

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN

FIONA STAPLES



Saga™

VOLUME
THREE

VOLUME
THREE

SAGA

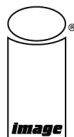


IMAGE COMICS, INC.

Robert Kirkman
CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER

Erik Larsen
CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER

Todd McFarlane
PRESIDENT

Marc Silvestri
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Jim Valentino
VICE-PRESIDENT

Eric Stephenson
PUBLISHER

Ron Richards
DIRECTOR OF BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT

Jennifer de Guzman
DIRECTOR OF TRADE BOOK SALES

Kat Salazar
PR & MARKETING DIRECTOR

Jeremy Sullivan
DIRECTOR OF DIGITAL SALES

Emilio Bautista
SALES ASSISTANT

Branwyn Bigglestone
SENIOR ACCOUNTS MANAGER

Emily Miller
ACCOUNTS MANAGER

Jessica Ambriz
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

Tyler Shamline
EVENTS COORDINATOR

David Brothers
CONTENT MANAGER

Jonathan Chan
PRODUCTION MANAGER

Draw Gill
ART DIRECTOR

Meredith Wallace
PRINT MANAGER

Monica Garcia
SENIOR PRODUCTION ARTIST

Jenna Savage
ADDISON DUKE

Addison Duke
PRODUCTION ARTISTS

www.imagecomics.com

SAGA, VOLUME THREE: March 2014. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2001 Center Street, 6th Floor, Berkeley, CA 94704. Copyright © 2014 Brian K. Vaughan & Fiona Staples. Originally published in single magazine form as SAGA #13–18. All rights reserved. SAGA, its logos, and all character likenesses herein are trademarks of Brian K. Vaughan & Fiona Staples unless expressly indicated. Image Comics® and its logos are registered trademarks and copyrights of Image Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for review purposes) without the express written permission of Brian K. Vaughan & Fiona Staples or Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead) or events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. DIGITAL EDITION.

FOREIGN LICENSING INQUIRIES WRITE TO: foreignlicensing@imagecomics.com

gaTM

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

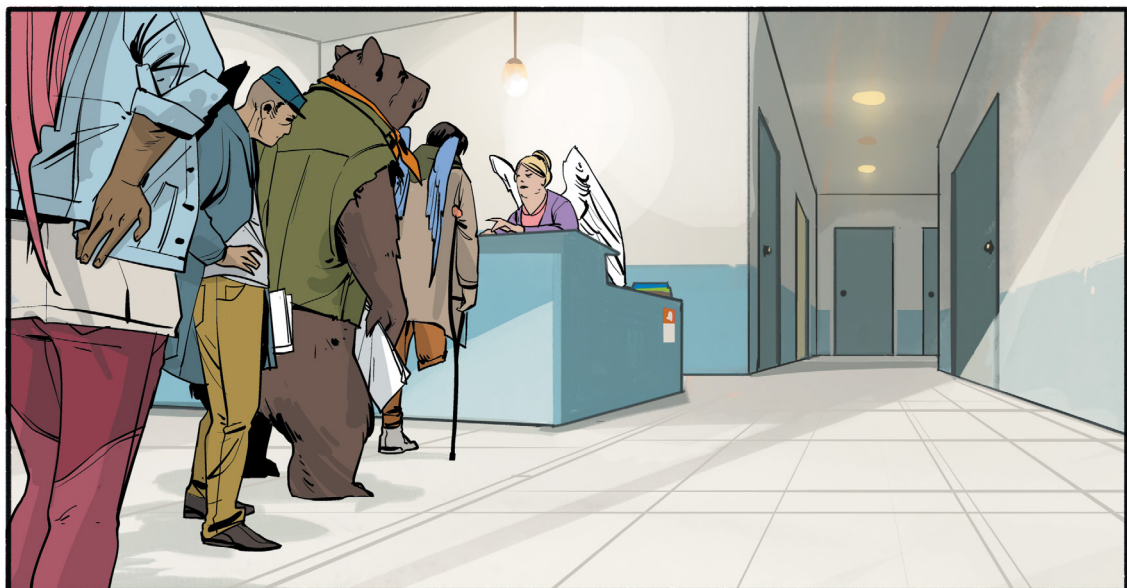
ERIC STEPHENSON

C O O R D I N A T O R



CHAPTER
THIRTEEN



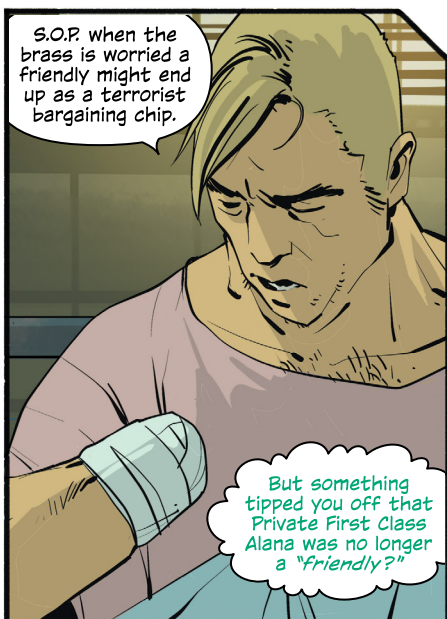




My artillery company was mopping up on a turd of a planet called Cleave.

We get word that a Wreath P.O.W. had escaped, taken his guard hostage. Orders were to kill them both.

Your orders were to *execute* one of your own?



S.O.P. when the brass is worried a friendly might end up as a terrorist bargaining chip.

But something tipped you off that Private First Class Alana was no longer a "friendly?"



When we engaged her -- reluctantly, mind you -- the moony completely lost it.

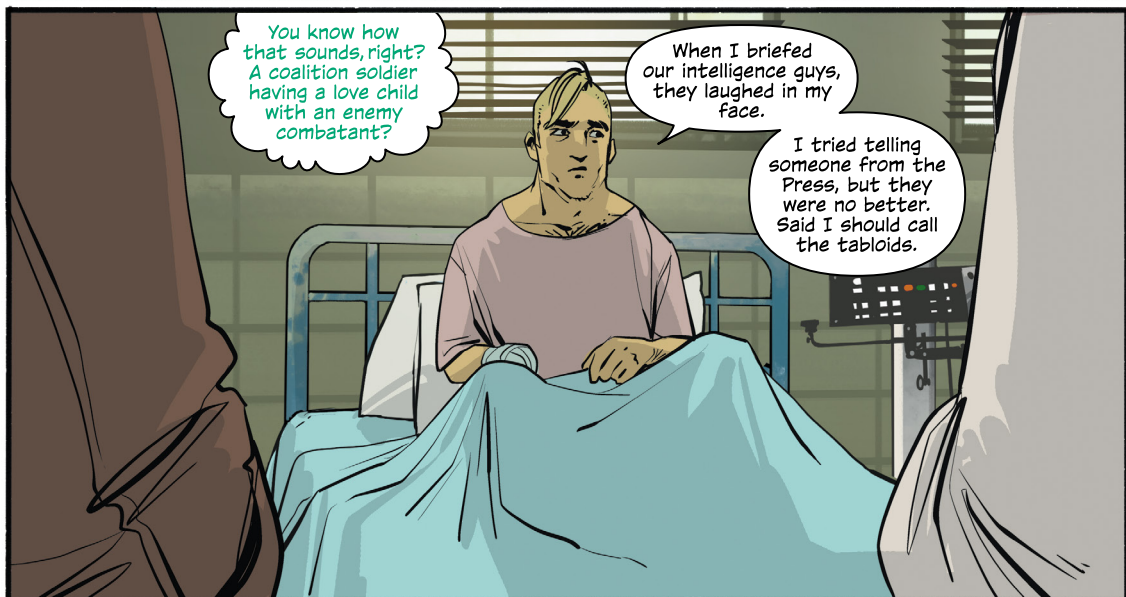
It was like we'd shot the girl who popped his cherry, not just some random winged shield.

And this object you claim she was holding...?



It wasn't an object, it was a baby. It was *their* baby.

You could tell by the way they looked at the thing.



You know how that sounds, right? A coalition soldier having a love child with an enemy combatant?

When I briefed our intelligence guys, they laughed in my face.

I tried telling someone from the Press, but they were no better. Said I should call the tabloids.

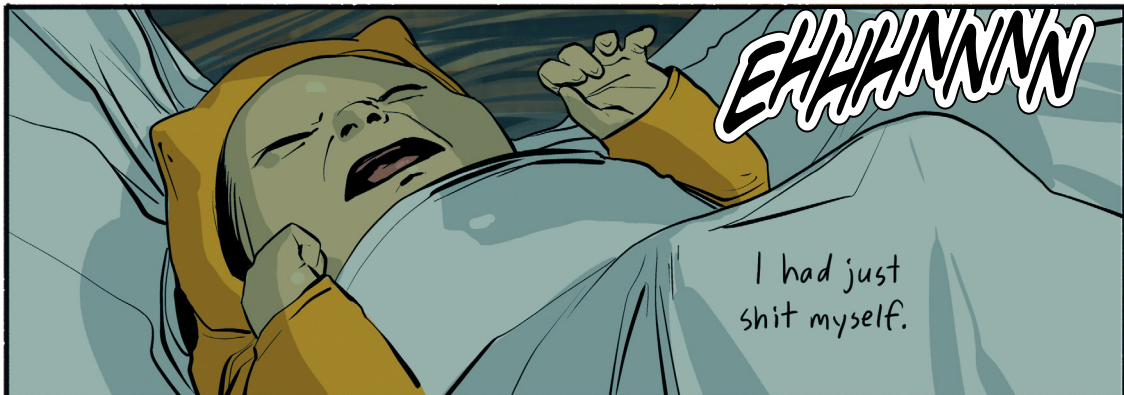


Right, where
were we?

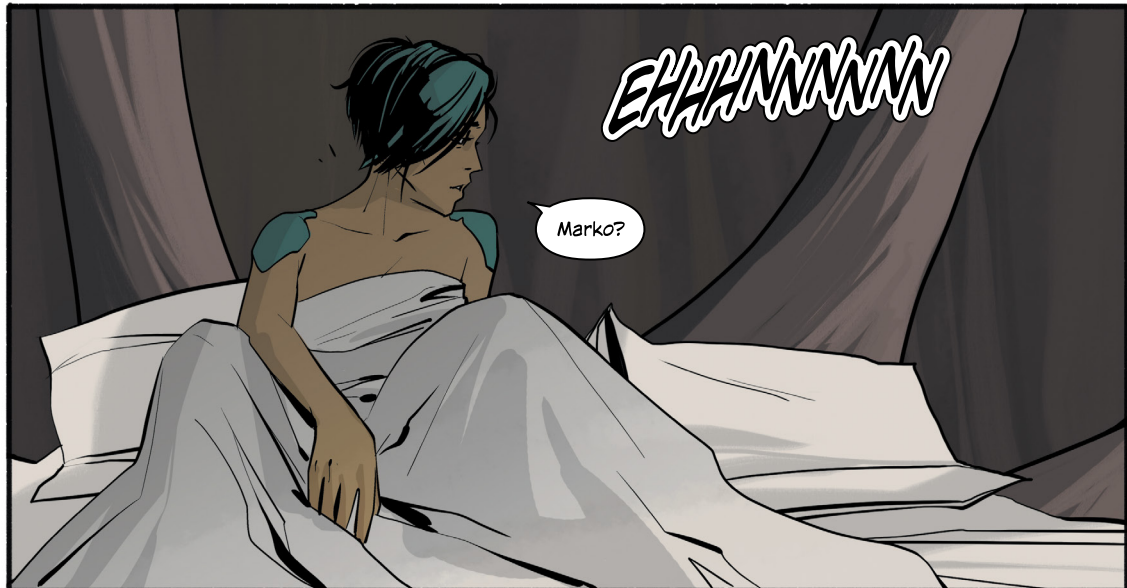
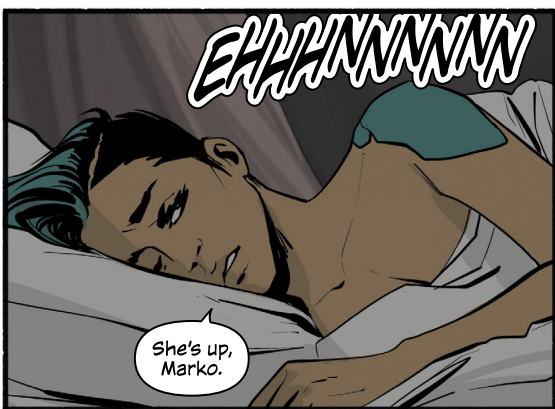


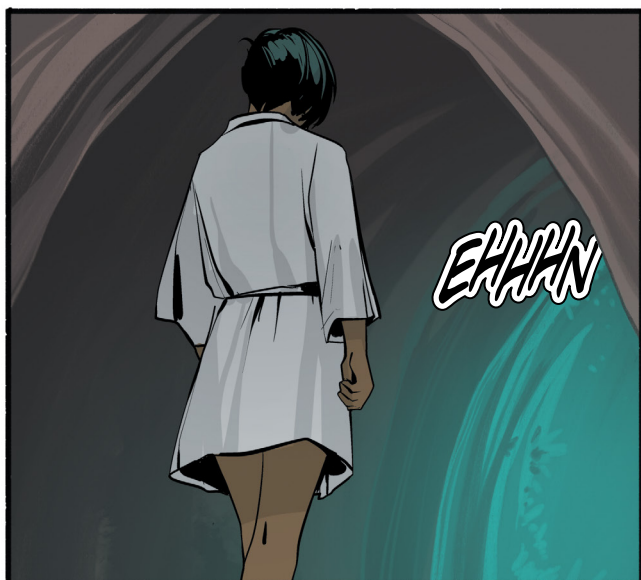
Oh yeah, cutting across the
Clockwork Stars on our way to a
fog-shrouded world.

My parents were hoping
to find a man named
D. Oswald Heist, author of
their favourite book.

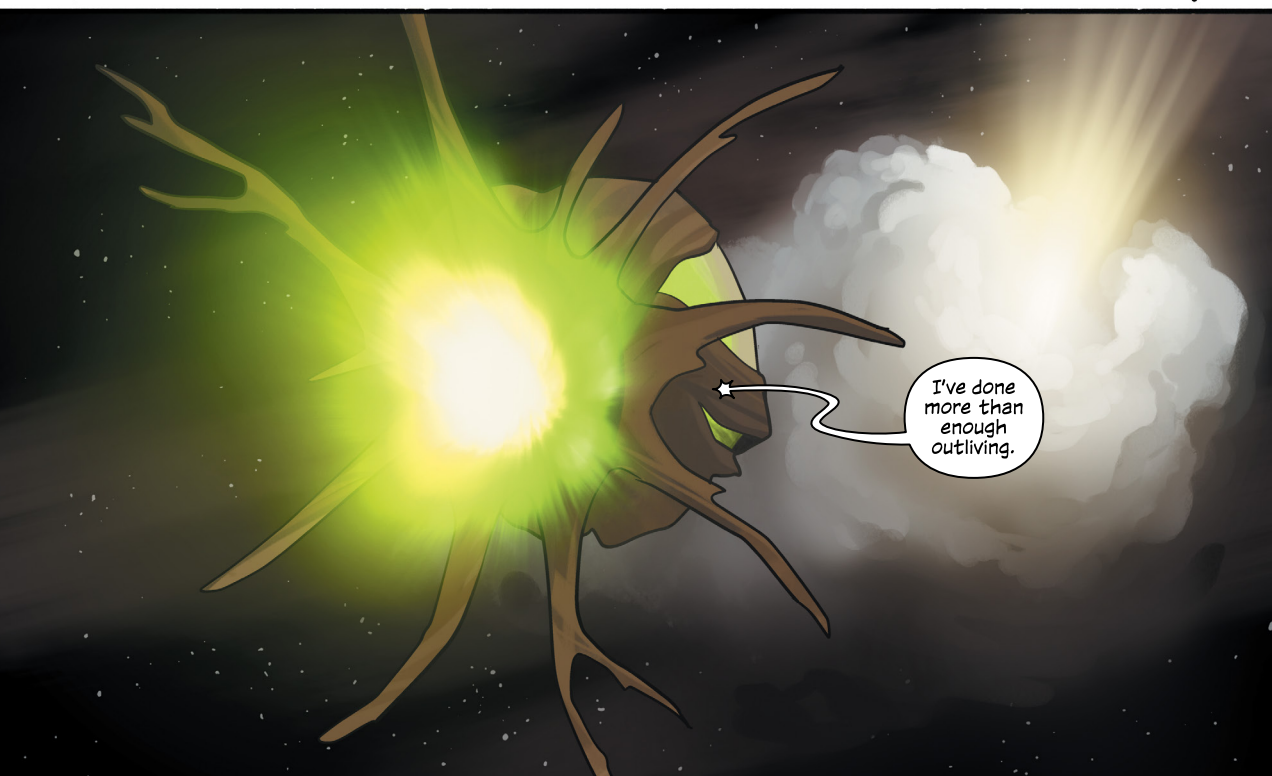
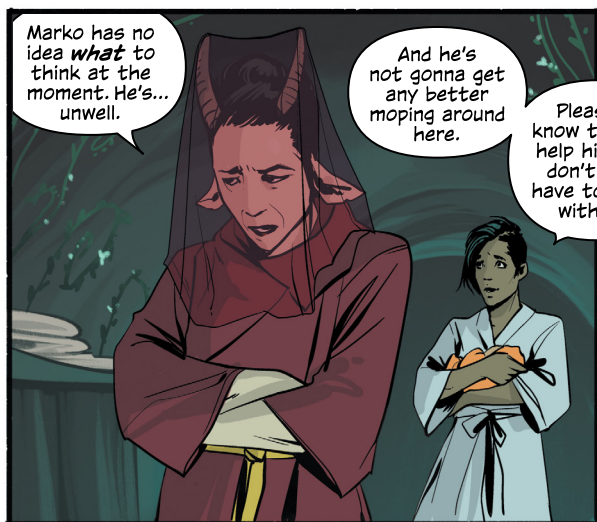
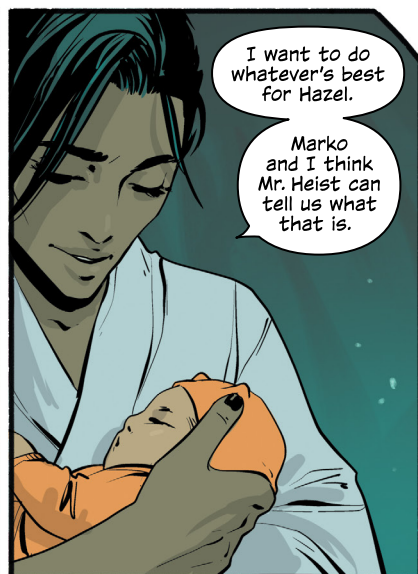


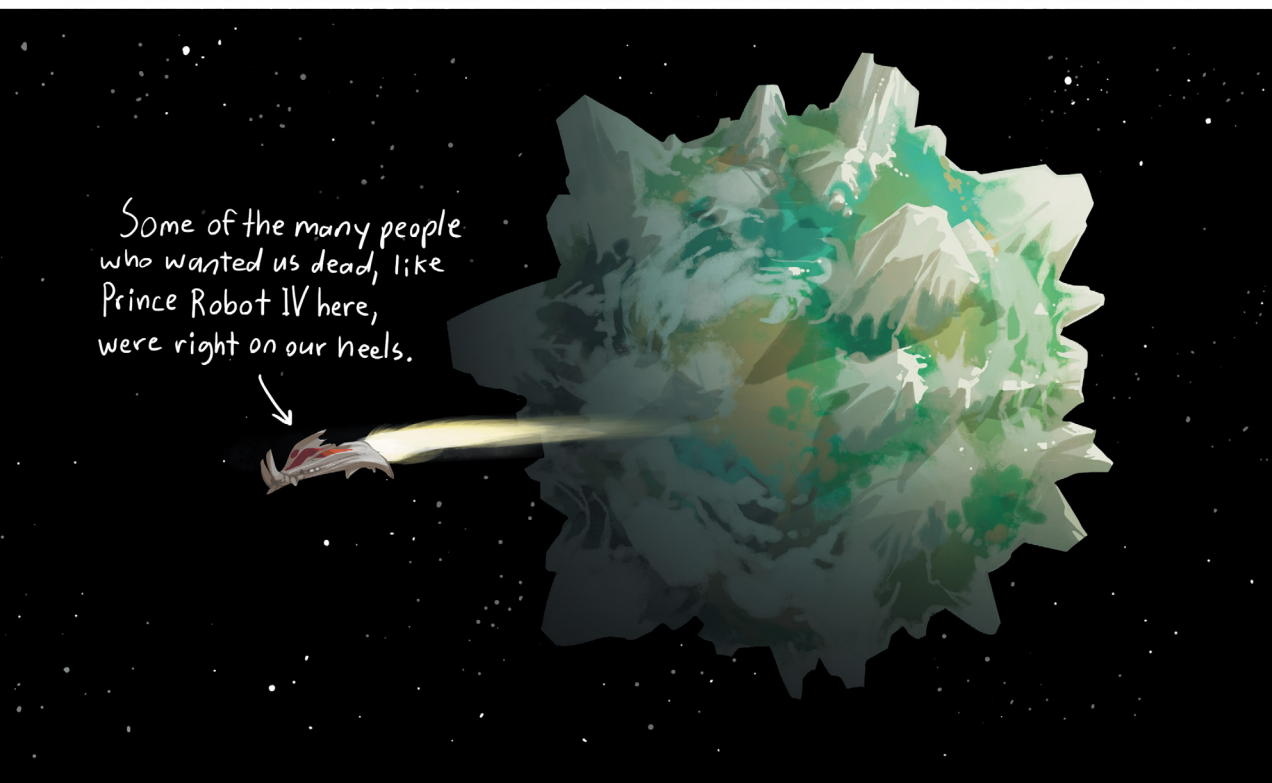
I had just
shit myself.















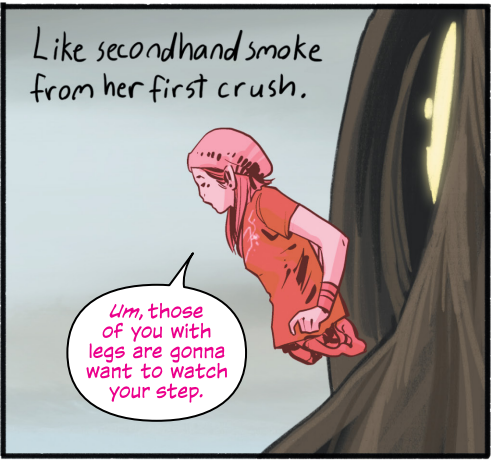




Quietus was the
first place my family
ever laid down roots.

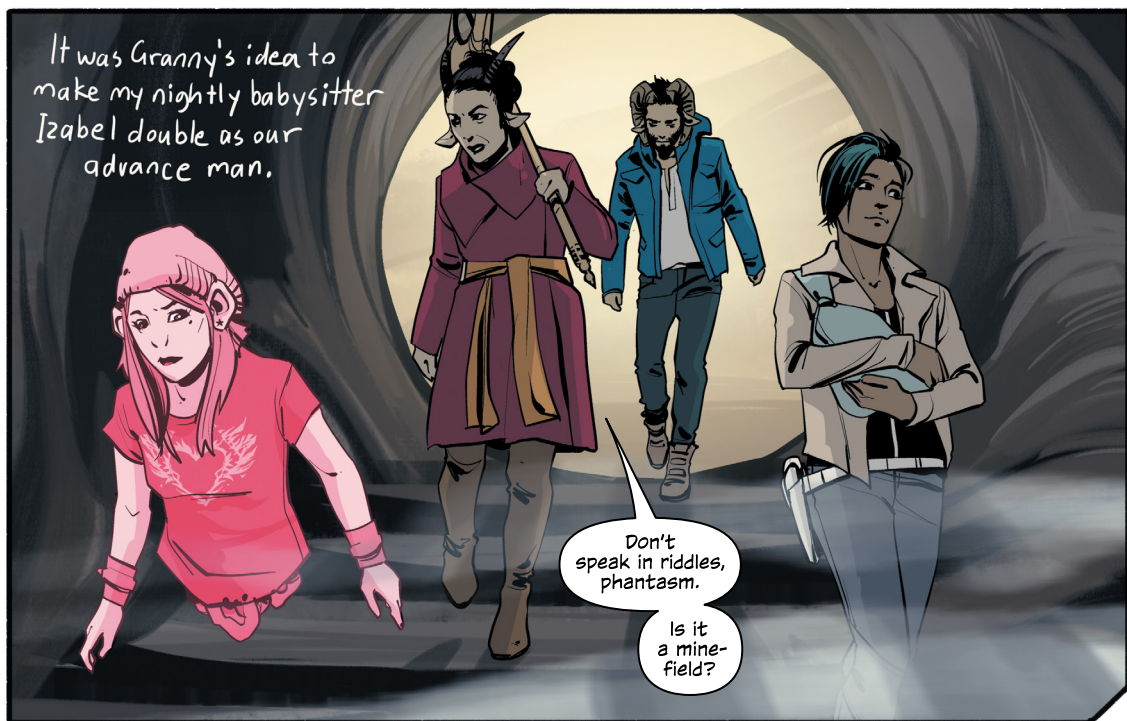


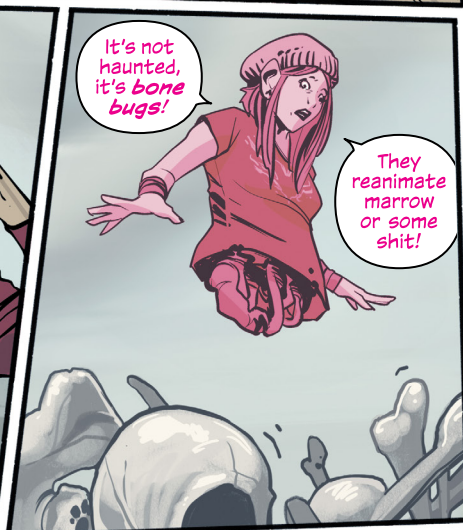
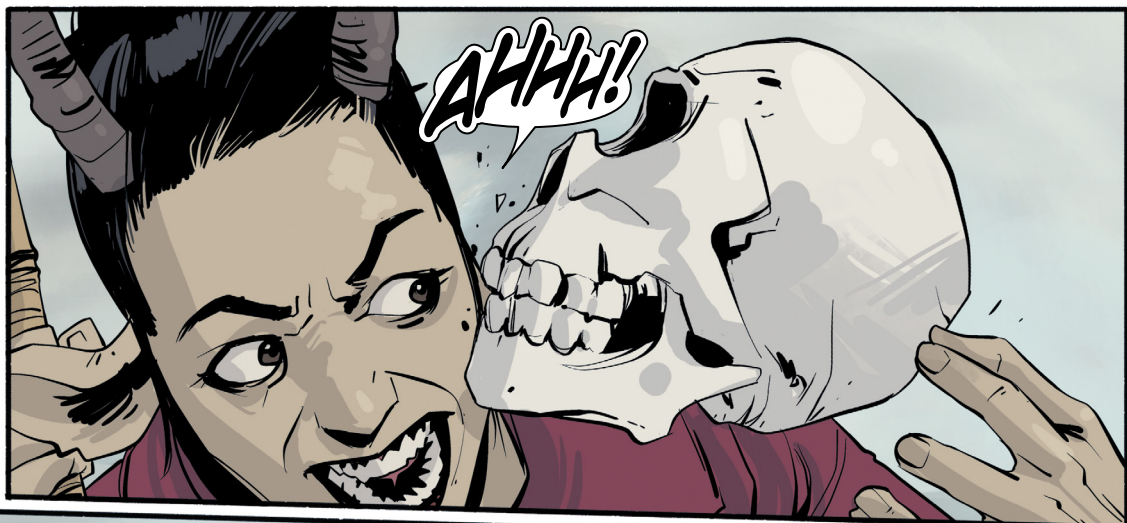
I haven't been back
in years, but I can
still remember the
way Mom described
its smell.

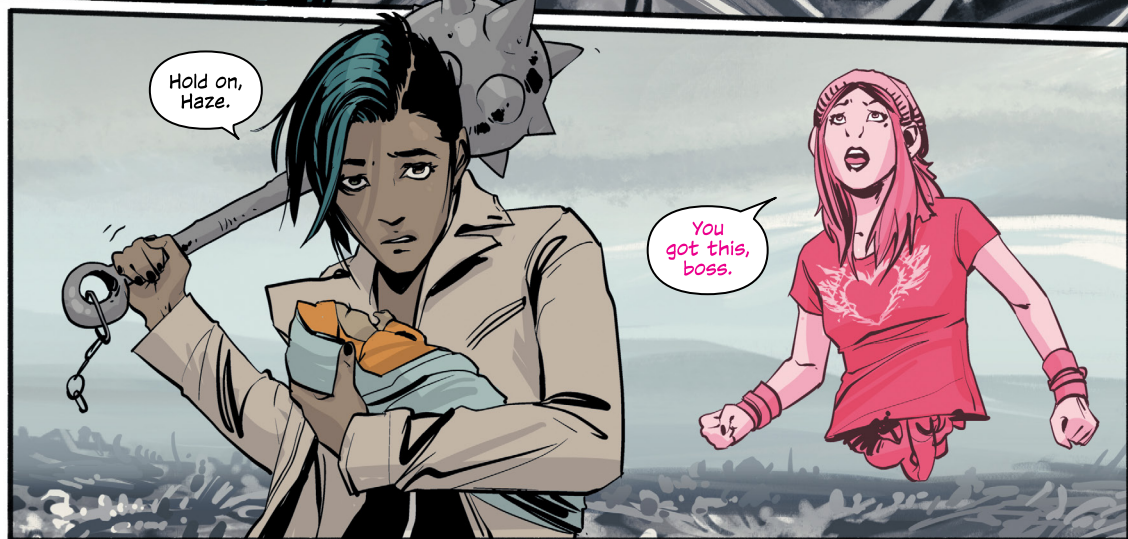


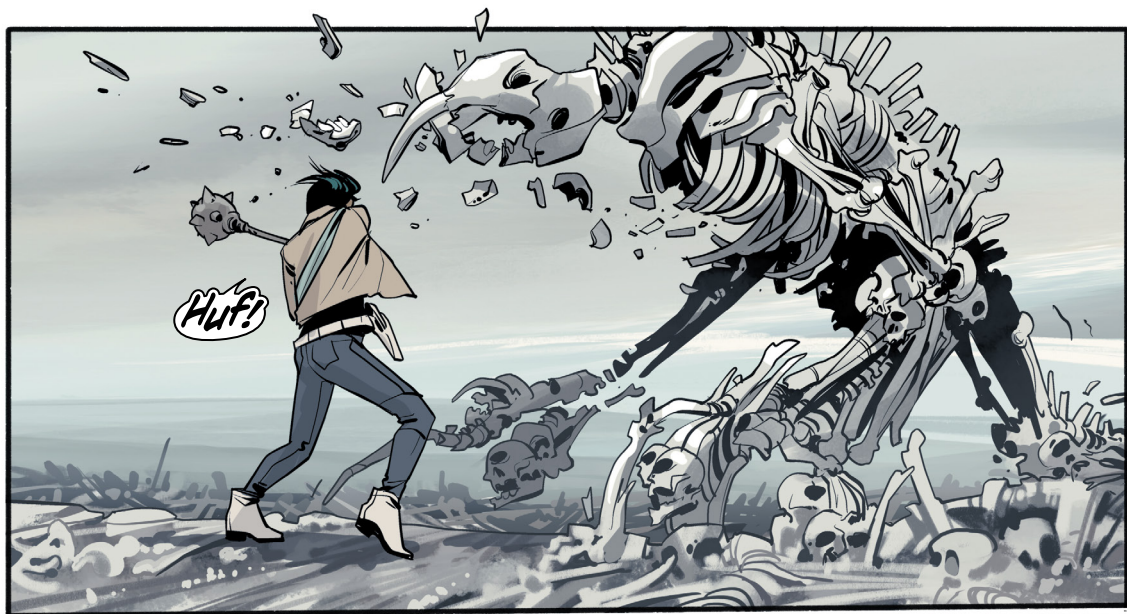
Like secondhand smoke
from her first crush.

Um, those
of you with
legs are gonna
want to watch
your step.





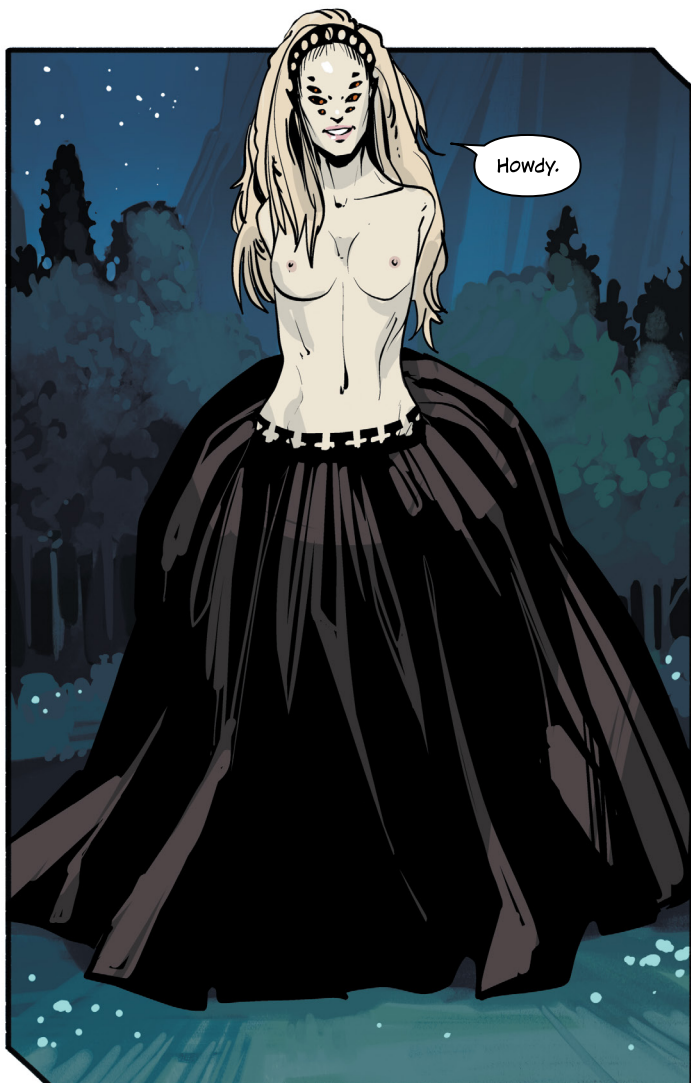






But no one makes worse first impressions than writers.





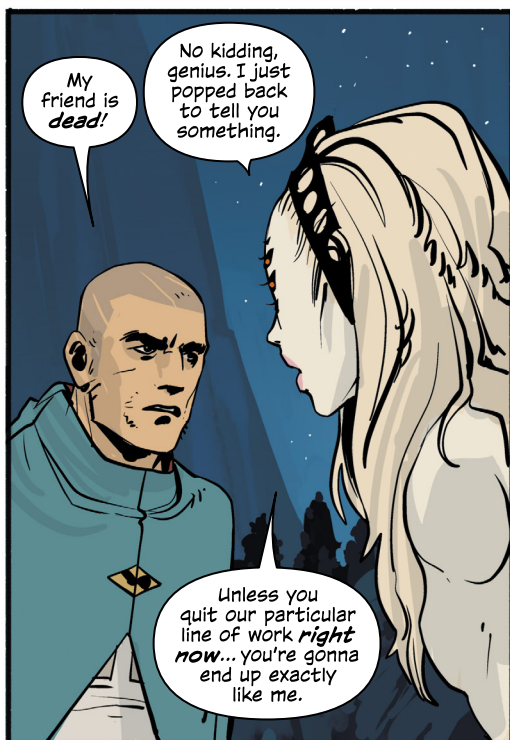
Howdy.



No.
Bullshit.

I ain't
that high, so
what are you?
Succubus?

I'm
your friend,
Will.



My
friend is
dead!

No kidding,
genius. I just
popped back
to tell you
something.

Unless you
quit our particular
line of work *right
now*... you're gonna
end up exactly
like me.



Lady, the
real Stalk would
never let me
quit until I'd killed
the robot that
offed her.

Fuck him. Fuck
your targets. Get
on with your life.
In case you haven't
noticed, you crash
landed in goddamn
paradise.

You should
settle down here
with that Gwen
chick, maybe
adopt "*Slave Girl*,"
get around to
giving the poor
kid an actual
name someday.





Now on,
we're
calling her
Sophie.

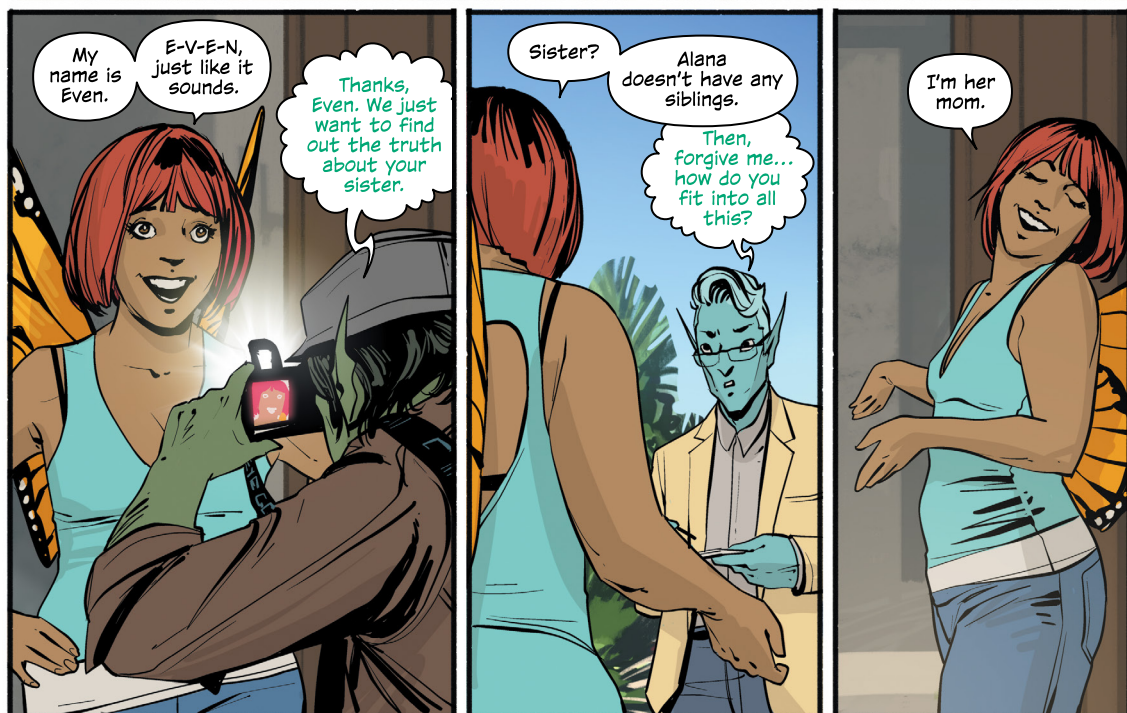


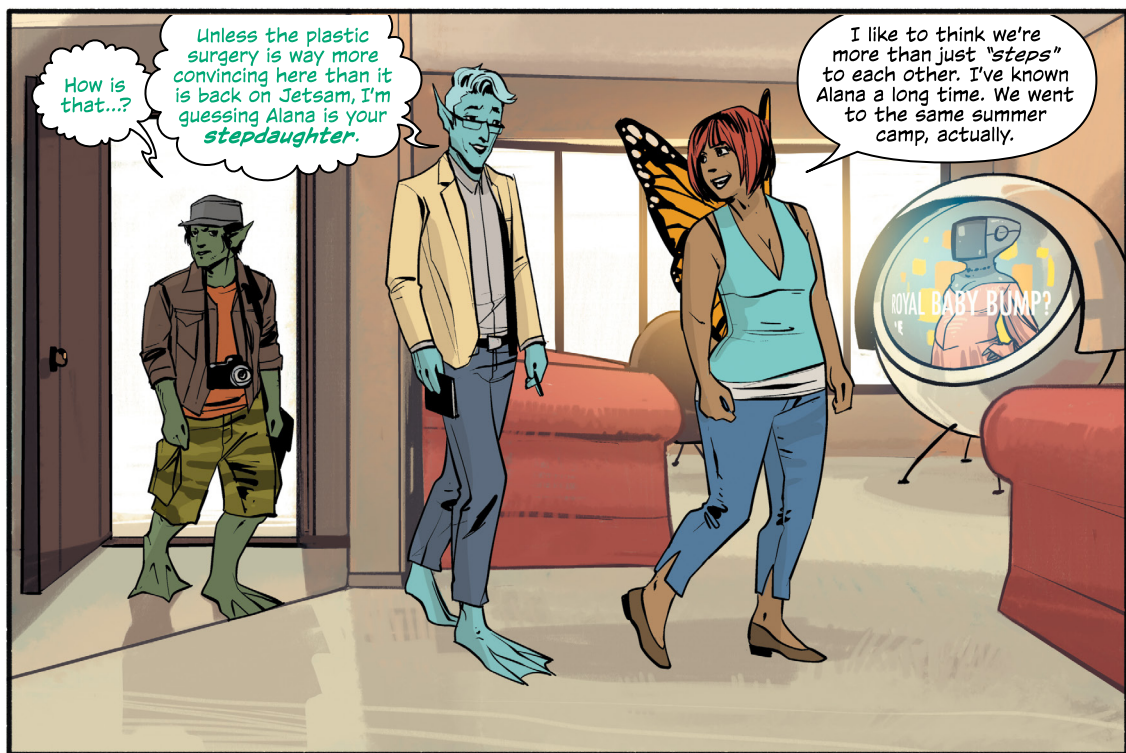
CHAPTER
FOURTEEN

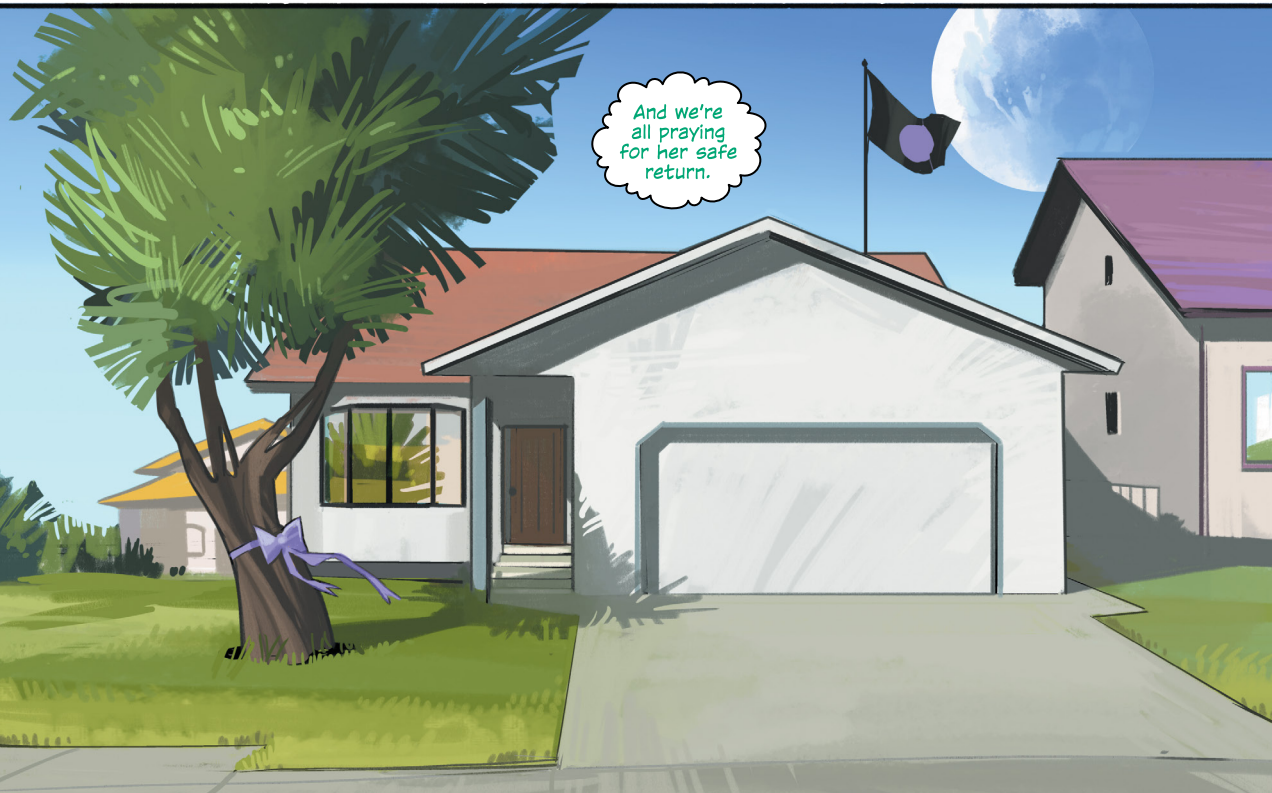
Is this about Alana?

Is she dead?









Actually, my mother
never again set foot on
the planet where she
was born.

Granny and I did, but that
wasn't until long after this
trip... so I'll just shut up now.

Mister
Heist, please!
My husband
and I risked
everything to
see you.

You have no idea.
The wings technically
OWN Quietus. If they
catch an entire bloody
family of Wreathers
on their land --

Sir, my
wife *isn't*
from Wreath.
She's from
Landfall.

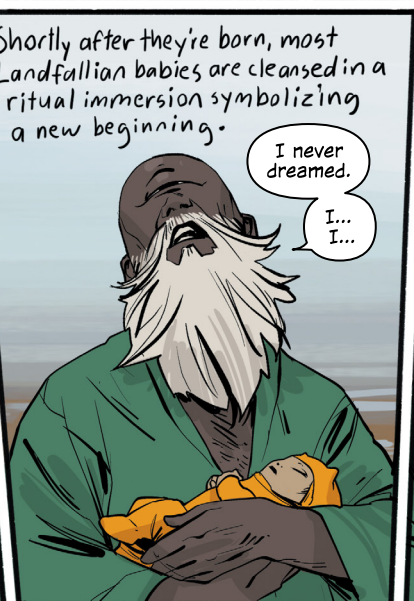
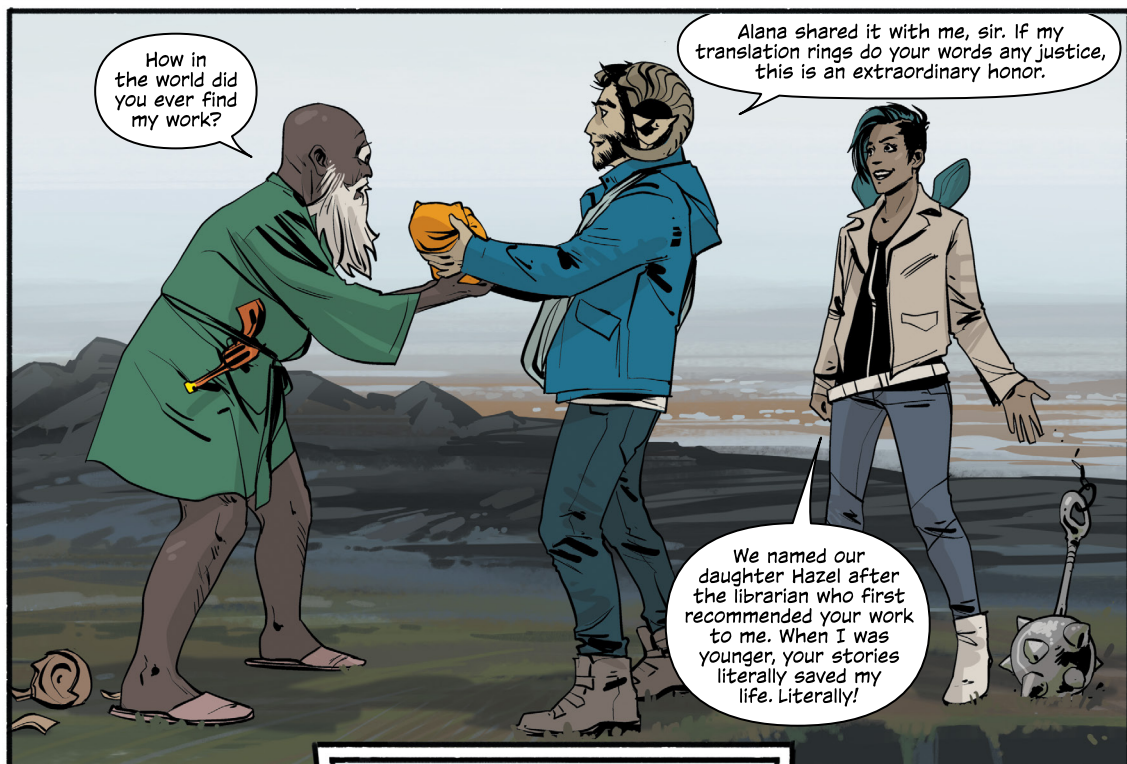
What?

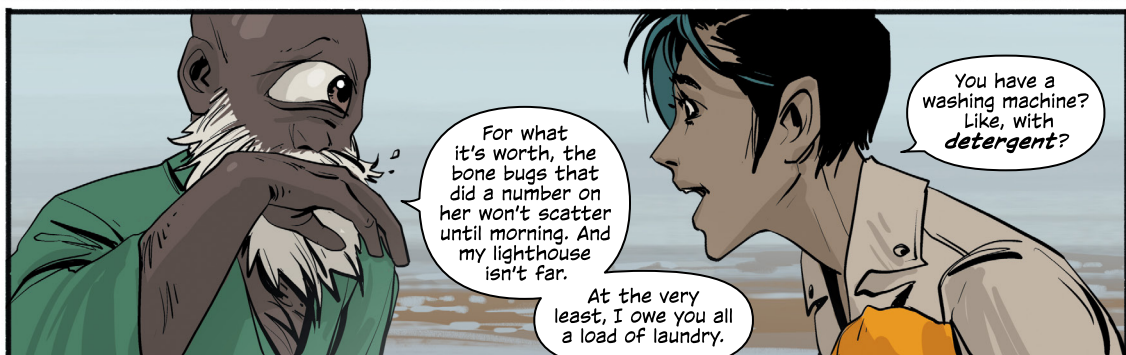
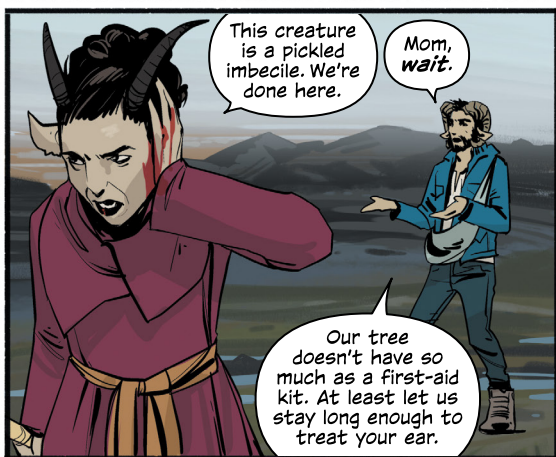
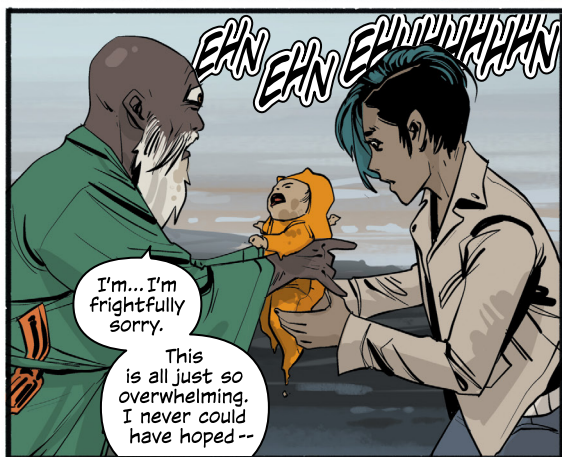
These
are real.

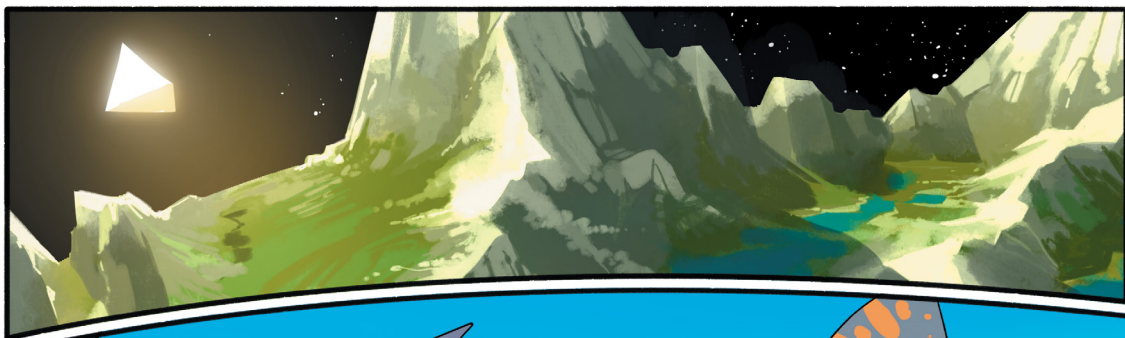
And
so is our
baby.

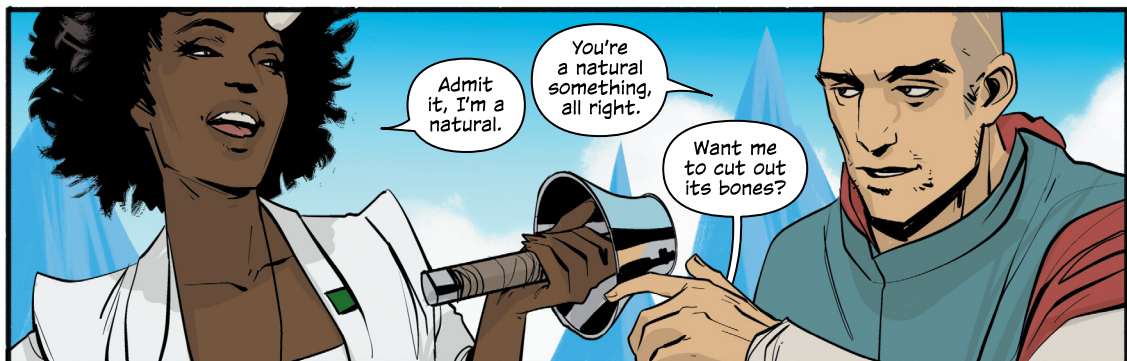
A
Nighttime
Smoke.

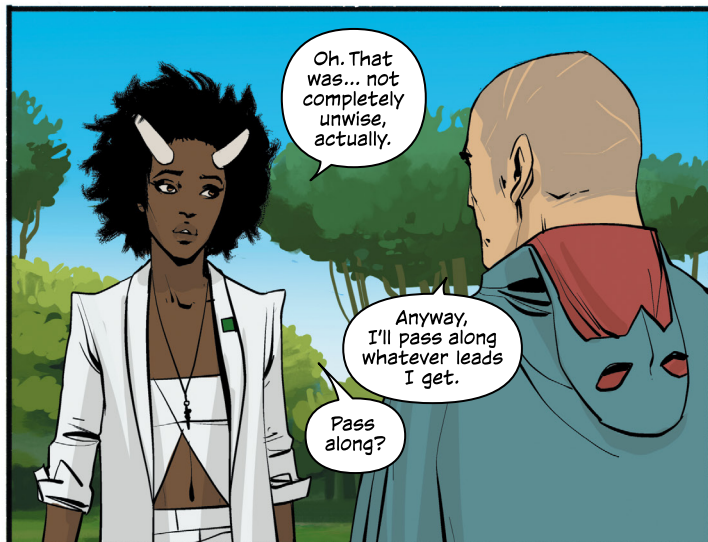
You
read it.
You *got*
it.

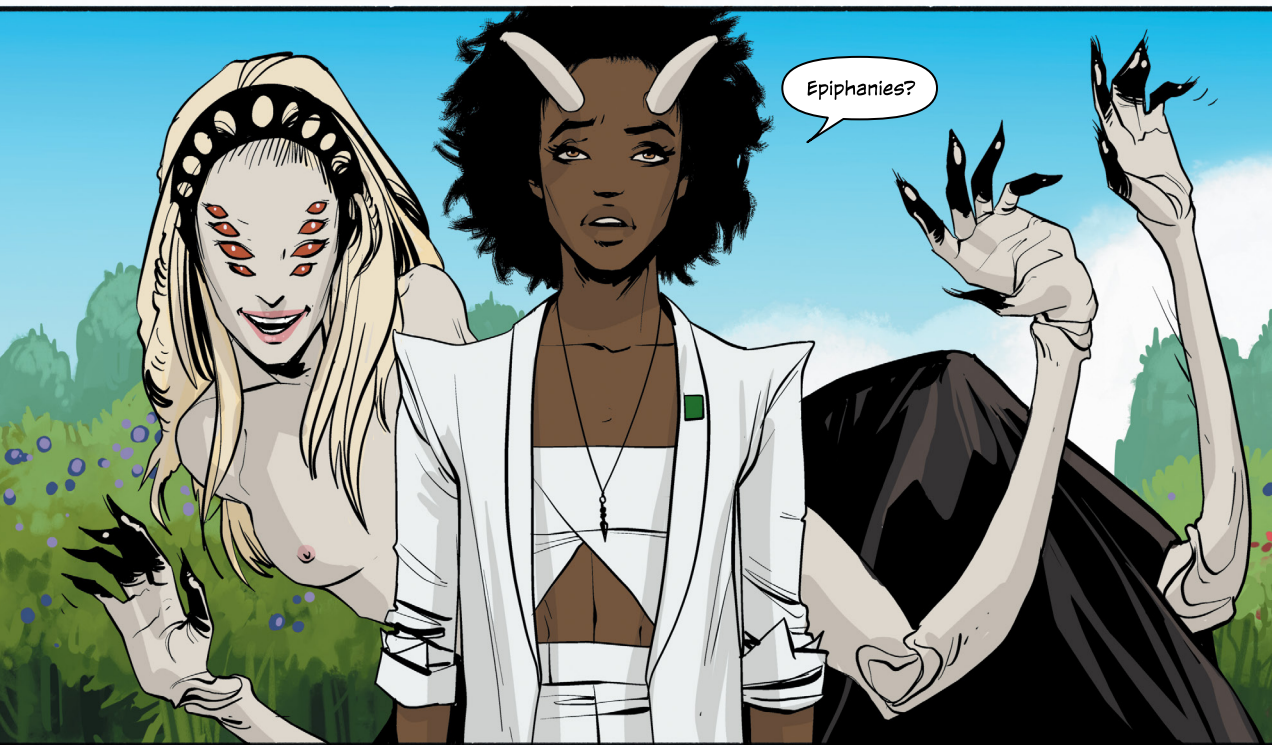
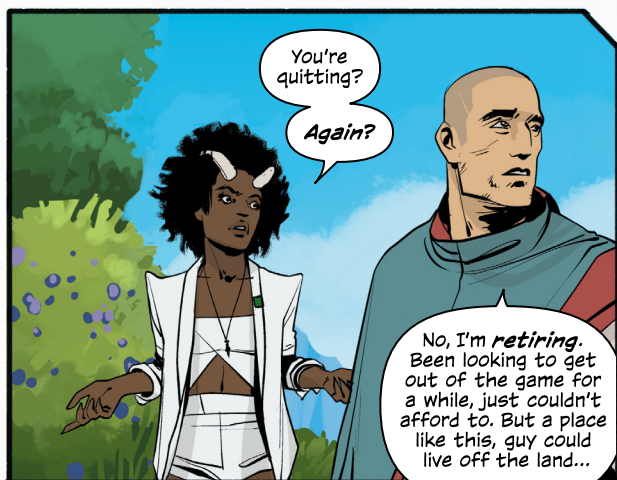




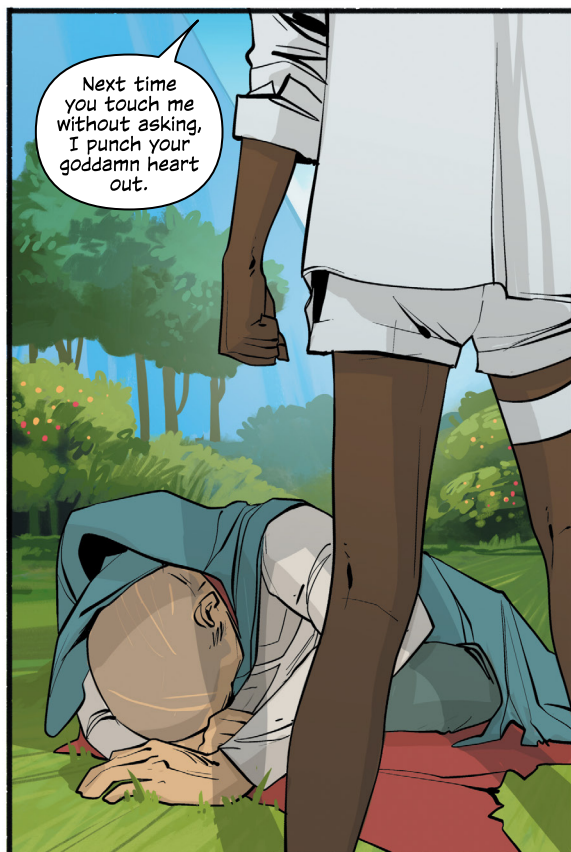












Back on Quietus,
my parents and I
were getting our
first look at a house
with more stories
than its owner.



Come,
come.

Library
has the best
lighting, besides
the top floor,
obviously.



Bookgasm.

Don't get too
excited, they're mostly
review copies.

Younger writers
are always looking
for "blurbs," one of
the few words that
sounds exactly as
awful as the crime
it's describing.

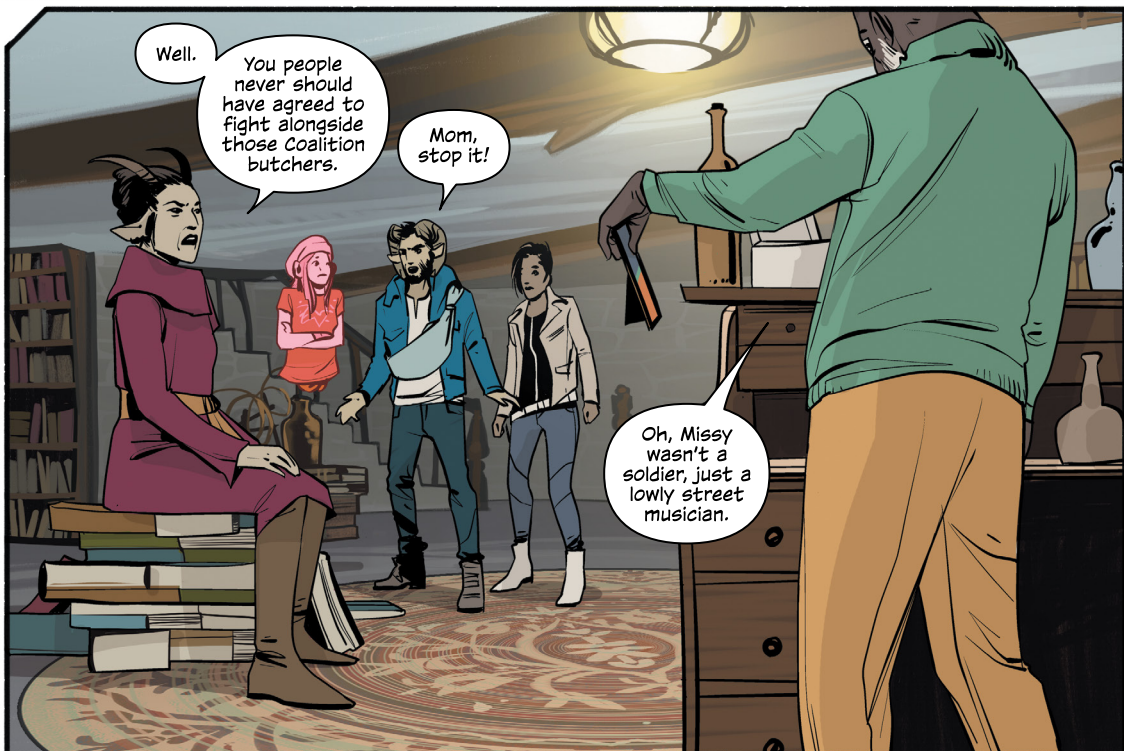


Holy
crap.

I knew
this dude was a
serial killer.











I wear it that plainly?

I'm guessing you lost him recently.

For what it's worth, your son will get better, with time.

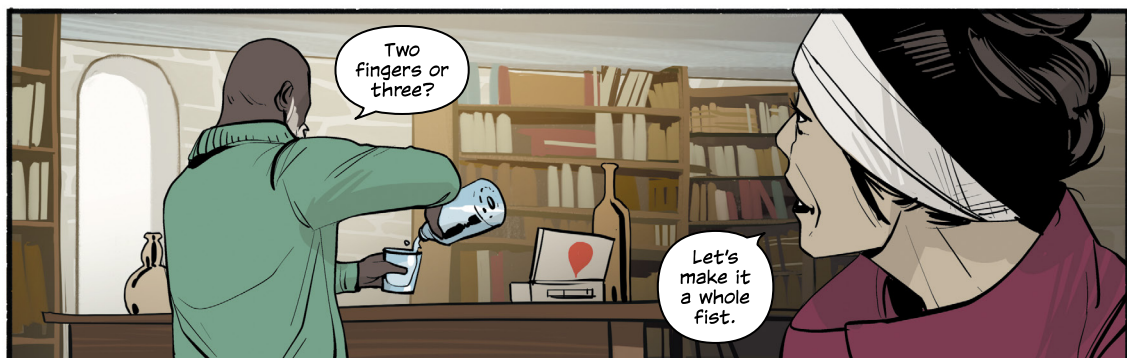


And maybe you will, too.

But if your spouse was anything like mine, I regret to inform you that the rest of your days will be, by and large, kind of shit.

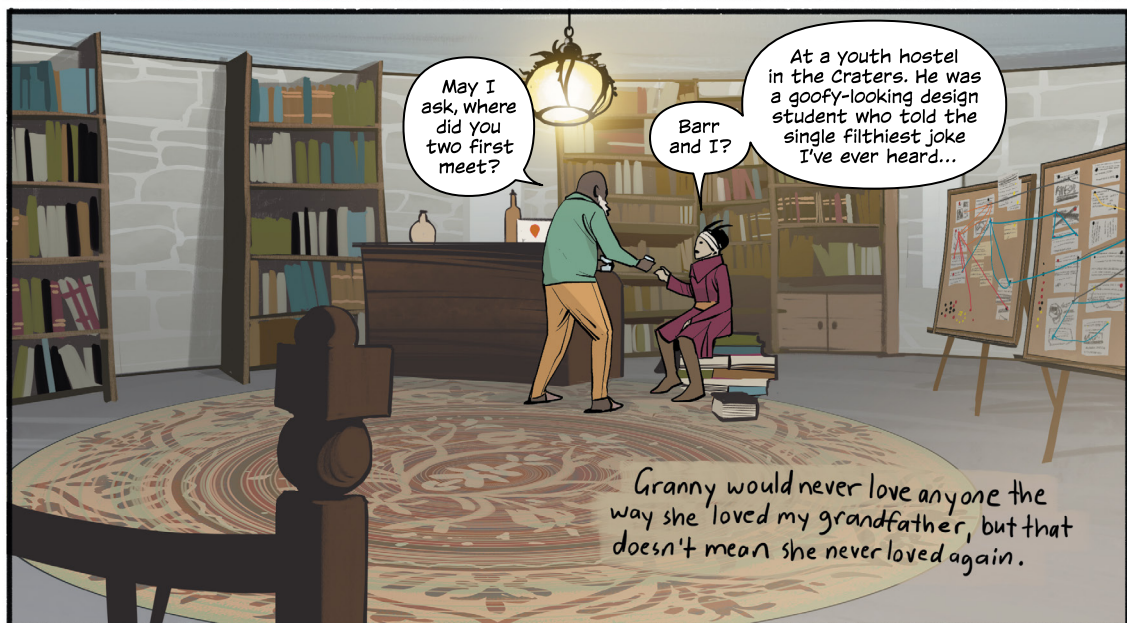


Actually, I think I'll take you up on that drink.



Two fingers or three?

Let's make it a whole fist.



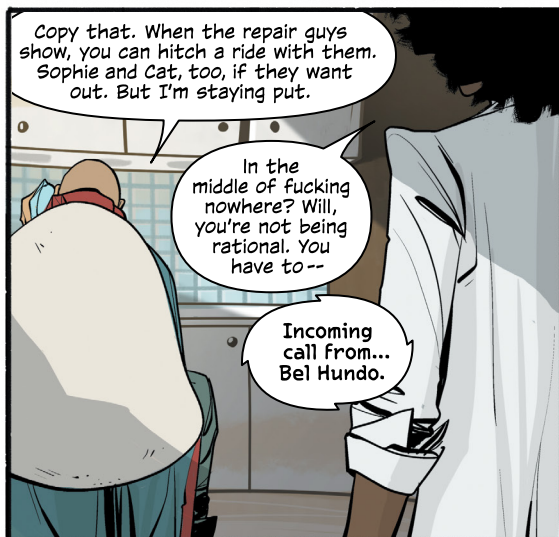
May I ask, where did you two first meet?

Barr and I?

At a youth hostel in the Craters. He was a goofy-looking design student who told the single filthiest joke I've ever heard...

Granny would never love anyone the way she loved my grandfather, but that doesn't mean she never loved again.









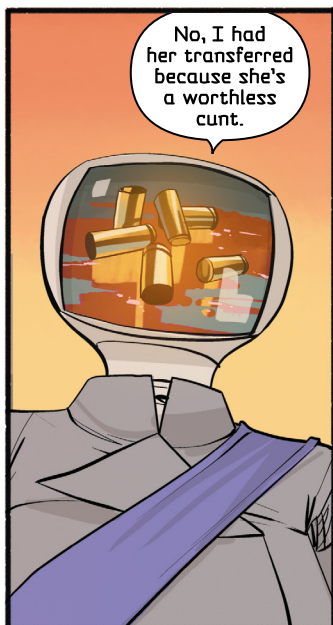
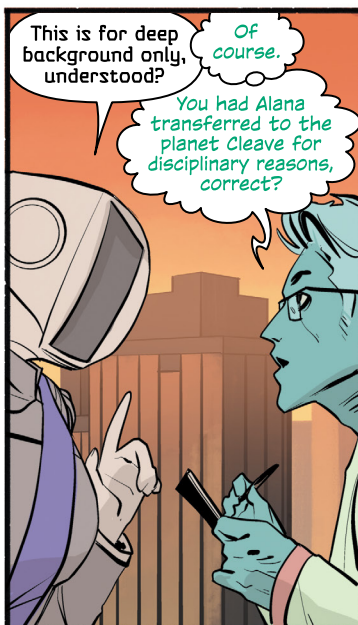
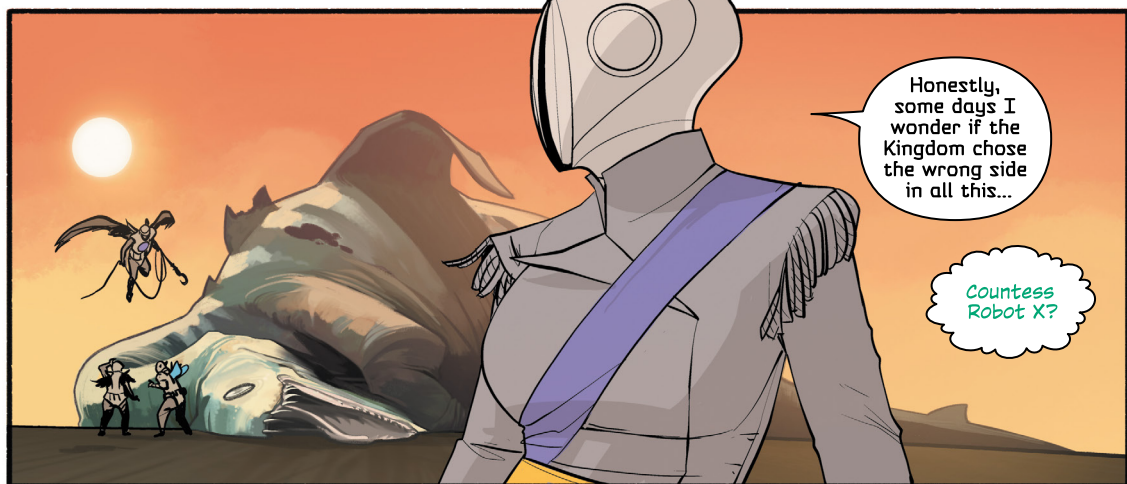
Asked for
directions to
a place called
Quietus.

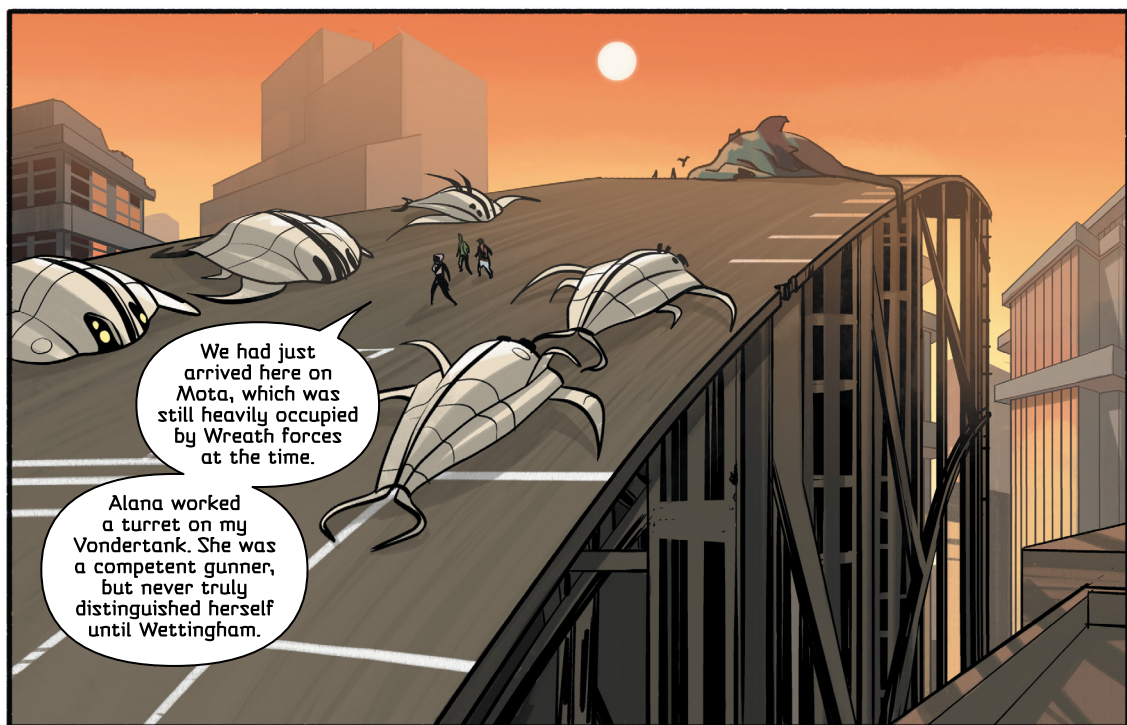


CHAPTER
FIFTEEN



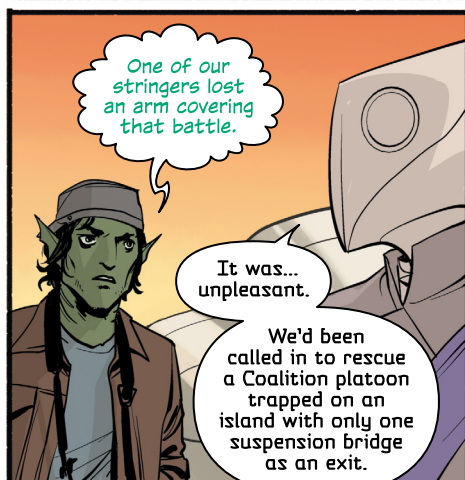
Would one
of you overgrown
condom failures
kindly remove
the dead fucking
dragon from my
runway?





We had just arrived here on Mota, which was still heavily occupied by Wreath forces at the time.

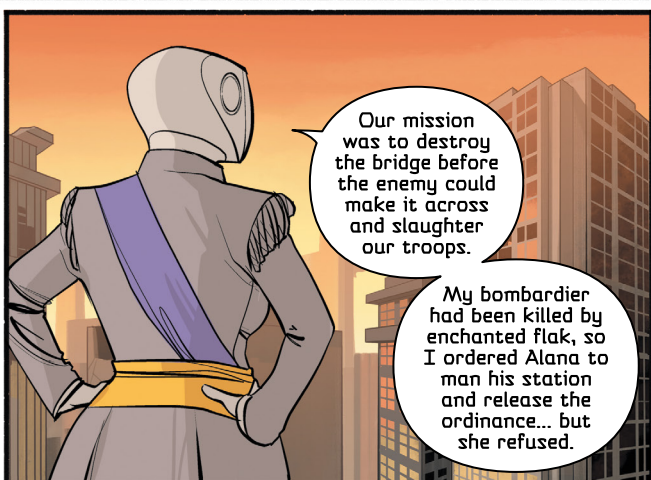
Alana worked a turret on my Vondertank. She was a competent gunner, but never truly distinguished herself until Wethingham.



One of our stringers lost an arm covering that battle.

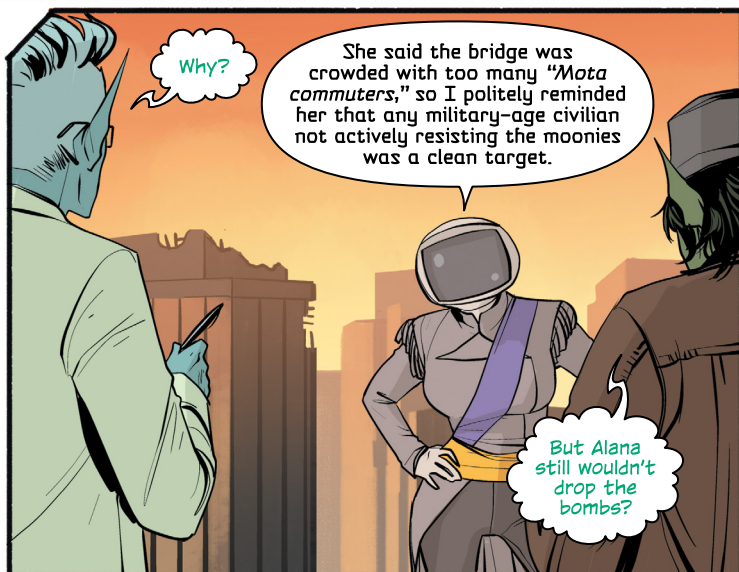
It was... unpleasant.

We'd been called in to rescue a Coalition platoon trapped on an island with only one suspension bridge as an exit.



Our mission was to destroy the bridge before the enemy could make it across and slaughter our troops.

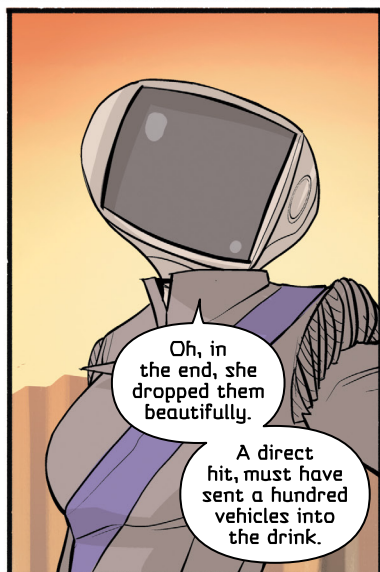
My bombardier had been killed by enchanted flak, so I ordered Alana to man his station and release the ordinance... but she refused.



Why?

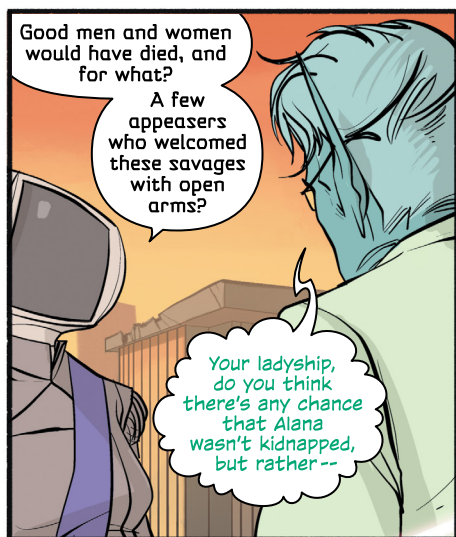
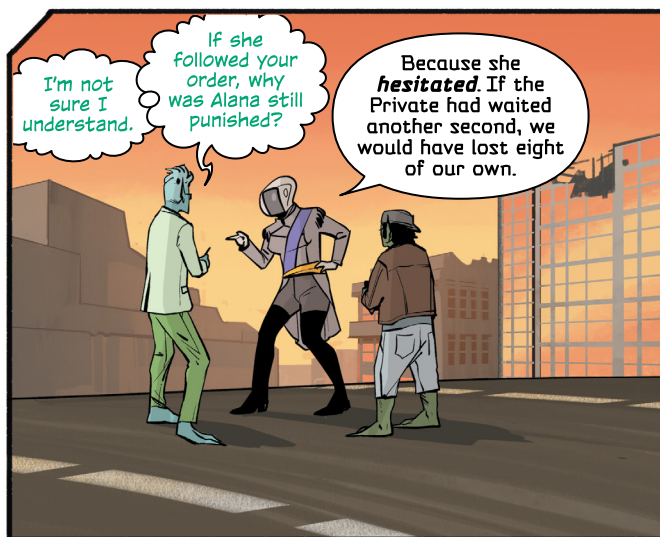
She said the bridge was crowded with too many "Mota commuters," so I politely reminded her that any military-age civilian not actively resisting the moonies was a clean target.

But Alana still wouldn't drop the bombs?



Oh, in the end, she dropped them beautifully.

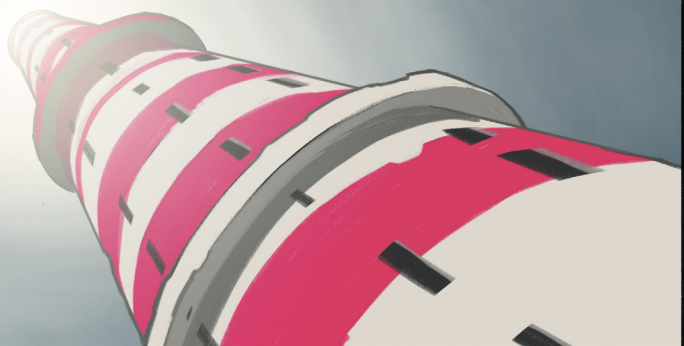
A direct hit, must have sent a hundred vehicles into the drink.







My family had been guests at the lighthouse of writer D. Oswald Heist for five blissful days (during which no writing was accomplished).



I'm going to guess it's... some kind of tropical storm?

Oswald, the category is celebrities.

I can't believe I don't have a camera for this.



What's going on?

Hops

Alana! You have to join your husband's team.

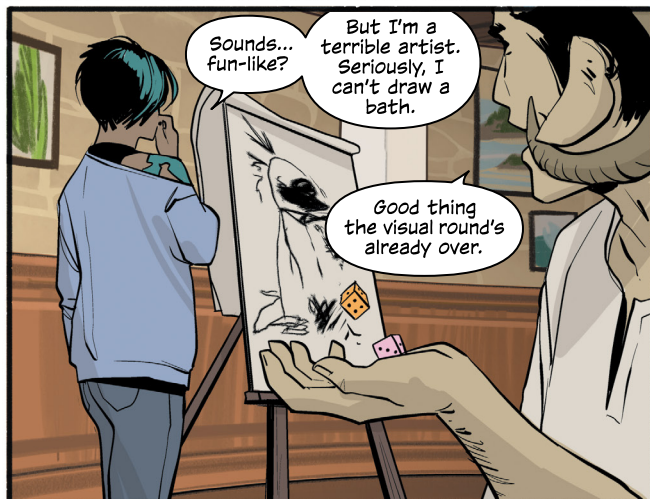
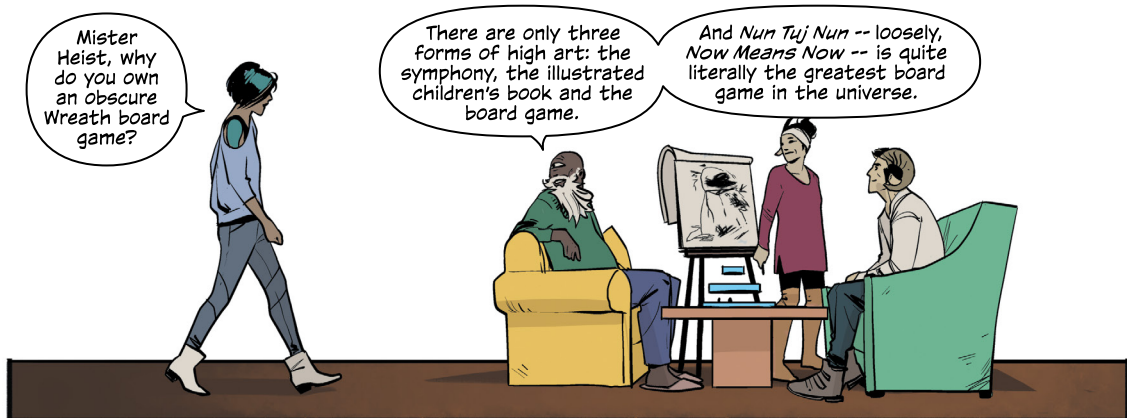
You two can compete against Klara and me, youth versus beauty.

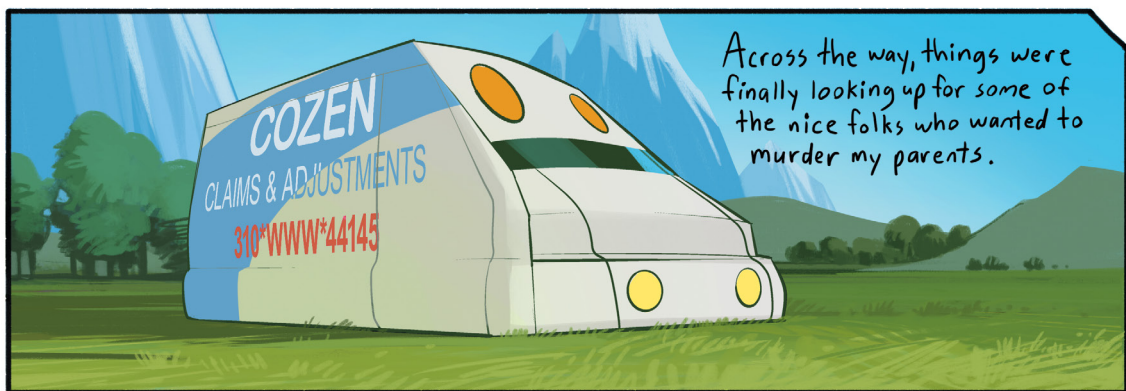


My father was obsessed with this.

I haven't played since I was a kid.







Across the way, things were finally looking up for some of the nice folks who wanted to murder my parents.



Give the thermostat about another hour or so to harden, but then she'll be space-worthy again.

How'd you get her all tore up like that, anyhow?

Forgot to mind my own business.



Damn, son.

Just trying to make conversation.

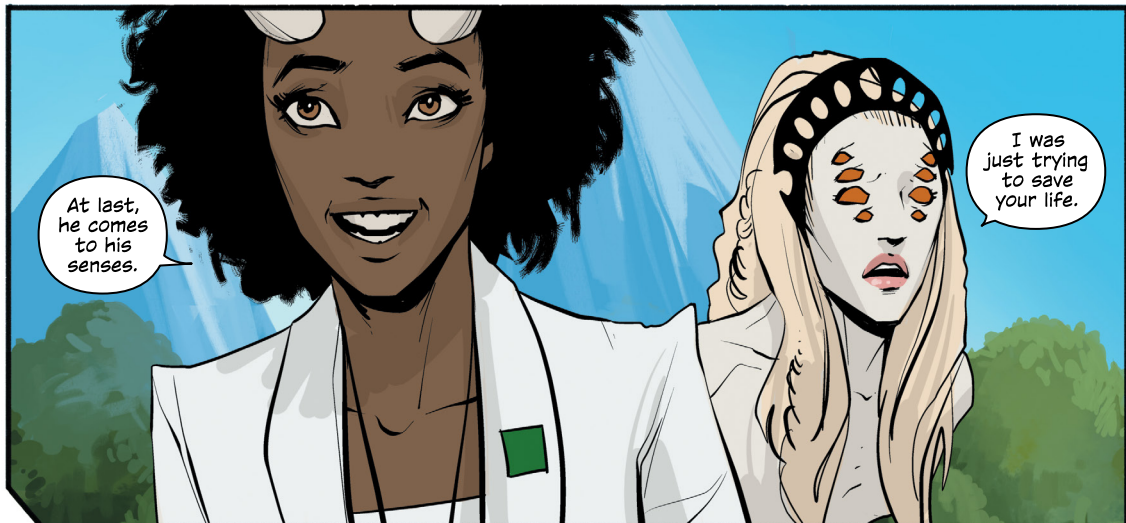
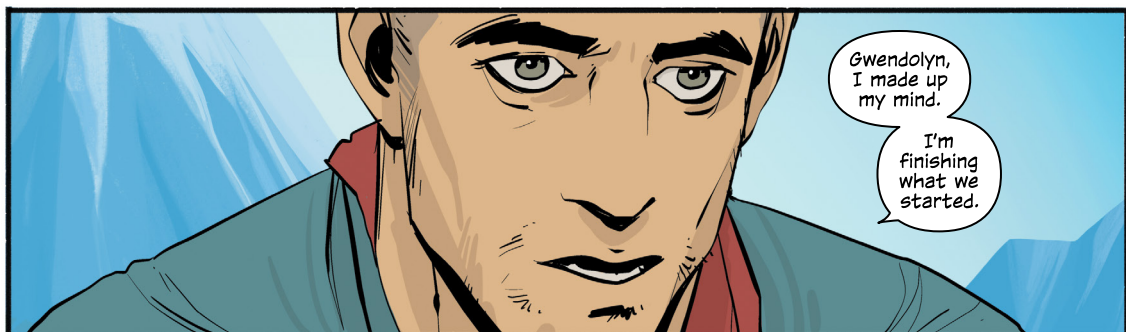
Mister Fixit Man?

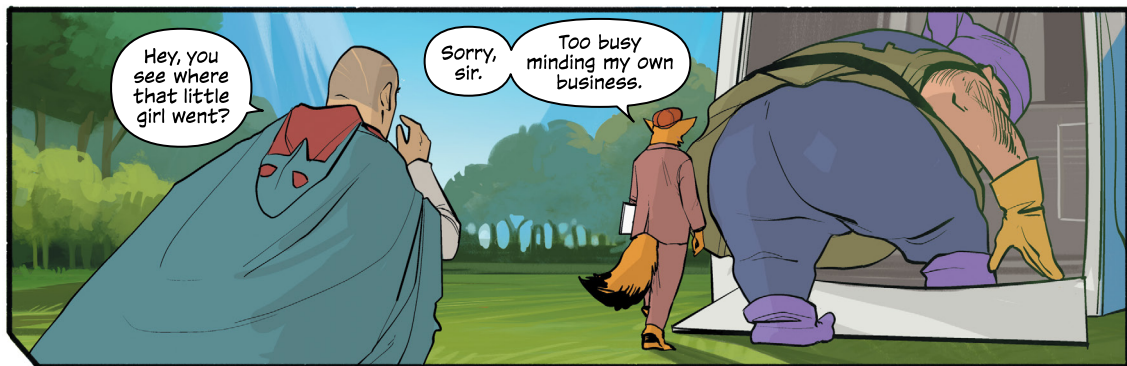


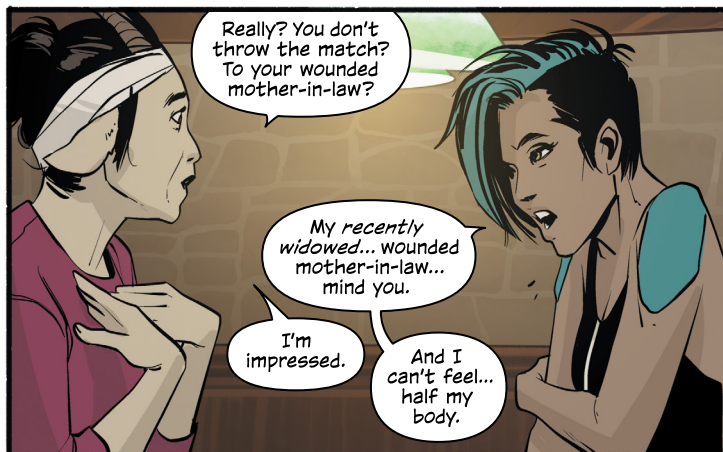
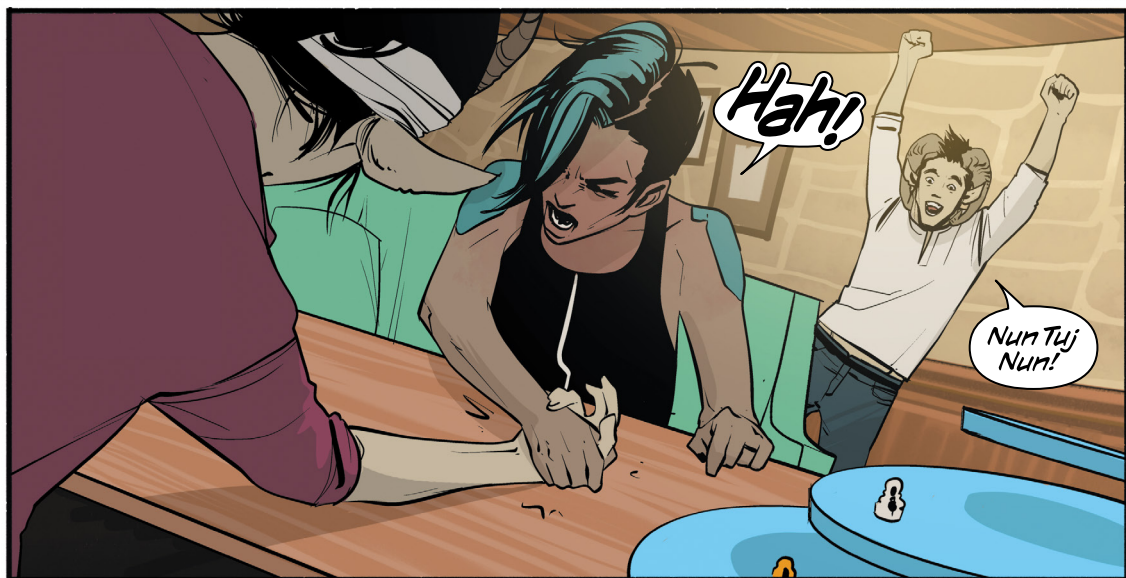
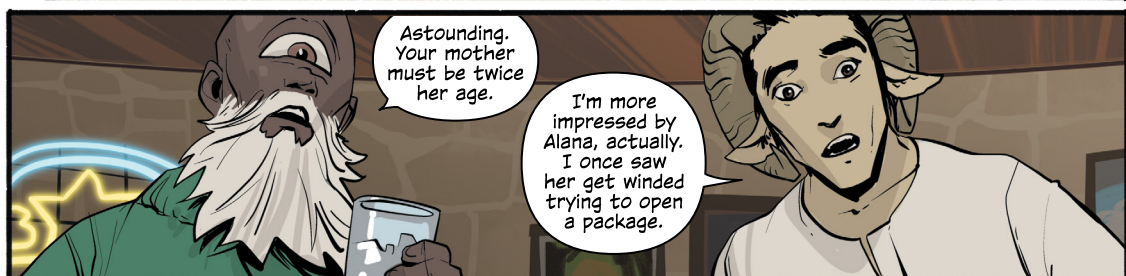
Would you like a skewer?

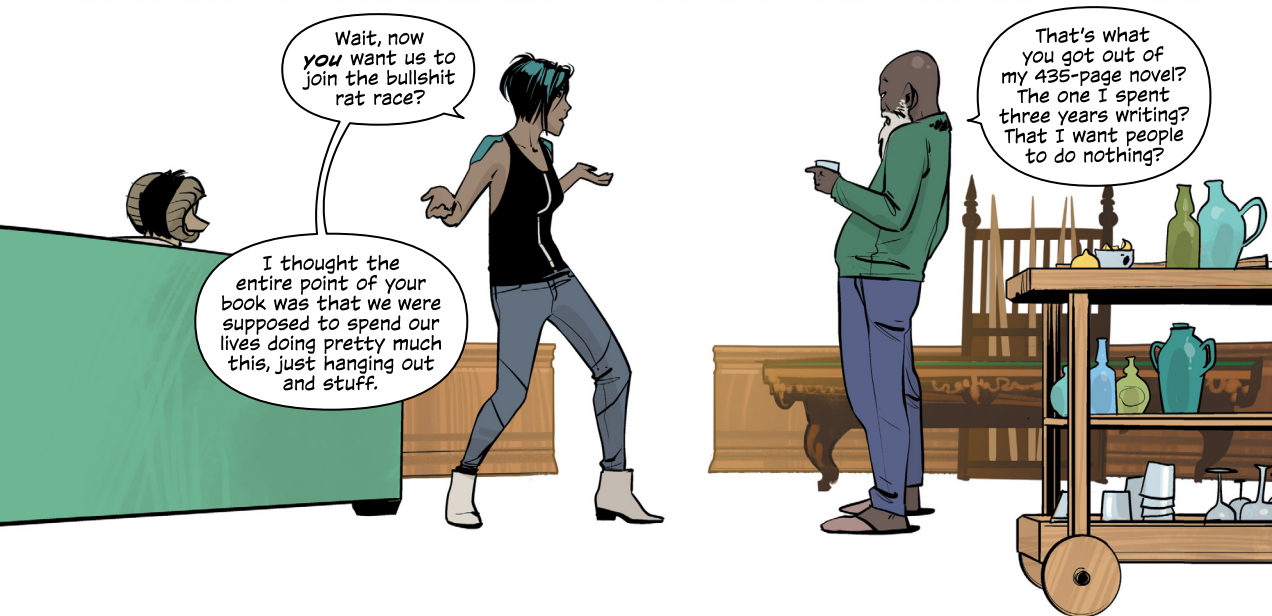
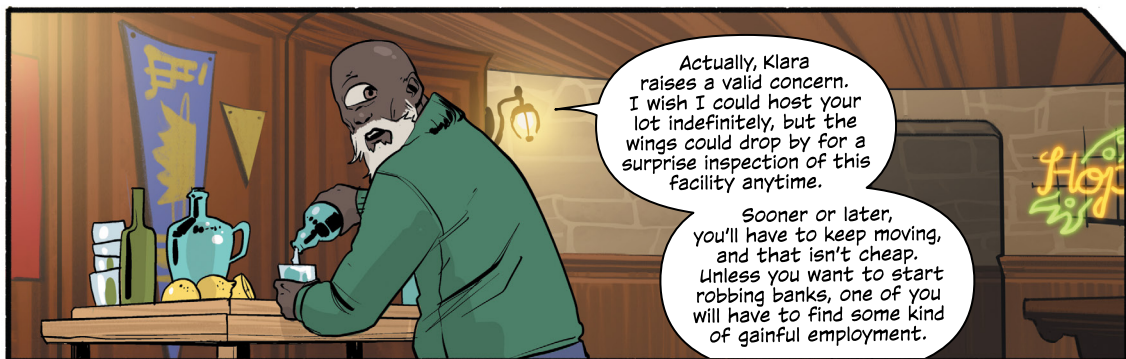
Oh, thank you, little miss.

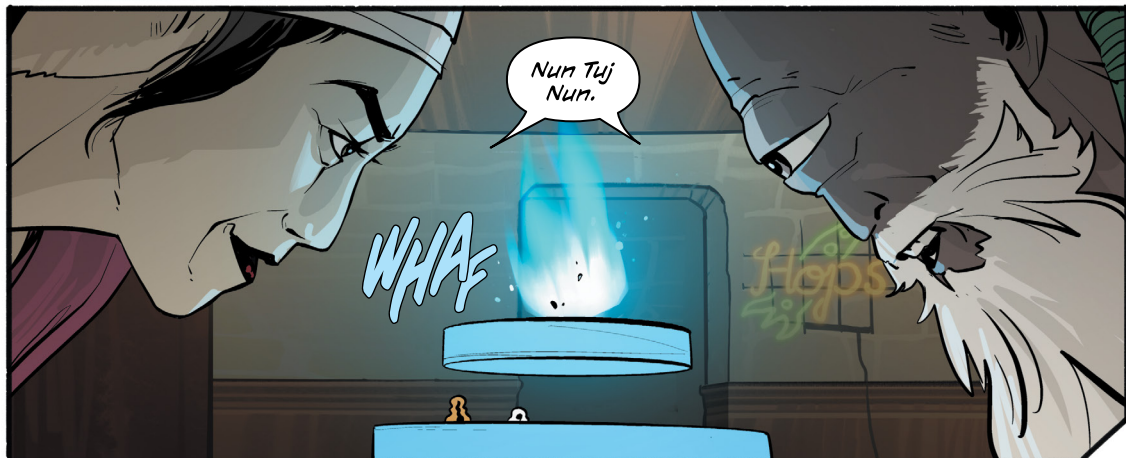
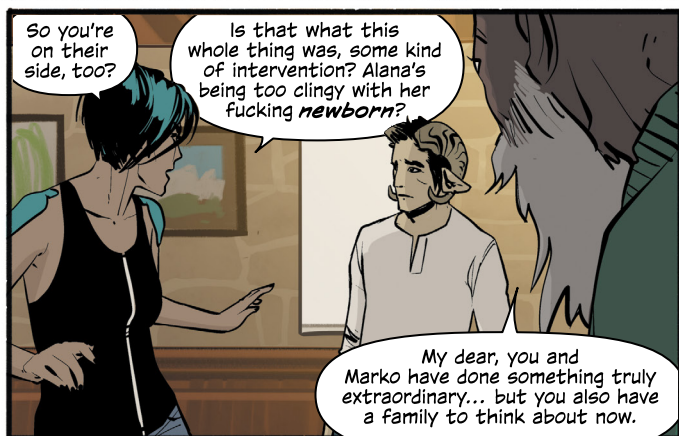
Your manners are much better than your daddy's.

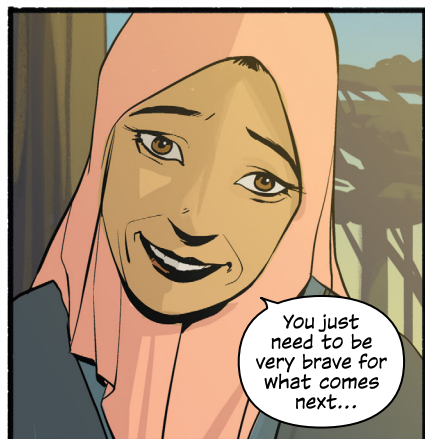
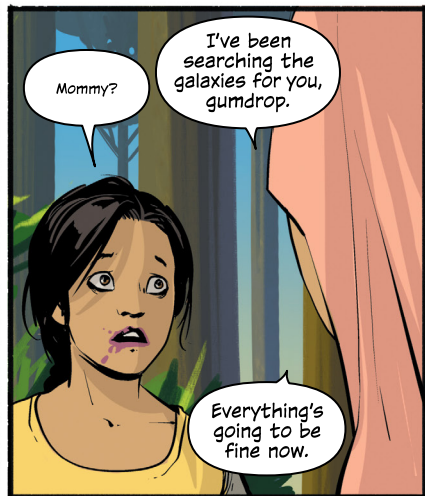
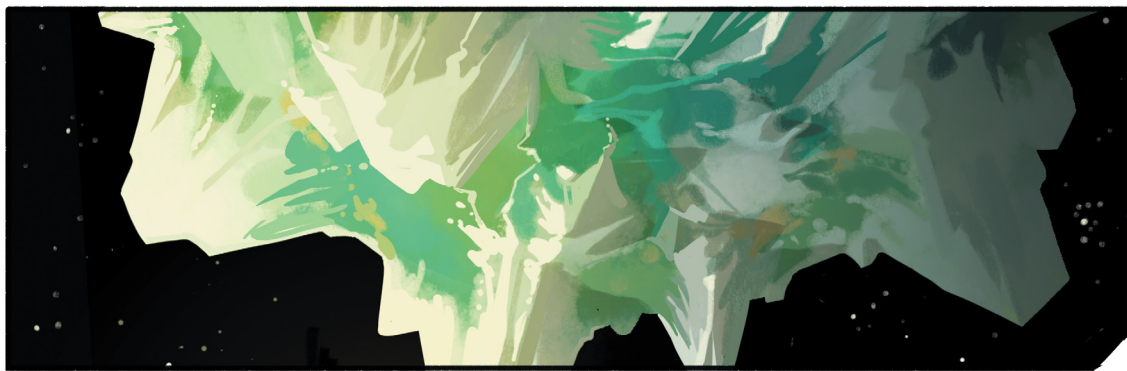






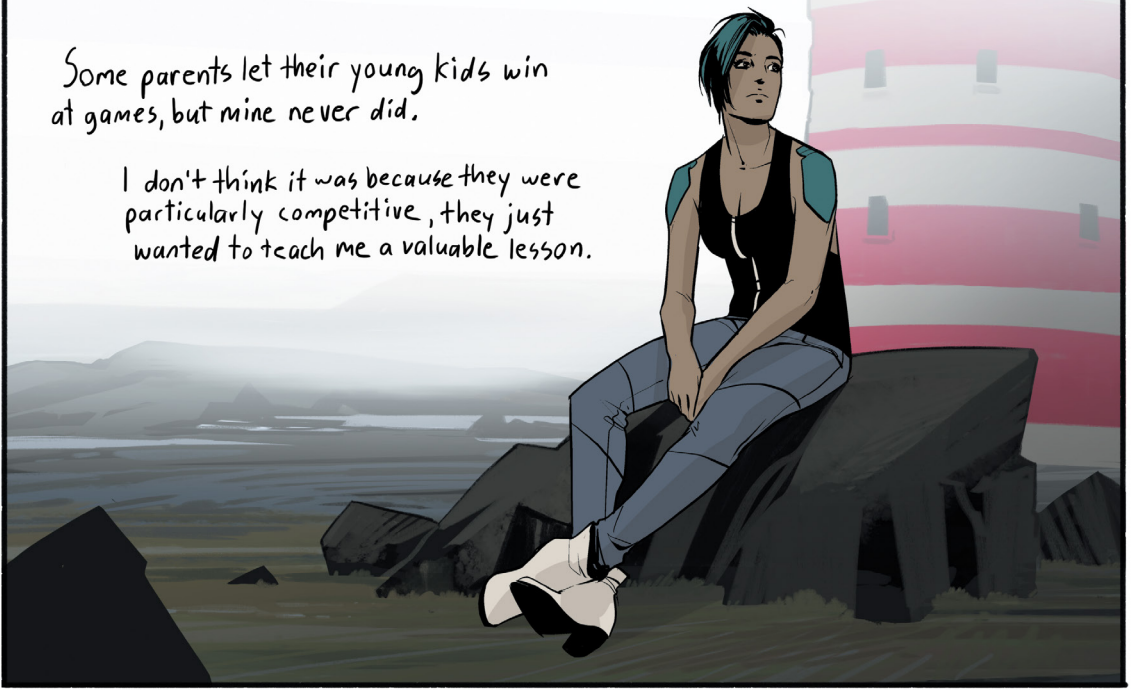






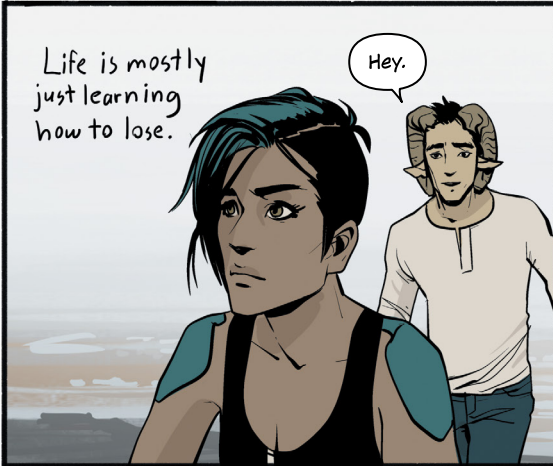
Some parents let their young kids win at games, but mine never did.

I don't think it was because they were particularly competitive, they just wanted to teach me a valuable lesson.



Life is mostly just learning how to lose.

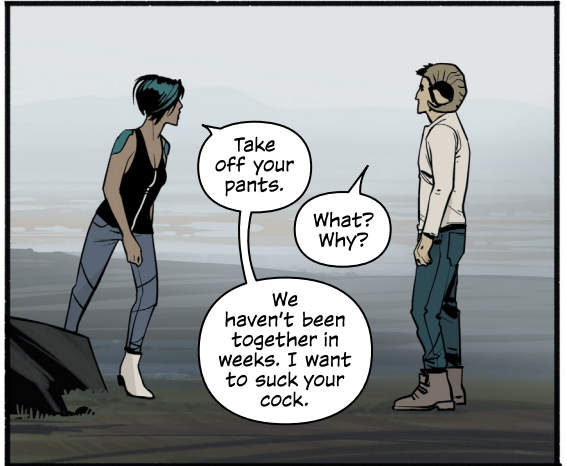
Hey.



Take off your pants.

What? Why?

We haven't been together in weeks. I want to suck your cock.



Something tells me you're once again using sex to avoid discussing an uncomfortable subject.

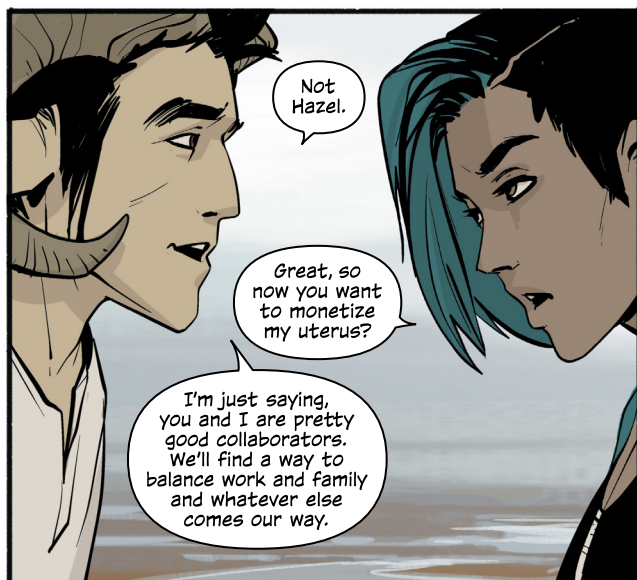
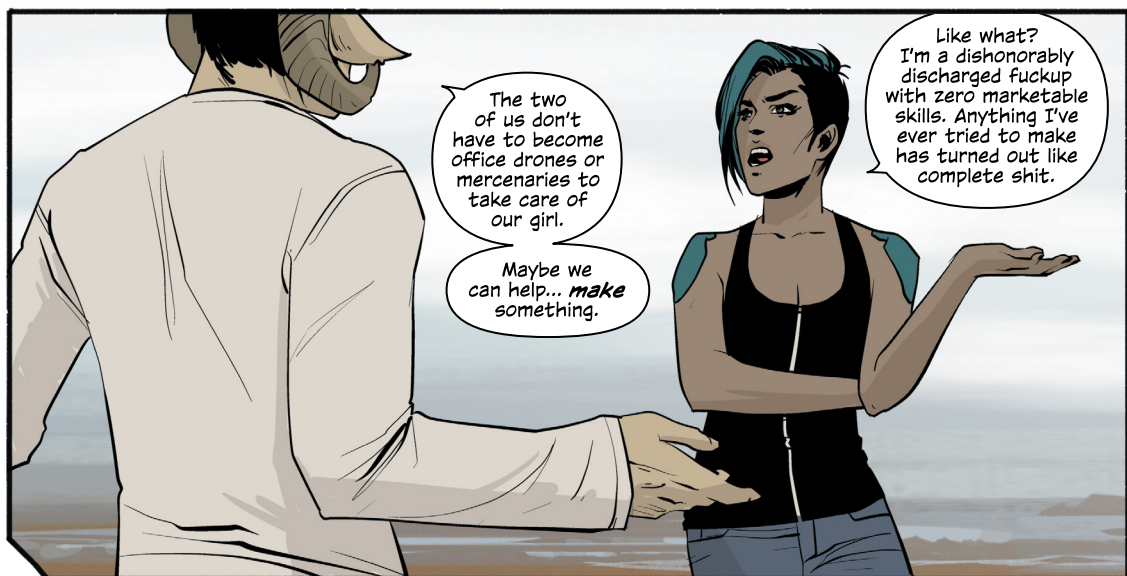
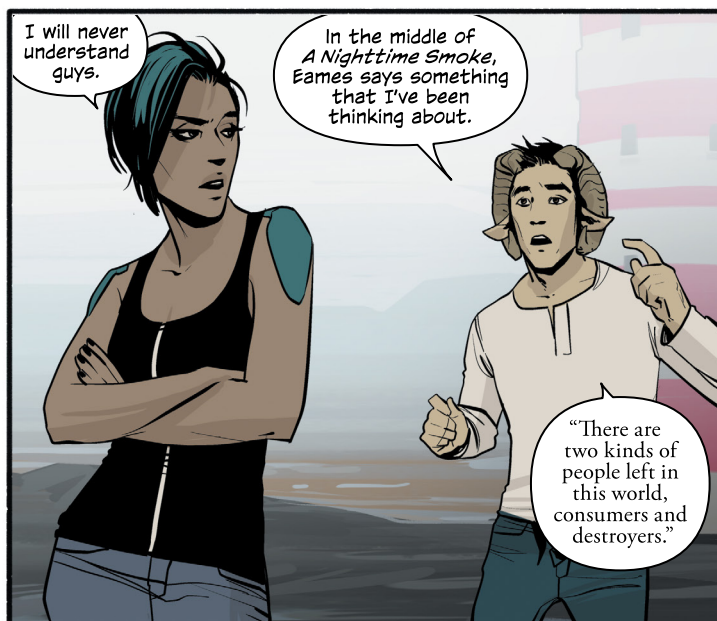
No, I'm using sex to make you come.

Where do you want to do it? All over my tits? My face?

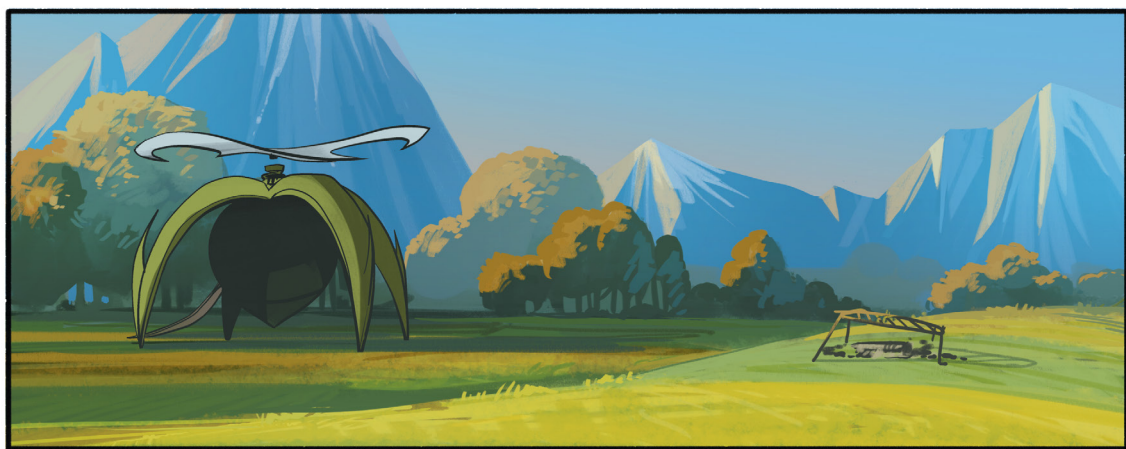


Do you remember Chapter Fifteen?









Gwen?

You
back
yet?

Incoming
call from...
Cozen Claims &
Adjustments.



I don't have
time to take your
damn customer
satisfaction
survey so--

*Sorry to
bother, sir, but
would you happen to
know if our employees
ate any native meat
or produce while
assisting you?*



The hell
are you talking
about?

*Both men
started
hallucinating
immediately upon
returning to our
home office.*

*They were
ranting about how
they had to get back
to your planet. Almost
got my arm broken
trying to restrain
one of them.*



*Our marketing guy
thinks it might be
Heroine, some kind of
parasite that alters
brain chemistry to
trick hosts into joining
a new ecosystem.*

No.

*Anyway,
if you or your
crew ate any
local cuisine down
there, you're gonna
want to purge
completely.*





Now
stand on the
bad man's neck
until he stops
moving.

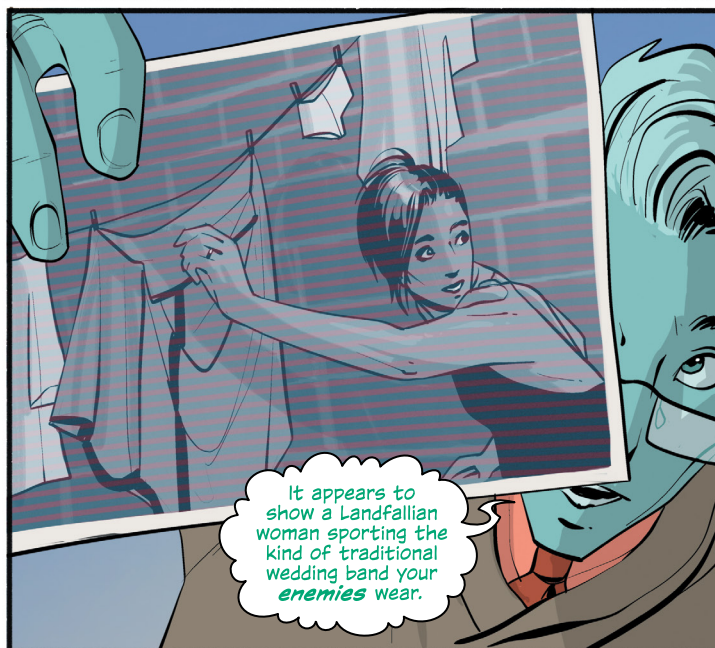
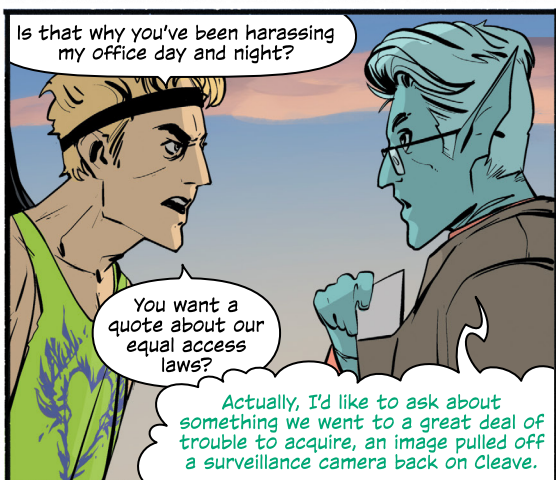
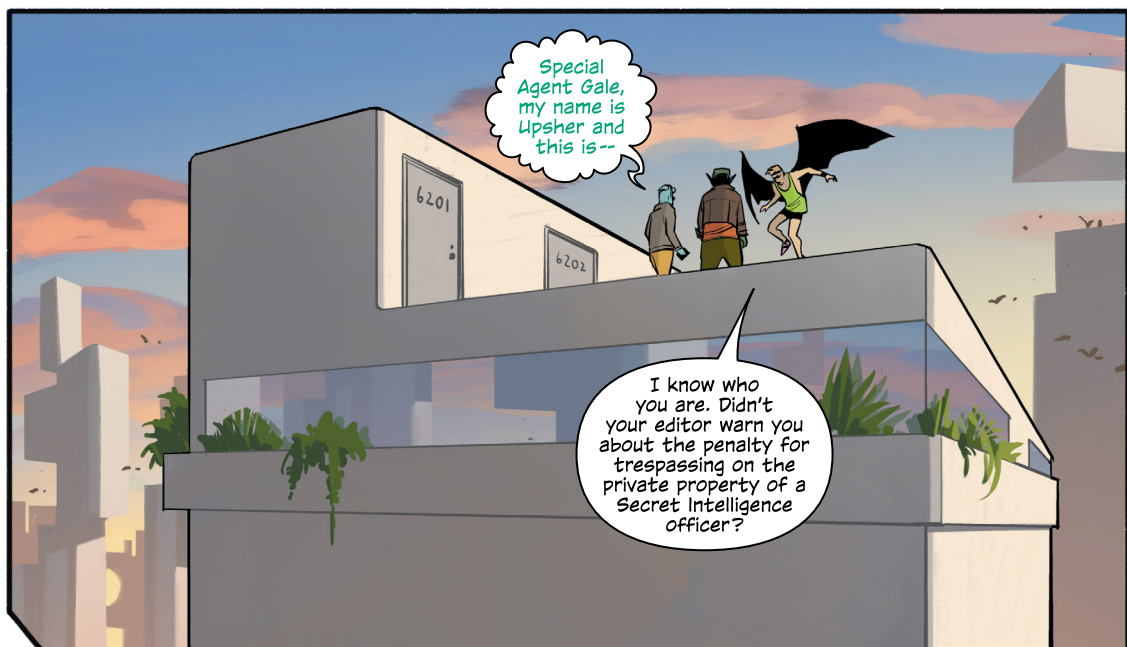


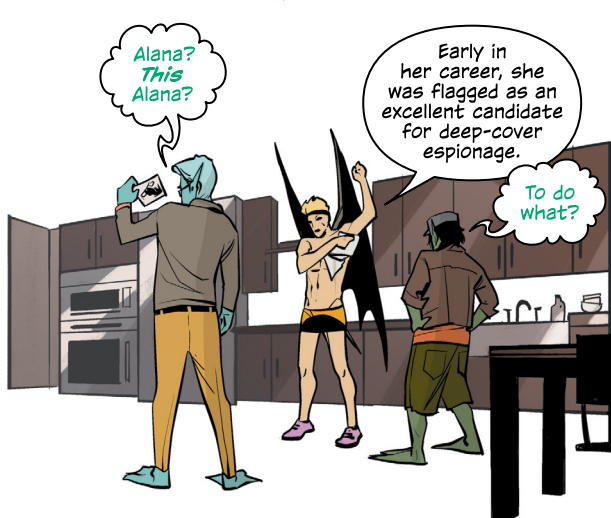
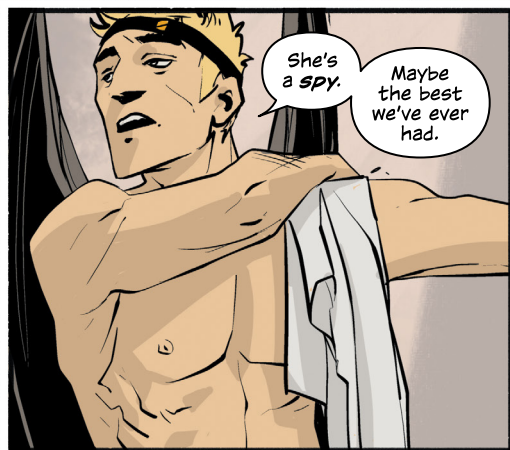
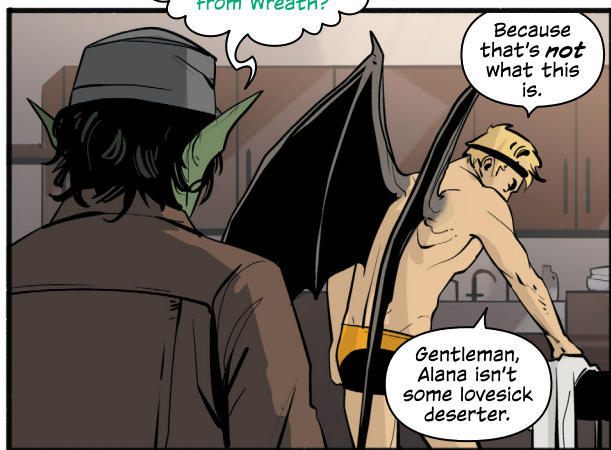
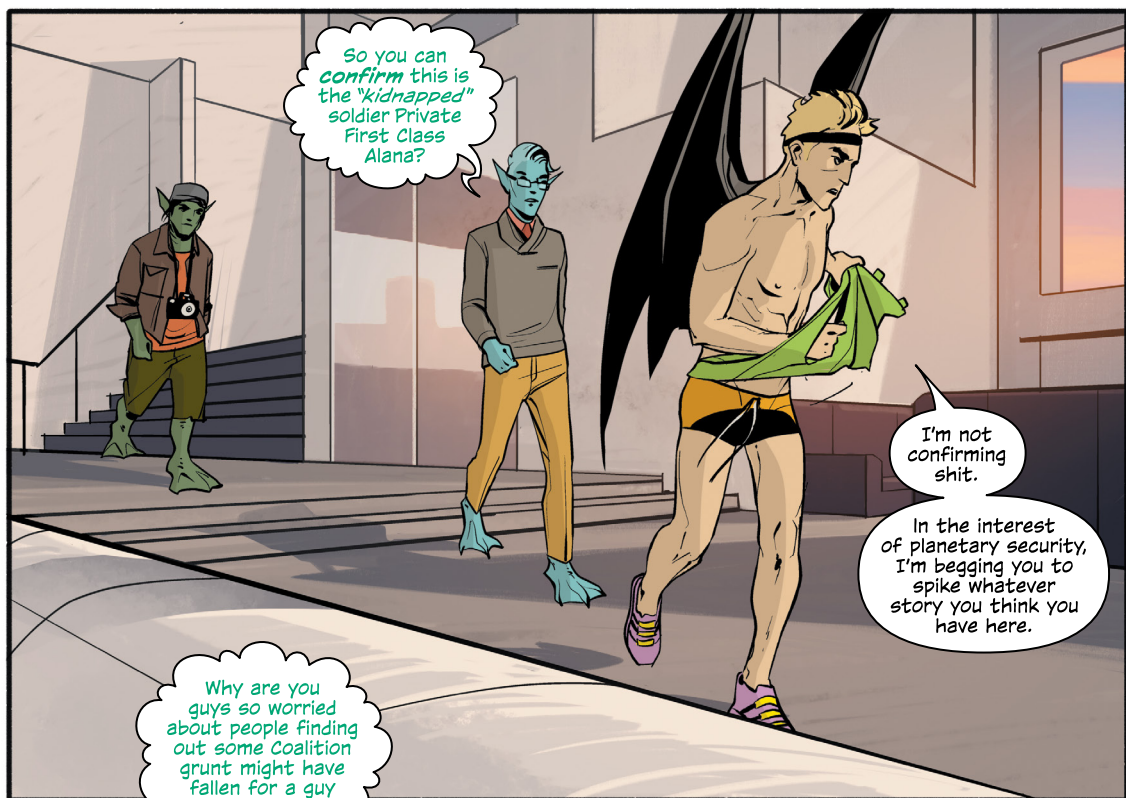


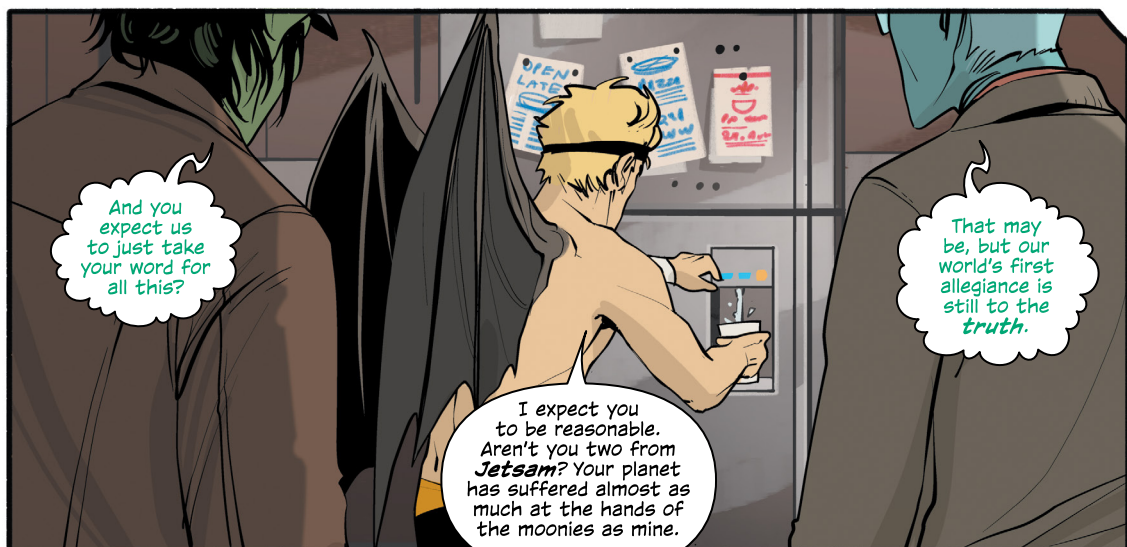
CHAPTER
SIXTEEN

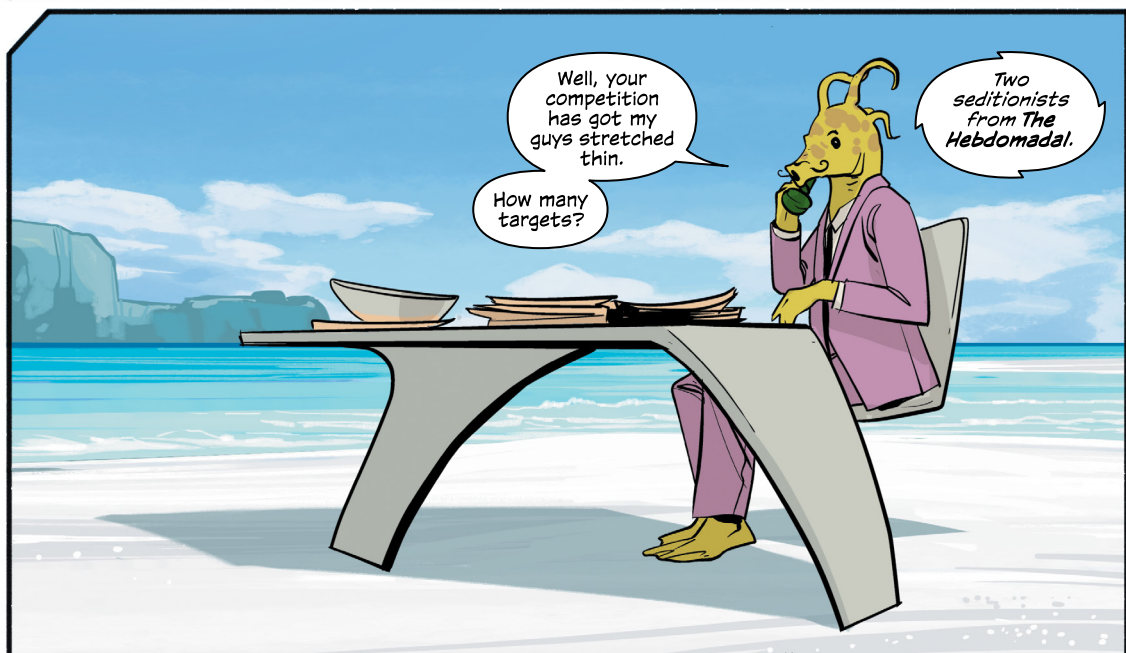


No
comment.











"Show yourself?"

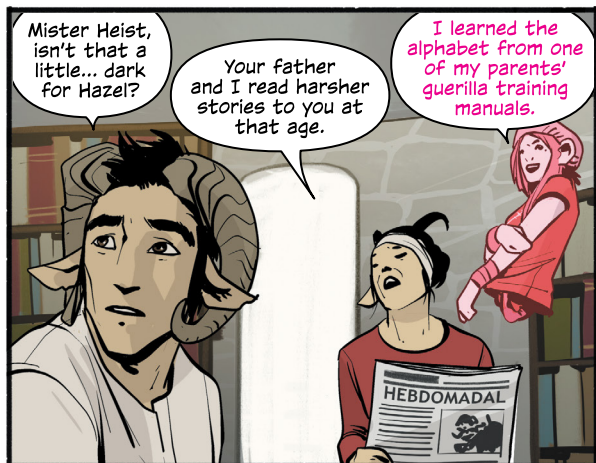
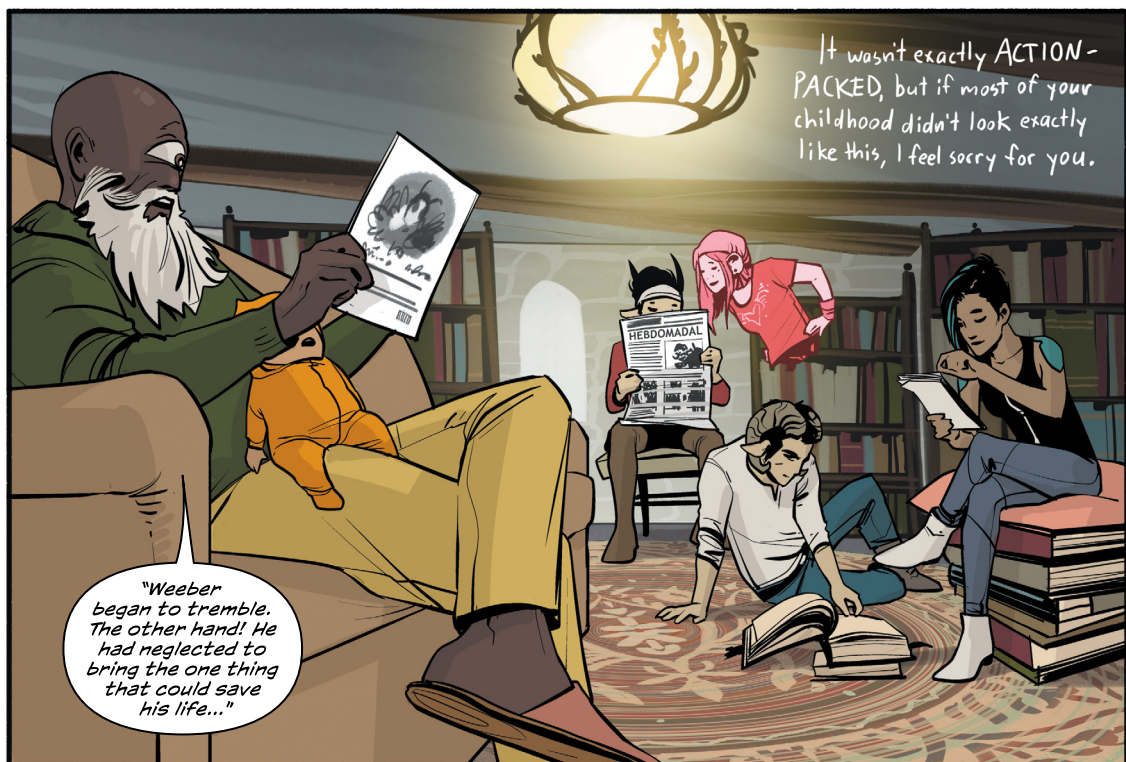


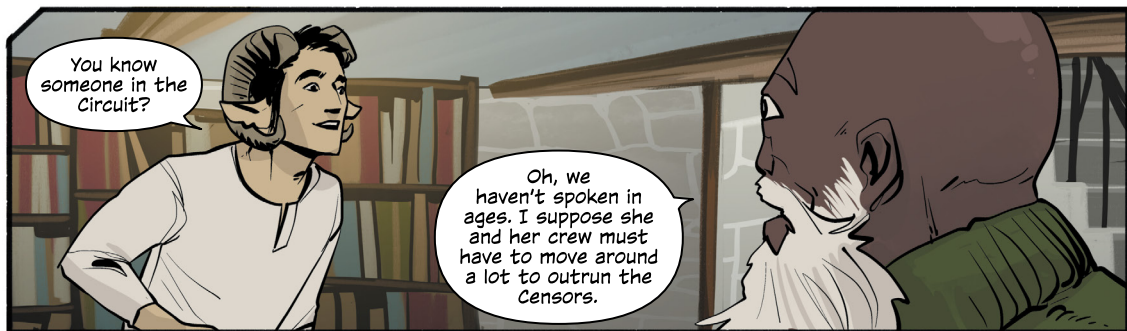
And the terrible Odendron did.

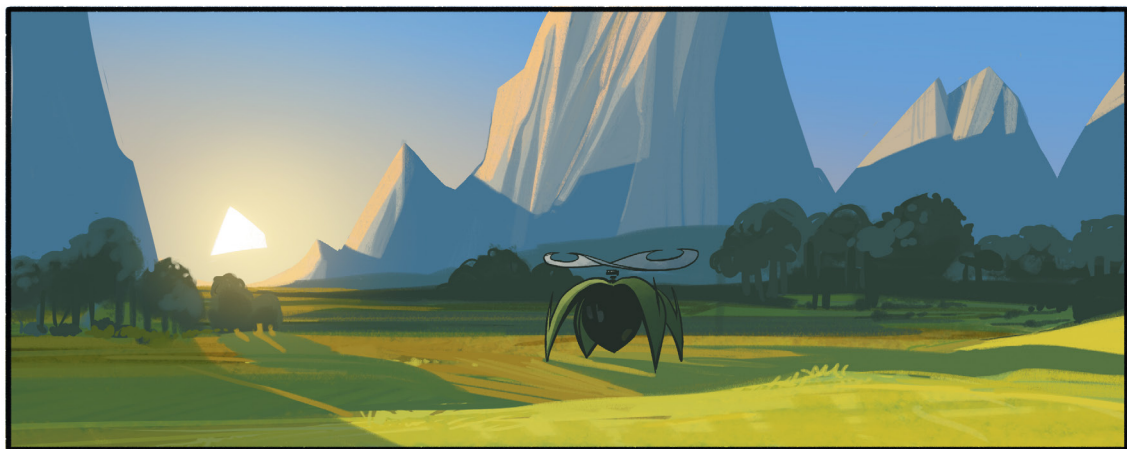


"You may have crossed
the street all by yourself,
little boy..."

"...but
you forgot
to hold onto
something very
important."

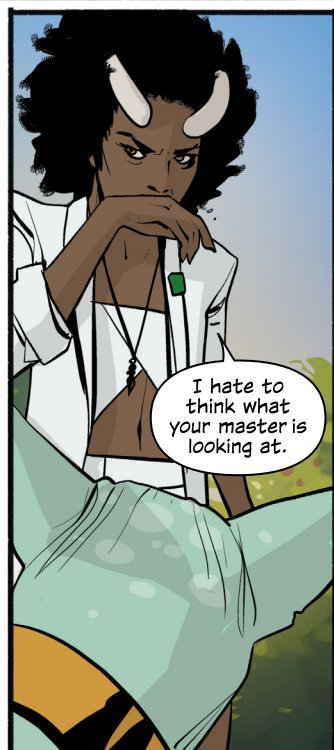


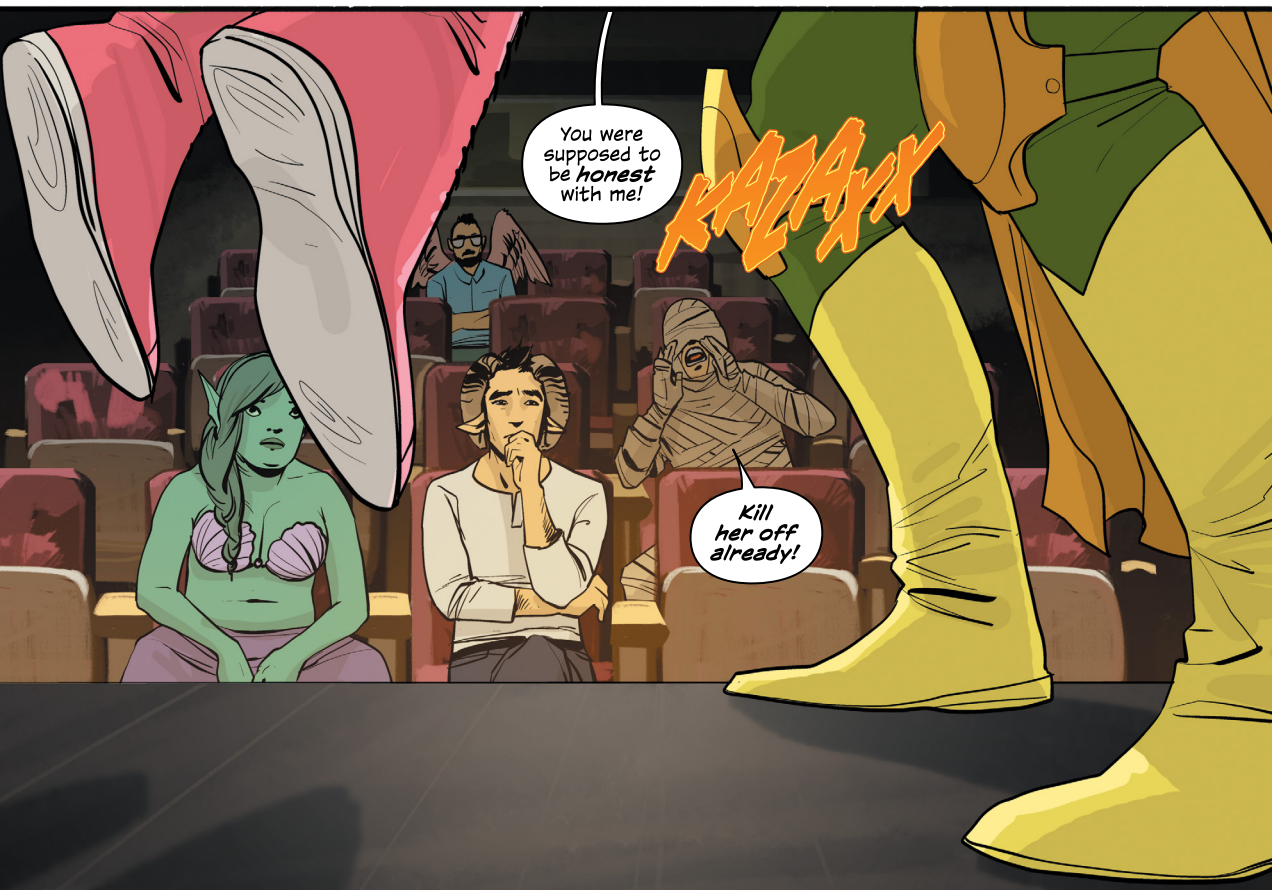


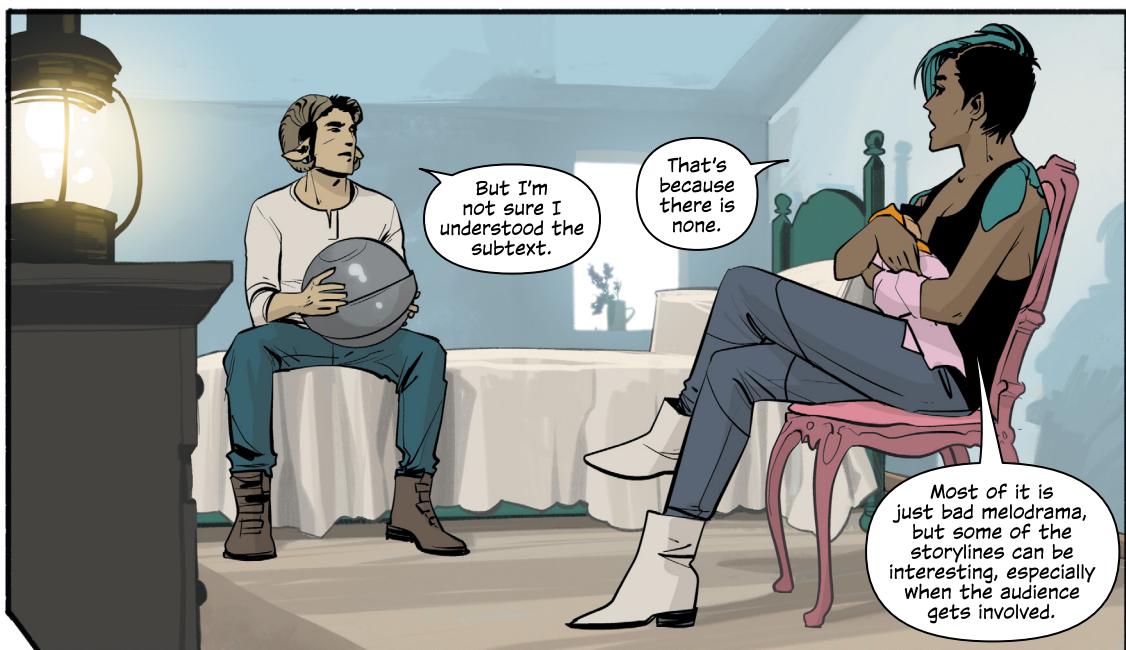


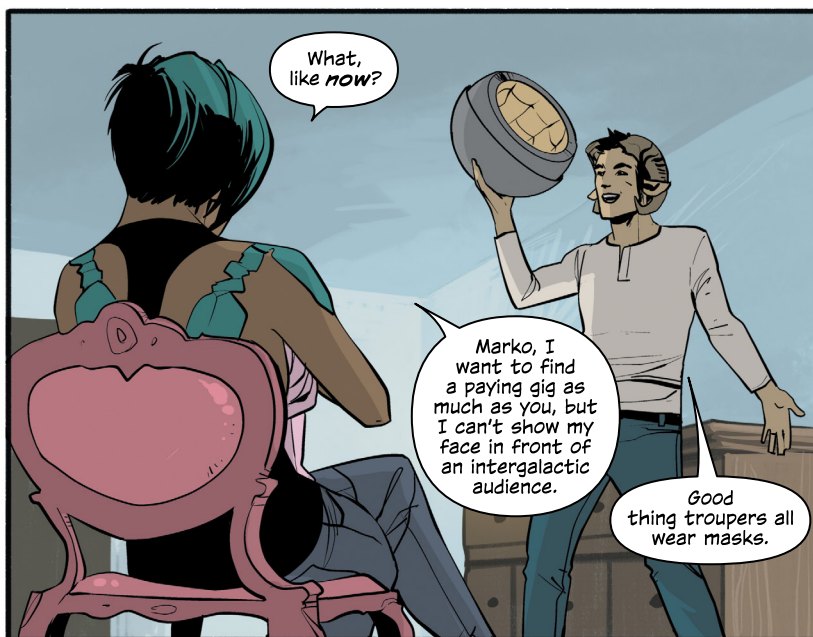


*Mi
maltrafis
vin tiom.*









What, like *now*?



Marko, I want to find a paying gig as much as you, but I can't show my face in front of an intergalactic audience.

Good thing troupers all wear masks.



Probably because so many of them have shady pasts. The Circuit may be legal to watch, but it's still a pirate network run by crooks and... and carnies. You really want to raise Hazel around those kinds of people?



Better actors than more soldiers.

Then you've never dated an actor.



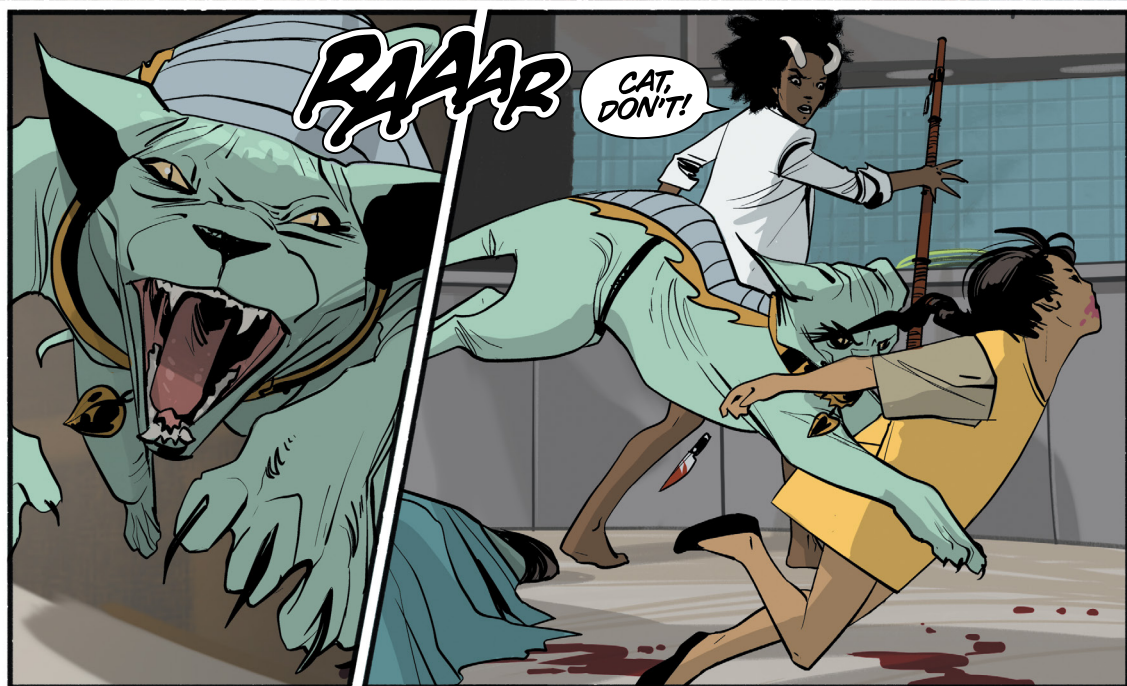
Look, it's a fun idea, but I was barely cut out for that life *before* I became a lactation machine.

Besides, wouldn't you go insane being a stay-at-home dad all day?



No fucking way.

After years of pitched battles, my father was ready for a significantly less stressful career.





CAN'T
LEAVE HERE
CAN'T
LEAVE HERE
CAN'T--



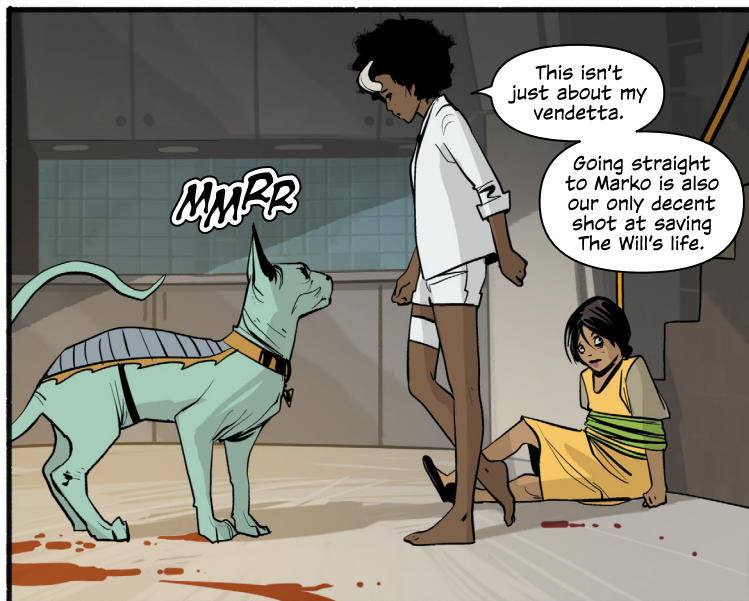
Shut
up.



HSSSS

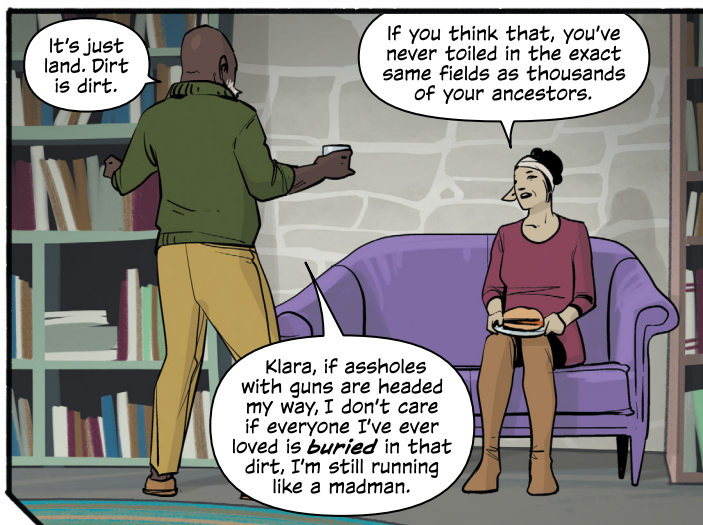
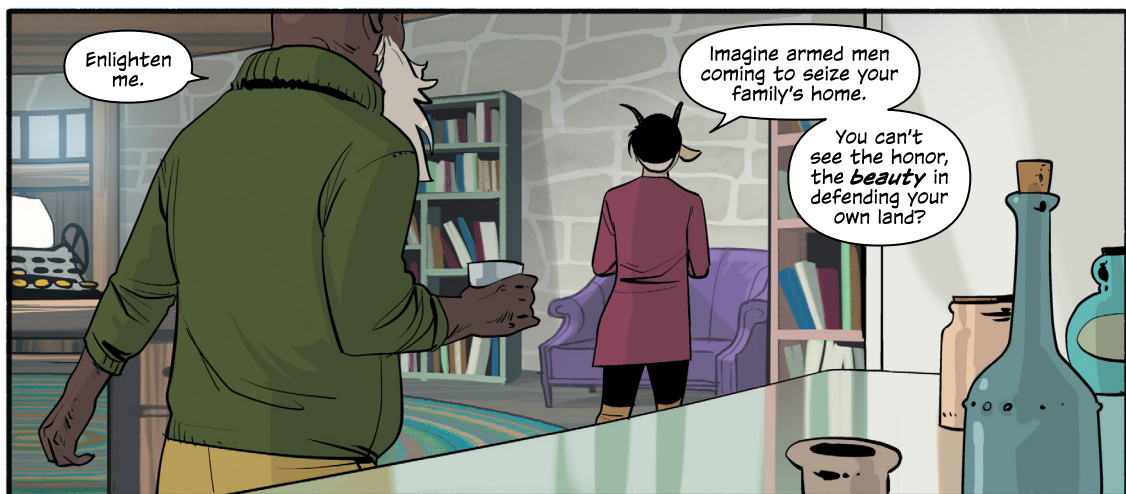
You, too.
She's been
poisoned,
all right?
Just like The
Will.

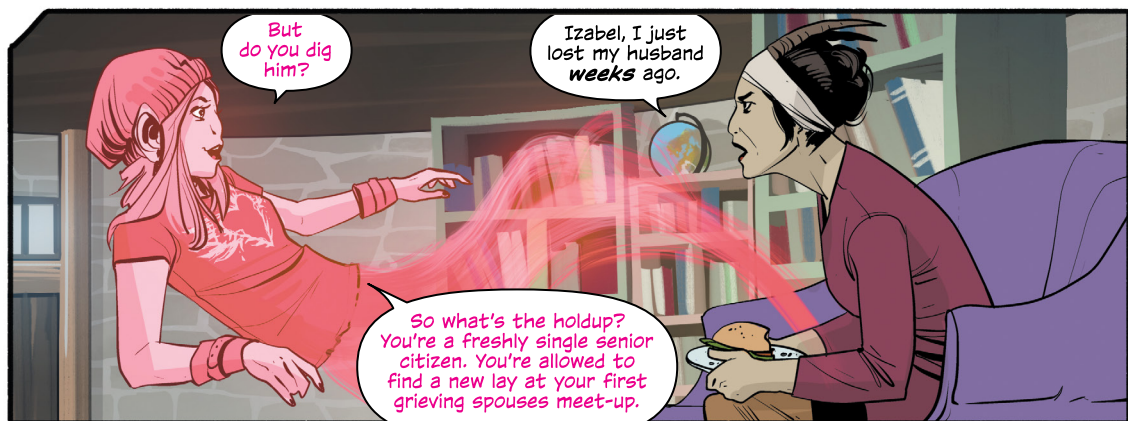
Is he
breathing?

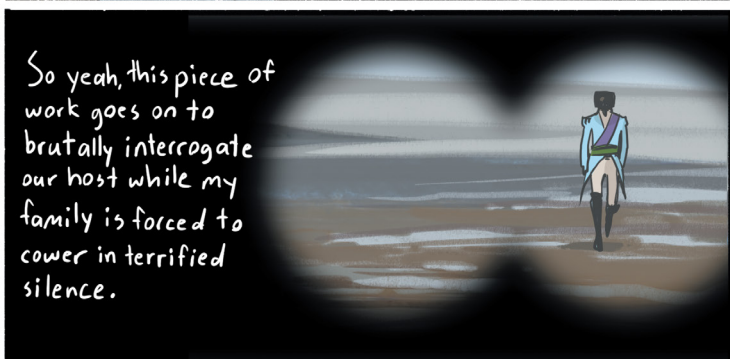
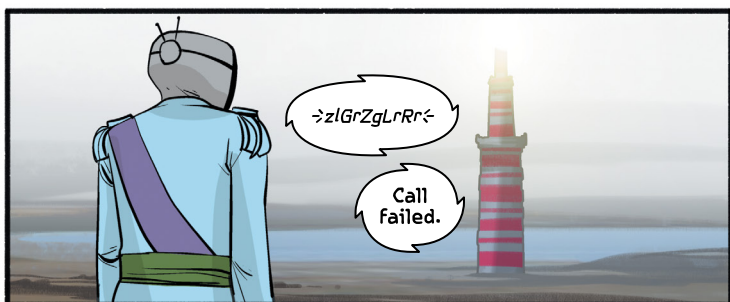
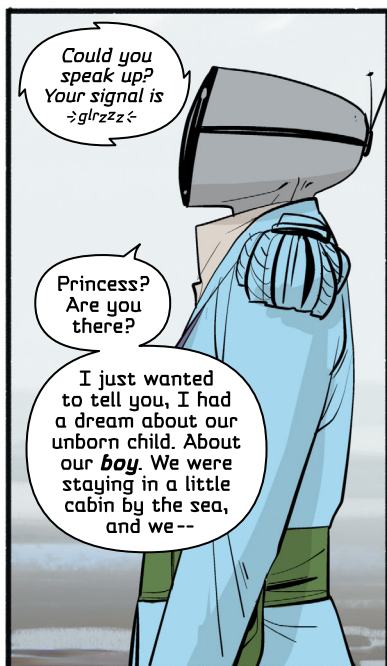
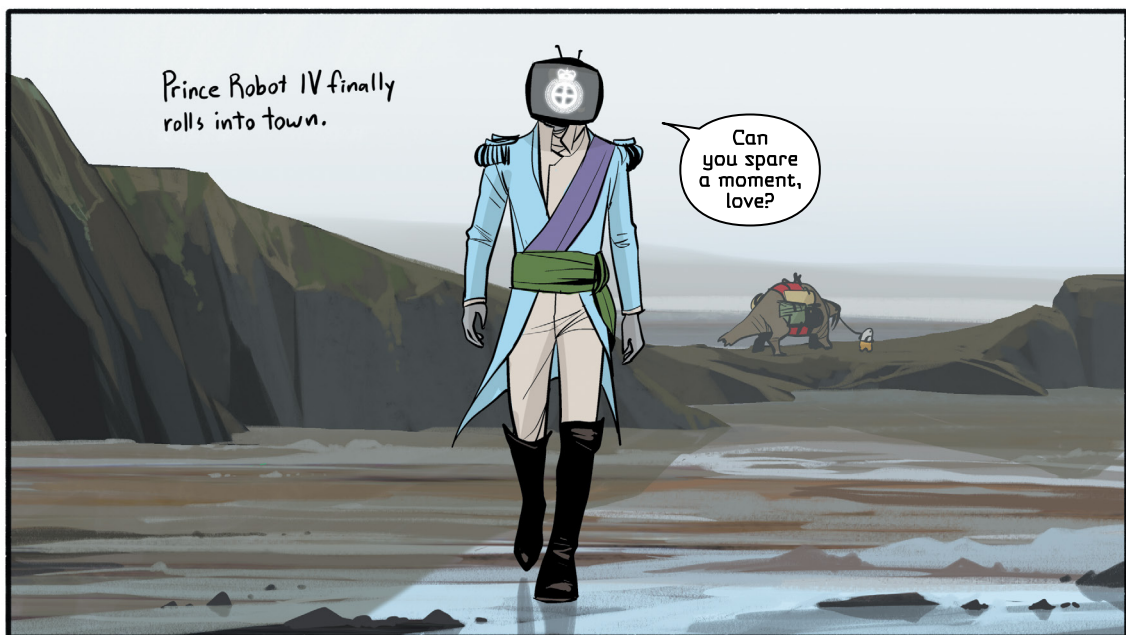


Later that evening, my parents and I slept while the couple actually plotting my future conspired.









After that, things
got action-packed.

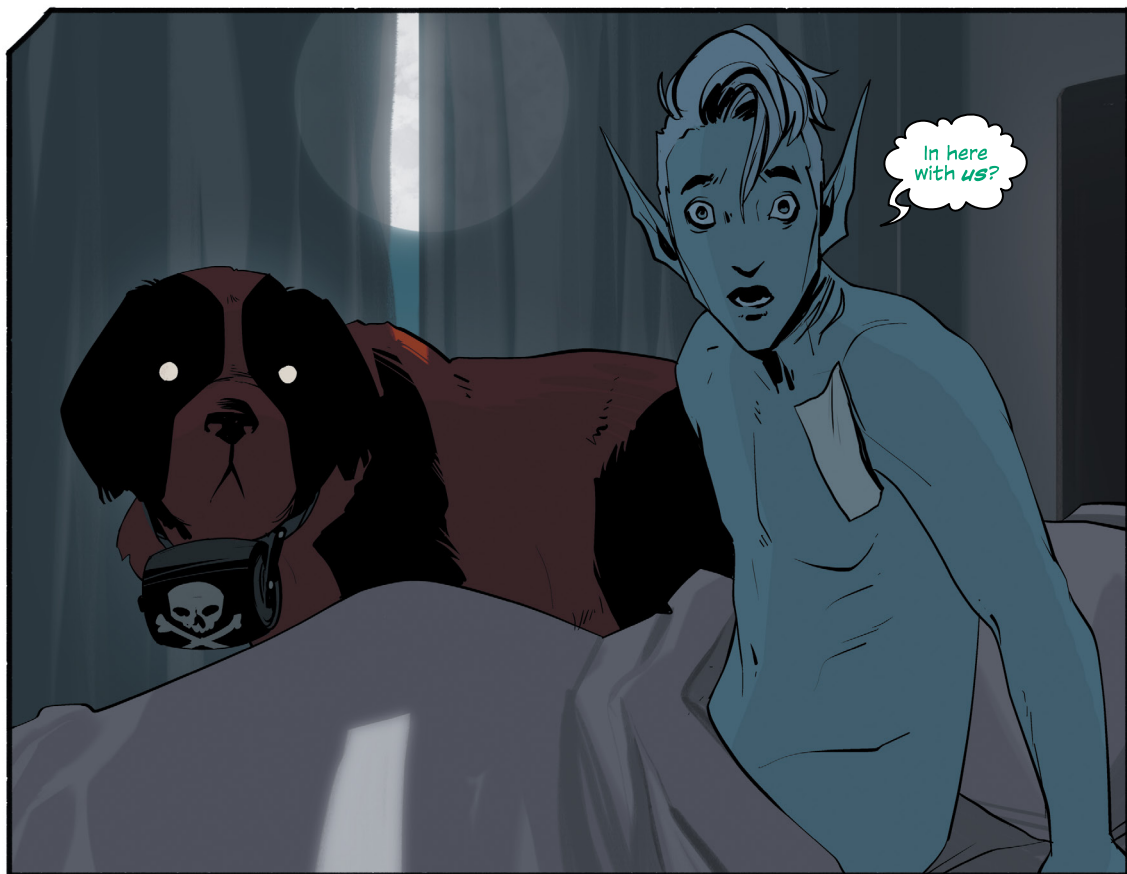
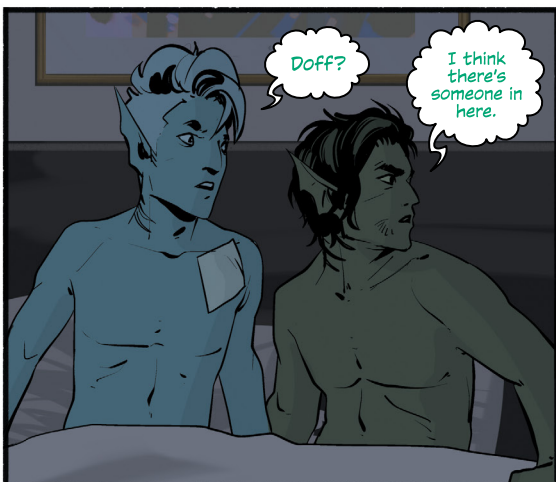
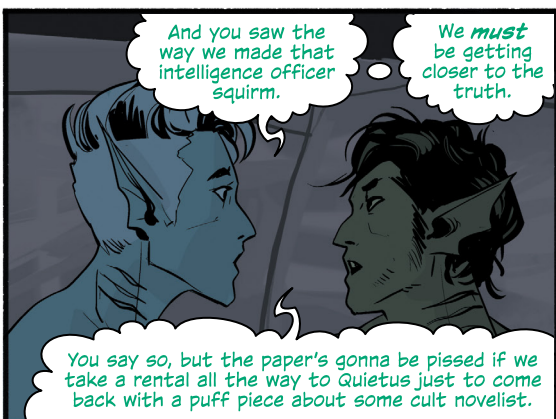


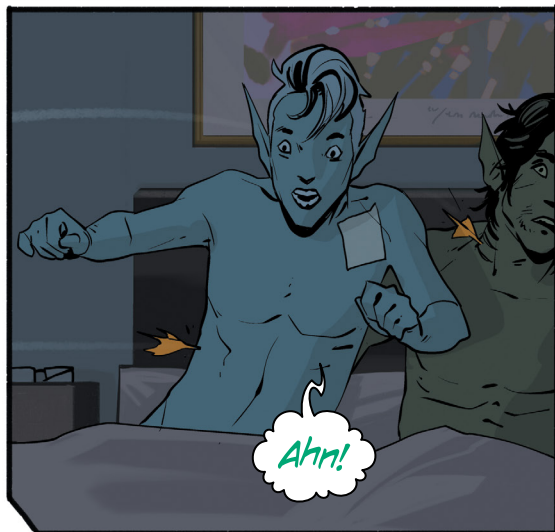


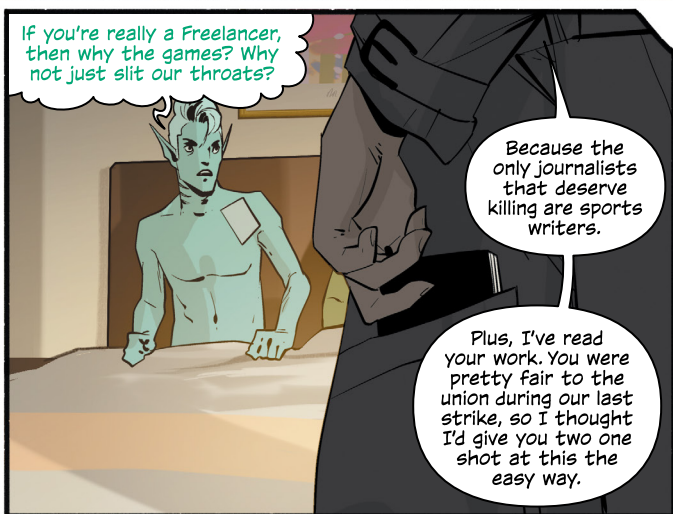
CHAPTER
SEVENTEEN



I think
they went
to see the
author.

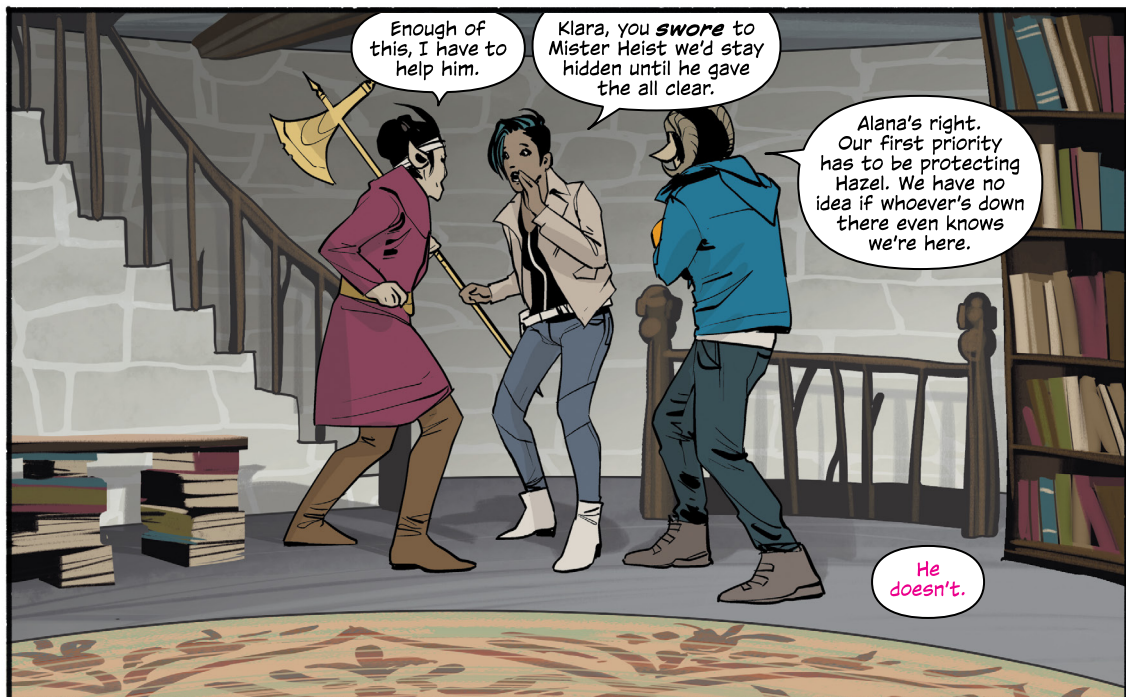
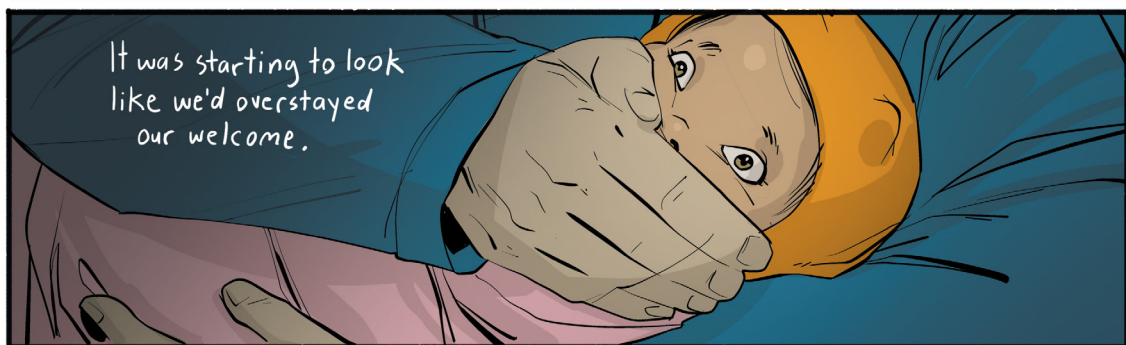
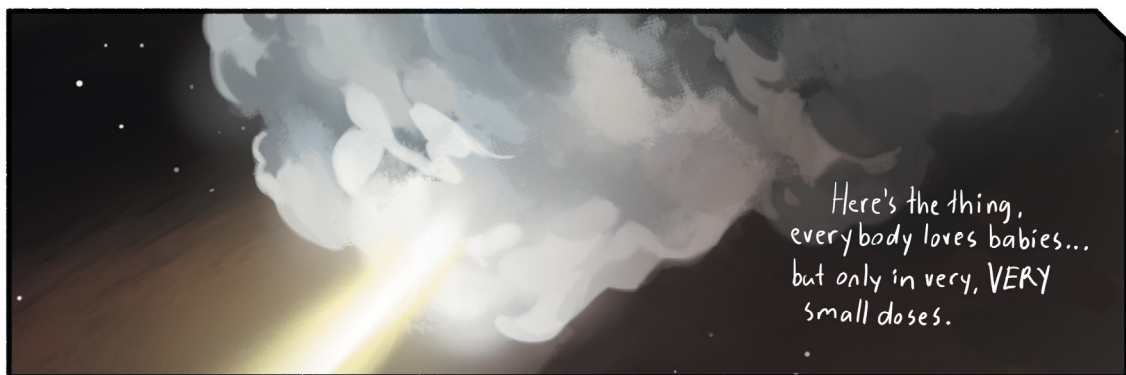






It's the
stories with
no sides
that worry
them.







But he's getting persuasive.

Our visitor just shot Heist in the fucking kneecap.



What?

He'll live... but I don't know how much more Heist can take before he cracks.

They sent a goddamn **android** after you guys. Either a prince or a duke, I can never tell those things apart.



Izabel, can you use one of your illusion things to scare him off?

I wish, but my projections are as worthless as your Heartbreaker against machines.

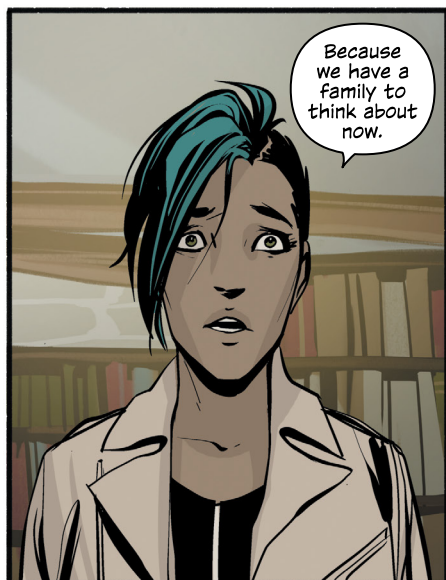
Then what possible use is this intangible freeloader to us?



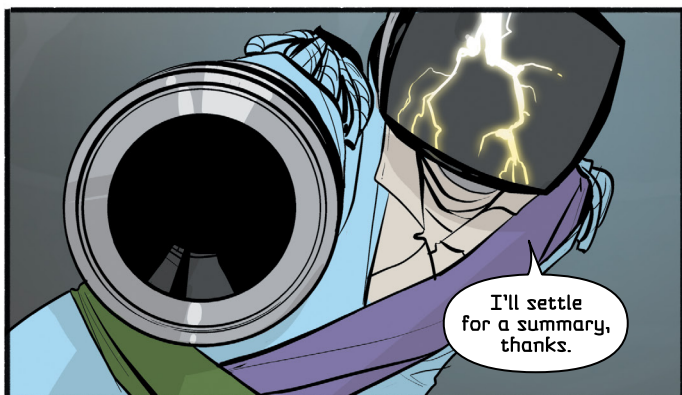
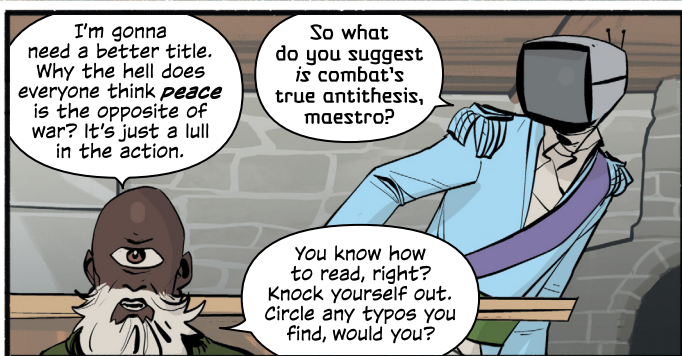
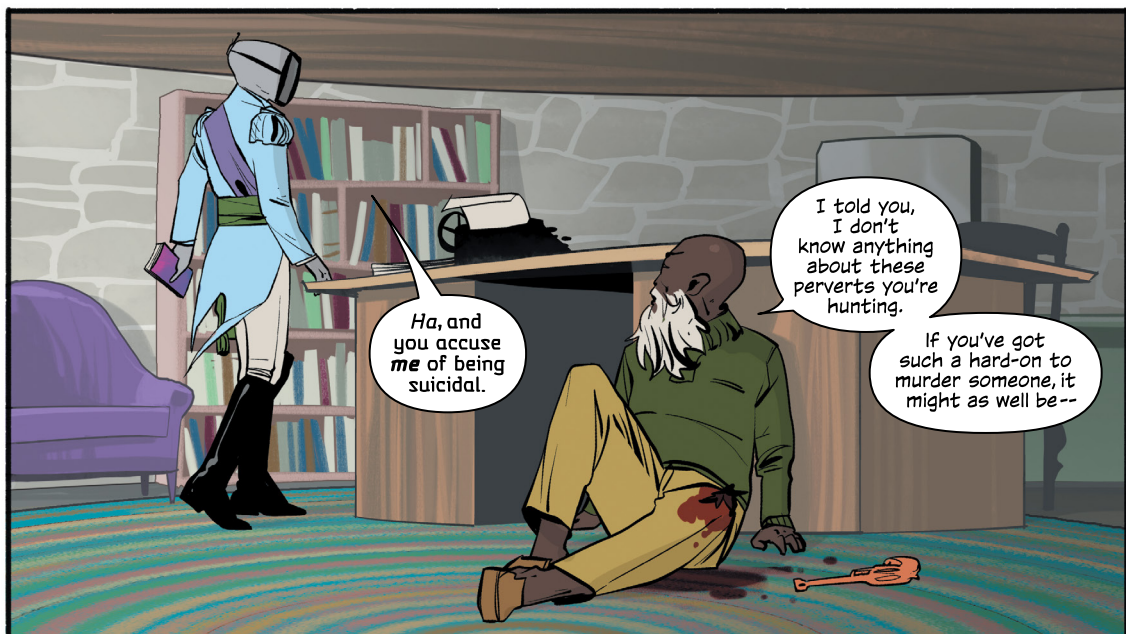
Mother--

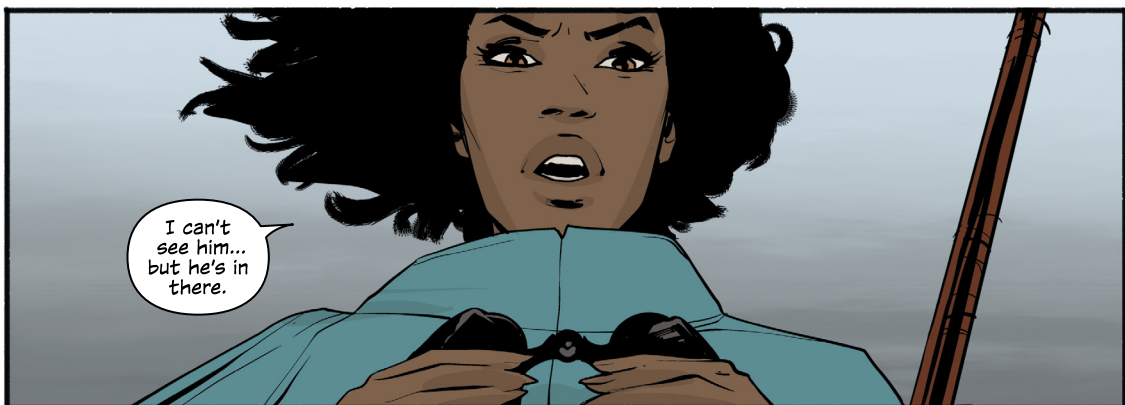
Don't "Mother" me.

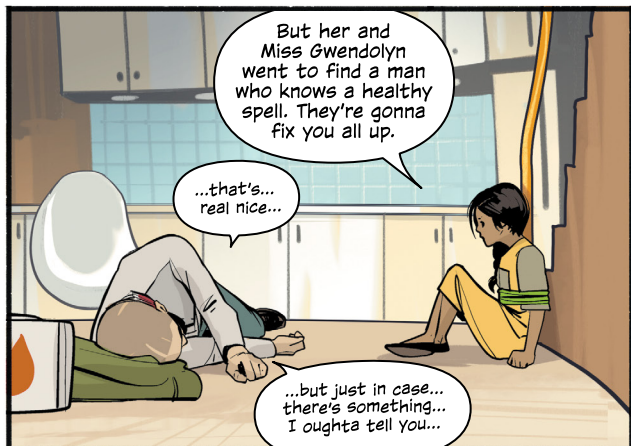
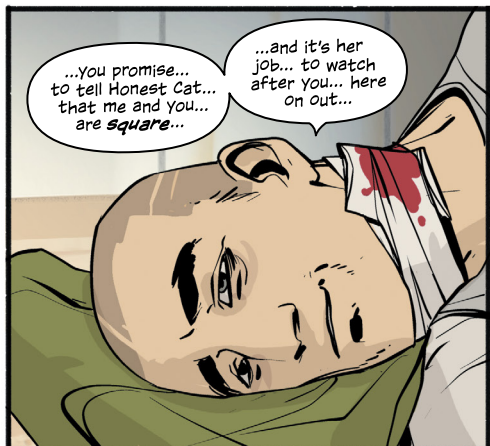
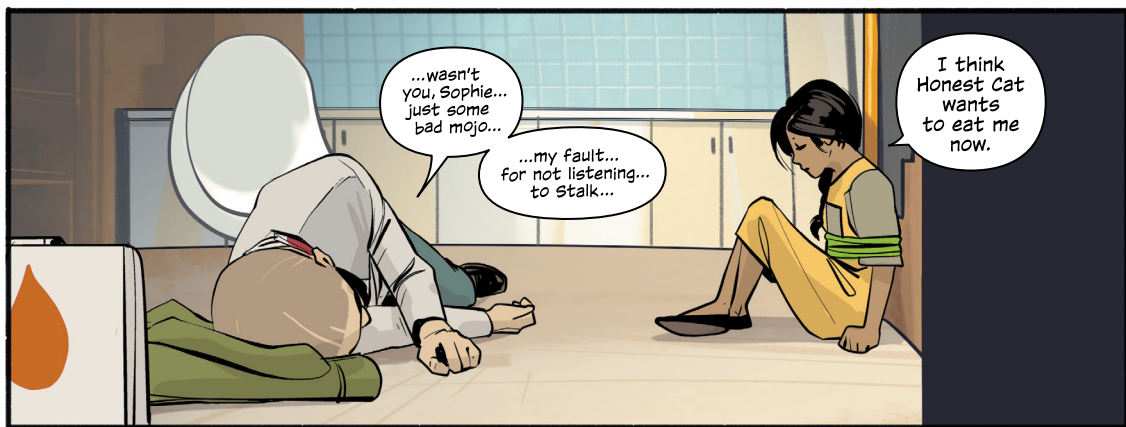
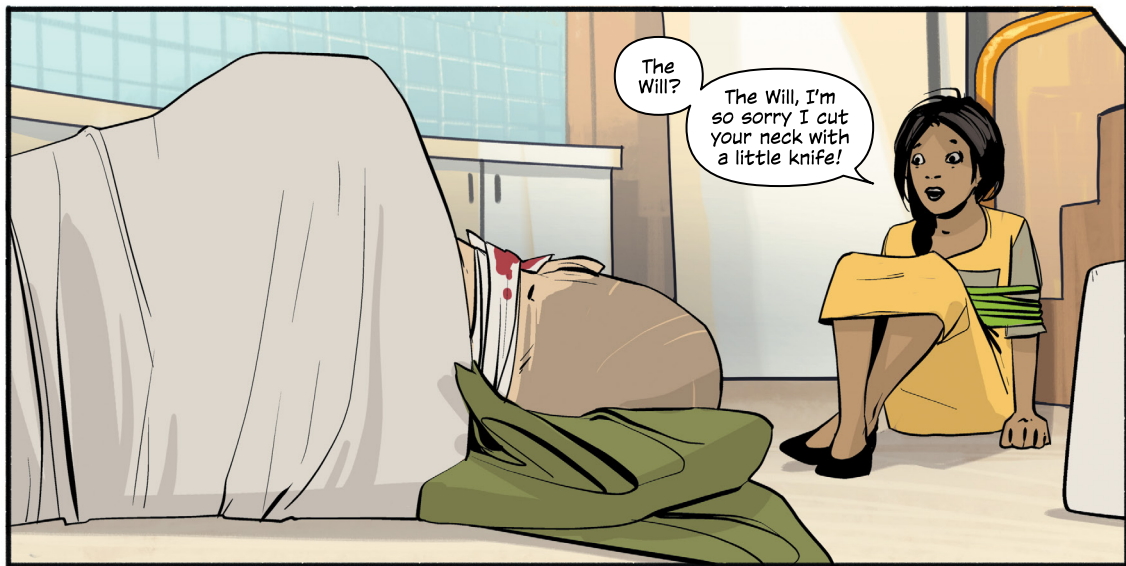
How can we just hole up here like frightened animals while an innocent man is tortured?



Because we have a family to think about now.

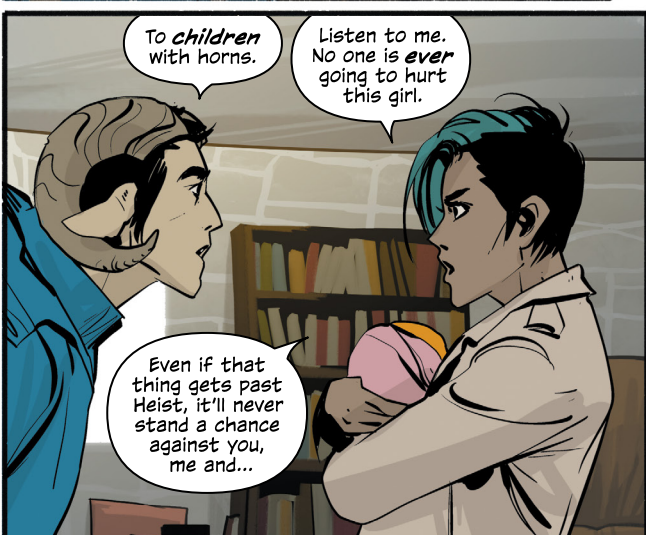
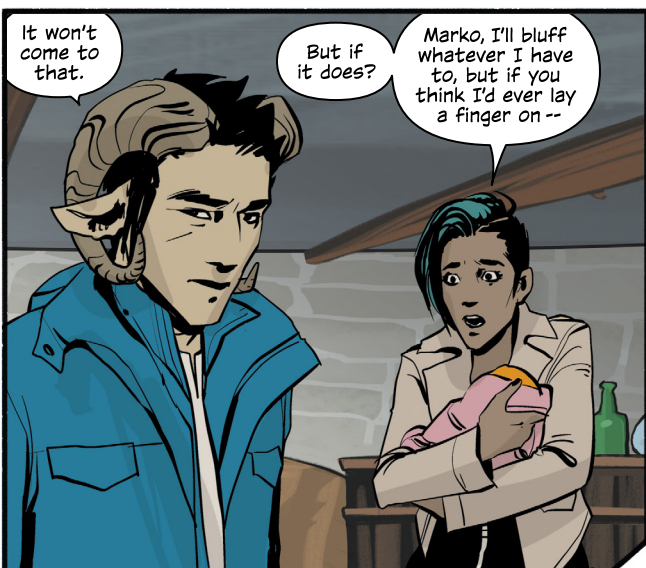
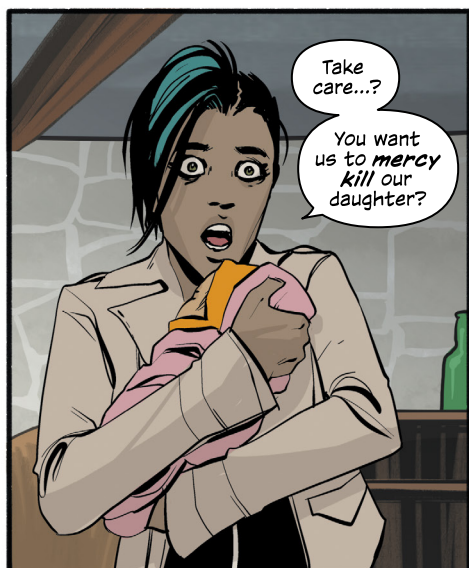














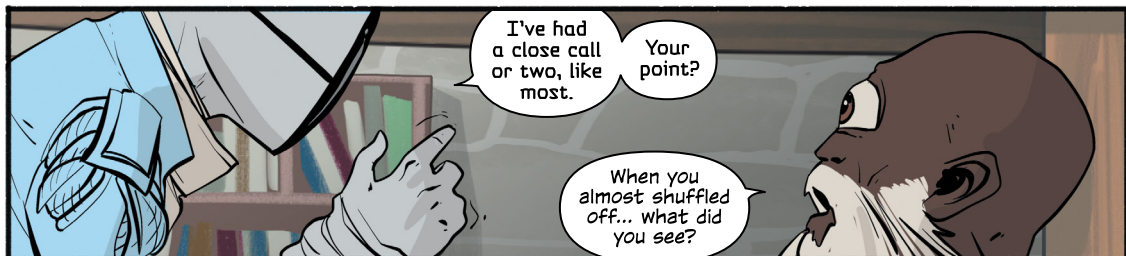
Last
chance,
old son.



What's
the secret
message of
your newest
agitprop?

You said you've
had a couple
of near-death
experiences,
right?

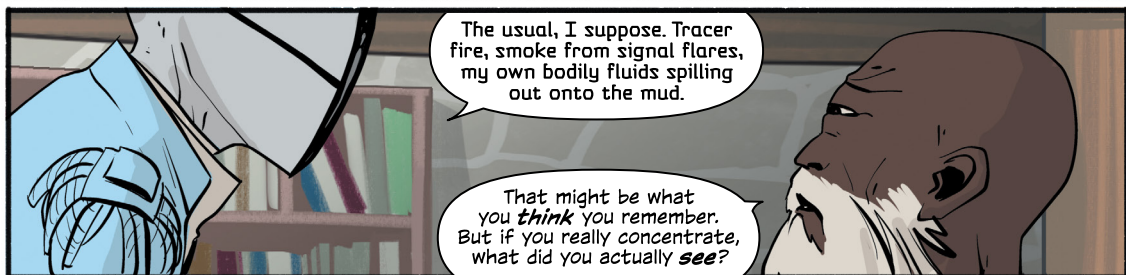
On the
battlefield?



I've had
a close call
or two, like
most.

Your
point?

When you
almost shuffled
off... what did
you see?



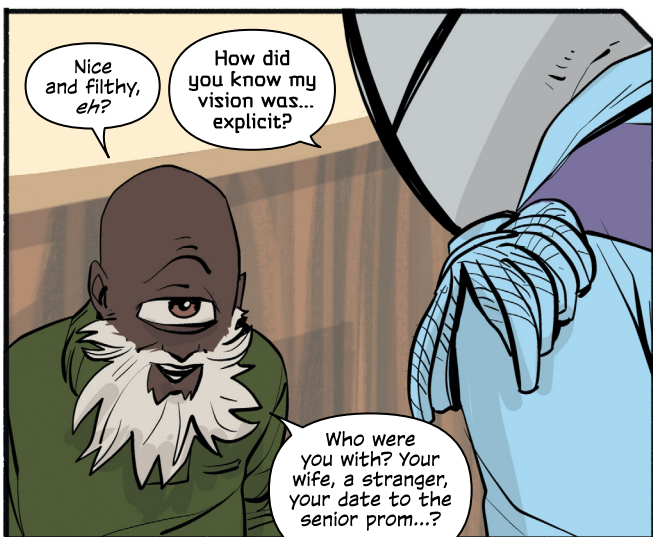
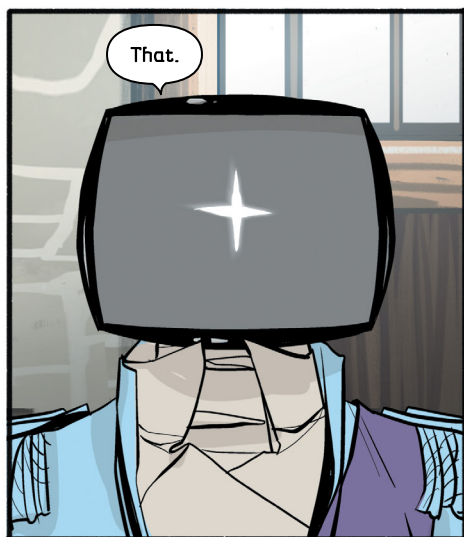
The usual, I suppose. Tracer
fire, smoke from signal flares,
my own bodily fluids spilling
out onto the mud.

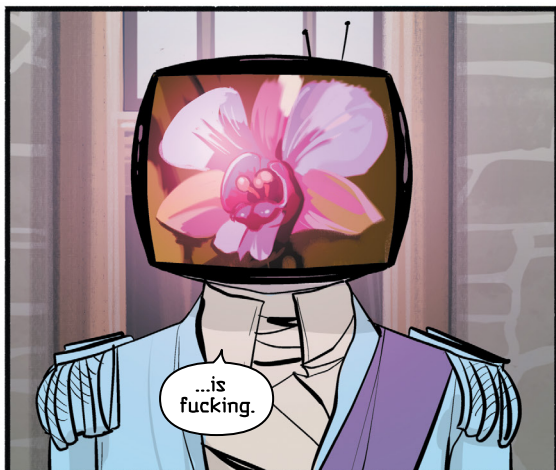
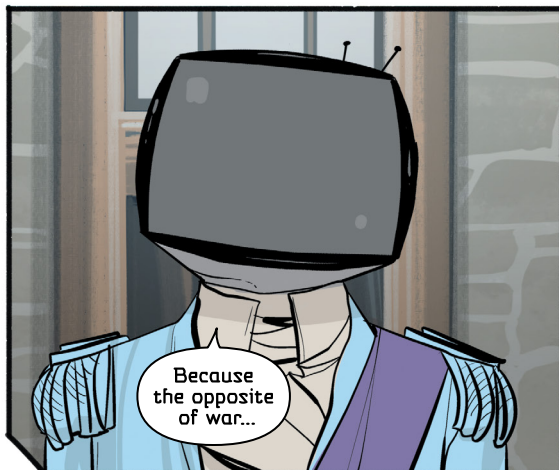
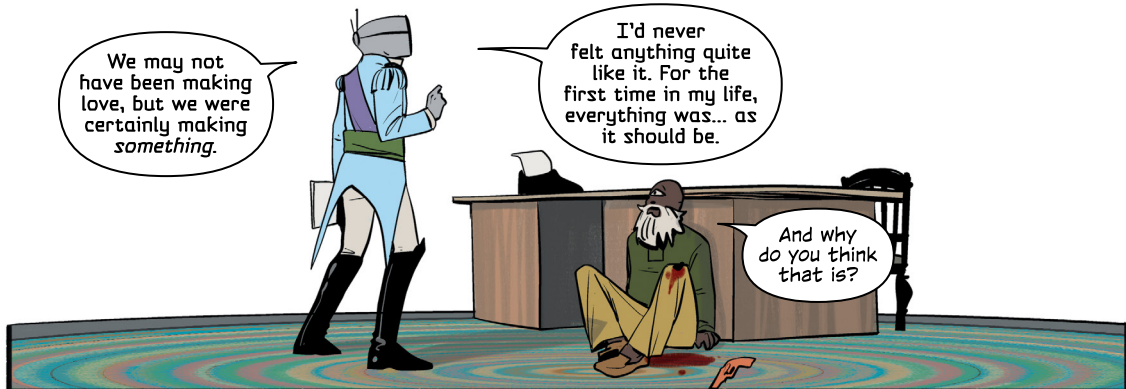
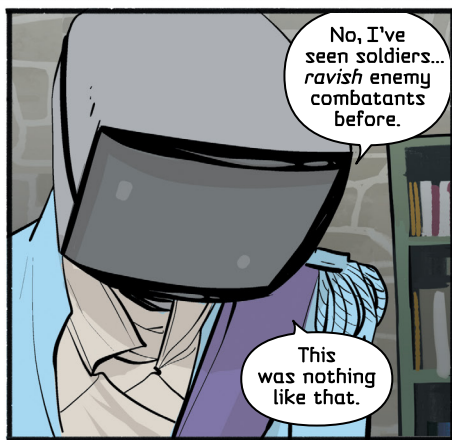
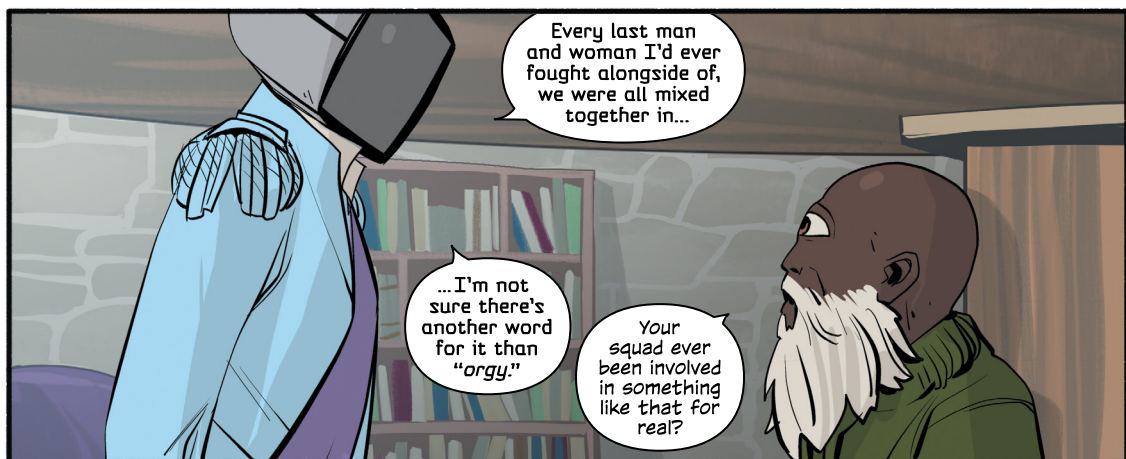
That might be what
you *think* you remember.
But if you really concentrate,
what did you actually *see*?

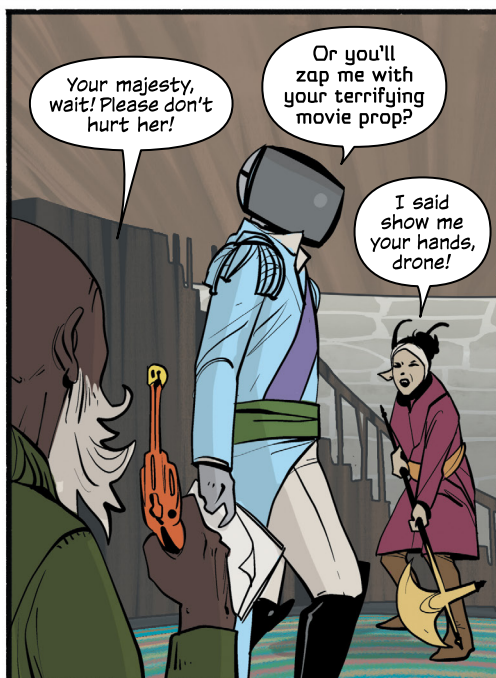
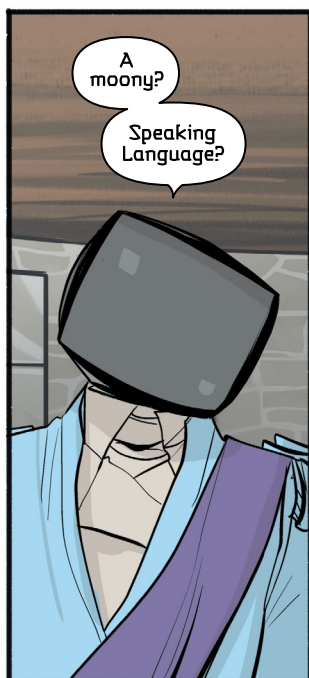


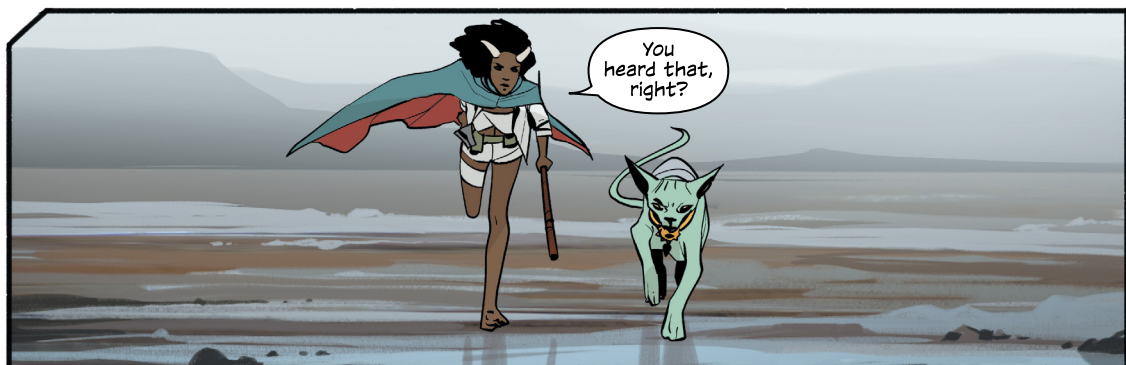
Like, did
my life flash
before my eyes
or any of that
ridiculous--

Ah.











Why teach young writers to
edit out whatever it is they feel
most passionate
about?

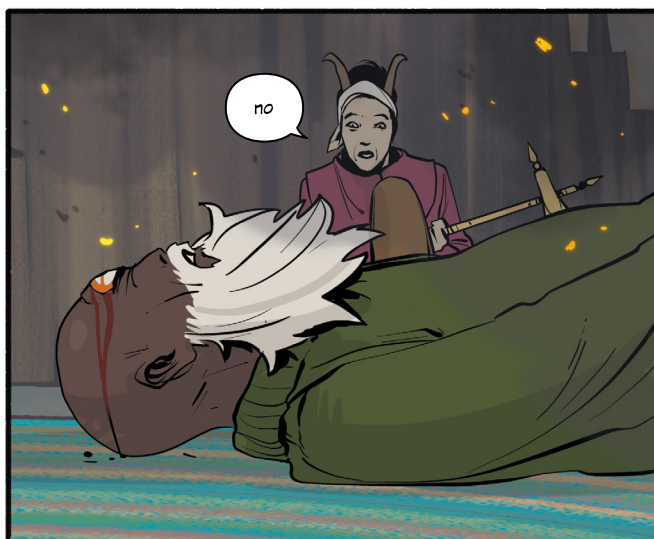


Better to kill
everything in
their writing
they DON'T
love as much.



Until only the darlings
remain.







Fuck.

RESTARTING.
THIS MAY TAKE A FEW MINUTES...



CHAPTER
EIGHTEEN



If she gives you any trouble, kill her.





HSSSS

Easy,
kitty.



You have
no right to
be here.

Leave
now or...
just leave,
okay?



Izabel,
don't --

This is a Lying Cat,
and Lying Cats always
play by the rules.

At least,
they're
supposed
to.

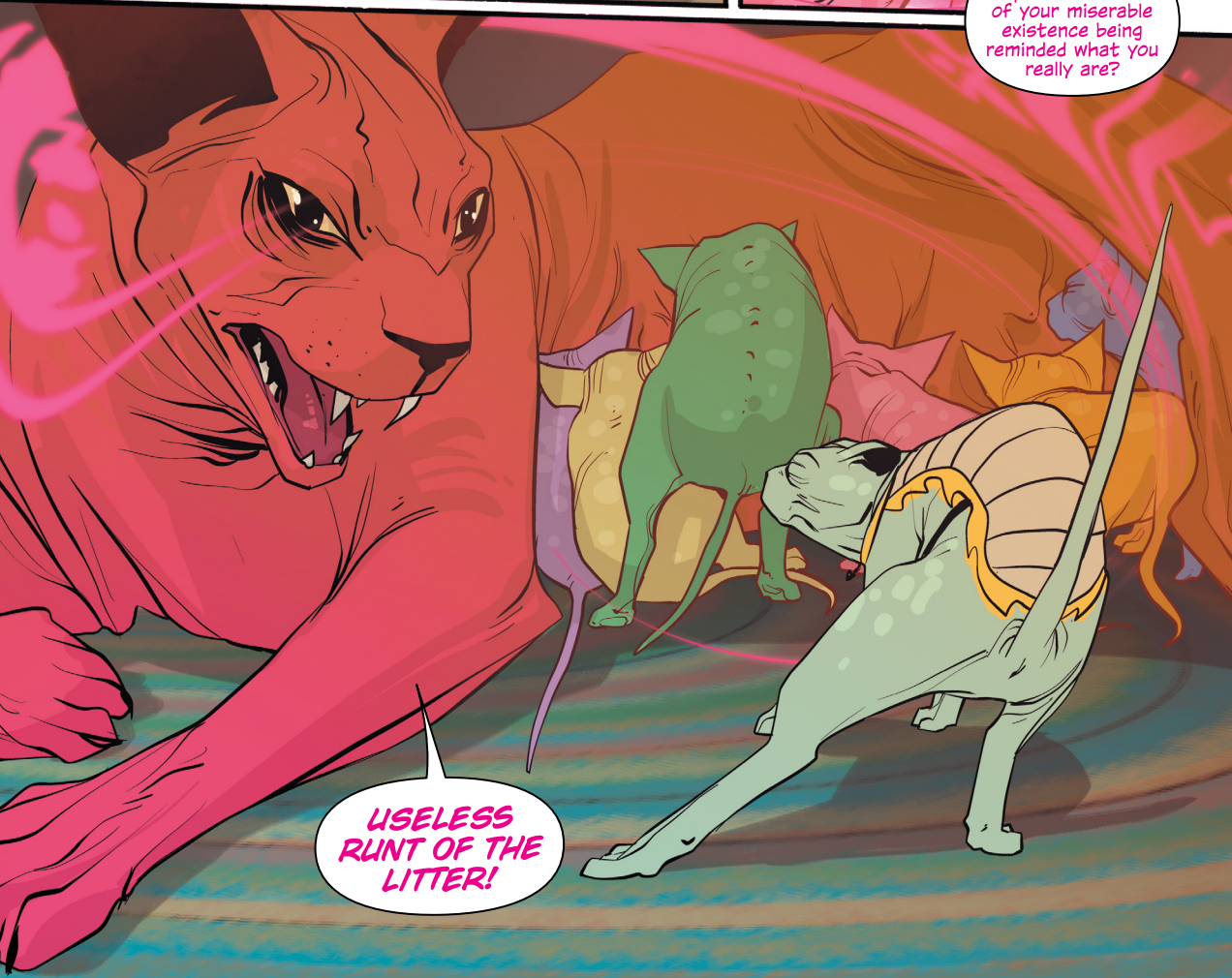
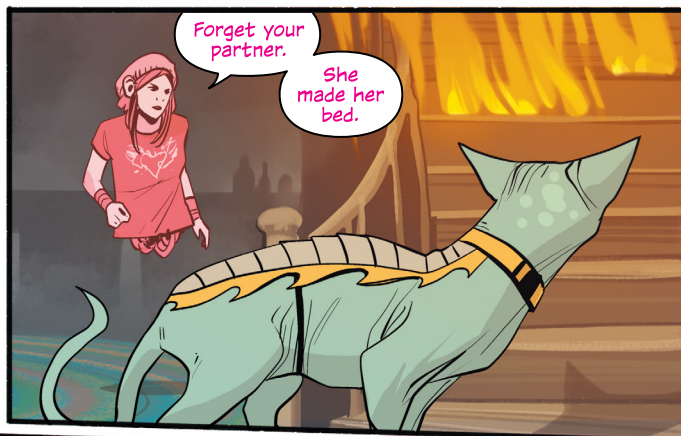


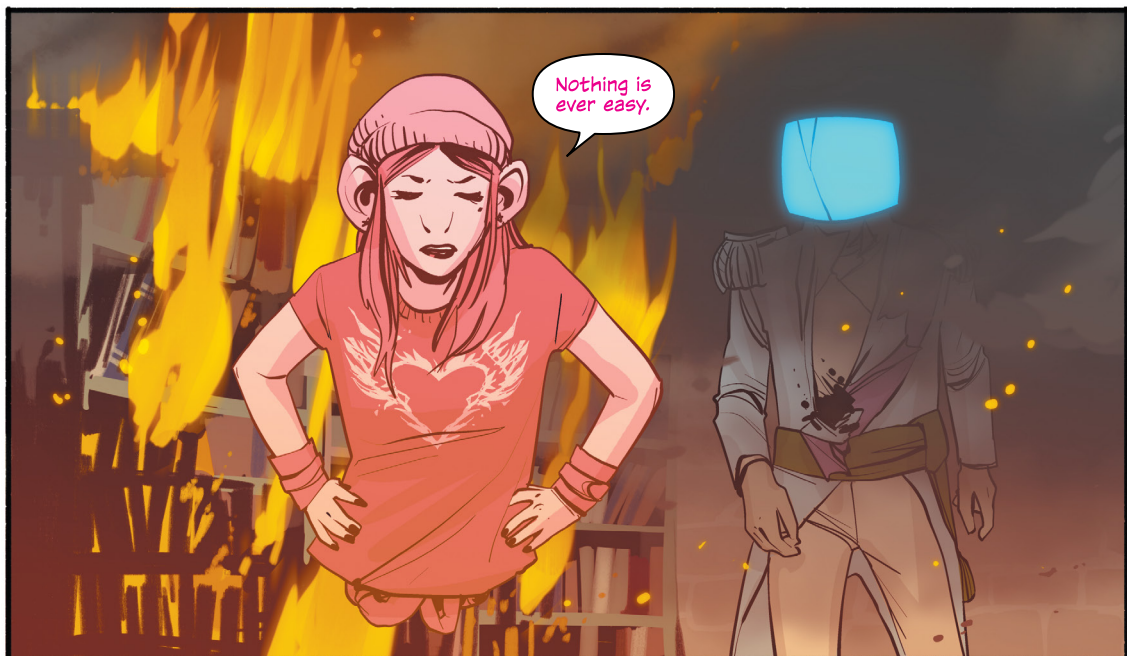
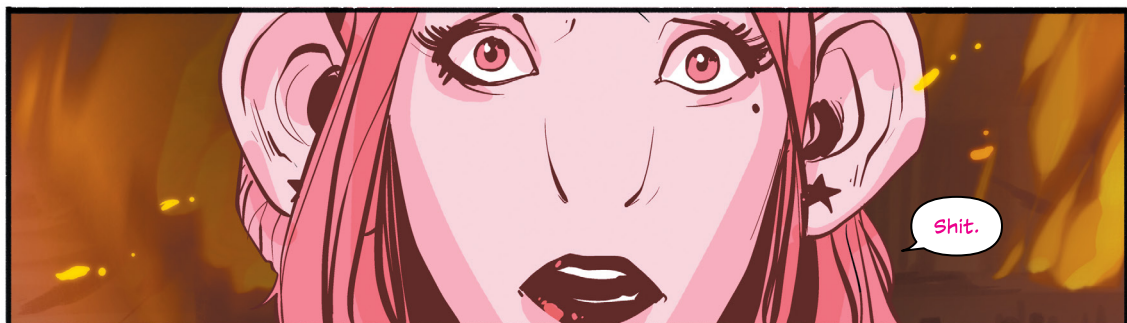
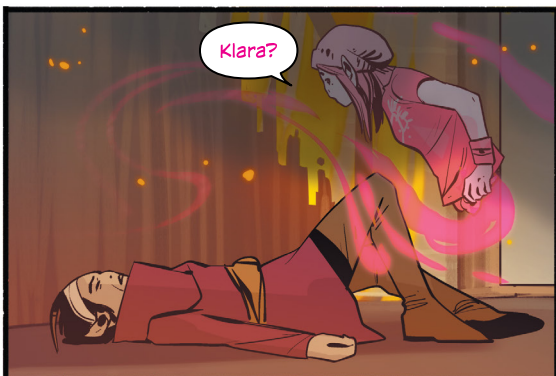
But not
today.

Whatever you and
your friend are after,
you had no right to
execute this civilian
in his own home.



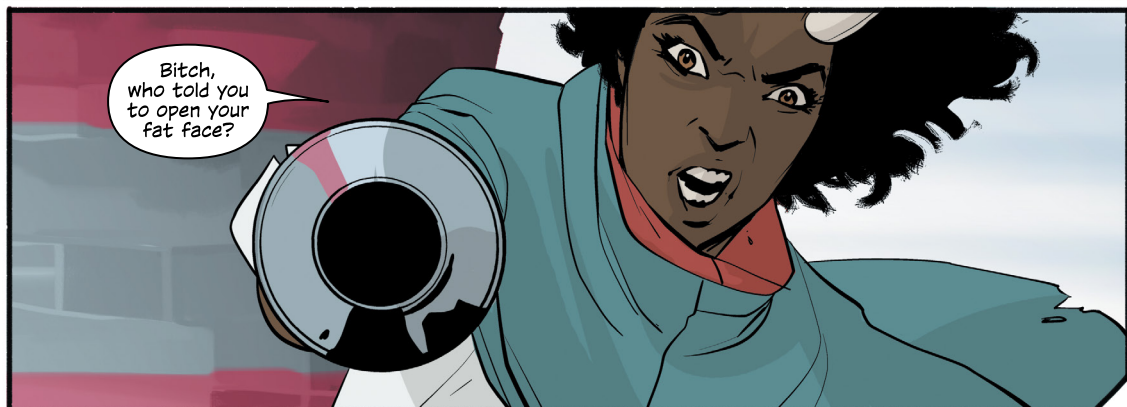
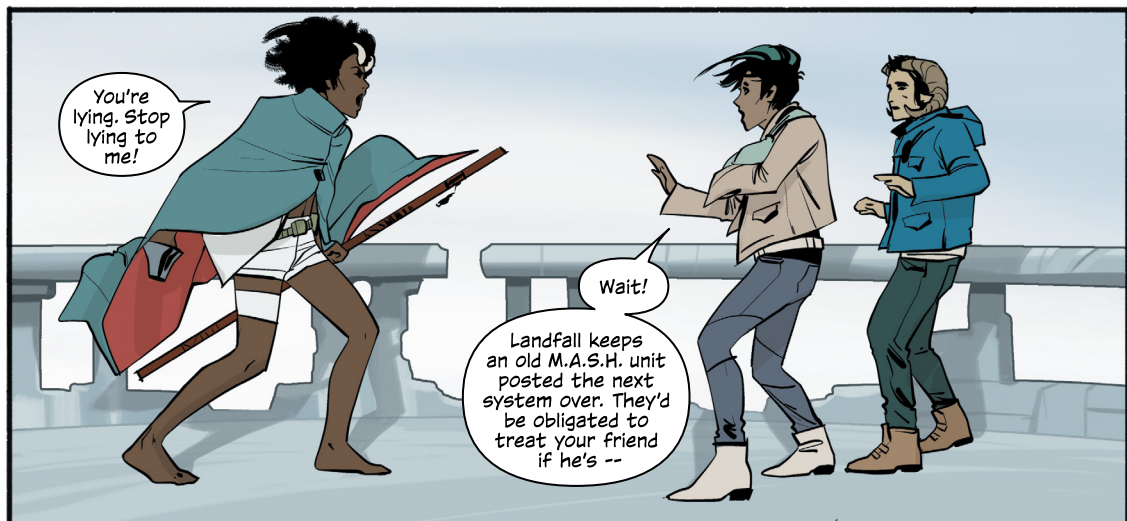
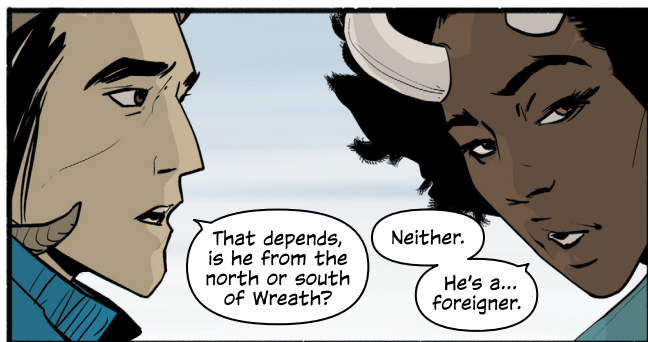
True or
false?





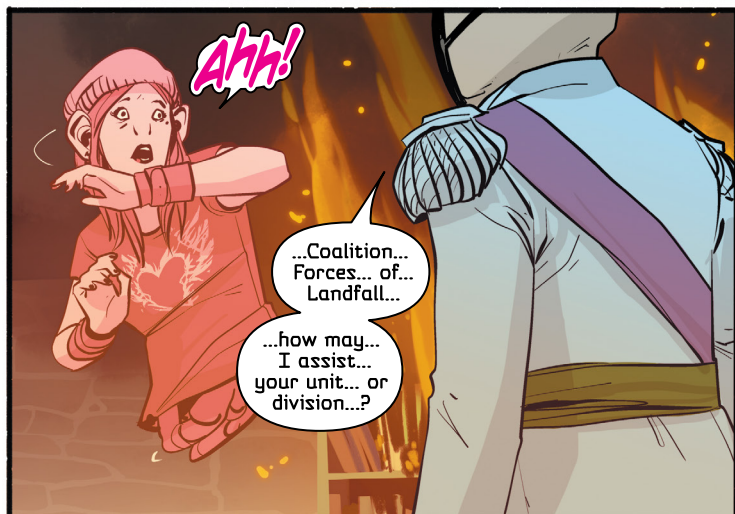








...I am...
Prince Robot...
IV...



Ahh!

...Coalition...
Forces... of...
Landfall...

...how may...
I assist...
your unit... or
division...?



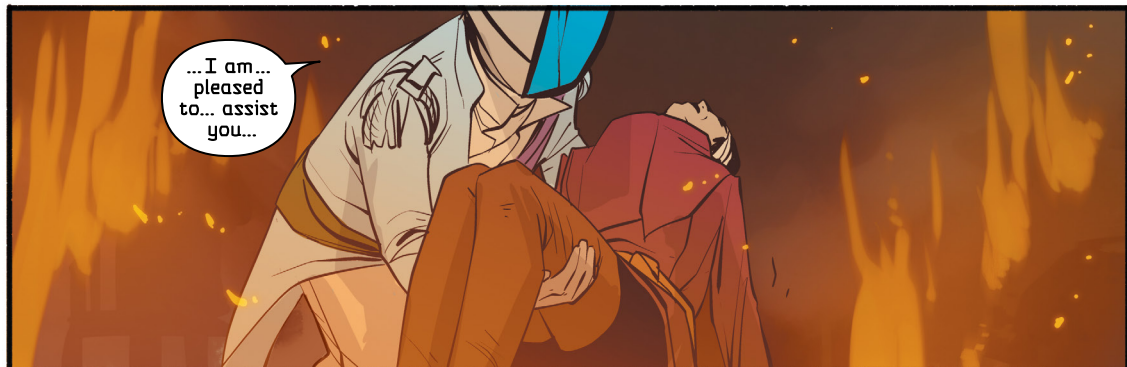
He's
fritzed.



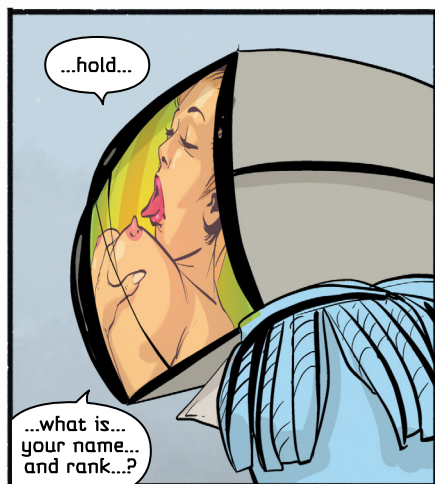
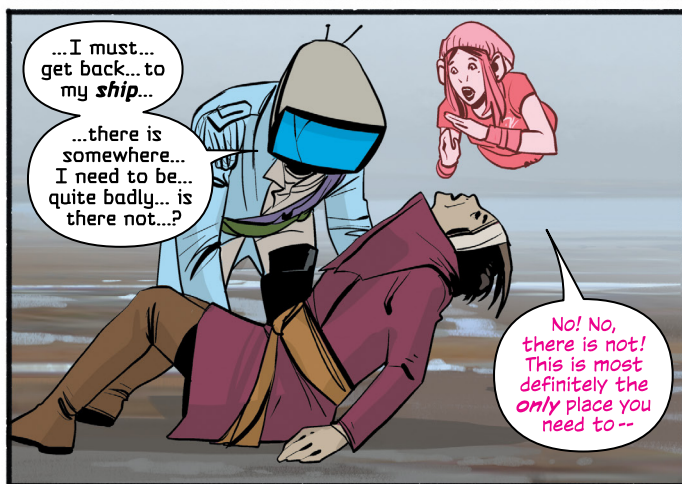
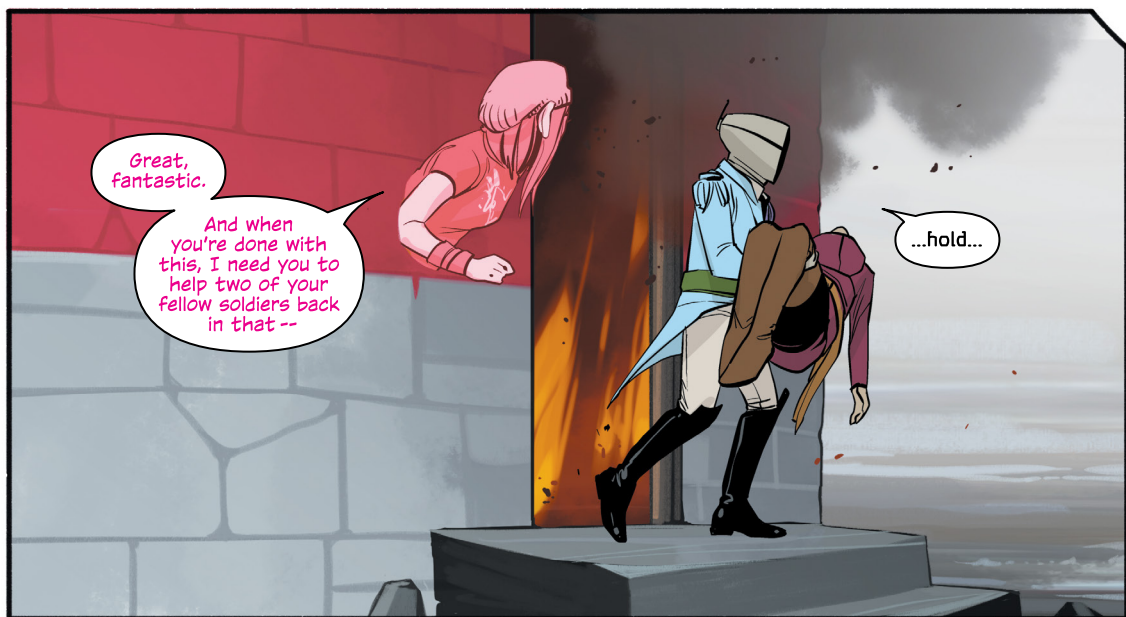
...I am...
Prince Robot...
IV...

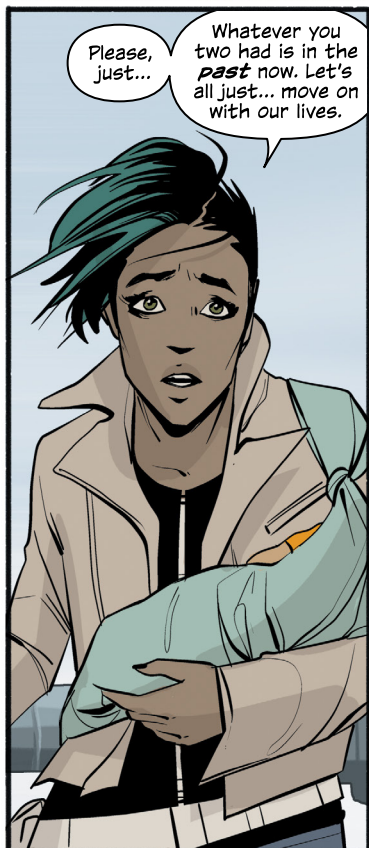
Yeah,
I got
that.

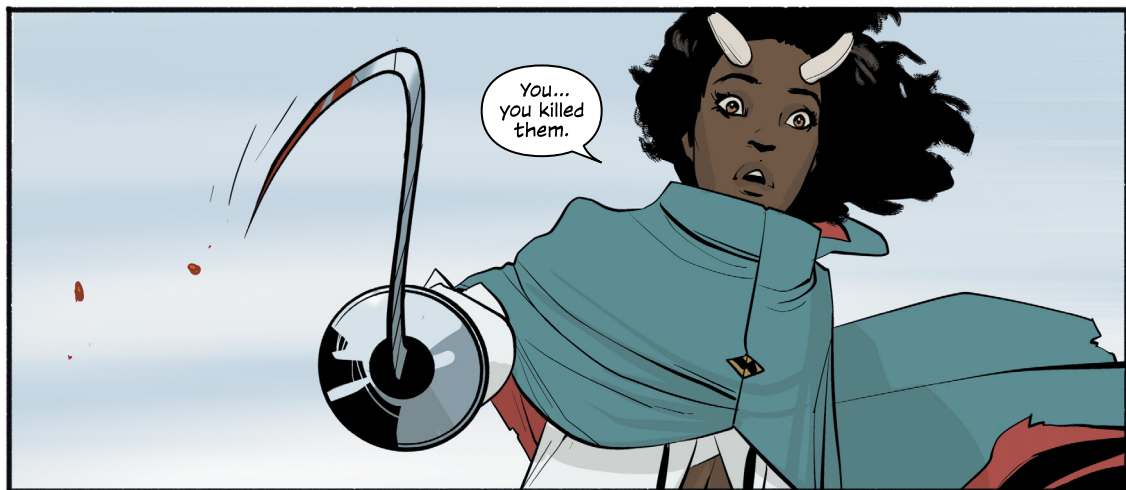
Listen,
we have a, uh,
wounded friendly
that I need you
to help remove
from this active
theater of...
fire.



...I am...
pleased
to... assist
you...



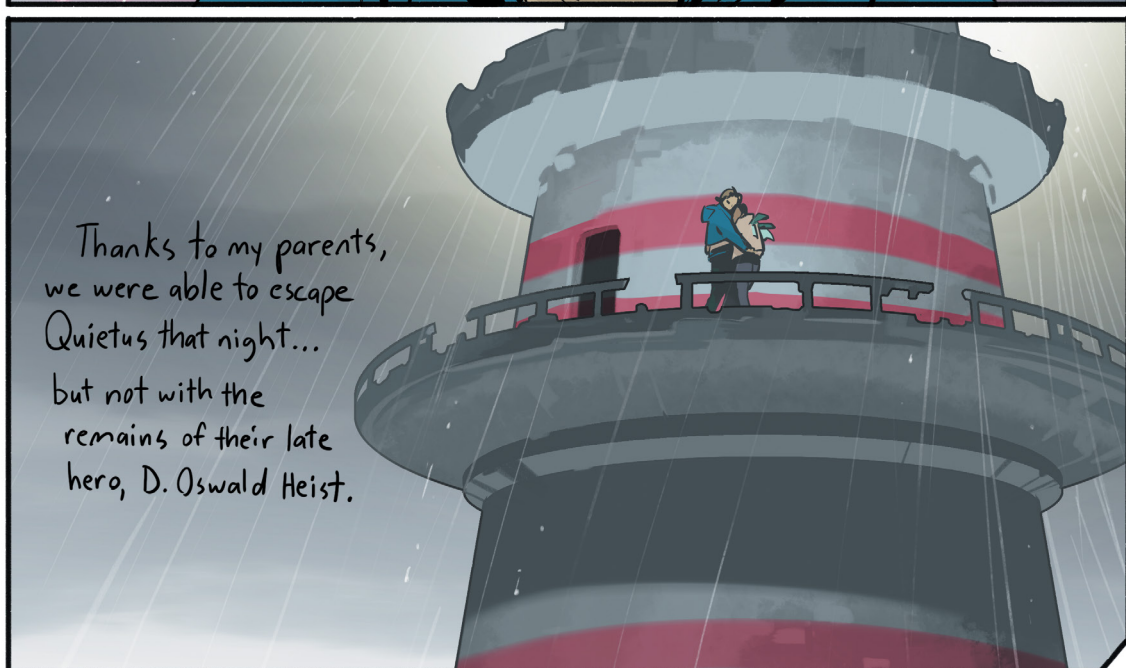








You'll live.



Thanks to my parents,
we were able to escape
Quietus that night...
but not with the
remains of their late
hero, D. Oswald Heist.

Mom and Dad
wanted to stick around
for a proper burial, but
my devastated Granny
argued that Heist would have
appreciated where he ended up...

... mixed amongst the
ashes of his creations.



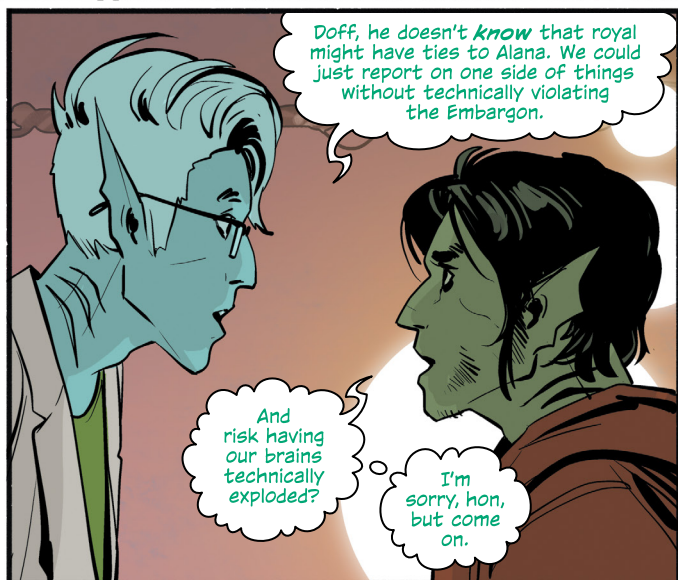
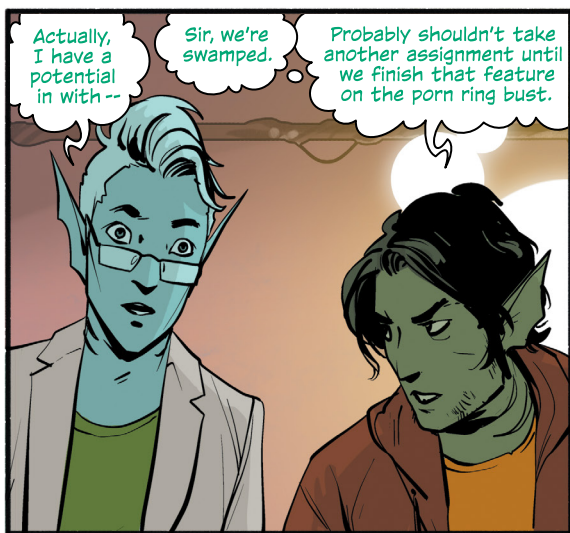
Listen
to this.

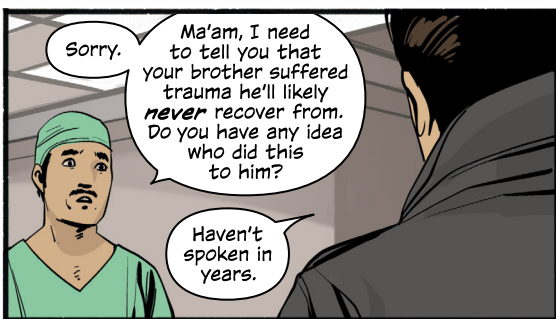
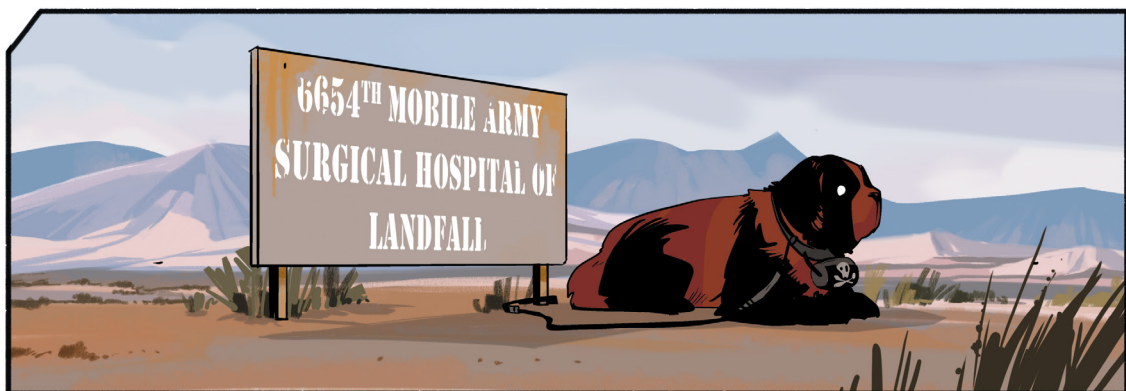
While the effects of
Embargon are usually
permanent, they
can be reversed... if
the casters of the
spell are hanged
until dead.

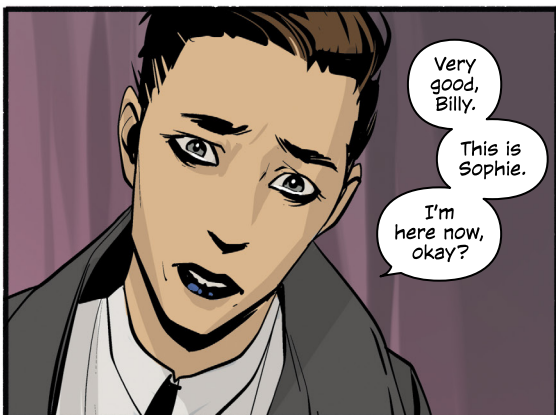
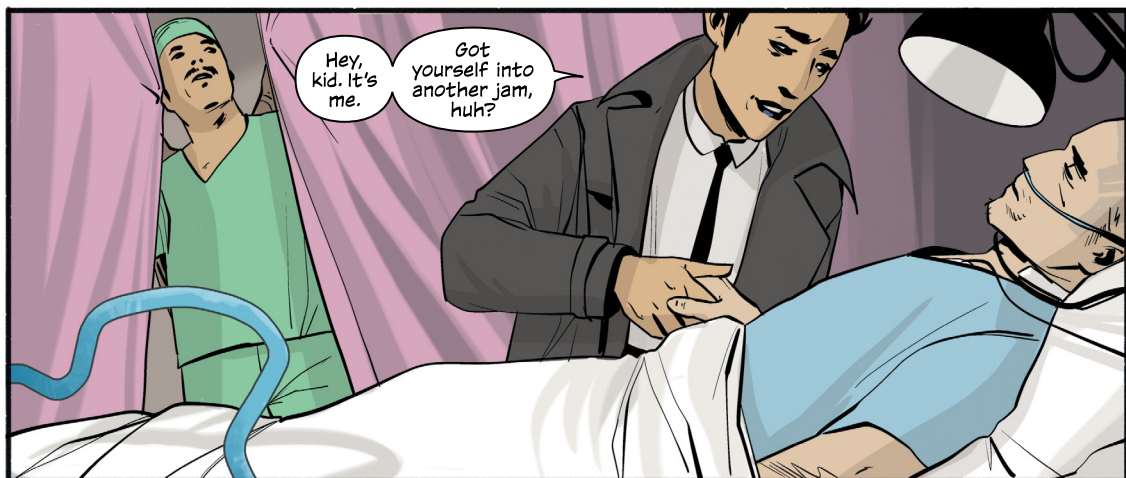
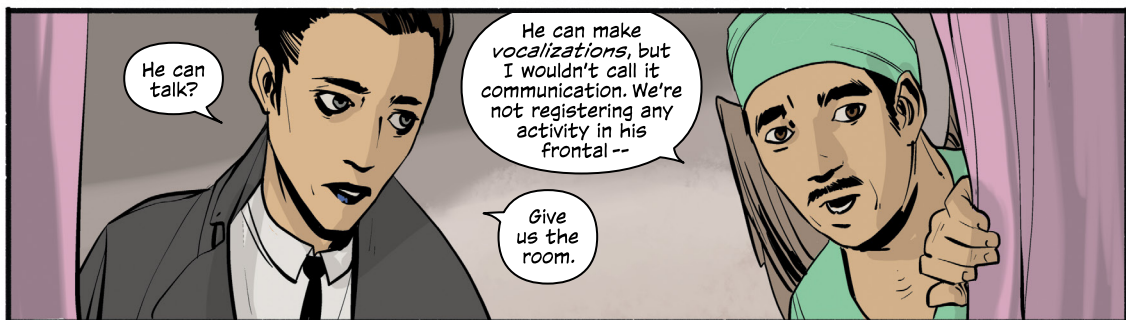
So now
you want us
to assassinate
professional
assassins?

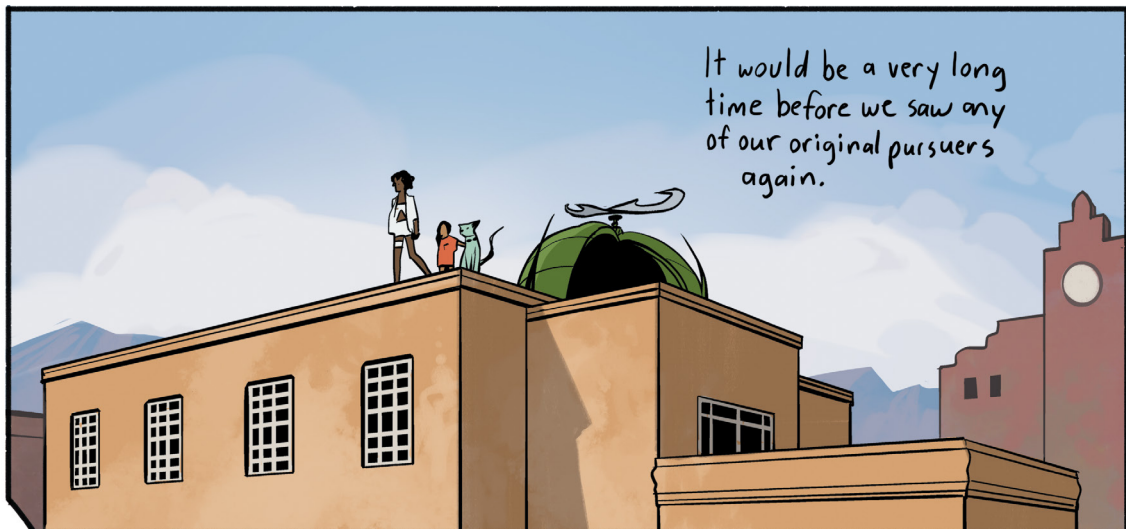
Upsher, you've
been looking for loop-
holes to this stupid
curse for *months*.
Face it, we lost this
one, but there'll
always be --

Hey, you
two assholes
want to cover
a story about
a robot?

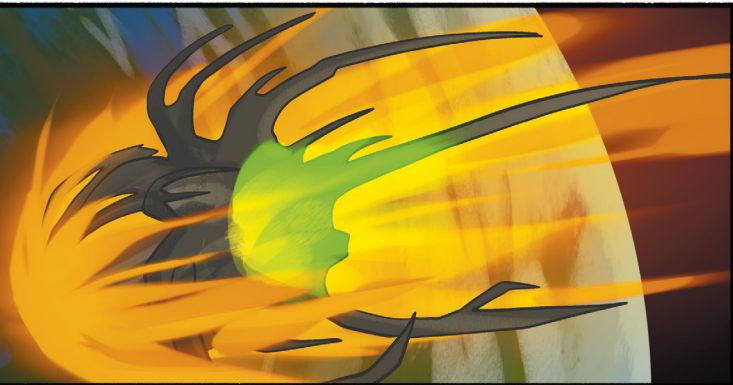








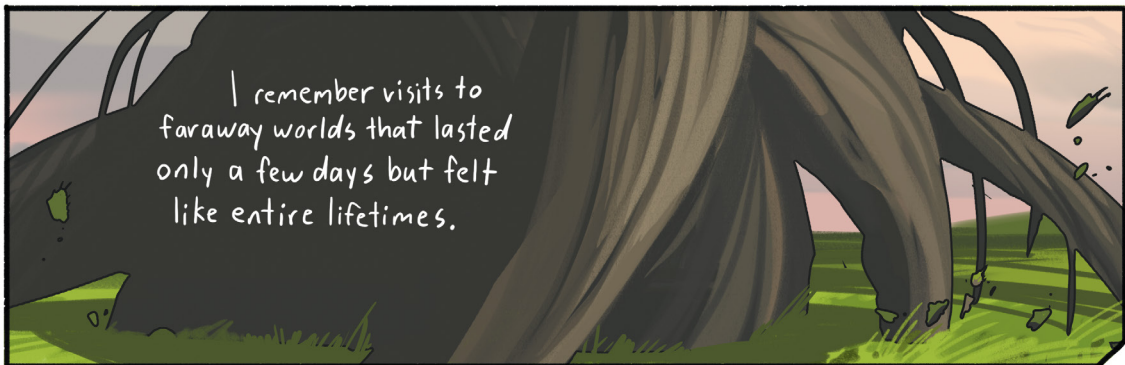
At least, it
seemed kinda
long.



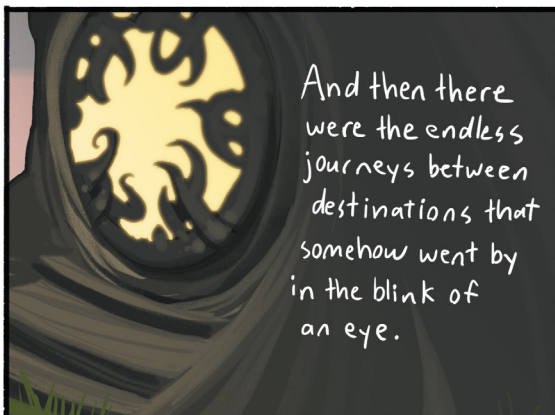
But nothing warps
time quite like childhood.



I remember visits to
faraway worlds that lasted
only a few days but felt
like entire lifetimes.



And then there
were the endless
journeys between
destinations that
somehow went by
in the blink of
an eye.



You know how
it goes.



Watch
your step,
silly.



That
a girl.



Lying Cat convention sketch



Ghüs convention sketch



Fard convention sketch



Rumfer convention sketch

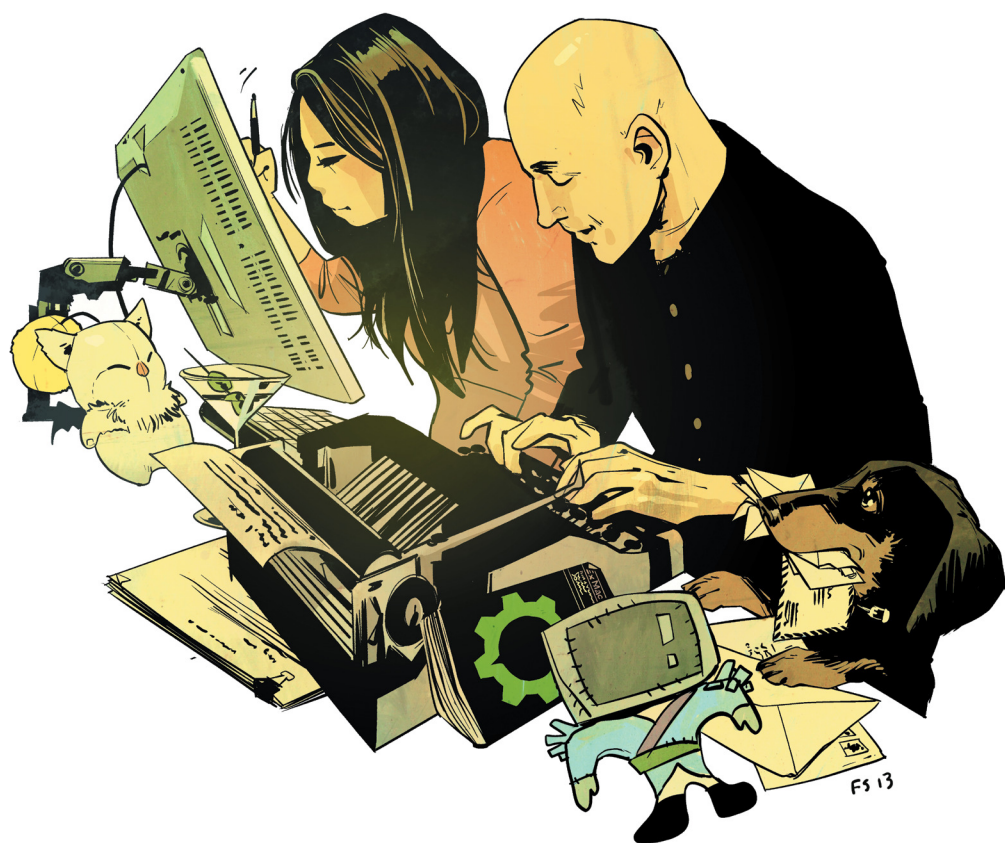
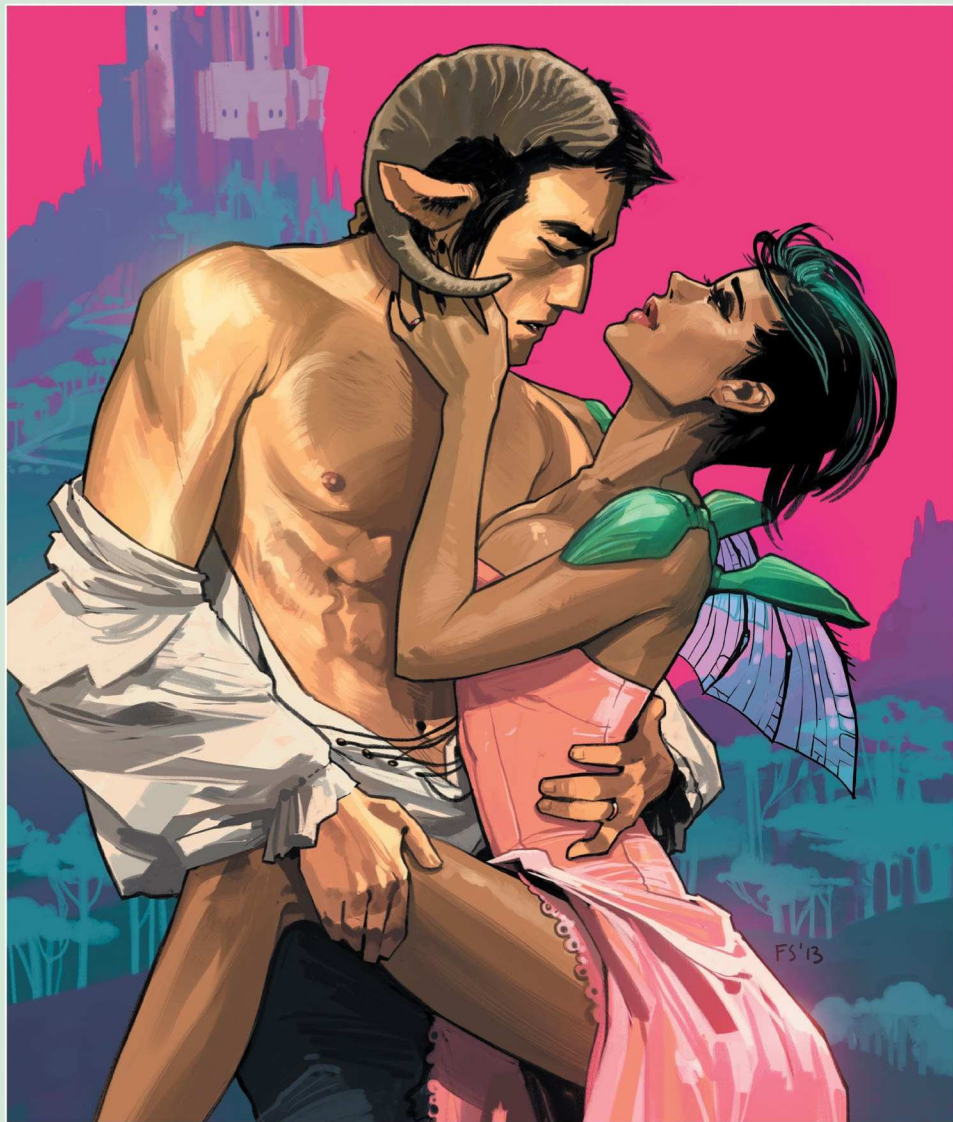


Illustration for *TIME* magazine article on *Saga*

"BEST ONGOING SERIES: **SAGA**. JUST WHEN YOU THINK IT COULDN'T GET ANY BETTER, BRIAN K. VAUGHAN AND FIONA STAPLES OUTDO THEMSELVES THE VERY NEXT ISSUE." **USA TODAY**

"THE STORY TRANSCENDS MERE PACE-POUNDING, AND MANAGES MOMENTS OF SWEETNESS, SORROW, AND SENTIMENT THAT WILL HAVE YOU DAUBING YOUR EYES BETWEEN LAUGHING AND GASPING OVER AUDACIOUS BATTLES." **CORY DOCTOROW, BOING BOING**

"STARRED REVIEW. THIS IS A COMPLETELY ADDICTIVE, HUMAN STORY THAT WILL LEAVE READERS DESPERATELY AWAITING THE NEXT VOLUME." **PUBLISHERS WEEKLY**



From the Hugo Award-winning duo of **BRIAN K. VAUGHAN** (*The Private Eye*, *Y: The Last Man*) and **FIONA STAPLES** (*North 40*, *Red Sonja*), **SAGA** is the sweeping tale of one young family fighting to find their place in the universe. Searching for their literary hero, new parents Marko and Alana travel to a cosmic lighthouse on the planet Quietus, while the couple's multiple pursuers finally close in on their targets.



imagecomics.com



SCI-FI/FANTASY

RATED **M** / MATURE