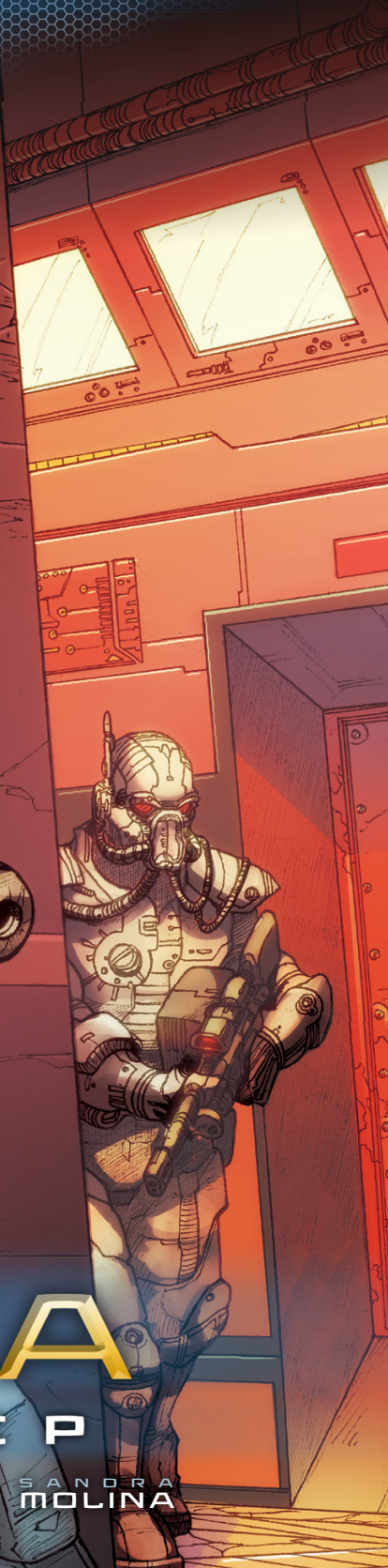


BLIZZARD
ENTERTAINMENT

STARCRRAFT®



NOVA THE KEEP

MICKY
NEILSON

ANDRES
GUALDO

SANDRA
MOLINA

STARCRRAFT



NOVA

THE KEEP

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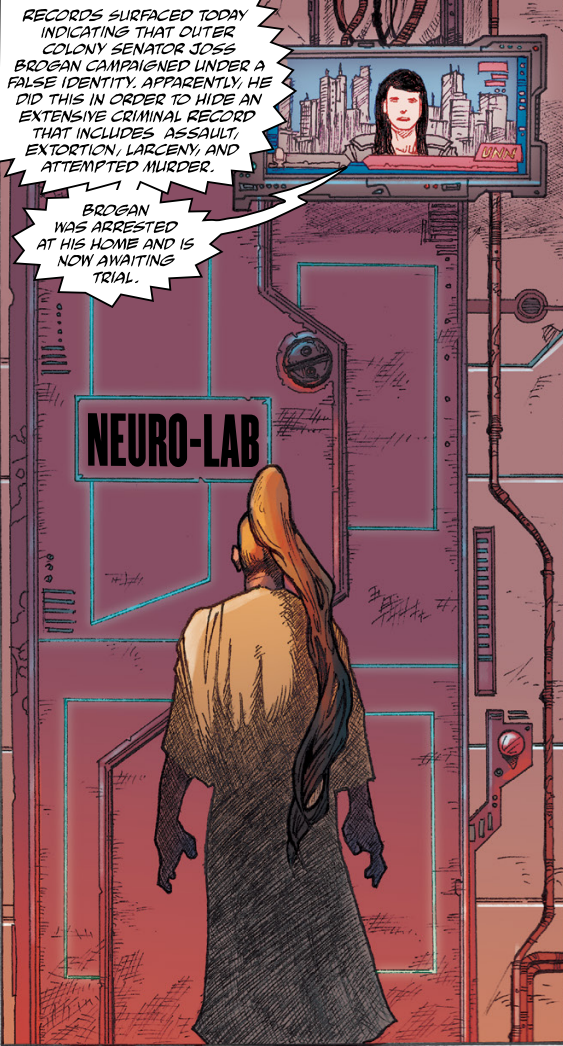
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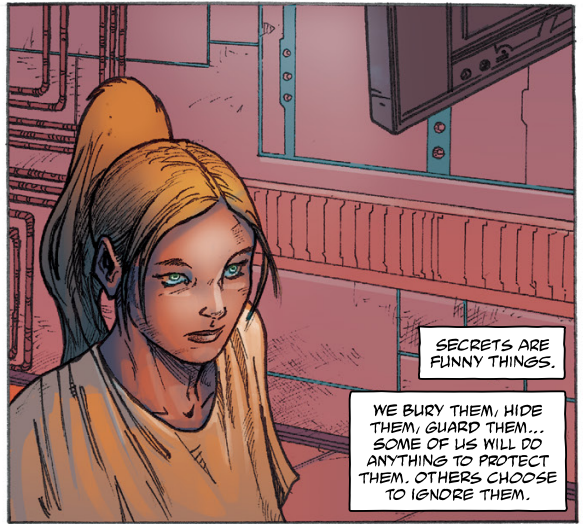




RECORDS SURFACED TODAY INDICATING THAT OUTER COLONY SENATOR JOSS BROGAN CAMPAIGNED UNDER A FALSE IDENTITY. APPARENTLY, HE DID THIS IN ORDER TO HIDE AN EXTENSIVE CRIMINAL RECORD THAT INCLUDES ASSAULT, EXTORTION, LARCENY, AND ATTEMPTED MURDER.

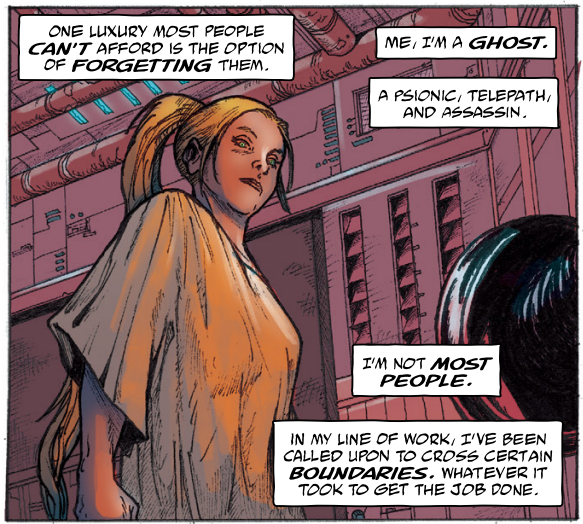
BROGAN WAS ARRESTED AT HIS HOME AND IS NOW AWAITING TRIAL.

NEURO-LAB



SECRETS ARE FUNNY THINGS.

WE BURY THEM, HIDE THEM, GUARD THEM... SOME OF US WILL DO ANYTHING TO PROTECT THEM. OTHERS CHOOSE TO IGNORE THEM.



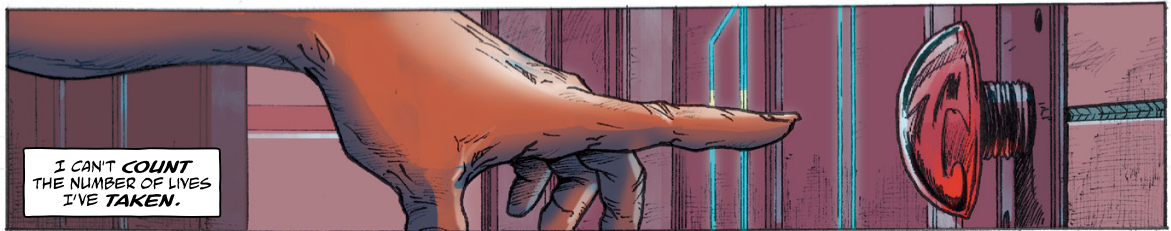
ONE LUXURY MOST PEOPLE CAN'T AFFORD IS THE OPTION OF FORGETTING THEM.

ME, I'M A **GHOST**.

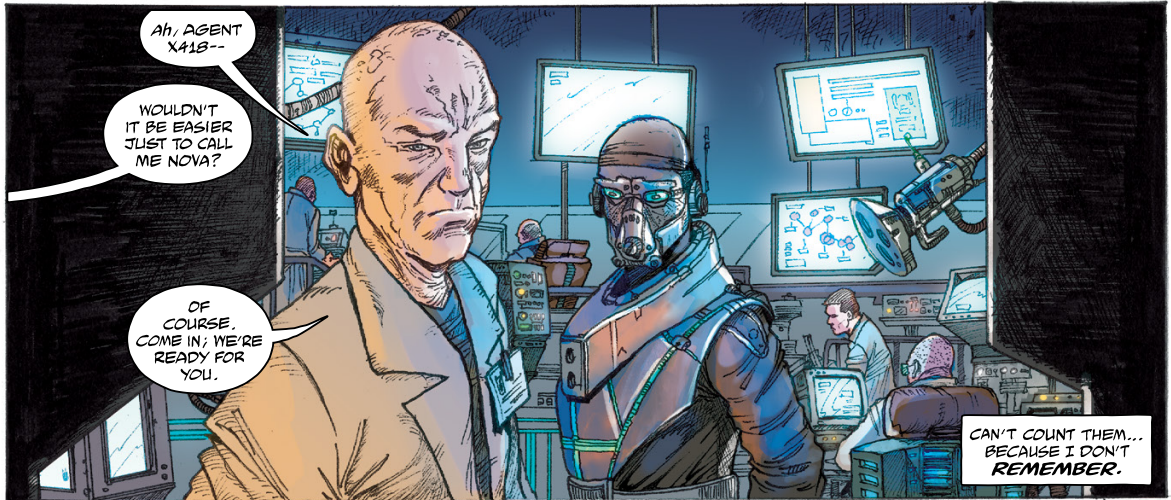
A PSIONIC, TELEPATH, AND ASSASSIN.

I'M NOT **MOST** PEOPLE.

IN MY LINE OF WORK, I'VE BEEN CALLED UPON TO CROSS CERTAIN **BOUNDARIES**. WHATEVER IT TOOK TO GET THE JOB DONE.



I CAN'T **COUNT** THE NUMBER OF LIVES I'VE TAKEN.



Ah, AGENT X418--

WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER JUST TO CALL ME NOVA?

OF COURSE, COME IN; WE'RE READY FOR YOU.

CAN'T COUNT THEM... BECAUSE I DON'T REMEMBER.




UNDER THE OLD **DOMINION** LEADERSHIP, MEMORY WIPES WERE MANDATORY FOR ALL GHOSTS AFTER MISSIONS.

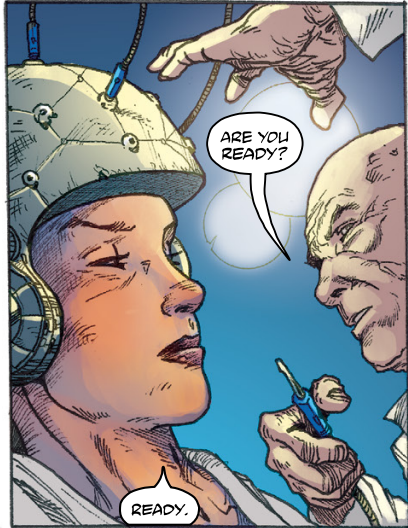
NOW, THINGS ARE DIFFERENT. UNDER OUR NEW **EMPEROR**, I HAVE A **CHOICE**.



MY LATEST MISSION WAS TO PROCURE NEXT-GENERATION TECH FROM OUR ENEMIES: A PROTOTYPE **PHASE DISRUPTOR**. BASICALLY A WEAPON THAT SHAKES APART MATTER AT A MOLECULAR LEVEL.

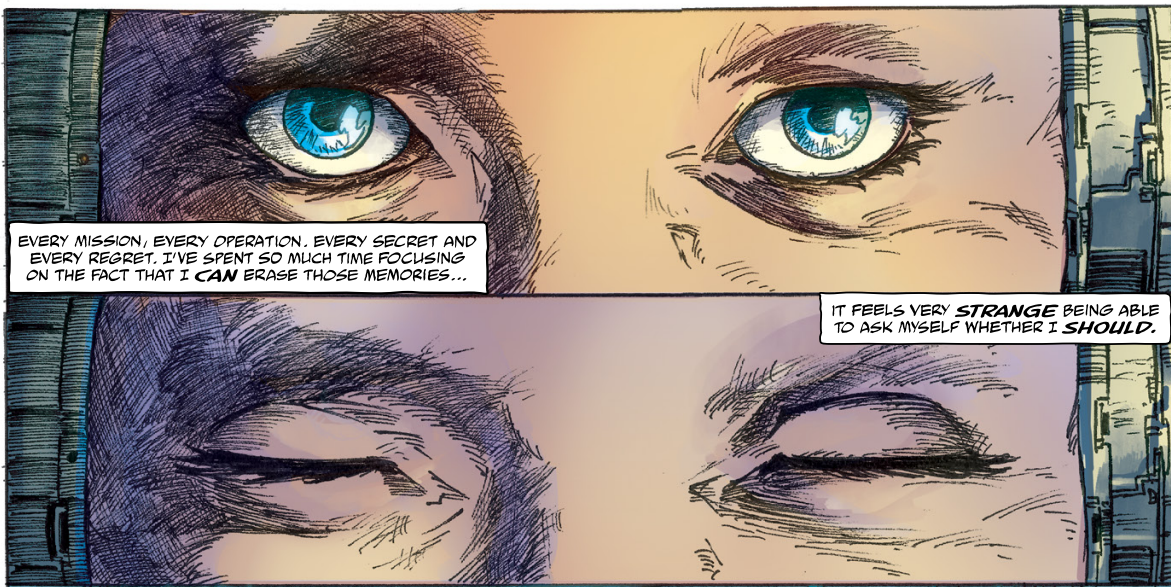


FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW THE ENTIRE OPERATION WILL BE A **BLACK HOLE** IN MY BRAIN.



ARE YOU READY?

READY.



EVERY MISSION, EVERY OPERATION. EVERY SECRET AND EVERY REGRET. I'VE SPENT SO MUCH TIME FOCUSING ON THE FACT THAT I **CAN** ERASE THOSE MEMORIES...

IT FEELS VERY **STRANGE** BEING ABLE TO ASK MYSELF WHETHER I **SHOULD**.



MEMORY REMOVAL: COMMENCE



LATER

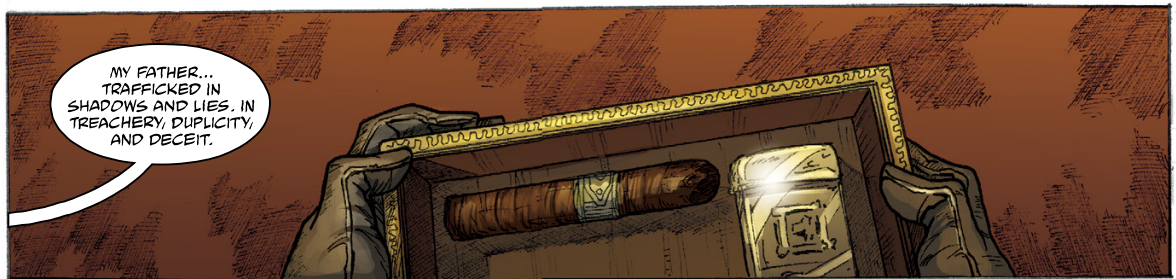
EMPEROR VALERIAN MENGSK'S OFFICE.

HIS FATHER, ARCTURIUS, COMMANDED THE OLD REGIME.

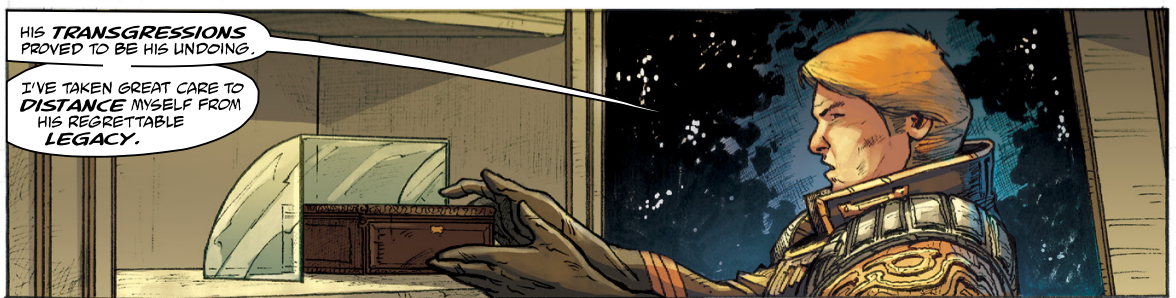
GHOSTS DON'T NORMALLY RECEIVE BRIEFINGS FROM THE EMPEROR HIMSELF, WHICH MAKES ME WONDER...



I'M SURE YOU'RE ASKING YOURSELF WHY YOU'RE HERE.

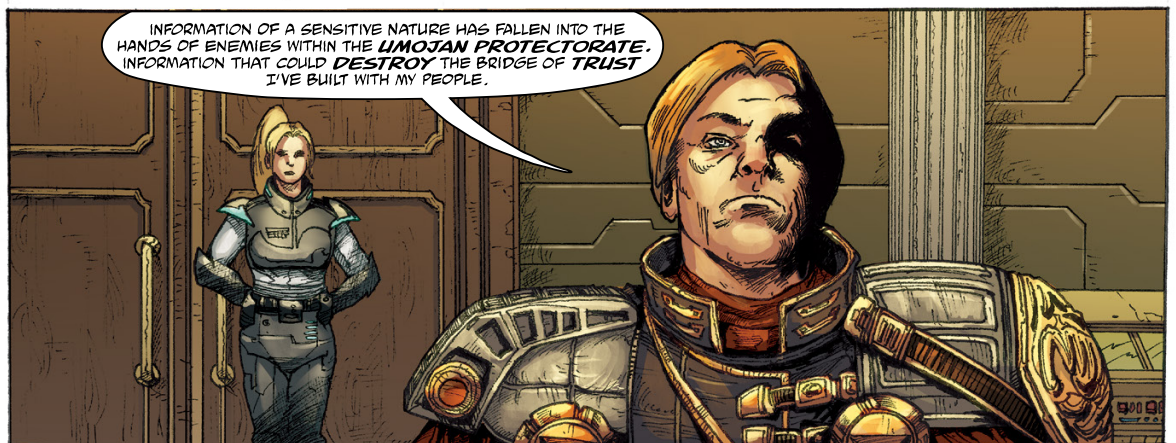


MY FATHER... TRAFFICKED IN SHADOWS AND LIES. IN TREACHERY, DUPLICITY, AND DECEIT.

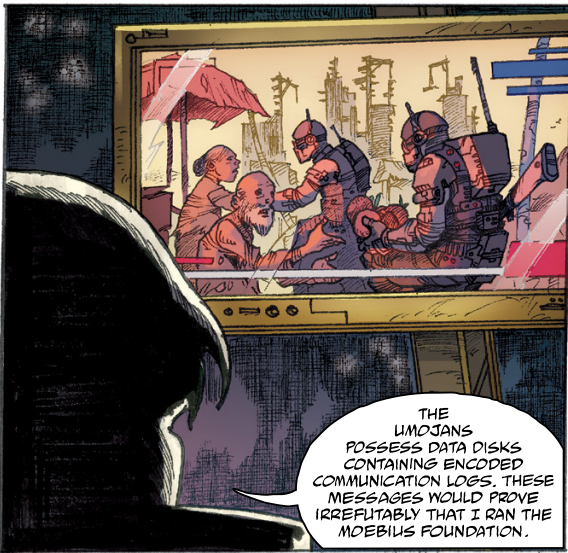


HIS **TRANSGRESSIONS** PROVED TO BE HIS UNDOING.

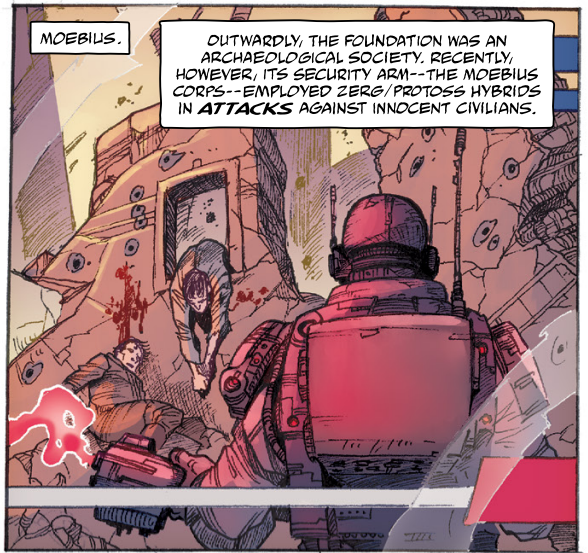
I'VE TAKEN GREAT CARE TO **DISTANCE** MYSELF FROM HIS REGRETTABLE **LEGACY**.



INFORMATION OF A SENSITIVE NATURE HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF ENEMIES WITHIN THE **LIMOJAN PROTECTORATE**. INFORMATION THAT COULD **DESTROY** THE BRIDGE OF **TRUST** I'VE BUILT WITH MY PEOPLE.



THE LUDJANS POSSESS DATA DISKS CONTAINING ENCODED COMMUNICATION LOGS. THESE MESSAGES WOULD PROVE IRREFUTABLY THAT I RAN THE MOEBIUS FOUNDATION.



MOEBIUS.

OUTWARDLY, THE FOUNDATION WAS AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. RECENTLY, HOWEVER, ITS SECURITY ARM--THE MOEBIUS CORPS--EMPLOYED ZERG/PROTOSS HYBRIDS IN **ATTACKS** AGAINST INNOCENT CIVILIANS.



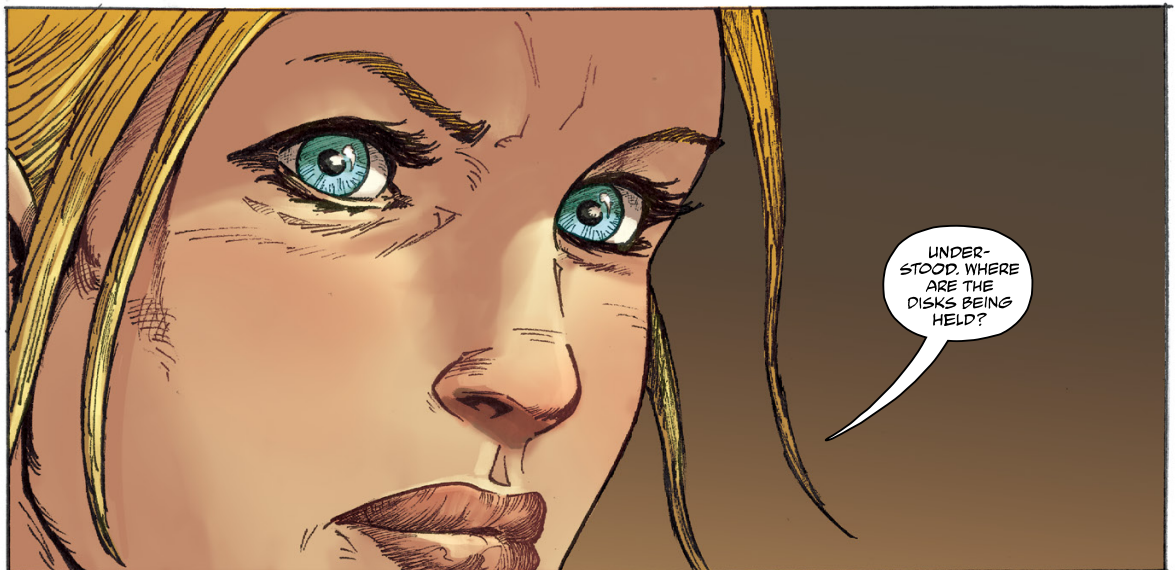
I WAS, OF COURSE, UNAWARE OF MOEBIUS'S AGENDA. OF THE CORRUPTION WITHIN ITS RANKS.

OF COURSE.

I CAN SENSE THAT HE'S HIDING SOMETHING. BUT THAT'S NOT MY BUSINESS. MY BUSINESS IS THE MISSION.



I WANT YOU TO INFILTRATE THE FACILITY WHERE THE DISKS ARE, RETRIEVE THEM, AND RETURN THEM TO ME.



UNDERSTOOD. WHERE ARE THE DISKS BEING HELD?

THE
KEEP.

A REMOTE BASTION
FLOATING IN THE
VASTNESS OF
UMOJAN SPACE.

THE FACILITY IS SURROUNDED
BY FOUR HEAVILY ARMED
SENTINEL WATCHTOWERS.

IF ANYTHING LARGER THAN A PEBBLE GETS
WITHIN RANGE AND POSES A THREAT, IT WILL
BE BLOWN TO MICRO-PARTICLES.

THE UMOJANS HAVE TOLDED
THE KEEP AS IMPENETRABLE.
ALL KNOWN DATA SUGGESTS
THAT'S **NOT** AN EMPTY BOAST.

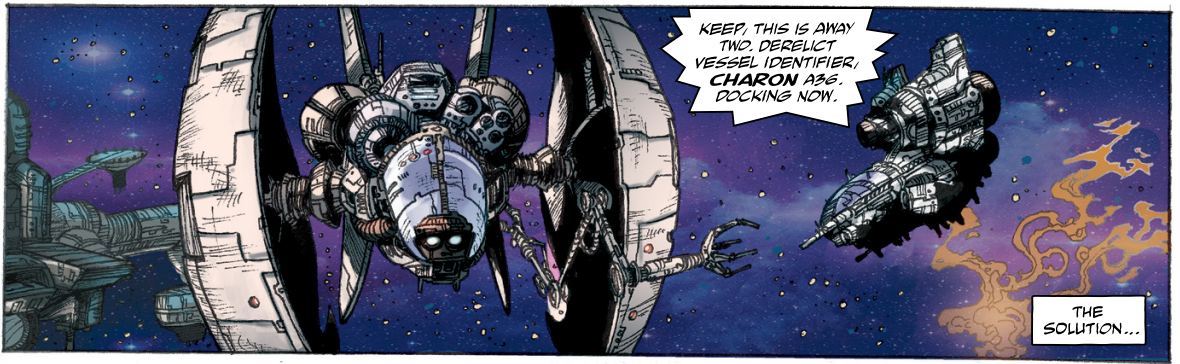
UNIDENTIFIED
CRAFT, TRANSMIT
CLEARANCE CODES
OR YOU WILL BE
FIRED UPON.

UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT,
TRANSMIT CLEARANCE.
THIS IS YOUR FINAL
WARNING.

KEEP, THIS IS
SENTINEL TWO.
SCANS SHOW NO
HEAT SIGNATURES.
VESSEL APPEARS
TO BE DERELICT.
NO WEAPONS
CAPABILITIES.

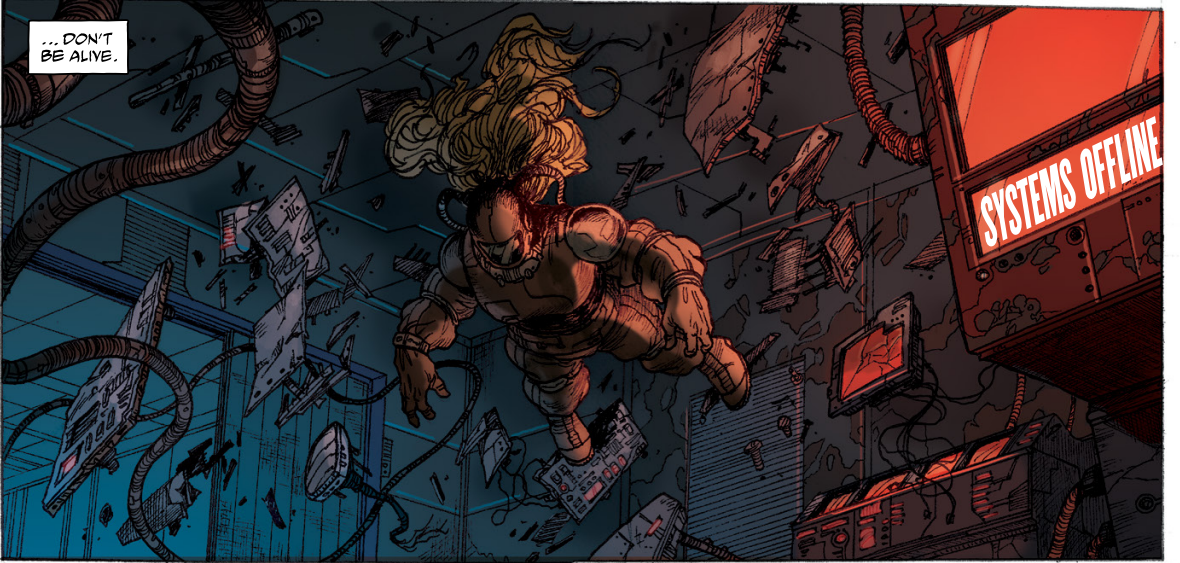
COPY,
SENTINEL TWO.
MOVING TO INTERCEPT
AND IDENTIFY.

THE PROBLEM: HOW DO YOU
INFILTRATE A FORTRESS
THAT NO ONE ALIVE HAS
EVER BREACHED?

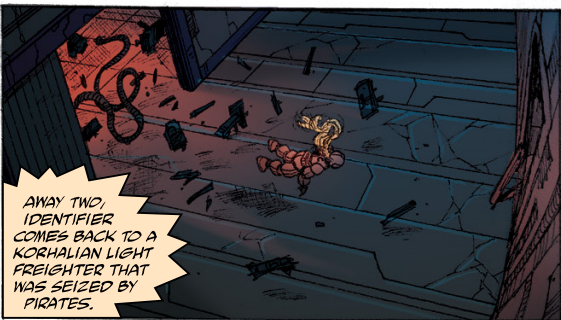


KEEP, THIS IS AWAY TWO. DERELICT VESSEL IDENTIFIER, CHARON A36. DOCKING NOW.

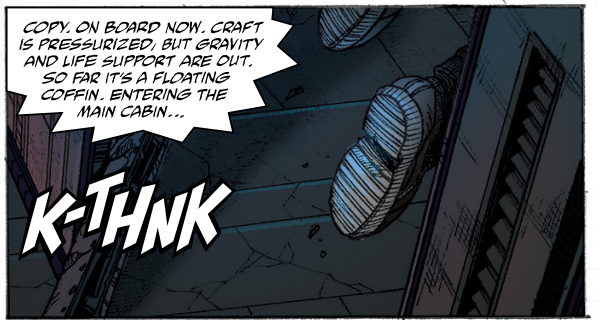
THE SOLUTION...



... DON'T BE ALIVE.

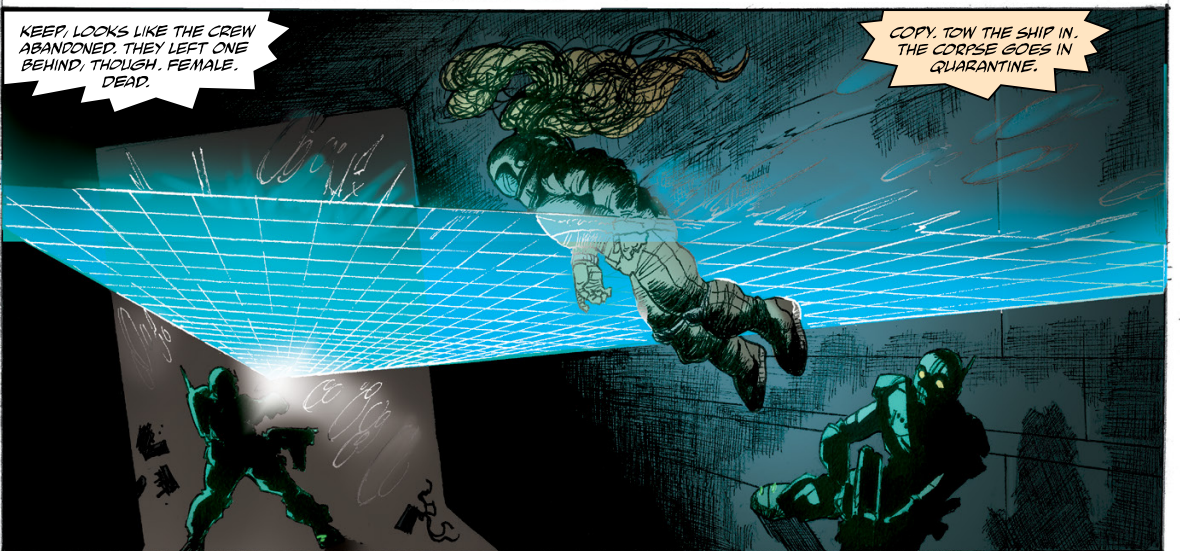


AWAY TWO, IDENTIFIER COMES BACK TO A KORHALIAN LIGHT FREIGHTER THAT WAS SEIZED BY PIRATES.



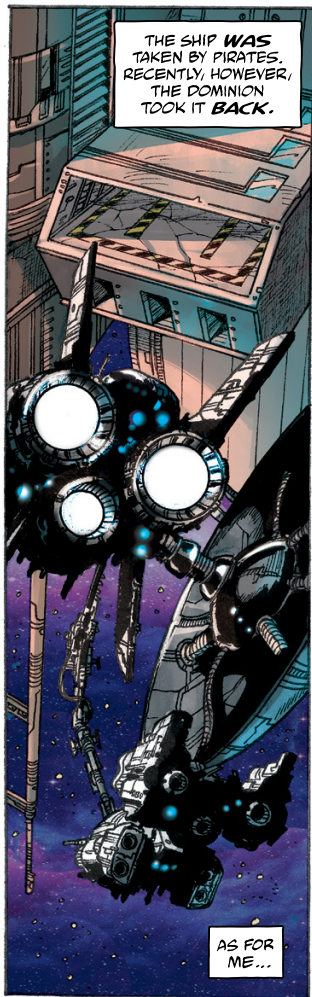
COPY, ON BOARD NOW. CRAFT IS PRESSURIZED, BUT GRAVITY AND LIFE SUPPORT ARE OUT. SO FAR IT'S A FLOATING COFFIN. ENTERING THE MAIN CABIN...

K-TINK



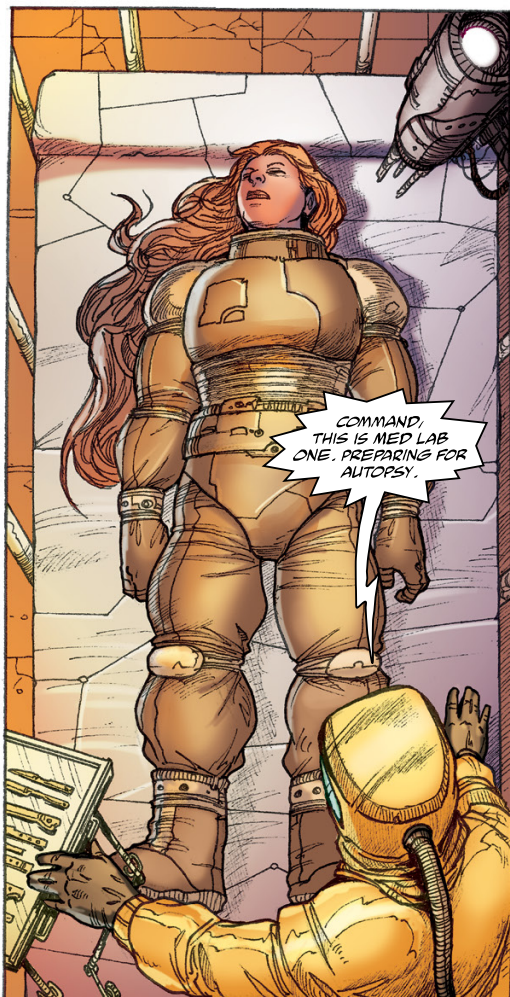
KEEP, LOOKS LIKE THE CREW ABANDONED, THEY LEFT ONE BEHIND, THOUGH. FEMALE. DEAD.

COPY, TOW THE SHIP IN. THE CORPSE GOES IN QUARANTINE.

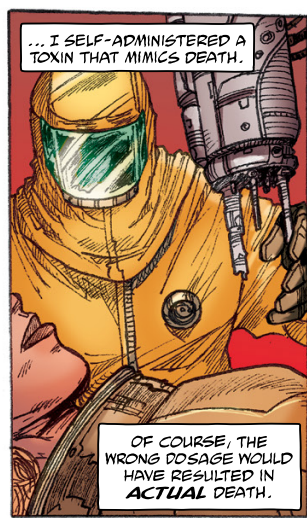


THE SHIP WAS TAKEN BY PIRATES. RECENTLY, HOWEVER, THE DOMINION TOOK IT BACK.

AS FOR ME...



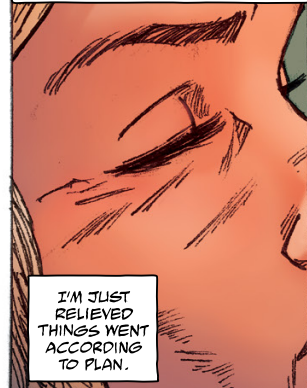
COMMAND, THIS IS MED LAB ONE. PREPARING FOR AUTOPSY.



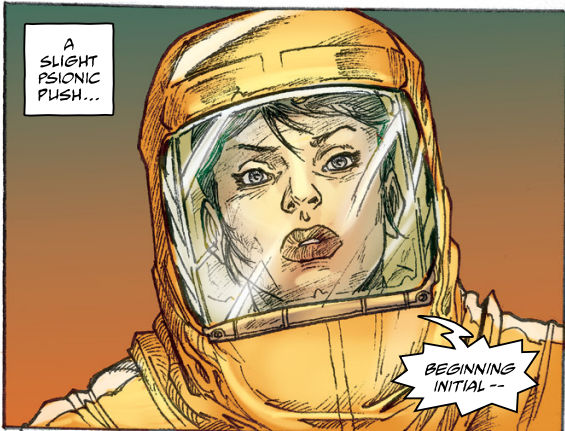
... I SELF-ADMINISTERED A TOXIN THAT MIMICS DEATH.

OF COURSE, THE WRONG DOSAGE WOULD HAVE RESULTED IN ACTUAL DEATH.

MY SUIT WAS PROGRAMMED TO PUMP AN ANTITOXIN INTO MY SYSTEM SEVERAL HOURS AFTER THE INJECTION.

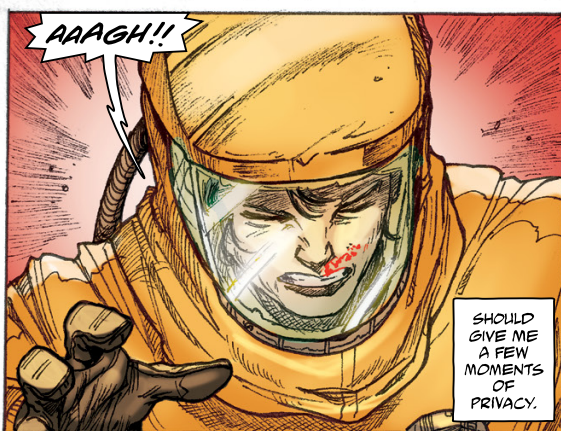


I'M JUST RELIEVED THINGS WENT ACCORDING TO PLAN.



A SLIGHT PSYCHIC PUSH...

BEGINNING INITIAL--

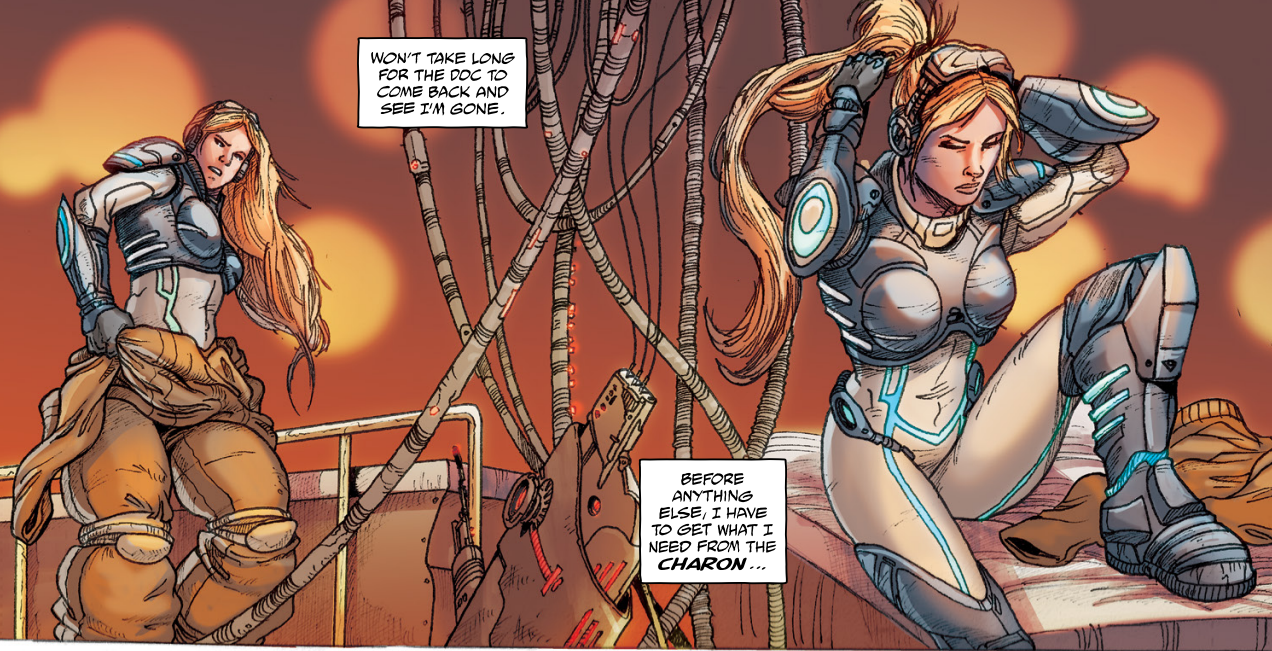


AAAGH!!

SHOULD GIVE ME A FEW MOMENTS OF PRIVACY.



COMMAND -- I JUST GOT THE MOTHER OF ALL HEADACHES. TAKING A QUICK BREAK.



WON'T TAKE LONG FOR THE DOC TO COME BACK AND SEE I'M GONE.

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, I HAVE TO GET WHAT I NEED FROM THE CHARON ...



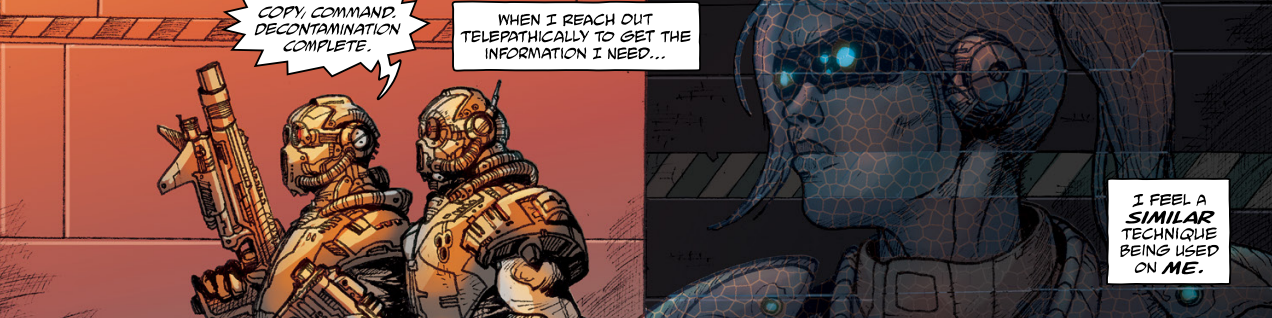
HOPEFULLY WITHOUT RAISING THE ALARM.

I WAS STILL "DEAD" WHEN THEY BROUGHT ME TO THE MED LAB, SO FINDING MY WAY BACK TO THE DOCKING BAY MIGHT REQUIRE SOME BRAIN-PICKING ...

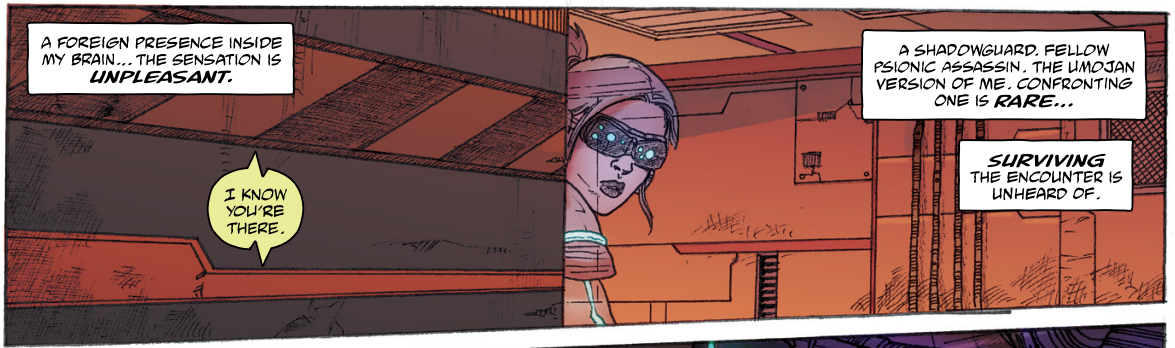


COPY, COMMAND, DECONTAMINATION COMPLETE.

WHEN I REACH OUT TELEPATHICALLY TO GET THE INFORMATION I NEED...



I FEEL A SIMILAR TECHNIQUE BEING USED ON ME.

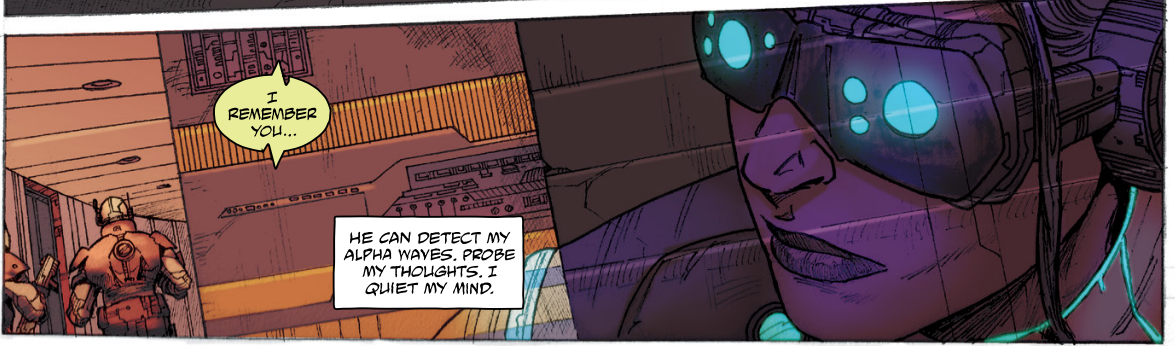


A FOREIGN PRESENCE INSIDE MY BRAIN... THE SENSATION IS **UNPLEASANT.**

I KNOW YOU'RE THERE.

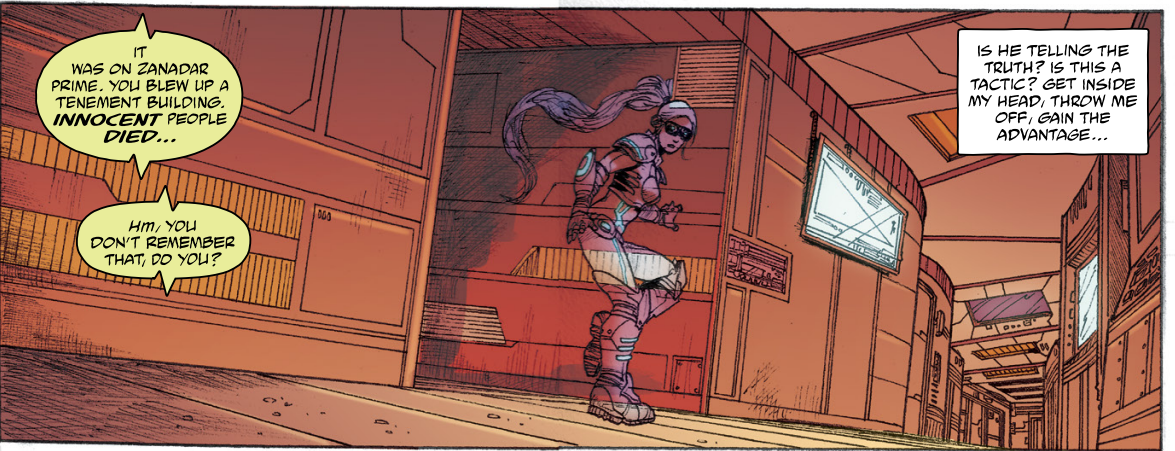
A SHADOWGUARD, FELLOW PSIONIC ASSASSIN. THE LMOJAN VERSION OF ME. CONFRONTING ONE IS **RARE...**

SURVIVING THE ENCOUNTER IS UNHEARD OF.



I REMEMBER YOU...

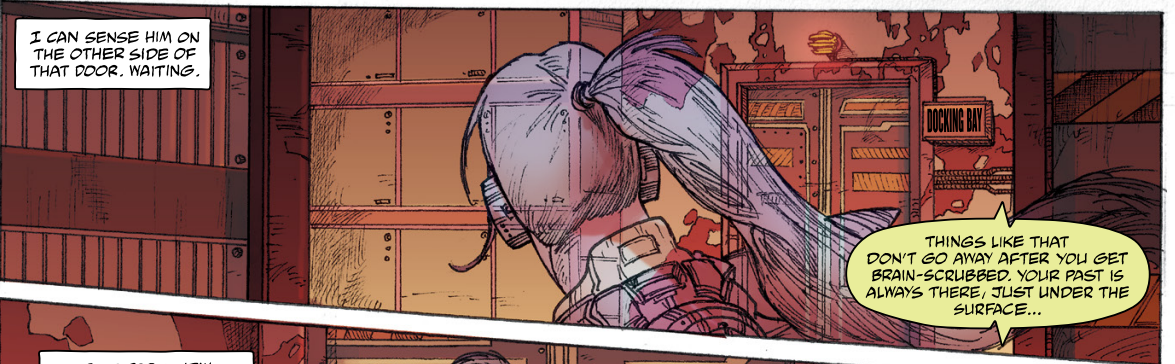
HE CAN DETECT MY ALPHA WAVES. PROBE MY THOUGHTS. I QUIET MY MIND.



IT WAS ON ZANADAR PRIME. YOU BLEW UP A TENEMENT BUILDING. **INNOCENT PEOPLE DIED...**

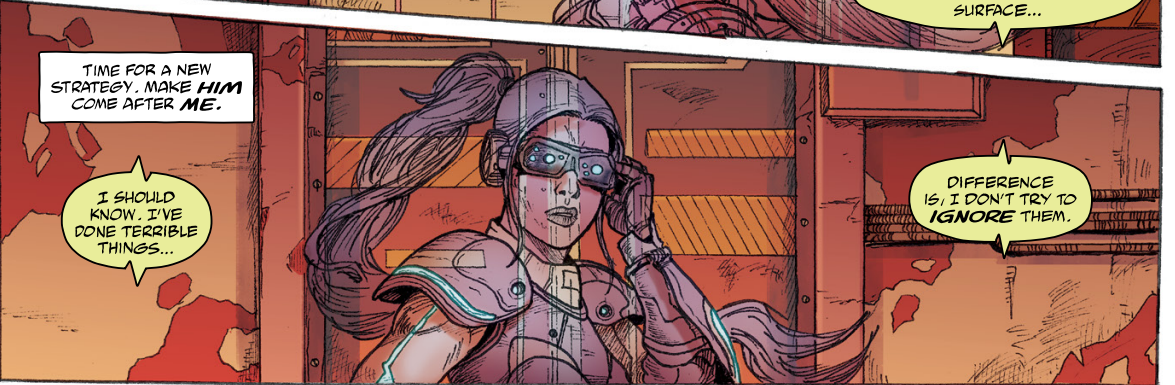
Hm, YOU DON'T REMEMBER THAT, DO YOU?

IS HE TELLING THE TRUTH? IS THIS A TACTIC? GET INSIDE MY HEAD, THROW ME OFF, GAIN THE ADVANTAGE...



I CAN SENSE HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR. WAITING.

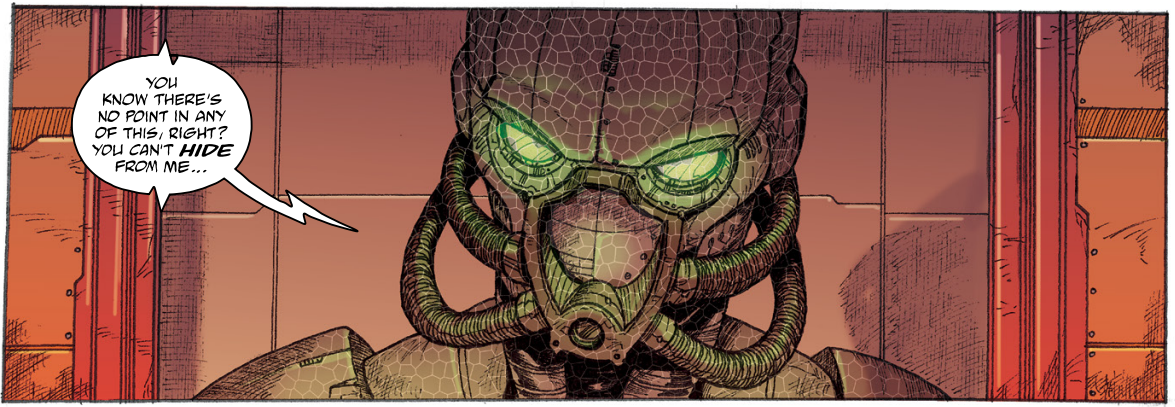
THINGS LIKE THAT DON'T GO AWAY AFTER YOU GET BRAIN-SCRUBBED. YOUR PAST IS ALWAYS THERE, JUST UNDER THE SURFACE...



TIME FOR A NEW STRATEGY. MAKE **HIM** COME AFTER **ME.**

I SHOULD KNOW. I'VE DONE TERRIBLE THINGS...

DIFFERENCE IS, I DON'T TRY TO **IGNORE** THEM.



YOU KNOW THERE'S NO POINT IN ANY OF THIS, RIGHT? YOU CAN'T **HIDE** FROM ME...



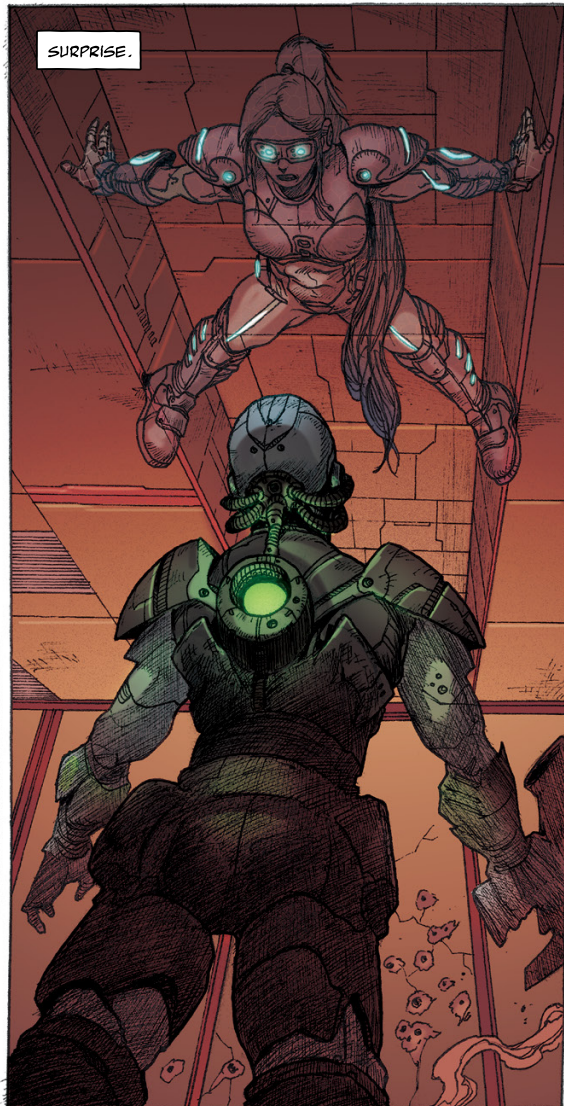
HE **CAN** FOLLOW MY ALPHA WAVES. BUT... HE CAN ONLY PINPOINT ME WITHIN A LIMITED RADIUS.

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH? DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'RE AS GOOD AS...



DEAD!

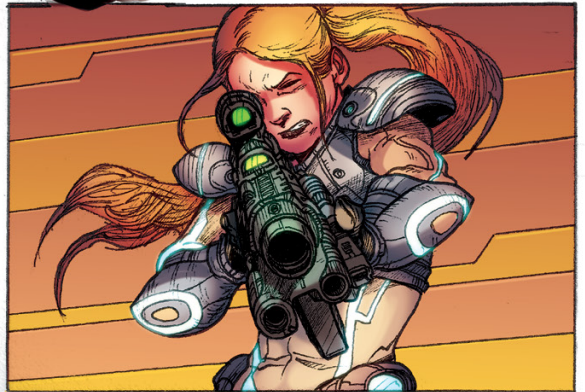
**THOOM
THOOM
THOOM**



SURPRISE.



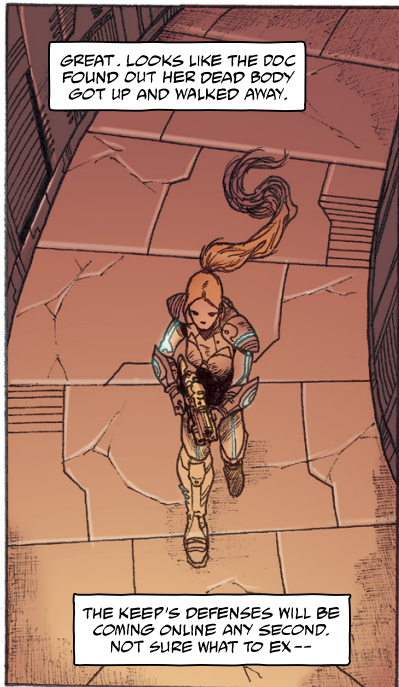
NNNG!





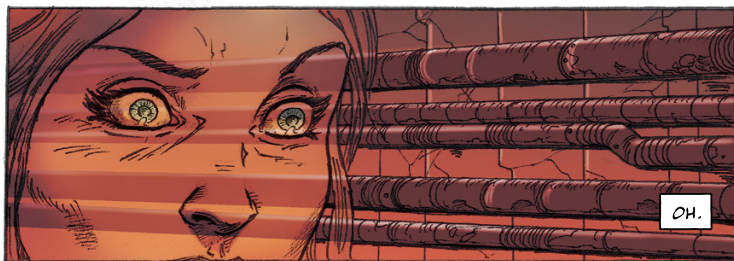
AH-OOWAH

INTRUDER ALERT!
ALL PERSONNEL,
REPORT TO MUSTER
STATIONS.

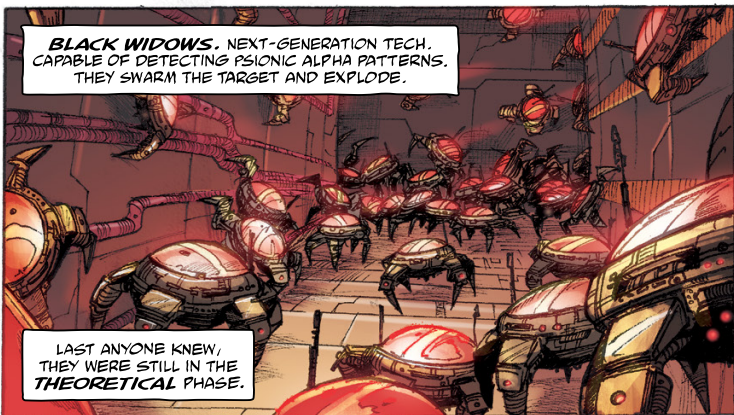


GREAT. LOOKS LIKE THE DOC
FOUND OUT HER DEAD BODY
GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY.

THE KEEP'S DEFENSES WILL BE
COMING ONLINE ANY SECOND.
NOT SURE WHAT TO EX--

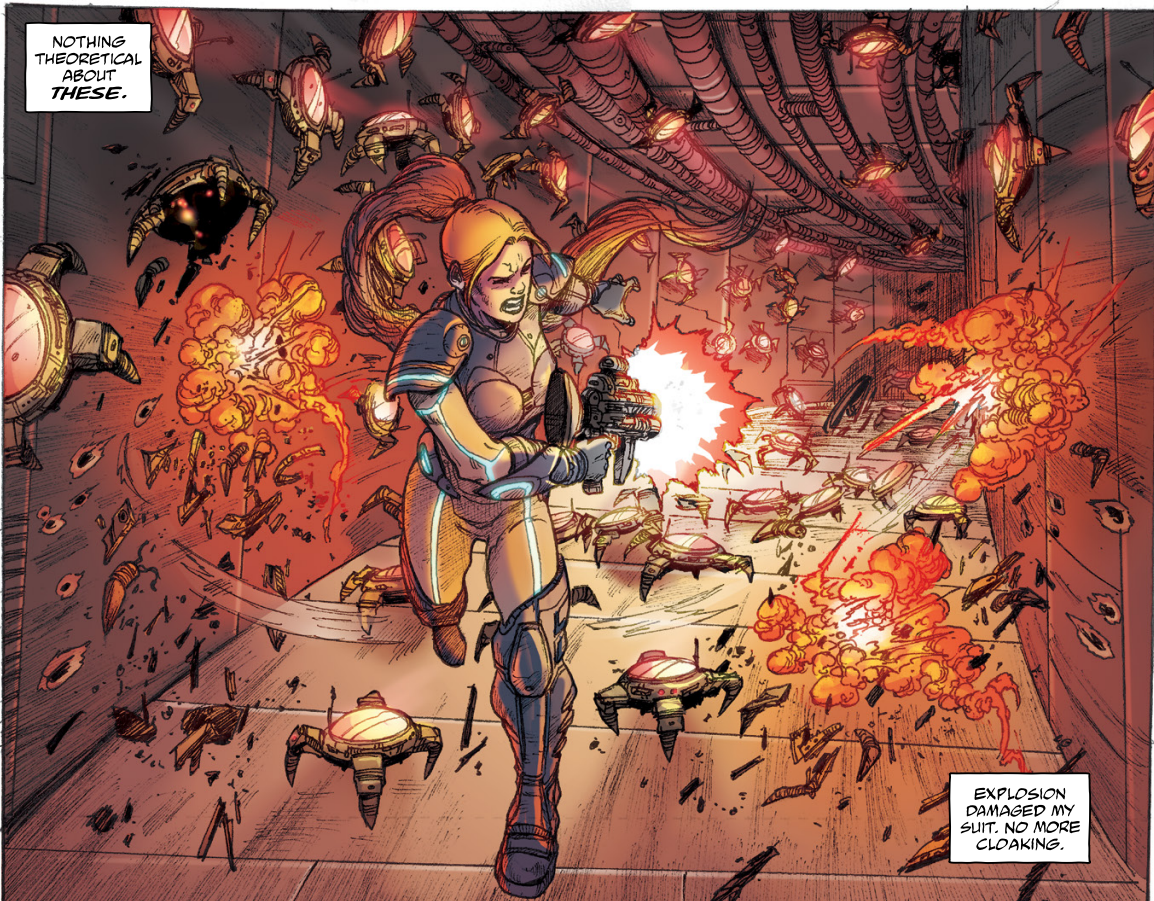


OH.



BLACK WIDOWS. NEXT-GENERATION TECH.
CAPABLE OF DETECTING PSIONIC ALPHA PATTERNS.
THEY SWARM THE TARGET AND EXPLODE.

LAST ANYONE KNEW,
THEY WERE STILL IN THE
THEORETICAL PHASE.



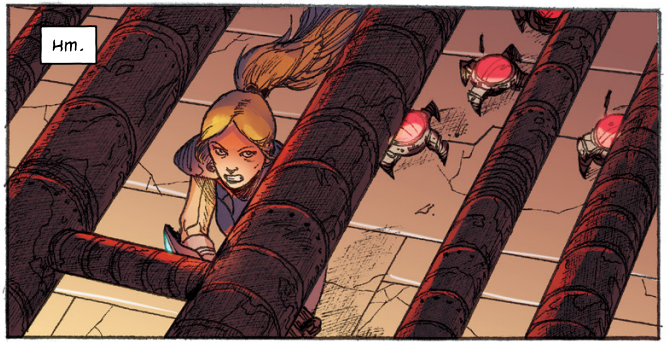
NOTHING
THEORETICAL
ABOUT
THESE.

EXPLOSION
DAMAGED MY SUIT. NO MORE
CLOAKING.

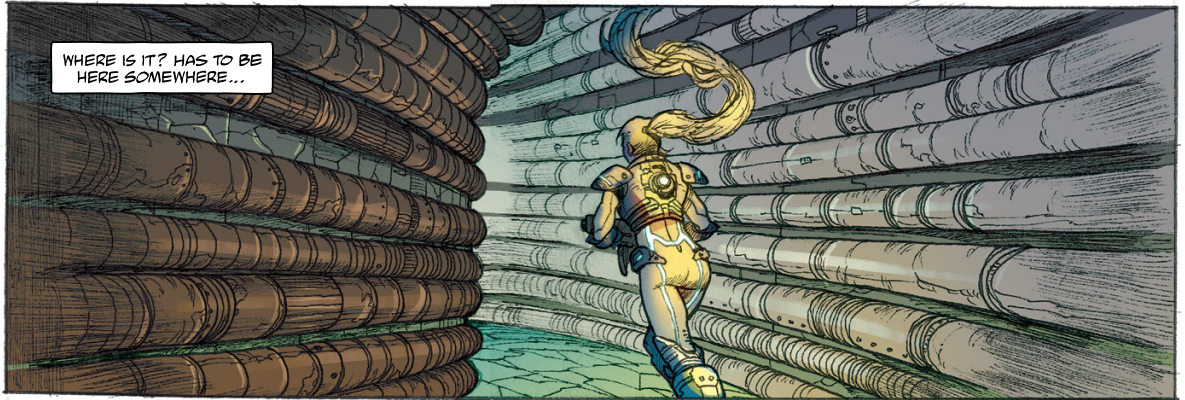
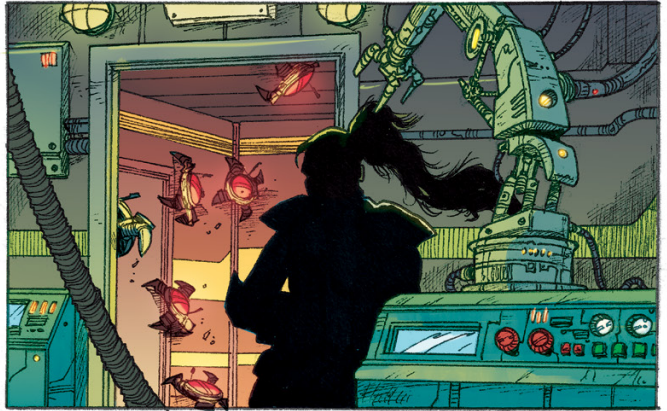


AND NO OUTFRINNING THESE THINGS. TOO MANY OF THEM TO SHOOT.

I NEED A SOLUTION FAST.



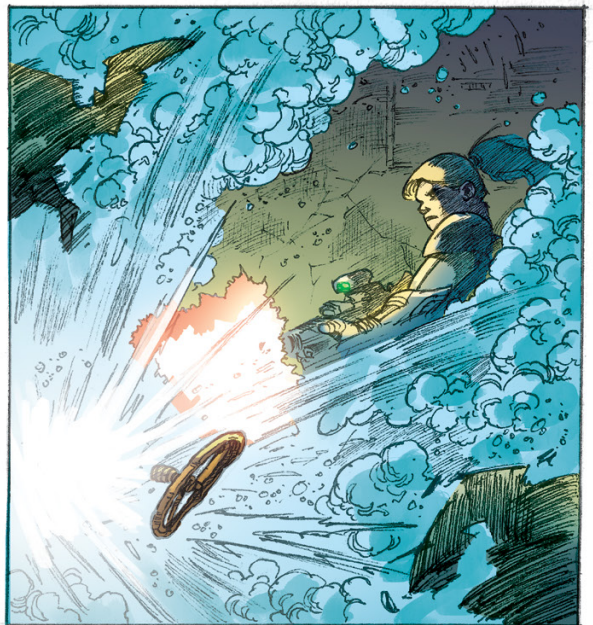
Hm.

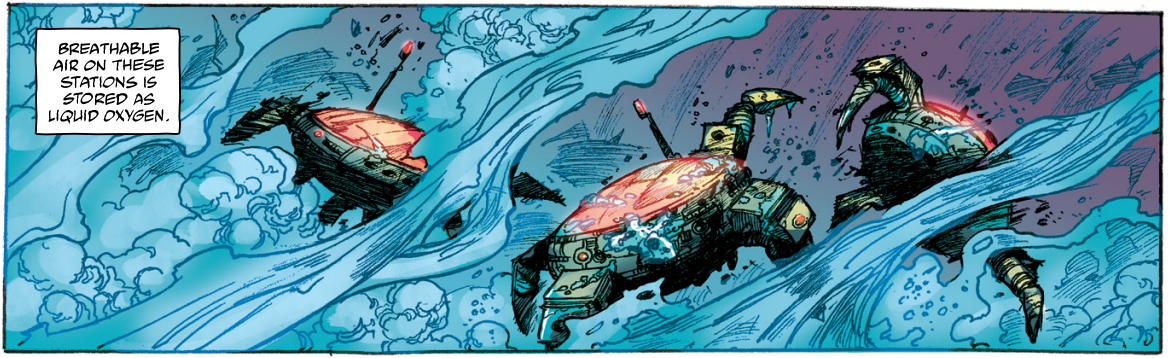


WHERE IS IT? HAS TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE...

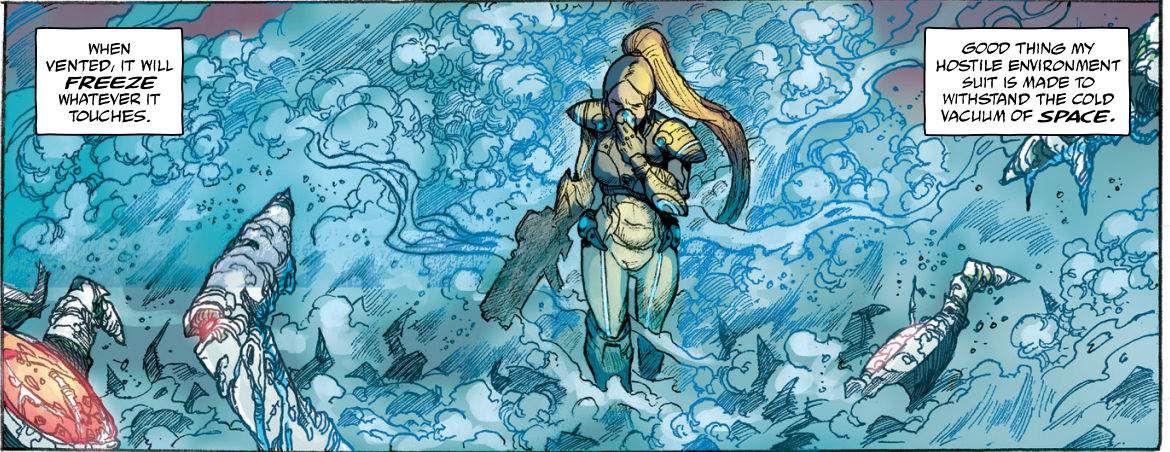


END OF THE LINE. IF THIS DOESN'T WORK...



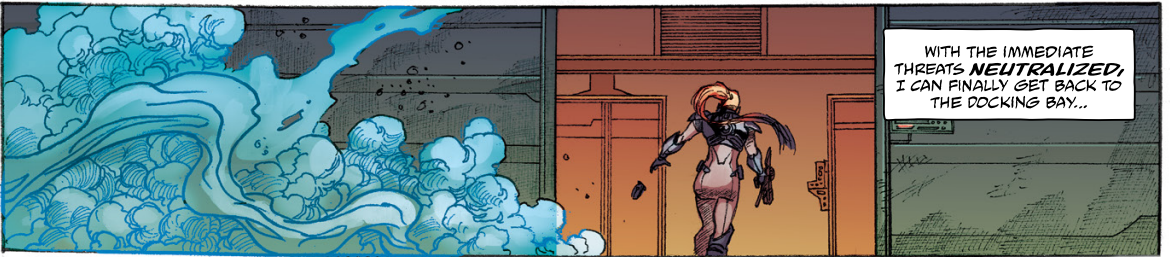


BREATHABLE AIR ON THESE STATIONS IS STORED AS LIQUID OXYGEN.

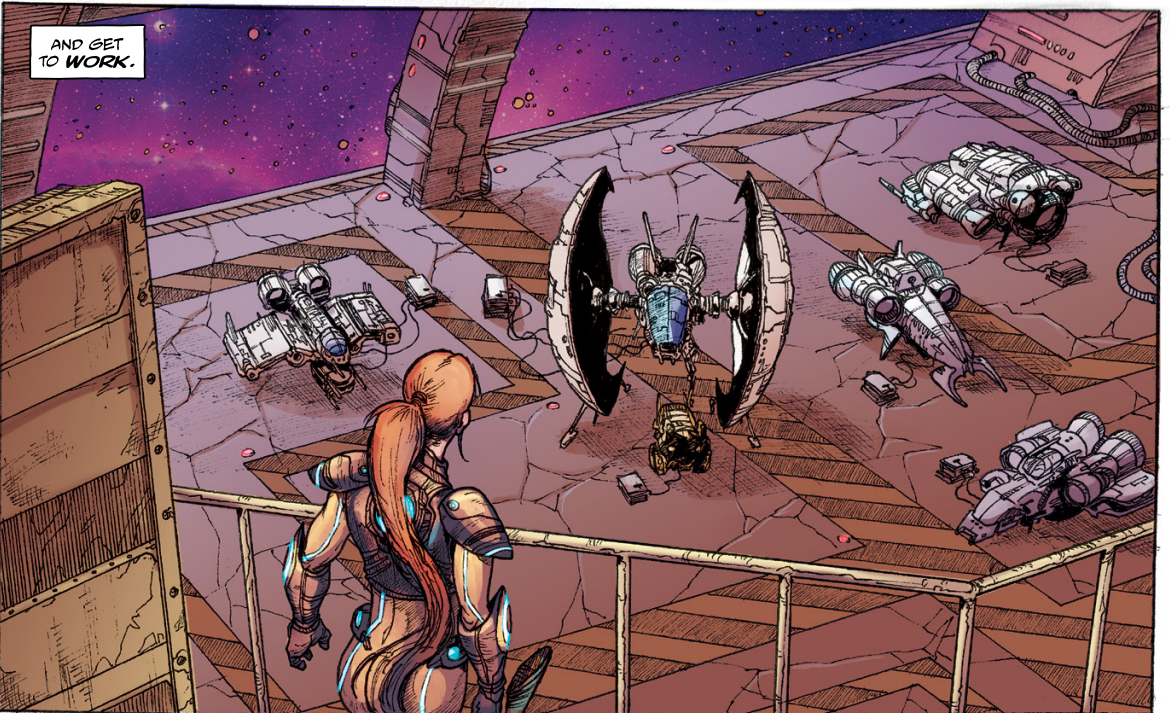


WHEN VENTED, IT WILL FREEZE WHATEVER IT TOUCHES.

GOOD THING MY HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT SUIT IS MADE TO WITHSTAND THE COLD VACUUM OF SPACE.



WITH THE IMMEDIATE THREATS NEUTRALIZED, I CAN FINALLY GET BACK TO THE DOCKING BAY...



AND GET TO WORK.

ONCE I'M DONE, I GO BACK INSIDE. HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. WITH MY CLOAKING NONFUNCTIONAL, THE UMOJANS CAN TRACK ME VISUALLY...



... FOR ALL THE GOOD IT WILL DO.

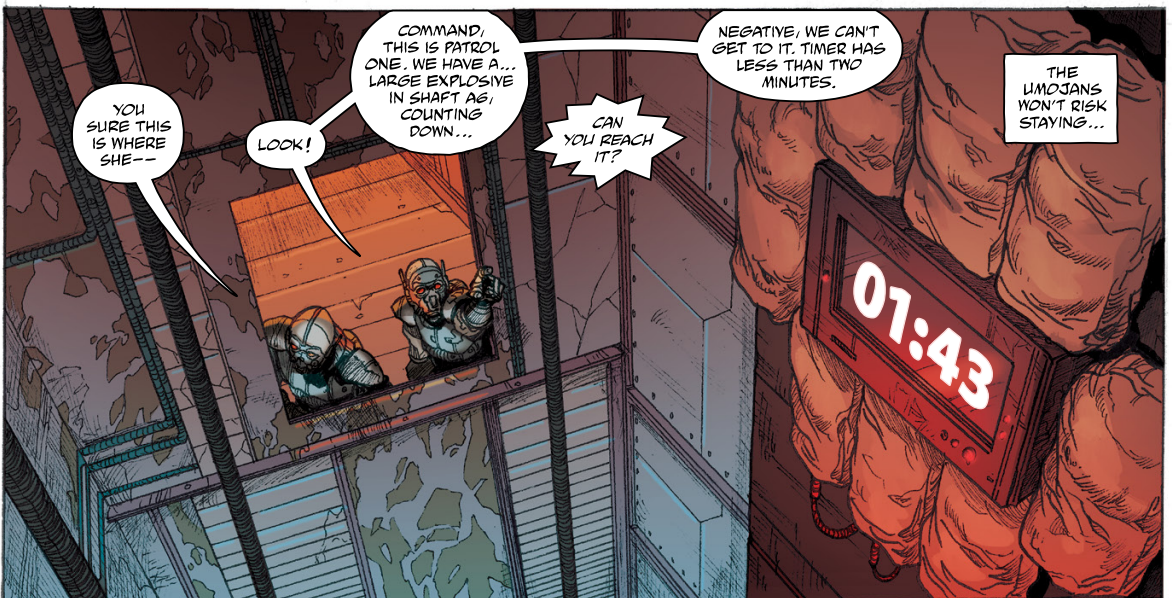


MINUTES LATER I FIND MY NEXT DESTINATION. MAINTENANCE SHAFT.



BIGGEST BENEFIT OF PIRATE SHIPS LIKE THE *CHARON*? SMUGGLING COMPARTMENTS. GREAT FOR HIDING THINGS, LIKE MY *CANISTER RIFLE*...

... AND EXPLOSIVES.



YOU SURE THIS IS WHERE SHE--

LOOK!

COMMAND, THIS IS PATROL ONE. WE HAVE A... LARGE EXPLOSIVE IN SHAFT A6, COUNTING DOWN...

CAN YOU REACH IT?

NEGATIVE, WE CAN'T GET TO IT. TIMER HAS LESS THAN TWO MINUTES.

THE UMOJANS WON'T RISK STAYING...



ALL PERSONNEL, EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY. REPEAT, ALL PERSONNEL, EVACUATE.

... WHEN THEY CAN CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS, FALL BACK TO THE WATCHTOWERS... AND WAIT.

00:56

SENTINEL TWO, THIS IS AWAY TWO, DOCKING COMPLETE.

SENTINEL THREE, THIS IS AWAY THREE, PREPARING TO DOCK.

SENTINEL ONE, THIS IS AWAY ONE, COMMENCING DOCKING...

SENTINEL FOUR, THIS IS AWAY FOUR --

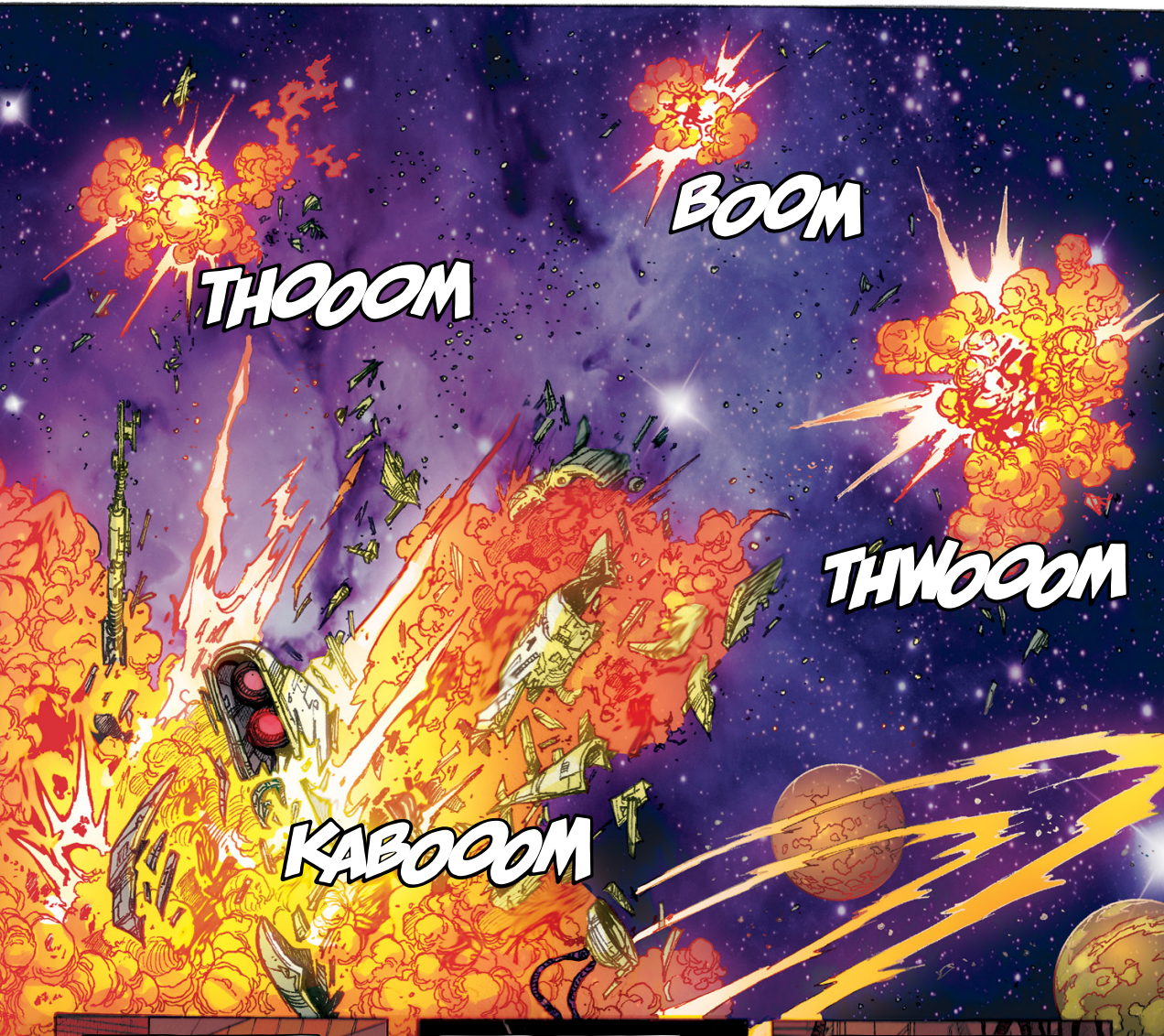
UNFORTUNATELY...

EVERYBODY OUT.

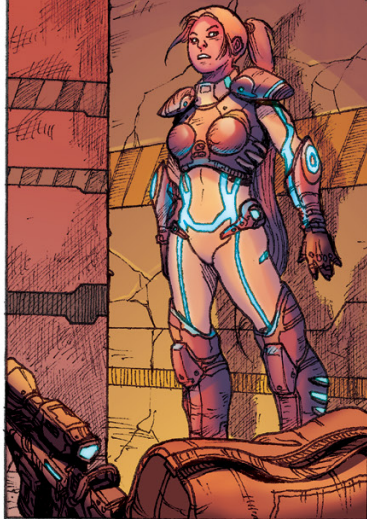
AH, MY MEDKIT!

THE BOMB IN THE SHAFT WAS A DECOY.

00:01



HACKED THE DATA TERMINAL. COMM LOG SAYS A CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS WENT OUT TWO MINUTES AGO. READOUT SAYS E.T.A. FOR THE BACKUP WAS FIVE MINUTES.



WHICH GIVES ME **THREE MINUTES** TO GET THROUGH THE FINAL OBSTACLE...

THE VAULT. AN INDESTRUCTIBLE STOREHOUSE WITH WALLS ONE METER THICK, MADE OF THE DENSEST MATERIAL KNOWN TO HUMANKIND.

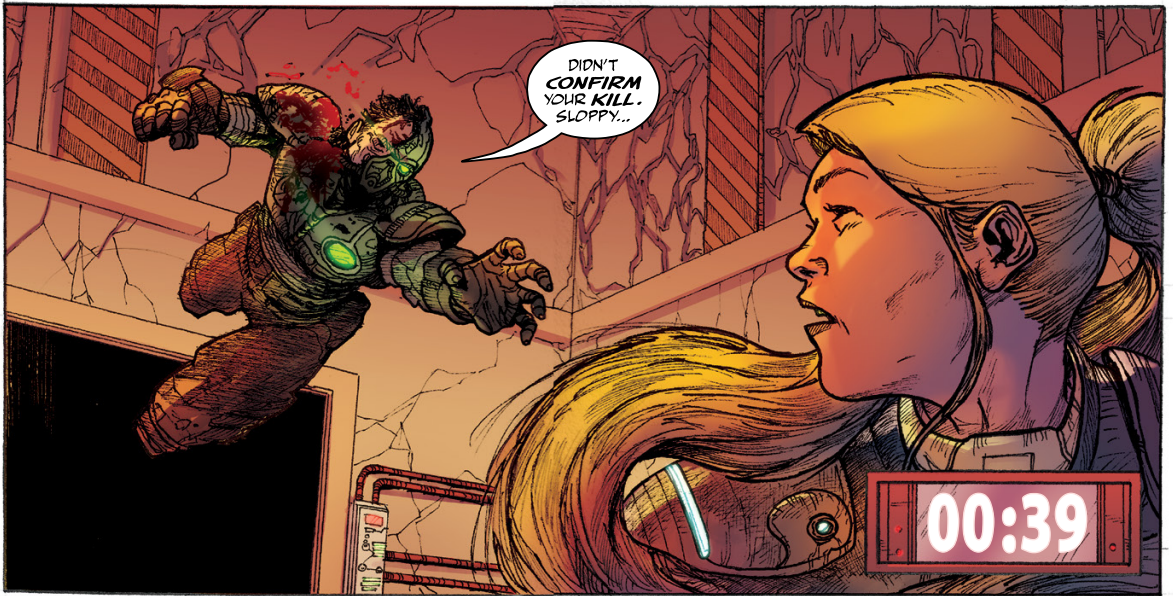
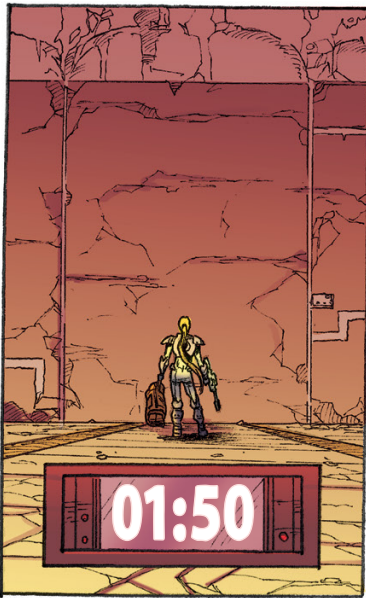


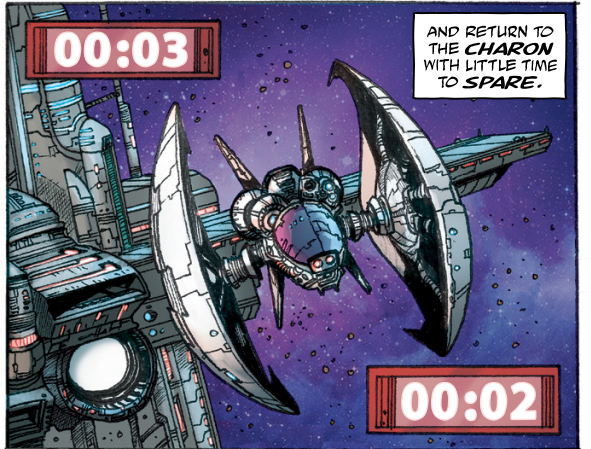
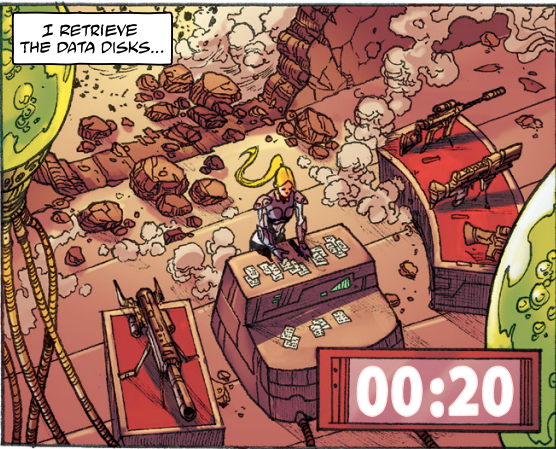
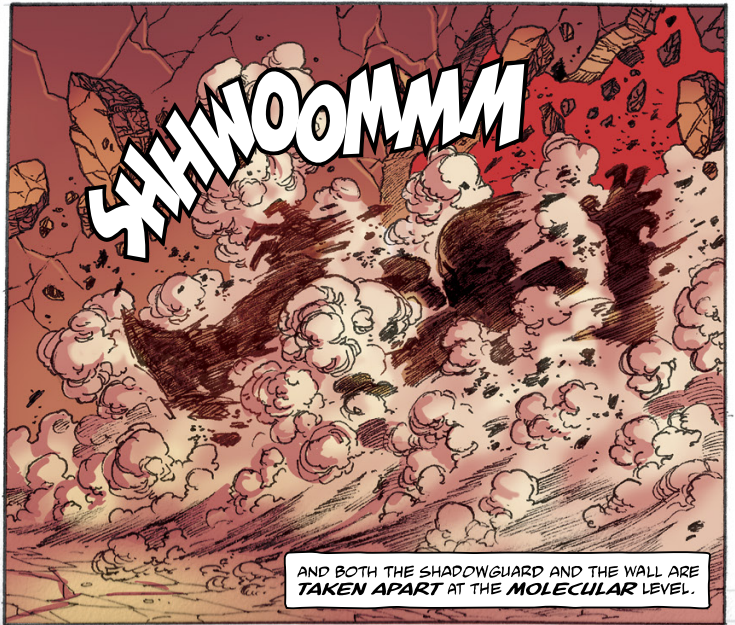
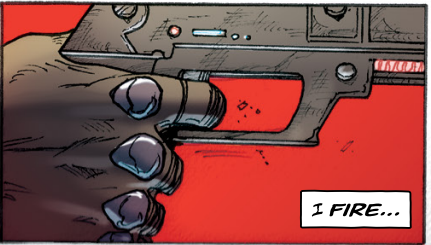
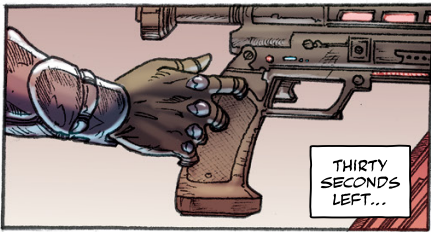
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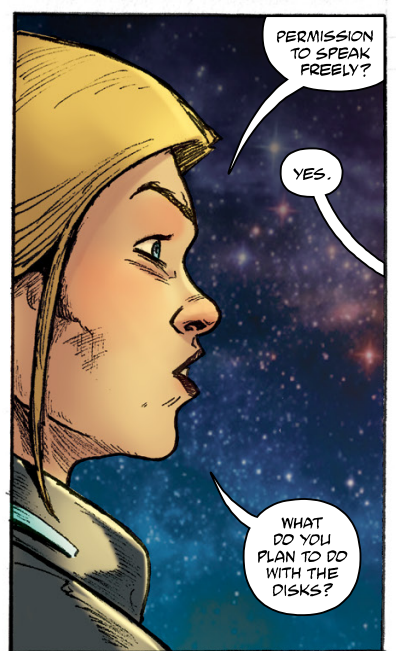
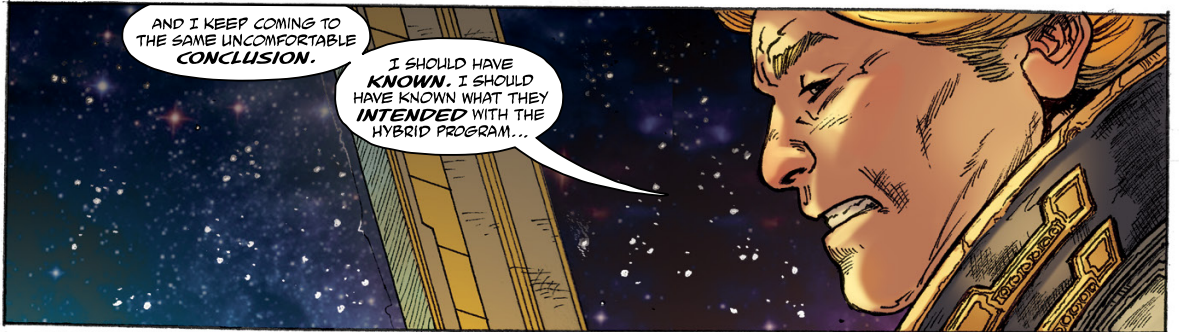
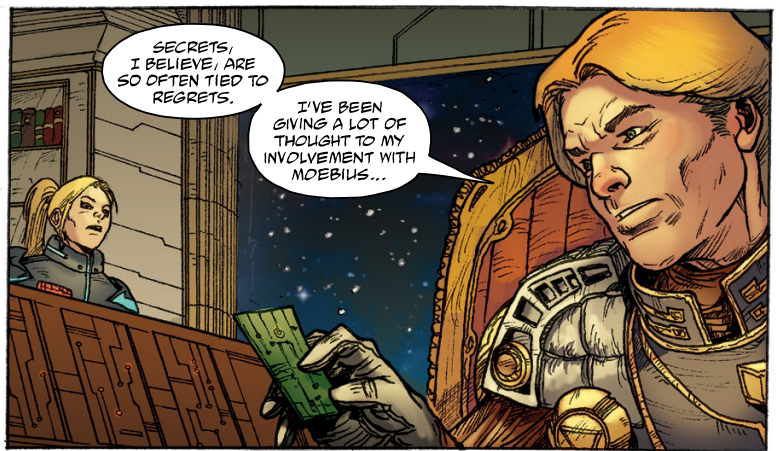
I RETRIEVE ONE LAST ITEM FROM THE **CHARON'S** SMUGGLING COMPARTMENTS.

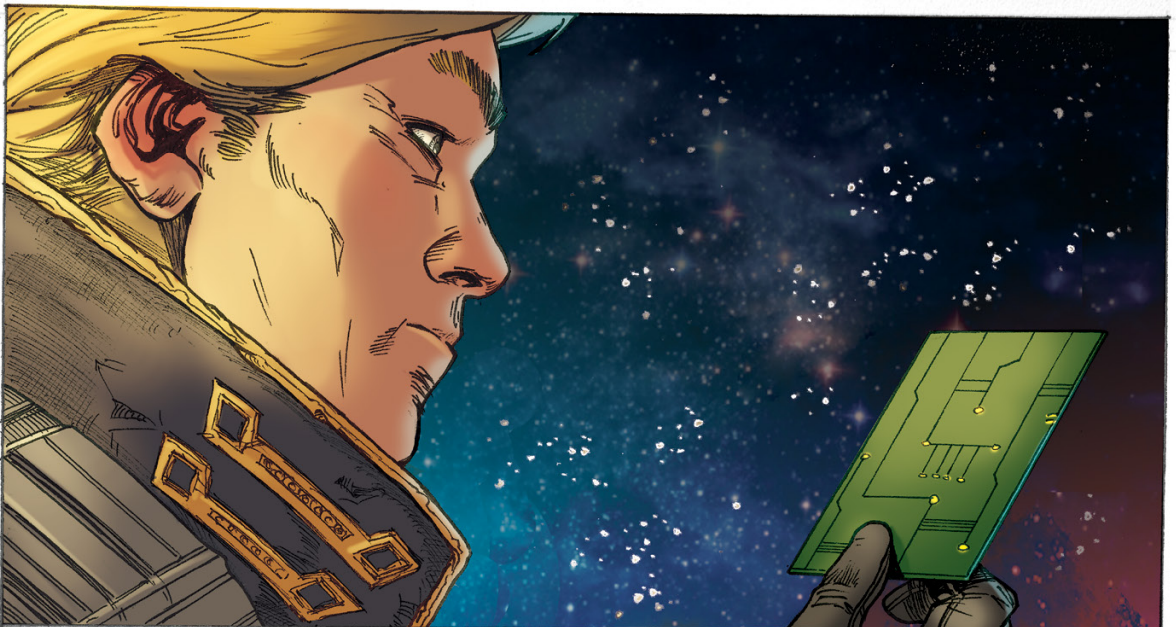
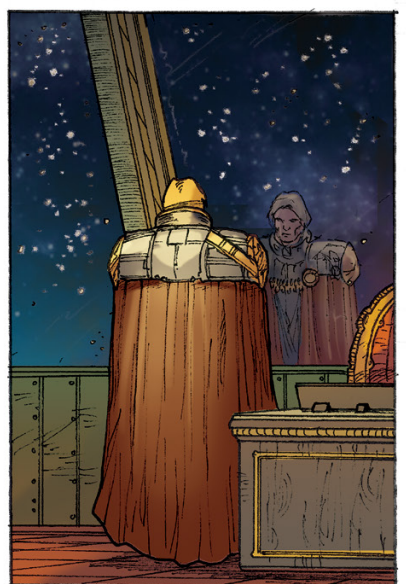
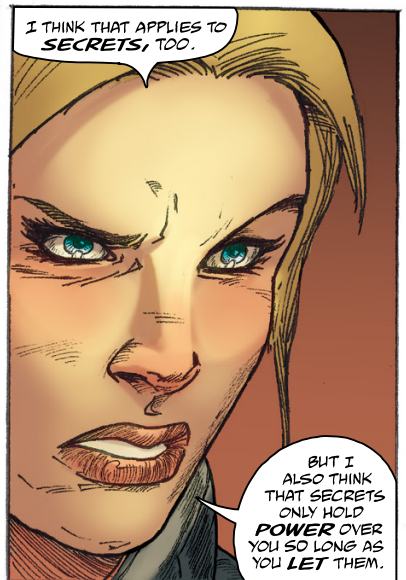
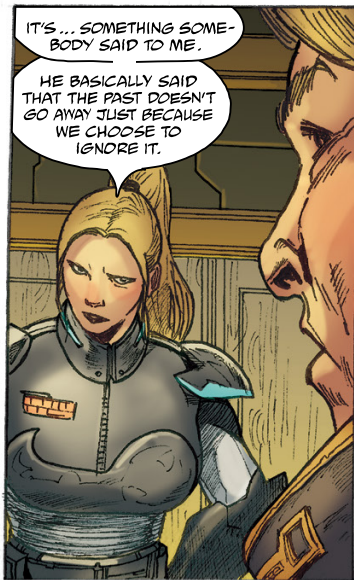


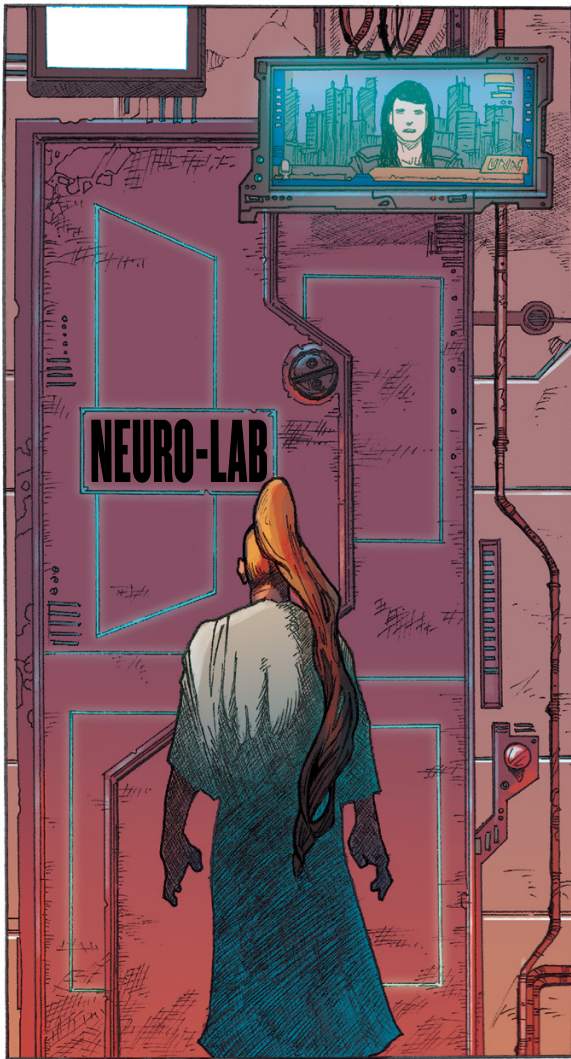
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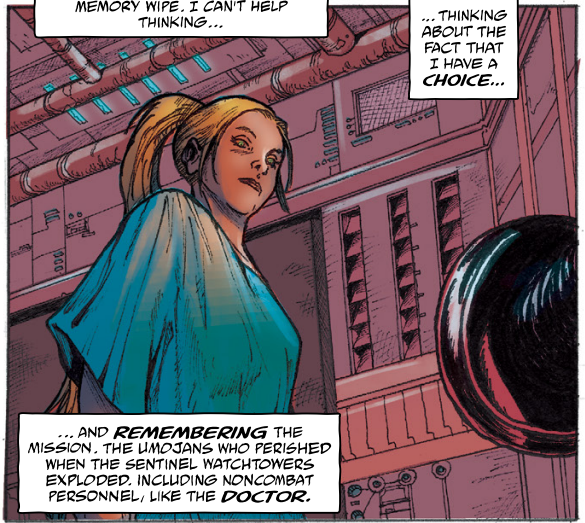




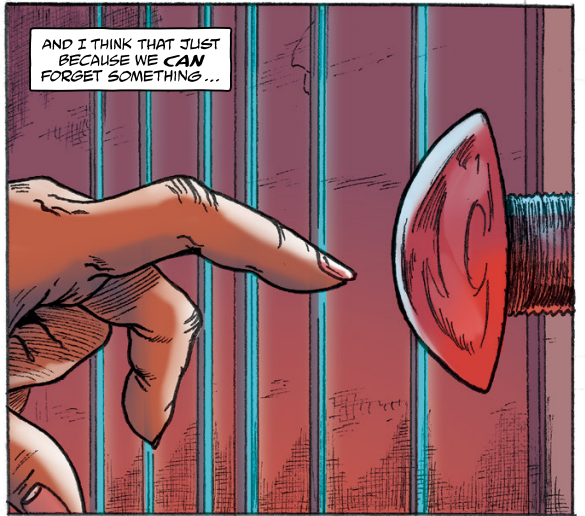


THE MISSION IS OVER. TIME FOR MY MEMORY WIPE. I CAN'T HELP THINKING...

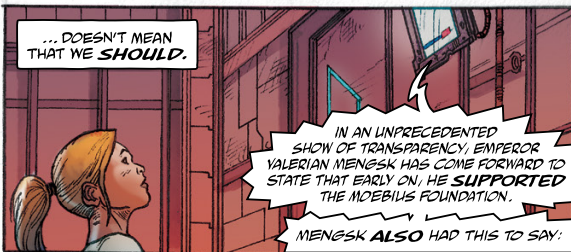
... THINKING ABOUT THE FACT THAT I HAVE A CHOICE...



... AND REMEMBERING THE MISSION. THE LIMDJANS WHO PERISHED WHEN THE SENTINEL WATCHTOWERS EXPLODED, INCLUDING NONCOMBAT PERSONNEL, LIKE THE DOCTOR.



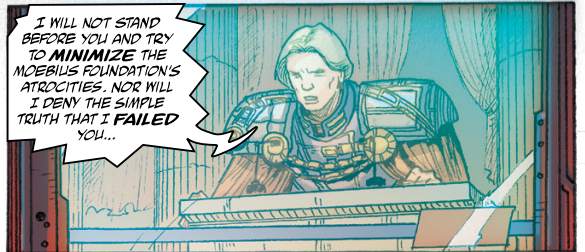
AND I THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE WE CAN FORGET SOMETHING...



... DOESN'T MEAN THAT WE SHOULD.

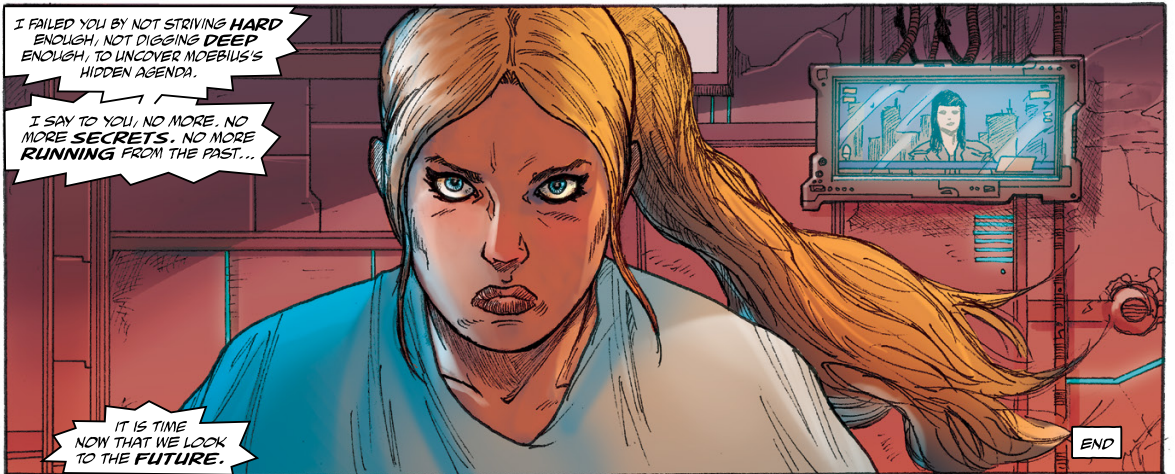
IN AN UNPRECEDENTED SHOW OF TRANSPARENCY, EMPEROR VALERIAN MENESK HAS COME FORWARD TO STATE THAT EARLY ON, HE SUPPORTED THE MOEBIUS FOUNDATION.

MENESK ALSO HAD THIS TO SAY:



I WILL NOT STAND BEFORE YOU AND TRY TO MINIMIZE THE MOEBIUS FOUNDATION'S ATROCITIES. NOR WILL I DENY THE SIMPLE TRUTH THAT I FAILED YOU...

I FAILED YOU BY NOT STRIVING HARD ENOUGH, NOT DIGGING DEEP ENOUGH, TO UNCOVER MOEBIUS'S HIDDEN AGENDA.
I SAY TO YOU, NO MORE. NO MORE SECRETS. NO MORE RUNNING FROM THE PAST...



IT IS TIME NOW THAT WE LOOK TO THE FUTURE.

END