


The year was 2403.



HONORHIM  
BRISTOW, MR.  
ARBOGAST, I'M  
THE DEPUTY  
HEAD OF  
SECURITY.

NO...NO,  
WE HAVEN'T  
SPOKEN  
BEFORE.

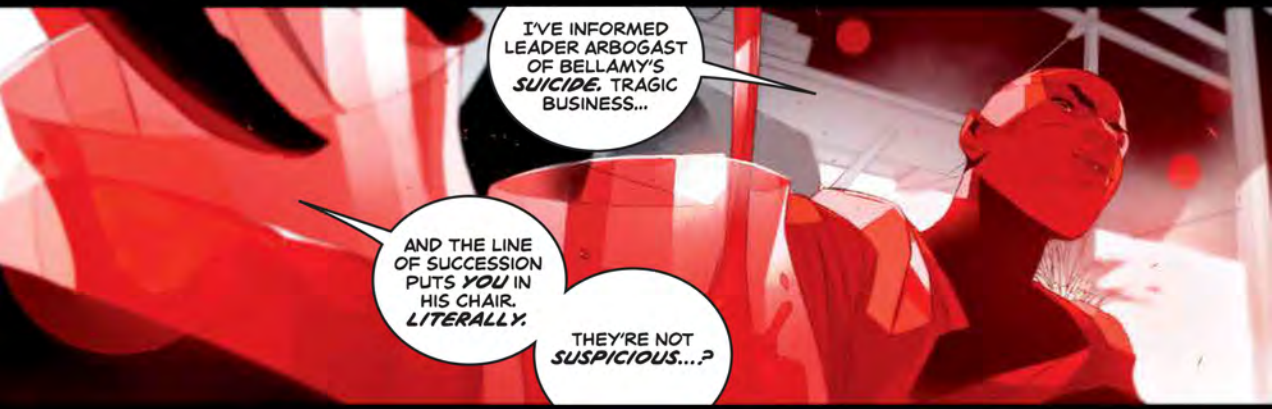
NO, SIR. I  
CAN'T PUT  
THE HEAD OF  
SECURITY ON  
FOR YOU.

The colony was  
*Malik's Flight*.



HE'S  
INDISPOSED.

There was  
a change in  
personnel.



I'VE INFORMED LEADER ARBOGAST OF BELLAMY'S *SUICIDE*. TRAGIC BUSINESS...

AND THE LINE OF SUCCESSION PUTS *YOU* IN HIS CHAIR. *LITERALLY*.

THEY'RE NOT *SUSPICIOUS...?*



THEY'VE NO REASON TO BE. YOU MADE A *GODD JOB* OF IT--VERY NATURAL.

BUT IF THEY *DID* SUSPECT ANYONE, IT'D BE THE MAN WITH SOMETHING TO *GAIN*--AND I WASN'T THERE.



BUT IT MIGHT LEAVE PEOPLE ASKING *WHY--*

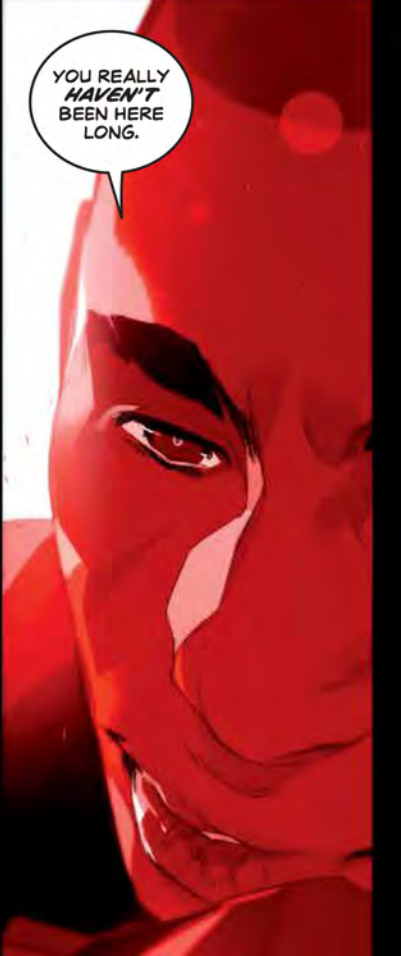
I WAS DOING AN OVERNIGHT CHECK ON THE *CATHEDRAL*. FLANKED BY *TWO ARMED GUARDS* AT ALL TIMES.

THAT'S FINE. I'M JUST MAKING SURE ALL THE ANGLES ARE COVERED.

ALTHOUGH... I DIDN'T LEAVE A *NOTE*. PERSONALLY, I PREFER *NOT* TO-- TOO MANY WAYS TO SLIP UP, MAKE IT LOOK *FAKE*...



*HA!*

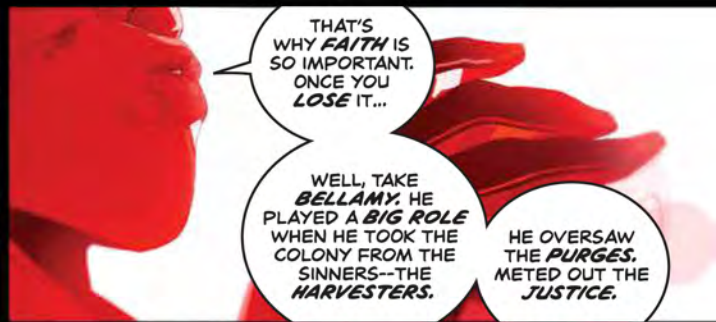


YOU REALLY *HAVEN'T* BEEN HERE LONG.



MALIK'S FLIGHT'S NOT *QUITE* THE HAPPY LAND OF STARSHINE ARBOGAST PROBABLY *SOLD* YOU. WE WERE BORN IN *BLOOD*.

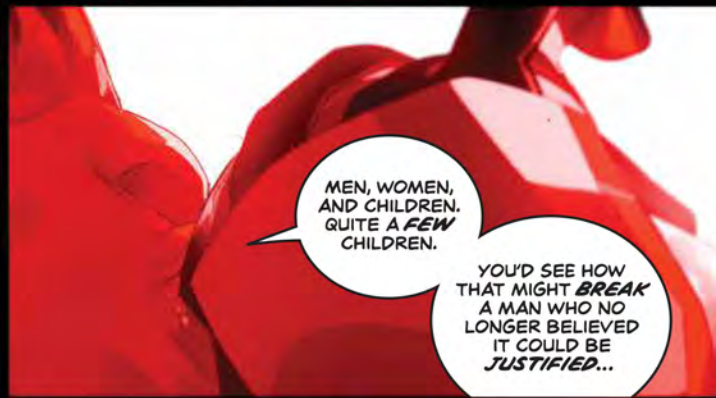
THAT BLOOD'S ON OUR HANDS YET. SOME MORE THAN OTHERS. FOLK *DWELL* ON IT.



THAT'S WHY *FAITH* IS SO IMPORTANT. ONCE YOU *LOSE* IT...

WELL, TAKE *BELLAMY*. HE PLAYED A *BIG* ROLE WHEN HE TOOK THE COLONY FROM THE SINNERS--THE *HARVESTERS*.

HE OVERSAW THE *PURGES*. METED OUT THE *JUSTICE*.



MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN. QUITE A *FEW* CHILDREN.

YOU'D SEE HOW THAT MIGHT *BREAK* A MAN WHO NO LONGER BELIEVED IT COULD BE *JUSTIFIED*...



AND WHAT I DID TO *HIM*? WAS *THAT* JUSTIFIED?

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO DID IT. YOU TELL ME.



I ALREADY KNOW WHAT I THINK, BRISTOW.

IN THE SERVICE OF GOD MALIK, *ANYTHING IS JUSTIFIED*.

The year is 2414.

There has been another change in personnel.

YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME?

*THIS COLONY IS UNDER MARTIAL LAW, I SAID!*

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

I--I DON'T--

I DON'T KNOW W-WHAT YOU WANT ME TO--

OH, FOR--ARE YOU *THICK*? TAKE A LOOK *AROUND* YOU, LAD! TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S *IN MY CHAIR!*

*WHAT DO YOU THINK NEEDS DOING?*

*CLEAR UP THE MESS!*



NO NEED TO BE GENTLE, NEITHER LOVEGOOD ARBOGAST WAS SOFT--AND IT MADE HIM A TRAITOR.

CONSPIRING WITH THE INNER WORLDS--WITH OUR ENEMIES--JUST FOR A FEW LITTLE EXTRA COMFORTS. MAKES ME SICK.

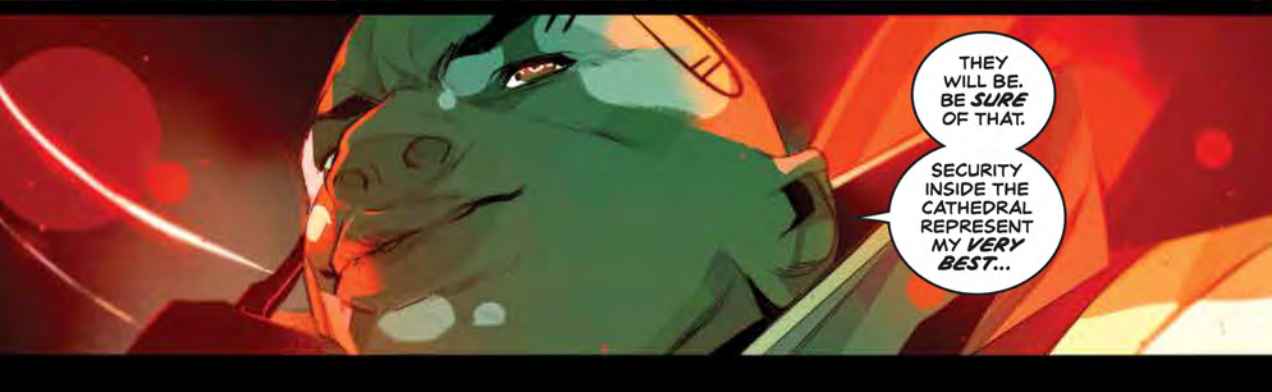
AND ON TOP OF THAT-- HELPING THEM STEAL GOD MALIK. THE LIVING SYMBOL OF THE FAITH WE HAVE IN THE GODS, AND THEM IN US.

THE LOSS OF THAT... JUST IMAGINE, EH?

JUST IMAGINE WHAT IT'D DO TO US.



HAVE... HAVE THE THIEVES BEEN STOPPED, SIR?



THEY WILL BE. BE SURE OF THAT.

SECURITY INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL REPRESENT MY VERY BEST...



"...AND FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED."

NOTHING TO REPORT.

The Control Room of the Cathedral was once the brain of the facility.



Now it's little more than a communications hub. If that.

THOUGH... ARE WE MISSING A CHECK-IN?

I STILL DON'T HAVE ONE FROM THE ENTRANCE HALL...



NOTHING ON VID. IT'LL BE SELNICK--I'VE WARNED HIM ABOUT CHECKING IN LATE...

SAME HERE--I EVEN MESSAGED BRISTOW ABOUT IT. NEVER HEARD BACK.

I GUESS SOME PEOPLE HAVE FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES...



OH? GULFWARD SELNICK HAS FRIENDS NOW?

IT'S JUST BRISTOW NOT BOTHERING TO HIT *REPLY*. YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S LIKE.