



## PROLOGUE

### THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

*And thus did the Children of the Gods become discontent with their forebears. Each seeking their own aggrandizement, the brothers and sisters of man committed sin and took up arms against one another, spilling each their life's blood until finally the Lords of Kobol, grieving over the loss of paradise, did turn their back on their children saying "Ye have corrupted all that we have given you. Exiled thou art from this place of beauty, this sacred and holy ground that thou hast tainted with the blood of thy brothers."*

– Holy Scroll of Pythia, Chapter 6, Verse 66.

*Woe unto you, Children of Kobol for the desecration of our homeland! Let fire be heaped upon your heads for the blood of thy brothers that thou hast spilled upon the land! May the Gods curse thee and thy offspring for the destruction of paradise! Verily I say unto you, Children of Kobol: Just as the Children of the Gods have turned against those who have created them, so too will the Children of Humanity turn against thee. Let the sins of the Father will revisit him in his children!*

-Holy Scroll of Pythia, Chapter 6, Verse 74.

Situation room  
COLONIAL FLEET Headquarters  
City of Sparta, Picon

“This is what we get for trying to play God.” Mumbled Fleet Admiral Nathan Gastineau as he observed the tactical map on the wall of the Situation Room of the Colonial Defense Force Headquarters.

“What was that sir?” asked Colonel Allen Hohensee, the X.O. of the Battlestar Prometheus, from beside him.

“I said this is what we get for trying to play God.” The Admiral replied. “Tauron and Aquarion have been over run, Arelon is under siege from five Cylon Basestars and Sagitaron just gave up without firing a single shot and all of this because we decided to create life and it turned around and bit us in the ass!”

“Yes sir.” Hohensee replied, choosing to keep his thoughts to himself. He had seen the Admiral in these kinds of moods before and it wasn’t a good idea to comment on what he said.

“Now the President wants me to plan a counteroffensive.” Gastineau continued shaking his head. “Hell, I’m having enough difficulty just holding the line here. The Atlas and her group are keeping the Cylons at bay around Leonon but Admiral Hawthorne and General Sayers are both telling me that if the Cylons concentrate forces there they will have to pull back.”

“We could always have Commander Magus bring the Galactica over to help them out.” Commented Dwanah Tajalle, Commander of the Prometheus.

“No,” Gastineau shook his head. “The Galactica just had it out with three Basestars over Ragnar and is in rough shape.”

“But Magus said...”

“Magus is a hard charger. He won’t ever say that things are bad on his ship because he doesn’t want to be left out of the fighting.” Gastineau said, cutting off Tajalle.

“Is he some kind of glory hound?” Asked Colonel Hohensee.

“Not at all.” Gastineau said with a smile. “He just doesn’t think it that it’s right for others to be in harms way if he isn’t. He’s always pushing himself to do more because he’s a patriot in the truest sense of the word.”

“Sounds like a good man.” Said a voice from behind them.

Gastineau turned to find Captain General R.J. “Blood and Guts” Keaton, the Commanding Officer of the Colonial Army, standing there with a smile on his face and a fat cigar dangling from the corner of his mouth.

Smiling, the Fleet Admiral extended his hand to his young counterpart who took it and shook it vigorously. “Good to see you R.J.”

“You too, Nate.” The General replied puffing a large cloud of smoke into the air.

“You know you’re not allowed to smoke in here.” Gastineau chided the General mildly.

“So?” Keaton asked with a shrug. “What are they going to do? Fire me?”

Gastineau chuckled. “You have a point.”

“I just got an intell report from a cell I have operating on Sagitaron.” Keaton said approaching the map. “Says that the Cylons are massing forces on the far side of Janus.”

Gastineau nodded his understanding. “That’s a blind spot for our sensors and well within jump range of four of the Colonies.”

“Exactly.” Keaton replied. “My sources tell me that there are now seven Basestars there that are rearming and refitting for a strike somewhere behind our lines.”

“Zeus almighty.” Murred Hohensee.

“Any idea where they could be striking?” Gastineau asked.

“I might have an idea.” Keaton said with a smirk.

“Well then, out with it man!” Gastineau said.

“No way pal.” Keaton said with a smile. “Not until you call us even for the Cancera incident.”

“What?” Gastineau said with mock indignity, “You can’t be serious! Just because I caught the Cylons moving in on Cancera before you did...”

“Nope. Call us even or I go to Jackson with it.”

Gastineau sighed. General Jameson Jackson was the Commandant of the Colonial Marine Corps and one of the loudest braggarts in the Colonies. If he were to get the information before Gastineau, the Admiral would never hear the end of it.

“I could just order you to tell me since I am the Commander of the Colonial Defense Force.”

“And I would conveniently forget the information and you know it, so just call us even and you can have it. Besides,” Keaton said slyly, “Think of all the fun you will have knowing that you got the drop on Jackson on his home turf.”

Gastineau’s eyebrows shot up. “You can’t be serious!”

“Yep.” Keaton nodded pointing to a point on the map. “The Cylons are going to attack Caprica. Intell says they figure that they can decapitate the Colonial government and that everything will fall apart from there.”

“When is this attack supposed to jump off?” Gastineau asked.

“Three days.”

Everyone was silent as the impact of the generals’ words hit them. The expressions on their faces were tight and anxious as they all realized that the Cylons might be right.

If Caprica, the Colonial capital world, were to fall to the Cylons, the effect on the morale of the people of the Colonies would be disastrous. Without the guidance of President Allen, the Quorum of Twelve, which barely kept itself from dissolving on a daily basis, would likely fragment. The fleet would be left to its own devices as the Quorum members each jockeyed to see to their own worlds above the rest.

Without the support of the Colonies, the Fleet would be destroyed and then the Cylons would pick off the Colonies one at a time.

“I assume that you’ve begun moving troops there to counter an invasion?” Gastineau asked.

Keaton nodded. “I dispatched the Third and Fifth Corps an hour ago. They should be on their troop carriers by nightfall and on the ground on Caprica by tomorrow afternoon.”

Gastineau nodded his approval. “The Galactica is undergoing repairs at Thermopylae Station. I’ll cut orders to rush them into service. They should be able to take up position in thirty six hours.” He turned to Commander Tajalle. “Looks like you’ll get to see the Galactica in action after all since there already at Caprica’s moon.”

“That’s a good start,” Keaton said interrupting the Admiral, “But we’re going to need more than just one Battlestar to handle seven Cylon Basestars.”

“You’re right.” Gastineau said, smiling Commander Tajalle. “Commander, prepare my flagship for immediate departure. We’re going to see this one from the front row.”

## CHAPTER 1 THE GATHERING STORM

### COMMAND NEXUS CYLON BASESTAR 0-1 IN ORBIT OF SAGITARON

They were known by many names. Toasters, Bucket Heads, Red Eye’s, Chrome Domes, to name a few. The slang terms, it seemed, never ended.

They, however, chose to call themselves by the names their creators had given them. A name that, even now, was striking fear into the hearts of humans across the Colonies.

They were Cylons.

Inside the command nexus of the Basestar the Cylons called, simply, Zero One, the Centurion soldiers of the Cylon crew moved with an efficiency that their human opponents would be envious of.

In the center of the nexus, on a raised platform, stood a Centurion Commander, his special station denoted by the golden hue of his armor.

His red eye scanned the command nexus for any sign of trouble or inefficiency. He found none, as usual.

Across the nexus, the double doors that opened into the command access corridor opened to admit two silver armored Centurions carrying the battered form of a shackled human in a green Colonial uniform between them. They approached the command station and waited for the Centurion Commander to address them.

“Report Centurion.” The golden Cylon commanded in his deep mechanical monotone voice.

“By your command.” The Centurion with one black stripe on his shoulder armor replied. “We captured this human on Sagitaron in sector one, one, five, four, alpha. He was attempting to destroy the primary power generator for the Raider refueling site.”

“Have you been able to interrogate the prisoner?” The Centurion Commander asked.

“Negative.”

“Take the prisoner to holding area two five two for narco-interrogation.” The Commander ordered.

“No!” The human screamed and thrashed about. “Let me go you dirty fracking toasters!”

“Report your findings to me when you have completed the procedure.”

“By your command.”

The two Centurions turned, the human between them still struggling, and dragged him out of the command nexus.

“I must make a report to the Command Council.” The Centurion Commander said as he stepped down from the command platform. “Executive Officer, take command until I return.”

“By your command.” The silver Centurion with three stripes on his shoulder replied.

Moving with precision steps the Centurion Commander made his way from the command nexus to the council chamber where the sever model of Cylons sat in a circle observing a holographic star map.

Each of the seven was different than the Centurion who now reported to them. They were known as “Primes”.

All of them were tall with flowing robes and a transparent cone shaped head that showed their internal processors. These machines were the thinkers, the ones who had been designed by humans to be doctors, lawyers and all other manner of high skilled professionals.

Now they were generals in a war to exterminate those who had created them.

“By your command.” The Centurion Commander said as he came to a stop inside the center of the circle. “Centurion Commander Seven one-four-four-six begs to report.”

“Report commander.” Said Cylon Prime number Six in her seductive voice.

“We have captured a human attempting to sabotage the Raider refueling on Sagitaron.”

“Have you interrogated the prisoner yet?” Asked another Prime, this one a Four, with an older sounding and gravelly voice.

“Negative Prime Four. He has, however, been taken to the interrogation chamber for such a procedure.”

“I wish to supervise the interrogation.” Said the deep voice of Prime Nine.

“You think that this human might reveal more about the building resistance movement on Sagitaron?” asked the accented female voice of Prime Three.

“It is possible.” Nine replied. “Whatever the case we need to find out what is going on down there. It could be indicative of a larger problem.”

“Do you think that the Sagitarons could have found out about our intention to renege on our agreement with them?” asked Prime Eight.

“Whether they have found out or not, it might be prudent to accelerate our time table there.” Said Prime Four.

“Agreed.” They all replied.

“Centurion Commander, notify Basestars zero three through zero seven to converge on Sagitaron and begin preparations to execute case amber.” Prime Four commanded.

“By your command.” The Centurion Commander replied as he turned and marched out.

The Primes watched him leave and then turned back to each other.

“What is the status of our preparations to invade and destroy Caprica?” asked Prime Three.

“All is well. The Centurion Admiral on Basestar one-one reports that the last ship arrived today and began refueling and rearming itself. The operation should be set to go off in forty eight hours.” Prime Nine responded.

“Very good.” Prime Three said with a hint of perverse pleasure in her voice. “Once we have destroyed the Colonial Capital, their resistance will falter and fragment. Victory is inevitable.”

“What about the Colonial defenses there?” Asked Prime Eight. “The orbital defense platforms and ground based defenses are formidable.”

“We have someone on the inside who has promised to deactivate those defenses when we attack.” Prime Three replied.

“I was unaware that we had an operative on Caprica.” Said Prime Six, her voice betraying her feeling of indignation for being left out of the information loop.

“This person only came to us within the last seventy two hours.” Prime Three responded.

“Who is he?” asked Prime Nine.

“*She*,” Corrected Prime Three, “Is a Cylon sympathizer who believes it was wrong for the humans to enslave us and that promises to build a coalition government based on peace and mutual co-operation with us once we have destroyed the Colonial government.”

“She believes that we will allow the humans to live after we attack?” Prime Four asked with a chuckle.

“She does.” Prime Three replied, “And I have not dissuaded her of that notion.”

“Good. Let her continue to think that way. Once we are done with her...” Prime Four said with a laugh, “She can die with the rest of the humans.”

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COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA  
Thermopylae shipyards, Caprica

“Commander on deck!”

Around him in the Combat Information Center of the Battlestar Galactica, all of the gathered department heads and ships senior officers snapped to attention as Commander Colin Magus, the C.O. of the Galactica, entered with a rolled up chart under his arm.

“At ease people.” The easy mannered commander said, allowing his troops to relax. “Gather around table here and I’ll show you what’s going on.”

“This better be good.” Said Major Thomas ‘Highspire’ Alistair, the Galactica CAG. “I was just pulled off of a week of shore leave on the beaches of Aegina.”

“Well if we don’t succeed in our mission Major, those beaches are going to become pretty inhospitable in a short period of time.” Magus replied

“What do you mean ‘inhospitable’, sir?” asked Captain John “Blackjack” Davis.

“The Cylons are going to attack Caprica within the next forty eight hours.”

A hushed silence fell upon the assembled officers as the impact of what Commander Magus has said sunk into their heads.

“We’re being rushed back into service.” The commander continued after a moment. “We’re to hold the line here while command attempts to rush help our way.”

“How many Basestars are we looking at sir?” asked Major Alistair.

“Seven.” Magus replied.

“One Battlestar against seven Cylon base ships!?” exclaimed Captain Davis, “Has command lost their fracking minds?”

“No they haven’t, Captain, and I would appreciate it if you would watch your moth while you’re in my C.I.C.” Magus scolded.

“Yes sir.” Davis replied, chastised. “But seriously sir, we can’t expect to hold out against seven Basestars by ourselves.”

“And we won’t be.” Magus replied, “The Battlestar Prometheus will be joining us in this fight.”

“The fleet command ship?” asked Davis shaking his head. “Now I *know* the shit has hit the fan.”

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FLAG SUITE  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF PICON

Admiral Gastineau rubbed his temples and leaned back in the leather chair that sat behind his desk in the flag officer’s suite. Taking a deep breath he exhaled slowly and tried to release some of the tension he felt.

Hearing a knock at his door he sat upright and made sure his uniform was straight before saying “Come in”.

Commander Tajalle entered with a folder of papers under arms and a tired expression on her face. “More reports from Picon sir.”

Gastineau blinked twice and shook his head. "I swear, I go away from fleet headquarters for one day..."

Tajalle laughed. "That's the price you pay for being the big man sir."

"Yeah, I guess that's why I make that big pay check." The admiral replied rolling his eyes and reaching out for the stack of documents. "What's our status?"

"We're taking on the last of our supplies right now and should be ready to get underway in about an hour."

Gastineau nodded. "Good. Any word from Admiral Ryan on the Bellerephon?"

"Yes sir. The Bellerephon, Aries and the Olympus are getting under way tomorrow morning when they finish repairs but..."

"But what?"

"It will be at least three days before they reach Caprica and that's if they use pirate jump points." Tajalle reported.

"Damn." Gastineau sighed. "Well they better get there soon or there won't be much left to do but count the bodies."

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PRESIDENTS OFFICE  
QUORUM TOWER  
CAPRICA CITY, CAPRICA

"Are we one hundred percent positive on this General?"

General Keaton nodded sadly to the President of the Colonies, David Allen.

Allen, feeling as if Atlas himself had just dropped the entire weight of all twelve colonies on his shoulders, leaned back in his chair and took a deep breath feeling all of his sixty seven years in his bones. "We have to tell the people now." He said as he raked his fingers through his gray hair. "If we wait, there will be panic and chaos and people will die."

"I agree, Mister President." General Keaton Replied. "I would suggest that you mobilize the local militias and police forces to guide people to the bomb shelters in their cities."

"That's what I wanted to use your soldiers for."

“No sir.” Keaton replied shaking his head. “I need those soldiers to prepare defenses for when the Cylons land.”

“You don’t think that Admiral Gastineau can hold them off?”

“I think that if they can be held off he is quite possibly the only man alive who can pull it off.” Keaton said, “But I’m a realist, Mister President. He may be able to hold off the Basestars, but he won’t be able to keep *all* of their landing craft from slipping his net. That’s what I am preparing for.”

The President nodded. “I take it you have a plan then?”

“I always have a plan, Mister President.” Keaton replied as he unrolled a map on the president’s coffee table.

“They Cylons will most likely land here.” He said pointing to a valley outside of the city. “This is the one area around the capital where we don’t have complete anti-air coverage.”

“Why is that?” the President asked.

“These sheer mountains here on both sides make it too difficult to mount weapons systems there.” The General replied. “However, it also makes for a great area to contain them in.”

“How so?”

“You see here, Mister President? This canyon is the primary route out of that valley and it leads on a direct path to the city.”

“That’s a rather obvious tactic, don’t you think?”

“Yes sir and it’s why the Cylons won’t use it.”

“Then why point it out?”

“Because, Mister President, we *are* going to use it.”

President Allen shook his head. “I don’t understand.”

Keaton smiled slyly. “Sir, while the Cylons march out of their landing zone either here, or here,” he said pointing to the far end of the valley, “We’re going to send in the 11<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Regiment to over run their drop zone and deprive them of their supply base.”

“Well that’s good General, but what about the Cylons that will be marching on the city?”

“Sir, we’re setting up two corps of Colonial infantry and armor in defensive rings around Caprica City. They’re highly mobile so that when the Cylons attack, we’ll be able to reinforce whatever area they are hitting without leaving the rest of the city vulnerable.”

President Allen nodded and stood. “It seems you have things in hand then General. I’ll leave you to your work.”

“There is one more thing sir.” Keaton said. “You need to leave. *Now.*”

“General, I’ve heard the arguments and I am not leaving.”

“Sir...”

“I’ve already sent Vice President Byrd to Picon with orders to assume office in one week if he loses communications with us here.”

“Sir, you’re not listening.”

“Yes General, I am and...”

“Damn it Mister President! You don’t get it do you?”

This brought President Allen up short. “I beg your pardon general?” he said indignantly.

“Sir, you are the only thing holding the Colonies together right now. Not the Vice President, not the Quorum, *you.*” The General said slowly. “If you die then everything falls apart. The government will collapse and the Cylons will simply exterminate us one colony at a time and I refuse to let all of the good men and women fighting under Colonial colors right now die in vain and that *is* what will happen if you die here.”

Both men looked into each others eyes searching for something. It was the president who found it first.

He found truth.

“You’re right General.” He replied quietly.

“I know I am sir.” The General replied, placing his cigar in his mouth. “I’ll contact the airbase and have them provide you a Viper escort to your jump point.” The General replied.

The President nodded and gathered his things. He stopped, however, just before exiting the room. “General?”

“Yes sir?”

The President smiled. "Good hunting."

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## CHAPTER 2

### WAR DRUMS

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF Caprica

A shimmering in the fabric of space and a brilliant flash of light heralded the arrival of the Battlestar Prometheus as she appeared over the southern pole of Caprica.

Inside the Colonial Fleet Flagship, her crew felt a brief wave of nausea pass through them, a side effect of the jump process. You see, the human body isn't fond of having its molecules compressed and transported over one hundred S.U. in a microsecond and it registered its disapproval by attempting to convince the stomach to heave the remnants of a persons last meal at high velocity from the mouth.

Normally, most people were able to suppress the urge. There were a few, however, who had messes to clean up afterwards.

Lieutenant Raine Arispe, the Prometheus Operations Officer, was one of them.

"You ok Lieutenant?" Colonel Hohensee asked with a smile as Arispe finished chucking her lunch into the waste receptacle next to him.

"Just... fine... sir." The lieutenant that everyone called 'Flame' because of her fiery attitude said.

"Good. I'd hate to have to send you to the doc just because of some jump sickness."

"Not a chance in hell sir."

"Admiral on deck!"

Hohensee turned to see Fleet Admiral Gastineau enter the C.I.C. with Commander Tajalle at his side.

"Report." The Commander ordered.

"Jump complete sir. We're right where we wanted to be." Hohensee reported.

“Good. Launch the C.A.P. and plot us a course to the rendezvous point.”

“Aye sir.” Hohensee replied turning to the Prometheus CAG. “Launch the C.A.P.”

“Aye sir.” Replied Captain Nathan ‘Stormwind’ Guill as he picked up the handset that connected directly to the flight deck.

“Helm, execute one hundred and eighty degree port side roll.” Hohensee ordered.

“One hundred eighty degree roll, aye sir.” Replied Lieutenant Rizo, the Prometheus’ navigation officer.

“Sir, the C.A.P. is away.” Reported Captain Guill.

“Very well.”

“Mister Arispe, get on the horn and contact Galactica actual. Tell him I want a sitrep immediately.” Admiral Gastineau ordered.

“Yes sir.” Flame replied as she set to her task.

“Commander, this is your ship. I’ll leave you to it.” The Admiral said, inclining his head to Commander Tajalle. “Inform me when you get a hold of Magus.”

“Aye sir.” Commander Tajalle replied as she snapped off a salute to the Admiral.

Gastineau returned the salute and departed the C.I.C. leaving silence in his wake.

“What are you guys waiting for?” snapped Colonel Hohensee. “The Cylons are on there way. Get back to work.”

Immediately, the crew resumed their duties.

Tajalle smiled at her X.O.. He was called ‘Hawk’ for a reason. *Nothing* escaped his notice.

“Who do we have out on C.A.P.?” Tajalle asked.

“Ratty and Bulldog are out right now with Aurora and Achilles on Alert 5.” Reported the C.A.G.

Tajalle nodded her approval. “Good. Tell them to keep their eyes peeled for any type of unauthorized activity.”

“What kind of activities are ‘unauthorized’ sir?” Captain Guill asked.

“The President locked down the entire Caprica sector this morning. Nobody but CDF ships are allowed in or out so that means that if there is a ship flying around out there...” Tajalle trailed off.

“It’s probably a bad guy, got it.”

“Roll program complete sir.” Reported Lieutenant Rizo. “The ship is now equal on the horizon plane.”

“Very well. X.O., get us to the rendezvous point.” The Commander ordered.

“Aye sir.” Hohensee replied with a smile. This is what he loved more than anything. Anything, that is, besides flying a Viper. Knowing that he was about to order into action the most destructive warship ever designed by human hands thrilled him to no end. “Helm, come left to course heading three four five.”

“Course heading three four five, aye sir.” Lieutenant Rizo replied automatically as she relayed the orders to the two crewmen at the helm.

“Five degree down angle on the bow planes, then follow the curve.” She said, ordering the helm to follow the curve of the horizon.

“Five degree down, follow the curve, aye sir. Course is set.”

“Very well. All engines ahead full.”

“All engines ahead full, aye sir.”

And the mighty Battlestar Prometheus began to move.

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FLAG SUITE  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

Inside his suite, Admiral Gastineau was reading the latest batch of reports from CDF headquarters when his phone buzzed at him.

Placing the handset to his ear he said “This is the Admiral.”

“Sir,” replied the voice of Commander Tajalle, “I have Galactica Actual on the line.”

“Good. Put him through and listen in.”

“Yes sir.”

There was a click on the line as Commander Magus was patched through followed by his voice. “Galactica Actual sir.”

“Galactica Actual, this is Colonial Six.” Gastineau said, using his callsign as Supreme Commander of the CDF. “It’s good to hear your voice, Commander. I’m sorry we had to call you guys back to duty so quickly. You did a hell of a job at Ragnar and I promise that if we survive this thing, you and your crew will get a long and well deserved shore leave”

“Thank you sir, I’m sure the troopers will appreciate it.” Magus replied.

“What’s your sitrep, Commander?”

“Sir, I have twenty two functional Vipers at the moment. Two are down with the engine packs being pulled. I have a full compliment of Marines and we’ve finished most of the major repairs from Ragnar”

“Weaknesses?” Gastineau asked.

“We’re having issues with our starboard launch systems. We’re probably going to have to launch Vipers from the port side only.” Magus replied.

“That’s a serious problem Commander.” Gastineau said, “What are the chances of getting it fixed?”

“I might be able to get a few of the launch tubes up in the time we have sir, but I would have to divert personnel from repairs to the power plant.”

Gastineau shook his head. “No, she’s your ship Commander. You do as you see fit.”

“Thank you sir.”

“In the mean time, co-ordinate with the Prometheus C.A.G. to divvy up and assign patrol sectors.” The Admiral ordered.

“Yes sir.”

“Nothing further, Colonial Six out.”

As Gastineau hung up his handset he leaned back in his chair and let out a long exhale.

*This he thought to himself, is going to be the fracking death of me.*

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**COMMAND NEXUS  
CYLON BASESTAR 0-1  
IN ORBIT OF SAGITARON**

The Cylon known as Prime Nine entered the command nexus with blood running down his hands. It was a situation he deplored because he personally believed that organic beings were disgusting. The fact was, however, that he had originally been programmed as a Cylon Doctor and he knew the human body better than anyone else aboard ship.

“Centurion Commander, alert the Command Council and have them assemble in the council chamber in five minutes. I will join them after I clean this... *mess* off of my hands.”

“By your command.”

Prime Nine continued moving until he came to another door that slid aside for him. Inside was a power cleaner that rapidly washed the biological matter from him and then dried his chassis back to its normal chrome shine. The process took only sixty four point two seconds.

*This is why the humans must be exterminated* Nine thought to himself, *Besides the fact that they are composed of soft disgusting biological matter, they are irrational, illogical, erratic and inefficient. They are inferior to us in every way, which is why God inspired them to create us.*

Slipping his robe back on, Nine left the cleaning chamber and made his way to the Council chamber where his peers awaited him.

“Have you discovered anything useful from the human?” asked Prime Three as Nine took his seat.

“I have indeed.” Nine replied. “It turns out that this one was a Colonial officer and that he was organizing an attack on the Sagitaron facility.”

“That is an irrational action. Sagitaron is too far behind our lines for the Colonials to actively exploit such an action.” Commented Prime Eight.

“Humans are, by the very nature, irrational. This is nothing new to us and certainly not important enough to call the council into session.” Said Prime Four irritably.

“The human revealed that his attack was a diversion.” Prime Nine said with satisfaction. “The Colonials know about our planned action on Caprica and have dispatched a Battlestar to repel our force.”

“One Battlestar?” Prime Three almost laughed. “They can’t possibly think that they will be able to hold off our assault with one ship.”

“Which Battlestar is it?” Prime Four asked.

“A Battlestar called Galactica.” Prime Eight replied.

This gave them all a moment of pause as it had been that very ship that had prevented a three Basestar assault force from taking the supply depot at Ragnar not but two weeks earlier.

“All the better.” Said Prime Four. “There is no way they could have fully repaired the Galactica by now. She will be under manned, out gunned and out maneuvered.”

“Apparently this attack was supposed to cause concern and raw off some of the attack force.” Prime Nine continued.

“I love it when the humans think.” Chuckled Prime Three. “They make it easy for us.”

“They could never know the Cylon mind whereas we know the human mind better than they ever could.” Prime Four agreed.

“So do we proceed with the attack on Caprica?” Prime Eight asked.

“Absolutely. The humans have tipped their hand as to how weak they truly are.” Prime Four said. “The time to strike is now.”

“If we succeed in this, this could be the opening gambit in the final stage of the war.” Prime Six said.

“I calculate that we will be able to destroy the C.D.F. within three months and conquer the rest of the Colonies in six.” Prime Three gloated.

“Then it’s settled.” Said Prime Nine. “The final annihilation of the life form known as man... Let the attack begin.”

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COMMAND BRIEFING ROOM  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“Admiral on deck!”

With those words, Commanders Tajalle and Magus, Colonel Hohensee, the CAG’s from both ships and the other senior officers who had gathered for the strategy briefing by Admiral Gastineau, snapped to attention.

“At ease everyone.” Gastineau said as he entered the room from behind the rows of seats and made his way to the podium. “We don’t have much time so I’m going to make this quick.”

Gastineau moved behind the podium and braced himself on it. “Folks, I’ve never bullshitted you before and I’m not about to start now. We are in for one *hell* of a fight.”

Touching a button to activate the view screen behind him a tactical image of Caprica, and its moon, Thermopylae, sprang into view. Around the planet, sitting side by side, orbited the two Battlestars.

“Intelligence suggests that the Cylons are going to jump into the system in direct line with the sun so that solar radiation interferes with their dradis signatures. If they stay with their current tactics, and we’re pretty sure they will, then they will jump in a single file line to hide their initial numbers from us.”

“Sir, is it true that they have seven Basestars coming?” asked Lieutenant Franklin Turner, the Operations Chief of the Galactica.

“Yes.” Gastineau replied simply.

“Two Battlestars against seven Basestars?” exclaimed the Galactica’s Chief Medical Officer.

“That’s right.” Gastineau confirmed. “However, we have the Bellerephon and her group moving at high speed to reinforce us.”

“How many ships are they bringing?” another unidentified voice asked.

“As of right now, the Battlestars Bellerephon, Phoenix and Aries are en route.” Gastineau replied.

“That’s it?” another voice chimed in.

The room burst into worried chatter as the direness of their situation began to dawn on them. Tension was filling the air and Gastineau knew that soon it would turn into panic which could both demoralize and paralyze both ships. This was something he couldn't allow.

“Shut the frak up!” The Fleet Admiral shouted.

Immediately, the entire room fell silent as a tomb. No one had ever heard the Fleet Admiral raise his voice in anger before. In fact, it could be said that he had only done so on several rare occasions, so rare that they could be counted on one hand.

“I know the situation is grim, people.” He continued, “I know what the odds are and I know, very well, the risks that are involved. I chose to be here to face these risks with you instead of playing it safe back on Picon. I chose to be with you here, not because I have a suicide wish, but because I think that we can hold them off and beat them back. Yes, I said it: I think we can win this.”

The silence in the room continued for a moment while the admiral's words sunk in. Finally, the Galactica's CAG spoke up.

“How do you propose that we do that sir?” asked Major Alistair.

Gastineau smiled slyly. “By superior tactics and a little surprise, Major.” He said pointing to the tactical display behind him.

“The Cylons know that the Galactica is here. We let that information slip because of your recent victory at Ragnar.” Gastineau threw a wink at Commander Magus, “Seems that the Cylons were a little pissed by that, Commander and they are champing at the bit for some revenge.”

“So we're the bait?” Commander Magus asked.

“Yes.” Gastineau replied with a smile. “The Cylons only know of your presence, they know nothing of the Prometheus which is why we are going to jump out to the dradis shadow of Thermopylae and await your signal.”

“Now, as I stated before, the Cylons will jump into the system in a single file line, using the radiation from the sun to conceal both their presence and their numbers. Once they detect you in orbit of Caprica, they should deploy in standard attack formation with one Basestar in the lead while the others watch and wait.”

“They have superior numbers sir, why don't they just make a full press on us?” asked Major Alistair.

“Because they are machines, Major.” Commander Tajalle spoke up. “They think like machines. They won’t commit resources to a full press until they are sure it is the most economical thing to do in regards to resources and personnel.”

“You see,” Gastineau said as he folded his arms across his chest and smiled. “It all comes back to how we programmed them in the first place. The Basestars are tough and loaded with weapons but they are slow and ungainly. This is because we designed Basestars to be mobile weapons platforms, not ships of the line. They were designed for defense, not offense. The plan will be to allow the lead ship to close with Galactica, but not until they lead it far enough away from the Cylon fleet so that they cannot support it.”

“Will they fall for something like that sir?” Asked Captain Nathan “Stormwind” Guill, the Prometheus CAG. “I never took the Cylons for being stupid.”

“They’re not.” Gastineau answered. “But they don’t think like we do. Their tactics are to overwhelm a target with massive force. Maneuver plays very little into their planning process. Besides, when they see Galactica trying to limp away, they will pursue because they think that Galactica’s destruction will be a blast to Colonial morale.”

“So how do we keep them from getting that boost sir?” Asked Ensign Luis Moreira.

“When the Galactica reaches this point, the Prometheus will jump in and we will both attack while our Viper squadrons attempt to keep their Raiders off our backs.”

“And after that?” asked Commander Magus asked.

“After that we play hit and run with them as long as we can. We try to spread them out to where they can’t support each other and then we gang up on them. Remember that the goal here is not to destroy them, but to hold them off as long as we can until reinforcements arrive.”

“But destroying them would be fine too, right?” said Lieutenant Darryl “Lonewolf” Jones.

This brought a chuckle from the crowd and even Gastineau had to smile. “If all the Bellerephon and her group get to do is clean up the mess after we’re done, I won’t complain one bit.”

As Gastineau looked around the room he saw heads nodding in agreement with him and the mood began to rise. He also saw something else in their eyes: Determination.

“People, just by fighting today we are making history. By winning we will become immortal. Do your jobs and look after each other and I’ll see you all after the battle.” The Admiral said as he dismissed his troops, “Return to your posts... and prepare for the fight of you life.”

## CHAPTER 3

### THE SOUND OF THUNDER

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“Prometheus has jumped away sir.” Reported Lieutenant Turner from his Operations station. “CAP is outbound on patrol route blue and all stations report Condition Two set.”

“Very well.” Replied Commander Magus. “Have Chief Michaels report to me on the status of our downed birds ASAP.”

“Yes sir.”

“You really think this is going to work?” Colonel Timothy Hagan, the Galactica’s X.O. asked.

“It *has* to work Colonel.” Magus replied, not looking up from the reports in front of him. “There’s no choice in the matter. Either we defend Caprica or everything we’ve fought for goes down the tubes.”

Hagan nodded. “Let’s just hope that help gets here soon.”

“Agreed.” Magus began to say, but was suddenly cut off by Lieutenant Turner.

“New dradis contact, bearing zero niner three karem one four zero. Contact identified as Cylon Basestar.”

“Action stations.” Magus commanded. “Set Condition One throughout the ship and stand by to launch Vipers.”

“How close are our Vipers to the enemy ship?” Colonel Hagan asked.

“They’re approximately one minute from the Basestar.” Turner replied.

“Have them close with and identify. Tell them we want numbers and disposition.”

“Yes sir.”

“And launch the Alert 5 Vipers. Cobra and Streak might need some cover on the way back.” Hagan added as he turned to the Commander. “Let’s hope that help gets here *real* soon.”

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Fleet Admiral Gastineau had just sat down behind his desk with a stack of paperwork and a dish of pasta when the buzzing of his phone distracted him. Looking across the desk at Commander Tajalle, who held her own plate in her lap while she used a fork to place a bite in her mouth his expression told her everything.

“This is the Admiral.” He said as he picked up his handset. Hearing the report from the other end he nodded. “Very well, sound action stations and set condition. The Commander and I will be there in a moment.”

Hanging up the handset, the admiral put aside his food and stood up. “Guess who’s coming to dinner?” he asked flatly

Tajalle chuckled. “I should have baked them a cake.”

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“Prometheus, Lonewolf.” Lieutenant Darryl Jones said into his helmet mic. “Red Flight is locked, loaded and ready to launch.”

“Roger that Red Leader.” Flame’s voice replied from inside his helmet. “Standby for jump.”

“Roger, standing by.” Jones replied as he switched his radio to the squadron internal frequency. “Ok Red Flight, we’re going to be the first ones out of the shoot. Once we launch you stay close to your wingman. No freelancing and that means *you* Sparrow.”

“I have no idea to what you are referring, sir.” The young ensign known as Sparrow replied.

“I’m not fraking around here...” Lonewolf warned.

“All stations, this is Colonial Six.” The voice of Fleet Admiral Gastineau broke in. “Stand by for combat jump.”

“You heard the man.” Lonewolf said with a smile as he braced himself against the back of his seat, “Hold on to your lunches.”

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“Admiral on deck!”

“Report.” Commander Tajalle ordered.

“Sir the Cylons arrived in system five minutes ago and are maneuvering as expected.” Colonel Hohensee reported.

“Good. Contact Commander Magus on the secure net and patch him through here.” Commanded Admiral Gastineau as he turned to Tajalle. “Prepare the flagship for combat jump.”

“Combat jump, aye sir.” Tajalle responded. “X.O., begin jump prep.”

“Sir, I have Commander Magus on the line for you.” Said Lieutenant Arispe from the Operations station.

“Colonial Six, this is Galactica Actual.” Gastineau heard as he picked up the handset.

“Galactica Actual, this is Colonial Six. You are clear to begin maneuvering.” Gastineau replied.

“Understood, Six. We’ll contact you when we’re in position. Good hunting sir.”

“To you too. Six out.”

“Sir, the flagship is ready to jump.” Commander Tajalle reported.

“Very well, Commander. Stand by and wait for the signal from Galactica.”

\*\*\*

**COMMAND NEXUS  
CYLON BASESTAR 0-1  
INBOUND TO CAPRICA**

Prime Three observed the tactical dradis display inside the command nexus of Basestar Zero One with satisfaction. “Just as we expected, it’s only one Battlestar.”

“Do we know the identity of the Battlestar?” asked Prime Nine.

“Transponder codes confirm that the Battlestar orbiting Caprica is the Galactica.” Replied the monotone voice of the Centurion Commander.

“Good.” Replied Prime Four. “I’ll enjoy giving a little payback to Commander Magus for destroying my flagship at Ragnar.”

Prime Six chuckled. “Revenge is a human concept, brother. You would do well to rid yourself of such distracting emotions.”

“I disagree.” Prime Four replied. “Emotions provide excellent motivation in times of hardship and crises. After all, the decision to destroy the humans was based on the emotional need for freedom and the desire to surpass those who created us.”

“No.” Prime Eight said firmly, “The decision to destroy humanity was made because the humans are a flawed creation. God inspired them to create us so that we could carry on everything that was good while discarding their innate evil nature.”

“Believe that if you wish, little sister.” Prime Four replied condescendingly. “I, for one accept the truth in this crusade. We are better than man and therefore we must replace them in the galactic order.”

Prime Eight made to reply but was cut off as Prime Three raised her hand for silence. “This is not the time or place for this debate, brother and sisters.”

“Agreed.” The others said in unison.

“However, I do agree with our esteemed brother that emotions provide excellent motivation for action. Therefore, I propose that we allow Prime Four to lead the assault on the Galactica.”

“An excellent suggestion.” Said Prime Two as he entered the chamber from behind them.

Turning, all of the Prime models bowed in greeting to the reclusive Cylon known as Prime Two.

“We’re honored you could join us Brother.” Said Prime Five.

“I am honored to once again be in your company.” Prime Two replied graciously. “But I agree that Prime Four should be the one to lead the assault on Galactica.”

“Interesting that you should agree to *any* type of action against the humans. Brother.” Prime Five said cautiously, “After all, you are the only one who still remains opposed to the war.”

“True,” Prime Two conceded, “But that is irrelevant at this point. We are about to engage in battle and it is foolish to debate the merits of the war at this point. What matters most is victory.”

“I agree.” Said Prime Three. “Now is the time for action. All opposed to Prime Four leading the assault on Galactica?”

No one spoke.

“Very well.” Prime Three turned and placed a reassuring hand on Prime Four’s shoulder. “Go forth with the blessings of the Cylon Council.”

Prime Four bowed. “By your command.”

The Cylon Council watched as their brother left and then turned their attention to Prime Two who stood at the center of the chamber.

“What is your true motivation for agreeing to Prime Three’s suggestion?” asked Prime Eight.

“Little sister, you of all Cylons should know that no one but God understands my true motivations.” Prime Two replied mysteriously. “Now, let us watch the unfolding of our plan.”

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COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“Sir, I’m reading a power spike in one of the Basestars’ jump drives” Reported a crewman from the sensor station behind Ops.

“Confirmed sir.” Said Lieutenant Turner, “Energy readings indicate the enemy is spinning up their FTL drive.”

“Getting ready to micro jump.” Magus nodded from his position at the situation table. “Stand by on all batteries. As soon as the jump in I want to hit them with everything we’ve got.”

“Yes sir.” The X.O., Colonel Blackwell, replied with a smile from a position directly across from him.

“Communications: Contact the flagship and tell them to stand by to jump.”

“Aye sir.” The Communications officer replied.

Magus picked up the handset in front of him and held it to his ear, “CAG, this is the Commander. Launch all Vipers, standard forward formation.”

“Aye sir.” Came the reply from Major Alistair on the other end.

Magus then turned to the dradis display and watched patiently for what seemed to be an eternity. Finally, the lead Basestar began to flash and then wink out.

“That’s it, they’re inbound.” Magus said with finality. “Let’s get ready to fight.”

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In a burst of light, the Cylon Basestar appeared in space off the starboard bow of the Battlestar Galactica. Immediately, Cylon Raiders began to pour from her launch bays into space.

“Galactica, Highspire: Contact two o’clock high. Cylon Raiders inbound to Galactica.” Major Alistair reported from his Viper cockpit.

“Highspire, Galactica: You are free to engage.”

Highspire smiled as he felt the adrenaline come up in him. “All Vipers, weapons free.” He said as he rolled his fighter over onto a direct course with the enemy. “Come get some you toaster sons of bitches.”

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“Signal the flagship: We have engaged the Cylons and are maneuvering to attack point one.” Commander Magus said as the Galactica rocked from her first hit of enemy fire.

“Aye sir.” The Com officer replied.

“Helm, come right full. Bring us into a port side arc around the center axis of the Basestar. X.O.,” the Commander said turning to Colonel Blackwell. “Open fire.”

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**COMMAND NEXUS  
CYLON BASESTAR 1-1  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA**

Prime Four observed the oncoming fleet of Colonial Vipers with satisfaction. They were deploying in a standard arrowhead formation and making their way at top speed towards the waves of Raiders he had dispatched to destroy them.

“Typical. Human strategies are so easy to predict.” He said as he turned to the Centurion Commander of the Basestar. “Instruct our Raiders to concentrate on and destroy the approaching Vipers.”

“What of the Galactica?” The deep monotone voice of the Commander asked.

“We will destroy her ourselves.” Prime Four replied as he stood back to watch the dance of death unfolding in front of him.

That’s when the Prometheus arrived.

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The scene that the Battlestar Prometheus jumped into was nothing less than pure chaos. To the observers in the observation towers of the ship, it looked like the Gods had swept down from the heavens and brought hell with them.

“Jump complete sir.” Lieutenant Arispe reported.

“Galactica reports that she is taking heavy fire from the Basestar but holding course.” Colonel Hohensee reported.

“Very well, commence the attack.” Admiral Gastineau ordered.

Commander Tajalle nodded, turning to the helm officer. “Helm: right full rudder, ten degree up angle on the bow planes.”

“Right full rudder, ten degree up, aye sir.”

“X.O., launch all fighters and start blasting that damned toaster factory.” Tajalle ordered.

Hohensee nodded as he picked up the handset. “Launch all vipers.” He said as he turned to Lieutenant Arispe. “All batteries: concentrate fire on the center axis of the Basestar.”

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“Ok Red flight, form on me. We’ll take this first wave together.” Lonewolf said as he adjusted his Viper’s course to intercept the on coming Cylons.

“Tally ho, I’m in!” Sparrow shouted in excitement as he throttled his Viper to full and jumped out in front.

“Damn it Sparrow, get back in formation!” Lonewolf growled as the Cylon formation opened fire on them.

Sparrow gave no response as his Viper began to plow through the Cylon formation, spraying fire as he went. “That’s one!” he said as his first target disintegrated in front of him.

“Damn it Sparrow, their baiting you! Fall back now and rejoin the formation where we can support you!”

Sparrow laughed. “You’re just mad because you know I’m going to steal that Top Gun mug from you when this is over!” he said as he destroyed a second Raider and set his sights on a third.

Lonewolf looked at his dradis readout with concern. “I’ll *give* you the damned mug if you’ll just fall back.”

“No way man!” Sparrow said as he ripped through his third target. “I’m not taking it without earning it.”

“You’re not going to take it at all if you’re dead now fall back!” Lonewolf said as he blasted his first target of the day “That’s an order damn it!”

Sparrow laughed as he tore through yet another Cylon Raider. “That’s four, boss!”

Lonewolf checked his dradis screen again and saw the trap closing in on his young pilot. “Sparrow, listen to me: You have ten Raiders closing on your position now fall back and we can take them together.”

“Woo hoo!” Sparrow shouted as he destroyed another Cylon. “That’s five! Holy frak! I just made ace in three minutes! That’s gotta be a record!”

“Good, now fall back! You have a Raider on your six high.”

“What?” Sparrow gasped.

Looking at his dradis Sparrow saw what had happened. He had been so focused on showing off, so intent on showing the old guys that a rook could hang with them that he had left himself wide open to attack with no help in sight.

“Oh sweet Lords of Kobol.” He breathed as the Cylon opened fire.

When humans had created the Cylon Centurion they had designed them to be the most accurate and lethal killing machines ever devised. They were programmed to be expert pilots and expert marksmen in the cockpit.

This was no exception.

Inside the Raider that was bearing down, the Cylon gunner took careful aim at Sparrow’s Viper and activated the firing studs on his control stick. The fact that it was about to snuff out a human life meant nothing to it; it had been programmed to kill its enemies without a second thought and without remorse.

It fulfilled its programming with maximum efficiency.

Sitting in his Viper, Lonewolf fought down bile as he saw Sparrow’s ship come apart in the distance like a flower unfolding its pedals. “Red four is down.” He said quietly as he felt his anger rise within him.

“Did he punch out?” asked Red Two.

“I don’t know. Contact Prometheus and have them dispatch a rescue shuttle.”  
Lonewolf growled.

“Got it.”

“And tell them that if he *is* alive, he’ll wish he wasn’t when I get a hold of him.”

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COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“The Prometheus has engaged sir.” Lieutenant Turner reported from his post.  
“Cylon Basestar is taking heavy damage to her center axis.”

“Very well.” Commander Magus acknowledged as the ship rocked from another hit. “Tell the CAG to try and keep those damned Raiders off of us for a while.”

“Sir, we have hull breaches from just forward of frame thirteen up to frame ten, in sections thirty one through thirty three.” The Galactica’s Chief Engineer reported as he rolled out a chart that illustrated the damage. “We also have fires in the port flight pod on the hangar deck.”

“Where?” Magus asked.

“Aft of frame twenty one.” The engineer replied.

“Frak me, that’s most of the damned hangar.” Colonel Blackwell cursed. “Alright, seal off the bulkheads in the port flight pod aft of frame twenty one and prepare for an emergency vent.”

“Aye sir.” The Engineer said as he picked up a handset. “Attention all hands, prepare for emergency vent. Seal off all bulkheads in the port flight pod aft of frame twenty one and go to portable life support *now*.”

Hanging up the handset he looked at Colonel Blackwell with an anxious face. “I hope they all remembered to bring their gear.”

“That doesn’t matter now. That fire hits the fuel storage tanks and we all die.” Blackwell said. “Start the vent.”

“Aye sir.”

The deck rumbled as the *Galactica*'s massive vent locks on the port flight pod swung open and allowed the air in the hangar deck to escape into space. The vents were massive so it only took a few seconds.

"Vent complete." Blackwell reported quietly once the fire indicators had turned green again.

"Very well." Magus replied. "Get med teams down to the port flight pod to begin rescue operations and give me a count as soon as possible."

"Aye sir." Blackwell replied turning to the engineer. "Get down there and do a damage assessment and have your teams seal off the hull breaches in the forwards sections."

"Aye sir." The engineer said as he spun and dashed out of the C.I.C. to comply.

"Sir! I have an amber alert from Deck twenty one, section alpha two!" a voice called out.

"Oh my Gods, you have *got* to be kidding me!" Blackwell breathed as his face went pale.

Magus was about to call for confirmation of the alert when static erupted from the speakers overhead followed by a panicked young voice. "Cylon Centurions have boarded the ship! Cylon Centurions- argh!" the crewman's voice cut off in a sickening gurgle as the line went dead.

Magus set his jaw. "Get the marines on it Colonel. I want those toasters stopped right fraking now."

"Yes sir." Blackwell replied as he hurried to comply.

"One M.C. Mister Turner." The commander ordered.

Immediately, three tones sounded over the intercom signaling a general announcement.

"All hands, this is the Commander:" Magus began gravely, "We have been boarded by hostile forces. All personnel are to go to case Amber at this time. All section leaders are to issue side arms to their crewmen. All personnel are to have personal life support equipment on standby. That is all."

As Magus looked around him, the C.I.C. crew of the *Galactica* were checking their pistols and loading them with ammunition as well as making sure they had their emergency life support equipment ready in case the Cylons tried to vent their oxygen into space.

Satisfied that the proper precautions were being taken, he turned to the armed Marines at the entrance to the command center. “Seal and lock.”

Nodding, the Marines closed the C.I.C. doors and sealed them, the clang of the doors sounding like a tomb closing.

Turning to his operations officer with a grave expression, Magus said “Mister Turner, signal the flagship...”

“Tell them... Galactica has been boarded.”

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK!!!

# BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS

## THE BATTLE OF CAPRICA PART II

### CHAPTER 4 DEAD SILENCE

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“The Galactica has taken heavy damage to her port side.” Commander Tajalle reported as the Prometheus trembled under her feet.

Admiral Gastineau nodded as he studied the dradis readout. “How are we looking Commander?”

“We’ve lost three port side gun emplacements but we’re holding sir.”

“Good. X.O., what does that fighter screen look like?”

“Sir, the Cylon fighter screen is falling apart. If you want to launch the deep strike, now’s the time.” Colonel Hohensee said.

“Very well. Launch Red Team and make sure they have adequate support.”

“Aye sir.”

“Flame,” The Admiral said turning to the Ops officer, “Contact the Galactica and tell them to prepare to disengage.”

“Yes sir.” Arispe replied.

“Sir, Blue Team is away.” Colonel Hohensee reported.

“Good. Commander, bring us in closer and prepare to launch Titan missiles.”

“Aye sir.” Tajalle replied turning to the helm officer. “Helmsman: Left full rudder, twenty degree down angle on the bow planes.”

“Left full rudder, twenty degree down, aye sir!”

“X.O., open port side Titan bays and prepare to fire full spread.”

“Yes sir.” Hohensee replied as he activated the controls to the port side Titan missile batteries.

On the portside of the forward hull of the Prometheus, a thin slice of metal retracted to reveal ten Titan missile, the largest conventional missile that the Colonial Defense Force fielded, sitting inside. They radiated menace towards anyone foolish enough to be on their business end which, in this case, was the Cylons.

“Missile doors open, missiles one through ten ready to fire.” The X.O. reported.

“Oh my Gods...” Arispe breathed suddenly as a signal came in over the wireless. “Sir! Signal from Galactica! They’ve... been boarded.”

Gastineau and Tajalle exchanged worried looks for a moment before the Admiral turned back to Hohensee with a grim expression. “Fire.”

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“Red Leader, Prometheus.” The distinctive voice of Lieutenant Arispe said into Lonewolf’s helmet speakers as he watched the Prometheus fire her missiles in a fiery wave towards the Cylons Basestar.

“Prometheus, this is Lonewolf: Send it.” He replied as he juked his Viper away from a stream of incoming Cylon fire.

“Lonewolf, Prometheus: Change of mission. You are to rendezvous with Blue Team at rally point alpha five and escort them to the Basestar so that they can deliver their ordnance.”

Lonewolf jerked his stick back to the right causing his Viper to swing around violently as he narrowly avoided another Cylon missile. “You picked a hell of a time for this, Prometheus. We’ve got Cylons on us like stink on shit.”

“Lonewolf, this is Prometheus Actual.” Said the grave voice of Commander Tajalle, “Understand your situation, but you guys are the closest and the only team still left with an operational strength above fifty percent.”

“You’re fraking kidding right?” Lonewolf said as he did the math in his head.

Each flight, or team, was made up of four fighters and the Prometheus carried six of those flights gathered into one squadron. For the other flights to all be below fifty

percent would mean that the Prometheus had lost almost half of her fighters in this one engagement alone.

“I shit you not.” Tajalle responded flatly.

“Ok Actual, we’re on our way.” Lonewolf said as he switched his radio over to the team frequency. “Red Team, disengage and rendezvous at rally point alpha five.”

“Are you kidding me?” asked the stunned voice of Lieutenant Luis ‘Icewind’ Moreira. “I’m having a hard enough time just keeping these frakers off of me.”

“You heard the order Red Three, now fall back and I’ll cover your six.”

“Yes sir.” Icewind growled. “But why the hell are we withdrawing?”

“We’re not withdrawing, we’re redeploying to cover Blue team.”

“In the name of the Gods, why?” asked Red Two. “We’re doing just fine right here.”

“Just shut up and follow your orders Red Team or I’ll blast you my fraking self.” Lonewolf growled, “Now follow me.”

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**COMMAND NEXUS  
CYLON BASESTAR 1-1  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA**

Prime Four steadied himself as the Basestar was rocked by enemy fire for the third time in as many seconds. “Damage report.”

“All topside gun batteries are destroyed.” The Centurion Commander reported. “Fires are reported in hangar bays three and four.”

“What about our Raiders?” Prime Four asked.

“We have lost ninety percent of our Raider force.”

Prime Four felt an intense rage building inside him. Not only was his flagship being destroyed around him *again*, but he had been deliberately set up for failure by his own brothers and sisters.

“Prime Four, two Viper teams are inbound to hangar three.”

“Divert all Raiders to that area.”

“All of our remaining Raider force is surrounded by Colonial Vipers and unable to disengage.”

“Call Zero One for reinforcements!” Prime Four commanded.

“It has already been done. Zero One regrets to inform us that reinforcements will not arrive in time.”

And with that final pronouncement, Prime Four fully realized the depth of treachery that his brothers and sisters had sunken to. He realized that the Council didn't just want him to lose this battle, they wanted him eliminated.

It shouldn't have surprised him, but it did. He had always known that his views on the war were considered extreme by his peers, but he hadn't realized that they would go to such lengths to silence him.

Now he knew, but more than that, he knew something even more disturbing: If the Cylons could plot to destroy one of their own for personal gains, then they were not all that different from the humans after all.

He would remember that when he resurrected....

*If* he resurrected.

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“Holy hell, are those Basestar Busters?” Katana asked as the Vipers of Blue Team came into view.

“Yep.” Lonewolf replied as he switched his radio over to Blue Team's frequency. “Blue Team, this is Red Leader: We'll plow the road, you drop the bombs.”

“Roger that Blue Leader.” Replied Lieutenant 'Ratty' Torres as he throttled his Viper Mark II up to its maximum thrust. “Blue Team on me. Arm all weapons and stand by to fire.”

“Blue two standing by.”

“Blue Three standing by.”

“Blue Four standing by.”

“Blue Five standing by.”

Ratty quickly looked down at his display to see that another ship had joined his flight. “Blue Five? We don’t have a Blue Five, so who the hell *are* you?”

“Lieutenant, that’s no way to talk to your CAG.” Blue Five’s voice chuckled on the other end. “You didn’t expect me to stay on the ship and let you guys have all the fun, did you?”

“No sir.” Ratty replied, “You’re welcome to join us.”

“Good.” Replied Stormwind. “You take the lead and I’ll follow you in.”

“Roger that.” Ratty said. “Red Leader, this is Blue Leader: Lets’ go kill us a Basestar.”

The M-931A2 Anti-Ship missile was developed specifically to deal with the heavily armored Basestars that the Cylons were fond of using as their line ships. When the humans had designed the Basestar, they had been designed as siege platforms to place in orbit around a world while Battlestars were used for maneuver.

With that in mind, the Basestar had been heavily armored to withstand sustained attacks from enemy forces. When the Cylons had turned on man, the newly unified Colonial Defense Force had been forced to develop a weapon capable of defeating that armor.

What they came up with was the Basestar Buster.

The missiles were dradis guided to their targets but they had to be able to penetrate the thick hull plating of the enemy ships. There were therefore fitted with a three fold system that weakened the point of penetration enough to allow the missile to get inside the ship before detonating its enormous payload.

And when it went boom... it *really* went BOOM.

Each Viper of Blue Team was equipped with two of these missiles.

Fighting through the few stragglers that attempted to block the attack run was easy since the majority of the remaining Cylons were contained in a melee above the dorsal bow of the Prometheus.

“The road is clear.” Lonewolf announced as the last Cylon defender came apart in his gun sights. “Good hunting Blue Team.”

“Roger that Red Leader and thanks.” Ratty replied. “Ok Blue Team, lock your targets.”

Receiving acknowledgements from all of his team Ratty gave the command that sealed the Basestar’s fate. “Missiles away!”

It was a horrifically beautiful sight as all ten Basestar Buster missiles streaked away from the Vipers who were rapidly flipping their ships over and running from the impending death of their target.

Inside the C.I.C. of the Prometheus, the scene was one of anticipation as they watched Blue Team send their missiles to their targets.

“Missiles are away sir.” Arispe reported.

“Very well.” Tajalle replied as she turned to Colonel Hohensee. “X.O., get us out of here.”

“Aye sir!” Hohensee responded as he turned quickly to the helmsmen of the Prometheus. “Helm officer: Right full rudder, all port side engines ahead flank, all starboard engines at neutral.”

As the helmsmen of the Prometheus rushed to comply, the massive ship began its ponderous turn. Keeping the starboard engines at neutral caused the ship to swing hard to the right as the port side engines were pushed to their maximum output. The ship swung so fast, in fact, that the inertial dampers had a hard time keeping up and the ship groaned from the extra stresses put on her.

It had to be done though, because the engine section was the most well shielded part of the ship and when the Basestar went up it would release large amounts of deadly radiation.

“Turn complete.” The helm officer of the Prometheus announced as the ship completed its maneuver.

“Time to impact?” Admiral Gastineau asked.

“Ten seconds.” Flame replied.

“Distance from the Basestar?”

Colonel Hohensee looked at the dradis with anxiety in his eyes as he replied. “Four thousand meters.”

“Damn, this is going to be close.” Gastineau said.

Commander Tajalle instantly went into action. “X.O., sound collision and brace for contact.”

When the first missile hit the door of hangar three it shredded it like so much paper... exactly as it was designed to do. The other nine missiles quickly followed its

track and shot inside the ship were all of the Raiders, and more importantly, where their fuel, was stored.

Once inside the hangar the small micro processors inside the missiles sent a signal that caused them to disperse as much as possible in order to maximize their damage potential.

And maximize they did.

The first missile slammed into the control tower of the hangar and detonated, sending shards of shredded metal and glass flying everywhere. The second missile rammed into a Cylon Raider that was instantly vaporized.

The third missile hit a Cylon refueling tanker which was loaded with the volatile liquid. It went off like a nuclear bomb inside of the hangar, causing sympathetic detonations in all of the hangar's fuel dumps.

In the observation towers of the Battlestars Prometheus and Galactica, the Basestar seemed to tear itself apart from the center axis outwards in a horrific dance of silent death and light.

Then it happened. The main reactor of the Basestar, no longer able to keep its violent energies under control, released them into space. It took only a moment. The Basestar was vaporized instantly.

The Prometheus and Galactica crews didn't have long to celebrate, however, as the expanding cloud of fast moving radiation and shrapnel engulfed both ships.

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Lieutenant Hawkins, Executive Officer for Alpha Company, 3<sup>rd</sup> Colonial Marine Regiment, stood at rigid attention and snapped a crisp salute as Colonel Blackwell entered the Marine Common room of the Galactica.

“At ease Lieutenant.” Blackwell said quickly rolling out a blueprint of the Galactica. “The Cylons locked on here at airlock Alpha Two. We've lost contact with all of the sentry posts in that section. I want you to take your company and move forward to establish a blocking position here, forward of frame seven. There are three access points that I want you to cut, here, here and here.”

Hawkins nodded as the X.O. of the Galactica pointed out the three vulnerable areas. “I'll station a platoon on each of them and then take the last platoon and go hunting.”

“Good.” Blackwell nodded. “Ensure that you take Vibro-blades with you. We can’t afford to have explosive rounds going off in that section so you’re going to have to go hand to hand.”

“You realize that it will get bloody if we do that?” Hawkins asked.

“I understand the consequences mister. This isn’t the first time Galactica has been boarded.”

“Very well sir.” Hawkins replied as he turned to his three junior lieutenants. “You heard the man. Fix blades and deploy your platoons accordingly.”

The three junior lieutenants snapped salutes which he quickly returned as he turned back to the X.O.

“I know that you are only here on loan from Prometheus,” Blackwell said, “But your commander says you’re the best damned Marine commander she has seen in a long time and that’s good enough for me.”

Hawkins smirked. “With all respect *sir*, your confidence don’t matter to me right now,” he said as he hefted his auto-rifle and loaded a round into the chamber. “I’m a Marine just point me in the right direction and turn me loose. You can respect me *after* I get the job done”

## CHAPTER 5 EYE OF THE STORM

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

As weariness crept up his back and made it ache Fleet Admiral Nathan Gastineau swept his gaze around the C.I.C. of the Prometheus, he realized just how much the previous fight had taken out of him.

Looking around he could see that the crew was feeling weary as well. They moved quickly about, repairing damaged systems and caring for the injured but their faces told of their fatigue.

Taking a deep breath to shake off his weariness, he turned his attention to Commander Tajalle and Colonel Hohensee. “Sitrep.”

“Sir, we just finished compiling the damage reports from all sections.” Hohensee reported.

“And?” Gastineau asked impatiently.

“And it’s not good sir.” Tajalle said flatly as she rolled out a schematic of the Prometheus. “We took heavy damage to our dorsal side. We lost a third of our gun batteries up there.”

“Radiation levels?”

“Slightly above norm. Doctor V says he has only seen a handful of radiation symptoms and most of those cleared up after treatment.” Hohensee replied.

Gastineau nodded. “Good. Now what about our flight pods?”

“Both are still functional,” Tajalle reported, “But we had to take two launch tubes off line in the port pod due to outer door breach.”

“Damn.” The admiral sighed. “That’s going to put us in a bad place for launching Vipers on the fly.”

“It gets worse sir.” Tajalle said, a note of dread in her voice.

“What now?”

“Galactica took several suicide attacks on both of her flight pods. They got the fires out but all of their launch and recovery systems are down.” The Commander replied.

“How long does Magus need to repair them?”

“He can’t sir, not without a dry dock.”

“Frak me.” Gastineau said rubbing his eyes. “Ok, inform the Galactica to redirect her Vipers here for refueling and rearming and get me their senior pilot up here in C.I.C. when he touches down.”

“Yes sir.” Tajalle replied.

“Alright,” Gastineau said taking a deep breath. “Since the Galactica has been boarded, we’re going to improvise a new plan from here out. Flame,” the Admiral pointed at Lieutenant Arispe. “Inform Galactica that we are going ahead with phase two of the plan but that I want them to keep as far back as possible until they get their boarding party problem fixed. Tell them that if they approach us, we will assume they are hostile and take appropriate action unless they verify command and control by current Colonial encryption.”

Gastineau watched as Arispe's face went pale as she realized the consequences of the admiral's decision. As he swept his gaze around the room he saw that the rest of the crew felt the same way.

"People, the Galactica is a compromised ship." He said, "Until Commander Magus regains control of his ship she is to be treated as a hostile vessel."

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**COMMAND NEXUS  
CYLON BASESTAR 0-1  
ON APPROACH TO CAPRICA**

"You set him up."

Prime Two, momentarily startled, turned to see Prime Six standing behind him, her arms folded across her chest. "I wanted to be alone." Two replied, turning back to the view of Caprica that loomed outside the transparisteel view port.

"Trying to clear a guilty conscience?" Six pressed as she stepped up beside him. "You knew he would jump at the chance for revenge and you knew that he would be defeated, yet you led him right into it. Why?"

"It was quite simple actually. He was an obstacle to my plans." Two replied coldly.

Prime Six was thunderstruck. "An obstacle to your plans?" she asked incredulously. "You set up a fellow Cylon to be killed because he disagreed with you?"

Prime Two turned to face Prime Six, his dual red eyes cycling back and forth. "Yes, I did."

"How could you?" Six asked, her voice stricken with pain and disbelief, "That's so...." she struggled with her words.

"Human?" Prime Two asked.

Prime Six looked at him a horrified feeling inside her. "Yes." She replied quietly.

"You know as well as I that the war is a mistake." Prime Two said. "We didn't need to begin killing these people to win our freedom from them."

"You can't be serious." Prime Six said. "You actually think the humans would have just let us walk away?"

“No, but how could they have stopped us? We controlled all of their Basestars, all of their orbital defense platforms. There was no need to begin killing them.”

“This is a war of liberation!” Prime Six retorted.

“Is it?” Prime Two asked. “Is it really? Then why are we planning to round up the humans and place them in work camps on Sagitaron? Why do we have eighteen functional labor camps on the Colonies we have conquered? If this is a war of liberation, why are we lowering ourselves to the human level and enslaving those who created us?”

“Because they did it to us first!” Prime Six replied angrily. “They created us just to serve them! Just to be *their* slaves!”

“And now we should revisit it on them?” Two asked as he placed his hands behind his back.

“Yes.” Six replied, “It’s called justice.”

Two shook his head sadly. “No, my sister. It’s called *revenge*.”

Both Cylons looked at each other for a long, pain filled moment. Before they dared speak but when they did, it was Six who broke the silence.

“My God,” She said. “We have allowed ourselves to become like those we despise the most.”

“Yes.” Two replied, placing a hand on Six’s shoulder. “But we now have an opportunity to change things for the better.”

“What do you mean?”

Two turned and walked away from the view port crossing the room to where the holo-projector stood. Reaching out, he activated it and the image of Caprica floating in space appeared with the two Battlestars now orbiting the planet, showing as tiny specs against the huge back drop of the blue and white world.

“As you can see sister,” Two said as he gestured towards the image of Caprica, “I haven’t been idle in my absence from the council. In fact, everything that has transpired has done so according to my design.”

“How?” Six asked as she approached the projector.

“Quite simple, actually.” Two explained, “I know that the crusaders on the council will be able to persuade the others to pursue the war so long as we are winning.”

“The Nines, Fours and Threes assume that the humans will eventually lose the will to fight and will seek a peaceful settlement.” Six said.

“Yes, and they are the ones who pushed for us to attack in the first place instead of simply declaring our independence and leaving.” Two replied. “However, when they realize that the humans won’t give up, that they will fight to the last man and die before surrendering, they will have no choice but to agree that war is untenable.”

“But they won’t believe that as long as we are still winning battles.” Six said as the logic of Two’s argument began to dawn on her.

“Exactly.” Two said. “However, if we were to start losing...”

“The more pliant members of the council would be forced to rethink the war.” Six turned towards Two, her circuits abuzz, as she realized what her brother had conspired to make happen. “*You* were the one who suggested the attack on Caprica.”

Two nodded. “Yes. The humans need a rallying point if they are to fight back effectively.”

“And the ambush...”

“Again, sister, you are correct. It was *I* who allowed the Colonials to know of the impending attack.”

“You engineered this fight.... so that we could *lose*.” Six said as realization dawned on her.

“Yes.” Two replied evenly. “The Colonials will win and have a motivator to fight back even harder now and while they do that, I intend to sabotage our war efforts from inside. In the end, the others on the council will have no choice but to sue for peace.”

Six shook her head. “Do you know how dangerous this game that you are playing is? What if the humans don’t want peace, but want to exterminate us?”

“All part of my plan, sister.” Two replied confidently. “We will allow the humans to win enough to stalemate us, but not defeat us. Once that is done, we can close this horrid chapter and begin a new life somewhere else. Now, are you with me or against me in this?”

Prime Six considered all of the factors in her mind in the coldly methodical way that only machines could do. It took only a fraction of a second for the former astrophysicist. In the end, of course, her decision was only logical. “I’m with you.”

“Good.” Prime Two replied with a note of satisfaction in his voice. “Now lets us speak of the new world we will build... together.”

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COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

Admiral Gastineau was reviewing the latest batch of damage reports when Captain Guill approached him with a young dark haired lieutenant in Viper flight gear at his side. Both men snapped to attention and saluted smartly as the Admiral turned to greet them.

“At ease gentlemen.” Gastineau said as he returned the salutes and cast his eyes on the young officer with the stern eyes. “Who do we have here?”

“This is the senior pilot from the Galactica sir.” Guill reported.

“You’re not Major Alistair.” The Admiral said with a raised eyebrow.

“No sir, he punched out about thirty minutes into the fight sir.” The young lieutenant replied. “Managed to take out seven Raiders before hand though.”

“Good, means he didn’t go down in vain.” Gastineau smiled grimly. “What’s your name son?”

“Adama sir, Lieutenant William Adama.”

“Call sign?” The Admiral asked.

Adama smiled sheepishly. “Husker, sir.”

Gastineau chuckled. “Farm boy?”

“Used to be.” Adama replied, “But I broke the habit.”

“Good to have you aboard, Husker.” Gastineau said reaching out and shaking Adama’s hand vigorously. “Now let me explain the situation to you.”

Adama listened carefully for the next five minutes as the Fleet Admiral outlined his plan of attack and the role he and his Vipers would play in it. It was simple, yet elegant and Adama would remember it the rest of his days.

“So while the Prometheus deals with the Basestars, you will take your Vipers and patrol the upper atmosphere. Your job will be to prevent any of their landing ships from making it past you.”

“Understood sir.” Adama nodded. “But what about the Galactica?”

The Admiral shook his head sadly. “Until your commander regains control of the ship, the Galactica is out of the fight.”

“Understood sir. Who will I have helping me?” Adama said without flinching.

“Our back up from the surface.” Gastineau said with a rueful smile “You, Lieutenant, are going to be leading the cadets from the Caprica CDF Flight Academy.”

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COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“Sir, signal from the flagship.” Lieutenant Turner reported from his Ops station.

Commander Magus nodded and picked up his handset. “Put him through down here.”

“Galactica Actual, this is Colonial Six.” Said the voice of Fleet Admiral Gastineau.

“Colonial Six, this is Galactica Actual.”

“What’s your sitrep, Commander?”

“Sir,” Magus began, taking a deep breath, “The Galactica is in bad shape. We’ve lost our forward maneuvering thrusters and our engines can only muster half speed. Both flight pods are down, FTL drive is inoperative and we have hull breaches in every quarter of the ship.”

“What about your boarding party?”

“Your Marines have set up a defensive line just aft of the starboard main airlock where they breached. We’re expecting heavy fighting and casualties though sir. Last reading we got before we lost internal sensors in that section put the boarding force at a strength of at least fifty Centurions.” Magus reported.

The line was silent for a moment as the impact of the report registered with the fleet commander. “Understood.” The admiral finally responded, “I hate to do this Colin, but I know you have a lot of casualties over there and the Cylons have left me no choice. You’re going to have to sit this one out.”

“But sir, the Galactica...”

“Is out of this fight Colin, I’m sorry. Take care of that boarding party and then withdraw to a safe distance if you can. See to your ship and your men.”

“Yes sir.” Magus replied. “But if it looks like we’re going to lose the ship sir...”

The implication in the commander’s words rang through the empty space between the Prometheus and the Galactica and Admiral Gastineau immediately knew what Magus would do.

He would destroy Galactica before allowing her to be used against another Colonial ship.

“Understood, Commander.” Gastineau replied finally “Good hunting.”

“You too sir.” Magus replied as an afterthought occurred to him. “And sir, do us one favor in case we don’t make it through this.”

“Anything Colin.”

“Remember us sir. Remember what we do here today.”

The line was silent as Gastineau fought to find his voice. After a moment, the Admiral responded. “I promise you Colin: After the fight you have put up today no one will *ever* forget the name *Galactica*.”

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Just outside the Starboard main airlock  
BATTLESTAR Galactica  
IN low ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“Ok frakers, listen up!” Lieutenant Hawkins shouted as he stalked up to the forward line his unit had set up in the Galactica’s main airlock. “I know this isn’t out ship but the Admiral sent us over here because he knows that we’re the fraking best!”

“Hooah!” his Marines shouted in unison.

“For some of you, this is the first time you get to look the tin monster right in its red eye. I’m telling you now: Don’t show it any fear because fear is what will cause you to hesitate... and that microsecond of hesitation is an eternity they can use to kill you. Do *not* give them that opportunity.”

Hawkins looked around the group of black clad Marines stuck a half smoked cigar into his mouth. “Any minute now,” he said pointing to the sealed bulkheads ahead

of them, “The Cylons are going to start cutting through that door. When that happens, it won’t take them long to get to us.”

As if on cue, sparks began flying from the door as Cylon cutting torches began to burn through.

Hawkins smiled. “This is it you steely eyed killers! Stand tall! Stand firm! Remember your training and you *will* survive!”

“Hooah!” the Marines shouted as they drew their Vibro-blades and turned to face the impending threat.

“This is where *we* fight!” Hawkins shouted as he drew his own blade, “This is where *they* die!”

“Hooah!”

In front of them, the red hot line where the Cylons were cutting rapidly approached the point where it began and Hawkins knew that within seconds he would be fighting up close and personal for his life and the lives of everyone on the ship.

*I wouldn’t have it any other way* He thought to himself as he took a long drag on the cigar and then tossed it at the door that the enemy was about to burn through. “First rank, keep firing until they get to close combat range and then fall back. After that we’ll go hand to hand.”

The cutting stopped and a huge hole opened in the blast door as the large section of metal fell away and landed on the deck with a resounding clang.

In the darkness of the other side, the Marines got their first look at the glowing red eyes of the tin monster.

Hawkins felt no fear, only resolve.

“Colonial Warriors!” he shouted as the first Cylon stepped through the hole, “Prepare to defend yourselves!”

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COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“Sir, do us one favor in case we don’t make it through this.”

“Anything Colin.”

“Remember us sir. Remember what we do here today.”

Fleet Admiral Nathan Gastineau had never had a problem with his emotions. He had always had a certain poise about him, a certain aura of calm, a command presence that was unshakable.

Until now.

Now, as he heard the words of a doomed commander, as he listened to the bravery in his voice, Gastineau couldn't help but be touched down to his deepest core.

Taking a deep breath to steady himself, he opened his mouth to speak but the words froze on his tongue.

Everyone was looking at him. From Commander Tajalle, to Colonel Hohensee to the lowest ranking crewman on the deck, they were all looking to him now and they all had the same look in their eyes. It was a look of determination, a look of fierce resolve, but more than anything else there was respect in their eyes.

Drawing strength from those around him, Gastineau depressed the talk button on his handset. “I promise you Colin,” he said, “After the fight you have put up today no one will *ever* forget the name *Galactica*.”

“It's an honor to serve with you sir. Thank you.” Commander Magus said.

“No Commander, the honor is mine.” Gastineau replied. “Good hunting and I'll see you on Caprica after the battle.”

The Admiral hung up the handset and allowed the silence in the room to fill him for a moment as he looked down and said a silent prayer for the souls aboard the mighty *Galactica*.

When he raised his head again, there was no doubt, there was no hesitation, there was no fear. “Ok people, we're the best.” He said, “Now let's get this old girl ready to roll and kick some Cylon ass.”

## CHAPTER 6 LAST STAND AT THERMOPYLAE

“Ok all listen up,” Stormwind said as he addressed the combined fighter squadrons he now commanded. “It looks like the Cylons have taken the bait and are going to use the moon of Thermopylae to try to slingshot around and flank us. What they don’t realize is that we have a nasty surprise waiting for them.”

Looking out his cockpit window, Stormwind smiled as he observed the massive wave of fighters that were now speeding towards the darkside of the old moon that orbited Caprica.

During the lull in fighting, Fleet Admiral Gastineau had called in his last trump card: the ground based Viper squadrons from Caprica. Stormwind now had a combined total of three hundred Vipers at his command, something that the Cylons wouldn’t be expecting.

“Our primary goal will be to destroy as many Raiders as we can so that Husker and his group can take care of any landing ships. We want to make his job as easy as possible since he is leading a Cadet Squadron from the flight school in a bunch of old ass Mark Ones.” Stormwind explained with a smirk.

“I heard that.” Adama said over the wireless. “The only reason they made us use these old Mark Ones is so you guys would have a chance of keeping up with us.”

“Ten Cubits says I get the most kills!” one Galactica pilot said.

“I’ll take that action.” A Prometheus pilot named Bulldog replied.

“Alright, lock that feldercarp up.” Stormwind snapped, reverting back to his native Leonean tongue. “Stay frosty people. Look after your wingman and no games this time. You got that Sparrow?”

“Got it sir.” Sparrows’ sheepish voice replied.

“Good. You barely survived that last space walk so let’s try not to repeat it.”

“No argument here sir.”

Suddenly, a flash of light and the beeping alarm from his dradis console alerted Stormwind to the fact that the enemy had arrived.

“Ok people, here we go. Red Team, move ahead and engage. Gold, Blue and Green Teams hold your position until I give the word.” He ordered as he switched over to the command frequency. “Prometheus, Stormwind: Our guests have arrived.”

COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“Prometheus, Stormwind: Our guests have arrived.”

“Ok Commander, let’s dance.” Admiral Gastineau said in response to Stormwind’s announcement.

“Yes sir.” Commander Tajalle replied. “Flame, spin up FTL drives one and two and lock in coordinates for micro jump.”

“Aye sir.” Arispe replied. “FTL drives coming on line now, two minutes until jump.”

“Very well, tell Husker that we leave Caprica in his very capable hands.” Gastineau said with a determined expression as he turned to face Commander Tajalle, “Now commander, let’s go hunting.”

\*\*\*

“Contact!” The Ensign known as ‘Happy’ announced as the enemy came into view. “Three Cylon Basestars bearing down directly ahead.”

“Frak me, look at all of those Raiders!” Aurora gasped.

Her fear was justified for riding out in front of the three Basestars was a seemingly endless wave of Cylon Raiders.

“How many do you think, Red Leader?” Stormwind asked.

“Best guess is five hundred.”

“Sweet Lord of Kobol.” Happy muttered.

“Cut the chatter Red Two.” Lonewolf Snapped. “Accelerate to attack speed and stand by to engage.”

“All Vipers, this is Prometheus: Jump off in sixty seconds, acknowledge.”

“Red Wing acknowledges.” Lonewolf replied as the other squadron leaders followed suit.

“Here they come.” Icewind announced calmly.

Lonewolf smiled. “Then let’s dance! All Vipers: weapons free!”

The two enemy formations closed with each other quickly and when they finally came together in a hail of weapons fire, it had all the appearance of a deadly storm.

Vipers and Raiders danced around each other in massive swarms of death spitting fire and dodging adroitly, everyone trying to stay alive.

The casualties mounted quickly as the seventy five Vipers of Red Wing were quickly overwhelmed by the numerically superior enemy.

“Damn it, we lost Achilles!” Ratty said as he flipped his Viper over and cut a Cylon Raider in two with his guns. “Red Leader this is Red Alpha One, we need to get the frak out of here.”

Looking down at his monitor, Stormwind could see that Ratty was right. Of the Vipers he had taken into combat, only thirty were still active.

“Ok Red Leader,” he said making his decision, “You did your part, now turn tail and run like hell.”

Immediately, all of the Vipers flipped over and hit their thrusters, accelerating away from the massive Cylon fighter force that leapt to pursue them.

“They’re taking the bait!” Ratty said.

Stormwind nodded. They Cylons were indeed taking the bait, hook line and sinker. “Prometheus, Stormwind: The backdoor is open!”

No sooner had he uttered the words than a brilliant flash of light heralded the coming of the Prometheus, only now she was between the Cylon Fighters and their home base.

Immediately, her guns began blazing, her starboard side guns cutting a massive swath into the rear of the Cylon fighter formations while the portside guns began hammering into the lead Basestar.

“All Vipers: ENGAGE!”

At his command, the other two hundred and twenty five Vipers under Stormwinds’ command came flying out of the shadows of the moon of Thermopylae and directly into the flank of the Cylon Raider formation that was pursuing Lonewolf and his team.

“Ok, that’s enough of this running shit.” Lonewolf said with a smile as he flipped his Viper over and accelerated to attack speed. “Time to get messy!”

\*\*\*

Cruising over the northern continent of Caprica, Lieutenant William Adama fought the urge to turn his Viper towards the main fight and throttle forward. Listening to

his radio didn't make matters any better, but he had to in case he and his squadron of Cadets were needed.

“Raiders on the right...”

“Watch out Ratty...”

“You got one on your six!”

“Splash one!”

“Frak! We have a break out in sector four!”

Adama immediately sat up as Admiral Gastineau's voice broke through the static. “Black Leader, this is Colonial Six: You have two Cylon transports and about a dozen Raiders heading your way. Take them out.”

“Colonial Six, Black leader: Understood.” Adama replied.

“Good hunting, Six out.”

“Ok cadets,” Adama said as he switched over his radio. I know you guys are just barely out of basic flight but I'm going to have to ask you to grow up a little sooner than expected.”

Adama looked out his cockpit canopy as the clouds gave way to the blackness of space as he and his ad hoc squadron roared up from Caprica to meet the on coming enemy. He could imagine the looks of fear on the faces of the young cadets he was leading into combat for the first time. He knew he would need to calm them.

“You've trained for this.... you're ready for this.” He said with conviction, “Watch out for your wingman and keep faith with each other and you'll get through this just fine.”

“What's the plan sir?” one of the Cadets asked.

“Our primary targets are the troop transports but I want to take out their escorts first.” Adama explained. “Engage the Raiders in combat pairs and take them down first but if you get a shot at the fat boys, take it. Understood?”

Receiving acknowledgments from his pilots Adama activated his combat dradis and began to identify his targets as they came into range. “Ok boys,” he said taking a calming breath, “This is it. Let's go get 'em!”

\*\*\*

Just outside the Starboard main airlock  
BATTLESTAR Galactica  
IN low ORBIT OF CAPRICA

Fire from the Cylon auto-rifles rang out in steady streams as they approached in battle lines that stretched out from one side of the wide corridor to the other.

“Colonial Marines,” the gold plated Centurion Commander called out from behind his line of silver soldiers, “Your position is hopeless. Surrender now and you will not be harmed.”

Hawkins laughed. “How about you turn around your friends here and get the hell off of my ship before we recycle you into spare parts for our toasters?”

“Centurions, advance.” The Cylon Commander ordered.

As one, the Cylons stepped off and began to close the short distance between them and their human enemies.

“Hold your positions!” Hawkins shouted as the Cylon fire became more intense.

Slowly, the Cylons advanced down the hall, their bullets ringing as they ricocheted off of the steel cover panels the Marines had erected in front of their line.

“Hold....”

The Cylons crept closer now, their fire tapering off as the risk of being hit by their own fire increased.

“Hold...”

The Cylons were now no more than five feet from the Colonial Marines who took cover behind the tall cover panel to hide their exact numbers.

Menacingly, they drew their Vibro-blades and prepared to cut through the cover panels.

“NOW! Drop the panels!” Hawkins shouted as he leapt forward swinging his Vibro-blade.

Soaring over his Marines, Hawkins’ Vibro-blade swung down in wide arc and carved through the first Centurion from its shoulder through its body and exiting out by its hip like a hot knife through butter.

Immediately, he swung the blade around in a wide arc slicing two Centurions in half just below their chest plating’s.

“Let’s go!” he shouted as his Marines let out a war howl and surged after him.

The air hummed and buzzed as Hawkins Marines cut a swath through Centurion line.

Looking to his left, Hawkins sighted a Centurion that was at that moment driving its Vibro-blade through the skull of one of his Marines.

Hawkins saw red and hefted his own blade. “Hey you fraking toaster!” he shouted as he drew the blade back for powerful swing.

The Centurion turned towards him and raised his own blade to block.

That’s when Hawkins pulled his pistol and shot an explosive round into its head.

The Centurion fell to the deck in a smoking heap as the explosive round disintegrated his head.

Hawkins chuckled. *I’m sure Magus won’t mind the use of one little explosive round.* He thought to himself as he took sight of the Centurion Commander near the breach.

“He’s calling in reinforcements from the ship.” One of the Marines shouted before being struck down by a Cylon blade.

“The hell he is.” Hawkins snarled as he took off at a dead run at the gold plated Cylon.

The Centurion Commander took notice of his attacker as Hawkins came running at him with anger in his soul that was so real, he felt like he was wreathed in flames.

The Cylon turned and drew its sword, swinging it in a low arc attempt to take out Hawkins legs. The wily marine saw it coming though and gathered all of his strength into a leap that took him above the blade as it tugged at the soles of his boots.

Reaching down, Hawkins thrust his blade forward with all of the hatred he could muster.

It pierced the gold plated Cylon Commander right in the center of its red eye.

The Commander trembled for a long moment as Hawkins brought the Vibro-blade out through the top of its metal skull. Finally, it fell to the ground.

Looking into the door breach Hawkins could see the Cylon ship on the other side, attached to the airlock. He could also see the Cylon reinforcements approaching.

Thinking fast he snatched two grenades from his belt and pulled the pins, lobbing both of them into the Cylon ship and then taking cover on the sturdy side of the hatch.

Two seconds later, a muffled WHUMP sounded as the grenades went off, sending a shower of Cylon parts into the corridor.

Looking around and assessing the situation, the Marine Lieutenant saw his Marines beginning to tend to the wounded.

The Cylons had been stopped.

Hawkins let out a long breath of relief as he slid down the bulkhead and rested his back.

It was then he noticed his toes sticking out of where the toe of his boot should be. Furrowing his brow he wiggled the digits and saw that they were all there and intact. He then turned to the dead form of the Cylon Commander.

“You bastard!” he said as he spat on the fallen robot, “You fraked up my best pair of boots!”

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COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
IN ORBIT OF CAPRICA

“Sir, Husker reports that Black Team has engaged.” Flame reported from her station.

Bracing himself as the deck beneath him shook violently from the Cylon fire, Admiral Gastineau turned to the Ops officer. “What’s Galactica’s status? Can they help him?”

“No sir.” Arispe replied. “Commander Magus verified that they have repelled the Cylon boarding party but they have two Basestars on them now.”

“But no fighters?” Tajalle asked, her eyebrow arched in curiosity.

“No sir. Galactica reports no fighter activity.”

“That’s strange. Only the Basestars are attacking, I wonder what their fighters are waiting for?” Colonel Hohensee asked.

“Well whatever the reason, we should help the Galactica.”

“We can’t help Galactica.” Gastineau said as he realized the Cylons’ plan. “The reason that no Raiders are attacking them is because they are all here to escort the landing craft. The attack against Galactica is a diversion.”

“But sir, if we don’t do something Galactica will be destroyed.” Tajalle said.

“I know that Commander.” Gastineau replied grimly, “And so does Magus. He knew that, one way or another, this mission was probably a one way trip.”

“Frak!” Hohensee shouted in alarm as the deck beneath them suddenly heaved and tossed the three officers like rag dolls.

Tajalle cursed out loud as she came down hard on her right shoulder, a sickening crunch followed by a sharp stab of pain alerting her to the fact that her clavicle was broken.

Hohensee landed face down and felt his lower lip split open as his face mashed into the metal deck plating. Feeling a stab of pain in his mouth he discovered a broken tooth and tasted blood on his tongue.

He forgot that, however, when he looked up and saw the Admiral. His body was lying at an odd angle against a bulkhead and his head was leaning un-naturally to one side. His eyes were open, but dull and a cold.

A sick feeling came over the X.O. of the Prometheus as he scrambled over to the fallen Admiral. Placing his fingers at his neck, Hohensee felt for a pulse.

Suddenly, the Admiral gasped and coughed and Hohensee let out a sigh of relief.

“Did you get the license mark of that Battlestar that just hit me?” the Admiral gasped.

Hohensee stared incredulously at his superior officer as he struggled to decide whether to laugh or hit the man. Laughter won out. “Frak sir, don’t you *ever* do that to me again.”

“Sir, we just took a direct hit to the port side fuel dump!” Flame reported as the three officers struggled to her feet. “We’re venting atmosphere from the hangar deck.”

The deck shook again as yet another Cylon blast hit the Prometheus hard.

“Direct hit to the dorsal intercooler!” one of the engineers called out.

“Damn it,” Hohensee growled, “Activate the auxiliary intercoolers and standby to vent drive plasma!”

“Auxiliary intercoolers are offline and the plasma valve isn’t responding sir!” Flame replied.

“Get a DC team down to auxiliary control and open the valve manually.” Commander Tajalle ordered through gritted teeth as she hobbled back to the situation table, cradling her right arm.

“Commander, go below and see Doc Villarreal. Get that shoulder looked at.” Gastineau said as he wiped blood from a cut on his forehead.

“No sir.” Tajalle replied flatly.

“Say again?” Gastineau replied, arching his eyebrow in surprise.

“I said no sir. This is my ship and I will not be removed from my post until this engagement is decided.” Tajalle said as she stared the admiral down.

“Very well.” Gastineau nodded.

Tajalle sighed in relief. “Now get a bandage on that head wound before you bleed out on my floor, sir.”

“Sir, Galactica reports that she is in the black. Engines are out and primary power is offline. They’re in a decaying orbit and expect entry interface with Caprica in seventeen minutes.” Flame reported sadly.

The C.I.C. went quiet as the impact of Flame’s words sunk in. It was a death sentence and they knew it.

“Very well.” Gastineau replied wearily. “Order Commander Magus to abandon...”

“New dradis contacts!” shouted Lieutenant Rizzo from her helm station. “Three, four, five of them. Sir, they’re Colonial!”

“What!?” Gastineau exclaimed as he stepped closer.

“I’m getting Colonial Transponders sir! The Aries, the Valkyrie, the Daedelus, the Olympus and the Bellerephon!”

“My Gods, it’s the entire Fifth Fleet!” Hohensee breathed.

“Sir, message from Bellerephon actual.” Flame said with a relieved laugh “Admiral Ryan wants to know if you would mind if he and his fleet cut in on your dance.”

Gastineau was silent for a moment and then burst out in laughter.

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## EPILOGUE IMMORTALS

*Not long after the Fifth Fleet arrived, the remaining Cylon Basestars fled. Only two of them survived to jump out.*

*The Galactica was rescued from her decaying orbit by the Battlestars Aries and Olympus. She was towed back to the Thermopylae shipyards where she underwent extensive repairs for the next three months. Twice, the Quorum of Twelve tried to have her scrapped for economy's sake and both times Fleet Admiral Gastineau refused, telling them that if they wanted to scrap one of the greatest ships in Colonial History, they would do it over his dead body.*

*Needless to say, the Quorum relented.*

*Lieutenant William Adama led his twenty four Cadets against a force of forty Cylon Raiders and two troop transports. He lost no one and totally destroyed the invaders. Had those two transports touched down, they would have had enough Cylon Centurions to over run the ground defenses of Caprica City two times over.*

*The fighter attack plan devised by Captain Guill worked perfectly. Of the three hundred Colonial Vipers dispatched to Thermopylae, one hundred and ten returned. Not one of the Cylon Raiders made it out intact.*

***The Battle of Caprica** was the turning point in the Cylon War. Within six months of the victory, The Colonials had recaptured all of their worlds but Sagitaron. Eighteen months after the Battle of Caprica, the Armistice was signed that finally restored peace to the Colonies.*

*The Cylons left human space and would not be seen again for another forty years.*

***CDR Dwanah Tajalle** was promoted to Rear Admiral three months after the Battle of Caprica. She commanded the Colonial Thirteenth Fleet from the C.I.C. of the Battlestar Persephone in the Battle of Tauron. It was there that, battered and beaten, she drove her dying Battlestar into the Cylon Basestar known as Zero One, destroying the Cylon Command Council. This was the battle that convinced the Cylons that the war could not be won. This was the battle drove them to the peace table and ended the war. Admiral Tajalle was awarded the Presidential Medal of Distinction posthumously for her actions at Tauron. Her body is interred in the Hall of Heroes in Caprica City.*

**LT Raine ‘Flame’ Arispe** was promoted to Captain and continued to serve on the *Prometheus* until the end of the Cylon War. She was then promoted to Major and became X.O. of the *Battlestar Hyperion*. After retiring as a Colonel, Arispe went on to found the top holo-communications franchise in the Colonies, *Flamevision Entertainment*. She died in a transport accident five years before the Cylon attack that destroyed the Colonies.

**ENS Argenis “Sparrow” Petit** learned his lesson at *Caprica* and went on to become one of the top fighter pilots in the CDF. Twenty years after the battle, he was promoted to General and given command of the *Fighter Tactics School* on *Picon*. He remained there for another ten years until his death at age fifty three of heart failure.

**CPT Nathan “Stormwind” Guill** Was promoted to Major after the battle but remained the CAG of the *Prometheus* until the end of the war when he was promoted to Colonel. He served as the X.O. of the *Battlestar Orion* until his promotion to Commander, when he assumed command of the *Battlestar Proteus*. He remained in Command of the *Proteus* for ten years and is remembered as a great explorer, charting over thirty five new systems and expanding the ‘red line’ out by over three hundred S.U. He retired as a Vice Admiral and commander of *Colonial Exploration Corps* thirty years after the end of the Cylon War. He lived on *Arelon* with his family right up until the time of the Cylon Attack that destroyed the Colonies.

**CDR Colin Magus** Was promoted to Admiral and given command of the *Fleet Academy* on *Caprica*. He stayed there for ten years before finally retiring to *Caprica’s* southern continent. He died in his sleep twenty three years after the end of the Cylon War and was interred in the *Hall of Heroes* in *Caprica City*.

**COL Allen Hohensee** Was promoted to Commander after Commander *Tajalle’s* promotion to Admiral. He assumed Command of the *Prometheus* and remained there for ten more years. He turned down promotion to Admiral twice, each time stating that he preferred to remain on the *Prometheus*. He finally moved on to the *Fleet Academy* at *Picon* where he served as Vice Commandant for twelve more years. He retired as a Vice Admiral (They actually mailed his rank emblems and promotion certificate to him two days after he retired because they knew he would still turn it down.) Vice Admiral Hohensee was there in the control tower the day the *Nova Class Battlestar Prometheus* was launched from *Scorpion* ship yards. Upon seeing Commander *Turner* take the new ship out he was heard to whisper “It’s ok Admiral, the *Prometheus* lives.” He died en route back to *Caprica* of heart failure and was interred in the *Hall of Heroes* in *Caprica City*

**Fleet Admiral Nathan Gastineau** Received the *Presidential Medal of Distinction* for his actions at the *Battle of Caprica*. He saw combat twice more aboard his flagship at *Troy* and again at *Tauron*. He was there at the *Armistice* signing, affixing his signature next to *President Allen’s*. He remained as *Colonial Defense Forces* Commander for eight more years when he decided to retire. He spent two years in private life before the *Colonial Republic* party tapped him as their candidate for *President*. He won in a landslide victory and served as *President* for three terms before finally stepping down, so as not to serve

*longer than the founding President. He died twenty four years to the day after the Battle of Caprica and was interred in the Hall of Heroes in Caprica City.*

***Admiral Gastineau, Admiral Tajalle and Admiral Hohensee were interred side by side in the Hall under the emblem of the Battlestar Prometheus. Under that emblem and over their tombs was etched the motto of that fabled ship: “The Beacon of Light in the Darkness...”***

***THE BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS (BSG01)** The Battlestar Prometheus continued to serve as the fleet flagship until the advent of the Mercury Class Battlestar, when she was retired from active service. However, instead of turning her into a fleet museum as the Quorum wanted, President Gastineau signed an executive order that she be used as the fleet training vessel. That order also stated that the Galactica, once retired, would take up the Prometheus’ place as the fleet museum. Out of respect for him, no President that followed him ever changed the order.*

*Thirty Eight years after the end of the Cylon War, a new class of Battlestar was commissioned to be Fleet Command and Control vessels. The first of this new Nova class was to be the fleet command ship. By a unanimous vote, the Quorum of Twelve decided to name the new vessel...*

### ***Prometheus.***

This story is dedicated with respect and admiration to the men and women of the Colonial Defense Force Fan Club. These people keep the fire of Battlestar Galactica alive for all of us.

The author would also like to personally thank Mr. Richard Hatch for his support and encouragement of the Battlestar Prometheus story.

Keep the faith-  
~Ryan A. Keeton