





"OH, WE LABOUR IN THE VINEYARDS OF THE SEVEN,
WE ARE WORKERS IN THE SERVICE OF THE LIGHT!
WE DEDICATE OUR BODY'S STRENGTH TO HEAVEN,
OUR FREELY GIVEN TOIL TO WHAT IS RIGHT!"

"THE WORD IS ALL, THE TRUTH, THE WAY, THE FIRE
THAT TROURS ITS BLESSED BOUNTY FROM ABOVE,
TO PURGE AWAY THE FOUL WEEDS OF DESIRE,
AND FILL THE EMPTY SPACE WITH GODLY LOVE!"

"OH WE WORK, WE WORK, WE WORK TO BUILD A GARDEN
IN THE BARREN, BLASTED WASTELAND OF MAN'S SOUL!
NEVER WEAKEN, NEVER FALTER, NEVER PARDON,
FOR THE SEVEN BLESS OUR TOOLS AND LAUD OUR GOAL!"

"WE WILL TAKE THE SCYTHE AND SWORD TO UNBELIEVERS,
WITH A MIGHT AND WILL THAT CANNOT BE WITHSTOOD!
AND WHEN WE DIE THE SEVEN WILL RECEIVE US..."



"...AT THE NEVER-ENDING
BANQUET OF THE GOOOOOOOO!"

THE ENEMY IS
VANQUISHED, SR.


LOUD
HOSANNAS!

WAIT! ANOTHER
VESSEL HAS JUST
MATERIALIZED
SEVEN UNITS OUT.



THAT DOESN'T LOOK
LIKE A TERRAN SHIP.

BUT THEN A SPY
WOULD KNOW TO
DISGUISE HIMSELF.



"BRING THE STRANGER INTO
HOLD FOUR, AND READY A
BOARDING PARTY."



BIP BIP

BIP


BIP



POIT



BLK



BEAMERS AT
ARMOR-PIERCING
STRENGTH. THERE'S
NO TELLING WHAT'S
IN THERE.

AYE, SIR. LOUD
HOSANNAS!

CUT THROUGH
THE HULL,
DEACON ZEFT,
BUT CAREFULLY.
WE DON'T WANT
TO RISK--





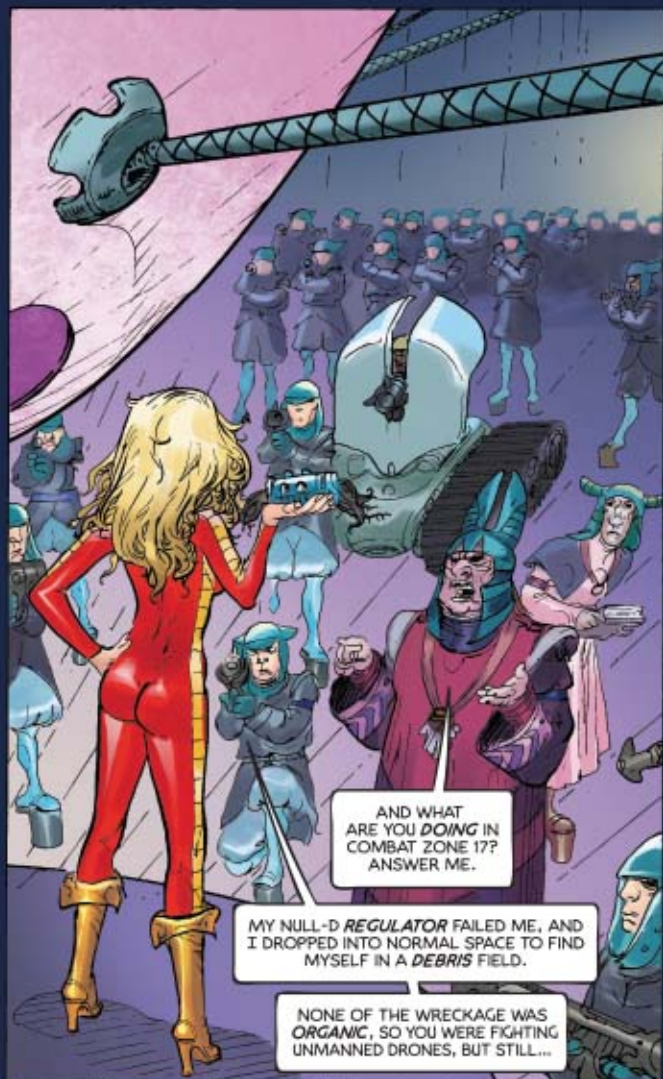
ALL THIS HARDWARE ON MY ACCOUNT? I'M OVERWHELMED.

NOW DOES ANYONE HERE HAVE A WIBLEY QUARTER-WRENCH?

WHO ARE YOU?



I'M BARBARELLA.



AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN COMBAT ZONE 17? ANSWER ME.

MY NULL-D REGULATOR FAILED ME, AND I DROPPED INTO NORMAL SPACE TO FIND MYSELF IN A DEBRIS FIELD.

NONE OF THE WRECKAGE WAS ORGANIC, SO YOU WERE FIGHTING UNMANNED DRONES, BUT STILL...



...YOU GENTLEMEN APPEAR TO HAVE HAD YOURSELVES A TIME.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.



PREBEND GLAXIFAR. SEARCH THIS WOMAN'S SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN.

ITEMIZE ITS CONTENTS DOWN TO THE LAST DUST MOTE.



THERE'S REALLY
NO NEED FOR--
SCANNING,
SIR.



SHIP IS
CLEAN.
PROCEEDING TO FULL
BODY SCAN, IN THEIR
SEVENFOLD NAME.



NO WEAPONS
OR COMMS TECH,
CARRIED OR
EMBEDDED.

I'M NOT SURE I
APPRECIATE THIS
LEVEL OF SCRUTINY.

PING
PING PING

NO PROSCRIBED
ARTIFACTS OR--

PING!



OH THREE TIMES TWO
PLUS ONE! SIR, SHE'S
CARRYING CONTRABAND.

BIO-CONTRABAND!
SHE--SHE HAS A--



BELAY THAT
WORD. PREBEND.

BIO-CONTRABAND?
WHAT DOES THAT
EVEN--?

NOTIFY THE CONSISTORY
COURT. SCRAMBLE A
SHUTTLE. TAKE HER
PLANET-SIDE.

LET THE
GODS DECIDE
HER FATE!