

**LORDS OF KOBOL!**  
WE'VE TRIPPED A  
CYLON INTRUDER  
ALARM!  
COMMUNICATIONS--  
JAM THAT SIGNAL.  
IT'S BROADCASTING  
OUR LOCATION!



IF WE CAN'T STOP  
THAT TRANSMISSION,  
WE'LL HAVE EVERY  
ALLIANCE SHIP THIS  
SIDE OF THE GALAXY  
BREATHING DOWN  
OUR NECKS!

AYE,  
COMMANDER!

ORIGIN OF  
SIGNAL?



TRIANGULATING  
NOW, SIR.

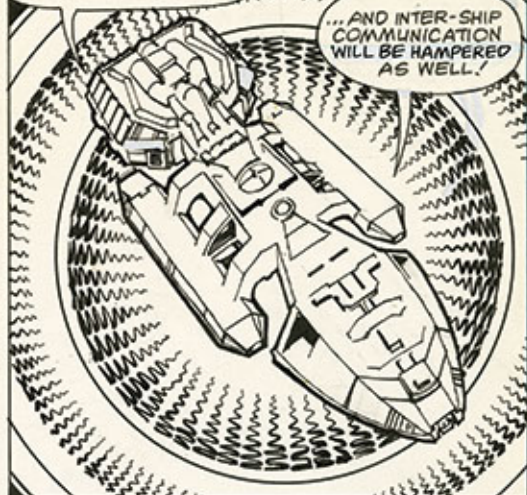
THERE! A CYLON  
TRACKING SATELLITE  
IN FIXED ORBIT  
AROUND THAT PLANET.



WE'RE THROWIN' OUT  
ENOUGH ELECTRONIC  
FELGERCARS TO JAM  
DEEP SPACE COMMUN-  
ICATIONS FOR A  
THOUSAND CENTONS...

...BUT WE CAN'T  
KEEP IT UP  
INDEFINITELY...

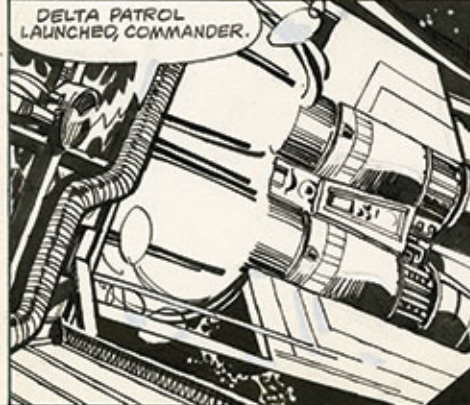
...AND INTER-SHIP  
COMMUNICATION  
WILL BE HAMPERED  
AS WELL!



SCRAMBLE A  
VIPER PATROL,  
HELMSMAN. I  
WANT THAT  
TRANSMITTER  
DESTROYED AS  
SOON AS POSSIBLE.



DELTA PATROL  
LAUNCHED, COMMANDER.



THIS MISSION COULD  
BE DANGEROUS, CAPTAIN  
PHOEBUS. WE COULD  
USE A PILOT LIKE  
**STARBUCK, NOW!**

STARBUCK'S BACK  
ON SCAVENGE WORLD,  
LIEUTENANT, AND NO  
AMOUNT OF WISHING'S  
GONNA BRING HIM  
BACK!

WE'RE ON  
OUR OWN,  
GUYS, SO  
LET'S MOVE  
IT!



THIRTY CENTONS LATER...



VISUAL CONTACT CONFIRMED, CAPTAIN.

BEGINNING FINAL RUN.

SIR, THIS IS ALMOST TOO EASY--

--LIKE THE CYLONS WANT US TO BLOW THAT SUCKER TO KINGDOM COME!

I'VE BEEN THINKING THE SAME THING! HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN.

SWITCH TO ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SCAN.




TRANSFERRING TO E-M SCAN, CAPTAIN. UH, OH... WE GOT TROUBLE...

BIG TROUBLE, LIEUTENANT. IF THESE READOUTS ARE CORRECT, THAT SATELLITE'S PSITRONICALLY LINKED TO AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE SET DEEP WITHIN THE PLANET ITSELF.



IF WE DESTROY THE SATELLITE, WE BLOW THE PLANET SKY HIGH AND THE SUB-SPACE DISRUPTIONS WILL TELL THE CYLONS WE'RE HERE, ANYWAY.

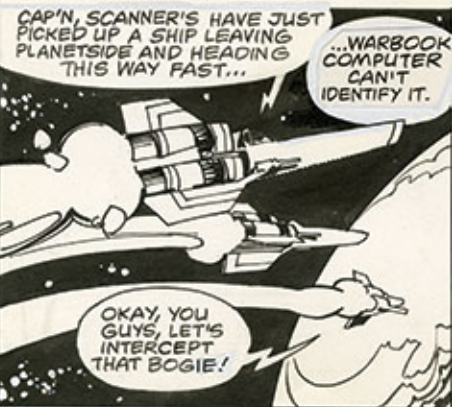
WE'LL NEED A TEAM OF DEMOLITION EXPERTS TO DISENGAGE THE LINK-UP BEFORE WE CAN FINISH OUR MISSION.



LIEUTENANT, GET BACK TO THE GALACTICA--

--TELL THEM TO GET A BOMB-SQUAD HERE FAST.


I'M ON MY WAY, SIR!



CAPTAIN, SCANNER'S HAVE JUST PICKED UP A SHIP LEAVING PLANETSIDE AND HEADING THIS WAY FAST...

...WARBOOK COMPUTER CAN'T IDENTIFY IT.

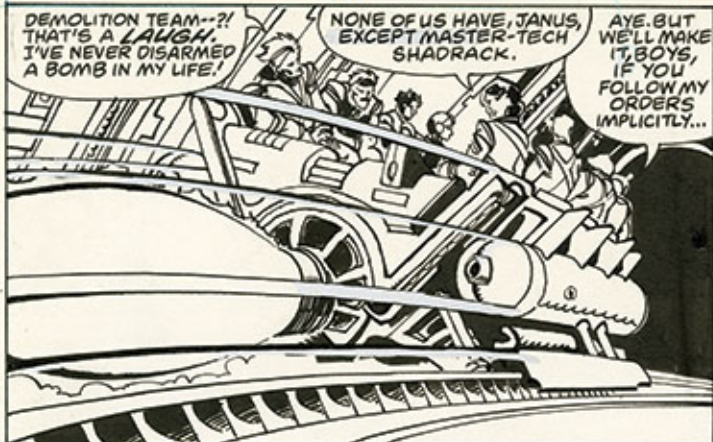
OKAY, YOU GUYS, LET'S INTERCEPT THAT BOGIE!



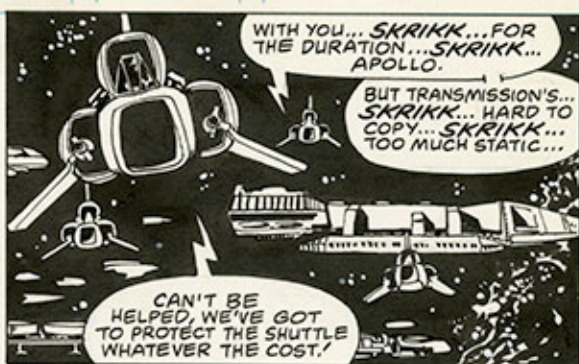
A FEW CENTONS LATER, ABOARD THE GALACTICA...

DEMOLITION TEAM, REPORT TO LAUNCH BAY BETA ON THE DOUBLE!











MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE GALACTICA, APOLLO IS HARD AT WORK, SIFTING THROUGH THE SHIP'S MASSIVE DATA BANK.



CASS WAS RIGHT. OVER ON THE RISING STAR, SHE SAID THAT SHE NEVER SEES ANY OF THE MILLIONAIRES IN THE FLEET RELAXING THERE ANYMORE.

AND THIS CONFIRMS IT. NONE OF THEM HAVE APPLIED FOR A PASS TO THE STAR IN WEEKS.

BUT THE STAR IS THE ONLY LUXURY LINER IN THE FLEET. AND THE HABITS OF THE RICH CULTIVATED THERE BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE COLONIES WOULD BE HARD TO BREAK.



SO IF THEY DON'T VISIT THE RISING STAR ANYMORE, IT'S BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT SOMEPLACE ELSE TO GO...

...AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SOME OF THEM HAVE GONE PERMANENTLY.



A QUICK POPULATION SCAN INDICATES THAT 47 OF THE 50 RICHEST PEOPLE IN THE FLEET HAVE DISAPPEARED.

QUIETLY.



IF JOLLY IS RIGHT AND BIG MONEY IS SQUARELY BEHIND THE PIRATES WHO'VE BEEN STEALING THE PRE-DESTRUCTION FOOD STORES...

...WHAT A COINCIDENCE THAT THE WEALTHIEST FOLKS IN THE FLEET SEEM TO BE DROPPING OUT OF SIGHT AT THE SAME TIME.

AND TWO OF THE REMAINING THREE MILLIONAIRES ARE ON A TOUR OF SUPPLY TERMINAL FACILITIES, WHERE FREIGHT DRONES ARE LAUNCHED.



...THAT'S THE LAST REPORTED ACTIVITY OF EIGHT OF THE VANISHED RICH.



I WONDER WHAT INTEREST FREIGHT DRONES COULD HAVE FOR SUCH HIGH ROLLERS.



LEO, HUH? WASN'T THAT PLANET SIRE URI'S HOME?

ORIGINALLY, BUT HE'S *STILL* IN THE BRIG, WHEN I GOT YOUR REPORT FROM THE BURNHAM ABOUT THE LEO ISSUE FLIGHT PACS THE RAIDERS WORE, I CHECKED.

WELL, HE'S PROBABLY NOT THE ONLY ROTTEN APPLE FROM LEO.

WE'LL TRACK THIS CARAVAN AND SEE WHERE IT--

HEY, THEY'RE BREAKING FORMATION!



HAVE WE BEEN SPOTTED?

I DON'T THINK--  
**LOOK!**

WE'RE ABOUT TO BE RUN OVER!  
WE'LL NEVER--

**WHOA!**

WHA--WHAT HAPPENED?  
YOU DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH THE CONTROLS!

I TOLD YOU WE COULDN'T CRASH. THE VECTOR INTERLOCKS CLICKED IN AND THREW US OUT OF THE WAY.

I COULD STAND A LESS DRAMATIC DEMONSTRATION NEXT TIME. HOW ABOUT OUR FRIENDS?

THEY SCATTERED WHEN THAT SHIP CAME THROUGH...

...AND I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GRAB A FIXED FOCUS ON ANY OF THEM!

THEY'RE GONE.



