Jumping To Galactic Conclusions

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Jumping To Galactic Conclusions

by Johnnieboy11

Summary

An encounter on an alien planet at the edge of known space begins a domino effect to the First Contact between two major Galaxies and multiple versions of Mankind. The adventures that follow would sow the seeds of hope in this new, larger universe.

Chapter 1: Prologue:First Contacts

P3X-671

… Jonas Quinn, born of Kelowna and currently acting as the main liaison/scientist/archaeologist/egghead as per Colonel O'Neill's own statements, slid into cover behind a piece of rock right beside some kind of unknown ancient temple *just before a Jaffa's staff blast hit it,* melting part of the rock.

He spun about onto his stomach and fired a burst from his P90 Personal Defense weapon, watching the spray of rounds cut across the metal armor of the Jaffa that had shot at him, a dark-skinned human male. He aimed straight for the stomach and watched the penetrating rounds spark off the plate, punching into what was essentially the Jaffa's second heart:The Goa'uld symbiote pouch.

The Jaffa dropped dead, blood staining the ground beneath him as the rest of Stargate Command's premier officer team, SG-1, made it to cover. Samantha Carter, Major of the US Air Force, slid into cover beneath a berm and said, "Hell of a welcoming committee! For a place not on the Abydos Cartouche, Anubis's guys got here REALLY QUICKLY!"

"We oughta ask him about that the next time we see him! These guys were on high alert, too!" Jack answered, then fired his own weapon, nailing a Jaffa clean through the forehead tattoo. He crouched behind the cover of a low ruin wall, then reloaded his weapon and asked, "Hey, Jonas!" only to see the young man turn his head. "Did we ever figure out what kind of ruins these are!?"

"No!" The young man answered, "I've never seen the script before! It isn't Ancient, Goa'uld or any other known Race!"

"It does seem oddly familiar, however!" Teal'c replied, then snapped off several shots from his own staff weapon. A swarm of other Jaffa troops surged out from the treeline, speaking to each-other in the classical 'Krees' and other words of the Goa'uld's language, firing their weapons to try and keep them suppressed.

A pair of them tried to flank the unit, but Carter was quick on the draw, firing into the trees. Shards of wood sprayed out with each impact that missed a Jaffa, washing over the half-alien, half-human carriers of the Goa'uld and splintering further against the chainmail. Several rounds *did* impact, though, sending two men tumbling over like bowling pins struck center mass.

A third turned, aimed his staff at Teal'c and fired, but the Free Jaffa was quicker on his feet, actively dodging the blast and turning to face his still-enslaved brother. Two shots left his own staff, bolts of golden Naquadah-enhanced plasma that zipped through the air and struck, blowing two large holes into the man's sternum *and* the pouch.

He ducked as a volley of other staff blasts swished overhead and struck their cover or the ruins around them. He asked, "O'Neill! Have we any reinforcements?!"

"Nothing we can call on right now! 'Gate's been on the fritz since yesterday night and SG-3 is stuck down there defending it against an onslaught of Jaffa!" The Colonel answered quickly. He radioed and demanded, "REYNOLDS, YOU GUYS GOOD BACK THERE!?" while the whine of antigrav engines filled the air. He saw a pair of the birds-of-prey of the Goa'uld Navy flying circles around the Gate.

"We're facing a lot of heavy firepower over here, sir! Got a couple Gliders circling overhead and we can't get to our Stingers!" The man answered over the loud din of gunfire, probably an M60 or one of the newly-deployed M240B GPMGs. He added, *"Engineers are saying the 'Gate's juice should be back, though!"*

"Good!" Jack murmured, "At least *something* went right for us today…! Alright, SG-1, bounding retreat! We move in pairs! Jonas, Teal'c, you guys go first! I and Carter will cover you! You make it to that treeline, you turn and cover us! We keep leapfrogging like that until we're with SG-3 in defilade, then we book it for the Gate!"

"Understood! Come, Jonas Quinn!" Teal'c spoke, waving the young man to his side. Jonas took a deep breath, said a quick prayer to whatever non-Goa'uld Kelownan god he could think of, then jumped to his feet and ran toward Teal'c while Carter and O'Neill provided covering fire. When he made it to Teal'c's foxhole, the Jaffa yelled to O'Neill, "We are ready!"

"Okay! GO!" He answered, then immediately started firing. A full second of automatic fire from two distinct guns suppressed an advancing force of Jaffa soldiers that were trying in turn to *suppress them*. Jonas and Teal'c bounded across the open terrain toward the treeline, running as fast as their legs would hold them.

Jonas, however, let out a loud, "WOAH!" and skidded to a halt, digging his heels into the grass and mud below. He stopped Teal'c, too, watching the Jaffa raise his staff at a dozen silhouettes of Jaffa warriors stepping out of the treeline, weapons already aimed at them. The two men were about to raise their weapons, probably knowing they'd be dead or captured. This *was* basically a Last Stand.

But the enemy's shots never came. Instead, scarlet bolts rippled out from the right, burning through trees and *through the Jaffas' armors*. The weapon blasts were more focused, though, much more-so than normal Jaffa staff weapons. The two men staggered and dropped into cover quickly, then turned their heads.

"Go, go, go!" They heard a gruff older voice call out. Before they could react, a squad of troops equipped with what *looked* like standard Firearms appeared out of the treeline. They wore broad white helmets with black visors and were clad in camouflage uniforms of some kind. Their leader, an older man with a goatee and his grey hair caught in a bun, stepped out of the treeline while firing a handheld pistol of some kind.

He moved up to them, dropping into the same foxhole alongside two more of his soldiers, a male and a female, then asked, "Are you and your people friendly?!"

Jonas stared in shock for a second, while Teal'c seemed to be processing what he was seeing. The man grabbed Teal'c by the arm and asked again, "I know we're in the middle of a

firefight, son, but I'm going to ask you again, *are you four and the people defending the Ring FRIENDLY!?*" only for Teal'c to look into his eyes.

They were white. He had burns around his eye sockets, too. He was BLIND.

And yet, Teal'c sensed *something* about him…

"Indeed…" Teal'c replied in a low voice.

The man seemed to 'stare' for a second more, looking at Teal'c and at Jonas. He nodded and said, "Okay. Good…" only to lift his right hand, which seemed to have some sort of com device attached to it, up to his mouth. He spoke, "TALON-2 and -3, this is ACTUAL. Converge on my position and be ready to move out. We've got friendlies who need some cover!"

He then looked at Teal'c and Jonas and said, "Stay down," as he stood up, blasting two more Jaffa with his own energy pistol, "And cover us! We'll get your friends back and retreat to the Ring!" before he drew something off his back and *ignited it*… A bright emerald energy blade extended out from a hilt wrapped in cloth, glowing in the midday.

"Holy…" Jonas started, cradling his P90. Teal'c looked *stunned* as he watched the man deflect several staff shots back at them. A dozen men clad in similar uniforms stepped out of the trees and engaged the Jaffa with their own plasma rifles, cutting multiple down in bursts while the man in the lead pushed forward.

He had a strange scarlet emblem on his shoulder pauldron–a red bird with its wings sprawled and head pointing up… Teal'c mumbled, "... Familiar…" as he hefted his staff and said, "Come, Jonas Quinn! We must move!" while lifting Jonas to his feet. Jack looked back at the man moving up beside him, eyes widening slightly as he saw him deflect energy blasts with his own laser sword.

He and Carter exchanged a look of concern. Never look a gift horse in the mouth, though, O'Neill thought, turning toward the old man and saying, "I'm guessing you guys are friendly! You mind backing us up so we can get the Hell home!?" only to freeze upon seeing the man was blind. He mumbled, "For cryin' out loud…!"

"We've got more of my own incoming," He replied, then deflected another bolt without so much as 'looking'. He he then drew his pistol again and shot two more Jaffa clean through their heads, before saying, "... Once they're here, we're going to pull back to the Ring and then you can explain to me why I feel two lives in these peoples' bodies."

"... Gotcha," The man replied, stunned. He gave Carter a pat on the back, then turned to provide covering fire as Teal'c and Jonas joined back up with them. He asked them, "You guys figure out who this is…?"

"No…" Teal'c answered, though he hesitated. Jonas, meanwhile, shrugged his shoulders. The trooper beside him, a young woman armed with a long-barreled laser rifle, aimed and snapped off a shot that vaporized a Jaffa's head while the drone of antigrav systems seemed

to grow louder and louder. Teal'c then said, "... It seems we've angered the hornet's nest! Incoming Death Gliders!"

"Yeah, we saw them!" Jack replied, then looked at the blind old man with an energy blade and said, "You might wanna get down from there!"

He got a sideways 'glance', or whatever passed for one from the man. The two enemy fighters turned about, tracking the ground troops as the weirdly-varied group of soldiers spread out across the clearing. The older man said, "Keep your heads down," as a sort of warning, then took a combat stance more akin to that of a knight as he tracked the two fighters by sound.

The first Glider fired its cannons, two boulders of plasma roaring out. The man's left hand shot out and seemed to stop the first blast. The second, he deflected away from the battle line and into the trees, causing a detonation that uprooted several and moved the treeline back a few feet. He then jumped *way too high for a normal being* as the craft drew close enough and *slashed one across the cockpit.*

His hand shot out again as the first fighter careened toward the ground and slammed into another clearing nearby, exploding in a flareup of Naquadah and fire. His hand clenched and the second Glider's engines seemed to explode outward. He landed on his feet as the last enemy craft fell out of the sky like a god-damned brick, landing not far behind them.

The man landed beside Jack, who blinked and said, "Okay. *That* was impressive," as he stood up. Several dozen pairs of footsteps approached and SG-1 immediately trained their guns on the direction of the incoming. All of them paused as they saw several humans *AND SEVERAL BIPEDAL ALIEN CREATURES* moving with them.

A blonde-haired woman in a combat uniform said, "General Kota… Glad to see you found actual friendlies-" then froze as she saw Teal'c. The Jaffa bowed his head in greeting and continued shooting at the *other* Jaffa that were coming after them. She whispered, "... I suppose he'd also be a friendly, then?"

"Sure seems that way," The man spoke warily, "We haven't gotten introductions done, but we'll likely get those out of the way when we're off this rock. You know how to operate the Ring?" and his gaze transfixed on O'Neill immediately.

"Yeah, we do. It's kind of our thing," Jack replied, then radioed, "Reynolds, be advised, check your fire! We're coming in with a few new allies, some of which are…" and he eyed a googly-eyed, almost fish-like humanoid in the group who was wearing a leather cap, "... *Alien.* And I'm talking *more* than Teal'c or the Jaffa."

"Colonel, with all due respect, we'll take anyone we can get right now!" The man answered, *"We've got a battalion of Jaffa bearing down on us as it is!"*

"We're on our way. Dial the Gate," The old man spoke before Jack could. 'Kota' was his name. He looked at O'Neill and inquired, "... Where are you from? It's rare to see slugthrowers in combat, especially with that kind of rate of fire…" to which Jack blinked. He looked over at a worried-looking Teal'c, then back at Kota while he was processing things.

"... Well, we're going to our place right now, so if you wanna find out," He spoke, then gestured toward the direction of the Gate, "... Are you guys native?"

"No," The female answered as she holstered her pistol, "We came through the Ring while escaping an enemy force that was trailing us. This was the only combination of symbols we knew and we have it with us on a holodisk…" then she paused. More heavy footsteps, metal, probably Jaffa. She said, "We have to go, now. Before more of these people come back."

"Follow us," Jack answered, then looked at Carter for answers as if she had them. Much to the Colonel's chagrin, the woman shook her head. He sighed, then rallied Jonas and Teal'c to his side. The squad, now reinforced by about forty-odd people armed with plasma weapons that looked like Earth guns.

The sound of gunfire drew closer and closer as the teams marched out toward the Stargate. O'Neill popped out of the Treeline first, to the sight of the Marines of SG-3. One of the men hefted a Stinger, an anti-air Man-Portable Air-Defense System–or MANPADS for short—aimed it and waited for the tone before firing. The missile streaked out of the tube and nailed one of the other enemy Death Gliders while Reynolds suppressed several targets with his M16A2.

The Alien infantry of their newfound allies moved out to cover them and started firing up at the enemy fighters while Reynolds dialed the Gate. He looked back at O'Neill, then blanked and said, "Is that a fucking *Lightsaber*, sir?" as he watched General Kota and the blonde woman step up to the line of fire.

Kota looked at him and nodded, then scattered his troops as he shut off the blade and sheathed the hilt, simply focusing on his blaster pistol now. Teal'c seemed to gain some sort of immediate and terrifying insight as to what he was seeing. He crouched, aimed his staff at an enemy bird trying to dive down on them, then fired.

Reynolds called out, "Right, well… This is gonna be fun to tell the kids about," before he slammed his palm onto the orange central 'gem' that was the Gate's DHD. Beside them, the Gate glowed and flared, a whirlwind of energy flowing out from the maw like a splash of water, before retracting and stabilizing into a semi-calm lake, the event horizon.

Jaffa forces advanced through the trees, nailing one of Reynolds's men in the hip. An alien soldier was quick to pick him up and help drag him through the 'Gate while SG-1 provided covering fire. Carter thumbed a few buttons on her own 'Garage Door Opener', the GDO Code emitter, then said, "GDO'S IN! LET'S MOVE!"

As the enemy's Death Gliders turned back in and fired their plasma cannons, the troops managed to rush toward the Gate, with Jack and the General stopping right in front of the Gate. He looked at the man and said, "Look, I don't know how you're doing all this crap, but this is one hell of a moment to get scared!"

"I'm not," The man replied, then gazed back at the enemy fighters, "... I don't think we're really home anymore, though."

"Understatement, now C'MON!" Jack barked as he grabbed the man by the armor vest and threw both himself and the man in. The feeling of being demolecularized or whatever Carter had said happened to them whenever they went through the Gate came and went as quickly as it'd take to snap one's finger.

The two older men stumbled through the 'Gate last, to the sight of several Marines and Airmen pointing rifles at them *and* these guys pointing their rifles back in turn. Jack was quick to call out, "EASY, GENERAL, THESE GUYS JUST SAVED OUR COLLECTIVE BACON BACK THERE!" and looked at General Kota, who was… Well, almost looking like he was glaring at him.

The man removed his hand rather forcefully from his chest, placed it by his side, then said, "I was gonna go through on my own. Was just gauging out what kind of people we've annoyed in this new place…" And a moment later, he walked over to the blonde in the ranks of his forces. Jack blinked in confusion. Something felt ODDLY familiar about these people.

"Any ideas, Teal'c?" Jack asked.

"... I do believe they may be *Rebels*, O'Neill," Teal'c replied with an *odd* sense of excitement hidden behind his usually stoic facade. O'Neill looked confused. As if what Teal'c had said didn't narrow it down whatsoever. So, he clarified, "... Do you remember my favorite Tau'ri motion picture?" which immediately caused Jack to blank out and remember, eyes widening. He looked at Kota and pointed at him, to which Teal'c gravely said, "*Indeed.*"

Meanwhile, General Kota listened to approaching footsteps. A somewhat rotund, but well-built gentleman in an Air Force uniform ordered, "At ease, gentlemen," which got the US troops to immediately put their guns on safe. Kota looked back at his men and gave them a nod. A second later, the energy weapons' barrels were pointing at the floor, with the bald man saying, "Welcome to Earth, ladies and gentlemen… I'm General George Hammond, United States Air Force officer and current acting commander for the base you find yourselves in, Codename:Stargate Command. Thank you for protecting SG teams One and Three."

"You're welcome," He answered, then added, "I'm General Rahm Kota of the Alliance to Restore the Republic. We've never heard of Earth or your United States… But we appreciate the timely rescue as well. We've been stuck on that rock fighting and running for the past two days… And I'd like a place for my soldiers to rest."

"That can be arranged while we go through a debriefing, General," Hammond answered.

He nodded, then gestured the blonde woman forward and said, "This is my executive officer, Captain Juno Eclipse. She's one of the finest pilots we have and one hell of an officer… If you don't mind letting her talk to the teams we just fought alongside, I'd like to have an extra bit of information about where we are while we talk."

"That's perfectly fine by me," George replied, then looked at Jack and said, "Colonel. Hope you don't mind an extra shadow for the day."

"No, no, that's… Perfectly fine, sir," Jack answered as they descended from the gate, looking a bit… Weirded out.

"But?" Hammond raised a brow, noting the hesitation.

"... We're better off talking in private. No offense, Captain, General," Jack suggested, then looked at the pair. Kota nodded, while Captain Eclipse looked particularly unbothered, hands behind her back. Hammond hummed, then sighed and shook his head. He led General Kota and the squad out of the place, with medical teams immediately moving to help those who were wounded in the firefight.

Captain Eclipse said to him, "Thank you for that… We didn't know how to operate that Ring. Hell, if we'd have known it was a teleport beforehand, we wouldn't have touched it…" as she adjusted the holster of her pistol underneath her khaki jacket. She saw the man's worry reflect in his eyes, then said, "... Don't worry. The Cartouche we originally took the symbol combination from was destroyed."

"So your bad guys can't follow you over here… Right?" Jack asked as he gestured broadly at Earth. The last thing the man wanted was those kinds of ships popping into orbit above them.

"Unless they can somehow track the direction that teleporter took us, no," The woman replied, "And even then, we were at the edge of the known Galaxy. It will take the Empire time to gather up the reinforcements to hound our cell. Our own ships should've scattered into Hyperspace, making the destruction all the more unlikely…"

"That's a lot of info to give out to people you barely know, Captain," Carter observed.

"Because your uniforms do not match those of the Empire and I'm fairly sure they haven't started using Slug Throwers, even for Planetary Defense Forces," She replied calmly, eyeing the Major right back. She then looked upon O'Neill again and told him, "Believe me, Colonel, we mean no harm to your people."

"Oh, I know," He answered in a murmur, "I'm more worried about what usually comes *after* we meet new people. Especially *now*…" his eyes darting between the various alien soldiers in the room. He jabbed a thumb back toward one, a female with tails for hair, then asked, "Where's she from?" only to immediately turn to the woman and say, "No offense, we don't judge friendly aliens."

"None taken," The woman replied, her accent thick and *VERY French.*

Juno answered with, "Katrya's from Ryloth, but we aided her in escaping Kessel. Joined our merry band of soldiers and was trained by me and General Kota personally… Same as most of those around you," then she pointed at another soldier, a human with black hair and pale skin and said, "Nix joined us from Corulag, his wife Beth," then he pointed at a blue-eyed girl of seemingly Asian descent, "Came from Bespin… Faoh is from Mandalore."

"Hello, *Vod*," replied the woman in the rear, a woman with a darker complexion and touting a sniper rifle. She wasn't quite African-American, but closer to a Mediterranean skin tone with curly black hair and eyes the color of green olives. She gave the man a quick salute, then said, "Can we get some chow soon, captain?"

"Give it time," The woman answered flatly, "I'm sure they have something edible here."

The group climbed up the stairs, to the sight of staff operating the Gate Room's controls and various computers. One of the Rebel riflemen commented, "Huh. *Old* Computers. Nice," before being shut up by a glare from Juno. The troopers then walked up a metallic spiral staircase to the second floor of the command room, where a table was waiting with refreshments laid out.

The table was a strange mix of materials, ovoid and angular, long enough to house two full squads for debriefing. It was also surrounded by various windows depicting constellations. Juno murmured, "Huh. Reminds me a little of Yavin–IV…" as she saw a glass screen depicting yet more constellations, plus areas marked with dots and visited planets.

The General gestured to the comfortable seats, then sat down at the head of the table. Kota sat opposite him, his back to the window showing the Gate, before Hammond began, "Well… Let's start with the beginning then, shall we?" as he adjusted his uniform slightly. Kota and Eclipse both looked at one-another, then at SG-1, then at the General.

Kota leaned onto the table, fingers steepled together as he began, "... We'd like to ask a few things before we go on. Namely about the Ring out there, what I'm assuming you're calling the Stargate," as Juno poured herself something to drink. General Hammond nodded, though he soon noticed again that the man was blind. He told them, "How does it operate? The principles behind it could be quite useful for our people. And if you've made them, we could sure use a lot more of them."

"We didn't," Jack replied, "But we hear ya. The Ancients left all these doohickeys behind for us to have fun with and no instruction manual. Took us a bit of time to get our own Cartouche and start exploring, though… And we've been doing it for a fairly long while at this point," and he smiled, "... Soooo… You guys are from…?"

"The Alliance to Restore the Republic," Kota repeated clearly, "Or 'The Rebellion' if you wanna call us by a shorter title…"

… It was then that a realization seemingly dawned on Hammond, another one of the people Teal'c had watched *a certain movie with*…

And the question came up:If *they* had a Stargate… Who the hell else did?

… Caprica, Helios Alpha System, Cyrannus, The Twelve Colonies of Kobol

6th of Junis 1994(Caprican Calendar), around 30 years after the Treaty

Archaeological digs on Caprica and the other Colonies would usually turn up a bevy of interesting artifacts, both from the Cylon War period and the various historical periods of the planet during its Colonization. These kinds of Artifacts would always help further the Colonials' understanding of how they came to be upon these Twelve Planets they called home now.

Usually, those artifacts would be something small and benign. A spear-head or maybe an ancient model of firearm that so many modern guns get their derivations from, its wood eaten

away by the elements, the rust permeating its metal frame thus making it unusable as anything but a museum piece, if even that.

Some *things* necessitated increased security, however. High-yield ordnance left from the previous wars, old nukes lost by the Military during Civil Wars or the very recent war with their former machine servants, the Cylon. It was one of these things that was brought over to a secure military installation on Caprica itself, in the Mountains.

… Which, for some reason, felt a tad *cliche*.

Rear Admiral Helena Cain adjusted her cufflinks and collar, making sure her uniform was straight and prim and proper for when she got to her odd new command. The Battlestar *Pegasus* was still her main official flag ship and her command, but Fleet needed her dirtside for this one. She looked at her adjutant, a young Navy officer with a shine in his eyes and on his dress shoes.

Hers were matted out at this point from the amount of parade crap and combat patrols she had to do with her Battlestar Group. Sighing, she finished adjusting her uniform and said, "You're way too wiley today, Konrad. Do you have *any* idea why Command had to move something like this to an underground bunker? Stuff like this is usually big old stones with what people always interpret to be starmaps."

"No, ma'am," The young man responded, "Word of mouth is it's tied to an old Religious sect, though…"

She rolled her eyes, mumbling a quick, "*Great.*…" as if getting raked on the coals by the Gemenese or Sagittarons for 'damaging holy sites during training' didn't make her job harder. She told him, "Guess it makes sense now… You a religious man?"

He shrugged, "Only as far as going to the Temples to pray. My family has Athena as our Patron, mostly due to our history as Hunters," and he looked at Cain. He had the face and build of a country hick, alright, but the boy was also smart. Sharp as a knife and calm as a well-oiled machine purring in the factory.

She cracked a smirk, moving her hands behind her back and interlacing them as she replied, "Good to know. You're a fresh assignee to my cadre. Where are you from?"

"Born Caprican, ma'am, but we have ties to Picon," He replied as the Elevator, a fancy one made of steel with wood panels and various newly-created electronics, slowed as it approached Sublevel Twenty-Two. He turned toward the door, then said, "We're coming up on the Command Center, ma'am…"

"Old decommissioned nuclear silo, son," She corrected, then took a deep breath, "Hell of a place to store secret artifacts…"

The Elevator's PA let out a loud ding as it finally stopped. The main door slid to the right, opening with a mechanical crackle and hiss to reveal wide reinforced concrete corridors and Colonial Army infantry armed with standard issue Model 36 Rifles. They snapped salutes as

Cain and her adjutant walked out. Salutes she replied to in kind, saying to them, "Glad to see the footsloggers are busy."

The Riflemen let out short laughs as the two Navy officers passed by them, taking a left down the T-shaped corridor, passed power boxes and other circuitry while the recessed lights above them hummed their usual, dreary hum. The Admiral led the way through toward the Base's meeting room, climbing up a set of concrete stairs and taking another right. The place also had tarps slowly being removed from all the computer systems

They entered the briefing room where various computers beeped and chimed and where Navy, Air Force, Army and Marine officers were waiting. They all stood up and saluted, with Cain immediately recognizing Major-General Apone from the Marines, General Shepherd of the Army with his bushy silver mustache and Brigadier General Brewster from the Air Force.

"... Gentlemen," She greeted. She felt underdressed as a Rear Admiral. So many two and three-star staff. She quickly saluted back, watching as Brewster gestured to the chairs saved specifically for her and her XO. She said, "... This must be important enough if half the Chiefs of Staff of the United Colonial Military are here…"

"It's why we chose to meet here, Admiral," Apone spoke, holding a cigar between his lips. The eagle emblazoned on his officer cap held the sash bearing the symbols of the Twelve Colonies in its talons, wielding a sword in its beak and perching upon a shield. He took his cap off and scratched the top of his shaven head, dark skin glistening with a bead of sweat, "The situation necessitates a lot of secrecy unless we want a whole new cultist issue to spring up."

Apone was a military man from Tauron. The Corps was his lifeblood. His entire family had served at some point in the Marines, with even his own daughter, Amanda, being on-duty right now at some training exercise housed on Picon. Amphibious landing practice, if she recalled. The *Peggy* was supposed to participate in it, too, before she got recalled here.

Brigadier General Brewster said to General Shepherd, "I think we're ready to begin, General."

"Right," The man nodded, then took a deep breath and stood up, adjusting his own beret. He walked over to a massive tele-screen nearby. One of the Guards present turned off the light as the television switched on. As the first image appeared, Shepherd said, "... At Oh-Thirteen-Hundred hours yesterday morning, Archaeological digs in the polar circle discovered a cache of artifacts that have been carbon-dated to Humanity's arrival in the Cyrannus System. Though normally not a surprising occurrence, they lent some credence to various theories…"

The images showed the various items pulled by the staff from the tundra. Bone tools, metal rods, perfectly-preserved leather armor and so on. Several small jars of some kind were pulled out from what looked like a ruin buried in the ice. The General said, "These types of Jars, however, are a very new discovery. One we haven't found so far in any similar archaeological sites."

"Is that it?" Cain murmured to herself, "Some fancy jars…?"

Shepherd looked at her and said, "We wouldn't have been called here if that was it," in a deadpan. She replied with a shrug and a nod, allowing the man to continue, switching out images, "... With these Jars, we found a series of tablets in a dialect we haven't seen before. Some were already translated before they were brought in, lending credence to an ancient theory in regards to our people's arrival in the System."

Cain blinked, then paused as the files on the Screen showed details about some sort of 'Eye of The Gods'. She remembered that theory:They hadn't fully arrived by ship. Some were sent via starcraft to the planet while others yet made their way through the 'Eye of the Gods', getting transposed to Caprica first, the origin point of the Colonies.

She mumbled, "Don't frakking tell me…"

Shepherd nodded gravely… "We found it."

He thumbed the button on the remote, switching to an aerial view of the Dig. A Circular object made of some kind of strange stone sat, laid down on the hardened dirt and ice. It had multiple orange gemstones placed in nine distinct locations, almost resembling a clock. There was an internal ring made of symbols within, looking like familiar constellations.

"That's…" Cain began.

Apone said, "Impossible? We thought so, too… 'till we carbon dated whatever the hell it's made out of. *It's beyond ancient, older than even our arrival here.* Hell, perhaps *older than the entire human race,"* as he gestured at it. He then added, "We've made sure every single Scientist working at the base that unearthed it is on an NDA. Anyone who tries to dodge it disappears."

"... This is giving credence to those assholes in the Rhean cult," The woman stated, staring at the Eye of The Gods with a hint of shock. "To think their ramblings… No, wait, no, it could just as easily be an old worship thing, like a totem or a statue. And if that's the case, we can blow it and whatever else is tied to it to pieces and make sure the others never know."

"That may be a bit tough," Brewster commented, looking at her. Seeing the confusion in the woman's eyes, he told her, "We had to use mining charges to dig this thing out, Helena. The dirt around it felt like it *hardened* for some gods-forsaken reason. Almost looked like stone, too. Like something was trying to stop it from being recovered."

"All the more reason to put it back or blow it to hell," The woman grumbled, then asked, "Okay then. Where is it? I'm sure you didn't call me here just to show me some pictures of this crap and say 'oh, we buried it again'. *Did you actually bring it to this base*?!" to which Shepherd smiled. He walked over to a nearby armored window that had a bulkhead over it as one of his riflemen turned the light back on, then waved Cain over.

The woman stood up with her ensign, marching to the window. The blast doors were there to shield observers in what was once the Silo control room, meaning… She looked down at the Eye of the Gods below, her own eyes widening as she leaned against the window frame. She whispered, "... Gods above…"

"Rhea's Eye is real," The General said as the other officers joined them, "... Looks like we know for a fact Kobol was real, too."

"... Those tablets. We need them translated right now," She answered promptly, then looked down at the strange alien device to the side of the Eye. She pointed at it and asked, "And what the hell is that?"

"What we believe to be the control system of the Eye," Brewster quickly answered, leaning against the window, too. "It's got a power source emitting a great deal of energy from within and from what we could see inside, it's powered by some sort of crystalline network *far beyond what we can even dream of doing.* And it's got all the symbols *on* the Eye's internal ring."

"... And we're gonna keep this crap a secret from the rest of the Colonies, right?"

"Only the people in this room and the most high-up members of government will know about it," Shepherd replied, "And we're all sworn to secrecy."

"I'll sign whatever NDA is needed," She replied, "... I want the *Pegasus* transferred to the Caprica Defense Fleet ASAP. You guys called me here for the same reason you're all around, right? We're planning on setting up a research station *in this base* to understand this damned thing. We could find Kobol… *Hell, we could find the legendary Thirteenth with it!*"

"You're actually excited for something like this, Helena?" Shepherd commented, gesturing to the Gate, "Never thought I'd see the day."

She told him, "Trust me, Herod, I wouldn't usually be like this, but I wouldn't be born from the descendants of Kobol if I wasn't excited to find the Ancestral Home. Much more, to find our long-lost brothers of the Thirteenth Tribe…" then gestured broadly at the Eye, "And that ring of stone's about to make that possible."

"Let's hope you're right…" He answered, then handed her a set of access cards, each with a high security level, "Because command wants you running the show when you're not on patrol with the *Pegasus*. We'll also be around from time to time to take the place off your hands, but considering the way you've been carrying yourself?"

She smiled a very Cain-esque smile, a knowing look in her eyes. She took the cards in hand, then said, "It'll be my pleasure to get this place in shape, then. Probably start by giving it a thorough cleaning," as she ran her finger across the window sill and lifted it up to reveal dust, "Y'know. Considering it's ancient."

"Fine by us," The man said, "The Archaeological team who uncovered these materials is also present on-site if you want to talk to them. We have our head translator working on the tablets we found."

"I'll go see them right away… If you guys will dismiss this little commission, that is," She said, pointing broadly around the room by using the cards. She then paused and asked, "... What kind of funding are we looking at here? I know this isn't gonna be a Caprica-only operation, seeing as we have me and several other Tauron and Picon staff here."

"The Ministry of Defense has already set aside a *healthy* amount of Cubits for this program. There's vested interest in it succeeding," Apone commented, crossing his arms to his chest, "Keep it close to the vest, though. Everyone's gonna be wonderin' where a few *BILLION* Cubits went over the next couple years…"

… Cain had nearly fainted at the full sum. To keep the lights on in this base, which was being refurbished for what the government had code-named the TRAVELLER PROGRAM, it cost around ten million Cubits per month. They'd only paid for one month so far, but the grand total summed up for full base operations, including soldiers' salaries, researchers and tech, got up to about SEVEN-POINT-FOUR *BILLION* COLONIAL CUBITS PER YEAR.

No sane man that wasn't an entrepreneur was gonna see that money in a LIFETIME, much less in a YEAR. And even the local millionaires had no hope of touching that kind of cash flow in ten years. Twenty to thirty, maybe, if the economic growth was projected to continue as it had since the Cylon War.

Konrad walked with her toward the base's laboratories, stating, "You seem a bit worried, ma'am."

"One of the greatest archaeological discoveries in humanity's history, possibly able to change the great religious paradigms of SEVERAL Colonies and outright cause them to descend into Civil War due to the reinterpretations it would cause, is currently in our possession. One slip-up could lead to the greatest and most destructive conflict Mankind has faced since the Cylon frakking rebelled and *I'm* the one they put in charge of it," She counted the issues on her fingers, sounding more and more upset before settling her voice into a half-hearted sarcastic bluster, "Nah, I'm perfectly fine. *Just fine*."

"My bad," He shrunk a little, then sighed and said, "Any chance you can get other officers down here, ma'am? We might need a few veterans with us."

"Have a list of people you might want around on my desk at sixteen-hundred," She answered, then thought for a second and said, "Make sure William Adama's on it. The man's work on the *Galactica* has him slotted for either an amazing promotion, or one hell of a retirement. I'd rather keep him around for a few more years if I can help it."

"Aye, aye, ma'am," The man replied, writing down the man's name in a notebook for future reference. The officers then entered the laboratories. Though the room was narrow, it was packed with some of the top-of-the-line technologies available to the Colonial Military. Odd, but she'd take any help she could get at deciphering this mess.

The scientists all turned when she entered the room. A female scientist with curly blond hair walked up to her with a bright smile, then said, "You must be the new commander of this base… They told us to expect you," as she looked her over. Cain furrowed her brows, slightly surprised at the beauty before her, then nodded.

"What do you have for me, doc?" She asked as they stepped into the room itself. She saw several of the tablets and the weird jars resting on the nearby tables. The woman led the way over to the table where the first of the tablets lay. Aside from her command ability, Cain had a

pretty good deductive spirit. The symbols she was seeing on the Tablet matched something *else* in this project.

The female scientist said, "Going by the look you have in your eyes, I presume you figured out this first tablet, or at least what it represents."

"... A Cartouche of some kind," She murmured, lifting the weighty stone item up. She also noticed several other stones and things around, but didn't dare touch them. She looked at the Scientist and said, "Some of these symbols match what little I could see on the Eye and its little support pylon or whatever the hell that is."

"We called it a Dialing Device," The woman replied, "Mostly because it looks like the dials on old phones… And yes, you're correct. That's what we believe to be an Address at the top… We're preparing to test it out," while the Admiral handed it back. "With your permission, obviously… Though we'd also like to translate the rest of the Data."

"... We'll put in the combination first, then read through the rest," The woman answered, then told her, "Thirty mikes. Get to the Eye then in HAZMAT Gear… It's time to see if the Eye of the Gods is real, or just a totem like I said…"

Chapter 2: Setbacks

Stargate Command

"... We have been investigating rumors of this artifact since before we even jumped into the uncharted system," Juno explained calmly. They had placed a holographic device on the table that displayed the rough coordinates of the system they'd found the gate. She continued, "Rather obviously, when we landed, we discovered what you call the 'Stargate' buried within the confines of an old temple of some kind, lined with both Aurebesh, our standard Script for Basic, and an odd, more old-looking and angular language."

As images flashed, showing the differences between the two, Jonas pointed at it and said, "That's the script we saw on the planet. The one beside it is Ancient," then he pointed at the more angular Ancient scripture. The woman nodded, to which he said, "Wait, so you guys are saying that is your version of English?"

"Yes," Juno replied calmly, "We noticed you use the High Galactic alphabet, though. I can have Aurebesh written out for you in a few hours."

"I'd appreciate it. We took photos of all the scripture in those old Temples and I'd like to translate it," Jonas answered, then added, "But this does imply another thing–your people had an outpost here at some point in time. And while I'd like to go back and do the whole work of carbon-dating that crap, I'm pretty sure the Jaffa have the Gate locked down tight."

Kota hummed, while Juno continued, "The outpost itself was an Old Republic site, presumed to be at around three to four thousand years old. We don't know why it was abandoned, but we can assume it was because they met the 'Goa'uld'... That, or perhaps issues tied to that age meant they couldn't sustain the Outpost for long."

"... Has this Republic been around for that long?" Jack asked, though he felt like he already knew a good bit of the answers there.

As Juno had barely opened her mouth, Kota, who was leaning against the leather office chair with his arms crossed, told them, "The Republic was an entity that survived several hundred thousand years of our Galaxy's history. *Only in the last few years* has it faced its downfall from within. All because we got careless… And because we trusted too easily."

"Right, right," Jack replied, "So…"

"If the site is as ancient as The Old Republic, a presence in this place… Which I'm going to assume is a different Galaxy as we've never heard of the Goa'uld, these 'Ancients' or anything tied to that," Juno spoke, leaning onto the table. There was a great deal more to touch upon, but she figured she'd best have addressed that ahead of time. It didn't seem to surprise them much, so she continued, "And with the thought that we come from-"

"A Galaxy Far Far Away…" Jack quoted with an awkward smile.

Juno nodded, “Right…” while Teal’c, Carter and General Hammond stared at the Colonel with mild concern. She told them, “With that issue in mind, we also assume you’ve hopefully encountered similar situations with travellers from alternate galaxies, at least in the hope of us being allowed to go home… Or at least that we have a way home with which we can investigate if our research outpost was fully destroyed.”

She gestured at the holographic display, images playing across it of Imperial Infantry, soldiers clad in dark-green tunics and armors with large helms and protective goggles and infantry in bright-white armors with black optical systems and bodygloves pushing through an opening, red bolts going back and forth between the two lines of infantry. A second hologram appeared, depicting the ships.

Thin-necked vessels and smaller craft with large engine bays and turrets peeled away from an enemy task force made up of three large, arrowhead-shaped warships that were at least twice the size of the largest Rebel ship. Juno spoke, “Several of our vessels were destroyed when attempting to escape, but many succeeded in jumping before the Empire could deploy their Interdictors… We know this because we caught the last transmissions before we jumped *through* the Event Horizon of the Gate.”

The images flashed away and the holographic emitter shut off. Juno leaned over the table to retrieve it, adding, “... The likelihood that the Empire could even know what the Gate is is infinitesimally small. We’ve destroyed all of the computers of the research station and all internal data was wiped and cleared beforehand… The last known container of Gate Coordinates is here,” and she lifted up the Holodisk, “... It’s what led us to the planet you found us on. It had a few more addresses.”

“How many symbols?” Carter asked as she leaned forward.

“Eight total,” Juno replied.

The Major looked at O’Neill, who immediately said, “... Huh. That does mean you guys came from a different Galaxy alright. Did the ‘Gate have any extra power sources around it, or just the DHD? Y’know, the big thing made out of Naquadah with an orange gem in the middle and the full show of symbols on it?”

“... The ‘Gate had a different DHD,” Juno answered, “And looked different from the ones in your Galaxy, too. It also housed a more powerful source of energy below its systems, at least according to subsurface scans we made with our ships. A power source that looked to be based on *Zero-Point Energy.*…”

“Huh…” Everyone Human-From-The-Milky-Way in the room let out at the same time, before Carter mumbled, “Well, it isn’t unlikely…” before asking, “Are there any addresses on that disk that are seven symbols strong?” and getting a shake of the head. Well, that was odd… “That means there are no other Gates in your Galaxy.”

“Terrific, really,” O’Neill commented as he looked at the two Rebel officers, “Means we’re less likely to have Imperials dropping by other planets through your Gates…” as he leaned back into his chair. He mumbled quietly, “... However, I don’t like the odds that the Imps could jump here from wherever the hell your Galaxy is with a ship.”

“Flight between Galaxies is a fool’s errand unless the Galaxies are extremely close together,” Kota replied quickly, then felt the confusion in Jack. He smiled and said, “Being blind enhances all of your other senses, Colonel…” and he leaned forward, picking up the water pitcher on the table and a glass, flipping said glass right side up, then pouring himself a drink.

Jack nodded, “Right… Hey, I gotta ask,” even though he knew the answer somewhat from browsing the ‘net, “How did you do that thing where you jumped *ABOVE* a Death Glider, cut it to pieces and *ripped the Grav Drive outta the other one*?” and he immediately got a look from Teal’c. He shrugged and asked, “What? It was cool.”

“... I am a Jedi. Or I used to be,” The man answered calmly, “The Jedi are a religious order of warriors who were in a symbiotic relationship with the Republic, providing peacekeeping duties and going out into the wider Galaxy to see to the needs of the many people the Republic’s wide hand couldn’t *quite* reach… And while Religion might seem paltry or insane to some, we have a power.”

The man lifted his free hand and ‘aimed it’ at a nearby object–a small ball. It slowly began to lift off the table right in front of Teal’c, who seemed to crack the *tiniest* smile, like an excited toddler staring at his childhood dreams coming true. The man pulled his hand backward and the ball flew into it, or more accurately he grabbed it out of the air.

He continued with that, “... This is the Force. It binds all living things and provides those with a much greater affinity to it with powers like mine. Telekinesis, enhanced healing and various other outputs,” and he set the ball down, “Obviously, my ability to ‘see’ is aided by the Force. I can see all of you right now, for the most part.”

“... Like some sort of… Echolocation…” Carter spoke, stunned.

Hammond whispered, “This is becoming too familiar…” as he eyed Kota. Teal’c hummed in agreement.

The General nodded, then sighed and said, “Well, with *that* in mind, we’d like to hear about you people. The Goa’uld, this whole little Galaxy *also* under the rule of an oppressive empire and the whole situation tied to it, including the Jaffa… And why they carry Snakes in their stomachs,” as he once more rested against his elbows, which were themselves resting on the table as support.

Jack answered, “Alright. Sounds good to me… You mind, General?” as he looked at Hammond. He gave his non-verbal approval and O’Neill said, “Right, where to begin? Humanity here is considered the Origin Point for most of the humans in this Galaxy and there’s a *lot of us*. Currently, about six or so billion people on this planet alone, with god knows how many tens, maybe hundreds of millions more out there. Or billions. We haven’t run into a planet like that yet, though.”

The two Rebel officers continued to listen. Happy at that, Jack continued, “A couple thousand years ago, the Goa’uld came here, stole a bunch of our people as slaves and even kept a few here under the guard of a Goa’uld named Ra, posing as the ‘Sun God’ with the same name in Egypt. You’ll note a lot of different cultures exist on Earth, by the way, kinda

similar to how many different cultures there probably are on your planets as I'm sure Jonas was probably gonna point out. The Goa'uld like to pose as Gods."

"That sounds fairly familiar," Mumbled Kota, then said, "Okay. What next?"

"We buried our Gate in Egypt and only recovered it… Like sixty years ago? Seventy maybe?" He continued, "While our ancestors were doing a dig. Then a couple of years ago, we brought it here, started it up with the help of an… *Old Friend.*.." and he breathed a sigh. Kota blinked, feeling that little pang of sadness and guilt from the otherwise steeled mind that was O'Neill. Shaking that off, though, the Colonel continued talking, "To make a long story very short, we killed Ra, who was somehow still alive, liberated a planet and caused a *massive* power vacuum that a lot of Goa'uld tried to fill. First guy was Apophis, whom we got Teal'c free from. He died a bunch of times, then we finally offed him proper… I don't remember how. Oh, right, the Jaffa are genetically-engineered humans designed as living incubators. They get the whole regeneration thing from the Goa'uld, plus immunity from a lot of diseases, but they're also heavily reliant on the Symbiote, meaning their immune systems are shot when it gets removed-"

"Sir," Carter began.

"Right," He waved it off, "Back to the Goa'uld. There were a couple of others who tried to kill us and unify the System Lords… And now, it's Anubis. He's managed to get all the other System Lords we *haven't* offed together. There's still some holdouts, but for the most part, they're all working with the bastard… Those were his troops we fought on the planet we got you from. As for anything more detailed than that, if General Hammond's cool with it *and if we do sign some kind of treaty with you guys*, you can probably get access to the mission reports of all SG Teams."

"That'd be good," Juno murmured, "At least we'd know what we're getting ourselves into…"

"So that's a yes on being buddies?" Jack asked with a smile on his face. Juno looked at Kota, who seemed to be pondering the request for a second. They really, *really* didn't have much choice at the moment. Not until they linked back to their Galaxy. And even then, the likelihood of the Empire having left a force behind to Guard the Gate or having moved it somewhere else for safekeeping was too high.

Kota, who knew all of this and had already taken it into account, replied with a wry smile and a joke. "If you're okay with a blind, crazy old man with a laser sword and his comrades tagging along with you all until we manage to link back up with the Alliance, then yes. We need a place to bunk and I'm not looking to test out the remaining addresses on that Holodisk without backup."

O'Neill then smiled and looked at George, who was smiling as well. The General of the Air Force said, "As I said, General, that can very well be arranged. I will contact the President, get your people the same status I acquired for Teal'c when we began working together. I'll also scrape up some paper for a written temporary agreement until we can get in touch with the rest of your faction."

“Alright,” Kota replied, “Then it’s settled… One more thing, though. Before we share our own Gate address list,” and he turned his head toward Hammond. Though it wasn’t exactly obvious to everyone in the room, Rahm noticed that Hammond had caught on, or at least seemed to have an inkling of an idea going by how calm his own emission in the Force was. “We want to tag along with SG-1 for their outings. They’ll be the most likely to receive these Gate Addresses as missions.”

Hammond nodded, then looked at the Colonel and said, “Jack?”

“... Perfectly fine by me, sirs,” He cracked a smile, “Gonna be great having a Space Wizard with us to put the fear into the Goa’uld. Welcome to the team.”

“Thank you,” Juno spoke, “However, this does raise the size of your team considerably. Approximately forty new soldiers is going to be one hell of a ‘we’re here’ sign for the Goa’uld,” as she adjusted her jacket slightly. The others seemed to agree quietly, though she stated, “But we’ll be more than glad to help.”

“Yeah, we’ll have to figure out a roster,” The Colonel replied, then asked, “So… What do we do?”

“We download the Disk and get these people a place to eat and sleep,” Hammond answered, then pointed at Jack, “Colonel, I’m relying on you, Major Carter and mister Quinn to get all of this done ASAP. Teal’c, you’re free to head off for your Kelno’reem if you wish.” Teal’c gave the man a quick bow as thanks. Hammond told them, “Alright. Dismissed. To our Rebel allies, welcome to Earth.”

“May the Force be with you, General,” Kota replied, then stood up and gestured for Jack and Carter to lead the way. The two nodded, then walked off while Jonas packed up his gear. He looked at Jonas and told him, “... I’ll make sure Juno gets that list of Aurebesh symbols to you ASAP. Even if that’s Pre-Rectification Basic, you should still be able to understand it.”

“Thank you, General,” The man replied as he slung his backpack over his shoulder. The groups departed for their own separate areas, with Colonel O’Neill and Major Carter leading the way through the narrow base corridors and toward the mess hall first, while temporary accommodations would be handled soon.

Juno looked at Carter and told her, “To think humans are this prevalent across the universe…”

“Trust me,” Carter smiled, “You’ll get used to it after a while. You commanded a ship?”

“Yes. Still do, technically,” The woman shrugged, “But my XO probably took over for me… For a droid, he can be pretty smart,” and she cracked a smile. Carter blinked, surprised, to which the woman asked, “... You all have Droids, right? I mean, we saw that bulky wheeled machine next to the Gate when we came in.”

“... A MALP,” Carter replied, stunned, “Which we’re in control of. Are you talking about an…”

“An actual artificial being, yes,” She got her answer. The Captain saw that strange look of shock in her eyes, then continued, “Okay, then. That’s a surprise, but I suppose we should’ve expected it from people still utilizing slug-throwers as mainstay armaments…” only to get a couple glares. She said, “No offense. They do seem like quite capable firearms, though… Nothing like all the old slug guns we used to see.”

“Well above a cycler rifle,” Kota commented, “Considering they’re fully automatic.”

“And compact enough to be carried close,” The woman murmured, then asked, “Can I try one later today? I feel like we may want to conserve our gas and battery packs for future encounters,” as she shifted her own blaster pistol holster forward. Colonel O’Neill seemed to agree, giving the team a thumbs up.

The group separated a moment later with Sam in the lead. Kota stated bluntly, “These people managed to figure out and utilize the Stargate and have been utilizing it to travel through space… It’s rather interesting that they bypassed the necessity to develop hyperspace,” as he once more put his arms together against his chest, “Luck was with them.”

“That, or the Goa’uld’s foolishness,” Murmured Juno. When she noticed her comrades were looking at her, she clarified, “Think about it for a moment. Beings who fancy themselves Gods over all of humanity allow a revolution to brew on this planet and get themselves kicked off. Meanwhile, the people survive, evolve independent of the wider empire for millennia and now come swinging back around to kick said Empire’s teeth in.”

“While their planet is seemingly divided along political lines,” Kota commented, pointing out the flags on the walls and the uniforms of the soldiers as if he could see them. He told her, “The United States is but one country of what must be hundreds of smaller and larger nations… Something that might not bode well, should any of them decide to side with the Empire *when* it comes swinging.”

“No ifs and buts about that,” Juno grumbled, then sighed and said, “We’ll be careful, General… If push comes to shove, we can always try our luck by raiding the Goa’uld ourselves until we find a way home… Though we’d be out of ammo long before we managed to do any meaningful damage. At least from my count.”

“We already promised we’d sign a deal with Stargate Command, Juno,” He spoke, “And you know me. I keep my promises.”

“That I do…” She smiled now, though she knew he couldn’t see her. With a simple pat on the shoulder, she told him, “C’mon…” and they continued to follow Sam…

… Elsewhere in the base, Teal’c was *smiling*. Jonas and O’Neill both stared at the tall, dark-skinned Jaffa with mild concern and humor in their hearts. Jonas leaned over toward O’Neill and whispered to him, “Uh… Can I ask what’s gotten Teal’c this excited? I didn’t quite catch the references you were making back there.”

“Ask Teal’c to show you Star Wars, Jonas,” The man replied with a hint of faked warmth, then set his plate down. He mumbled, “Though I gotta say, this *is* creepy…” Before he made

eye contact with Teal'c. The man's smile immediately faded, returning back to his usual deadpan as he said, "That's better. Thanks."

Teal'c bowed his head slightly, then said, "Shall we tell them about Star Wars? Perhaps they may find it comforting to know that the Empire is soundly defeated at Endor… Which we may perhaps get to witness."

"Oh, *God*, no," Jack shot back, "I don't wanna mess with whatever Force, whether it was that magic or not, that helped Lucas create that entire series until we get the last one in our base library so you can tell me how it was," then he clapped a hand on Teal'c's left bicep. "I also don't doubt they'd search the whole of the US for whoever gave Lucasfilm the idea and I'm not looking to make it a LITERAL Intergalactic incident before I'm retired and watching the fireworks."

Teal'c hummed, then acknowledged, "I understand. My lips shall be sealed."

"As will mine," Jonas added quickly as he stood up, "Because I have *zero clue* what you guys are talking about and I'd rather keep it that way. I just wanna get through the stuff we recorded before we got into a firefight with the Jaffa." Then, he packed his gear and walked out of the door. The Colonel and Teal'c both watched him go.

Teal'c commented, "I had hoped to assist in translating the scriptures. Seeing the local version of what one would call Galactic Basic has been… Interesting… To me," which got a short snort out of O'Neill. The Jaffa warrior turned toward him and inquired, "O'Neill. When will Episode III finally come out? Seeing the end of Anakin Skywalker's Saga is of great interest to me… I wish to see how he came to be the Dark Lord."

"We're still a couple years off according to ol' George himself," The man replied as he, too, dusted himself off and stood up, carrying his mug of coffee with him. The Jaffa let out a sound that could only be described as something between disappointment and resignation to the fates. He once more clamped a reassuring hand onto the Jaffa's shoulder and said, "C'mon. I got some cookies in the mail from Sara for some reason."

Teal'c seemed to stop for a second, thinking and visibly flinching as he recalled, "... I *do* believe it is your birthday, O'Neill."

"... Oh, right." Jack blinked. How forgetful of him.

"Happy day of birth." The Jaffa said with his usual deadpan.

"... Thanks, Teal'c. Let's go."

… Back with good major Samantha Carter, the woman had managed to guide the Rebel team over to their new bunks, then to the armory to drop off their gear. She had also stowed her stuff away in the lockers, due to carrying a good chunk of it around since the debriefing. She could process the fact that Teal'c's favorite movies were a real thing… For the most part. But that also implied a great deal *more* than just them was real.

Down to the books and games that were released as recently as of this year, 2003. She recalled a very fancy game that Teal'c was actually playing, *Jedi Academy*, had a pretty in-depth lightsaber combat system. Although the fact that she could soon see a saber master FIGHTING LIVE (despite her view on the movie itself as nothing more than Science-Fantasy) would be something…

She nearly froze when she heard footsteps running toward her from behind, then swiveled about and saw Juno approaching. The Captain called out, "Major! Sorry to stop you on your way!" before she skidded to a halt in front of her. She offered the Holodisk and said, "I forgot to hand you this. And…" then she pulled out a datapad with Aurebesh symbol transliterations, "I also had this. Aurebesh-to-High Galactic. Deliver it to mister Quinn for me."

The woman smiled and said, "Thank you, Captain…" while she took the items into her own hands, slotting the Holodisk into her jacket's pocket. She asked, "... So, do you think your Droid's going to figure out where you went? If your ship sensors are strong enough, the Wormhole's event horizon should be quite easy to track to here."

"Perhaps. But if it's an entirely different Galaxy, I highly doubt they have the necessary fuel to make the jump unless our Galaxy is *really* close to yours," The woman commented as she set one hand on her own hip. She gestured broadly with her left hand, "While our reactors are quite powerful, I doubt they could withstand that kind of jump distance… And even if they could, they would have to daisychain several powerful-enough reactors together like the old *Outbound Flight* project… Even then, the fuel requirements would be impossibly high, which would mean they had to detach one of their precious Altor-class replenishment they use to keep the Fleets on-station for years. It'd be an expenditure of Star Destroyers and ships they're unlikely to put together."

"... Well, that's comforting," Carter replied semi-sarcastically. If a singular Star Destroyer would jump into this Galaxy, it would more than likely spell the end of even the Goa'uld, not to mention Stargate Command's own starship building enterprises like the current X-303 project undergoing testing at *a certain military base*. If they somehow had a *fleet* in support, that'd make matters ten times worse.

"Apologies… Just make sure these get to where they need to get to," Captain Eclipse said simply. The two women then bid goodbye to one-another and went their separate ways.

Caprica, TRAVELLER Base

Cain was sitting in the still-under-construction control room of the base's Embarcation Station. The Dialing Device had been brought to the middle of the room itself, separated by a thick layer of bulletproof glass that also had an additional layer of defense in the form of a deployable multi-layered titanium barrier built just like the bulkhead doors themselves.

She watched the scientific staff going about their business, examining the Eye with geiger counters and radiation detectors. They had been able to note the fact that the thing was made up of a material that *didn't match any known substance on their periodic table.* Whatever it

was, it was apparently a high-density energy storage system that also apparently used said energy to form a *wormhole*.

At least according to the data on the few tablets they managed to translate so far. The yellow hazmat suits glowed weirdly in the recessed lights built into the walls around the shaft of the silo. Their geiger counters could be heard clicking from *within* the confines of the control room, where staff were unpacking several highly-capable computer systems.

“Ma’am,” A voice called out. Konrad walked inside with a notepad. It’d taken a second for the woman to register the fact that it had its corners clipped, the same as every piece of paper and book they had, making for a very uneven octagonal shape. She still didn’t know why they did books and other stationery materials like that, but…

“What is it?” She asked, turning to face the young man.

He handed her the report and said, “Reports from the *Yashuman* and *Pegasus’s* patrol near the DMZ as you requested, right alongside the confirmations for the transfers of Commander Adama and his two sons to our rank and file… Going by the noise, neither of the Adama boys was too happy about being pulled out of flight training.”

“Get their old training officer over, too. That Thrace girl,” The woman said as she started flipping through the reports. Nothing major, as usual, from either of the Battlestars, which was good. She then said, “Tell the *Yashuman* and *Pegasus* to return to Caprica orbit and stand by… The Gods only know what we’re about to do.”

“Ma’am,” He saluted, “Permission to stick around and watch the show?”

“If there even is one, sure,” She approved, smirking. Then, she turned toward the microphone connected to the embarkation room’s PA system, tapped the ‘speak’ button–which inadvertently caused a short feedback look with a *shrill* sound that bothered the crews–and asked while she winced, “Are we ready in there, Doc?”

”Just about!” She answered. Doctor Amanda Doyle, graduate of the Caprica University of Sciences, player of Pyramid in her free time and a relatively normal human being for all intents and purposes. She was a pretty little thing, Cain thought warmly. She sighed, then crossed her arms while the woman continued working through the necessary protective steps.

A moment later, she gave a broad wave of the hand, then looked at the control room and pointed at the left-side door. Cain nodded, then looked at an Airman sitting at a nearby desk. He hit a button on a nearby control panel and the doors’ side warning lights began to flash in bouts of bright scarlet. The door itself began to slide open, allowing the woman and fellow eggheads to step out.

They’d set up the Gate on a small metallic ramp, though that, too, felt Cliche to the woman for some reason. As the doctors approached, they quickly removed their Hazmat gear and set it aside, dusting off and straightening out their own uniforms and labcoats. The Doctor put her glasses back on as she approached, then said to the Admiral, “We’re good.”

“Shut the doors…” She ordered, then took a step to the side and pointed at the Dialing Device, “All yours, doc,” as she joined Konrad to watch. The woman pulled the nearby tablet with the *first* symbol combination, then took a deep breath. Her hands pressed down against each symbol tile. Each of them let out a deep *thrum* as the light around them began to glow.

As the seventh symbol was tapped in, the Doctor said, “And that’s the seventh chevron, our planet’s, *locked…*” before she looked at the central gem. She pressed down upon it and watched it light, before the Eye… *Sputtered, then whined and failed, shutting off.* The Doctor blinked, eyes widening, then looked at the Admiral, who crossed her arms. She said, “Wait, wait, this should be right…! The translations say this should work!”

“The fact it’s lighting up tells me that much, doc,” The woman mumbled, then looked at the Eye, “... Maybe we should’ve waited until you translated everything.”

“Yeah, but nothing says this thing shouldn’t work,” The Doctor replied, “And from what the engineers tell us, the Power Sources are connected, meaning the Dial Device *is* feeding power to the Gate itself!” then she started pulling out more of the tablets. She started parsing through each of them right in front of the Admiral and the rest of the staff, looking determined to understand just what she’d done wrong.

Her eyes darted across the writing like it was second nature. She blinked and paused as she lifted the third tablet up, then set the others down on the window. She hummed, then adjusted her glasses and said, “... Well, this is odd… By the Gods…” before lifting the tablet itself and stating to a concerned Cain, “... This is a frakking piece of Rhea’s own diary…”

“What?!” The others immediately replied, eyes widening. The Admiral demanded, “Are you sure about this?!”

“Yes,” She nodded, “... It’s written in first person and mentions something about ‘protecting’ and ‘separating’. I’m going to need more time to do it properly, but for the love of the Gods… She’s done something to the Eye itself, perhaps to protect us from something…” as she slid the tablet back in with the others. She requested, “I’m requesting permission to entirely focus my efforts on researching this.”

“Permission granted. Expedite it,” The woman spoke, then looked at the Eye again, murmuring, “... I’d rather we throw that thing back into the pit it came from, but I know damn well we already pulled the damned genie out of the bottle…” as she crossed her arms. She wasn’t sure what to think of the fact that she’d switched from ‘absolute concern about issues with the Rhean cult’ to ‘let’s just open the doorway to the POSSIBLE ANCIENT DANGER’.

She sighed, rubbing her eyes, then told her, “I’ll be in my new office for the time being. Konrad, you get yourself something to eat and keep me apprised of the situation within the base and outside… I have to write some reports to command about this crap,” before she walked out of the room. The Doctor breathed a deep sigh, then packed her kit and led her comrades out of the place.

Her new office was a floor above the command room, just behind the meeting room where she’d rallied with the Generals of the other Colonial Military branches. She also knew a lot

more staff was bound to arrive pretty soon, so she figured she might as well knock a few personnel files off the old desk before she got the news.

She'd read Bill Adama's file, as well as those of his two kids. Lee and Zak. Great soldiers, well-trained, well-equipped for future duties, though Zak had apparently flunked his flight courses unlike Lee. He could do well as the commander of an infantry team if the Commander didn't make too much of a fuss about it. Which he shouldn't, seeing as she was his boss.

Then, there was Lieutenant Thrace, the officer that'd trained Zak and had even tried to get him back to Flight School so he could become a Viper pilot like his dad. She was a loose cannon, but nothing if not a capable pilot. She could prove useful for future operations around the planets out there, if they could even acquire ships to send out for that, plus as a pilot she was second to none. She clearly knew that, because her file had a list of issues with command, including a couple scraps with the *Galactica's* XO.

Chief Engineer Galen Tyrol was next. Old hand in the engineering decks of the venerable Battlestar *Galactica* of Battlestar Group 58, tough bastard with his repairs and someone that could probably rewire the engine of an old Viper to run on every piece of new tech they had and then strap a few guided missiles to it without issue. He'd probably want Specialist Henderson *and* the rest of his crew with him.

Karl 'Helo' Agathon, Sharon 'Boomer' Valerii, Alex 'Crashdown' Quartararao and so on for potential Raptor Pilots… She needed a few Vipers just in case…

She was poaching a lot of the old *Galactica* crew, so she figured an XO for her future XO would be nice. *Galactica* was being prepped to be a Museum Ship anyways, with her inauguration set to take place six years from now, after her Last Patrol and the Ceremony that would follow. She made a mental note to let Bill attend it, but she also made a note to get Colonel Saul Tigh into the ranks, too.

Tigh was a drunkard with a few remarks about drunken disorderly conduct on his file, but he was a tough son-of-a-bitch, able to keep things running in perfect order on board the *Galactica*. He and Adama Senior had also flown together during the Cylon War, wingmen specifically off the *Galactica* herself, so that gave them some chemistry. Chemistry she could probably use.

She switched over to the Marines and Army elements. If they were gonna be deploying away teams to the planets on that list–*and that was a big IF until they figured out what was wrong with the Eye*–she needed the best. Shepherd and Apone had provided the files for said best. She mumbled, "... 88th 'Hoplite' Regiment out of Caprica? 5th Marine Expeditionary? Gods, you guys really packed my list here. Guess all of the Colonies are serious about this… Even the 47th Mech Brigade…"

The Hoplites were one of the finest Army Special Forces units available to the Colonial Military. They were the scalpel of the Army when the need arose, usually travelling with the 7th Special Operations Air Recon Battalion, which operated the few Stealth fixed-wing and orbital craft available to the Military overall, with Stealth being a very, *very new concept* for military airpower usage.

Meanwhile, the 5th MEU was equivalent to the Army's 1st Division, the Big Gold Ones. The 5th itself had a slew of nicknames, none of them pretty or repeatable in a respectable setting, but there was nobody better at Amphib assaults… And she was pretty sure that Apone's daughter's division was a part of them.

Finally, the 47th was the premier fast response deployment unit, usually travelling by barges and jumping straight into hell with the Marines alongside them. They had the Infantry Fighting Vehicles and Humvees necessary for high mobility warfare across the wide plains of multiple planets, meaning their boys and girls were trained to be capable of going out into hell. *They also had some of the Military's first attempts at Drone units since the Cylon War, using the prototype Command Navigation Program or CNP*.

She mumbled to herself, "No wonder I saw some of those Drones here. Automated ground scouts, UCAVs…" then she looked over at the computer on her desk and started typing. It seemed as though the Doctors would take a while longer to fully translate all the data on the tablets, which gave her plenty of time to see the personnel she had from each unit.

"... Second Lieutenant Vik Theodorakis, gunner, 47th Mech, born on Tauron, so that immediately gets you some bonus points from me," The woman spoke and smirked, looking at a young man with dark hair and emerald eyes, "Far as command tells me, you're a damn fine machine gunner, son. What kind of kit do you carry?"

"Model two-forty general purpose, ma'am," He smiled awkwardly.

"Eight-mil. Full rifle cartridge," She grinned, "Alright… Before you ask why I called you in, I'm looking to set up the first exploration units before we finally get our little experiment working. I'm gonna need some good, well-trained personnel to go out there…" before she checked his service record. She whistled and said, "You were part of demining ops on Picon?"

"Best couple of years of my life, aye, ma'am," He answered, "Worked with platoons from so many different places…" and he looked a bit longingly in the distance.

"Get me some names and I'll see if I can't have them transferred here, son," She said calmly, "I want my teams to have cohesion. You'll see a lot of *Galactica* crew around for that very reason," and she slid the man a notepad. He snapped a salute, to which she said, "Dismissed, son. I have a few more people to look through."

"Ma'am," He replied, then took the notepad and said, "I'll get this back to you ASAP."

"Cheers," She answered, then turned back to typing. Before two hours elapsed, the woman had gone through maybe a dozen officers to form the necessary away teams for this program. While she was well aware that preparing away teams was a worthless endeavor *if* they couldn't get the Eye working, it was better to have a roster prepared. Just in case.

At exactly two hours and a half since the failed attempt to open the Eye, the Admiral heard a light, soft knock on the door. She set the papers she was signing aside, then said, "Come in," and made sure to remember that the budget would likely not have to be paid back, as this was a government operation.

And they hadn’t spent much of it anyway. At least she thought so. She watched the door open and saw the Doctor walk in with Konrad. She was beaming, holding one of the tablets and a stack of papers before saying, “Rhea did this!” as she set them down on the desk. The confusion in the Admiral’s eyes seemed enough of a hint for the Doc to continue explaining, “Look… I was right. A few of the Tablets are the Mother of Gods’ Diary. Rhea herself wrote them! Note, I haven’t translated anything, but what I’ve read so far is amazing!”

“And what do they say?” The woman asked, wanting to hurry her along so she could understand.

“... She mentions coming from a species of usurpers and murderers led by someone named ‘Ra’,” The woman began as she sat down in the chair opposite her, “Turns out Ra loved turning Humans into slaves and using them to his own whims. She doesn’t specify how or why, but there’s a lot of details here regarding the fact that she chose to separate herself and her sect from him, only for them to become the same on Kobol… Which is why she helped us rebel. Sent us away to Cyrannus.”

“... Rebel?” The Admiral repeated, blinking in surprise, “Gods…”

“Yeah,” She nodded, “But the most important part is this!” and she pointed at a specific line, reading it word for word, “*I cannot allow my siblings to come upon this version of Mankind, nor anyone like them. The Thirteenth will head back to the Tau’ri, the First World, while these children of mine shall be hidden amidst the artificial nebulae of that ancient repository. None shall touch them there as long as the Veil Device protects them, neither through the use of Chariots, nor through the Eye.*”

“... She hid us away from her own kind,” The woman mumbled, scratching her chin, “And… ‘First World’? Isn’t Kobol literally the First World?”

“There’s been speculation in the theological and scientific communities that, no, Kobol was merely a stepping stone,” The woman spoke, “There’s an old saying in some of the more reclused religious texts that we have in the archives. It says something along the lines of ‘What has happened before shall happen again’... Metaphors aside, it seems like the Exodus from Kobol to here was only one of many similar repeat incidents across the long history of humanity.”

“... Great,” The woman grumbled. Further ammo for those cultists, she thought, then stood up and asked, “And? Do we have any idea where this ‘Veil Device’ crap is? Or what it even is?”

“... No on the former, yes on the latter,” Doyle replied, “You know the massive nebulae surrounding the Cyrannus system? And I mean *the entire bloody thing* from top to bottom and the metaphorical left to right…” and she immediately smirked as she saw the Admiral’s eyes widen in realization. She nodded and said, “Yes. *That* is an interdiction field of some kind.”

“... Our ships make random jumps past it all the Gods-damned time, though,” Konrad mumbled.

“That’s the thing,” Doc Doyle responded, “Whatever FTL these Usurpers had, *it wasn’t frakking based on Tylium like ours*. There’s very little detail on it beside the fact that it could very easily be disrupted by what the Diaries call ‘Mass Shadows’ like those of the Nebulae. We’ve always thought it was weird that they’re emanating a light gravity field of their own.”

“... Alright,” Cain nodded, “And that means this is also disrupting the Eye?”

“Yes,” Doyle quickly answered, “And if we can find it and shut it off, we can use it… Side note, it’s not called an eye. Rhea calls it a *Chappa’ai* in her native tongue… I had to look up some *REALLY* obscure texts for this one, but it doesn’t mean ‘The Eye of the Gods’ or ‘Rhea’s Eye’ as some people thought. *It translates to ‘Stargate’*.”

“Nice little side fact,” Cain mumbled, then told her, “Finish translating the other Tablets. Maybe we’ll luck out and see where the hell the Veil Device is so we can shut it off… And so Command doesn’t sack my ass for running a failed op,” as she handed the stuff back. Doctor Doyle gave a quick nod, then skipped out of the room, items slung under her arms. Cain sighed, then said, “... Just how much deeper is this crap going to go…?”

“I have a feeling we haven’t even found sublevel one, ma’am,” Konrad answered in a murmur, adjusting his uniform. This was barely *day one* of their little endeavor with the Traveller Program, meaning all she could deliver were preliminary reports. This entire thing *reeked* for some reason. Even then, though, Cain was somewhat excited. This was the most excitement any peace-time flag officer had felt in forever.

… They’d see how long that lasted…

Chapter 3: Adjustments

Traveller Base, Caprica

Slowly, activity continued to build around the newly-refurbished military base as more and more material and personnel continued to arrive. Though the redeployment of the people from the *Galactica* would still take a metric crapton of time due to her Last Voyage, most other soldiery had already arrived from across the multitude of branches, with some selected personnel joining Theodorakis's Team.

Said Team was slowly turning into a Platoon, too, meaning they'd have a lot more firepower to see just what the hell was going on out there in the wider Galaxy. She made a mental note to also get more of her items transferred to the new office, because right now, the place was as barren as they came, with only a couple of picture frames of old aircraft and Battlestars, plus renditions of the Battles that took place during the War.

She shifted her computer keyboard to the middle of the desk and kept typing out more reports and requisition forms for ammunition, because she felt like as soon as the Stargate was open to them, there'd be very little in the way of 'friendly' creatures out there. Why else would Rhea, whoever or whatever she was, have set up such an intricate defense system.

Speaking of that thing, the woman thought as she dialed the laboratory on her phone and put it up to her ear. She asked, "Doc, I've been waiting for that report for a few hours here. How's it going?" as soon as the line stopped beeping. She figured that annoying her staff was the best way to go about getting this stuff done fast… Obviously, though, that was a joke. She *did* want regular updates, however.

"We're still working on it, ma'am," Amanda replied through the mic, trying to ignore the audible sound of computers clicking away in the background. She continued, *"We've been able to discern that it's an ancient piece of technology not too different from the supposed 'Galleon' that brought the peoples of the Colonies to Gemenon."*

"But no location yet," Cain asked.

"None. Rhea wasn't forthcoming about it. However," The woman then paused as she lifted up a new tablet that'd presumably just finished translating, or at least that was what it sounded like over the line, *"... She did leave a few clues around on the various Colonies. She knew damn well we're gonna be inhabiting all habitable planets as is. Several of these, we already have in our possession."*

"What can we say?" Cain joked, "She was an all-seeing Goddess after all…" which garnered a short laugh out of Amanda. She smirked proudly, happy to know she still had it in her to make a girl laugh and added, "Alright… Keep me posted if you find anything actionable. Until then…" before her shoulders sagged, that smirk disappearing, "... I'm gonna keep looking at the News. Something came up recently."

”I heard…” The Doctor answered, her previous mirth having soon dissolved into a more serious attitude, *”... Do you think someone…?”*

“It’s possible,” The woman mumbled, “We have a lot of staff here, too… Who’s to say some religious nutjob didn’t let it slip.”

What the two women were talking about was a message that both had received just now. There was a slip-up in security and the small cult of Rhea, the Mother Goddess, had sprung back up after *decades* of inactivity. Military Intelligence seemed to believe some kind of leak had occurred within the base itself, with the Stargate and the Tablets being mentioned by name in at least *one* intercepted communique.

She told the Doctor, “Keep an eye on your staff, I’ll keep an eye on the rest. And like I said, keep me posted on any leads we should explore. Cain, out,” before she set the transmitter down, hearing it click. She then tapped a button on the phone, which activated a direct link on speaker to Konrad’s office. She said, “Konrad, mind sending the Lieutenant and his XO up here?”

”Sure thing, ma’am. There a problem?” He asked warily.

“No, just gonna need him for something,” She replied, then sat back down on her leather chair and looked at her relatively-empty office. Yeah, she wanted to bring a few more of her firearms down from her Flag office on the *Pegasus*, if for nothing else than to have some form of decoration here. Then again…

She watched the door open and the young Lieutenant walk in. He saluted and she quickly replied in kind, then said, “At ease, Lieutenant. I read through the list and approved several dozen transfers, as I’m sure you’ll be happy to know, but damned if your exploration team isn’t turning into a full Combat Platoon. And where’s your XO?”

“Coming in now, ma’am,” A woman spoke as she walked into the room. She was shorter than Vik, but had similarly black hair and greenish eyes. She wore glasses, though, rounded ones, and she wore a Marine uniform and had more slim features with almond-shaped eyes and a beautiful, exotic face. With a small smile, she saluted and said, “Sergeant Sarah Leon, born on Libran. I belong to the 442nd Marine Regiment. A pleasure to be under your command, ma’am.”

Cain saluted back, then replied, “At ease, Marine. Welcome to Caprica.”

“Whaddaya need us for, ma’am?” He asked.

“A possible mission that may or may not involve a Cult tied to Rhea and the Stargate. I’m gonna need your Platoon packed and ready to ship out as soon as the Doctor gives me any intel about possible locations where certain Artifacts might be,” She answered calmly, then told the two, “It’s tier one. Nobody else must know why you’re milling about, looking for this stuff on any of the other Colonies, but it’s gonna be important if we want the Gate to work.”

“Count us in,” The man replied, adjusting the cuffs of his uniform a bit, “A few more of ours are bound to arrive within the next day or so. Should give us enough fighting strength to get out and do work… And intervene, if need be. We expecting any kind of major trouble?” while Sarah beside him adjusted her uniform.

“As far as we know, no,” The woman answered, “But anything tied to the Rheans is expected to go wrong, so pack heavy.”

“How come?” The man asked, “Usually these cults aren’t that well equipped.”

“Anyone who believes in Rhea is a doomsday prepper or some variation thereof on every planet,” Sarah commented, arms crossed, “Thought you’d read the briefing after the last time we went in to arrest some of’em…” then she recalled that that was a joint Army-Marine job during the demining operations back on Picon.

The Lieutenant hummed, then said, “Right… Guess I forgot that part, considering around forty-five percent of the cults we dealt with on Picon itself were born from the original worshippers of the Mother Goddess… The frak has driven them to this point, honestly? I get worshipping the creator of all Gods we know and follow is a valid thing, but holy crap.”

“Them also being somehow worse than the monotheistic people we met during a patrol is something else entirely,” Sarah mumbled her reply, then looked at Admiral Cain and said, “We’ll handle whatever op you need us to, ma’am.”

“I’m kinda lookin’ forward to going through the Gate, so, yeah, we’ll handle it,” Vik commented. The Admiral nodded, then dismissed the pair with a salute and a wave of the hand. They walked out from the room, with the gunner commenting, “Guess we’ve got a lot of work ahead of us once more. You think we’re gonna get shot at by the Cultists?”

“Honestly? Yeah… At this point, nothing would surprise me,” She shrugged, “You know how crazy those frakkers can get. Hell, we were on that SWCC boat with the Wet Navy boys on Picon and they opened up on us from *fishing trawlers.* They’re batshit insane enough to do that…” and she led the way to the right, turning toward the barracks. She hummed, then asked, “You think Willow’s gonna show up?”

That seemed to catch her El-tee by surprise, causing a faint flush in his cheeks. She snorted, then mumbled, “... Of course, you called her,” in a mix of amusement and disappointment. He shrugged, to which she said, “Look, sir, I’m not gonna comment on the matter, but we’re still with the military. I think rules regarding fraternization are still fairly strict.”

“And with a woman like Admiral Cain, who’s cut from the Military’s cloth down to a Tee,” Vik added, “It’d be a bad idea to risk anything with the Colonial Military Laws in place,” and he sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. It wasn’t like it wasn’t done before, but it was terribly hard. And with him being a Lieutenant and Willow, a Corporal, this wasn’t gonna go all that well.

“Anyways,” Sergeant Leon began, “Let’s just focus on getting this crap done… Gotta be ready for when we get called by the Admiral.”

… The Admiral had returned to her work, running through various scenarios and pieces of data while also reading the news through the Colonial ExtraNet. She was compiling data on sightings of the Rhean Cult in the past forty years from digitized data and current libraries and news articles regarding their movement.

There weren't any terrorist attacks to report in the past ten years and very few overall in the last twenty. The Cylons more than likely'd wiped out a healthy chunk of them before they'd gotten out of their hiding places. All the others were likely to be Doomsday Preppers, alright. Anyone whose ass got kicked that hard would switch into preppers.

She had also picked out her own service after everything that'd happened to them during the Battle for Tauron during the First War. She breathed a short, shaky breath, then shook it off. Quietly, she whispered, "I've got this, Lucy" as she set her mind to finishing this planning. She wasn't going to lose any troopers to these bastards.

At the same time, though, she had to worry about what the Cylon were doing. *Despite* the obvious fact of them having been missing for the past thirty years, their former machine servants were very likely also doing their best to prepare for a future confrontation. The fact that their current elections got them someone so afraid of rearmament that he would deny multiple new programs of rearmament. They barely got the Gods-damned CNP approved.

She breathed a sigh, then nearly jumped out of her skin when the phone rang. She lifted the microphone-receiver combo, slid it up to her ear, then said, "Cain here…"

"Admiral! We've got some good news!" The Doctor spoke happily, *"We got a location for either the Veil Device! Or maybe a site with some intel on it… It's tied to Gemenon, though, so be wary this might get some of the religious staff angry,*" as her staff continued to work behind her. She added, *"I can be up with the details in fifteen minutes."*

"You give me good news, you can take twenty, doc," The woman replied, then checked the location of her flag ship, "I'll let the Lieutenant and First Platoon know they've got a target…" only to immediately decide and state, "And I'll be taking them there personally in the *Pegasus*," as soon as she saw the ship had just returned to orbit above Caprica.

The Doctor's reply was affirmative and joyful, though the woman couldn't help but feel like they were about to walk into a hornets' nest of some kind. She prayed the guys and girls of this 'Misfit' platoon were ready for a possible firefight. She also made sure to send up a few supplies like extra ammunition, some of that new Body Armor command was testing on Caprica and a few packs of stun grenades and other equipment they'd find necessary to clear out the area with as few casualties as possible.

She didn't want to get the Gemenese on their case any more than they'd already had, after all.

… One Raptor ride to the *Pegasus* later, the Admiral had been updated with the intelligence of the location of that shrine itself. Their main target *was* the Shrine at one of the Northernmost points of the Planet, located within a village nearby the mountains in the North on some Frozen Plateau. The Admiral adjusted her collar, then looked at the second Raptor–a bulky dropship with Electronic Warfare Systems built on board, plus heavy weapons.

Ahead was the beautiful *Pegasus*. Built as part of the Mercury-class Battlestar Program nearly ten years ago, the heavily armored warships mixed an array of defensive batteries, anti-air missile pods and heavy kinetic guns built into the trenches at the 'head of the crocodile' and the aft section near the engines with highly-capable Electronic Warfare suites designed to both counter the Cylons' own attempts at hacking *AND* provide a means to counterattack.

The forward trench that made up the 'mouth' of the ship was lined with multiple twin kinetic batteries that had a semi-decent traverse, while the spine and belly also had some guns added around the emblem of Battlestar Group Sixty-Two, plus layer upon layer of heavy armor built to withstand the bombardment of any ship in the same weight class, whether it was nuclear or kinetic.

Her two Flight Pods each held hundreds of fighters, enough to further darken the void at any point during battle. Two pairs of fighters formed up with the Raptors as they moved toward the *Peggy*, which also had a Janus-class Heavy Cruiser and several Minotaur-class warships providing her with heavy-duty Escort. Though the latter two ship classes had no airwing to speak of, their armaments and layered armor defenses more than made up for it, with the Minotaur-classes themselves, ships of Aerilon design, making up the fleet's bulwark.

Several smaller Manticore-class fast-attack Corvettes that had just been refitted with new guns and engines zoomed past the vessel as the Wing Commander of the *Pegasus* radioed, "Pegasus *Actual, this is CAG. We'll be your and your Jarheads' escort to the Deck. Hope you're ready for a short trip and a long drive."*

"Ready as we'll ever be, CAG. Actual, requesting permission from XO to come aboard," The woman spoke as she approached the armored cockpit of the Raptor, watching the silver-grey, sleek tri-winged and three-engined Viper Mark VIIs shift into position to provide them escort, maintaining formation with them via liberal use of puffs from their RCS thrusters, white, tiny geysers of fuel spout that kept them aligned and would allow them to pull some *nasty* maneuvers in combat.

"Actual, Pegasus *Conn confirms. Welcome back, ma'am,"* Her Executive Officer, a gentle man, replied kindly. He'd replaced Konrad, who was her now-XO in the Traveller base.

It was as they flew closer to the starboard landing Pod that the group could see Helios Alpha shining in the distance. Much closer to the orbit of Caprica, her twin, Gemenon hovered nearby, face-to-face with the planet on their common barycenter. Faint flickers of light on the dark side showed the towns and cities of one of the Religious centers of the Colonies.

Beside the *Pegasus*, the Admiral saw several more Battlestars and supporting vessels, including the *Yashuman* and her escort of Ranger-class Missile Boats. Once more, ships without pods or much of a fighter wing, the Rangers relied heavily on their guided missiles. There were several more of *Yashuman's* class–the Valkyrie–nearby, too, part of the Battlestar Group alongside the *Pegasus* and her two other sisters.

"Good Hera," Whispered Vik, eyes locked onto the warships around them.

“May the Gods bless the Colonial Fleet,” Sarah quipped with a smile on her face, “My sister serves on the *Yashuman*, colonel and XO for captain Blanche.”

“I met her. Fine officer,” Cain commented, “That’s one of the reasons I trusted the Lieutenant’s recommendations when he put you as his team Sergeant on the list,” and she watched a pair of Mark Seven Vipers do a quick fly-by overhead, before one of them performed a roll to the right as a greeting to Cain. She smiled, then sighed and looked ahead at the *Pegasus’s* starboard Pod.

“We’re coming in for landing, ma’am,” The Raptor pilot warned, “Might wanna sit down and put your belt back on.”

Cain gave him a pat on the shoulder, then shifted back to her seat and put on her seatbelt, looking at the other soldiers in the Hold. Though the Raptor was small and cramped, removing the coms and Electronic Warfare systems allowed it to house a few more guys and girls. Do that to two Raptors and one could easily pack in MISFIT Platoon, or at least the members that were already with the TRAVELLER Program.

It was a very colorful bunch. Every corner of the Colonies was represented among their rank and file, though that was apparently by design. Even now, some thirty-odd years after the Cylon War, the Colonies weren’t quite as unified as many would like to believe. There were political frictions from Caprica to Aerilon itself. Without a common threat, the peace they’d established after soundly beating the Toasters repeatedly was looking like it was going to come crashing down.

And now that Rhea’s Cult was starting to make moves again, she felt as though the sims they made about a possible Colonial Civil War were going to be too conservative on estimated casualties. Provided the Cylons didn’t swing back in to finish the job, of course. That was as possible as anything else.

The crew braced as the landing struts of the craft, magnetic skids designed to help the ship catch onto the deck of the Battlestar’s pods, extended with a mechanical whirr. Moments later, the craft touched down with a thunderous *clang* in the hangar, right atop one of the multitude of lifts meant to take recovered birds down to the deck for repairs, refits and so on.

As the elevator descended, Cain undid the latch of her harness and said to the pilots, “Thanks for the ride, kids,” before she looked around and said, “Don’t get too comfortable. We’re literally one jump away from Gemenon…” as she walked over. While they could have easily made that jump in a pair of Raptors, Cain figured they needed the presence of a Battlestar to ensure a level of compliance.

The Gemenese were sometimes fiercely independent and defensive of their shrines. Pissing them off by just going in with a ground detachment was not the smartest idea in the world. A Battlestar would keep them in check, or at least make sure only the *craziest* cultists would come down on them for trying to ‘dessecrate’ a holy site.

The woman saluted the staff as they disembarked from the birds, with the Misfits rallying up in the middle of the Hangar. A young, beautiful blonde woman with deep blue eyes approached from the other ship with a smile, snapping a salute and greeting Vik,

“Lieutenant… Good to see you again,” as she looked him in the eye. She also looked at Sarah, then said, “And it’s awesome to see you again, Sarah.”

“Been a while, Willow,” The girl chuckled, “We oughta have this talk in the Mess, though,” and then she waited. Emphasizing her point, the staff began wheeling the two Raptors away to their docking berths with the whirr of machinery once more starting up inside the repair-and-refit section here, below the landing hangar of the Pod.

The Lieutenant nodded, then said, “Yeah. Gimme a sec,” and barked, “MISFIT PLATOON, HUDDLE UP!” as he waved his hand above his head. The troopers all turned, the two dozen or so of’em that were here, all familiar faces to the good Lieutenant. He rested his hands on his Model 240, a long general purpose machine gun with a heat shroud, optics rail mounts, a foregrip and a heavy bipod. Then, he started, “... Been a few years since we’ve seen each-other! We were all kids back in the day, eager for action… And stuck with the boring-ass duty of getting mines out of the sand on Picon!”

The group let out a short chuckle while he continued, “Each of us was either a corporal or private at the time. Since then, we’ve all gotten a few upgrades…” then he smirked and pointed out one of their Marine buddies, “Save for Dushman. Buddy’s still a frakking Lance Corporal,” which immediately got a few laughs out of the group.

“Least I didn’t suck an officer’s dick to get myself promoted!” Dushman shot back with a smirk, which immediately intensified the laughter.

“Hey, LC Underground, that wasn’t a dig,” The Gunner replied, though he was still smiling, “Obviously, though, we’ve all grown in a few ways. Rank, age, experience. The fact we’re all still officially military makes me happy… I figured that’d be how we’d all rally back up with each-other. What I *didn’t* expect was the fact we’re getting hired to be Admiral Cain’s personal hit squad for her fledgling little program!”

“*Ahoo*!” Cheered the entire formation, some throwing their fists up with smiles. Sarah herself gave a quick salute and a grin, while the man continued his little speech, “... Hitsquad or not, though, I’d say let’s not waste this opportunity! We got a hell of a lot of work layin’ out ahead of us, so let’s do what we do best! *Kick some ass*, whoever’s ass it may be, and get ourselves home in time for dinner.”

“... It’s good to see you all again. Let’s stick together just like back on Picon. *Ahoo?!”*

“Ahoo! Enyalius!” They all replied in kind, raising balled fists into the sky. Willow and her two friends, a ginger with a buxom chest named Alicia and a tiny, black-haired girl with dark eyes and a tan named Lyra, all smiled proudly. Vik smiled back, then said, “Alright, dismissed! Let’s get to the mess. Stay in gear and be ready to drop.”

… The *Pegasus* CIC’s doors turned, opening up to the main command area where various computers beeped and bleeped and made noises Cain could barely understand. Her Executive Officer snapped a salute when he saw her entering and called out, “ADMIRAL ON DECK!” which immediately spurned the other members of crew to stand up.

She answered quickly, then told them, “At ease. Status on the FTL Drive?”

“Charged and ready, ma’am,” The man answered as the Rear Admiral leaned against the table in the middle of the room, an eight-shaped, angular design with various computer screens and a central, lit up portion designed to help visualize starmaps. Above, the DRADIS system–Direction, RAnge, DIStance–whined and whirred as its multi-layered scanners pinged multiple allied ship and fighter IFFs on the wide screen, plus the Battlestations around Caprica. The XO asked, “... We sure it’s wise to take a full Battlestar and her escort to a Colony, ma’am?”

“You know firsthand how the Gemenese get when asked about their religious stuff,” The woman replied as she looked at the starmaps laid out on the table, some of which had red lines and arrows drawn across them to denote patrol lanes. She continued calmly, “It’s why I like having you guys around when we visit temples. Makes for an easier experience.”

The man, Gemenese by birth, but an agnostic type, chuckled and said, “Fair enough, ma’am. My family’s going to be happy to see me visiting after so long, that’s for sure…”

“Hope they don’t mind if we check out a few shrines,” The woman mumbled, then pulled out a paper piece that noted the Coordinates of the Shrine itself *and* the item they were supposed to be looking for. Doc had already gone on to call up all the other necessary stuff from the various museums in the Colonies, meaning once they had this last tiny Rhean artifact, they could quite easily get the Gate rolling.

… Or at least the woman hoped so. Knowing their luck, though…

Stargate Command Laboratories

The hallways of Stargate Command remained unsurprisingly busy. The guards, a combination of personnel from the three main ground and air branches of the United States Military, namely the Army, Air Force and Marine Corps, patrolled or walked across the various hallways, armed and unarmed alike.

Staff in simple jumpsuits with the patches of Stargate Command on their shoulders were working around the clock to upkeep the base, or were simply off-duty and enjoying their time off. Juno noticed *all* of this as she walked over to the labs, where Major Carter had summoned her in order to discuss the Gate Addresses they’d acquired from the Cartouche on their planet.

In said laboratories, she found the woman and several other scientists working on a multitude of projects that ranged from what she had read were Naquadah reactors to the data on the holodisk itself. The Blonde looked up from her strange computer device, a ‘laptop’ as Juno recalled, then smiled and waved her over.

The Captain approached the table and asked, “I suppose something isn’t going according to plan if you called for me?”

“... Perceptive,” Carter replied awkwardly, then said, “All of the Addresses have eight chevrons. Two of the Chevrons are repeating, obviously, because one is the Origin Point, namely the planet you were on and the other is the ‘Galactic Area Code’ for the Galaxy

you're trying to go to. The main issue I have is *I can't distinguish them.* While the other symbols are familiar or similar enough to our Gates… I can't figure out which is which between these two."

Juno moved over to the woman's side, looking at the list of addresses downloaded from the Holodisk and mumbled, "I'd have thought you'd need more time to get them downloaded. I was almost ready to offer one of my staff to help you with adjusting the file type so it could work with your operating systems."

"No, that part was easy," Carter replied, "We already have some premade programs that can help with adapting file types into text or images, notably courtesy of some help from a group of our allies called the Asgard…" which reminded the good Major they should try talking to them about any possible *future* energy sources to tie them to the Galaxy. She asked, "Do you recall anything on the Cartouche that might mention the planet's origin symbol? I'd need it so I can replace it, use it on the seven-chevron codes we have here."

"I'm afraid not," Juno replied as she sat down and looked over the data, "... The research we had managed to do was very much preliminary, but I can provide access to more of the footage we have… Any chance you could perhaps extrapolate the data from the seven-chevron code you acquired in order to find this outpost planet?" although, no, that wouldn't make sense…

"I could try," She nodded, "But I'm also waiting on Jonas to finish his own translations. Maybe those will give us another clue."

"Hopefully," The woman mumbled, "I've noted the use of Aurebesh in the outpost myself, but most of what would have been there as far as technology went was broken or missing. Either because the Goa'uld sought to destroy it, or because the place had been abandoned for years before we arrived… Strange thing is, even while browsing Old Republic Logs and classified files I had, there was no mention of this outpost."

"Maybe it was like that *Outbound Flight* program you mentioned…" The woman replied as she typed in a few commands and slowly rolled down the list of Gate Addresses. "That is to say, an attempt by the Republic to make contact with other Galaxies before its downfall that was classified. God knows, though, seeing as I doubt the people who were here are still alive."

"Think the Goa'uld killed them all?" Juno asked half-heartedly.

"Or they went home," Sam answered quickly, "Which, considering they're unlikely to have known about the whole 'Origin and Galaxy Code Chevron' issue…"

"... Really?" Juno asked. She appreciated an attempt to alleviate her concerns, that if there had indeed been a Republic force in this Galaxy, they weren't dead, just home. But no, that site felt *all too ancient.* Far beyond even the Old Republic Pre-Clone Wars… "I appreciate the attempt at soothing my mind, Major, but I'm a fair bit tougher than that."

"I didn't mean to imply you weren't," Carter answered, "And you can call me Carter, or Sam."

“You’re a rank above me according to the military structure of the United States,” Juno stated sardonically. She’d spent the past few hours studying their newfound allies’ military capabilities. Or what little information about them she had access to, what with their signing of their provisory alliance treaty.

“So?” Carter answered as she switched out to the next set of coordinates and data after their decryption, “Doesn’t mean we can’t be civil.”

“Then call me Juno,” The woman replied calmly as she, too, studied more of the Cartouche’s data, “... I’m shocked that whoever made the outpost in our own Galaxy didn’t bother to mark the… Y’know, the Planet’s own symbol. If I recall correctly, these are tied to Constellations, right?” as her mind seemed to… Maybe get an idea.

“Yes?” Sam nodded, “The only symbol not matching that is on our own Gate, weirdly enough. It’s *our* Origin Point.”

“I see,” The woman mumbled. Her eyes widened as the metaphorical light-bulb lit up above her head. She quickly told Sam, “... I think I have an idea. Like the Gate, our ships need to account for Stellar Drift during Hyperspace calculations in order to avoid landing either too close to a Gravity Well, whether it be a star’s or a planet’s, or too far from our intended target. Said Coordinates also require a direct reference on the astrogation chart *of* the Constellation…”

“... You could extrapolate the data we need from the shipboard computers,” The Major spoke, eyes widening, “That’s very smart, but the issue is:Where are we gonna get data from your people’s Hyperspace Cores or navigation computers when we can’t even get to your Galaxy? There’s no way there’ll just be a ship from your Galaxy just laying around anywhere we can reach.”

“I keep astrogation data in a personal datapad under three layers of encryption,” The woman replied as she pulled it out, “While I don’t have the keys on me due to compartmentalization, I could ask General Kota about it.”

“What if he thinks *you’re* the one who gave your people up?” The Major’s mind immediately went to the worst possible scenario.

Juno smiled, “I appreciate that quick thinking. We could use more people like you in the Rebellion,” then she set the datapad, a bulky-looking object that almost resembled a mix of a high-tech typewriter and one of the prototyped touch-screen devices that would probably soon overtake the entire planet and become as ubiquitous as the new Personal Computers and Laptops. Juno then told Sam, “But my coms and the coms of just about everyone in my cell were monitored by my request. Even my protocol droid’s chatter with others was monitored.”

“Hell of a way to live,” The woman murmured, “But I guess you’d know how damaging an information leak can be, right?”

“Being a former Imperial, I sure do,” She answered as she activated her Datapad. She mumbled, “Yes, they’re still encrypted… Good to know,” then stood up and said, “I’ll go talk

to Kota. Get you this Data so we may get our options in order and prepare for when we inevitably move out… Thanks for the help, Carter."

"You're welcome," The woman replied with a smile. They exchanged short salutes before both went back to their usual work.

Elsewhere in the base, Katrya and Faoh, the Twi'Lek and Mandalorian of the squad respectively, were playing what the local human population had called Chess, with Faoh commenting, "... This place genuinely has everything. I mean, a bathhouse, showers, actual warm food and genuinely comfortable beds…"

"*Gar Serim.*…" Chuckled the Twi'lek as she shifted a piece over. They'd been taught the rough rules, namely how to move the pawns and pieces and that if they catch the king with certain ones, they got a check. If the King couldn't move, that was a checkmate and thus a win for the other, so on. "Think I'm getting better in my Mando speech?"

"Somewhat," The girl said, waggling her right hand a bit, "You could still use a bit of work on it if you wanna get your little *cyare* to notice you," with a smirk. She could swear the Twi'lek slightly changed shades out of embarrassment, which made her giggle as she said, "You really do like my brother, don't you?"

"He's a good man," She answered softly, "Meanwhile, you seem to like the people here."

"Lots of lookers," The Mandalorian shrugged.

The girl nodded, then asked, "Hey, speaking of Mandalore… Where's your armor?"

"Still on the *Valorous*," She answered calmly and shifted a chess piece forward, "Hopefully, the Imps haven't shot it out of the sky. I was planning on actually going home after this little outing, see how my Clanmates are doing," before she crossed her arms to her chest. Rebels scarcely got any sort of time off, especially not to visit a planet occupied by the Empire.

But Faoh did not mean Mandalore. Her people were settled on Concordia, which was a bit more out of the way to the Empire and not easy to occupy, especially not when half the mines there had been turned into hardened underground structures. Katrya commented, "I guess that makes some sense. They wouldn't recognize you without the Armor."

"The Protectors would," She chuckled, "Remember, my father is one of them. And we are descended from Mandalore the Preserver," before scratching the back of her head. Ah, yeah, she did mention that, thought Kat. She was part of the famed Clan Ordo, one of the Great Warrior Clans of Mandalore, those who formed the Protectors and left their homeworld after the Kryze Dynasty took over and 'pacified' the planet's culture.

She chuckled and said, "I still remember you being so miffed at the Duchess taking the planet over…" as though they'd known each-other a while. The two were childhood friends, with Kat herself having been raised among the Mandalorian Protectors as part of a small support group. Her father was slated to join Clan Ordo as an added member rather than a blood-related one, but sadly the Empire came to being… They'd met on Ryloth itself.

“I was pissed because my dad was,” The woman said solemnly, “... Now, I don’t know. Only person I can wish ill upon from that entire family is Bo-Katan. Not that that *schutta* doesn’t deserve it, but she’s lost her sister. And Kryze wasn’t anywhere near as bad as she could’ve been with us. It’s the *Death Watch* that has always been a problem.”

“Yeah, you mention that every once in a while,” *more like once every conversation about Mandalore,* Katrya thought as she shifted her own piece next. She started to say something, but paused when a young man stumbled into the place. The brown-haired human that was busy studying the writings walked over to the mess hall’s buffet and Kat immediately noticed Faoh staring at him with a smirk.

… She also noticed she was losing, so she quickly adjusted some of the pieces’ positions to give herself a better advantage before settling back into her seat and saying, “You like him, don’t you~?” with a teasing voice. The Mandalorian blanked, eyes widening before her face flushed. The Twi’lek grinned.

“We barely know each-other, you dumb Twi’lek,” She started annoyedly, face still red, “Plus, he looks like a nerd.”

“A handsome nerd~,” She teased again, then looked over and waved, “Hey, Jonas Quinn! Come here a second!”

“What the Kriff are you doing!?” The Mando demanded, almost slamming her fist into the table in anger. The young man walked over and the Mandalorian *immediately* shifted to trying to play it cool, saying, “‘sup, *Vod*,” with a tiny smirk. He blinked, then waved awkwardly while the Twi’lek chuckled, watching her friend flounder a bit. The Mandalorian quickly said, “Excuse my Twi’lek friend here… She’s a bit of an airhead.”

“No, I’m pretty sure you wanted to talk to him,” The Twi’lek grinned mischievously and winked.

Jonas hummed, then said, “Sorry I can’t sit by and chat. Still got a *lot* of translations to go through,” and looked at Faoh. He suggested, “We can probably chat after I’m done! I actually wanna learn about your people, by the way! Nix mentioned some really interesting stuff about the Mandalorians’ history when he and his wife were helping me with translations!”

“Sure,” She replied with a friendly, but cool tone, “You just tell me when. I and Kat will be hanging around,” and got a smile out of him, which made her heart skip a beat. The man quickly saluted and excused himself, before running out and waving at them. She waved back, then the moment he disappeared behind the door, she turned with a growl toward Kat, who was laughing, and *pulled her by one of the Lekku HARD*, calling out, “KRIFF’S SAKE, YOU SCHUTTA! AT LEAST LEMME TAKE MY DAMN TIME!”

“Haha, owowow, SORRY!” The girl replied, still giggling.

Translations:

Gar Serim(Mando’a)-You’re right

Cyare(Mando’a)-Beloved

Schutta(Huttese)-Bitch

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