

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.

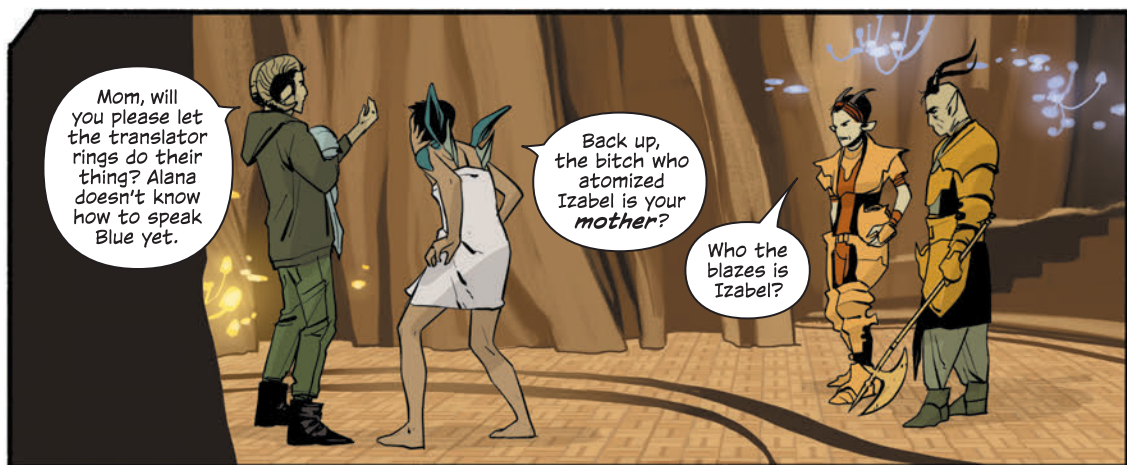
My  
wife.



Sankta  
fek.

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

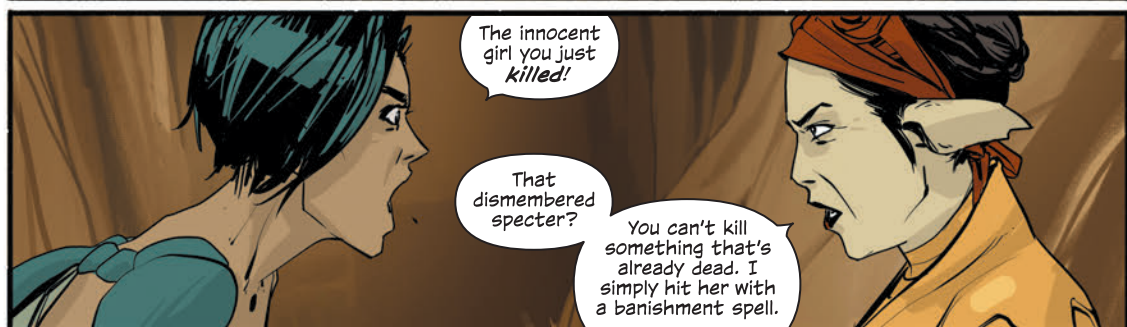




Mom, will you please let the translator rings do their thing? Alana doesn't know how to speak Blue yet.

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.

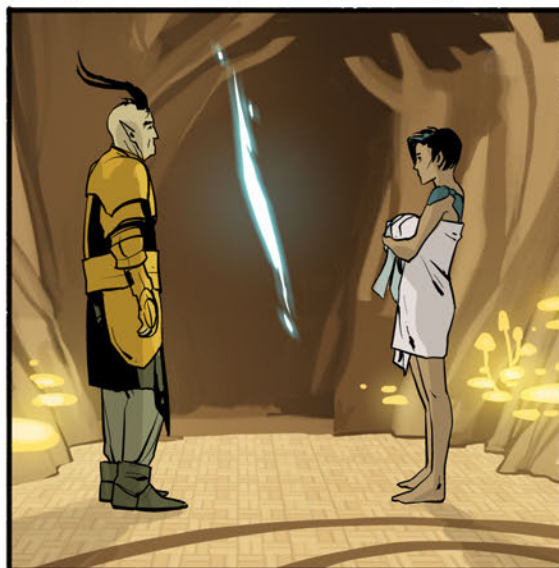


Right now, I have to get our babysitter back.



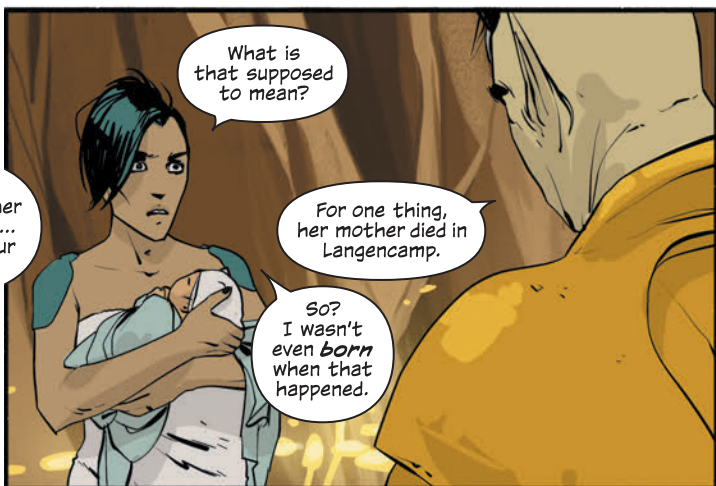








It's difficult for her to see her only child with... someone of your background.



For one thing, her mother died in Langencamp.

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



Is that what your "history" books taught you?

Just a moment! The child.



Is it... normal?

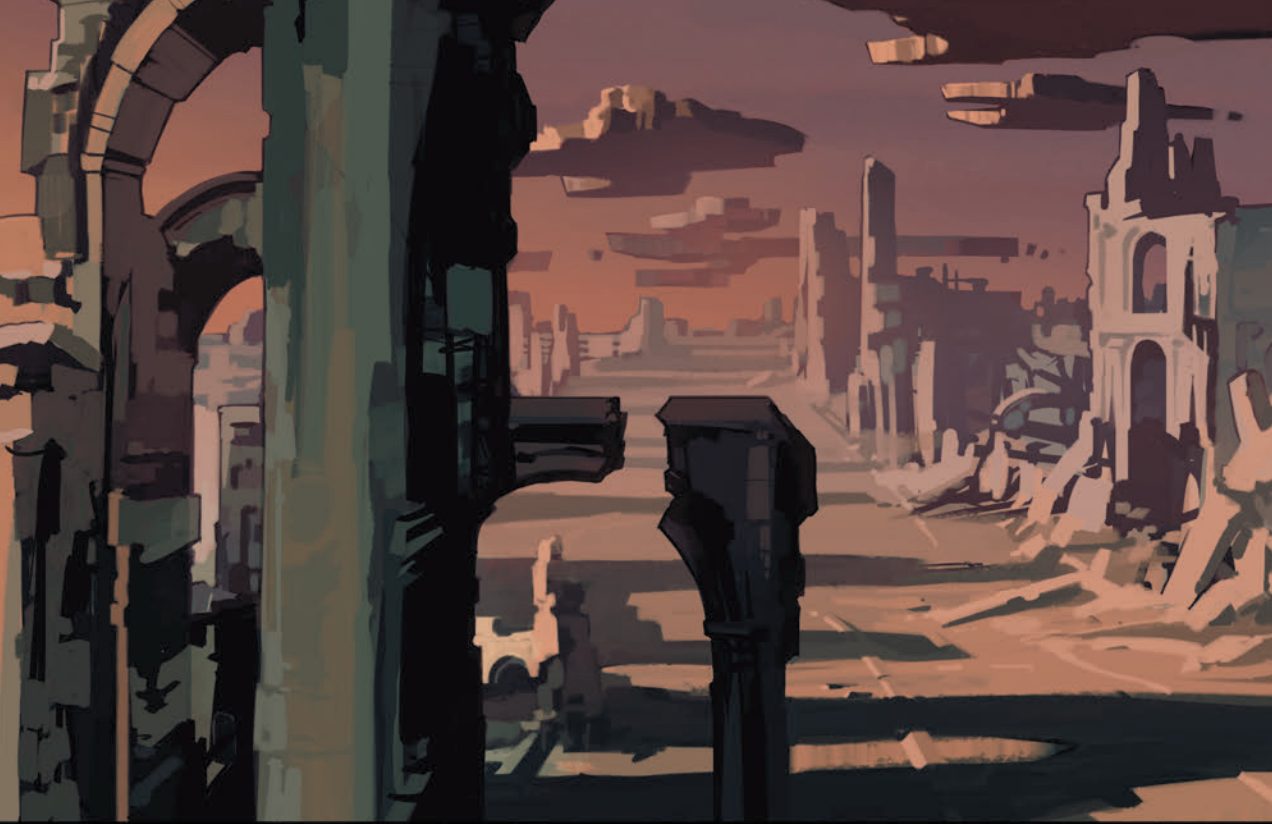


Is it... normal?







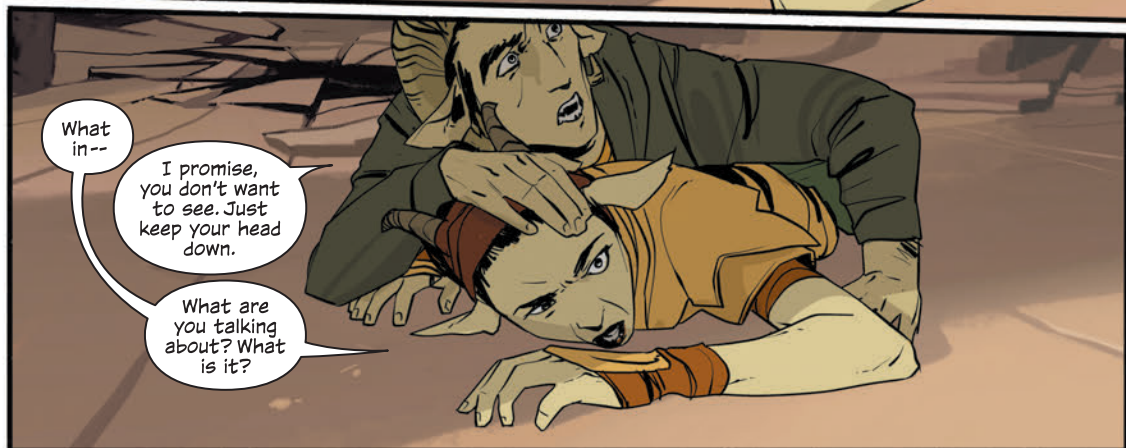
















Mother,  
please.






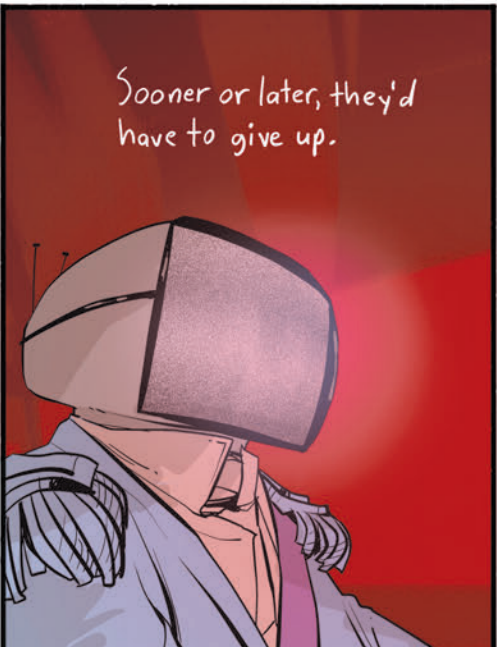
We are small, but the universe is not.



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

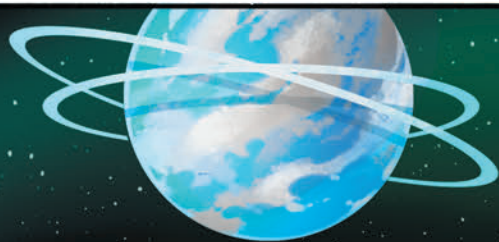


As long as we kept moving, our  
pursuers would have little  
chance of finding us  
in the vastness of space.



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

That was the  
hope, at least.

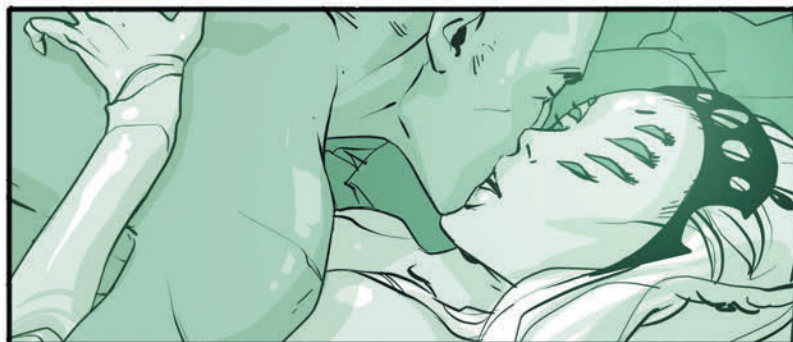


The powers that be were  
outraged that I'd  
been born...

...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.



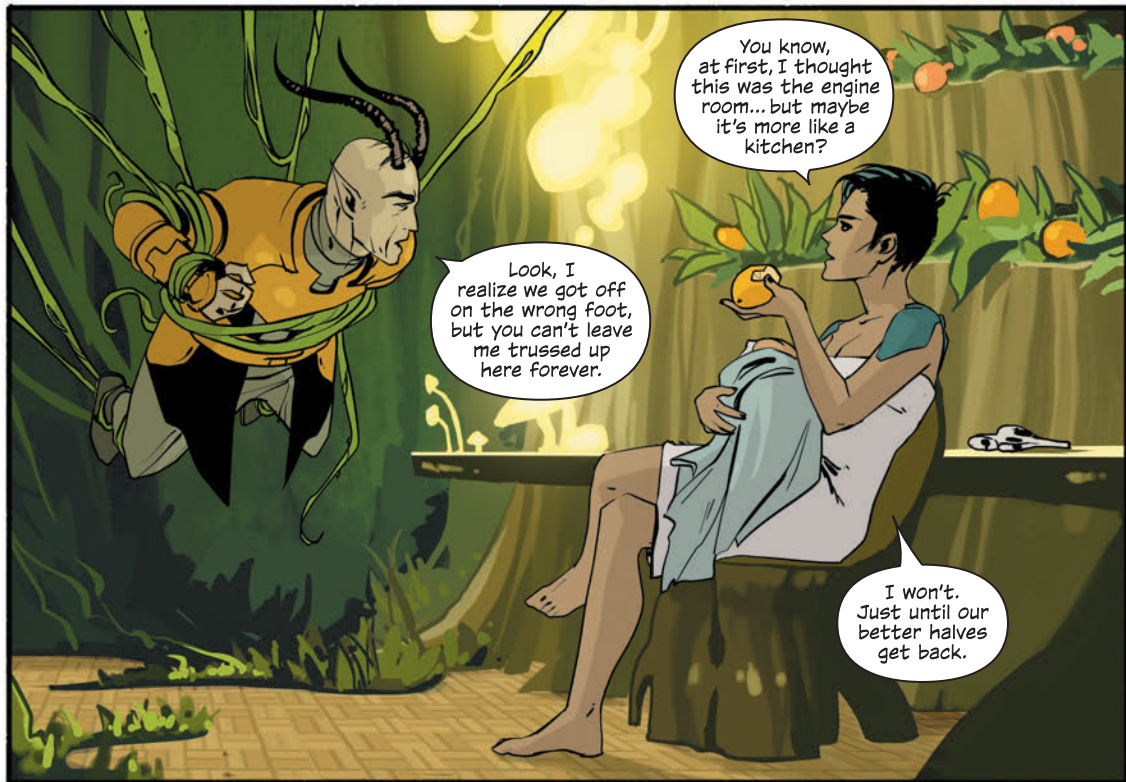


Still, for all the royal automatons and deranged mercenaries out there, only one thing can really destroy a family.



And we all know what that is, right?

Mmmf!



You know, at first, I thought this was the engine room...but maybe it's more like a kitchen?

Look, I realize we got off on the wrong foot, but you can't leave me trussed up here forever.

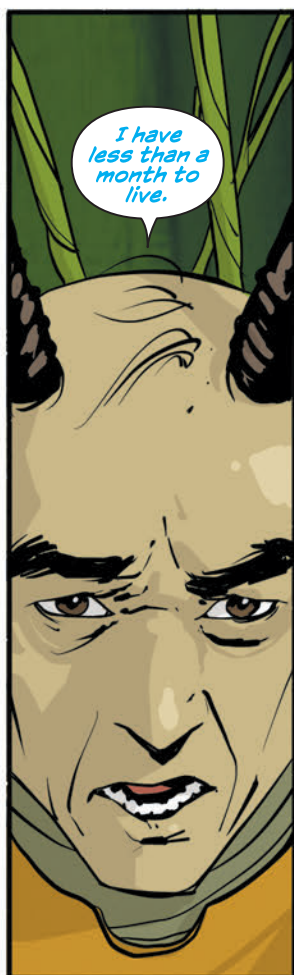
I won't. Just until our better halves get back.

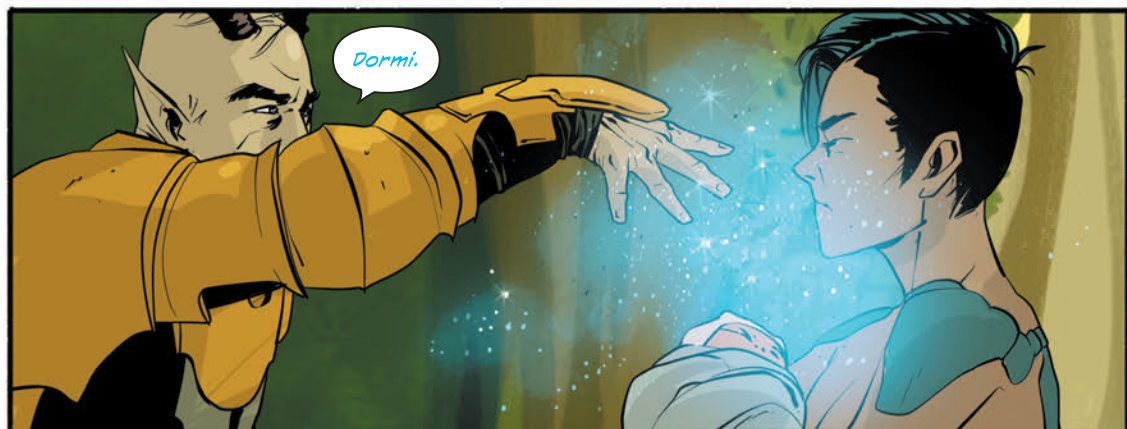


Don't make me do this.

I'm warning you, I know spells.











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.

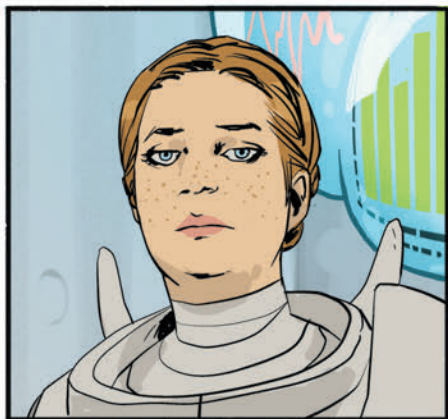
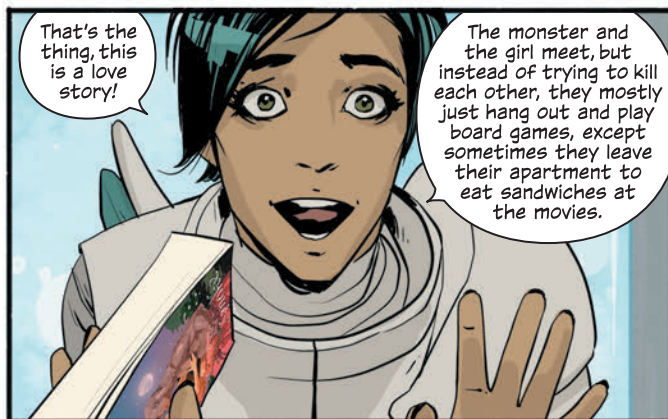
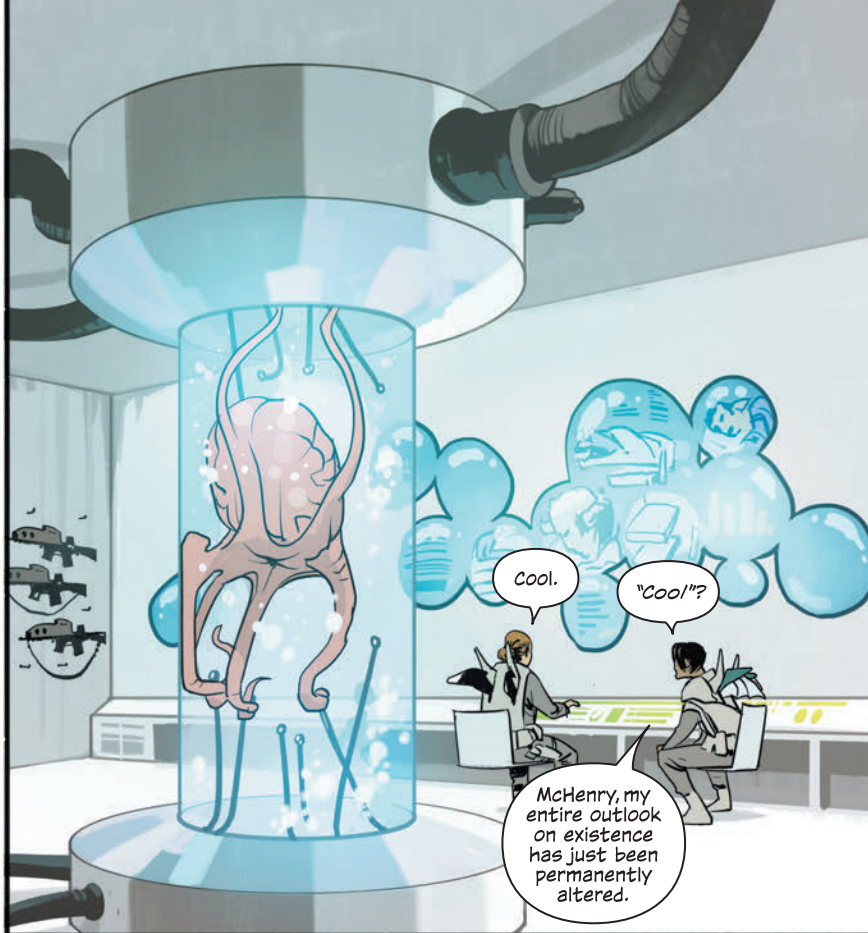
~FINO~

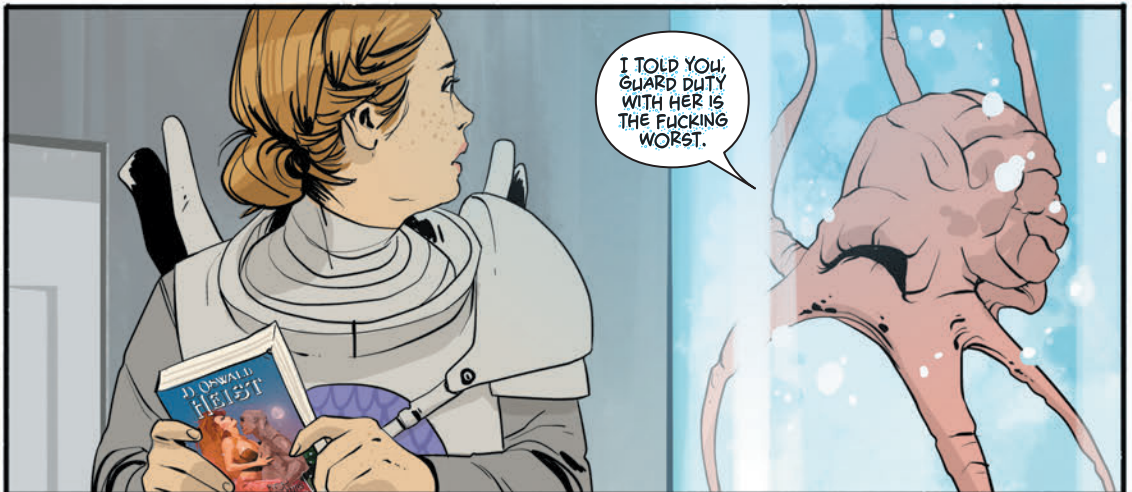
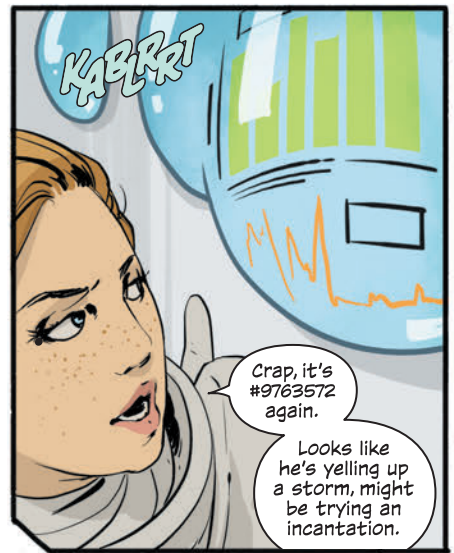
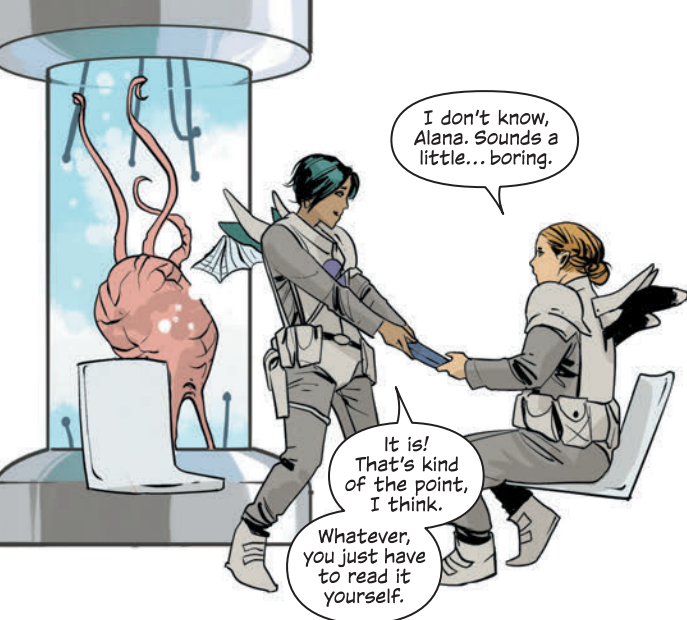
Holy.

Fucking.

Shit.









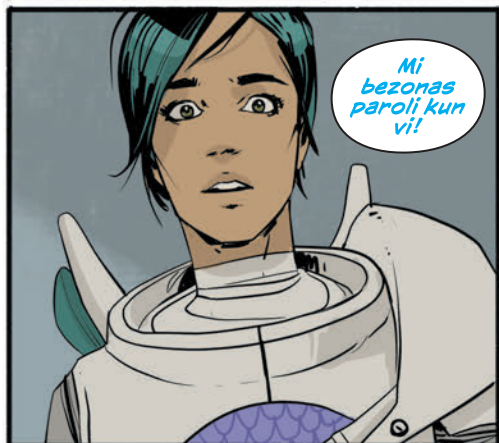


*Bonvolu!*



*Bonvolu  
doni al mi mian  
ringoj!*

For the last  
time, none of  
us speaks crazy,  
so you guys are  
just complaining  
to yourself.



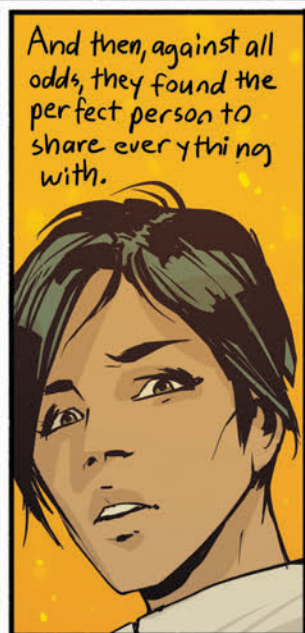
*Mi  
bezonas  
paroli kun  
vi!*



*Mi...*



*This is how my parents met.*







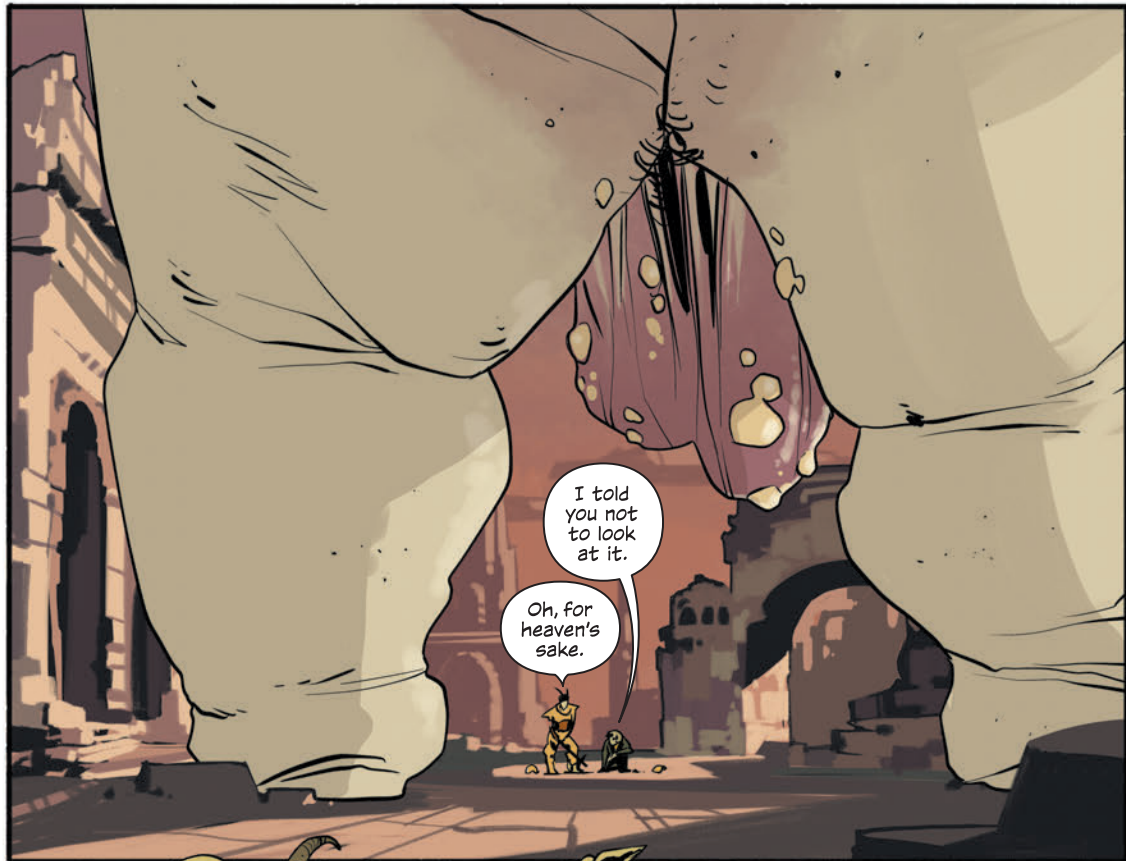
I said no  
talking.

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









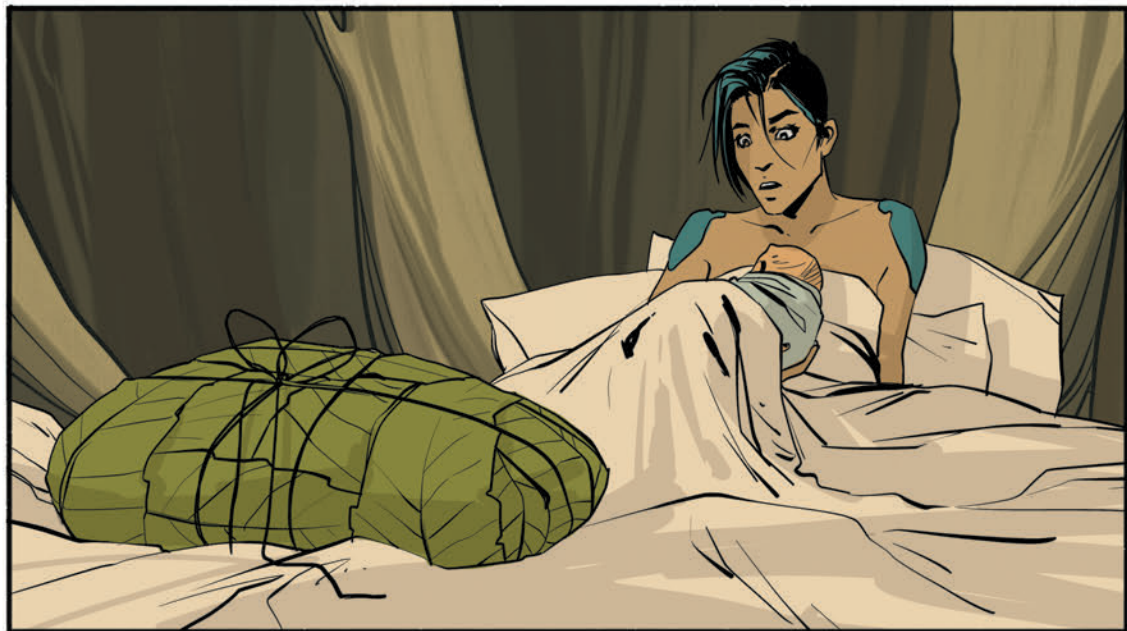
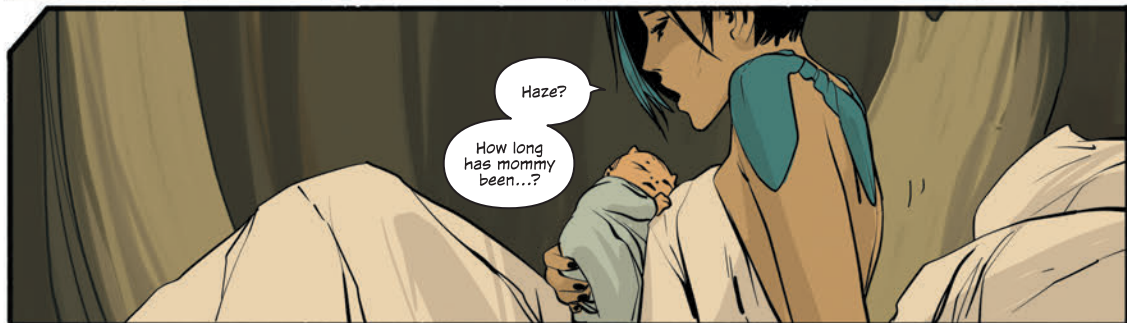
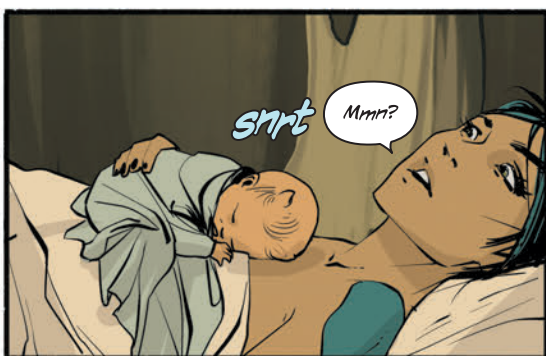




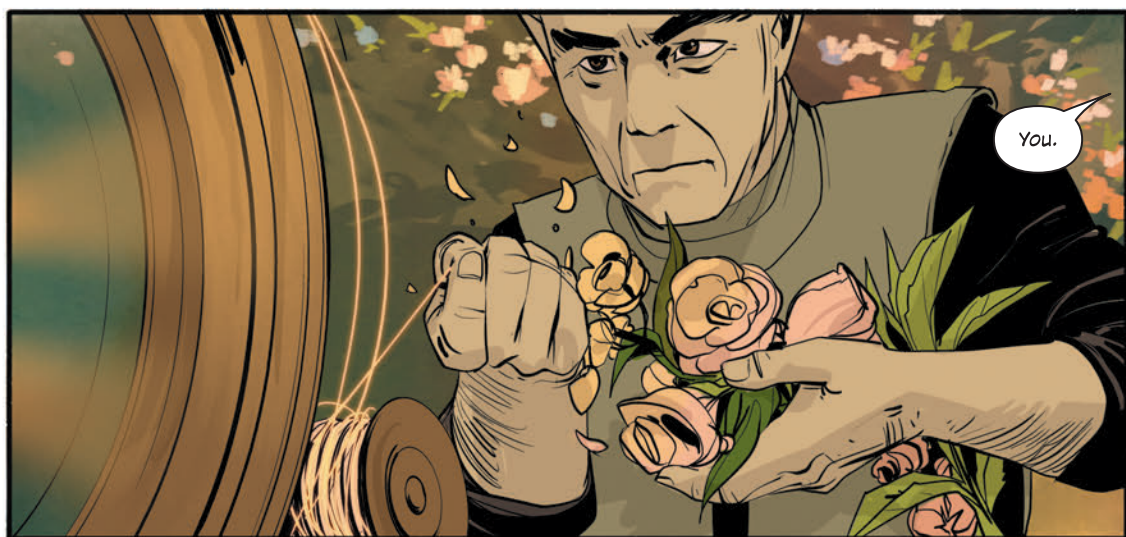
















He most certainly is not. I'm an *armor*er.

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.







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.





Good morning.



How are you feeling?

**FARD WILL EAT YOUR SOULS AND PISS THEM OUT FARD'S ANUS!**

Wonderful, this should make for sterling conversation...

If you help us, I give you my word we'll free you at once. We're looking for my infant's babysitter, the ghost of a teenage girl.

Half a teenage girl, I suppose.

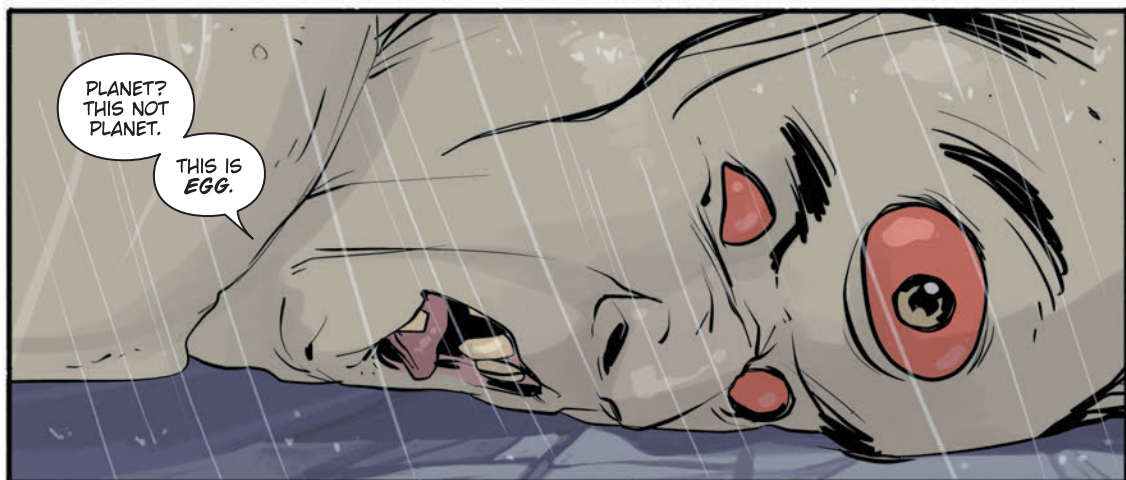


HRRN. FARD SAW LITTLE PHANTOM. WANDERING SHADOW CITY.

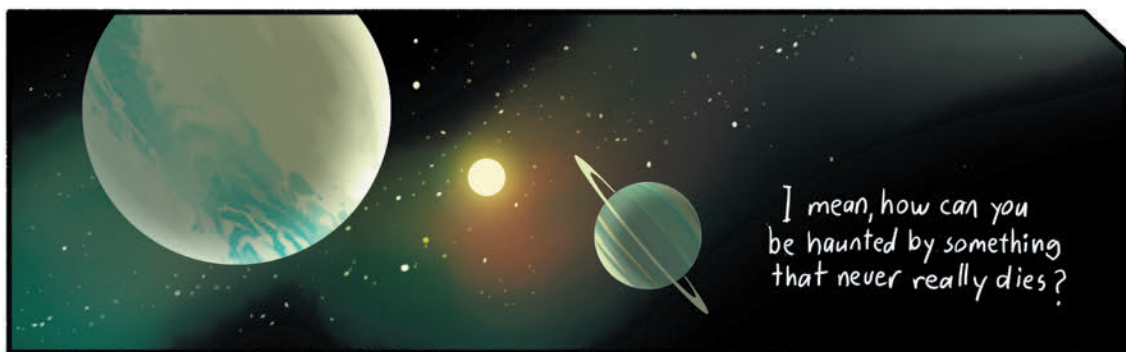


**BUT YOU NEVER REACH HER BEFORE THE BIRTH.**

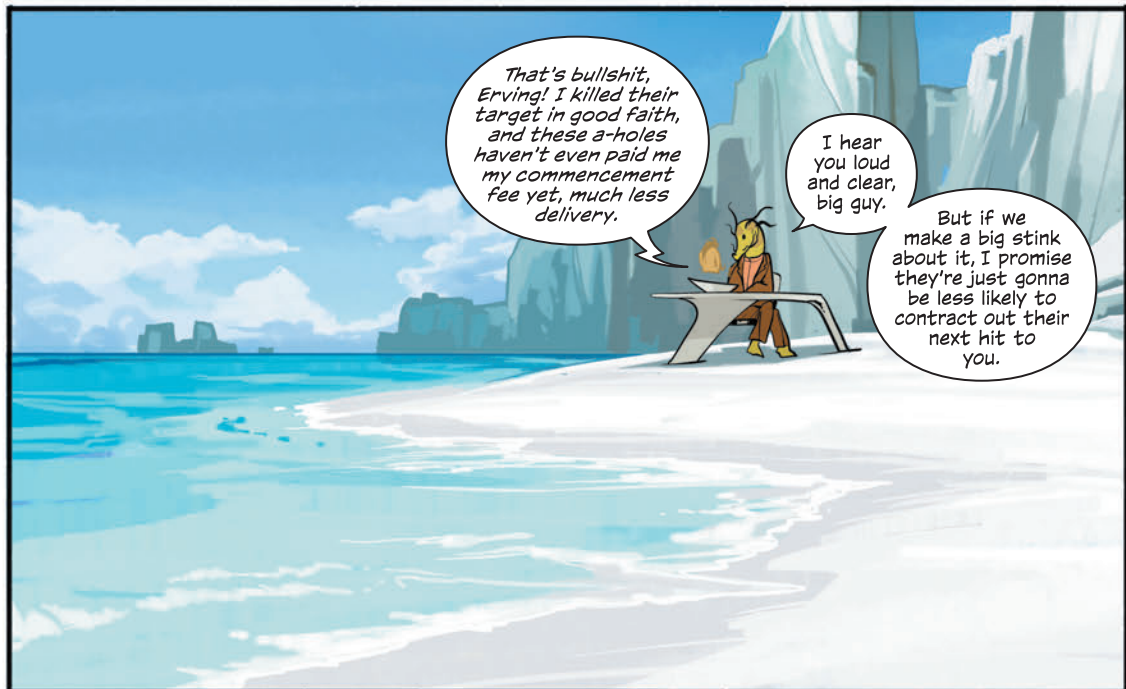








I mean, how can you be haunted by something that never really dies?



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.

BRRRING



I got someone on the hotline.





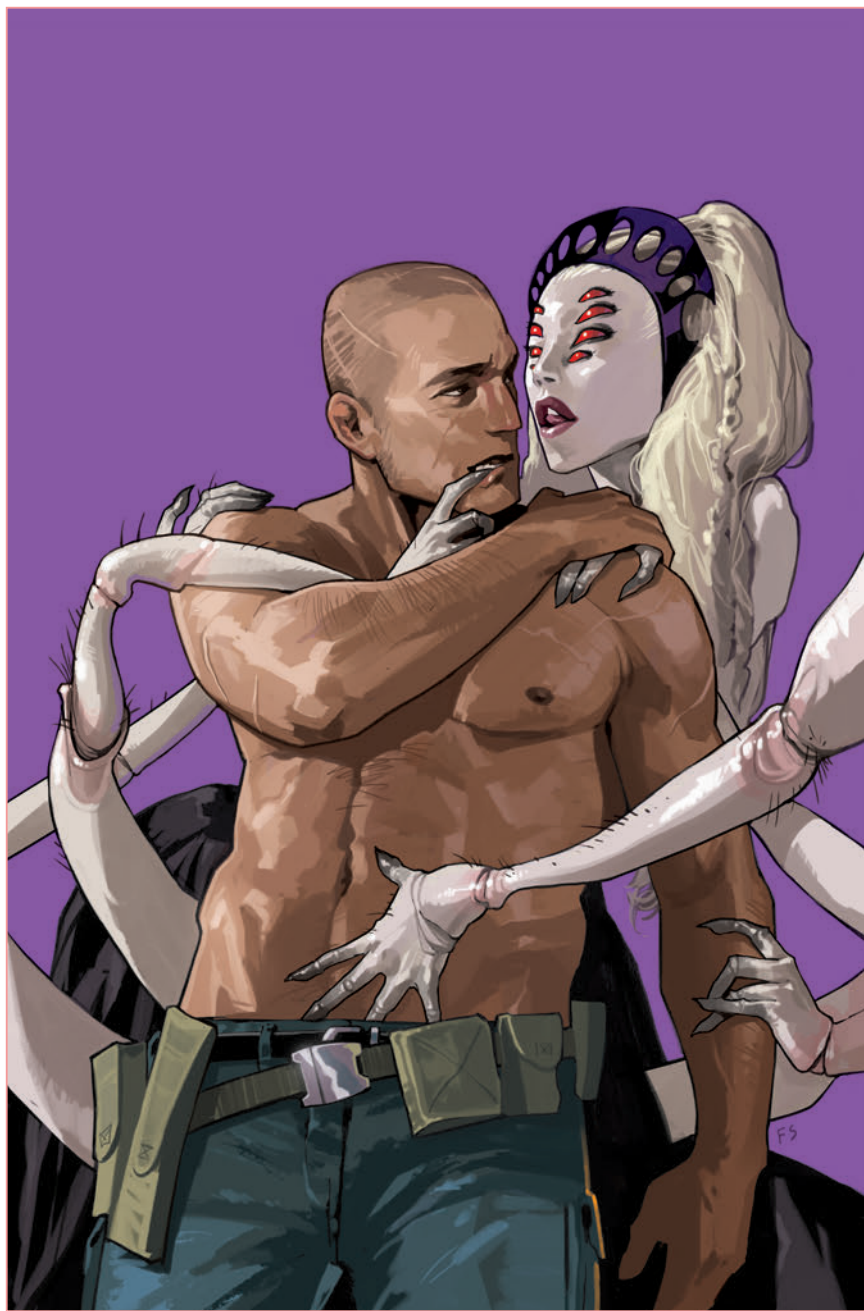


Hello.

My name is  
Gwendolyn.

end chapter eight





CHAPTER  
NINE



Honestly,  
what is  
wrong with  
you?





Fair question.



We've been over this, The Will.

Slave Girl belongs to *Sextillion*, and regardless of your feelings about our more junior employees, you can't just take one from here without paying for--

Only gonna warn you the once to step aside, Mama Sun.



Why are you tough guys so obsessed with prepubescent girls, anyway?

If you're thinking about making her some kind of contract-killing *apprentice*, don't bother. I assure you, Slave Girl is a lover, not a fighter.



Already got a partner.

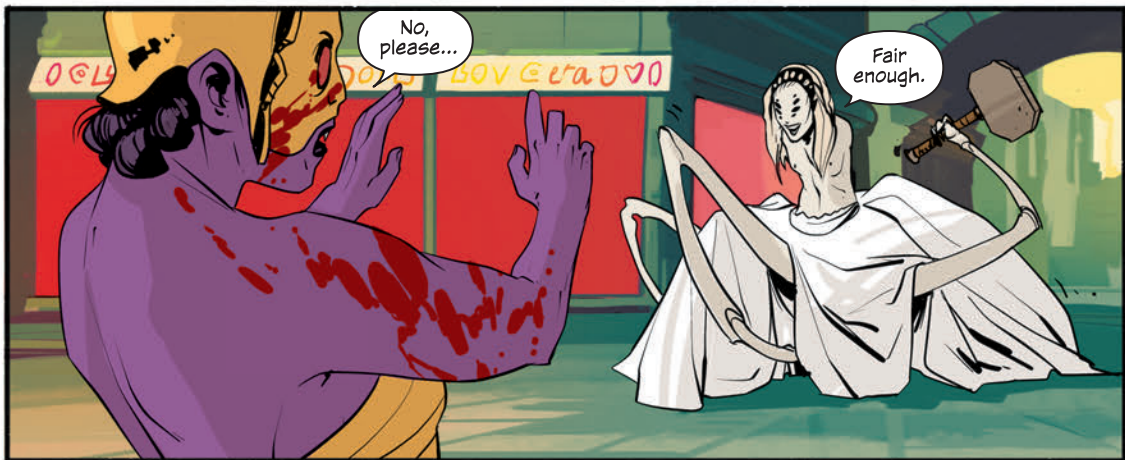
Yes, well, too bad your big pussy didn't warn you against coming back here unarmed.



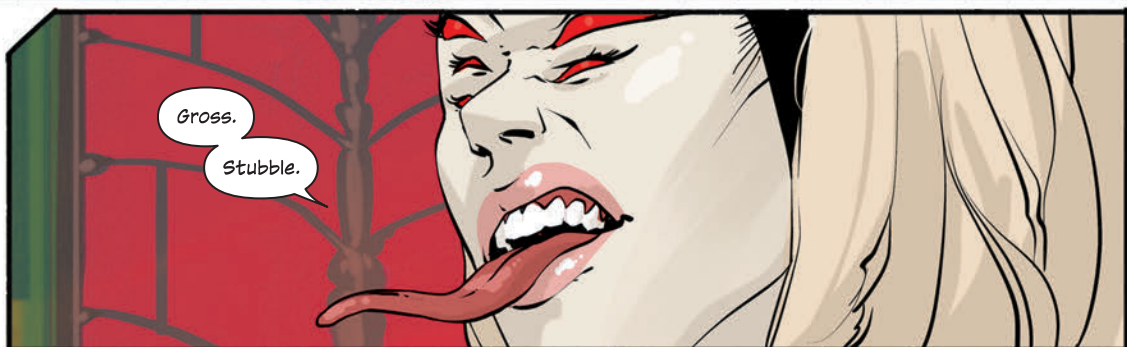
Lying Cat is my Sidekick.

My *partner* just got back from sick leave.



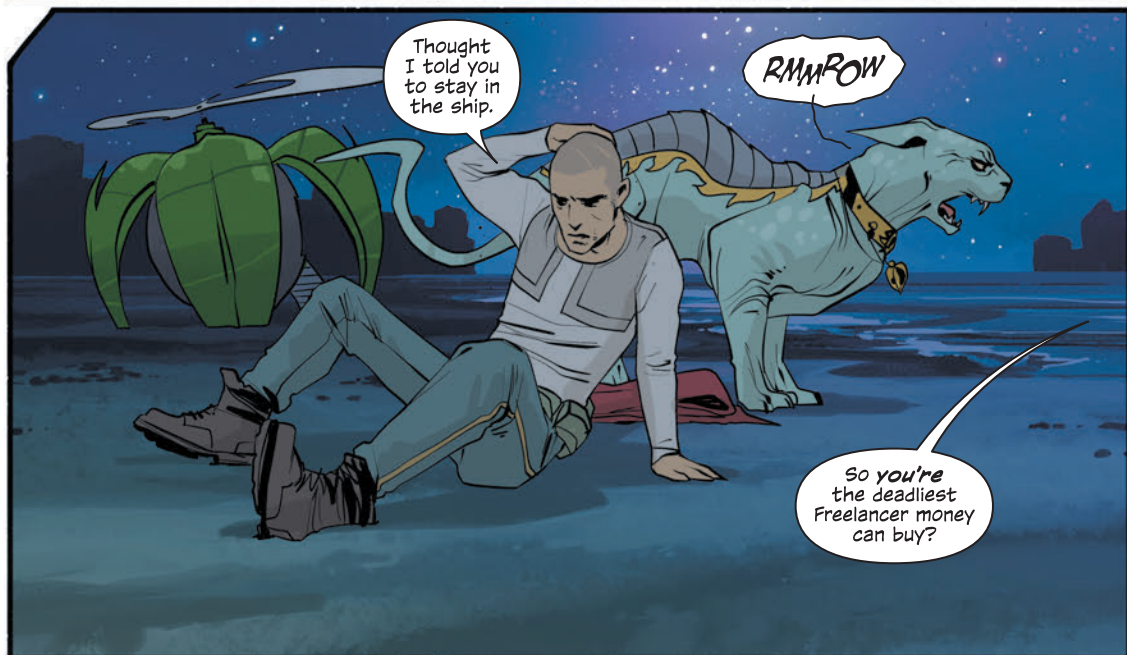


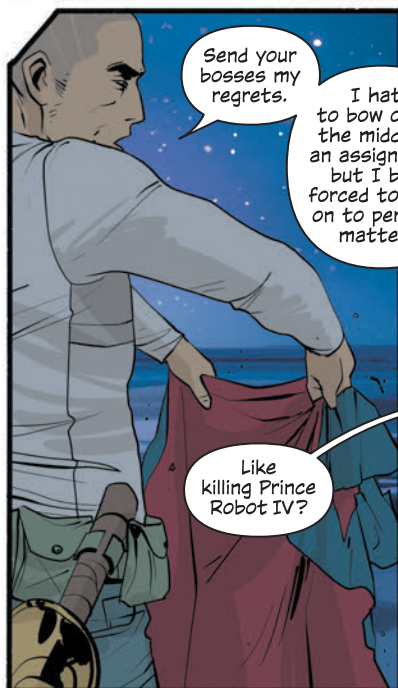






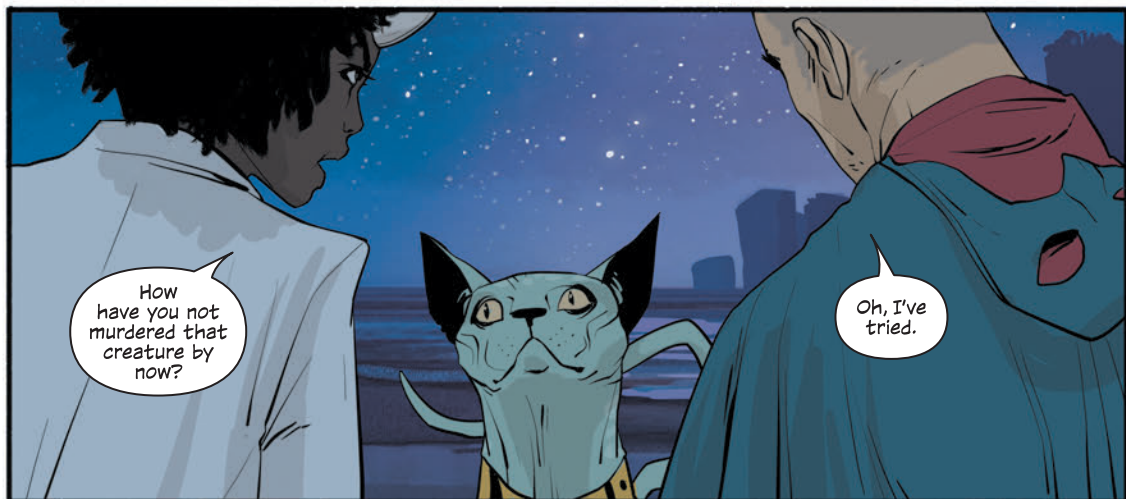
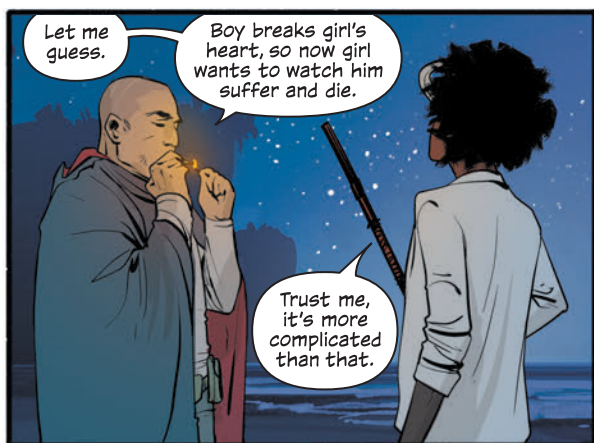
















Look, the cash isn't for me, it's for a little girl, trapped inside Sextillion.

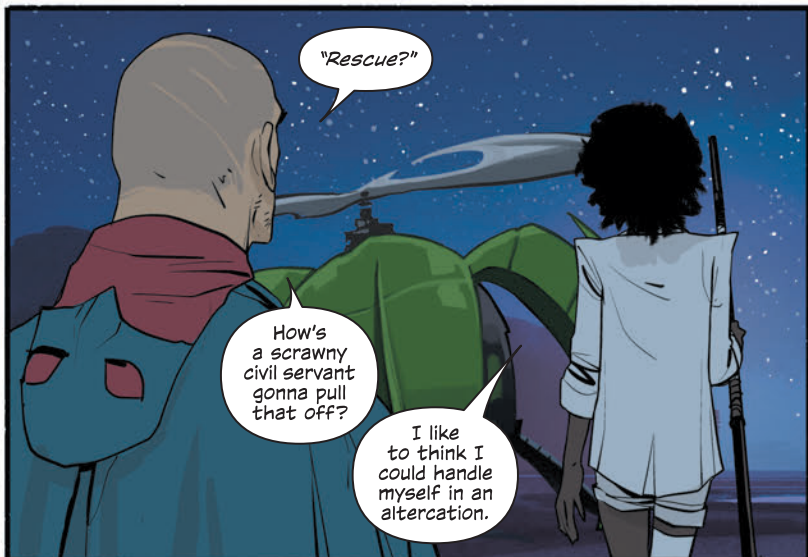
You want to purchase some trollop's freedom? *Why?*

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



~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.



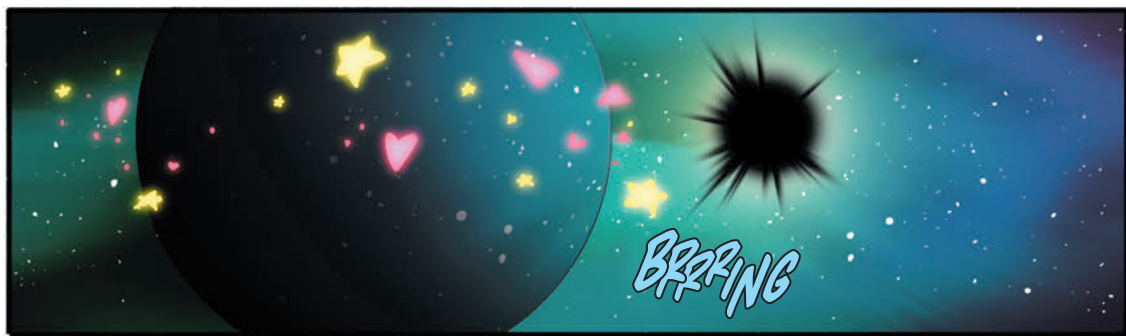
You wouldn't make it past the front door!

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.



HQQ Imports, this is Mama Sun.

Hello, my name's Detective Donn with Wreath Homeland Police?

Wondering if I could ask you a few questions about a missing persons case.

Little out of your jurisdiction, aren't you, Detective? What the fuck do I care if some filthy moony hasn't showed up for supper?



Actually, we have reason to believe that a six-year-old child may have had her horns surgically removed specifically so she could be sold on the black market.



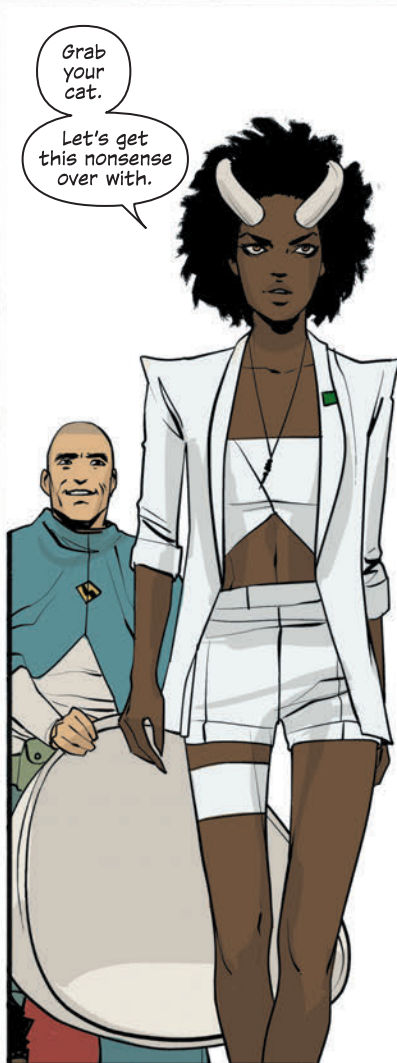
Good thing my talent scouts only do business with reputable worlds.

Is that right?



Have you ever visited a comet called... Phang?

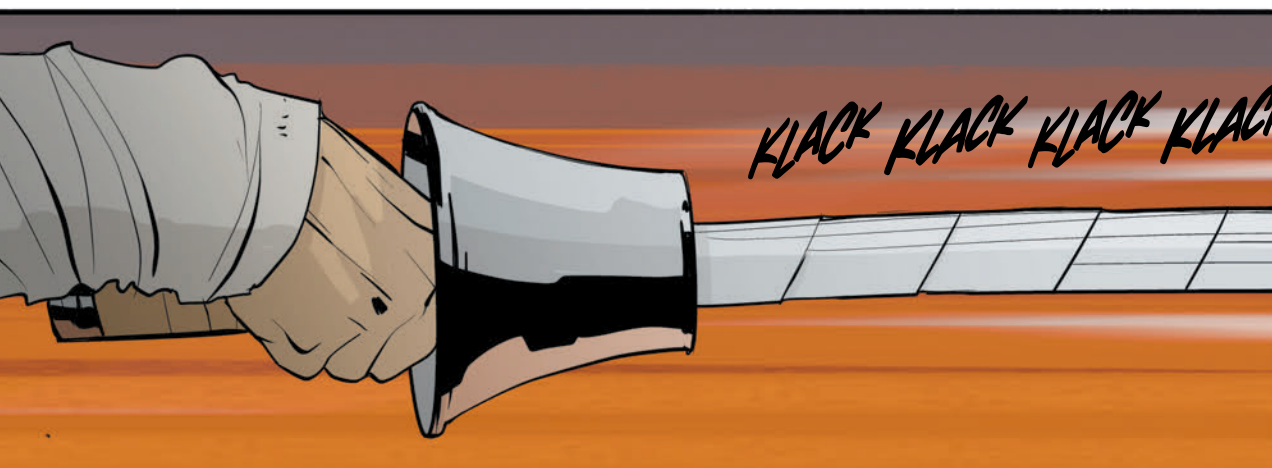




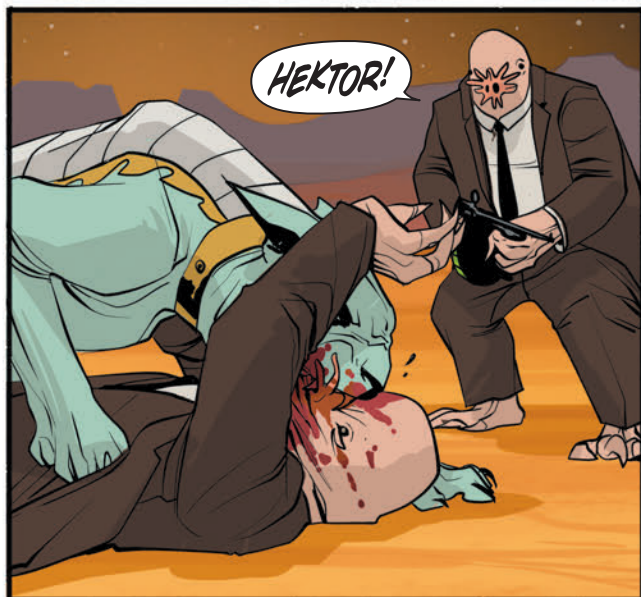


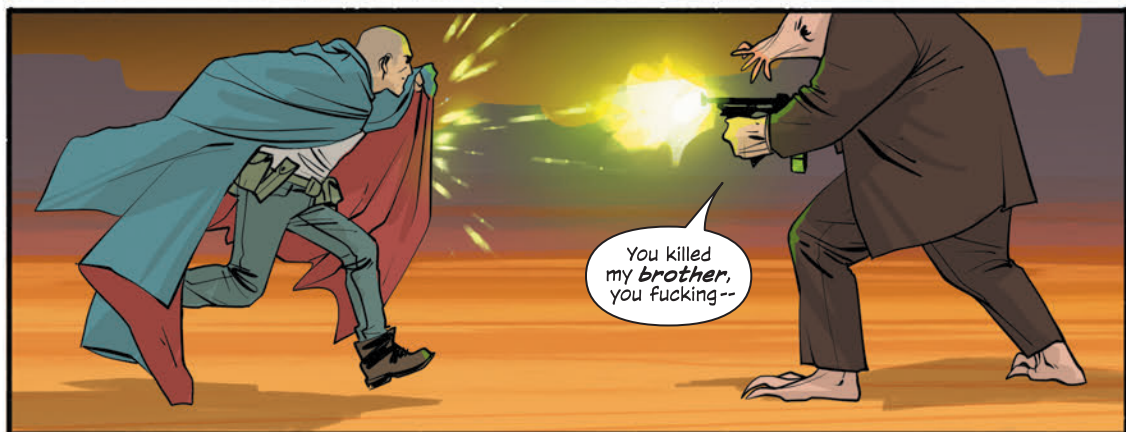








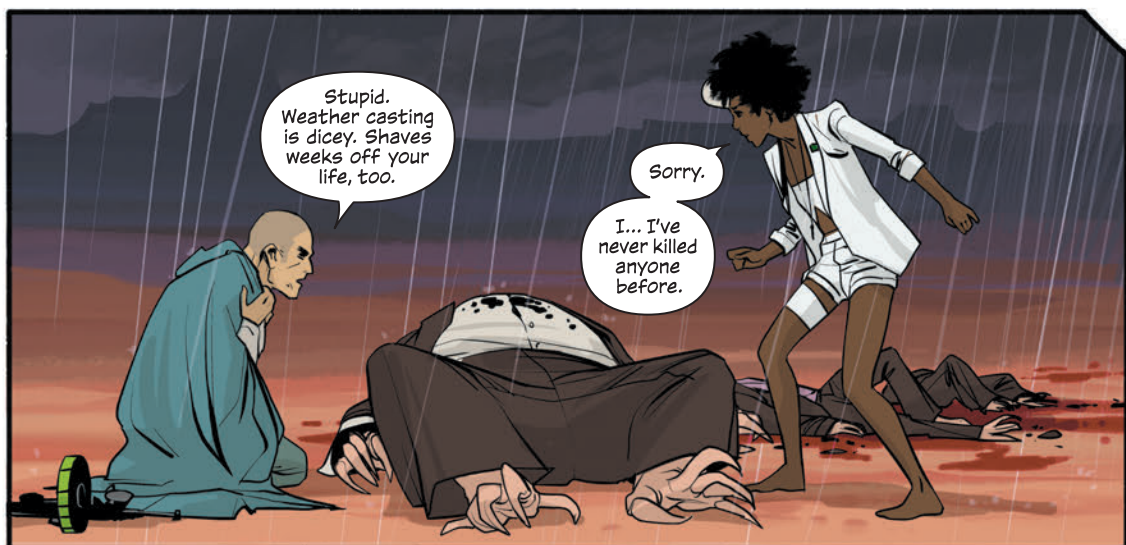




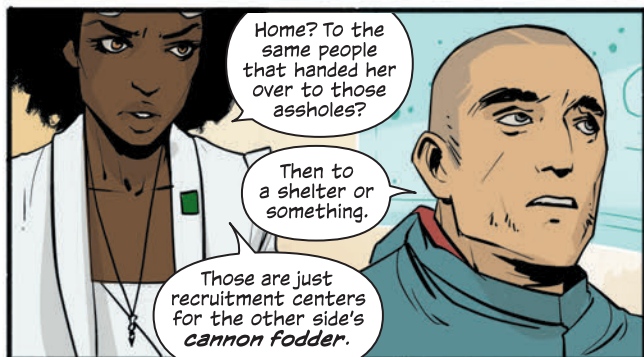
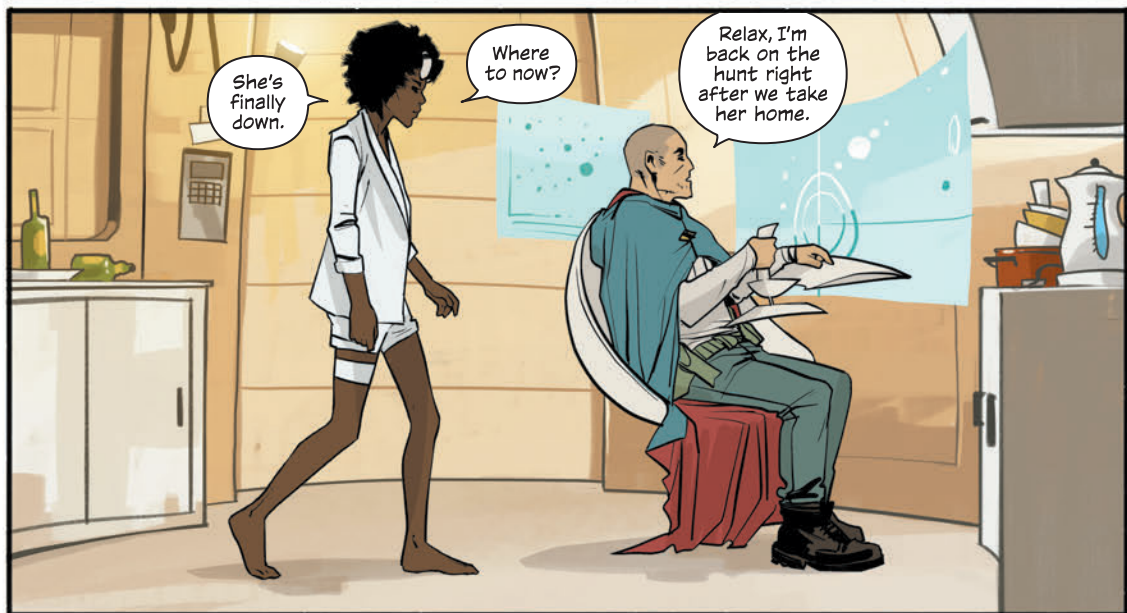


















Thataway.

end chapter nine





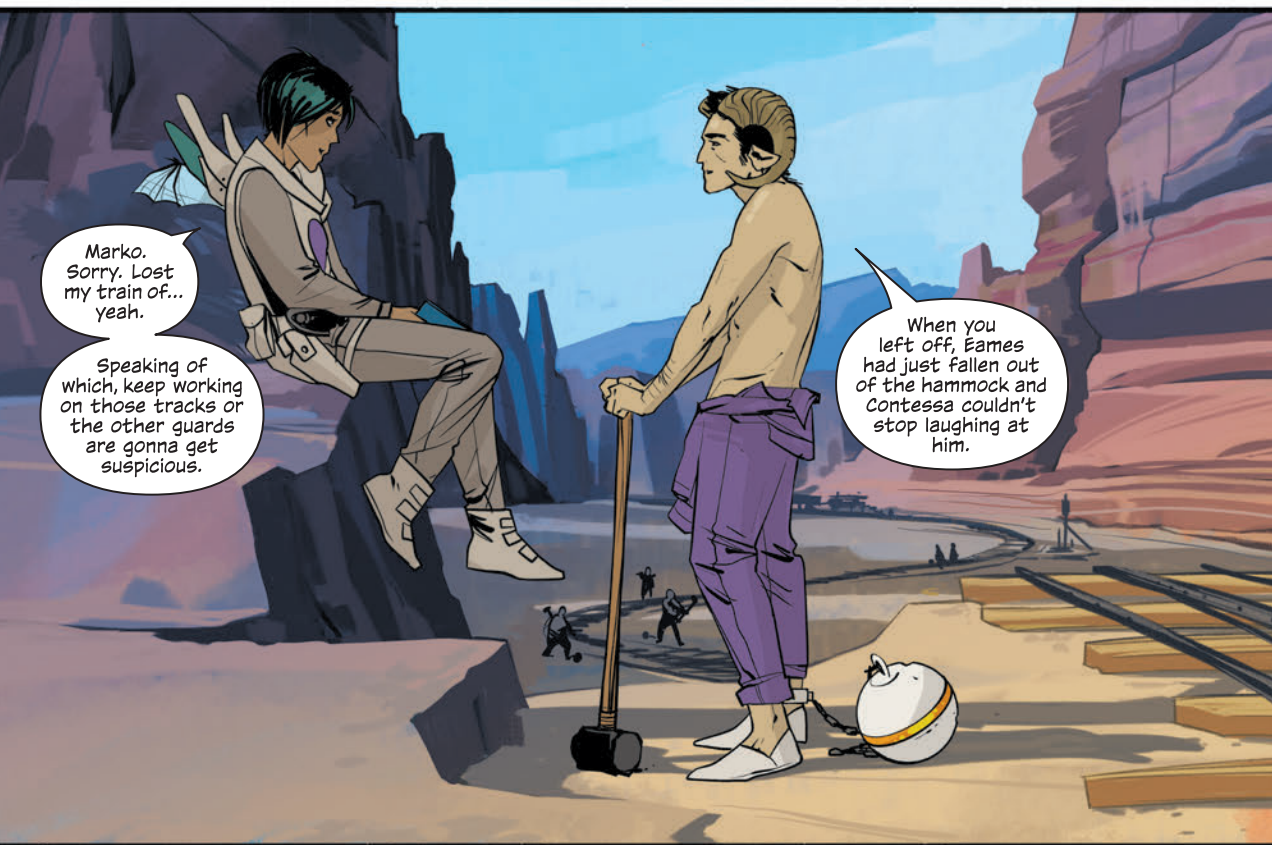
CHAPTER  
TEN



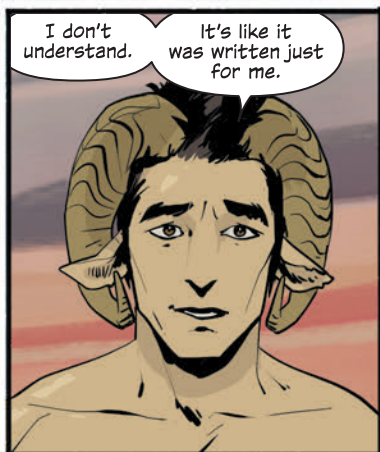
Please.

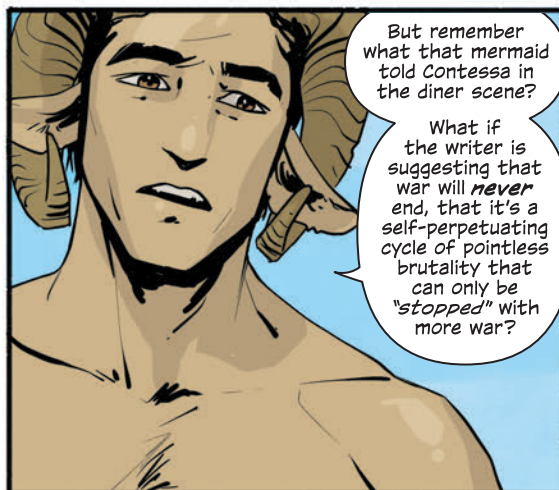
Keep  
reading.



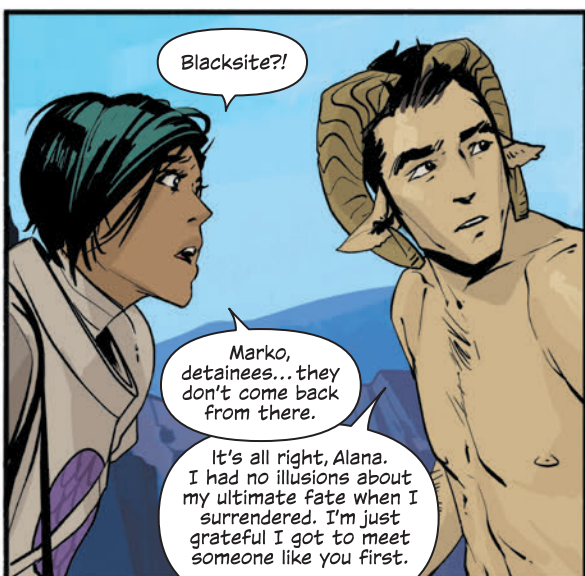


The rock monster blushed, and Contessa worried she'd crossed a line. "It actually looked kind of graceful!" "Fuck you," Eames grumbled. He held out his hand for help up, but Contessa hesitated, suspecting that Eames would just pull her to the ground. Instead, she sat down next to him, smoothing the creases 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.

















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--

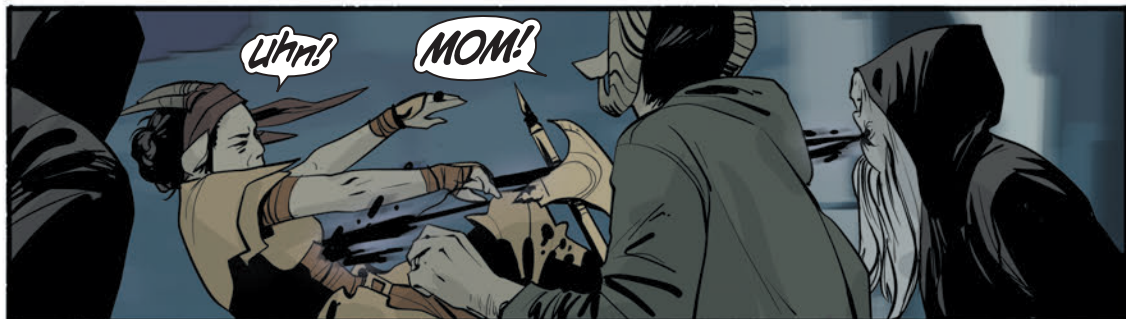
Who!



Who dares  
disturb our  
final hour?



Who dares  
disturb the  
Midwives?







*Yeah,  
that's  
right.*

*Flee  
in terror,  
bitches!*



What  
now?



It's  
okay.

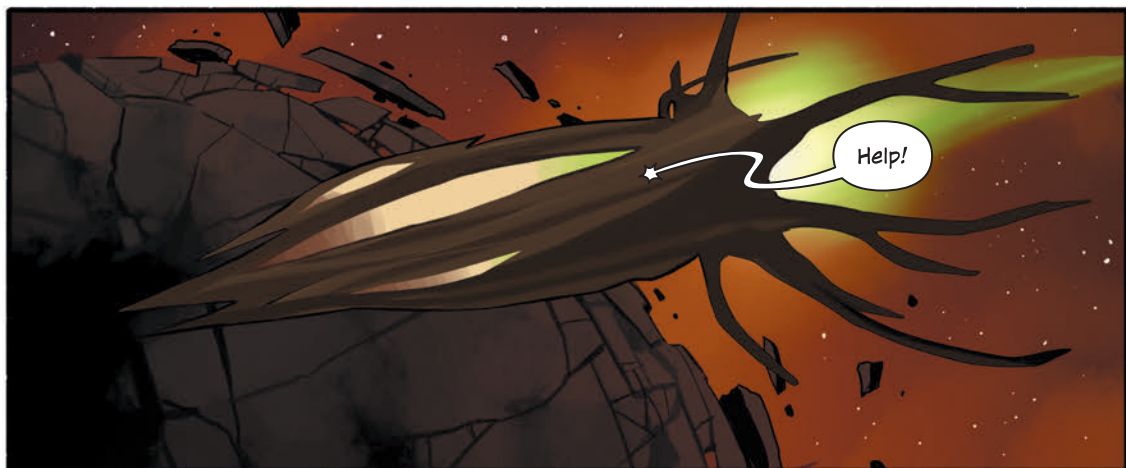
I think...  
I think it's  
one of her  
*illusions.*



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









But...?

Looks like the last of her umbilical stump.

Perfectly normal. All children start off with one, wings and horns alike.



You're sure?

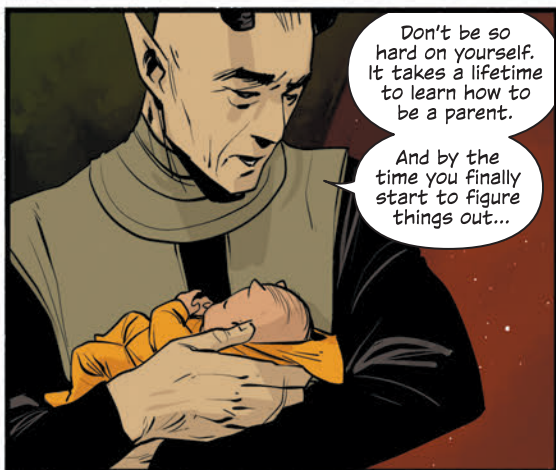
I'm only surprised it took this long to detach.

Your girl clearly wants to hold onto every part of you as long as she can.



I swear, Barr.

I'm not as awful at this as I look.



Don't be so hard on yourself. It takes a lifetime to learn how to be a parent.

And by the time you finally start to figure things out...



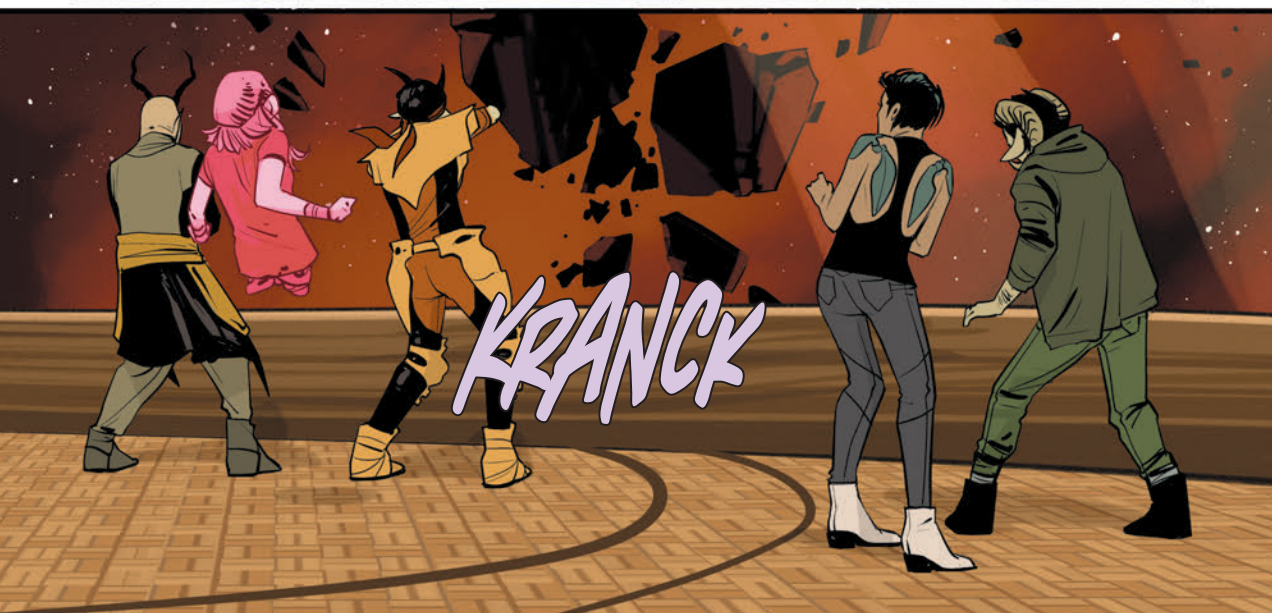
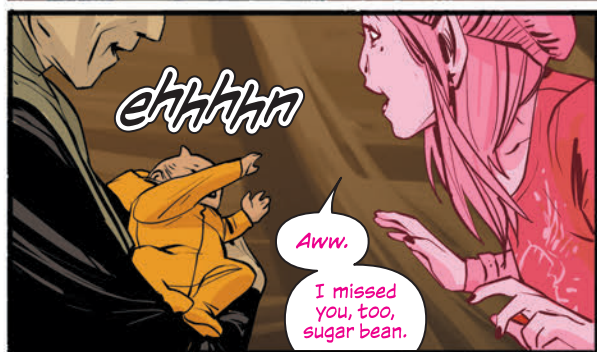
Sir, please. When your wife and son get back, you have to tell them.

You have to tell them you don't have much time left.

Do any of us...?

FWASH











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?



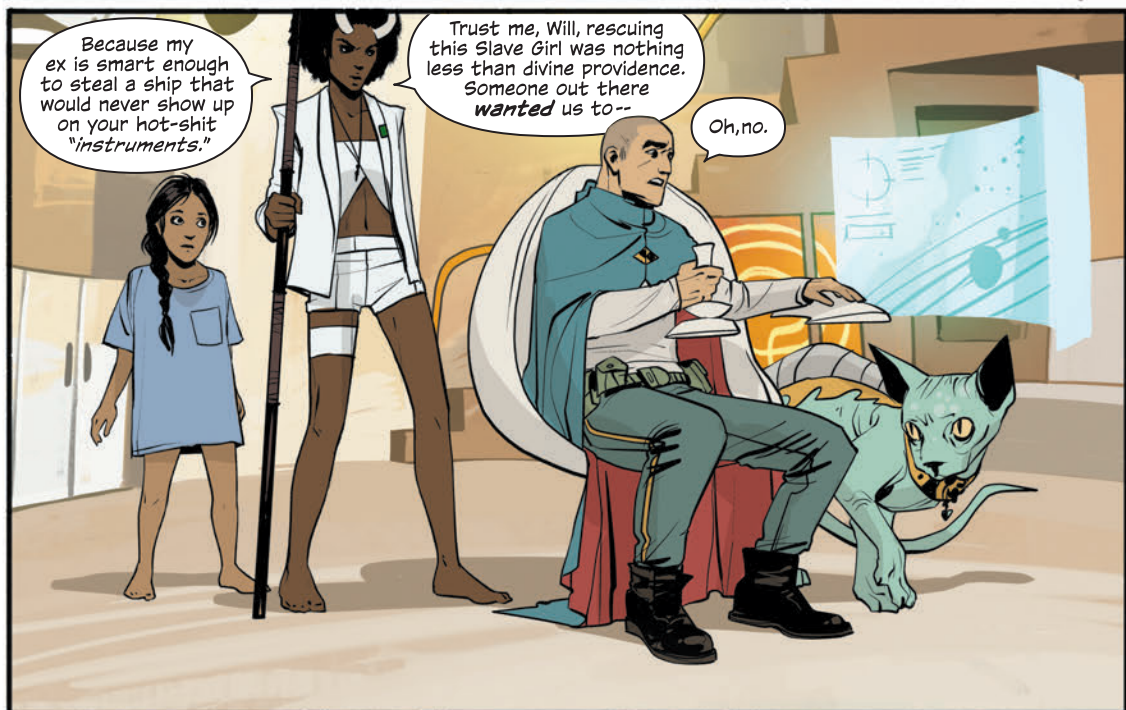
Crap.

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

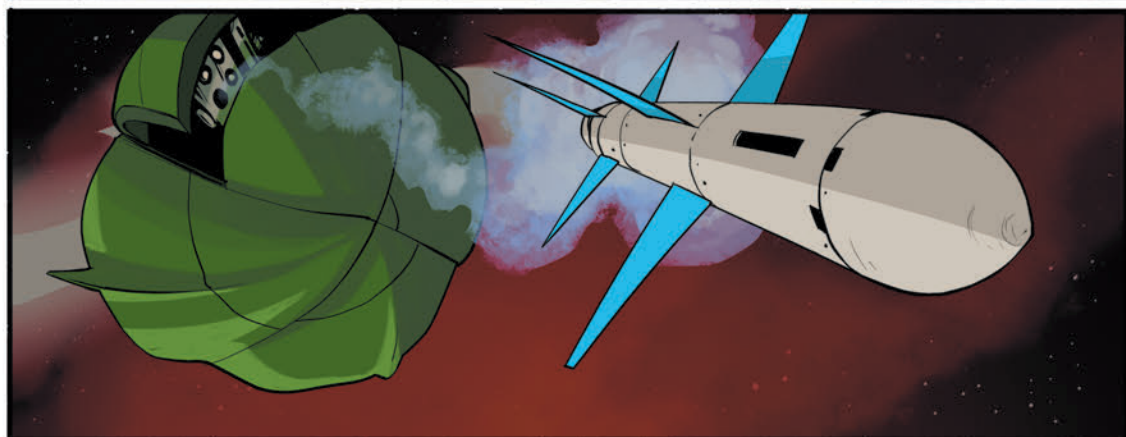
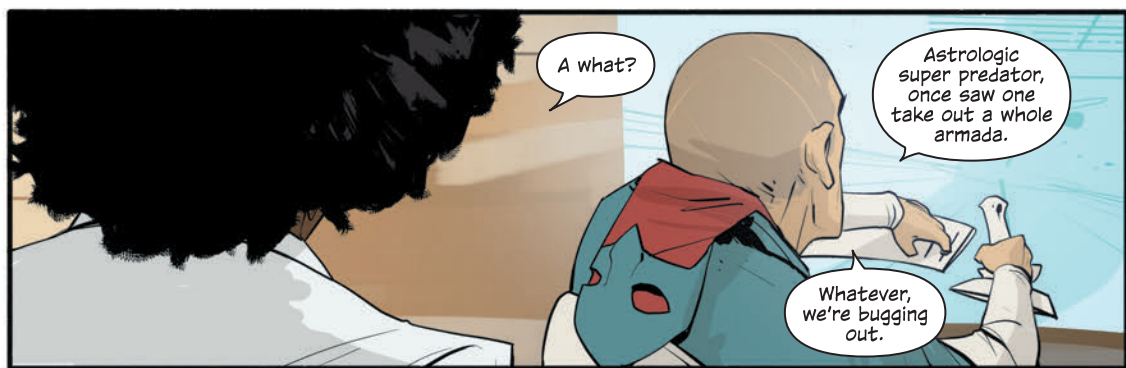
What kind of ship?

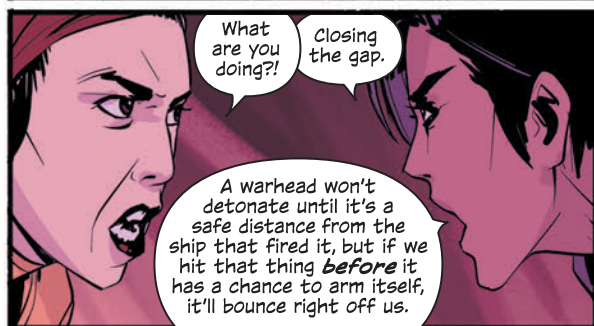


Like I said, the ladies loved my father.

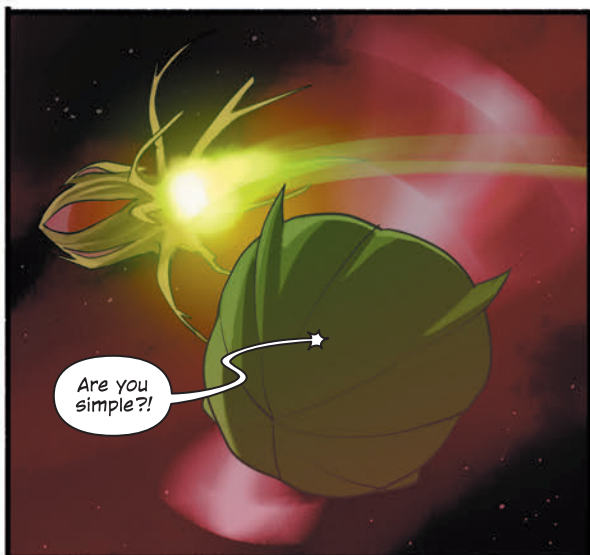


















end chapter ten





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.

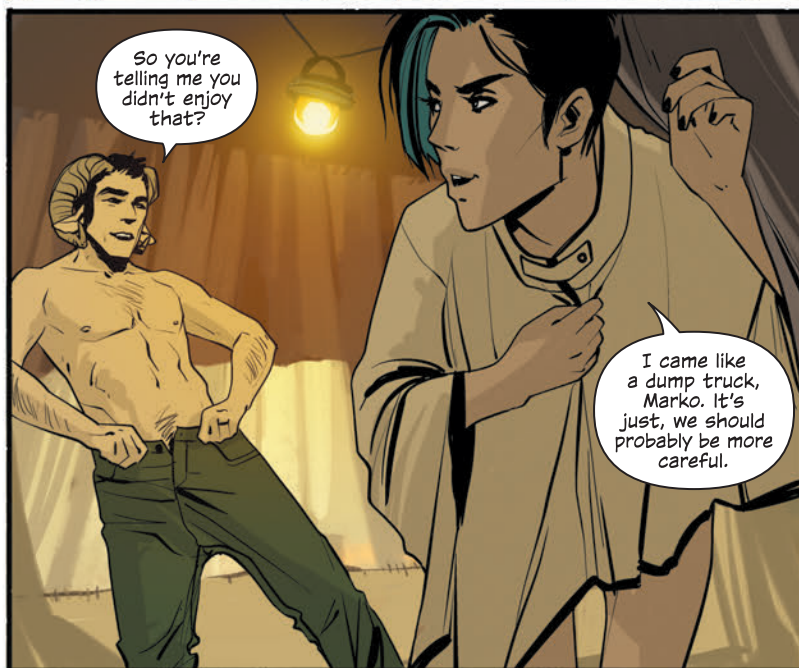
Did you finish inside me?



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?



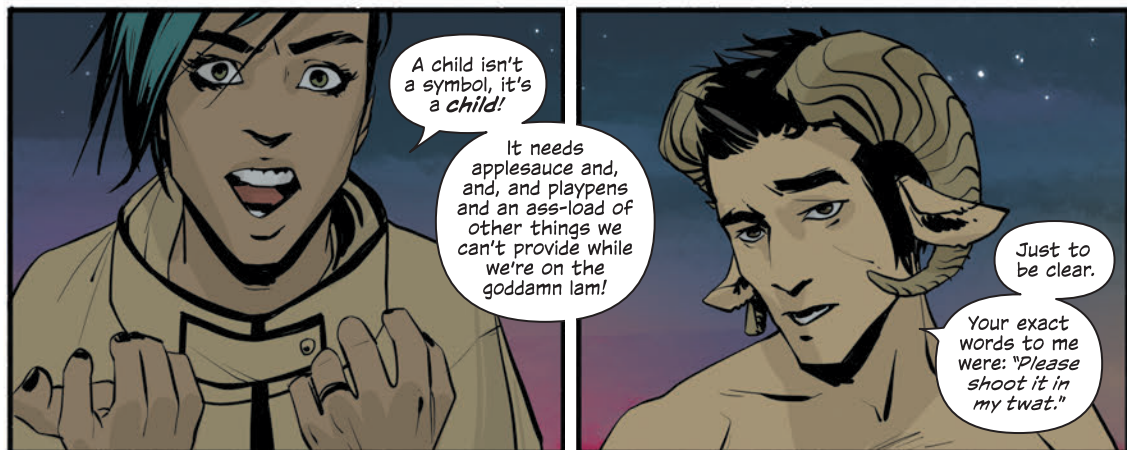
First of all, we're not free, we're hiding on a fucking rooftop on fucking Cleave.

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**!

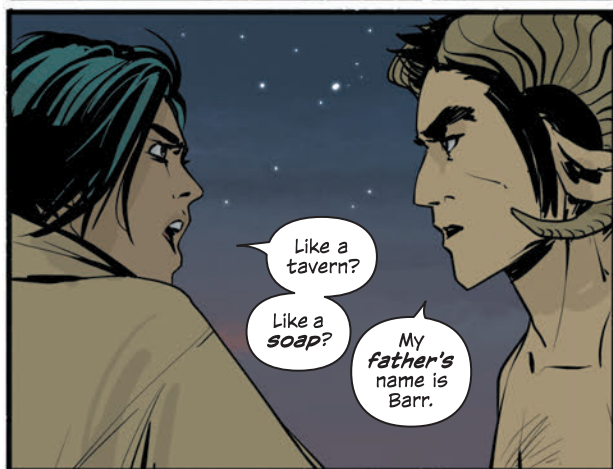
It needs applesauce and, and, and ass-load of other things we can't provide while we're on the goddamn lam!



Just to be clear.

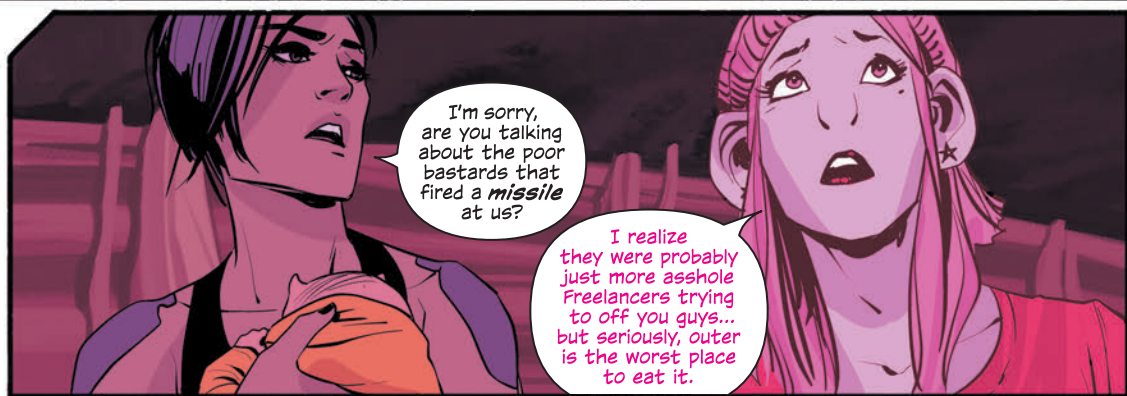
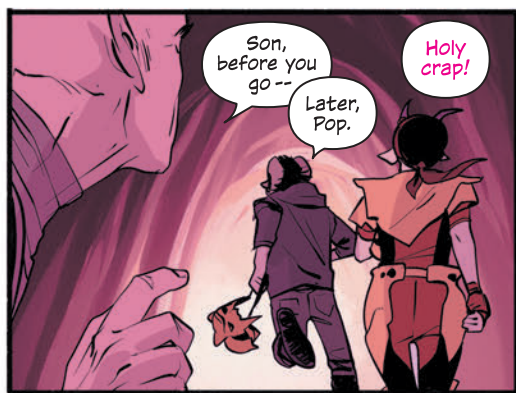
Your exact words to me were: "Please shoot it in my twat."





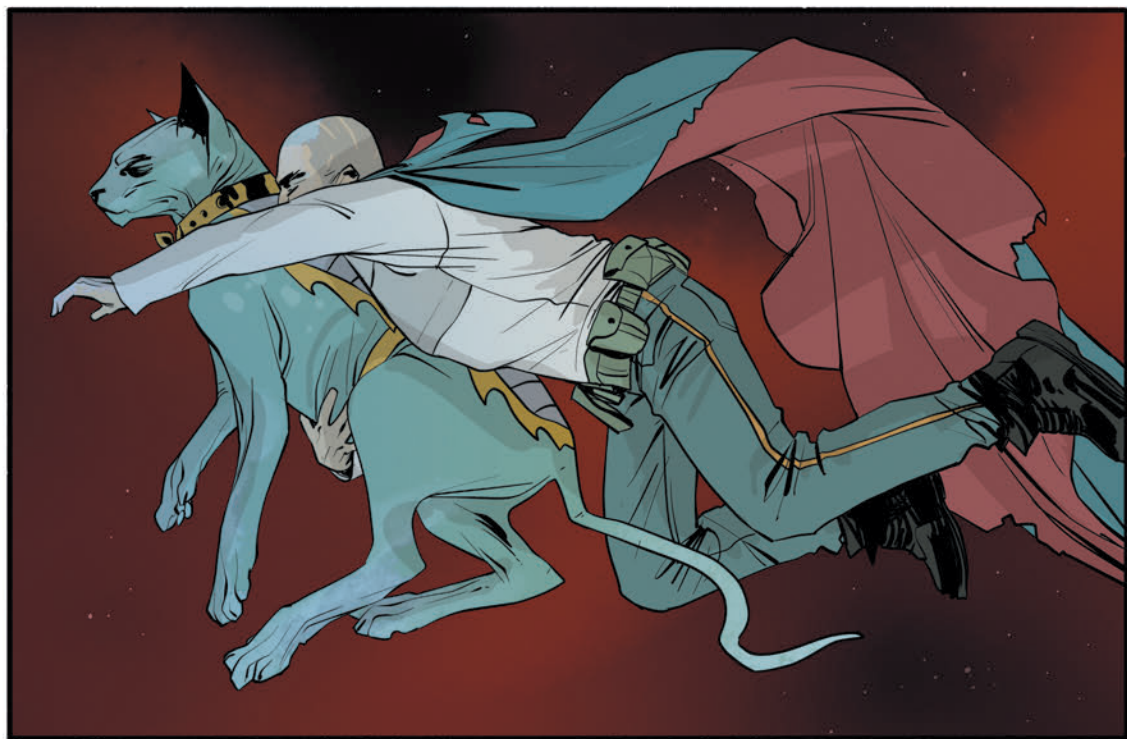


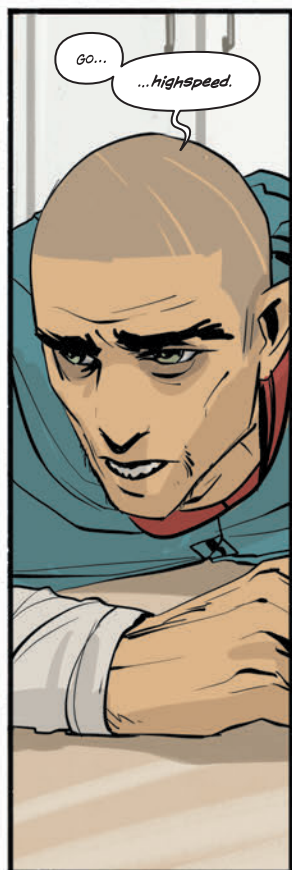
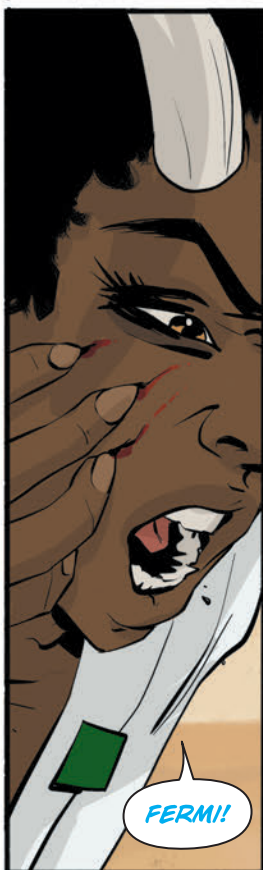




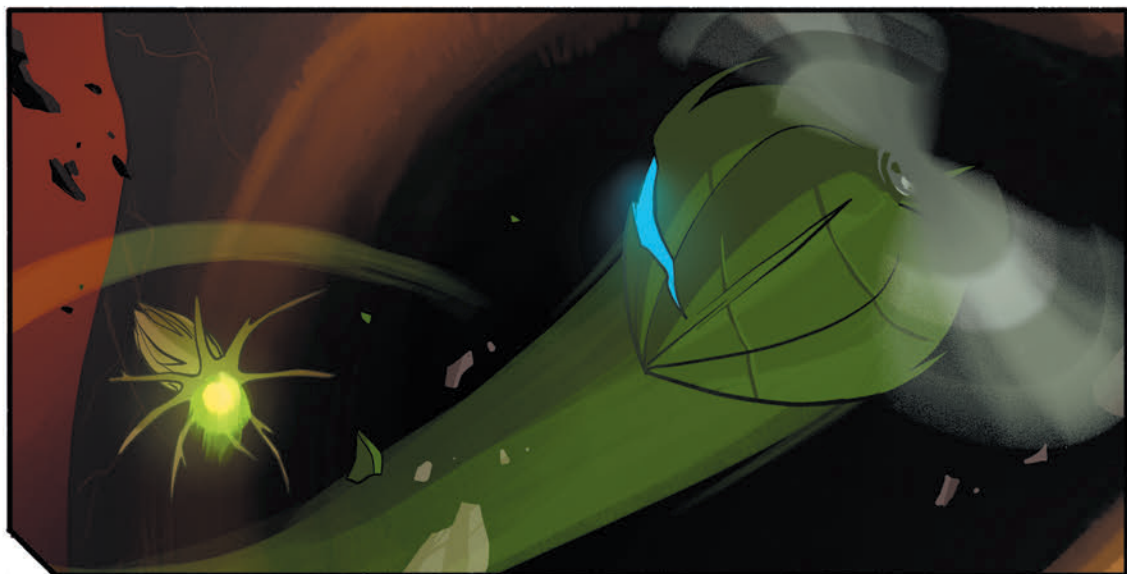










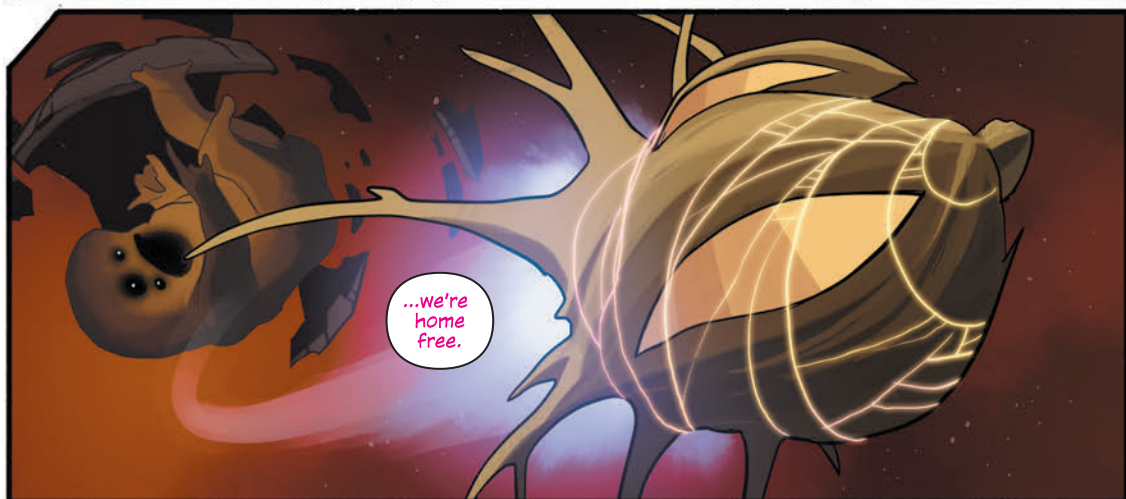










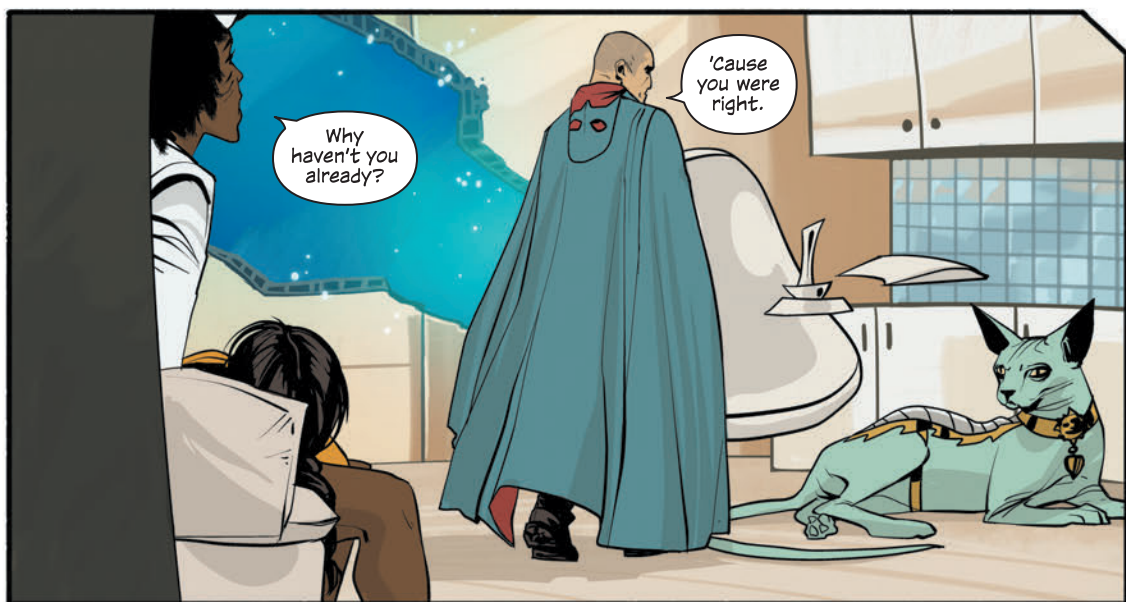














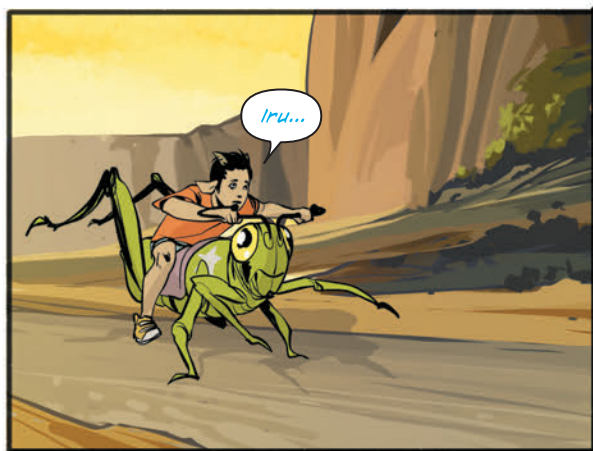
















These days, I use it as a bookmark.



end chapter eleven



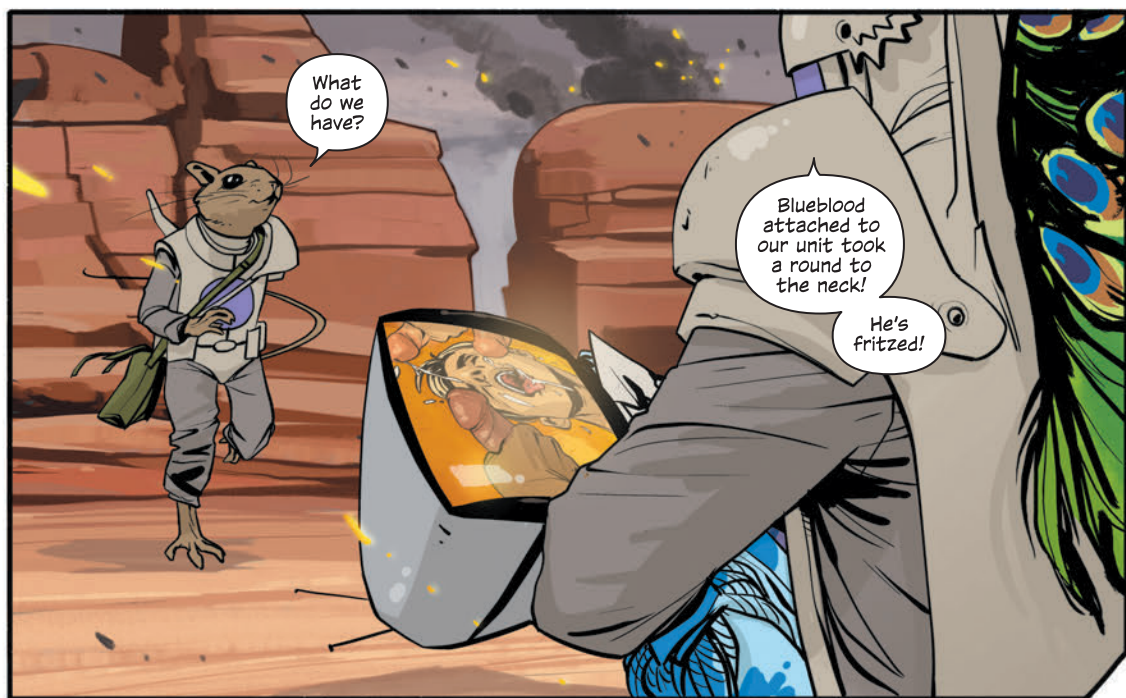


CHAPTER  
TWELVE

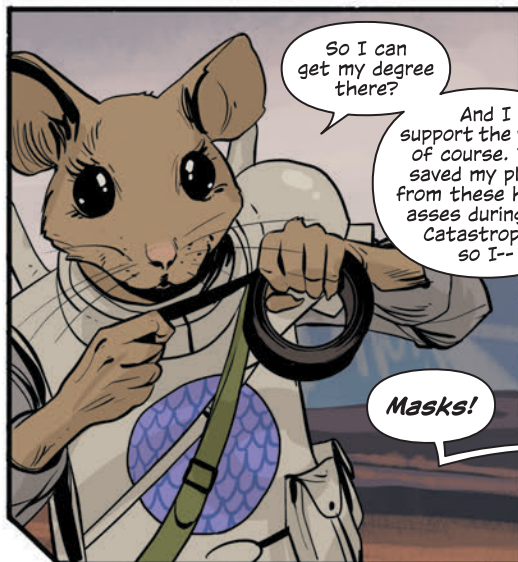
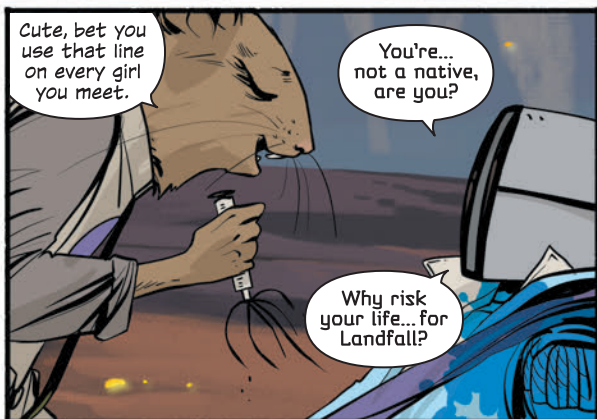
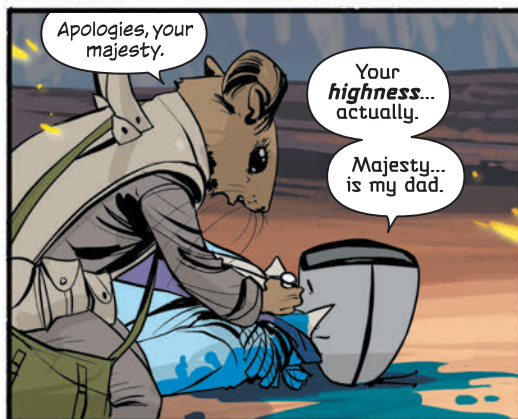
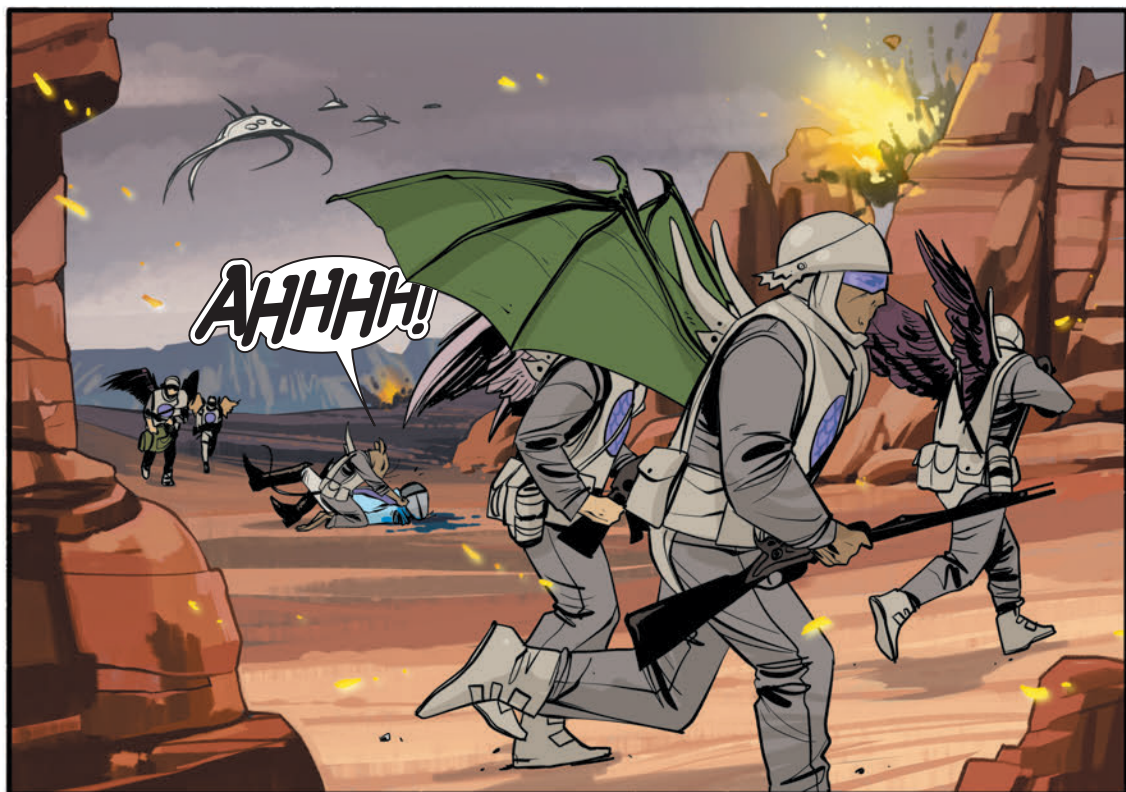


**MEDIC!**



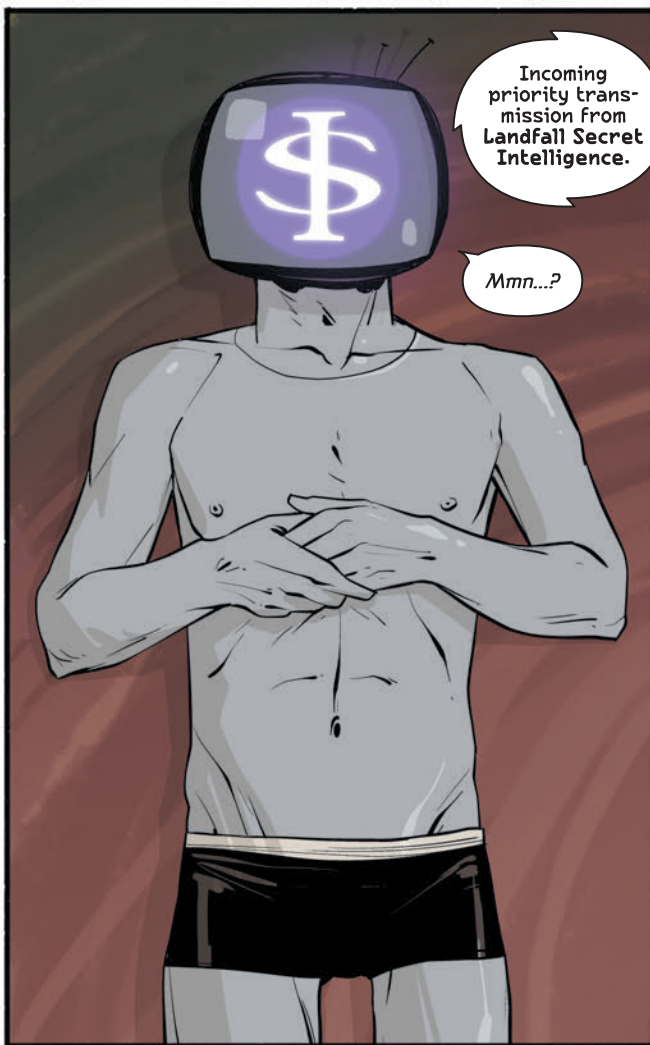




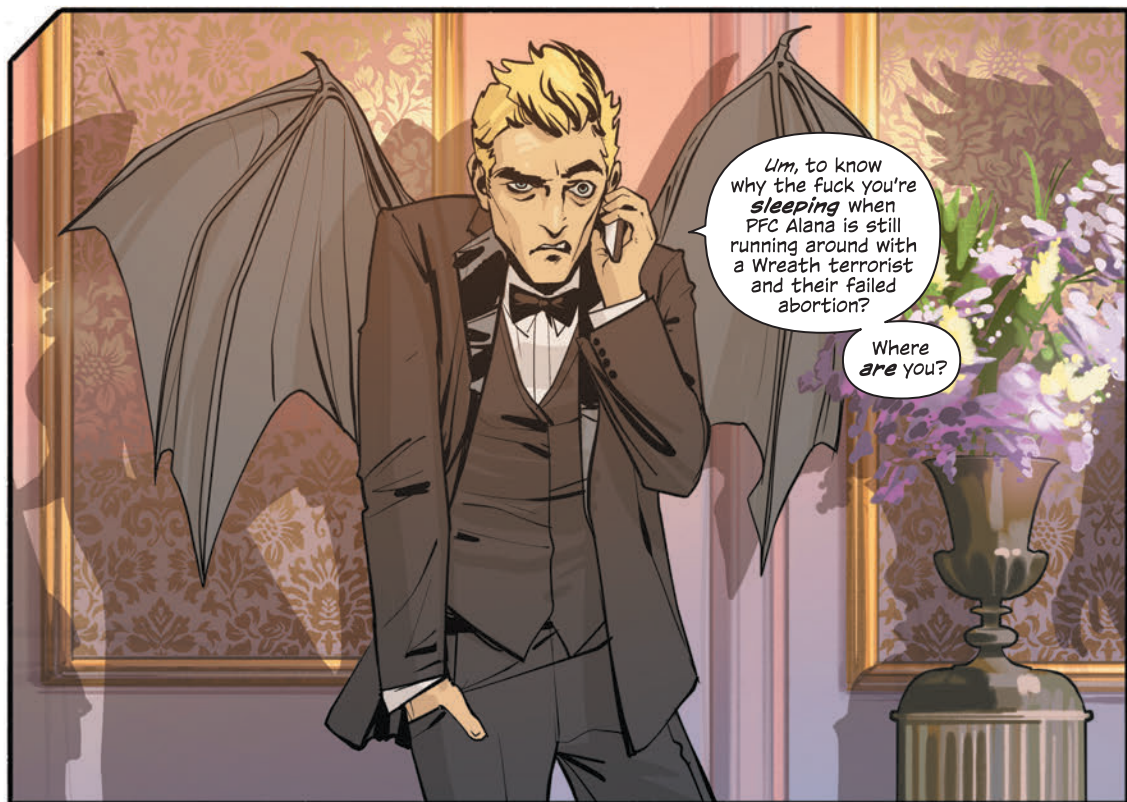






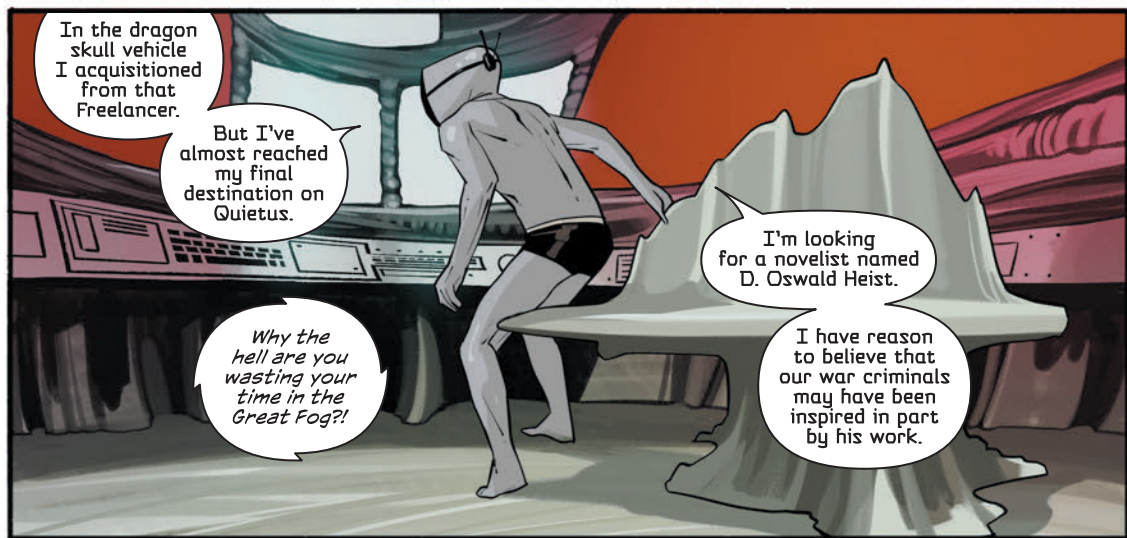






Um, to know why the fuck you're **sleeping** when PFC Alana is still running around with a Wreath terrorist and their failed abortion?

Where **are** you?



In the dragon skull vehicle I acquisitioned from that Freelancer.

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

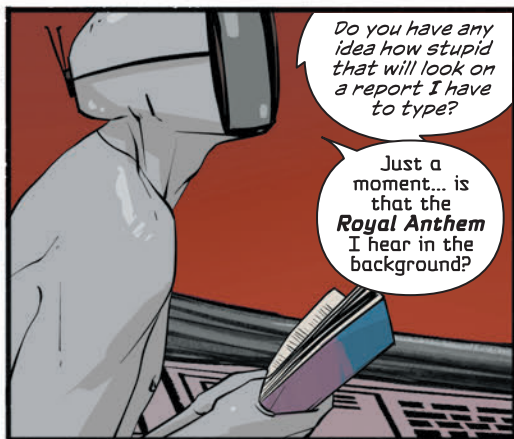
I'm looking for a novelist named D. Oswald Heist.

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**.

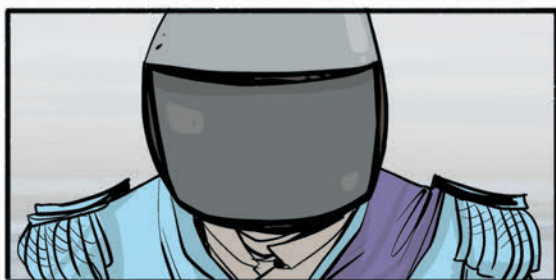
A kid needs a father, so why don't you quit dicking around, close out this account and get home to your family.



Call ended.

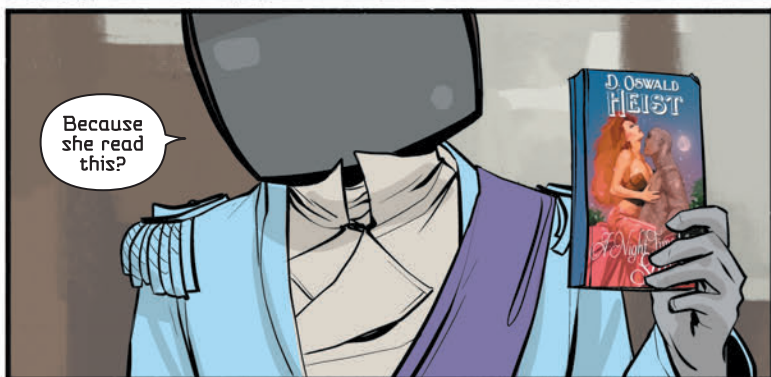
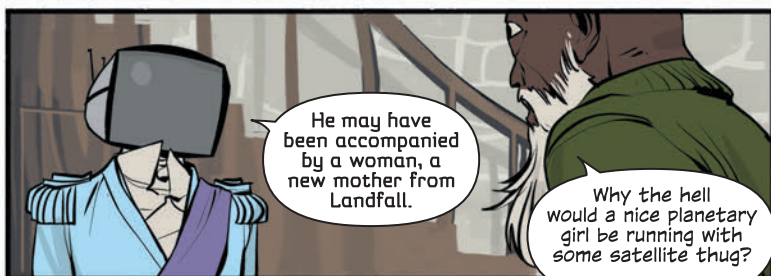




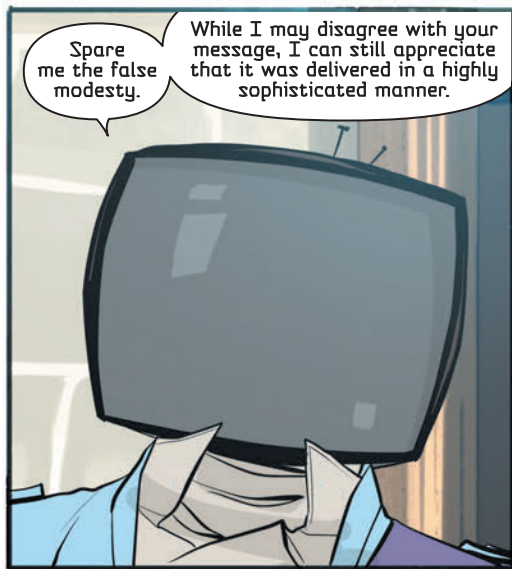
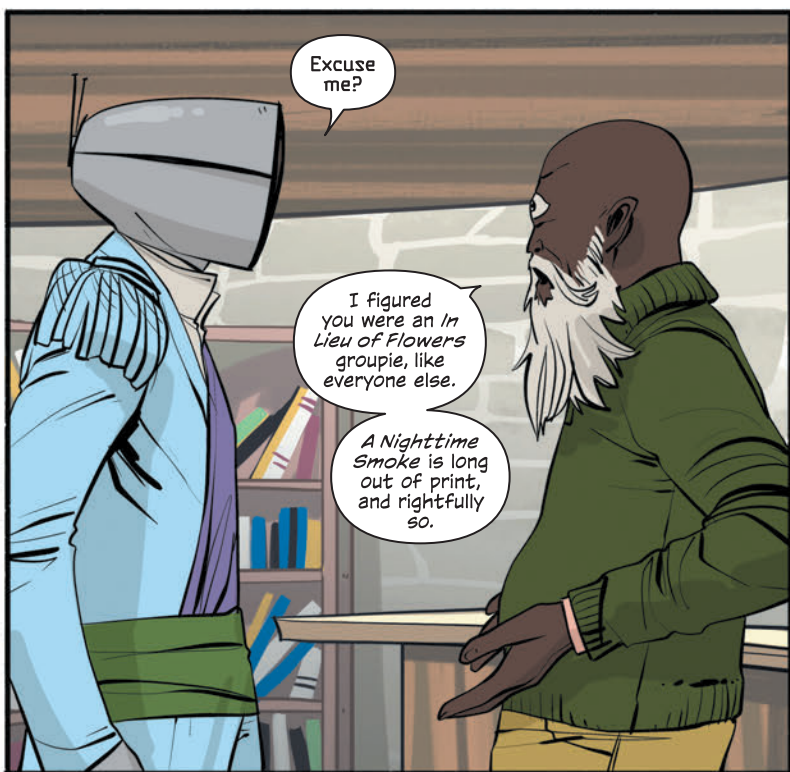


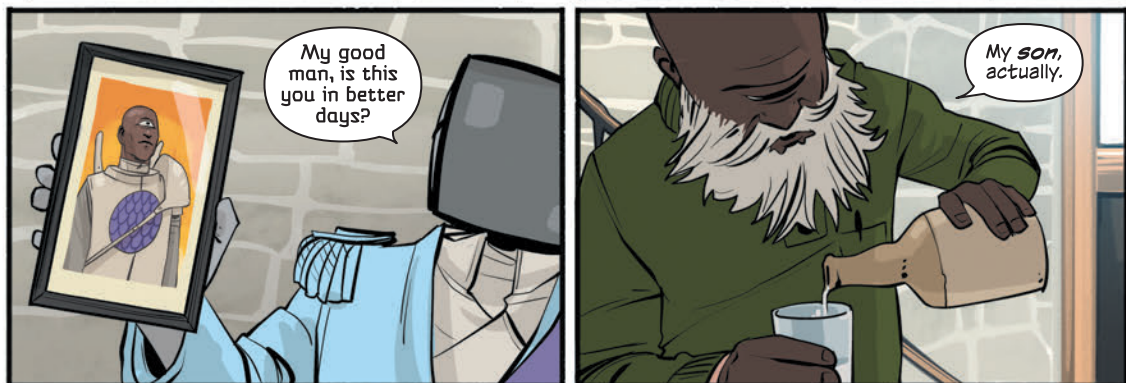
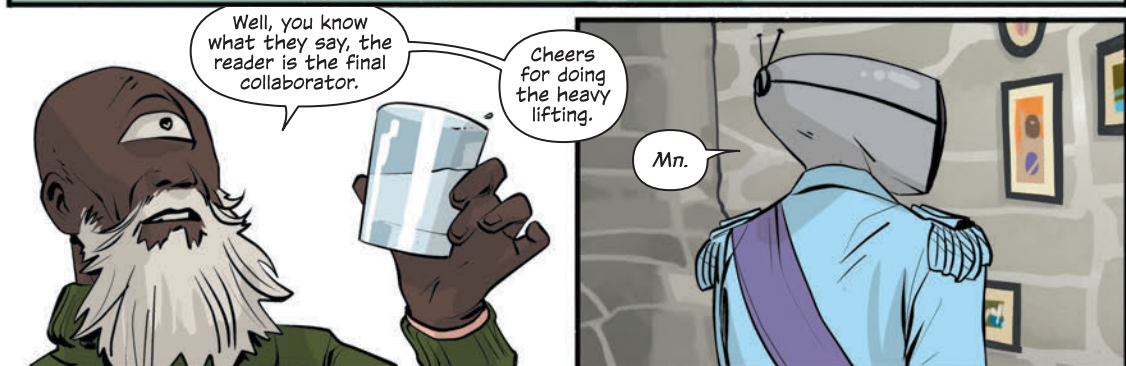




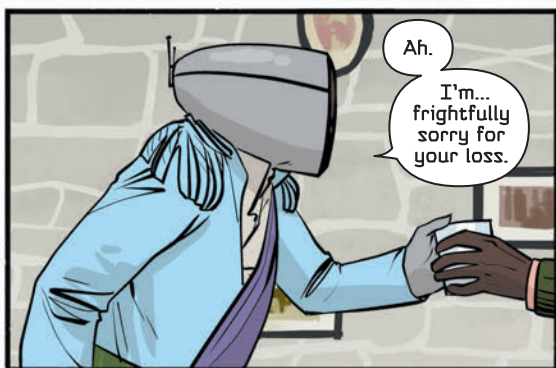
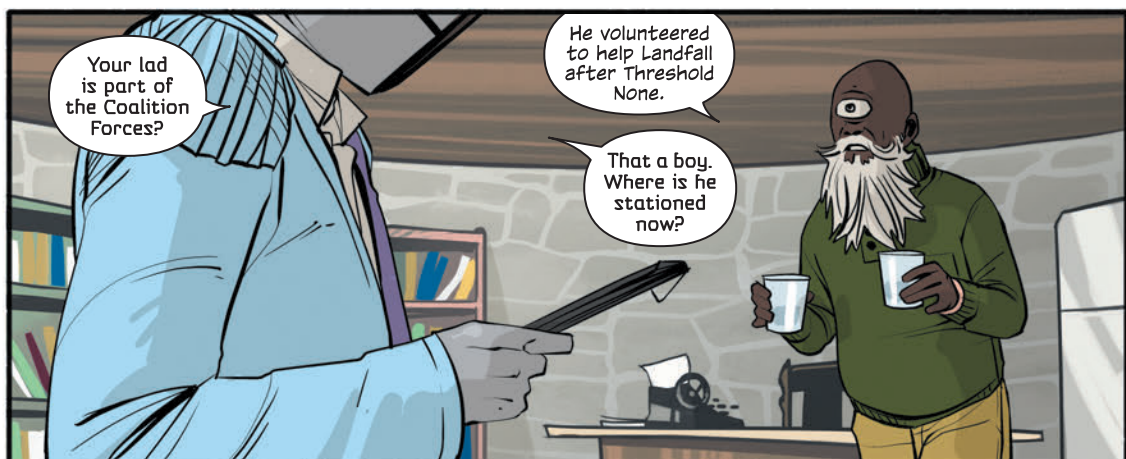


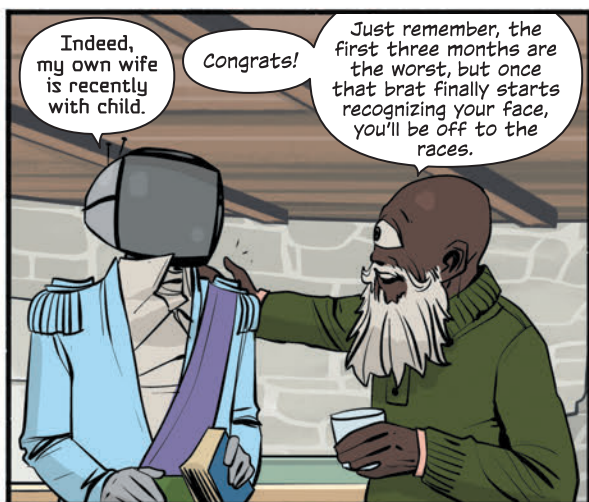




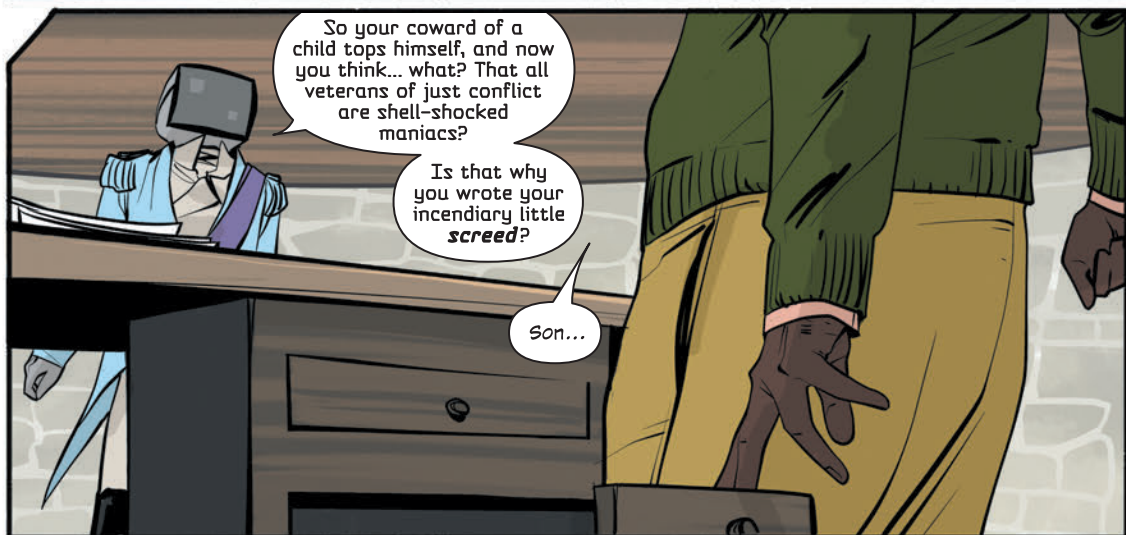
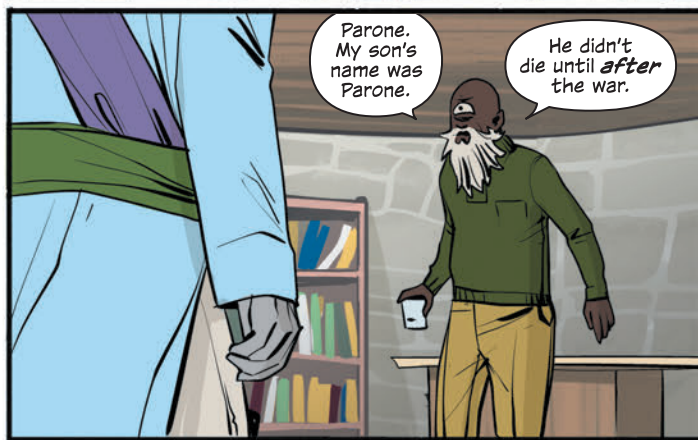


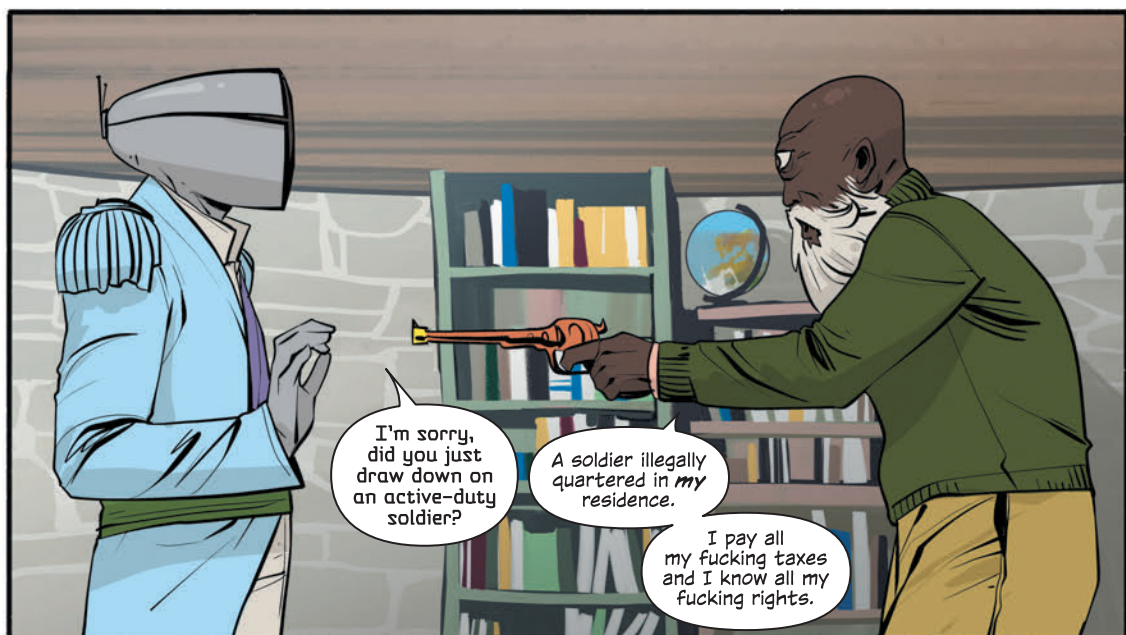












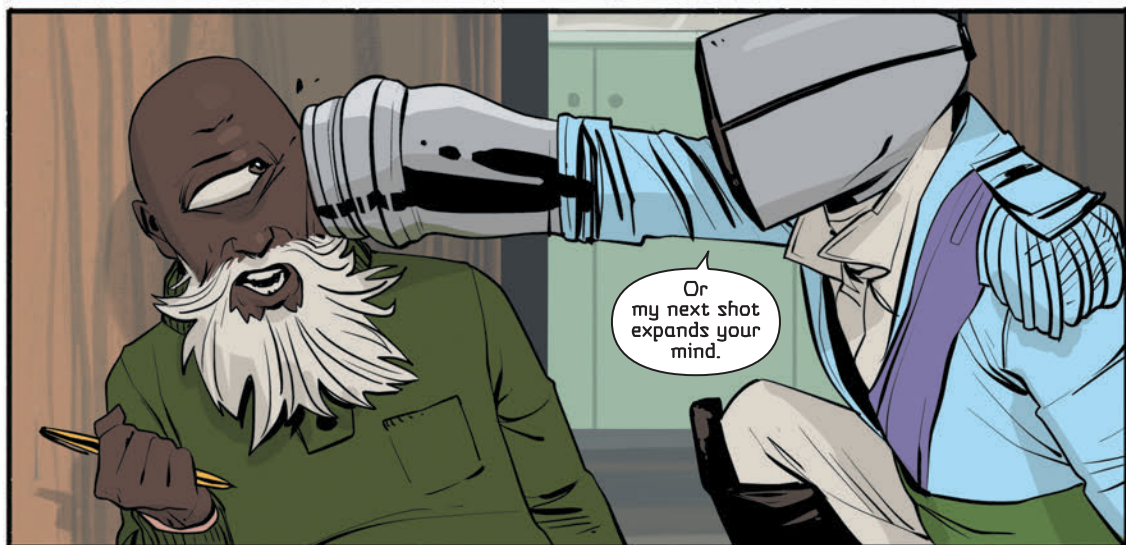




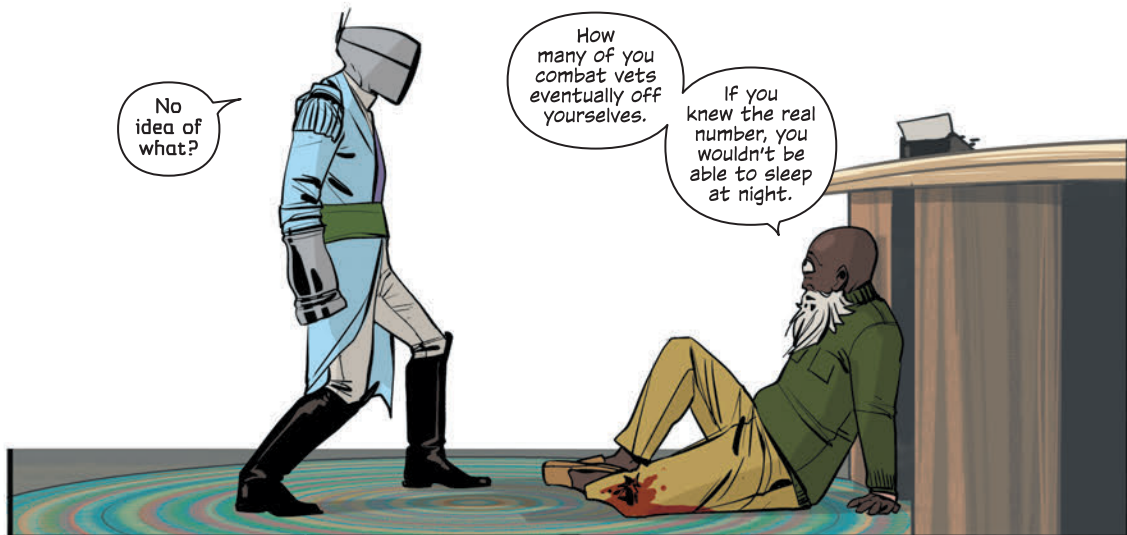
Of course, you now have every right to defend yourself.

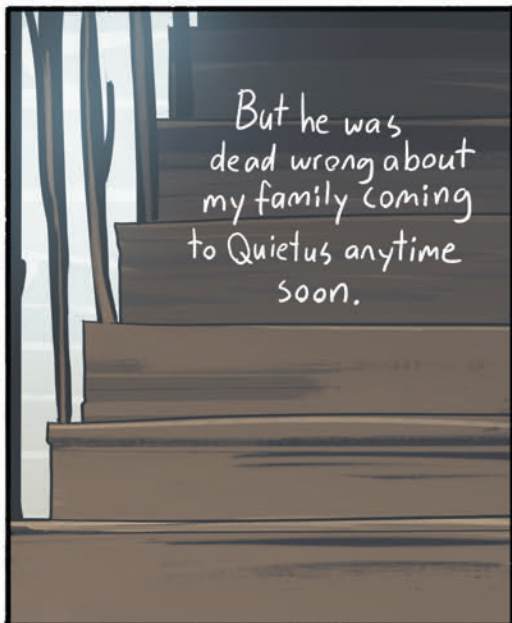
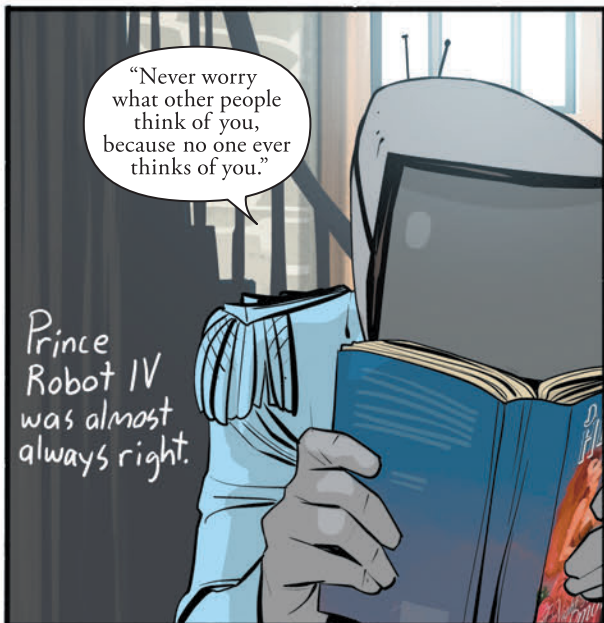
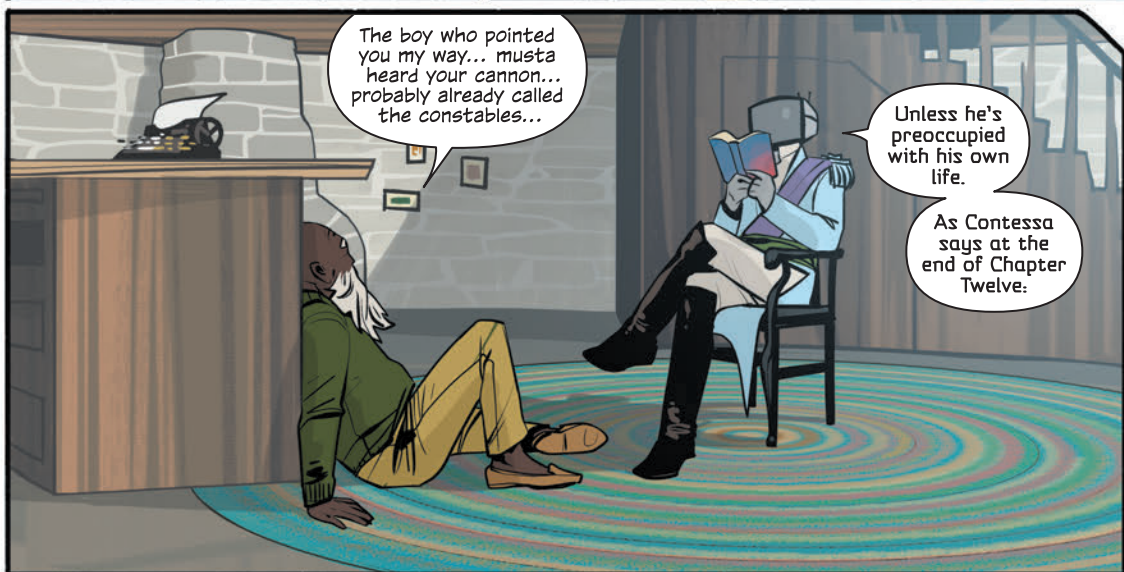
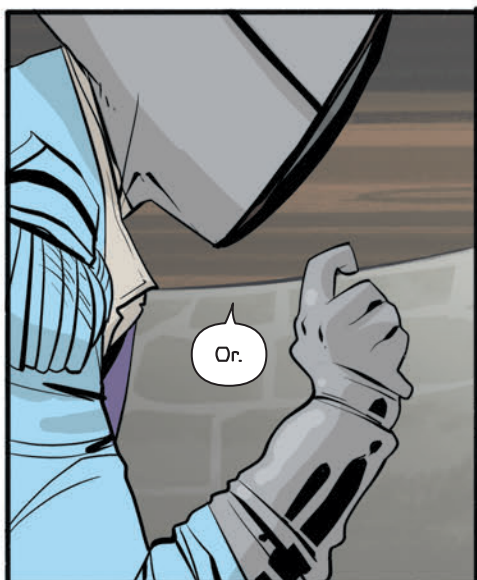
Any rational person would...













*We'd already been there a week.*



to be continued





Chapter Seven Ghost Variant art by Paul Pope.



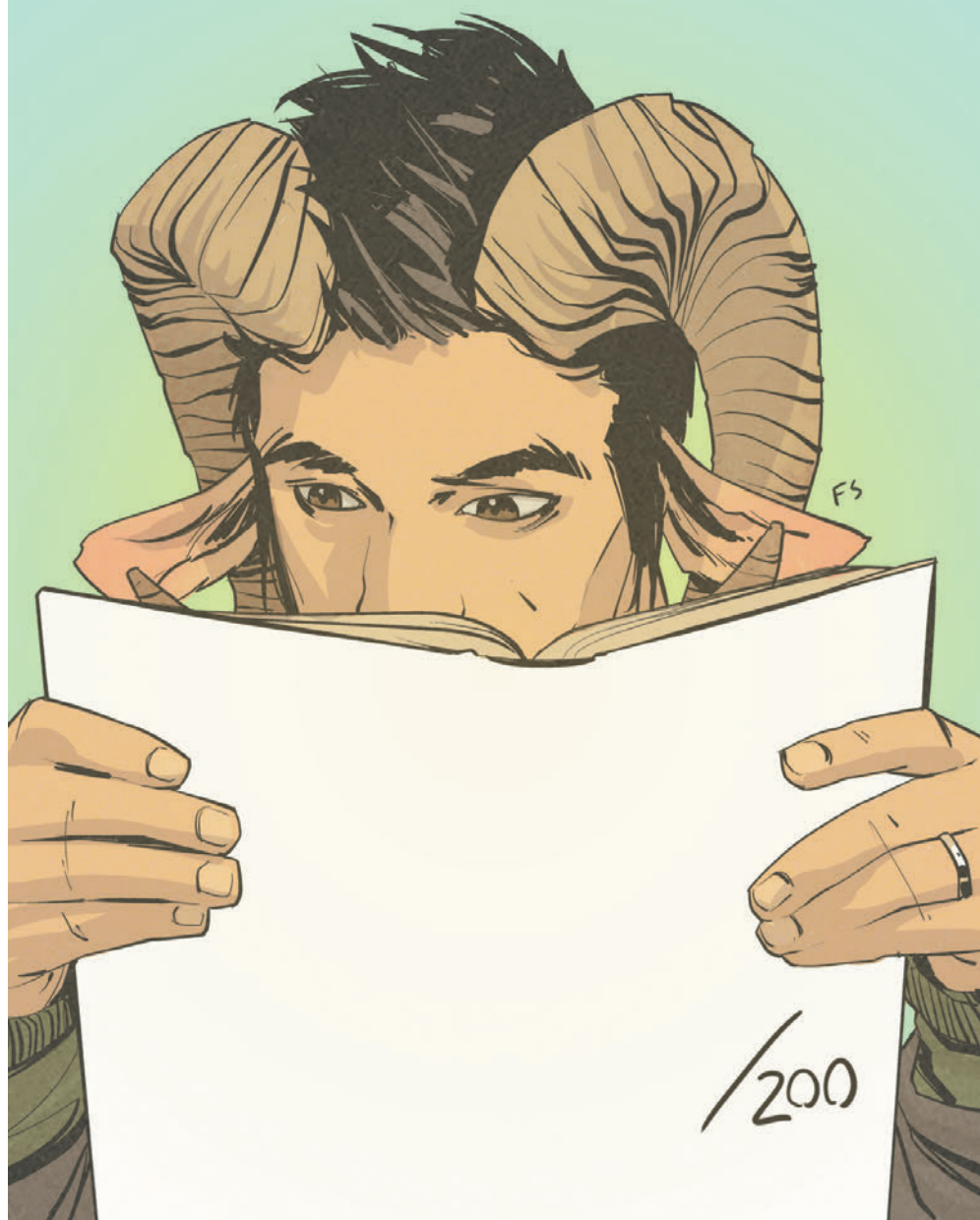
Ghost Variant colors by Fiona Staples.





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The Will and Lying Cat marker sketch.

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"THIS IS A RICH WORLD, WITH RELATABLE CHARACTERS AND INCREDIBLE VISUALS. SAGA CAN SIT PROUDLY ALONGSIDE MR. VAUGHAN'S PREVIOUS SERIES, INCLUDING Y: THE LAST MAN AND RUNAWAYS." THE NEW YORK TIMES

"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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