

PonyCraft-Pegasi of Liberty

Chapter 3: Awakening

She crept back into consciousness. She quickly began to regain feelings and abilities throughout her body. As soon as she could, she searched her mind for answers to simple questions. 'What is my name? For what had happened, am I to blame?'

Despite being such simple questions - questions one would expect to remember - she couldn't make sense of anything that she retrieved. She opened her eyes to find visual reminders, but rather seeing an open field or a forest she was face to face with a wall... a fleshy wall that pulsed every so often. This wall surrounded her, trapping her in a oval prison. She panicked, shutting her eyes and wailing her hooves vigorously to vanquish the nightmare. It didn't succeed.

She quickly tired herself, drained of the little energy she had. She calmed herself, but rather than relax she became even more scared when she realized something else. 'The prison may be of flesh and blood, but the air feels like mud.'

Her suspicion was proven when bubbles rose from the bottom of the makeshift prison; she was in some liquid. Once more she searched for answers, yet none ever came. With nothing better to do, she tried to fall asleep once again. She figured when she awoke once more everything would be gone. This attempt was short-lived as she soon sensed another presence in her mind. It felt like a spirit, but was somehow different. It felt powerful; a dominating and wise essence. It was not so much a part of her mind as much as in-tune with it; something distant that mentally linked itself with her. She quickly realised that whatever it was, it was aware of her consciousness!

"Awaken my child, and embrace the glory that is now your right to uphold. Know that I was once the eternal will of the Swarm, and that you are tasked with carrying out my vision." The spirit said, or rather, thought. This presence was giving her his thoughts as if he was speaking. She couldn't put a name to the technique; her mind felt like it was a foggy mess.

"I am the Overmind, and you are my daughter who shall control this Lost Brood." Her past experiences with the spirits had never been like this. She could always speak and think freely. That and she was never trapped in a prison or similar. Normally she would have addressed the being, but she could only listen silently and not reply.

"You, my child, are required for my will has been undone. You have been chosen because you are much more able than the others. You will not fall to deviation as any other will.

"The future of your galaxy is dark. It shall fall under unimaginable destruction; all creatures will

be consumed and every planet corrupt. This is the future I have foreseen. However, I have created a being to avoid it. This agent, my daughter Kerrigan, will never encounter you or your kind on its own; it is by an unforeseen mistake that the Swarm have made a presence here. Kerrigan, has been left unguarded in a world of instability. The plans I have laid out shall falter without a force to keep her controlled and focused. She shall be completely consumed by her lust for power."

This was no ordinary encounter with the spirits at all. The spirits she usually interacted with would never know of the future, nor would they ever think of trying to change it themselves. This Overmind, despite being parallel to a spirit, was from somewhere beyond her knowledge, from a place full of privilege and yet so dark as a grave. Regardless, the Overmind was quite clear - the future it foresaw would be dark and would jeopardize existence itself.

"The future will bring infinite corruption and destruction." She was given a memory - clearly not one of hers - to accompany the statement. The scene seemed to be a last stand of some sort: two species battled it out on a dead planet. One side was a small force of creatures infused with weird golden metals and shining blue crystals. They were trapped inside a small fortress made of other weirder metals. More of these creatures soon appeared through holes in the air and on the ground. The other species (or collection of deviations) had covered the planet with a strange organic growth. There were hundreds of thousands of distorted creatures that followed a single leader who was surrounded in an intense blue aura. The sheer numbers of these creatures were overwhelming the shrinking forces of the metal creatures, slowly winning the battle.

"The future will erase all species to one corrupt being." More memories were created. The first was on a planet covered in ash and black char. Very industrious looking buildings stood with unfitting tentacles growing both out of and through them. The strange growth covered the surrounding area, creeping outward to consume more of the structures. The next memory was in space where massive metal platforms were falling apart from a long time of neglect. Massive abandoned machines drifted past, some sprouting tentacles and lots of the growth. The last part of the trio looked to take place inside one of those industrious machines. A simple two-legged creature stood in front of a glass tube which held another creature - the creature with the blue aura from the very first memory, the one that led the mutant beings. At this distance, the creature with the aura held similarities between the first two species she had previously seen: long tentacle-like things and organic mass from the mutant creatures and rings of metal and the blue crystals that had been taken from the metal-infused species. Looking at either creature made her feel a little sick.

She didn't understand the importance of that creature with the blue aura, although she knew there was one. Her thought process, which was not giving her any trouble on this topic, went through dozens of possibilities: Is it important that it resembles the others? Are they all somehow

brothers? The Overmind 'spoke' once more, smothering any further thoughts.

"I have done what I could, but I was alone in my visions. The other species saw only an imminent threat and had me destroyed." The Overmind gave her one final memory, this time on a growth-covered forest planet. In the middle of a huge crater lie a huge, closed eyeball. There were multiple large, dark-purple tentacles extending from the eye, dead (these seemed pure; not corrupt like the ones she saw earlier). The surroundings looked like a war zone; the industrious buildings made another appearance, yet, in addition to the tentacles they looked damaged and hastily repaired; there were also buildings built from the strange golden metal and bore blue crystals or held blue details for resemblance. Again, they were corrupted and heavily damaged from war. The collection of industrious buildings and the group of golden buildings surrounded the now-dead creature in a strategic fashion. She then realised that the dead creature was, in fact, the Overmind that was 'speaking' to her.

"My death matters not, for you shall take on my role here; the pieces to the puzzle are missing and must be replaced. This world contains secrets that will allow you to return to Kerrigan and restore the Swarm to its position, but you must focus on this planet first. The creatures here are threatened by the swarm's presence and they will not listen. They will not hesitate to destroy you or the swarm, and you must not hesitate to destroy them. There is no reason, no discussion; they cannot and will not understand what you now know. If they are allowed to stop you, then everything shall be destroyed in the end.

"Your mind is free and capable; the threats of consuming will not overwhelm you as it has to other. You shall remain free-willed to control the Swarm so long as you choose, my child.

"You are the one who controls this Swarm. They exist to serve just as you are to serve my vision. Do not underestimate their power, but wield it against those who oppose you."

Brief glimpses of creatures crossed her mind. These creatures were not the corrupt ones from before, and they had been morphed into pony-like and snake-like figures. They varied in size, shape and kind; some flew, had hooves to walk or slithering tails extend from their behind; some were nearly as high as trees, while others seemed no larger than fillies.

"Your task will be carried out alone. I have borrowed time from one who once opposed me but shares my fate. Those of the Lost Brood are now your servants. They anxiously await your re-birth, my child."

Those were the last things to be 'spoken' to her as she was quickly overwhelmed by some unfamiliar force and soon blacked out.

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This night was quiet and peaceful. The sky was slowly clouding over as if it was controlled, rain quickly following in its wake as if to douse the remaining fire that had burned much of the forest. Jim Raynor found himself on the Hyperion's bridge. That room was only temporarily fixed; the red emergency lights were still the only means of lighting; the missing window had been mended with a scrap metal plate; and the broken computers had simply been removed and discarded in the other piles of various rubble. They had been discussing for awhile; about what happened, the repair plans, ship defenses, and - most recently - the survival of the other ponies on the planet.

“The Zerg are a dangerous threat to this world. They will easily crush anything these ponies can put up against them.”

“And we’re dealin’ with that, Matt. Once we get enough resources we’ll target the Zerg. If our suspicions are right, they ain’t gunna expect a thing.”

“What if we don’t find the resources? We know this isn’t Koprulu, we don’t know if there are usable resources here. I’d like to know what you expect to do if we don’t find these resources you are banking on. Surely you won’t leave everypony to die.”

“Listen closely, maybe you didn’t hear me the first time: We hardly have enough minerals to fix the ship and just enough supplies to feed my crew to do so. There ain’t nothing we can do if we don’t find some minerals or vespene gas.” Aggravation was making a bold presence in Raynor’s voice.

"Back on Mar Sara you wanted to get things back in motion. You knew we could hardly afford to even fuel this ship, yet you still wanted action. What has changed?" Matt was getting at something, Raynor knew it and didn't like it.

“You’re treddin’ thin ice, *captain*.” Came his cold reply. Raynor knew Matt was getting to something. He didn’t know what, but he didn’t like it all the same.

"We were always out for the people. We did what we had to for their sake. We found solutions to the dozens of problems we found ourselves in. When we needed cash, you would go out and fi-"

“We ain’t back home, Matt! There ain’t no pony here who knows us, and there definitely ain’t none willin’ to give up the cash nor materials we need. Unless somepony says otherwise, we’re on our own.” Raynor snapped.

“That doesn’t mean we can’t help! Yes, we must fix this ship and fend off the Zerg, but I’m not sure you realise what you’re doing: You’re throwing hundreds of innocent ponies lives away!

Arcturus Mengsk did the exact same thing on Tarsonis - the very reason why we are here today!"

Jim Raynor was only angered by the statement; his anger nearly getting the better of him. But Matt held a valid and prominent argument. He simply let his gaze stare aimlessly into the blank starmap he was leaning on. He reflected on what Matt said, how Arcturus Mengsk had abandoned an entire planet to the Zerg; how Mengsk had abandoned Kerrigan to the Zerg.

"You may not know it, sir, but right now, you're carrying the crew onward. If we sit here and do nothing, everything will fall apart. Without you as an active leader, they would all lose hope."

Raynor heard a series of clinks before a small black disk appeared in front of his eyes. He paused for a moment before he flipped it over - it was a Marshal's badge; specifically Raynor's own badge from years ago.

"When you figure yourself out, let us know..." Matt said right before the exit doors opened.

"We're waiting on ya."

Raynor continued to stare at the badge in thought as the doors closed; and he had lots to think about.

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Twilight woke up to somepony nudging her. She simply groaned and rolled over. She hadn't had much sleep that night and was not ready to wake up anytime soon. However, despite her attempts to shrug off the perpetrator, the nudging continued until she gave up and opened her eyes. The first thing her unfocused eyes saw was a white and purple blob trying to wake her up in haste.

"Twilight, dear, you must wake up right now. The captain is here to talk with you. Oh, and what a captain he is." Twilight quickly put a name to the voice: Rarity. "You simply cannot keep him waiting, it would be most unruly of you."

Twilight, despite still being half asleep, managed to wake up as much as she could before the door to the room opened and a navy blue pegasus entered. His mane was a slick golden color and a perched cardinal cutie mark in gold. Even in her sleepy state, the unicorn didn't have to think twice about calling him the captain. He entered and was promptly directed to the purple unicorns bed by Rarity.

"Good morning, Twilight Sparkle. I am Matthew Horner, captain of the Hyperion. I am sorry for disturbing you while you recover from your injuries, but this is urgent. Your friends have elected you to represent them during the next meeting, and that means you'll have to come to the bridge with me."

Twilight was not up to having a conversation now, let alone attending a meeting. However, she

couldn't deny a personal invitation straight from the captain, nor could she back down from the position her friends appointed to her. In her mind she sighed and accepted the only option available.

"When is this meeting exactly?"

"As soon as possible, but don't be alarmed. The first few items on the agenda don't deal with you or your friends. I shall return shortly to escort you to the bridge."

"Is it alright if I join you? I mean, I would assist Twilight seeing as she still seems weak." Rarity pleaded with a face that nopony could say 'no' to.

"Only you. We don't need a huge gathering just yet." Matt said as he left the room.

As soon as he left the room Rarity perked up. "He's going to escort us! What a gentleman. And, oh, his character; so formal."

"Rarity, this is a meeting, not a social gathering."

"Yes, yes. I understand that, but what would one wear to such an occasion? I must have something that works."

"Oh, don't tell me you were prepared for a formal meeting when we were supposed to be going on a hiking trip." Twilight said with a disapproving face.

"On the contrary, darling. One must ALWAYS be prepared." Rarity spoke passionately, prompting Twilight to facehoof. A grumble came in response from elsewhere. Rarity instantly quietened her voice. "Whoops, don't want to disturb Applejack. Rainbow Dash says she came to during the night, freaking out about those things that got to her. It took awhile to calm her down again. You slept through the whole thing, surprisingly."

"Oh really? I mean, it's good news that she's awake again, but I hope her experience won't permanently affect her."

"I'm sure she'll be fine. She is the strongest of us."

"I'm sure you're right." Twilight hesitated in response. Being in a situation so close to death and with horrid beasts would surely leave a mental scar on a pony, even if it was Applejack. Twilight could only hope it wouldn't be a bad scar. "Would you mind helping me out like you said you would do?"

"Of course. I will assist in any way I can."

After a few minutes of Rarity attending to Twilight's bed-mane and other presentable shortcomings, the purple unicorn stepped out of the room with the white unicorn following close

behind; the latter having no time to search for proper attire. Captain Horner patiently waited outside.

"Are you ready?" He questioned. The unicorns nodded in agreement. "If you would follow me then."

It was a fair distance to the bridge. Rarity helped Twilight when she required it; walking wasn't exactly the easiest thing anymore. The pegasus led them through the corridors, asking questions regarding Twilight's health and how they got here.

"We were sent by the princess to investigate what crashed here. We followed the edge of the Everfree Forest until the smoke forced us to take a shortcut through. It was then when the Zerg found us. I'm curious, however, exactly how did you build the Hyperion? I noticed that it is built to survive entering our atmosphere."

"Most battlecruisers are built from simple shipyards or starports. They are built to survive entering and exiting the atmosphere. The Hyperion, however, was a capital ship when we stole it and it was decorated to fit the role."

"So, there are more things like this? How do you do it?"

"They aren't cheap. If we had the resources, and the old schematics, we could build them from the Hyperion. They wouldn't be nearly as impressive as the Hyperion, but they would serve their duty."

Twilight glanced at a nearby hole in the structure that was letting in rain when the captain briefly paused. She was amazed at what lay inside the walls; masses of torn wiring, broken metal beams that seemed nearly as wide as her and many more metallic details with purposes unknown. Twilight was quickly brought back to reality when she heard talking from beyond a doorway that the captain had opened.

"We ain't got the new schematics, hotshot! Couldn't afford them. Don't count on the old schematics, neither. We lost more than a couple from AI malfunctions, and the rest may as well be tin cans with guns. Vehicles back then ain't known for their integrity." A hidden pony finished saying as Twilight entered the Bridge.

The room was large and covered in a dull red light. It was also an organized wreck; piles of garbage or general clutter dotted the corners and pieces of metal plates were haphazardly attached to walls Twilight suspected had been damaged. There was even evidence of a couple extinguished fires.

"Nice of you to join us, Matt. Swann, here, was just tellin' us how we *lost* all our old schematics." Jim Raynor greeted. He seemed much smaller to Twilight now that he wasn't

wearing his armor. He was, however, still a beige unicorn with a brown mane but now with a black vest. His cutie mark was still the odd star-shape, except Twilight realised that many other structures and machines bore the same symbol in other locations.

"Sir, I should mention that if I could get unique samples for testing, I could probably enhance the things we do have." Another pony said.

"Why don't ya go step outside and grab a few bodies then, Stetmann? There's more than enough to share."

"That's the catch: they need to be unique sample, things I have not yet examined. If you find anything new for the Zerg, it will work."

"If it pays off in upgrades or enhancements, I'll see what I can find. I ain't gunna run around doin' errands for ya, though." Raynor then took notice of Rarity and Twilight as they moved out from behind Matt. "Before we move on, I guess an introduction is required. As you know, I'm Jim Raynor: Commander of this band of Raiders. This here is Rory Swann: Chief Engineer aboard this vessel."

Swann, a dirty orange unicorn, nodded as if to greet them. His mane was brown and his cutie mark was a wrench in a circle. One of his front hooves was metal and had a claw on the end, but Twilight decided not to bring up the topic less he be offended.

"And this is Egon Stetmann: the one and only scientist we've got on the Hyperion."

"You can always find me in my lab, once it gets fixed that is." Stetmann stated, eyeing Raynor who gave him a disapproving look in return. Stetmann was a bleached-orange unicorn with black hair combed up in a really odd fashion. He wore a white scientist's lab coat that extended almost the entire length of his body. His cutie mark, despite being partly covered, was a medical syringe - half-full of green liquid - tilted on an angle.

"Now, Stetmann, you said you had theories on why we are horses?" Raynor insisted.

"That would be ponies." Twilight automatically corrected, blushing after she realized that she said it. "Wait, you mean you weren't ponies before, Commander?" Twilight quickly decided to try and keep things formal and call them by their title. She had no idea on how the ranking system went, but she was not going to embarrass herself by calling them otherwise.

"No, actually, we weren't. However, once we had crashed we found ourselves as is. Strange sequence of events, really. One I think is caused by some natural law. I don't have any material to backup my theory, nor do I have the knowledge on the topic, but I think we may be under the effects of an equivalency table. I know it may sound off, but it's the only thing that fits."

Stetmann explained.

"Ok, now slower and with words I can understand." Raynor requested on behalf of everypony.

"The basis of an equivalency table is to keep things the same from point A to point B, even if they are not the same shape. Technically, we are human by our definition everywhere, it's just our shape that changes from place to place. I don't know how or why, but I can say it happened while we were all unconscious."

"So back in Koprulu we're Human, but here on... whatever this place is - we are ponies?" Raynor summarised. Stetmann nodded in approval. "That's all I needed to know."

"It'd explain why all the suits and exoskeletons changed. Still sounds like horse apples to me." Swann stated.

"That's another thing. Our vocabulary has also changed, but just slightly, as I have experimented. Our instinctive vocabulary has become the equivalent of this place. So, judging by what Swann just said, 'horse apples' must be an expletive here. Not to say we can't say anything but, it's just that we'll just have to think about saying it. A simple example is that Raynor would refer to his crew as 'his colts' rather than 'his men'. I've still lots of research to do on the topic, so don't count me to the letter just yet, though."

Even Twilight found that she was having a difficult time keeping up with this pony. He quickly expanded on any point brought up and talked in a manner that a listener could easily tune out. On the bright side, she was starting to piece together their situation with the little new information she collected.

"Swann, what were you saying about the suits and exoskeletons have changed as well? What do ya mean?" Raynor said, brushing off the excess knowledge from Stetmann.

"As ya saw through Tychus and the marines earlier, our combat exoskeletons have changed to fit our new shape. Same thing goes with the other suits and clothing. But our machines are a different story; our hooves work with the guns an' all - not to say my sashes haven't helped holster them - but they just don't work with our human-shaped vehicles. Even if there were minerals here to harvest, our SCV's need to be fitted for our new needs. It'll be a hell of a job, hotshot."

"So you're the one who developed the sashes, Swann? It didn't take you long." The captain stated.

"It ain't the hardest job; I've done armor repairs more complex than those wimpy things. We need our hooves free to walk, but ya' can't walk and hold a gun anymore. The magnetic sashes clear that problem easily. They're dirt cheap too; gave a few hundred out already and still had enough

left to arm an army. Hell, I even gave one to Raynor's rainbow-colored friend earlier, free of charge."

'Rainbow colored one?!' Twilight thought, knowing of only one rainbow colored pony in all of Equestria.

"Excuse me Mr. Swann, but do you mean you gave one to Rainbow Dash? Why would she need one?" Twilight asked.

"Same reason as everyone else: to help holster her rifle. Man, she's a born gunslinger if I ever saw one; grabbed a gun and found things even I didn't know about."

"But she doesn't have a gun."

"Oh, she does now. If I were the Zerg, I wouldn't mess with that mare."

Twilight was taken aback. 'Rainbow Dash wouldn't ever hold a gun, would she?' She thought. 'Why would Rainbow need a gun? Well, she is the most likely candidate, but for what? Surely she isn't thinking about joining these ponies; she is the element of Loyalty.' Her thoughts took a hold of her for a minute or so, and she missed discussions about the ship plans and ongoing outside. She snapped out of it when a pony yelled over to the group.

"Sir, small Zerg attack force incoming. Just alerting you, nothing to be concerned about."

"Excuse me, Captain, but could you tell me when my friends and I will be able to return home? As much as I enjoy it here, I'm sure we'd all like to get back home." Rarity spoke out as Matt nodded towards the pony.

Rather than Matt responding, however, Raynor replied. "We've got a dropship gettin' ready to do that; it'll be ready today... Swann."

"Sure thing. A couple engine adjustments and a seat replacement and it'll be ready for liftoff once again... Didn't think I would say that when I first saw it, though." Swann muttered as he left through a side door. Stetmann, who also took the hint, backed off to the side and busied himself with his clipboard.

"Walkin' back is no option or ya as we don't have the luxury of sending enough escorts to repel a Zerg ambush. Speakin' of resources, Matt, ya' been able to find any minerals?"

"No sir. No scans have detected mineral deposits or vespene geysers anywhere. However, long-distance scans have picked up some form of gemstones on this planet. The scans are not clear enough to give us locations, however."

"Gems, you say? I can certainly assist you with finding these gems if you require. I have a

natural talent with detecting them." Rarity spoke once more.

"Stetmann, you'll go with them and examine the gems." Raynor ordered. "If we can use these gems as a mineral substitute we'll be able to make a strong stand against the Zerg. I don't doubt they'll attempt to infest the entire planet if they get the chance, even if there ain't the Queen of Blades to lead 'em."

"I'm sure that the princesses would be glad to help in your stand against the Zerg, Commander." Twilight mentioned. "They are the rulers of Equestria, and I'm sure they have made it top priority to diminish the threat the Zerg pose."

"Say what now? Princesses?"

"Yes, the princesses Celestia and Luna. They live in Canterlot, a city not far from Ponyville, our home."

"A planet ruled by princesses. Sounds a helluva lot better than Mengsk runnin' the show." Raynor muttered. "I'll need to speak to these princesses as quickly as possible. The Zerg pose a greater threat than you think, and the more time they get is the bigger their forces can expand."

"I'm sure they would be glad to meet with somepony familiar with the situation. It won't be too hard to arrange even with such short notice; I am her prized pupil after all. But first: would you mind explaining where it is you come from, and exactly who you are?"

Twilight was eager to finally ask her questions. She decided to figure out what kind of environment these ponies came from; it didn't sound like a place so peaceful as the land of Equestria.

"This ain't the best time for explainin', but then again, we don't get many times like those. We're Raynor's Raiders; the rebellion against Arcturus Mengsk and his Terran Dominion. He rules too much of the place we're from and doesn't deserve any of it. To get to his throne he threw away innocent lives, even entire planets, to the Zerg. Back in the days before his rule, Mengsk and I worked together against the Confeds. Mengsk soon set up a plan to bring down the Confederacy. Kerrigan and I were in on the plan: to lure the Zerg to Tarsonis to cause chaos in their lines. Things were goin' smooth, even with the Protoss harassin' our efforts, but then the Zerg grew out of control as expected. But rather than evac the planet, Mengsk fled as quickly as he arrived. He left Kerrigan planet side when the Zerg overran it. I went down to save her, but it was too late.

"I kept up my search, and eventually I found her siding with the Zerg. Rather than kill her on Tarsonis, the Zerg infested her and made her one of their leaders. Mengsk gave the Zerg the deadliest weapon ever known to get him closer to power. A man with those priorities doesn't deserve to live, let alone rule.

"The Zerg were last seen four years ago at the end of the Great War, however. They came back right before we arrived, and accordin' to reports we received before we left, the Zerg came back everywhere. The Dominion was only helpin' the best dollar and left many planets to suffer. Kerrigan came back for somethin', and she's tearing through planets to find it. That's why we must return; not just to be home, but to be there to save the pon- people."

Twilight was slightly appalled by the information. Her views on rebellion were that they were pointless or they were just people's ways of showing that they were annoyed. But what Raynor brought up was something new. If what he was saying was true, that he witnessed this Arcturus Mengsk abandon an entire planet to the Zerg, than his argument was to fight corruption rather than exert his own power.

"Commander! There's a Zerg invasion force headed our way!" The console-pony announced. "It's much larger than the others! I'll pop it up on the starmap for you."

The group gathered around the table. What Twilight saw was a vague map of the surroundings; the Hyperion's crash site, the burned forest, the perimeter that the crew had no-doubt secured. The one thing that didn't add up was the mass of bright red dots starting to gather at the edges of the map and moved inward.

"Are those red dots Zerg?" Twilight asked.

"In one form or another. Matt, seems like they have a bone to pick with us." Raynor stated as more appeared, quickly surpassing the numbers from before. "Think we'll survive the hit?"

"Our casualty count would be high, no doubt about it, but it probably won't be fatal. Chances are most of them are Zerglings and Hydralisks." Matt said grimly as he examined the map. The dots kept getting closer to the Hyperion, and more dots came to fill up the gaps behind. Twilight started to panic slightly, there were so many dots she didn't know what to expect.

"Commander Raynor, if Princess Celestia or Luna saw how much power the Zerg held in person, I'm sure they would personally oversee efforts to assist your stand with numbers." Twilight mentioned. "If not, I can't guarantee anything anytime soon or even if you will get more than supplies."

"Sir, I'm certain that you and Tychus would boost moral on the battlefield if you fought this battle from the trenches. The moral boost could significantly decrease the casualty count." Matt explained, countering Twilight's suggestion.

"Commander, I'm detecting large numbers of Zerg fliers. You'd best leave as soon as you can, otherwise it would be too dangerous."

Raynor just stood in silence, debating the situation in his head.

Author's Note:

If you actively support the Starcraft storyline to the letter, don't criticise the first section if it's not 100% lore-accurate. My knowledge on Zerg motives is limited at best, and 5 pages worth of wiki-notes hasn't cleared anything up for me in that aspect