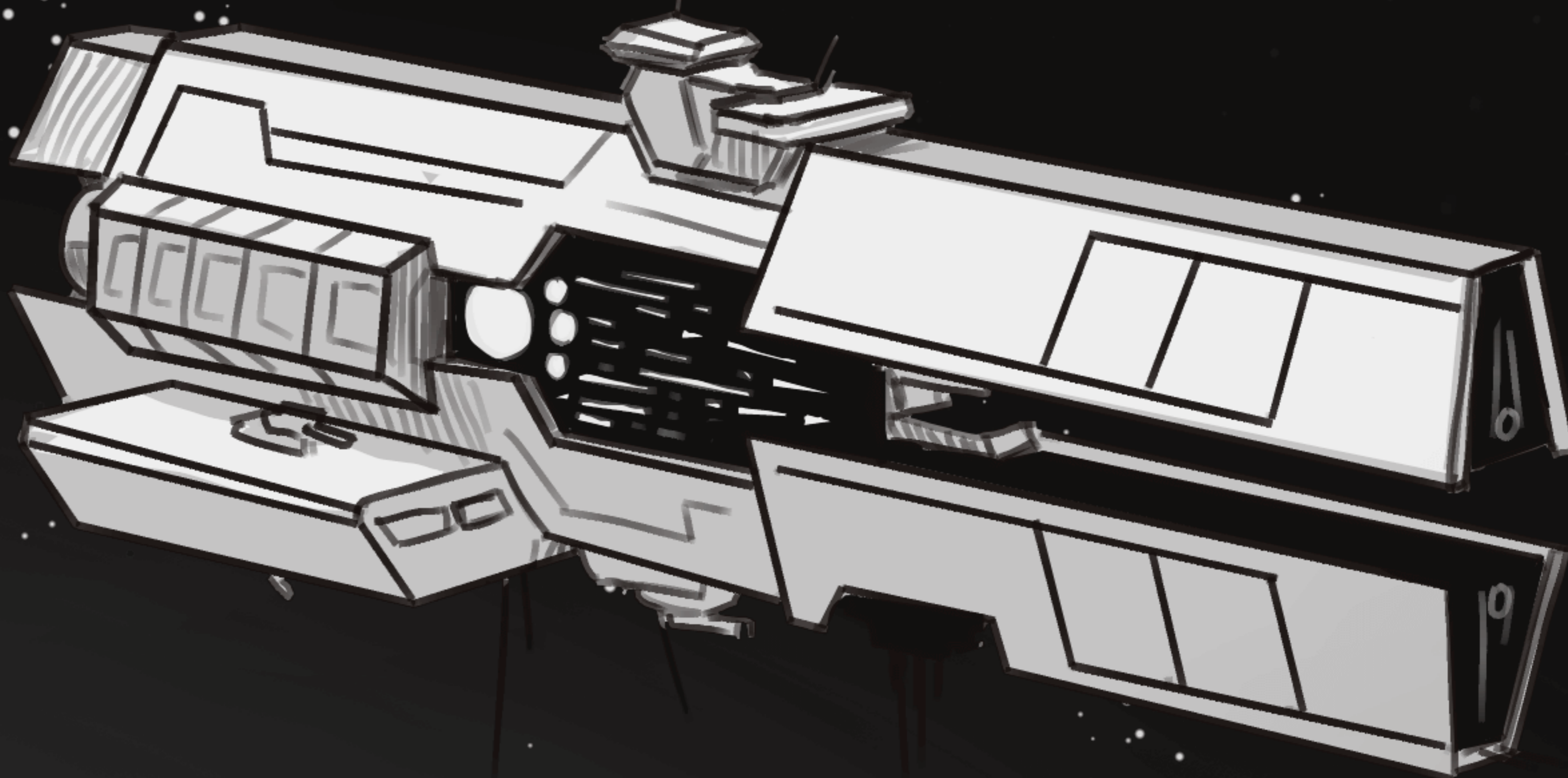


GLASS ANGEL



GRH
2023

UNEXPLORED SECTOR H-731
CALYPSO
EXPLORATORY CRUISER CLASS VESSEL



WHOOM



STATUS OF THE EXPEDITION TEAM?
CAN WE SEND CLEAR COMMS?

MAGNETIC SHIFT OF
THE POLES IS THROWING UP
A LOT OF INTERFERENCE.

BEEP
BEEP

IT WILL BE SIX
HOURS BEFORE
THE NEXT SHIFT.

CAPTAIN! WE'RE GETTING
A SLIP SIGNATURE

SHIP DROPPING
OUT OF FTL

IT'S IMPERIAN!

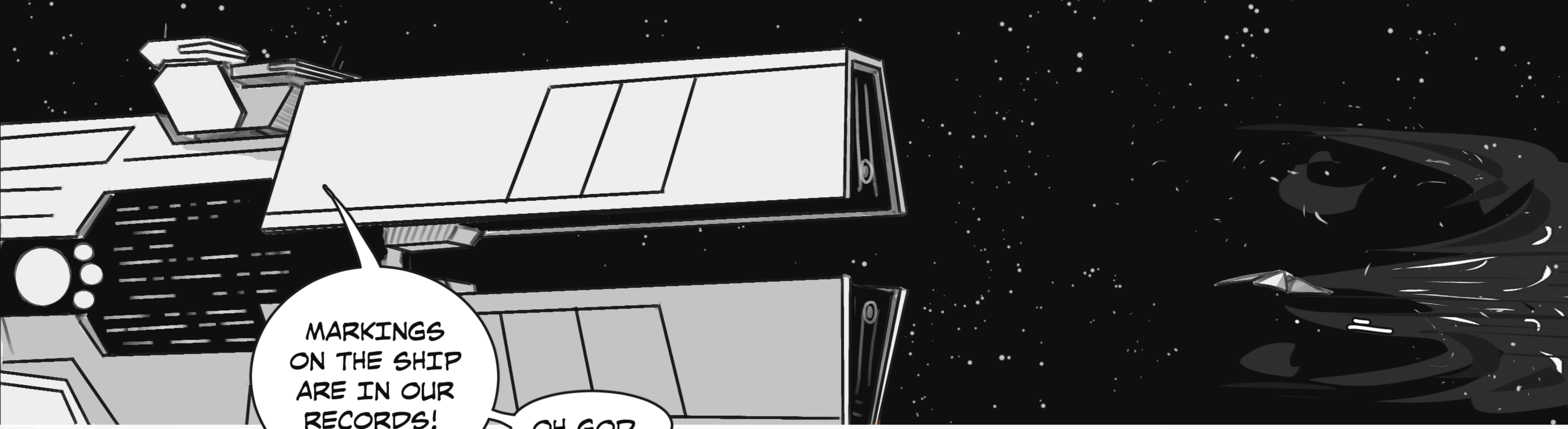
SCAN THE SHIP! IDENTIFY IT!
GET THE COMMS WORKING

WE NEED
TO WARN THE
EXPEDITION!

TURN

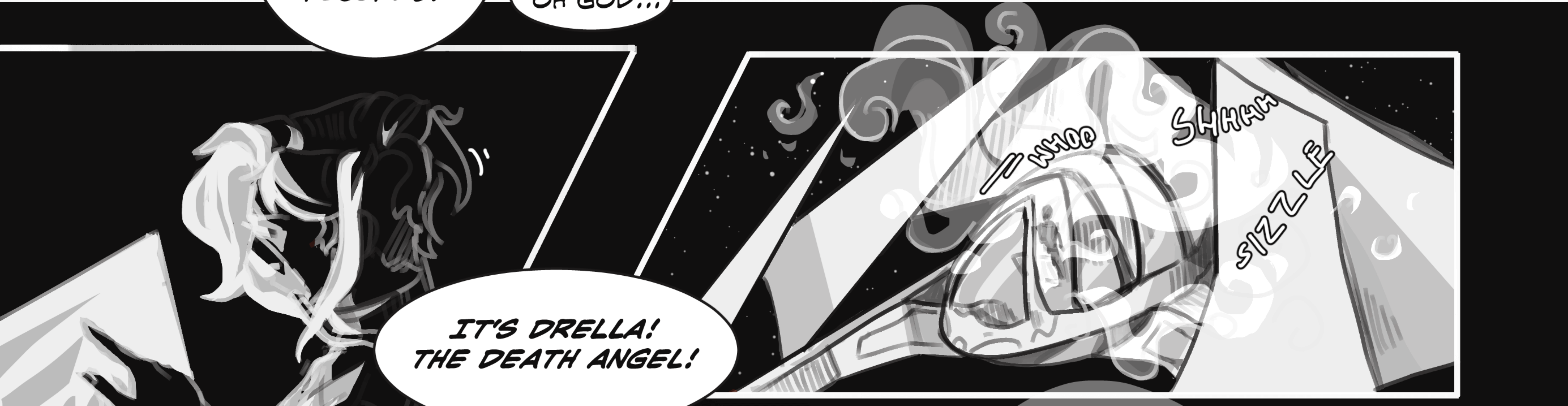
TAP TAP





MARKINGS ON THE SHIP ARE IN OUR RECORDS!

OH GOD...



IT'S DRELLA!
THE DEATH ANGEL!

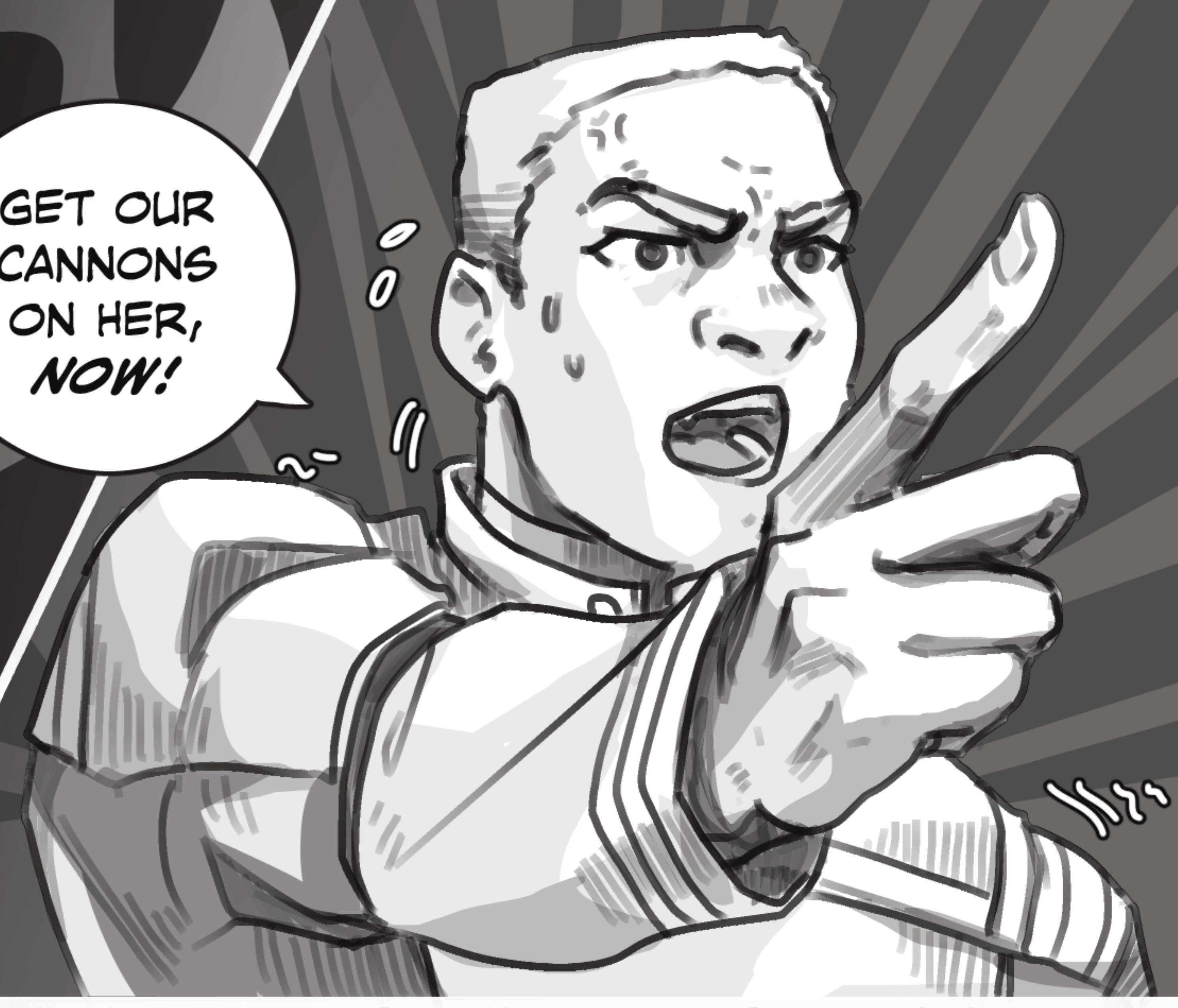
SHHHH
SHHHH
SIZZLE

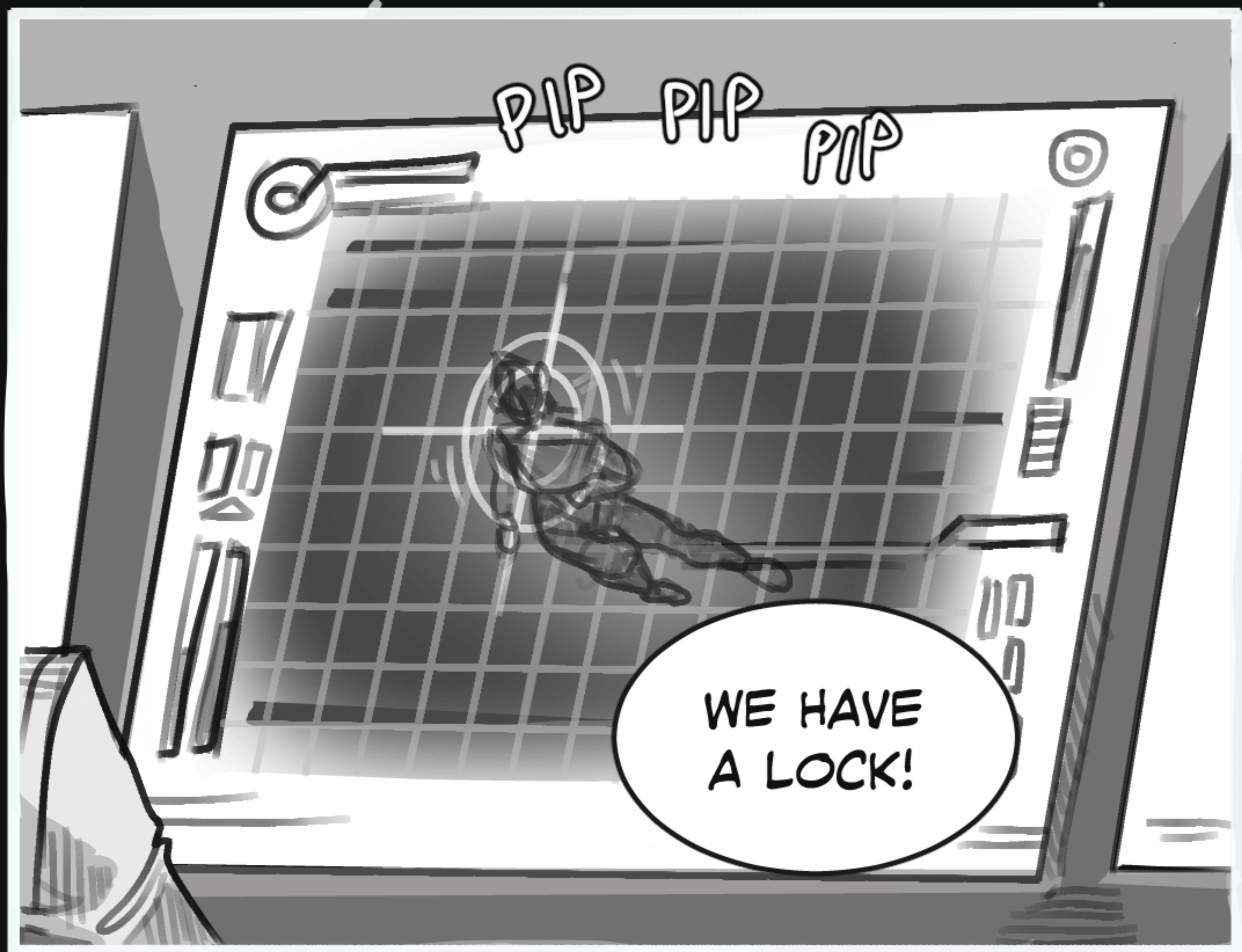


THIS'LL BE FUN...

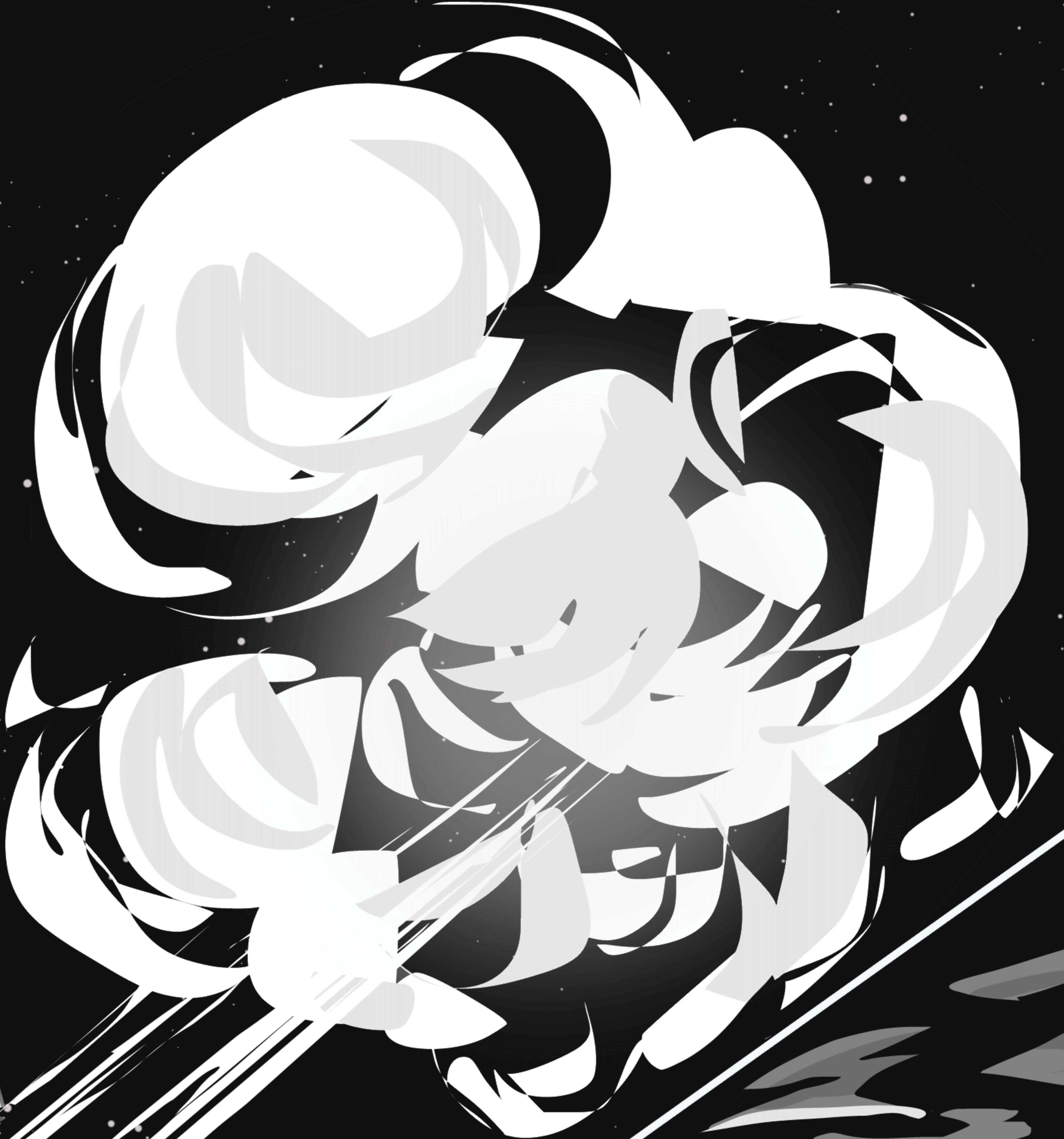
FLOAT

GET OUR CANNONS ON HER, NOW!

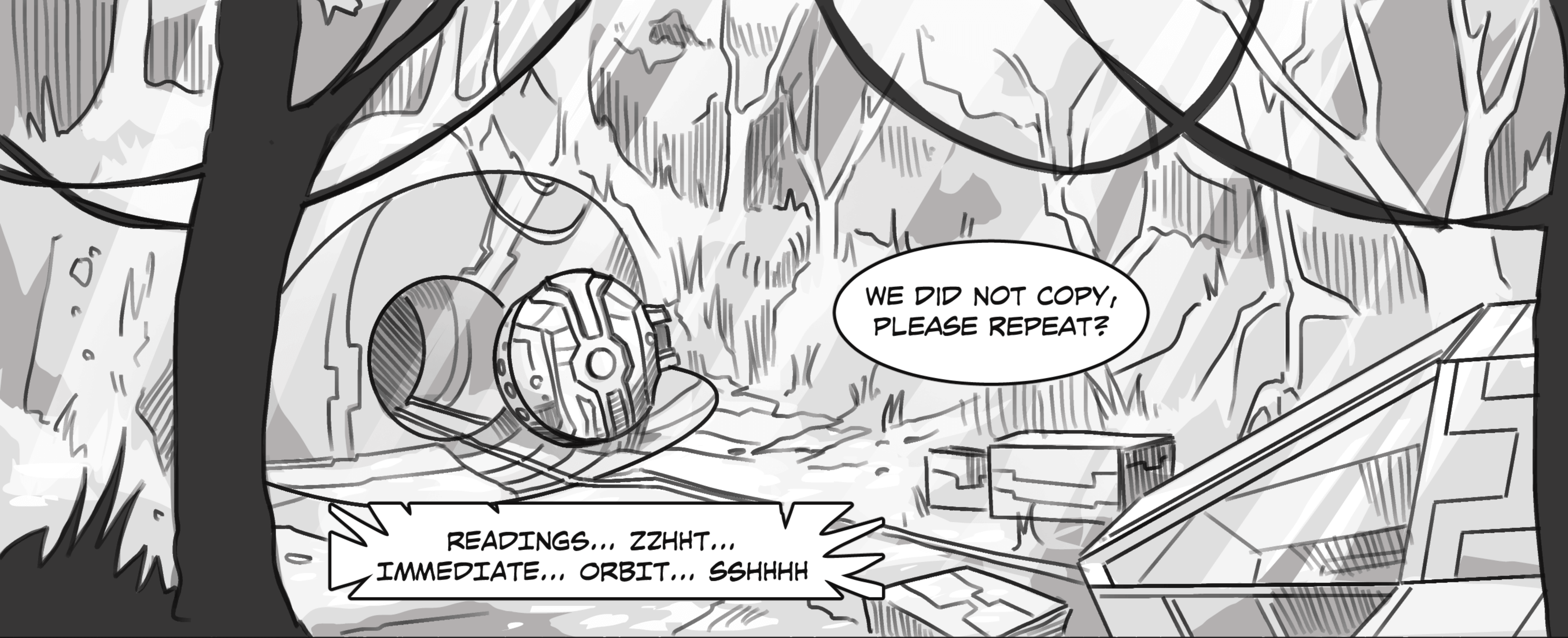




FIRE!







WE DID NOT COPY,
PLEASE REPEAT?

READINGS... ZZHHT...
IMMEDIATE... ORBIT... SSHHHH



BLASTED
THING.

THEY DID WARN US
THE PLANET'S MAGNETIC
POLES SHIFT EVERY
SIX HOURS.

IT IS STILL FRUSTRATING,
BEING BLIND THIS CLOSE TO
IMPERIAN SPACE.



BUT YOU ARE RIGHT,
LET'S GET OUR MIND
TO THE TASK AT HAND

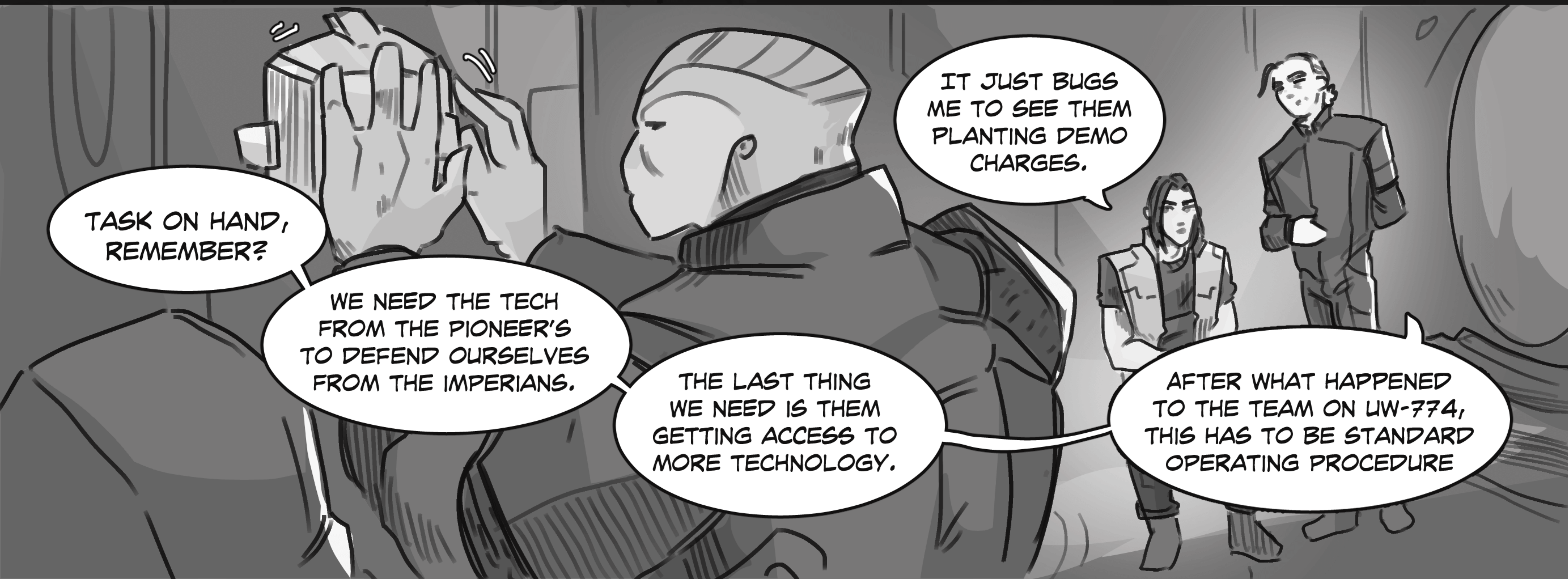
PAT
PAT

DOC, NOT THAT
I'M COMPLAINING ABOUT
GETTING TO SEE A PIONEER
VAULT, BUT SHOULDN'T WE
BE MORE WORRIED ABOUT
THE IMPERIANS?

WE'RE PRETTY
CLOSE TO...
Y'KNOW...

I KNOW THE FALL OF
SHANARAH STILL WEIGHS
DEEPLY ON YOU, KIT...

I WAS OFF-PLANET
AT TECH SCHOOL DURING
THE FALL. I STILL DON'T
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
TO MY FAMILY...



TASK ON HAND,
REMEMBER?

WE NEED THE TECH
FROM THE PIONEER'S
TO DEFEND OURSELVES
FROM THE IMPERIANS.

THE LAST THING
WE NEED IS THEM
GETTING ACCESS TO
MORE TECHNOLOGY.

IT JUST BUGS
ME TO SEE THEM
PLANTING DEMO
CHARGES.

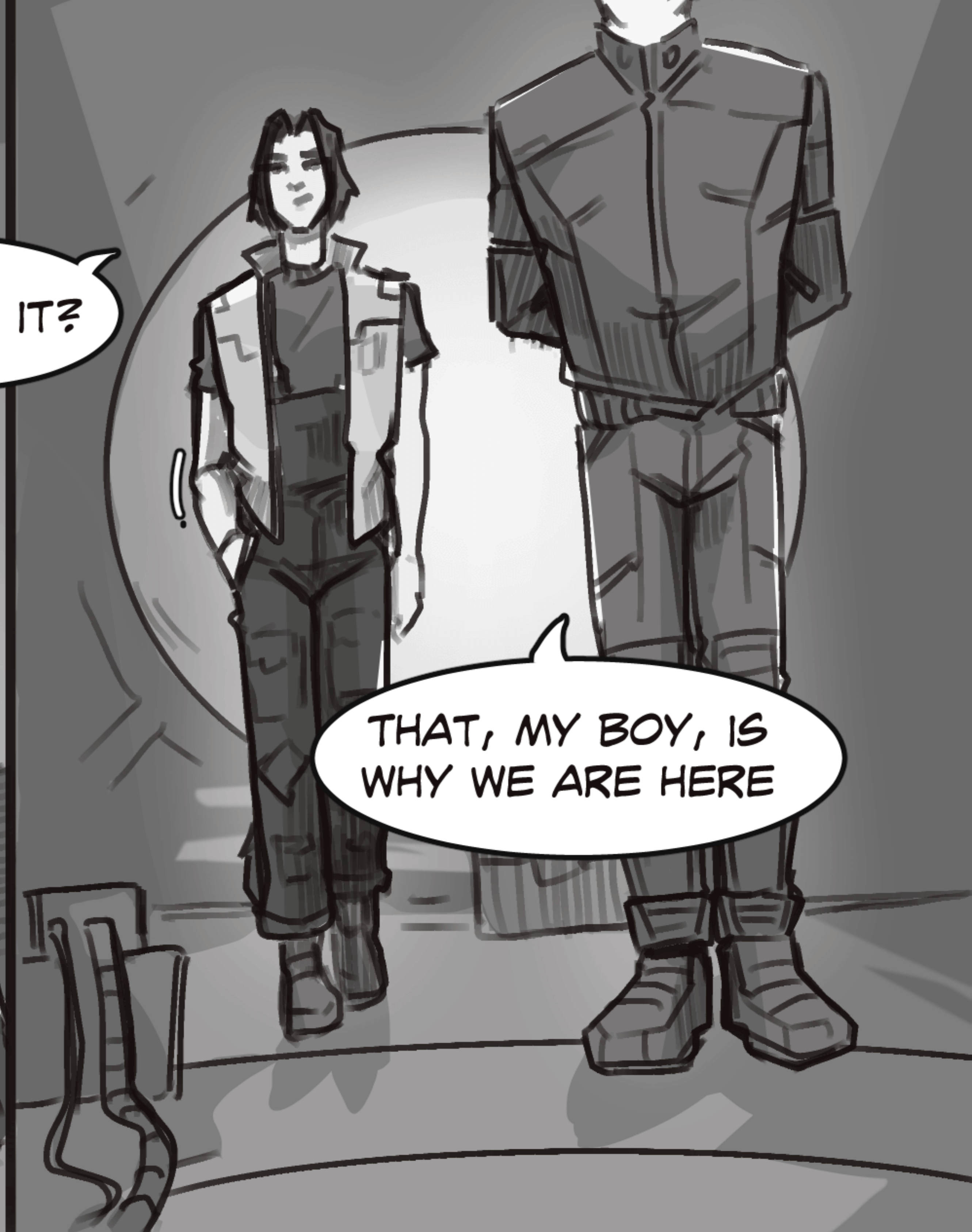
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE TEAM ON LW-774,
THIS HAS TO BE STANDARD
OPERATING PROCEDURE



KIT! COME OVER HERE I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.



WHAT IS IT?

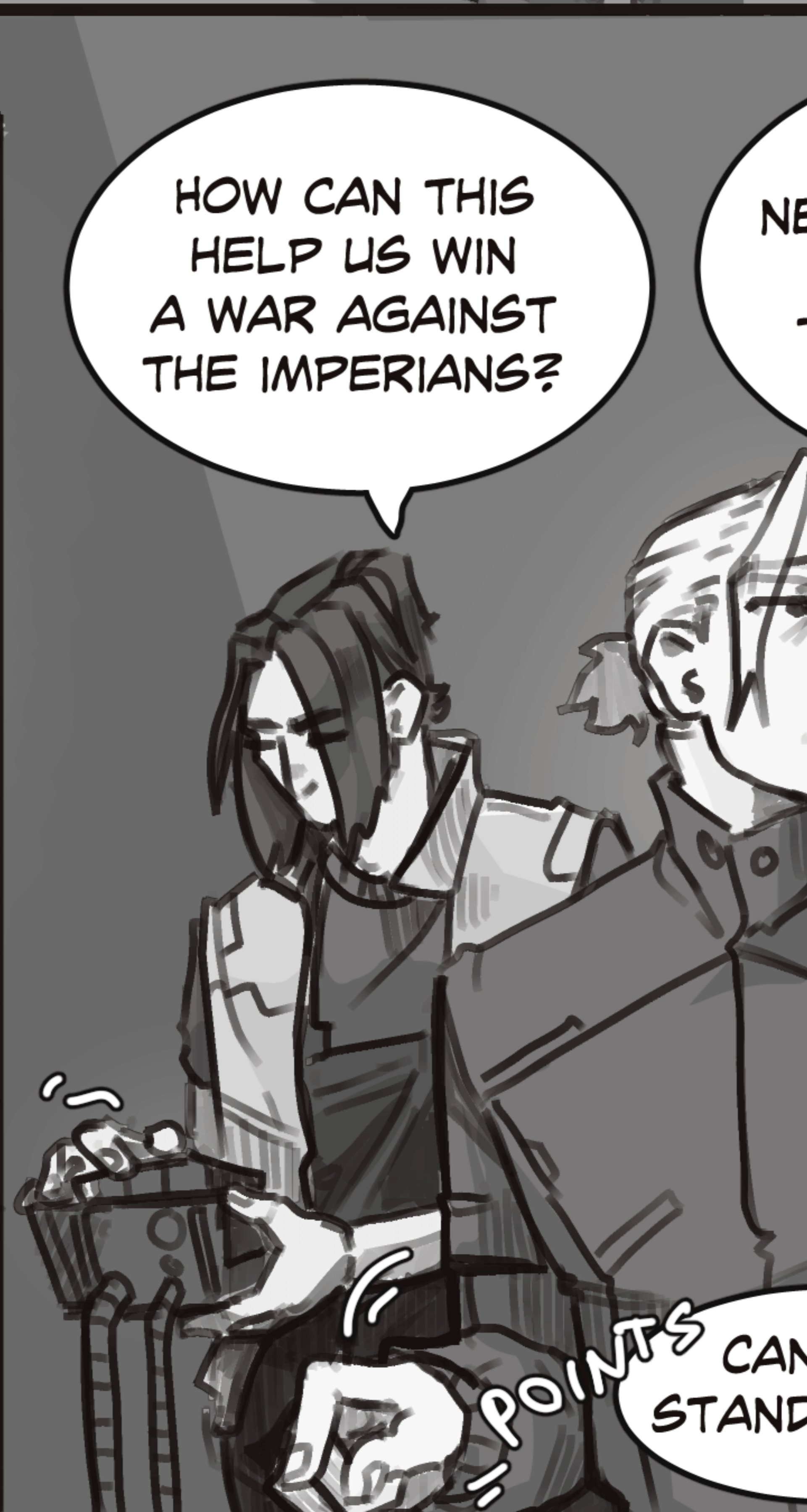


THAT, MY BOY, IS WHY WE ARE HERE



THIS IS THE MOST INTACT DATABASE WE HAVE FOUND!

THIS CACHE WILL BE THE CONFEDERATION'S GREATEST DISCOVERY

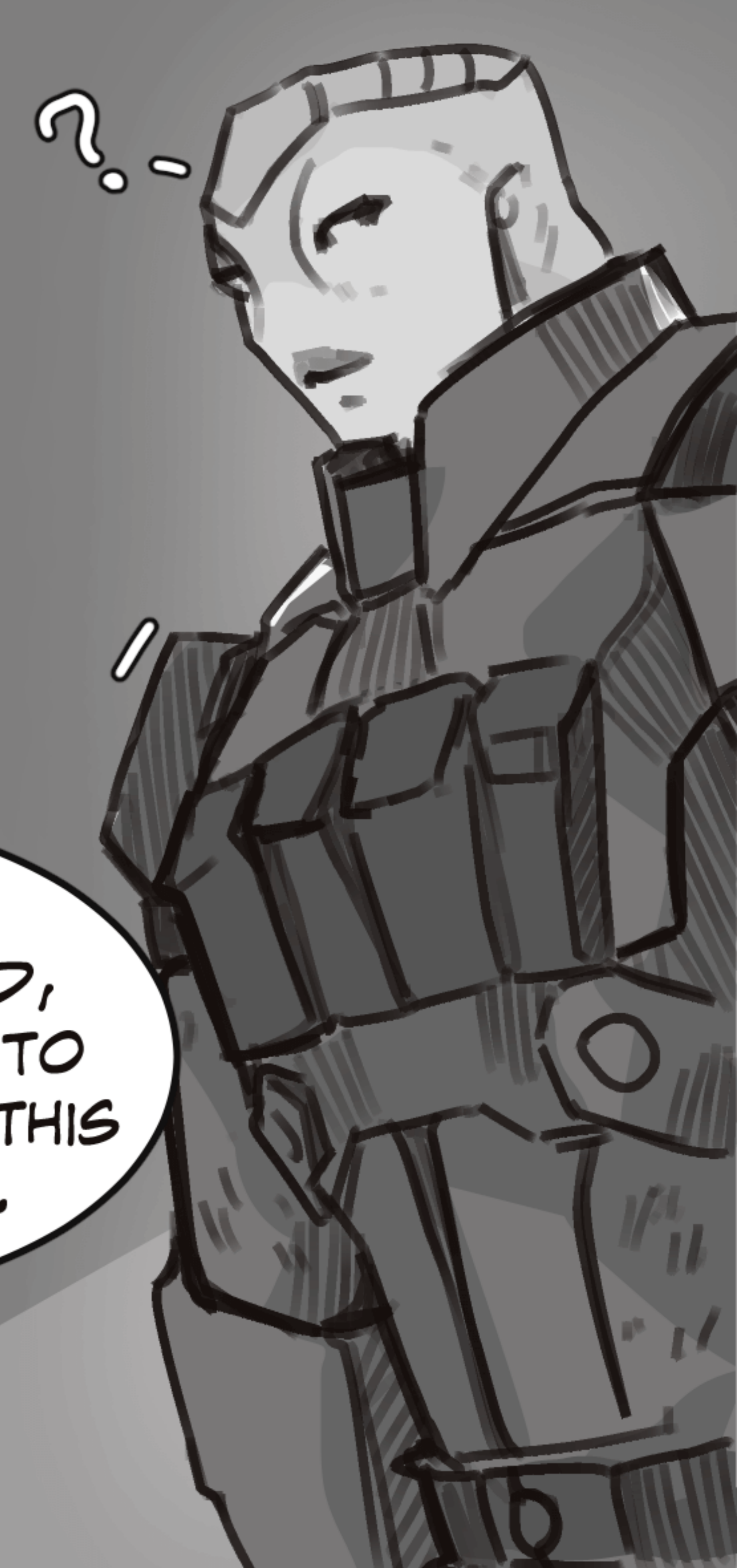


HOW CAN THIS HELP US WIN A WAR AGAINST THE IMPERIANS?

WE MAY NOT NEED A WEAPON TO DEFEAT THE IMPERIAN THREAT, KIT

LIEUTENANT, HUMOR THE LAD, WE ARE TRYING TO DISCOVER WHAT THIS DEVICE DOES.

POINTS CAN YOU STAND HERE?

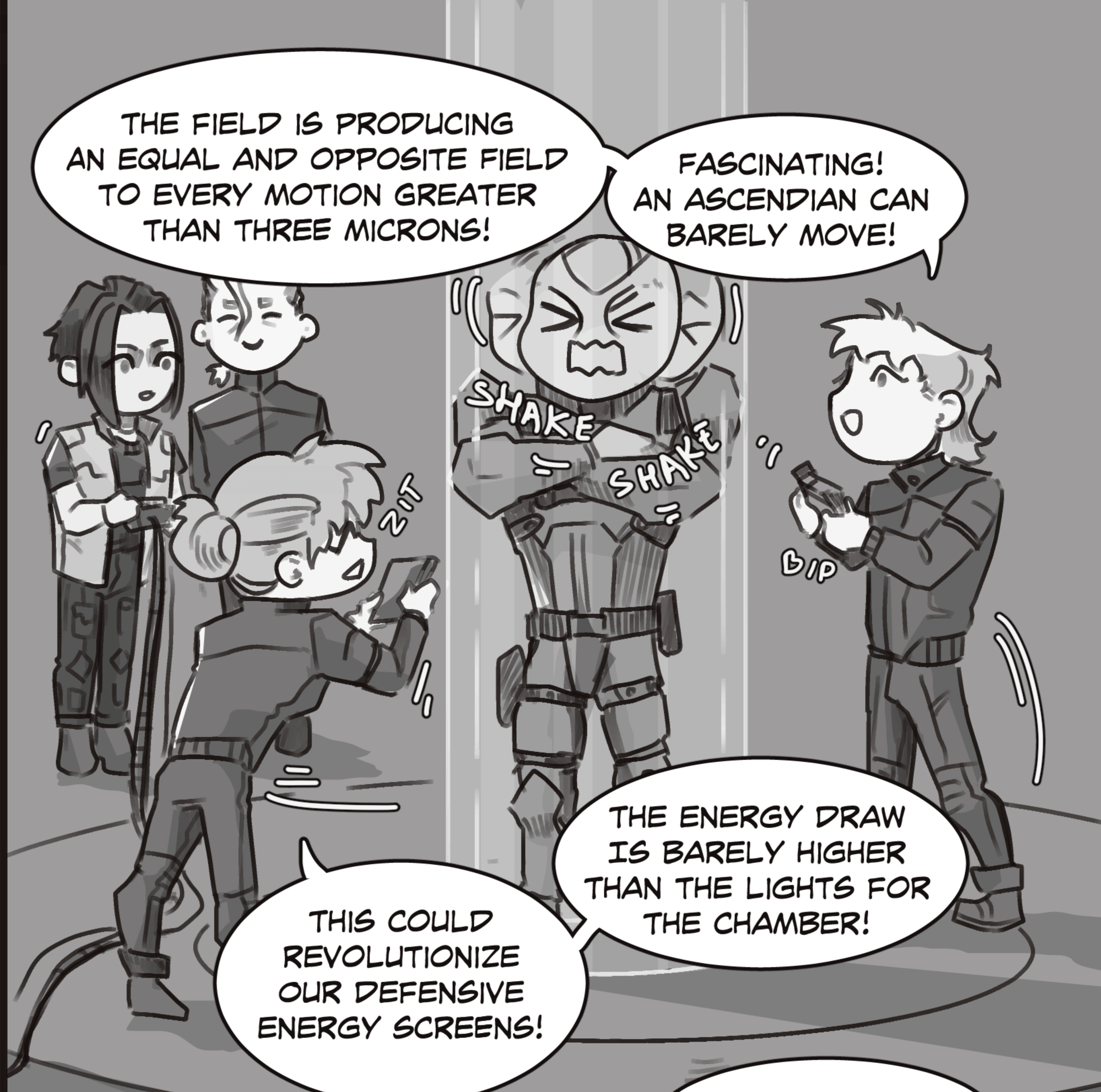
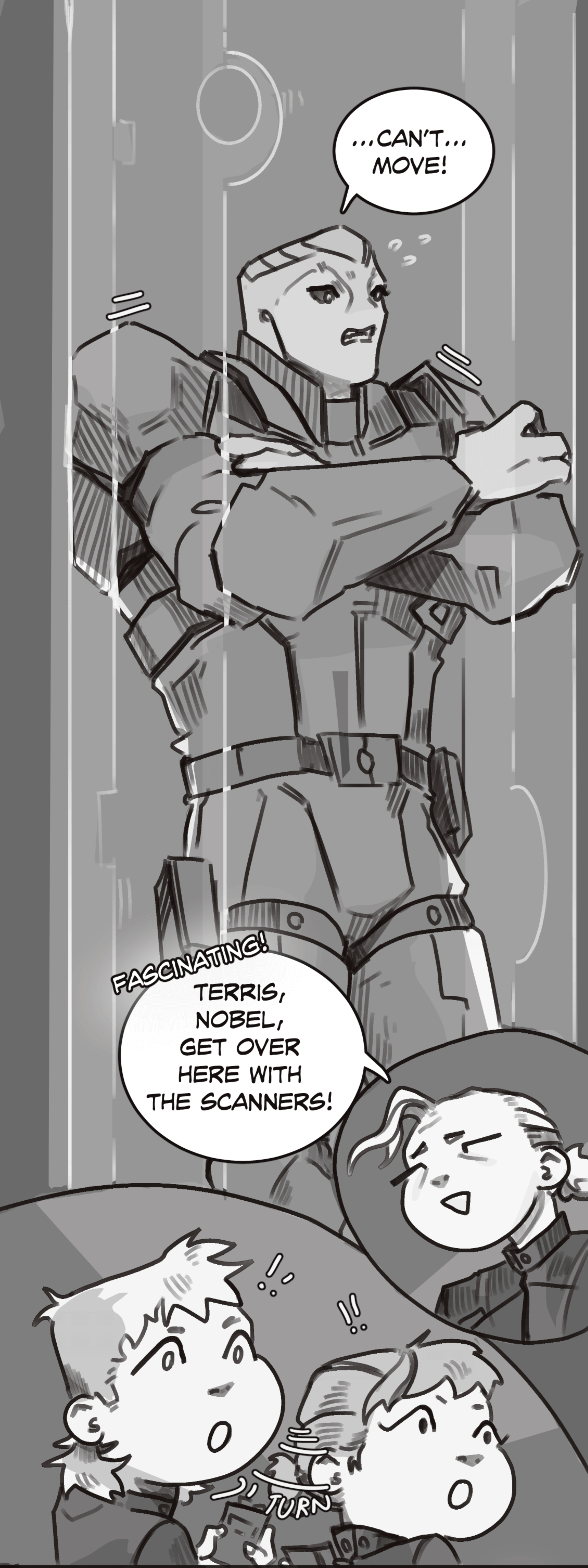


SURE, BUT I DON'T SEE A POINT TO...



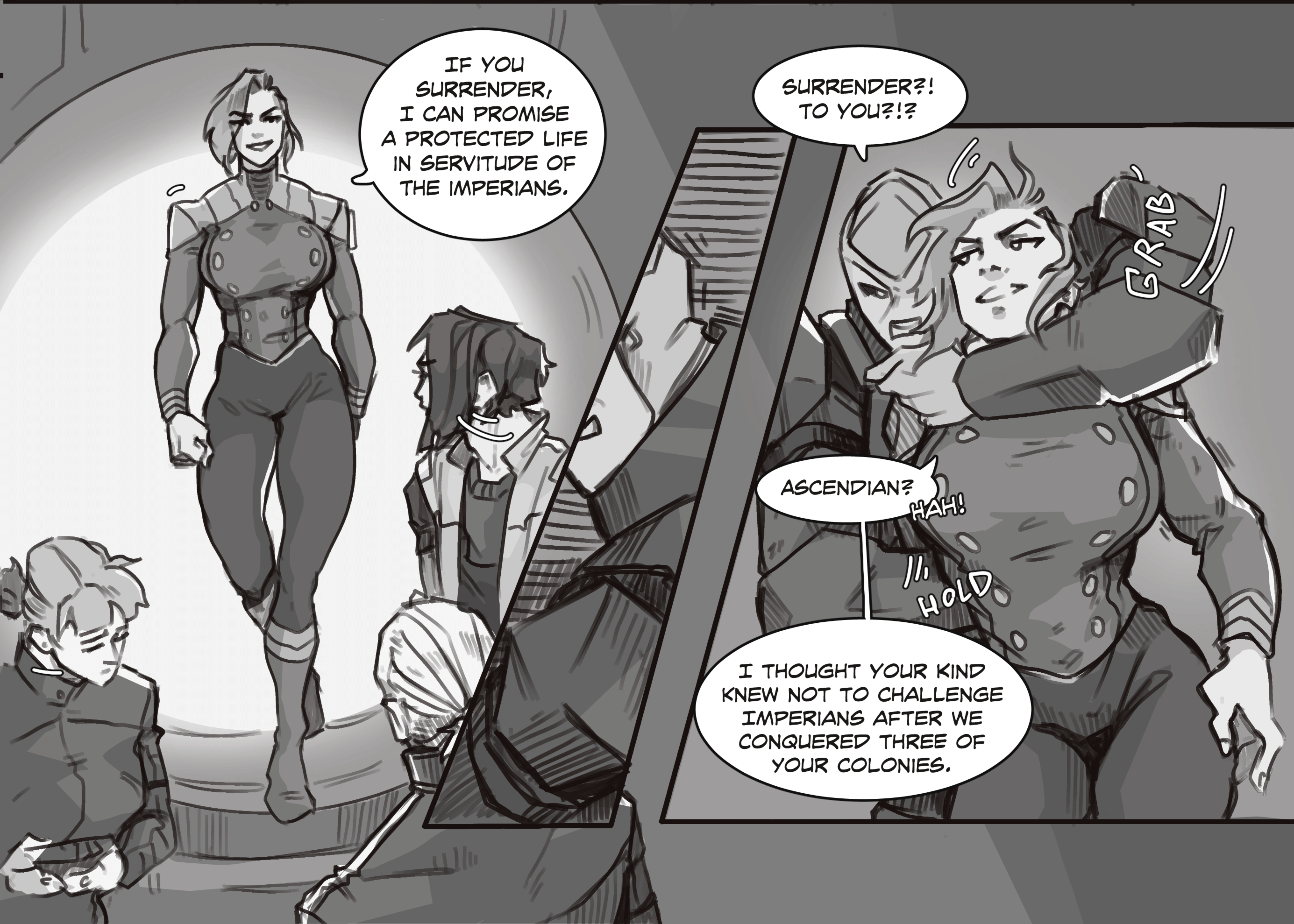
WHAT..?!

BRRRR!!





HM. ASCENDIANS MUST HAVE LIFTED THE DOOR. THOSE WEAKLING.

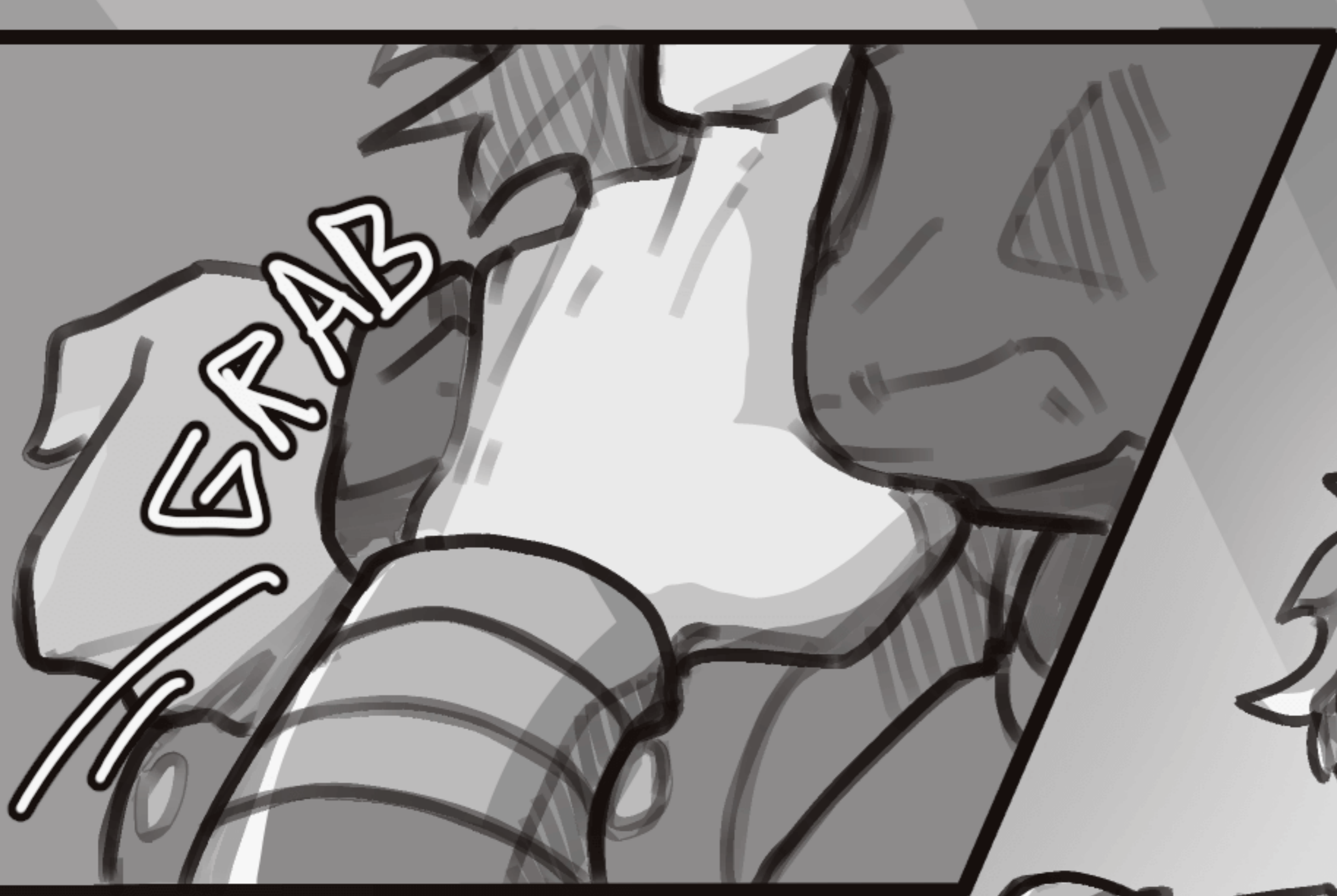
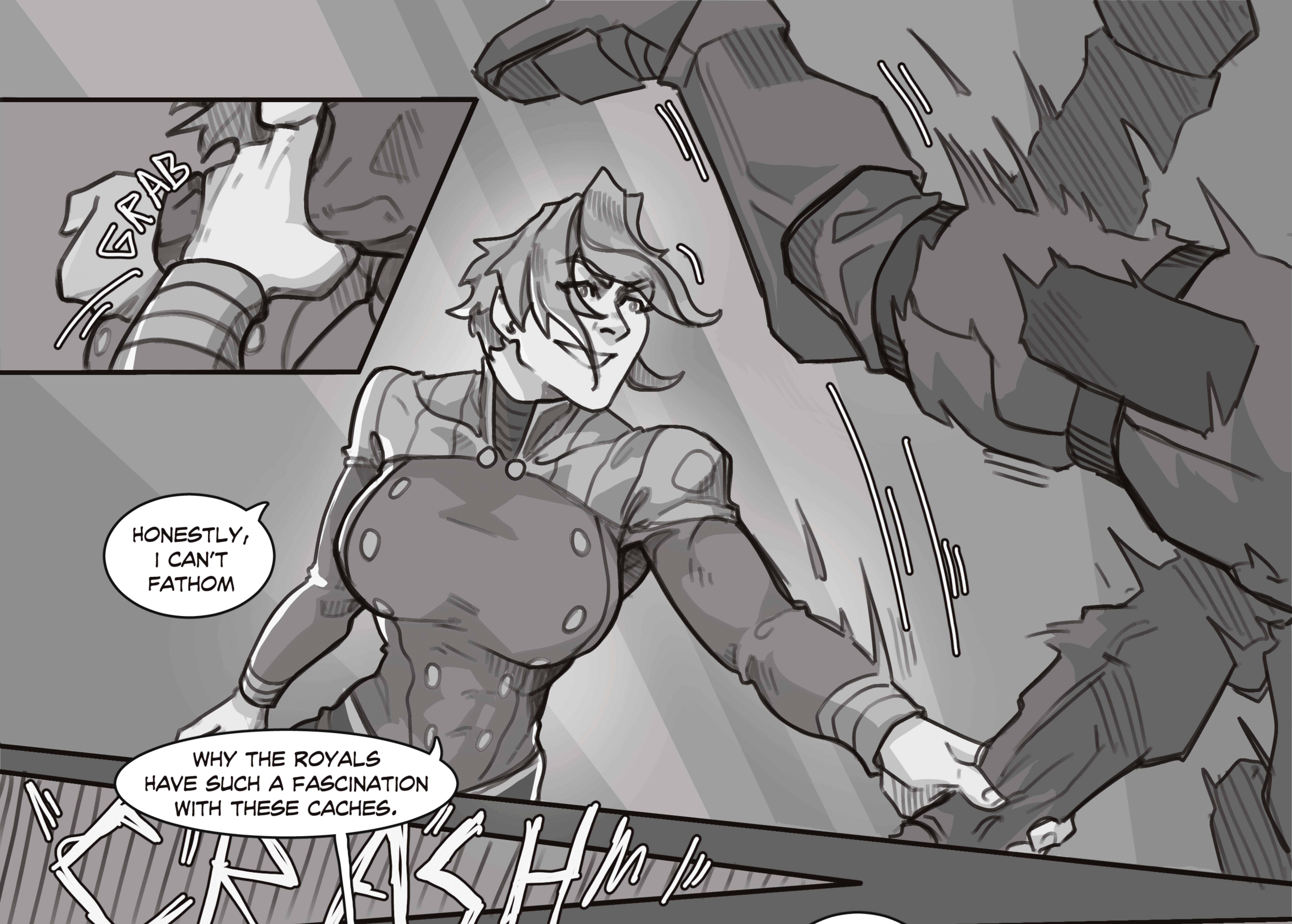


IF YOU SURRENDER, I CAN PROMISE A PROTECTED LIFE IN SERVITUDE OF THE IMPERIANS.

SURRENDER?! TO YOU?!?

ASCENDIAN? HAH!
// HOLD

I THOUGHT YOUR KIND KNEW NOT TO CHALLENGE IMPERIANS AFTER WE CONQUERED THREE OF YOUR COLONIES.



HONESTLY,
I CAN'T
FATHOM

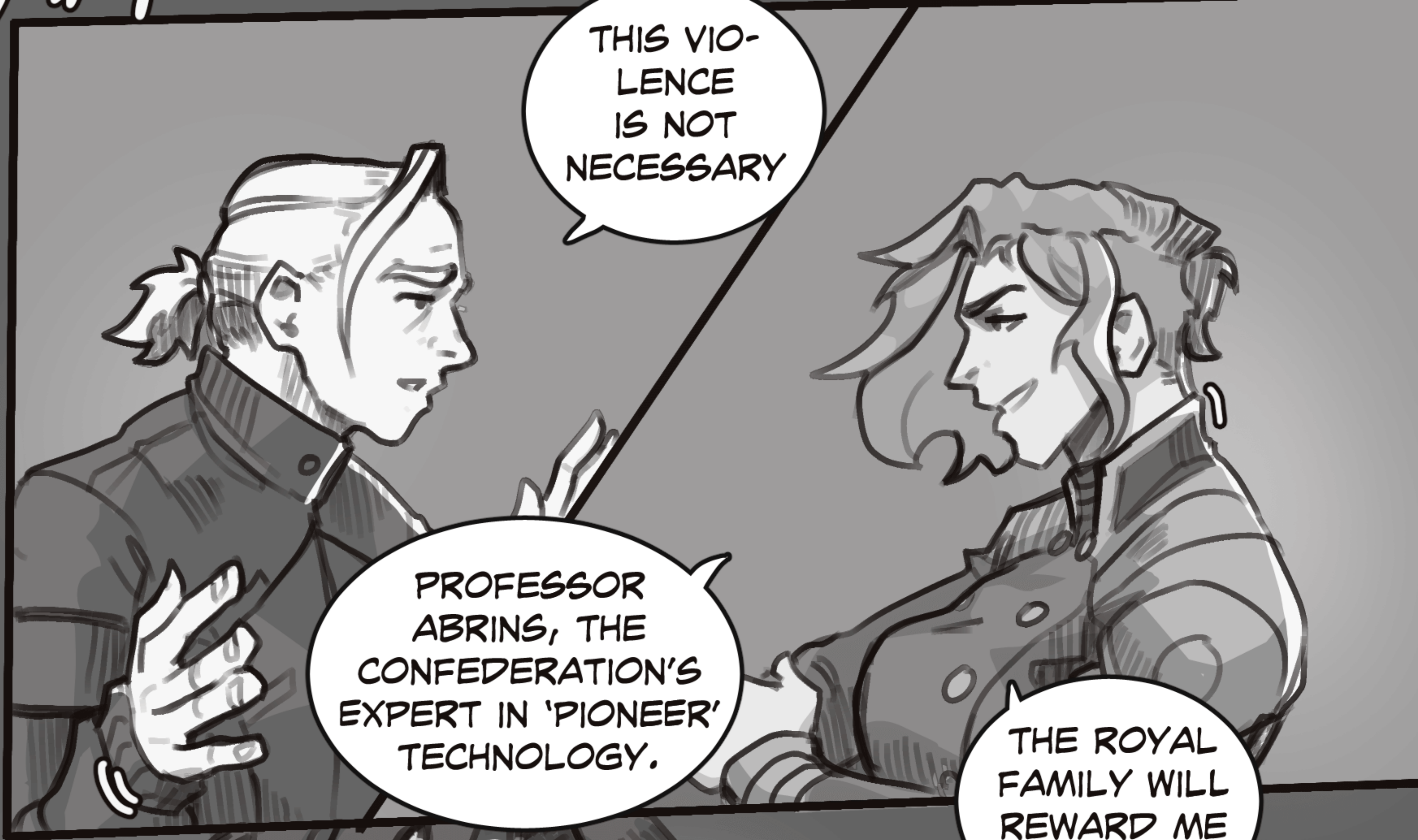
WHY THE ROYALS
HAVE SUCH A FASCINATION
WITH THESE CACHES.

CRASH

BUT THEY
PROMISE GREAT
RICHES FOR EACH
ONE RECOVERED



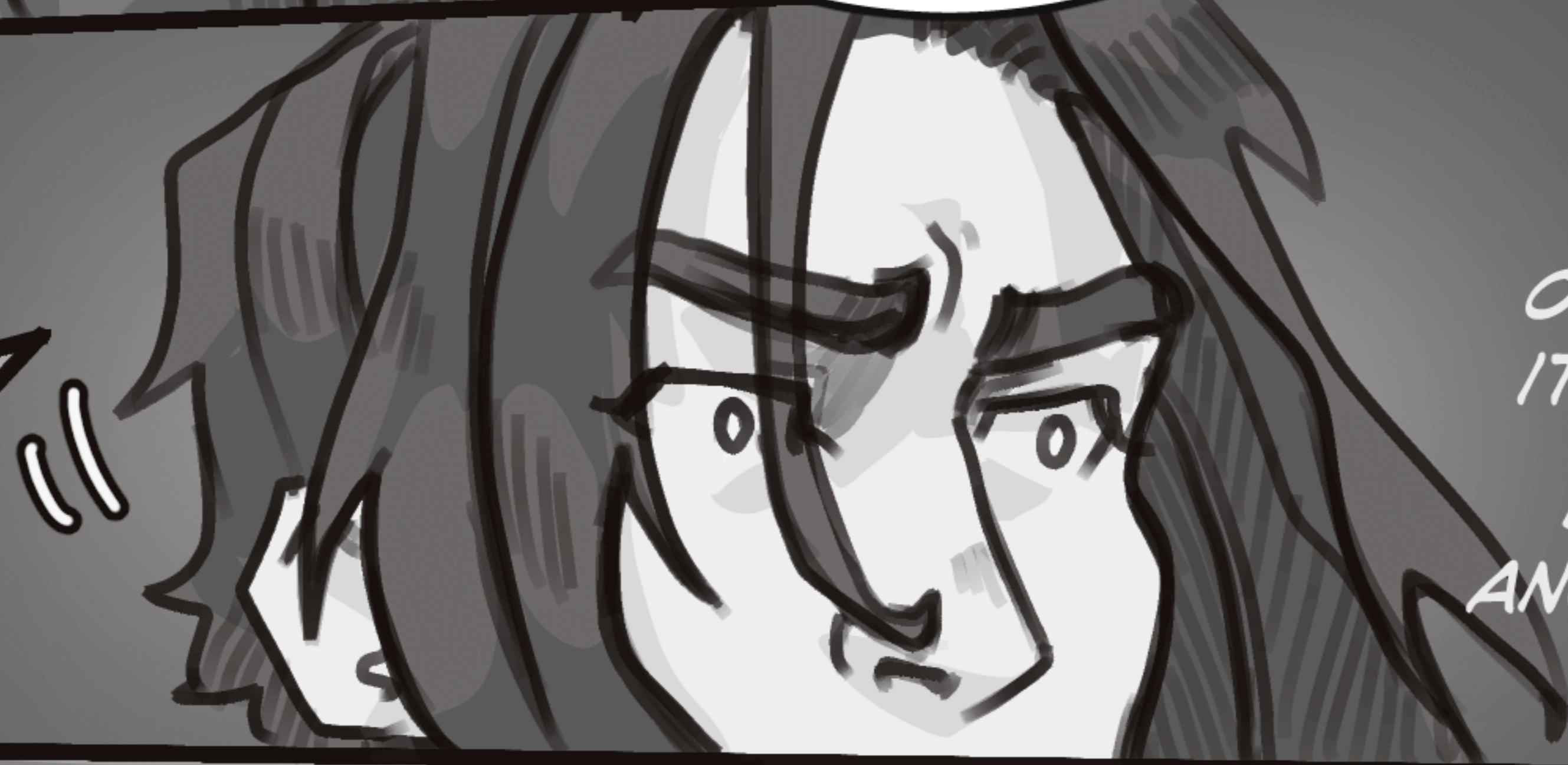
UGH



THIS VIO-
LENCE
IS NOT
NECESSARY

PROFESSOR
ABRINS, THE
CONFEDERATION'S
EXPERT IN 'PIONEER'
TECHNOLOGY.

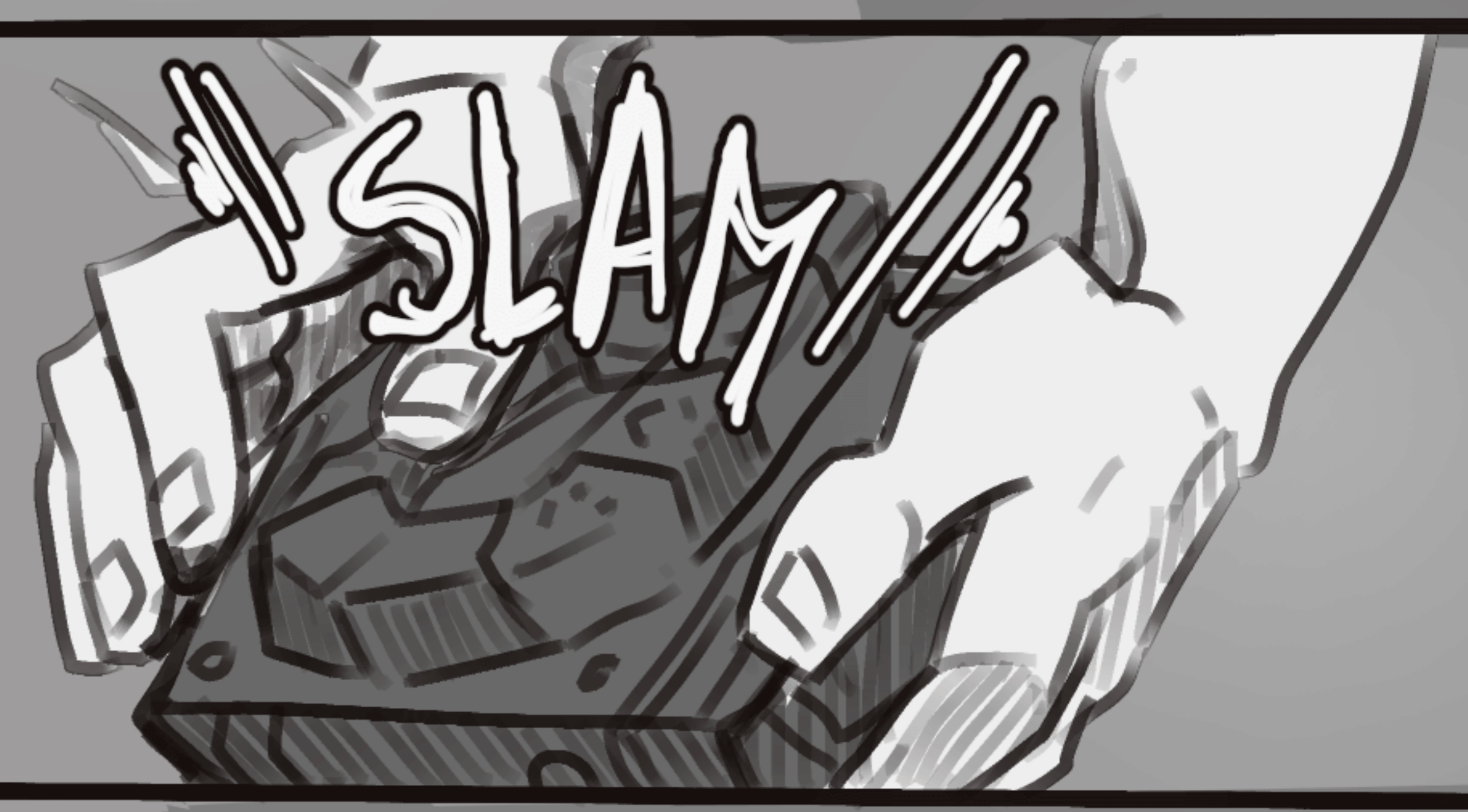
THE ROYAL
FAMILY WILL
REWARD ME
WELL.



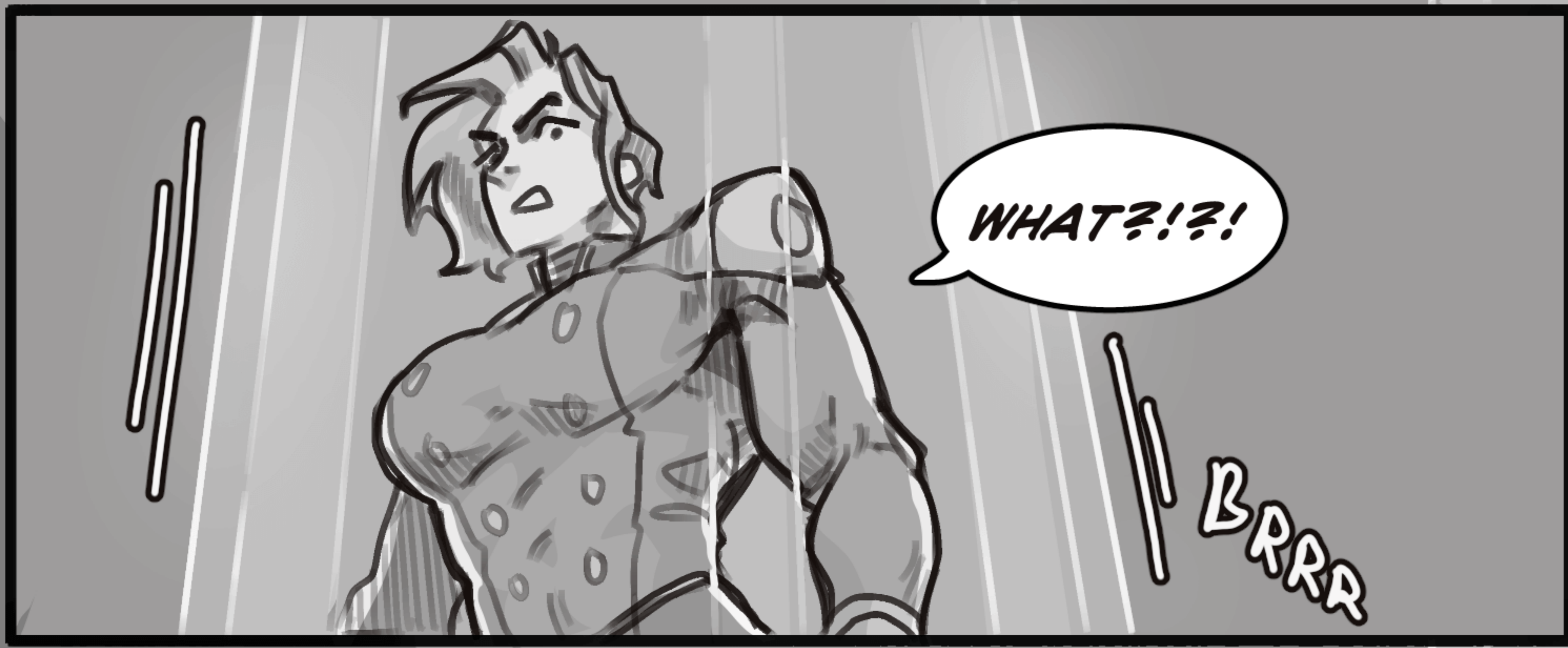
*OH GOD,
IT'S HER!*
*DRELLA THE DEATH
ANGEL. SHE SUBJECTED
SHANARAH!*

LIKE IT OR NOT,
YOU'RE COMING WITH
ME, PROFESSOR!

KIT, NOW!



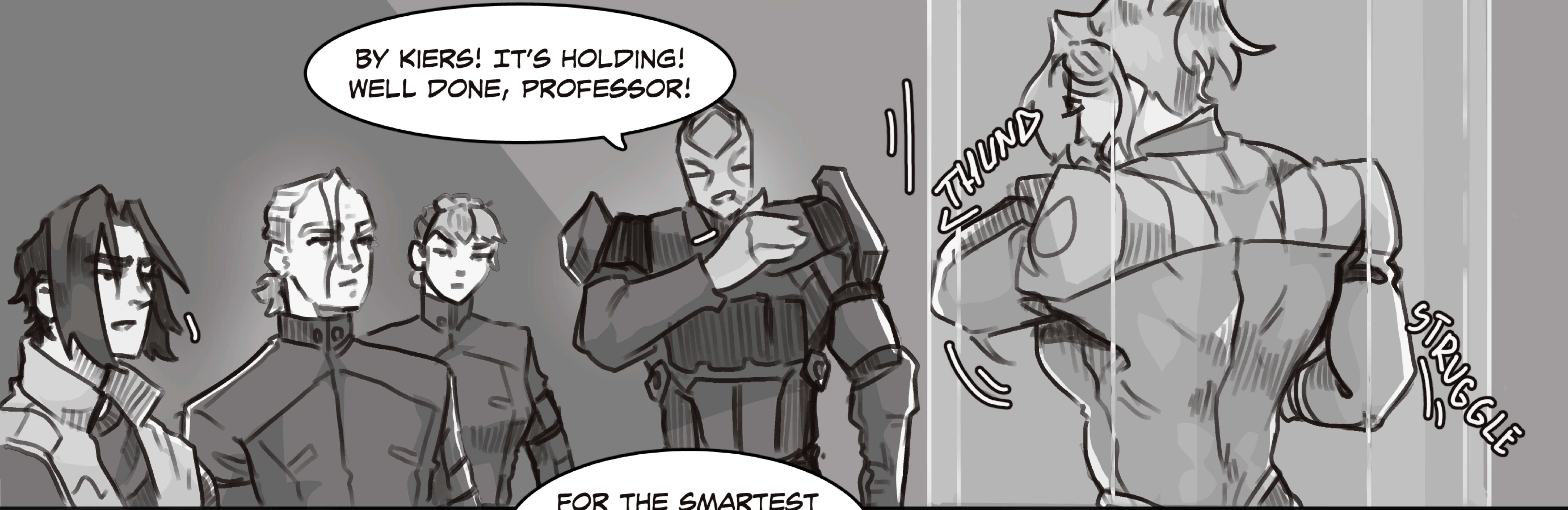
STEP



WHAT?!?!

BARR

RELEASE... ME!



BY KIERS! IT'S HOLDING!
WELL DONE, PROFESSOR!

THUND

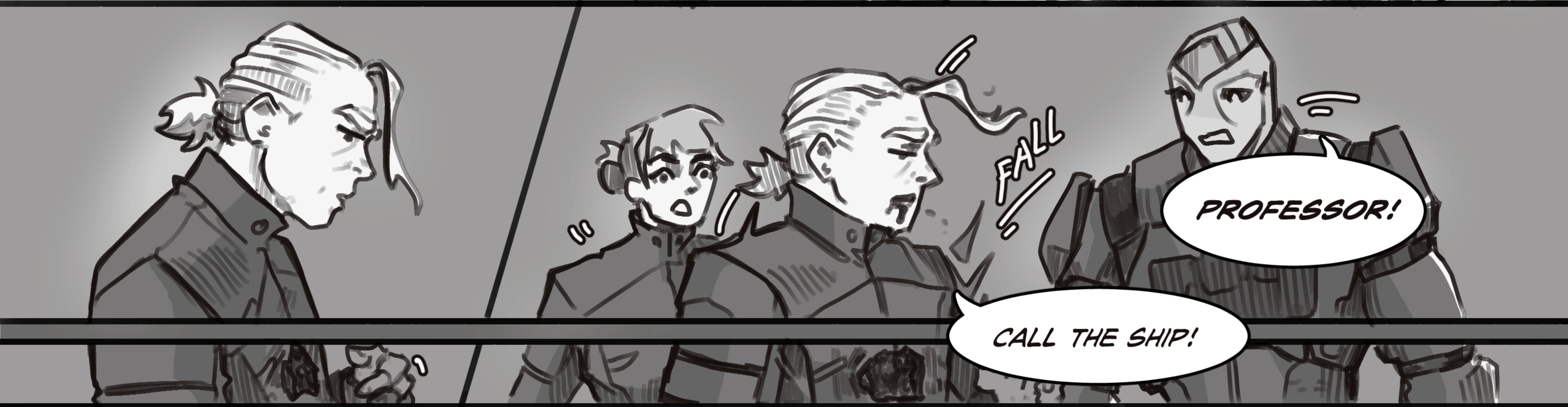
STRUGGLE



FOR THE SMARTEST
MAN IN THE CONFEDERATION,
YOU AREN'T
VERY SMART.

GLOW

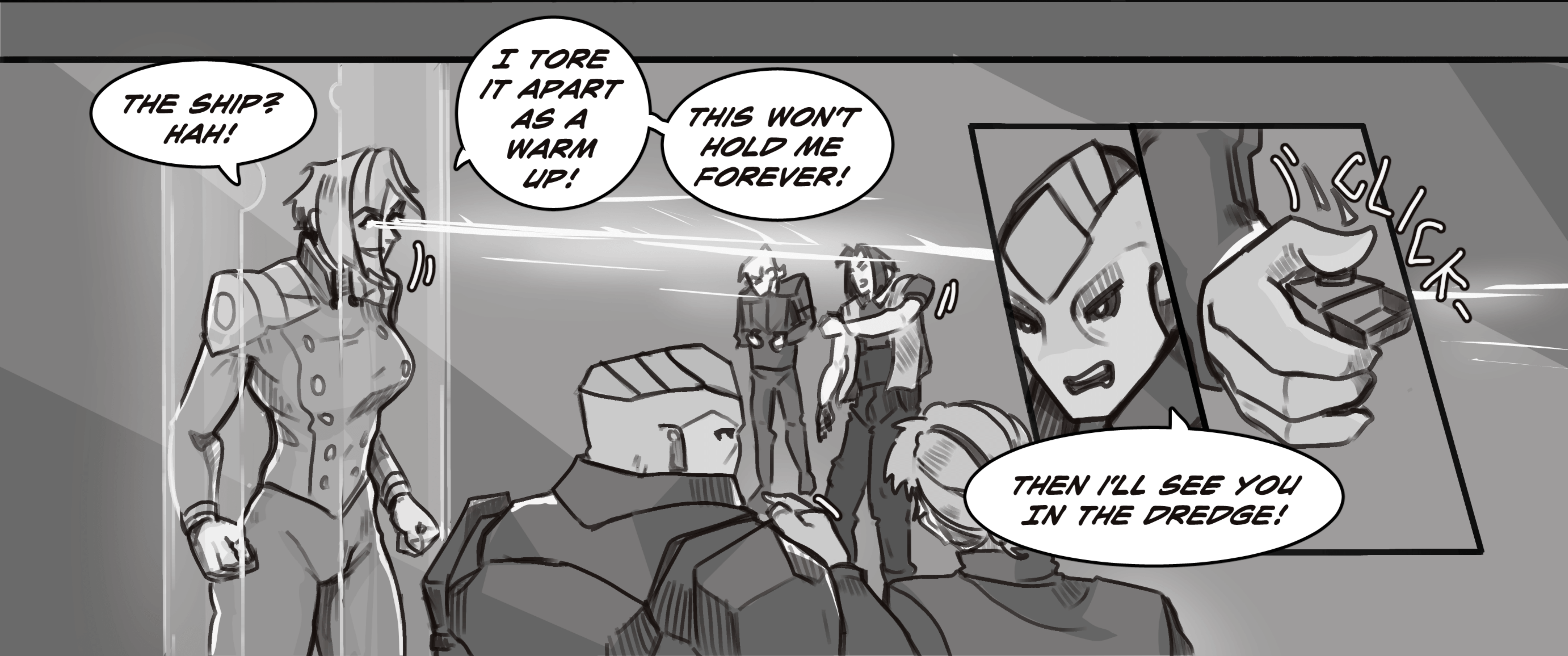
THUND



PROFESSOR!

CALL THE SHIP!

FALL



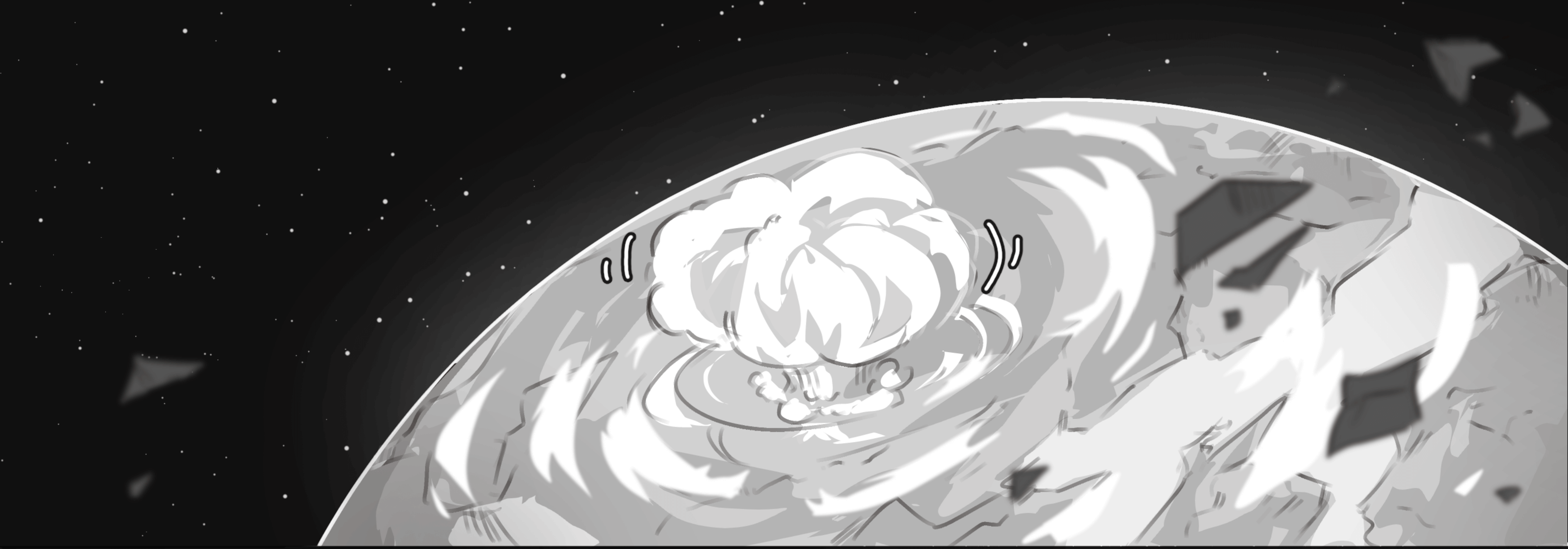
THE SHIP?
HAH!

I TORE
IT APART
AS A
WARM
UP!

THIS WON'T
HOLD ME
FOREVER!

CLICK

THEN I'LL SEE YOU
IN THE DREDGE!



MY NAME IS KIT WEIBER.
I AM 22 YEARS OLD.

ENGINEER IN THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.
SERIAL NUMBER: TGBS7768592
RANK: CHIEF PETTY OFFICER.

MY HOMETOWN
SHANARAH FELL

TO THE IMPERIANS AND DRELLA
THE DEATH ANGEL TWO YEARS AGO.



AND...SOMEHOW...



...
I AM IN
THE IMPERIAN
BITCH'S BODY!

...
BLARZ!!

GLASS ANGEL



RP
2014



IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE I FOUND MYSELF IN... IN THAT GLASS CRATER.



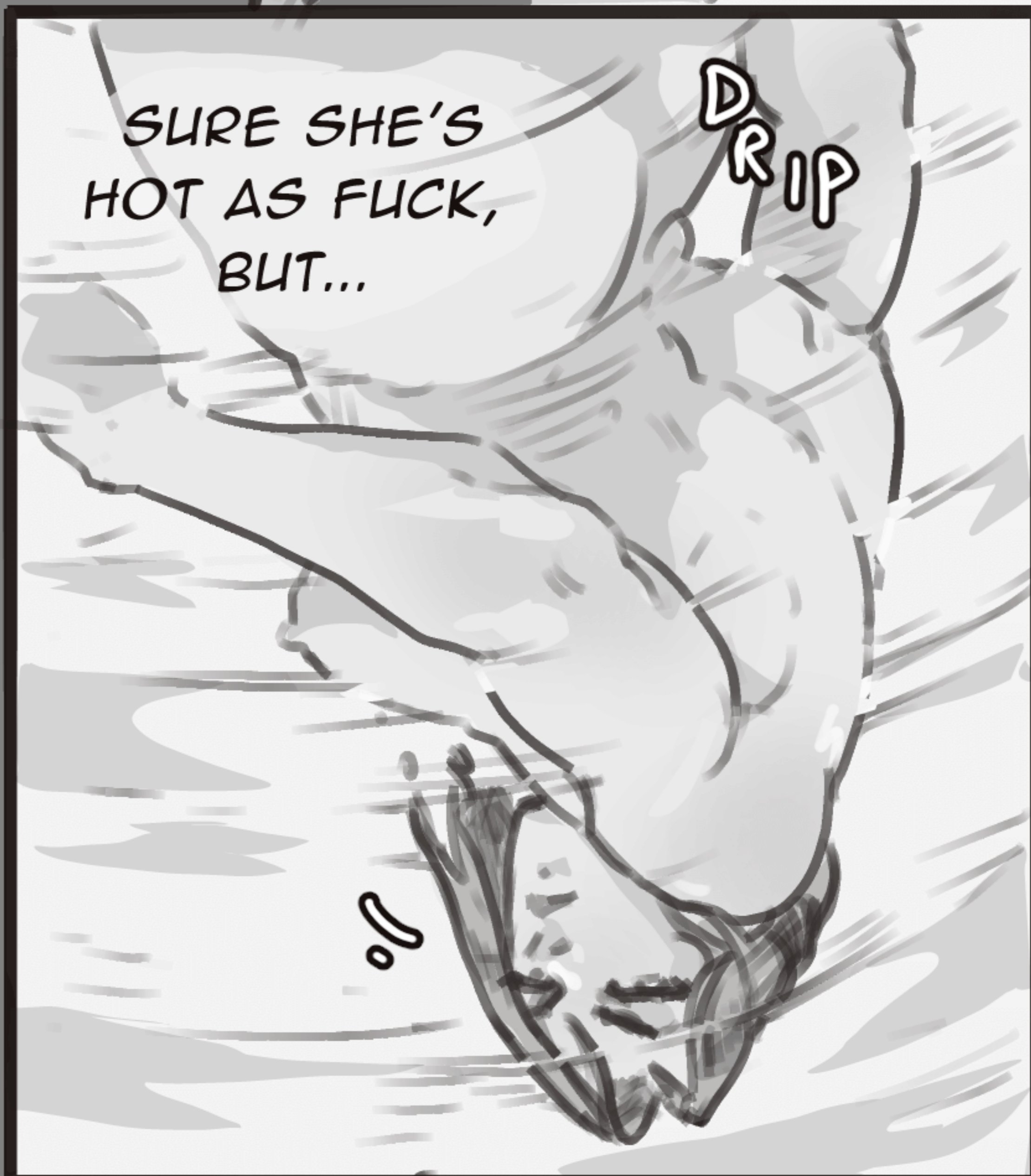
S
HOOO
OOO

S
HOOO
OOO

I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THIS HAPPENED. MUST'VE BEEN A PIECE OF PIONEER TECH.



IT'S BEEN A WEIRD HELL STUCK IN DRELLA'S BODY.



SURE SHE'S HOT AS FUCK, BUT...

D
RIP



NAO

SHE'S AN UNREPENTANT KILLER. A BEAUTIFUL MONSTER.



PIECES OF THE CRUISER HAVE BEEN RAINING ON THE PLANET FOR THE PAST TWO DAYS.



I WAS ABLE TO SCAVENGE SOME TOOLS AND CLOTHING FROM ONE OF THE ENGINEERING SECTIONS THAT FELL YESTERDAY.



STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE DURING A PIONEER VAULT EXPEDITIONS COMPLETE RADIO SILENCE;

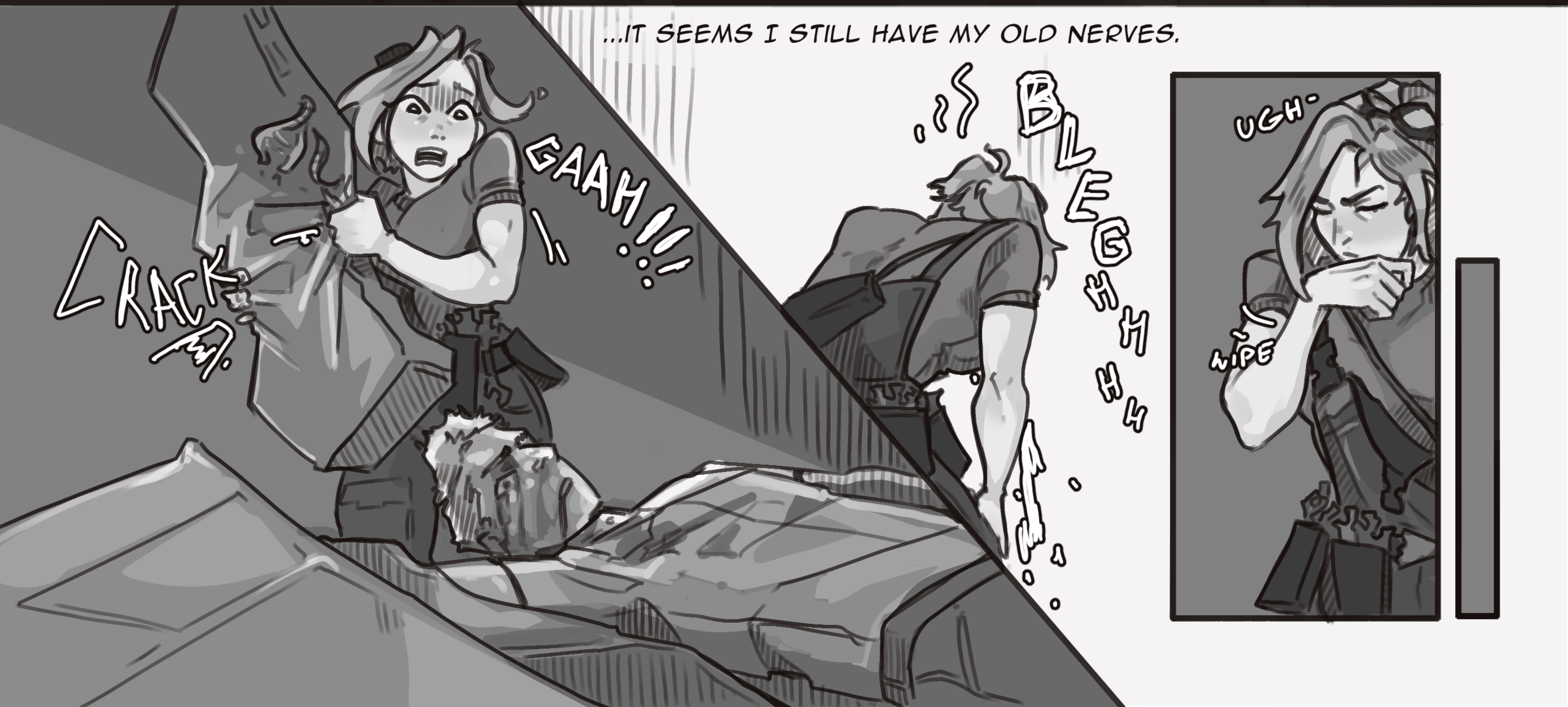
SUPPOSED TO LIMIT THE CHANCE IMPERIANS DISCOVER THE TEAM.

YEAH, THAT WORKED WELL.



I'VE ALSO BEEN SCAVENGING FOR A WAY TO GET OFF THIS ROCK.







HUMPH-

IT SHOULD BE AROUND HERE...



FOUND IT!
AND IT LOOKS LIKE
IT'S INTACT!

GODS, I STILL
CAN'T GET USED TO
THIS VOICE...



GRIP

NONE OF THE SHUTTLES
OR FIGHTERS SURVIVED THE
CRASH, AND I DON'T KNOW
WHERE DRELLA'S SHIP IS.



THIS WORLD IS FAR FROM
THE USUAL SHIPPING LANES.

CRACKLE

ZIT...



SO, MY IDEA
IS TO COBBLE
TOGETHER A SUBSPACE
DISTRESS BEACON.

SHUFL

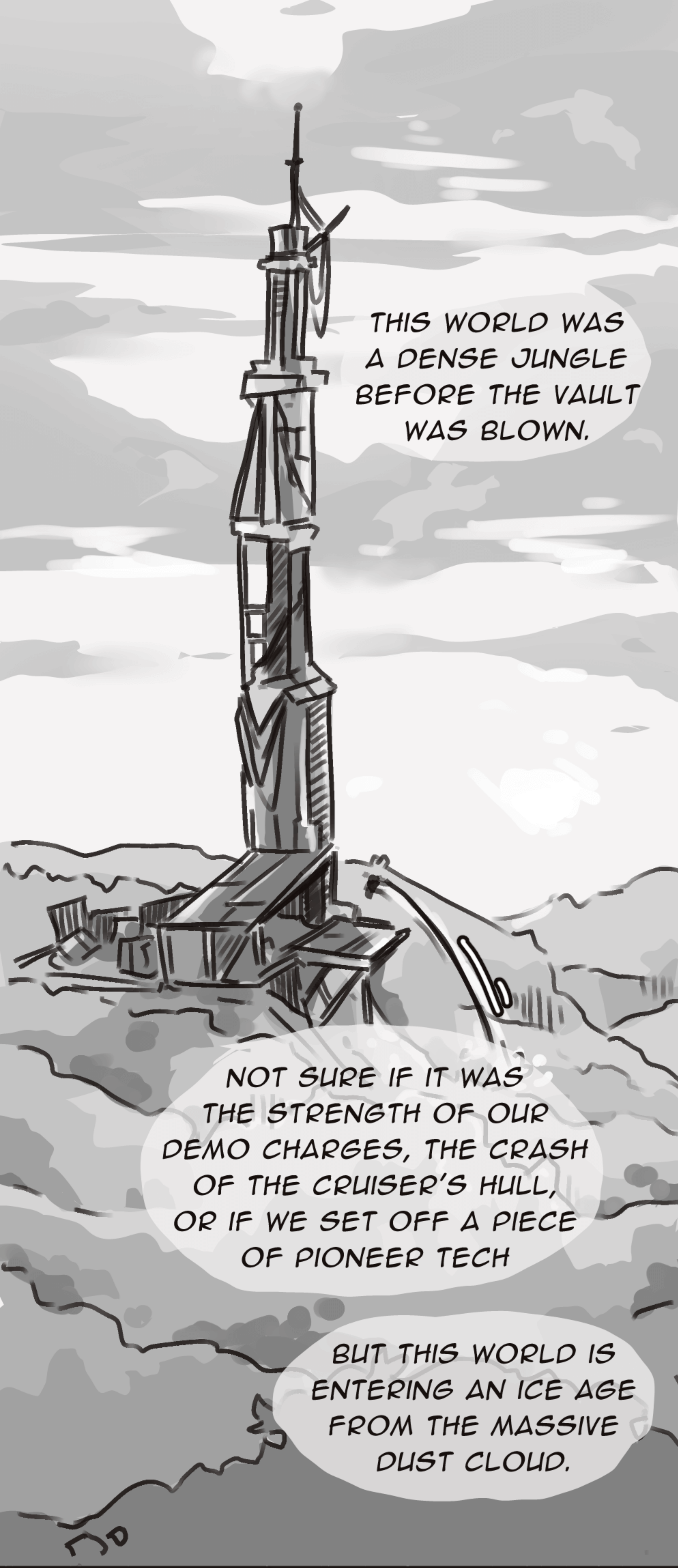


SWEET! SCORE!

OH, BONUS!
NOT MUCH IN
THE WAY OF FOOD
ON THIS PLANET.

YOINK

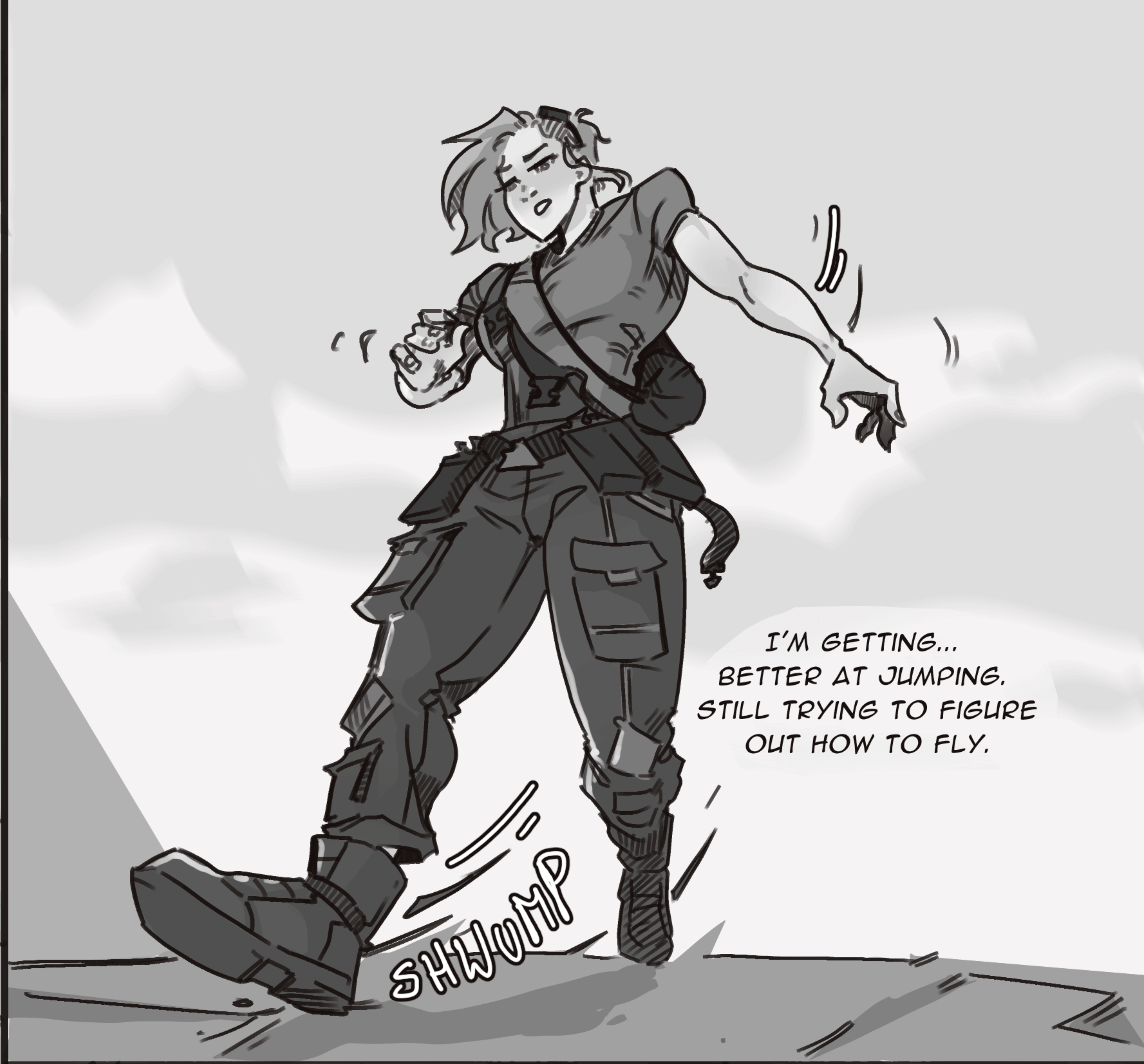
EMERGENCY
RATIONS



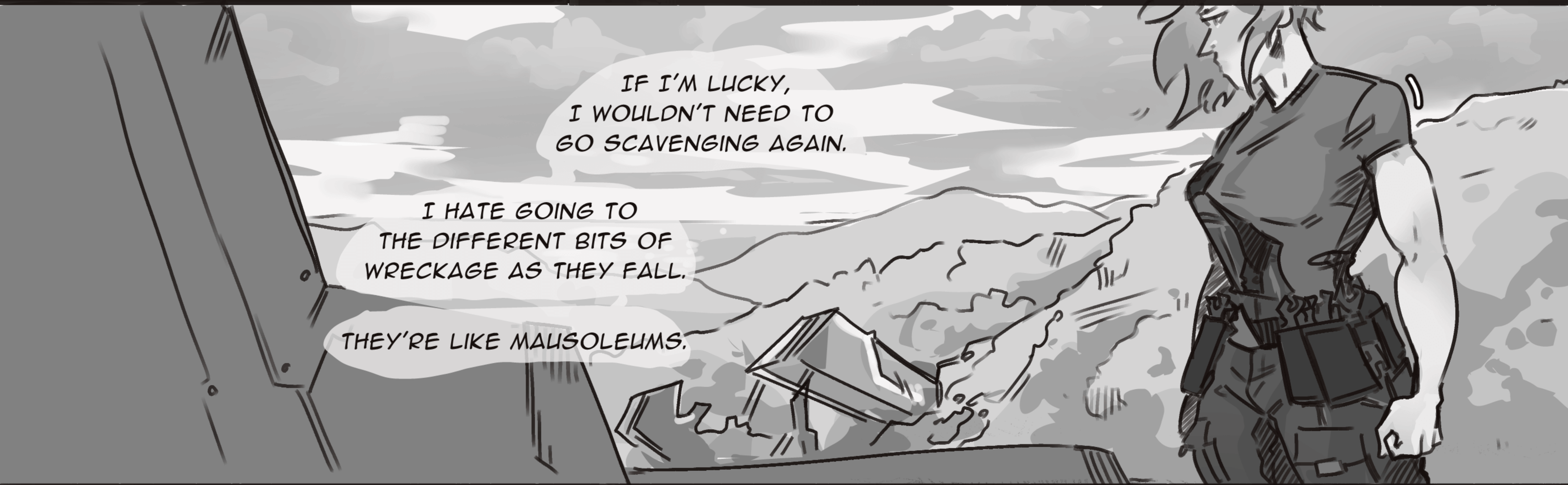
THIS WORLD WAS A DENSE JUNGLE BEFORE THE VAULT WAS BLOWN.

NOT SURE IF IT WAS THE STRENGTH OF OUR DEMO CHARGES, THE CRASH OF THE CRUISER'S HULL, OR IF WE SET OFF A PIECE OF PIONEER TECH

BUT THIS WORLD IS ENTERING AN ICE AGE FROM THE MASSIVE DUST CLOUD.



I'M GETTING... BETTER AT JUMPING. STILL TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO FLY.



IF I'M LUCKY, I WOULDN'T NEED TO GO SCAVENGING AGAIN.

I HATE GOING TO THE DIFFERENT BITS OF WRECKAGE AS THEY FALL.

THEY'RE LIKE MAUSOLEUMS.



FINALLY, MY FIRST BITE OF FOOD IN TWO DAYS!

BLEH! BLARZ!!

DAMN IMPERIAN BITCH!

OF COURSE HER TASTE BUDS ARE DIFFERENT!

CHOCOLATE WAS MY FAVORITE, TOO.

SHIVER



A SUBSPACE COIL USUALLY WEIGHS AT LEAST 600 KILOS, BUT IT FEELS AS LIGHT AS A SPANNER.



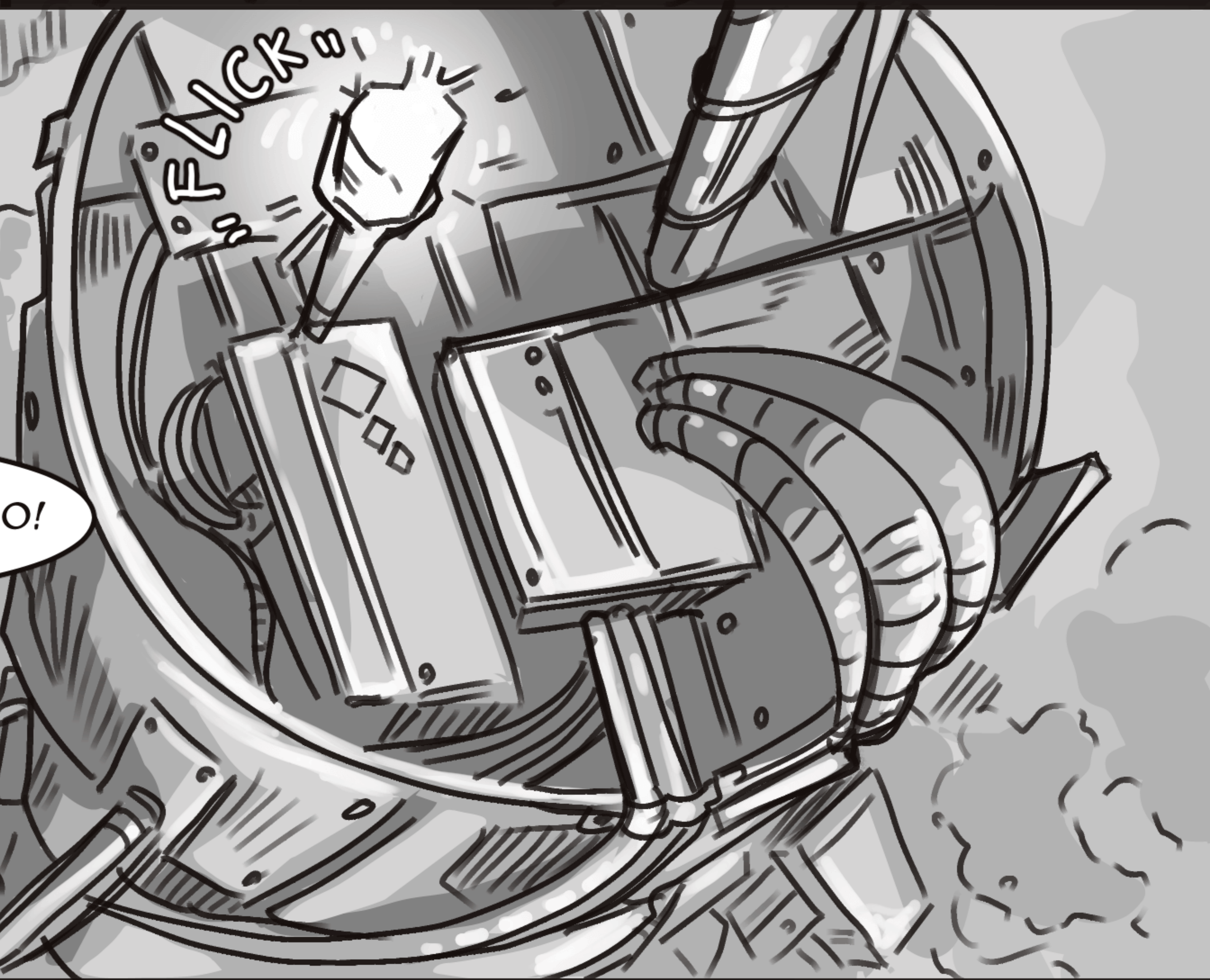
ALMOST THERE!

IF THIS WORKS, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PING ANY SHIP IN THE QUADRANT.



AND THERE WE GO!

IT'S TRANSMITTING. NOW WE WAIT...



SINCE I WOKE UP IN THIS BODY I HAVEN'T REALLY HAD A MINUTE TO STOP AND THINK. I'VE BEEN SCAVENGING TO SURVIVE, AND THEN BUILDING THE TRANSMITTER

I AM CONSTANTLY BEING REMINDED THAT THIS ISN'T MY BODY...



BUT REALLY, IT IS MY BODY NOW. DRELLA IS DEAD AND I'M ALIVE.

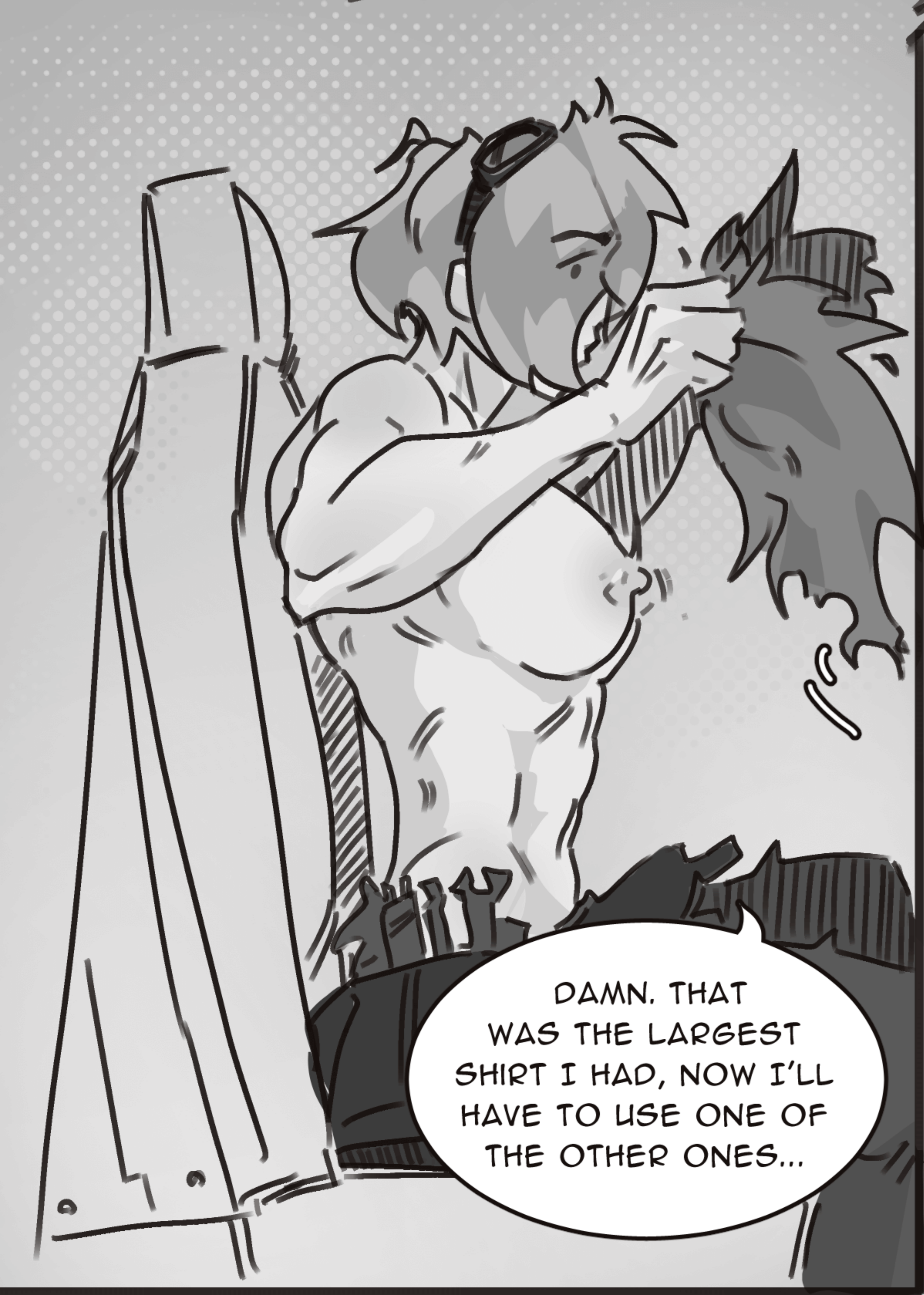
AND I NEED TO GET USED TO THIS NEW REALITY.



OH WOW!
FOR AS TOUGH
AS THIS SKIN IS,
THEY FEEL SO
SOFT!



STUPID THING,
GET OFF!

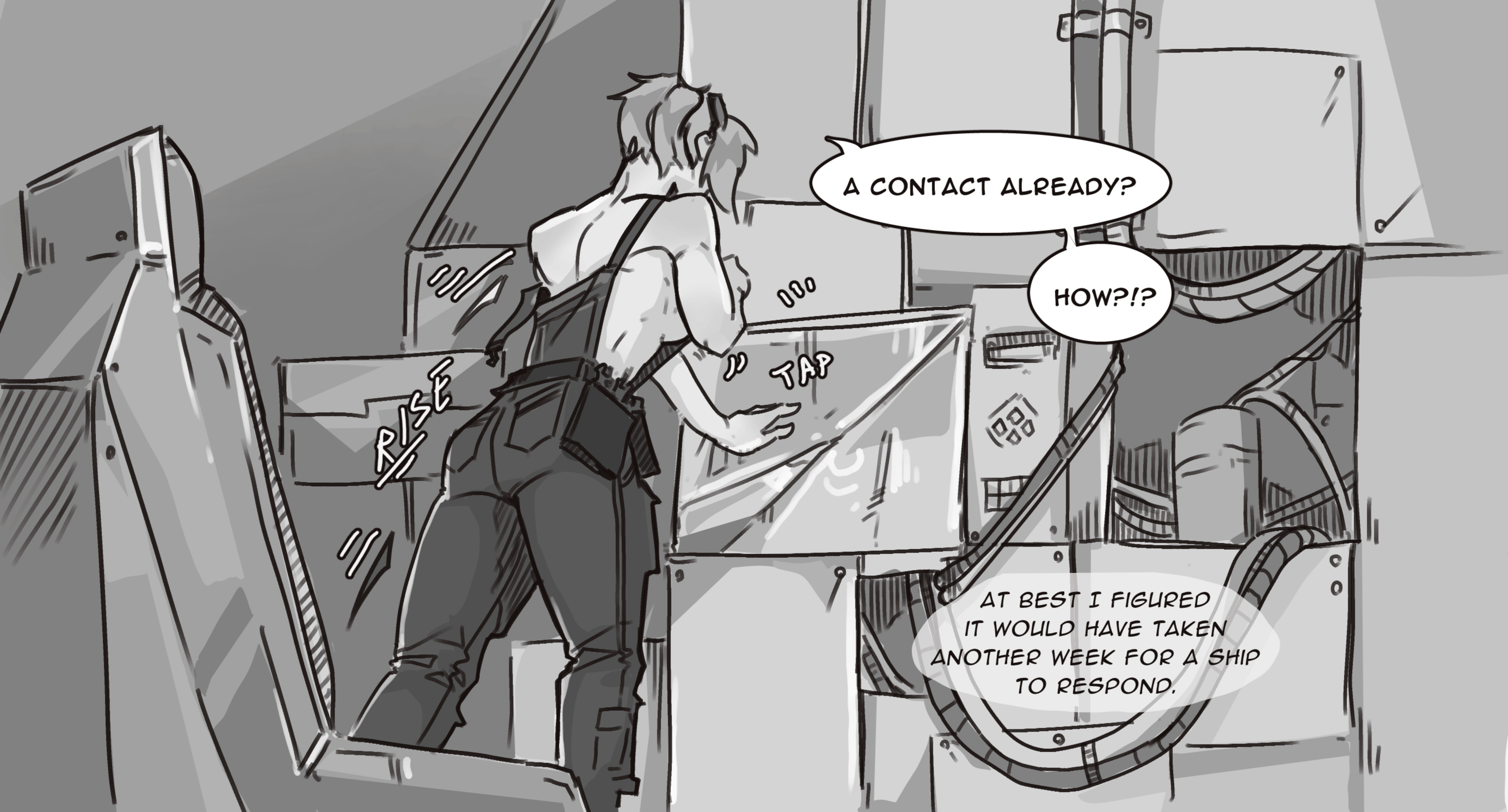


DAMN. THAT
WAS THE LARGEST
SHIRT I HAD, NOW I'LL
HAVE TO USE ONE OF
THE OTHER ONES...



OH, THAT FEELS SO GOOD.





A CONTACT ALREADY?

HOW?!?

AT BEST I FIGURED IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN ANOTHER WEEK FOR A SHIP TO RESPOND.



WHAT? IT'S IMPERIAN?

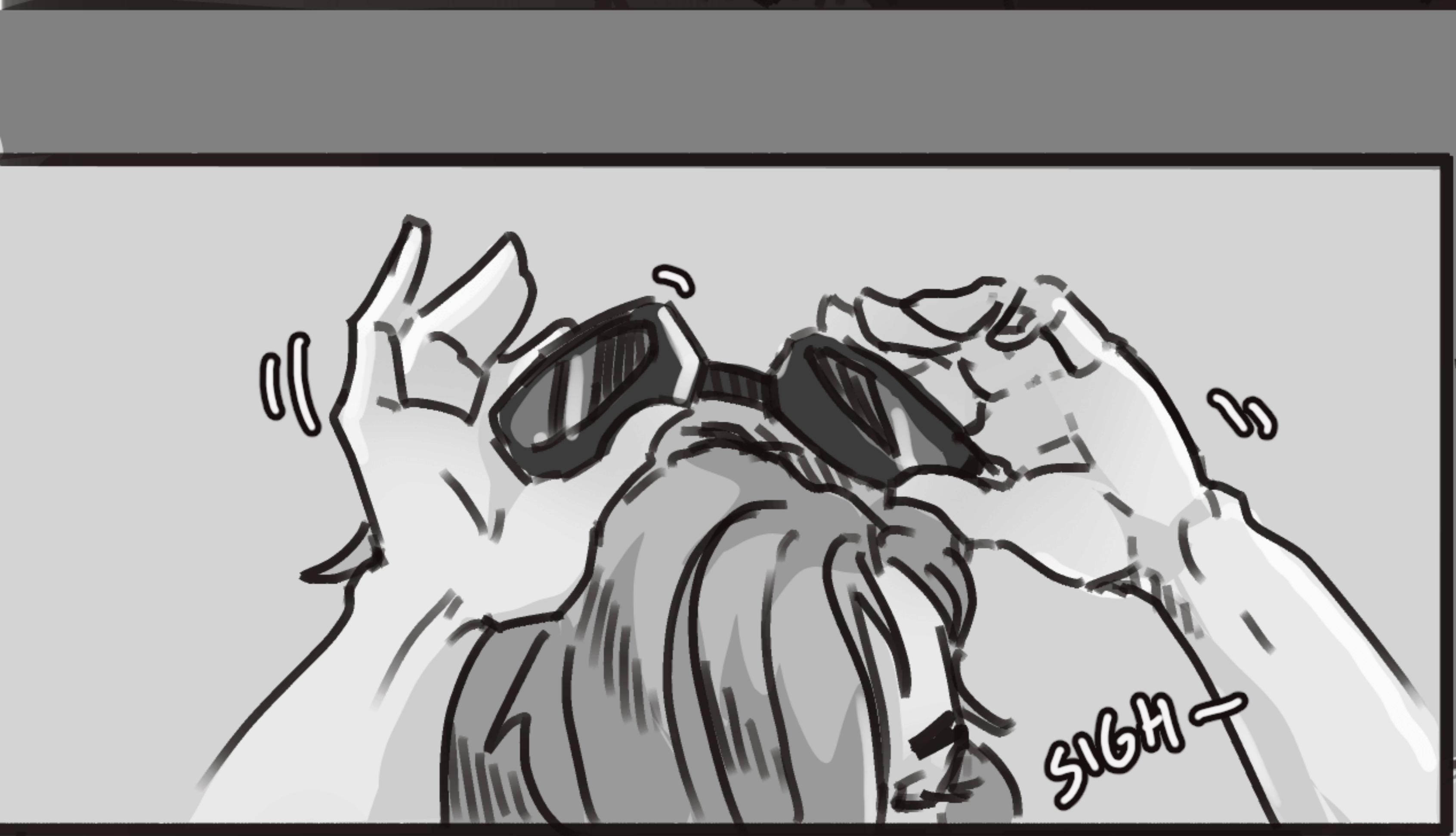


OF COURSE!

IT'S HER SHIP, SHE MUST HAVE LEFT IT IN ORBIT AND FLEW DOWN!

SLAP

AH!



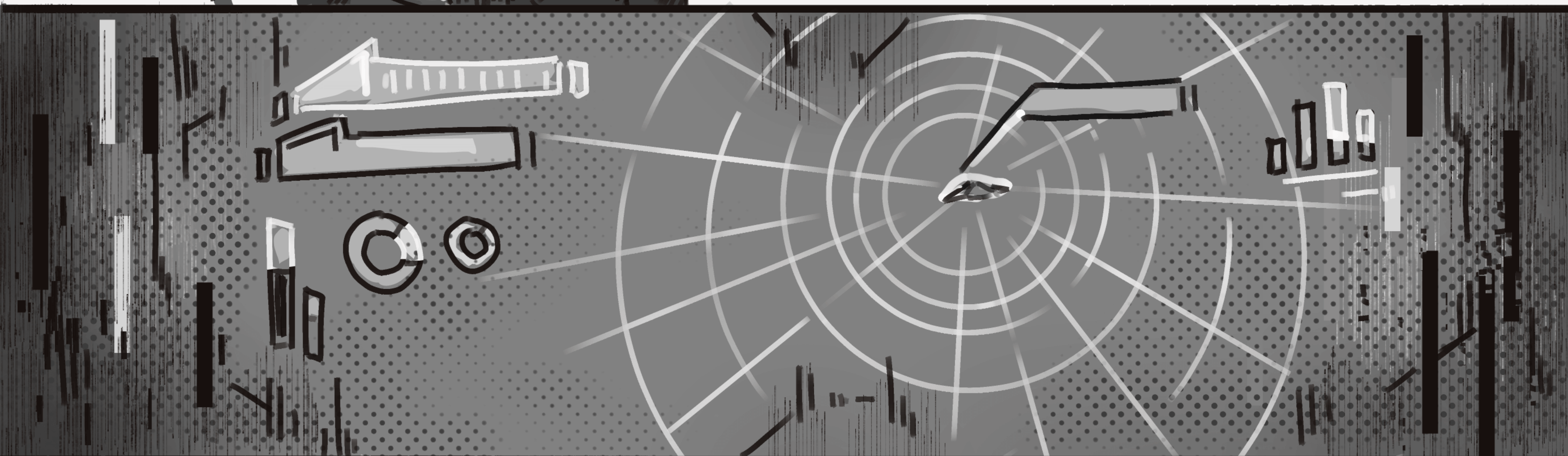
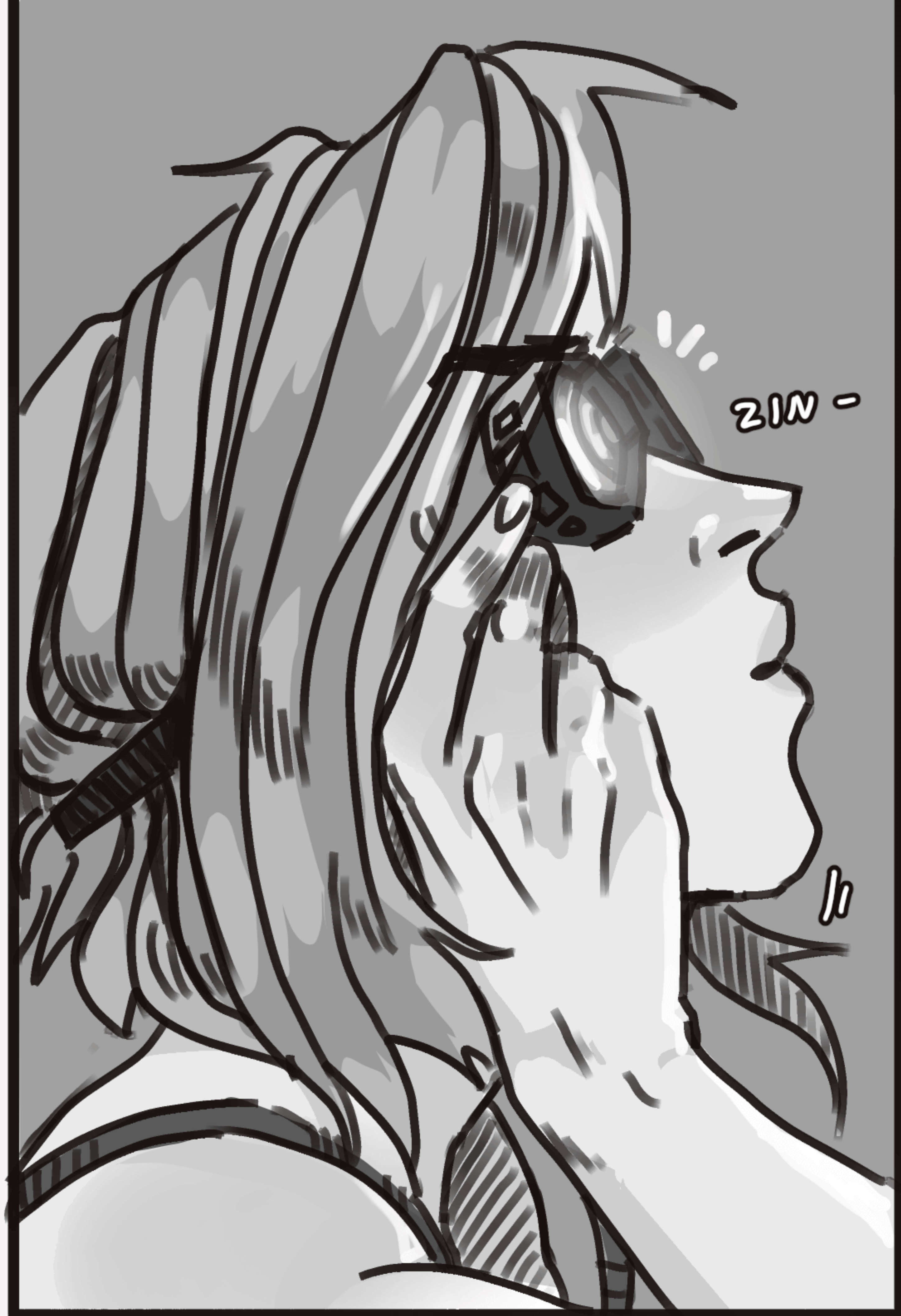
SIGH



BLEP

SNAP

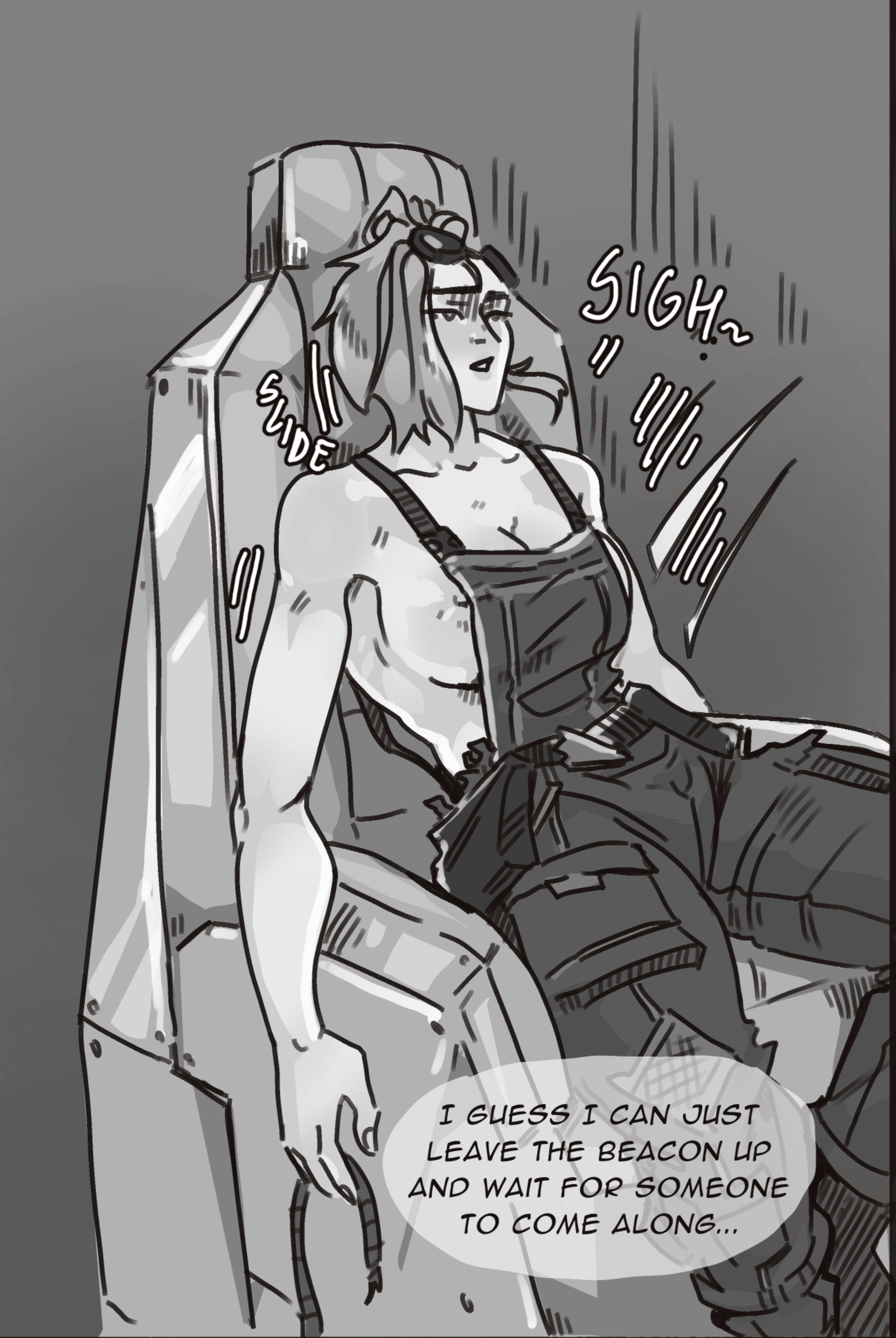
I CAN FEED THE COORDINATES AND ORBIT PATTERN INTO THESE ENGINEERING GOGGLES TO GET A VISUAL OF WHERE IT IS IN ORBIT.



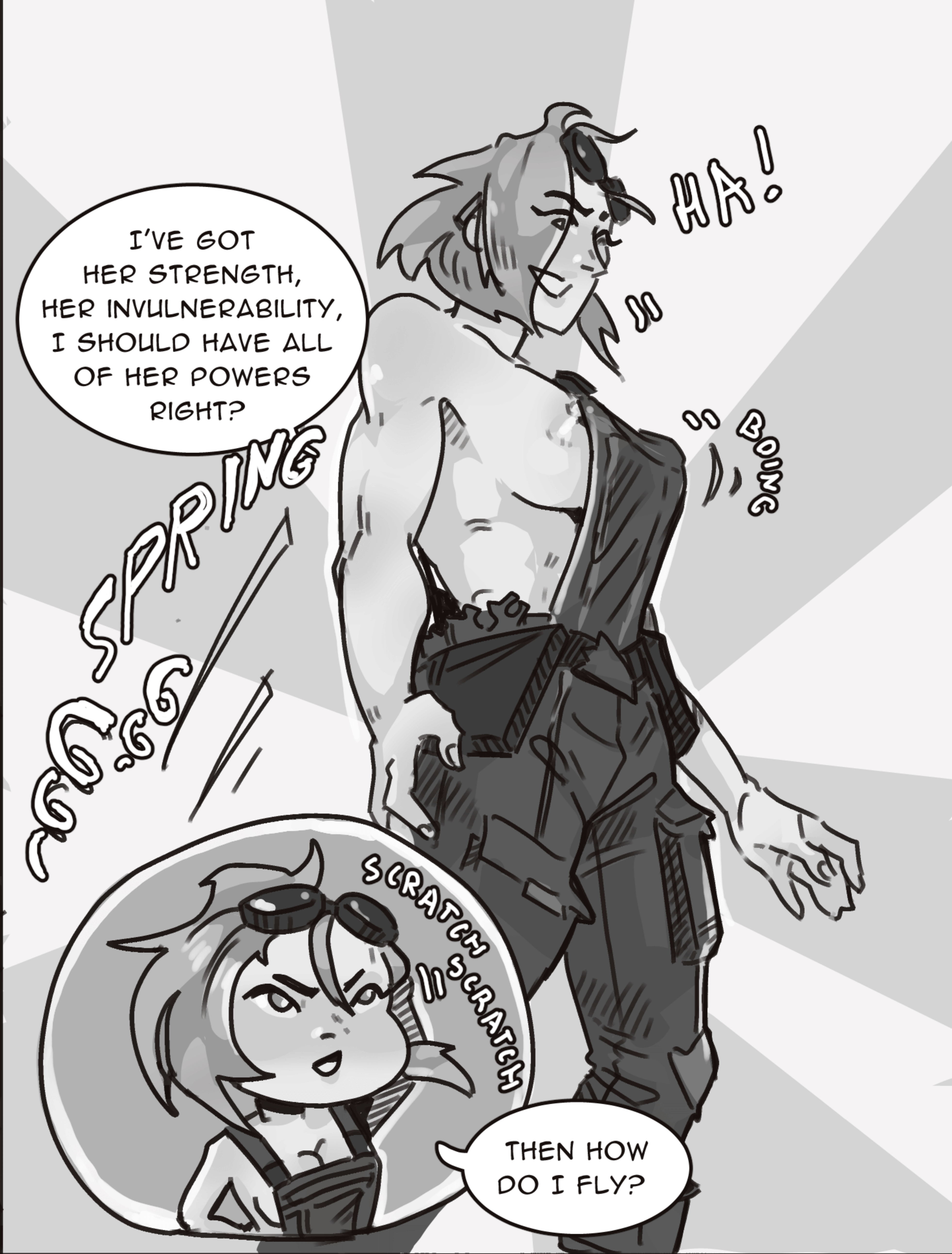
HOW THE HELL

AM I SUPPOSED TO GET UP THERE!





I GUESS I CAN JUST LEAVE THE BEACON UP AND WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO COME ALONG...



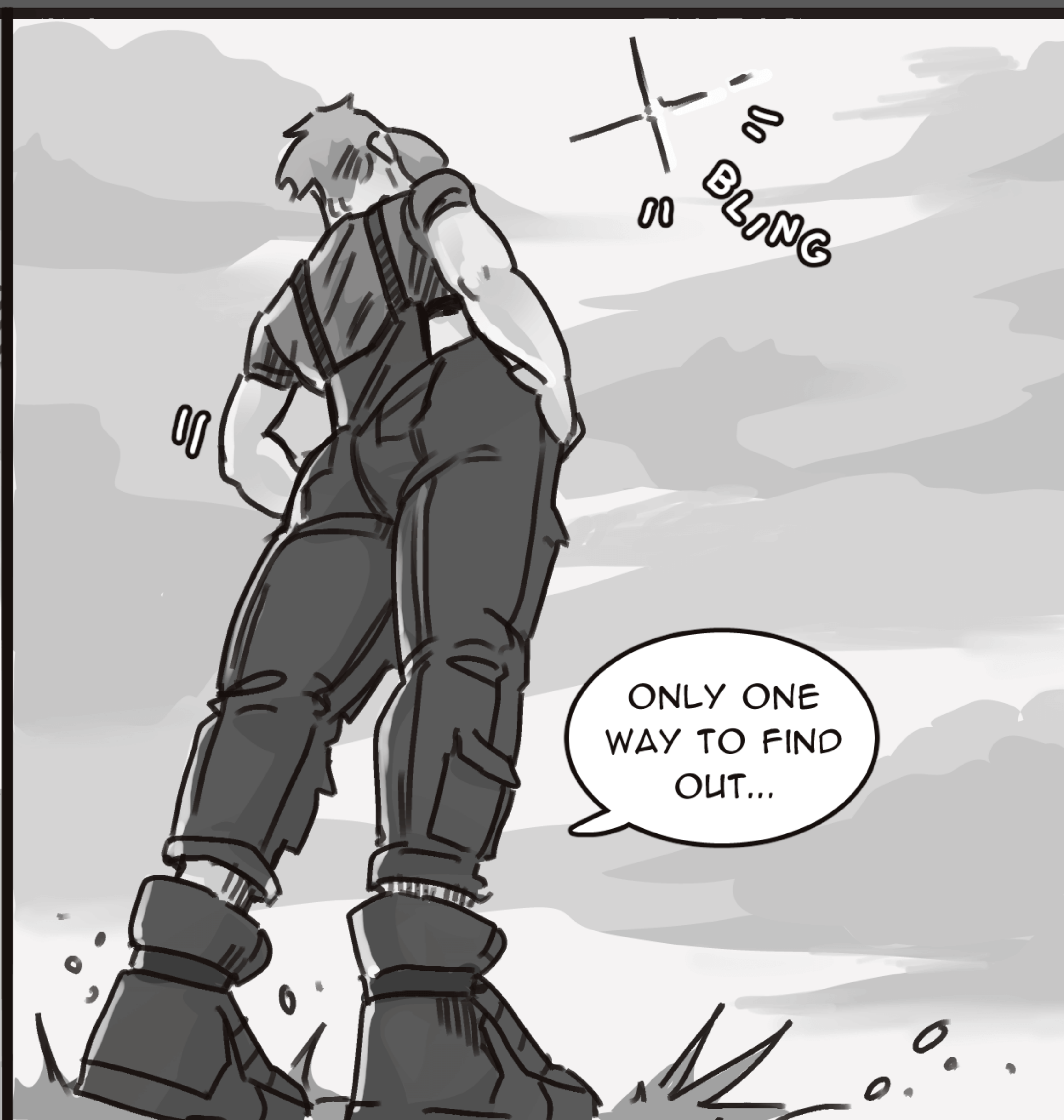
I'VE GOT HER STRENGTH, HER INVULNERABILITY, I SHOULD HAVE ALL OF HER POWERS RIGHT?

THEN HOW DO I FLY?

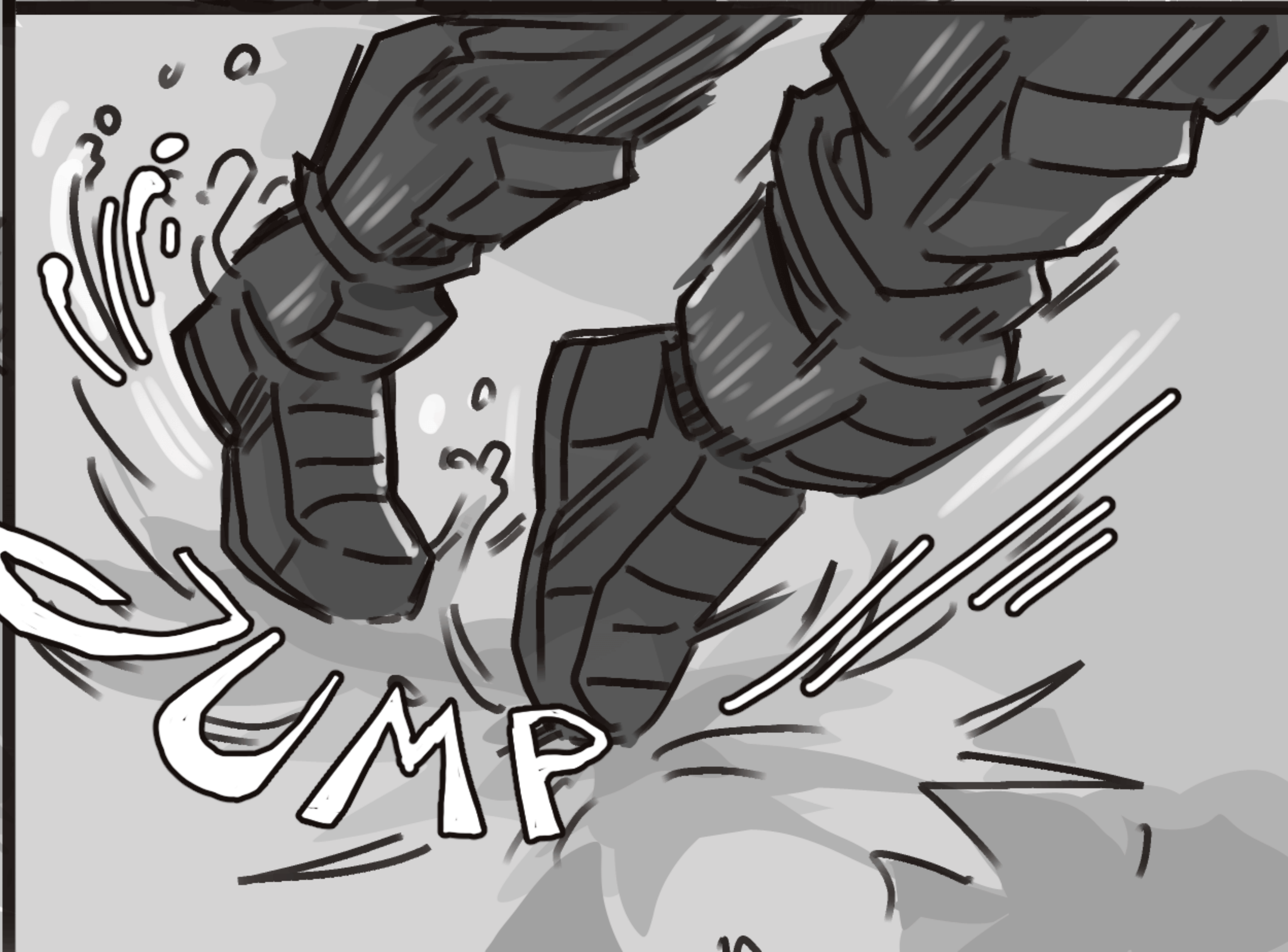


JUST JUMP, THAT SHOULD DO IT RIGHT?

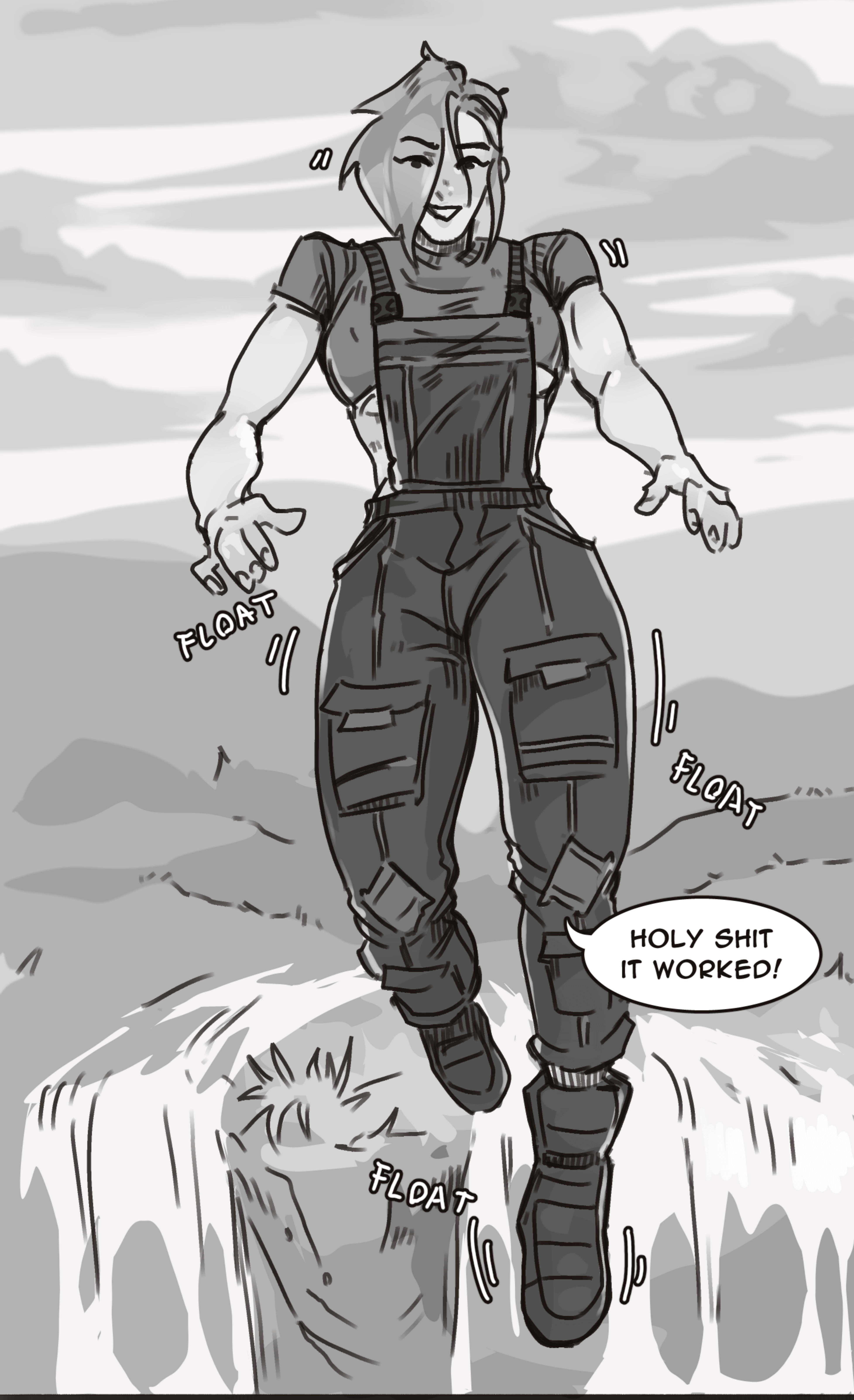
THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS?



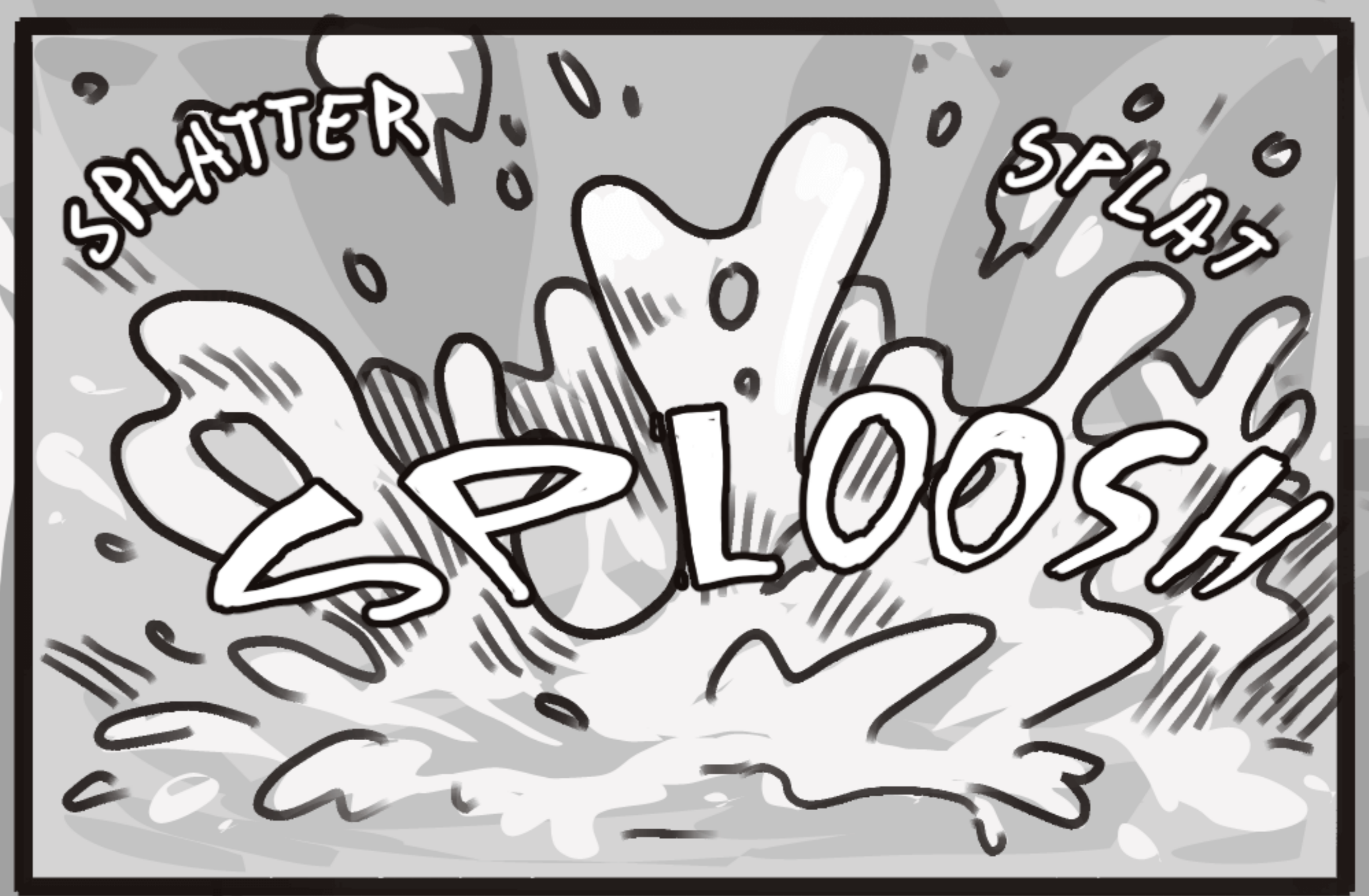
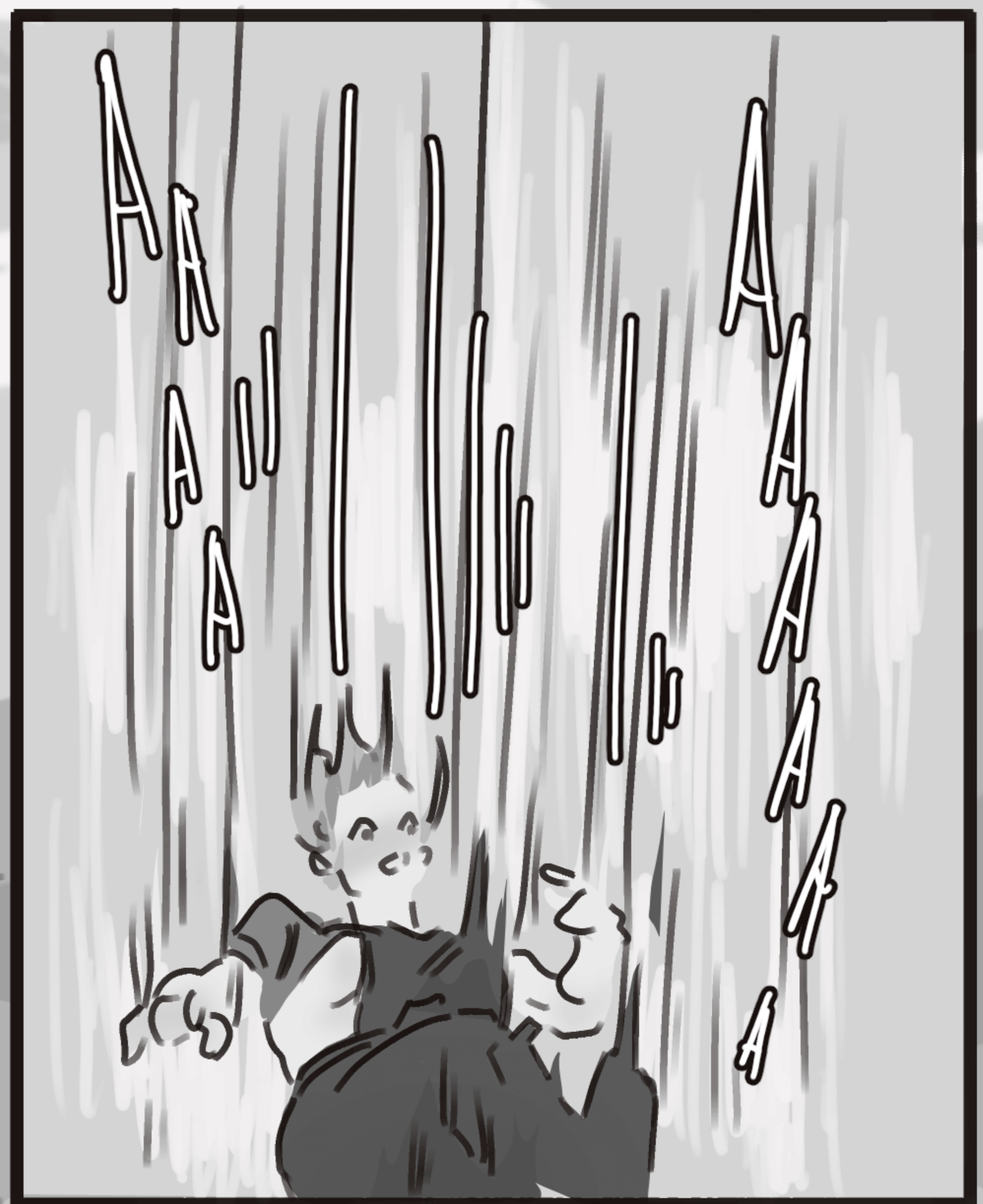
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...



CUMP

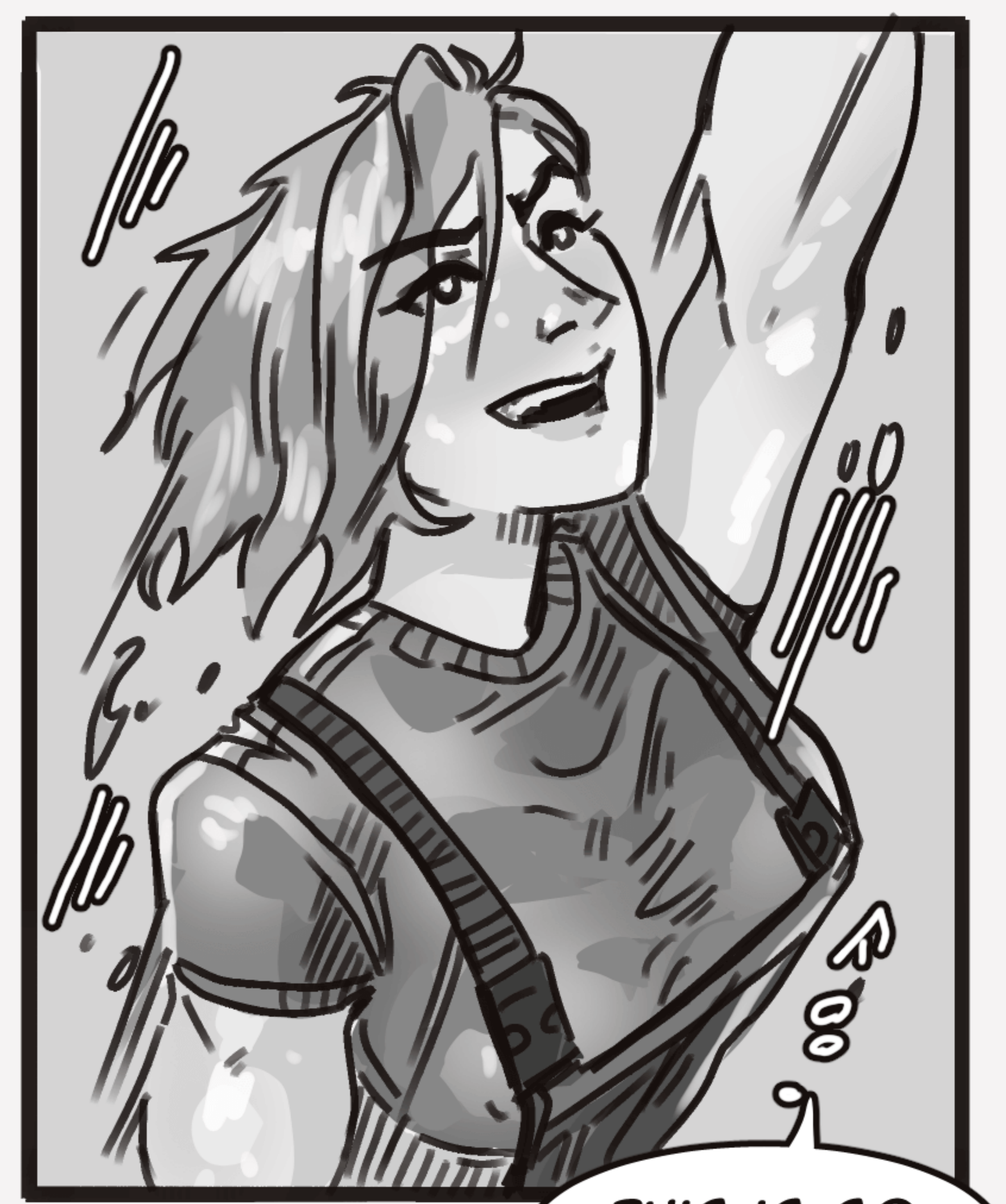


HOLY SHIT IT WORKED!



OKAY, SEEMS TO BE, LIKE, MUSCLE MEMORY? SO, IF I DON'T THINK ABOUT

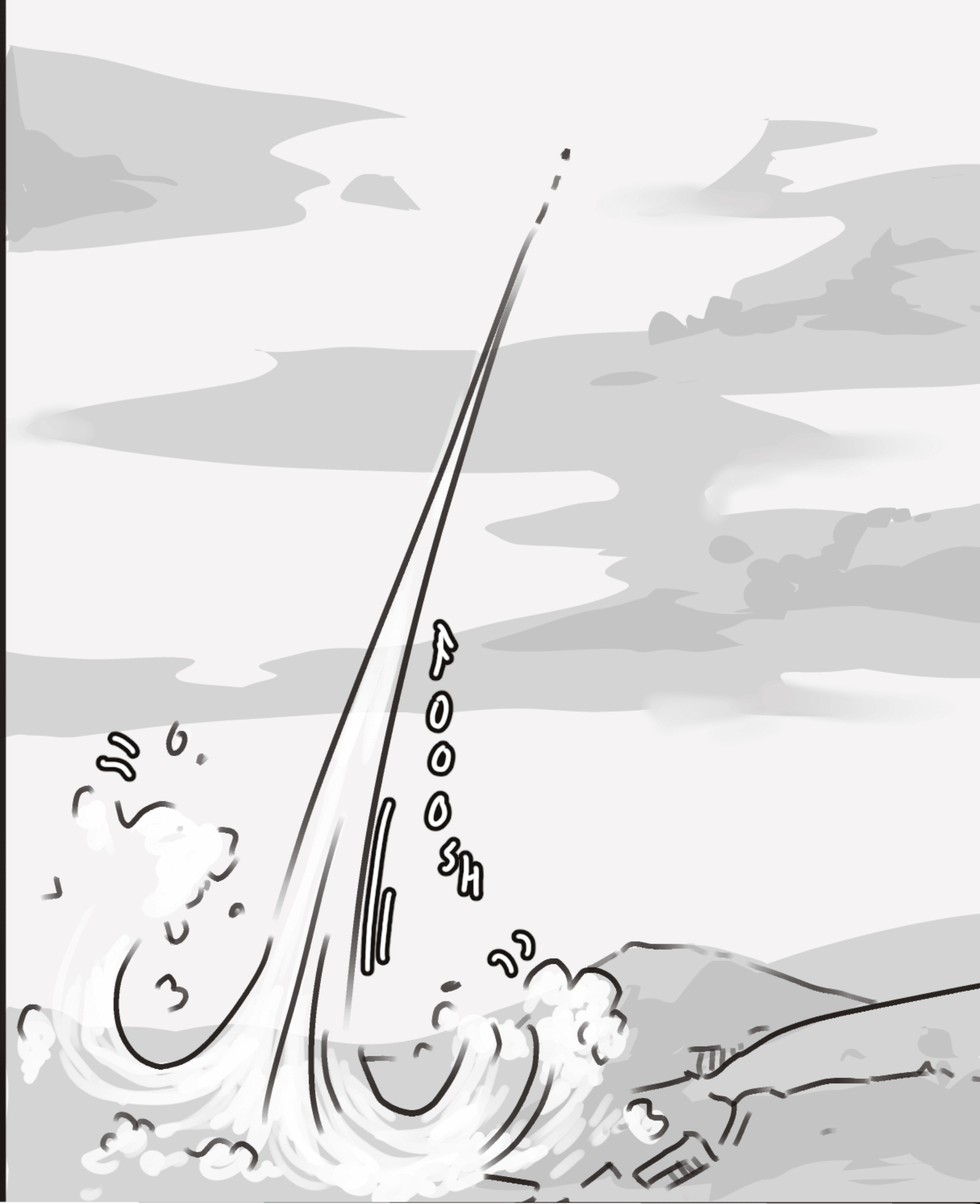
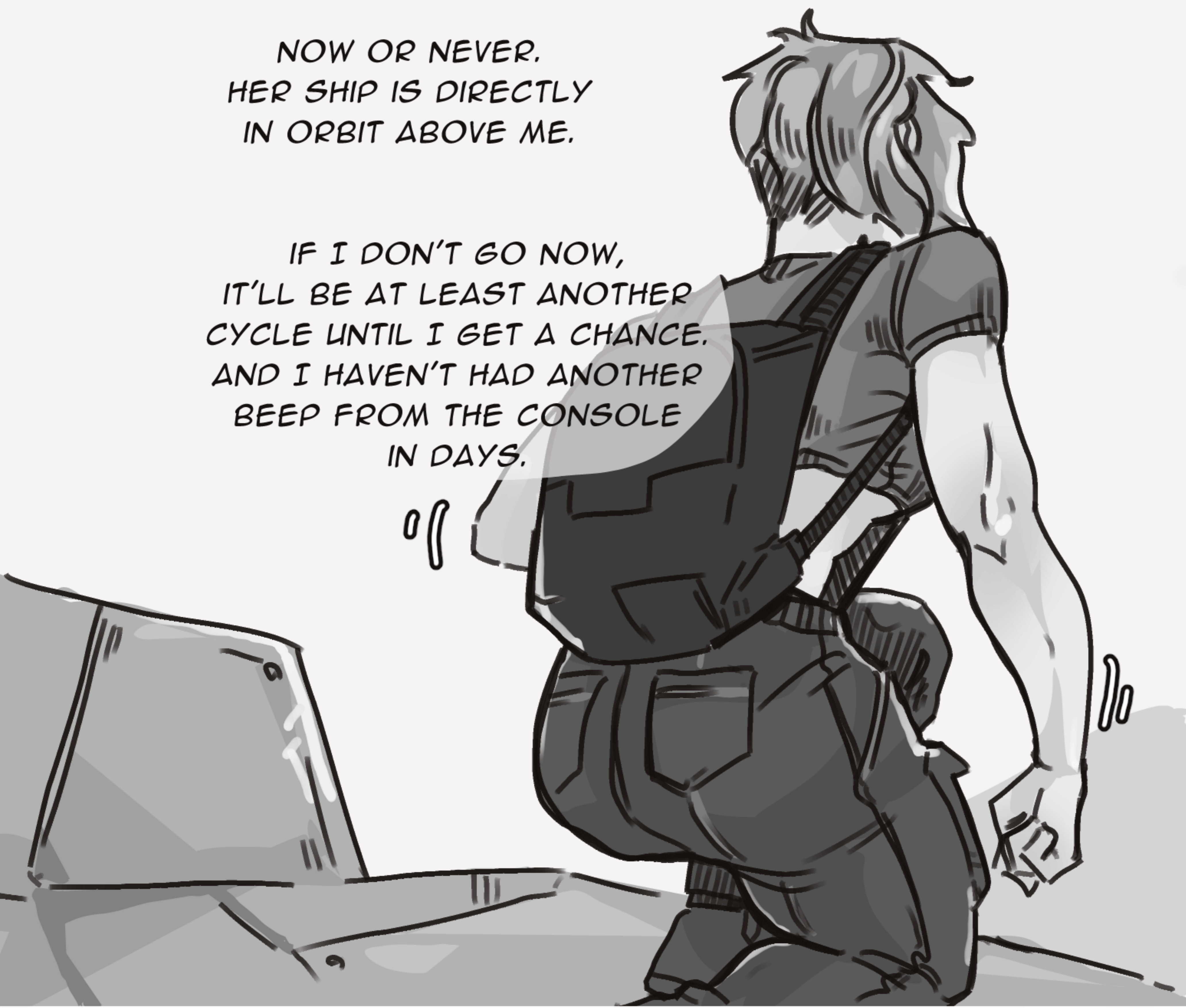
IT, I CAN FLY? BEST THEORY I'VE GOT...



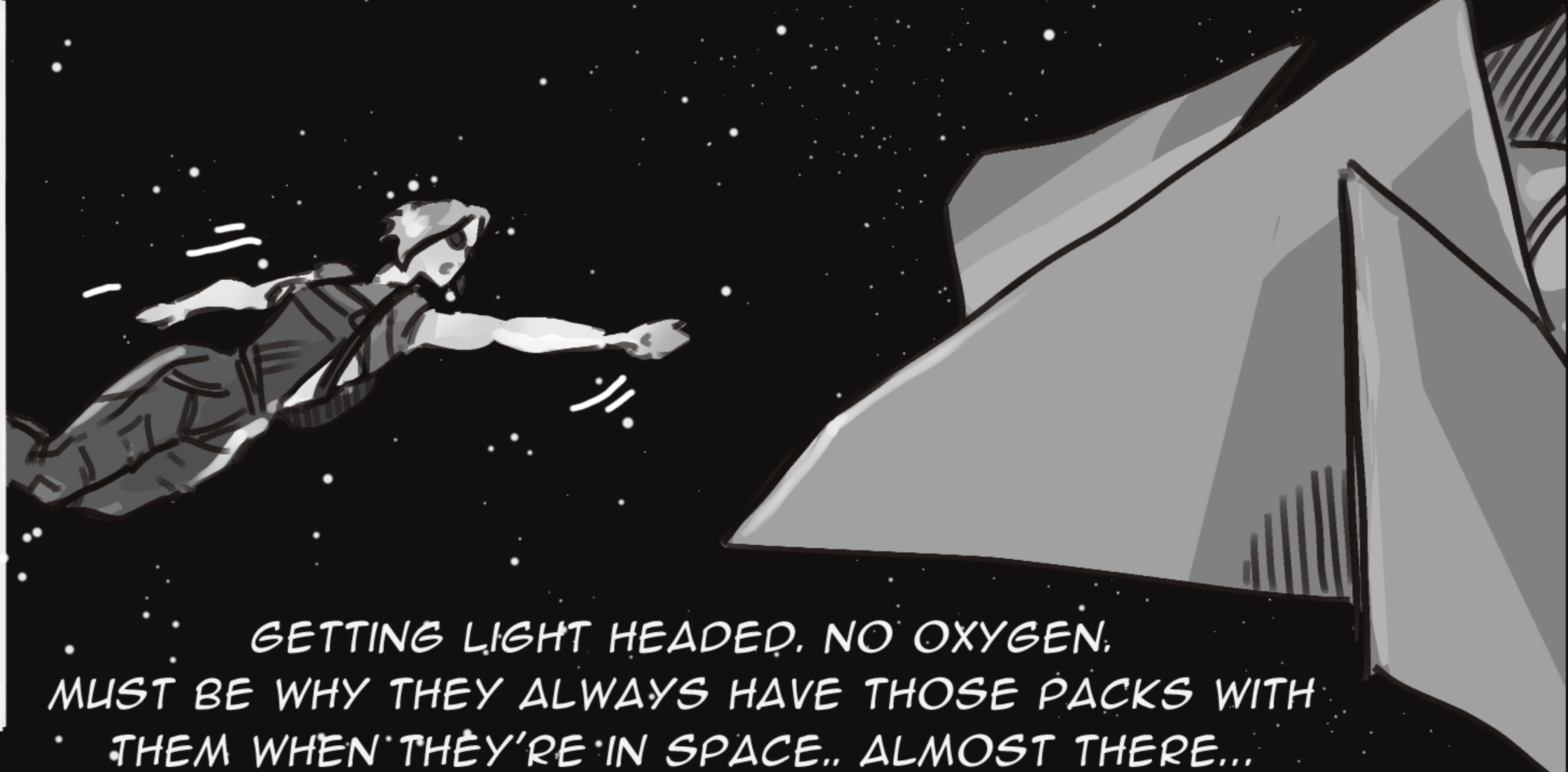
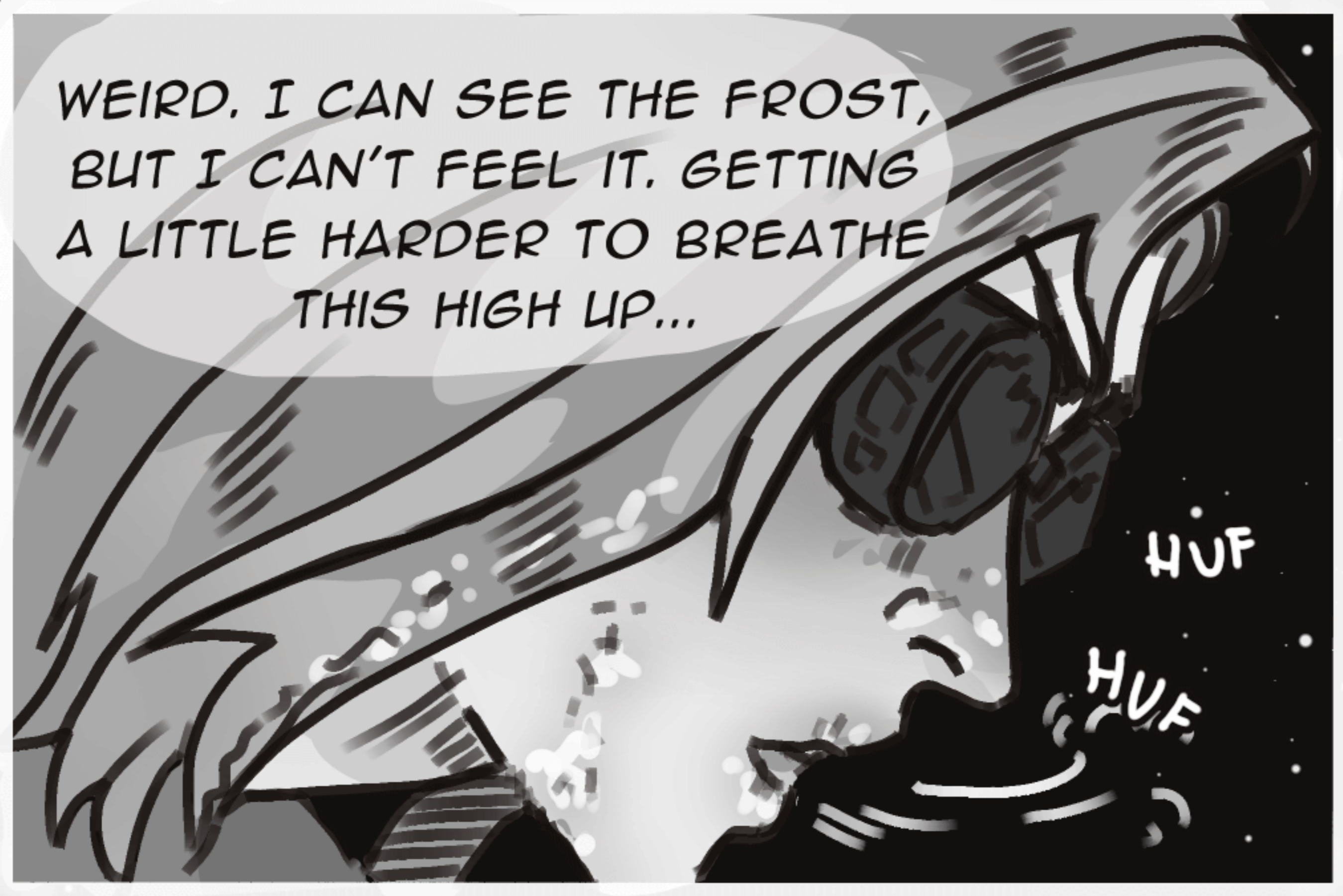
THIS IS SO COOL!

NOW OR NEVER.
HER SHIP IS DIRECTLY
IN ORBIT ABOVE ME.

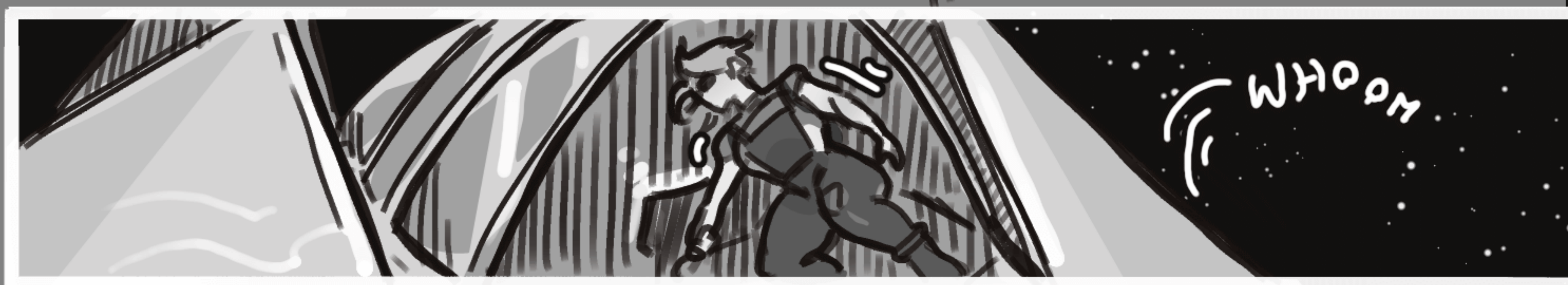
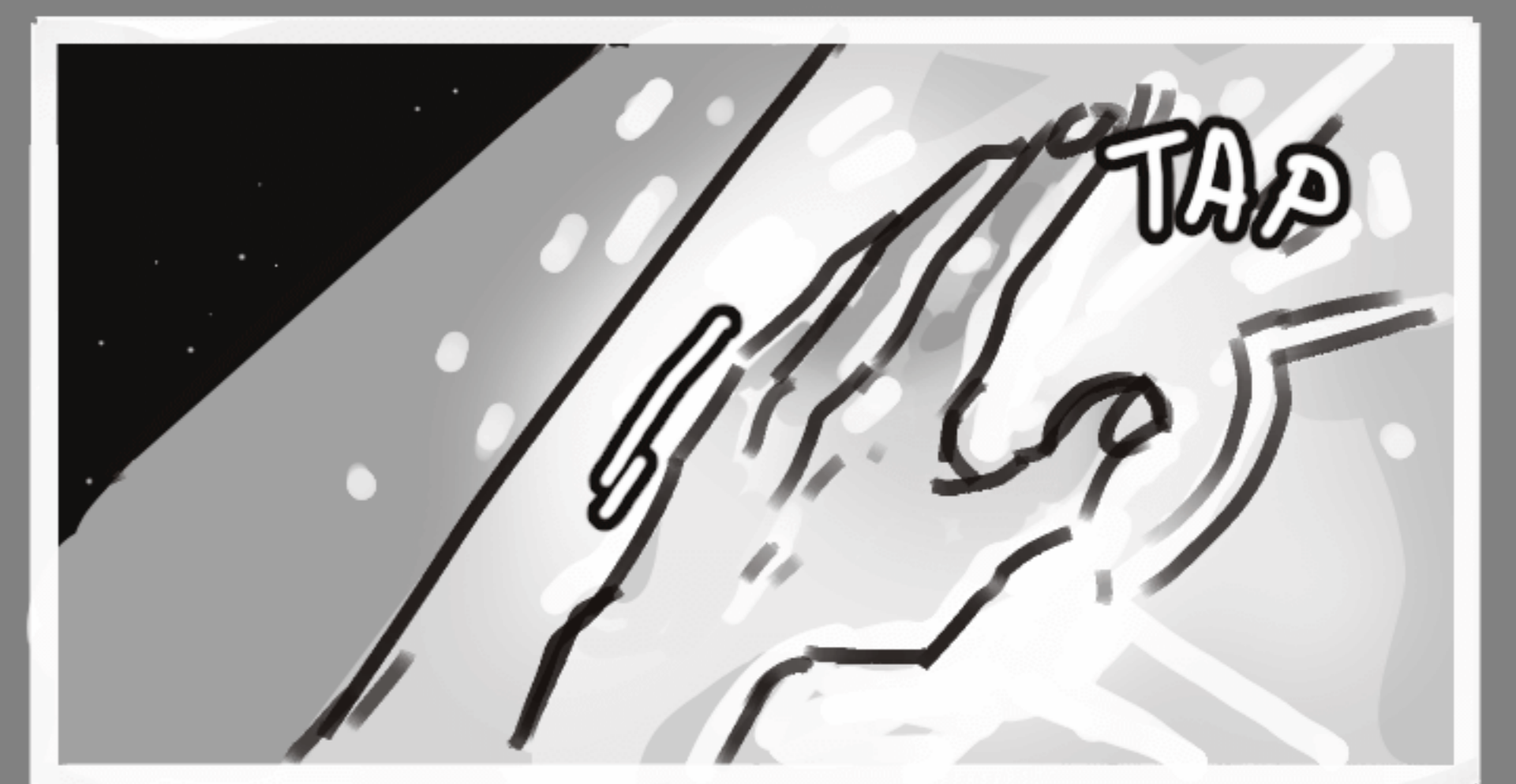
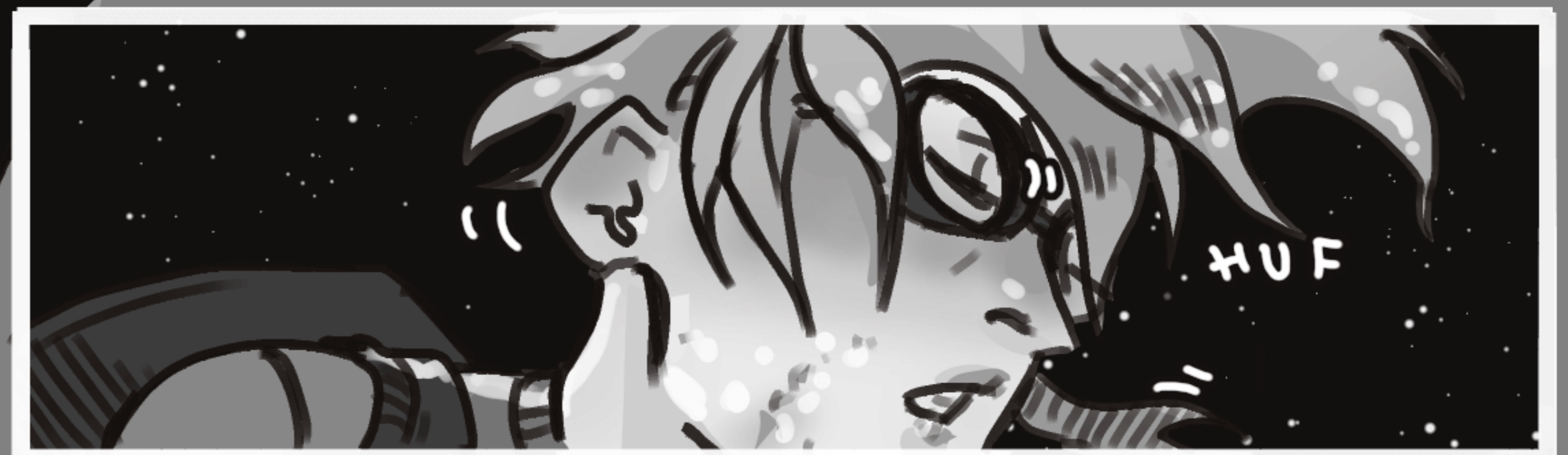
IF I DON'T GO NOW,
IT'LL BE AT LEAST ANOTHER
CYCLE UNTIL I GET A CHANCE.
AND I HAVEN'T HAD ANOTHER
BEEP FROM THE CONSOLE
IN DAYS.



WEIRD. I CAN SEE THE FROST,
BUT I CAN'T FEEL IT. GETTING
A LITTLE HARDER TO BREATHE
THIS HIGH UP...

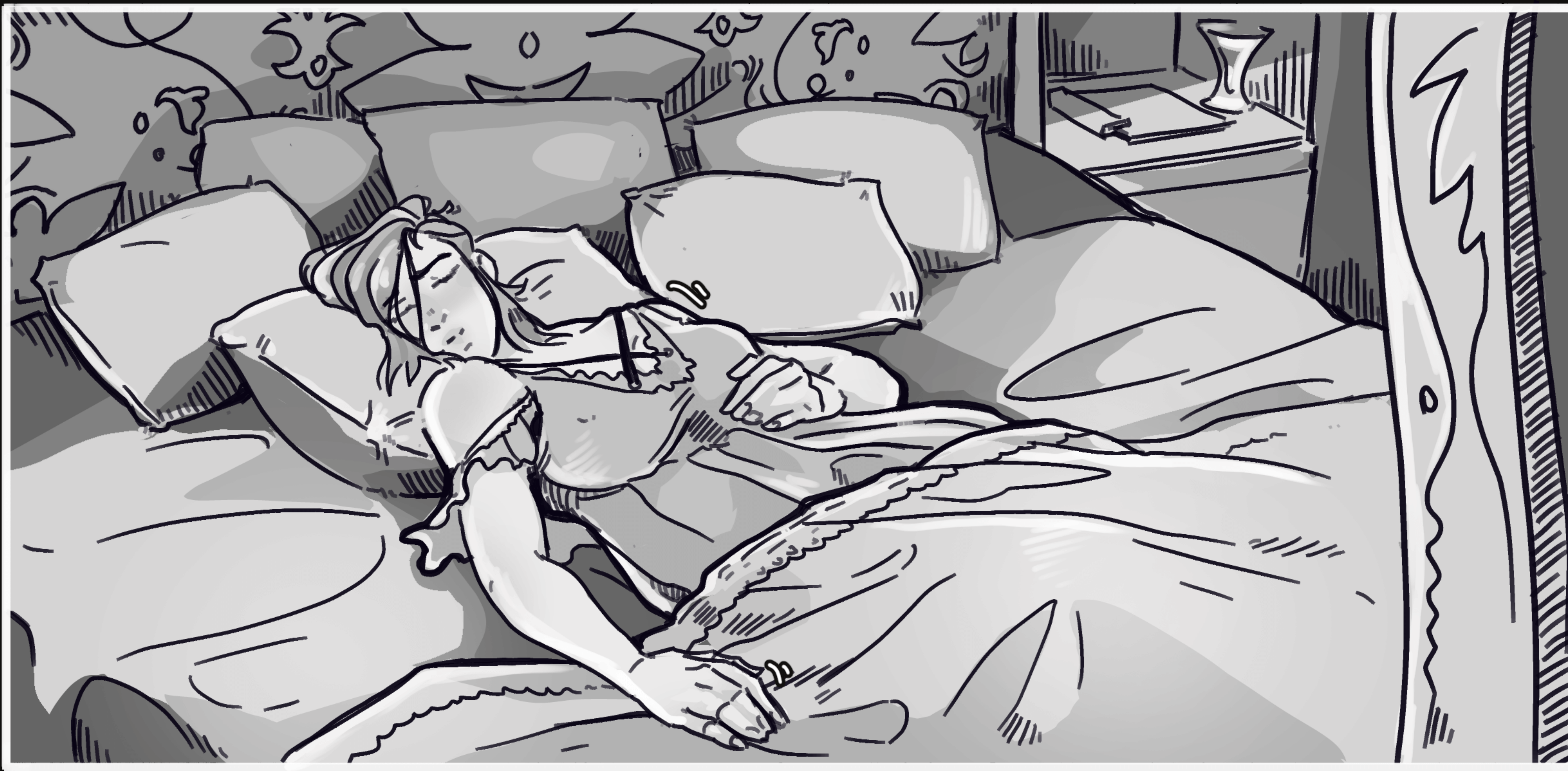


GETTING LIGHT HEADED. NO OXYGEN.
MUST BE WHY THEY ALWAYS HAVE THOSE PACKS WITH
THEM WHEN THEY'RE IN SPACE.. ALMOST THERE...



GLASS ANGEL







OH!
M.. MY
LORD!

IF YOU
WERE UP,
YOU SHOULD
HAVE CALLED
FOR US!



NO, IT'S
ALRIGHT! I
JUST WOKE
UP!

LORD? WE
KNOW SO LITTLE
ABOUT IMPERIAN
SOCIETY... IS
DRELLA A LORD?



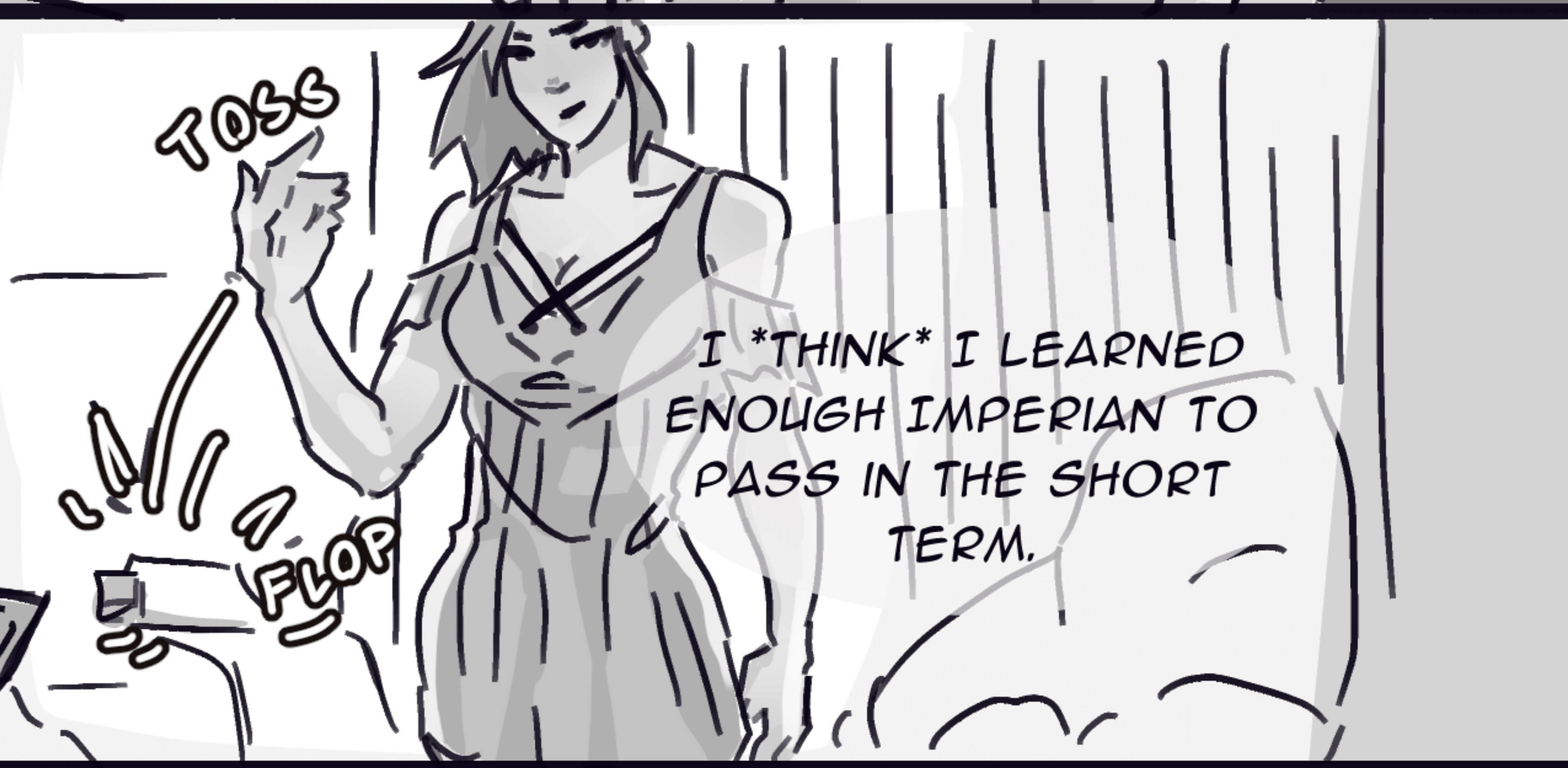
I WILL INFORM YOUR
HANDMAIDENS THAT AFTER
BREAKFAST YOU WILL BE IN THE
CLEANSING CHAMBER.

UH,
THANKS?
WHERE ARE
WE?

MY LORD? THIS IS
YOUR CASTLE ON
XL'YAR.



SHOULD HAVE READ
MORE THAN THE
TECHNICAL MANUALS
AVAILABLE ON THEIR
INFONET.



I *THINK* I LEARNED
ENOUGH IMPERIAN TO
PASS IN THE SHORT
TERM.



I'M A FAST
LEARNER, BUT AN
ALIEN LANGUAGE
IN HOURS? I'M
THINKING
IMPERIANS'
BRAINS ARE JUST
WIRED
DIFFERENTLY.



DAMN.
IT
ACTUALLY
TASTES
GOOD...



HMMM...
XL'YAR IS TAMESCENA
ACCORDING TO THEIR
RECORDS. CONQUERED
EIGHT MONTHS AGO.
THE BITCH TOOK THE
WHOLE DAMN WORLD AS
A PRIZE.

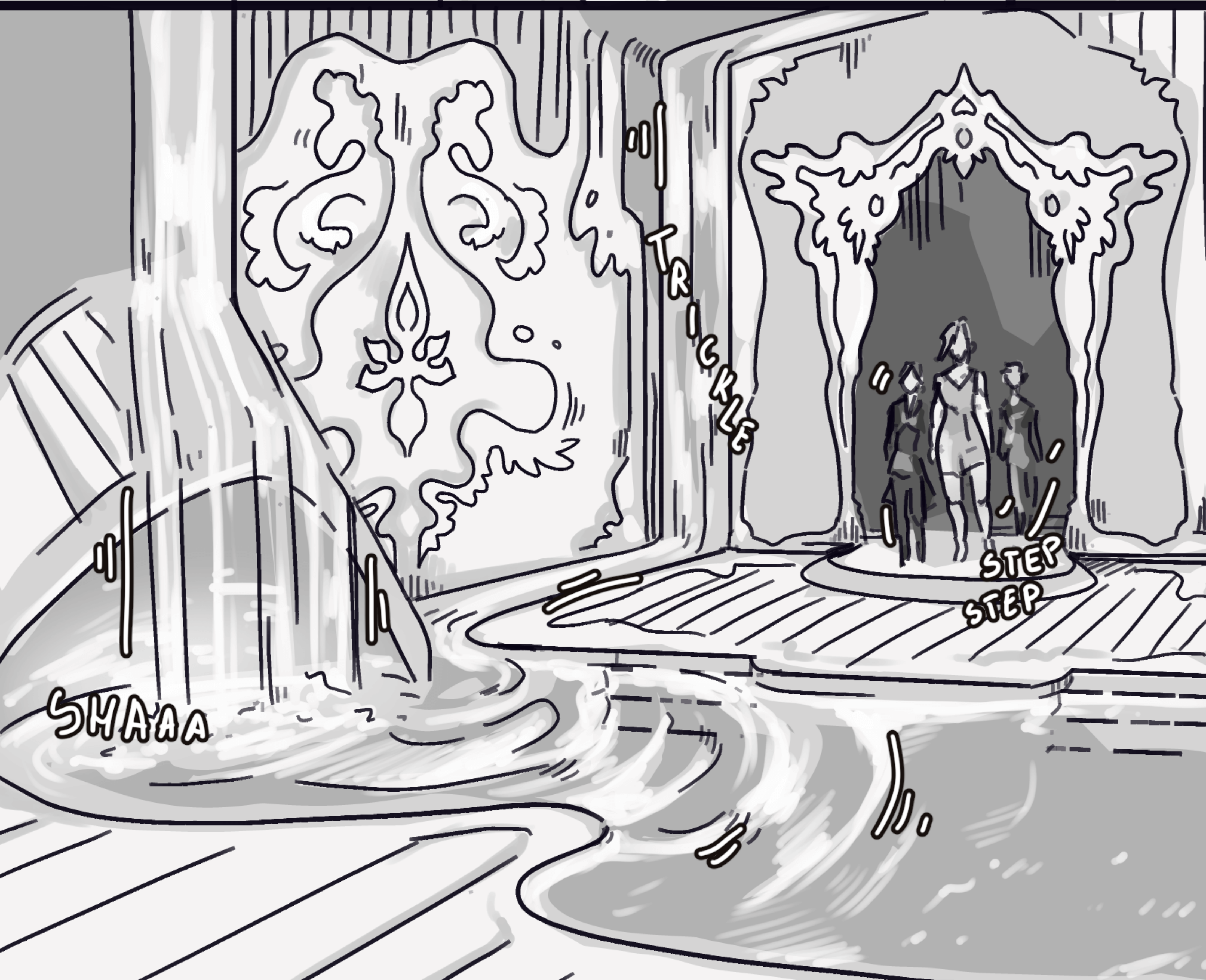
TAP
TAP



STEPS
IN

MY LORD,
THE BATHS
ARE
READY
FOR YOU.

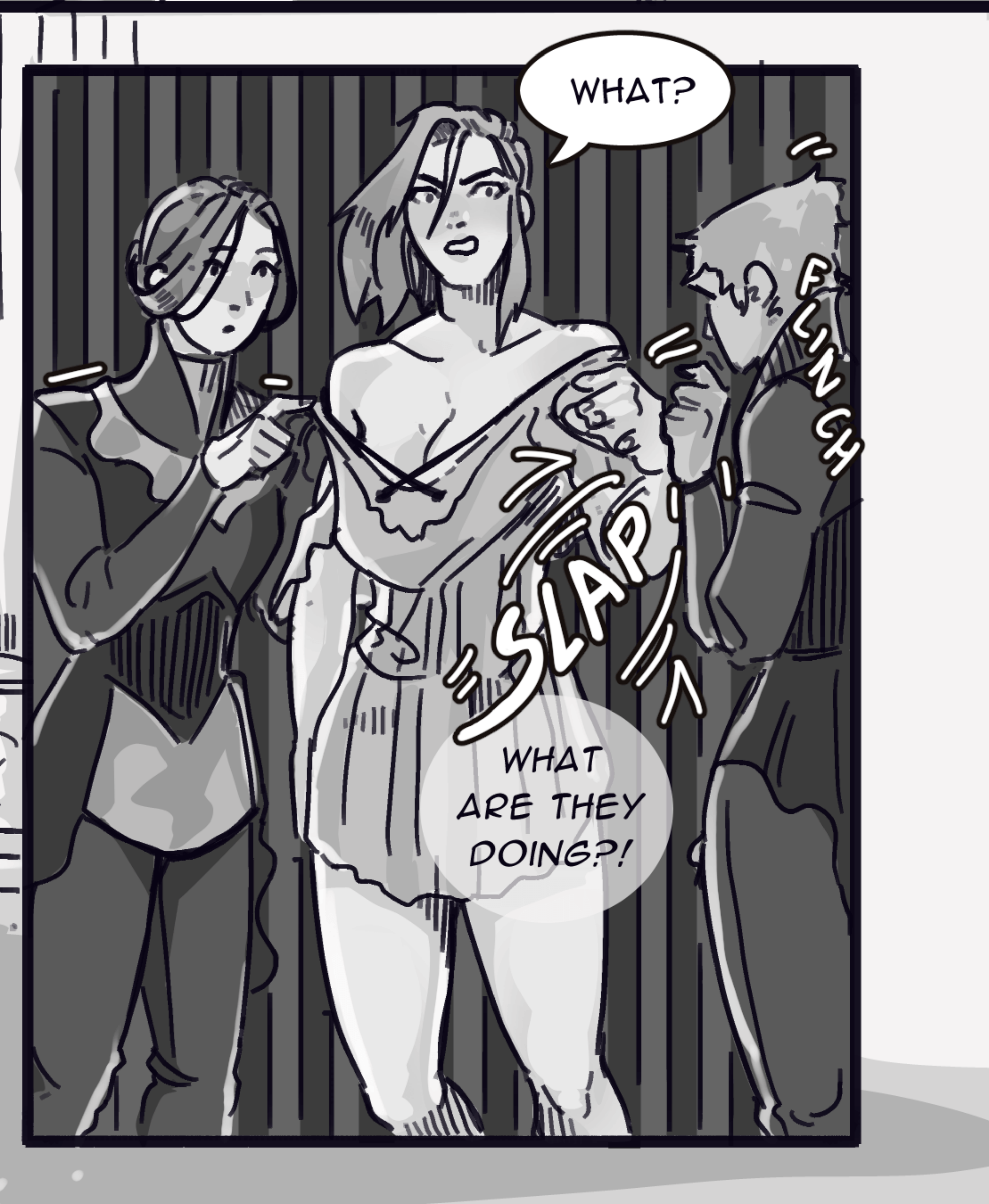
GLANCE



TRICKLE

STEP
STEP

SHAAA

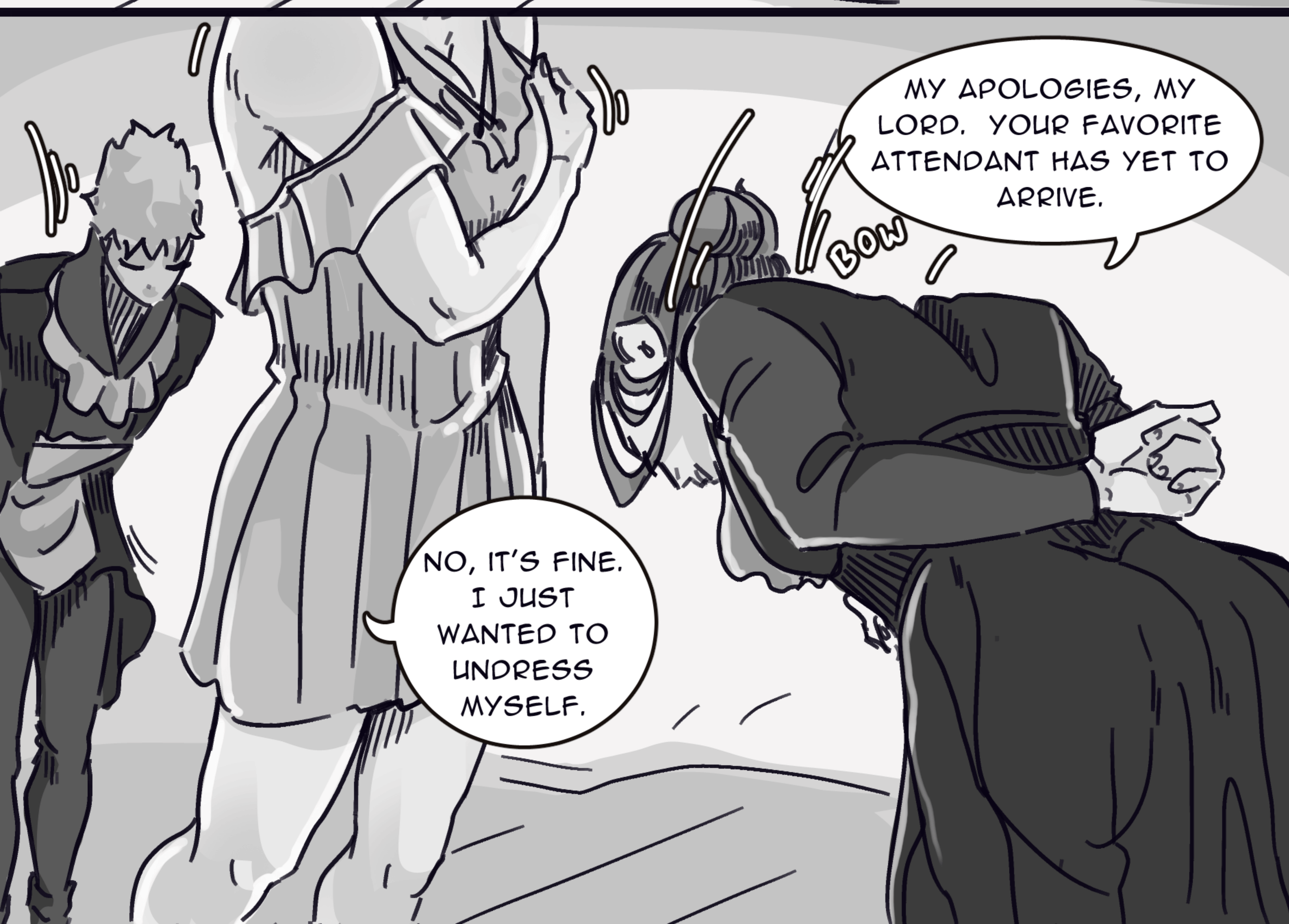


WHAT?

FLINCH

SLAP!

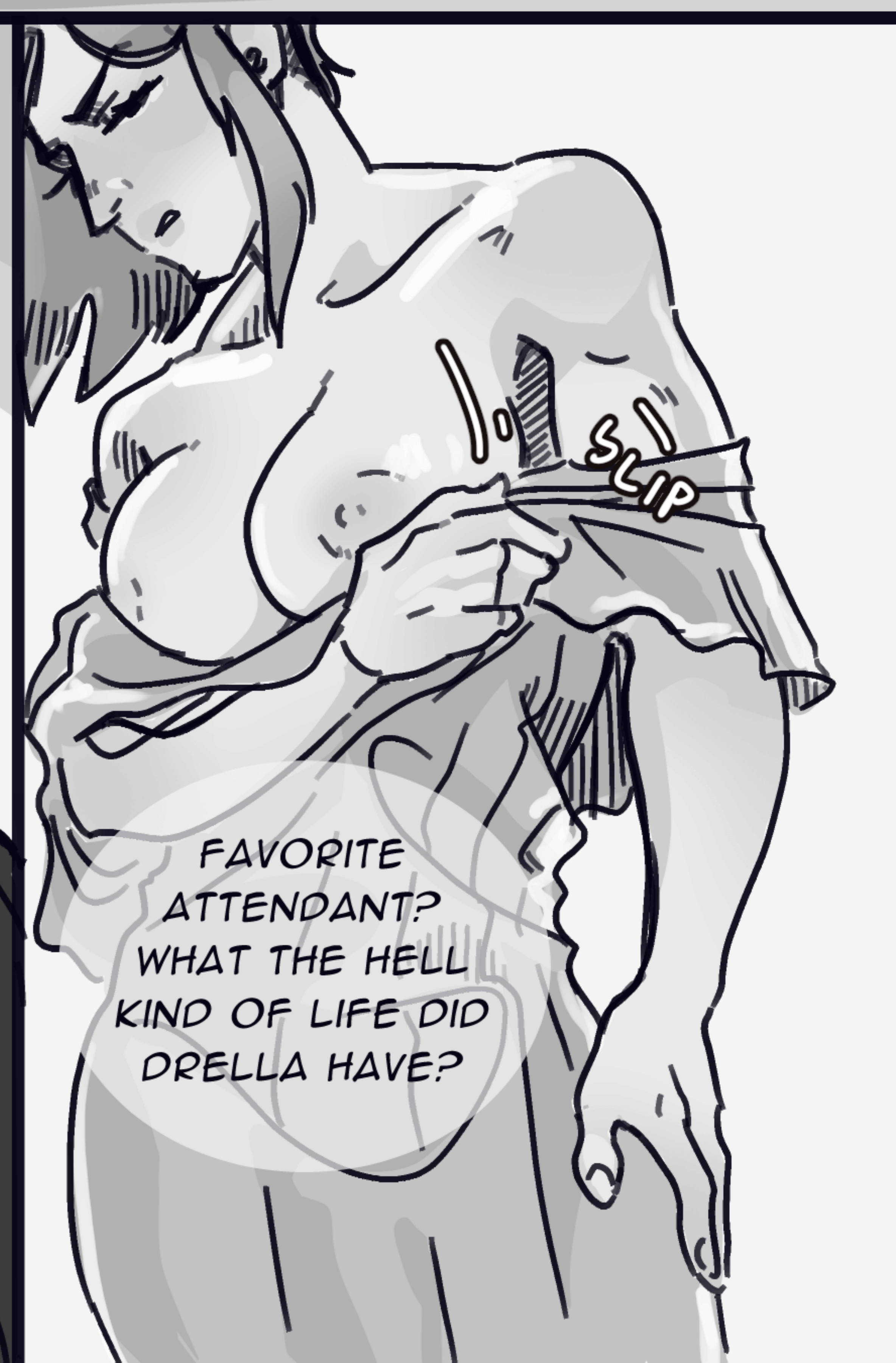
WHAT
ARE THEY
DOING?!



MY APOLOGIES, MY
LORD. YOUR FAVORITE
ATTENDANT HAS YET TO
ARRIVE.

BOW

NO, IT'S FINE.
I JUST
WANTED TO
UNDRESS
MYSELF.



FAVORITE
ATTENDANT?
WHAT THE HELL
KIND OF LIFE DID
DRELLA HAVE?

SLIP



OH WOW, THIS FEELS GOOD.



LET'S HAVE A MINUTE TO COLLECT MYSELF.

SIGH



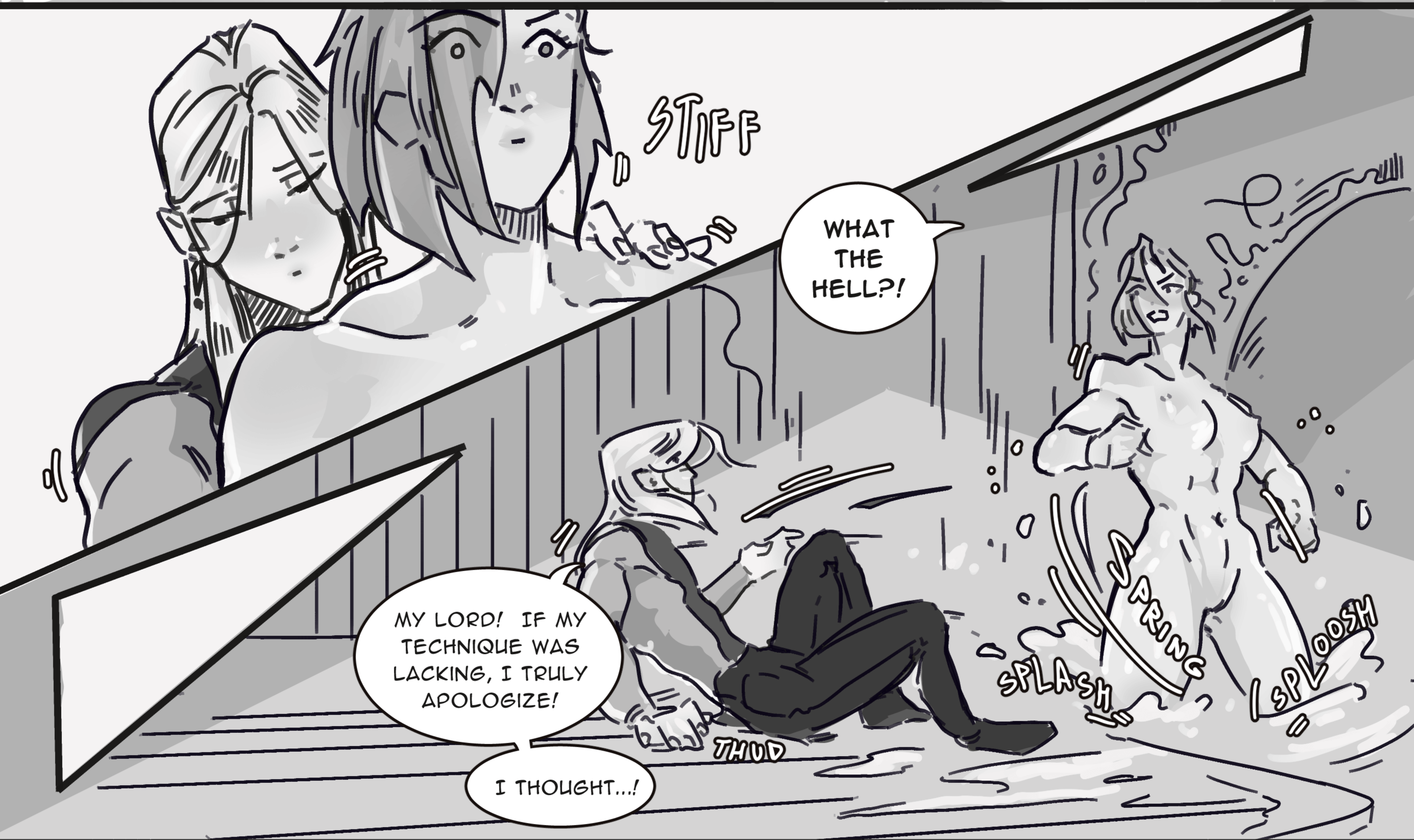
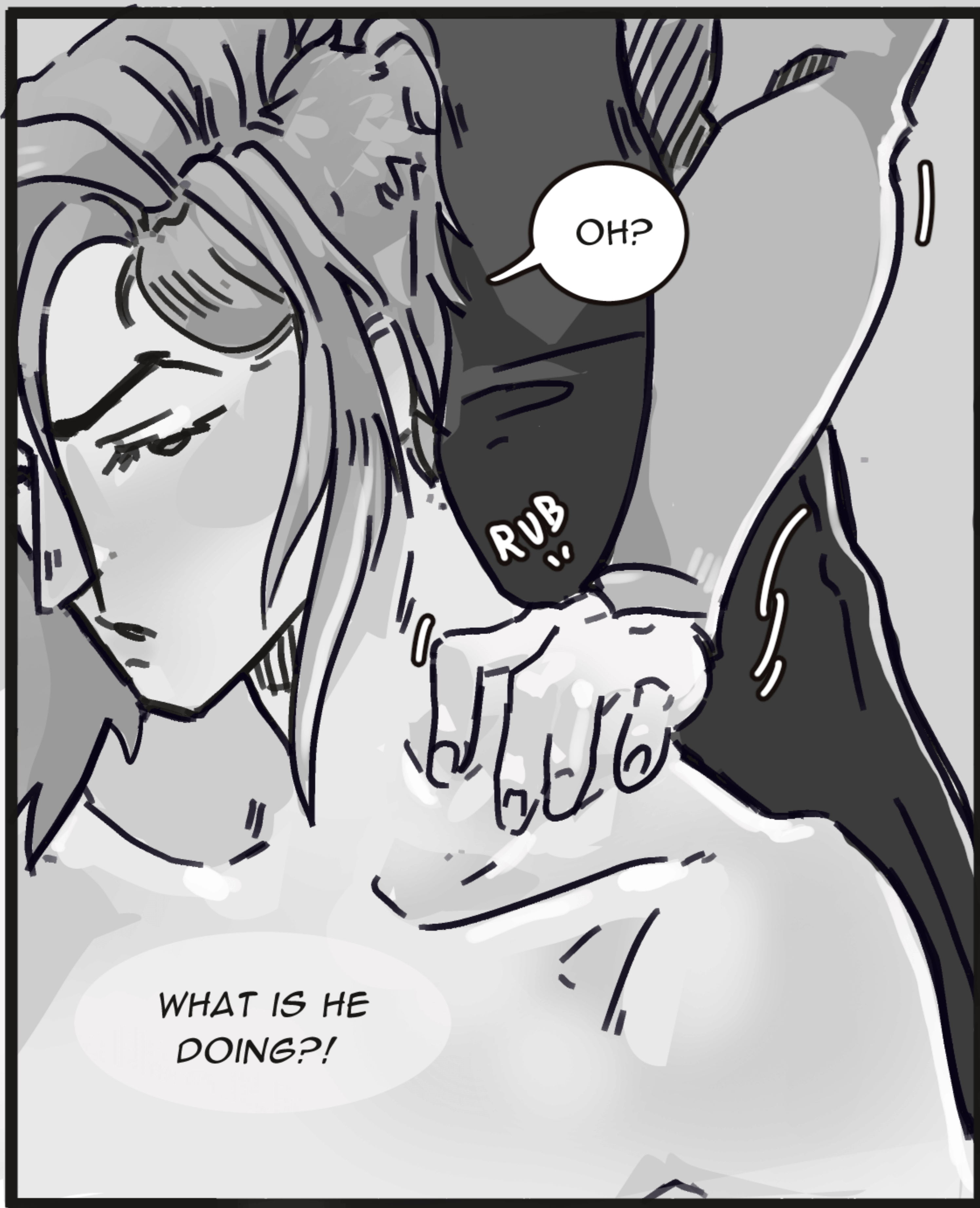
MY LORD, I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT BEING HERE FOR THE START OF YOUR BATH.

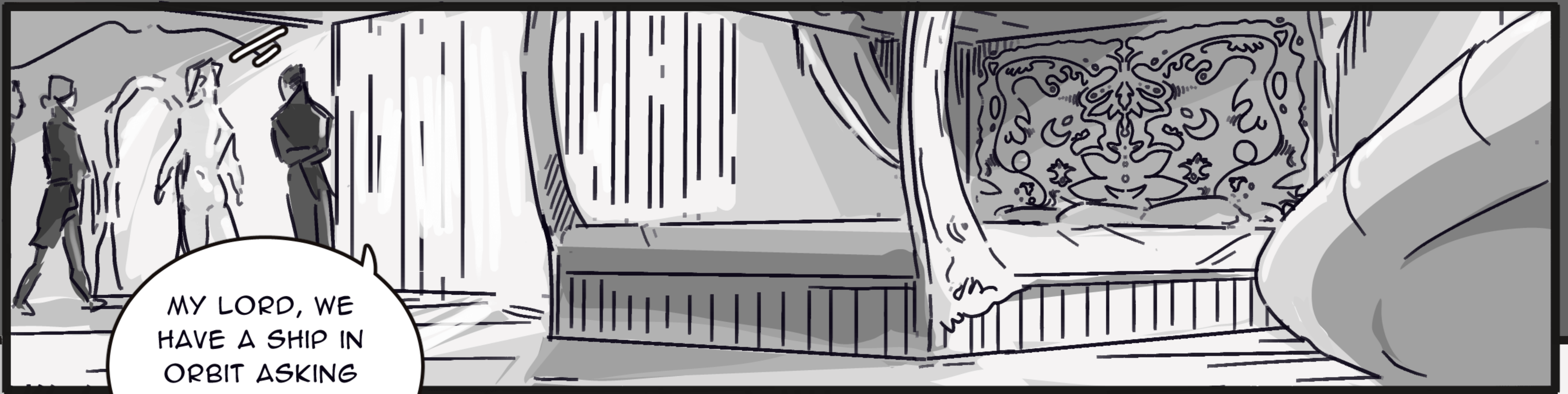
DO YOU SEEK TO CLEANSE OR RELAX?

TURN

HUH?
OH, RELAX.

STEP





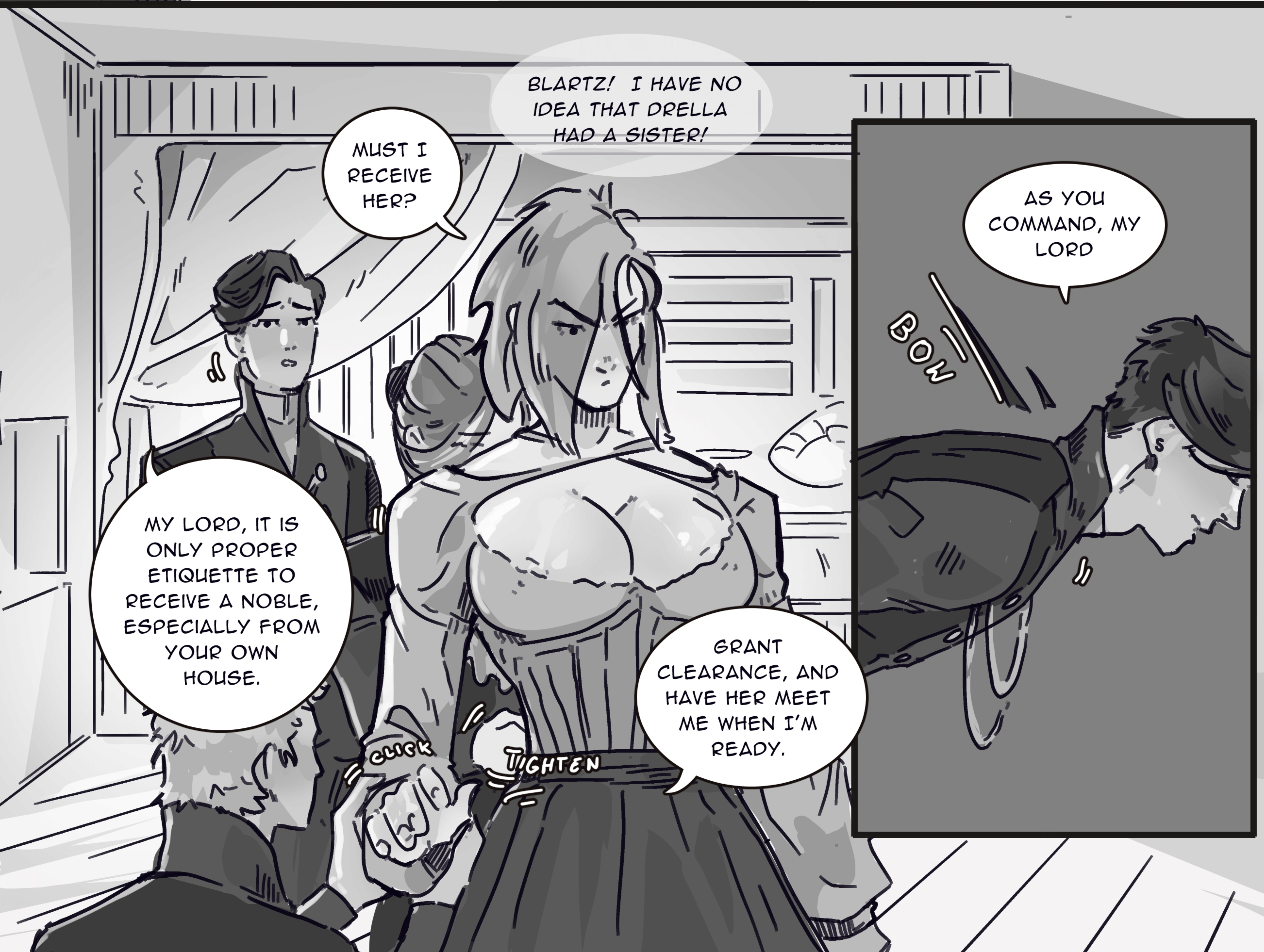
MY LORD, WE HAVE A SHIP IN ORBIT ASKING FOR CLEARANCE TO LAND.



WHO IS IT?



IT'S YOUR YOUNGER SISTER, DRE'ZA.



BLARTZ! I HAVE NO IDEA THAT DRELLA HAD A SISTER!

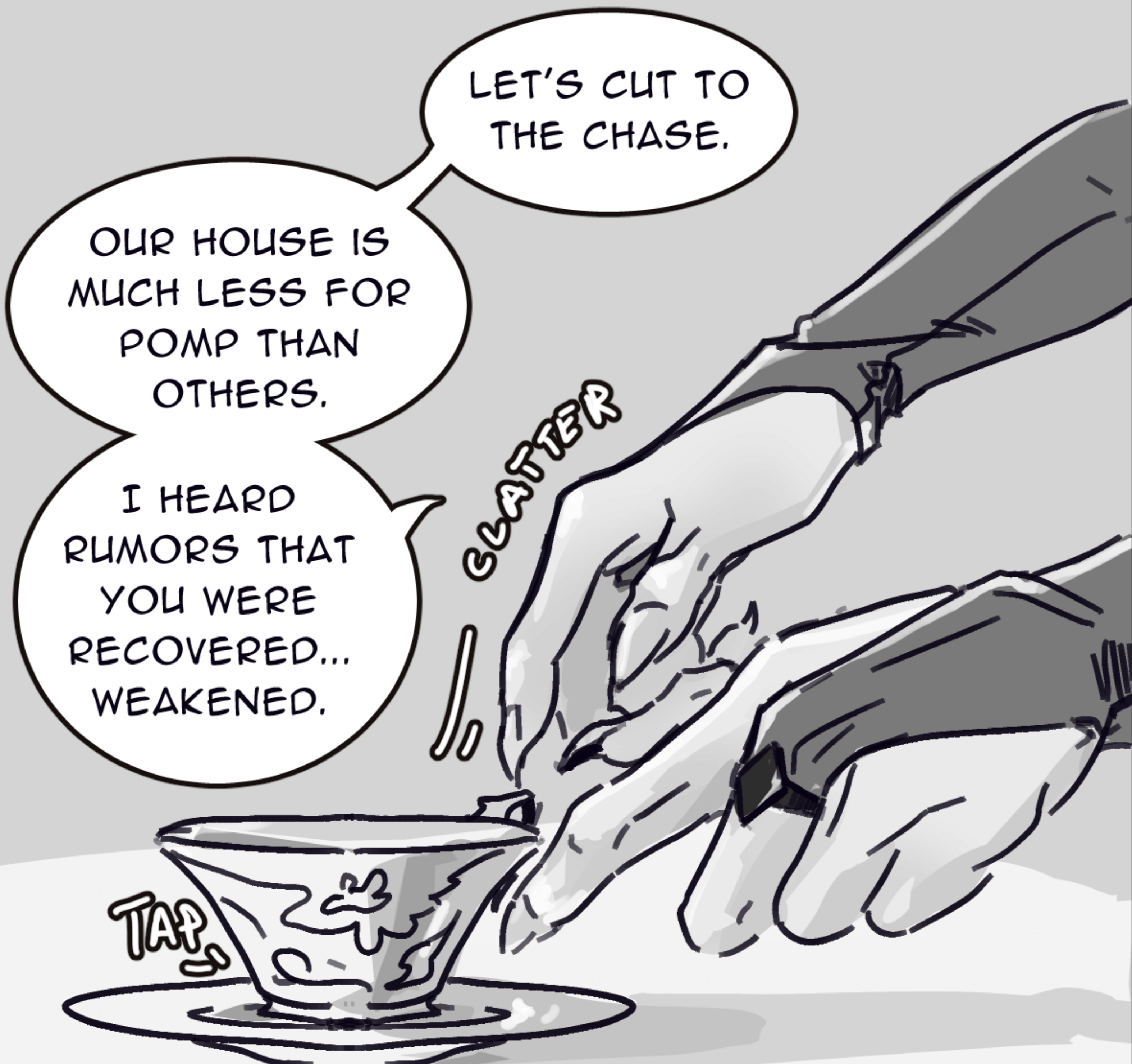
MUST I RECEIVE HER?

MY LORD, IT IS ONLY PROPER ETIQUETTE TO RECEIVE A NOBLE, ESPECIALLY FROM YOUR OWN HOUSE.

GRANT CLEARANCE, AND HAVE HER MEET ME WHEN I'M READY.



AS YOU COMMAND, MY LORD



WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, DRE'ZA?

I'M NOT LIKING WHERE THIS IS GOING...

YOU'VE GONE WEAK, SISTER.

OUR HOUSE HAS THRIVED WITH STRONG LEADERSHIP!

SHV

TAP

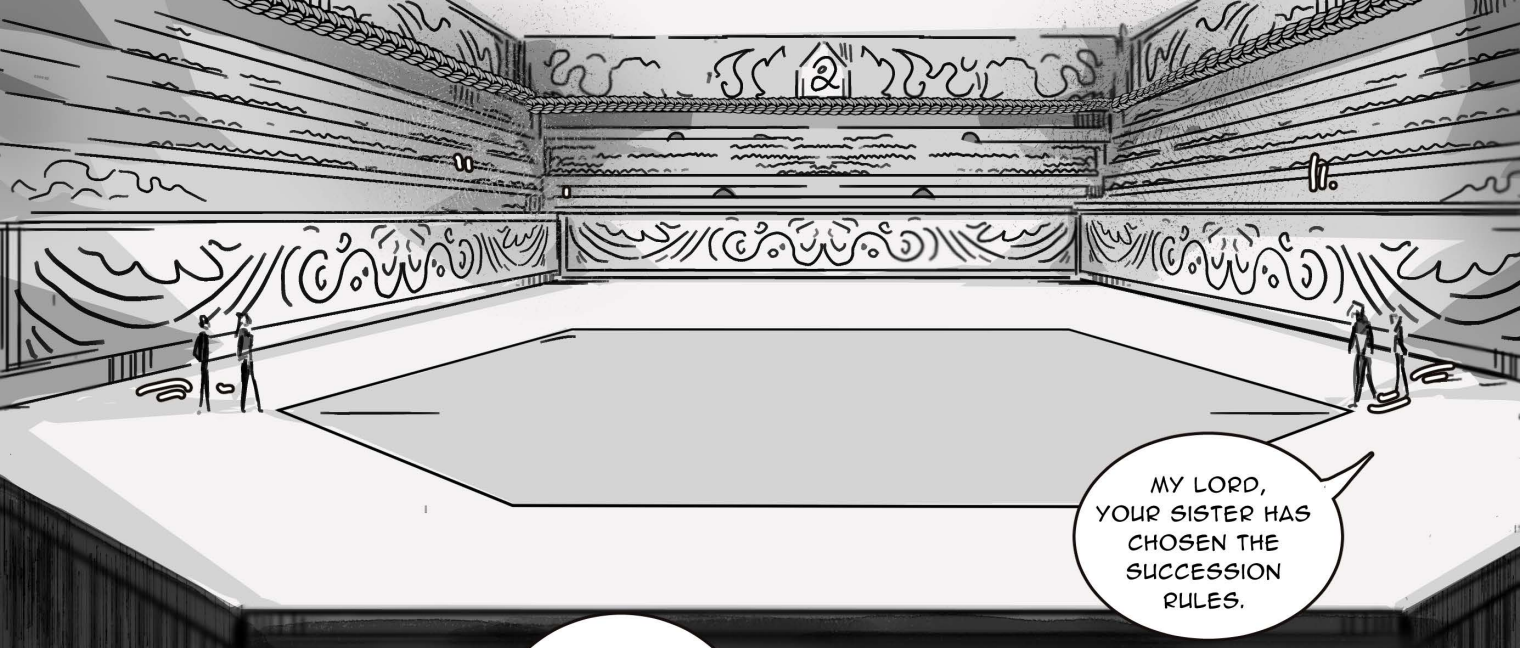
I CHALLENGE YOU FOR THE RIGHT TO THE HEAD OF HOUSE.

OH SHIT! HOW DO I DEAL WITH THIS?

MOVES

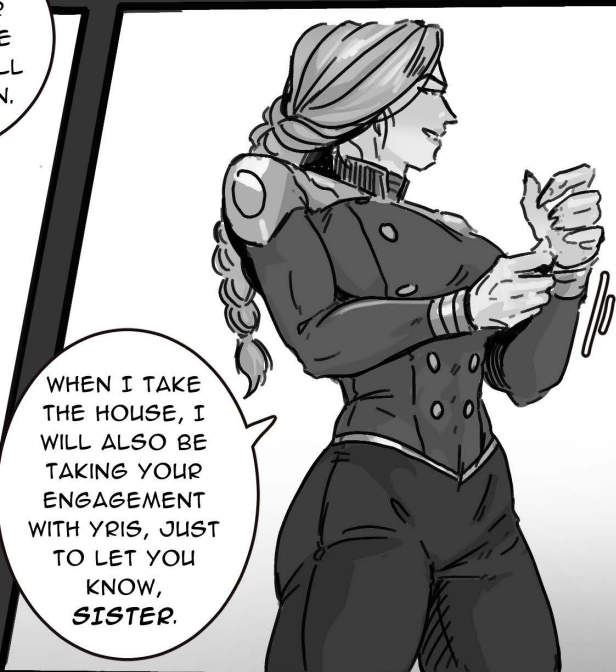
CLENCH

I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE, DRE'ZA.



MY LORD,
YOUR SISTER HAS
CHOSEN THE
SUCCESSION
RULES.

YOU JUST NEED
TO MAKE HER
YIELD AND THE
CHALLENGE WILL
BE WITHDRAWN.



WHEN I TAKE
THE HOUSE, I
WILL ALSO BE
TAKING YOUR
ENGAGEMENT
WITH YRIS, JUST
TO LET YOU
KNOW,
SISTER.



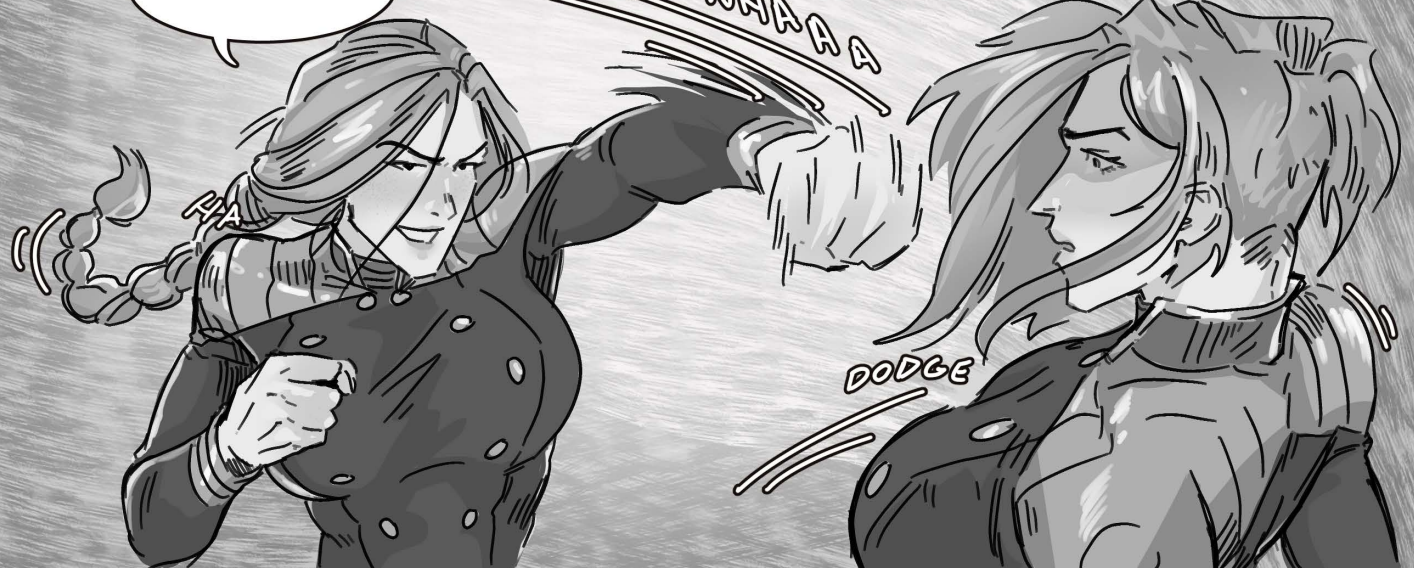
FUCK, WILL SHE
NOTICE I'M NOT
USING DRELLA'S
MOVES? TOO
LATE NOW...

STOP
TALKING.



THAT'S THE RIGHT
ATTITUDE...

THEN COME ON!





WHOO SHH

NOT LIKE YOU TO FLEE, SISTER!



BAM BAM

TREMOR

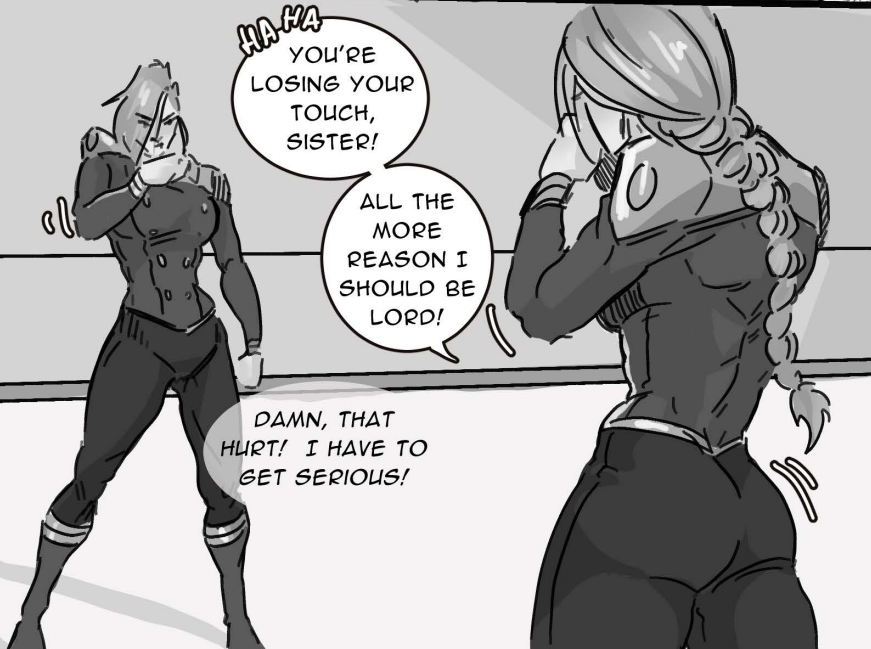
SHE'S RIGHT! I CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS!



WHA
A
A
A



DRIP DRIP



HA HA
YOU'RE LOSING YOUR TOUCH, SISTER!

ALL THE MORE REASON I SHOULD BE LORD!

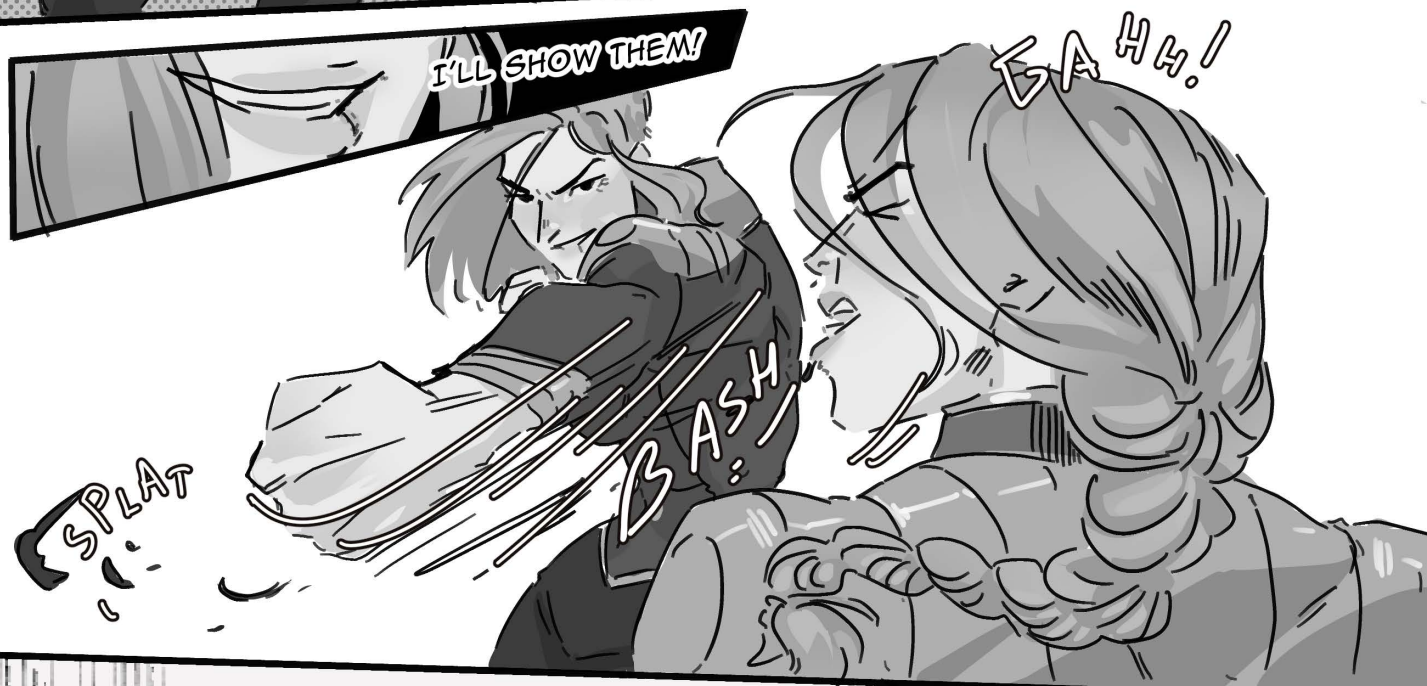
DAMN, THAT HURT! I HAVE TO GET SERIOUS!



FINALLY FIGHTING BACK I SEE!

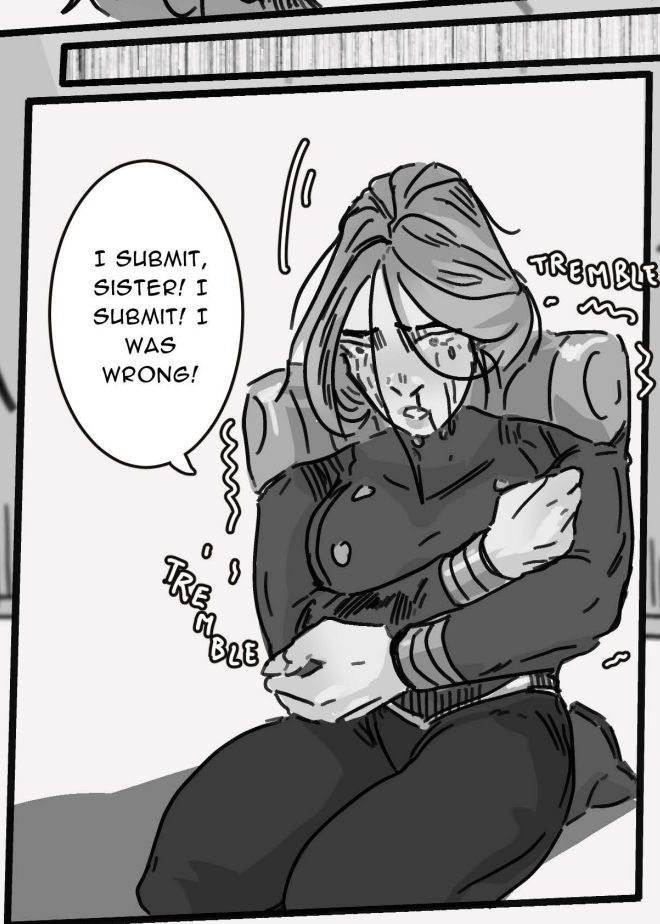


BLARTZING BITCH! THEIR WHOLE DAMNED RACE!



SISTER, I SEE YOU HAVEN'T LOST YOUR...





GLASS ANGEL



PH
2023

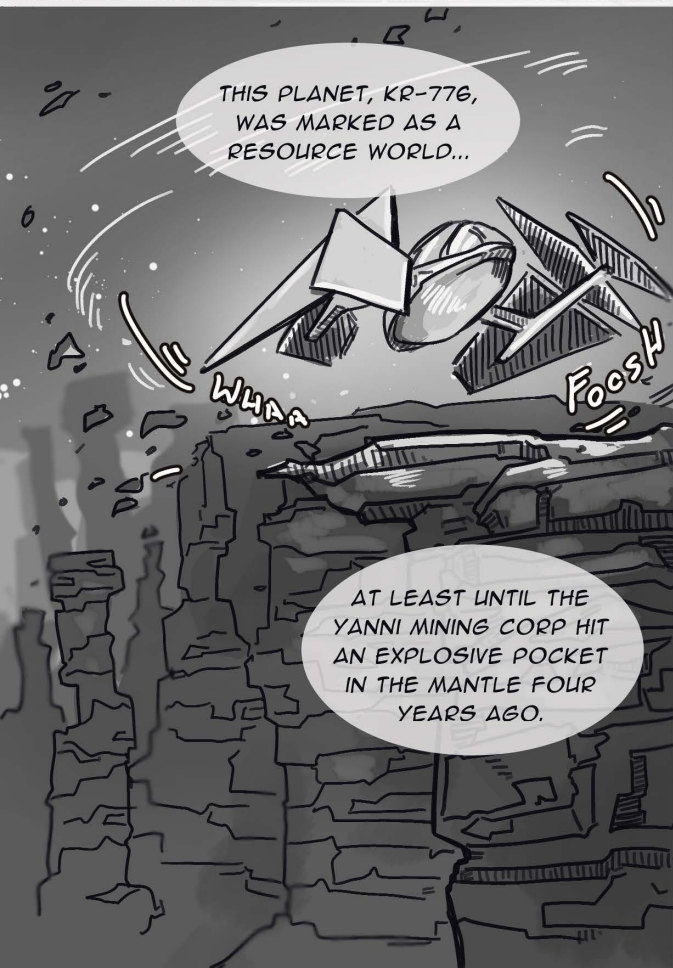


IMPERIAL BRAINS
MUST BE STRUCTURED
DIFFERENTLY.

AFTER JUST READING FROM
THEIR INFONET ON THEIR
LANGUAGE AND SHIP DESIGN,
I CAN PILOT DRELLA'S SHIP
WITH NO EFFORT.

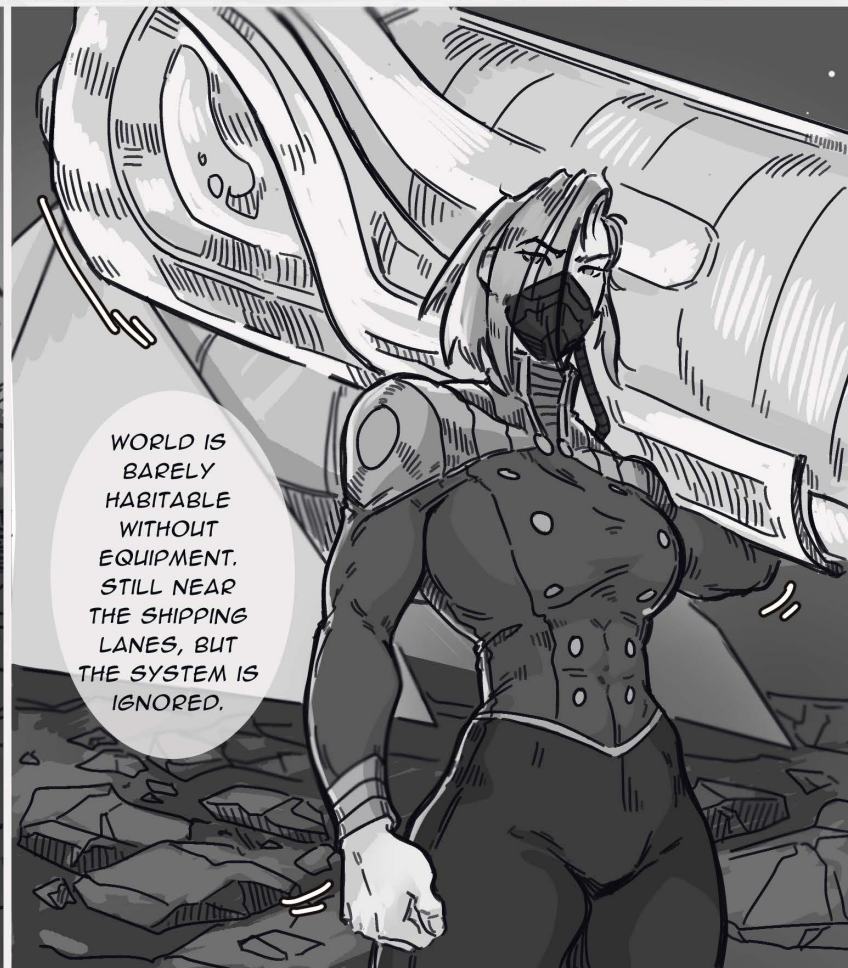


I'VE BEEN DELAYING THIS
LONG ENOUGH; I NEED TO
GET IN CONTACT WITH CONFED
COMMAND. BUT SHOWING UP
WITH DRELLA'S BODY
WOULDN'T EXACTLY GO WELL.



THIS PLANET, KR-776,
WAS MARKED AS A
RESOURCE WORLD...

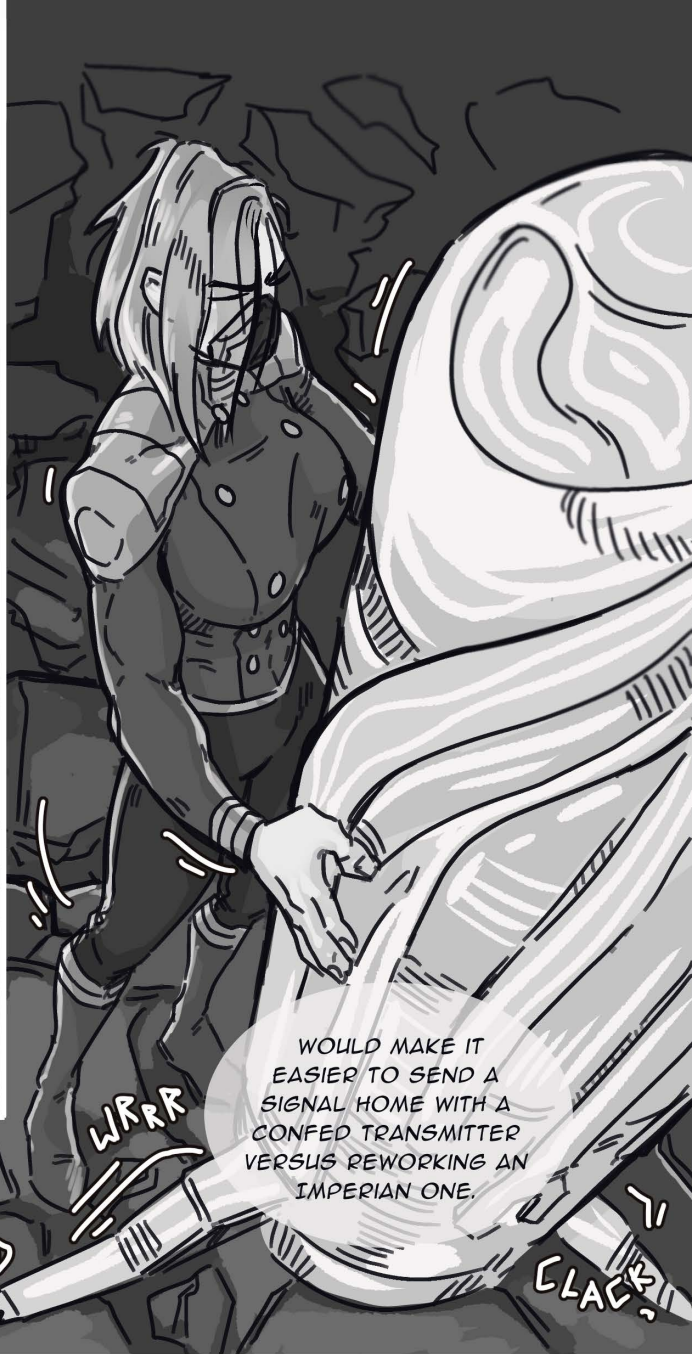
AT LEAST UNTIL THE
YANNI MINING CORP HIT
AN EXPLOSIVE POCKET
IN THE MANTLE FOUR
YEARS AGO.



WORLD IS
BARELY
HABITABLE
WITHOUT
EQUIPMENT.
STILL NEAR
THE SHIPPING
LANES, BUT
THE SYSTEM IS
IGNORED.



I HAD TO GO BACK TO H-731 AND RETRIEVE PARTS OF THE CONFED TRANSMITTER FROM THE SURFACE.



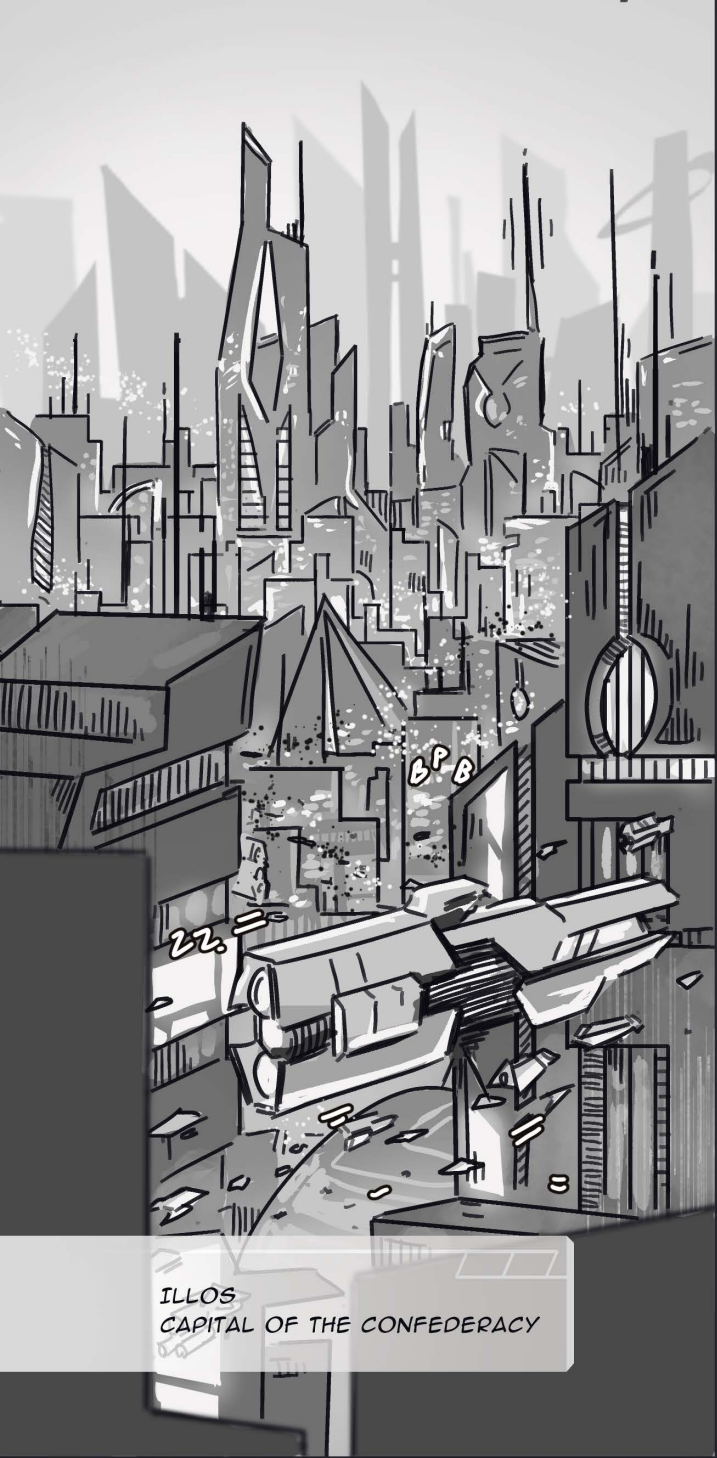
WOULD MAKE IT EASIER TO SEND A SIGNAL HOME WITH A CONFED TRANSMITTER VERSUS REWORKING AN IMPERIAN ONE.



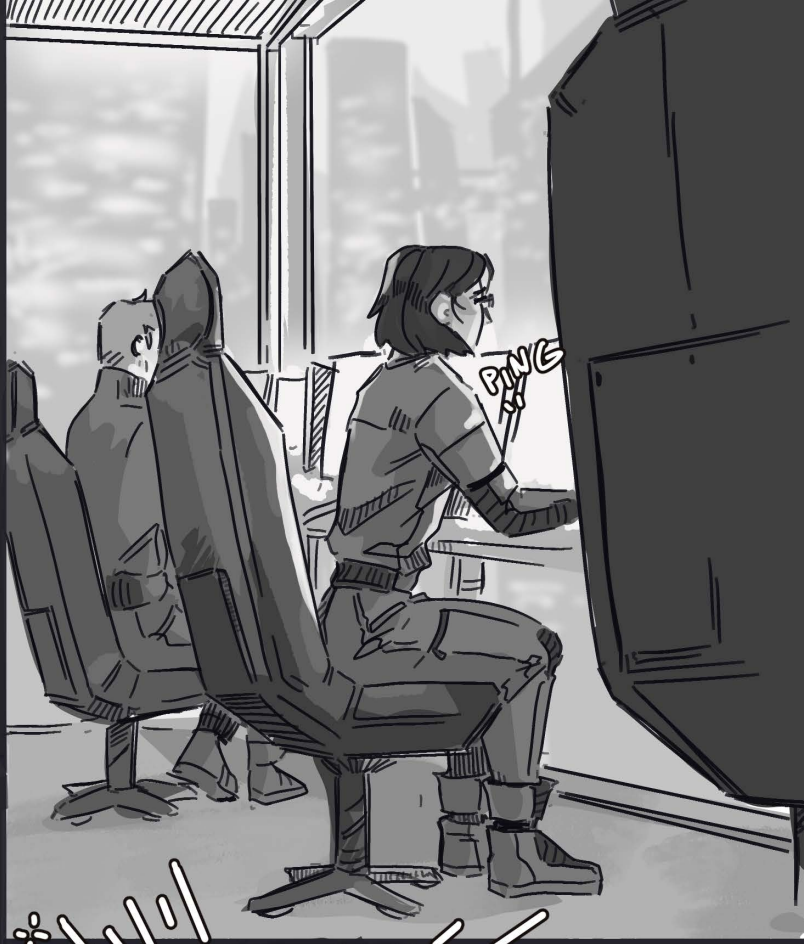
I HOPE ASSI IS STILL WORKING IN CENTRAL AT SIGNAL INTELLIGENCE.



PLEASE GET THE MESSAGE, ASSI...



ILLOS
CAPITAL OF THE CONFEDERACY



WAIT...
THIS CAN'T
BE RIGHT...



SIR!
I'M GETTING
AN ENCRYPTED
SIGNAL FROM
KR-776!
IT'S... FROM
KIT!



PO JANALI, THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! YOU
SAID CPO WEIBER
WAS ON THE
CALYPSO!

CONFIRMED
LOSS, ALL
HANDS. KR-766
IS ALSO 4
SECTORS AWAY
FROM H-731.



I KNOW, SIR, BUT THIS ALGORITHM, IT'S SOMETHING KIT AND I USED IN TECH SCHOOL! AND THERE'S TWO DATES LOOPED IN THE BOTTOM BAND

ONE BEING MY BIRTHDAY AND THE OTHER HIS!



IT COULD BE AN IMPERIAN PLOY...

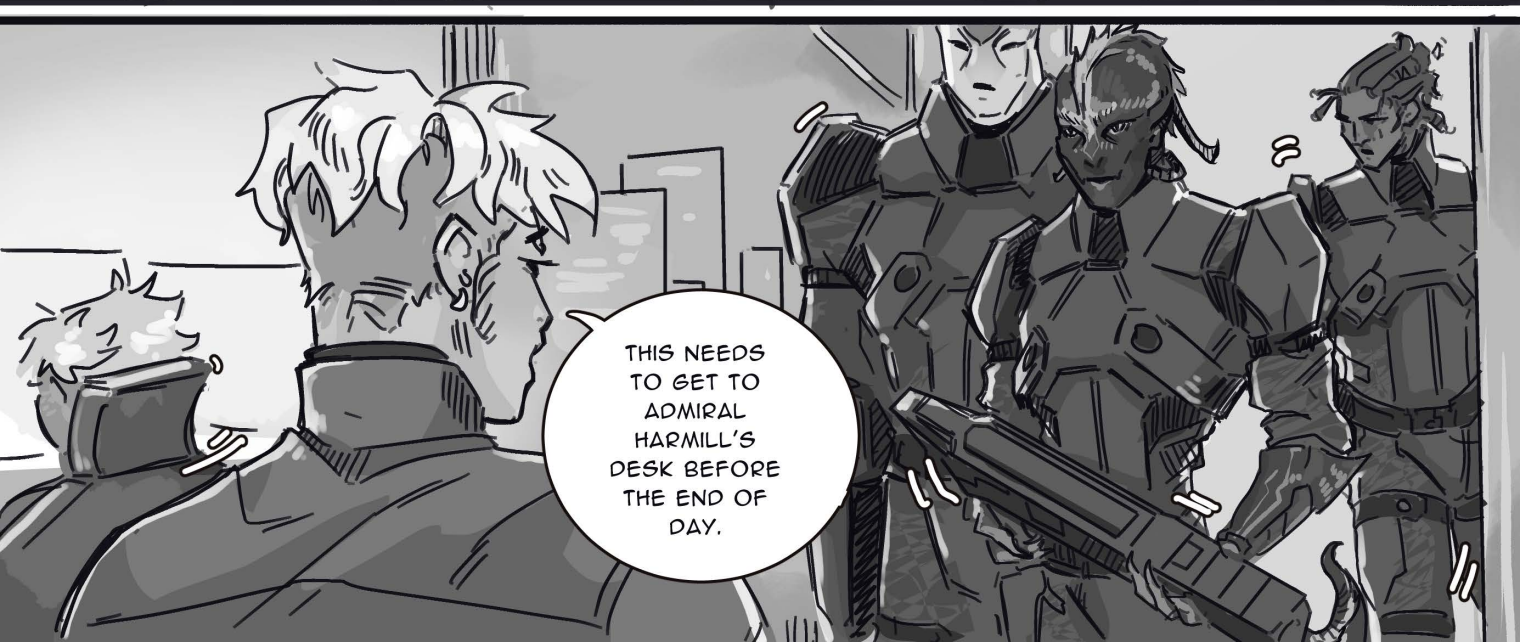
I'M TELLING YOU, SIR, IT'S KIT!

IF YOU'RE SURE, PO, WE WILL NEED TO TAKE THE NEXT STEPS.

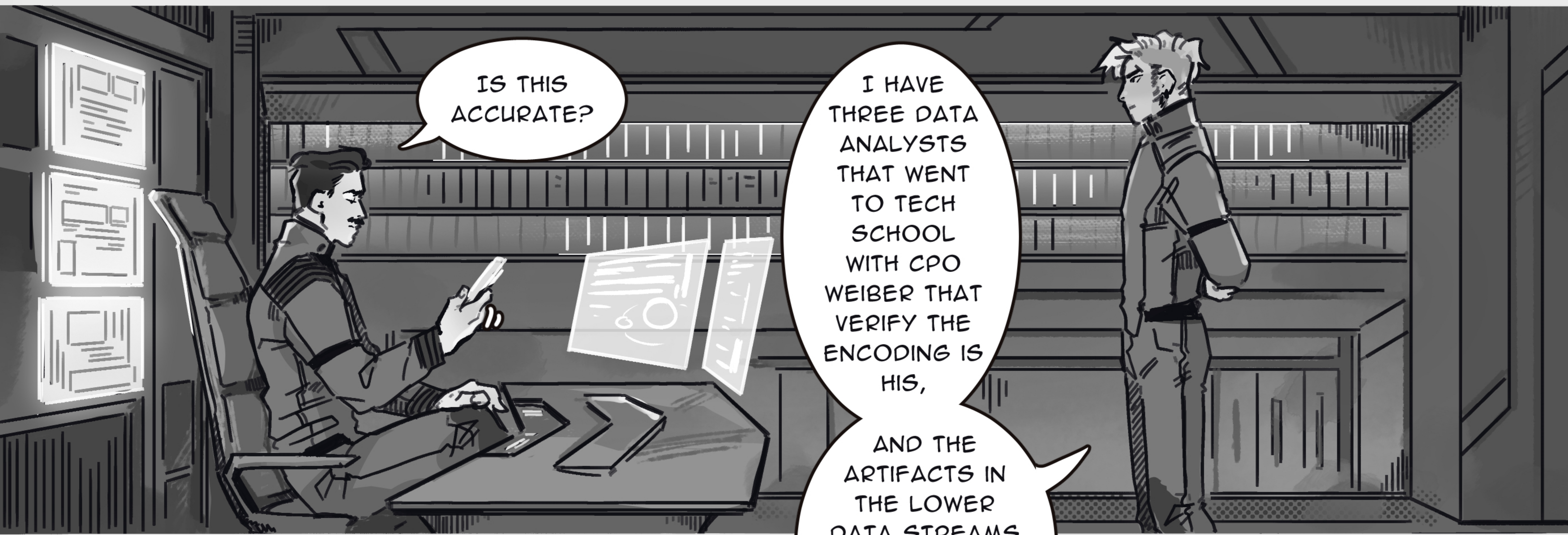


ALRIGHT! EVERYONE HERE, EVERYTHING YOU ARE HEARING IS NOW NEED TO KNOW; DO NOT TELL THIS TO ANYONE!

WE NEED TO MAKE SURE THIS DOES NOT LEAK. PO JANALI, DECRYPT THE MESSAGE AND GET US EXACT COORDINATES.



THIS NEEDS TO GET TO ADMIRAL HARMILL'S DESK BEFORE THE END OF DAY.



IS THIS ACCURATE?

I HAVE THREE DATA ANALYSTS THAT WENT TO TECH SCHOOL WITH CPO WEIBER THAT VERIFY THE ENCODING IS HIS,

AND THE ARTIFACTS IN THE LOWER DATA STREAMS ARE HIS DIGITAL IDENTIFICATION MARKS.



THIS IS... QUITE UNPRECEDENTED.

AND THIS IS ALL THE INFORMATION IN THE MESSAGE?

THE SIGNAL WAS SENT DIRECTLY TOWARDS ILLOS, BUT IT WAS ALSO SENT IN SHORT-BURST, POTENTIALLY TO AVOID ANYONE ELSE FINDING AND DECODING THE MESSAGE.

RICE



GET THE BELLEROPH ON READY FOR FTL IN TWO HOURS.

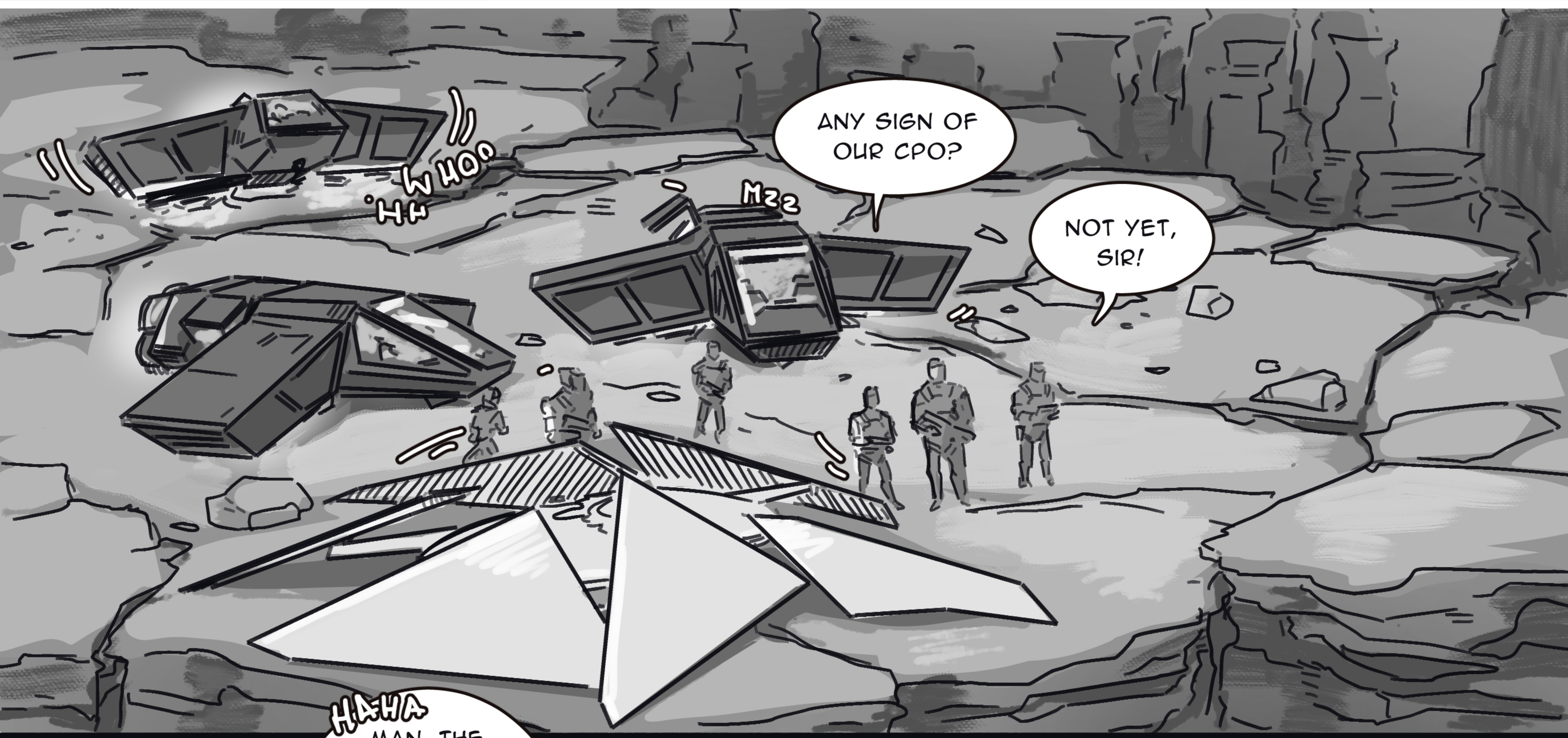
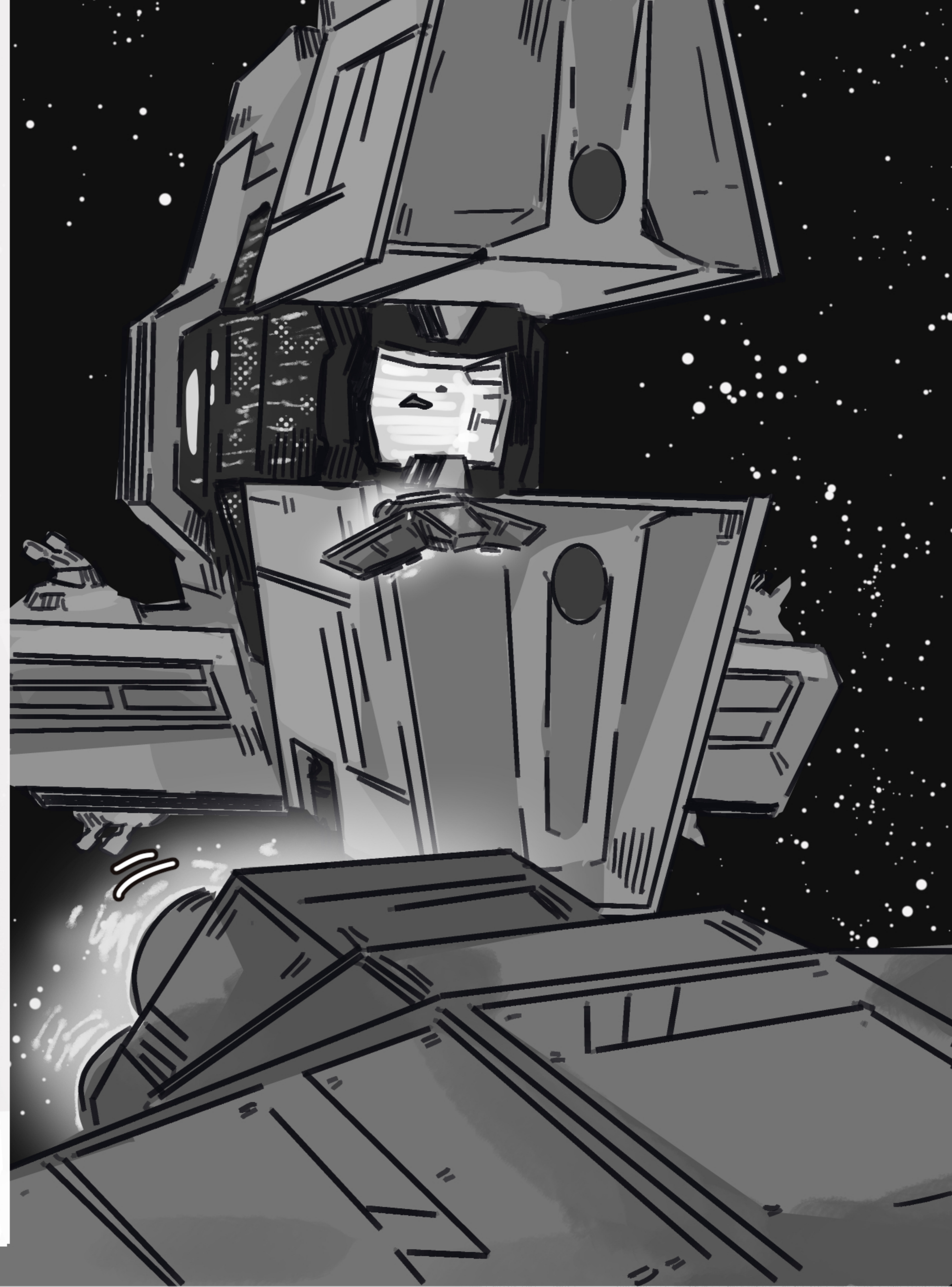
TAP IL.

WE'RE GOING TO GO IN QUICK AND RETRIEVE THE ASSET.



YES SIR!

LIFT

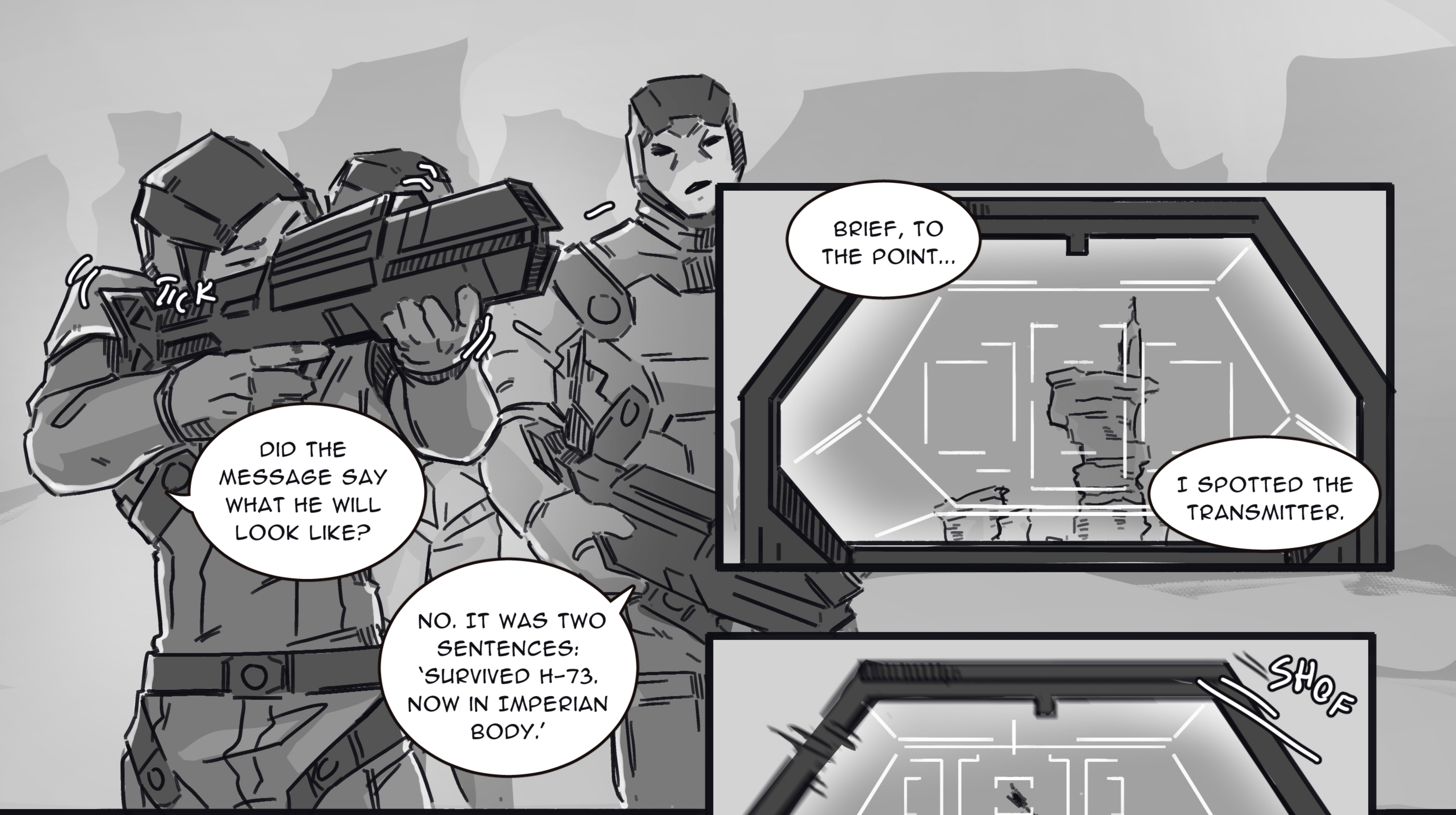


ANY SIGN OF OUR CPO?

NOT YET, SIR!

HAHA
MAN, THE ENGINEERING CORPS WILL HAVE A HELL OF A TIME TEARING THROUGH ONE OF THESE BABIES.

KEEP ALERT. THE MESSAGE SAID CPO WILL BE IN AN IMPERIAN BODY.

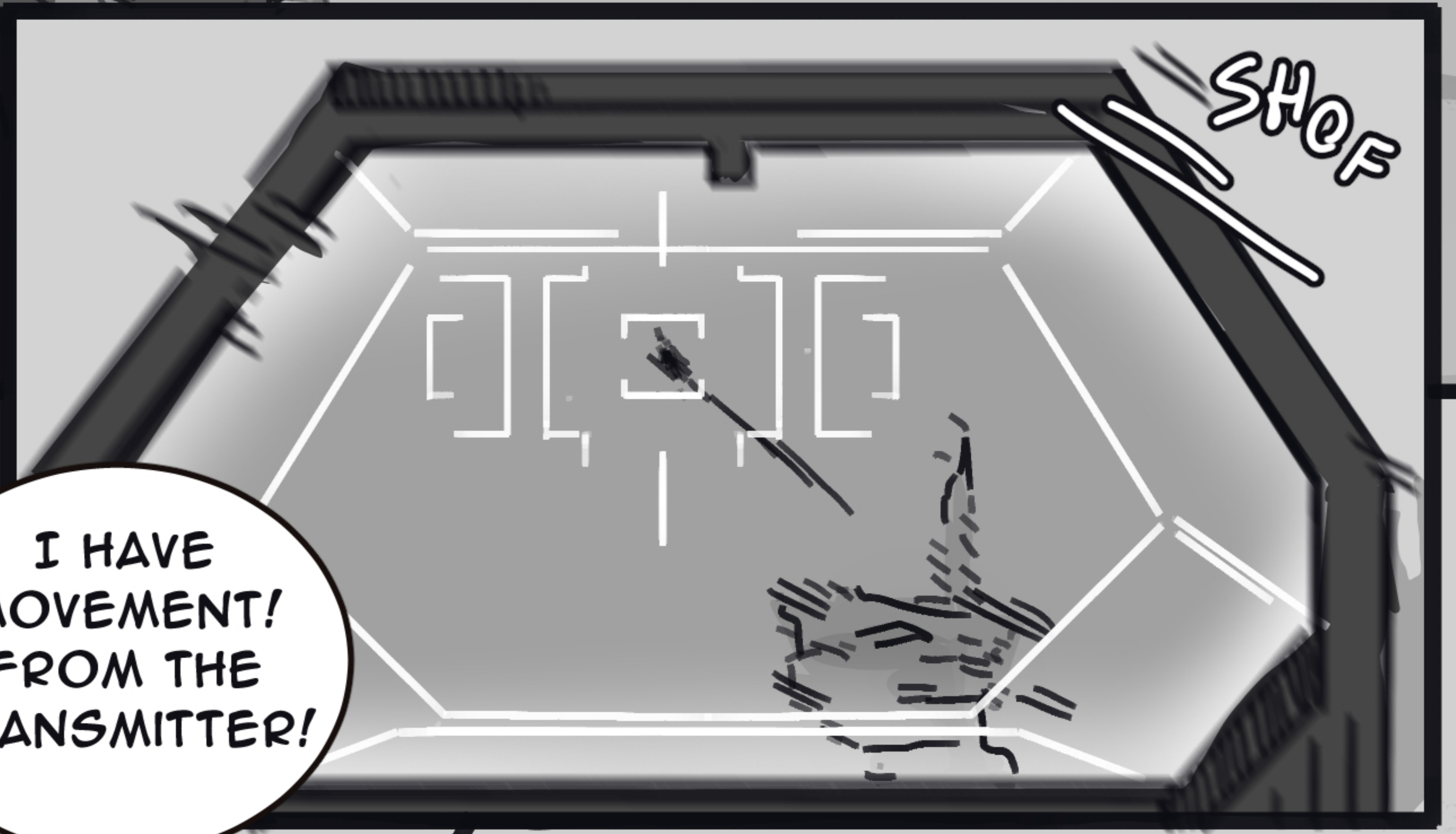


DID THE MESSAGE SAY WHAT HE WILL LOOK LIKE?

NO. IT WAS TWO SENTENCES: 'SURVIVED H-73. NOW IN IMPERIAN BODY.'

BRIEF, TO THE POINT...

I SPOTTED THE TRANSMITTER.



I HAVE MOVEMENT! FROM THE TRANSMITTER!



HOLY SHIT!
IT'S DRELLA!
OPEN FI...

FREEZE

NO, WAIT!
I'M...

STOP!
BELAY
THAT!

GASP

SHIFT

CLICK

GLACK

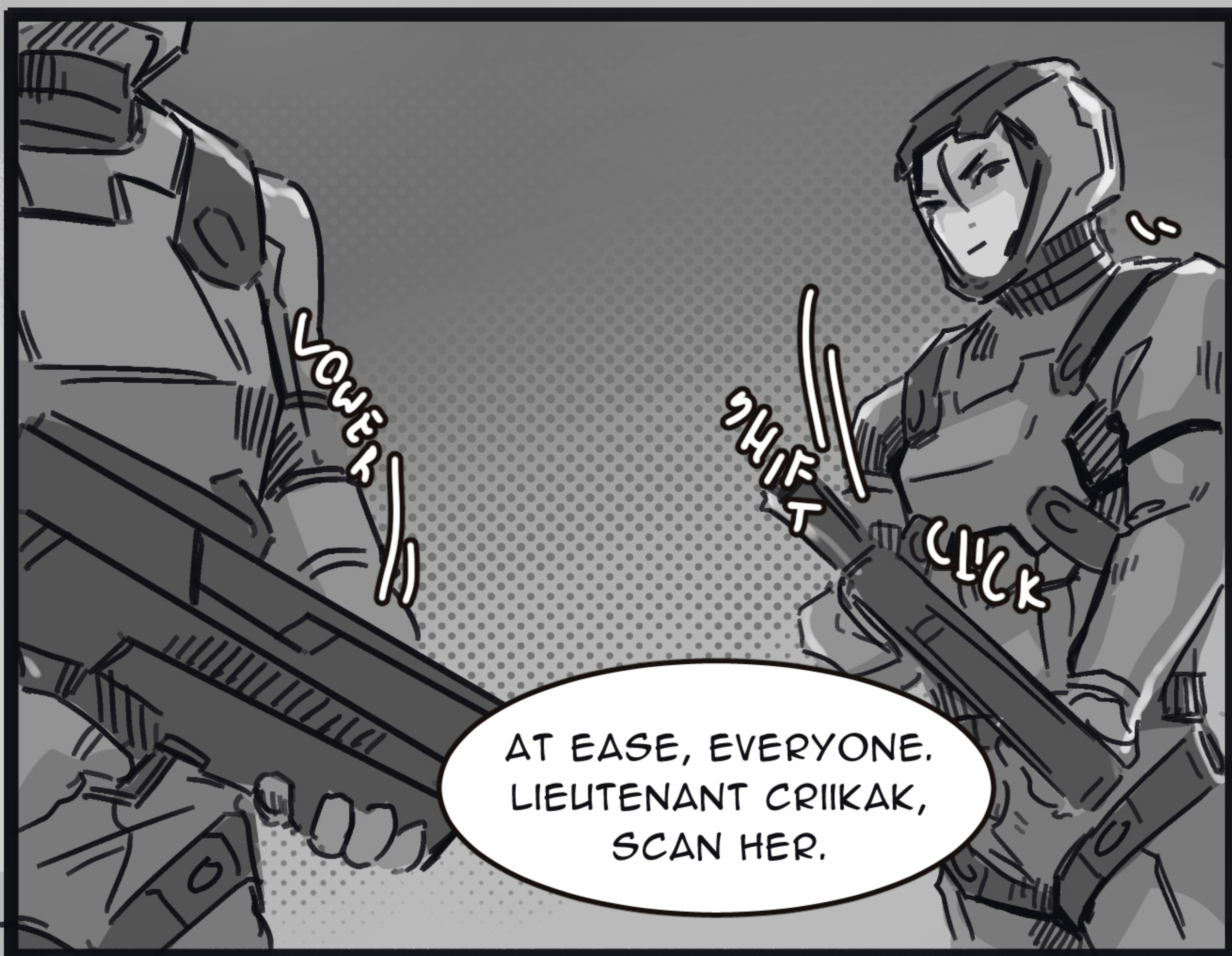
GRSK

SHOF



IDENTIFY YOURSELF, SOLDIER!

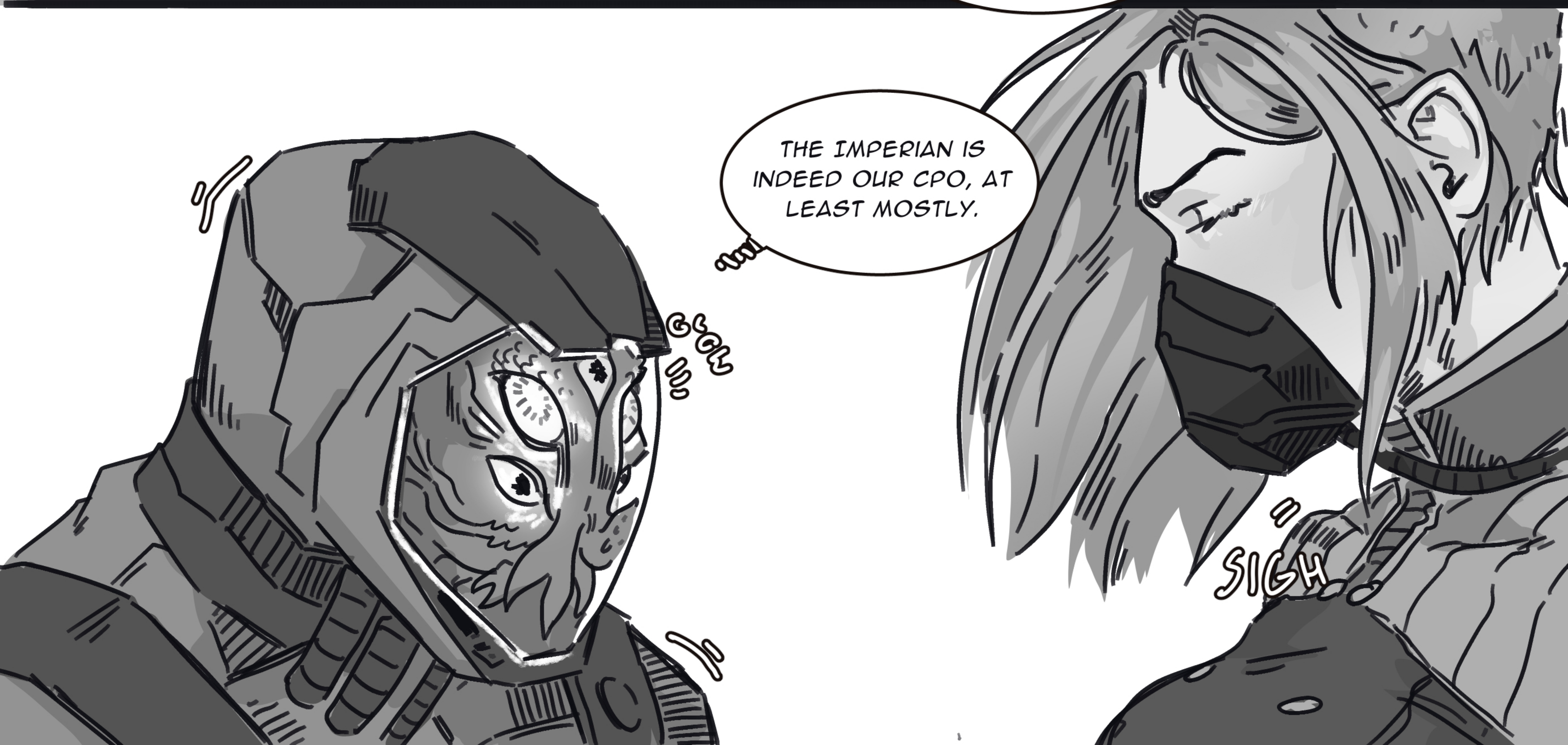
CPO KIT WEIBER!
SERIAL NUMBER:
TGBS7768592.



AT EASE, EVERYONE.
LIEUTENANT CRIKAK,
SCAN HER.



OPEN YOUR MIND,
KIT...



THE IMPERIAN IS
INDEED OUR CPO, AT
LEAST MOSTLY.

SIGH



ALRIGHT, CPO, LET'S HEAD BACK TO THE BELLEROPHON. THE ENGINEERING TEAM WILL RETRIEVE YOUR SHIP IN THE NEXT SHIFT.



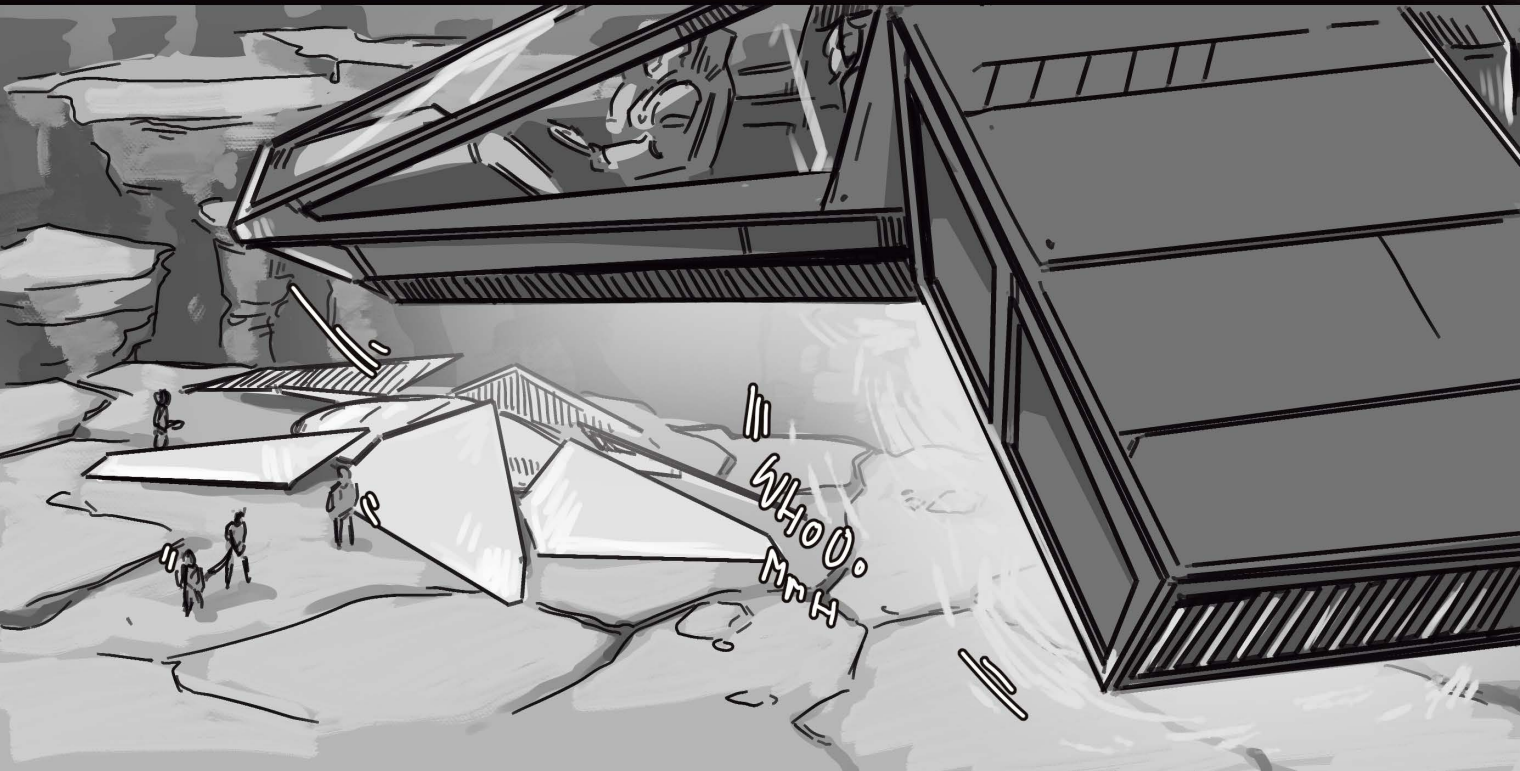
YES SIR!



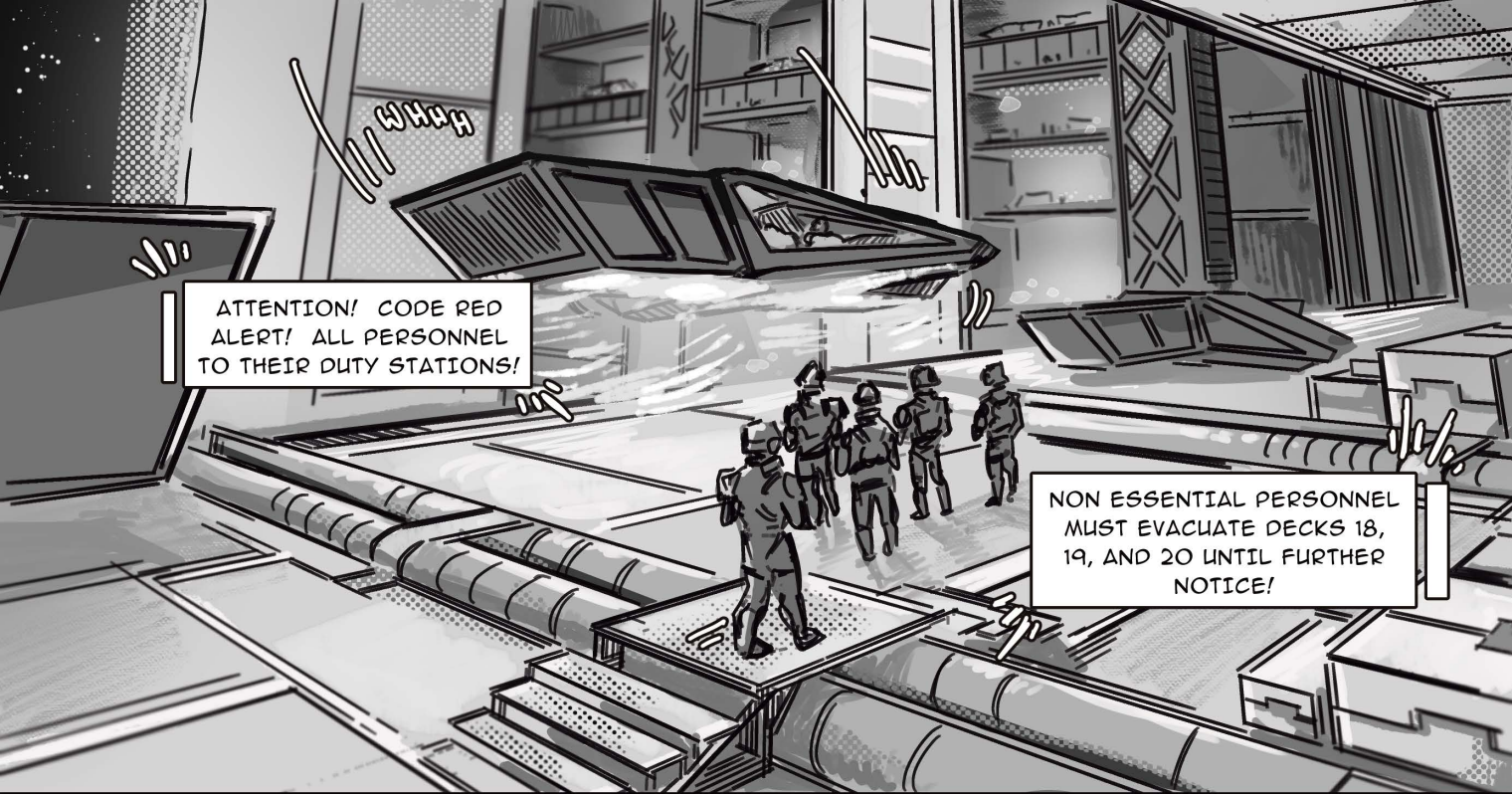
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? THAT'S DRELLA! RIGHT THERE!

WELL, HER BODY. WE KILLED ONE OF THE STRONGEST IMPERIANS AND GAINED AN IMPERIAN SOLDIER IN THE EXCHANGE.

NOT BAD...

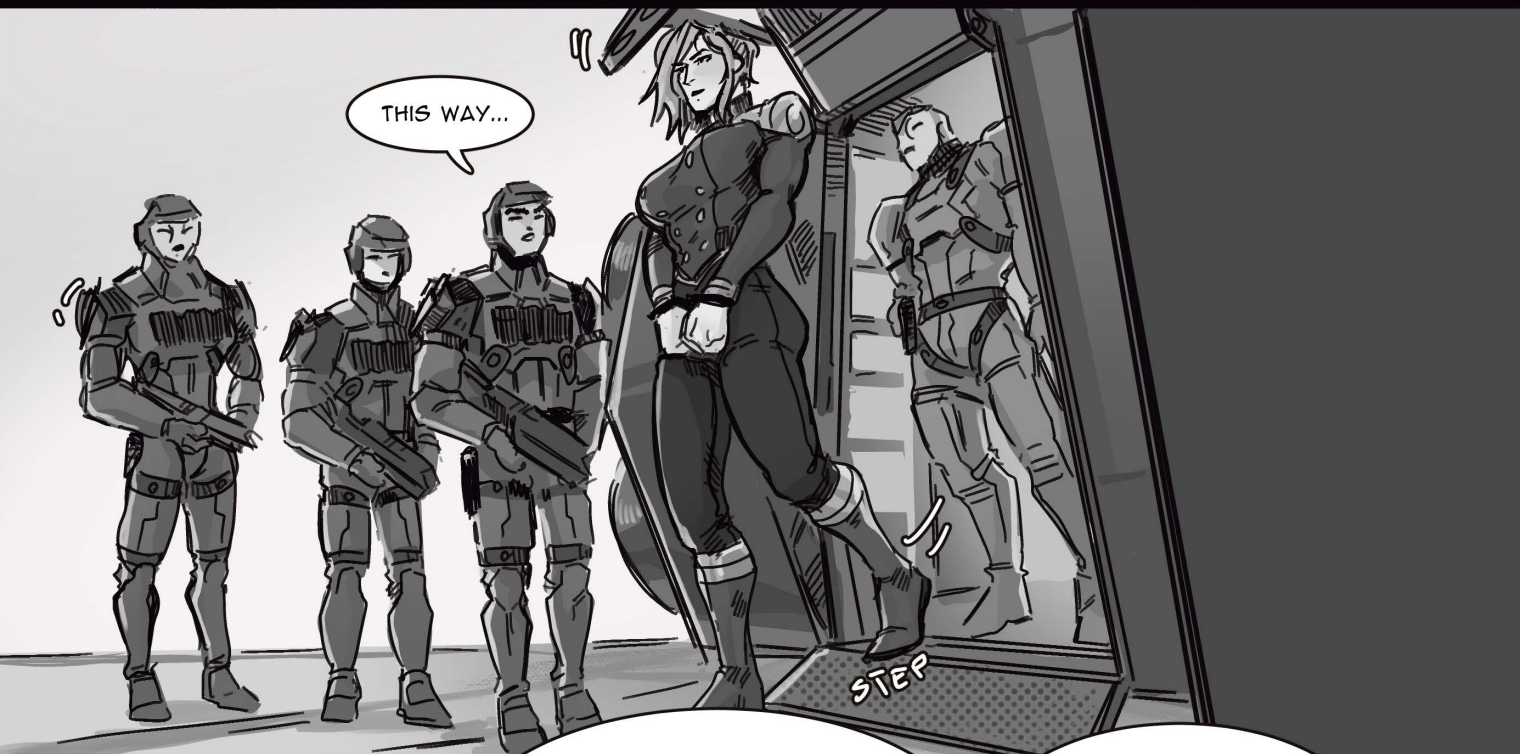


Whoa.
MmH



ATTENTION! CODE RED ALERT! ALL PERSONNEL TO THEIR DUTY STATIONS!

NON ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL MUST EVACUATE DECKS 18, 19, AND 20 UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!



THIS WAY...

STEP



DECK 18

THIS WE'RE GOING TO HAVE YOU CHECKED OUT BY MEDICAL, THEN WE WILL PUT YOU IN A MAKESHIFT QUARTERS, CONVERTED FROM THE CARGO BAY ON DECK 20....

THE SECURITY IS MORE FOR THE CREW THAN FOR YOU. CRIKAK'S CONFIRMATION IS ALL I NEED.

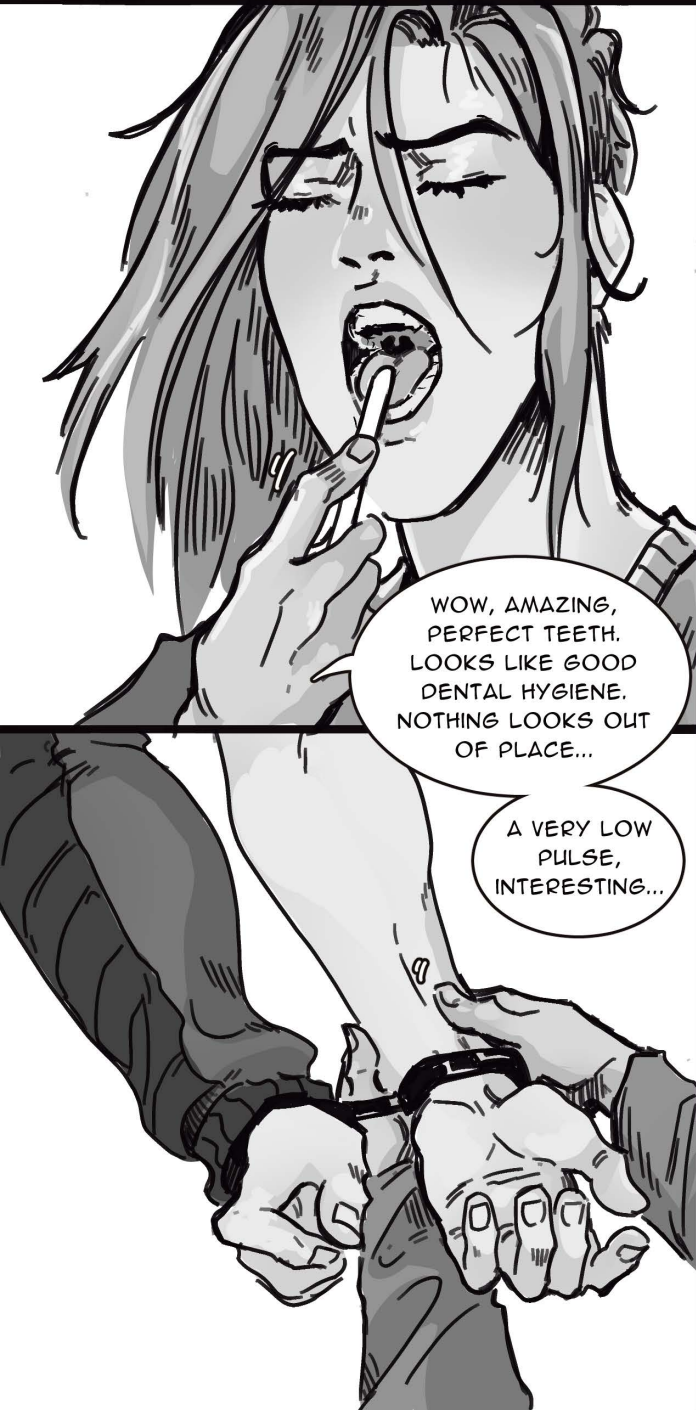
THANK YOU, BUT...

TURN



FASCINATING...

IMPERIAN PHYSIOLOGY IS KNOWN TO BE TOUGH, BUT NONE OF MY CUTTING INSTRUMENTS CAN GET ME TO DRAW BLOOD!



WOW, AMAZING, PERFECT TEETH. LOOKS LIKE GOOD DENTAL HYGIENE. NOTHING LOOKS OUT OF PLACE...

A VERY LOW PULSE, INTERESTING...



AT EASE... CPO WEIBER.

FLUNCH

SPRING



WE MUST GIVE YOU THANKS, WEIBER.

WE HAVE CAPTURED NOT ONLY KILLED A HIGH RANKING IMPERIAN, BUT WE HAVE GAINED MANY IMPERIAN RESOURCES IN ONE SWOOP.

SITS



THANK YOU, ADMIRAL. CAN I ASK WHAT THE PLAN IS, SIR?



WE ARE SETTING COURSE TO DO AN FTL JUMP AT A BLACKOPS SITE.

WE WILL TAKE THIS TIME TO EXAMINE YOUR NEW BODY, DRELLA'S SHIP, AND DUMP THE DATABASE.



FAD

GHH!