

FIONA STAPLES BRIAN K. VAUGHAN



Saga™

VOLUME
ELEVEN

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SAGA



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CHAPTER

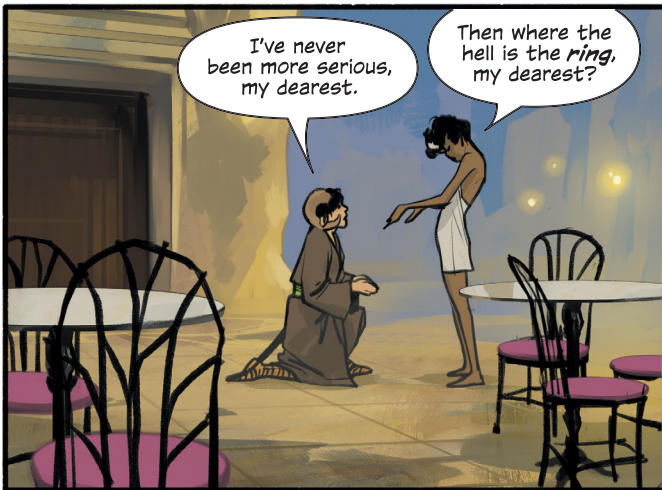
SIXTY-ONE



Will you marry me?



Are you fucking kidding me?



I've never been more serious, my dearest.

Then where the hell is the ring, my dearest?



I, uh, haven't had a chance to, you know... to purchase one just yet.



But, I didn't want to leave for the front without letting you know that you're the only woman I will *ever* love.

Yeah, you've told me that a thousand times.

Marko, what's this really about?



I'm scared.

I'm scared I won't make it back to you.



Hey, a healthy fear of death is what's going to keep your immaculate ass alive on the battlefield.

I'm not afraid of dying, I'm afraid that, as soon as I finally wet my blade with the blood of one of those winged butchers... I'll never want to quit.



Silly boy.

You just remember how it feels to wet that heavy blade of yours in *me*.

Mmm, is this the part where you entrust me with your grandparents' priceless old rings?



You are one dumb young cunt, Gwendolyn.



What?

You thought I loved you?





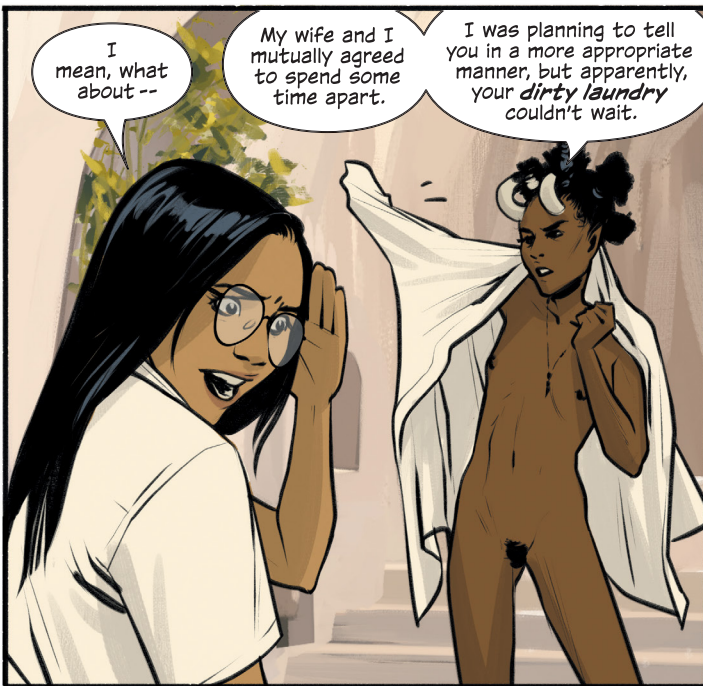


You're sleeping with him?



Hell.

It's... mighty good to see you, Sophie.



I mean, what about --

My wife and I mutually agreed to spend some time apart.

I was planning to tell you in a more appropriate manner, but apparently, your dirty laundry couldn't wait.



Well.

Are you happy?



Do you know what's inside those scrolls?

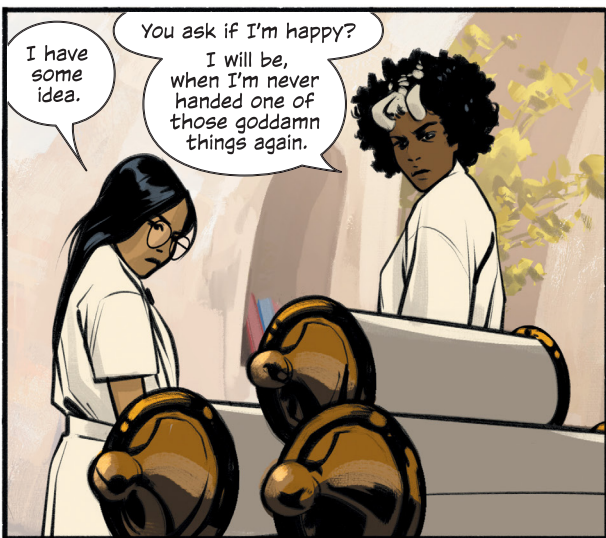
No, ma'am.

The numbers of every parent on Wreath whose son or daughter was killed in action *last week*.



Do you know how many calls I've had to make?

To those absolute broken husks?



I have some idea.

You ask if I'm happy? I will be, when I'm never handed one of those goddamn things again.



Look, Soph, you got every right to feel how you do about... this.

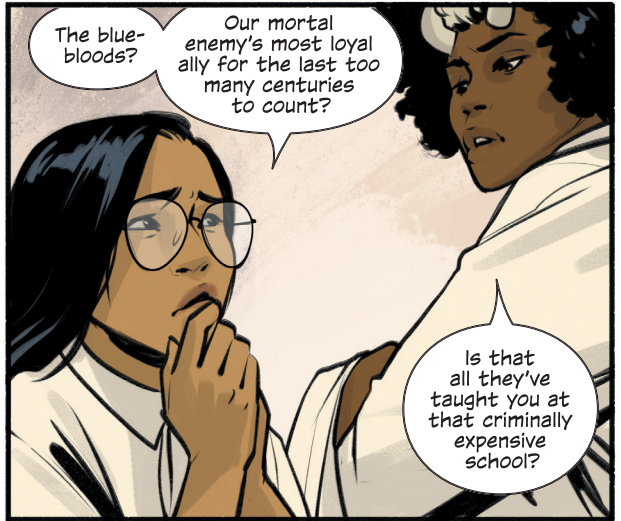
But me and Gwen, we're *working* on something, something important.

I thought you didn't care for "politicking."



This isn't more meaningless back-channel negotiations.

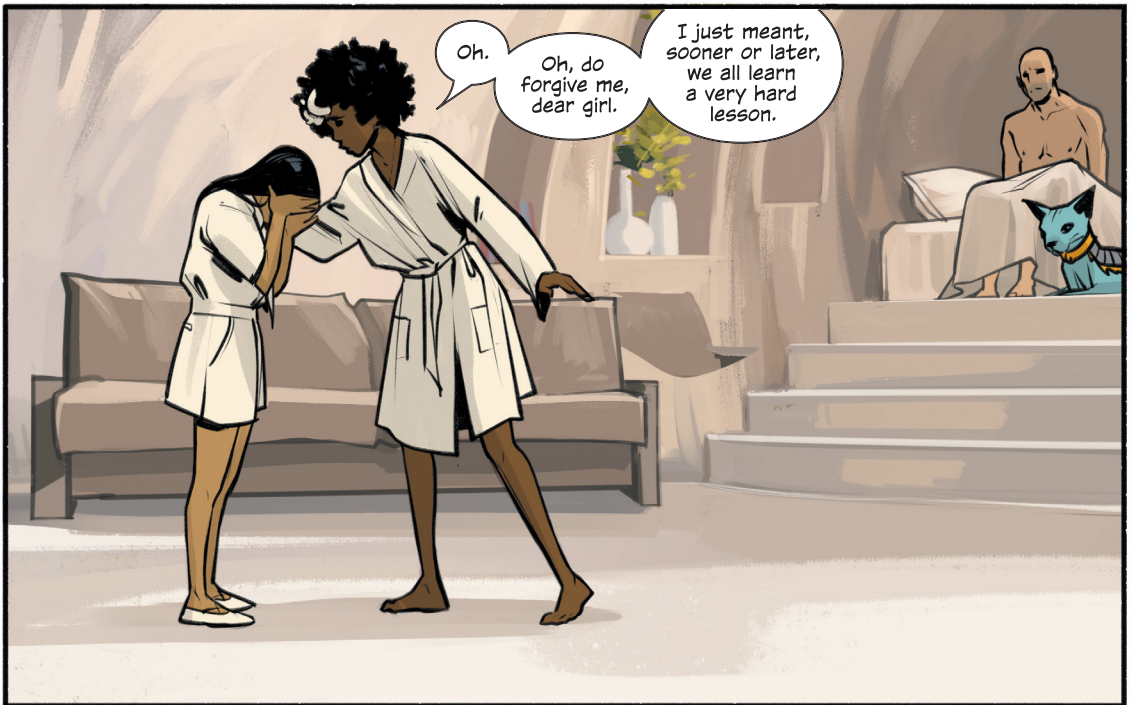
With The Will's help, I'm going to turn the entire *Robot Kingdom* to our side.



The blue-bloods?

Our mortal enemy's most loyal ally for the last too many centuries to count?

Is that all they've taught you at that criminally expensive school?



Oh.

Oh, do forgive me, dear girl.

I just meant, sooner or later, we all learn a very hard lesson.



Loyalty is a fucking fairy tale.

It had been six months since
my family lost our home
in a fire.

Inevitably, the world where we were
stranded became yet another front in
the galaxy's endlessly expanding war.



Lured by its abundant (if
haphazardly distributed) resources,
a few hundred soldiers from my
late father's moon were first to
plant their flag.



They were followed by a few thousand troops from Mom's old planet, thrust into an already terrified civilian population.



The rest played out as per usual.



Folks from all sides of this clusterfuck were still chasing after me, but my family and I had never felt safer.





Suddenly, we were invisible.



I say,
you by the
squalid
tent!

Maybe not to
everyone, but like
ninety-nine percent
of you.



One doesn't often observe commoners this far from the realm.

Has anyone ever told you that you have somewhat... *regal* features?



Yeah, that's 'cause he's secretly a long-lost *princeling*.

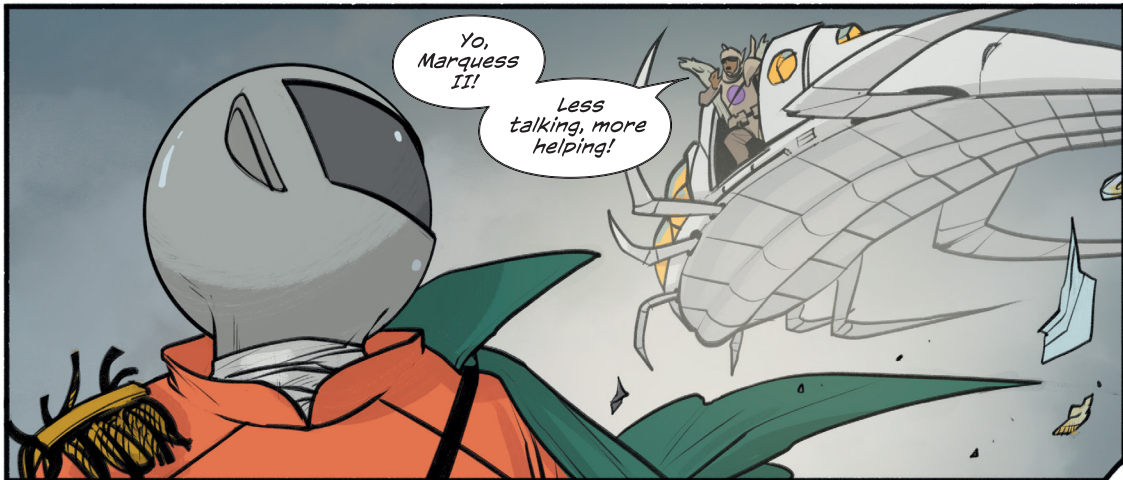
Now can we please have some bread or water so we won't die tonight?



The few who did see us never looked long.

Ah.

I'm afraid my unit is somewhat... defensive of our rations at the moment, but I may have a coin or two for --



Yo, Marquess II!

Less talking, more helping!



They need your arm-thing, dude!

Piece of shit moony sniper is holed up in some casino tower!

Yes, of course, straight away.



Ungrateful peasant.



Best of luck to you, young miss.



And to you, "your majesty."



Finally.

This thing's starting to give me a rash.



Are you kidding me, kids?



Obviously, not everyone who's "unhoused" (or whatever the correct euphemism is at the moment) is also unemployed.

Hazel, keep that charmer on tight.

And Squire, what's with the aggro shirt? It's just gonna get us more loitering tickets.

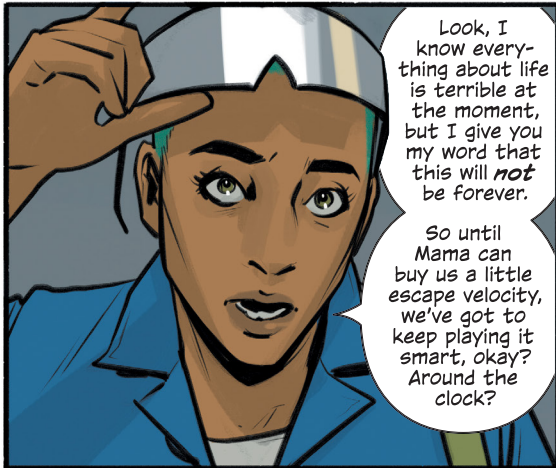
Mom had picked up a gig in a nearby warehouse doing something called fulfilling... which was not.



Still, while her meager pay couldn't keep a conventional roof over our heads, Mom somehow kept us alive, which I wish I could say my brother and I always appreciated.

We don't *know* it was the Constables who burned down our rocket.

Yeah, they only openly threatened to, like, a million times.



Look, I know everything about life is terrible at the moment, but I give you my word that this will *not* be forever.

So until Mama can buy us a little escape velocity, we've got to keep playing it smart, okay? Around the clock?



Thank you.

Now come on, let's run a few errands before Secret Book Club.



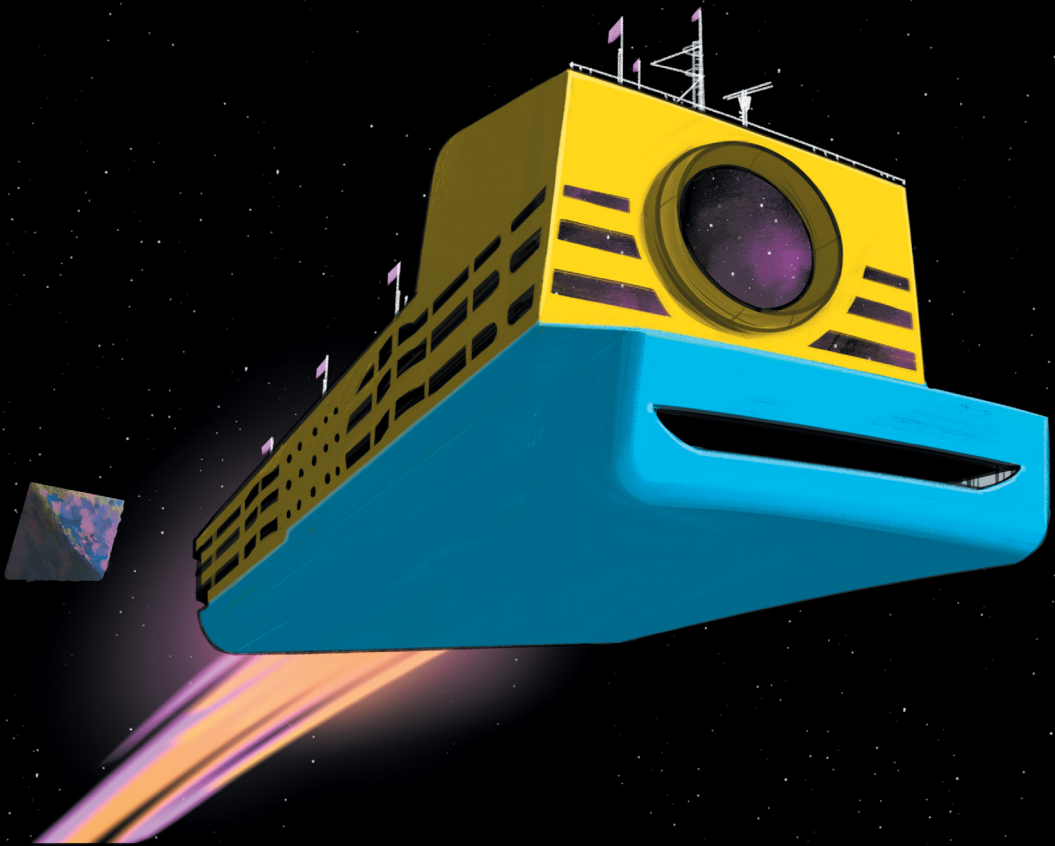
Brobot and I made almost five from busking.

I'm fairly certain that's not the official name of the establishment...

Can we eat at Free Refills tonight?



...but sure, let's live a little.



So this nice-looking barkeep -- like a seven, seven and a half -- asks what I do.

I brag how I used to represent some big-time Freelancers like The Button, The Dig, The Skiddoo, and this barkeep interrupts me, she goes, "Hang on, what's a Freelancer?"

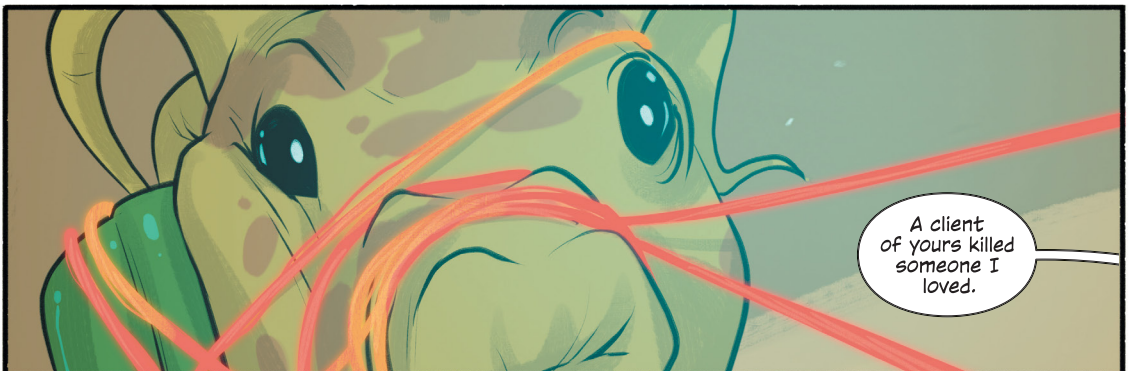



Can you believe it?! Zero respect for a profession that's probably kept the war off her fucking doorstep too many times to count, am I right?

Hello?

Son?







Now you're
going to
help me find
The Will.

We hadn't seen my
old friend Petrichor
since she and Mom
had some kind of
falling out.



I didn't get all the details.





I just got a bunch of trashy old paperbacks in a deal, been saving them for you, on the house.



You're a saint, Vitch.

Also, I wanted to talk about something... sensitive.



Another glamour?

I can maybe get my hands on one if you have more medallions to swap.

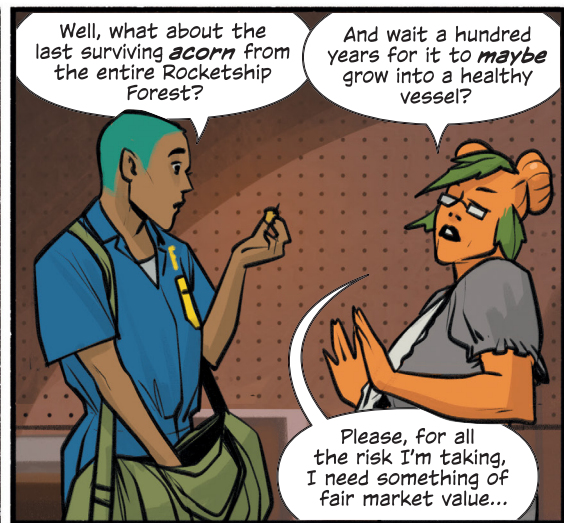
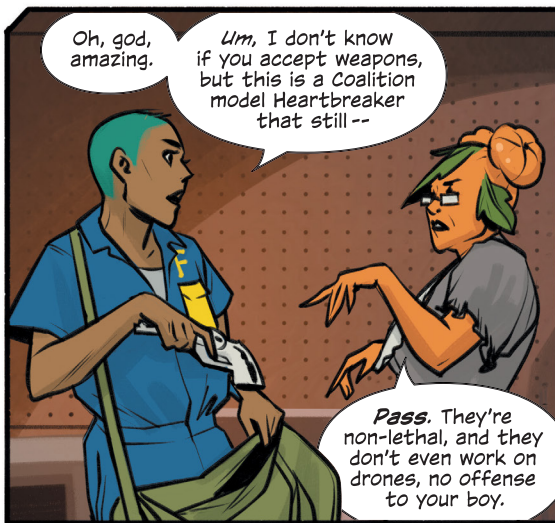
Worse, I need *paper-work*.




I'm trying to get a job off-world, but the kids and I can't catch a ride without the proper documents, which will be challenging for us to get... conventionally, at least.

Sweetie, do you just need some *forgeries*?

Of course, let's make a deal!



A woman with long, straight black hair is shown from the chest up, looking out of a window. She is wearing a yellow top. The window is covered with dark, vertical beaded curtains. The background outside the window is a soft, colorful gradient of purple, pink, and blue. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of her face.

...and
I can bring
your husband
back to
life.

end chapter sixty-one



CHAPTER

SIXTY-TWO

I'm grateful to my mother
for many things, but mostly that
she never let me see my father
like this.



A few years back, a family friend helped Mom track down these remains to a moon not far from where Dad had been murdered.

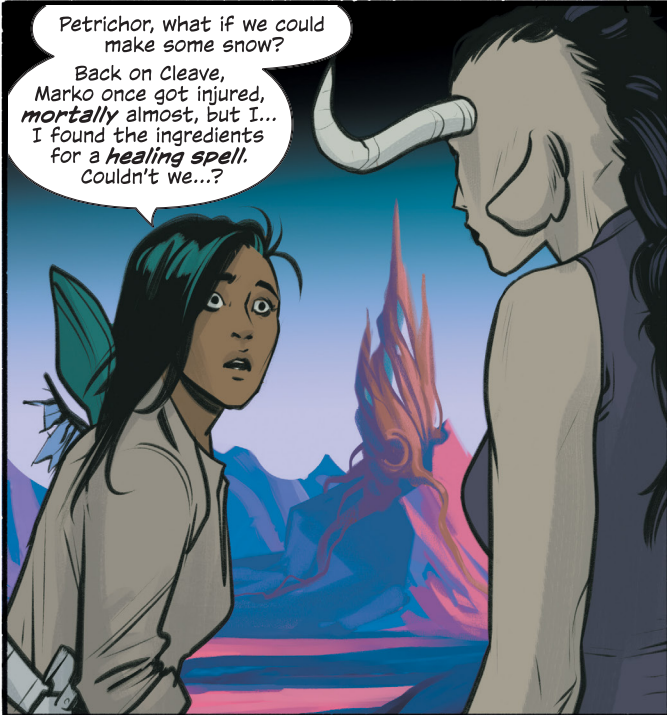
My deepest condolences. I only wish--

Snow.



Petrichor, what if we could make some snow?

Back on Cleave, Marko once got injured, *mortally* almost, but I... I found the ingredients for a *healing spell*. Couldn't we...?





No.
No, I know.



I've known it from the moment I felt him go...

Nothing in this universe will bring the dead back to us.

But we *can* start to make things right again.



What do you--

Whoever did this left behind their *stench*.

The same stench I smelled on the similarly defiled body of my dear *Sir Robot*.



You and I are going to hunt down the monster who took our loves from us...

...and we're going to tear him to fucking pieces.



pfft

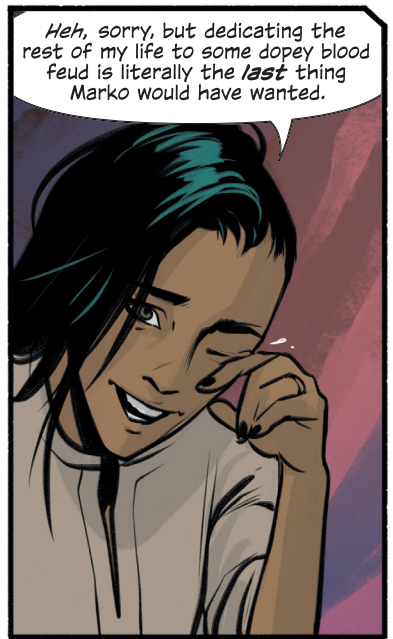


heh
Haa.



Aha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha

I... don't understand what's happening here.



Heh, sorry, but dedicating the rest of my life to some dopey blood feud is literally the *last* thing Marko would have wanted.



Hell, it's why whatever pathetic zilch killed my husband left a trail, hoping we'd be idiotic enough to follow.

So what, Alana? You plan to let his murderer go unpunished? To just *give up* on ever finding justice?



...
Guess that about sums it up, yeah.



I understand that you're in pain, but you're talking like a madwoman.

No, I'm talking like a *mother*.

All that matters to me now is taking care of my girl.



Then it would be best if you leave me at the next port, because you and I are obviously headed in very different directions.

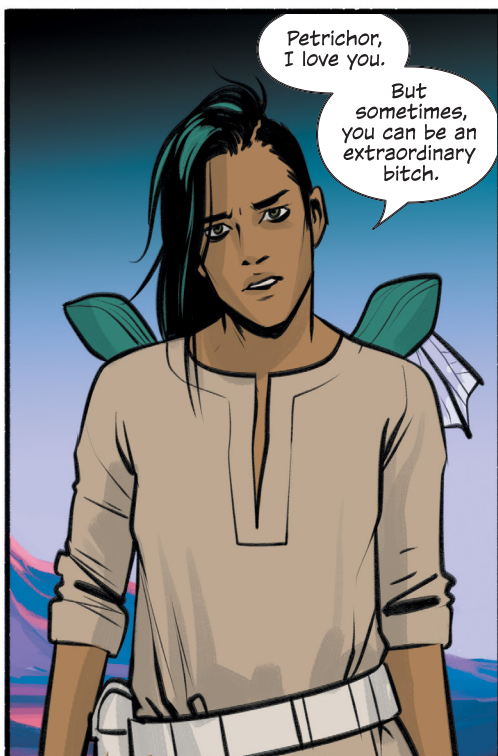
What?!

You say that you loved Robot, then what about his *son*? Squire has no one anymore! He *needs* you!



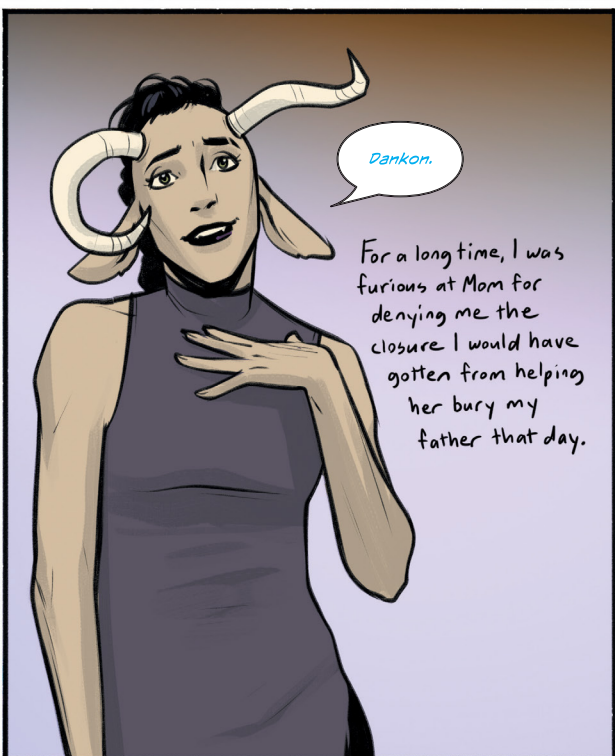
"I have a family to think about now," eh?

Aren't you the one who always calls that the rallying cry of losers?



Petrichor, I love you.

But sometimes, you can be an extraordinary bitch.



Dankon.

For a long time, I was furious at Mom for denying me the closure I would have gotten from helping her bury my father that day.

It took me a lifetime to learn that some doors just can't be closed.



You're saying you have the power to, what... *resurrect* my husband?

It's not about power, it's about resources.

Get me the right ones, and there's *nothing* I can't undo.



I appreciate that, Vitch.

Sincerely.



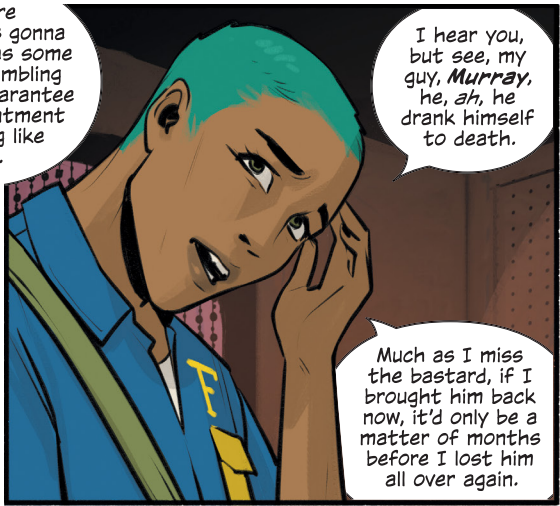
But I think I'll pass.





For real?

If you're worried he's gonna come back as some kind of shambling zombie, I guarantee this enchantment is nothing like that.



I hear you, but see, my guy, *Murray*, he, ah, he drank himself to death.

Much as I miss the bastard, if I brought him back now, it'd only be a matter of months before I lost him all over again.



Gotcha.

Well, if you're still interested in getting out of this suburban hellscape, I can make you a phony travel pass for... let's say five grand.

Apiece?



It's my friends and family rate, 'cause you've been such a good customer.

Right.

Well, let me see what I can scrape together.



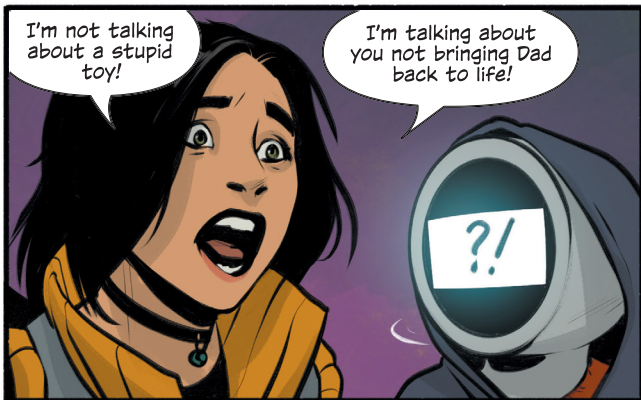
And if you ever change your mind about Murray, you know where to find me.



Hazel, don't speak to me like that.

I'm sorry I couldn't afford something for you guys this time, but it's really important that we all start saving up.

What is *wrong* with you, Mom?!

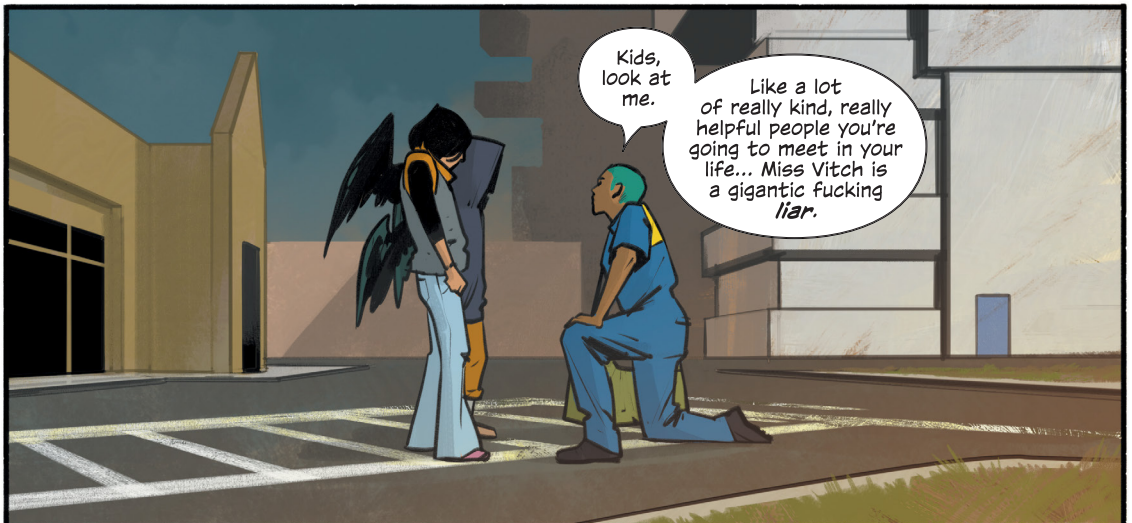


I'm not talking about a stupid toy!

I'm talking about you not bringing Dad back to life!

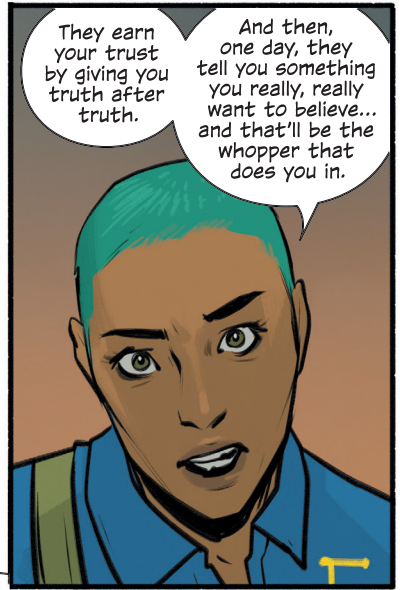


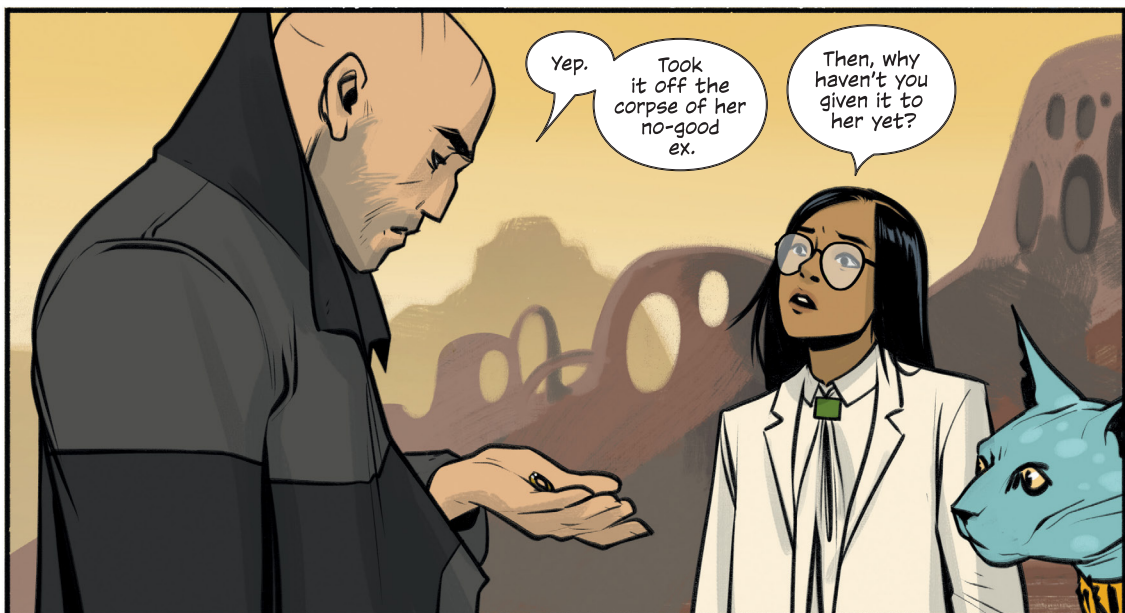
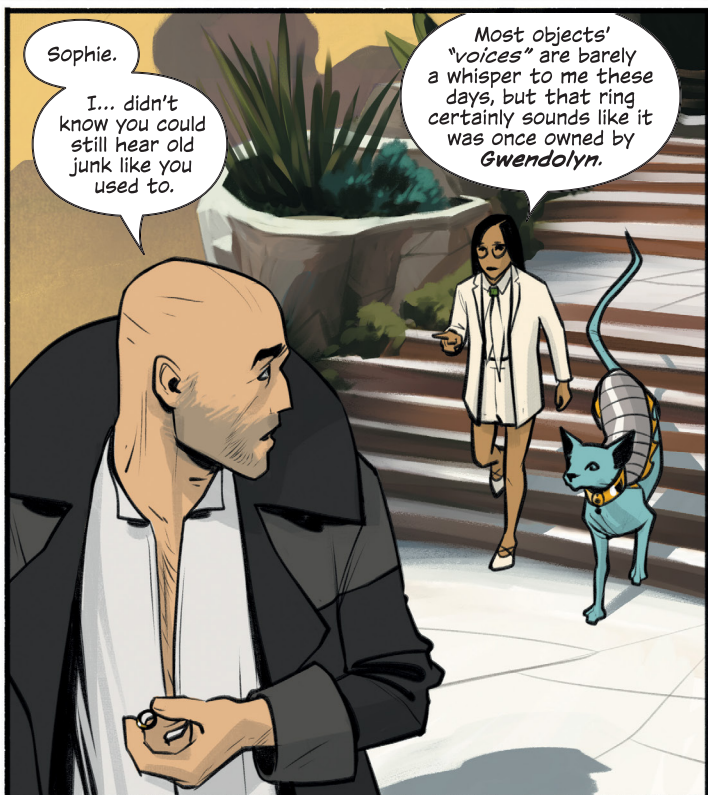
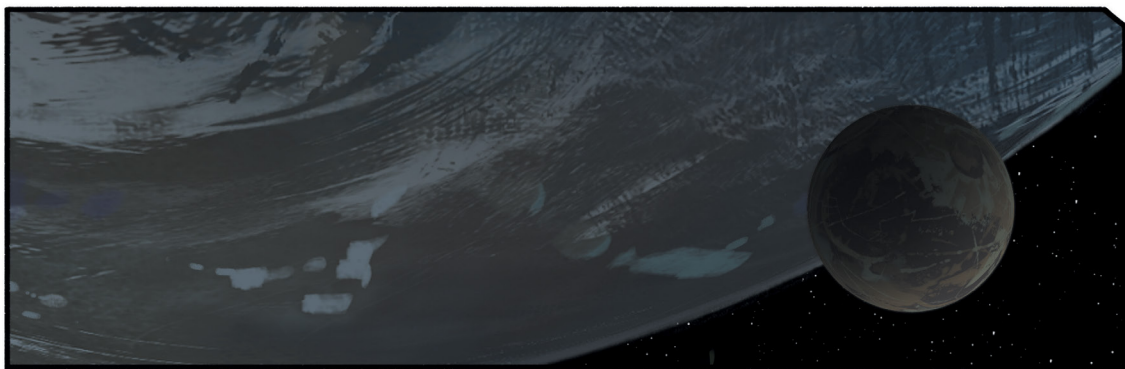
Of course you were eavesdropping.



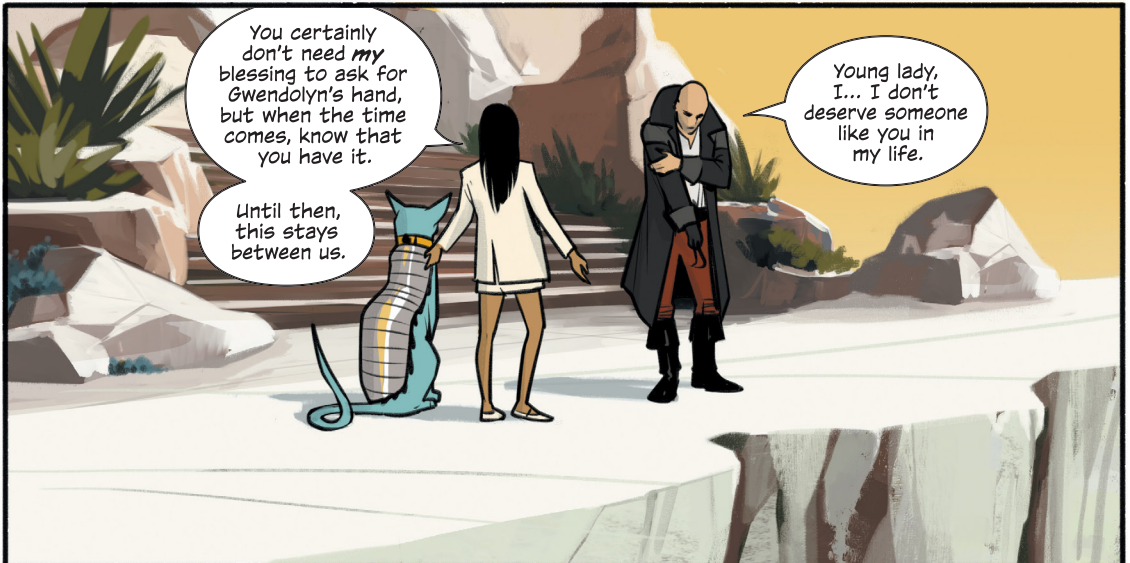
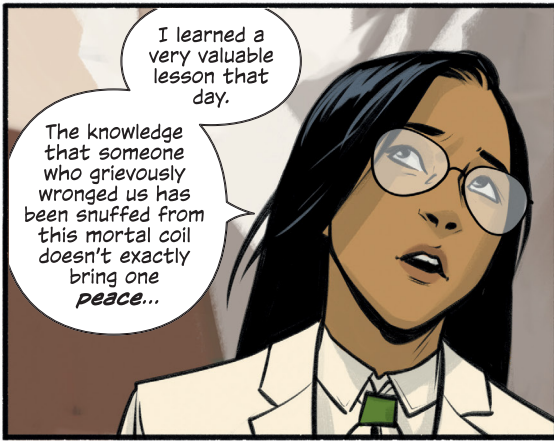
Kids, look at me.

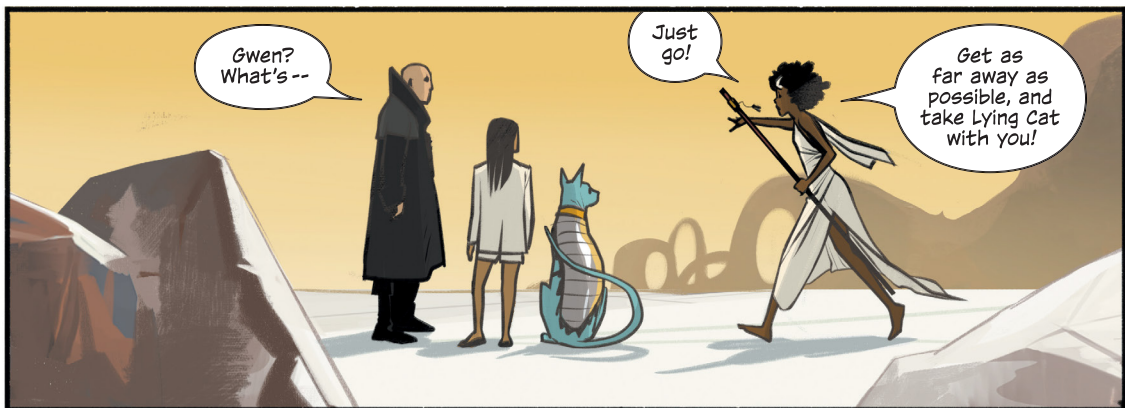
Like a lot of really kind, really helpful people you're going to meet in your life... Miss Vitch is a gigantic fucking *liar*.

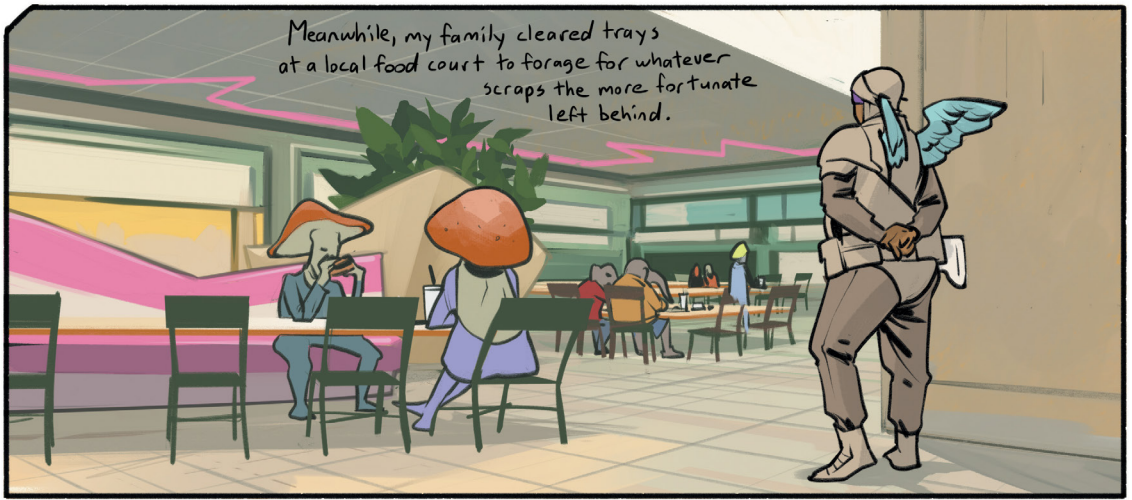




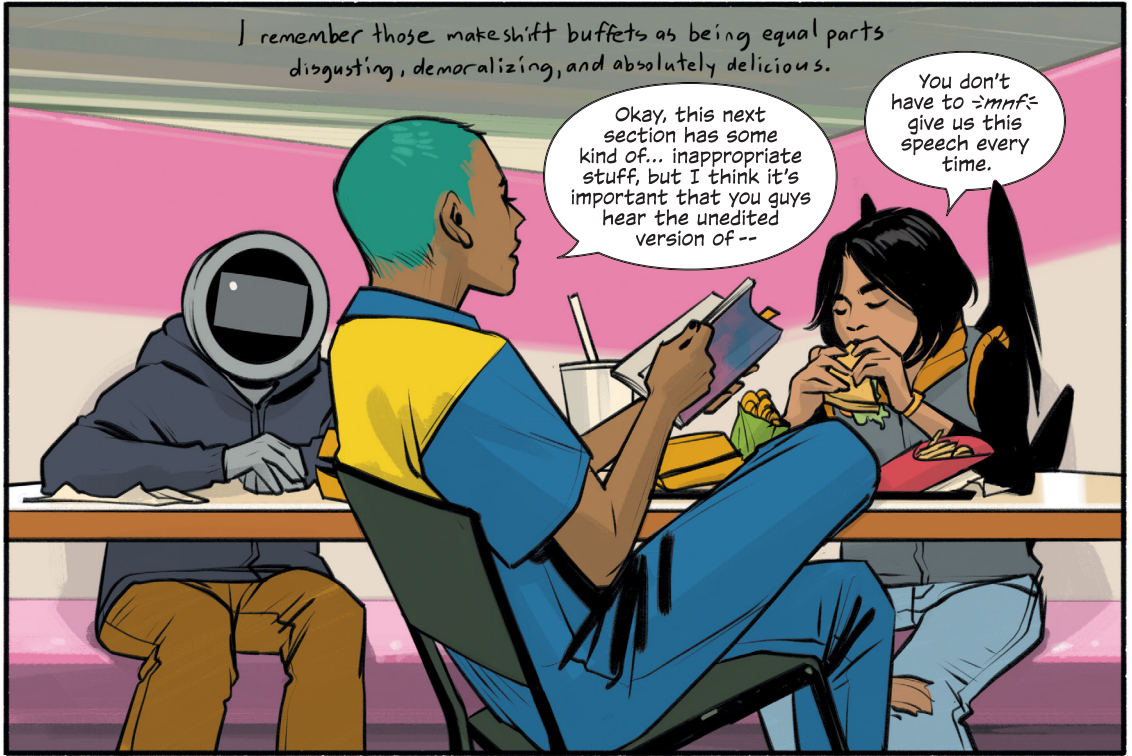








Meanwhile, my family cleared trays at a local food court to forage for whatever scraps the more fortunate left behind.



I remember those makeshift buffets as being equal parts disgusting, demoralizing, and absolutely delicious.

Okay, this next section has some kind of... inappropriate stuff, but I think it's important that you guys hear the unedited version of--

You don't have to ~~mf~~ give us this speech every time.



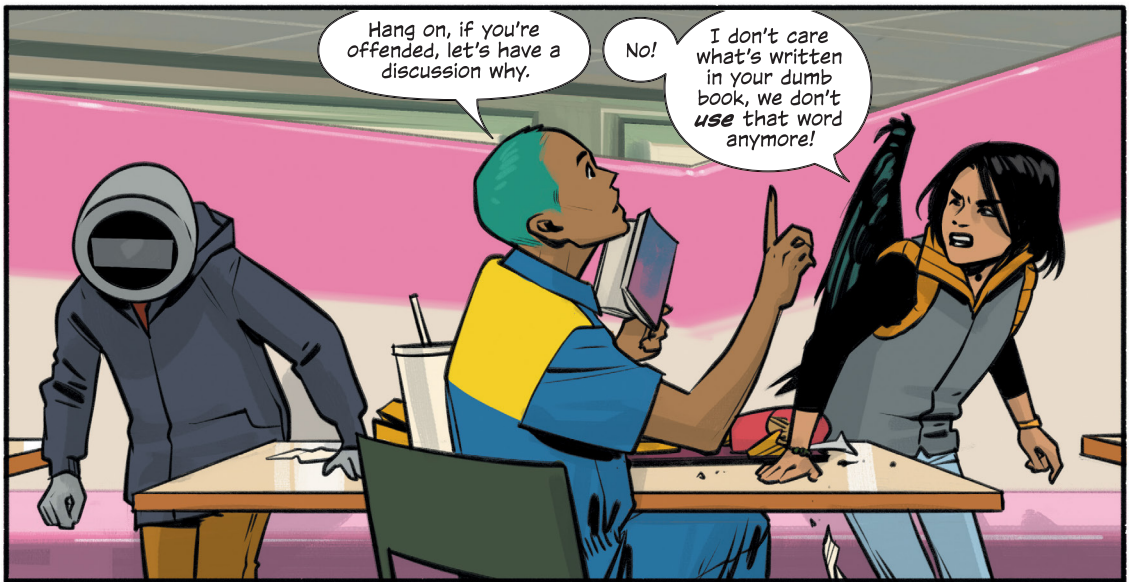
Fair enough.

Most of this dated old romance novel was over my head, but Mom made such a big deal about it being Dad's favorite book, I always listened intently, trying to find him in its pages.



The old man wheeled close to Eames and, with his penultimate breath, whispered three powerful magic words that would forever protect the boy and everyone he loved...









Hello, Ginny.



Please... take whatever you want.

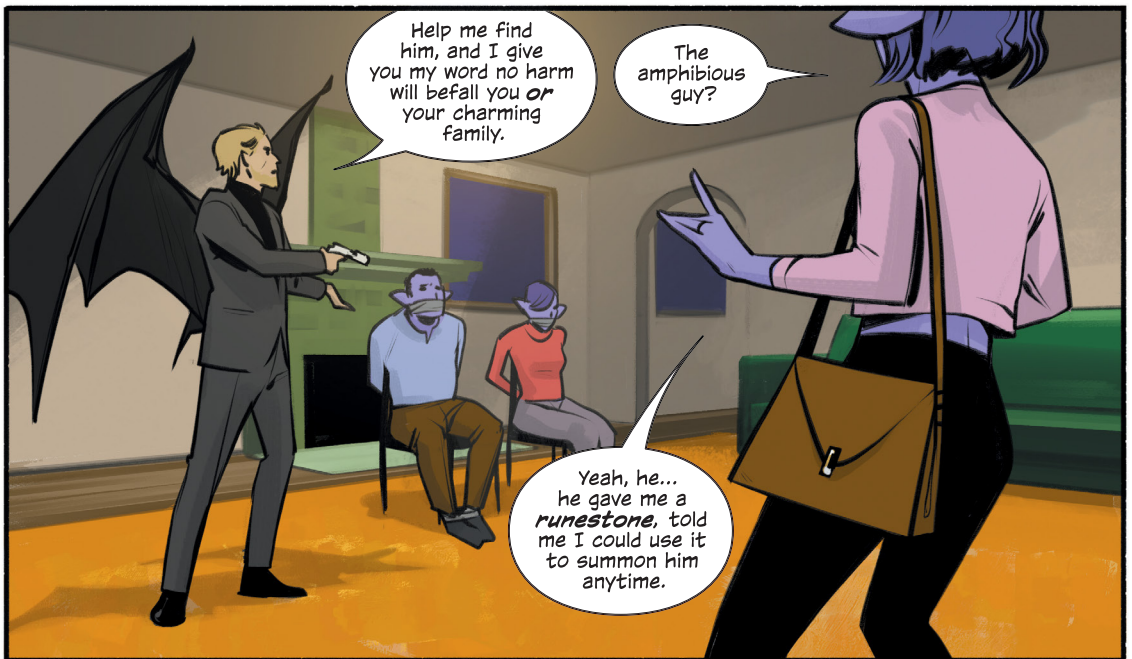
Oh, thanks ever so much, but I'm afraid I'm not some garden-variety home intruder.

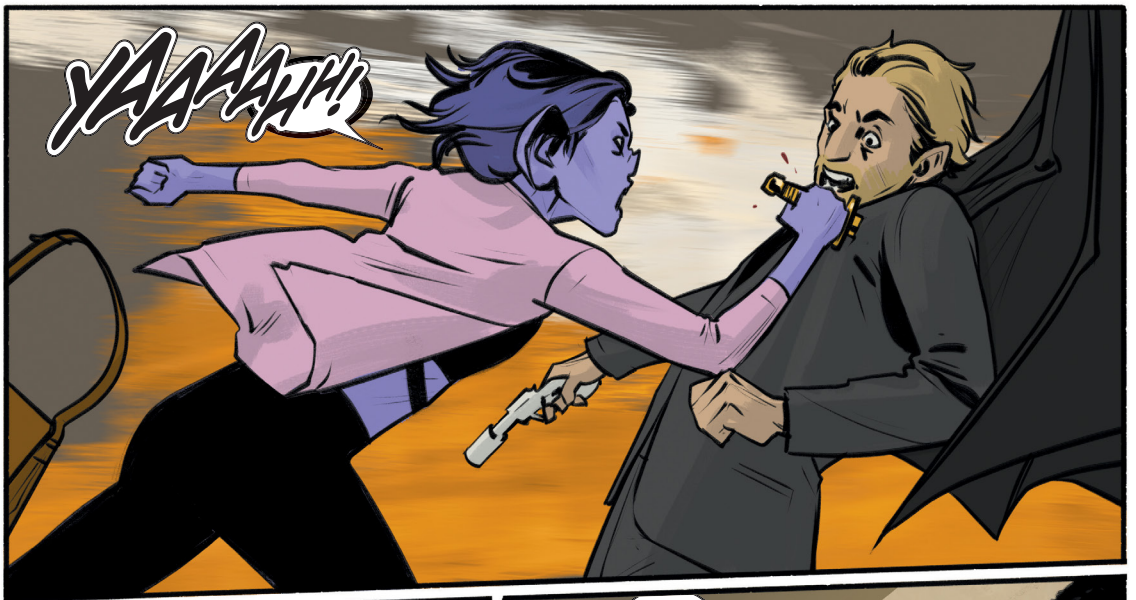
Special Agent Gale, Landfall Secret Intelligence.

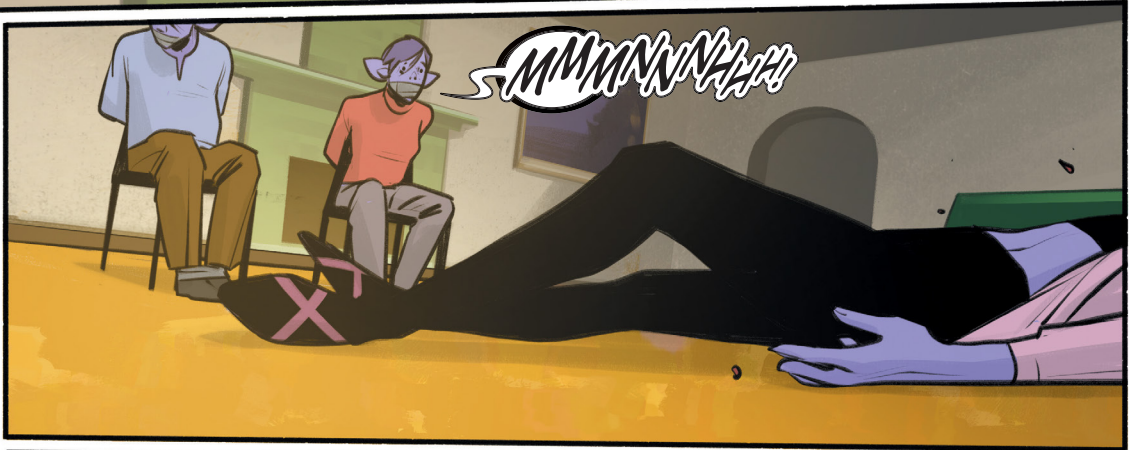


Wait, is this about Marko?

I... I haven't heard from him in years.







You
were never
getting out
of this
alive.

ZUPP
ZUPP



end chapter sixty-two



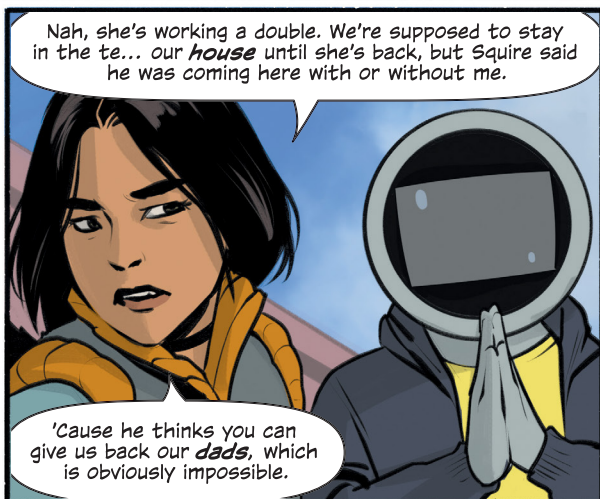
CHAPTER

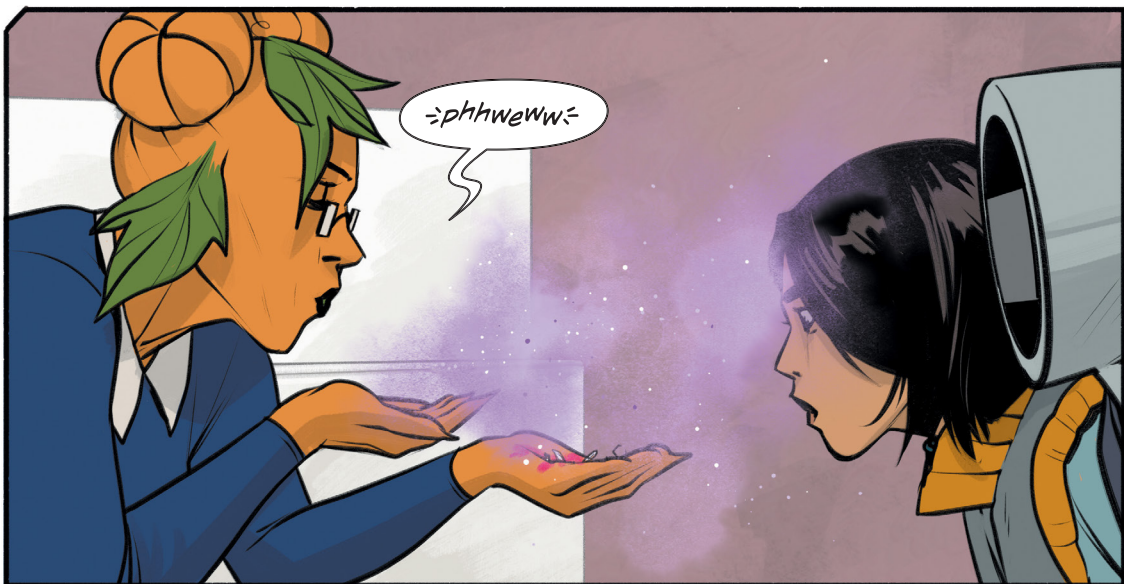
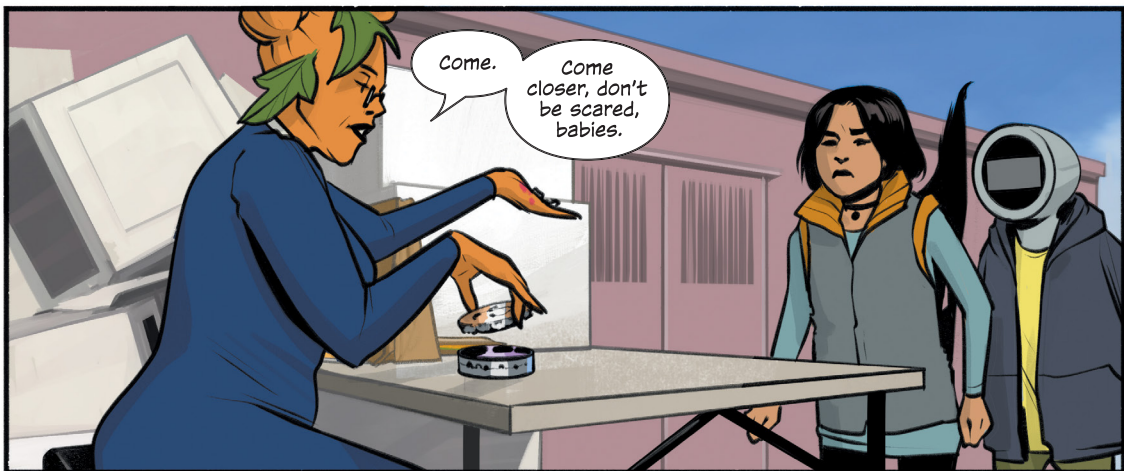
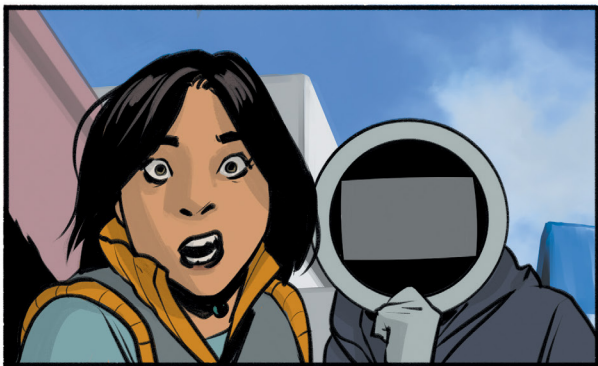
SIXTY-THREE

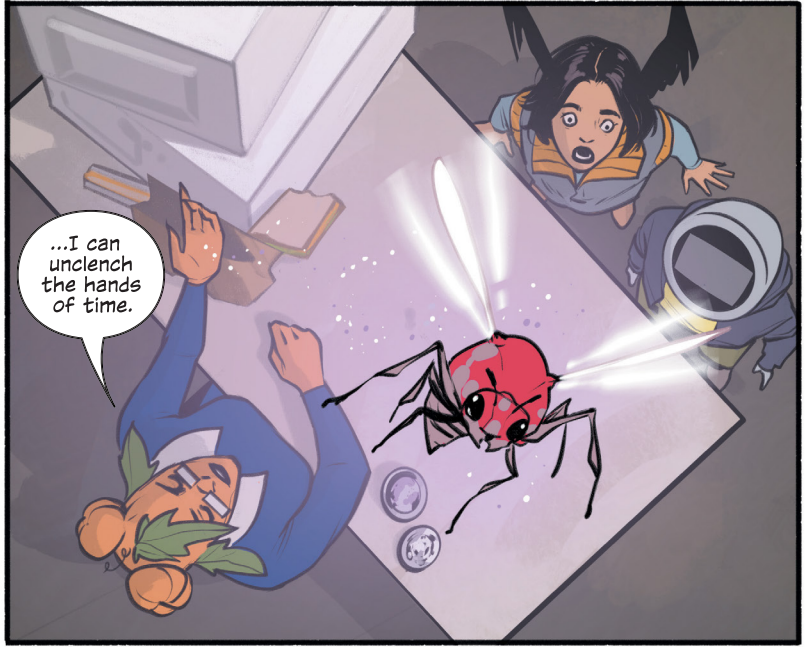
My little brother thinks you can raise the dead but that's just made-up bullshit.

Correct?

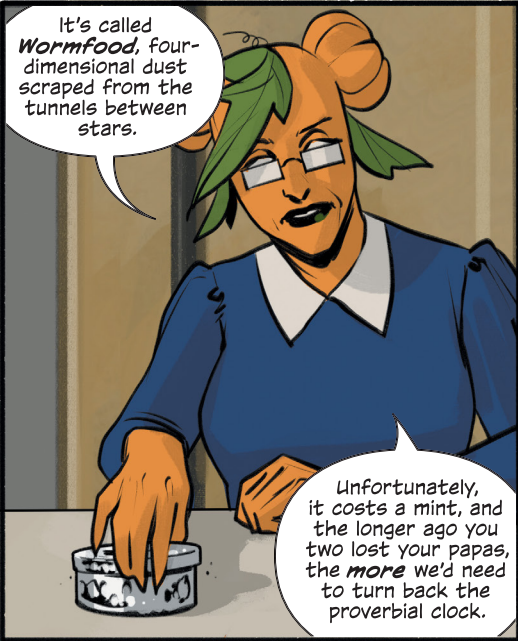








...I can unclench the hands of time.



It's called *Wormfood*, four-dimensional dust scraped from the tunnels between stars.

Unfortunately, it costs a mint, and the longer ago you two lost your papas, the *more* we'd need to turn back the proverbial clock.



Sorry, littles.

I'd point you to the asshole wholesaler who cornered the market on this ingredient, but I get the sense y'all aren't in a position to be buying in bulk anytime soon.

Wait!



What if I'm good at, like... *other* ways of getting stuff?

The first thing I ever stole was a clip-on necktie from a department store we visited a few months after my father was killed.

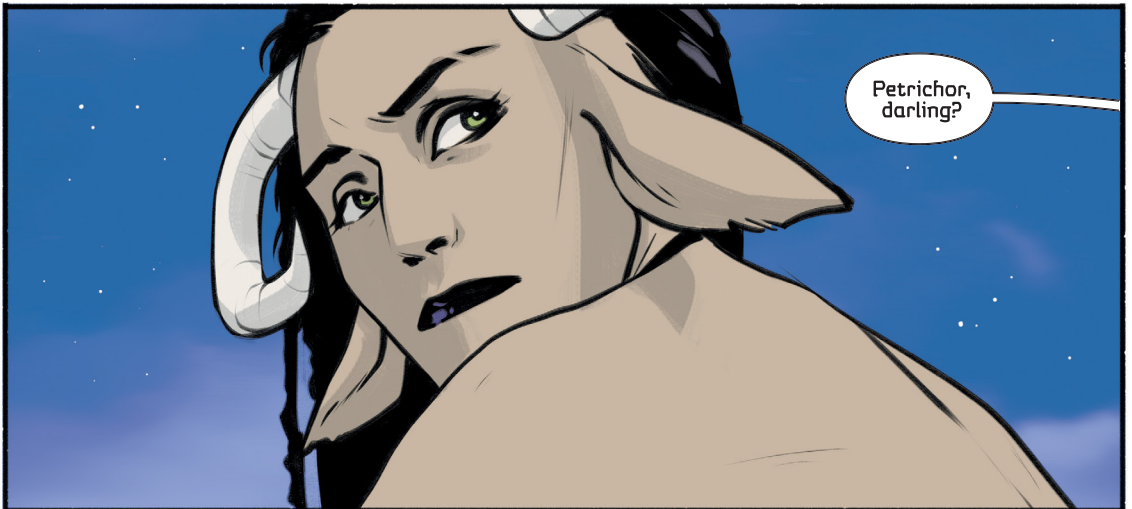
It wasn't so much about the object (even though it was awesome and could even be attached to t-shirts), it was about the FEELING of taking it, of breaking "the rules."



No longer was I some powerless satellite controlled by others' gravity...
I was a goddamn star.

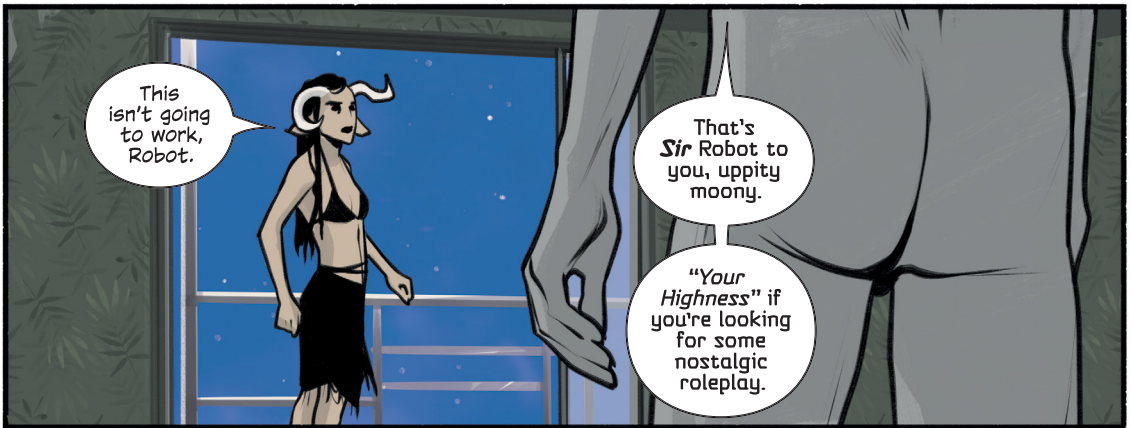


Petrichor, darling?





I hate to interrupt one of your sullen moods, but I was wondering if you'd fancy coming back to bed and fucking my face for a spell?



This isn't going to work, Robot.

That's **Sir Robot** to you, uppity moony.

"*Your Highness*" if you're looking for some nostalgic roleplay.



Exactly what I mean.

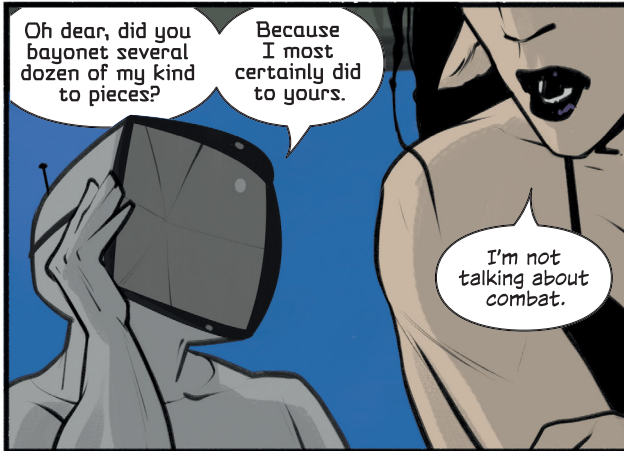
This childish plan to change our names, our identities... you know it's not actually going to change *anything*, right?



My love...

Stop calling me that.

If you had any idea of all the horrid things I've done, you'd never even speak to me again.



Oh dear, did you bayonet several dozen of my kind to pieces?

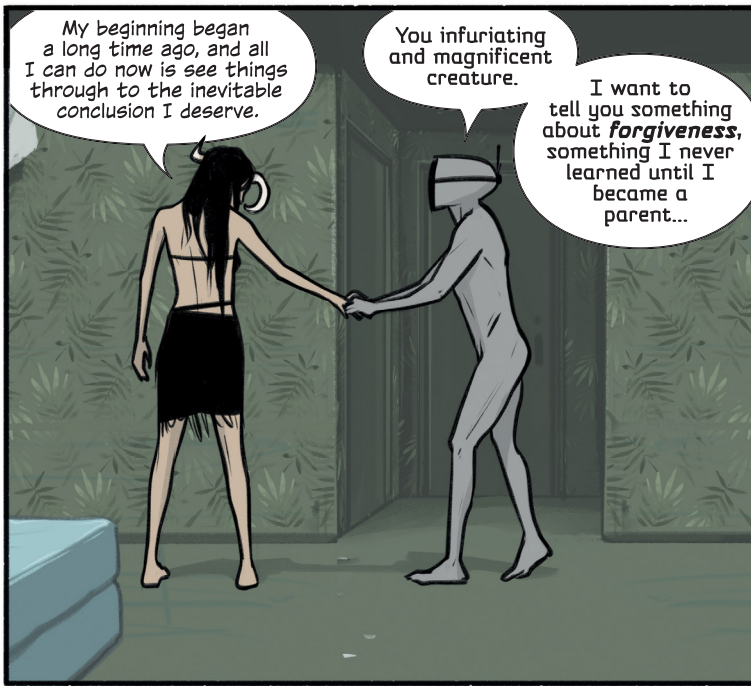
Because I most certainly did to yours.

I'm not talking about combat.



In my younger days, I was... lost. And awful. I hurt people, people I cared about.

When I was finally able to transition, I hoped it might also be a "new beginning." But it wasn't. It *can't* be, because there's no such fucking thing.



My beginning began a long time ago, and all I can do now is see things through to the inevitable conclusion I deserve.

You infuriating and magnificent creature.

I want to tell you something about *forgiveness*, something I never learned until I became a parent...



KILL ME NOW.





Lady, I'm sorry about what happened to your boyfriend, but there's a **system** in place for you to get restitution if a Freelancer did something out of bounds.

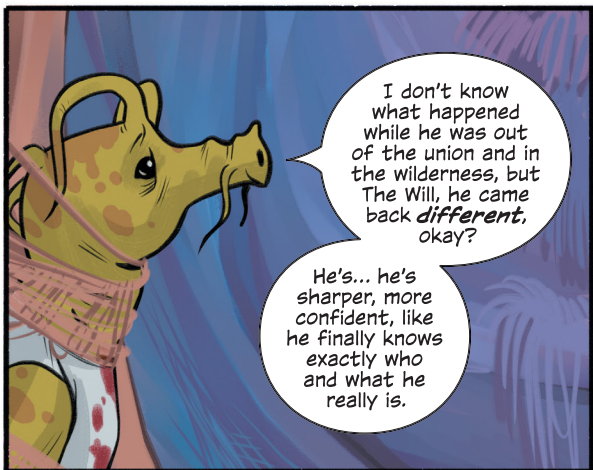
But you go to Wreath and try to settle this on your own, I guarantee The Will is gonna **dismember** you, and then he's gonna **dismember me** for sending you his way.



We'll see.

Listen, you ditzy broad!

A few years ago, sure, a well-armed Wreath soldier with the element of surprise **might** have stood a shot against the guy... but that was motherfuckin' then!



I don't know what happened while he was out of the union and in the wilderness, but The Will, he came back **different**, okay?

He's... he's sharper, more confident, like he finally knows exactly who and what he really is.



Which is?



Ehh, what's it matter?

We both know you're about to find out for yourself.





I know the hours suck, but have you ever worked a call center?

Compared to having to explain to old people how to use a new phone over the phone, this place is paradise.



You're a legend, Packer #729.

hyuh

Want to know my secret to success?

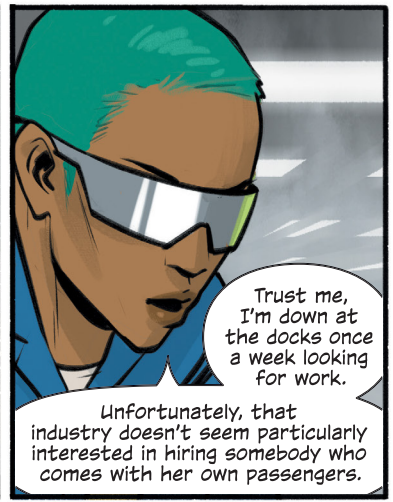


I'm high as a frickin' mongoose on *Fadeaway* right now.

You want a taste?



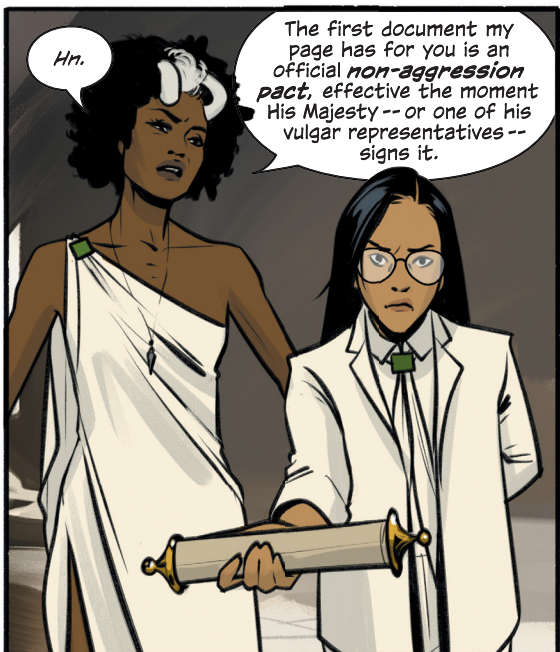
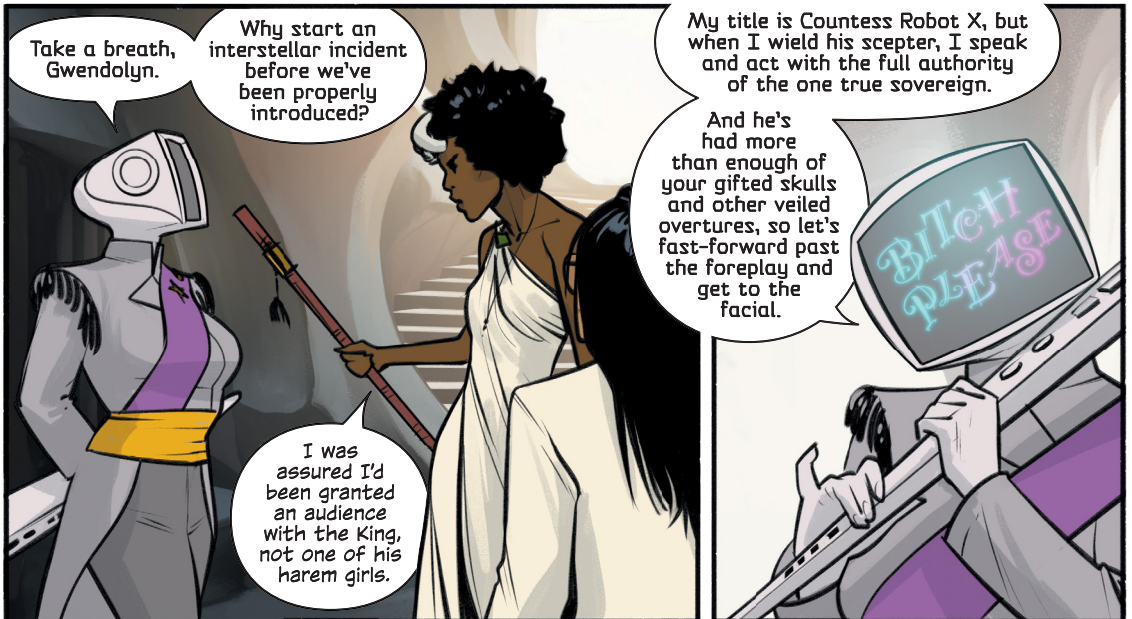
I'm good, thanks.

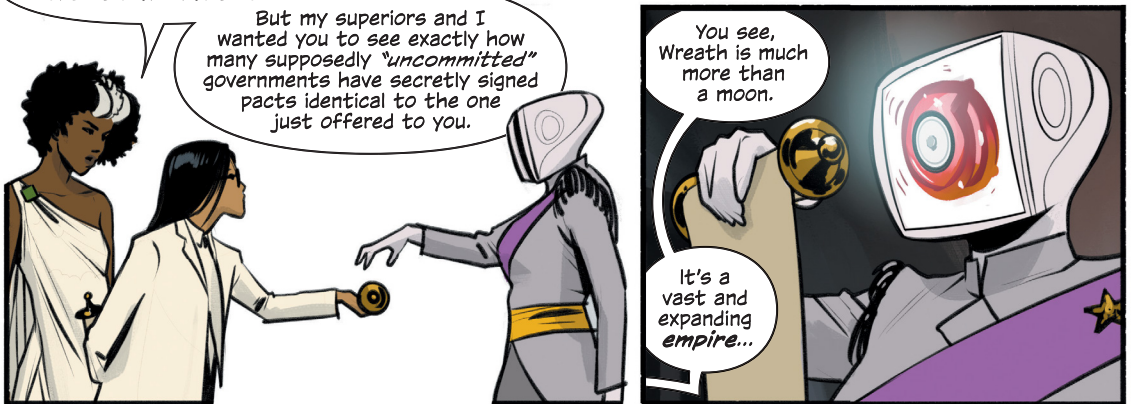
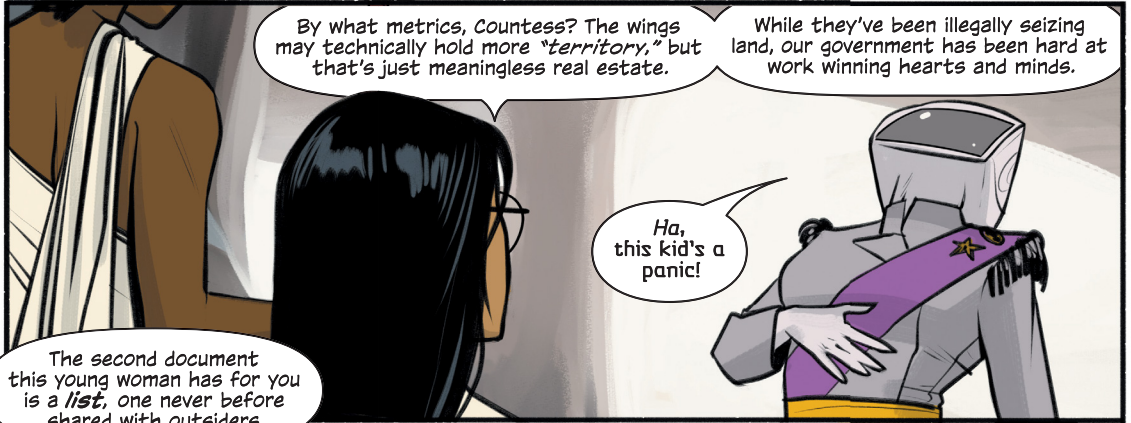
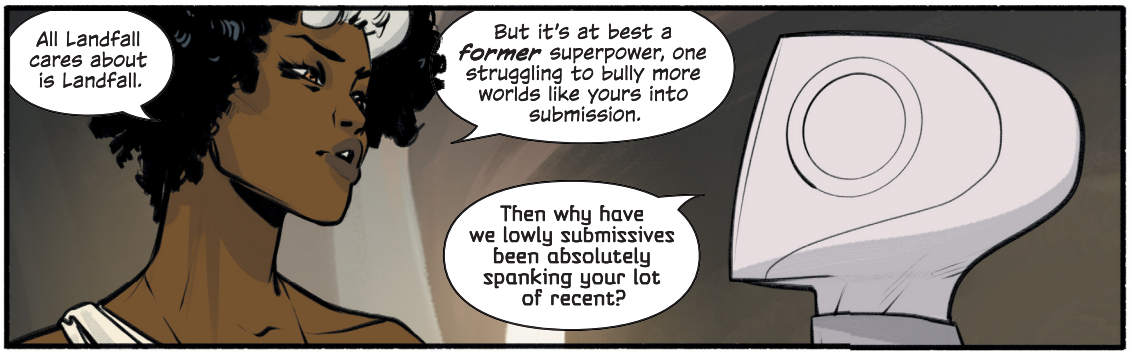


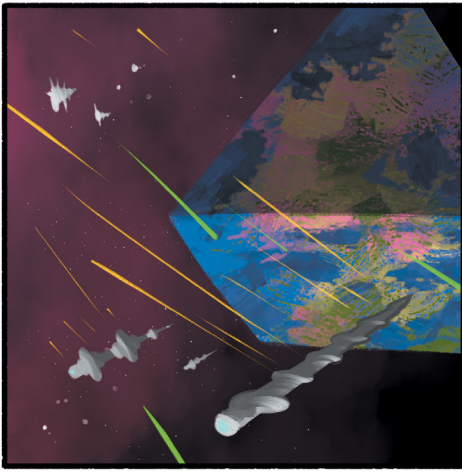
















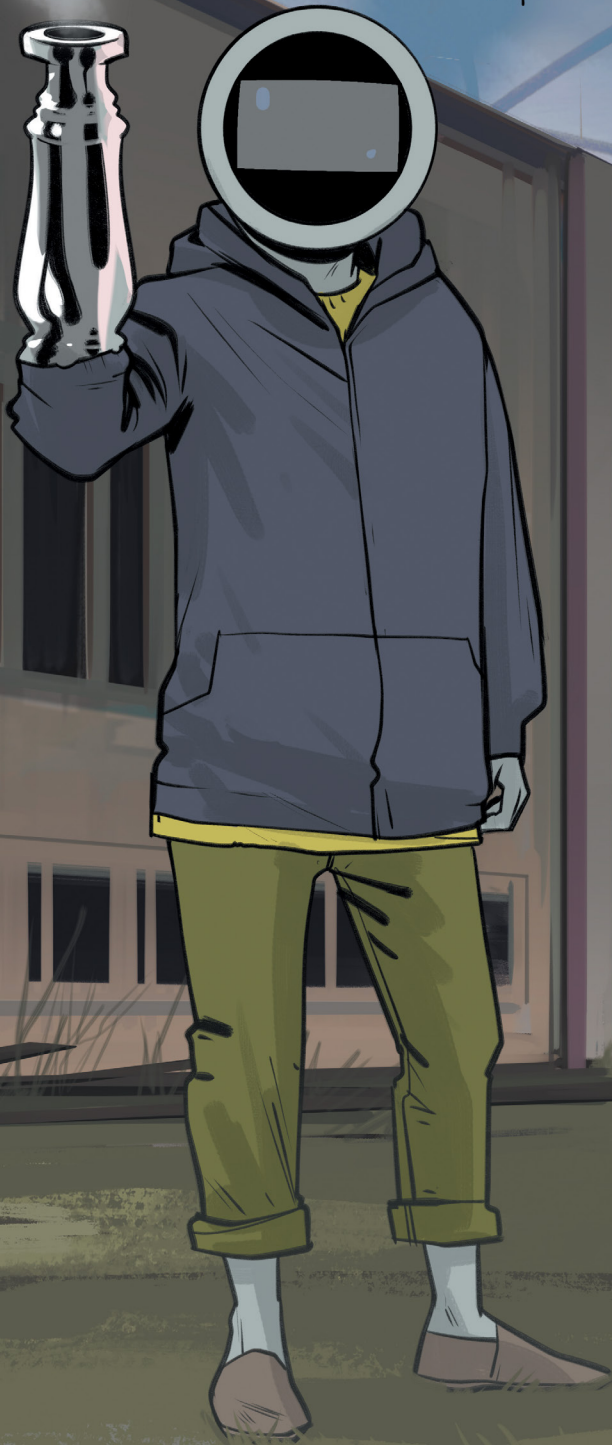


People always say they'd be willing to "beg, borrow or steal" to get whatever they want most... but those were activities I used to do for fun.

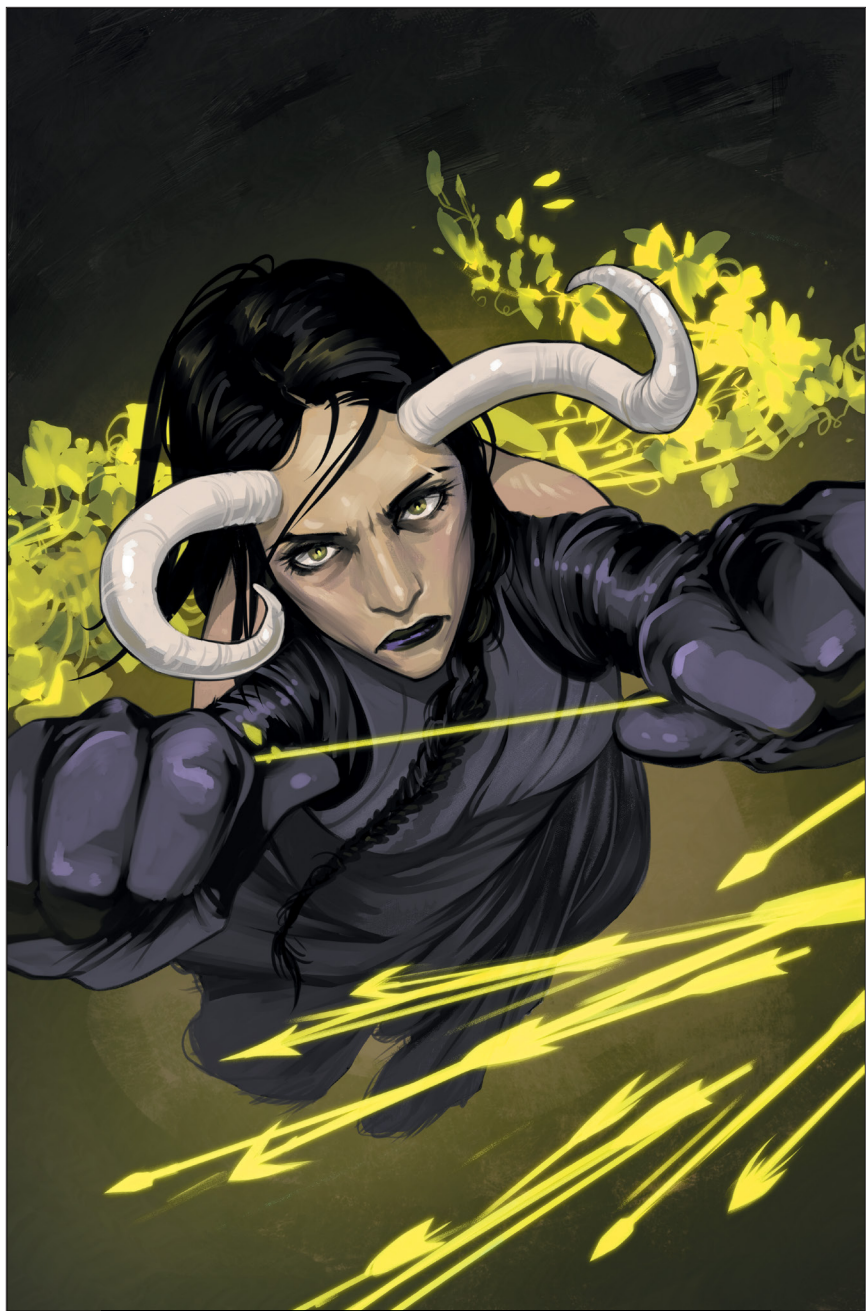


To get my father back, I would have happily given up my own life.

My brother was
willing to take it
a step further.



end chapter sixty-three



CHAPTER

SIXTY-FOUR

Hello,
my name's
Pete.

I was
hoping I could
borrow just a
moment of
your time?





Sorry, fella.

I already gave at the office.



Oh, I'm not looking for a handout, I'm looking for a **woman**, a native of Landfall who may be going by the name **Alana**.

And you happen to match the description of an individual who was seen in her company on a planet near --

Not this racist shit again!



I don't know what kinda shady debt-collection outfit keeps sending you assholes my way, but I'll tell you the same thing I told the other guy.

One: I don't run with wingnuts, no offense. Two: half the dudes from my homeland rock a tricorne, so your ignorant assertion about somebody matching my --

Just a moment.



What "other guy" are you referring to?



Like his name? I don't remember, Upland or something?

But he was a fellow *amphibian*, which made his assumptions all the more galling, dig?

This individual, did he happen to *give* you anything? His card?



A runestone, perhaps?



Nah, just told me to keep an eye out for this Llama chick you're all horny for.

Rambled about a "big reward" if I steered her his way.

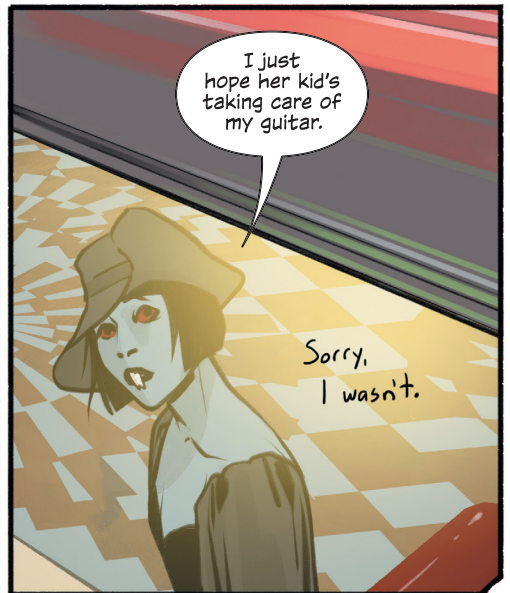
Hold on, he told you where to *find* him?

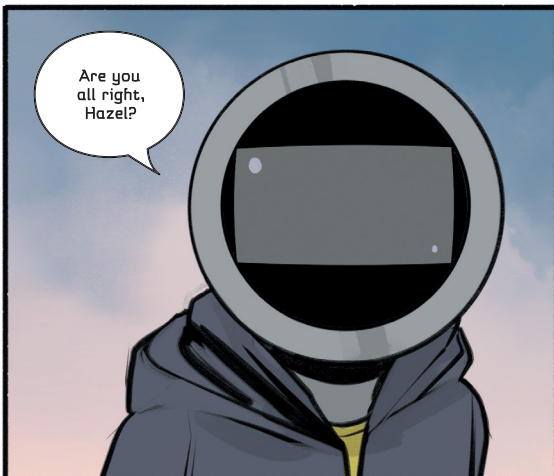


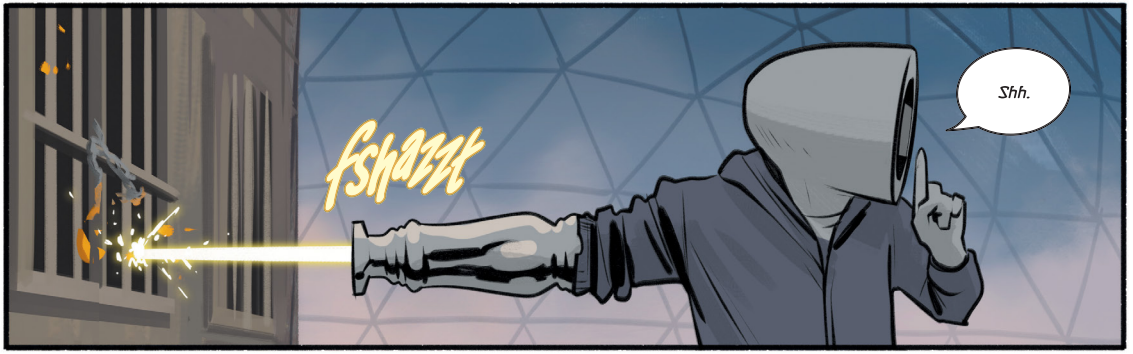
Yeah, but I wasn't exactly paying attention.

Think he maybe said something about a lighthouse?

A...?







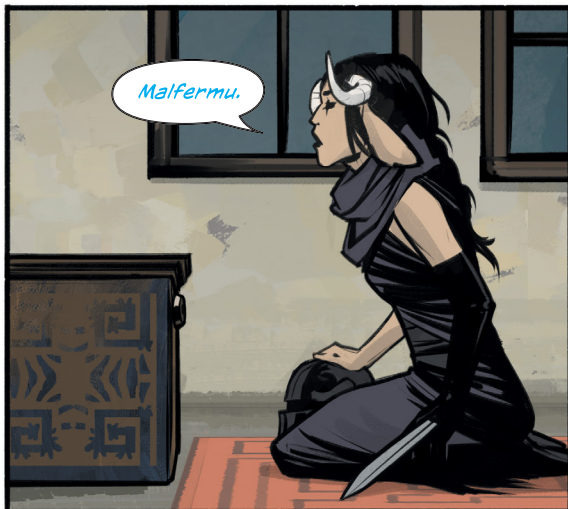




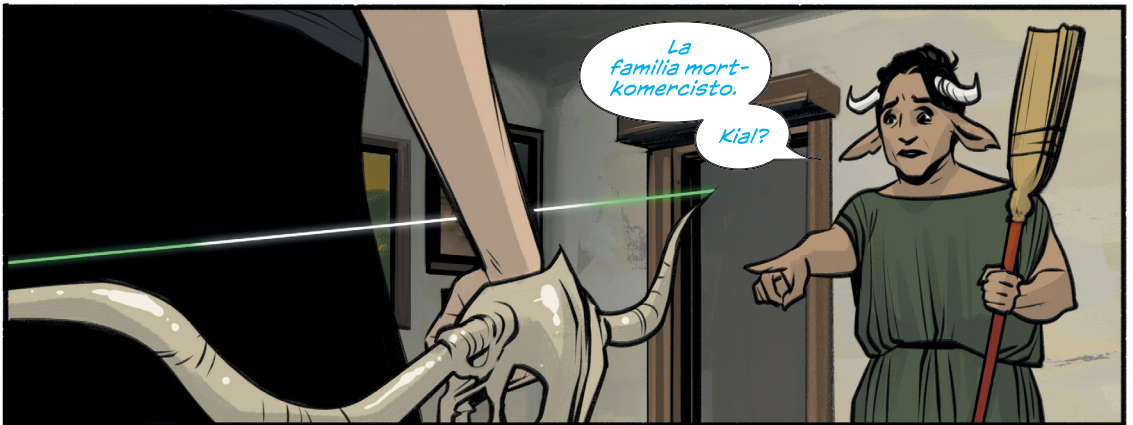
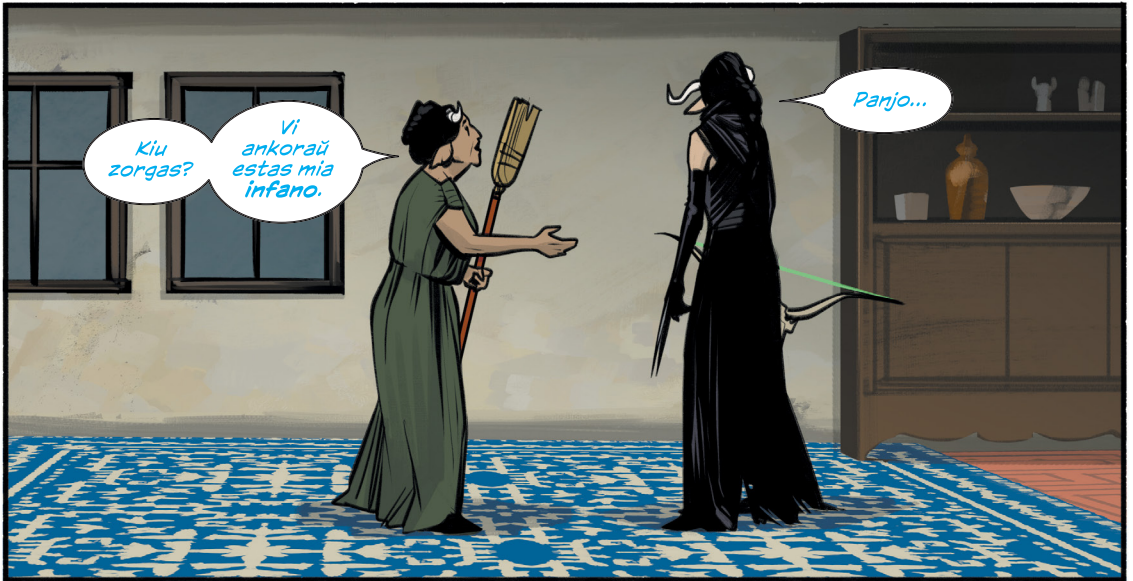


...or else they'll never
be whole again.

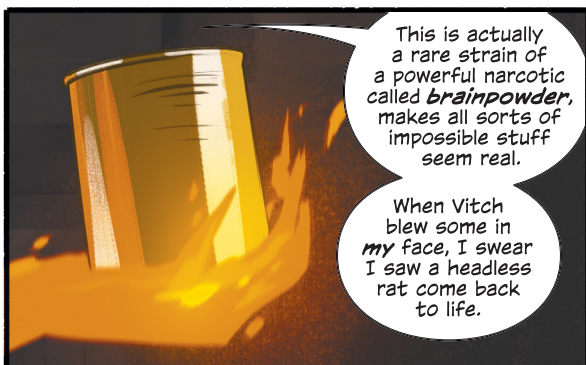














Don't
feel too
bad.

I fell for it,
and I'm a grown-ass
man, one who's actually
partied on stuff
like this.



But me
and my girl-
friend, we lost
our *daughter*
a few years
ago.

Backyard
pool, stupid
accident.



So when I met Vitch,
and she told me the
dead don't have to
stay dead?

I was ready
to do *anything*
to get my little
girl back.

Like,
um, like
what?



Some
twisted
stuff,
kid.

Vitch asked
me to do some
pretty twisted
stuff.



By the time I
realized I'd been
scammed, it was
too late.

But you're a
Constable!

If this is
really all just a
bunch of B.S.,
why don't you
arrest her?



Vitch said if I ever tried to make a move against her, she'd tell my **bosses** everything I'd done.

That would send me straight to prison, which is the same thing as a death sentence for a guy in my line of work.



So yeah, I'm pretty much screwed.

But at least I can prevent **other** folks from making my dumb mistake, which is why I've been staking out Vitch's place, trying to head off her next victims.



Anyway, I'll do my best to cover your tracks before the psycho who owns this place shows up, but you two should split.

If we don't bring her what we promised, won't Miss Vitch, like, put a hex on us for life?



I'll tell her you guys got pinched by a plainclothes like me and sent to **juvie**.

Lie low for a few weeks, she'll forget all about you and move on to some other poor saps.



Okay, yeah.

Yeah, thank you so much, that's **exactly** what we'll do.

Like bloody hell.



I don't believe a word this firebug just said.



Careful, junior.

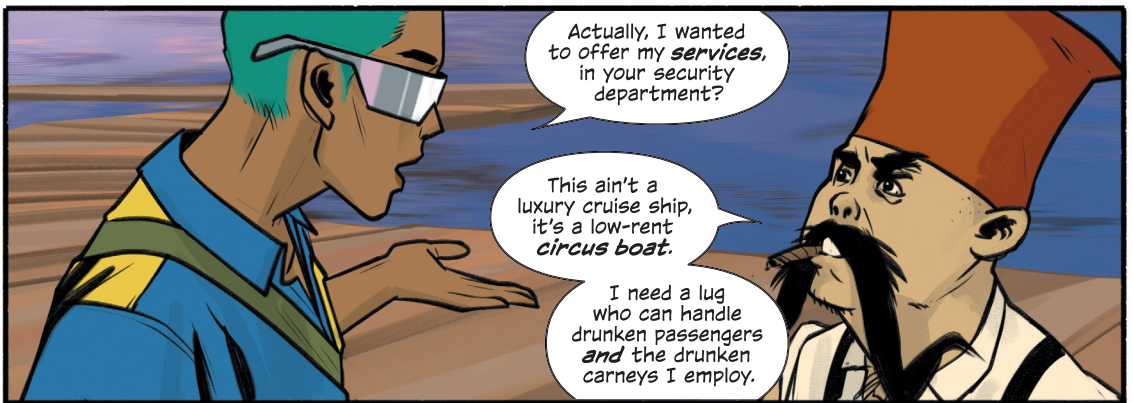
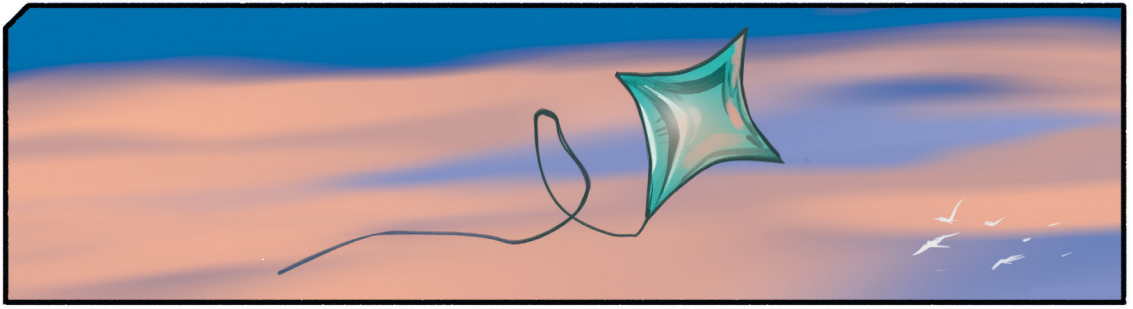


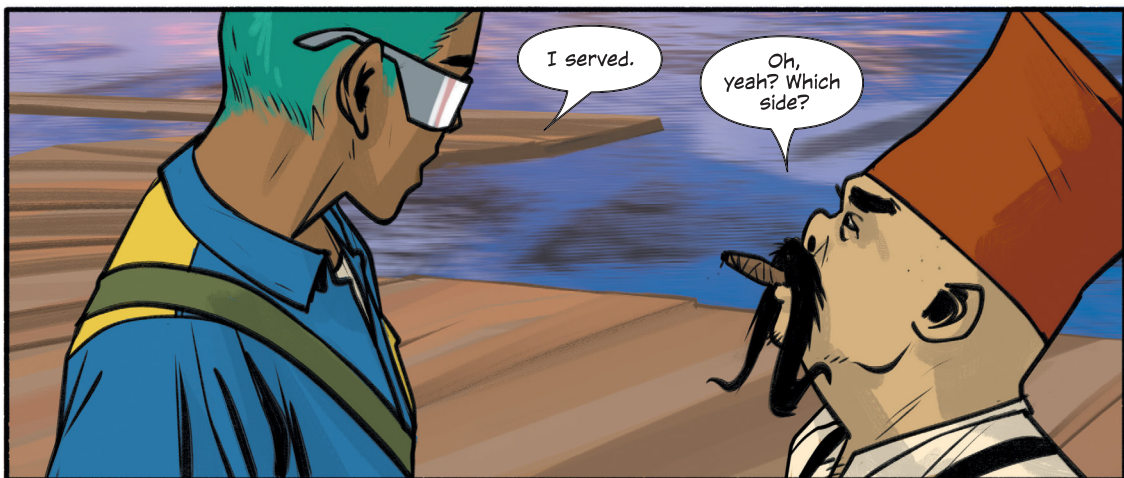
Squire, what are you--

You and I are leaving here with all the wormfood we can carry...



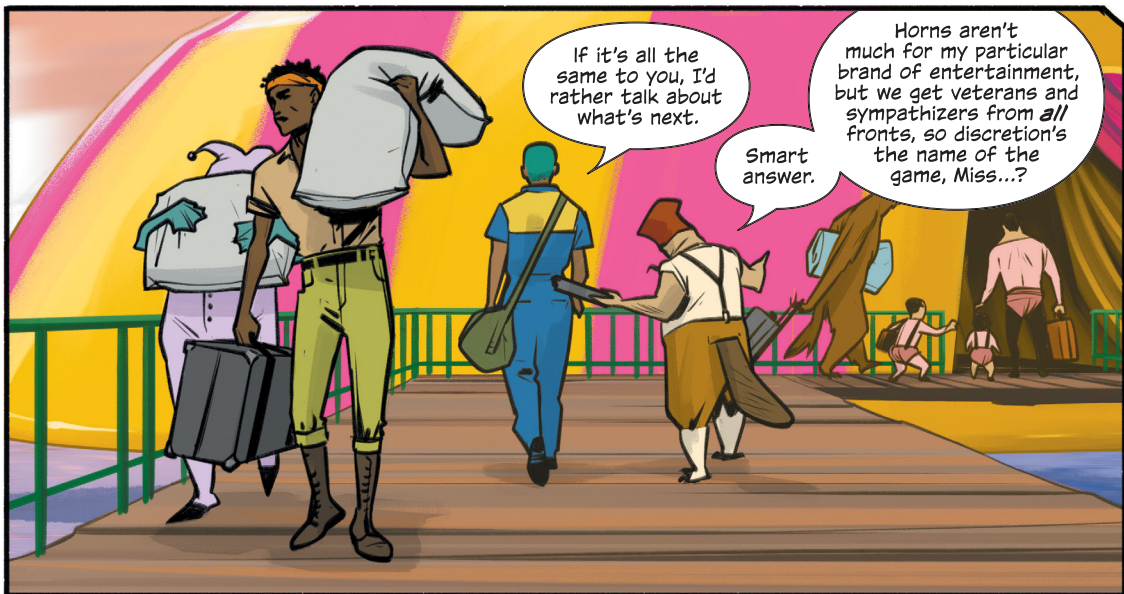
...even if it's over this pig's dead body.





I served.

Oh, yeah? Which side?



If it's all the same to you, I'd rather talk about what's next.

Smart answer.

Horns aren't much for my particular brand of entertainment, but we get veterans and sympathizers from *all* fronts, so discretion's the name of the game, Miss...?



Call me Eames.



Whist.

And listen, our shows might not be "family friendly," but this is still a family business, so the first thing I tell any potential hire is no friggin' *drugs* on board, understood?

About that.



Here we go.

Not the drug part!

It's just, when you said this was a family business... did that only mean *yours*?



That a
problem?



end chapter sixty-four



CHAPTER

SIXTY-FIVE

When I was eleven,
our front door had
a zipper.

KIDS!

WE'RE
MOVING!





Nights were hardest, with only that painfully thin membrane to protect us from every terrifying sound outside.

Kids...?



Still, Mom always assured my brother and me that our "camping adventure" would be over before we knew it.

Oh, fuck.



FUCK!

Until then, she encouraged us to remember one thing, that no matter how shitty our hardscrabble lives seemed...



... some poor bastards out there always had it worse.

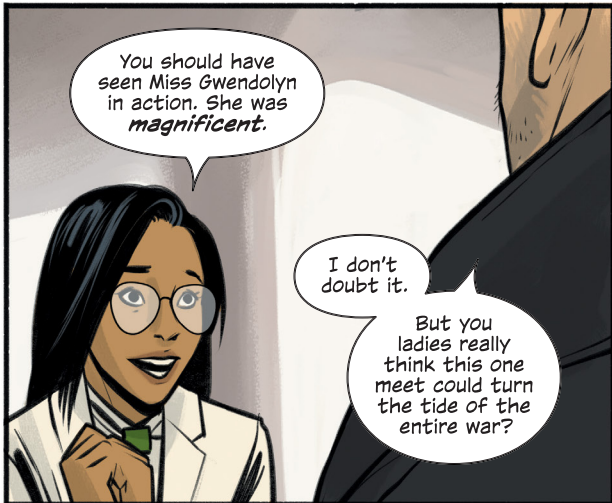
"I'll think about it."



And that's all she said?

Actually, Countess X's exact parting words were, "We'll think about it."

An important distinction in the Robot Kingdom.



You should have seen Miss Gwendolyn in action. She was magnificent.

I don't doubt it.
But you ladies really think this one meet could turn the tide of the entire war?

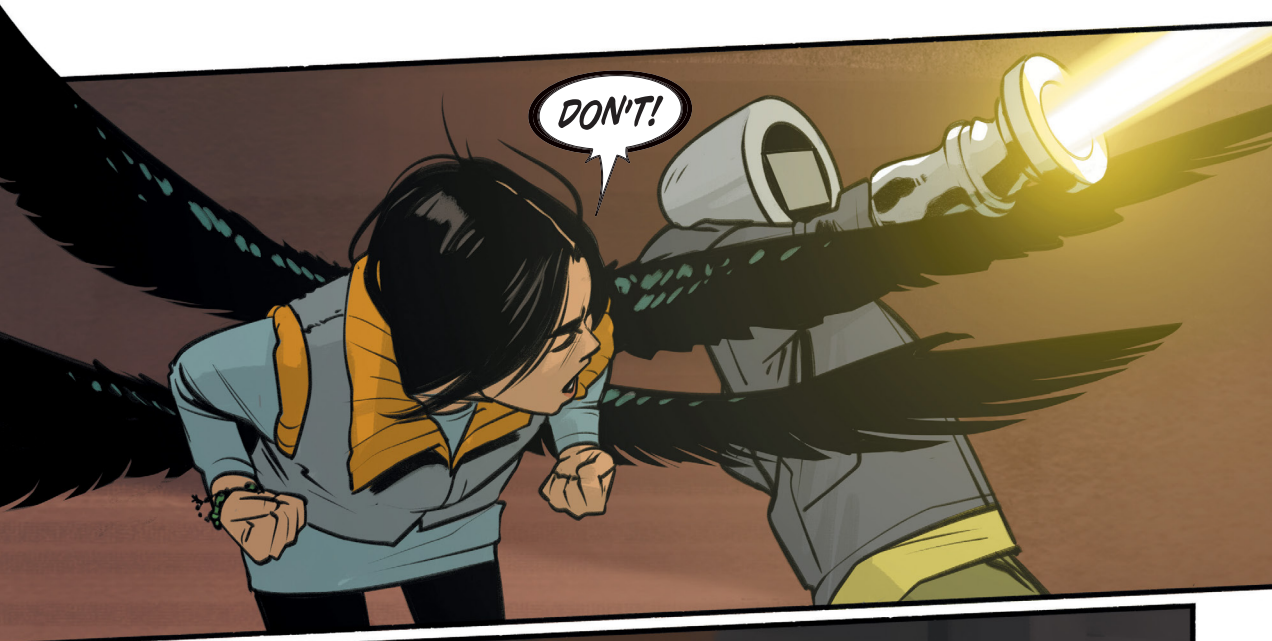


Never forget that Wreath is a moon.
Turning tides is what we do.

**EHHN
EHHN
EHHN
EHHN**







DON'T!



...the fuck?



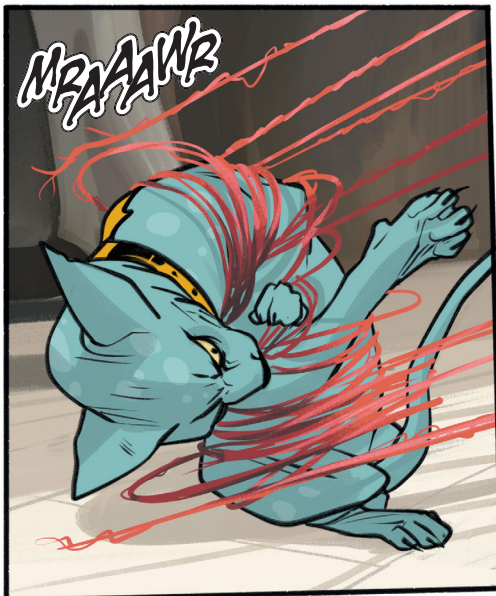
When did you turn completely psycho?!

nhf



And when did you =>hrrng< get so heavy?!









This is for Prince Robot IV, mother-fucker.



FULMO!

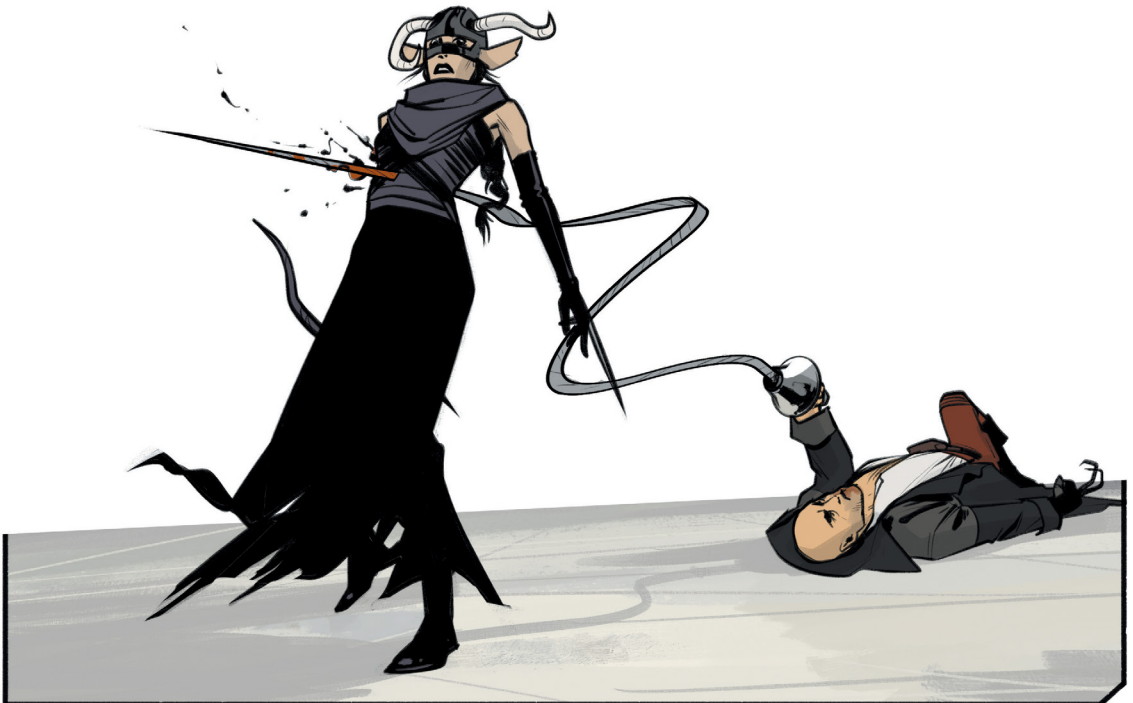
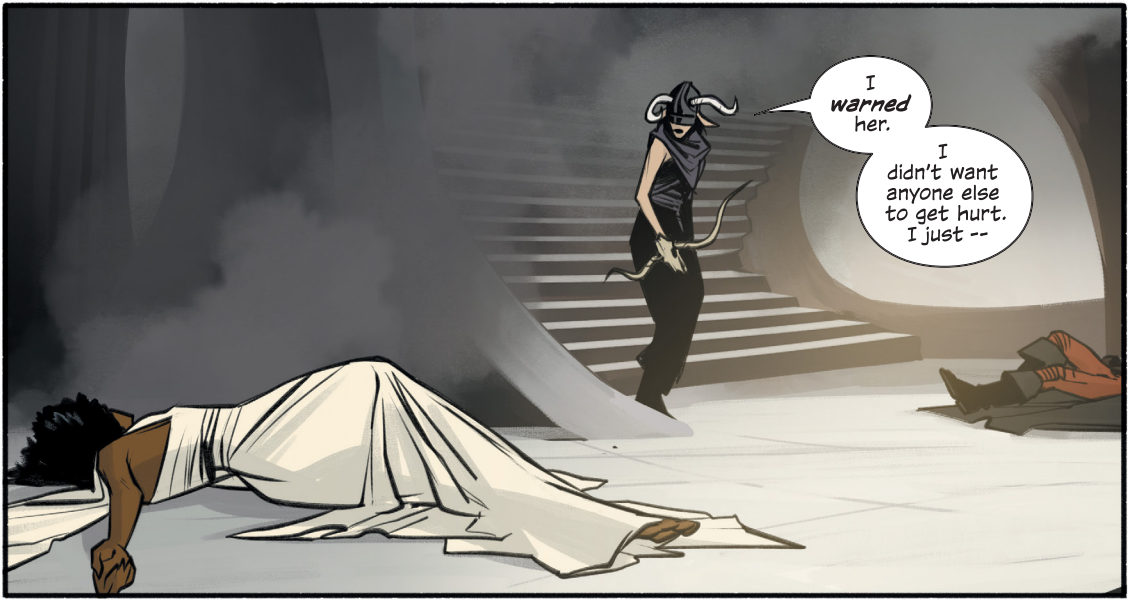


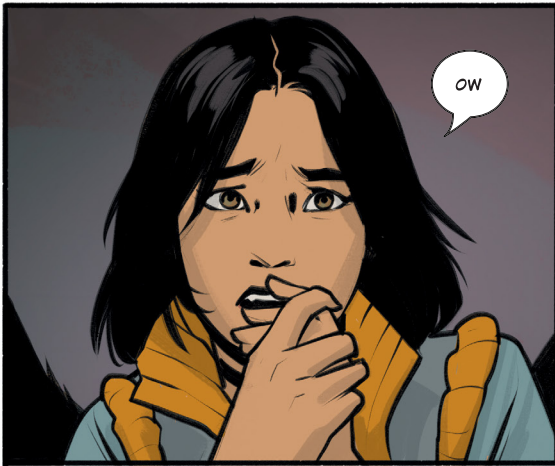
Nope.

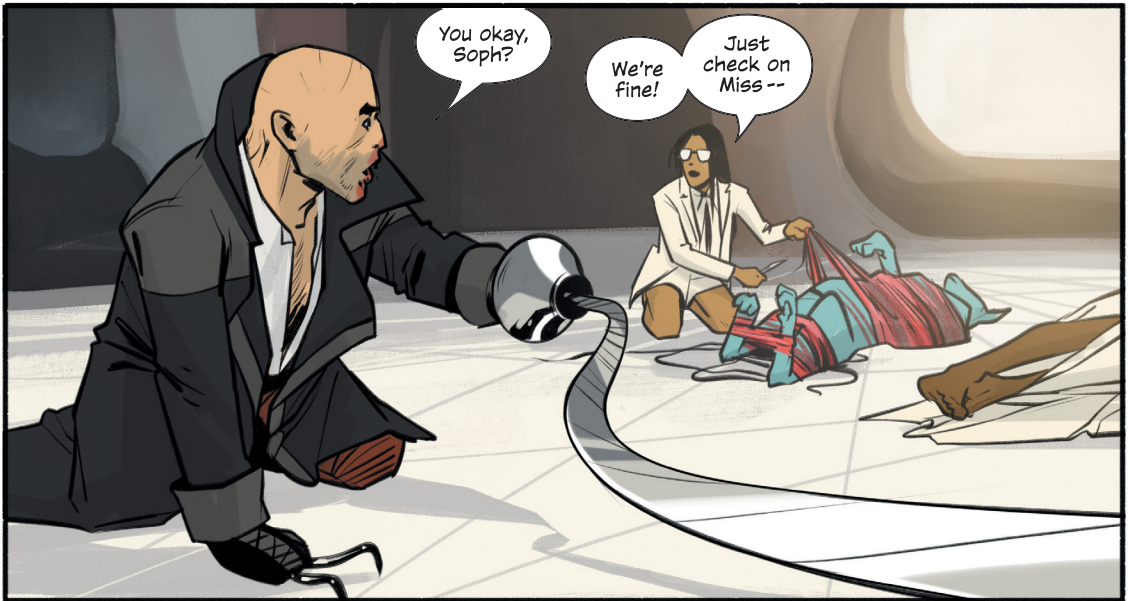
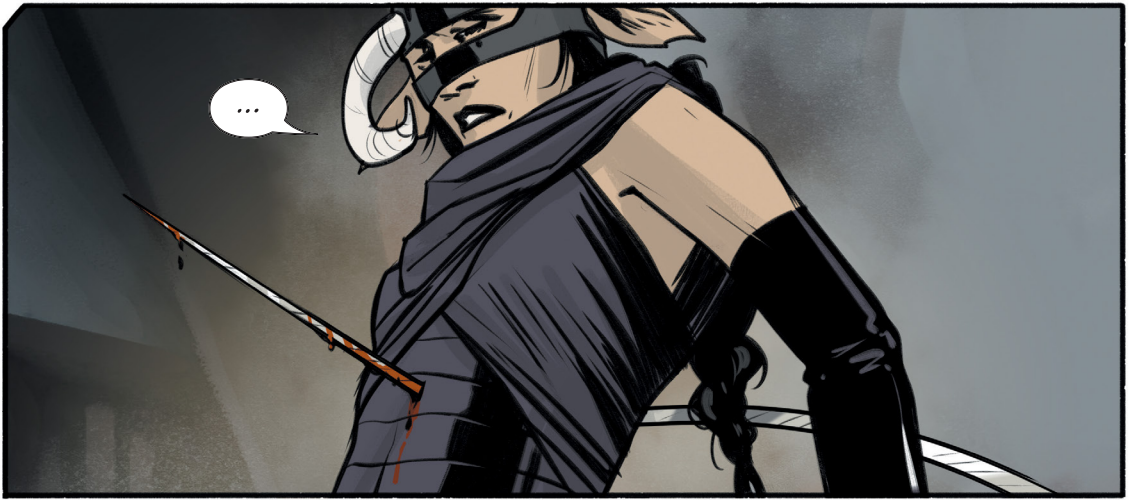


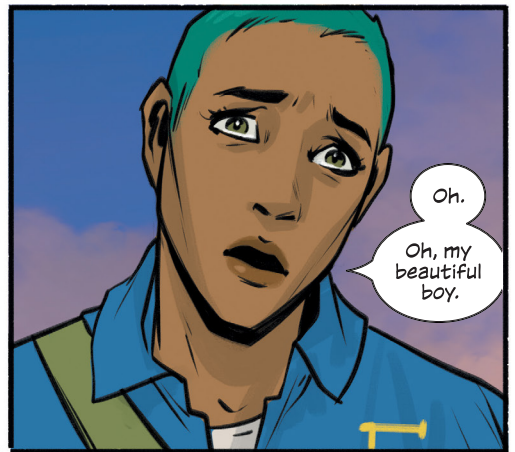
GWENDOLYN!

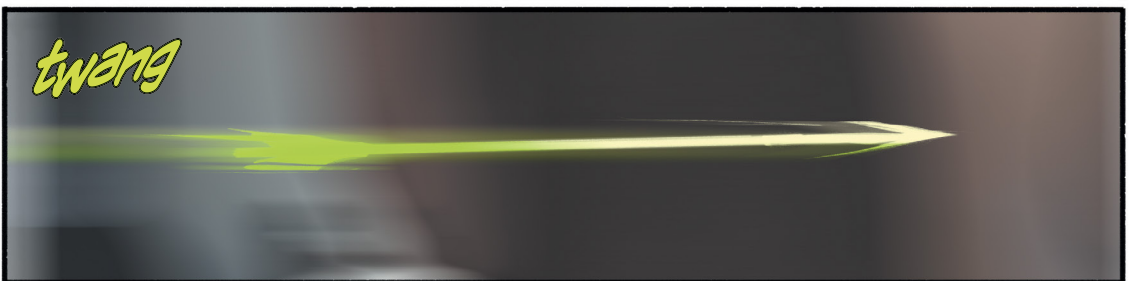
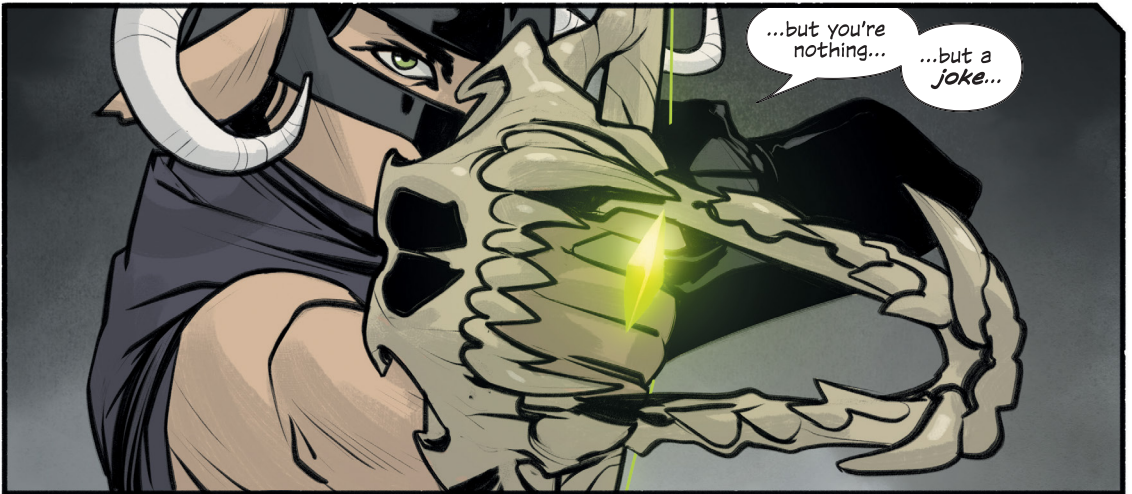
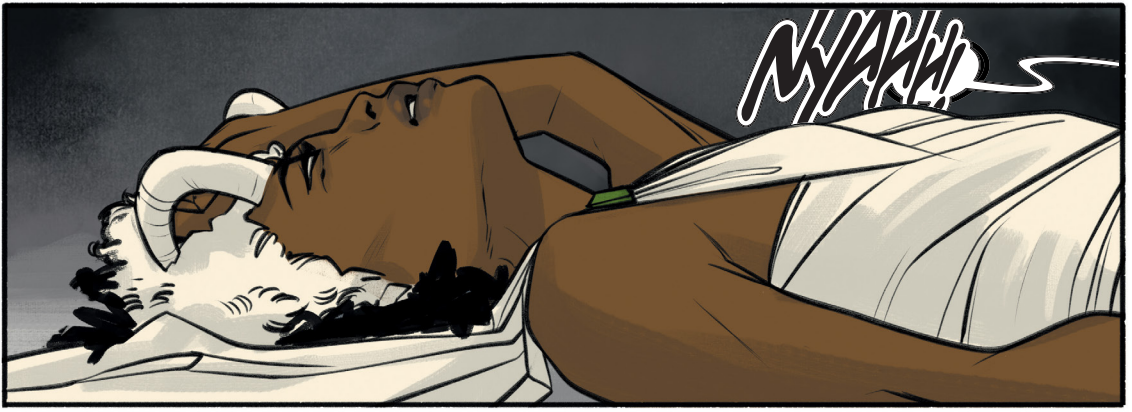














FASTER!



But our stuff!

Don't worry, I grabbed Daddy's pages and the drumsticks Squire carved out of our old place and --

And my guitar?!

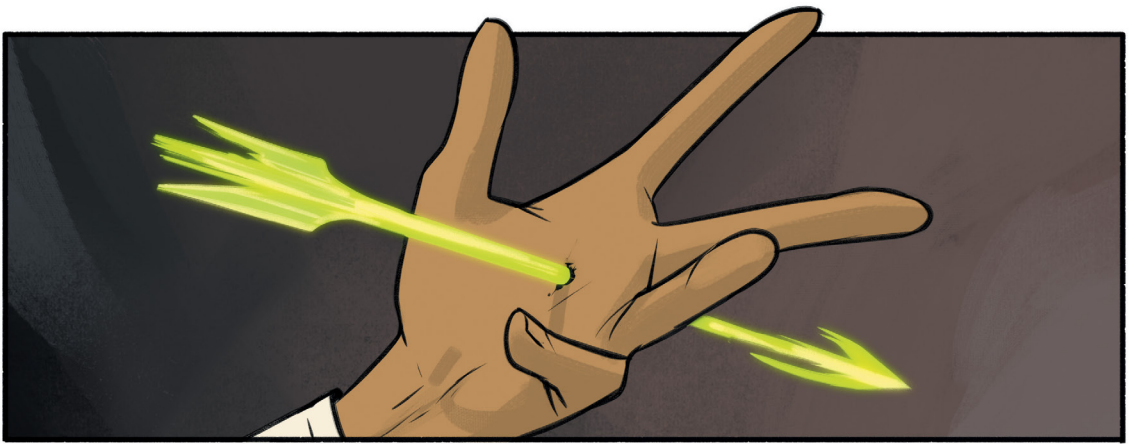


I kinda had to barter with it, but I swear I'll get you a new one.

For now, I need you both to be good helpers...



...and **KEEP UP!**









We fought for resources,
for shelter, for survival.



And thanks to the way
Mom waged our battles, we
sometimes even won.

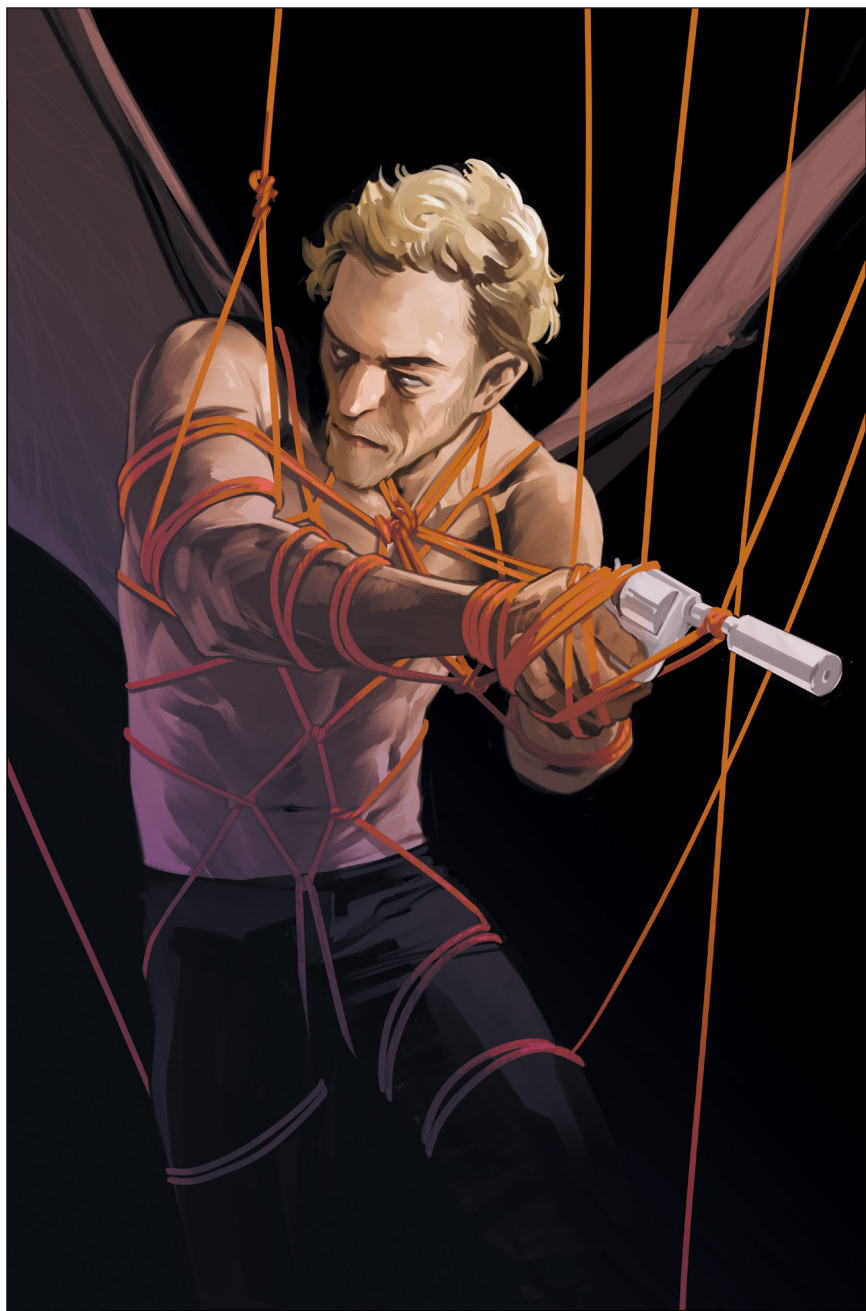


But the close
of that day was the
first time since Dad's
death that we'd managed
to secure the most
elusive of victories...



...an actual happy ending.

end chapter sixty-five



CHAPTER

SIXTY-SIX



How is it so far?



Huh?

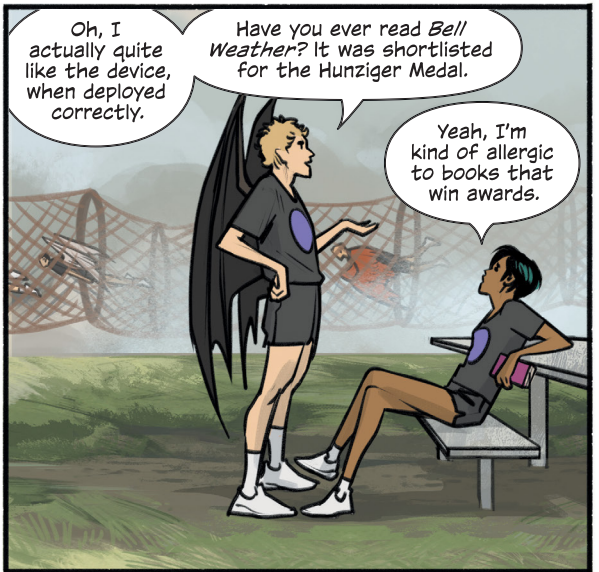
Sorry to be a pest.

Just wondering if that novel's any good?



Ehn.

It's got one of those "unreliable narrators," which always makes me worry the author's an asshole who's just making shit up as they go.



Oh, I actually quite like the device, when deployed correctly.

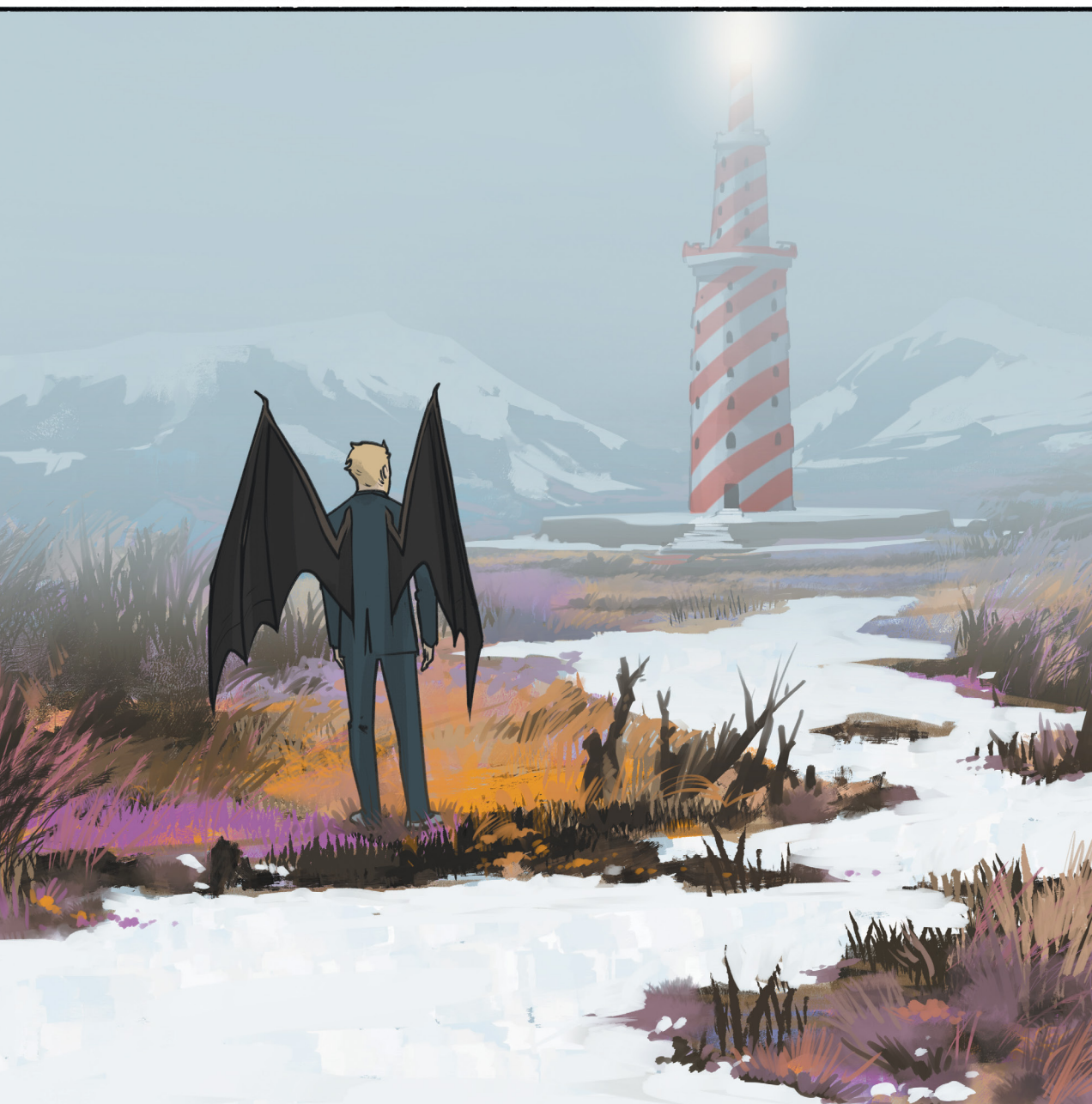
Have you ever read *Bell Weather*? It was shortlisted for the Hunziger Medal.

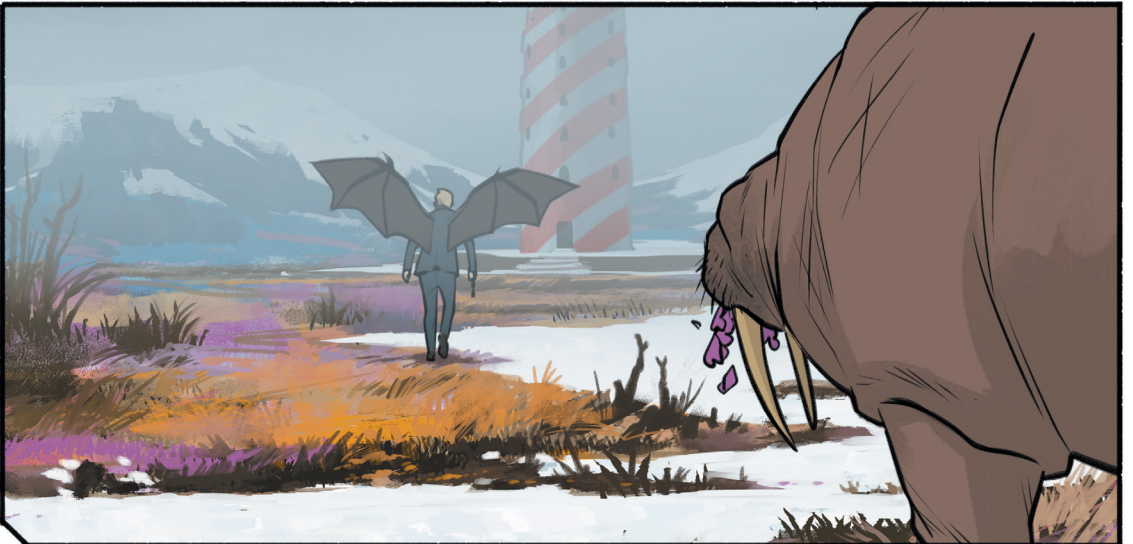
Yeah, I'm kind of allergic to books that win awards.

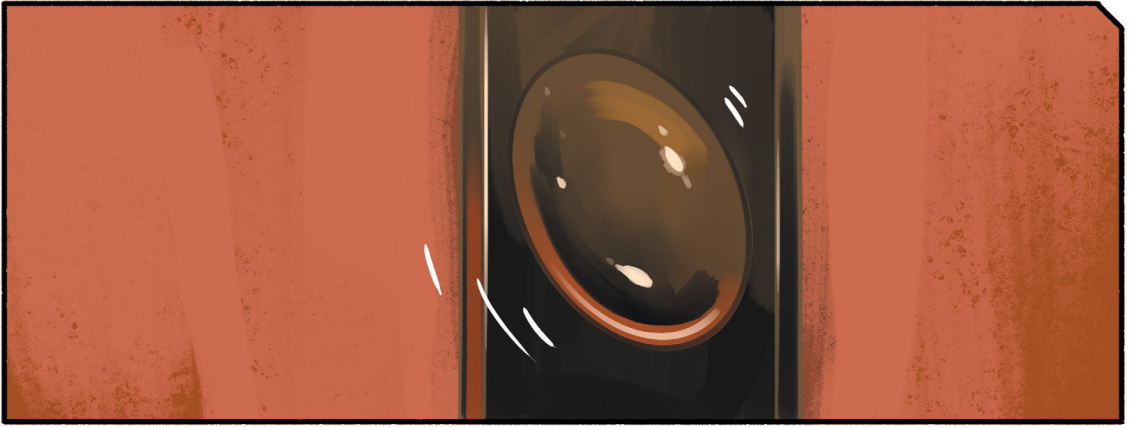


Heh.
Right.
Cool.



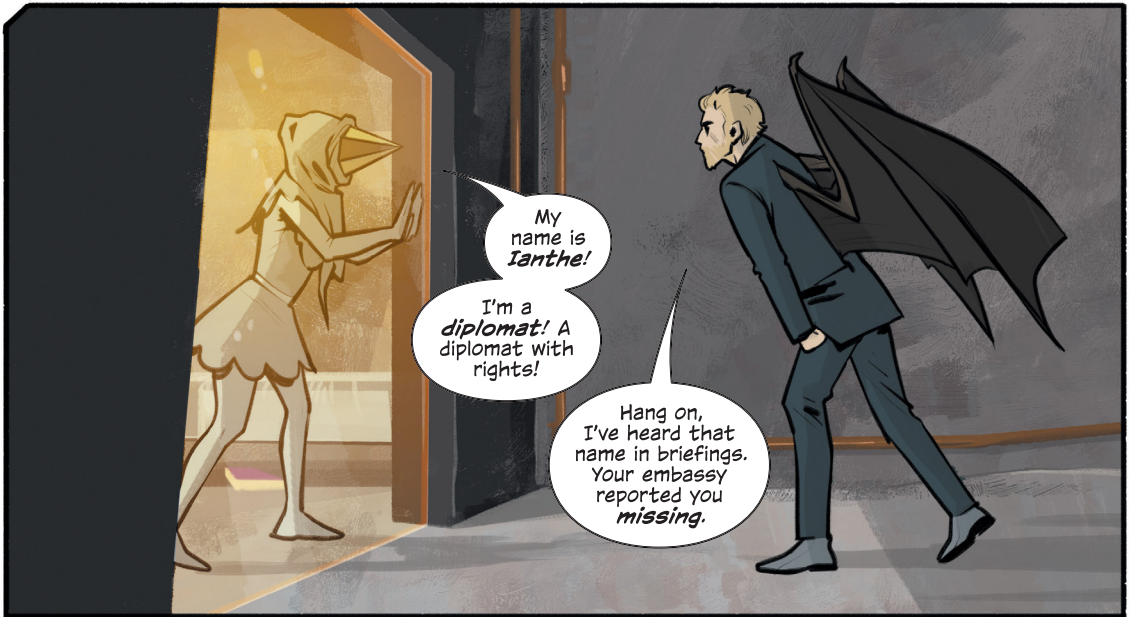








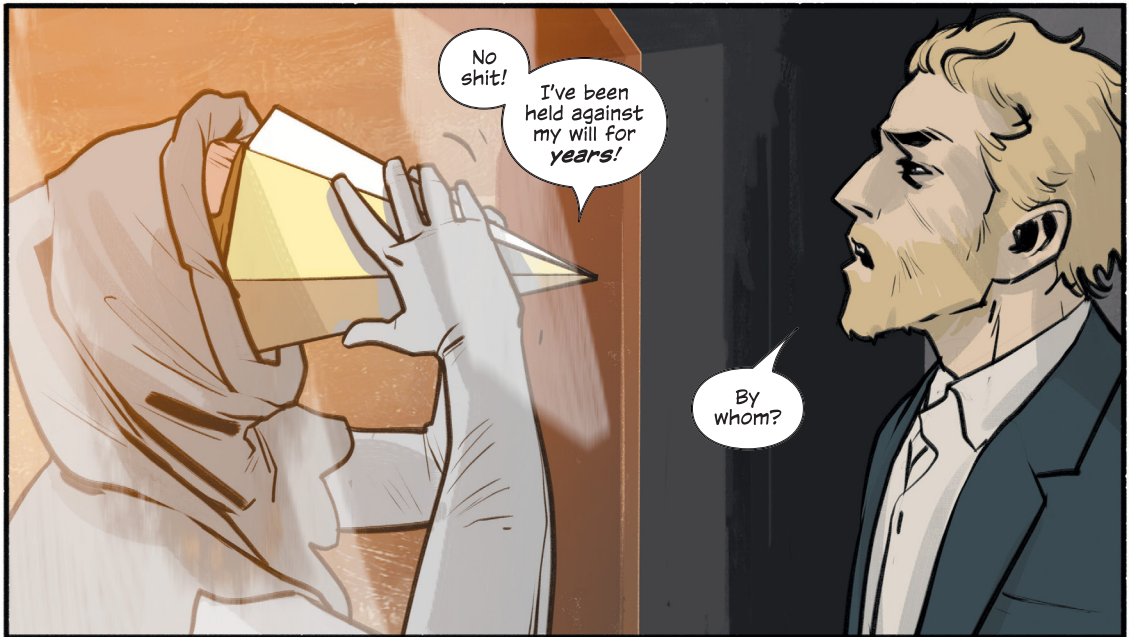




My name is *Ianthe!*

I'm a *diplomat!* A diplomat with rights!

Hang on, I've heard that name in briefings. Your embassy reported you *missing.*



No shit!

I've been held against my will for *years!*

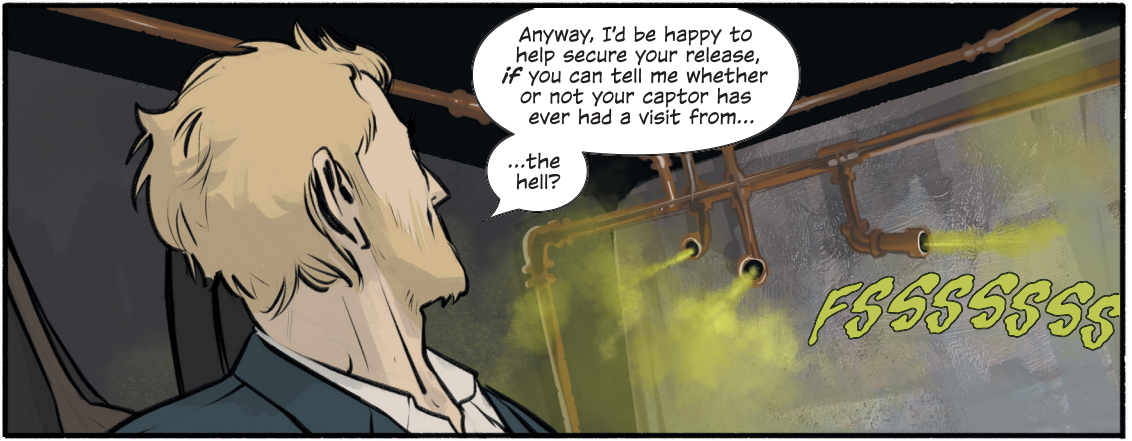
By whom?



The motherfucker who shot me in the face... but didn't have the decency to finish the job.



Gross.



Anyway, I'd be happy to help secure your release, if you can tell me whether or not your captor has ever had a visit from...
...the hell?



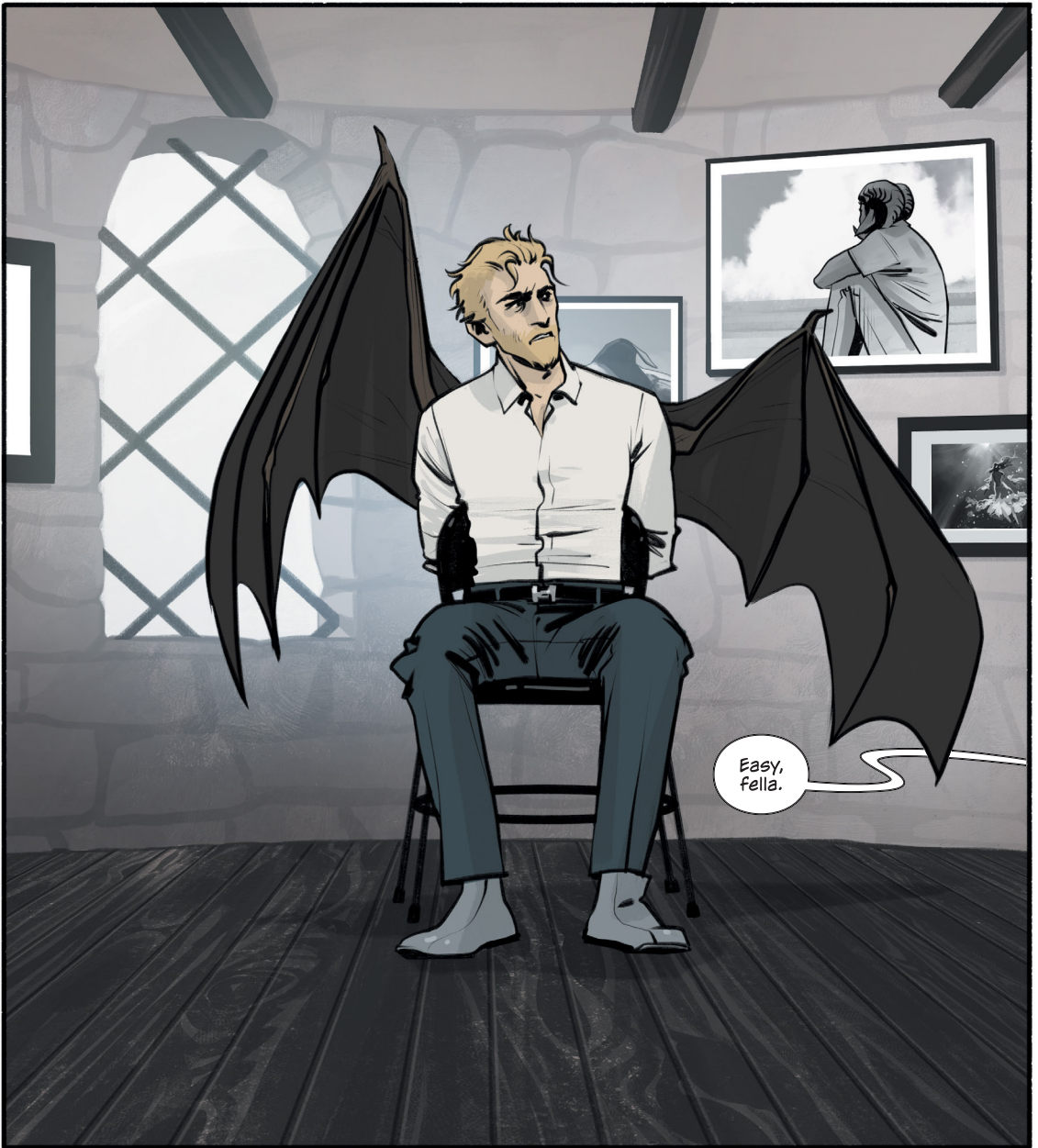
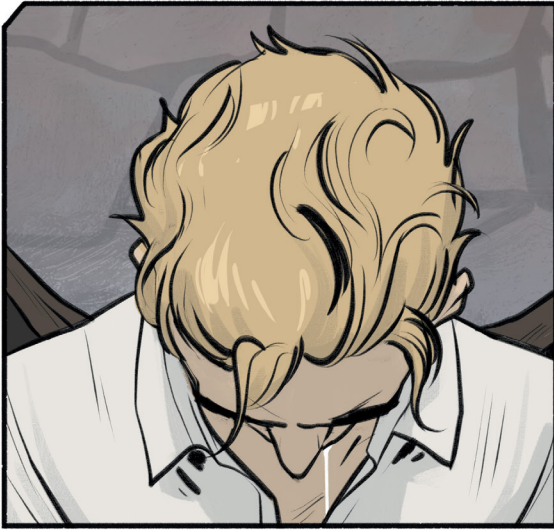
I told you to hurry.

nuh
nuh
guh



buh





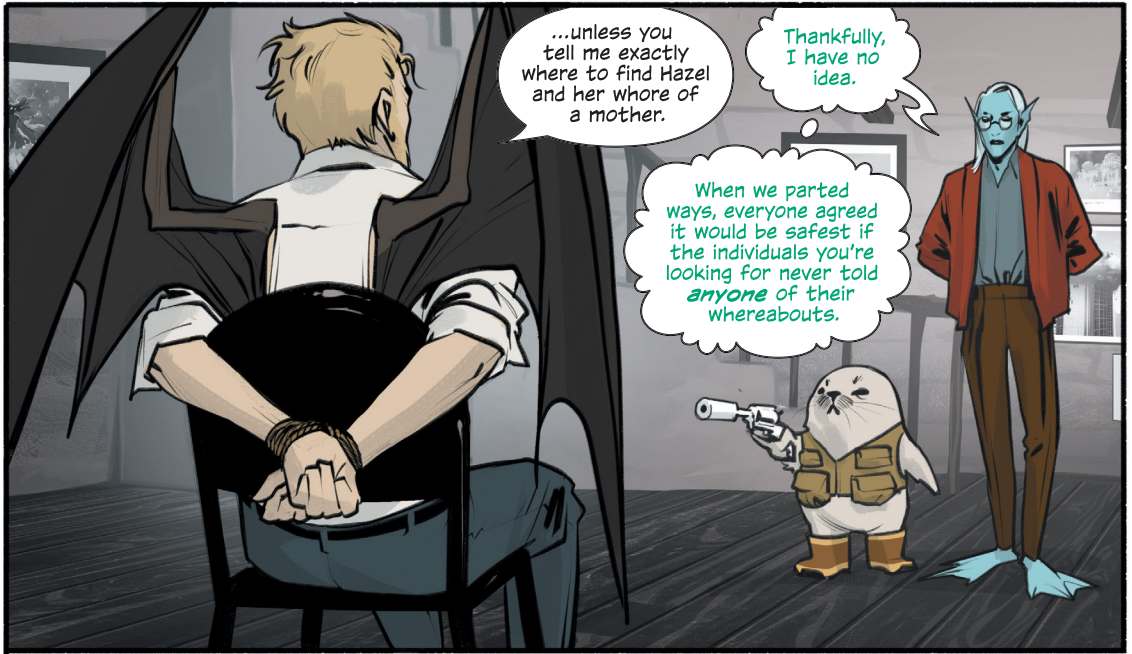


One wrong move and Ghüs gives you a big ol' sad-hole.

Long time, Special Agent.



Upsher.
Listen to me very carefully: In a few minutes, you and this furry midget are both going to be **CORPSES...**



...unless you tell me exactly where to find Hazel and her whore of a mother.

Thankfully, I have no idea.

When we parted ways, everyone agreed it would be safest if the individuals you're looking for never told **anyone** of their whereabouts.



But Alana and her kin knew nogoodniks like you would still be hunting 'em, so she said she'd try to steer any bad fish straight into our net.

And by gum, looks like we finally caught one.

Yes, your capacity for strategy is awe-inspiring.



Say, isn't that what's-his-name... **Doff?**

Do tell, whatever happened to everyone's favorite shutterbug?



Did the worthless pieces of shit you're protecting manage to get *him* killed, too?

tak



My boyfriend was murdered by the woman you met downstairs.

Of course.

So you kept her alive to torture her.



Nuh-uh.

Upsher decided not to end that lady's life so she could be rehabilitated.



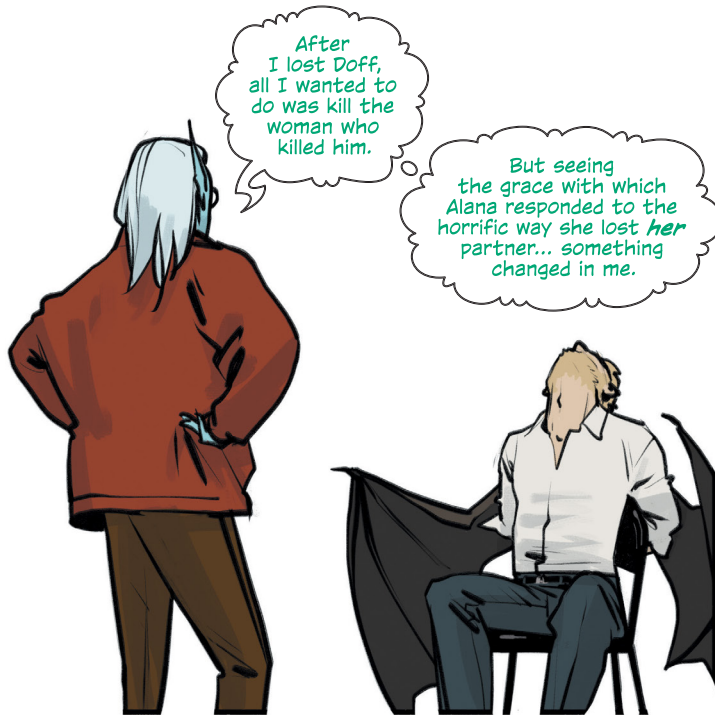
Well, that seems to be going swimmingly.

Breaking certain patterns can be... challenging.

Especially for someone suffering from the disease that afflicts Ianthe, me, our entire culture.



We're addicted to violence.



After I lost Doff, all I wanted to do was kill the woman who killed him.

But seeing the grace with which Alana responded to the horrific way she lost *her* partner... something changed in me.



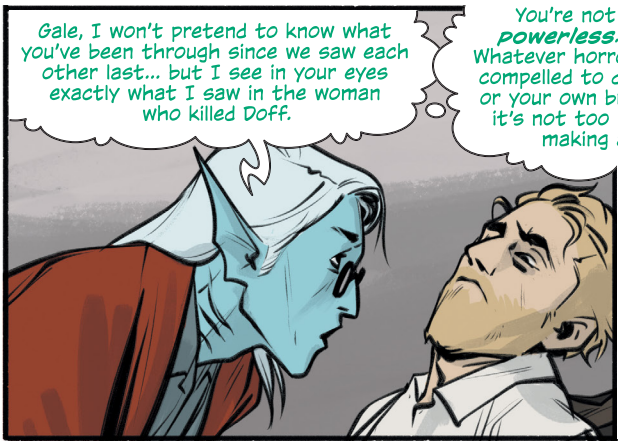
I realized that -- hard as it may be to accept -- even someone like Ianthe has people who love her deeply.

Executing her only would have brought them gunning for me and everyone else I care about. So instead, I decided to break the cycle.



I came here to my new friend's home of Quietus, and as I nursed Ianthe back to health and rebuilt this old lighthouse brick by brick, I also rebuilt *myself*.

Taking a page from the author who used to call this place home, I developed a process where others could *also* unlearn the lessons of generational trauma.

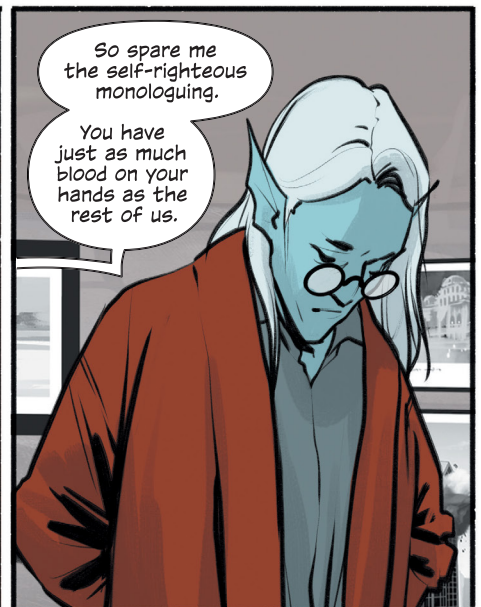


Gale, I won't pretend to know what you've been through since we saw each other last... but I see in your eyes exactly what I saw in the woman who killed Doff.

You're not evil, you're **powerless**. And **afraid**. Whatever horrors you've been compelled to do -- by others or your own broken psyche -- it's not too late to start making amends.



It's not even too late to find **redemption**.





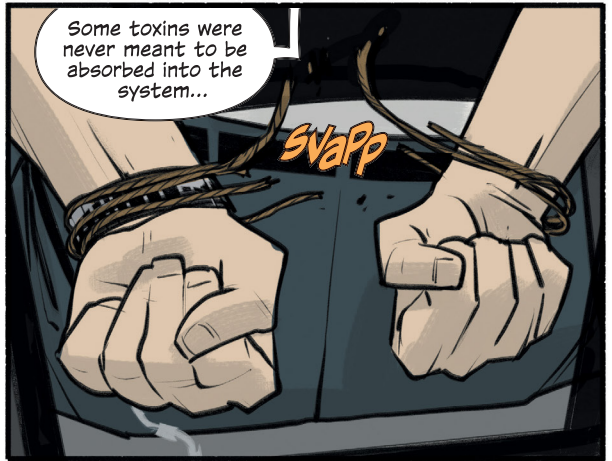
You're wrong.

And you're delusional.

Our "culture" isn't addicted to violence any more than it's addicted to *shitting*.



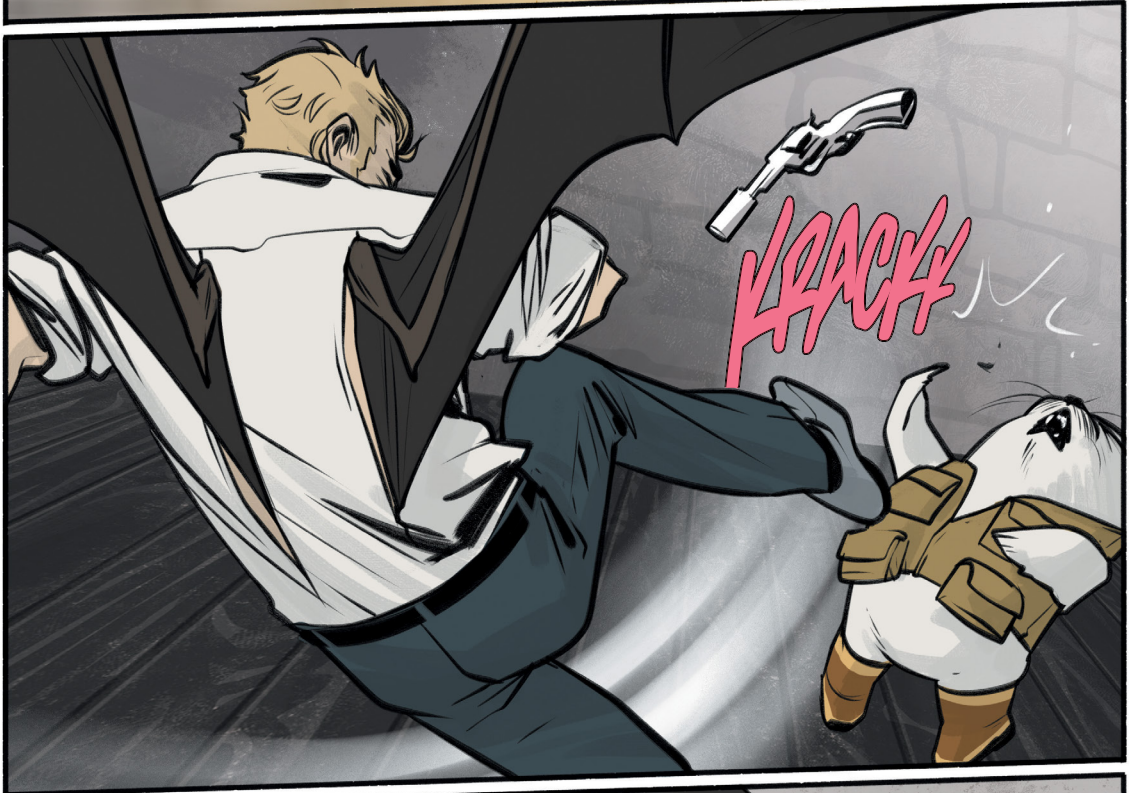
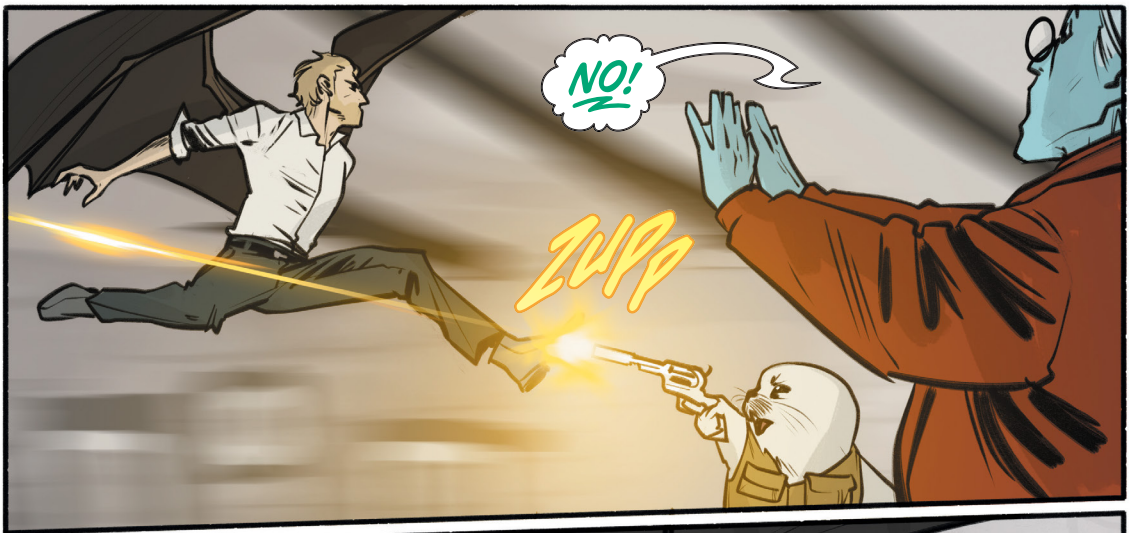
Killing is just nature's way of expelling useless waste.

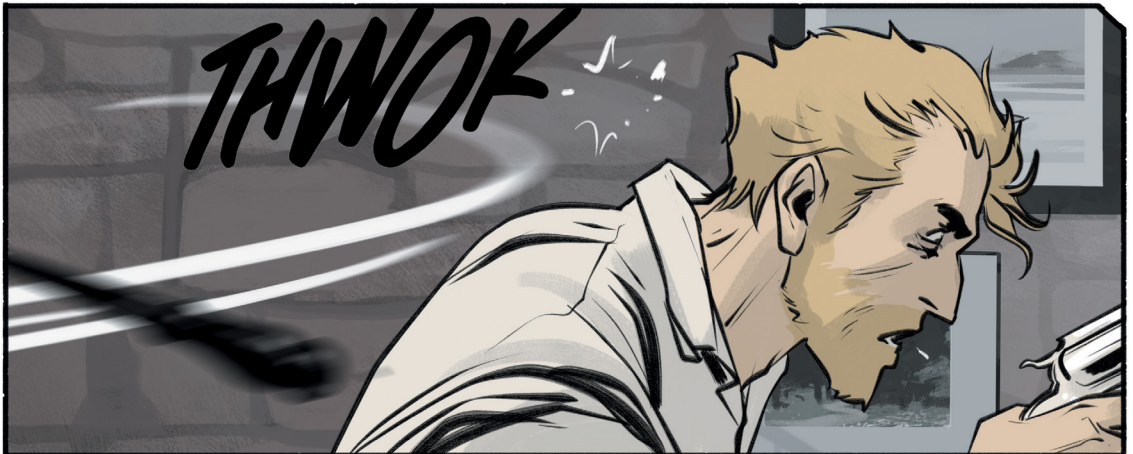


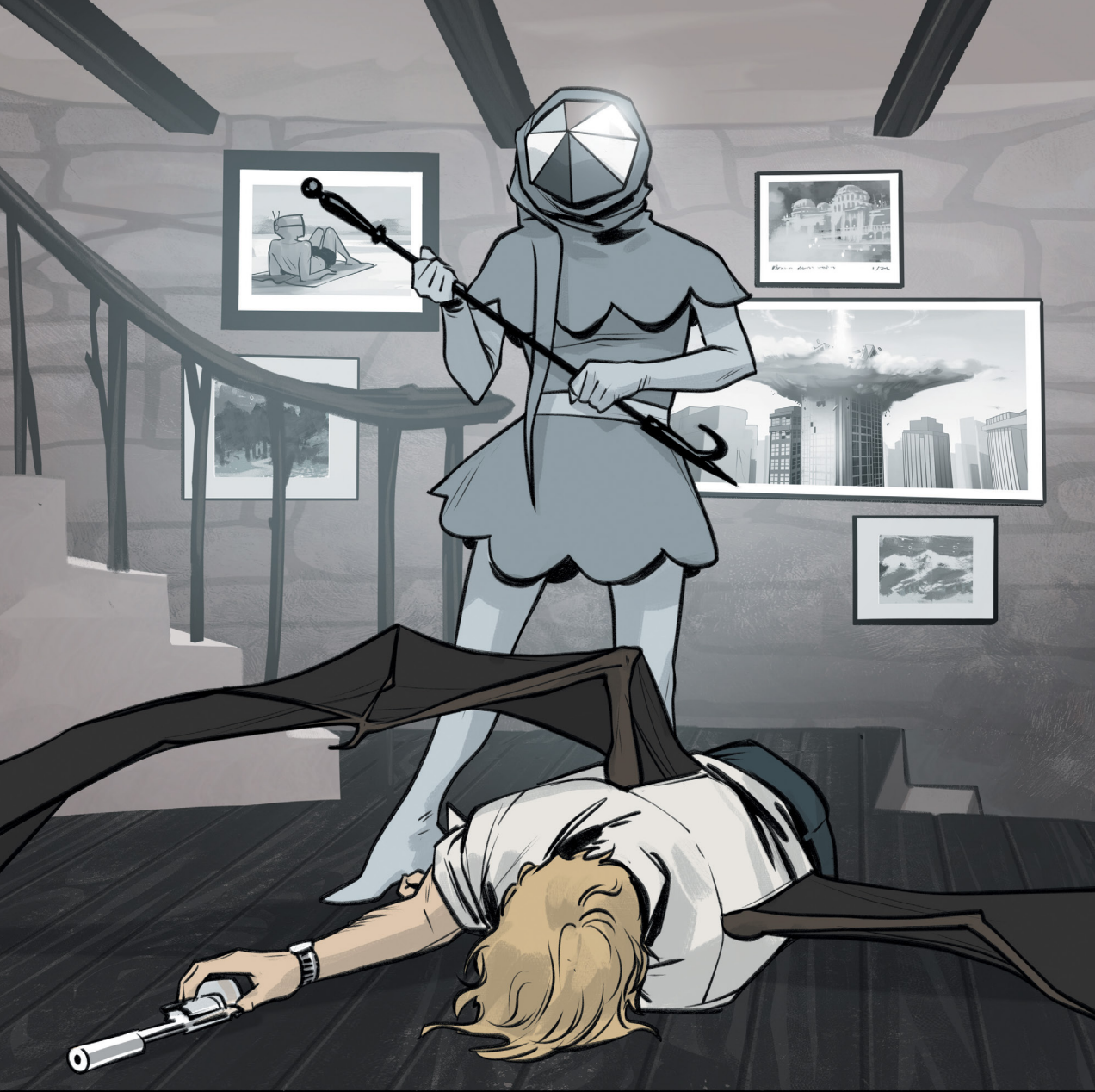
Some toxins were never meant to be absorbed into the system...



...and they need to get flushed the fuck out.









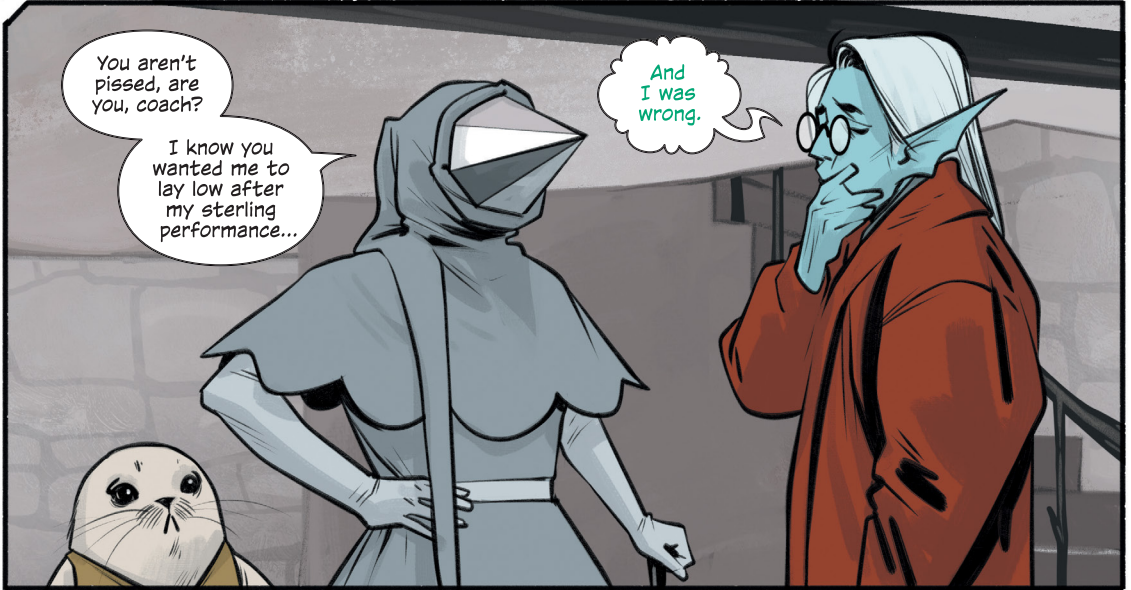
Been better
=>nght< but we
ain't dead.

Thanks
to *you*, Miss
Ianthe.



Don't
mention
it.

Let's just get
this dingbat down
to my old recovery
room before he
comes to.



You aren't
pissed, are
you, coach?

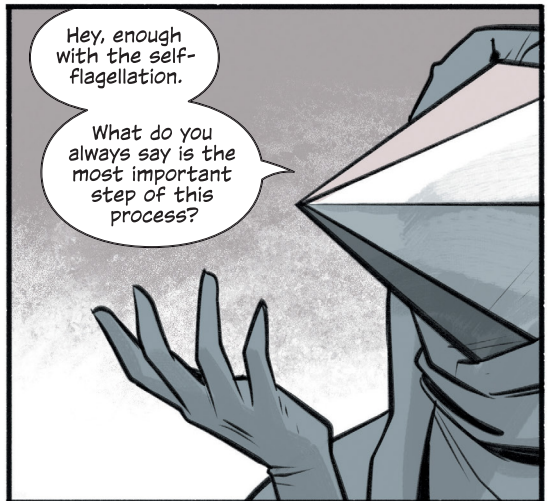
I know you
wanted me to
lay low after
my sterling
performance...

And
I was
wrong.



You warned us
Gale's intake might
go sideways, and
I should have
listened.

I'm so
sorry.



Hey, enough
with the self-
flagellation.

What do you
always say is the
most important
step of this
process?



Forgiveness.

to be continued

Recently unearthed by co-creator Fiona Staples, presented here is a page from one of her old sketchbooks (torn out so her eldest could draw in the rest of it) featuring the very first images ever drawn of The Will, Lying Cat and Special Agent Gale.



Vincent
Cassell



Ed Harris
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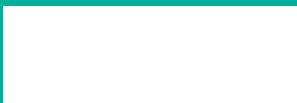
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