Bel’shir, Tal’darim Base

Ascending Malain, two of the Terran ships escaped.

How disappointing, they will return with reinforcements.

But, alas, the highlord has forbidden us to make war upon them.

Treaties, Bah.

The Medivac is still here. Their data will prove—

No, it will not. When the Terrans return, they will find a world of ashes.

The only evidence we were ever here? A skirmish with Protoss ships bearing dark colors. Hardly proof.

Our mining will be complete by next sunset. Begin the bombardment immediately after.

Yes, Fourth Ascendant.

“Bel’shir tells me that you shall all die!”
UNTIL, OF COURSE, I INTERVENE. BUT WHY SHOULD IT?

THE PENALTY FOR TRESPASSING IS DEATH. CARRYING OUT THE SENTENCE SHALL FALL TO ME, BEL'SHIR'S MOST FAVORED... UH...

...SERVANT? NO, I'M MORE THAN THAT. PROPHET?

CHIEF TECHNOLOGY OFFICER?

WE CAME TO RESCUE YOU. AND NOW YOU WANT TO KILL US? ARE YOU INSANE?!
WHAT THE--?

THWACK

IT IS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DIE?

THIS ONE CAN EXFOLIATE YOUR ARTERIES!

THIS ONE CAN FLOSS YOUR VERTEBRAS!

AND THIS ONE-- IS JUST ADORABLE!

LOOK AT THAT SMILE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, GIRL?

HISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

HEY, SHE LIKES YOU!

WHAT WAS I DOING AGAIN? KILLING ONE OF YOU...? ALL OF YOU...?
Nah, nothing like that.

As long as Ensign Wallace and Captain Niemi remember that Bel'Shir's Chief Technology Officer--

--Can read their every thought--

--I think we'll stay good friends.

Copy that.

My friends weren't here when I needed them. Bel'Shir was. I remember it like it was yesterday...
“AND THEN, PURELY BY ACCIDENT, I CAME ACROSS THE GLORY OF BEL’SHIR.”

“TERRAZINE GAS?”

“EXCUSE ME, DO YOU CALL A STAR A ‘BALL OF IGNITING SPACE DUST’? DO YOU CALL A BLACK HOLE—?”

“RIGHT. GLORY OF BEL’SHIR. CONTINUE.”

“BEL’SHIR GAVE ME THE GIFT TO SEE WITHIN ANY MIND.”

“And to commune with nature.”

WHERE’S THE TERRAZINE? I NEEEEEEEEED IT!

“For more than a year, I swam in the oceans of Bel’Shir’s enlightenment.”

“I have never scienced so hard in my life.”

“When did the Tal’darim show up?”
"They came to take Bel'Shir's glory! All of it!"

"But Bel'Shir told me what to do."

"I had to tear down all signs of Terran presence."

"And repurpose my old life into a new purpose."

"First, I created servants. I used the best oil."

"And from my old life, I created a congregation."

"Loyal. Powerful. Shiny."

"The means to destroy any trespassers."
HE DOESN’T KNOW ABOUT THE WAR ON AMON.
HE THINKS HE WAS ABANDONED, BUT REALLY--

WHEN DID YOU FINISH BUILDING YOUR CONGREGATION?
MMM, FOUR MONTHS AGO OR SO.

FOUR MONTHS? IS HE SCARED?
WAIT, HE CAN READ MY MIND. DID HE JUST HEAR ME CALL HIM--

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE MIND EGO STETMANN HAS!
HE’S SO STABLE, BRILLIANT, AND NOT SCARED AT ALL!
I WANT TO GO HOME.

SCARED? I AM NOT SCARED! I AM BEL’SHIR’S CTO, AND--
YOU’VE FOLLOWED HER WISDOM PERFECTLY.
YOU WAITED FOR THE PERFECT MOMENT TO STRIKE. YOU WERE WAITING FOR US.

THE TAL'DARIM WANT TO STEAL HER GLORY. THE PENALTY CAN ONLY BE DEATH.

WE WILL HELP AND WHEN IT'S DONE, WE WILL LEAVE THIS SACRED LAND.

YES.

BEL'SHIR SAYS YOU WON'T DIE IF YOU DO EXACTLY THAT!

GARY--

CEASE YOUR RECYCLING TASK. REBUILD AND REPAIR THE SHIP.

BUT BEFORE WE CLEANSE THIS WORLD, YOU MUST DEMONSTRATE YOUR FAITH.

YOU MUST KNOW BEL'SHIR'S GLORY, AND SHE MUST KNOW YOU.

I, UH, AM NOT WORTHY OF SUCH A GIFT.

I INSIST.

... SHIT.

TO BE CONTINUED...