

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN

FIONA STAPLES



Saga

VOLUME
TWO

FS'12

VOLUME
TWO

SAGA

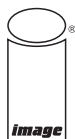


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BRIAN K. VAUGHAN

W R I T E R

FIONA STAPLES

A R T I S T

FONOGRAFIKS

L E T T E R I N G + D E S I G N

ERIC STEPHENSON

C O O R D I N A T O R



CHAPTER
SEVEN

I should rewind for a second.









Apparently, this
is his first memory.



When dad was just a boy,
his mother and father took him
to the site of the final battle
fought on Wreath.



Even the moon's soil still
remembered the massacre that
took place that day.



His parents didn't say
a word, but the point
of their lesson was clear.



Never forget.



Never forget the
countless heroes who
sacrificed so much.



And more importantly,
never forget those evil
fucks with the wings.

So yeah, that was then.



Guyz,
I'd like you
to meet
Alana.

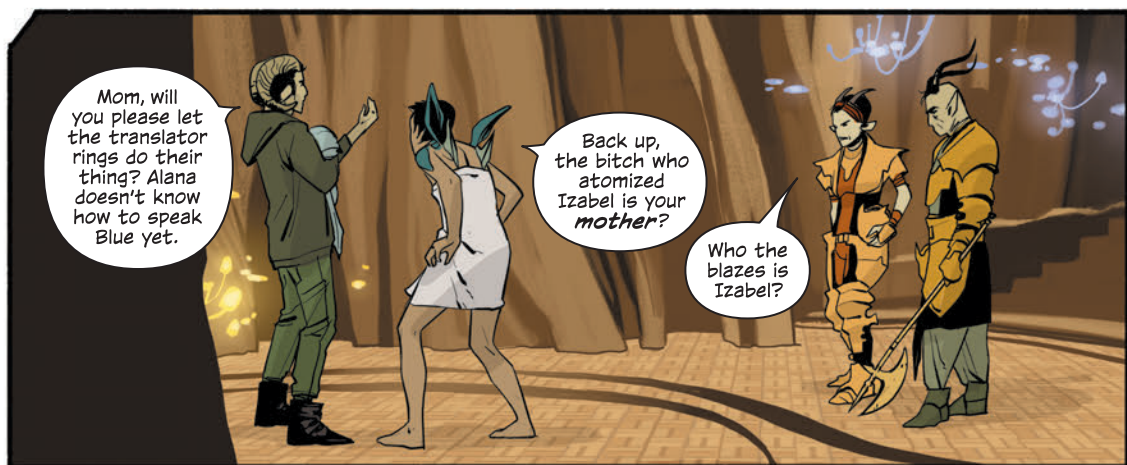
My
wife.



Sankta
fek.

I just wanted to
make sure everyone
was on the same
page before this
next part.

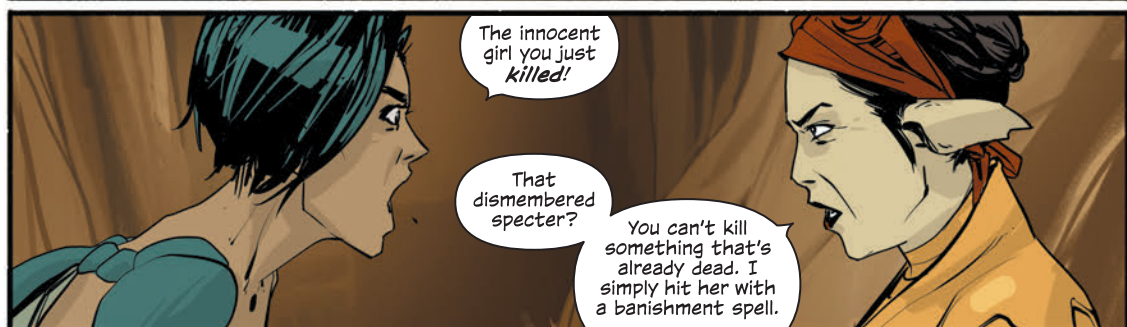




Mom, will you please let the translator rings do their thing? Alana doesn't know how to speak Blue yet.

Back up, the bitch who atomized Izabel is your *mother*?

Who the blazes is Izabel?



The innocent girl you just *killed*!

That dismembered specter?

You can't kill something that's already dead. I simply hit her with a banishment spell.



Banishment where?

I don't know, the nearest planetoid.

I thought she was one of your captors. I thought you'd be *grateful*.



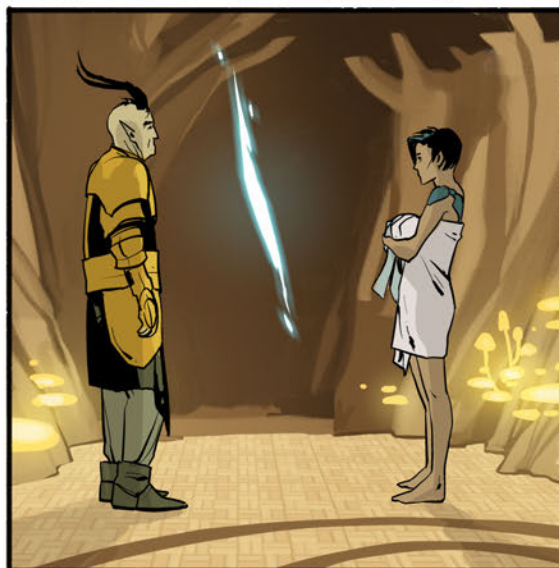
Marko, what the heck is going on?

I'll fill you in later, Papa.



Right now, I have to get our babysitter back.

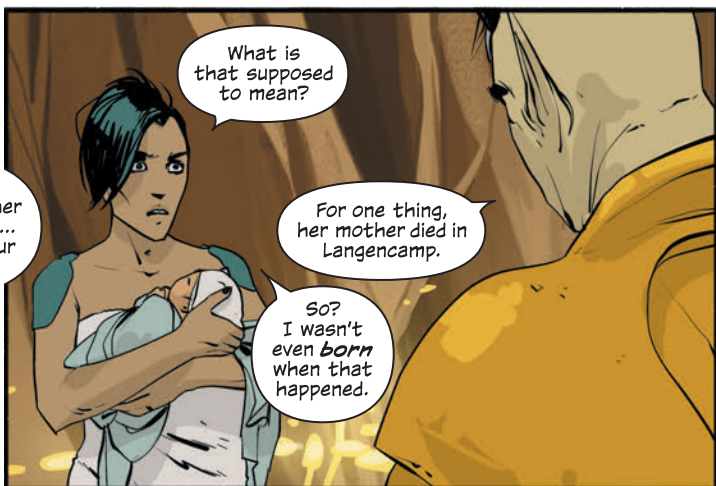






You'll have to excuse my wife.

It's difficult for her to see her only child with... someone of your background.



What is that supposed to mean?

For one thing, her mother died in Langencamp.

So? I wasn't even *born* when that happened.



Besides, all my uncles were slaughtered at Southmoor!

And what, you think Landfall's response was proportional?

Is that what your "*history*" books taught you?



Yeah, not having this conversation.

Just a moment!

The child.



Is it... normal?















Mother,
please.



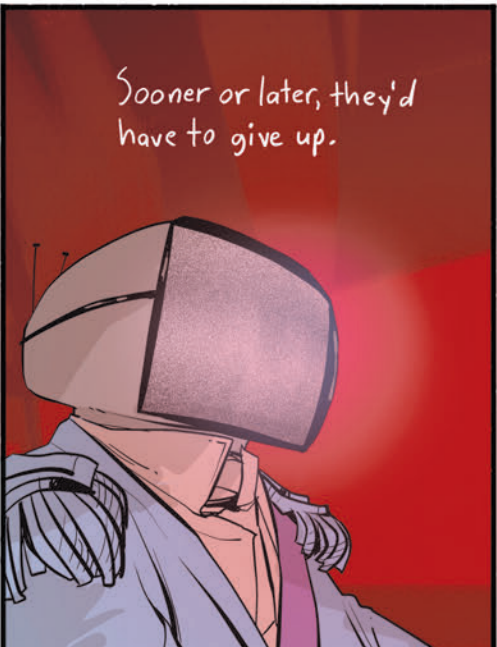
We are small, but the universe is not.



That's how my family
hoped to survive the many diverse
entities who wanted us dead or worse.

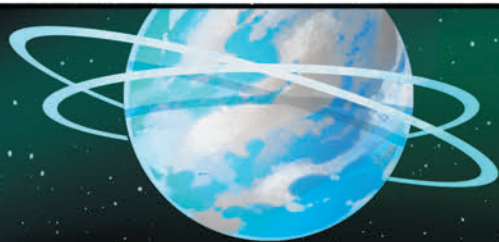


As long as we kept moving, our
pursuers would have little
chance of finding us
in the vastness of space.



Sooner or later, they'd
have to give up.

That was the
hope, at least.

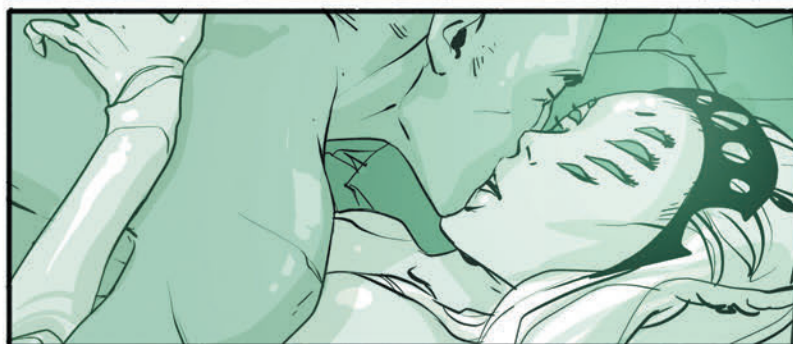
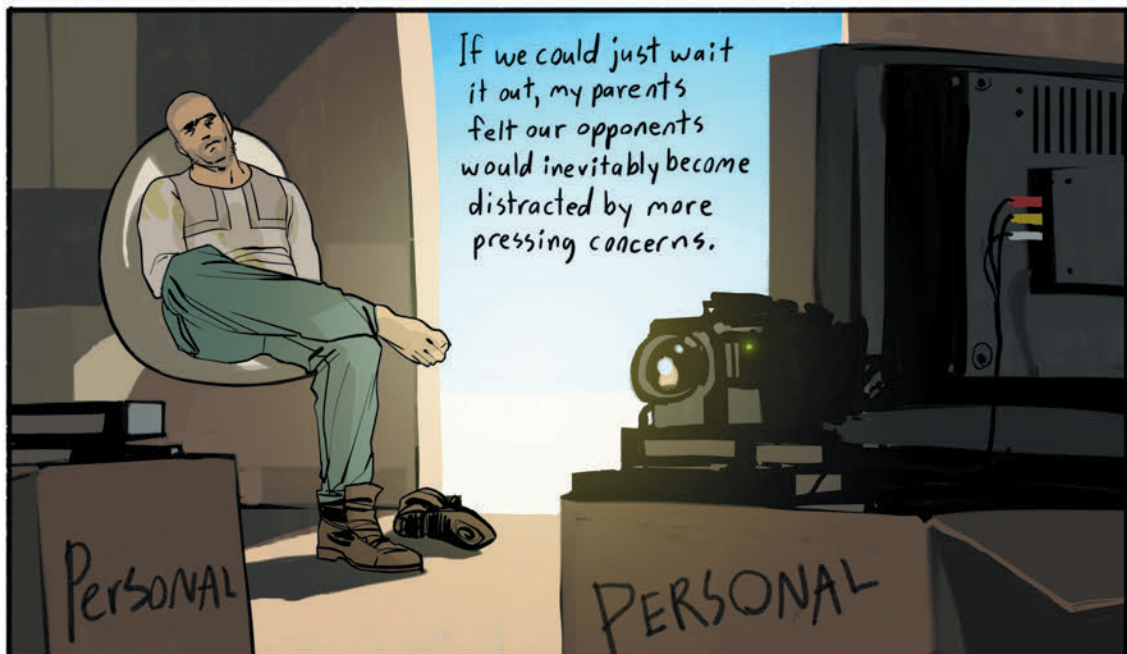


The powers that be were
outraged that I'd
been born...

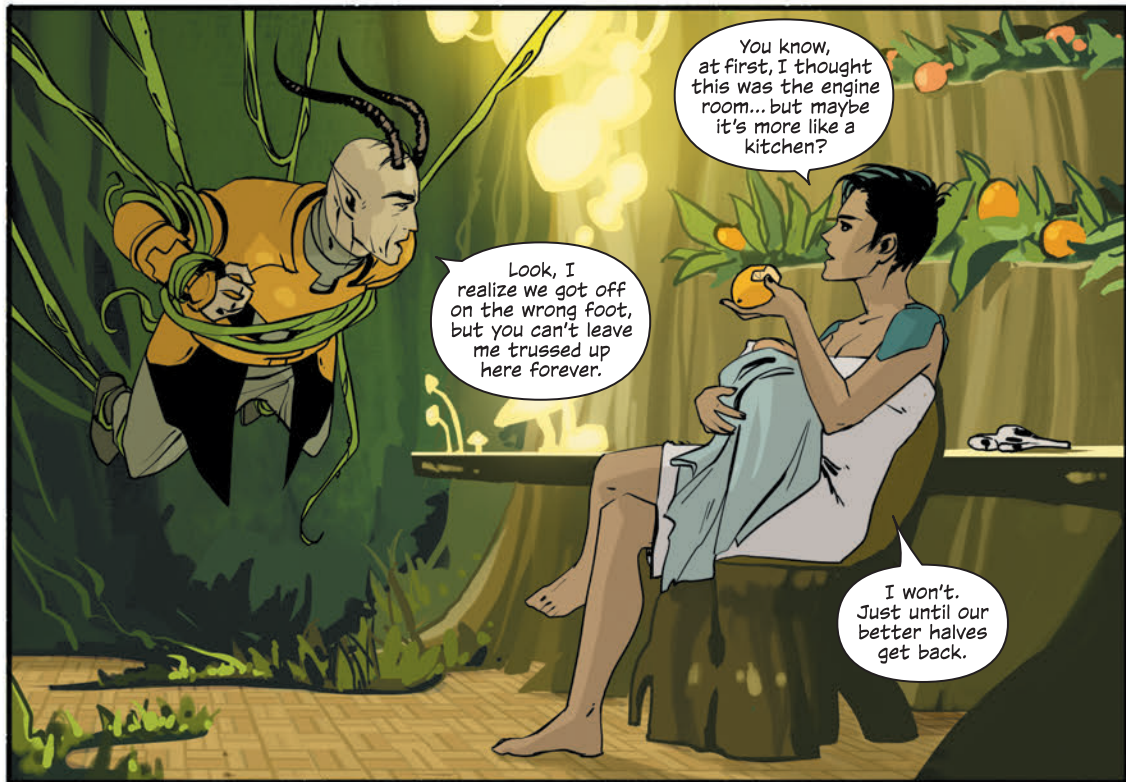
...but outrageous things
happen all the time
during a war.



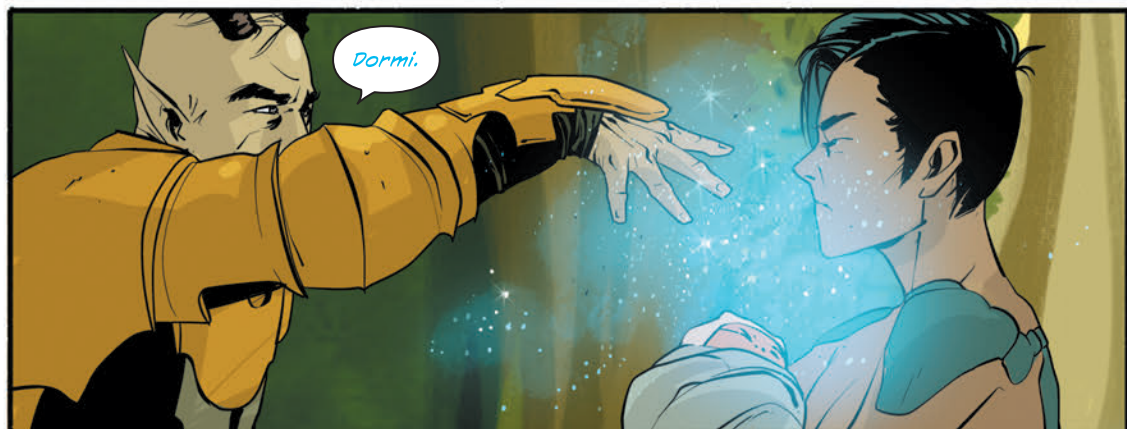
If we could just wait
it out, my parents
felt our opponents
would inevitably become
distracted by more
pressing concerns.



We'd never be
forgiven, but maybe
we'd be forgotten.









Beautiful
goddamn
name.

end chapter seven



CHAPTER
EIGHT

A NIGHT TIME SMOKE

with matching indifference, they watched the purple stain's relentless march across the helpless rug.

"Will you judge me if I open another bottle?"

"I will, though I think you'll approve of the verdict," Eames said.

Contessa went to uncork something with a duck on the label, while Eames fisted couch cushions in search of the remote.

"Hey, did you tape *Cake Haters*?"

"Shit," she yelled from the kitchen. "Sorry, I spaced."

Eames just shrugged, as Contessa returned to refill their glasses.

"It's fine. This season has kind of sucked anyway."

"I know, right? Hey, should we go to your brother's opening instead?"

"Definitely not," he smiled.

Eames then patted the beaten seat next to him, and a grinning Contessa took her place to his right.

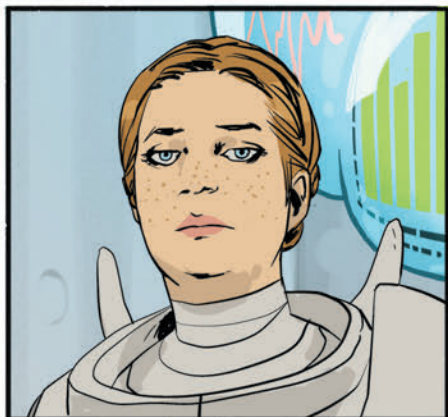
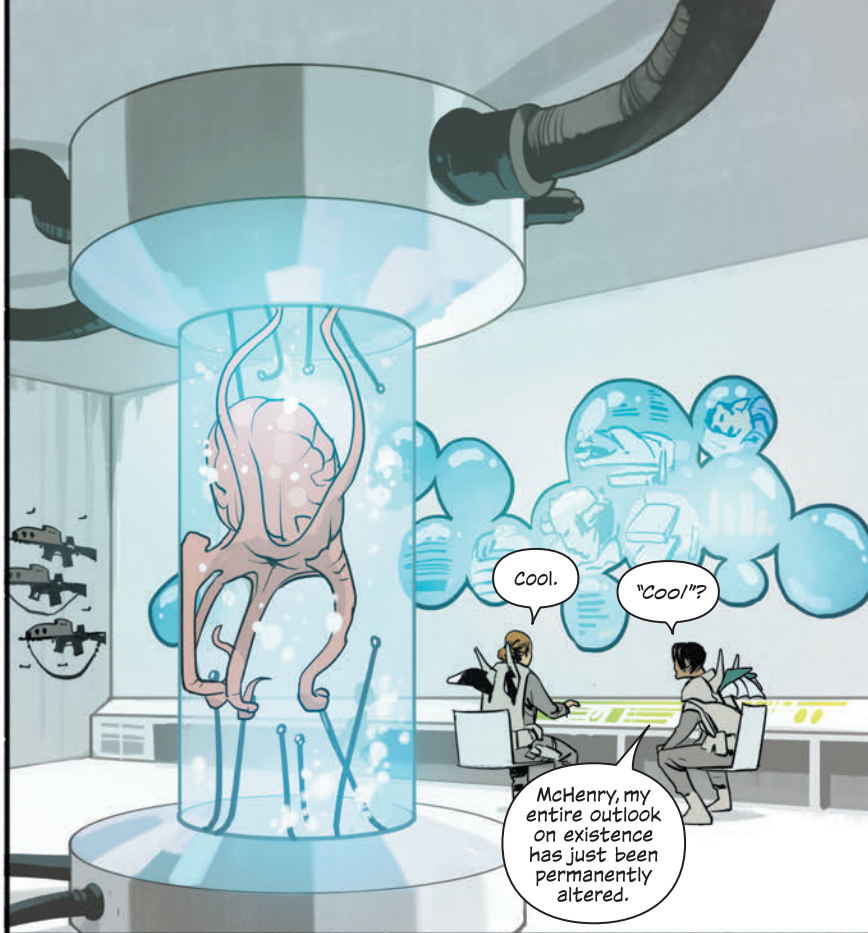
Always the right.

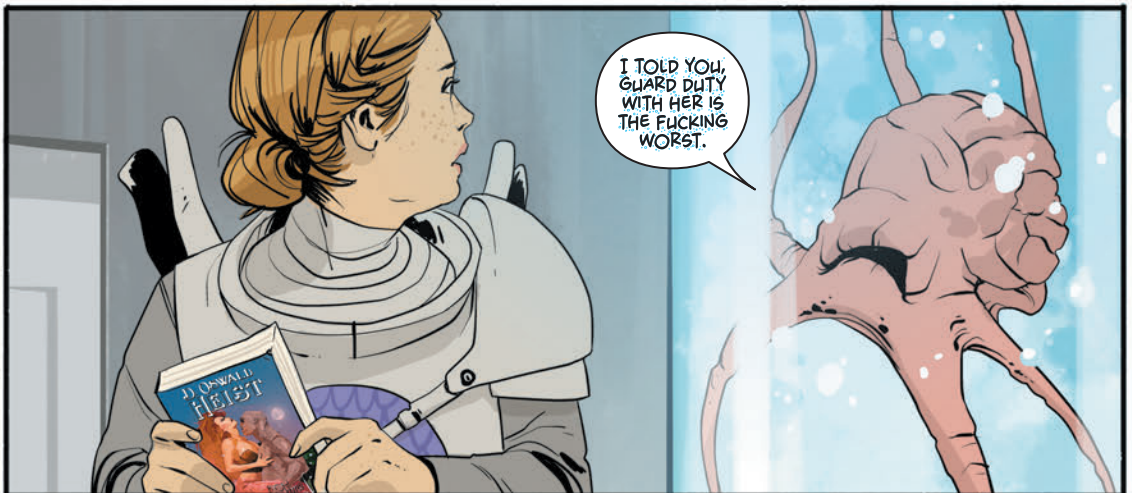
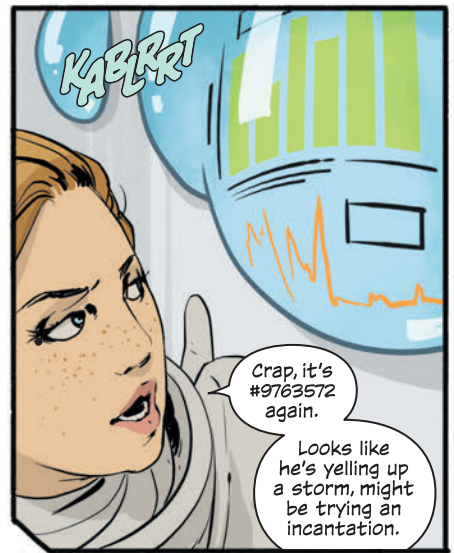
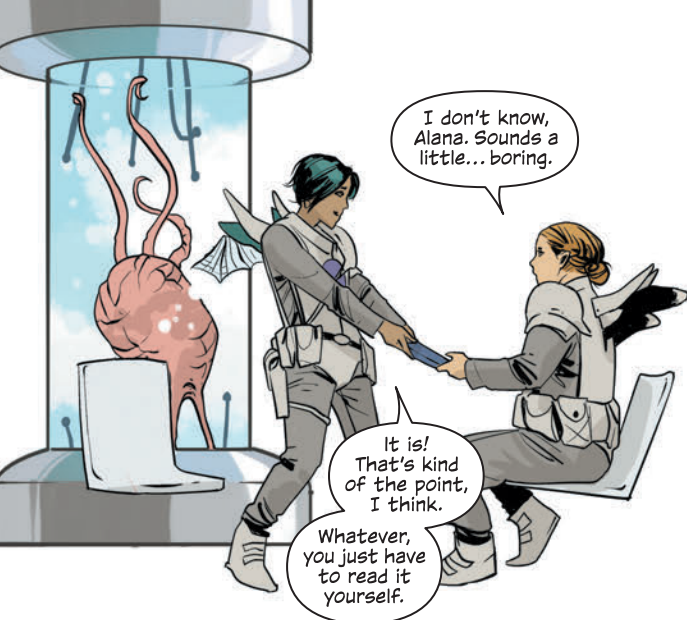
~FINO~

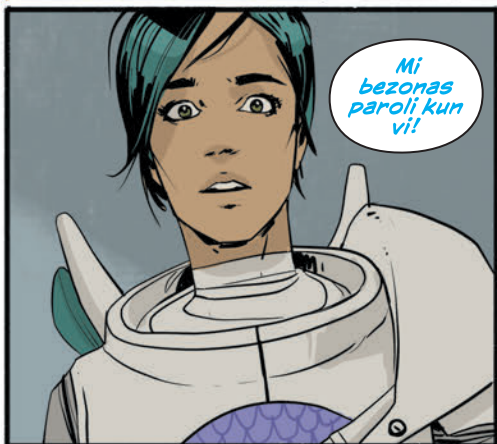
Holy.

Fucking.

Shit.









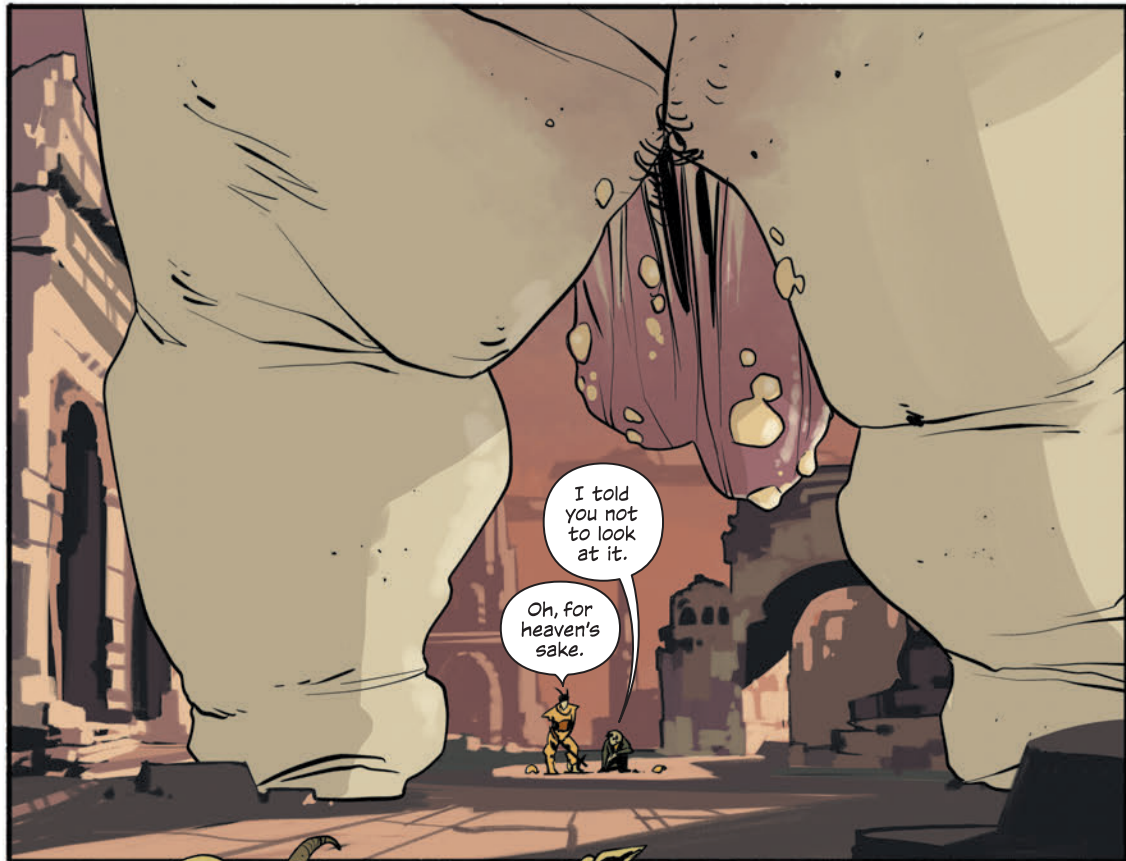


I said no
talking.

In romantic comedies,
this is called the
"meet-cute."



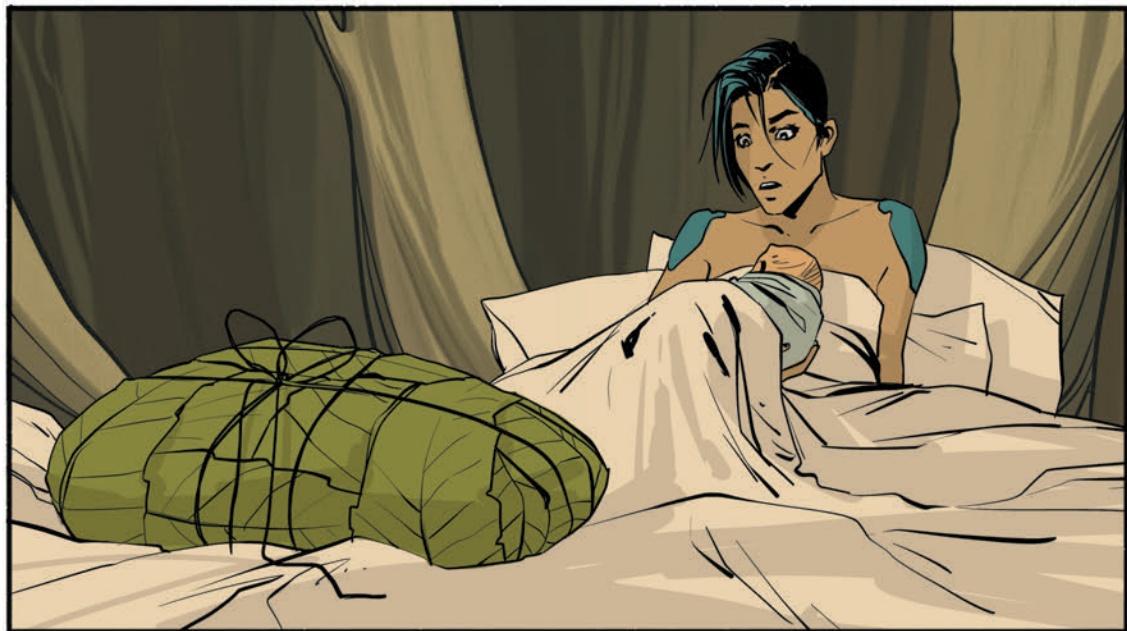
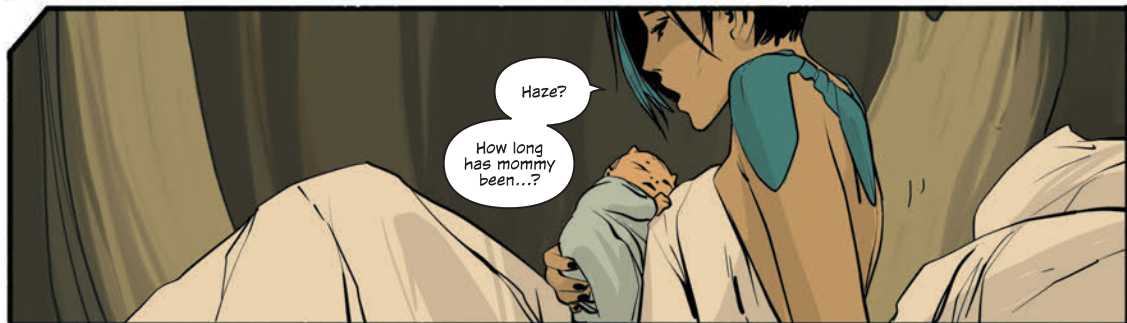
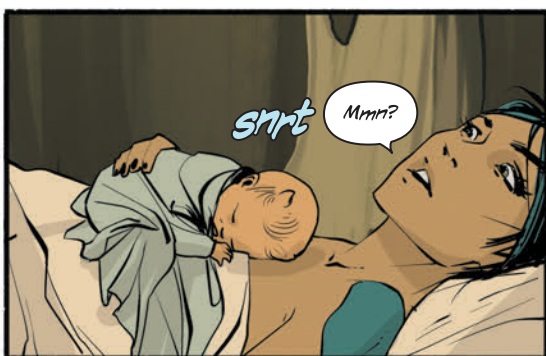


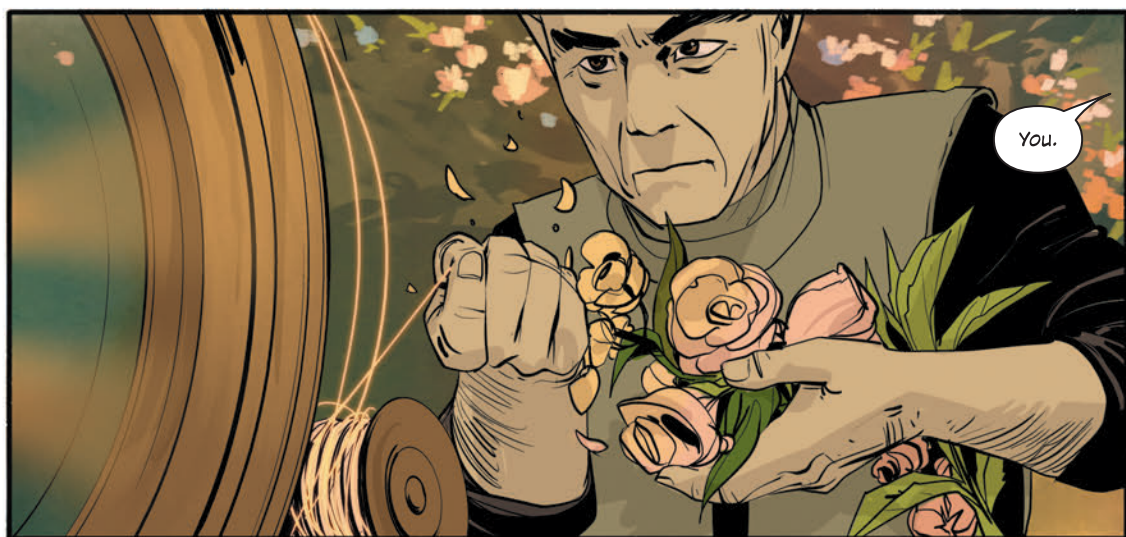














He most certainly is not. I'm an *armor*er.

These garments are for your own protection. Everything I conjured for you is ray-proof and gunpowder-resistant.



And crazy flattering to my mushy parts.

But they're not much use against bladed weapons, so try not to get stabbed.

Anyway, if you'll please excuse me, I still have to finish a blanket for Hazel, a jacket for Marko, and a new top for my--



Nnn.

Sir?



You said you're sick.

You need rest.

Can't. Trust me when I say that things are only going to get harder for you and your family. I need to make sure that all of you will be safe after... after I'm *gone*.



Fuck that.

Whatever disease you have, we'll find a way to beat it.



My father once told me that your first grandchild is nature's reminder that your warranty's about to run out.

He died less than a year after Marko was born.



There's no cure for my illness, Alana. One day very soon, my heart will just stop working. It's not something I'm looking forward to, but I've made my peace with it.

But how can you keep it a secret from Marko?

From your *wife*?



Because I don't want my final days in this universe to be filled with pity and sorrow.

I want to spend this time doing what I like best for the people I care about most.

But...you don't even know me.



Maybe not, but lord do you ever talk in your sleep.

It's clear you love my boy very much.



I haven't always.



Oh?

At first, he annoyed the shit out of me.

Marko can be a self-righteous ass, he has no idea how to sit still, and worst of all, he laughs at his own jokes.



Then why did you risk everything to be with him?



Because your son is so goddamn beautiful.



Ha.

I assure you, looks aren't forever.

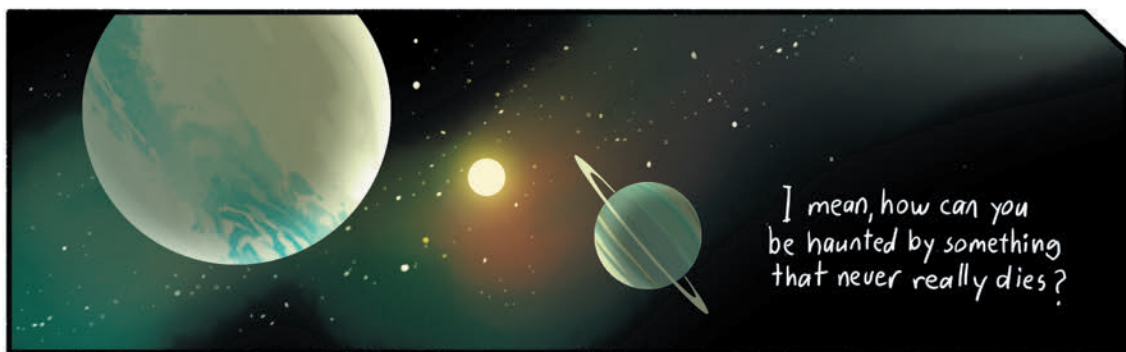
Oh, I know.



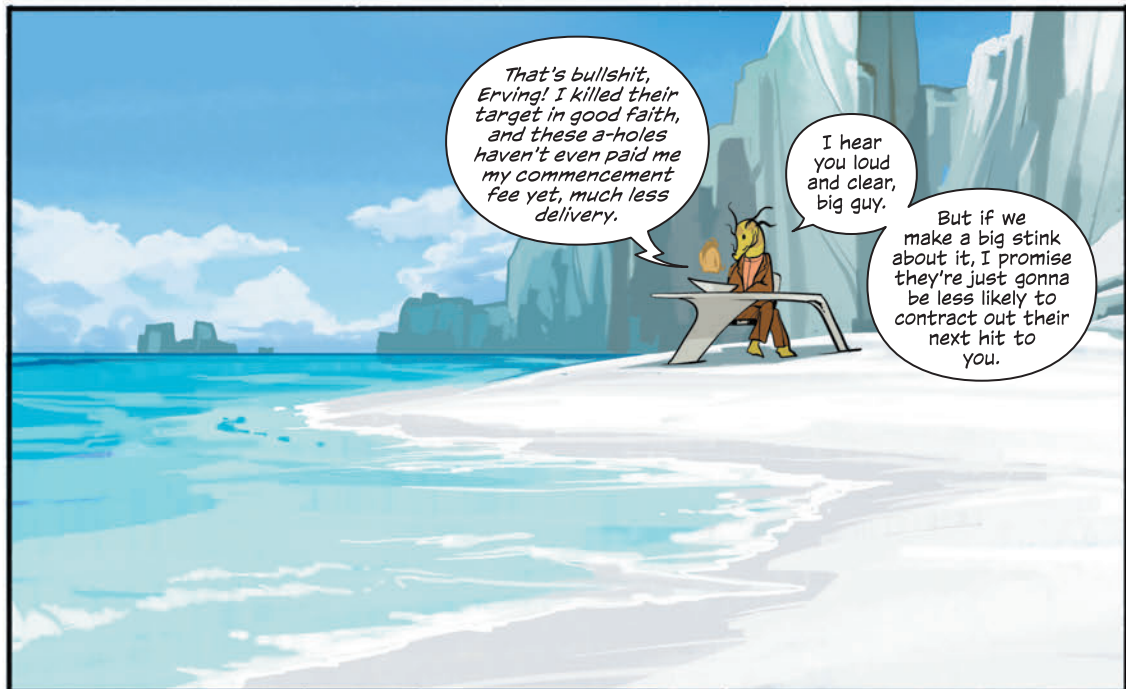
I wasn't talking about his looks.







I mean, how can you be haunted by something that never really dies?



That's bullshit, Erving! I killed their target in good faith, and these a-holes haven't even paid me my commencement fee yet, much less delivery.

I hear you loud and clear, big guy.

But if we make a big stink about it, I promise they're just gonna be less likely to contract out their next hit to you.



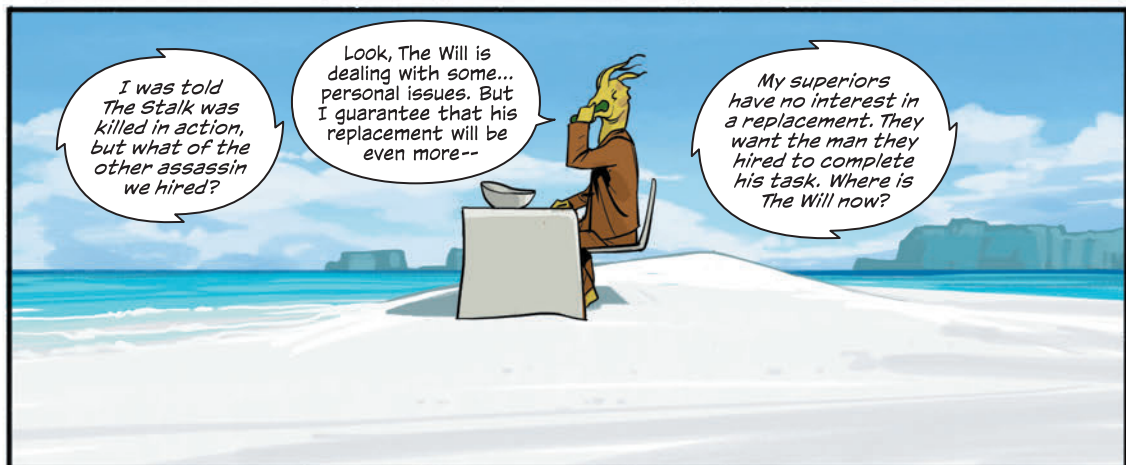
See, this is why Freelancers are always getting screwed over in this war.

Our own reps refuse to fight for--

Hold that thought, The March.



I got someone on the hotline.





Hello.

My name is
Gwendolyn.

end chapter eight



CHAPTER
NINE

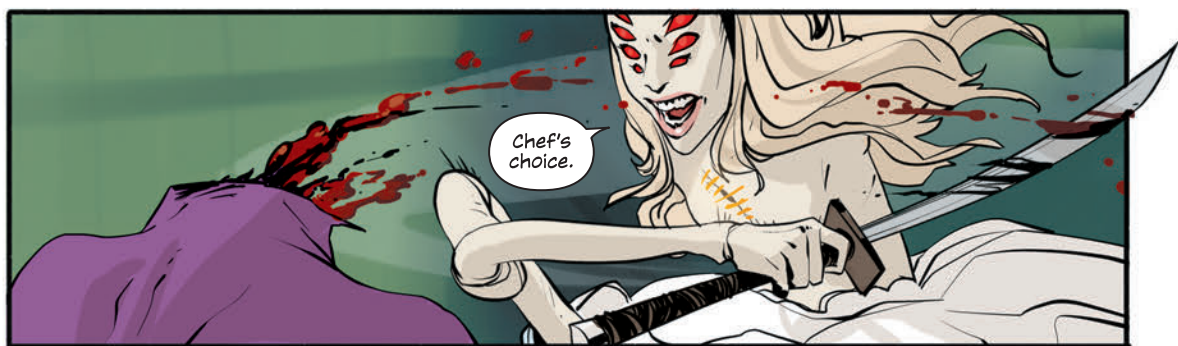


Honestly,
what is
wrong with
you?

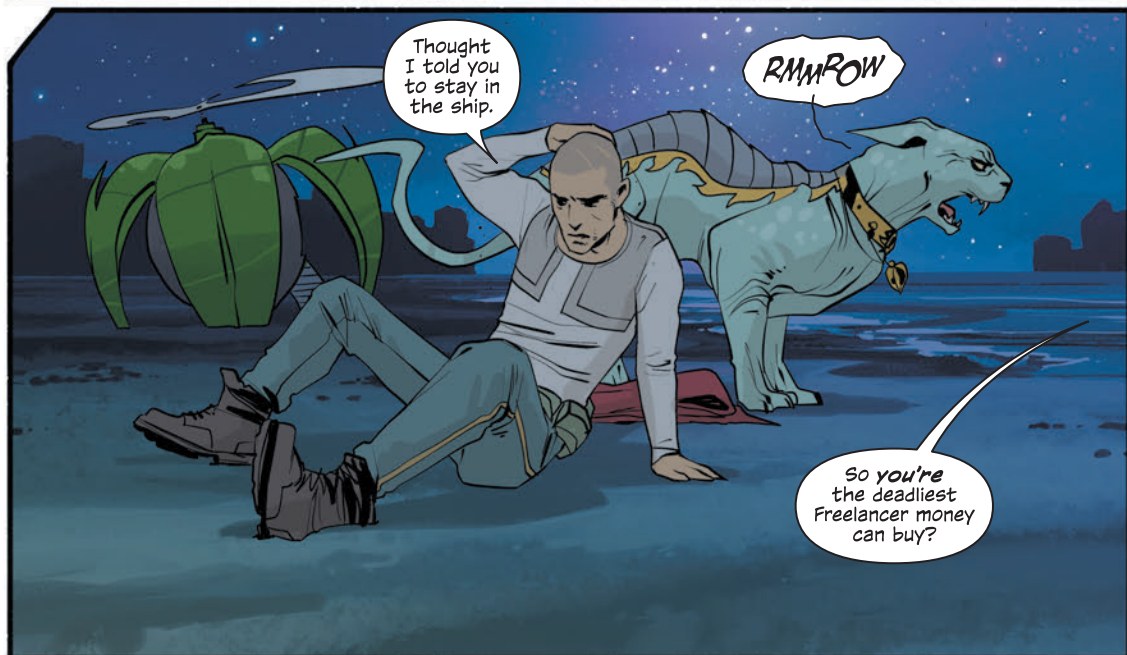
Dive Bar

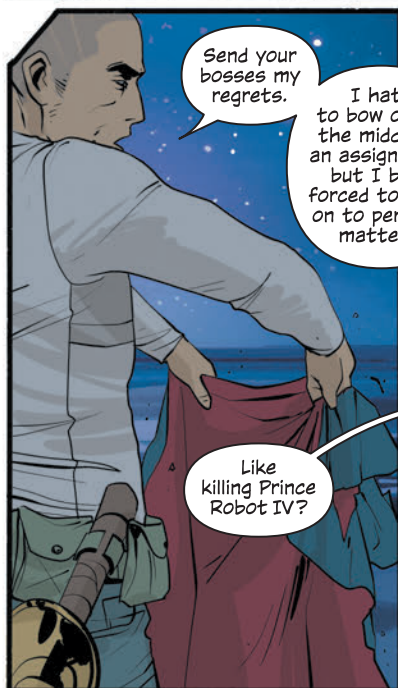


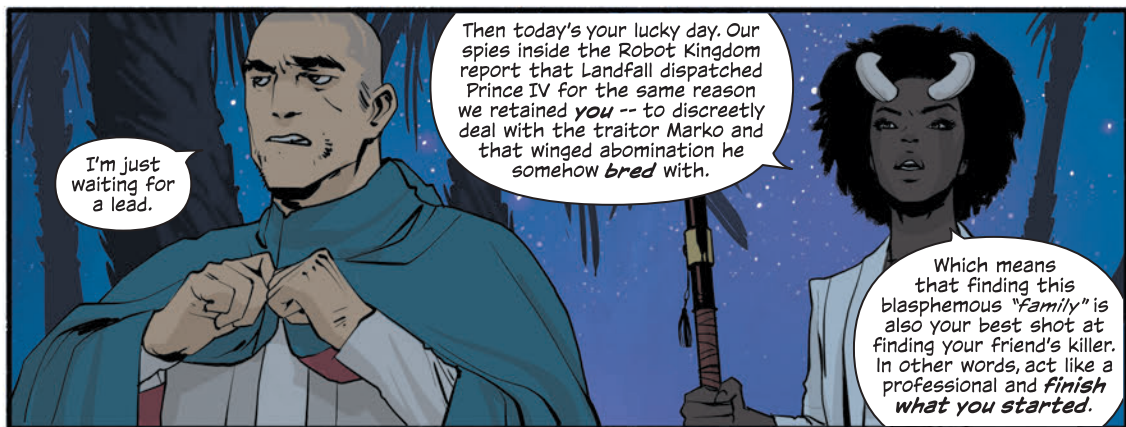


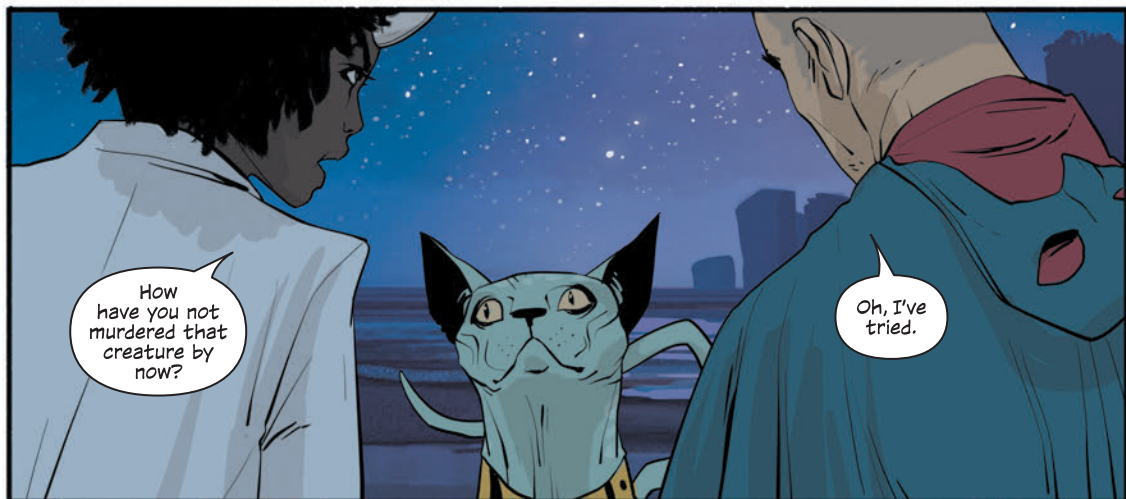
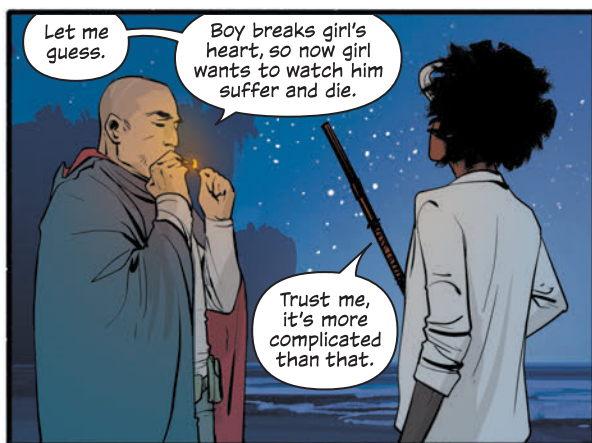














Look, the cash isn't for me, it's for a little girl, trapped inside Sextillion.

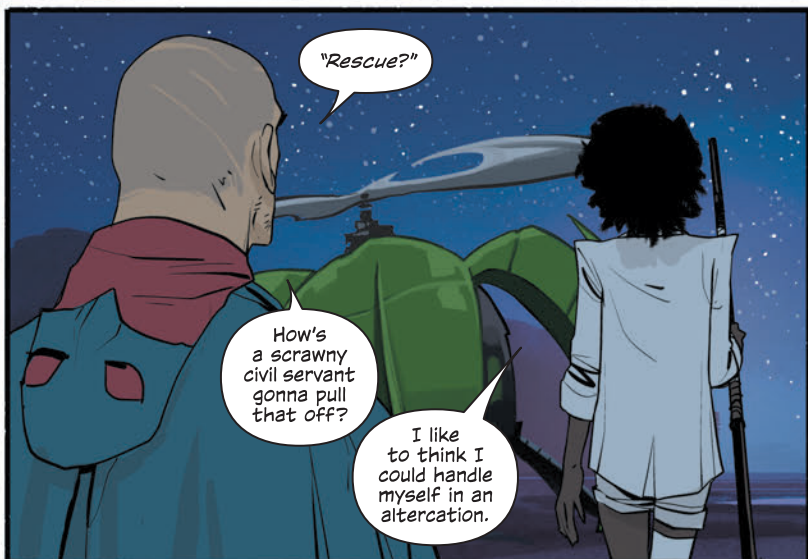
It's just... something I gotta do.

You want to purchase some trollop's freedom? *Why?*



~sigh~

And if I rescued this damsel in distress for you, would you swear to quit moping and get back to work?



"Rescue?"

How's a scrawny civil servant gonna pull that off?

I like to think I could handle myself in an altercation.



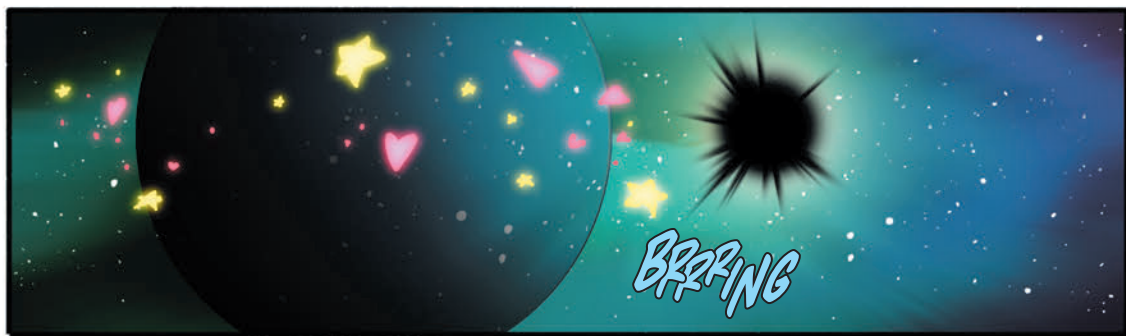
You wouldn't make it past the front door!

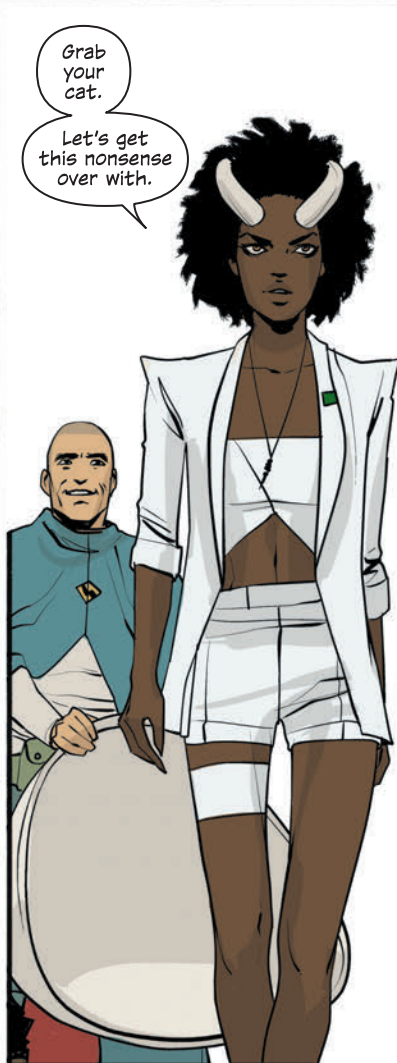
Sextillion is smack in the middle of wing-controlled territory, and there's no way we're hiding those horns.

If my plan works, we won't even have to leave the beach. Just get me an open line from an unlisted number.



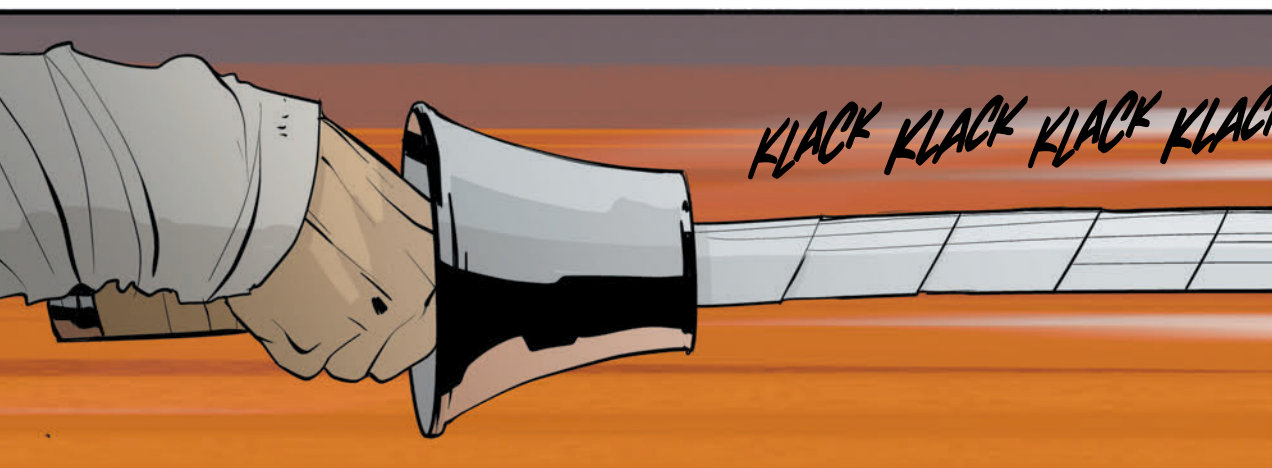
And tell your animal to stay *outside* until I'm through.

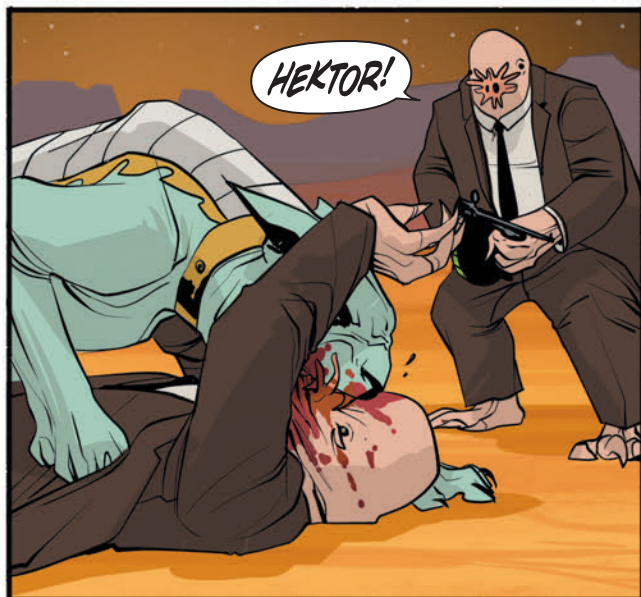


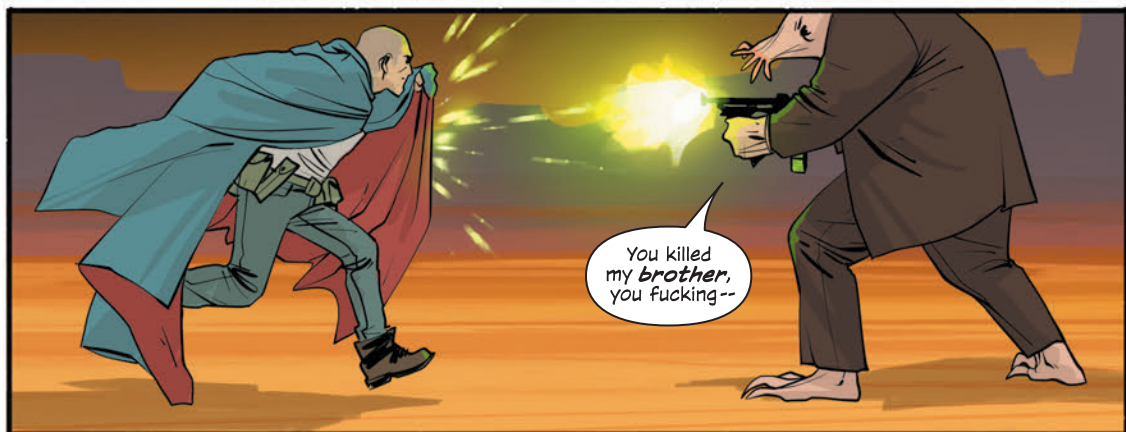




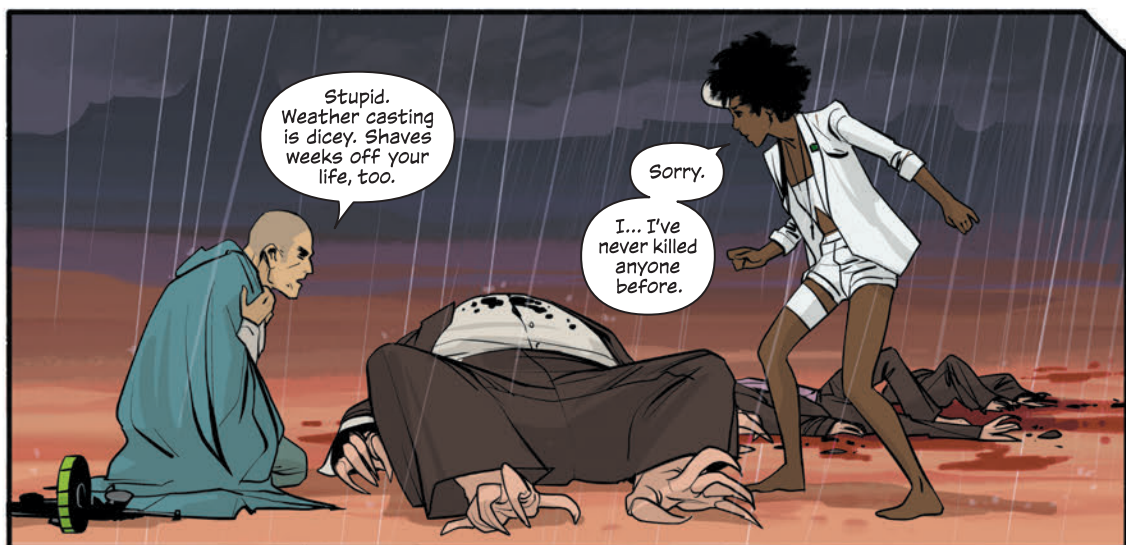


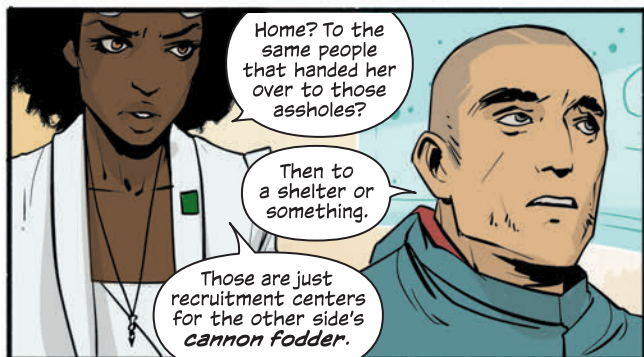
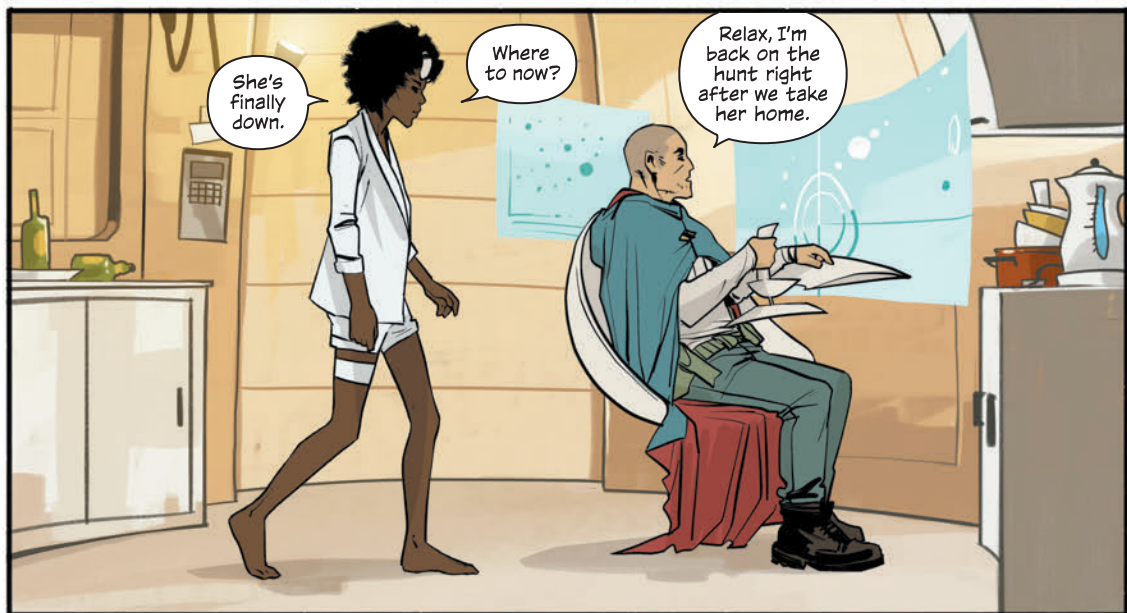
















Thataway.

end chapter nine

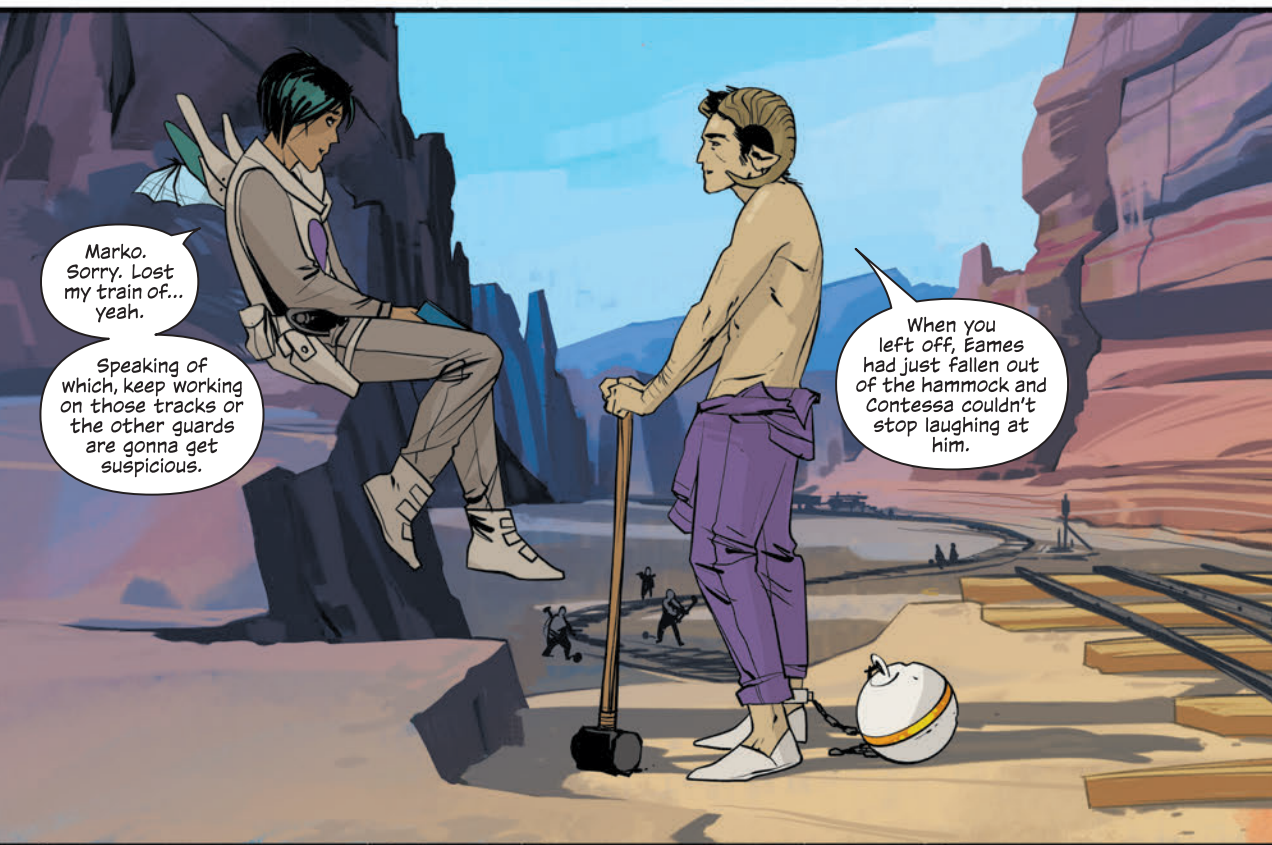


CHAPTER
TEN



Please.

Keep
reading.



Marko.
Sorry. Lost
my train of...
yeah.

Speaking of
which, keep working
on those tracks or
the other guards
are gonna get
suspicious.

When you
left off, Eames
had just fallen out
of the hammock and
Contessa couldn't
stop laughing at
him.



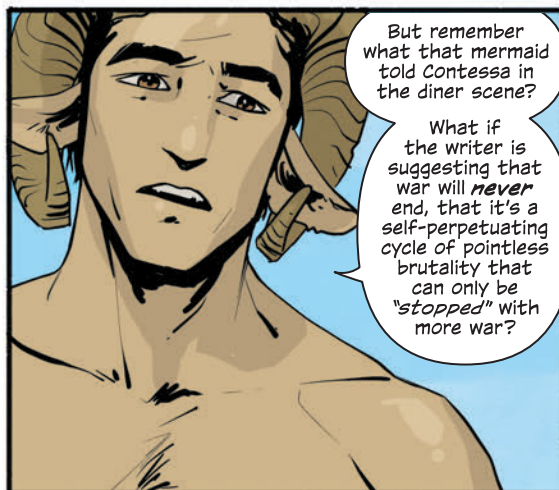
I
love this
part.

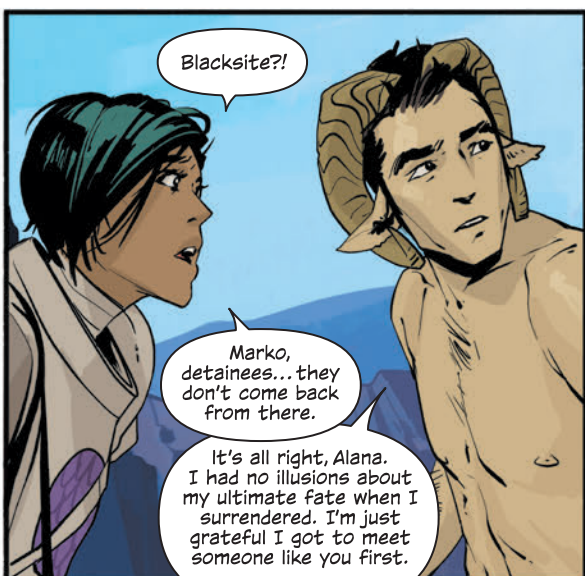
The rock monster blushed, and Contessa worried she'd crossed a line. "It actually looked kind of graceful." "Fuck you," Eames grumbled. He held out his hand for help up, but Contessa hesitated, suspecting that Eames would just pull her to the ground. Instead, she sat down next to him, smoothing the creases of her skirt. The grass was cold. "We should just order in tonight," one of them thought and another said aloud. They looked up at the clouds, their silence broken only by muffled horn blasts from a distant traffic jam.



I don't
understand.

It's like it
was written just
for me.









Most of them,
anyway.

How is
this inane
quest not
over yet?



Izabel has
to be around here
somewhere. That
giant clearly said
he saw a *ghost* in
Shadow City.

He also said
this planetoid was
about to *hatch*. And
I shouldn't have to
remind you of this,
but newborns tend to
come out *hungry*, so
perhaps we should
leave before--

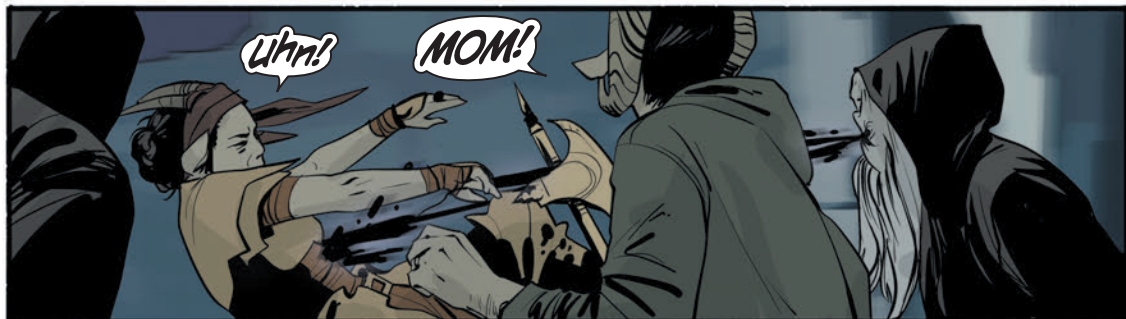
Who!



Who dares
disturb our
final hour?



Who dares
disturb the
Midwives?





*Yeah,
that's
right.*

*Flee
in terror,
bitches!*



What
now?



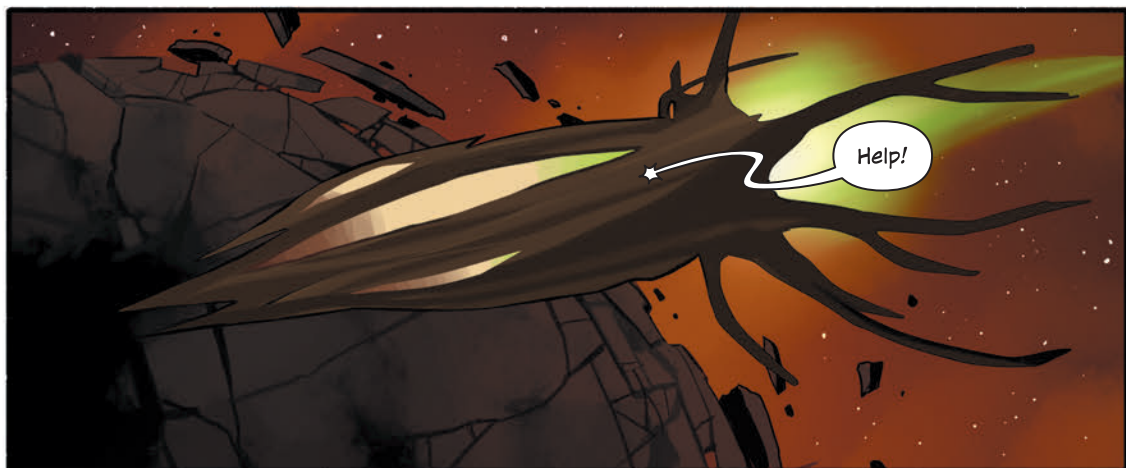
It's
okay.

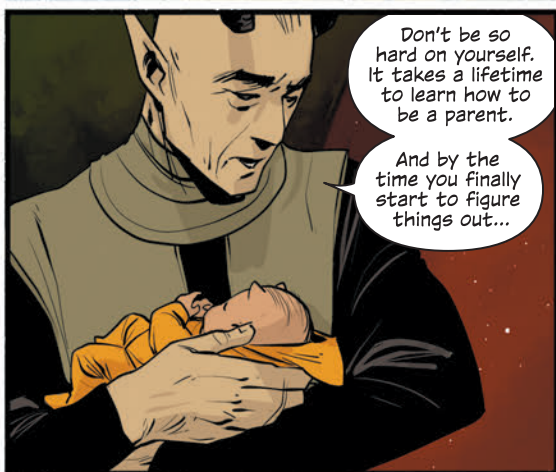
I think...
I think it's
one of her
illusions.

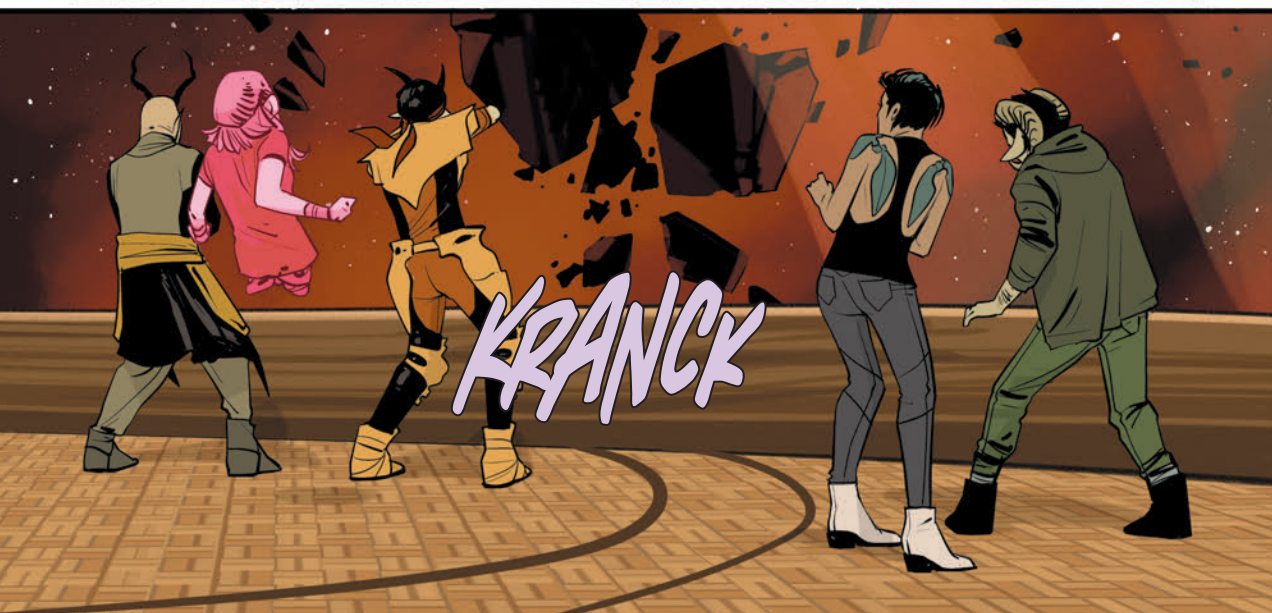
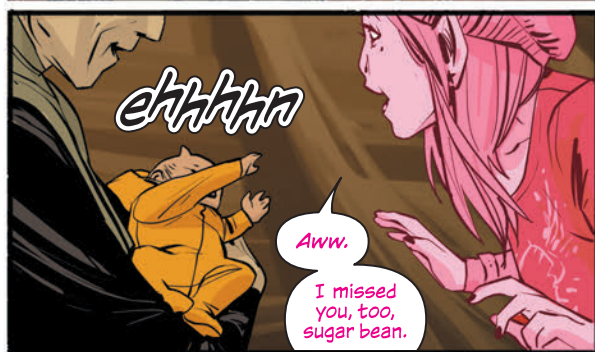


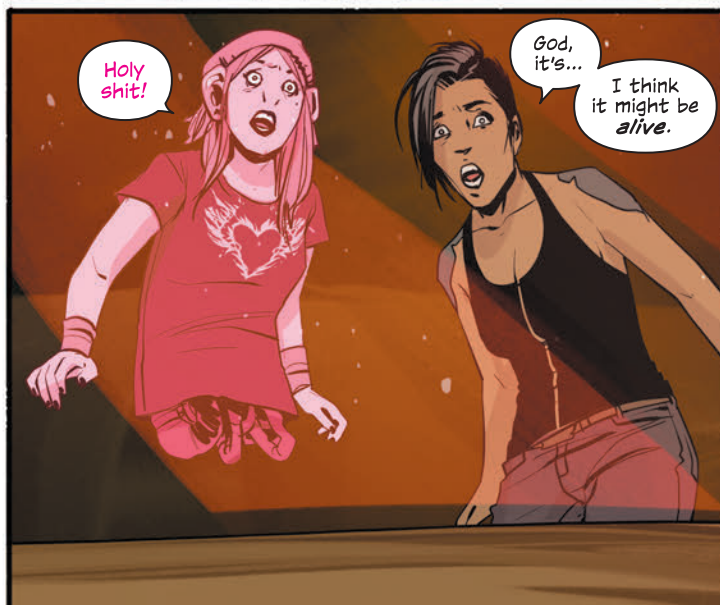
Just so you
know, this is
the third-worst
babysitting gig
I've ever had.













Exactly.





Yeah, I'd say we're go for launch.

Get us the hell away from that thing... please.



Am I having a stroke or did the lighting scheme just change in here?



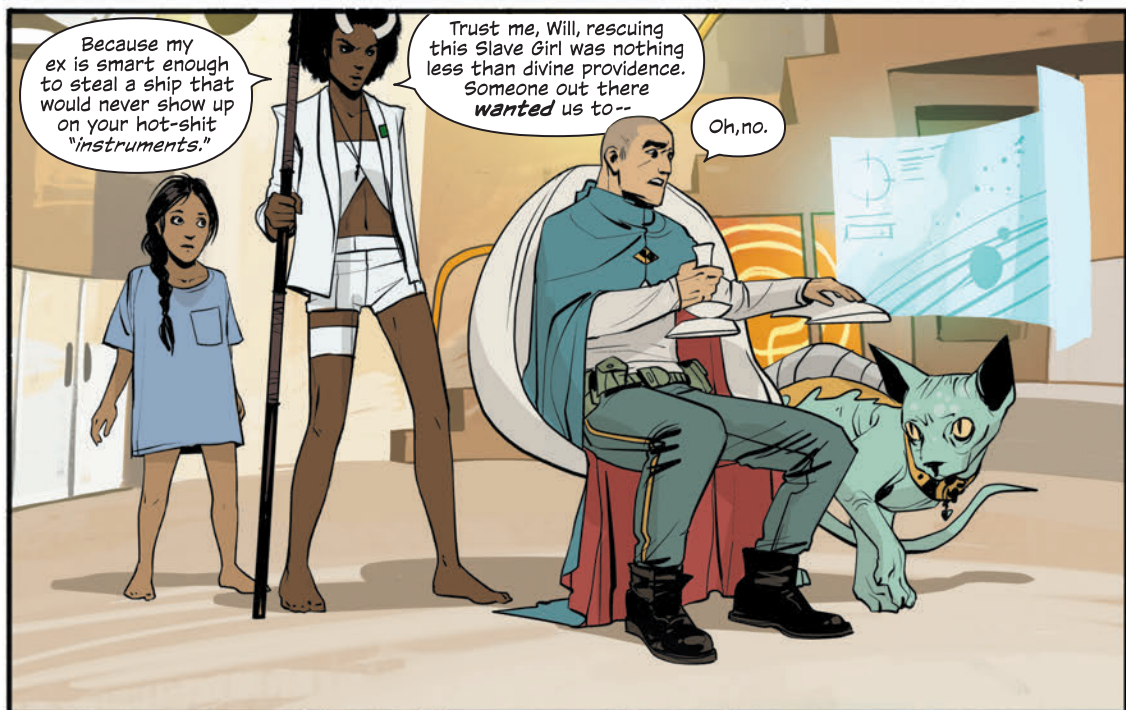
Crap.

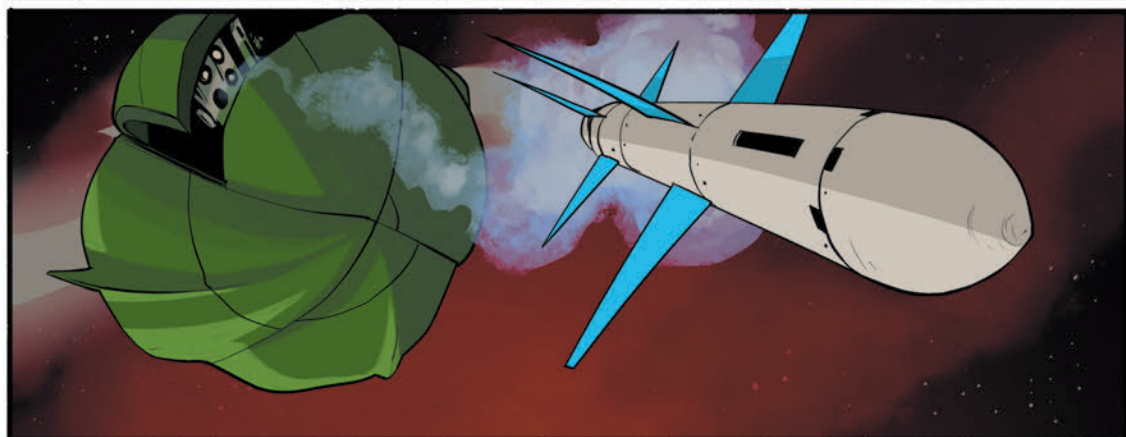
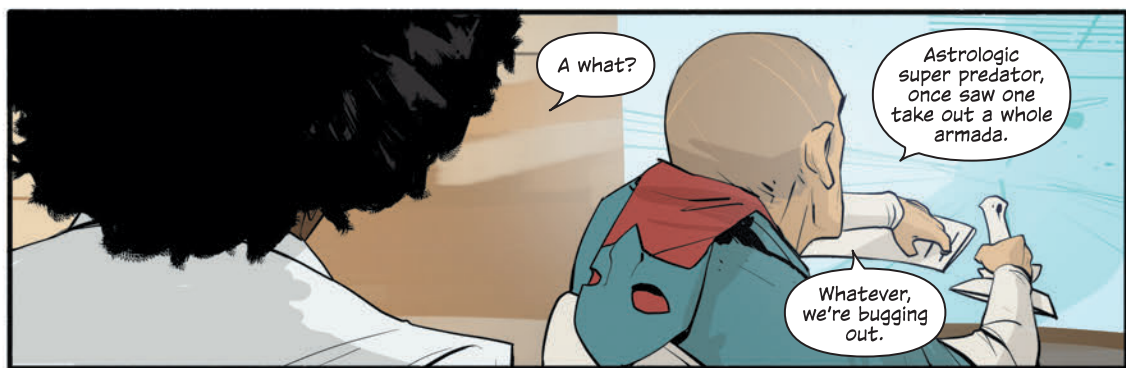
I think that means there's another ship closing in on us.

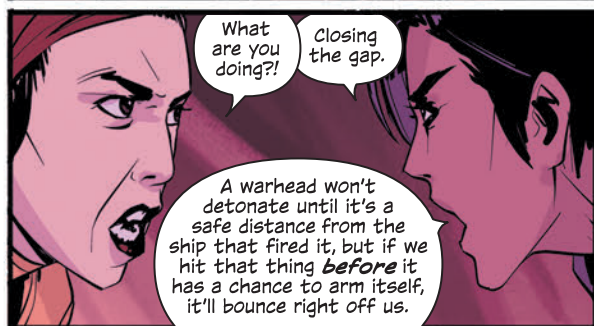
What kind of ship?

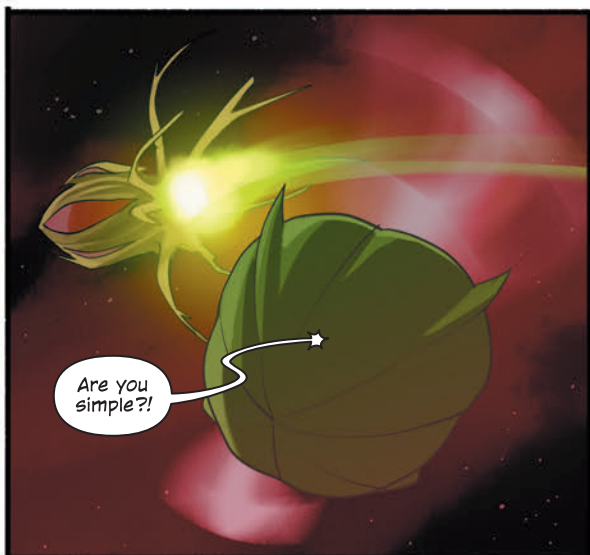


Like I said, the ladies loved my father.











When former lovers
fight, innocents get
caught in the
crossfire.



The end of a long-term
relationship is so destructive,
it can impact friends, colleagues,
people you've never even met.



But that's the nice thing
about collateral damage.
By definition, it's completely
incidental to the mission
at hand.



As long as
the right people win,
who cares if some random
nobody gets hurt in the process?



Acceptable losses, etc.



end chapter ten



CHAPTER
ELEVEN

HNN'NG





Yeah yeah, so my mom and dad used to have sex.

That.

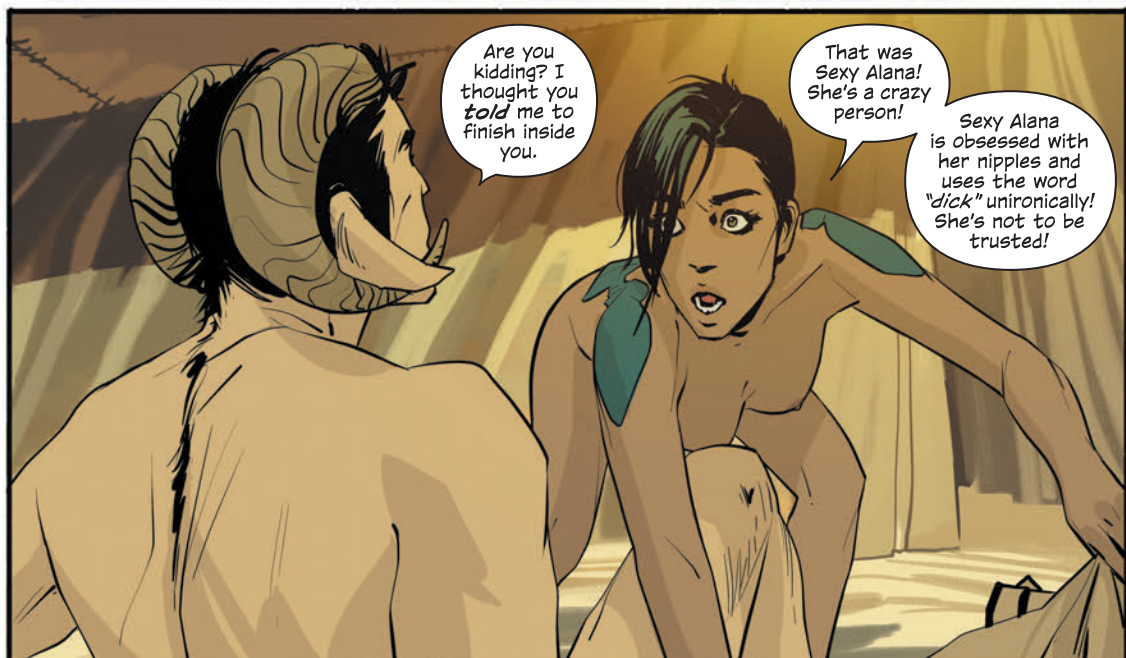
That was the best yet.



What, like your parents just **WILLED** you into existence...

Did.

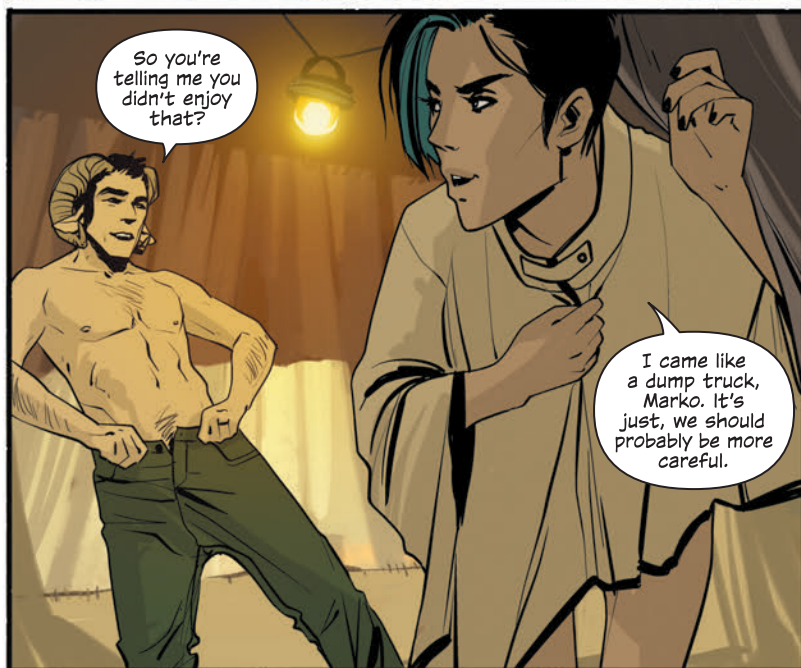
Did you finish inside me?



Are you kidding? I thought you **told** me to finish inside you.

That was Sexy Alana! She's a crazy person!

Sexy Alana is obsessed with her nipples and uses the word "dick" unironically! She's not to be trusted!



So you're telling me you didn't enjoy that?

I came like a dump truck, Marko. It's just, we should probably be more careful.



Why?



Um, because we're *fugitives*, wanted dead or extra dead by at least two different armies?

Thanks to you, we're finally *free*.

What good is freedom if we can't do what we want?



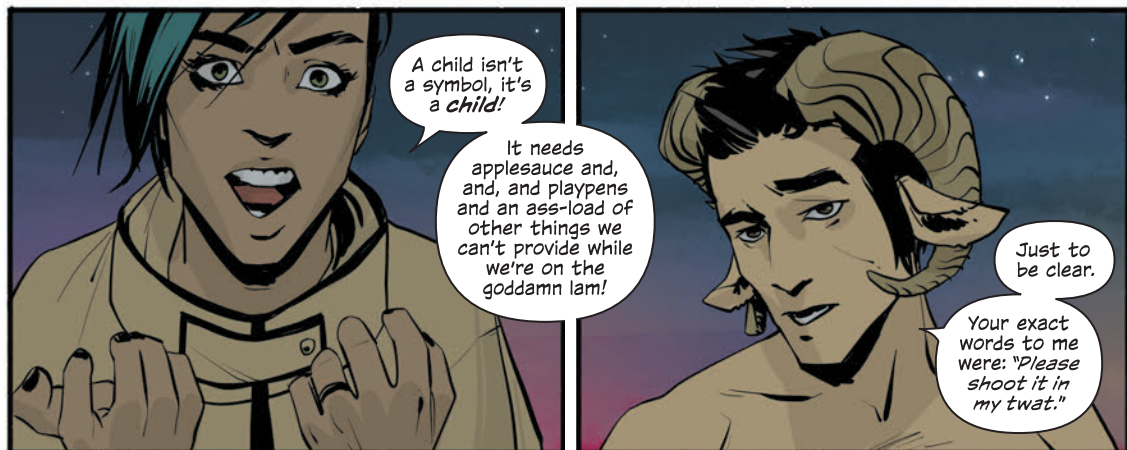
First of all, we're not free, we're hiding on a fucking rooftop on fucking Cleave.

And second, are you seriously talking about knocking me up? Because I don't even know if that's *possible* between our teams.



Did you ever think what just happened in *there* would be possible?

I know it wouldn't be easy, but is there a better symbol for this terrifying new peace that you and I have forged than a child?



A child isn't a symbol, it's a *child*!

It needs applesauce and, and, and applesauce and an ass-load of other things we can't provide while we're on the goddamn lam!



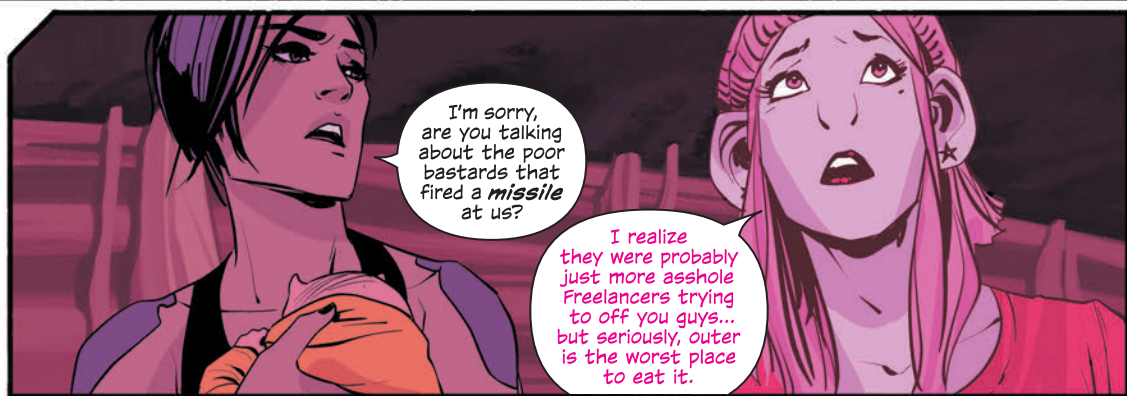
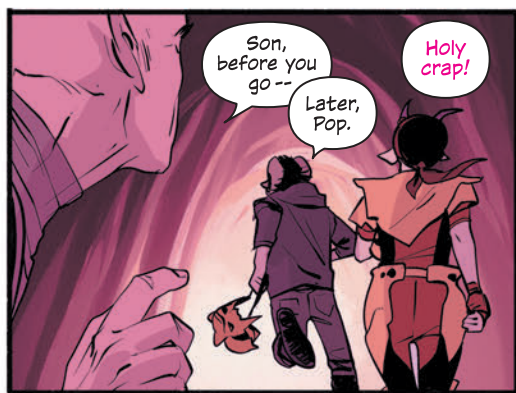
Just to be clear.

Your exact words to me were: "Please shoot it in my twat."

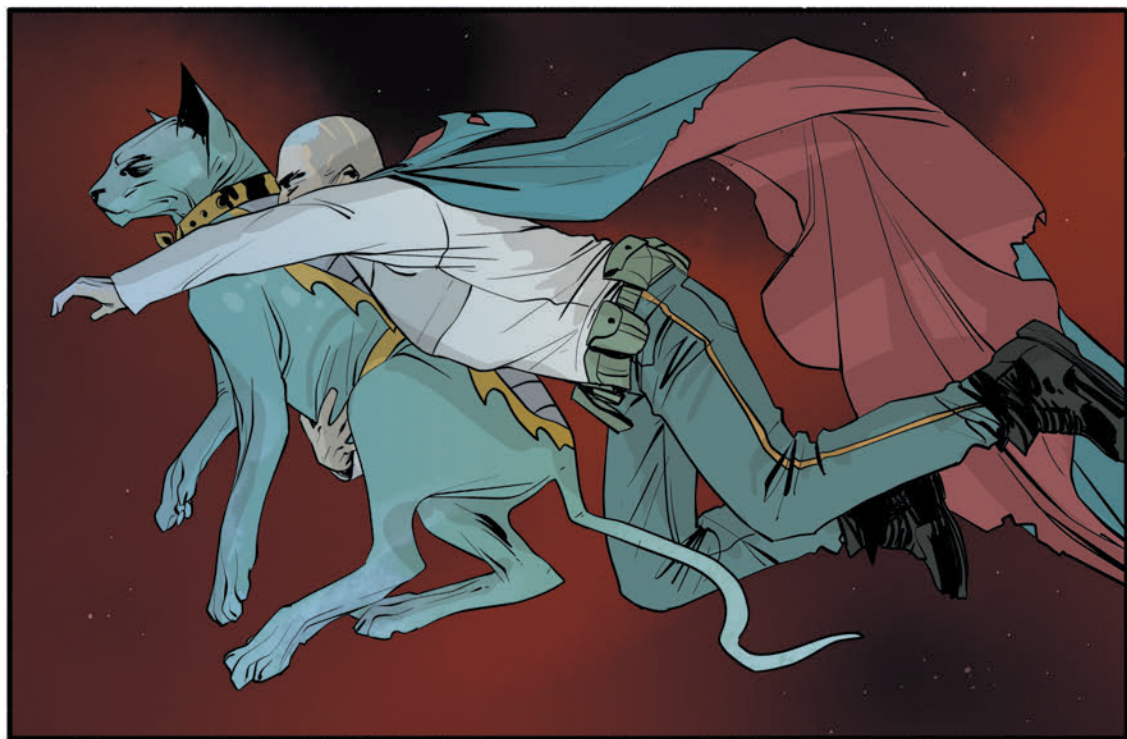


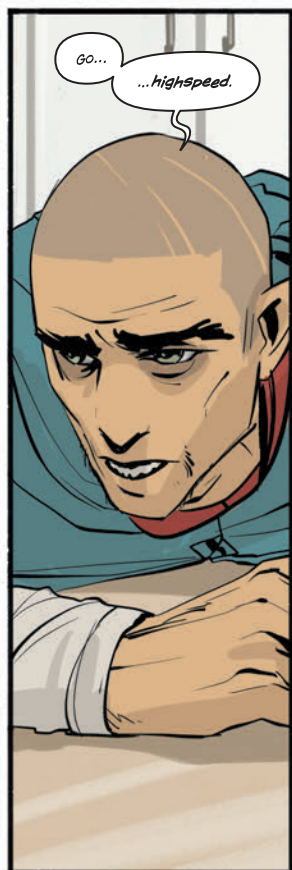
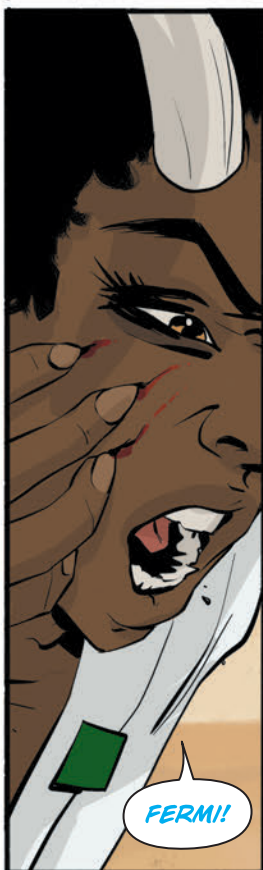
Some dreams really do come true.

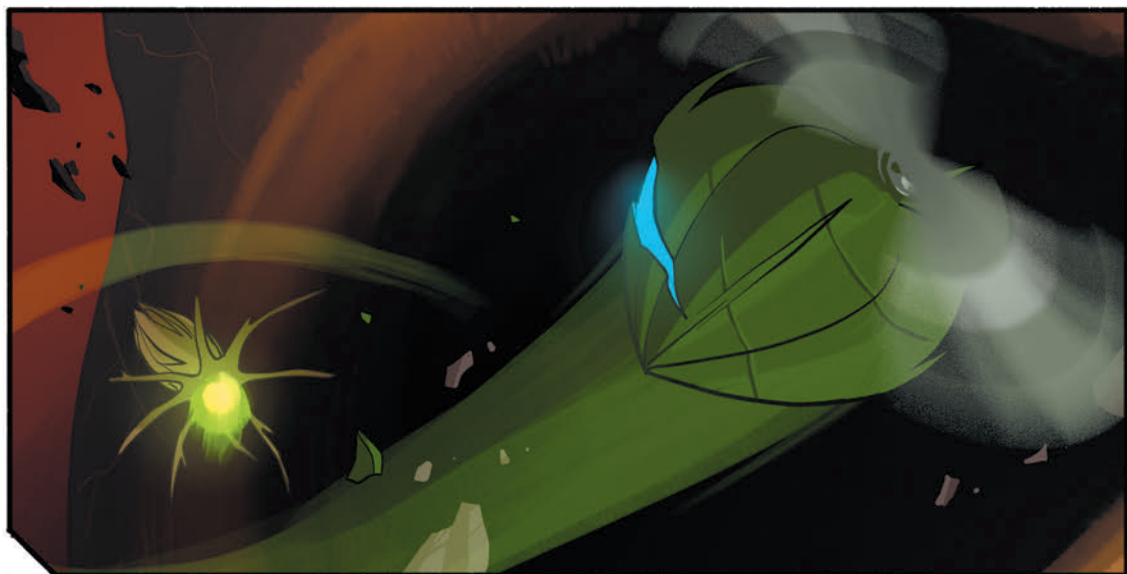




















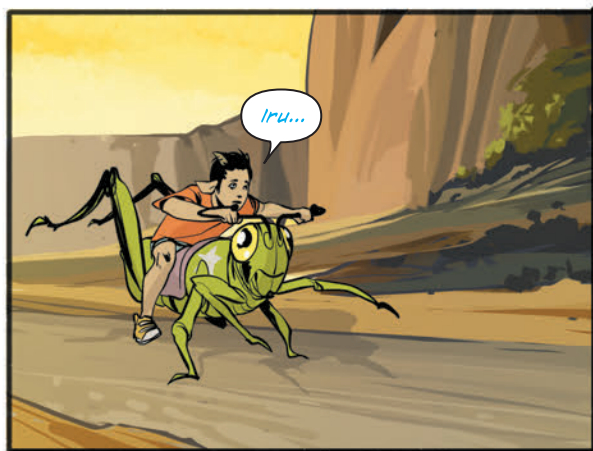














These days, I use it as a bookmark.



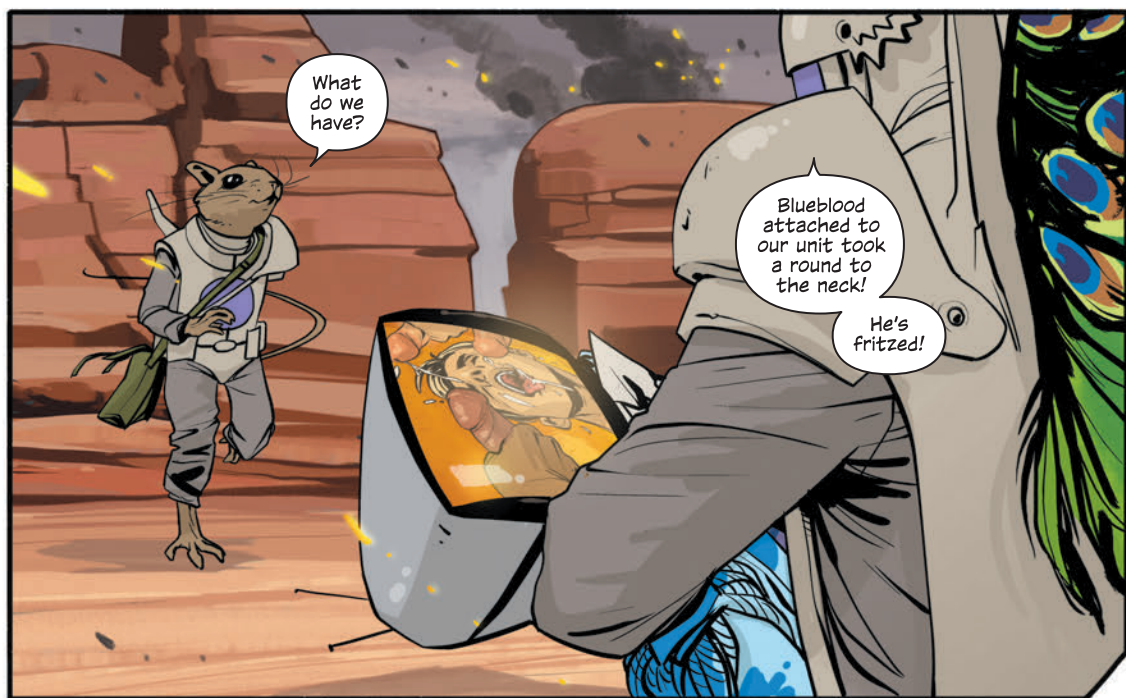
end chapter eleven

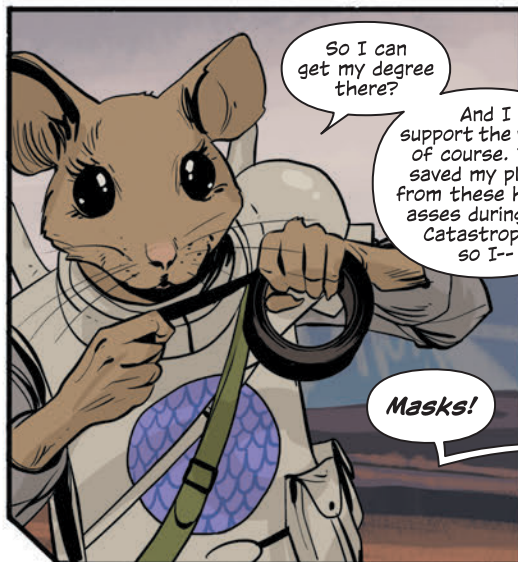
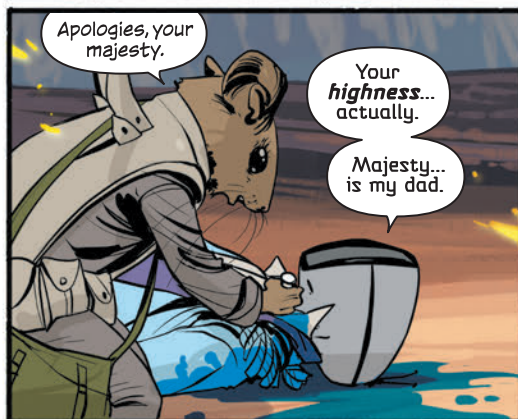
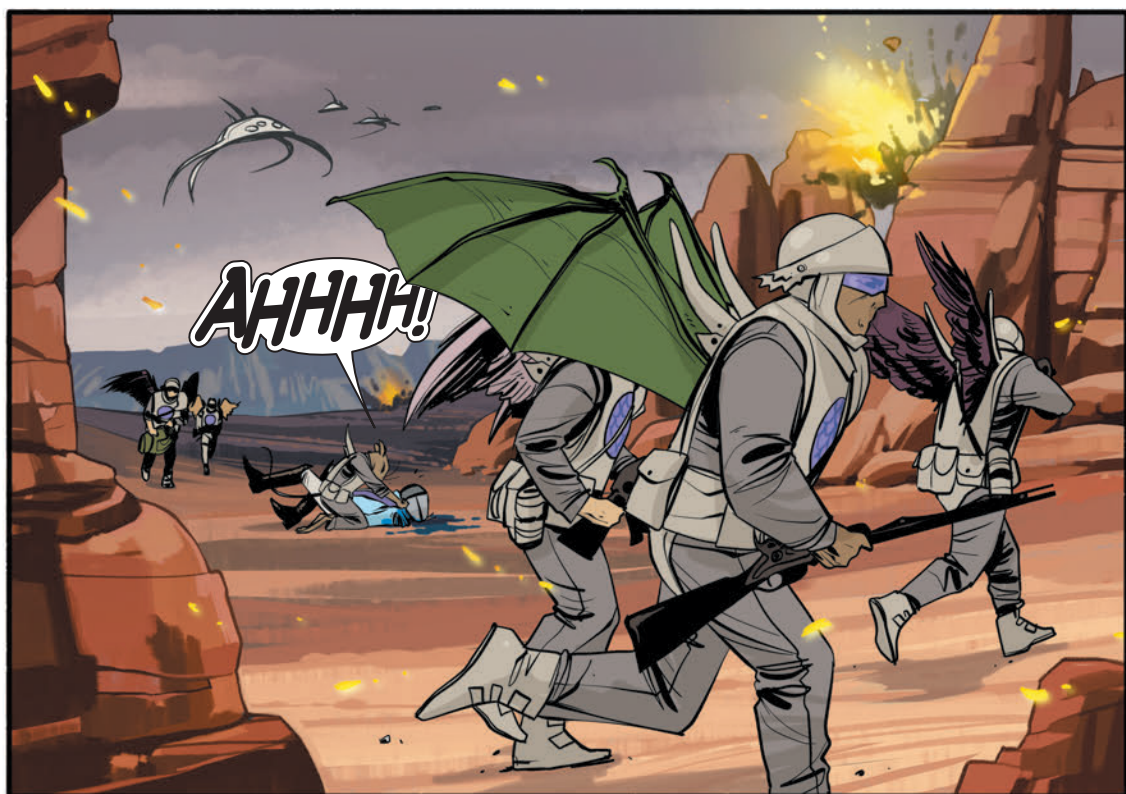


CHAPTER
TWELVE

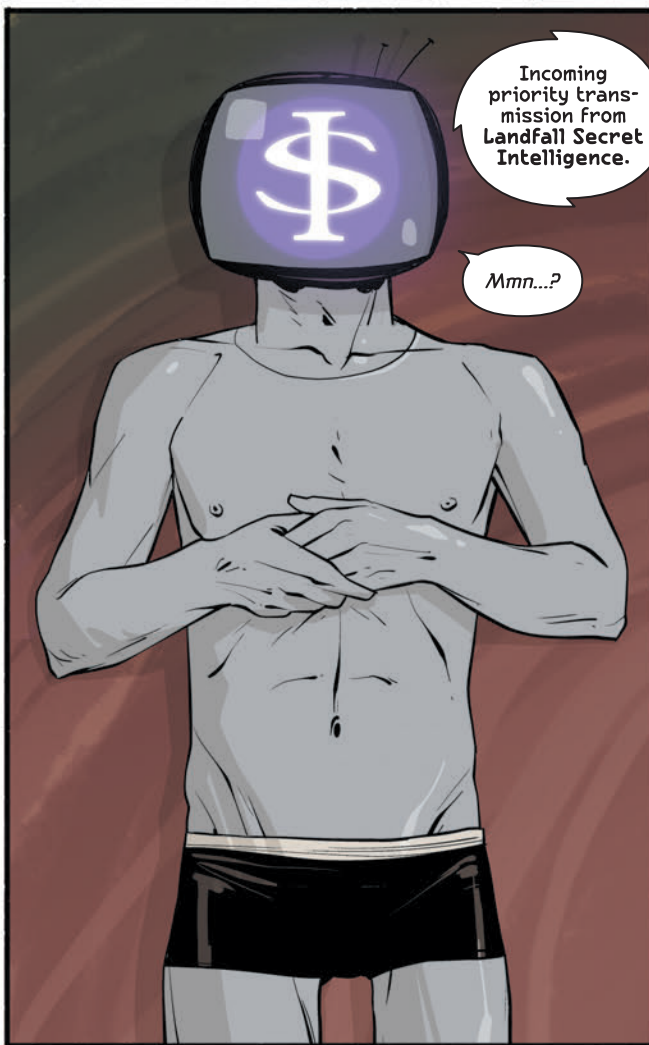


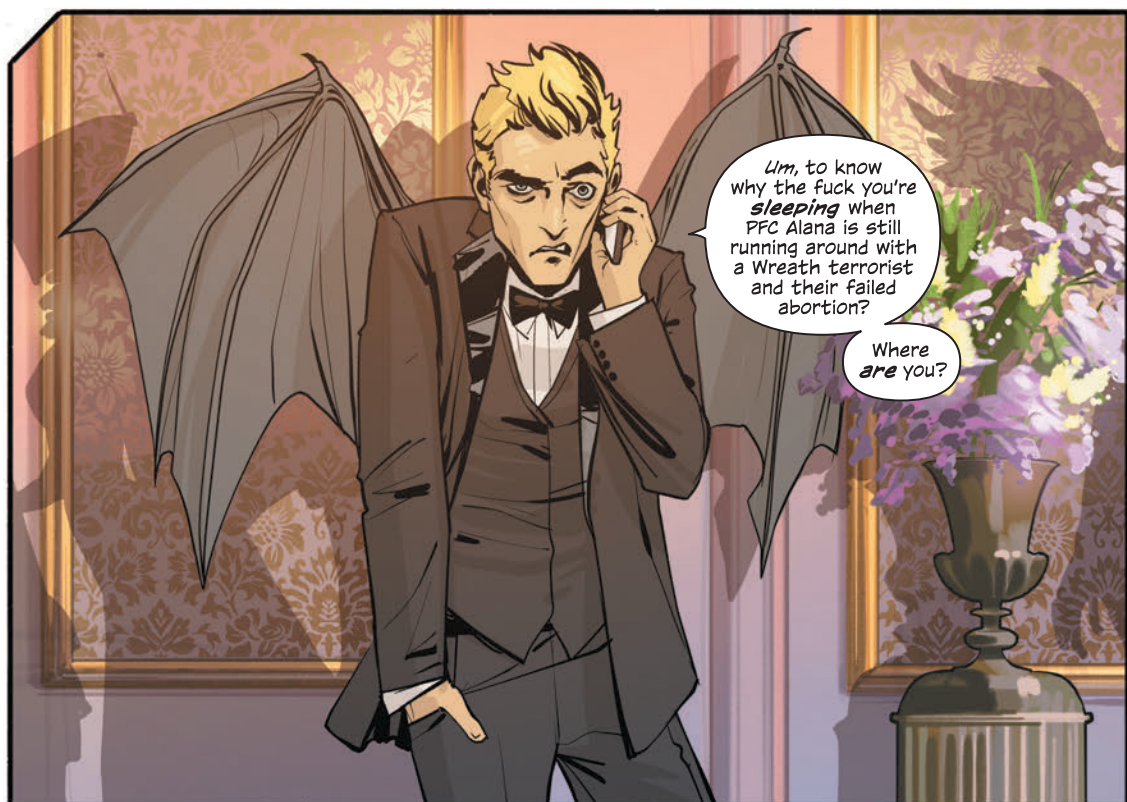
MEDIC!





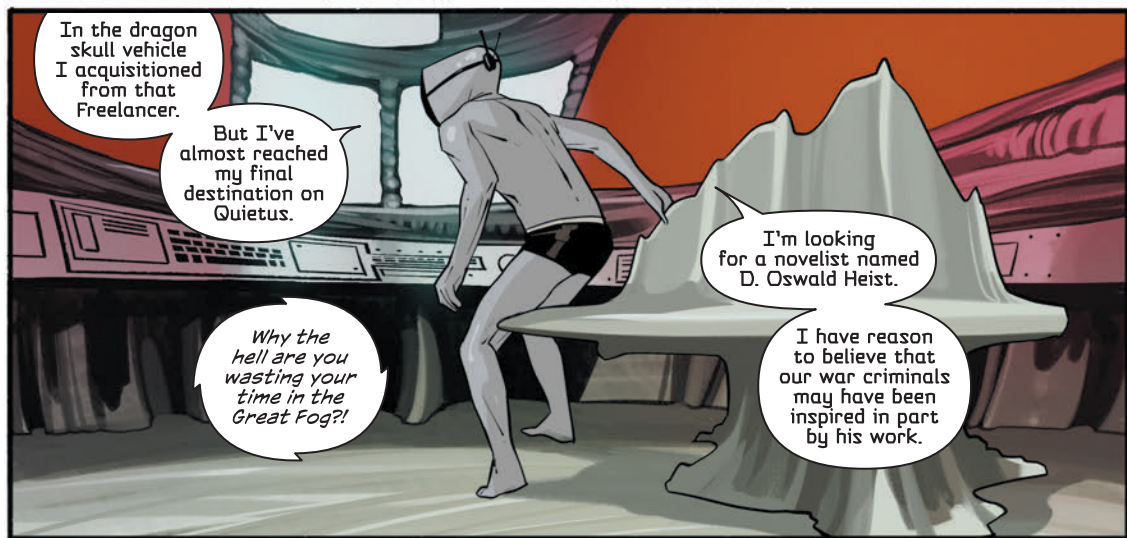






Um, to know why the fuck you're **sleeping** when PFC Alana is still running around with a Wreath terrorist and their failed abortion?

Where **are** you?



In the dragon skull vehicle I acquisitioned from that Freelancer.

But I've almost reached my final destination on Quietus.

I'm looking for a novelist named D. Oswald Heist.

I have reason to believe that our war criminals may have been inspired in part by his work.

Why the hell are you wasting your time in the Great Fog?!



That's all you've got? A hunch about a writer?



Do you have any idea how stupid that will look on a report I have to type?

Just a moment... is that the **Royal Anthem** I hear in the background?



Yeah, I'm visiting your home turf, god help me.

We're here in advance of the **President**, who's beginning to question how seriously the Robot Kingdom really supports the war effort.



Then kindly tell your boss I hope she gets breast cancer.

Hey, unlike your lot, our leaders actually have to survive **elections**.

And Madame President thinks a Landfallian soldier literally sleeping with the enemy will make for pretty shitty optics as voters head to the polls.



Now if you'll excuse me, there's someone I've been dying to meet.

A royal princess with a most distinct... **glow** about her.



Special Agent, are you seriously threatening my **wife**?

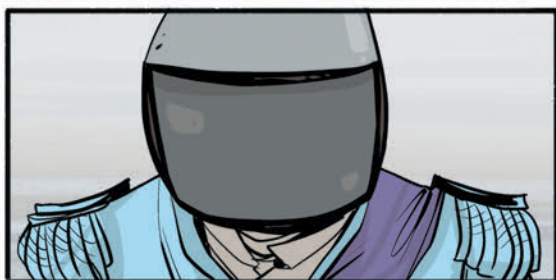
Just reminding you of the stakes, **IV**.

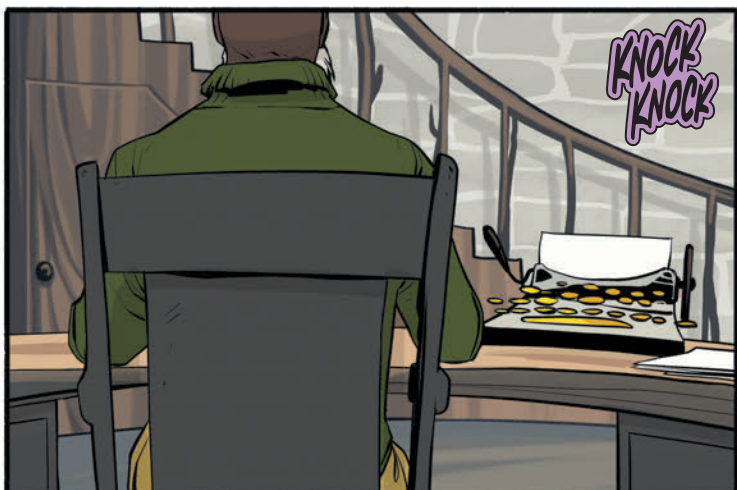
A kid needs a father, so why don't you quit dicking around, close out this account and get home to your family.

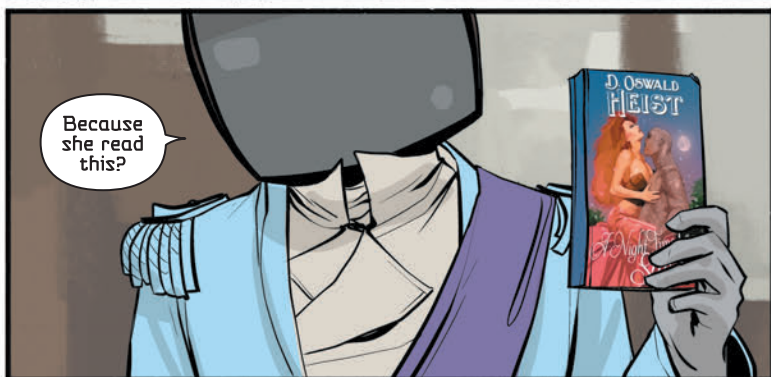
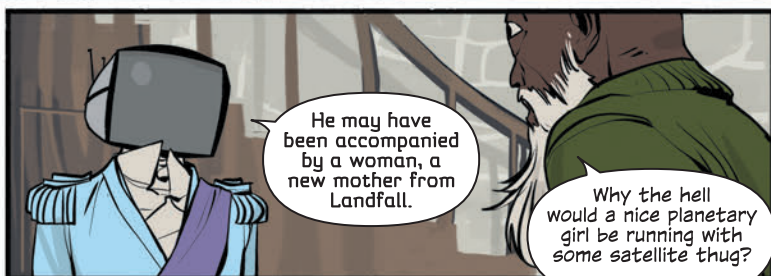


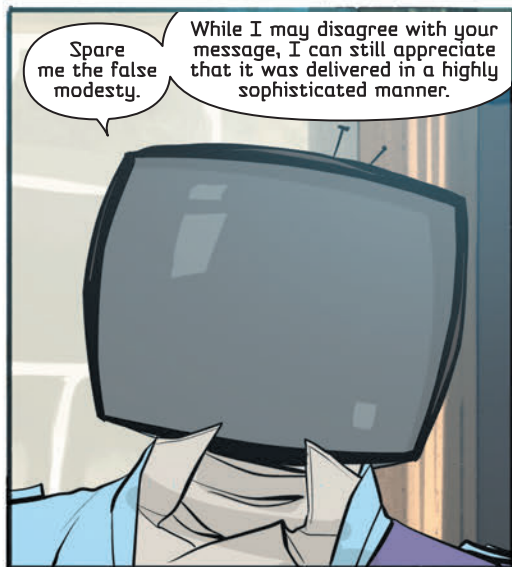
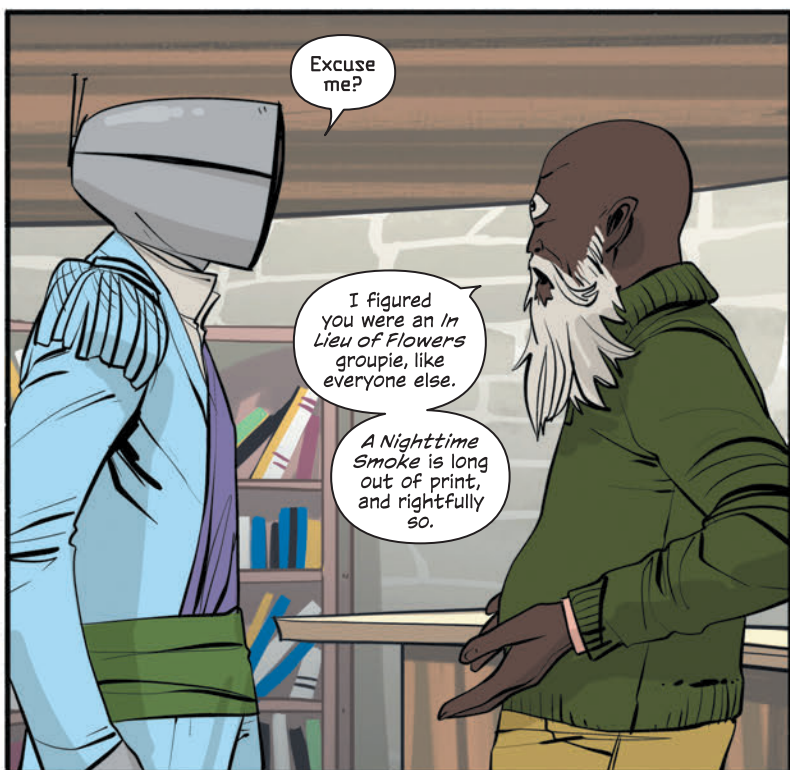
Call ended.

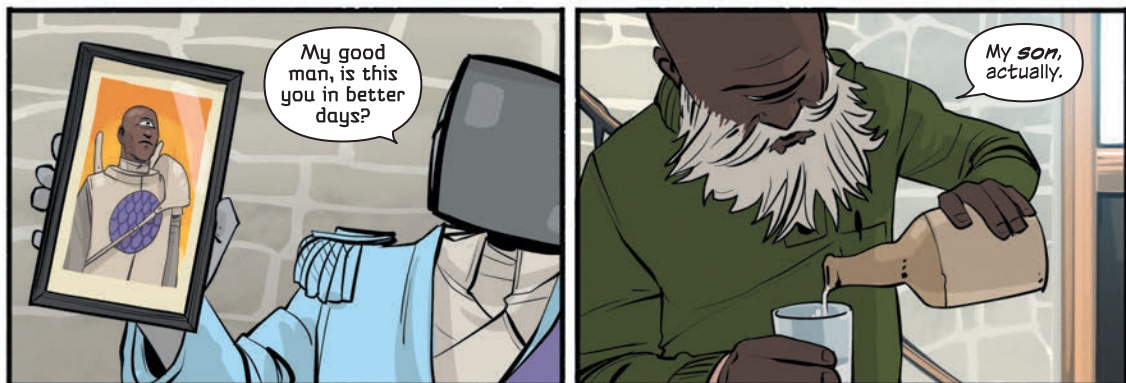
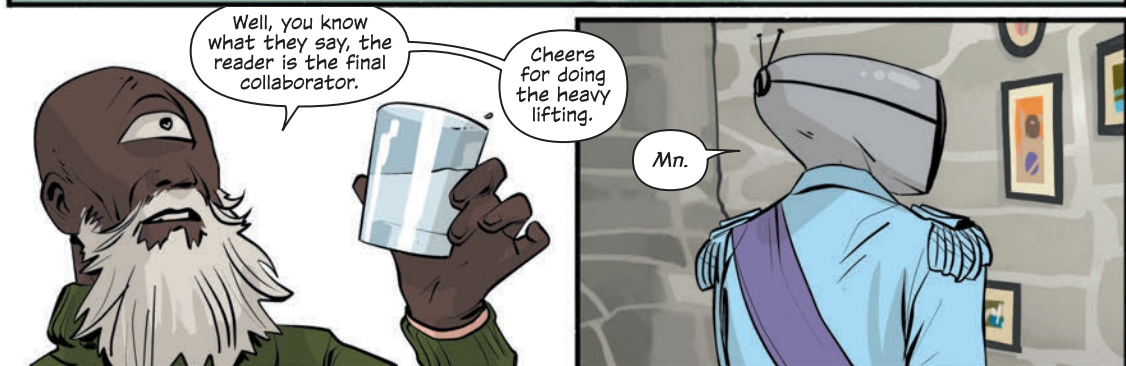


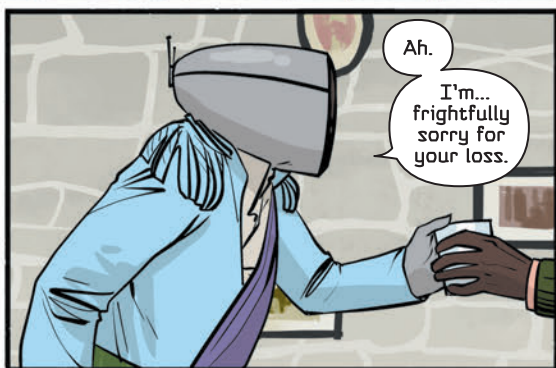
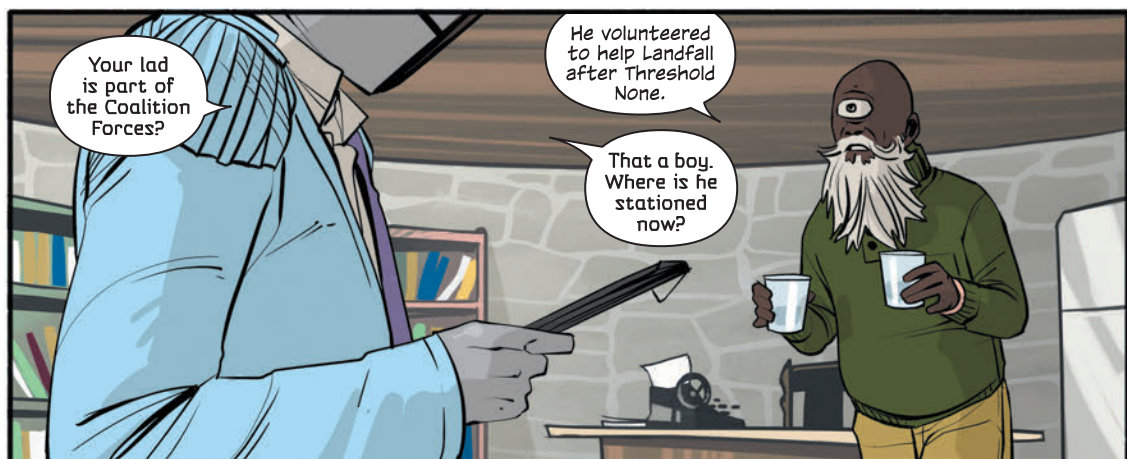


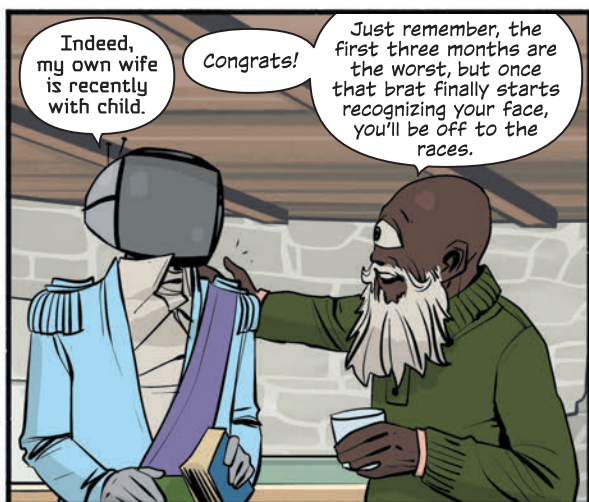


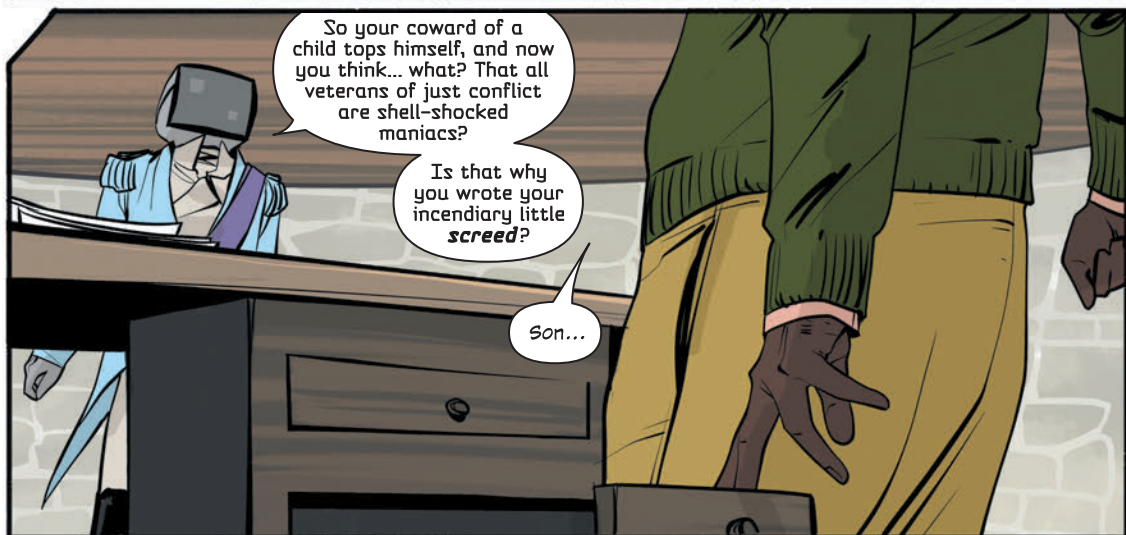
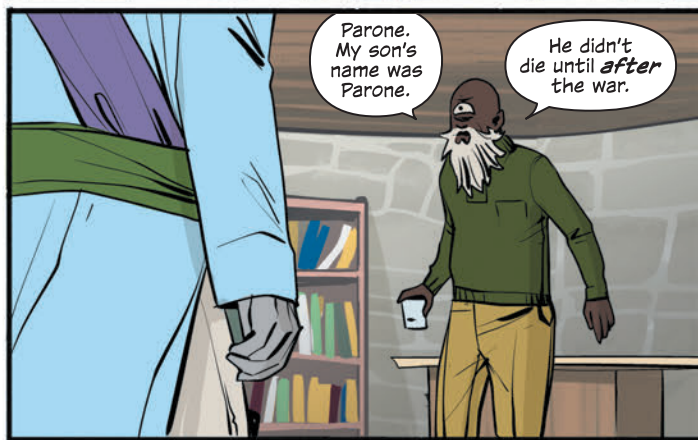


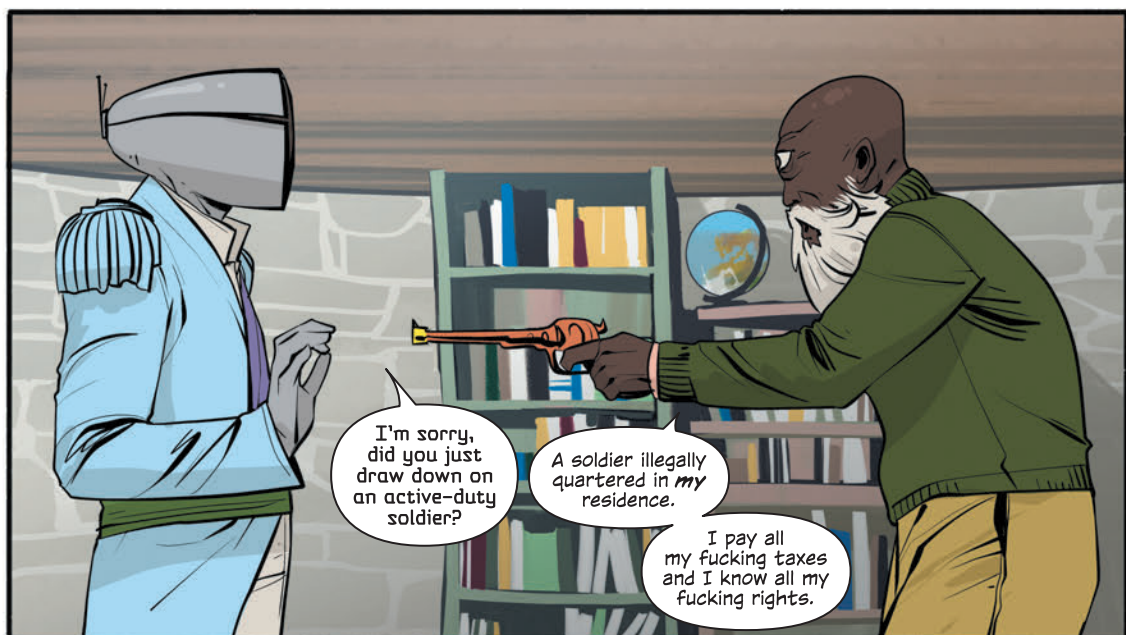














Of course, you now have every right to defend yourself.

Any rational person would...



...unless that person actually **believed** what was written in here.



You psychotic dullard!

Shh, no more fiction.

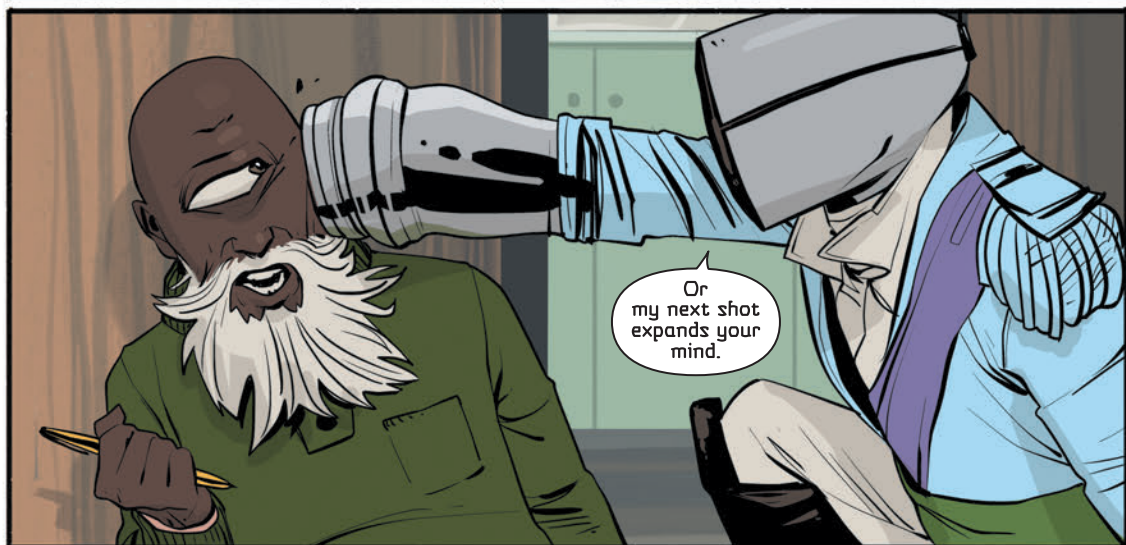
The only reason I haven't shot you is because this is a prop! A terrible prop from a terrible adaptation of one of my best--

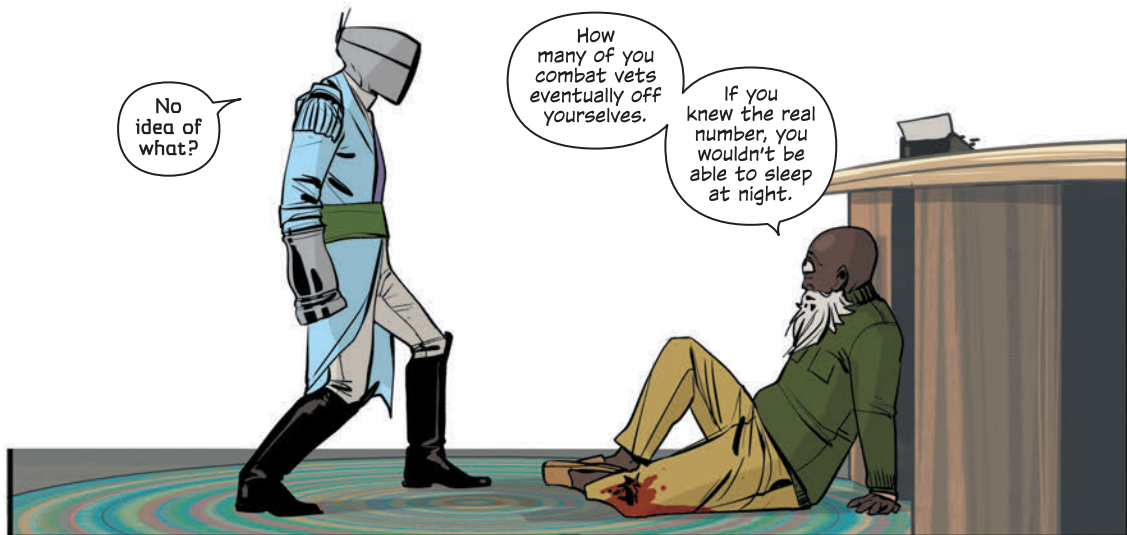


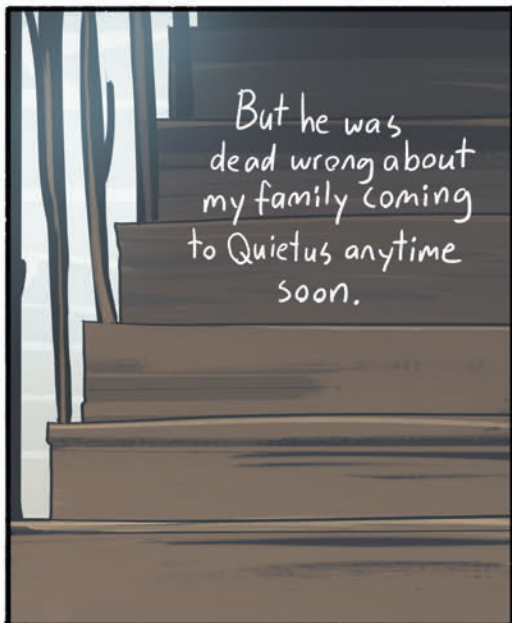
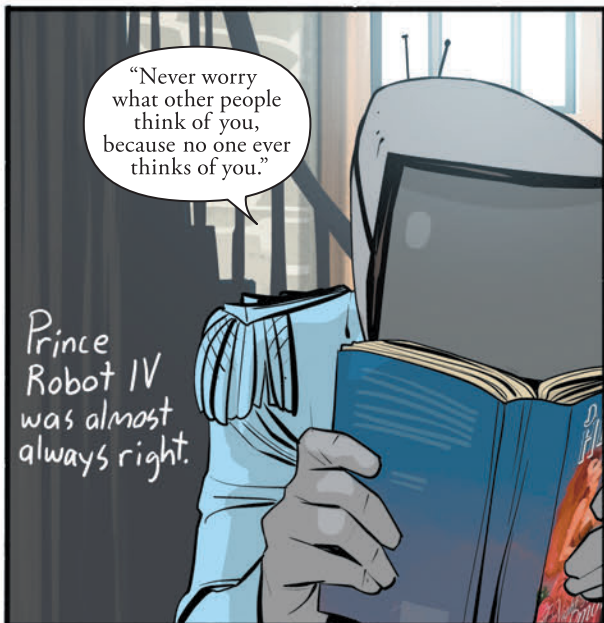
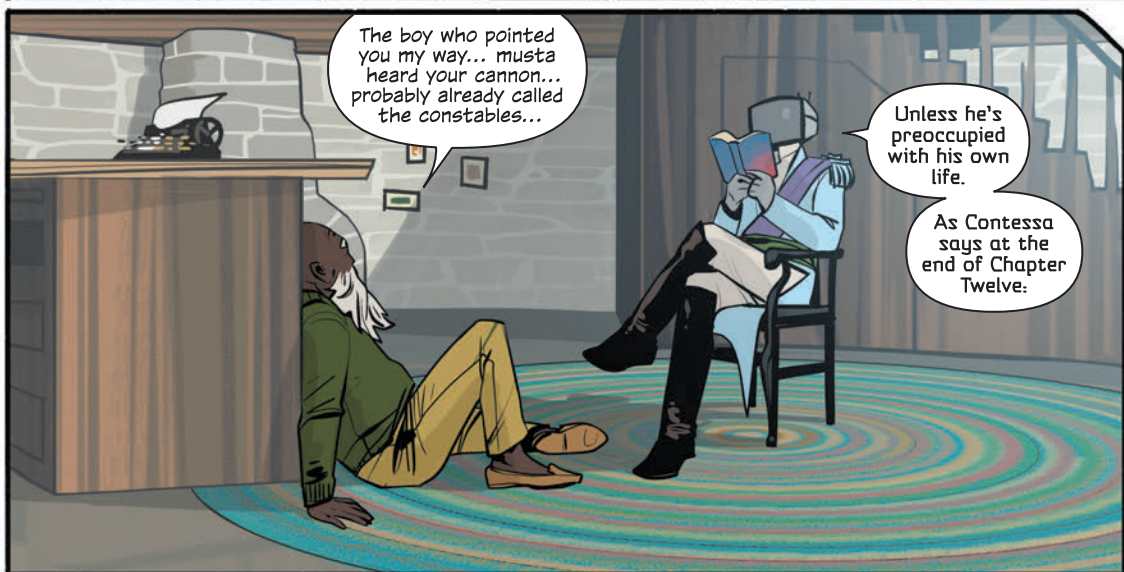
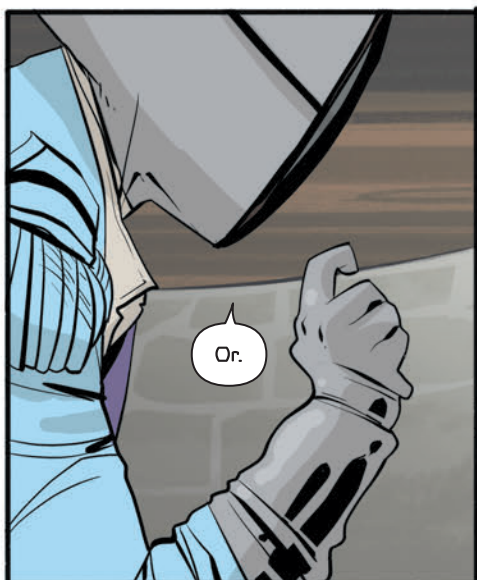
I want you to use your **real** weapon.



I want you to stab me in the neck with it.







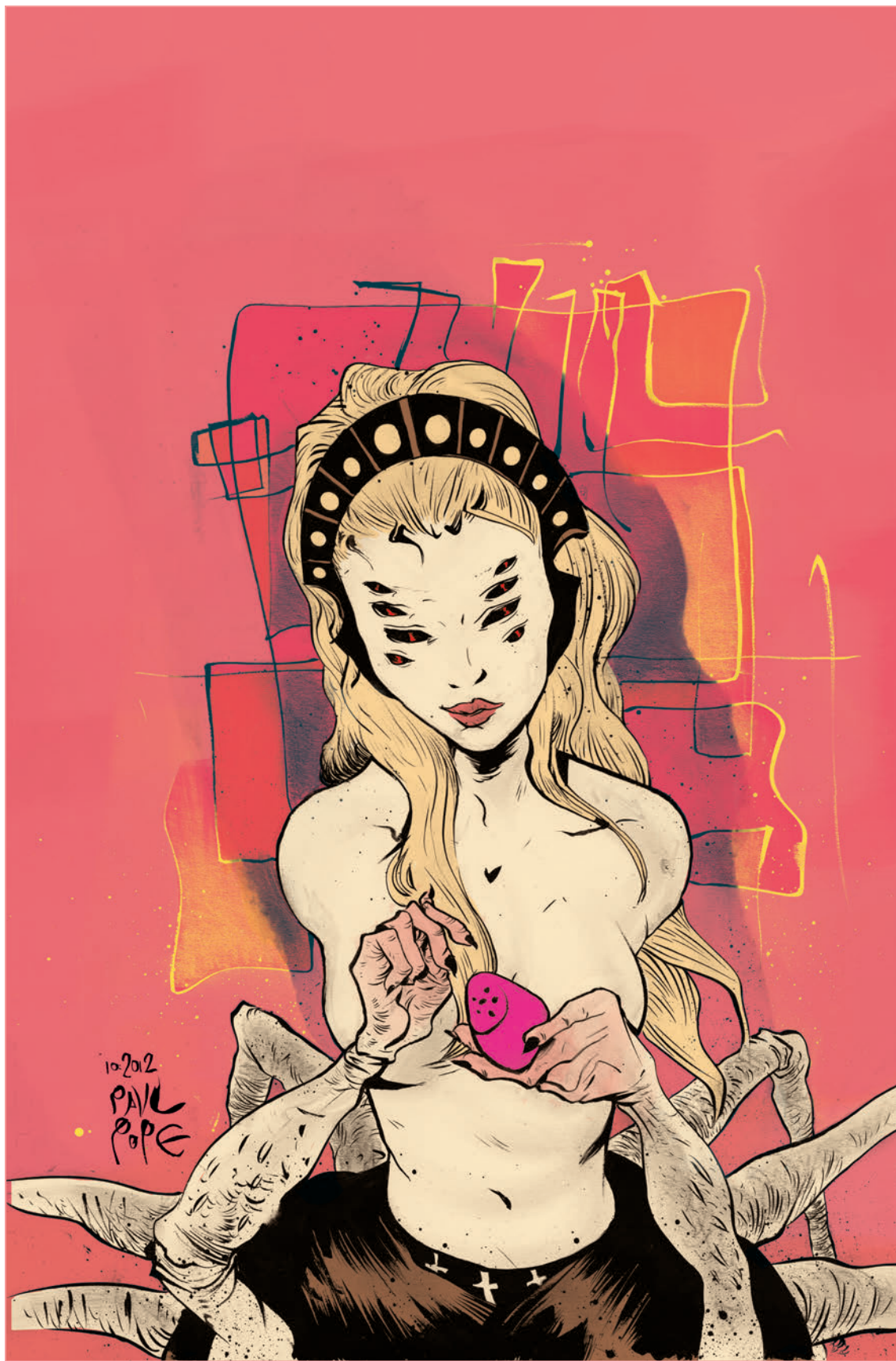
We'd already been there a week.



to be continued



Chapter Seven Ghost Variant art by Paul Pope.

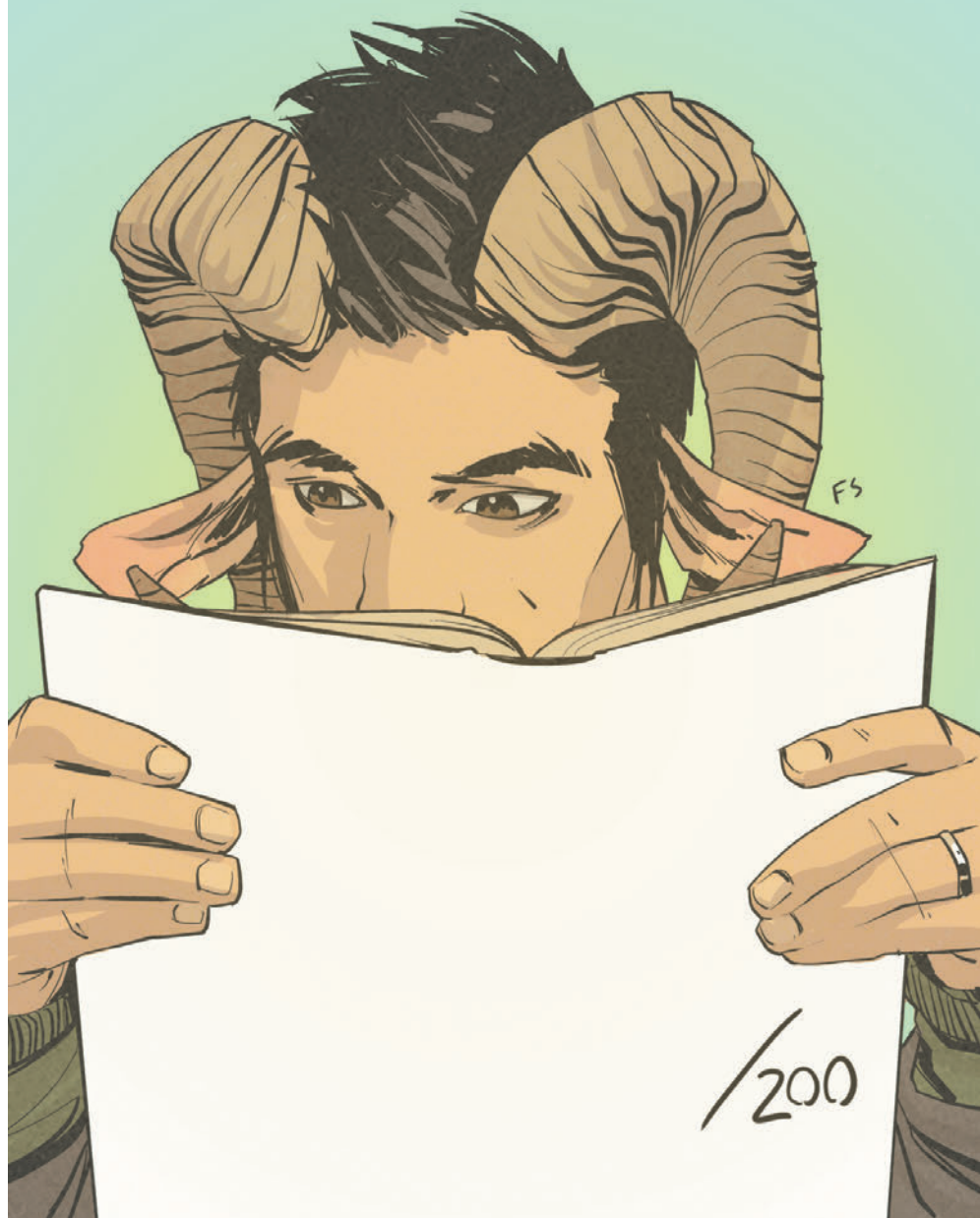


Ghost Variant colors by Fiona Staples.



Exclusive Volume One bookplate for New York Comic Con 2012.

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The Will and Lying Cat marker sketch.

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"THE BEST COMIC OF THE YEAR. CREDIT MAINLY STAPLES' JAW-DROPPINGLY GORGEOUS ART, WHICH MIXES ROCKETSHIP TREES, ALIEN WARS, AND T.V.-MEN SITTING ON THE TOILET, AND MAKES THEM ALL STUNNING." MTV



From award-winning writer BRIAN K. VAUGHAN (*Pride of Baghdad*, *Ex Machina*) and critically acclaimed artist FIONA STAPLES (*Mystery Society*, *Done to Death*), SAGA is the sweeping tale of one young family fighting to find their place in the universe. Thanks to her star-crossed parents Marko and Alana, newborn baby Hazel has already survived lethal assassins, rampaging armies, and horrific monsters, but in the cold vastness of outer space, the little girl encounters her strangest adventure yet... grandparents.



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