



RAPTOR 317  
REPORTING. HAVE  
CARGO ON BOARD  
AND BASE IN  
SITE.

ROGER  
THAT. NORTH  
PAD CLEAR.  
LAND AND  
STAND.



CYLON  
ATTACK?

YES, SIR, CAPTAIN ADAMA.  
MASSIVE. EVERYONE  
ELSE PLANET-SIDE HAS  
BEEN EVAC-ED.



OPERATION'S  
SCRAPPED.  
NO TIME TO  
DISMANTLE.

WE LIGHT  
THE FUSE  
THEN BUG  
OUT!



HOW CLOSE  
TO MISSION  
COMPLETION  
ARE WE?

83 PERCENT,  
LIEUTENANT.



WELL THEN, IT'S A GOOD  
THING I OVER-ESTIMATED  
IN MY ORIGINAL  
CALCULATIONS BY  
20 PERCENT.



YOU MEAN WE'VE ACTUALLY  
HARVESTED TOO  
MUCH?

WE COULD  
HAVE BEEN GONE  
ALREADY! THE CYLONS  
WOULD HAVE NEVER  
FOUND US!







WATCH YOUR SIDES, REDSHIRT--OR THIS RIDE'S GONNA BE YOUR LAST!

THANK YOU, MA'AM!



LETTING THAT SLIDE 'CAUSE YOU'RE A NUGGET, REDSHIRT!

CALL ME THAT AGAIN AND I'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN MYSELF!



EYES AT TEN AND TWO, PEOPLE!

CLASSIC RAIDER SQUEEZE PLAY.



CLASSIC STARBUCK RESPONSE!

YOU'RE LEARNING, REDSHIRT! YOU'RE LEARNING!





HOLD THE LINE. FLEET'S JUMPING NOW.

LAST EVAC-RAPTORS TEN MINUTES OUT.

BOOM, BOOM.



ABOUT THOSE RAPTORS, SIR...

APOLLO ON WIRELESS.

PUT IT ON OPEN AIR.



LEE?

BALTAR'S MONSTER COMMANDEERED THE LAST RAPTOR.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE.

WE NEED ANOTHER EVAC.



AFFIRMATIVE. GOING COLD WHILE WE LINE UP THE BIRD.

CLIK

