



# BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS

BY RYAN A. KEETON

## **DEAD SAINTS DAY**

Based on the Sci-Fi Original series

*Battlestar Galactica*

*Created by Ron Moore and David Eick*

**BATTLESTAR GALACTICA**

CREATED BY GLEN LARSON

# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

## COLONIAL ALLIANCE

Admiral Jonathan Turner: Commanding Officer of the Prometheus Battlestar Group

General John Connors: Commander, Lobo Negro Station

Primus Rollo Thomasi: Supreme Commander of the Terran Alliance

Dr. Kevin Grazier: President, Copernicus Colony

Colonel Karla Horvath: Executive Officer, Battlestar Prometheus

Major David Briedis: Chief Engineer of the Prometheus

Colonel Stacie Percival: Executive Officer, Battlestar Ares

Major Joshua "Shooter" Wakefield: C.A.G., Prometheus Air Group

Captain Allain Halloran: Prometheus Operations Officer

Master Chief Petty Officer Theresa Madrid: Chief of the Boat, Battlestar Prometheus

Lieutenant Ashley "Splashdown" Klave: Pilot, Raptor Support Squadron

Ensign Melody "Hygiene" Moody: Captured, presumed dead

Major Jason "Slider" Allen: Captured, presumed dead

## CYLON

Jezebel (D'Anna): Cylon Battle Group Commander, victor of the Battle of Virgon

Eve (Six): Cylon Infiltrator

Gabriel (Leoben): Cylon Battle Group Commander

Lucifer (Cavil): Cylon Garrison Commander, victor of the Battle of Leonis

Simon: Cylon Prison Camp Commander

Lilith (Sharon): Cylon Basestar Commander

Tyrannus Bane(Doral): Hero of the Alliance Campaign

# PROLOGUE

# QUID PRO QUO

## COLONIAL GOVERNMENT COMPLEX AKA OCTAGON TOWER SANCTUARY CITY COPERNICUS

Rollo Thomasi, last surviving leader of the Terran Alliance, tried to keep his face neutral as the latest proposal from the representative of the Copernicus government was read aloud to he and his advisors.

“Stop,” he said firmly. “The terms set forth in this are unacceptable to us.”

Dr. Kevin Grazier, the newly elected President of the Colonial Remnant Government, sighed heavily and rubbed his temples. “Which part now?”

“The part where my people are not afforded an equal say in your government,” Thomasi replied. “I have twenty three thousand people crammed into twelve warships and five cargo transports that can’t even set foot on your world and now you’re trying tell me that when they finally *do* set down here, they won’t be afforded the respect that they deserve.”

“Respect?” Dr. Lucian Zylman scoffed “What you’re asking for is a base from which to take over. You forget; I have seen up close how your form of government works.”

Thomasi rolled his eyes and leaned back in his chair, sighing heavily. “*Again*, with the past, Senator? I thought we put this argument behind us. We are *not* looking for new worlds to conquer nor are we trying to establish dominion over your people. All we want is a chance to survive, just like you.”

Zylman made to respond but fell silent as President Grazier raised his hand for silence. “Gentlemen,” the President began carefully, “we have been at this for almost an entire day and all we have been able to agree upon is that we stand a better chance of survival together than apart.”

“Perhaps more could be accomplished if we were able to negotiate with someone from your senate who wasn’t so jaded by our past relations?” said Precentor Julian Titus from his seat beside Thomasi. “Senator Zylman has made perfectly clear that he would leave all of us to the Cylons if he had the chance.”

“Senator Zylman is the Speaker of the Senate and therefore next in Line of Succession and Authority from me,” President Grazier said, explaining the recently ratified Provisional Articles of Establishment. “By law, he has every right to observe and advise me on this treaty.”

“And all we are asking by joining your government, is that you give us a place of equal power,” Titus argued.

“We are willing to afford you representation in the senate just like we do all of our other member constituencies,” Grazier said. “Two senators and one representative per every one thousand of your people.”

“Unacceptable!” Titus stated firmly. “Sae’tzar *must* have a position of power that is at least equal to that of your Speaker here.”

“Not going to happen,” Zylman replied.

“Then you are relegating us to being one of the smallest constituencies in your government,” Titus replied. “We will *not* be your subjects to command!”

“Smallest? You’ll have more representation than any two of our colonies combined!”

The argument quickly devolved into a shouting match at that point and Dr. Grazier simply shook his head and looked to the sky where he caught a familiar face looking back at him.

Watching from the observation area high above Senate Chamber, Admiral Jonathan Turner shook his head in amazement as Grazier shrugged at him and returned his attention to the argument.

“Dear lords, what fools these mortals are,” Turner said.

“What do you expect of politicians?” Connors asked.

“True,” Turner shrugged and turned to face the general. “But you didn’t ask me down here to talk politics though.”

Connors smiled. “You’re right. I have a request.”

Turner arched an eyebrow. “Alright?”

Connors took a deep breath. “I want to go find Adama.”

Turner blinked once, his face impassive. “Let’s walk,” he said as he gestured toward the door only a few feet away. Connors nodded and led them out as they made their way down one of the access halls.

“I had a feeling this was coming,” Turner said slowly. “You haven’t been the same since we found New Caprica.”

Connors nodded but said nothing as they turned a corner and continued down the long marbled hallway that ran out over the grand entry.

“I had hoped that your change in mood was just because *Necageos* Day is coming up,” Turner said. “People tend to get a little melancholy beforehand.”

“Dead Saints Day?” Connors asked shaking his head. “No, never really was the religious type.”

“Ah,” Turner said with a wry smile. “Well many people who celebrate it aren’t exactly the *religious* type.”

Connors chuckled. “That’s because they are more interested in the three days of *celebrating the living* than they are the three days of honoring the dead.”

Turner laughed as they made their way down the newly constructed grand hall. “When I was an ensign, I was posted aboard the Battlestar *Atlas* and we just happened to be on a three day layover at Sagitaron. I and three other pilots got a liberty to visit Thea Magali...”

Connors smiled. “Carnival of Souls?”

“Oh yes,” Turner said. “Best three days I can’t remember.”

Both men laughed as memories from their youth of wild parties, scantily clad women and decadent times drifted through their heads. Finally though, the smiles faded and their thoughts came back to the present.

“Why do you want to go after Adama?” Turner asked after several moments of hearing their footsteps echo through the stone hallway. “I know Admiral Nagala’s orders were important to you—”

Connors stopped and turned to face the admiral, his expression reflecting the conflicted feelings in his heart. “It’s not just the orders from Nagala,” he said quietly. “It’s because there are, according to Captain Thrace, over thirty five thousand other survivors out there with no home, pressing on toward a planet that you have already said is dead. Someone has to find them and guide them back here.”

Turner nodded. “I understand where you’re coming from but think about this: We’ve been back here about a year now. When we first arrived, the Cylons were hunting you and then, after working to restore the environment in the Colonies, they all of a sudden pulled out of Colonial space to go search for *Galactica* and *Pegasus*. Now *Pegasus* is gone and *Galactica* is all they have left. Do you think the Cylons have given up the fight because they lost a couple of Bases at New Caprica?”

“That’s one of the reasons I want to find them,” Connors said. “With some reinforcements—”

“General,” Turner replied patiently, “the Cylons have hunted Adama and his fleet ruthlessly for two years now. They’ve taken the bulk of their fleet with them and they are not going to give up even *if* you find and reinforce them. In fact, by leading his fleet back here you would probably be leading the Cylons right back to us.”

“But with our improved defenses and combined firepower we can defend the planet from an attack,” Connors protested. “They don’t have the advantage of the computer virus that shut down the fleet two years ago.”

Turner shook his head sadly. “John, our fleet isn’t even a tenth of the size it was when the Colonies fell.”

“And according to Thomasi, the Cylons lost over sixty Basestars cleaning out the Alliance,” Connors countered. “We know now they didn’t have as many ships as we did when they attacked the Colonies. We also know that they swarm attacked several planets at a time, which is the only way they were able to destroy our forces so fast. Their massive losses, coupled with the fact that they no longer have the element of surprise give us a huge advantage.”

“An advantage that I don’t want to press,” Turner sighed. “Look, I haven’t told anyone this yet but Jim and I are working on a plan.”

Connors placed his hands on his hips, his eyes narrowing. “A plan for what?”

Turner looked around to ensure that no one else was within ear shot. “A plan to deal with the Cylons once and for all.”

Connors folded his arms across his barrel chest as a frown came to his face. “And you didn’t bring me in on this because?”

“Because it’s still in the concept phase with no real intelligence on the Cylons’ current state of affairs except for what Alpha was able to glean from his interface a few months back,” Turner replied. “I didn’t want to present it until I had a more solid plan for gathering intel.”

Connors nodded. “I can help with that if you’ll let me in.”

Turner smiled thinly. “Of course. Why don’t you ride back with me back to the wolf and I’ll have Jim meet us there with the preliminaries?”

“That works,” Connors replied, “but I’d like to make a suggestion: Bring Tajalle in on this. I’ve found that she has a gift for ship-to-ship tactics.”

Turner nodded slowly. “She’s out on perimeter patrol with the Eternal but I can have her jump back in a Raptor for this meeting.”

The two men shook hands. “I won’t forget about your request either, General.”

# CHAPTER 1

# WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN?

FLIGHT DECK FIVE  
LOBO NEGRO STATION  
COPERNICUS SYSTEM

The trainees standing before her looked anxious as they did their best to remain at the position of attention. They were all ensigns, brand new to the revitalized officer corps of the Colonial Fleet, having just graduated from the first officer training course at Camp Moore, located just outside Sanctuary City, where all new recruits were being trained for now. These were the cream of the crop, all survivors of the Cylon holocaust and itching to get into a cockpit.

But first, they had to get past *her*.

She remembered being in their shoes, looking at the steely eyed cadre of experienced pilots that had stood before her. All of them had been combat veterans, experienced in the art of war from their fights with the Alliance. Now she was one of the instructors who were slowly circling the formation of nuggets like hungry wolves ready to pounce on the weakest member of the herd.

Part of her wanted to smile as she watched the sweat bean on the brow of one nugget in front of her. They had been waiting for almost a half hour for the lead instructor to show up and the heat from the Raptors doing engine tests near them was intense.

Then it happened- a nugget moved.

Like a hawk diving on a fat pigeon, Splashdown was suddenly in his face, her expression hard as steel, her voice as sharp as a razor.

“What the hell are you doing, nugget?”

“Sir,” the ensign stammered, “I was-”

“Did the lieutenant give you permission to speak?” The nugget jumped as Captain Brad ‘Tiny’ Allen growled from just behind his ear. “When you wish to speak, *nugget*, you will request permission and then wait for it. Am I clear? Respond.”

“Sir, *yes sir!*” the nugget replied fearfully.

“Gods almighty,” Tiny said casting a sidelong glance at Splashdown. “These so called *officers* graduated from class just three days ago and they’ve already forgotten basic discipline!”

Splashdown smirked. “If I may make a suggestion sir?”

“Oh yes, I’m sure that-” Tiny squinted as he took a look at the nuggets’ I.D. tags, “Ensign Mallory here, would *love* to hear your suggestion, Lieutenant Klave. What say you, Mallory? Respond.”

“Sir, I would be delighted to hear the lieutenants’ suggestion, *sir!*” Mallory replied.

“I thought so,” Tiny said with a smile. “Lieutenant?”

“Sir, since this group of nuggets is obviously deficient in the discipline category, I think as refresher is in order. Say, one hundred pushups?” Splashdown said.

Tiny arched his eyebrow as he pretended to consider the suggestion. Splashdown kept her face neutral as she fought the urge to smile.

“That,” Tiny said as he clapped his hands together, “sounds like an *excellent* idea!”

“On your face, nuggets!” Splashdown barked. “Ensign Mallory just bought you one hundred pushups!”

Almost in unison, the trainees dropped down and began sounding off as they repeatedly pushed their bodies off the deck.

“Keep your back straight,” Tiny barked as he stalked through the ranks of exercising trainees.

“Chin up, nugget,” Tiger said from the front of the formation.

“Does it hurt?” Splashdown goaded. “Does it *burn*? Do you want to quit? All you have to do is say so and you can go on to a nice cushy career as mess officer!”

Crouching down in front of Mallory she frowned. “You look tired, nugget. This is just *one* gravity here. Imagine how it will feel when you’re doing this in three gees, and I promise you- you *will* be doing this in three gees.”

Mallory kept pushing, the fire in his eyes growing as she continued to speak. “Do you want to quit, Ensign Mallory?”

“No sir,” he growled back.

“Are you afraid, Ensign Mallory?” she continued to goad.

“No sir!” Mallory said confidently.

Splashdown chuckled. “We’ll see about that.”

Splashdown and the other officers continued to watch as the group exercised. After they had completed their pushups she had them roll on their backs and elevate their legs six inches off the ground while holding their heads up.

“Oh yeah, *feel* that burn!” she cheered as she walked among them. “Get your feet up, Ensign Knott!”

“Sir, yes sir!” the young Ensign grunted in response.

“You nuggets had better get used to this,” Tiny announced as he reclined on a *Raptor* wing. “You have thirty days until we decide if you are fit to wear a jock smock. There are one hundred of you here and only fifty empty cockpits right now. That means at least half of you will *not* be sitting in one when this is over.”

“That’s right,” Splashdown said with a smile. “This is one helluva gamble right here. You might make it all the way through just to find out you didn’t score well enough to actually get in the saddle. You know what we call those guys: Desk Pilots.”

“Because you’ll be wearing the wings and sitting behind a desk,” Tiger added. “No flight status, no stick time. Just semi-annual trips to the simulator to make sure you are qualified to keep your wings and stay on flight reserve status.”

“But you never know,” Splashdown said as she leaned over an exercising ensign. “one of the regular pilots might get sick, or have too much to drink one night and you’ll actually get to get in the cockpit and do his courier run. Now won’t that be nice?”

“Don’t be so rough on them Splash,” Tiny said with a mischievous smile. “After all, they *could* wind up as shuttle pilots. We always need bus drivers after all.”

Splashdown smiled as she stood up. “Only the *best* get to sit in the cockpit, nuggets. Get on your feet!”

The ensigns all stood as quickly as their tired bodies could as sweat poured off of their brows.

“How do you feel now, Ensign Mallory?” Splashdown said as she stood in front of him.

“Ready to kick Cylon ass, sir.” He replied as he struggled to keep his breathing steady.

Tiny chuckled as he stood beside Splashdown looking at the panting cadet. “All piss and vinegar, this one is. I think we’ll call him Spitfire.”

“Whatever you say sir,” Splashdown said, “Personally though, I think it will be the shortest used call sign in the history of the fleet.”

“ATTENTION ON DECK!”

The Ensigns snapped to attention as Splashdown and Tiny took their places in the line of instructor in front of the group. They smirked as the distant sound of a single pair of boots, their cadence steady and their footfalls heavy, marched ever closer to them.

The door behind the group hissed open and a single pair of polished boots strode into the room with purpose. As they reached the front of the room the ensigns tried to stifle gasps as they recognized the blond hair and blue eyes of their lead instructor.

“At ease,” she said, handing as she handed her clipboard to Splashdown, who took it without a word and returned to her place in line.

“I’m Colonel Percival, executive officer of the Battlestar Ares. My call sign is Sheba but unless we’re in the cockpit you will call me sir, is that understood?”

“Sir, yes sir!” the group replied as one.

“When Lieutenant Klave calls your name, step forward,” Sheba said.

“Ensign Jackson, Ensign Monroe, Ensign Klinger and Ensign Hassleback: front and center!” Splashdown said as she read off the names.

The officers, three male and one female, all stepped forward quickly and stood ramrod straight in front of Sheba.

“You four failed your flight physicals so you’re out,” Sheba said firmly. “Report to Captain Harrison in the operations center for reassignment.”

The four ensigns looked stunned but recovered quickly enough to snap a salute and move out in a military fashion. Sheba watched them go, her face a hard mask of merciless professionalism.

“Don’t kid yourselves, nuggets: *that* is how we do it here. If you don’t have the chops you *will* be dismissed from the program. There will be no ceremonies, no long sad goodbye and no words of sympathy to make you feel better. You will simple be *gone*. Understood?”

“Sir, yes sir!” they answered in unison.

“I want you all to understand one thing: when you are out there in space fighting for your life against a Cylon Raider who wants nothing more than to mark you as just one more *pesky* human eradicated, you won’t have time for emotion, or thought. Everything you do will be instinct because if you think *too* much, you will get dead.”

She let the words sink in for a moment and was satisfied to see a few of the ensigns swallow hard as they considered what she said. “Now fall out into your flight teams and report to your instructor. Basic flight begins today.”

## CYLON PRISON CAMP BAGHERA CITY, LEONIS

Slider awoke with a start and was greeted with stars dancing before his eyes as his head threatened to peel open and explode from the pain and pressure he felt. Blinking hard he looked around to find Steve Layton looking down on him with a concerned expression.

“Good, you’re alive,” Layton said as he helped Slider to a sitting position. “Shelly thought you were dead when she saw the Cylons dragging Melody out last night.”

“Gods damn it this hurts,” Slider groaned and he rubbed his head. “How long have I been out?”

“They came in before midnight,” Shelly replied and she placed a cold cloth on his head. “It’s almost daybreak now.”

“Campagna and Turner?”

“We called them off after Shelly saw the Cylons take Mel,” Layton replied.

“Good,” Slider said. “the last thing we need is the Cylons getting a hold of them.”

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“Good, you’re awake.”

Hygiena blinked open her eyes to find the ebony skinned Cylon she knew as Simon standing over her analyzing a vial of blood in his hand. His eyes were focused, not on her but on the red fluid held in the vial.

“Amazing,” he breathed. “Do you know how rare an unique that you are?”

Wriggling a bit her felt her hands and ankles restrained to a metal table. It was then she realized that only a sheet covered her naked form from view. “What do you want with me?”

Simon blinked and turned his attention to her, placing the vial in a rack on the table located next to her head. “Tell me- do you know a man named Karl Agathon?”

“Karl?” she asked. “He’s my cousin, stationed aboard Galactica. Or at least he *was* until you destroyed his ship.”

“If only it were so,” Simon chuckled. “The Galactica has been the proverbial pain in our ass since the fall of the Colonies. We’ve tried and tried and just can’t seem to kill her, which is all for the good in my opinion, since your cousin Karl is the only other human we’ve found that has your gift.”

“Gift? What in the frak are you talking about?”

Simon smiled and it was a cold thing to behold...

## **CHAPTER 2**

### **SILVER TONGUES**

### **AND WHITE WEDDING DRESSES**

**FLAG CONFERENCE ROOM  
LOBO NEGRO STATION  
COPERNICUS SYSTEM**

Turner smiled as he entered the Lobo Negro conference room and made his way to the head of the polished wood table where Connors, Ryan, Horvath and Tajalle awaited him. “Looks like a party in here.” He said with a wink.

“Well we had to do something to celebrate Karla’s promotion,” Ryan said with a smile.

“None of that please,” Horvath replied with a curt shake of her head. “Just because I’m getting promoted doesn’t mean we can go buck wild.”

“Why not?” Tajalle asked with a mischievous grin. “You’re going to be the commander of the Colonial flagship. Sounds like a good excuse for a party to me.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Horvath said waving off the comment. “I’m still going to be the X.O. of the flagship. I just get a pay raise now.”

“You get paid?” Ryan deadpanned.

Turner laughed. It was good to see his people in good spirits. “Don’t sell yourself short, Karla. Remember that *I* was supposed to be *just the X.O.* of the flagship. If *Prometheus* hadn’t been reassigned to Operation Outreach six months before launch-”

“We would all be well and truly fraked right now,” Ryan finished for him.

Turner arched an eyebrow. “Indeed. Anyways, have a seat and let me show you why you’re all here.”

As the assembled leaders sat at the table, Turner pushed a button and activated a large viewscreen at the other end. On the screen materialized an image of the 12 colonies and the three stars the inhabited. Moving an icon the view zoomed in on the large world of Leonis.

“People, I’ve been reviewing the data on the information we captured during Alpha’s raid on the Cylon mainframe. In addition, I have been going over the parts and materials we salvaged during Operation Recovery and I believe the time has finally come.”

“For what, sir?” Commander Tajalle asked.

Turner took a deep breath. “To go on the offensive and finish the Cylon threat in this sector once and for all.”

Tajalle’s eyes went wide with surprise. “Sir, don’t get me wrong because I think that this is the best idea I’ve heard in months but even with the birds and equipment we salvaged, we don’t have the manpower and ships to take on the Cylon fleet.”

“Under normal circumstances, I would agree. However,” Turner said with a smile, “things are anything but normal.”

Pushing a button on the table Turner brought up a list of figures alongside a star map that led somewhere that none of them could recognize. “When the Cylons attack the Colonies we assumed they had a massive fleet. After all, they wiped out all twelve worlds almost simultaneously. However, based on figures we received from the mainframe we’ve determined that the Cylons had less than one hundred ships when they attacked.”

“Then how did they accomplish all that they did in such a short amount of time?” General Connors asked.

“They did it with several tools,” Turner explained. “First- they infected the Colonial Defense mainframe with a virus that crippled all ships using the Command Navigation Program. This virus crashed the computer core of any ship using it and shut down all of its systems.”

“Leaving them as sitting ducks,” Connors said. “We saw that up close and personal.”

“Indeed,” Turner continued. “In fact it was only your quick thinking in deactivating your network system through the manual override that saved you. That wasn’t the only thing they did though.”

Turner touched a button and an image of a hyperpulse communications station appeared. “The Cylons also corrupted the hyperpulse grid so that the colonies couldn’t communicate with each other. In fact, the first targets the Cylons hit with their virus were the five hyperpulse hubs. After that it was simple to isolate each world, pound it with nukes and then move on.”

Turner touched a button and the Cyranus star system reappeared. “Finally, the Cylons had the element of surprise. This time *we* will have that.”

“That still doesn’t explain how we’re going to overcome the deficit of personnel and machines,” Connors said. “We know the Cylons have suffered losses but they still have more than enough to deal with us.”

“That’s where this information comes in,” Turner said. “The Cylons have moved the bulk of their forces out of the Cyranus system and mobilized them in search of the *Galactica*. They now have less than thirty Basestars left here.”

“Why didn’t they take them all?” Horvath asked.

“Apparently, there has been a rift amongst the Cylons,” Turner said folding his arms across his chest. “This group didn’t want to leave so, rather than risk an armed conflict, the bulk of the fleet left to pursue Adama leaving these Cylons to their own machinations. But here is a big issue-”

Turner touched a button and the image of a massive space station in orbit of Leonis appeared. Its framework was diamond shaped but it was clearly incomplete as wide sections of the hull were open to space.

“According to Alpha, *this*” Turner pointed at the image, “is their secondary resurrection hub. With the rest of their fleet, to include their primary hub, out of range, this structure is the key to Cylon resurrection here in the Cyranus system.”

“Wait a second,” Connors said. “*That* is how they resurrect?”

“Yes,” Turner replied. “But more importantly, it isn’t operational yet. With the rest of the Cylon fleet spread to hell and gone in a vain effort to engage *Galactica*-”

“That means the Cylons are vulnerable,” Horvath said. “If we killed them they would really be *dead*.”

“Exactly,” Turner replied.

“That explains why the Cylons have left us alone for so long,” Tajalle said as she studied the picture. “How long until it’s operational?”

“Alpha says it could go online within a month.”

Connors and the others considered Turner’s words for a long moment but it was Ryan who broke the silence. “We have to attack.”

“I agree,” Horvath said. “The station has to be destroyed.”

“No, it’s more than that,” Connors spoke up. “If we attack we have to destroy every living Cylon in that system or else they will go into hiding, build another one of the fraking things and then Gods help us all.”

“I agree but even so, the Cylons still outnumber us three to one,” Tajalle said. “The only way I see a frontal assault working is if we can thin their numbers out somehow and then attack with everything we have to include the Alliance fleet we have here now.”

“*That* won’t happen,” Ryan scoffed. “The politicians can’t even agree on how to integrate them into our society.”

Turner considered Ryan’s words and then it hit him: the solution to the entire dilemma.

“Commander, I think you’re right,” he said as he stroked his chin thoughtfully.

“About what?” Ryan asked, perplexed.

Turner fixed his gaze on his former X.O. as a solution began to develop in his mind.

“About everything.”

## SENIOR ENLISTED QUARTERS BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS COPERNICUS SYSTEM

“Are you fraking serious?”

Master Chief Petty Officer Theresa Madrid looked at her fiancé, Captain Alain Halloran, with an expression that, he guessed, she would wear if he had suddenly grown an extra head from his ass.

“Yes, I’m serious,” Halloran replied as he pulled his undershirts over his lean, yet heavily muscled and tattooed torso.

“You want me to wear the full white dress, veil, garter and all the other *feldergarb*?” Madrid asked.

“Yes,” Halloran said again as he buttoned his uniform tunic. “You don’t like the idea?”

Maddie laughed. “Baby, the only reason I’m doing a formal wedding at all is because *you* want to. Remember- I’ve already done this once before and it didn’t work out so well.”

“Then why are you doing it again?”

Maddie smiled as she reached out and buttoned the last two buttons on his tunic. “Because you have a silver tongue, mister.”

Halloran smiled slyly. “Oh, so it’s my *tongue* you like so much.”

“Gah!” Maddie exclaimed as she pushed him away and playfully punched him in the arm. “You’re so dirty!”

Halloran smiled and pulled her close, planting a soft kiss on her lips. “That’s why you love me.”

The both giggled and started for the hatch door. “Is that what you think?”

Stepping through the door they closed it behind them and began the short walk from Maddie’s quarters to the C.I.C. making sure to keep an appropriate distance in front of other crewmen.

After all, while everyone might *know* that they were engaged, that didn’t mean they could go around flaunting rules against casual fraternization.

“I think you love me because of my devilish good looks, my boyish charm and yes, my silver tongue,” Halloran said as they approached the doorway to the C.I.C.

“You’re really off base then,” Maddie scoffed playfully. “I’m just marrying you for the money.”

Halloran chuckled and then put on his professional mask as he entered and moved to his station. “Officer of the watch: report.”

“Sir,” a young lieutenant replied as he stepped forward and handed a sheaf of paper over to him. “Major Breidis reports that the outer hull has passed its integrity tests. We can now get under way if necessary.”

Halloran nodded he took the papers. “The admiral will be pleased to hear about that, eh Chief?”

“Absolutely, sir,” Maddie replied.

“Sheba and Splashdown are currently on training runs with some of the new nuggets in sector seven and engineering has scheduled a load test on the port forward intercooler at fourteen hundred,” the lieutenant continued.

“Where are the Admiral and the X.O. right now?” Halloran asked.

“They’re aboard the station, sir.”

Halloran finished reading the watch and looked at the lieutenant. “Very well then, lieutenant- you’re relieved. Enjoy the down time.”

“Thank you sir,” the lieutenant smiled. “I’m shuttling down to the surface for the *Necagros* day festival.”

“That’s right- it *is* Dead Saint’s Day, huh?” Maddie asked.

“Just day three, Chief,” the lieutenant explained. “The parties start tomorrow.”

“And I’m sure you’ll want to be there when it begins,” Halloran said patting him on the shoulder. “Get going and have some fun for me too.”

“You’re not going to celebrate sir?” the lieutenant asked.

“Nope,” Halloran said studying the duty reports in his hands. “Too much to do here. I’ll leave that stuff to you young officers.”

“Yes sir,” the lieutenant smiled. “Well, have a good one.”

“You too,” Halloran said as he turned to his console. “Chief of the Watch, sound first call and log the duty change.”

“Aye sir,” Maddie said as she activated her headset. “First call, first call. All sections be advised- watch rotation is now complete and the third officer has the deck. Report equipment and personnel status to C.I.C., that is all.”

“We should be pretty light today with most of the crew on the surface for the celebration tomorrow,” Halloran commented.

“I have a question,” Maddie stated out of the blue. “Why don’t we just get married by the Admiral on the final day of the festival?”

Halloran’s head slowly came up and his eyes narrowed. “That’s the most cliché thing I’ve ever heard. *Everyone* wants to get married on the last day of the *Necagros* festival. I want something a little more special than that.”

Maddie smiled and Halloran realized that she had been playing him. “Just for that,” he said, “I’m going to *make* you wear the white dress.”

“Hah,” Maddie barked as she turned to her work. “Good luck with that.”

Halloran smiled. “Just you wait...”

## CHAPTER 3

# HEAVY THINGS

## RAPTOR TRAINING MISSION STS- 21 RED RUN I, SECTOR 7 COPERNICUS SYSTEM

Splashdown watched carefully as Spitfire eased the throttle forward to increase his straight line speed as he got used to the controls of the Raptor. From her position next to him she could read the gauges and was impressed at his performance.

“So far, so good Spitfire,” Splashdown said. “You seem to have a feel for the stick.”

“Both my dad and granddad were pilots,” Spitfire said as he concentrated on his instruments. “I’ve been flying since I was seven.”

Splashdown nodded. “Big difference between flying civilian craft and a Raptor.”

“In some ways,” Spitfire said. “More powerful engines, better maneuverability. Still, a ship is a ship.”

Splashdown smiled as she looked down at her trainer control board and flipped a switch. Suddenly the ship lurched to the right and began to roll slowly as alarms blared.

Spitfire kept his calm as he looked over the instruments carefully. “Starboard stabilizer just went down and the portside forward RCS is firing intermittently,” he reported.

“What’s your plan, Ensign?” Splashdown said as she observed him.

Spitfire sprang into action, his hands flying over the instrument panel. “I’m shutting down the portside feed line and reinitializing the starboard stabilizer.”

Splashdown watched as his actions began to right the ship. “Not bad, nugget.”

Spitfire smiled. “Thank you sir.”

Splashdown nodded and flipped the switches that reset the Raptors’ system. “Adjust your heading to one-eight-zero, karem triple zero and null your rates.”

Spitfire nodded and pulled on the stick flipping the Raptor over and rolling it to right itself. Satisfied he smiled to himself.

Splashdown rolled her eyes. “Back to the Barge, Nugget.”

## COLONIAL GOVERNMENT COMPLEX AKA OCTAGON TOWER

## SANCTUARY CITY COPERNICUS

Turner heard loud voices as he approached the conference room where the latest rounds of negotiations were taking place and hoped his hunch would pay off.

“You sure about this, Admiral?” Ryan said from behind him, as if reading his mind.

“As sure as I can be,” Turner replied as they came to the doors. “Ready?”

Ryan nodded and pushed the doors open. “Parlay!”

As one, all eyes at the table turned to him some with surprise, others with outrage.

“What’s the meaning of this, Commander?” President Grazier demanded.

“My meaning is simple, Mister President,” Ryan said. “According to the traditions of the Alliance, as an active combatant engaged in hostilities against Alliance forces, I have the right to demand a parlay to sue for peace.”

“Active combatant? What are you talking about?” Grazier asked, confused.

“He’s right,” Turner added. “No official resolution was ever found to our conflict therefore we are still engaged in hostilities.”

“The last of which, my forces won, which, if I remember correctly, means I can petition for parlay and dictate agenda,” Ryan said. “Do you agree, Sae’tzar?”

Rollo Thomasi furrowed his brow as he considered Ryan’s word but finally nodded. “I accept your petition to parlay. What is your agenda?”

“As the most recent victor in a string of clear victories I set the agenda as follows,” Ryan said taking a deep breath. “The complete cessation of hostilities between your forces and ours and the integration of Alliance forces into our own.”

Thomasi nodded slowly as a smile spread across his face. “You know our ways well, Commander Ryan. I accept your agenda and propose that we commence at once.”

“Wait,” Grazier said. “How did you-”

“It’s a warrior thing, Mister President,” Ryan said. “You wouldn’t understand.”

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After the politicians had cleared the room and only Ryan, Turner and Thomasi remained, Turner laid out his plan to his former opponent. When he was done, Thomasi considered his words for a long moment before responding.

“You are proposing that we subordinate our forces to yours and that we found our own city on the southern continent yet what guarantees do we have that you will not turn us once the common threat is gone?”

“In case you have forgotten,” Ryan said, his own troubled feelings showing thorough, “we weren’t the ones who lured the other into a trap and tried to steal your ship and your technology.”

“And you expect me to believe that you won’t want revenge for that?” Thomasi asked skeptically. “I find that hard to believe.”

Ryan shook his head. “We can’t afford that, either of us.”

Thomasi nodded. “I agree but we are warriors; we see the truth of the matter. Your politicians however only concern themselves with the fickle whims of public opinion. This concerns me.”

“I understand,” Turner said. “But the truth is that we need each other if we’re going to survive.”

“Yes but if our two cities exist as separate states, how will our military work?” Thomasi asked.

“Our President and you, as Sae’tzar, will designate a supreme commander of the alliance military. That person will be the supreme commander and in control of the defense of the planet.” Turner said.

“But how do we know that this supreme commander won’t abuse his position for the gain of his home state?”

“Both sides will agree that the alliance military will not be used to influence the internal affairs of either state,” Ryan spoke up. “The military will be used for defense of the planet and the exploration of space for new resources.”

Thomasi and Turner both nodded. “I like this,” the Sae’tzar said. “We will use local police forces to maintain order in our own settlements.”

“Agreed,” Turner said. “And both states will sign a non-aggression pact.”

This caused Thomasi to pause for a moment and Turner saw that the man was wrestling with his own emotions over the issue. He was a warrior after all, and being asked to commit to a peaceful way of life wasn’t something he had foreseen.

Finally Thomasi took a deep breath. “I agree.”

“Good,” Turner replied trying not to let his relief become too evident. “Now that the *trivial* matters are concluded we can discuss the next step.”

All three men chuckled as the tension between them faded.

“And what is this *next step*?” Thomasi asked.

“The end of the Cylon threat once and for all.”

Thomasi leaned forward, his interest piqued. “*Now* you have my attention.”

## CYLON PRISON CAMP BAGHERA CITY, LEONIS

Slider stood huddled over a burn barrel with several other prisoners, all trying to remain quiet and innocuous as the sun sat on the prison camp. Looking around he saw the Centurions making their normal rounds along the camp perimeter and for what seemed like the one hundredth time that day, he wondered where Melody might be being held.

The approach of quickly moving feet broke his thought and he braced for a conflict but was relieved to find the quick footfalls belonged to his friend Shelly.

“I know where Melody is,” she whispered as she came close. “They have her in the medical facility; isolation ward. They said they found something in her blood work and don’t want it spreading throughout the camp.”

“I call bullshit,” Layton said from beside Slider.

Shelly scowled. “Bullshit from a Cylon? Really? Ya’ don’t say...”

“Can it,” Slider growled. “Whatever the reason, the Cylons aren’t going to volunteer it to *us*.”

“But we *do* need to know,” Shelly countered.

“And how do you expect us to get this information?” Layton asked. “Sit down to lunch with Simon and ask him? I can just see it now: Hey Simon! How goes the eradication and enslavement of humanity? Oh by the way, what’s the *real* reason you’re holding our friend in an isolation ward?”

“We’re not going to *ask* anyone anything,” Slider said keeping one eye on the guards. “We’re going to grab Mel and whatever other information we can find and then we’re getting the frak out of here.”

“And just how the hell are we going to do *that*,” Shelly asked.

Slider looked them both in face. “We’re going to need Campagna and Turner.”

**PORTSIDE HANGAR DECK  
BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS  
COPERNICUS SYSTEM**

“Admiral on deck!”

As one the assembled crew of the Prometheus snapped to attention as Admiral Turner, resplendent in his dress uniform, marched out in front of them to stand before the senior officers of the ship.

It wasn’t often that he got to see all of them in one place, much less in dress uniforms so the admiral took a moment to enjoy the view and allow the pride he felt to wash over him. This was compounded by the presence of the other commanders of the fleet standing in a different row alongside the stage.

Commanders Hatch, Ryan and Tajalle stood out like beacons to the other officers and Turner took it as a mark of respect for the guest of honor that they had chosen to leave their own ships to attend.

Turner stopped in front of the podium and gazed out over the assembled crew with pride as he began to speak.

“Stand easy,” he said allowing the crew to assume the position of parade rest. “It’s been a long road we’ve traveled and today marks a momentous milestone for us: the unification of our fleet with that of the Alliance. In a formal ceremony later today, the President of the Republic and the Sae’tzar of the Alliance will formalize this arrangement. However, that is *not* why we are all assembled today.”

Turner gestured to his right. “Colonel Horvath, front and center.”

From an alcove, Horvath marched out in her dress uniform, he back parade ground straight, and made her way to a position next to the podium where she came to a stop and snapped a hand salute to her superior officer.

Turner returned it and looked to Maddie who had moved quietly to the podium in his place. “Master Chief: Post the orders.”

“Attention to orders!” Maddie called out in a loud and clear voice.

As one the crew snapped to attention, their heels coming together like a loud thunderclap in the confines of the hangar.

“The President has reposed special faith and confidence in the faith, competence and professional excellence of Colonel Karla Horvath. In view of these qualities and her demonstrated leadership abilities she is hereby promoted to the rank of Commander, and assigned the duties and privileges inherent in that rank. Signed- Jonathan Turner, Rear Admiral, Commanding.”

On cue, Commander Ryan stepped forward and removed Horvath’s Colonels’ rank insignia from her collar and, with a wink and smile tossed them over his shoulder. “You won’t be needing *those* anymore.”

Beaming with pride, Turner stepped forward and pinned Commander’s rank to Horvath’s collar. “Congratulations, *Commander* Horvath.”

Horvath, long known as the ice queen, smiled as tear of pride welled up in her eyes. “Thank you sir.” She replied, her voice barely a whisper.

“Don’t thank me yet, commander,” Turner said slyly. “We’re not done yet.”

Horvath adopted an expression of confusion as Captain Halloran marched forward carrying a leather bound book which represented the ship’s history and legacy. Immediately she recognized the significance of the moment. “Sir...?”

Turner responded by taking the book from Halloran and holding it out to her. “She’s a good ship, Commander. Treat her like a lady and she’ll always bring you home.”

“I-” Horvath said as the words stuck in her throat. “I’ll do my best sir.”

“Attention to orders: From Rear Admiral Jonathan Turner to Commander Karla Horvath- You are hereby ordered to assume command of the Battlestar *Prometheus* effective immediately and to maintain this ship and her crew for as long as you shall have command.”

With pride beaming from her face Horvath placed the book under her left arm and saluted with her right. “I relieve you, sir.”

“I stand relieved.” Turner returned the salute.

Moving aside, Maddie stood to attention as Turner took the podium once again.

“It has been my honor and privilege to serve as the commander of this ship,” he said, his voice booming out across the crew. “However, my duties as fleet commander prevent me from having the time to get down in the trenches with you like I used to. Therefore, I have selected as my relief, one of the best officers I have ever had the privilege to serve with. Into her hands do I entrust the care of my flagship and the gallant crew who serves her.”

Gesturing to Horvath he smiled as he said “Ladies and gentlemen, it is with a great sense of pride that I give to you the second commander of the Battlestar *Prometheus*, Commander Karla Horvath.”

Mild applause broke out and swelled into a roar as Horvath moved forward to the podium. By the time she looked out on the crowd the crew was cheering her.

“Thank you,” she said as the applause quieted down. “Thank you all for serving with me and for being the best damn crew in the fleet.”

“Damn right, sir!” someone shouted from the back causing the other to chuckle.

“Admiral Turner, thank you for being such a good mentor and for trusting me with your flagship. I promise not to scratch the new paint job.”

Again, the crowd chuckled. “Since I’m a person of few words I’ll leave it at that. All standing orders and policies remain in effect. Chief of the Boat: post the watch.”

“Post the watch, aye Commander!” Maddie replied. “Company: fall out by division and report to your posts. Division commanders: report status to the commanding officer *asap*.”

As Horvath and Turner watched as the crew began to move away and resume their duties the admiral placed a hand on her shoulder. “It’s all yours now, Karla.”

Horvath nodded without replying as the weight of a Battlestar descended on her shoulders.

## CHAPTER 4

# SHOTGUN WEDDINGS

## OCTAGON TOWER SANCTUARY CITY COPERNICUS

Applause broke out as Rollo Thomasi and Kevin Grazier, the respective leaders of their governments, signed the treaty uniting them in their fight against the Cylons. Placing the pens down both men smiled and shook hands as they faced the gathered crowd in front of the tower.

Watching from the side, Turner clapped with the rest of the crowd as both men stepped to podiums to make their statements to the people.

“Today marks a new beginning in the history of man,” Grazier said as the applause died down. “Today we welcome our brethren, the last survivors of the thirteenth tribe, to this world where we have found sanctuary from the Cylon menace. We welcome this as they establish their own city on the southern continent of Macedon. We wish them well as they build their new society and we look forward to establishing trade and commerce and growing our friendship as time goes on.”

The crowd applauded again as Thomasi stepped forward and began to speak.

“Today we signed the Colonial Alliance Treaty. It will unite our two separate militaries into one whose sole mission will be to defend this world from all external threats and to explore space in search of new resources for us to exploit here on Copernicus. Today, our civilian ships began landing at the site where our new city, Spa’arta, will grow. Over time as our nations work together in peace, we will forge a friendship that will endure the ages.”

“Now, we’d be happy to take your questions.”

Immediately reporter began to clamor and Grazier called on one he recognized from his time back on Caprica. “Go ahead, Nat.”

“Thank you, Mister President,” Anastasia Tubanos said as she stood. “Sir, the military is now going to become a brand new entity. Who have you and Sae’tzar Thomasi chosen to command the Colonial Alliance Defense Force?”

“Thank you, Nat,” Grazier said. “When the Sae’tzar and I began talking about this there was only one logical choice for the job. He has reorganized our military into force to be reckoned with and he commands the respect of everyone, Colonial and Alliance alike. Because of these qualities we have promoted Jonathan Turner to Fleet Admiral and given him command of the C.A.D.F.”

“How will the C.A.D.F. be organized?” Nat asked before another reporter could interrupt.

“I’ll leave that question to Admiral Turner,” Grazier said gesturing to the admiral.

Turner had expected Grazier to deflect the question since he wasn't a full supporter of the plan that he and Thomasi had hammered out. Still, when the Sae'tzar had said it was that or nothing, Grazier had quickly acquiesced.

"We will break our ships down into two fleets. Both of these fleets will be commanded by an admiral who will report to me," Turner explained. "All ground forces will report to a general who will also report to me. These three officers will be my command council."

"Who have you selected for your council?" a voice asked.

"I've selected James Ryan to command the First Fleet and Julian Titus will command the Second Fleet," Turner said. "I am giving command of all ground forces to Stewart Kelly, whom I am going to promote to Brigadier General."

"Why aren't you giving command to General Connors?" Nat asked.

Turner smiled. "Because I am sending General Connors on a special mission."

"What mission is that?"

Turner took a deep breath and prepared for the backlash of his next statement. "I am sending General Connors, along with the Battlestar Celestial and three support ships to track down and find the Battlestar *Galactica* and her civilian fleet. It's time to reunite our family."

## **COMMANDERS QUARTERS BATTLESTAR PROMETHEUS COPERNICUS**

"I never imagined that my first act as commander of a Battlestar would be *this*, chief," Commander Horvath said as she stood in front of Maddie and Halloran.

"I understand, sir," Maddie replied.

"And *you*, Mister Halloran- do you understand why I have to do this?" Horvath asked as she directed her icy gaze at him.

"I do sir," Halloran replied.

"I just can't have my new X.O. and my senior enlisted soldier playing house like this. It's against the regs. The admiral might have let you do it but not me. Clear?"

"Yes sir," They both replied.

"Then let's get on with this," Horvath said as she picked up a book. "Hold hands now."

Maddie and Halloran took each other's hands just as the door behind them opened with a hiss to admit Commander Ryan. "The witness has arrived," he said with a smile.

Horvath picked up the book and read. "We're gathered here today in the sight of the Gods to join this man, Alain Xavier Halloran and this woman, Theresa Jean Madrid, in holy union. Whoever wishes to object, speak now or forever hold your peace."

Maddie and Halloran both looked nervously around for a moment and then smiled. "I think we're good." Maddie said.

"The rings?" Horvath asked.

Halloran shook his head and held up a finger with Maddie's initials tattooed into the skin. "I'm from Picon- we don't do rings."

Horvath shrugged. "Then by the power vested in me as commander of this ship I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may now kiss your wife."

Halloran smiled as he took Maddie into his arms and kissed her deeply. After a long moment the broke and turned to face their new commander. "So now we can play house, sir?" Maddie asked.

Horvath chuckled. "Yes chief, now that you are officially married you can play house."

"Thank you," Maddie replied turning back to her new husband. "So what now?"

"I'm giving you both forty eight hours of shore leave to celebrate," Horvath said. "Now go catch a shuttle to the surface and enjoy Dead Saint's Day."

Halloran rolled his eyes. "I still can't believe we got married on the last day. How cliché'."

"That's should be the last of your worries," Ryan said as he patted Halloran on the back.

"What do you mean, sir?" Halloran asked.

"Well, you see Chief Madrid here is from Aquarion," Ryan said with a smirk. "When they get married there, the man takes the woman's last name."

Halloran's eyes went wide with shock as Ryan turned and walked toward the exit.

"Congratulations," he said, turning back for one brief moment, "Mister Madrid."

**NEXT DAY...**  
**COMBAT INFORMATION CENTER**  
**BATTLESTAR CELESTIAL**

## COPERNICUS

“You sure about this?” Connors asked.

“Absolutely,” Turner replied. “Hand pick your crew and get everything you need ready. I want you to depart as soon as possible.”

“I’ll need two weeks at least,” Connors said. “We’re going to have a lot of work to do.”

“Anything you need you will have,” Turner said.

“Tracking Galactica is going to be a tricky notion at best,” Connors said as he studied a star chart. “It’s been two months since we found New Caprica and they had a three week head start on us then.”

“That’s why I’m assigning Captain Thrace to you.”

Connors nodded. “She’ll be a good asset to have along.”

“Yeah, just be careful. She doesn’t fit in well with most people,” Turner said with a frown.

“I heard,” Connors said rolling his eyes. “How many assaults now?”

“Three. She’s in hack right now for, what she termed as, *striking a superior asshole.*”

Connors chuckled. “I’ll have to remember that one.”

Turner nodded. “Just remember to-”

“Dradis contact!”

Turners head snapped around. “Locate.”

“Sector twelve,” a crewman said as she studied her screen. “Just outside the midway marker.”

“Get *Eternal Actual* on the horn,” Turner commanded as he stepped close to the command station. “Commander, get this ship moving and spin up your FTL drive. I want to-”

“Battlestar *Celestial* this is *Eternal Actual* for the Fleet Admiral.”

Turner picked up a headset. “Tajalle, tell me you have eyes on this.”

“I have two Vipers on intercept course now, sir,” Tajalle replied, her voice garbled by static. “It looks like- frak! It’s a Raider.”

“Engage and destroy, Commander.” Turner said.

“We’re on it sir. Our Vipers are-”

Suddenly, the icon disappeared from the dradis screen.

“Damn it, it jumped away!” Tajalle cursed.

“Shit,” Turner hissed turning to the communications officer. “Alert all commands: Bring the fleet to condition one and standby. The Cylons are coming.”

**BONUS**

# The Future Part 3

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

JAN 30TH, 2009

“So you’re telling me that you think that some of the most amazing structures from ancient Earth history were built by extra terrestrials?”

“No,” Dr. Albert Parker said as he stood in front of the combined heads of the joint chiefs of staff. “I said their construction was influenced by extra terrestrials, not built by them.”

“That’s the craziest thing I’ve ever heard,” a marine in a general’s uniform said as he scowled.

“I’ve heard crazier,” an admiral chimed in from next to him.

“Continue, Doctor Parker.” A voice said from the end of the table.

“Thank you, Mister Secretary,” Parker replied. “Working with my partner, Dr. Thayer, we have managed to decipher most of the symbols found on the doorway we discovered in Central America. That, along with some of the artifacts we have been allowed access too from other sites, has allowed me to put together a rough translation of a series of documents that were provided to us for study.”

On a screen behind him, odd shaped papers that had been yellowed by time appeared with a strange language printed upon them.

“At first we thought the language was ancient Greek,” Parker explained, “however as time went on I discovered that this language was actually the precursor to ancient Greek and, as you can notice, these documents are not hand written but machine typed.”

“How old are the documents?” the Secretary asked.

“Carbon dating puts them at over one hundred and fifty thousand years old,” Parker said.

“That’s bullshit!” The Marine exclaimed. “How could paper have survived that long?”

“They were found in a cache of items located in Australia three years ago,” Dr. Thayer said as she stood to face them. “They had been vacuum sealed in a metallic tube of a composition which we had never seen.”

The assembled officers began to chatter amongst themselves but were brought back to the moment by the insistent rapping of knuckles on the table by the defense secretary.

“What else did you find there, Dr. Thayer?” he asked.

“Well sir, in addition to these documents we found a map of Earth that had several locations parked for reference,” Thayer replied.

“Where were some of these locations?”

“The Giza Plateau,” Thayer began listing locations. “Mount Kilimanjaro, in Africa, the Scottish Highlands, several locations in Central America and the list goes on.”

“What do you think this map is for?”

“Based on what I have deciphered,” Parker said stepping forward, “I believe that these locations were landing sites.”

“For ancient extra terrestrials?”

“Possibly sir,” Parker asked. “But I also believe that if we visit these sites we will find more caches like the one in Australia.”

The secretary looked at the documents on the screen for a long moment before turning back to Parker. “Doctor, you said you have deciphered these correct?”

“Somewhat, sir.”

“Can you tell us who these people were?”

Parker took a deep breath. “I don’t know who they were, sir, but based on the writings I believe they came on a ship named *Galaxy* or something similar and I believe it was a war ship.”

“What makes you think that?” That marine general asked, suddenly interested.

“Because,” Parker said pointing to a heading above the main text, “these two words roughly translate to *Battle Star*.”