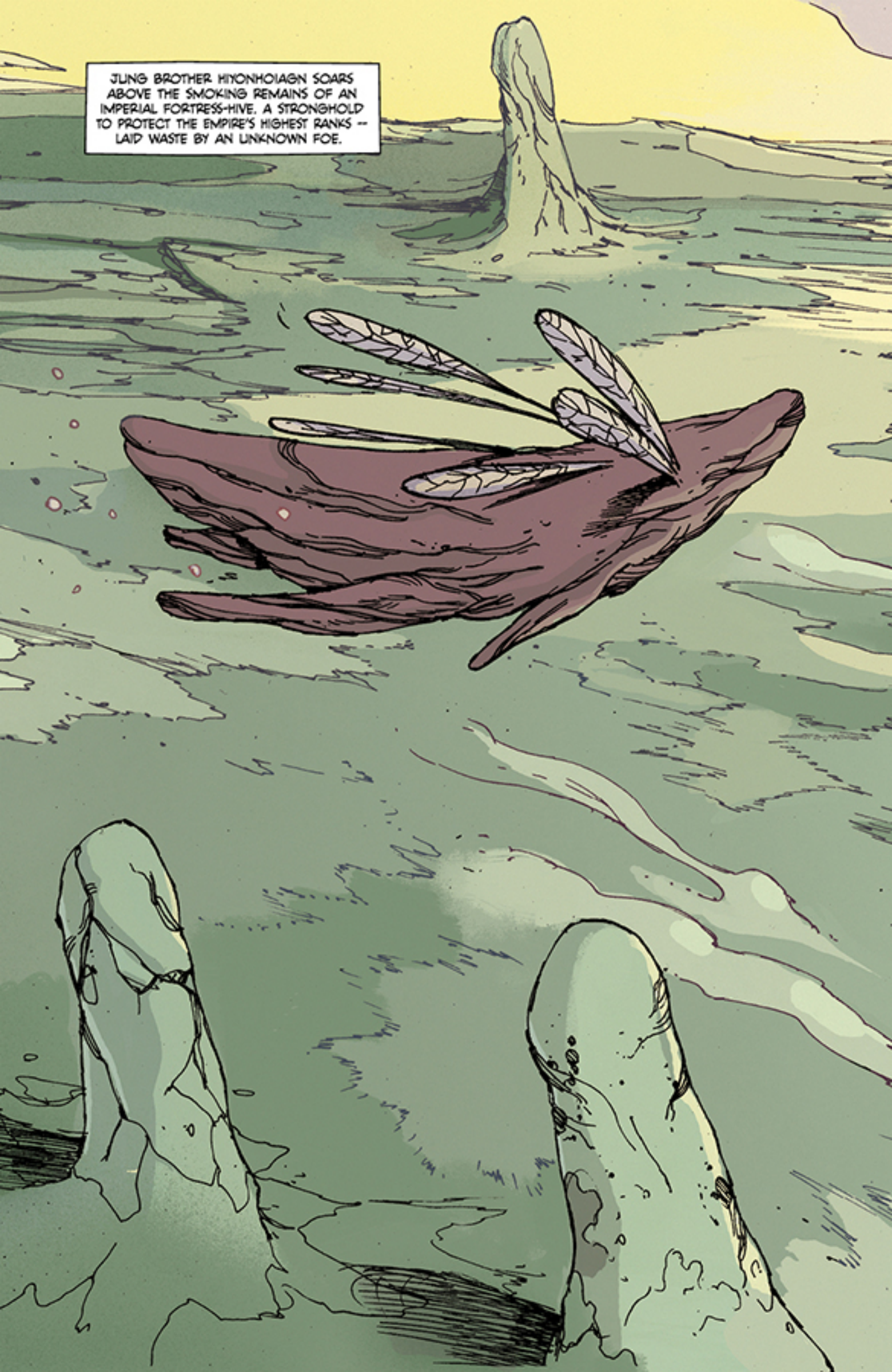
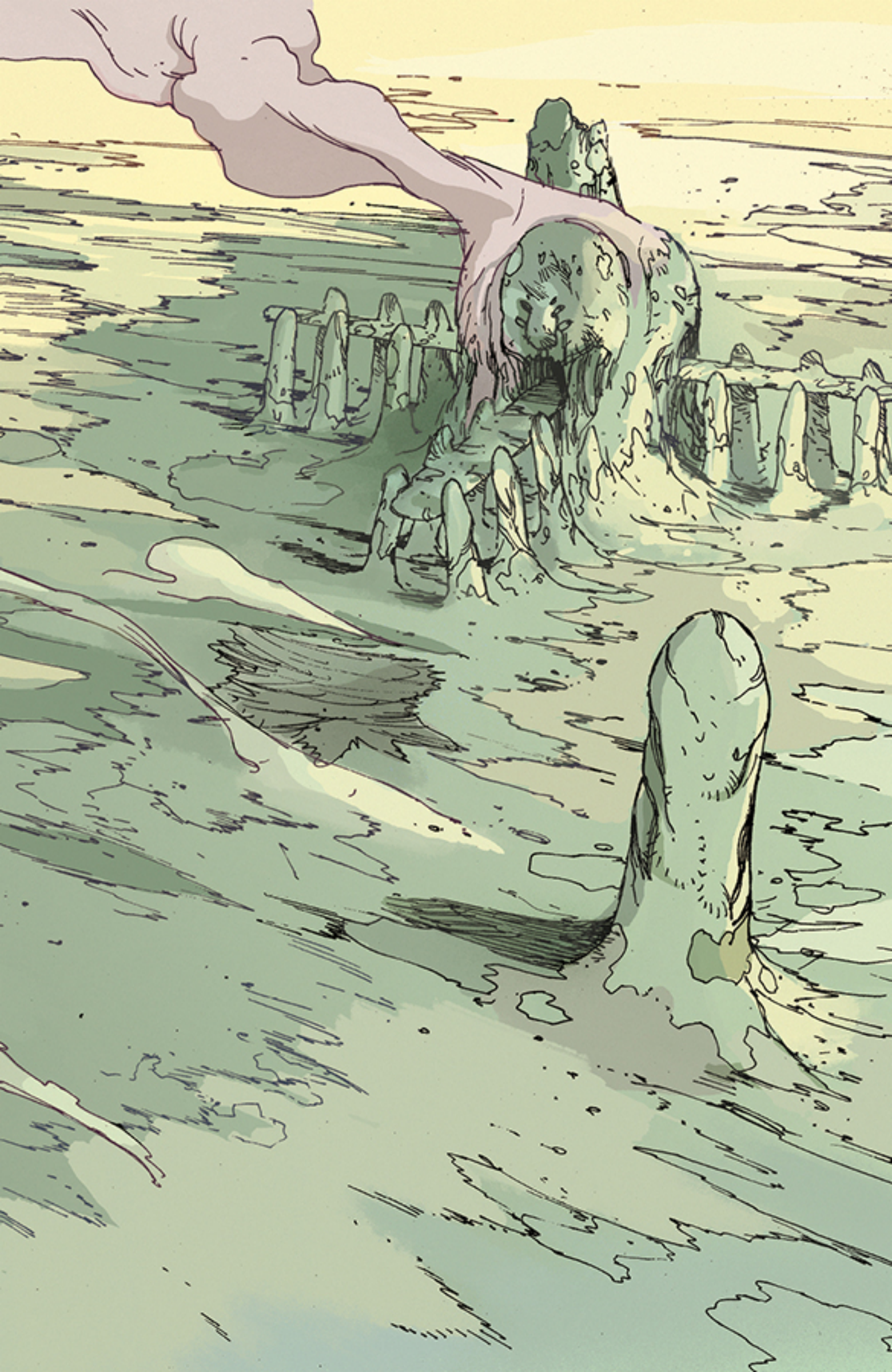


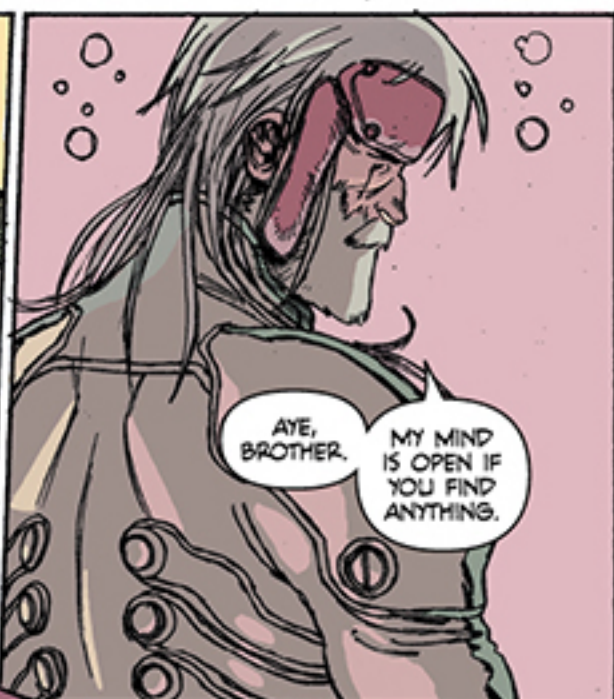
JUNG BROTHER HIYONHOIAGN SOARS ABOVE THE SMOKING REMAINS OF AN IMPERIAL FORTRESS-HIVE. A STRONGHOLD TO PROTECT THE EMPIRE'S HIGHEST RANKS -- LAID WASTE BY AN UNKNOWN FOE.





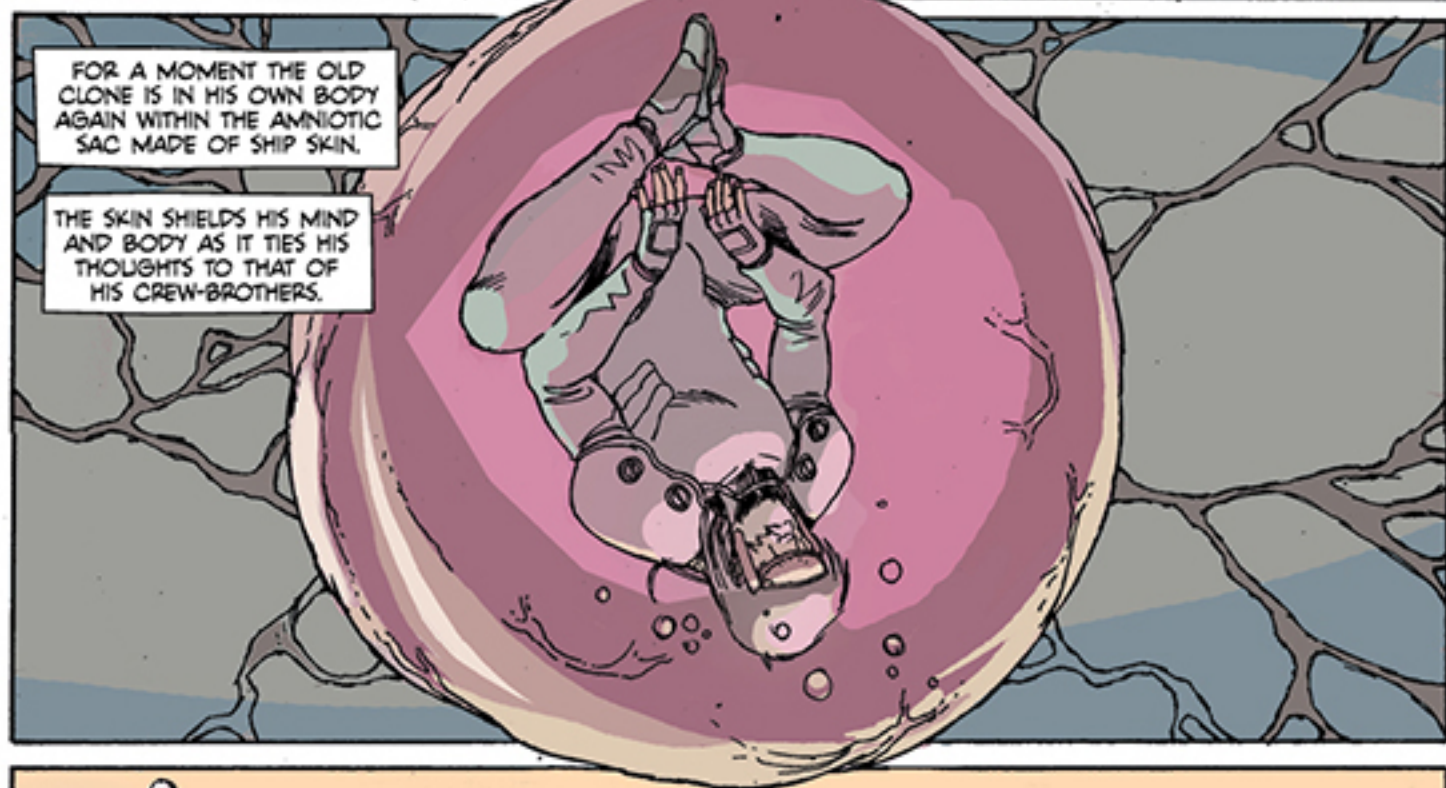


WHATEVER
HAPPENED HERE,
IT APPEARS
TO HAVE COME
AND GONE.



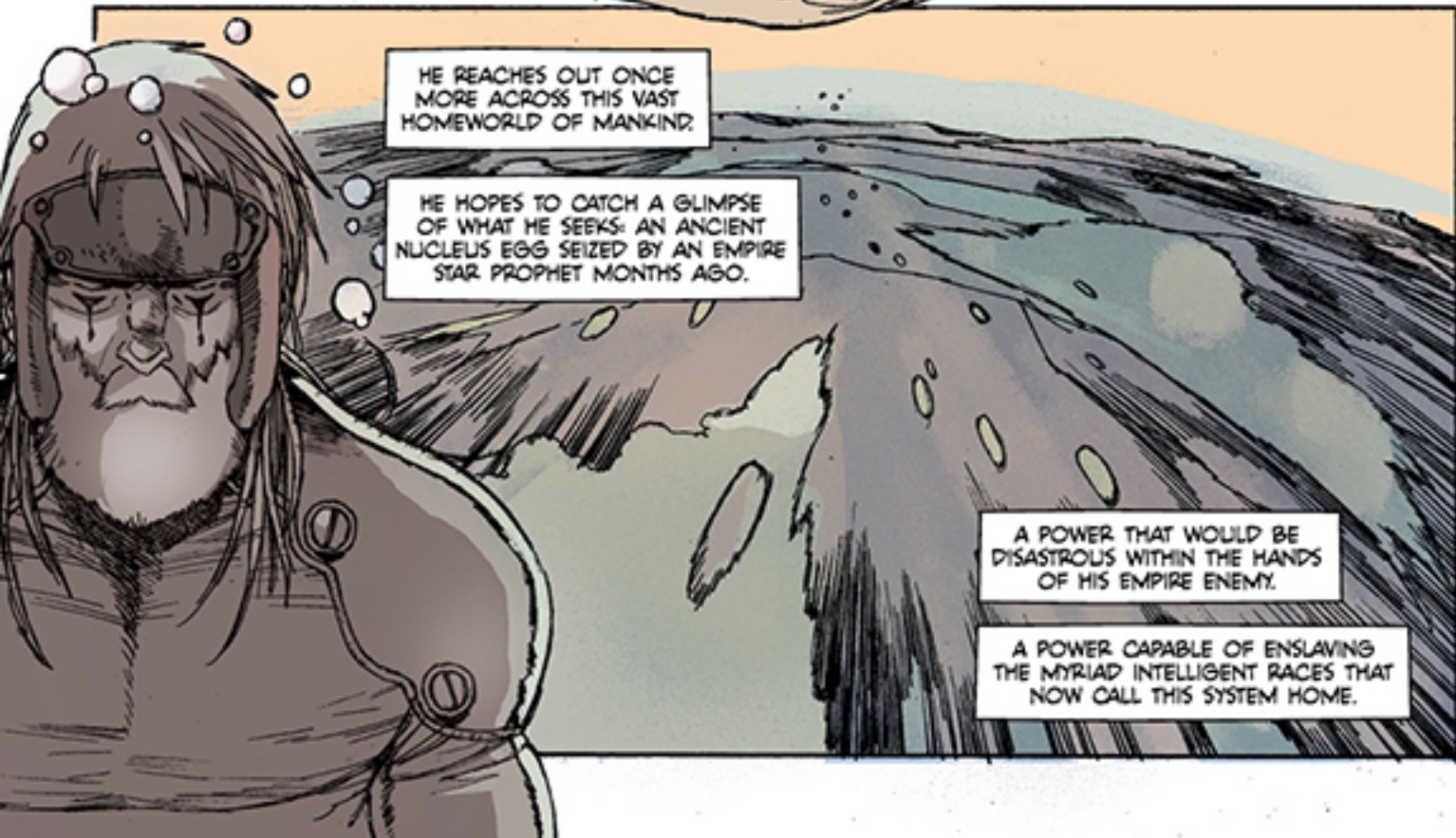
AYE,
BROTHER.

MY MIND
IS OPEN IF
YOU FIND
ANYTHING.



FOR A MOMENT THE OLD
CLONE IS IN HIS OWN BODY
AGAIN WITHIN THE AMNIOTIC
SAC MADE OF SHIP SKIN.

THE SKIN SHIELDS HIS MIND
AND BODY AS IT TIES HIS
THOUGHTS TO THAT OF
HIS CREW-BROTHERS.



HE REACHES OUT ONCE
MORE ACROSS THIS VAST
HOMEWORLD OF MANKIND.

HE HOPES TO CATCH A GLIMPSE
OF WHAT HE SEEKS: AN ANCIENT
NUCLEUS EGG SEIZED BY AN EMPIRE
STAR PROPHET MONTHS AGO.

A POWER THAT WOULD BE
DISASTROUS WITHIN THE HANDS
OF HIS EMPIRE ENEMY.

A POWER CAPABLE OF ENSLAVING
THE MYRIAD INTELLIGENT RACES THAT
NOW CALL THIS SYSTEM HOME.

A CHILL.

AND THE DISTANT
SOUND, LIKE THE
CRACKING OF ICE.



HE FEELS MINDS, STRONG
AND ALIEN, PUSHING
THROUGH ALL HIS DEFENSES.

THROUGH ALL THAT
SHIELDS HIS MIND, THEY
ARE HERE WITH HIM
IN HIS THOUGHTS.

HUMAN.

WE CAN
HELP IN
WHAT YOU
SEEK.

EXPECT
US.

SOON.

