STAR CRAFT II
WAR CHEST

THIS SACRED LAND
PART 3

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STETMANN, I AM IN POSITION.

EXCELLENT. THESE PROTOSSE SHALL DIE.

LOOK. THEY SEE US COMING. THEY SEE MY SWARM.

THEY ARE PANICKING. CAN YOU HEAR THEM, MINION? I CAN.

“OH NO! THOSE AMAZING MECHA-ZERGS MUST HAVE BEEN HERE THE WHOLE TIME!”

“RAAR! I’M IN CHARGE AND I’M STUPID!”

“It’s all my fault but I’ll never admit it!”

“ALSO, I’VE NEVER HEARD OF SNIPERS, SO I STAND NEAR WINDOWS: THE ONLY WEAK POINT IN THIS WHOLE BUILDING!”

“TAKE THE SHOT, MINION.”

COPY THAT.

PEW
"Arrghh, it stings! Now I dieeee ughhagblarg..."

He talks a lot for a dead Gly.

Nobody asked you.

Protoss don't have mouths. Can't gurgle.

If Bel'shir said he gurgled, then he gurgled!

But no matter, prepare the detonator, minion.

On my signal, set off my magnificent, shiny, built-from-scrap...--what??
I said, "Wait for my signal!"
My bad, master.
I can't believe this!

How am I supposed to rise ascendant—
--baptized in the blood of Bel'ishir's enemies--

--without proper dramatic timing!!

Super Gary! Show the lesser minion how it's done.

"Aaack! Jeepers!"

"He's so well-made and powerful! So much, much more impressive than us!"

"I guess we all deserve to die, huh? For being so lame."
OH YES, SUPER GARY SETS THE STANDARD FOR US ALL.

STAND BY, MASTER. I NEED TO MEDITATE ON MY FAILINGS FOR A MOMENT.

PEW PEW PEW

CAPTAIN, ENSIGN. WE HAVE ENGAGED THE ENEMY.

CLICK

HOW'RE THE REPAIRS COMING?

WE'RE CLOSE. GIVE US AN HOUR.

COPY. PREP THE MED STATION.

YOU HURT? OR IS IT THE, Uh, SIDE EFFECTS--?

NO. HUMOR ME, CAPTAIN. I'LL GET BACK TO YOU SOON.

PEW PEW PEW
One hour and thirteen minutes later...

Their leaders are dead. Their vessels lie in ruins. Their terrazine is mine. As was foretold by omniscient Bel’shir.

Lesser minion, join me. Let us walk among our dead enemies and laugh at how easy this was.

Minion? Where are you? Did Super Gary step on you? He did, didn’t he? Gary, get over here. Now!
All systems green, or, at least, not completely red.

SHE'LL FLY, CAPTAIN.

Warm it up, Ensign. Stetmann may come after us next.

REST EASY, CAPTAIN. I've got this covered.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH... THAT?

FINISHING THE MISSION. WE HAVE ORDERS.
WENTY MINUTES LATER...

I DON'T CARE IF YOU LEVITATE, GARY. I KNOW YOU STEPPED ON HIM!

EITHER YOU KILLED HIM...

...OR HE'S HIDING HIS MIND FROM ME, AND HE WOULD NEVER DO THAT.

I COULD FEEL IT. HE SERVES BEL'SHIR FAITHFULLY. HE IS DEVOTED TO HER CAUSE.

SO DEVOTED... LIKE ME....

I HAVE TO TAKE HIM BACK, BUT YOU HAVE A CHOICE.

STAY OR GO, GARY?
Vector looks good, preparing for the jump back home. Can't believe we made it, Captain. You and me both.

*Stetmann served her well. Now Bel'shir has a congregation to protect her.*

But he would never have agreed to leave. Even if she had commanded him to.

But he'll be fine, in time. He has the chance to carry out her will on countless worlds, create countless congregations for her. It's for the best.

That's what she told me, anyways. We'll just have to see, won't we, Gary?