JUMP COMPLETE. SQUADRON IS ON-TARGET ABOVE BEL'SHIR.

NOBODY'S DIED YET. THAT'S NICE. BEGINNING THE SCAN.

SO, WE DOING THIS BY THE BOOK? OR ARE YOU HERE TO DROP SOME CLASSIFIED SURPRISES ON US?

NO, MA'AM. I'M JUST AN EXPENSIVE BABYSITTER.

EGON STETMANN HAD FRIENDS. FRIENDS WITH NAMES LIKE RAYNOR AND MENGSK.

SO, HE GETS SPECIAL TREATMENT WHEN HE GOES MISSING.

LUCKY HIM. "HAD" FRIENDS? THINK HE'S DEAD?
NO CONTACT FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS. ZERO DISTRESS BEACONS.

HE'S DEAD.

MAYBE IT WAS A DISEASE. OR JUST A TERRAZINE OVERDOSE. OR A--

--OH--

"--SHIT."

"INCOMING!"

CONTACT! PROTOSS ENEMIES!

WE'RE HIT!

RESCUE ONE, GET CLEAR! WE'LL COVER YOU!

KHOOM
NEGATIVE, RESCUE TWO. ENGINES ARE OFFLINE.

OH GOD, WE'RE STUCK HERE, OH GOD.

FOCUS, WHO THE HELL ARE THEY?

RIGHT. SORRY.

WAIT, THE SCANS... THERE'S A TAL'DARIM BASE ON BEL'SHIR. CAPTAIN, A BIG ONE.

TAL'DARIM... GUESS WE KNOW WHAT KILLED STETMANN.

I SHOULD HAVE SENSED THEM. THIS IS ON ME.

GOT ANY CLASSIFIED SURPRISES FOR US? WE SURE COULD USE 'EM.

COPY THAT. FULL THROTTLE TOWARD BEL'SHIR. PLEASE.

GET US NEAR THE LAST KNOWN TERRAN OUTPOST.

VIKING WING...
...Buy us two minutes. Distract them then jump home.

Hold on, Rescue One--

Leave us, that's an order.

Do we got a plan, here?

The Tal'darim will find this ship could take them two days, or two minutes.

Let's see if Stetmann left any useful gear around. Especially weapons.

Then, we hide in the jungle for as long as we can.

They're proto斯, they're psionic. Can we hide from them?

No, Ma'am. But let's not make it any easier on them.
HERE WE GO.

THAT'S THE SCIENCE LAB.

OR AT LEAST...

...IT WAS.

...THIS WASN'T ATTACKED, WAS IT? IT WAS DISMANTLED.

NOW WHAT?

WELL... FIGURE IT'LL TAKE THREE, FOUR DAYS FOR RESCUE TO COME.

WE JUST HAVE TO FIND A HOLE IN THE GROUND UNTIL--

QUIET. DON'T MOVE.

LURKER SPINES.

WE'RE SURROUNDED.
THE ZERG ARE HERE TOO?
WE'RE DEAD.

I CAN'T SENSE THEM AT ALL. NO PSIONIC SIGNATURE.

BUT... THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE OUT THERE IN THE DISTANCE...

PUT YOUR HANDS UP.

WHRRRRRRR

WHRRRRRRR
WHAT IS THAT?
SHUT UP. IT AIN'T KILLED US YET.
THAT'S THE SPIRIT.

UHH...

IF YOU WANT US TO GO SOMEWHERE WITH YOU, LEAD--AND WE'LL FOLLOW.

CRACK

HMM.
OKAY. LET'S GO.

POPP POP POP

THUMP

THOSE ZERG AREN'T...ALIVE.

I KNOW.
They're being controlled by a creature up ahead. Someone psionic, like me...

...so let me do the talking.

Ah, yes. There they are. Good work, Gary. You've brought me a precious gift. Not one, not two, but three new trespassers to judge!

Is that...?

Yeah, it is.

That's Egon Stetmann.

Tell me, intruders...

Why shouldn't I have you killed for setting foot on this sacred land?