KERRIGAN
HOPE AND VENGEANCE

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SUBJECT APPEARS TO BE RESTRING...

STILL.

PREVIOUS TDP BATTERIES PROVIDED MINIMAL DATA. THE SUBJECT REFUSES TO RESPOND... PROBABLY... TO STIMULI.

SUBJECT WAS NOT BATHED OR GIVEN FLUIDS DURING THE TWO WEEKS SINCE HER ARRIVAL.

SEEMS TO HAVE ENTERED INTO A DEEPLY COMATOSE STATE. WHETHER THIS IS WILLFUL OR THE RESULT OF HER WARRING ZEPS AND HUMAN PHYSIOLOGIES IS UNCLEAR.

OUR ATTEMPT TO APPLY AN IV RESULTED IN A VIOLENT PHYSICAL RESPONSE THAT I BELIEVE WAS INSTINCTIVE; NO EVIDENCE OF HIGHER-LEVEL, BRAIN ACTIVITY.

I AM SURE THAT WOULD BE SADLY CONFLICT TO MY DEAD ASSISTANTS.

I AM HUMAN.

SHE IS NOT HUMAN.

DESPITE SOME COSTLY SET-BACKS, WE ARE GOING TO PROCEED AHEAD. TRUTH WANTS FOR NO MAN.

DAY 16: BEGINNING THIRD SUN OF WHOLESALE LIFE FORM ANALYSIS.
I remember now.

Memories.

I thought the bastards had ripped them away. The Confederate rebel, the brain surgery, the overmind psychic rape. I thought there was nothing left.

The memories of a little girl.


A life without war.

A life without horror.

A life without...
Death seems to follow her.

I'm not sure what happened last night, but our subject has decided to grace us with some degree of consciousness.

Did she emerge from a cyclical cocoon? Get bored with her coma?

May be she had a nightmare.

Whatever its cause, her awakening sent out a shockwave that destroyed the observation chamber and killed the attending technician.

Another accidental death.

She was forced to rely on other means for analysis.

Means which cannot be killed by a brilliant thought or a bad dream.

The subject now has no human interaction.

I think she prefers it that way.

Violence.

The Confederacy of Man was quick to spare her.

Betrayal.

Her childhood torn apart as dormant powers burst into savage, hungry life.

To isolate her, to share her with its blunt, clumsy tools.

They wanted a weapon.

All she knows of humanity is pain.
I've seen the files. What we were able to recover from the burning Confederate facility.

She resisted. Refused to open herself to the thing that had killed her mother.

They made her obey.

She made her kill.

They unleashed the monster.

They unleashed the monster.
It killed my mother, and they didn’t care.

They unleashed it.

It killed, and it didn’t care.

I killed, and I don’t care.

And then... I was free.

Freed by a man who had every reason to hate me.

I was no fool. Arculus Menasha still pointed me to kill. To join his revolution and draw Confederate blood with Jim Bowie.

But this time... this time they asked. They spoke to me of a future.

They told me that my efforts would bring down those who had hurt me.

They spoke of vengeance.

Hope and vengeance. The words meant nothing to me. I finally had a purpose. A choice.

I chose to be here. I chose my actions. For the first time, I was where I wanted to be.

I began to feel. To care.

I began to trust.
GOD DAMN THEM, I BEGAN TO TELL THE TRUTH.

NEVER AGAIN.

NEVER AGAIN. I RISK HUMAN LIVES TO CROPPLE THIS... THIS THING.

MY OWN FATHER PLAYED A BLOODY ROLE IN HER CREATION, AND I WILL BE DAMNED IF I AM GOING TO TAKE ANOTHER BIT PART IN HER DARK MAJESTY.

I WILL LEARN WHAT I CAN FROM HER.

BUT I HAVE AN OBLIGATION TO THOSE WHO HAVE JOINED ME; A RESPONSIBILITY TO UPHOLD.

I AM NOT MY FATHER.

I WILL DO WHAT I CAN TO FIND SOME REMNANCE OF HUMANITY WHERE THE FALLEN QUEEN OF BLADES... 

IF THERE IS ANY.

I HAVE PROMISED PAYANCE THAT MUCH.

A RECOVERING SOLDIER IS ONE THING... 

BUT I WILL PUT HER DOWN THE SECOND SHE PROVES OTHERWISE.

A RESURRENT BLOOD IS ANOTHER THING ENTIRELY.
Why did the zero-overmind spare her?

Did it know that it was preparing the very instrument that would help to bring about its own destruction?

Hell! Did the Confederacy know?

Would I know?

No, this is different. I am trying to help.

I’m not using her. I’m learning from her.

Still, I can’t help but wonder...

...if they weren’t all thinking the same thing.

No, no.

I am in control.

I was a billion claws.

A billion fangs.

I killed.

And killed.

Whenever pain I had felt, I returned a thousandfold. I took the swarm through blood and lies, and I turned it on those who had betrayed me.

I was in control.

At my word, mountains fled, oceans dried up, planets died.

I was in control, and I was the monster.

Vengeance ruled me just as sternly as the Confederacy had.

Now I understand vengeance. When do I understand hope?

I... I am a monster.

Security Protocols Violated. Terminate Subject?
Detonation in 05 seconds.

And I have taken the liberty of reshaping the charges around your little spy nest... Just in case you were kidding about not wanting to follow in your old man's footsteps.

Detonation cancelled.

The cameras are still working... I can still— NO.

No more cameras, Valerian. No more scans. No more silly puzzles.

I will put together a new battery of tests tonight. We will... start again, Sarah.

You want to see what you can learn from me? I don't think you can keep up.

I am not human.