



SO HOW DID YOUR VISIT WITH THE OTHER BATTLESTAR GO?



BETTER THAN I COULD HAVE EXPECTED. AND HOW ARE THINGS HERE, COMMANDER CAIN?

I WISH I COULD SAY AS WELL. I HAD TO PUT MY DAUGHTER, *SHEBA*, INTO THE BRIG.

INDEED? WHY?

SHE WAS ASKING QUESTIONS THAT WERE INAPPROPRIATE; EVEN TRAITOROUS.

SHE WAS QUESTIONING ME! THE NERVE!

I SHOULD SAY SO.

WELL, THIS HAS BEEN AN EXHAUSTING DAY SO FAR. I NEED REPOSE.

REST WELL. I WILL ALERT YOU IF WE REQUIRE ANYTHING.



YOU'RE LOOKING WELL.



IBLIS!



MMMM.
YOU SMELL
WONDERFUL.

I TEND
TO, YES.



DID YOU
SUCCEED?

BEYOND
MY WILDEST
DREAMS.

THE
TECHNOLOGY YOU
DISCOVERED ON YOUR
WORLD HAS RAISED MY
POWERS OF INFLUENCE
BEYOND ANYTHING I
COULD HAVE
IMAGINED.

I'VE
ALWAYS HAD THE
POWER TO CHARM
AND PERSUADE PEOPLE.
BUT NOW IT HAS
TRANSCENDED TO THE
NEXT LEVEL.

NOW I CAN
CONTROL ALL BUT
THE STRONGEST,
MOST AGGRESSIVE
MINDS.




IF I
ONLY HAD THIS
ABILITY BACK WHEN
YOU CREATED THE
CYLONS, AND WE
HAD KNOWN EACH
OTHER...

YOU WOULD HAVE
BEEN ABLE TO
CONTROL THEM
EASILY.

OH, I'VE BEEN
TELLING ALL OF THEM
THAT MY MATE WAS THE
ONE WHO CREATED THEM.
I WAS MERELY THE POOR
SPOUSE WHO TRIED TO
WARN THEM ABOUT
THE FOLLY OF THE
ENDEAVOR.

YOU
PAINTED YOURSELF
AS THE VICTIM. OH,
WELL DONE, KALI.
HUMANS RELATE TO
UNDERDOGS AND
ALWAYS TRY TO
HELP THEM.



AT LEAST MY DEPARTED SPOUSE PROVIDED SOME USE. THE FOOL. HE WANTED TO SHUT DOWN THE CYLONS' ROBOTS! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

WE COULD HAVE USED THEM TO CONQUER THE GALAXY AND ALL HE AND HIS ALLIES WANTED TO DO WAS PREVENT THAT!

"THAT'S NOT OUR WAY, KALI!"



WE COULD HAVE BEEN GODS! RULED OVER EVERYTHING!

AND MY RACE WAS AFRAID OF THEM! IDIOTS! THEY DESERVED TO BE REBELLED AGAINST AND PUT DOWN LIKE THE WHIMPERING CREATURES THEY WERE!



FORGIVE ME, EVEN AFTER ALL THIS TIME, CONTEMPLATING MY ORIGINS TENDS TO FRUSTRATE ME.

NO APOLOGY NECESSARY, KALI. I CAN CERTAINLY SYMPATHIZE WITH MEMORIES OF FOOLS LONG GONE.




THANK THE GODS YOU CAME ALONG, IBLIS, AND FOUND ME IN MY EXILE.

THESE NEW CYLONS, THE "SKIN JOBS" AS THE HUMANS CALL THEM...

THEY ARE THE ULTIMATE IN EVOLUTION. THEY MUST TRIUMPH!

THEY WILL, MY LOVE. THEY WILL.



AND THEIR TRIUMPH... WILL BE OURS.



THEY'RE DEMANDING WE TURN OVER ATHENA TO THEM.

"DEMANDING"?

THEY WANT TO QUESTION HER BECAUSE THEY THINK SHE'S A CYLON SPY. IDIOTS.

DIDN'T YOU USED TO THINK THAT?

I GREW OUT OF IT.

BILL!
WE'RE GETTING A MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER GALACTICA, AND I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE IT.

KINDLY INFORM THEM WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO ACCOMMODATE THEM.

WILL DO.

THEY'RE NOT TAKING NO FOR AN ANSWER. THEY SAY WE HAVE ONE CENTAR TO COMPLY.

A CENTAR? ISN'T THAT ONE OF THOSE HALF MAN, HALF HORSE THINGS?

IT DOESN'T MATTER. SCRAMBLE THE VIPERS.

IF THEY SEND SO MUCH AS ONE ATTACK VESSEL IN THIS DIRECTION...

WE'LL BLOW IT TO HELL.