



# CHAPTER

# 1

THERE ARE THOSE WHO BELIEVE...THAT LIFE HERE  
BEGAN OUT THERE, FAR ACROSS THE UNIVERSE...  
WITH TRIBES OF HUMANS...WHO MAY HAVE BEEN THE  
FOREFATHERS OF THE EGYPTIANS...OR THE TOLTECS...  
OR THE MAYANS...THAT THEY MAY HAVE BEEN THE  
ARCHITECTS OF THE GREAT PYRAMIDS...OR THE  
LOST CIVILIZATIONS OF LEMURIA...OR ATLANTIS.

SOME BELIEVE THAT THERE MAY YET BE  
BROTHERS OF MAN...WHO EVEN NOW FIGHT TO  
SURVIVE--SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE HEAVENS!



JUMP  
COMPLETED!  
WE DID IT,  
SIR!

STATUS  
REPORT,  
TYR?

DAMAGE  
REPORTS COMING  
IN FROM ALL OVER  
THE SHIP, SIR. THREE  
FATALITIES SO FAR,  
MOSTLY FROM THE  
PORTSIDE.

THE ENGINES  
BARELY MANAGED THAT  
JUMP. WE'RE LOW ON  
FUEL, BUT WILL BE ABLE  
TO SUSTAIN FORWARD  
MOTION UNTIL WE CAN  
REPLENISH.

THE BATTLESTAR  
PEGASUS



AND THE  
HULL?

SHE'S  
HELD TOGETHER,  
SIR. NOTHING WE  
CAN'T FIX, GIVEN  
TIME.

TYR, THE  
ENGINES ARE DEAD  
AND THE GALACTICA  
LIKELY THINKS WE ARE,  
TOO. BLOWN UP BY  
THOSE FRACKING  
BASESTARS.



WE HAVE  
NOTHING BUT  
TIME, SON.

"MY DEAREST SHEBA, IT IS NOW NEARLY TWO SECTARES SINCE WE BECAME SEPARATED, AND THE TIME APART HAS BEEN BRUTAL."



I WAS THINKING TODAY OF GIVING UP COMMAND SO I CAN TAKE ALL MY FREE TIME THINKING ABOUT YOU, ABOUT RESTING...

ABOUT ANYTHING BUT THOSE DAMNED CYLONS. BUT AT LEAST YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS WITH ADAMA.

WE HAVE FINALLY COMPLETED REPAIRS ON THE HULL AND SHE'S GOOD AS NEW...

...OR AT LEAST AS GOOD AS WE CAN MAKE HER, CONSIDERING WE HAVE NO PORTS TO PULL INTO TO HELP US.

AND NOW...

NOW WE CONTINUE TO TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE CYLONS, WHEREVER THAT MAY LEAD.

AND WHAT IF IT LEADS TO EARTH?

EH?

YOU KNOW, SOME PEOPLE **KNOCK** BEFORE ENTERING A ROOM, IOLLAS.



I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR THIRTY YAHRENS, CAIN. I'D LIKE TO THINK I'VE GAINED A BIT OF FAMILIARITY.

PLUS, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE BRIDGE BY THIS POINT.

I KNOW, I KNOW.



DICTATING ANOTHER LETTER TO SHEBA?

INDEED I AM.

WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN, IOLLAS. I JUST KNOW IT.

MAYBE WE'LL ALL FIND EARTH.



THERE'S NO EARTH, IOLLAS. YOU'RE MY X.O. A MILITARY MAN. YOU SHOULD KNOW THE SOUND OF A FAIRY TALE WHEN YOU HEAR IT.

TO SOME IT'S A RELIGIOUS BELIEF, COMMANDER. THAT'S NOT FAIRY TALE.

IT IS IF YOU LOOK AT IT CORRECTLY.



SO YOU THINK ADAMA AND HIS PEOPLE WERE WASTING THEIR TIME?

I THINK THEY TOLD THEMSELVES WHAT THEY NEEDED TO GET THROUGH. ME...

ALL I NEED IS AN ENEMY AND THAT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH.



MEANING THE CYLONS.

**RING**

EXACTLY. S'CUSE ME A MOMENT.

THIS IS CAIN.



THINK YOU BETTER GET UP HERE, COMMANDER. YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO SEE THIS.

ON MY WAY.





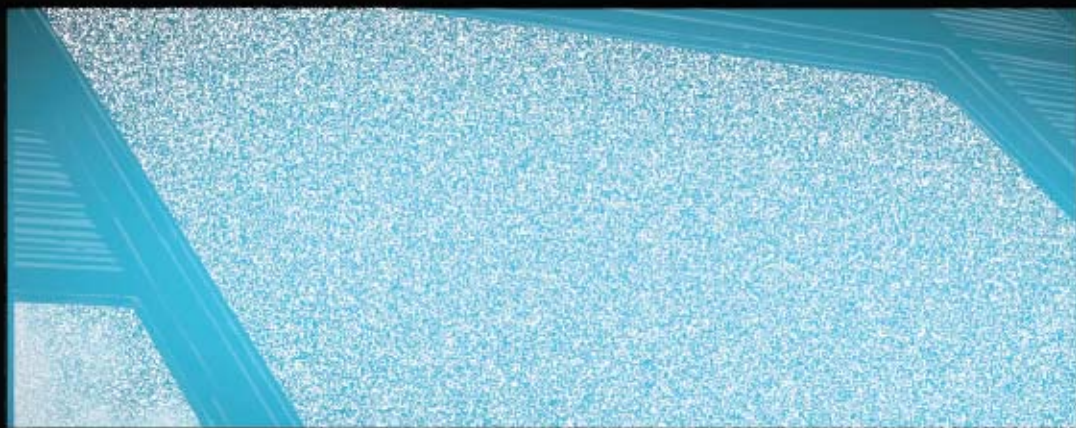
YOU...YOU  
ARE HOOMANS,  
YES?

HUMANS,  
YES.

I'M  
COMMANDER  
CAIN. THIS IS THE  
BATTLESTAR  
PEGASUS.

ARE YOU  
IN NEED OF  
ASSISTANCE?

YES.  
VERY MUCH  
SO.





GET A SHUTTLE READY. I'M GOING DOWN.

COMMANDER!

I WANT TWO MARINE GUARDS AS BACKUP.

LET'S MOVE, PEOPLE.



COMMANDER, I MUST PROTEST.

YES, YOU'RE MAKING THAT ABUNDANTLY CLEAR. STEP ASIDE, X.O.

SIR, I REPEAT, THIS COULD BE A TRAP.

I'M NOT SENILE, X.O. I REMEMBER THAT FROM THE FIRST TIME YOU SAID IT.



SIR, THESE MEN WORSHIP YOU. THEY WOULD FOLLOW YOU INTO THE GATES OF PERDITION, YOU ASKED THEM TO.

THIS IS A FOOLISH RISK.



THESE MEN "WORSHIP" ME BECAUSE THEY KNOW IF I DID ORDER THEM INTO THE FLAMES...

I'D BE LEADING THE WAY. I WILL NEVER ASK ANYONE ON THIS SHIP TO DO WHAT I'M AFRAID TO DO.



FRANKLY, IOLLAS, I WAS THINKING EARLIER ABOUT RESIGNING. TURNING THE PEGASUS OVER TO YOU. RETIRE AND LET YOUNGER MEN DO THIS.

LOOKS LIKE I PICKED THE WRONG DAY TO GIVE UP COMMAND.







WELL,  
LIEUTENANT?  
WHAT HAVE WE  
GOT?

SIR, WE'RE  
LOCKED ONTO THE  
COORDINATES, BUT  
IT DOESN'T MAKE  
ANY SENSE.

THERE'S NO  
ATMOSPHERE ON  
THE SURFACE. IT'S  
AS DESOLATE AS  
MOST MOONS.



HOW IN THE WORLD COULD  
ANYTHING SURVIVE DOWN  
THERE?

WELL  
OBVIOUSLY  
SOMETHING HAS,  
LIEUTENANT.  
SO--

WAIT. HOLD  
ON. I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING,  
COMMANDER.



A  
BUILDING?

NO, SIR,  
THERE'S NOTHING  
ON TOP. BUT I  
THINK THERE MAY  
BE SOMETHING  
UNDERNEATH.

WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?



SIR, I THINK  
THE PLANET IS  
HOLLOW.

WHAT  
MAKES YOU  
SAY THAT?



"I'M PRETTY  
SURE THAT'S AN  
ENTRANCE."



INCREDIBLE.  
JUST  
INCREDIBLE.



IS THE AIR  
BREATHABLE?

ALL  
SIGNS SAY  
YES, COMMANDER.  
STANDARD OXYGEN/  
NITROGEN  
ATMOSPHERE.

MUST BE  
ARTIFICIALLY  
GENERATED.

WELL,  
LET'S NOT  
WAIT AROUND,  
LIEUTENANT.  
OPEN HER UP.



SIR! WE'RE GETTING A  
TRANSMISSION FROM  
THE PEGASUS.

PUT IT  
ON SPEAKER,  
LIEUTENANT.



COMMANDER!

CAIN  
HERE. WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
X.O. ?

WE HAVE A  
PROBLEM,  
SIR.



CYLON  
RAIDERS, SIR!  
A TON OF  
THEM!

THEY  
JUST DROPPED  
OUT OF NOWHERE  
AND THEY'RE IN  
FULL ASSAULT  
MODE!



LAUNCH  
VIPERS!

ALREADY  
DONE, SIR.  
THEY'RE ENGAGED  
IN HEAD TO HEAD  
COMBAT.

BUT  
THEY'RE VASTLY  
OUTNUMBERED!



THEY'RE NOT  
HERE FOR YOU.  
THEY'RE HERE  
FOR ME.

THAT'S WHY I  
SUMMONED YOU.  
THIS IS ALL MY  
FAULT.

MY LONG-  
RANGE SCANNERS  
TOLD ME THEY  
WERE ON THE  
WAY HERE.

IF I HADN'T  
STOPPED YOU,  
YOU'D HAVE BEEN  
GONE BY THE TIME  
THEY SHOWED  
UP.

YOU ARE AT  
RISK BECAUSE OF  
ME. YOUR MEN'S  
DEATHS ARE ON  
MY HANDS.

I AM SO  
SORRY.