


EVERY NIGHT.

HE HEARS THE VOICE  
OF PRESIDENT ADAM ON THE  
COMS, ASKING "WHAT WAS  
THAT, ADAMA? THAT BLAST?"

THAT WAS  
MY SON, MR.  
PRESIDENT.

EVERY NIGHT, THE MEMORIES. HIS SON,  
HIS WIFE, HIS PEOPLE, ALL OF MANKIND...





THE CYLON-COLONIAL PEACE  
ACCORD. MAN MEETING MACHINE. THE  
BATTLESTARS ATLANTIA, ACROPOLIS,  
PACIFICA, TRITON AND GALACTICA.


THE INHUMAN  
TREACHERY OF  
THE CYLONS.

THE VALIANT DEFENDERS.

CLOSE  
FORMATION!

CLOSE  
FRACKING  
FORMATION!





EVERY NIGHT.

THE MEMORIES REPLAY.

THE IMPOSSIBLE CHOICES.

WITHDRAW  
GALACTICA.

COMMANDER--?

WE MUST  
DEFEND OUR  
HOME  
COLONY...





...CAPRICA.

HOPING TO GET  
THERE IN TIME.

HARD DROP IN THE  
FIRST SPARE SHIP  
HE COULD FIND.



HOPING.

EVERY NIGHT.



ILA!

GET  
CLEAR!

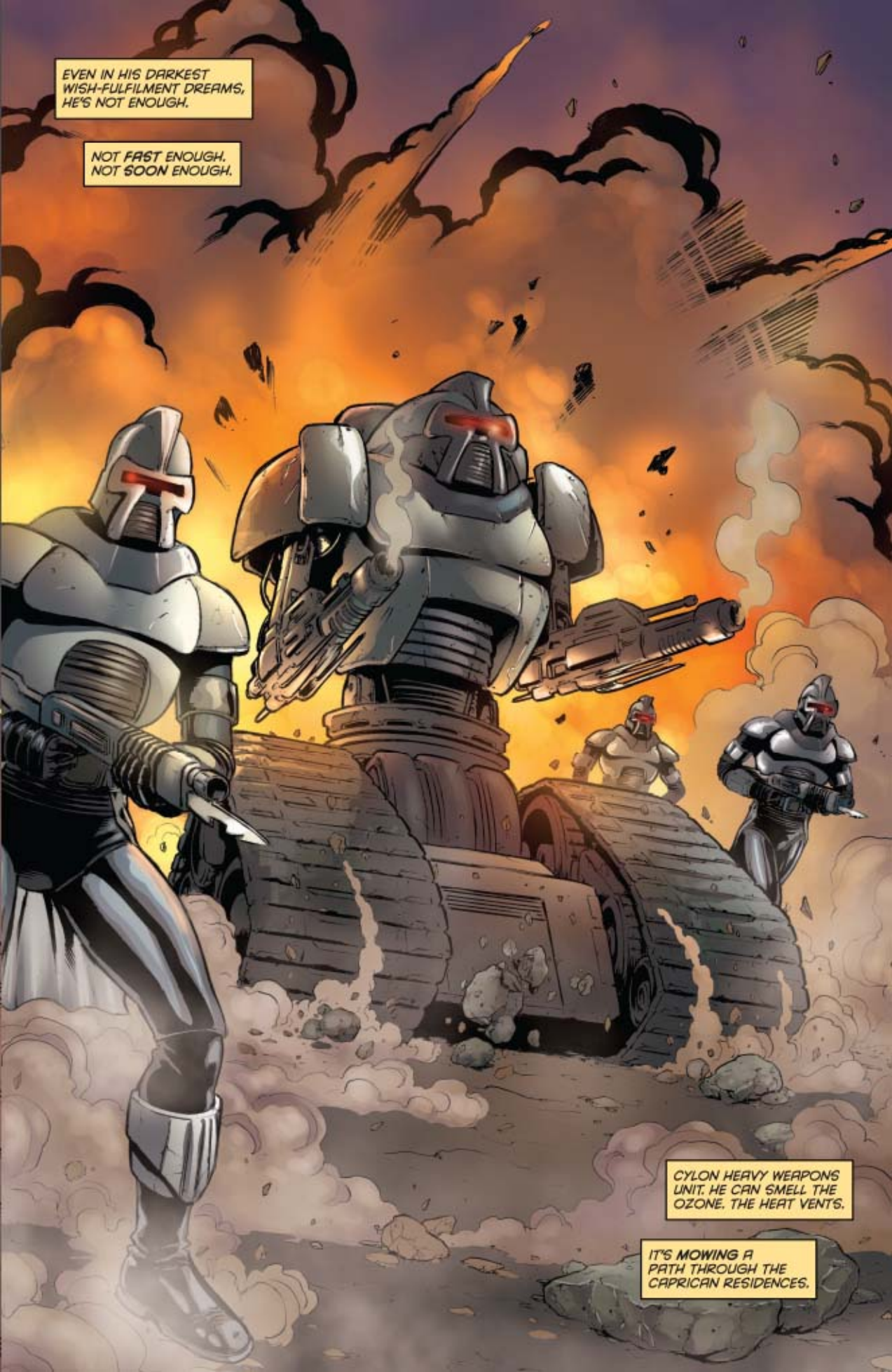
HUSBAND?

EVERY NIGHT, MEMORIES  
THAT AREN'T EVEN MEMORIES.



JUST WISHES, UNFULFILLED.





EVEN IN HIS DARKEST  
WISH-FULFILMENT DREAMS,  
HE'S NOT ENOUGH.

NOT FAST ENOUGH.  
NOT SOON ENOUGH.

CYLON HEAVY WEAPONS  
UNIT. HE CAN SMELL THE  
OZONE, THE HEAT VENTS.

IT'S MOWING A  
PATH THROUGH THE  
CAPRICAN RESIDENCES.





ILA/  
COME  
ON!

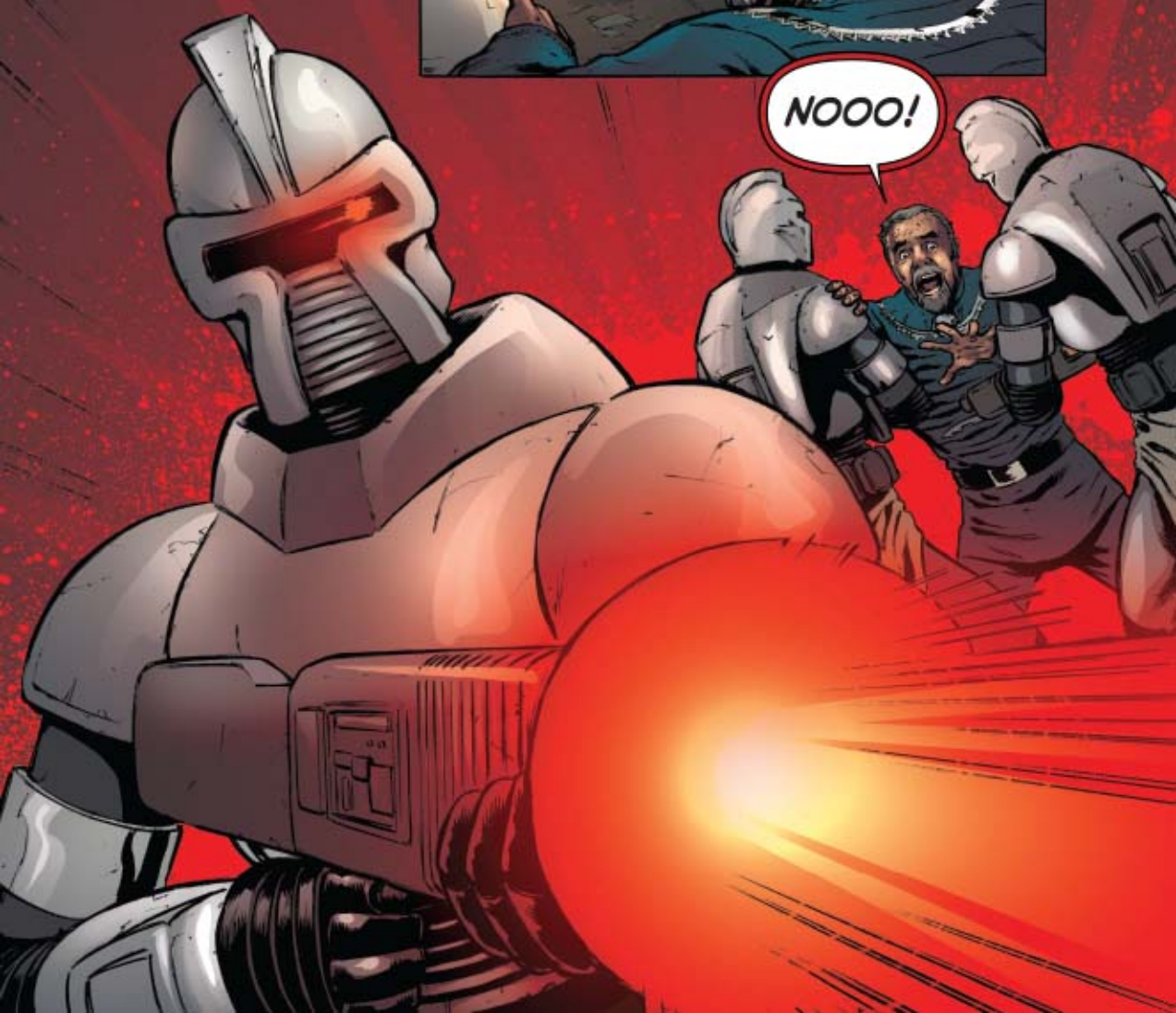
EVERY NIGHT.



ILA!



PLEASE--



NOOO!





DO IT,  
AND BURN  
IN H--




GNHH!

EVERY NIGHT.




EVERY NIGHT THE  
SAME REPLAY. THE  
SAME MEMORIES  
AND HOPELESS  
WISHES.


THINGS  
THAT COULD  
NEVER BE.



A FAMILY THAT  
WILL NEVER BE  
COMPLETE AGAIN.



A HANDFUL  
OF SURVIVORS  
SEARCHING FOR  
SALVATION.



RELENTLESSLY PURSUED  
BY AN IMPLACABLE FOE.



IN THE SEVENTH  
MILLENNIUM OF TIME, A  
TRIBE OF HUMANOID'S  
ENGAGED IN A  
TERRIFYING CONFLICT  
AGAINST A RACE OF  
MACHINES.

THE  
HUMANS LOST.  
WE LOST.

NOW, LED BY  
THE LAST SURVIVING  
WARSHIP, THE MIGHTY  
*BATTLESTAR GALACTICA*,  
WE FEW SURVIVORS MOVE  
SLOWLY THROUGH THE  
HEAVENS IN SEARCH OF  
OUR ANCESTRAL  
BROTHERS.

A TRIBE OF HUMANS  
KNOWN THROUGH ANCIENT  
RECORDS TO BE LOCATED  
SOMEWHERE ON A DISTANT,  
*SHINING PLANET*.

A PLANET  
CALLED  
*EARTH*.









LIKE HE NEEDS  
TO REMEMBER.

ZAC. ZAC  
SHOULD BE HERE  
WITH US TODAY.  
IF WE--

APOLLO,  
DON'T.

STARBUCK'S RIGHT,  
SON. YOUR BROTHER DIED  
BECAUSE OF OUR ENEMY'S  
TREACHERY.


NOT BECAUSE  
OF ANY MISTAKE  
YOU MADE.

**BREEEEF  
BREEEEF  
BREEEEF  
BREEEEF**

WHAT  
THE--?!

COMMANDER!  
BRIDGE REPORTS  
INCOMING CYLON  
ATTACK!





"WE HAVE **MULTIPLE** BASESTARS!  
THEY WERE USING THE LOCAL  
NEBULA AS A **HIDING PLACE!**"

"**IRONIC...**"

...SEEING AS **WE**  
WERE USING THE **SAME**  
NEBULA TO CLOAK OUR  
POSITION FROM THEIR  
CHASE SHIPS.

OUR RUSE  
HAS SHIELDED  
OUR ENEMY  
FROM US.

GIVE ME **FULL**  
SITUATIONAL!

THIS IS  
**BAD.**

SCRAMBLE  
**ALL VIPER**  
SQUADRONS!

TURN THE  
GALACTICA TO **FACE**  
THE ATTACK! WE HAVE TO  
BUY THE FLEET ENOUGH  
TIME TO GET **DEEPER**  
INTO THE NEBULA AND  
**EVASD** CYLON  
SENSORS!

"IT'S THEIR **ONLY**  
CHANCE OF ESCAPE."

**LAUNCH!**

LET'S WRAP  
THIS **FAST!** I'VE  
GOT A GAME  
OF **PYRAMID**  
TO FINISH!