



Takes place at the same time as the Battlestar Galactica pilot, SAGA OF A STAR WORLD. I therefore assume that you know that this has nothing to do with my BATTLESTAR GALACTICA: THE NEXT GENERATION series, but an appearance is possible in one of those stories. Fire your flames to [jchin01@kepler.poly.edu](mailto:jchin01@kepler.poly.edu) and I'll send a few megavolts of lasers your way.

## BATTLESTAR ANDROMEDA

There are those who believe that life here began out there, far across the universe, with tribes of humans who may have been the forefathers of the Egyptians, or the Toltecs, or the Mayans. That they may have been the architects of the great pyramids, or the lost civilizations of Lemuria or Atlantis. Some believe that there may yet be brothers and sisters of man who even now fight to survive, somewhere beyond the heavens.

## BATTLESTAR ANDROMEDA

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Based on Battlestar Galactica

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The Battlestar Andromeda was the latest battlestar built, top of the line and state of the art of all battlestars. She would soon find out that it would be the last one built by the Colonies. That includes the Galactica, commanded by Commander Andrea's older brother, Adama. Even with all the overhauls for upgrades and retrofits performed on the Galactica, the Andromeda would still out-class the Galactica. Commander Andrea strolled around the bridge, looking at, well, everything. The most amazing of it all, out of all of the qualified Colonial warriors awaiting to become a commander of a battlestar, the Council of Twelve chose Andrea, a woman. The speculation going around was: Andrea was chosen because she was the most prominent battlestar commander's little sister... Adama is a close friend of President Adar, so that was why she was given the assignment... Those who served with the hot-shot viper pilot yahrens ago, and were still around to tell about it, knew better. Andrea sat at the table in her quarters staring at her own service record. It had just been dumped into the library computers from Gemoni Deep Space Station 98. Yahrens ago, she served as a viper pilot aboard the Rycon under Commander Kronus, right after she graduated from the academy. The dialogue between the young ensign and Commander Kronus in his private

quarters before that fateful time of the Battle of the Cosmara Archipelago rang in her mind. <Personally, Ensign Andrea, I don't believe in this predicting the future felgercarb. I may be strict in my command, but I AM open to any suggestions.> That was Commander Kronus voice. <So, assuming that you ARE correct about this, how does the Fourth Fleet survive this ambush?> <There is no way to survive this, but I am not the commander; you are. I can only... RECOMMEND... that we keep everyone of full alert status. Let the other commanders and warriors do the rest. That will at LEAST maximize the number of survivors, including yourself.>

{Commander Kronus took her advice, and even though all of the mother ships were destroyed, many vipers and shuttles carried survivors, including Commander Kronus, himself, severely wounded in a viper, and Ensign Andrea providing him coverage single-handedly. But as the Commanding officer, he ordered the bridge crew to abandon the Rycon, as he performed one last thing before following his own orders to abandon the dying battlestar. At the helm, with blood dripping from a gash in his forehead, he punched in a set of coordinates with his good arm, and then turned on the main thrusters to send the battlestar forwards. Then he ran off the bridge. Kronus himself fired at Cylon fighters in a viper, with help from Ensign Andrea and her wingmate, Ensign Saleya. Together, they watched the dying Battlestar Rycon, ram into a Cylon basestar. Luckily, the explosion from the collision sent the entire rear end of the battlestar into another basestar. Meanwhile, the Cerberus came to the rescue, launching its vipers. Three vipers rendezvoused with the them, and she heard, *Captain Adama of Bronze Squadron reporting to help... Permission to join the fight. Commander Kronus here... Permission granted, Captain. You've Got three on your tails, Lieutenants Cain and Apollo...* That was Captain Adama's voice. With his good arm, Kronus maneuvered his viper around, picking up the two vipers and three Cylon fighters on his targeting scanners. Ensigns Andrea and Saleya flew in formation with their commander. After the vipers were cleared, they pressed the FIRE button on their control sticks, destroying all three of them, but the Cylons destroyed one of the vipers. *Thank you, whoever that was. My pleasure. Lieutenant Cain is it? Yes, Commander. Well, my apologies of not being able to save your wingmate, but watch your tail next time, Lieutenant. Yes, Commander.* Commander Kronus led the attack of the combined squadrons of vipers from the Fourth Fleet ships and from the Cerberus on the other basestar that led to its destruction. The fourth basestar got away.}

{This was where Adama met Kronus, and he, Cain, and Andrea received a lesson from him about duty. She and Saleya stayed beside his bed in the life center all throughout his recovery. While mourning the loss of their good friend Apollo, Adama and Cain stayed beside her and Saleya to keep her company. She and

Saleya had served under Captain Cain on the Cerberus, Andrea as a sergeant on Bronze Squadron, a promotion highly recommended by Commander Kronus, and Saleya, an Ensign. Commander Beanpod, proud father of a little boy named Greenbean who was left home in care of his mother, was in command of the Cerberus. Little did she know at the time that the little boy would grow up to attend the academy, with his first assignment being the Galactica, her brother's battlestar. Adama had transferred to the Galactica as Colonel, to serve with their father, Commander Troy. Anyway, Adama needed to get off the Cerberus, unable to bear the loss of his long-time friend, Apollo. He would later on get sealed, and name his first-born in his honor. Commander Kronus retired.}

That was the first thing on her service record. BATTLESTAR RYCON, ENSIGN, ORANGE SQUADRON. SERVED WITH DISTINCTION. AWARDED THE GOLD CLUSTER FOR SAVING MANY LIVES. RECOMMENDATION FOR PROMOTION TO SERGEANT. - COMMANDER KRONUS.

The next lines of her service record read: BATTLESTAR CERBERUS, SERGEANT, BRONZE SQUADRON. BATTLESTAR CERBERUS, LIEUTENANT, BRONZE SQUADRON.

The destruction of the battlestar Cerberus was in the battle of Umbra. A basestar attacked Caprica, and the Cerberus, which was already damaged from previous skirmishes, responded to the distress call. Several precise missiles from the Cylon basestar, and recall of the fighters attacking Umbra led to the demise of the Cerberus.

{After a bright flash, Sergeant Saleya asked, *What in Hades was that? That was the Cerberus*, answered Captain Cain. *NOOOooo...!* cried Saleya. *MY GOD!* cried Andrea. *Hold yourself together, Lieutenant... Sergeant...* ordered Cain. *Don't-* Cain's viper fired two rounds, destroying a Cylon fighter. *I understand, Captain*, responded Andrea. From nowhere, more vipers, led by a larger vessel that looked like a smaller version of a battlestar, but without launch/landing bays, came in to help. Actually, compared to a battlestar, it was smaller than one of its landing/launch bays, but not quite small enough to fit into one. *Captain Tigh of the Triton Two. Land aboard the Pacifica and refuel, Bronze Squadron. Let US take care of the rest.* Andrea recognized the name, Tigh, as someone who served aboard the Bellerephon. He had attended the academy around the same time as Cain and Adama, and knew each other. Tigh had also served as Adama's wingmate in the past as well, and had remained good friends after that.}

A love triangle formed between Andrea and Saleya, and Cain. They both had affairs with him, at different times. They both loved him, and he loved them both.

Finally, the choice was Saleya. Andrea was not about to give up her career for any man. Saleya resigned her commission, and got sealed to him. She ended up finding herself pregnant, and took a furlon to have a baby boy, Zane. However, according to the data, Zane does not have a father. Shortly thereafter, Captain Cain transferred to the Pegasus as a colonel, and she made captain, but not of Bronze Squadron. The surviving Cerberus viper squadrons were all reassigned, and Bronze Squadron was dissolved.

The next line of her service record read, WARSHIP TRITON, CAPTAIN, COMMANDING OFFICER

She ended up commanding the Triton II for a short while as Captain, and Cain became a colonel aboard the Pegasus. She replaced Tigh, who became Colonel aboard the Galactica when Adama got promoted. From there, she taught at the academy on Caprica for a while, and then was transferred to a Caprican space station as Colonel.

The next lines of her record read, ACADEMY of CAPRICA, CAPTAIN, LAB ASSISTANT ACADEMY of CAPRICA, COLONEL, INSTRUCTOR DEEP SPACE STATION 19, CAPRICA, COLONEL, ADMINISTRATOR

As a colonel, the space station was attacked by Cylon forces, to be driven away or blown to space dust by Big Brother, who happened to have stopped there for fuel, supplies, and repairs. The technicians had just completed the repair jobs, and the Galactica had just received a maximum fuel load when a Cylon basestar arrived.

{The Galactica positioned itself in between the space station and the basestar, and Red and Blue Squadron vipers headed for the basestar to intercept the Cylon fighters. Purple Squadron from the space station also launched, led by Andrea. *Purple Squadron*, said Andrea into her helmetcom. *Let's give Blue Squadron and Red Squadron a hand.* Adama ordered from the Galactica, *Andrea, get yourself back on that space station before you get blown to space dust. Hey, Big Brother... This is MY space station we are trying to protect here. Thank you for the assist, but this IS my fight.* This was a clear case of sibling rivalry. Whether or not she and/or her brother knew it, she wanted to take the credit from her older brother. Also, Adama was a commander, and Andrea was only a colonel. She would be in for a surprise. A Blue Squadron viper appeared beside hers, firing at three Cylon fighters she was trying to pursue, blowing all three to space dust. Then a Cylon fighter was in pursuit of her. That Blue Squadron viper rapidly fell behind, and the fighter in pursuit was also destroyed. *Thank you, whoever that*

was... she said into her helmetcom. She was in for a surprise at the voice that answered her. *My pleasure, Little Sister... ADAMA! Get back onto your battlestar... I need YOU to take the Galactica in to destroy that basestar. Colonel Andrea... I am in command here. Besides... Colonel Tigh will take care of that. Ready to do some damage to the basestar's landing bays and weaponry? Yeah, LET'S DO IT! Lieutenant Apollo... Sergeant Starbuck... With me!* ordered Adama's voice. *Sergeant Zane... Ensign Io... with me,* ordered Andrea's voice. The six vipers headed for the basestar. Three vipers headed for the upper hull of the basestar, and the other three, the lower half, taking out the landing bays and laser turrets. The six joined forces in between the two hulls, just blowing missile launchers and more laser turrets. Then the six vipers headed away from the basestar. Adama ordered, *Colonel Tigh, move the Galactica into position... flank speed. Ready missiles. Andrea, you give the final order.* The six vipers opened fire on a horde of Cylon fighters attempting a pinwheel maneuver on another viper. *Thank you... Our pleasure, Boomer,* responded Adama. *Commander?? Carry on, Ensign. Yes, Sir.* By this time, the Galactica was in position. *FIRE!* ordered Andrea into her helmetcom. The battlestar fired its lasers at the basestar. *Ready missile,* ordered Andrea. *Missile ready,* said a female voice. *Athena?? Yes, Aunt Andrea... It's- FIRE!* The battlestar fired a missile. By this time, the basestar was already in bad shape, thanks to Adama and Andrea, Apollo and Starbuck, and Zane and Io. *Let's finish the job. Forward lasers... Commence firing. Yes, Colonel,* responded Tigh. A few more rounds of lasers fired continuously from the Galactica. *Ready another missile,* ordered Andrea. *Missile ready,* responded Tigh. *FIRE!* Another missile from the Galactica finished the job. *Status of the Galactica,* asked Adama. *Some minor damage to-* started Tigh's voice. *Bring the Galactica back to the station for repair,* ordered Andrea. *Do as she says,* said Adama. *Yes, Sir,* responded Tigh. They got back to the space station to find the commandant of the space station buried under rubble. Andrea, Adama, Apollo, Starbuck, and Zane struggled to move the beam off him, but after that was done, it turned out that it was a wasted effort. "That would have been ME if I had stayed... But he ordered me to lead Purple Squadron to-" "The Lords of Kobol works in mysterious ways, Andrea," said Adama.}

After several yahrens of haggling between the military headquarters on Caprica and the Council of Twelve, she was promoted to Commander and the construction of the Andromeda began. Little did she realize that upon its completion yahrens later, she would be selected to be its commander.

The next lines of her record read, DEEP SPACE STATION 19, CAPRICA, COMMANDER, COMMANDANT / COMMANDING OFFICER

The Andromeda was almost complete, and was space worthy, but only as a giant transport vessel. All it needed was the completion of missile launchers, installation of laser turrets, installation of its landing bays and a few squadrons of vipers. That was when the space station met its fate.

{Another basestar arrived; its fighters launched. The vipers from the ground and the station launched to intercept. Orders from Caprican military base was, *GET THAT BATTLESTAR AWAY FROM THERE... LET US DO THE REST.* Orders were orders. She and what was left of the crew of the space station got into the Andromeda, and went to light speed. The unfinished battlestar stopped at Gemoni. That was where she met Captain Tolen. She was then stationed at the newly-built space station 98, which was where she was at the right place at the right time to be commandant of that station.}

The next lines of her record read, DEEP SPACE STATION 98, GEMONI, COMMANDER, COMMANDANT / COMMANDING OFFICER

During the yahrens of playing politics, she spent time with a dying friend of hers named Saleya, the wife of Cain, who was dying of a rare blood disease. She, the doctors and med-techs tried the ancient practice of blood transfusions because synthesized blood and other means of curing her proved ineffective. Her friend's daughter, Sheba, gave small amounts of her blood every few sections to try to prolong her friend's life so she could await the return of her husband. At that time, Sheba was attending at The Academy, but had stay home to care for her mother. After awhile, that proved ineffective. Then since Andrea and Saleya had the same blood type, Andrea was also giving blood. That helped for a short while. Other donors' blood did not work either, and Saleya died. Even Zane had the same blood type, and tried to help as well. Adama brought the Galactica over to see his little sister, and even though he, Apollo and Athena had the same blood type, their blood did not help either. She just deteriorated and then died. Then Adama was off on another mission. From Deep Space Station 98, she told Cain the bad news.

*{This is not funny, Andrea... Don't do this to me, or I'll have you stripped of rank... Cain barked across the comm channel, waving his tightened fist in front of his own face. Cain, I am not playing around. I mean... All that Andrea could do was break down. Saleya... was ... my best... friend... since we... were... children. Cain knew that she was serious. After wiping his own face, he said, My apologies, Andrea... I will be... in touch... Andrea... I'm taking the Pegasus back to Gemoni. With that, the channel closed.}*

{Cain returned a few sections later. When the Pegasus arrived, it was almost

out of fuel, and its engines needed a good repair job. It was apparent that Commander Cain really worked them to try and get back to the Colonies as soon as he could. The repair jobs were overseen by Captain Tolen. Funeral arrangements were held, but as Cain had wanted it, it was tended to by himself, Andrea, Zane and Sheba. He thanked Andrea for helping. He sent Sheba off to the Academy at Caprica. His last trip aboard the Pegasus was taking Sheba to Caprica and returning back to Gemoni. Then he kept himself isolated. He took an extended furlon, fighting it out with the Gemonian officials and the Council of Twelve to let Andrea take command of the Pegasus. Commander Cain circulated her service record around the room. "READ IT!" he yelled at the man at the head of the table, swinging his swagger stick onto the table with a loud "THWACK!" and making everyone jump. "Well, she's got great credentials..." She took Captain Tolen with her, and had him promoted to Colonel. During her posting on the Pegasus, nothing happened, except a few skirmishes with Cylon basestars that ended up with the basestar either running or exploding to space dust and debris, and rendering assistance to a few Colonial ships here and there. The recall order of the Pegasus came about a yahren later, and Cain was his old self again. Andrea could not figure it out, and did not even ask about it. She was just glad to see the old Cain that she had come to love and respect instead of that man who looked like him, but was so down on himself. Tolen elected to stay aboard the Pegasus as the executive officer. It was the last time she would actually see Cain, or Tolen. The next heading of the Pegasus was to Caprica to pick up their new Colonial warrior, Sheba.}

That was the next line on her service record. BATTLESTAR PEGASUS.  
COMMANDER / COMMANDING OFFICER PRO-TEM during Commander Cain's extended furlon.

Something else also distracted her from her reading. She looked behind her on the shelving. Sitting there was a swagger stick, a souvenir from her command of the Pegasus. Again, more memories surfaced.

{ "I know you will take good care of the Pegasus," said Cain as he handed her his swagger stick. "That's why I want YOU and no one else to command the battlestar during my furlon." Andrea stared down at the pointer in her hand, knowing what his giving it to her meant. Andrea stood in the landing bay of the Pegasus, with Cain's swagger stick in one hand, and a small black box in the other. A viper's engines were shutting down, and landing bay crew were pushing a canopy towards it. The pilot, Captain Tolen, removed his helmet as he climbed out of the viper, and handed it to one of the crew that pushed the canopy over. Then he walked down the steps of the canopy and headed towards Andrea.

"Congratulations on getting command of a battlestar, Andrea," he said to her. Andrea said nothing as she handed the small black box to Tolen. Tolen took the box, opened it, and then looked back at her, pleasantly surprised. He was being promoted to Colonel! "Congratulations to you, too, Colonel," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "I want no one else but you to be my exec." Noting the pointer in her hand, he said, "Looks like that Commander Cain completely supports it."}

It was the same swagger stick that she was staring at behind her. After that, it was back to being the administrator of Deep Space Station 98. That was the last time she had seen Cain or Tolen. This place was also where the partially constructed battlestar sat docked, awaiting installation of weaponry and viper/shuttle bays, and reinstallation of many of its innards because of deterioration, some from lack of use.

The construction of the Battlestar Andromeda was completed a few yahrens later. It took a few yahrens because at first the representatives of the Gemonian colony did not want to 'build somebody else's battlestar.' It took a few yahrens of negotiating and bickering between the Caprican and Gemonian officials to get it complete. Finally, with representatives from all twelve colonies, along with her older brother, who had just gotten elected to the Council of Twelve, she convinced the Caprican government and the Gemonian government that no one colony should have claim over the battlestar.

{ "... Another battlestar to fend off the gallmoggling Cylons... One more battlestar that might make a difference in this war that has lasted a thousand yahrens." President Adar said, "The lady is right." "That's YOUR opinion, President," said the Gemonian Councillor. Adama spoke. "If we ship the resources, and send the cubits to pay for the workers, will you agree?" "Yes, Commander Sire Adama." }

That was the last time she saw her brother.

She worked well and held up well under pressure. That, and becoming battlestar commanders probably ran in the family. After all, her father was commander of the Galactica before her brother was. She, too was now in command of her own battlestar.

Andrea's Journal I make my very first log entry as commander. I, Andrea, am the first woman to be a commander of a battlestar. The first woman to ever make it past Captain on active duty. It is not because no one trusts a woman as a commander, but not too many women actually enlist to become warriors. Many of



them perform civilian duties, such as making the uniforms for the warriors, manufacture of parts and weaponry, and other duties for the war effort. Women on battlestars are usually the bridge officers, engineers, doctors and med-techs, and work with the rations. The only women who has ever made it past captain in Colonial history were those who became prominent teachers and administrators at the Academies and other military bases throughout the Colonies. I am a prime example of that, looking at my own Colonial Military service record. Even my niece, Athena, has not flown a viper or, from what I know of, commanded a battlestar. If not that, they usually fall in love with a fellow warrior, and resign to get sealed and raise a family. Saleya, my former wingmate during my time as a Bronze Squadron viper pilot is a good example of that from my own experience. My nephew, Captain Apollo, and his best friend, Lieutenant Starbuck, have made a name for Blue Squadron. Well to events happening. I, personally, don't believe that the Cylons want peace with us humans. And, the way everyone has been celebrating, so many gullible people, so many people who are sick of the thousand-yahren war, well, I can only hope for the best for them. I have my crew and warriors on alert, and attempts to contact the Atlantia and Galactica at Cimitar have gone unanswered. We tried all means of communication, standard conventional means, Alpha Comline One, and even merchant codes. The responses I get are nothing but static, which means that either there is some kind of interference between the Andromeda and the fleet at Cimitar, or that the lines of communication are being jammed. I happen to suspect the latter. Right now, it has been reported that a Cylon envoy is under way to meet the President on the Atlantia in several centares. These unanswered messages has me worried. I know that my brother would hold up, but for how long?

The sound from the door signified that someone was waiting outside. Andrea put the microphone down, and yelled, "Enter." A gray-haired man entered. "Commander Andrea, we will be arriving at Caprica in a few centons." "Thank you, Colonel Meine," she responded. "I will launch in a shuttle to pick up the someone special who will be with us as one of our crew. Meanwhile, I'd like you to coordinate the arrival of our warriors of Purple and Orange Squadrons. And they should be on alert status." "Yes, Sir." "Tell me, Meine, what do YOU think of this peace with the Cylons?" "Well, Andrea, I have always wanted to see the day that this war that has been ongoing for one-thousand yahrens would end, and I believe that so do everyone else, to a point that they actually believe it." "Do you believe it to be true?" The Colonel had to think for a few microns there. "I have my doubts." "I don't believe it, Colonel. I am sure that it may be a plan by the Cylons to get us to lay down our arms, and then get annihilated." "Well, Commander, if you don't believe that the Cylons really want peace, then neither do I. Based on your history, every prediction that you have ever made has been correct... one being the attack

on Umbra thirty yahrens ago." "Everyone thought that I was a young, crazy Ensign at the time. And then about Umbra, everyone on the Cerberus thought that I was a crazy sergeant." "Well, those Cylons would have done more than take out an agricultural settlement had it not been for your... insights. They reacted, but just a little too late. So, if you say that the Cylons are planning an attack, I believe it." "I have been wrong, too, Colonel." "Not often, Commander. Not often. I mean, I may not know you personally yet, but- from your past history, you DO have a unique gift, and had the courage to use it to the best of your ability." "And there are those who think that I am crazy... All these medical and psychological tests that these doctors and med-techs on the Cerberus and the Triton Two at our bases and the various academies I worked at put me through, poking around my head..." "Commander!" interrupted the Colonel. She approached him with daggers in her eyes pointing directly at him. He took a step back. "Commander..." He held up his hands, the body language saying that he did not want a fight. "I just wanted to say, that based on reports of all these doctors and med-techs, you ARE a gifted colonial warrior... even more gifted than the most prominent commander presently in existence... your own brother, Adama." "Don't try patronizing me, Colonel." "I am only stating fact. I have known Doctor Salik for many yahrens, and I am going by what he told me. The last time I met him was when he was transferred to the Galactica." They were interrupted by a man's voice, *Bridge to Commander Andrea...* She went to the table, and pressed a button. "Go ahead." *E-T-A to Caprica is ten microns... your shuttle is ready to launch. Thank you, James.* She turned to the Colonel. "All right, Colonel... You're in command during my absence." "Yes, Commander," he responded. They both stormed out of the room.

*Launch control has been handed to you, Commander. Launch when ready.* echoed throughout the interior of the shuttle. "Thank you, Lieutenant," she responded. She switched the four switches, took hold of the control stick, and pressed the TURBO button.

Six shuttles headed towards the planet.

On the planet surface, Andrea approached a house, to be greeted by another woman. "Andrea," she cried happily. "It's been a long time, Ila," responded Andrea. "Last time we met was when you were promoted to Colonel to be a commandant at The Academy. Come on in, Andrea." The two women went into the house, and Andrea followed Ila into the study. Ila went to handle some electronic equipment, punching in a sequence at the keyboard there. "Are you ready to join my crew?" "I'm all ready to go, except for one problem." "What?" "It seems that my husband has not been responding to my messages. I have sent eight messages asking for Adama to respond." "Well, Ila, he hasn't responded to any of

mine, either. And I have tried everything. Also, keep in mind that the communication systems aboard the Andromeda have a lot more capability than this one. I need to tell him the good news about his little sister." She smiled, successfully hiding the worry that she felt. "Oh, yes, congratulations on getting a real battlestar... Commander." The two women giggled. "Yeah, I cannot wait to tell him that his little sister has made history, by becoming the first woman to command a battlestar, and, that his wife has joined his little sister's crew to give those aboard the Andromeda the best cooking that any battlestar crew can have." Ila pushed a button on the small console in front of the terminal. "But I thought that you already did that, by commanding the Pegasus yahrens ago." "It was only a temporary assignment. And women have taken temporary command of ships before." Ila stared at the snow on the monitor in front of her. "Well, come on, Ila. We can't keep the crew of the Andromeda waiting. We will head to Cimtar and we can both tell him, Apollo, Athena and Zac in person." With that, Ila grabbed two large cases, and Andrea grabbed the other two, left the home and headed to the shuttle.

Several shuttles approached the battlestar, followed by an entire horde of vipers, more than the average human can count. Colonel Meine stood on the command deck, listening to the frackus from the communications with the vipers. Andrea, followed by Ila, walked onto the bridge, and up onto the command deck. Andrea handed Ila a set of headphones, who placed it on her head adjusted the mouthpiece. Andrea took another one, and put it on. Together, the three listened. *All right, Orange Squadron... You are next. As soon as you get clearance to land, you know what to do. I remind you again... Just remember that you are landing in a battlestar landing bay... Not a long runway like that of the launch field of the academy or a military ground post.* Ila and Andrea looked at each other. "Is that Zane I hear?" asked Ila. "Yes, it is, Ila. Yes it is. Now, let's go greet my son, your nephew, in the landing bay." With that, Andrea, and Ila removed the communications gear from their heads and walked down the stairs off the command center, and then off the bridge.

In the landing bay, young men and women walked towards the lift, some, still wearing their flight helmets, and others, with the helmets under their arms and against their ribs, acknowledging their commander as they walked past her. Both, Andrea and Ila nodded back to the pilots. Looking around, one viper still held its pilot, who was looking around the inside of his cockpit. Andrea quickly climbed into the viper next to the one in question, grabbed the headphones, and placed it on her head. She then said into the mouthpiece, "The button's right in front of you, Zane," said Andrea. *I know, Mother,* he said. "What's wrong?" *You're not going to like this, Mother.* "What?" *I'm a mess, and I need to get cleaned up. And*

*the inside of this cockpit is going to need a good cleaning.* "What happened?" *The cargo that I was carrying, well... it kind of floated and bounced around.* The canopy of the cockpit opened finally, revealing the pilot with white, powdery stuff and fluff all over himself. Andrea looked at him, and giggled. "You should have installed a G-device on whatever that was you were carrying, Zane." "I know, Mother, but the launch of was rescheduled sooner than originally planned. I did not have the time to get one in place." "Well, Captain, let's get you cleaned up." "Uh, right, Commander." "What happened Zane," asked Ila. "Uh, the gift that I brought for you and Mother, just sort of-" Ila doubled over laughing. "We got to get you cleaned up, young man," she said. "But thanks for the thought." Zane nodded to his aunt, and the two women followed Zane onto the lift.

On the bridge, Andrea ordered, "Alert status." The lighting turned red, and alarms were echoing throughout. Captain Zane, finally cleaned up, ran onto the bridge. "What's going on?" Meine said, "Activity at Cimtar... All communications to that area have definitely been jammed." Meine turned to her, and said, "You were right again, Commander." Battle stations," ordered Andrea. "Light speed." "Commander, I must point out that we have not gone to light speed in this battlestar since the completion of its construction." "Well, either way, we're dead then, are we not? Trust me, Colonel. I know the capabilities of this battlestar." On the command deck, the officer at the station, Herman, said, "Two more massive explosions have been detected by our sensors." "Zane, round up all viper pilots," ordered Andrea. "And be prepared to launch." "Yes, Mother." With that, he ran down the stairs of the command deck, and off the bridge.

Ila got to the bridge. "What's going on here?" "It seems that the peace treaty did turn out to be a trap," responded Andrea. "Two battlestars have already been destroyed. I just hope that I get there in time to rescue my brother and Adar." "Can't this battlestar go any faster?" asked Ila. "That's my husband and our good friend of the family we're talking about here." Meine said, "This is probably the fastest battlestar that has ever been constructed. We ARE moving to get there as fast as we can, and all our vipers are ready to launch upon arrival." The warbook showed the blueprints of two basestars, one after another, and two battlestars. Another monitor showed a basestar pulling away, as well as one of the battlestars in another direction on the edge of the scanner. At the same time, the other battlestar blip turned into a star, and then disappeared.

In space, the Andromeda slowed down. *Purple Squadron... Launch,* said Andrea's voice. There was still a basestar at Cimtar.

On the command deck of that basestar, a Cylon walked in, saying, "by your

command" The IL series Cylon sitting on the large chair on the pedestal turned, and said, "Speak, Centurion." "Another battlestar has just arrived and is heading right for us" "Launch fighters," ordered the IL. "Our fighters are in the process of refueling" "Well, Centurion, make the process go faster." "By your command"

Back on the red-lit bridge of the Andromeda, Ila and Andrea hugged each other tightly, with Ila crying, "We're... We're too late... My husband... my two sons... My daughter... Adar... All dead..." Andrea reached up, saying, "Hades... It is time for revenge." She and Ila slowly walked off the command deck together, with Andrea stuttering, "Cuh-Colonel Meine... Please, t-t-take command for a centon." "All right, Commander." He wiped his cheek with the back of his hand.

*-yes, Colonel... Take out the landing bays first,* said Zane as if in response. The five vipers, led by Captain Zane, were flying around the upper hull the basestar. They fired their lasers at the basestar simultaneously, causing an explosion on it. Lasers from the basestar were firing at them, but missing. Another group of three vipers passed them, going in the other direction, firing at various points at the basestar. Three raiders managed to launch from another landing bay. The three vipers turned around, and headed back behind the five pursuing the Cylon raiders. On the targeting scanner in one of the vipers, a Cylon raider was right in the center of the scanner and blinking. Back outside, the viper in the middle of the three fired two rounds of lasers, destroying the Cylon fighter in the center. *That one is for Uncle Adama,* said Zane's voice.

Back on the bridge of the battlestar, everyone was busy at their stations. "Status of the basestar, Son," said Andrea into the mouthpiece of her communications apparatus on her head. *Severe damage to the basestar's launch bays, Mother.* was Zane's response. *And most of its weaponry as well.* "All right, Captain, return to the Andromeda. Leave the rest to us."

The battlestar approached the basestar, firing lasers at it. From the basestar, one laser fired back, but only one laser torpedo per several microns.

Back on the bridge, Andrea ordered, "Negative shields." The window revealed space out there, and a basestar emitting tiny flairs from various places. "Ready missiles, Herman," said Andrea. Herman switched some red switches, exposing the actual switches to fire the missiles, and then reported, "Missiles ready to launch on your order, Commander." "FIRE!" cried Andrea. A hand flipped the small red switch.

*The Andromeda launched missiles,* reported Zane to the other vipers. *Let's*

*get out of here.* The five vipers fired off their turbos, heading away from the dying basestar. *Let's look for survivors,* said Zane. Several other groups of vipers joined the five. Then there was a massive blast of blinding light from behind them. When that cleared, the five vipers were still in formation, with other vipers around them. Communications was a mess from viper pilots trying to figure out what was what. *Can you see what's out there? Was that the basestar or the Andromeda? Or both? All I can see is spots. That was some flash.* The five were heading towards what looked like a piece of a battlestar's landing bay. *ZANE! LOOK OUT!* Just then, Zane got his sight back. On the battlestar landing bay fragment the letters, A, T, L, A, and a fragment of the letter N was on it. his viper veered away from the fragment. *Thank you, Io,* said Zane. *That was a piece of the Atlantia, by the way... President Adar's battlestar, commanded by Fleet Commander Mars. The Andromeda is still there, Captain,* someone pointed out. *Good,* said Zane.

On the bridge, the red lighting turned back to normal. "Remain on alert status. We don't know what might still be out there." Out the window, they saw another battlestar landing bay fragment, with the letters, U, M, B, I, and A. "The Columbia?" asked Ila, who was still on the command deck with Andrea and Meine. "Yes," responded Meine. "The Columbia, commanded by Commander Hercules."

There was another battlestar fragment that the five vipers passed, with the name, ACROPOLIS. *The Acropolis,* noted Io into his helmetcom, *Commanded by Commander Aries. I heard that he was one great warrior,* remarked Zane. *Nothing like Commanders Adama of the Galactica and Cain of the Pegasus,* responded Io. *Captain, should we look for survivors like you said? Unless the bridge has any objections, I agree,* responded Zane. *Permission granted to look for survivors, Captain,* said Andrea's voice. \*I will join you shortly.

\*Andrea's viper flashed through the launch tube, and was out in space. The area was full of debris, pieces of metal, Cylon fighter fragments, and viper fragments. She did a 180 degree turn to join the rest of the vipers, and then she noticed. Two intact Cylon tankers. *Purple Squadron... Orange Squadron...* she said into her helmetcom. \*I think that I struck something precious here...

\*Zane said into his helmetcom, *Lee, take charge of Purple Squadron... Io and I are going to see what the Commander found. Right-o,* said the female voice.

The three vipers landed in one of the tankers. The canopies opened up, and the three pilots climbed out, drawing their laser pistols. "Be careful where you fire

those things," said Andrea. "This is a tanker, probably full of processed tylium. One shot in the wrong place can blow us ALL." "Yes, Mother," replied Zane. "I'll be careful," said Io.

They made it to its small bridge. "This tanker is abandoned," said Io. "They must have launched all their fighters from the tankers as well," speculated Zane. "Well, let's get this to the Andromeda, and see about the other one." With that, Zane sat in the pilot's seat on the left, and Io, on the right. Andrea sat in the seat behind them. "Do you know how to fly this piece of Cylon felbacarb?" asked Io. "Well, we just have to improvise," remarked Andrea. "And act like we know how to fly this 'piece of felgercarb.'"

Back on the bridge of the Andromeda, Ila more or less got herself back together. "Engage light speed to Caprica," ordered Andrea. "Light speed engaged," said Herman. "Execute when ready." "Yes, Commander." The blinking light on the console went from blinking to steady. "Executing..." Herman placed his finger on a button. "Now," he said as he pressed it.

Andrea's Journal. We arrived a tad too late to help the fleet at Cimtara. All of the battlestars were verified destroyed, except the Galactica. We managed to pick up three survivors, all three from the Galactica. According to them, the Galactica ran away, and the way they see it, they see my older brother as a coward.

In the bio-bed at the life station, the injured pilot cursed Adama. "That Adama... a coward, leaving us to... to... fend for ourselves against all those Cylons. If it was not for Lieutenant Starbuck, I would have been... blown to pieces, but he was a tad too late. He probably left me out here... because he thought that I was dead..."

Andrea's Journal Continued. I doubt that my brother would have just merely ran away. I know where he went. He took the Galactica to Caprica. I am taking the Andromeda over there right now at maximum speed to join with the Galactica, and to hopefully, help my brother out. I just hope that I am not too late, for the sake of our chief Officer's Club coordinator, Ila, and her family. From what I heard from the three survivors, my youngest nephew, Zac, was already the first casualty.

"I hope that my husband is still alive," said Ila to Andrea. "I hope that my brother and my older nephew and my niece are still alive, too, Ila. In the meantime, you've got family here, on the Andromeda." The two women hugged each other. "There is a chance that the Galactica was captured," pointed out Zane. "A battlestar, the Cylons would destroy, Zane," pointed out Andrea. "Not merely

capture it."

Meine was explaining to Andrea. "Long range sensors picked up three Cylon basestars-" He paused to point out the three places on the star map. "... Here, here and here. But they have gone to light speed." "Any sign of the Galactica?" asked Andrea. "After all, we haven't found any debris from Adama's battlestar." "No, but if Adama brought it up to light speed, we cannot pick it up on our sensors."

Andrea's Journal ContinuedAll I can do is hope for the best. But I hope that I am not too late. We may be lucky since the Andromeda is supposedly the fastest battlestar ever constructed. But- that is also assuming that the Galactica did not get a refit recently.

The Andromeda approached the planet Caprica. On the bridge, the communications officer, Romulus, reported, "We tried every known colonial code that has been registered... Still no response. Also, scanners have not picked up any ships of any kind at all in the vicinity... And neither has our patrol. But then, it could be from all the interference from all the destruction." Andrea ordered, "Keep trying, Romulus." "Yes, Commander." "By the way, who is on patrol?" asked Meine. "Zane and Io," replied James.

The Andromeda was in orbit around the planet Caprica. Several vipers and shuttles were heading there. Two vipers and a shuttle were heading there also, but in a different direction.

The surface of Caprica was misty. The slight fog that loomed was not from the weather, but from the burning destruction inflicted by the Cylon forces. Most of the fires that the laser fodder created were out on the planet. What was once trees and shrubbery was turned to charred sticks sticking up out of the ground, and soot covered the ground itself around them. Finally, they got to where they were headed, and landed near what was left of the home that Ila raised her family in. The three vessels came to a full stop on the ground, and the vipers' canopies opened up. At the same time, so did the door to the shuttle. From the shuttle, Ila, followed by Andrea, climbed out, and Io and Zane, from the vipers. Once Zane and Io had their feet on the ground, they removed their helmets tossed them into the cockpits.

Andrea found some kind of device on the ground, and two tape-like thingies right next to them. She picked them all up, blowing the dirt off them. She placed the dusted tape into the device, as Ila, Zane and Io looked on. *Most of us are dead*, said a man's voice. *The fleet is all but destroyed*. Andrea pressed a button



on the device, looking at Ila and Zane. Zane said with a surprised look on his face, "That sounded like 'Pollo." "You mean Apollo? Your cousin?" asked Io. "It IS Apollo," said Ila. Her face was lit up. "He's alive!" Andrea pressed the button again, resuming playback. A female voice asked, *But you're here. From the battlestar Galactica,* said that same male voice. *It survived? Yes.* answered the male voice. *What of the President, and the Council of Twelve? And- and all of the other colonies?* asked the female voice. *All destroyed,* responded a deeper man's voice. Zane reached over to the device and pressed the button again to halt the recording. "I know that voice," said Zane. Both, Ila and Andrea looked at each other. "Adama," said both of them in perfect harmony. Io stared at the two women and Zane as if each of them had two heads. "I know my husband's voice," said Ila, staring straight at Io. "That... is no doubt, Adama's voice." *Commander Adama...* said the woman's voice on the tape. That verified it. *Yes, Serina.* Io then asked, "Isn't Serina that Caprican news person from I-F-B?" Andrea quickly stopped the recording again, and then pressed another button for a split-micron. A high-pitched cacophony sounded from it during that split-micron. "Yes, she is," said Ila. "And Apollo had a crush on her." She giggled. "From the first time he saw her on I-F-B." Andrea said, "I would too if I was a young man like Apollo." She then pressed the button, and the playback resumed. *-Ander Adama...* said the woman's voice on the tape. *Yes, Serina. It's true then. We're defeated, doomed.* remarked the female voice. A few microns of static came from the device. ... *survive.* the female apparently finished a sentence. Then her voice bellowed from the device, *We must fight back.* After a few microns of silence, the deep voice of Adama said, *Yes, we are going to fight back, but not here not now, not in the colonies, not even in this star system. Let the word go forth to every man, woman and child that survived this holocaust. Tell them to set sail in at once in every assorted vehicle that will carry them.* The recording stopped playing. Andrea removed the first cassette-like thingie from the device, and placed the second one in, and the same audio repeated. They continued to move on to what was left of the home that Ila had resided in most of her life. Inside of what was left of the home, Andrea, Ila, Zane, and Io looked around. There was an small, open trunk on the floor, with the small folded plaque with the picture of Adama, Ila, Apollo, Athena, and Zac. There was a slight smear on the picture of Ila. "Someone has been here," said Andrea. Ila inspected the box, and said, "It must have been Adama and Apollo." She picked up the small lock from the floor, inspecting it. "It WAS either Adama, Apollo, Athena, or Zac. This lock was opened with a key... Only Adama, my children, and I have a key to open this lock." Andrea found another box hiding near the same area. "Adama wanted us to open this one in the event that he died." "I am surprised he did not take it," said Ila. "He probably assumed that we were both dead, Ila, and probably had no need for it. Now it is up to us to find out what direction they went and go that way. Assuming that there may be some ships that

are not capable of going light speed, we can catch up to Adama, and have two battlestars to protect the fleet." "Yes..." responded Ila in thought. "We better get back, Ila..." said Andrea, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. "The sooner we get moving, the easier it will be to find the Galactica and whatever fleet has formed, and catch up to them." "Andrea, there is plenty of food stock underneath this house... Adama had it built there, just for in case. And from the looks of it, no one has been in there. And I'm sure that we will need it." "We have loads aboard the Andromeda." Zane looked at his mother, and said, "I agree with Ila, Mother..." Andrea stood there for a micron and said, "Well, let's get to it."

In another area of the planet was what was left of the Academy of Caprica, which was only a few charred poles that provided part of its foundation, and piles of burnt and charred rubble. Lee and other Colonial warriors went under ground. This was the place that everyone slept, and actually lived when they were not above on the ground performing training exercises. It was also where some of the smaller military vessels were repaired. If the ship was small enough to land on the planet surface, then it was small enough to be brought under ground for refueling, reloading and repairs. It was noticed by Sergeant Burger. It was a vessel of some sort, with one of its laser turrets pointed directly at them. "JUMP FOR COVER!" yelled Lee. Apparently, she noticed the laser turret, too. Everyone jumped, but nothing happened. "Maybe there is no one in there," suggested someone. Burger said, "We should take a look. If it is space worthy, then we should try to take it with us." "All right. I agree with that, Sergeant, but proceed with caution," instructed Lee.

In another part of the academy grounds, was the dining area. Captain Paddon of Orange Squadron looked around there with his team. There was food around, but not much. "This place looks so different without the all of that food and cadets and Colonial warriors we used to see around here," someone pointed out. "Yes," agreed Paddon. "Where did it all go?" he muttered to himself. "With Commander Adama." It was Andrea's voice that startled everyone. Behind her was Ila. "Impossible," said Paddon. "The Galactica was destroyed." "Think, Captain," ordered Andrea. "We saw traces of the Columbia, Atlantia, Solaria, Acropolis, but no Galactica. Oh, yeah, you were not there when we spoke with the three survivors. All three of them claim that the Galactica ran away, leaving their viper pilots to fend for themselves." She held out the recording device to Paddon. "And here... Listen to this." Andrea pressed a button, and a high-pitched cacophony came from the device. She then pressed another button on it, and then another. A few microns of static came from the device. ... *survive*. the female apparently finished a sentence. Then the female voice bellowed from the device, *We must fight back*. The deep male voice said, *Yes, we are going to fight back, but not*

*here not now, not in the colonies, not even in this star system, let the word go forth to every man, woman and child that survived this holocaust. Tell them to set sail in at once in every assorted vehicle that will carry them.*

"Well, Commander," responded Paddon. "I think that Colonel Meine and the rest of the crew will be glad to hear this." He paused. "That some have survived this, uh, what did that man call it?" "Holocaust," responded Andrea. "And that man's voice is Commander Adama's." "Yes, Commander. Assuming that it is really Adama's voice." "Ila knows her husband's voice, and I know my brother. This IS really him, but again, we were a tad too late." "Captain!" yelled someone. "I found survivors." He was someone from Purple Squadron. He looked at Andrea, and nodded to her. "Commander, Lieutenant Lee also found a small warship that was undergoing repairs. It is the warship Triton Six. She and the rest of Purple Squadron are trying to complete it." "Any signs of food or fuel?" asked Captain Paddon. "Not yet, but I DID find a compartment that will only open with authorization from a colonel or commander. Perhaps we will find something there." "Who WERE the survivors?" asked Andrea. "And where are they?" "A cadet, two women, and several children. They are with Lieutenant Lee right now, helping her with the ship." "Paddon, come with me. Lead the way, Ensign." The trio walked away.

Zane was in the ship, helping Lee out. "Where's Ila?" asked Lee as she was covering a section of the ship with the paneling. "He went to bring Ila back to the Andromeda. Ila had a few things that managed to survive the Cylon assault at her house, including food stocked up in an underground alcove." Lee and Zane faced each other, and Zane continued on. "You know, Lee, I am surprised that Adama did not take that food with him." "What?" "Oh, yes, you don't know what else we found." "What?" Lee stopped working to listen. "We found a message from Adama that was evidently broadcasted throughout the Twelve Colonies to get into any kind of ship and join the Galactica. My uncle's alive, and so is Apollo, my cousin. I heard them both on the tape." "I still don't believe it," said Lee. "I mean. we found a survivor here who said that they could not fit any more people onto those ships." A young man in a uniform came up saying, "Engines are fully functional, Lieutenant..." He saw Zane, seeing his pins, and addressed him, "Captain?" "Captain Zane of the Andromeda..." He stopped what he was doing and held a hand out to him. "And you are?" "Cadet Alexander," answered the young man as he accepted his hand. "What are YOU doing here?" "There was no more room on any of the ships that left with the fleet that joined the Galactica, Sir. So I stayed behind, hoping to kill as many of those Cylons as I can when they decided to come in here." Zane stood there in thought. "So I wonder how many more survivors there are? Throughout the colonies?" "I cannot say, but I am sure that we are not the only survivors." "Well, this ship seems space worthy now, let's see if there is

fuel." Lee said, "Cadet Alexander pointed out a tylium tank right outside before, Captain, but we're not sure if it is full or not. But this ship is carrying half of its maximum fuel capacity." "But- can it launch through all that rubble above us?" asked Alexander. "Well, it was lowered here under the ground, if the equipment still works, we can probably try to get it above ground through that rubble, and then try launching. Other than that... we will have to crash through solid rock. However, by design, an entire battlestar or a Cylon basestar crashing here would not break through it. It was to protect this area." "Cylons. What I would do for a chance to destroy every one of them," murmured Alexander. "We all would, Cadet. They killed my father and my sister at Molecai two yahrens ago, and in that attack at Cimtara, my youngest cousin, Zac." "You know Zac? Commander Adama's son?" Alexander's eyes lit up. "Yes, Alexander, My mother is Adama's- err... Commander Adama's, younger sister." "He graduated from here a few yahrens ago, and worked here. He was called to active duty by his father aboard the- the-" "-Galactica," finished Zane. "Did you say that Zac is dead?" Alexander's tone of voice changed. "And how would you know that?!" Zane turned around, turning away from Alexander. "We picked up survivors at Cimtara," answered Lee. "they said that he was the first casualty." "No..." whispered Alexander. "Zac was a great guy," he muttered. "He has helped many of us get through our courses here at the Academy." Zane turned around, saying, "But his brother, father, and mother are still alive." He was trying to see the good side of all this. "I know, but they had to leave those two women and seven children behind." One of the women entered. "No one knew about us, and we did know about Commander Adama's message. We just ran in here as soon as the Cylons attacked, and have hidden here ever since, until we were found by Alexander, and then we were discovered by someone from your squadron." Alexander spoke. "We did find a compartment that can only be opened by the authorization of a colonel or commander though. It was found by Sarah here."

Andrea, Paddon, and the Purple Squadron Ensign were inside. They did not find anything in there, except a disabled control station. "So this is how the Cylons were able to get through the anti-fighter defenses," said Andrea out loud. "Someone deactivated the defense systems from in here." "COMMANDER!" yelled Paddon. She ran over. There was a man's body on the floor, with a large burn mark on his chest. The pins on his collar clearly labeled him as a commander. "Commandant Luke," murmured Andrea. "He had replaced me as the administrator when I was transferred to Deep Space Station Nineteen." "He must have come in here for something, and gotten himself shot by the saboteur," said Paddon. "Well, let's join the rest of Purple Squadron, and see how things are coming along with that ship they found."

Andrea, Paddon, and the ensign made it to the where Triton VI was sitting to find that she got there in time to see it space worthy... but there was still a problem. There was the large hatch above, made of solid rock, that when it opened, the rubble from the ground above it would cave in, and probably bury the ship. They went inside the ship to find that many of its systems were activated. Zane saw his mother and the other two enter. "How do you expect to launch this thing?" asked Andrea. "Crash through these solid walls?" "Well, we launch as the hatch opens up, and use the laser turrets to clear the falling rubble that comes falling from above." "Well, what if these is too much? And what if the turrets miss?" "Mom, if these turrets can get Cylon fighters attacking at just sub-light speed, surely-" Paddon asked, "Does Alpha Comline One work?" Zane said, "If it does, perhaps a well-placed missile from the Andromeda is just what we need to clear some of the rubble from above." "But it may bring the hatch down onto us as well," said Andrea. "We don't know how much the Cylon bombardment may have weakened the hatch above us. And you know that the laser turrets would not do a very good job at preventing that from hurting the hull of the Triton Six." "Well," said Zane. "Purple and Orange Squadrons await the launch order. Perhaps we can let them clear away some of the rubble from above. All of the vipers and shuttles have been refueled from outside pumps until we emptied that tylium tank we found. And this ship is carrying almost maximum fuel capacity." "Good thinking, Zane," said Andrea. "It was Lee's idea." "It was Cadet Alexander who told us about that fuel tank," added Lee. Alexander looked at Andrea with a shy look.

*Launch.* It was Andrea's voice that gave the order to the vipers above on the ground. Vipers moved forwards on the ground, gradually picking up speed, and then lifting off the ground. Once up in the air, some of the vipers flew very close to the ground towards what was left of the Academy building, laying down a blanket of laser fire that cleared away some of the debris. More vipers followed doing the same thing.

*All clear, Commander,* said Captain Paddon's voice. Under the ground, the hatch above started to open as Andrea ran into the Triton VI. The platform that the small war ship sat on rose as the door into the vessel closed. By the time the hatch was opened, the platform held the ship above the ground. Inside the ship was Zane, Lee, Alexander, and Andrea, two women and seven children. "Your call, Mother," said Zane. "Ready launch sequence." "Already done," responded Lee. "Launch." "Executing," responded Zane.

The Battlestar Andromeda orbited Caprica, with other assorted ships alongside, behind, and in front of it. On the Andromeda, the vipers and shuttles from the surface of Caprica were seen returning. Meine was standing on the

command deck with Herman sitting at the station there. Then they saw the small war ship, that brought Ooh's and Aahh's from many of the bridge personnel. Meine looked happily surprised. "Signal coming over Alpha Comline One," said the young woman. Then she asked, "Colonel, I thought that the Andromeda was the only war ship around. Am I doing something wrong?" Meine looked at the small monitor, seeing Andrea's face on it. He turned to her, saying, "No, you're doing all right." *Greetings, Meine. You have always wanted to be commanding officer of your own ship. Would you like the Andromeda? Or the Triton Six?* "I think I'll take the Triton Six, Commander. The Andromeda is YOUR battlestar." Despite all he had heard about Andrea's sixth sense, he was still surprised that she knew. However, it could be just that it is the ambition of nearly every Colonial Warrior: to command one's own war ship. *All right, Colonel. Assemble your crew, and transport here in shuttles. I'll have Ila cook something up and have it sent over to you. And just don't take the entire crew with you.* Andrea smiled. Meine smiled back. "Sounds good, Commander. Oh, if you notice, Commander, several ships have joined us. Some fifty vessels that were since repaired. Herman has taken a team, and they are right now inspecting the ships." *And I have news, Colonel; Adama is still alive!* "So I heard from the other people on the ships... They said that Commander Adama sent a message to all of the survivors in all the colonies to get into any ship that would carry them. However, there were ships that had to be repaired and refueled first. They were repaired and loaded with fuel, and by the time they got here, they found that the Galactica and the fleet had already left." *Looks like that they got here to find US!* cut in Andrea with a smile. Meine smiled back. "We also have four agroships, but nothing on them," Meine continued. "Ila had brought back seeds, and she had them sent to the agroships. We also have two livestock ships. I just hope that the food that we have right now will not run out before the seeds mature to the vegetation that we need." *That's good news... Any BAD news?* "Yes. Although all of the ships do have light speed capability, some of them cannot go light speed because light speed capability was not repaired." \*Well, we can see what we can do about that when we are under way... In the meantime...

\*Herman and Meine stood on the bridge of the Triton VI, tall and proud. "This ship may not be a battlestar, but you've got your own war vessel to command," said Herman. "Yes I do, Herman... And Commander Andrea has her own fleet. May not be a fleet of warships on a campaign, but it is a fleet."

Andrea, Zane, Io, Sarah, and four of the children sat at a table together in the officers' club. Ila pushed a cart with plates of food. "Won't you join us Ila?" "I've got to clean up first." "Eat with us, Ila... You are part of this crew you know." "I guess I am." With that, she took the last plate off the cart, and sat down with them.

Zane said, "We will catch up with Uncle Adama... I know it." "Yes we will," said Andrea. "Yes we will... And hopefully, not a tad too late like these other times."

The Andromeda, followed by the Triton VI, and the rest of the fleet moved forwards.

Fleeing from Cylon tyranny, the Battlestar, Andromeda, leads a ragtag, fugitive fleet, on a lonely quest with one goal: Survival.