







"OH, WE LABOUR IN THE VINEYARDS OF THE SEVEN,  
WE ARE WORKERS IN THE SERVICE OF THE LIGHT!  
WE DEDICATE OUR BODY'S STRENGTH TO HEAVEN,  
OUR FREELY GIVEN TOIL TO WHAT IS RIGHT!"

"THE WORD IS ALL, THE TRUTH, THE WAY, THE FIRE  
THAT TROURS ITS BLESSED BOUNTY FROM ABOVE,  
TO PURGE AWAY THE FOUL WEEDS OF DESIRE,  
AND FILL THE EMPTY SPACE WITH GODLY LOVE!"

"OH WE WORK, WE WORK, WE WORK TO BUILD A GARDEN  
IN THE BARREN, BLASTED WASTELAND OF MAN'S SOUL!  
NEVER WEAKEN, NEVER FALTER, NEVER PARDON,  
FOR THE SEVEN BLESS OUR TOOLS AND LAUD OUR GOAL!"

"WE WILL TAKE THE SCYTHE AND SWORD TO UNBELIEVERS,  
WITH A MIGHT AND WILL THAT CANNOT BE WITHSTOOD!  
AND WHEN WE DIE THE SEVEN WILL RECEIVE US..."




"...AT THE NEVER-ENDING  
BANQUET OF THE GOOOOOOOP!"



THE ENEMY IS  
VANQUISHED, SR.

LOUD  
HOSANNAS!




WAIT! ANOTHER  
VESSEL HAS JUST  
MATERIALIZED  
SEVEN UNITS OUT.





THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A TERRAN SHIP.

BUT THEN A SPY WOULD KNOW TO DISGUISE HIMSELF.



"BRING THE STRANGER INTO HOLD FOUR, AND READY A BOARDING PARTY."


BIP BIP

BIP

BIP

POIT

BLK



BEAMERS AT ARMOR-PIERCING STRENGTH. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'S IN THERE.

AYE, SIR. LOUD HOSANNAS!

CUT THROUGH THE HULL, DEACON ZEFT, BUT CAREFULLY. WE DON'T WANT TO RISK--







ALL THIS HARDWARE ON MY ACCOUNT? I'M OVERWHELMED.

NOW DOES ANYONE HERE HAVE A WIBLEY QUARTER-WRENCH?

WHO ARE YOU?



I'M BARBARELLA.



AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN COMBAT ZONE 17? ANSWER ME.

MY NULL-D REGULATOR FAILED ME, AND I DROPPED INTO NORMAL SPACE TO FIND MYSELF IN A DEBRIS FIELD.

NONE OF THE WRECKAGE WAS ORGANIC, SO YOU WERE FIGHTING UNMANNED DRONES, BUT STILL...



...YOU GENTLEMEN APPEAR TO HAVE HAD YOURSELVES A TIME.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.



PREBEND GLAXIFAR. SEARCH THIS WOMAN'S SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN.

ITEMIZE ITS CONTENTS DOWN TO THE LAST DUST MOTE.





THERE'S REALLY  
NO NEED FOR--  
SCANNING,  
SIR.



SHIP IS  
CLEAN.  
PROCEEDING TO FULL  
BODY SCAN, IN THEIR  
SEVENFOLD NAME.



NO WEAPONS  
OR COMMS TECH,  
CARRIED OR  
EMBEDDED.

I'M NOT SURE I  
APPRECIATE THIS  
LEVEL OF SCRUTINY.

PING  
PING PING

NO PROSCRIBED  
ARTIFACTS OR--

PING!



OH THREE TIMES TWO  
PLUS ONE! SIR, SHE'S  
CARRYING CONTRABAND.

BIO-CONTRABAND!  
SHE--SHE HAS A--



BEYOND THAT  
WORD, PREBEND.

BIO-CONTRABAND?  
WHAT DOES THAT  
EVEN--?



NOTIFY THE CONSISTORY  
COURT. SCRAMBLE A  
SHUTTLE. TAKE HER  
PLANET-SIDE.

LET THE  
GODS DECIDE  
HER FATE!