

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN    FIONA STAPLES



FS'14

# Saga™

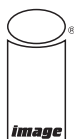
VOLUME  
FOUR





VOLUME  
FOUR

# Sa



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BRIAN K. VAUGHAN

W R I T E R

FIONA STAPLES

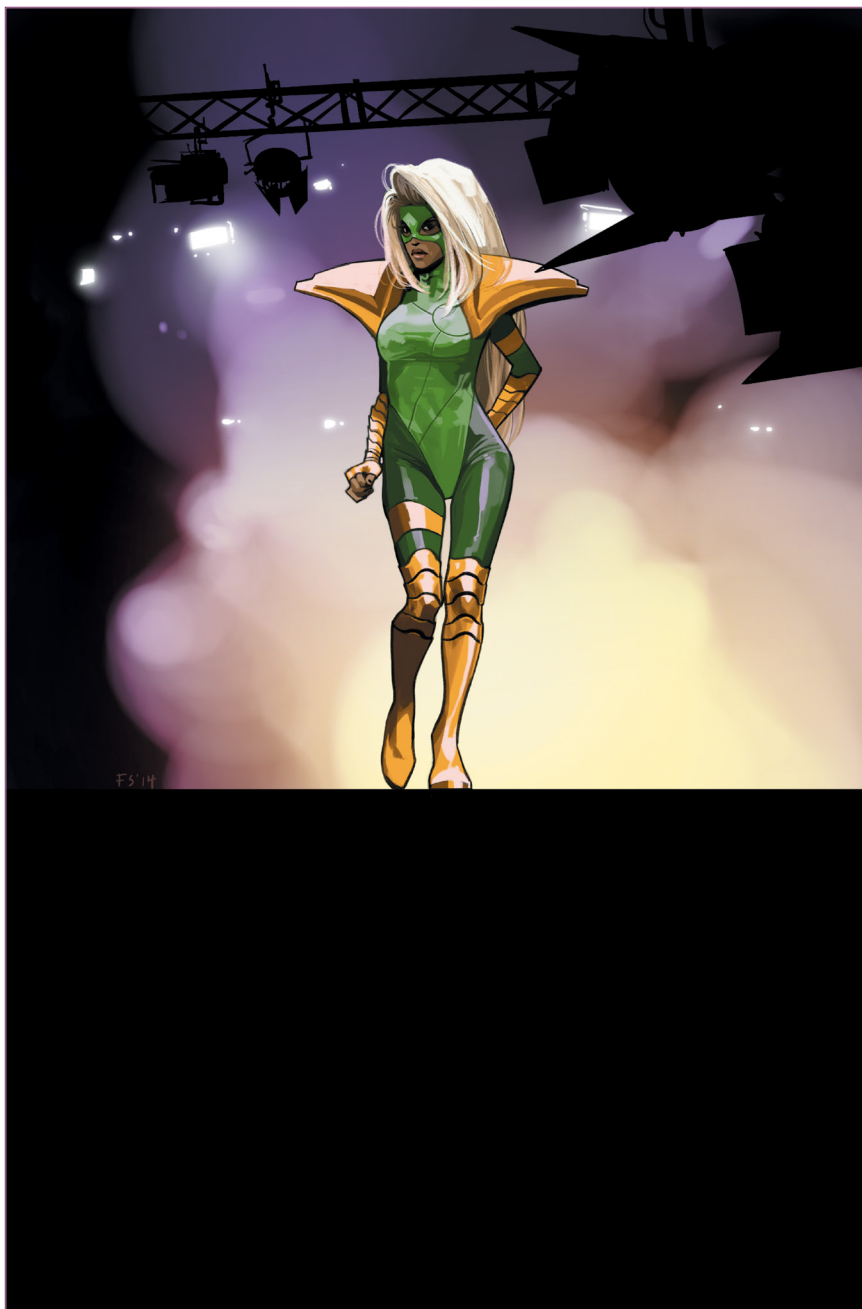
A R T I S T

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



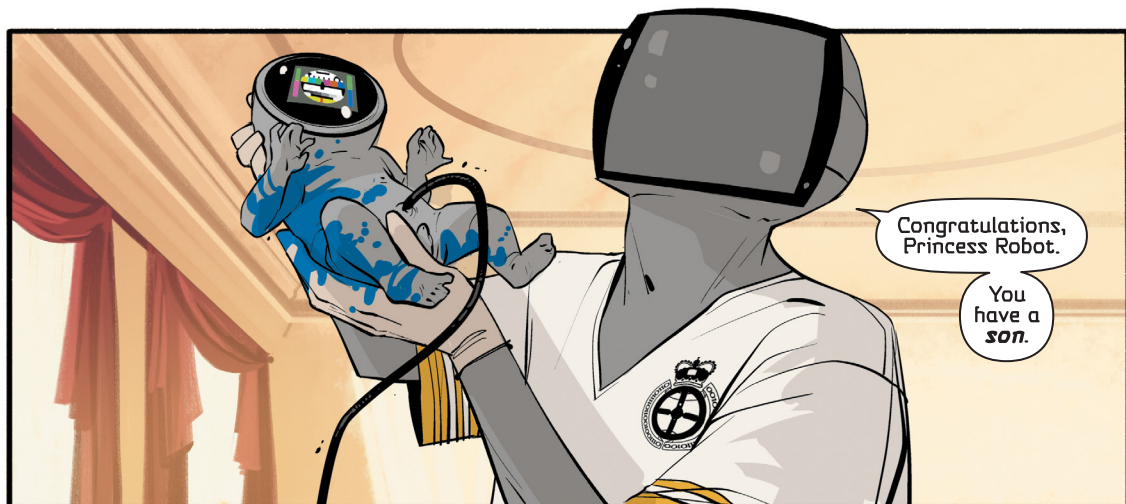
CHAPTER

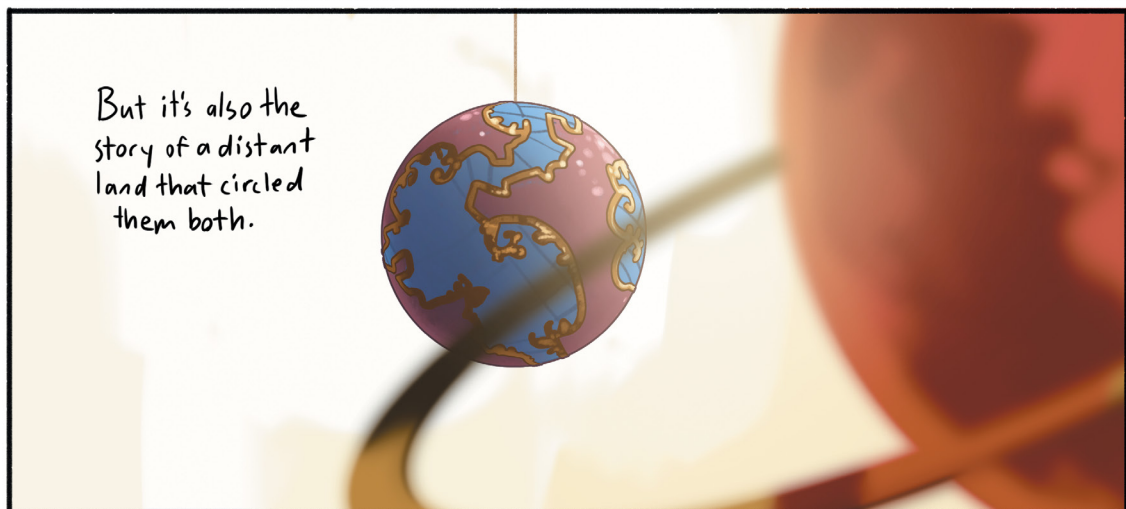
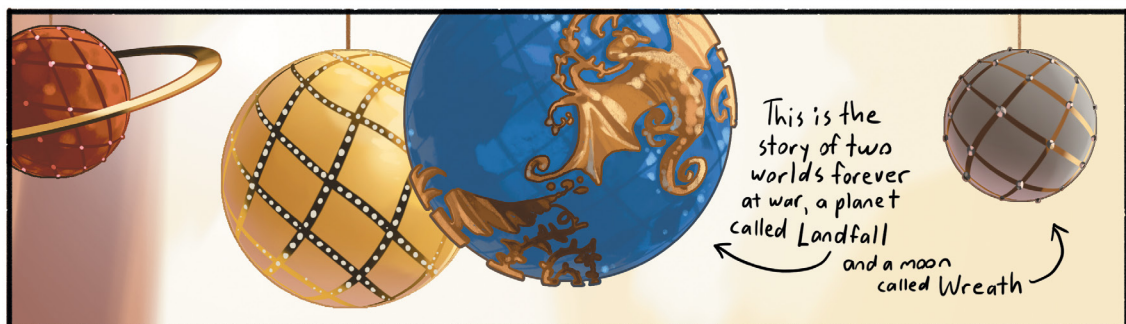
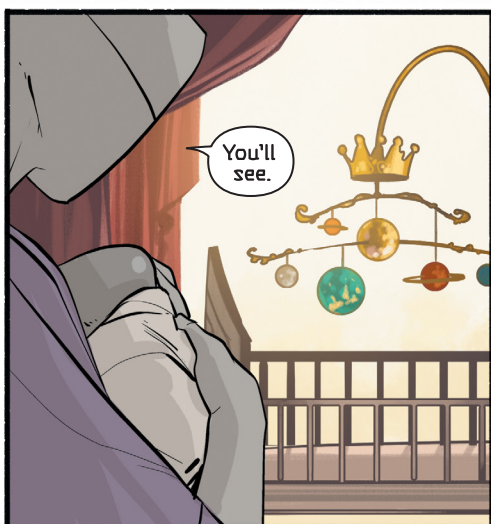
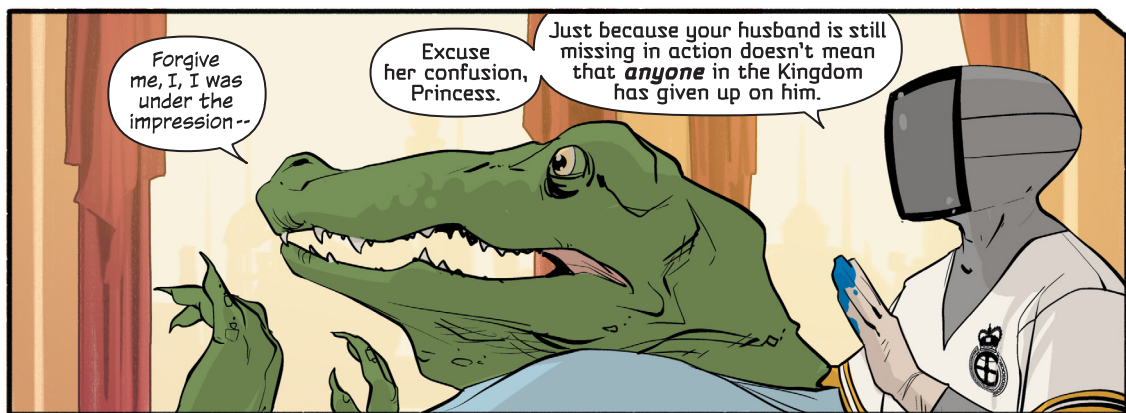
NINETEEN

*One last  
push!*







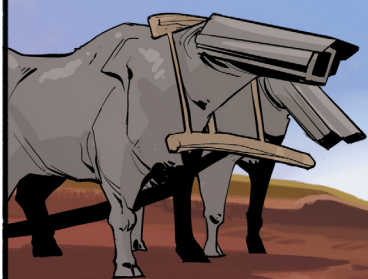




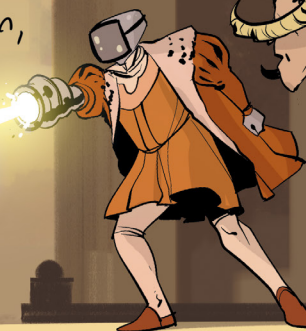
The Robot Kingdom is a dwarf planet, which doesn't mean that dwarves live there (though maybe a few do, I don't know).



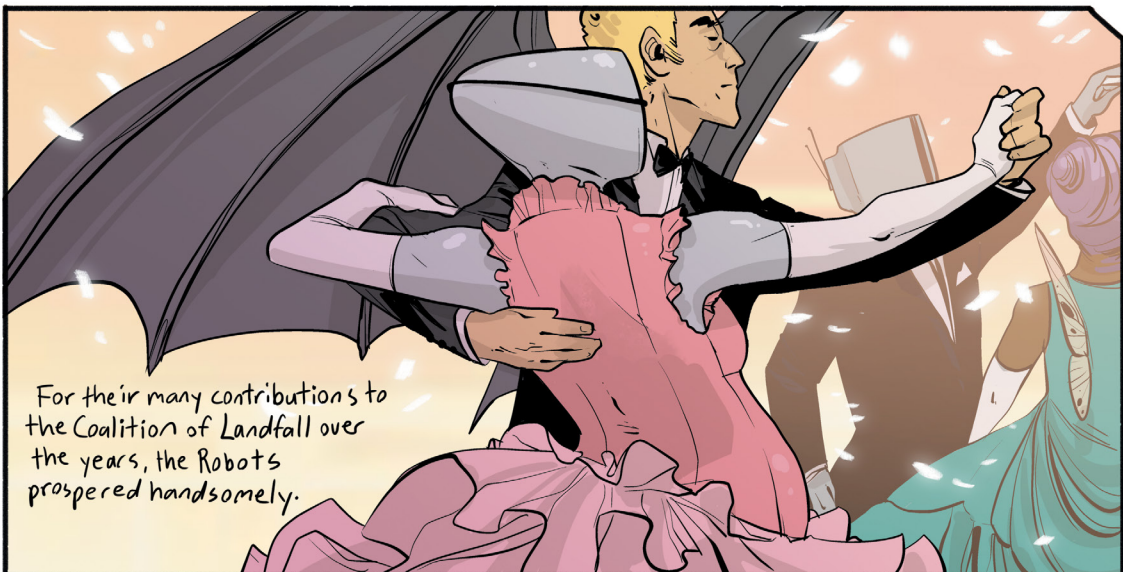
It just means the place is too big to be considered a moon and too small to be considered a real planet.



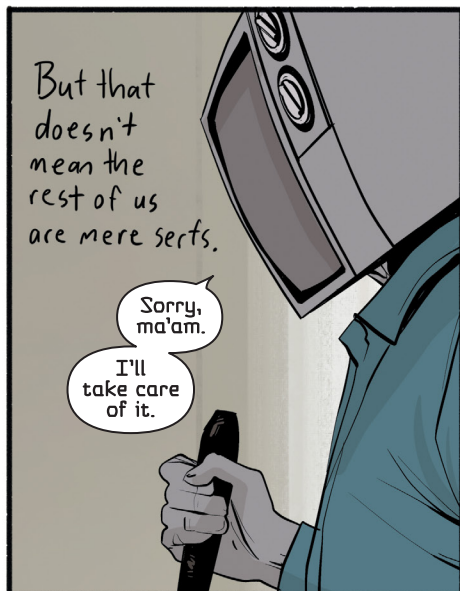
So like all middle children, the Kingdom picked sides carefully.



For their many contributions to the Coalition of Landfall over the years, the Robots prospered handsomely.



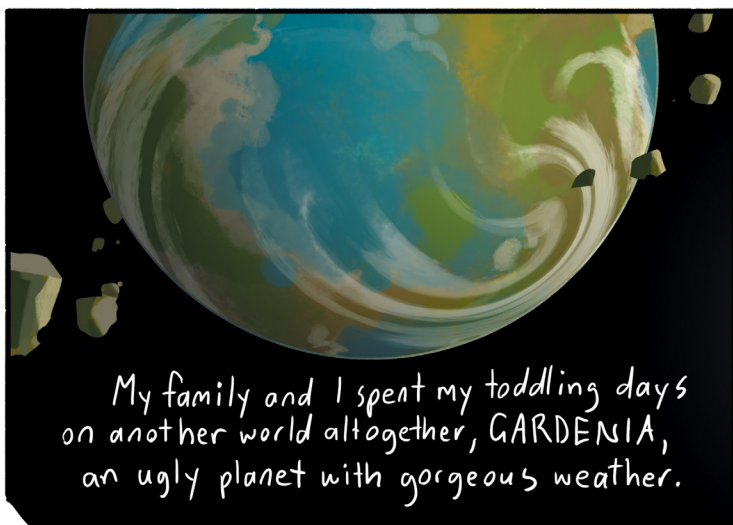




*And our castles are made of air.*







My family and I spent my toddling days  
on another world altogether, GARDENIA,  
an ugly planet with gorgeous weather.



FEE,  
DADDY,  
FEE!

Soak it up,  
I'm not  
always this  
adorable.



We'd been safely ensconced here  
for several months, and... you  
know what, forget it.



You'll catch up.

Bonan  
matenon.

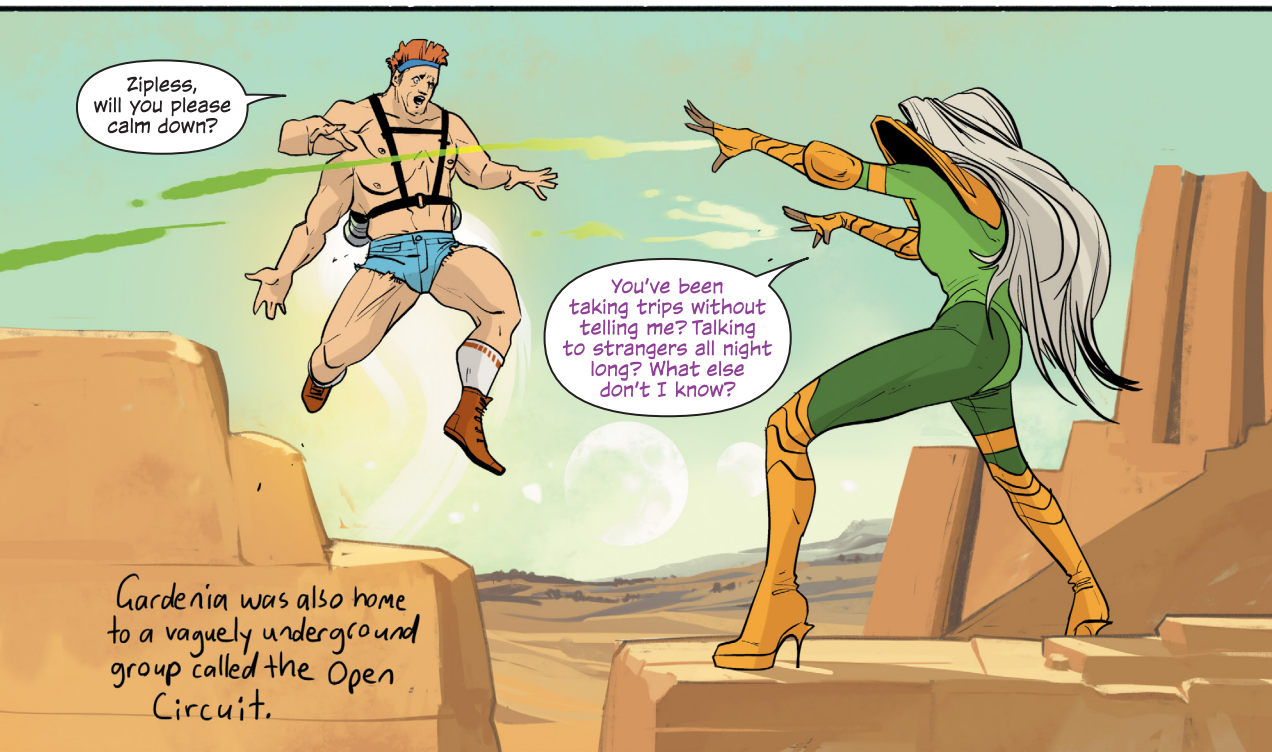








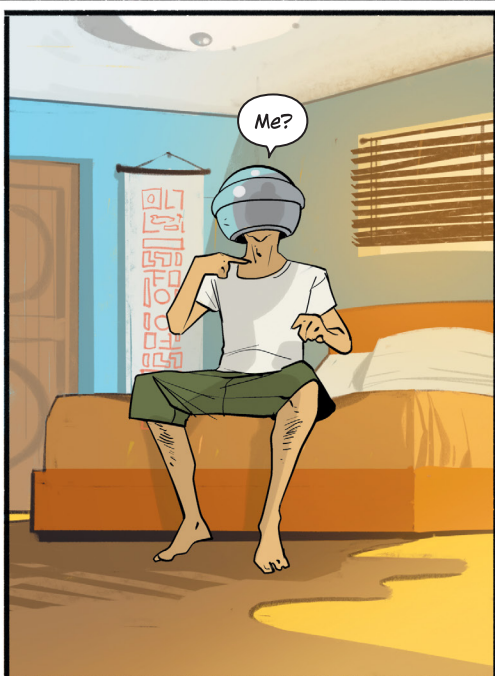
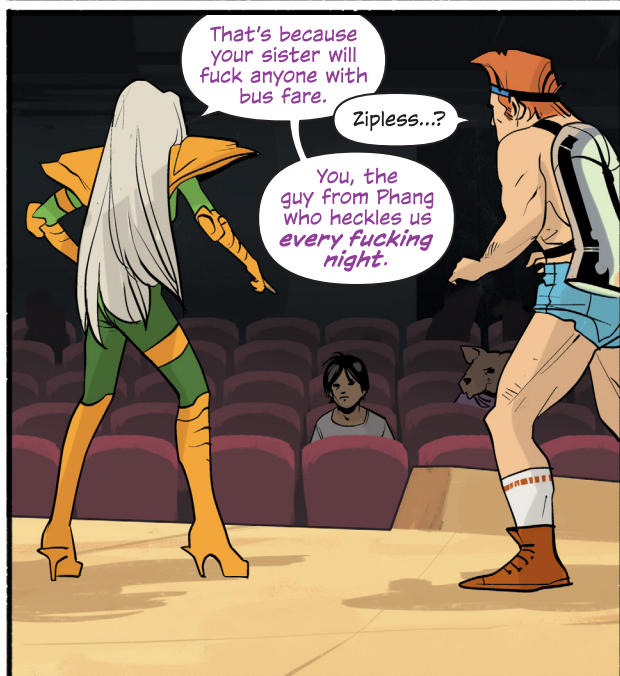
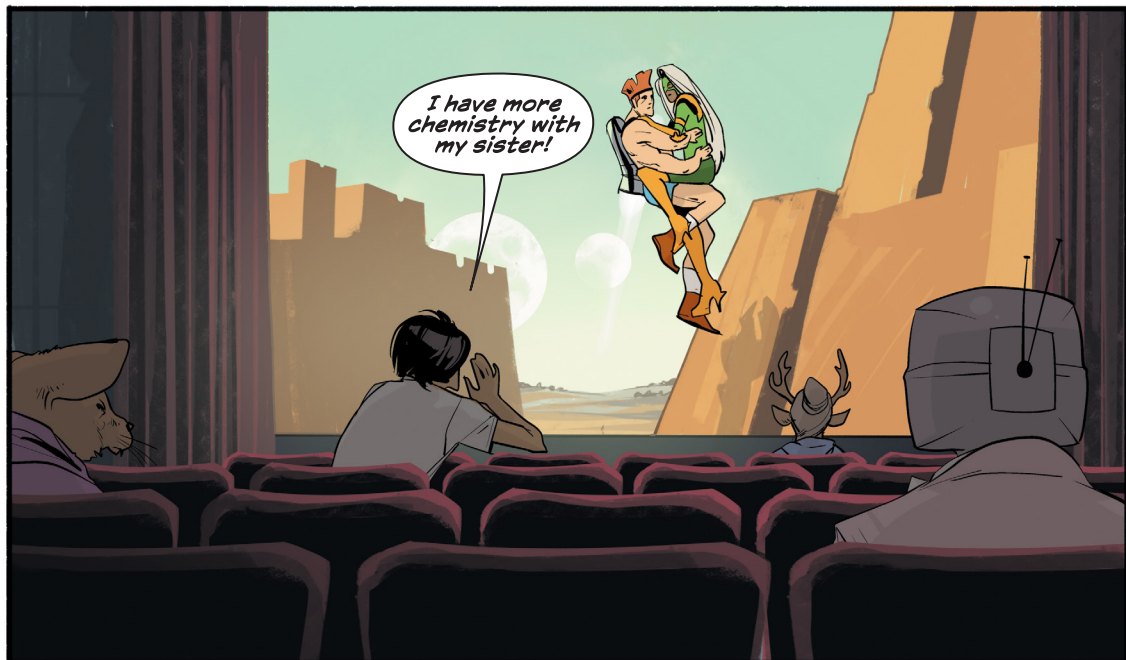
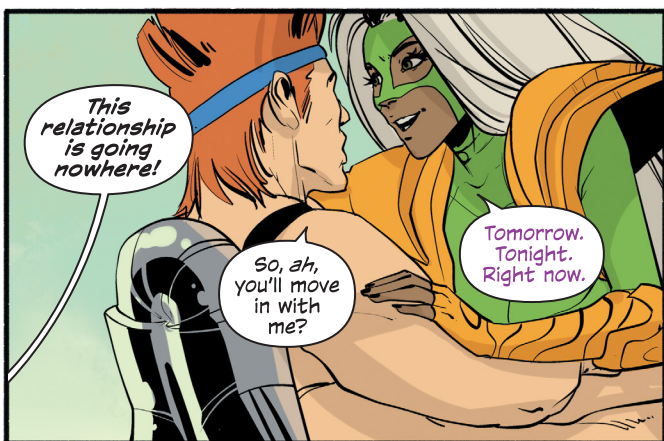




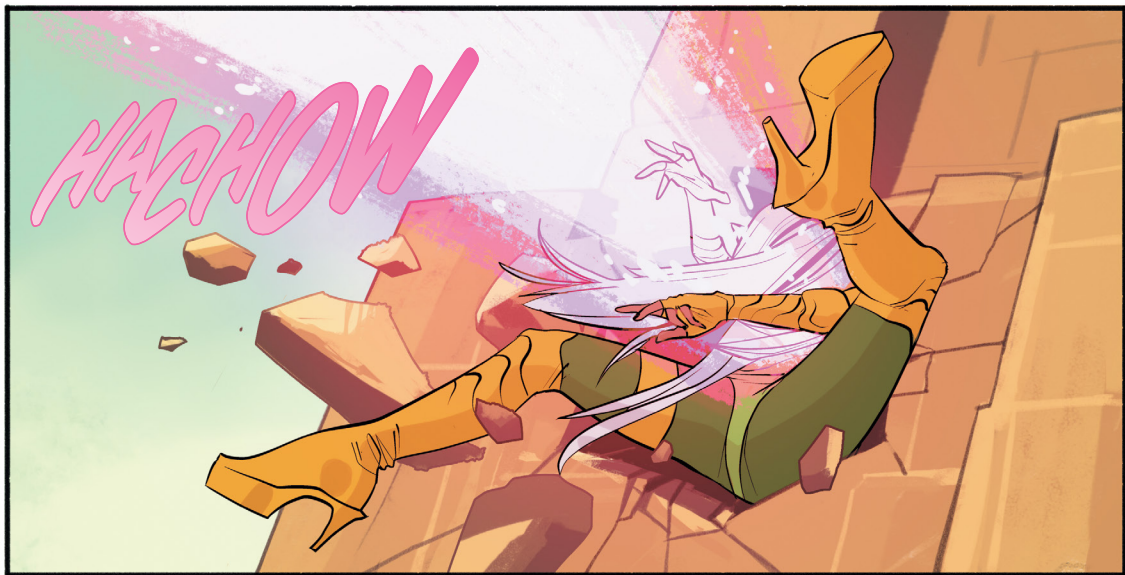
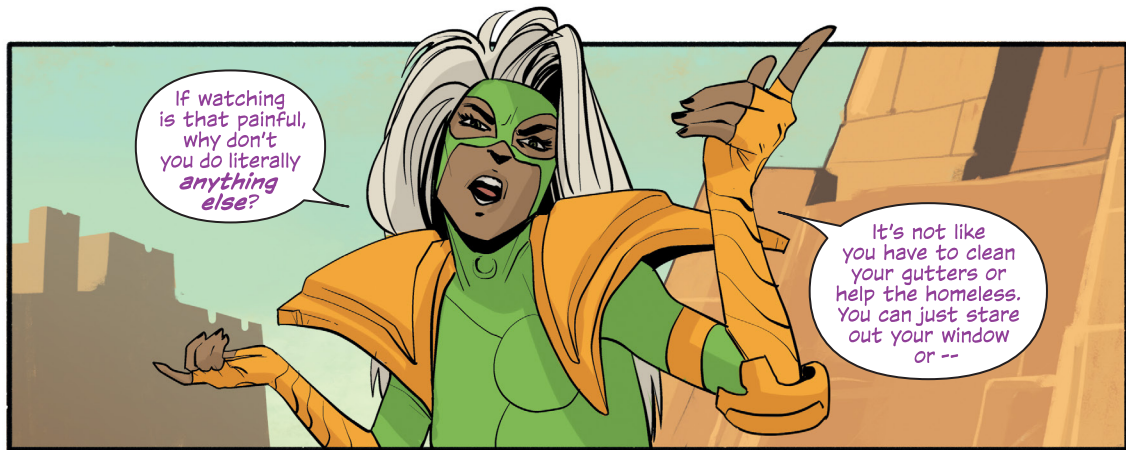




Some of the special  
effects are cool.

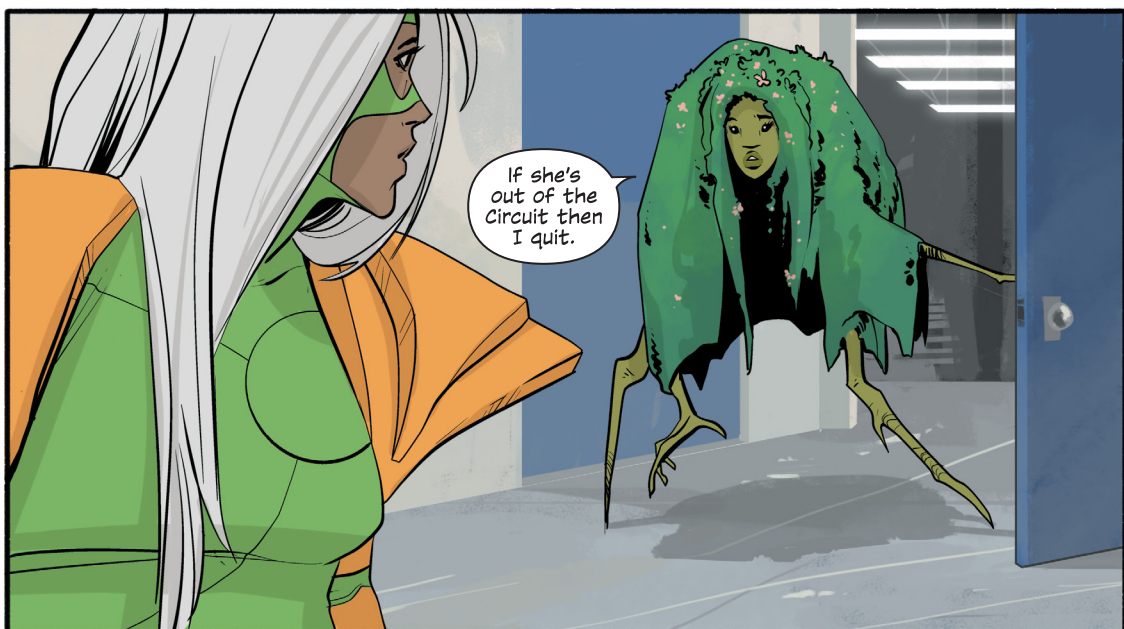


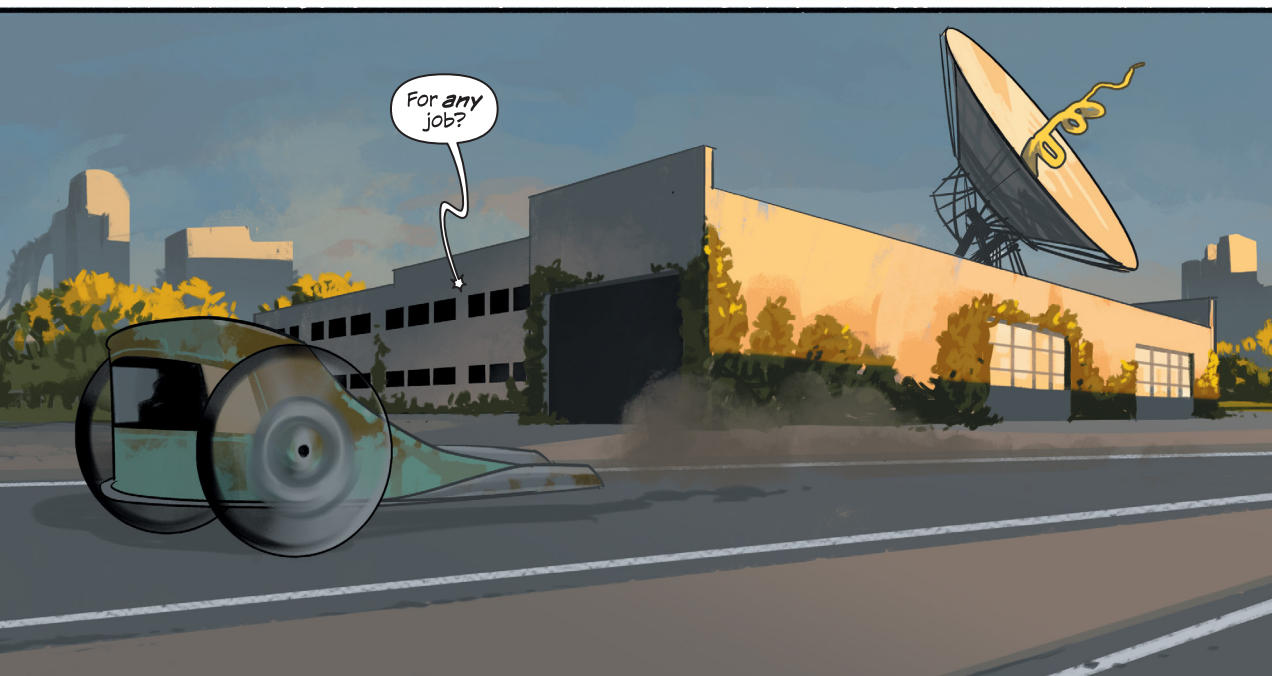
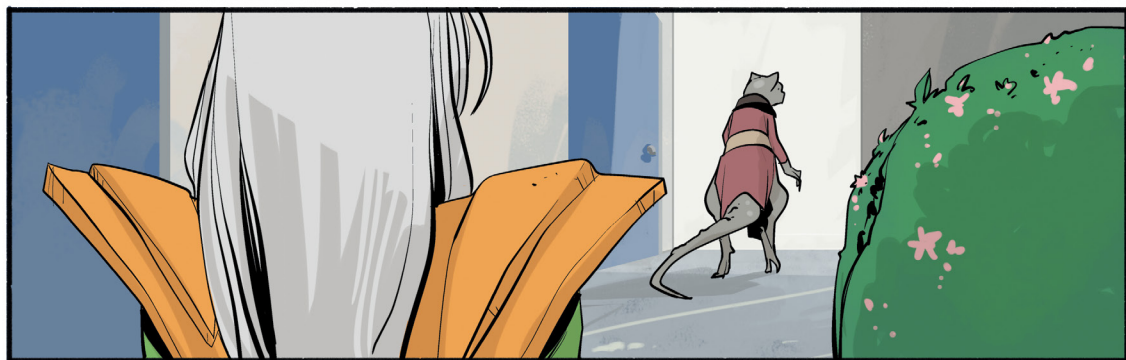
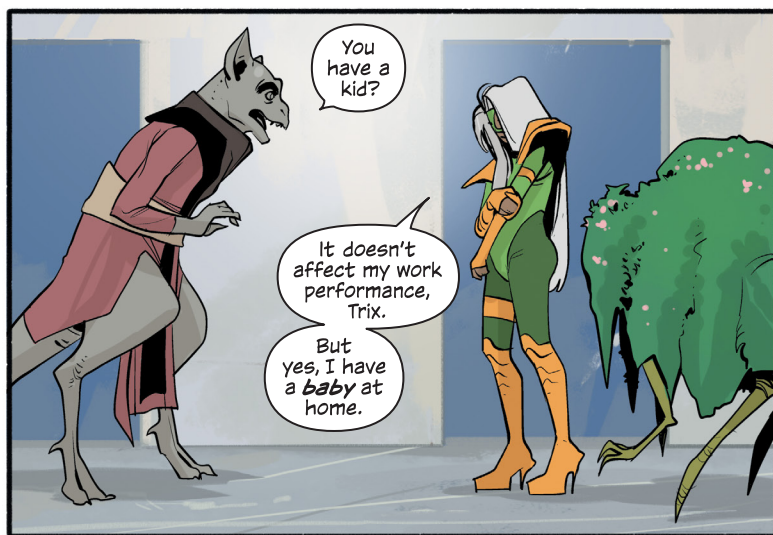




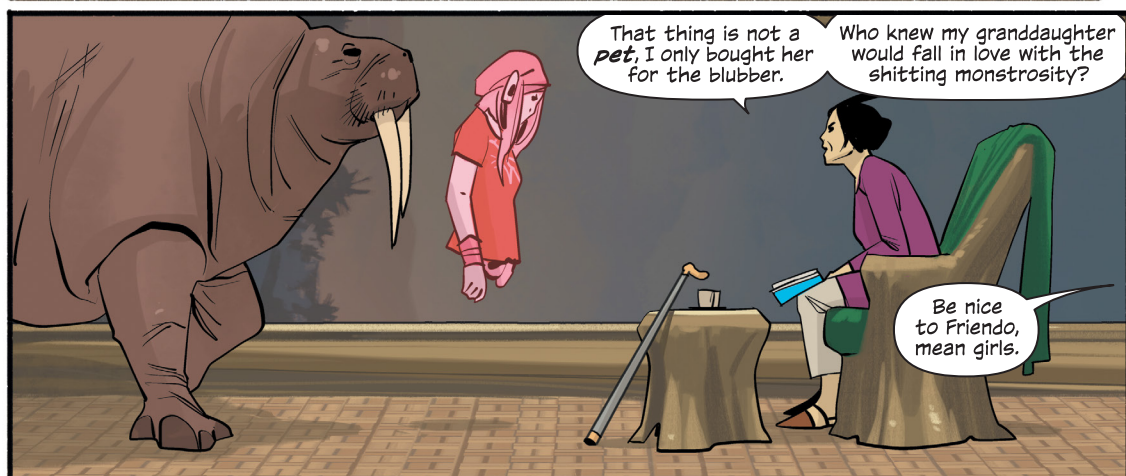
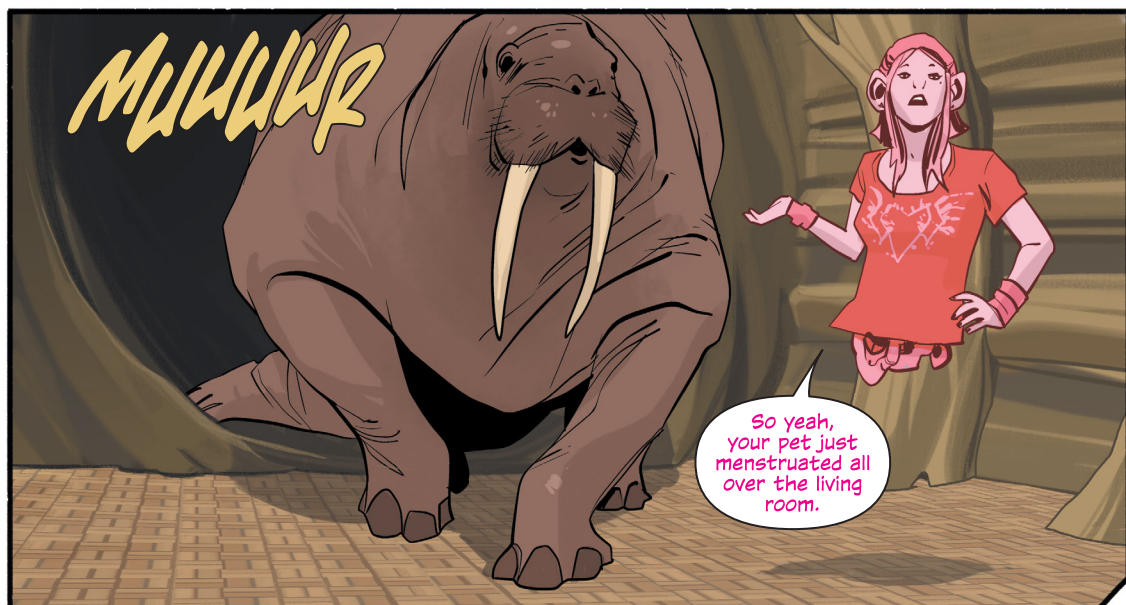
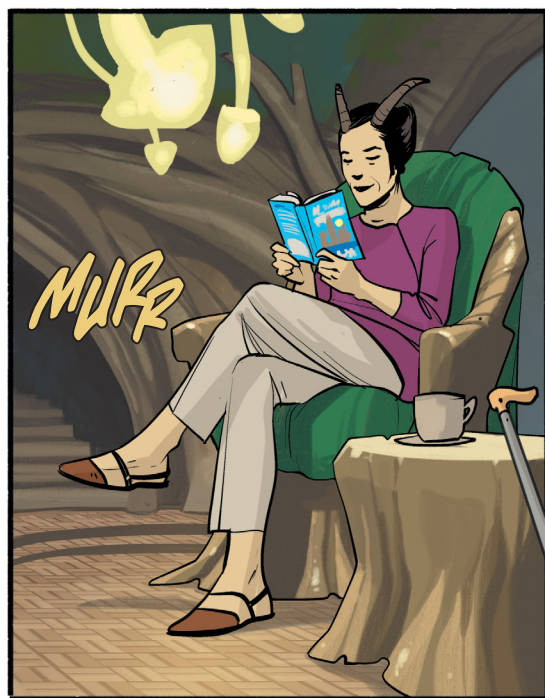












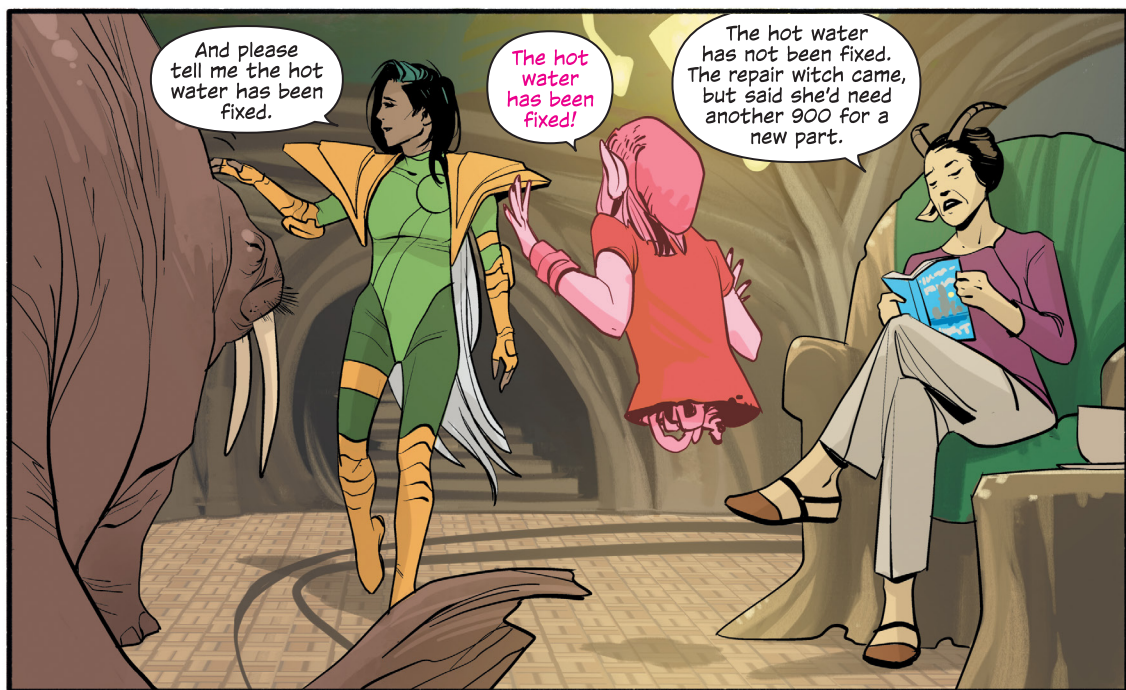
That thing is not a **pet**, I only bought her for the blubber.

Who knew my granddaughter would fall in love with the shitting monstrosity?

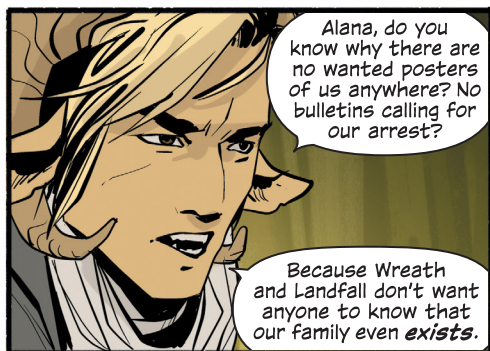
Be nice to Friendo, mean girls.

So yeah, your pet just menstruated all over the living room.

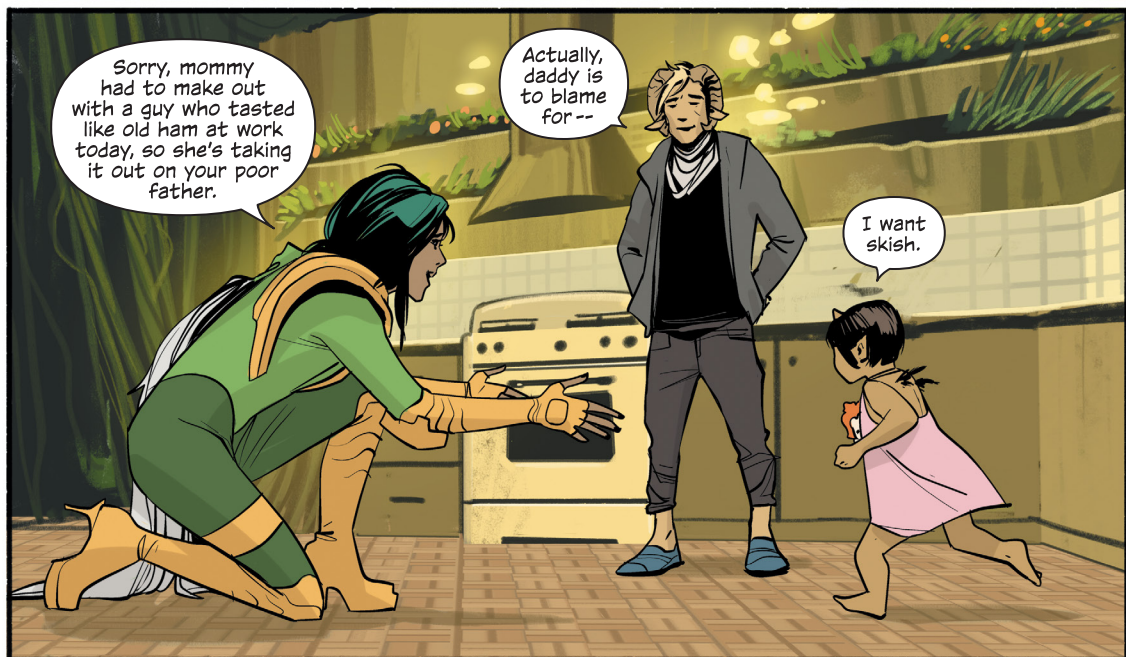












This is the story of how my parents split up.





end chapter nineteen



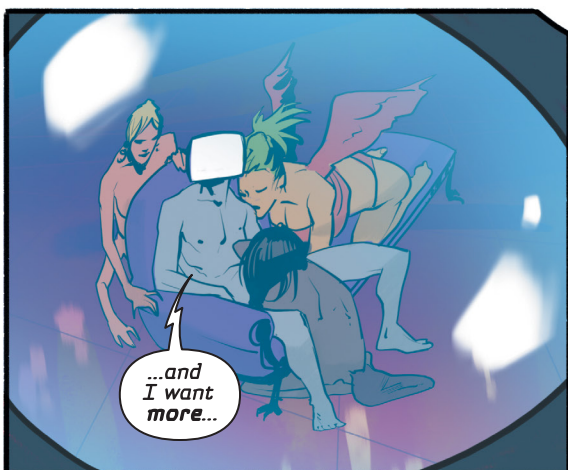
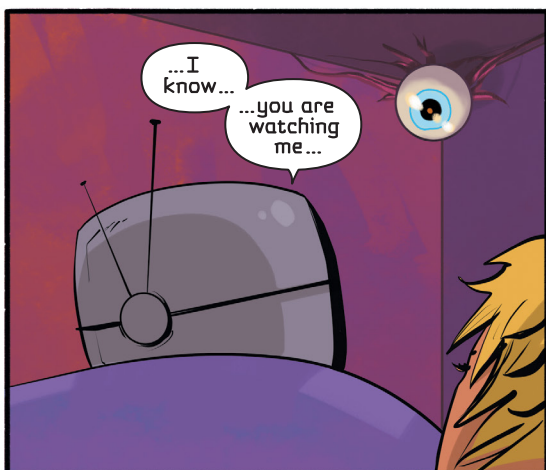


CHAPTER  
TWENTY

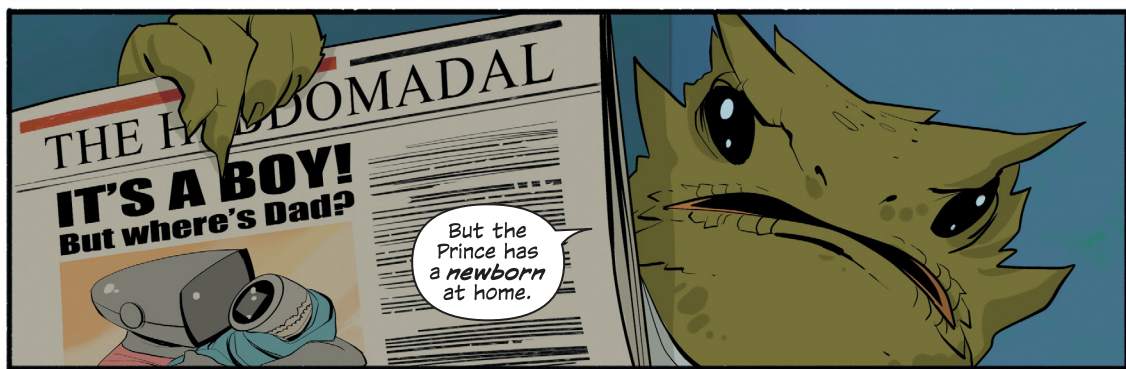


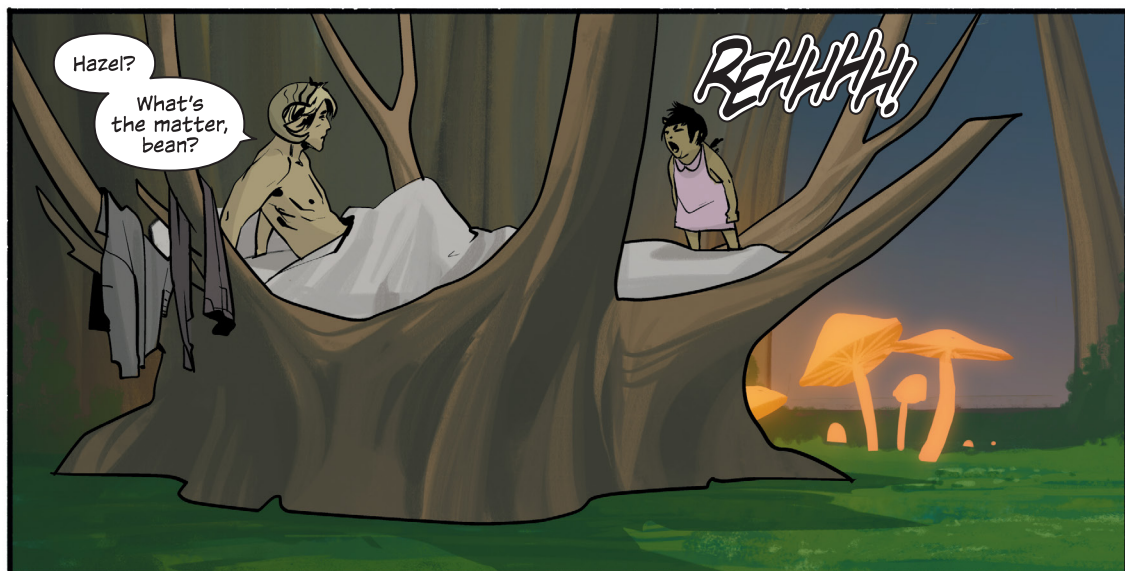
...more...



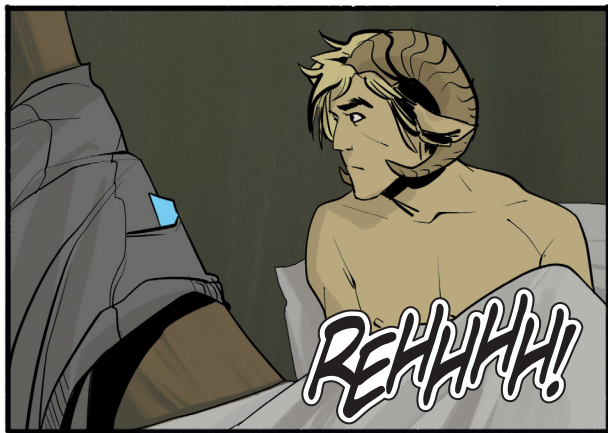
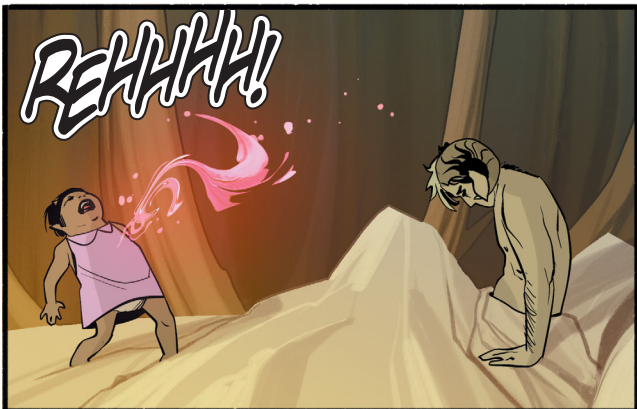
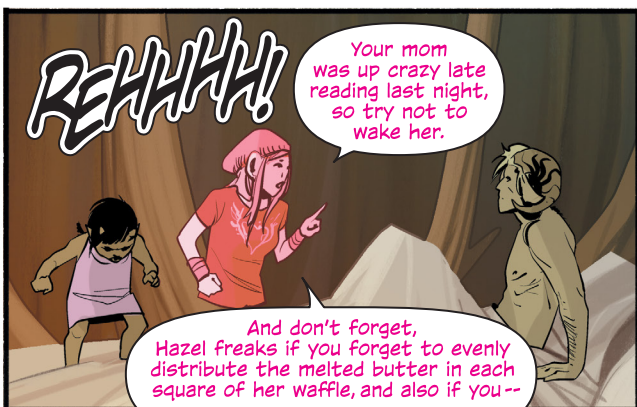










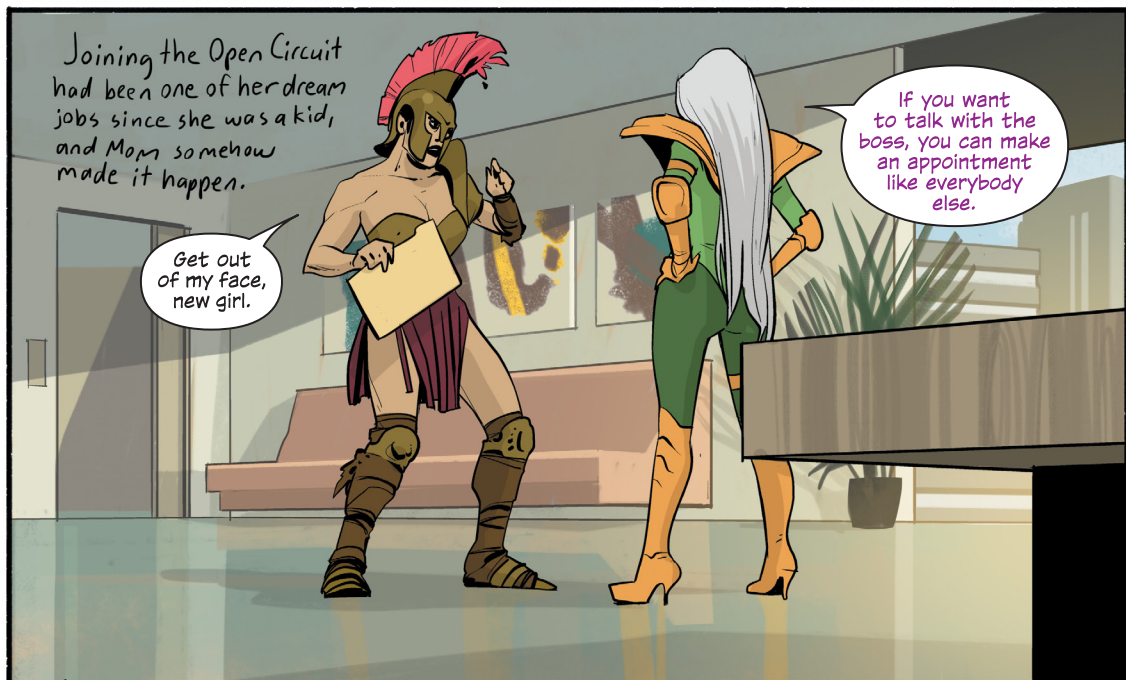






Bitch, be professional about this.

The military was my mother's first career, but it wasn't her last.



Joining the Open Circuit had been one of her dream jobs since she was a kid, and Mom somehow made it happen.

Get out of my face, new girl.

If you want to talk with the boss, you can make an appointment like everybody else.



It's all right, Zipless.

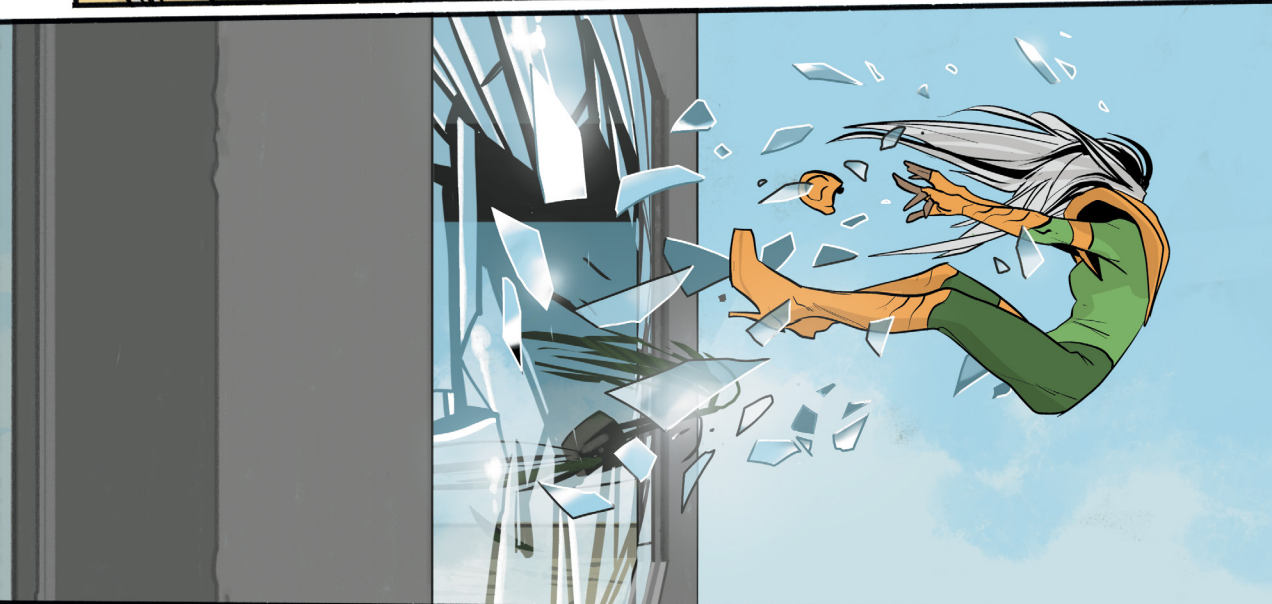
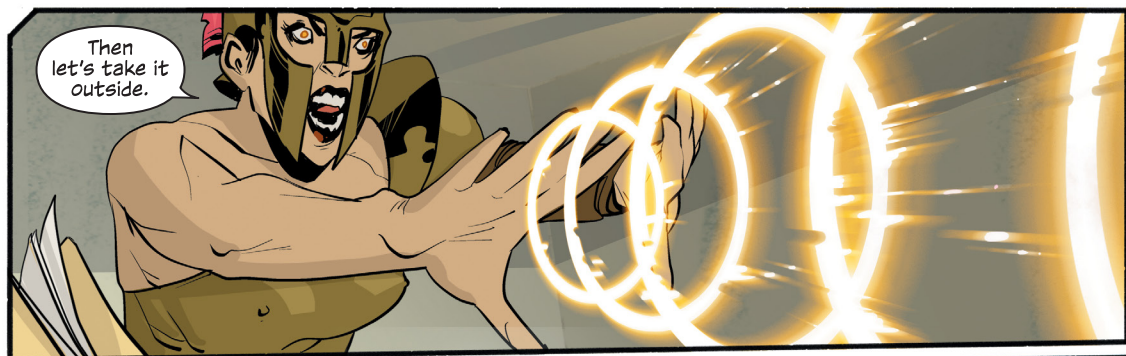
What's the problem now, K-Fabe?



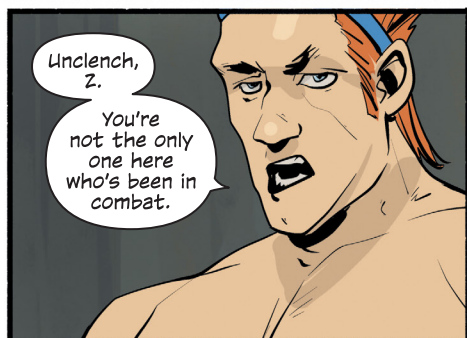
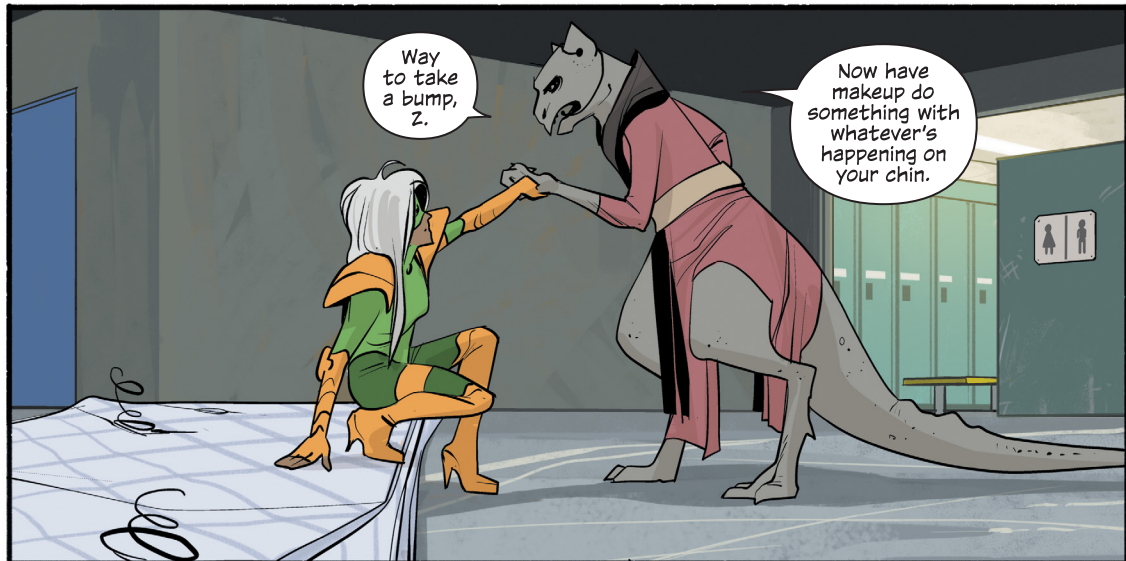
I got a hold of the new budget.

How the fuck is this medium-talent making twice as much as me?

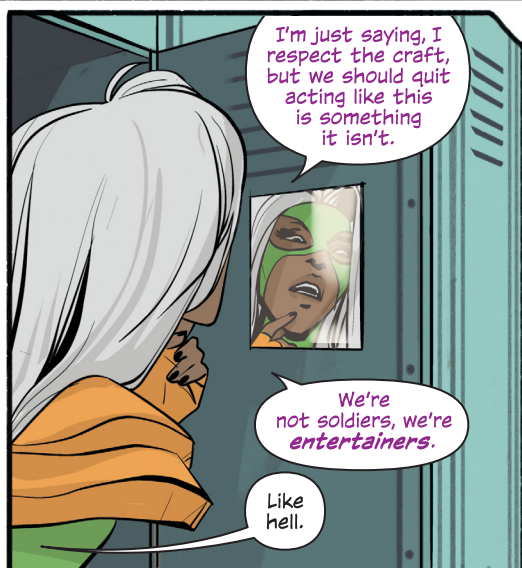
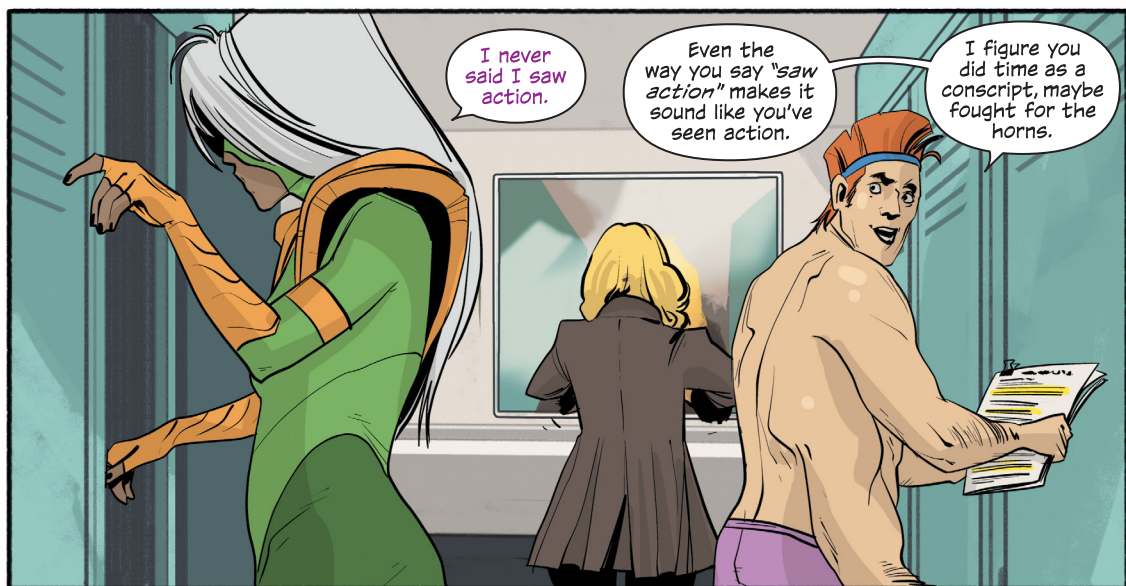
But as anyone who's ever gotten one knows, a dream job is still a job.

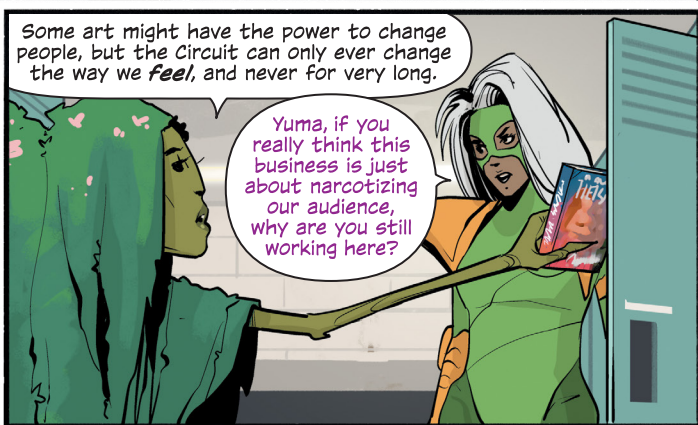
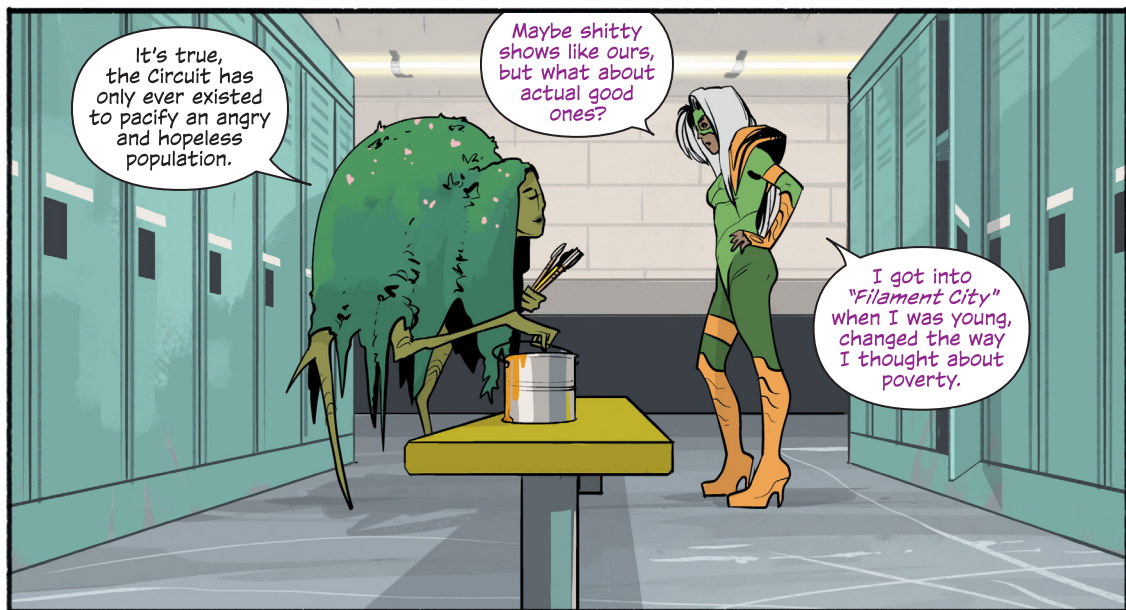
















Oswald tried to change the worlds with his novels and all it got him was **dead**.

I actually think we're better off just trying to make as many people in this universe as blissed out as possible, even if it's only for a bit.

Back up, **you** get high?



My dear, I'm high right now. So are half your colleagues.

On what?

Fadeaway, mostly.



And no one told me?

But, I'm cool! I'm susceptible to peer pressure!

You've also got a little girl to look after, mama.



Not for another six hours, I don't.

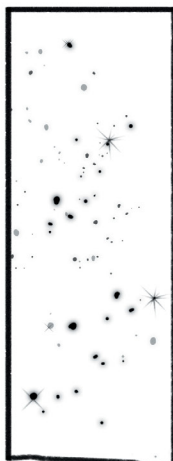
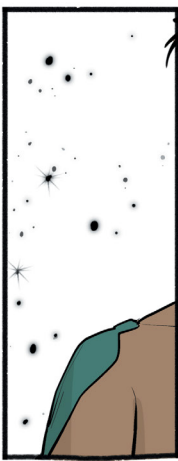
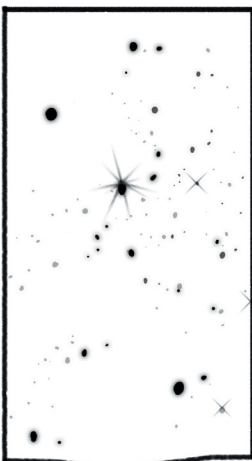
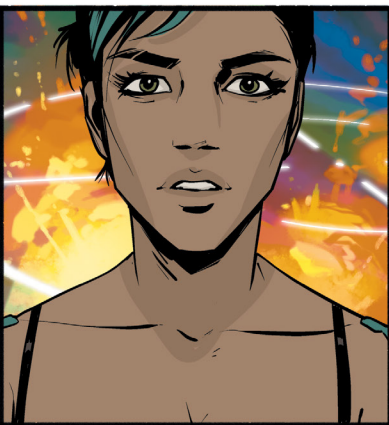
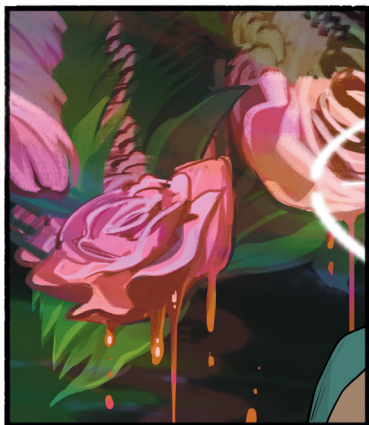
Come on, I haven't taken a single day off since Hazel was born. My entire maternity leave was basically spent **fleeing**. Just let me try a taste.

This isn't like whatever dreck you may have sampled back in high school, Alana. Fadeaway is much stronger these days, and it hits a lot faster.



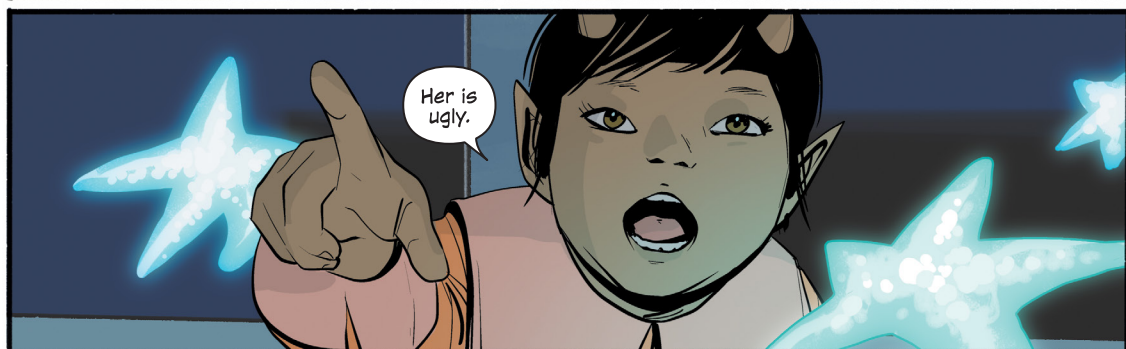
This isn't my first time in the deep end of the





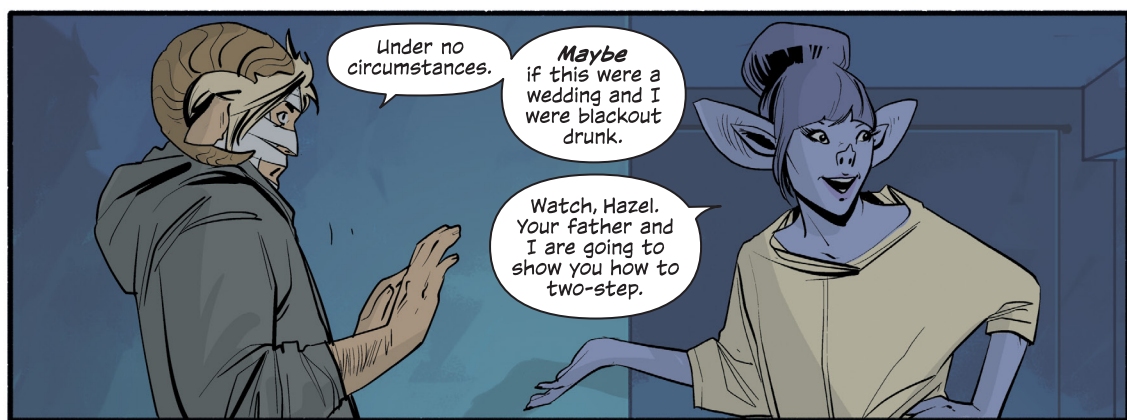






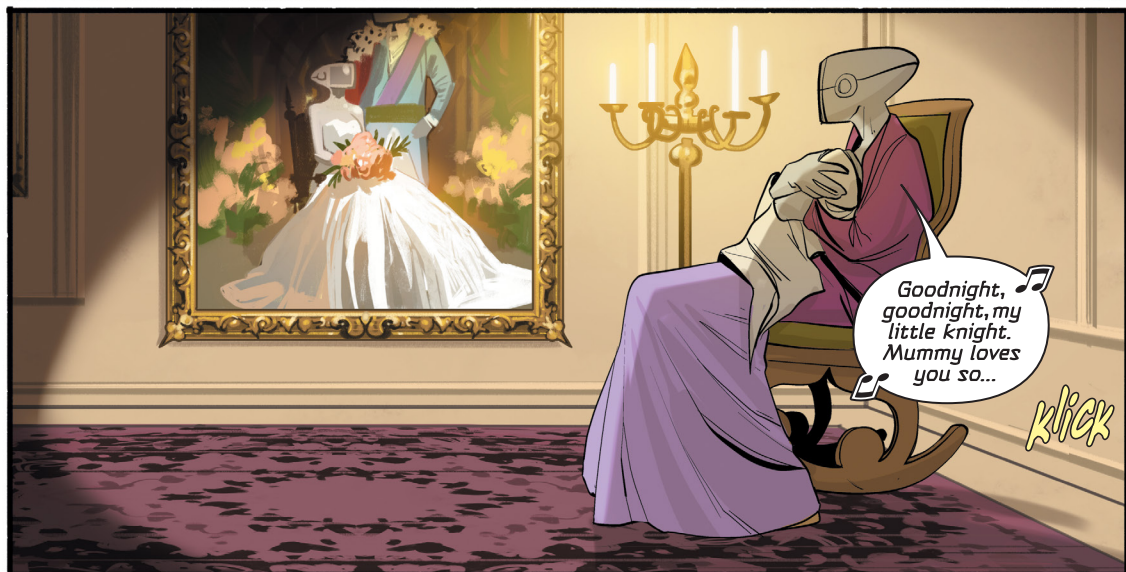






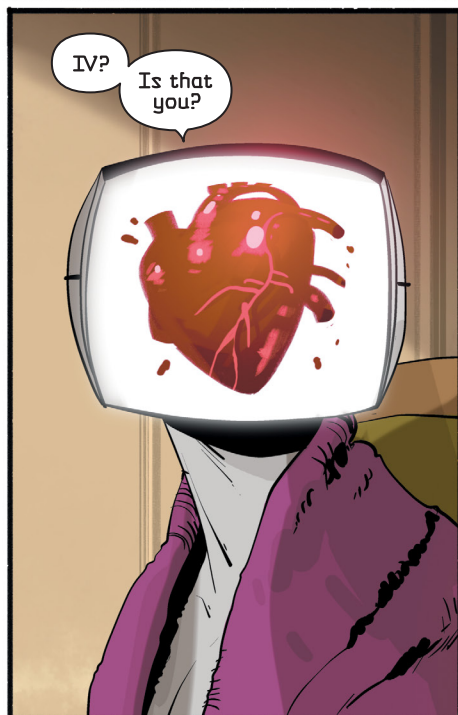


Everyone needs to be  
someone else sometimes.



Goodnight,  
goodnight, my  
little knight.  
Mummy loves  
you so...

*klick*



IV?  
Is that  
you?



Nah.

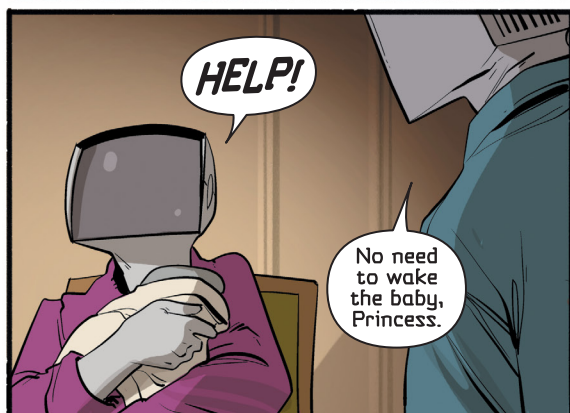
Just one  
of your lowly  
subjects.





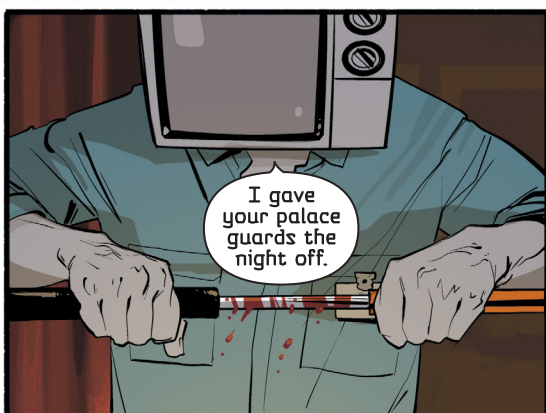
Who the fuck...?

I've been your custodian for nearly two years, and you don't even know my name?

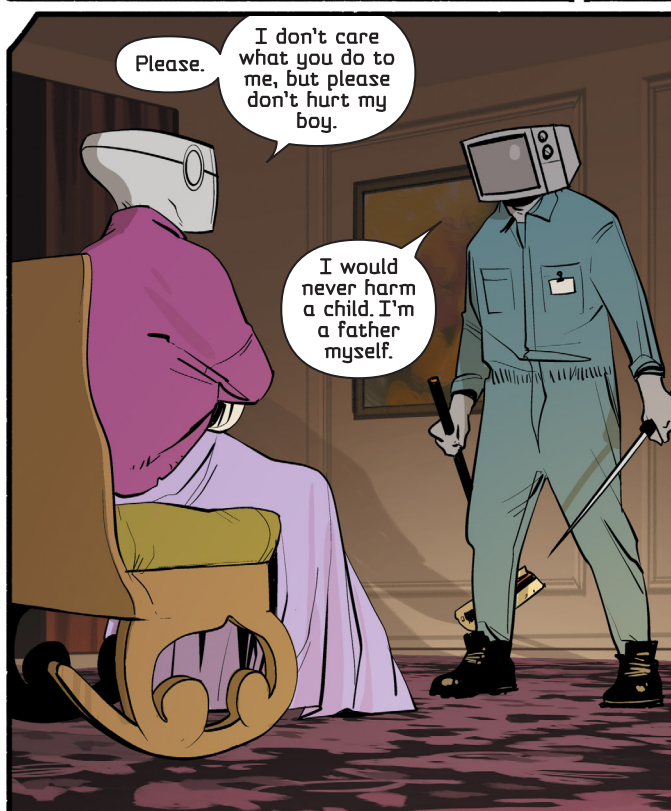


HELP!

No need to wake the baby, Princess.



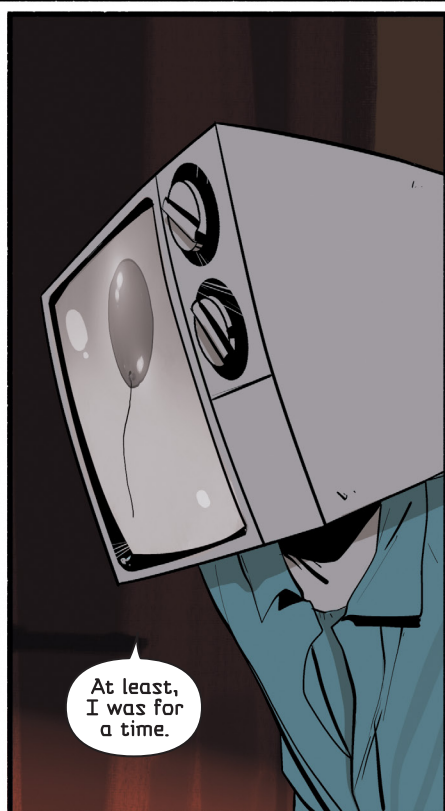
I gave your palace guards the night off.



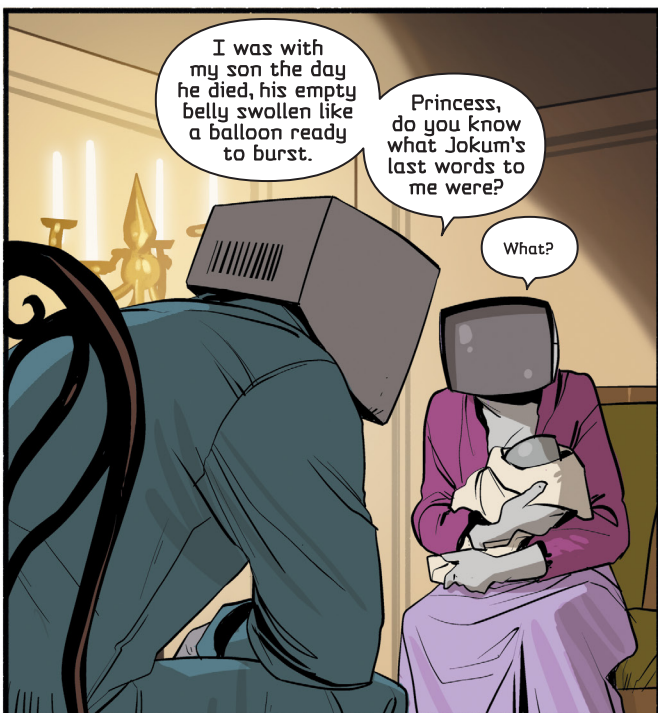
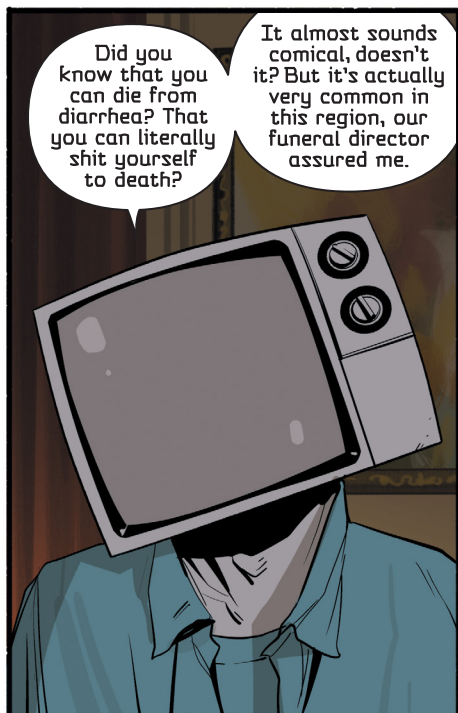
Please.

I don't care what you do to me, but please don't hurt my boy.

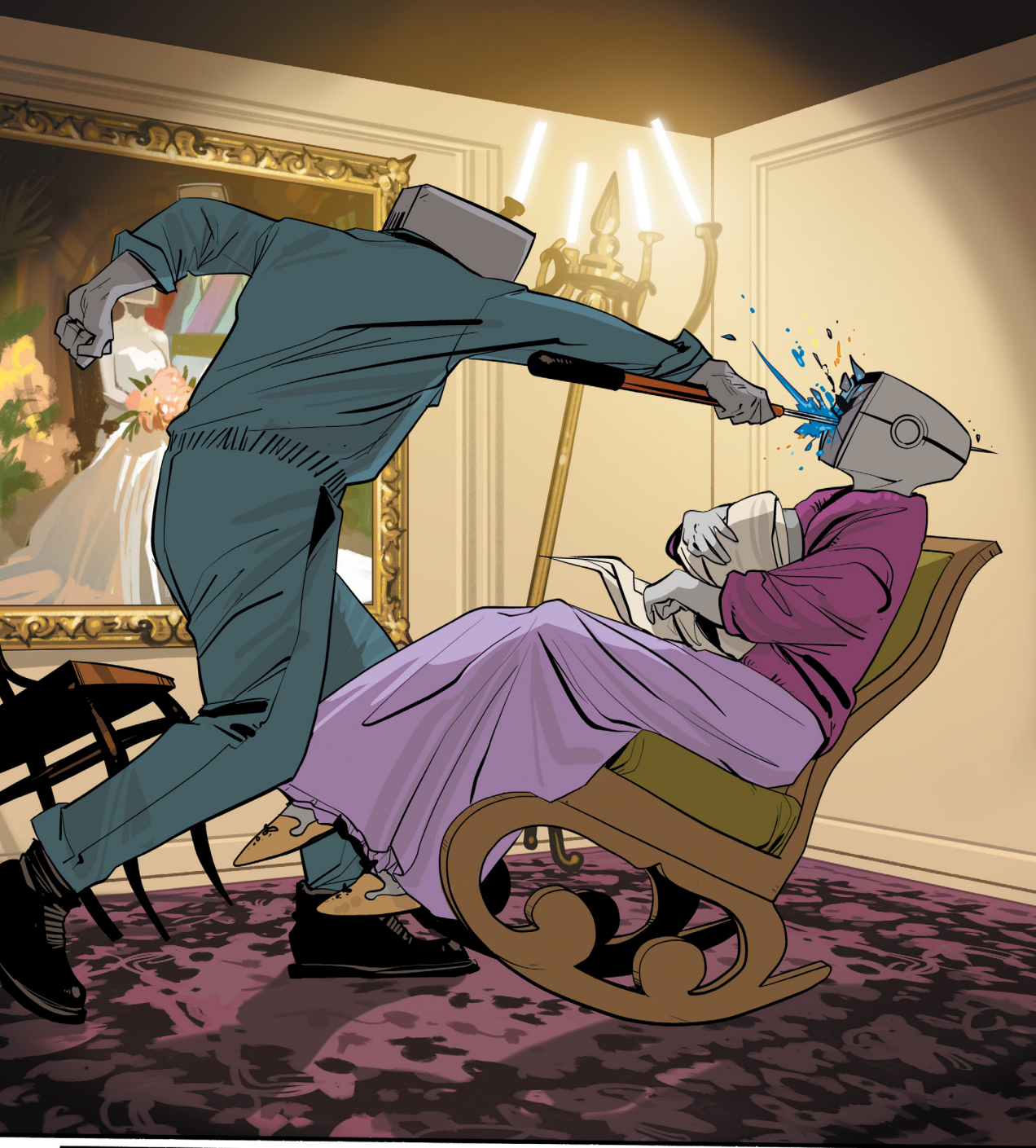
I would never harm a child. I'm a father myself.

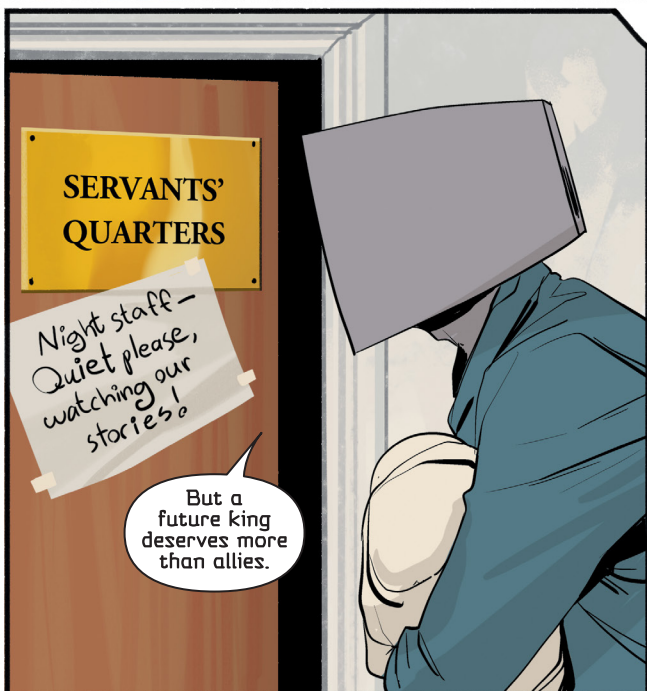
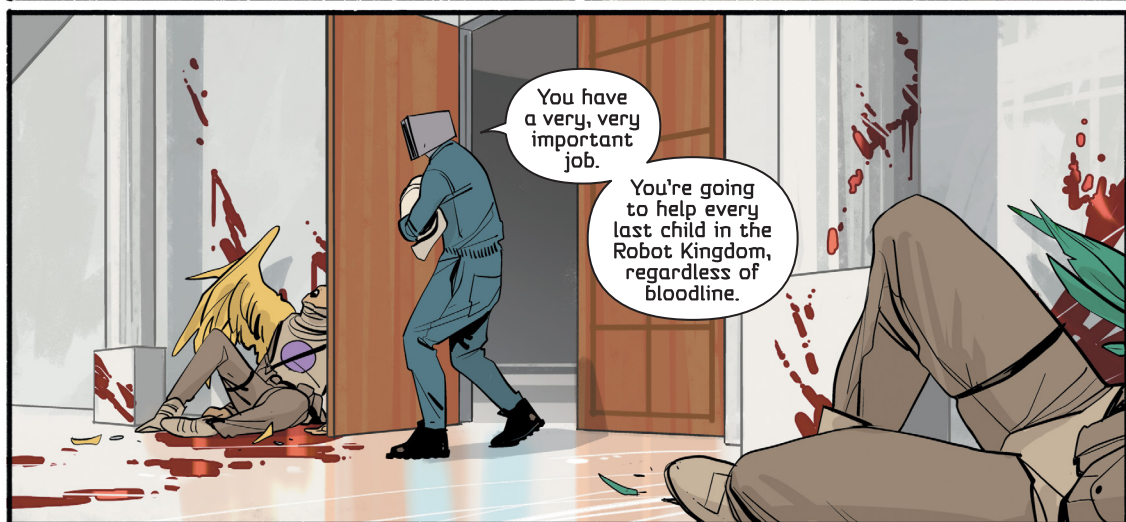


At least, I was for a time.













He  
needs an  
audience.

end chapter twenty





CHAPTER

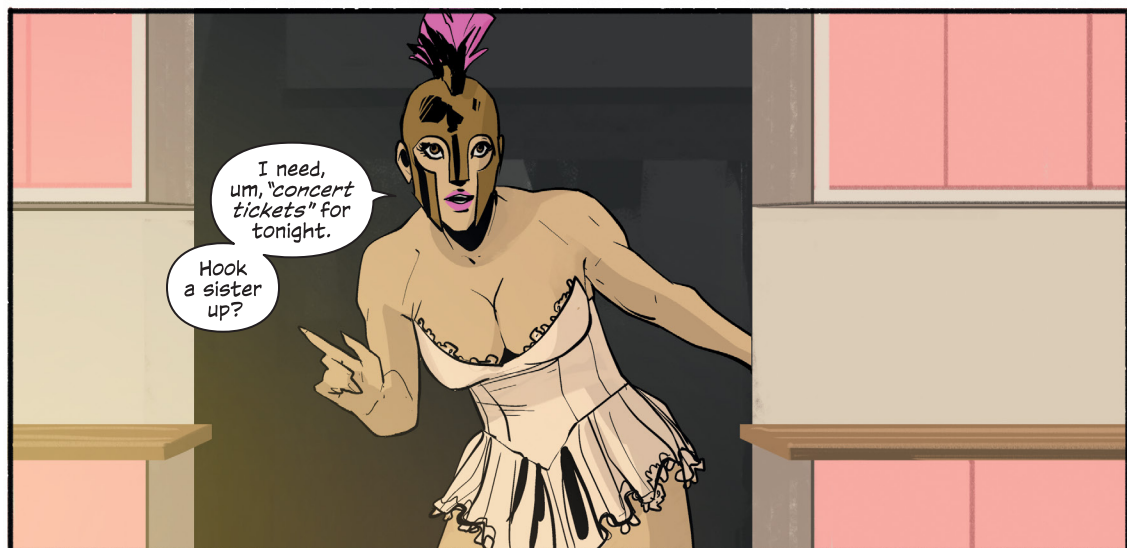
TWENTY-ONE

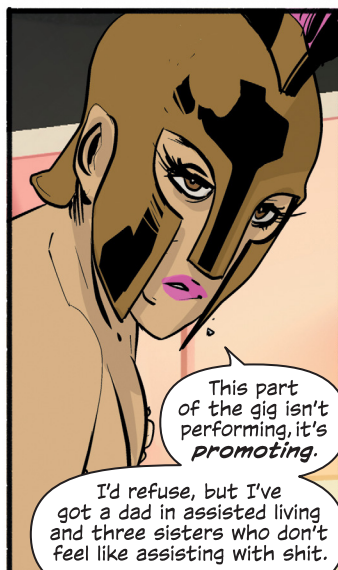
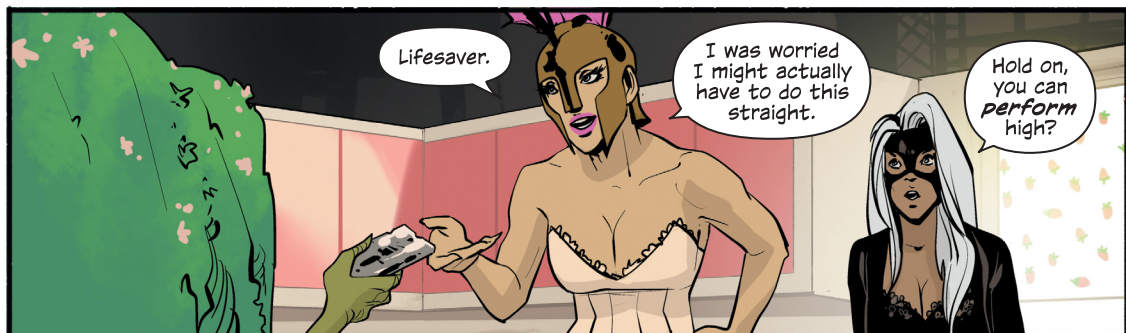


Yeah  
fuck it  
I quit.





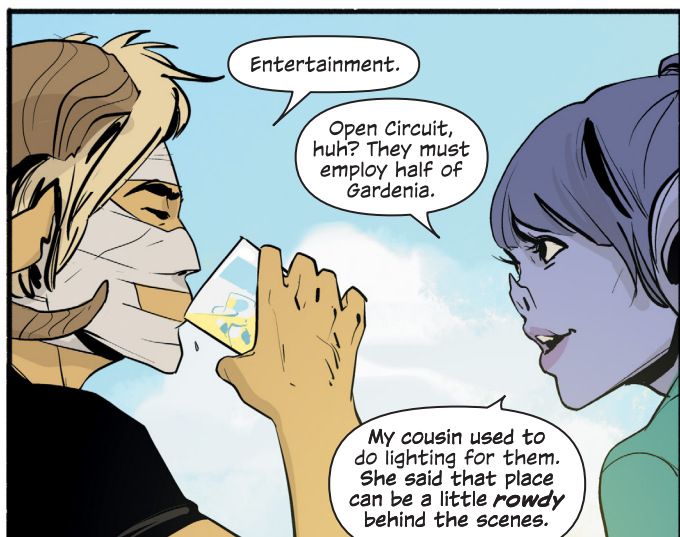
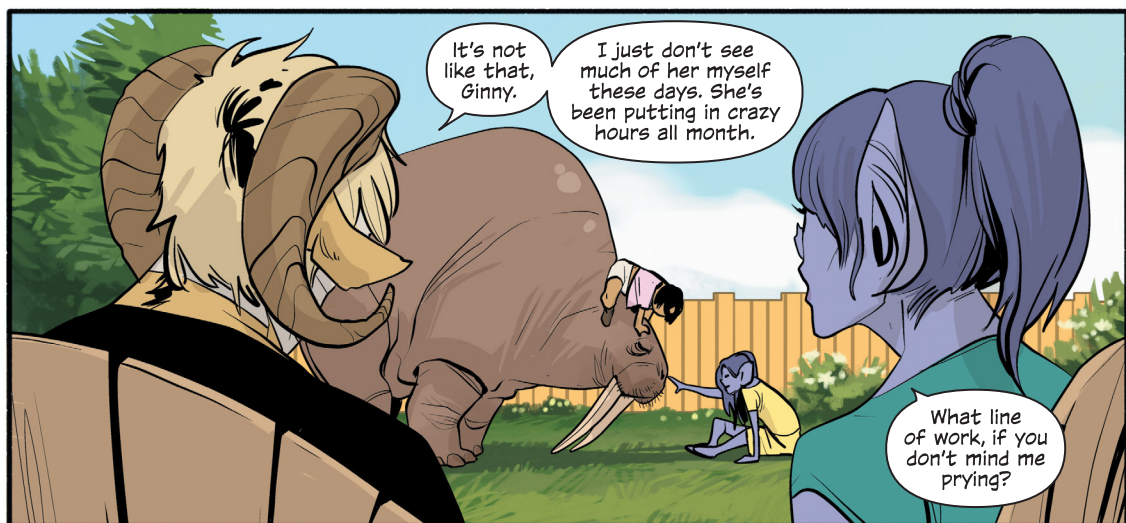




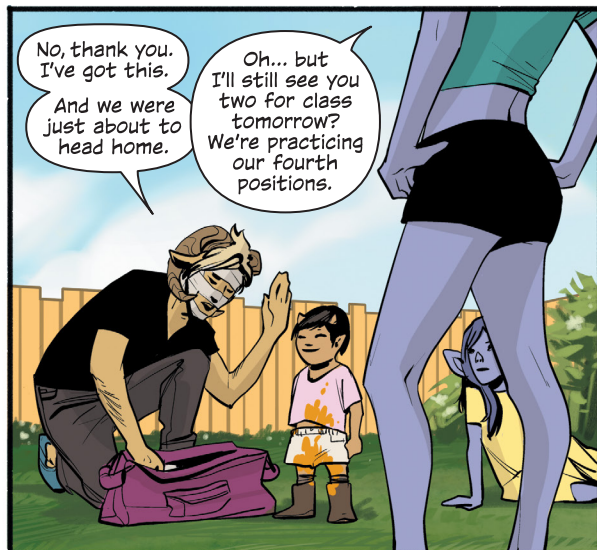












The trick is figuring out  
which threats to deal  
with first.



Viscount,  
he's got a  
hostage!

A  
bloody  
*baby!*

I am  
not letting this  
ship be hijacked  
by some lunatic  
*knobber!*

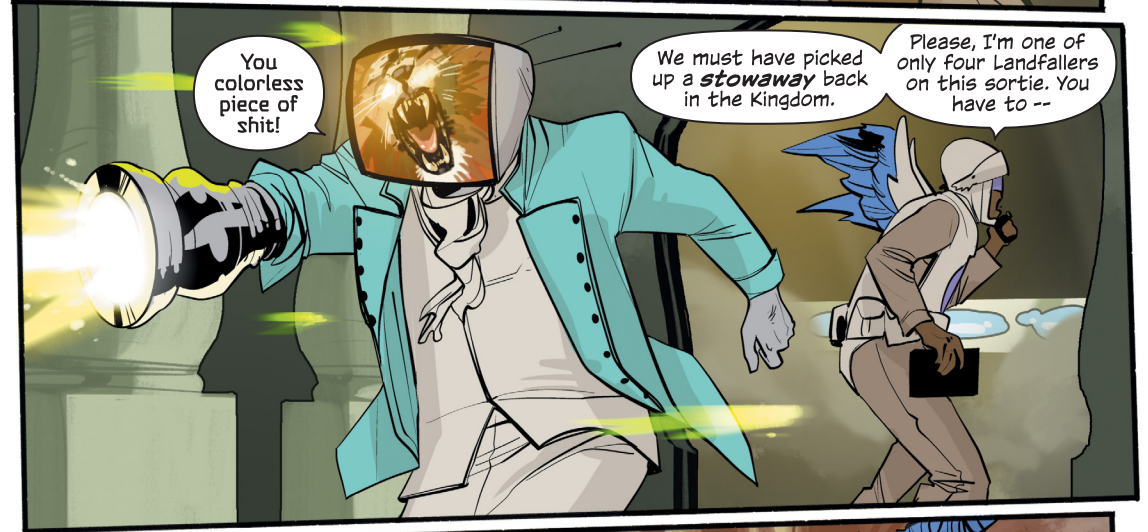


Central, this  
is Chaplain Mores  
aboard the HMS  
Skyscraper!

I repeat,  
we are *under  
attack!*

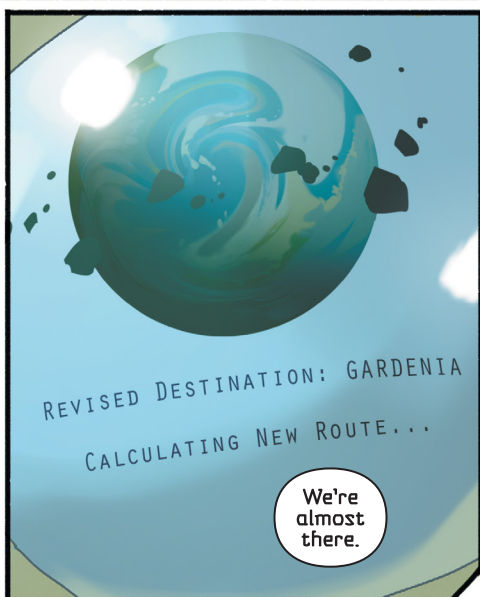
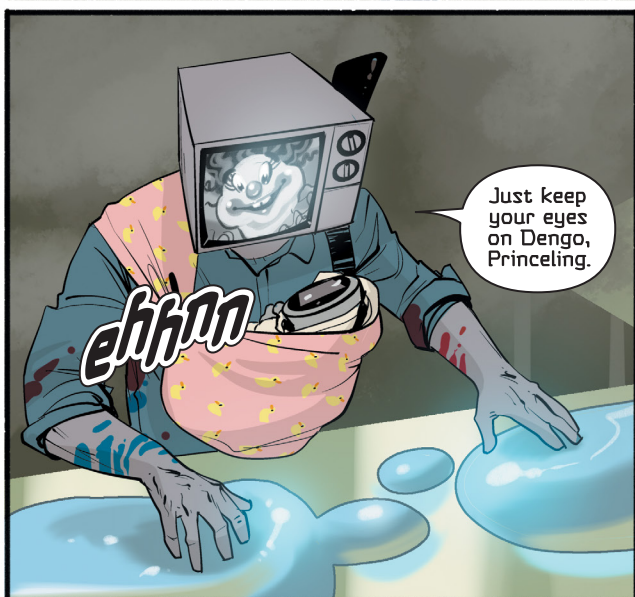
-kzzt- That's a...  
negative, Skyscraper.  
Satellite confirms zero  
enemy crafts in your  
flight path, over.  
-kzzt-

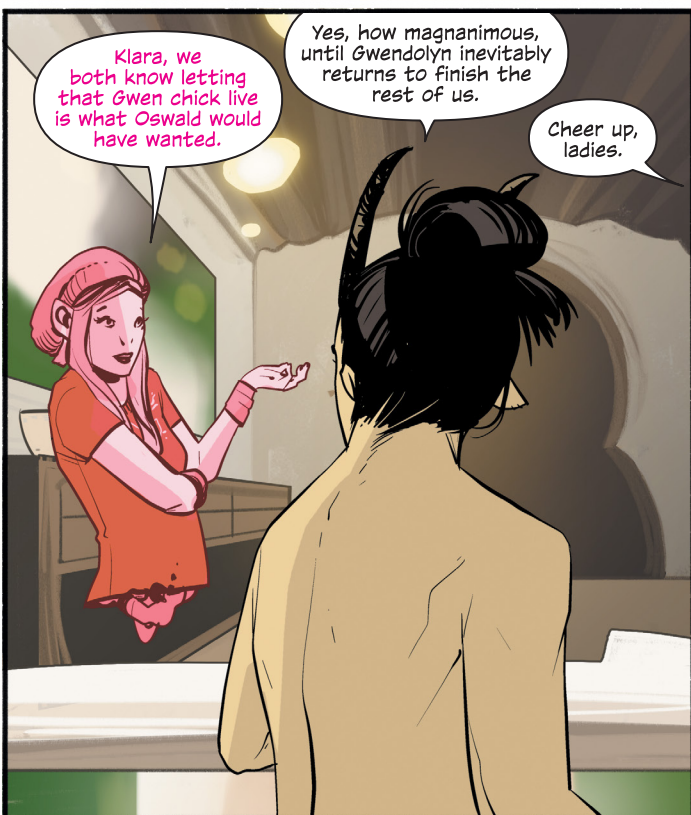




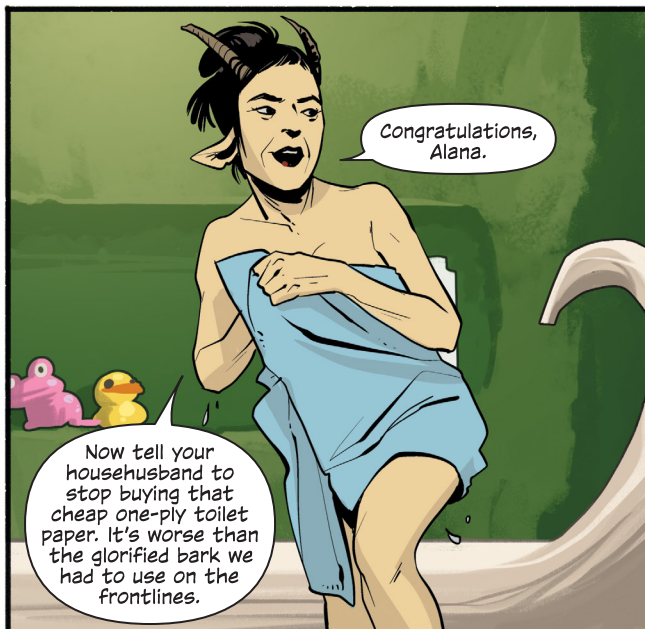


















Yes,  
sir.

Long before I was old enough for "the talk," Mom told me about sex.

She said she'd had lots of it in her life, but married sex was probably her favorite.



Still, Mom also warned me not to expect fireworks like the ones in Mister Heist's romance novels every time.



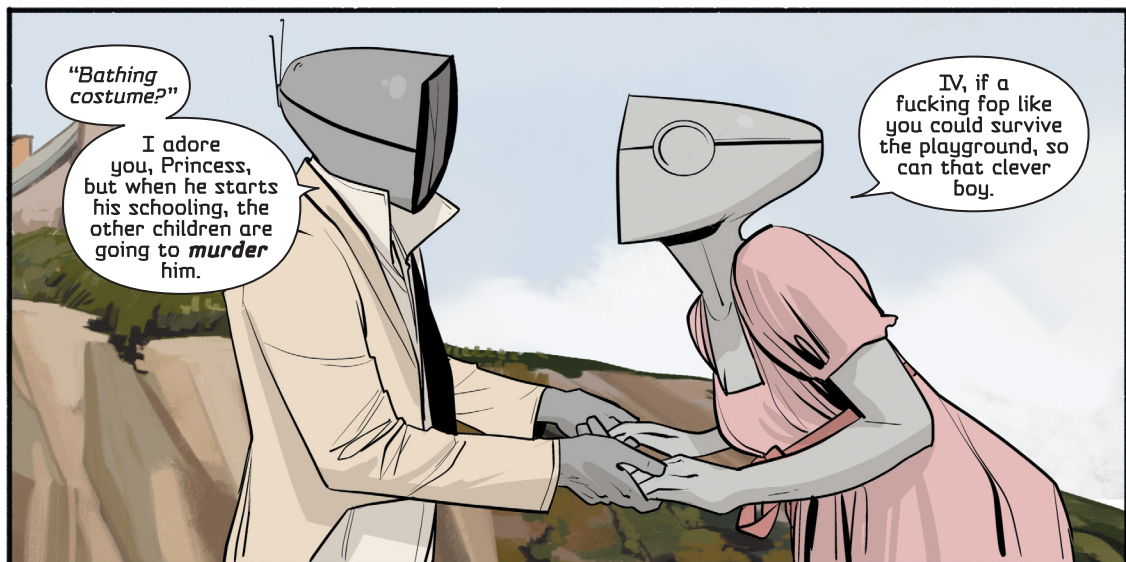
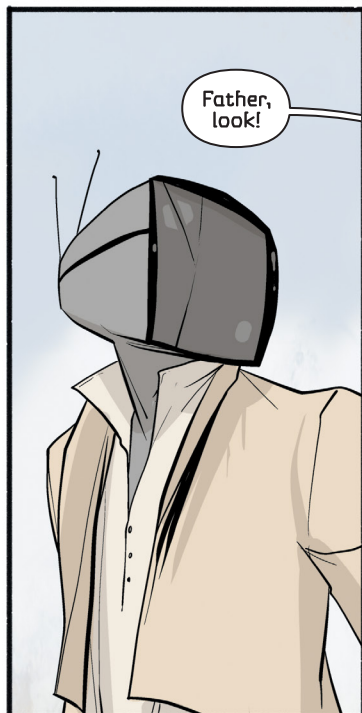
Some nights, even two old friends deciding to get as close as humanly possible...

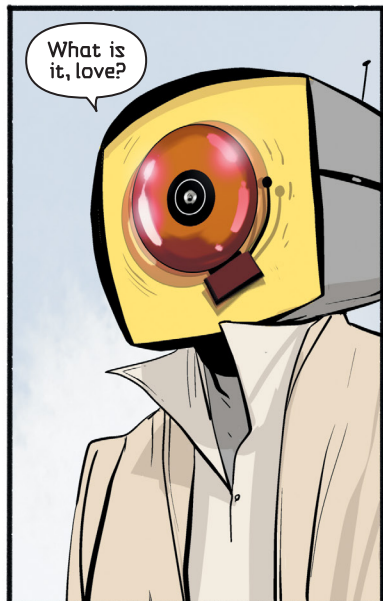
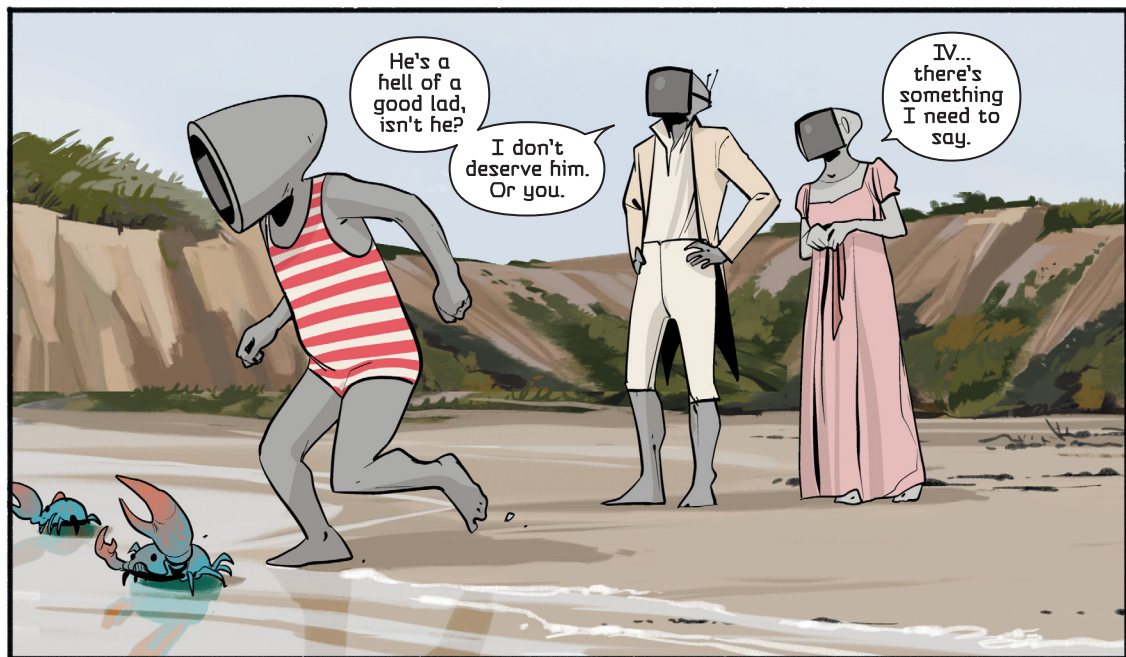
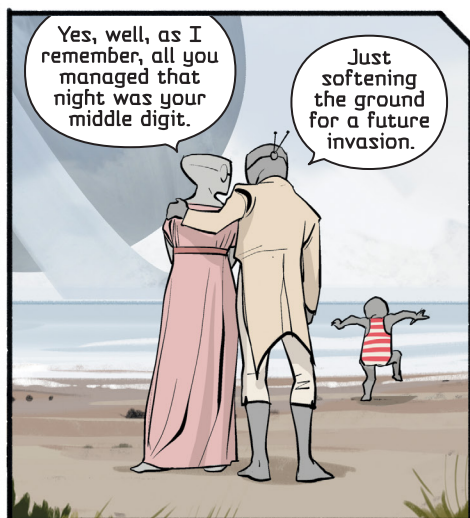
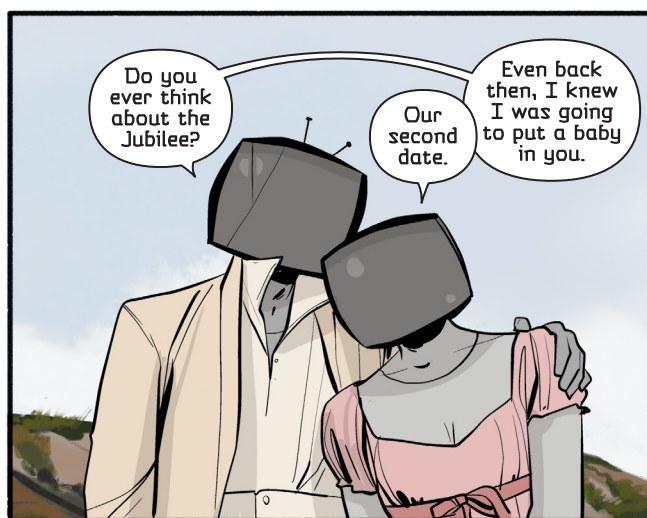


... could still be worlds apart.

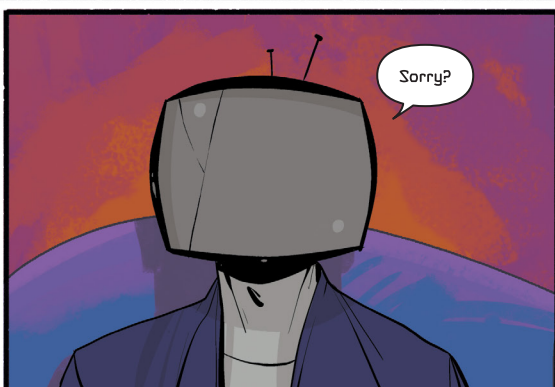


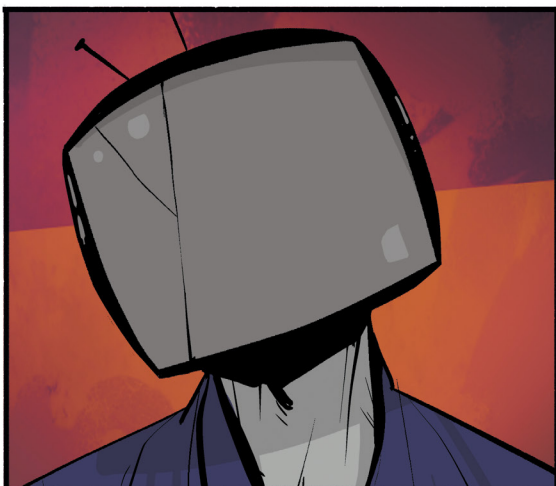
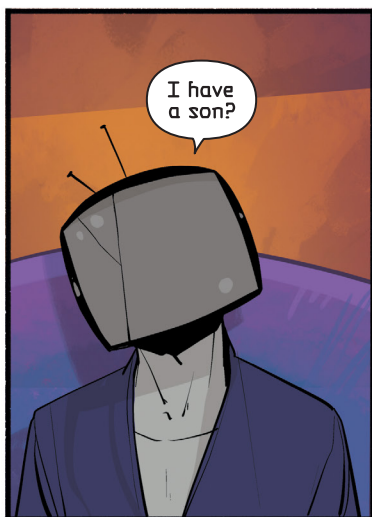






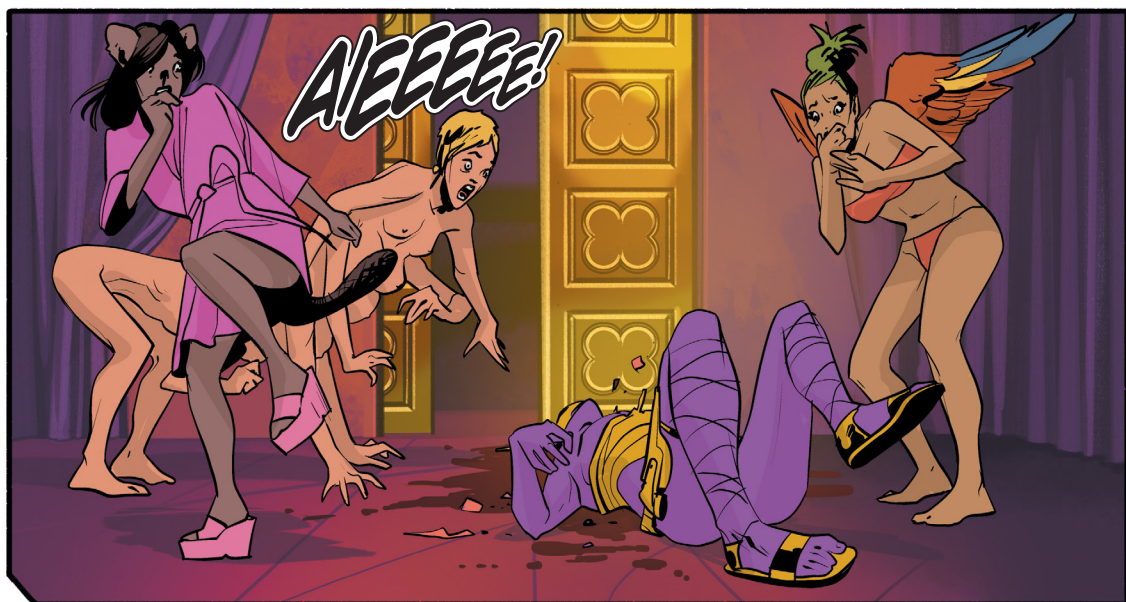






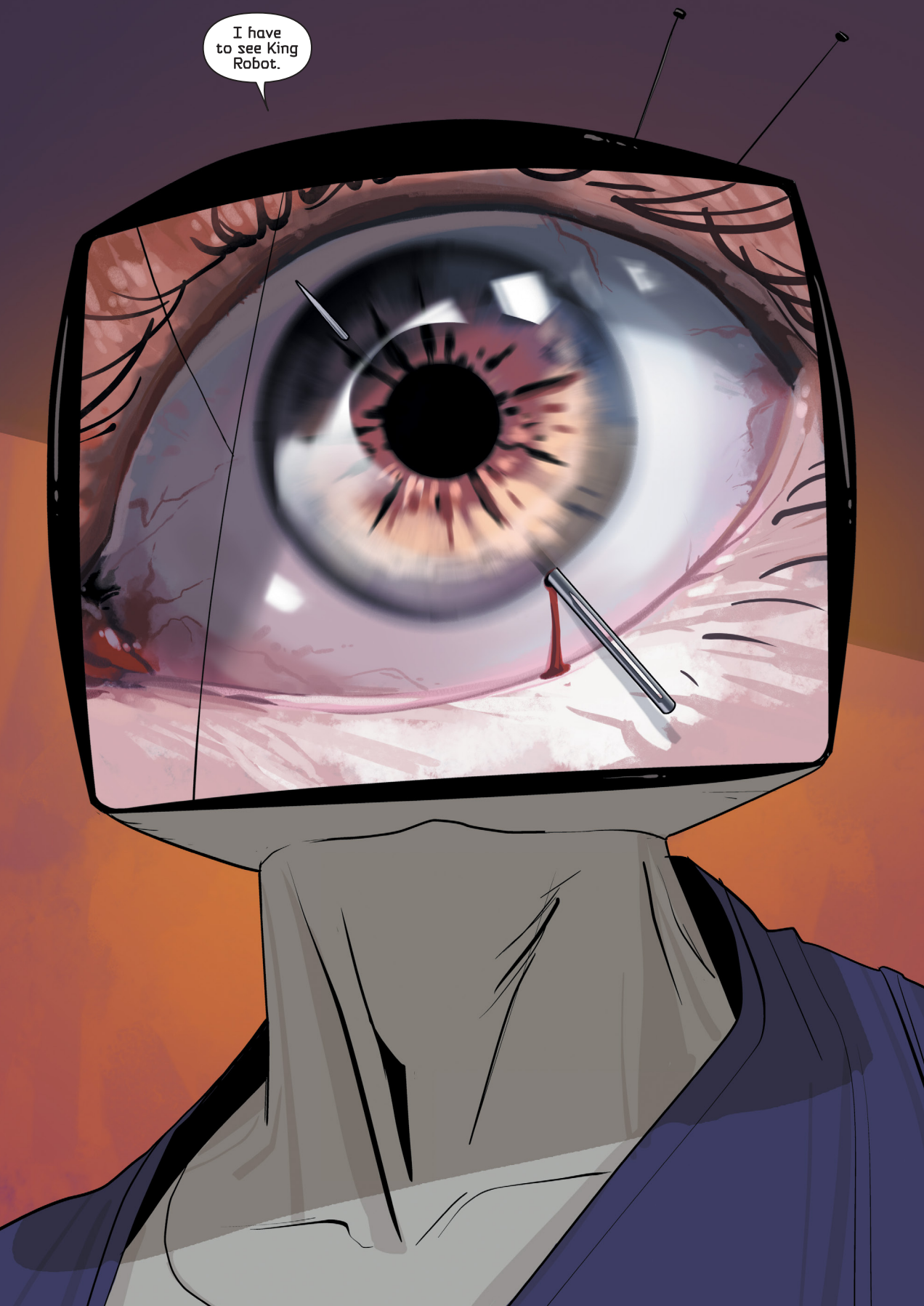








I have  
to see King  
Robot.



end chapter twenty-one



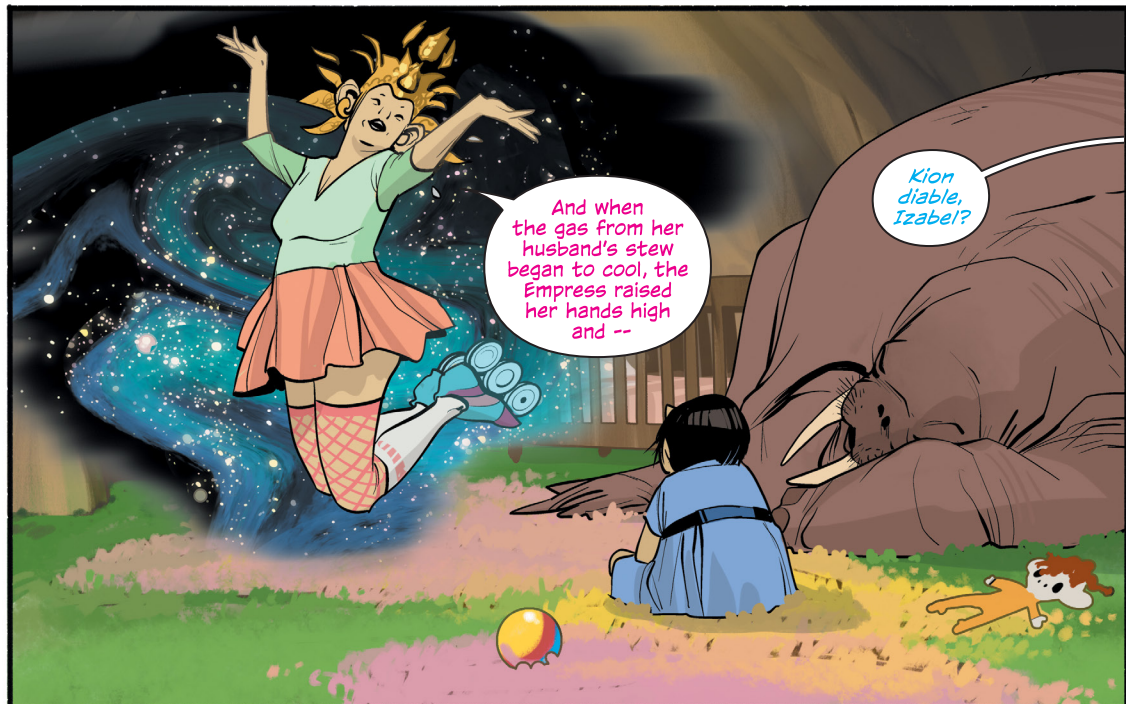


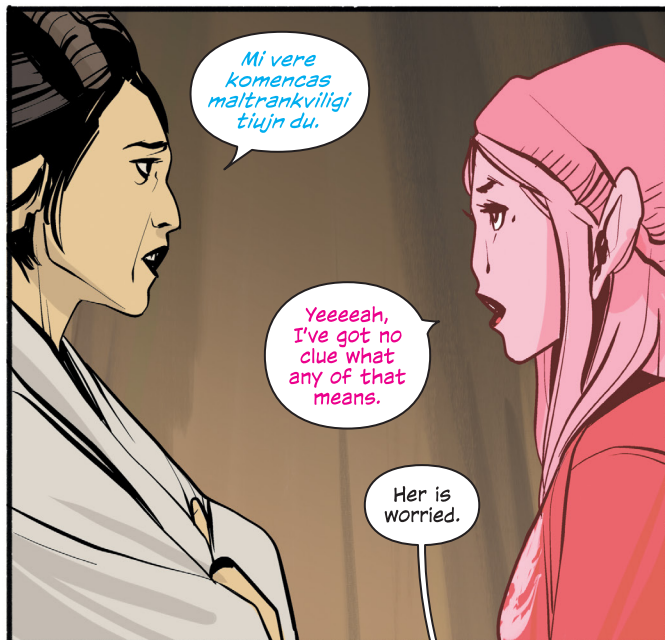
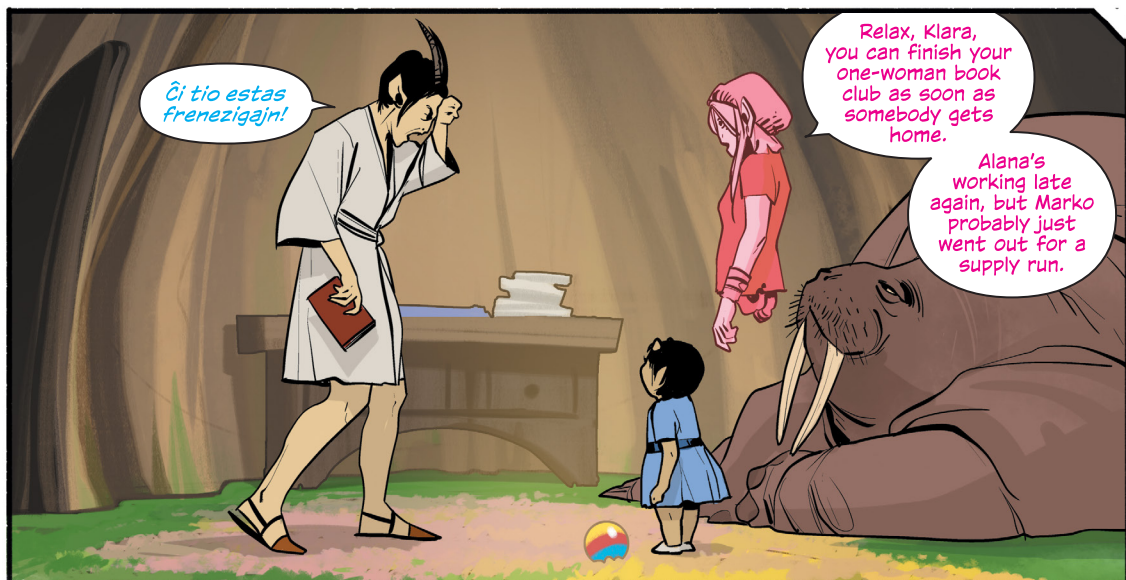
CHAPTER  
TWENTY-TWO

Oopsie,  
I made a  
universe!





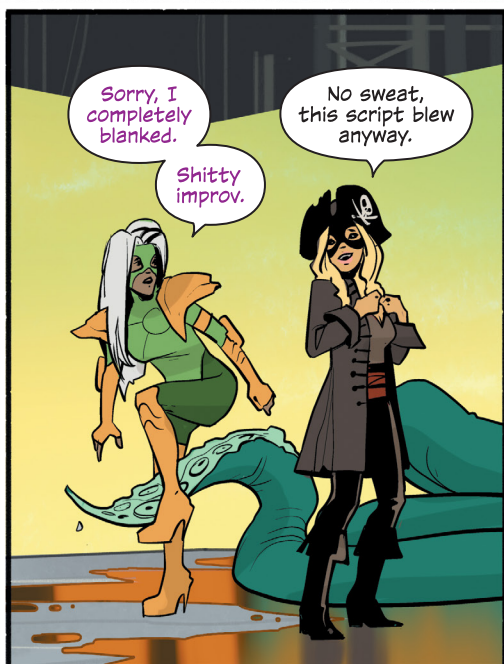
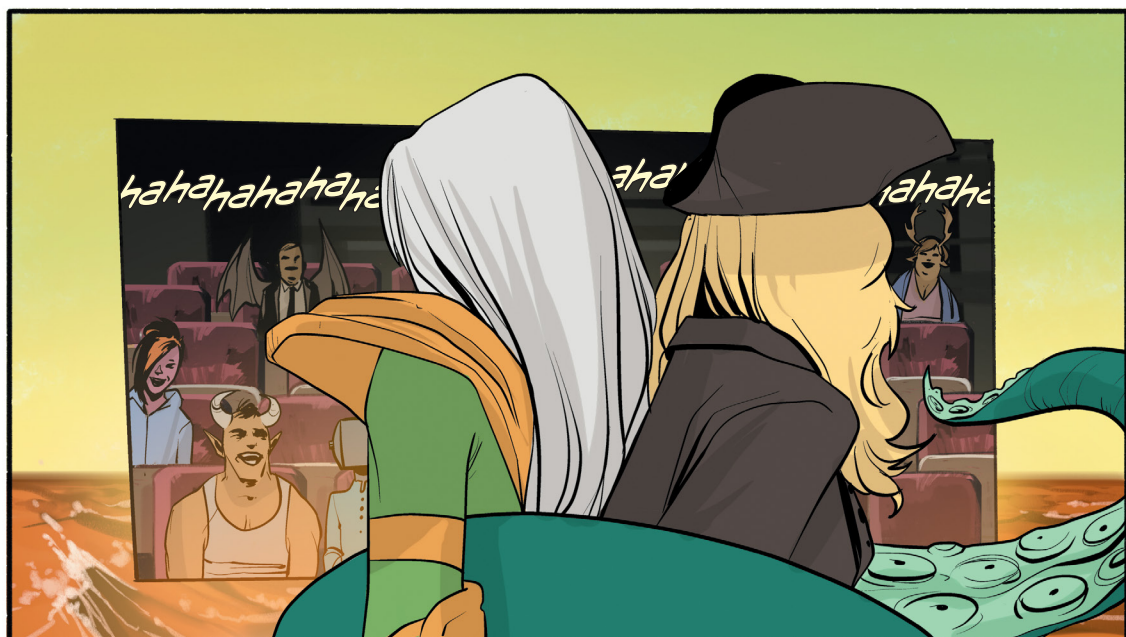
















That "improvisation" of yours was a line from one of Heist's novels.

And? No offense, but it's not like he's gonna come looking for royalties.

Besides, Oswald would just be thrilled his words finally got in front of an audience.



Alana, I'm talking about something much more valuable than airtime.

You need to think about Hazel.



What if someone out there makes a connection between you and your character?

Based on one sentence from an out-of-print paperback?

Honestly, I appreciate the concern, but all that Fadeaway is starting to make you paranoid.



Unfortunately, Mom's new friend was wise to be concerned.



Hey, honey...?

But that's a proverbial "story for another time."

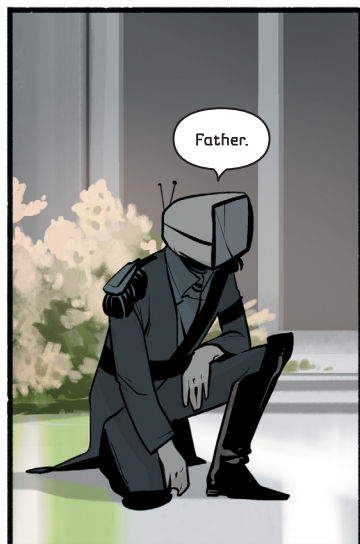
Back then, the  
more pressing story  
for my family was  
still unfolding in a  
faraway kingdom.



Like all stories  
involving **real** princes  
and princesses, there  
wasn't a lot of happily  
ever after.

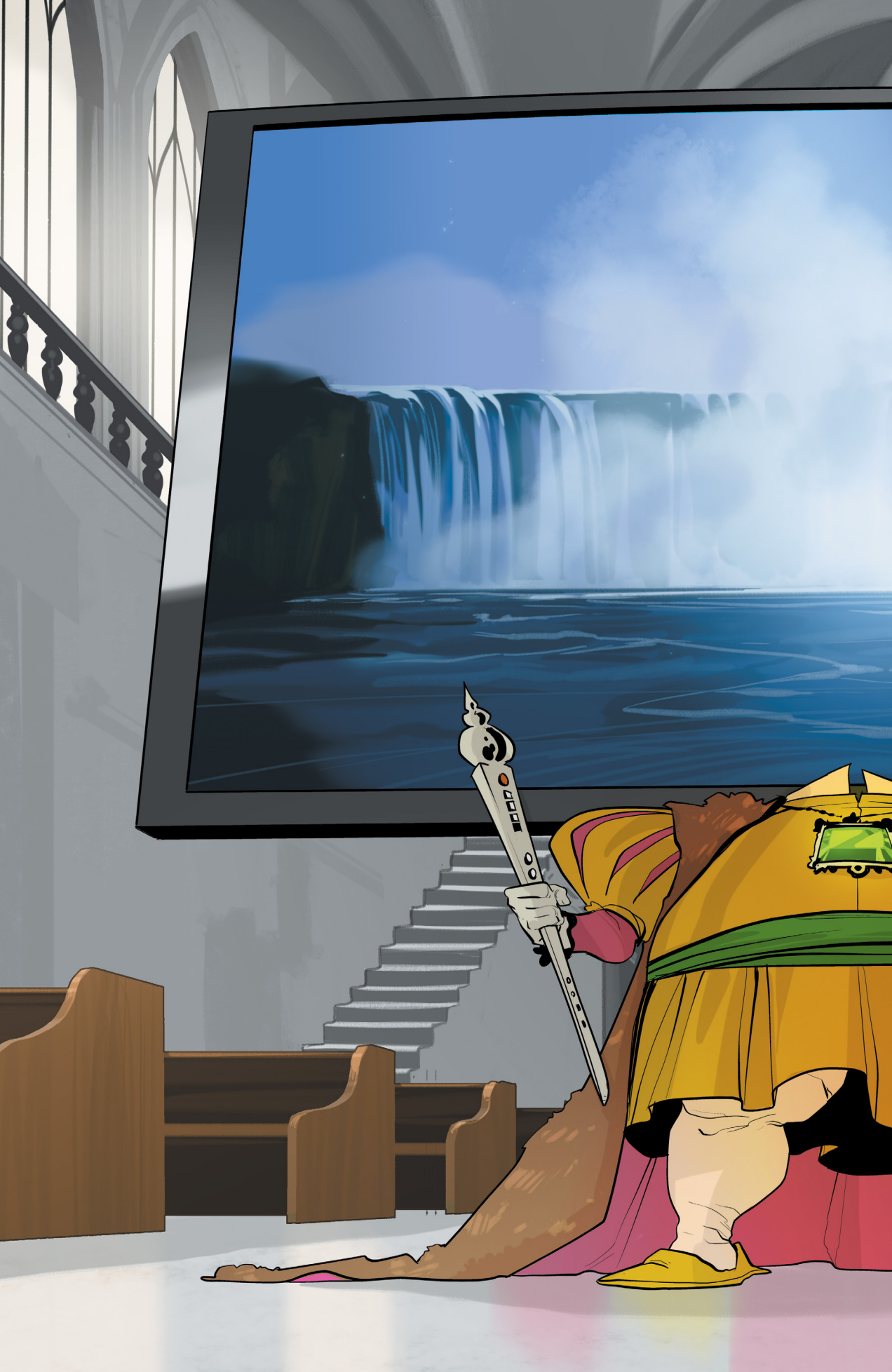


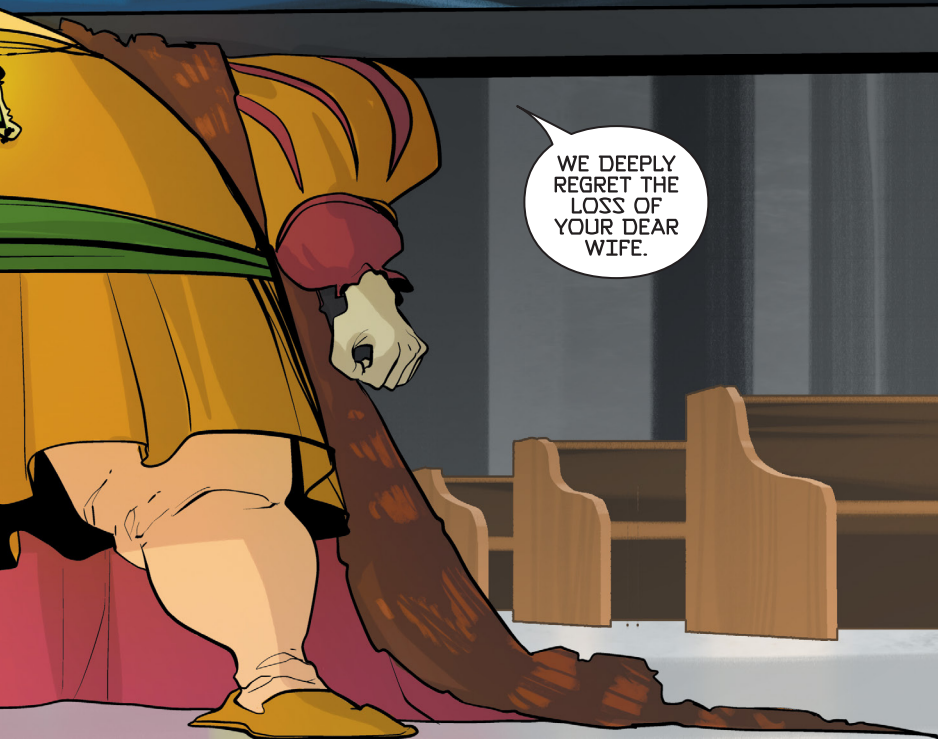
YOU  
WISHED TO  
SPEAK WITH  
US?



Father.

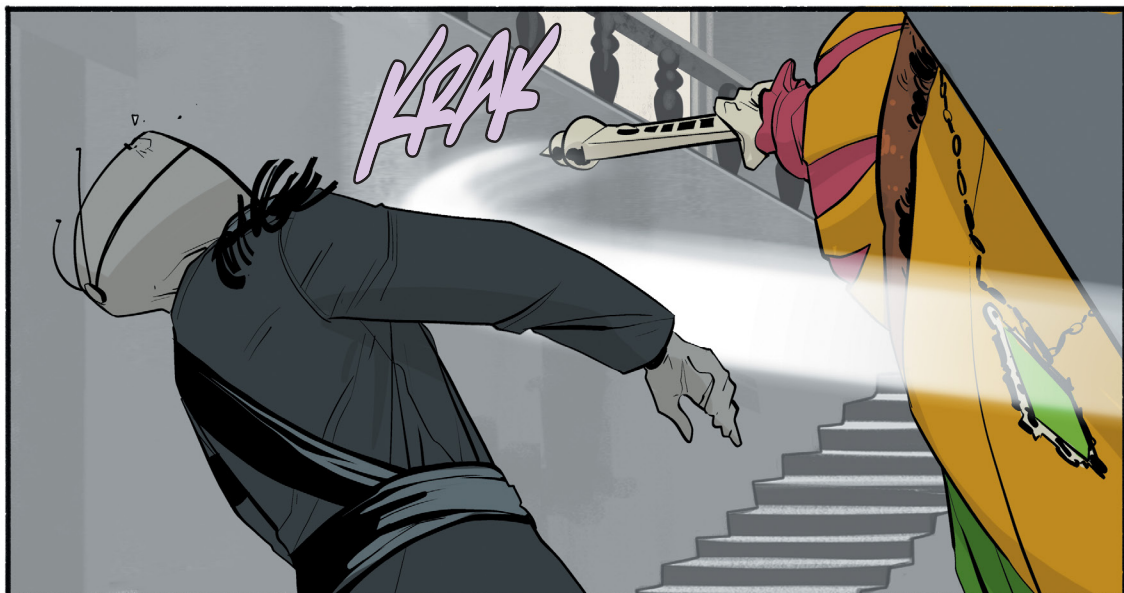
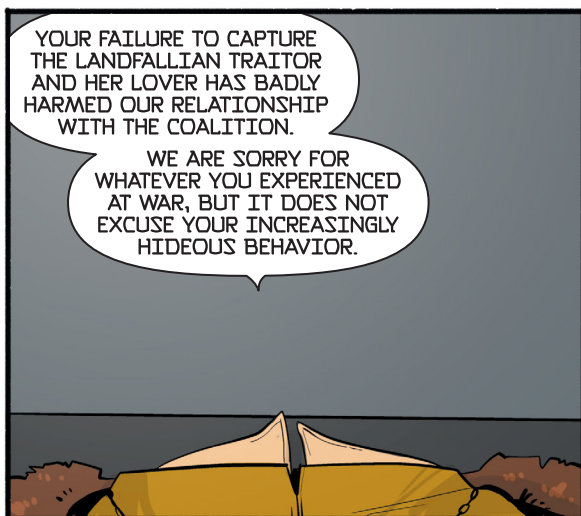
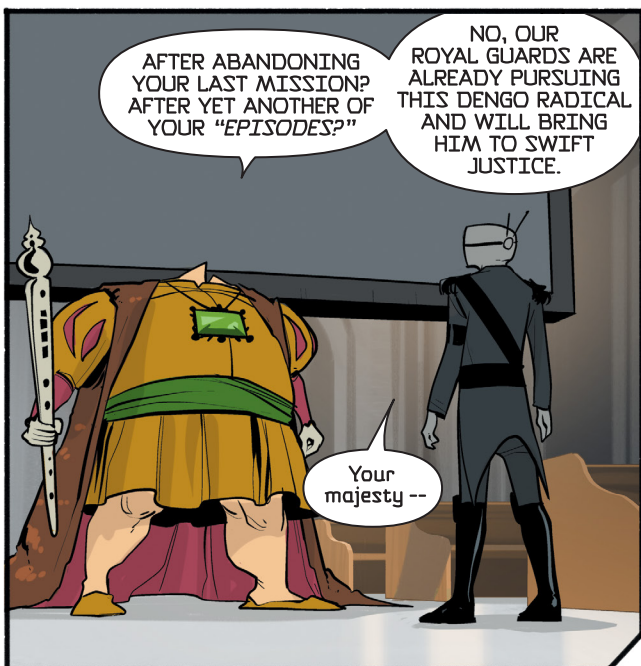
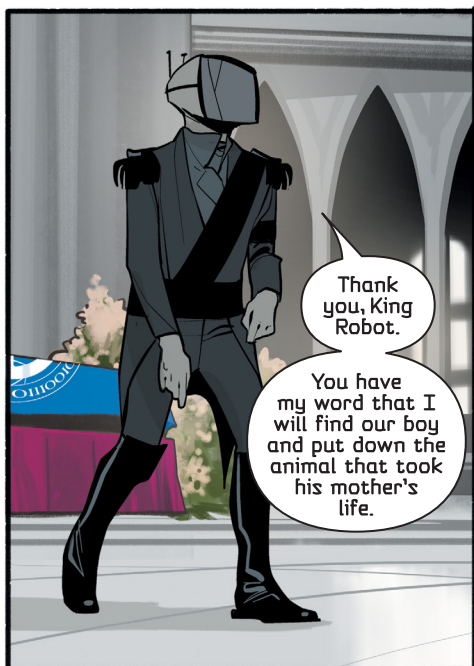


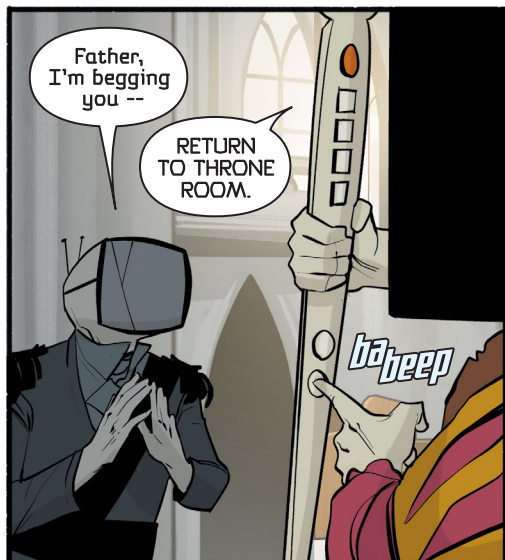
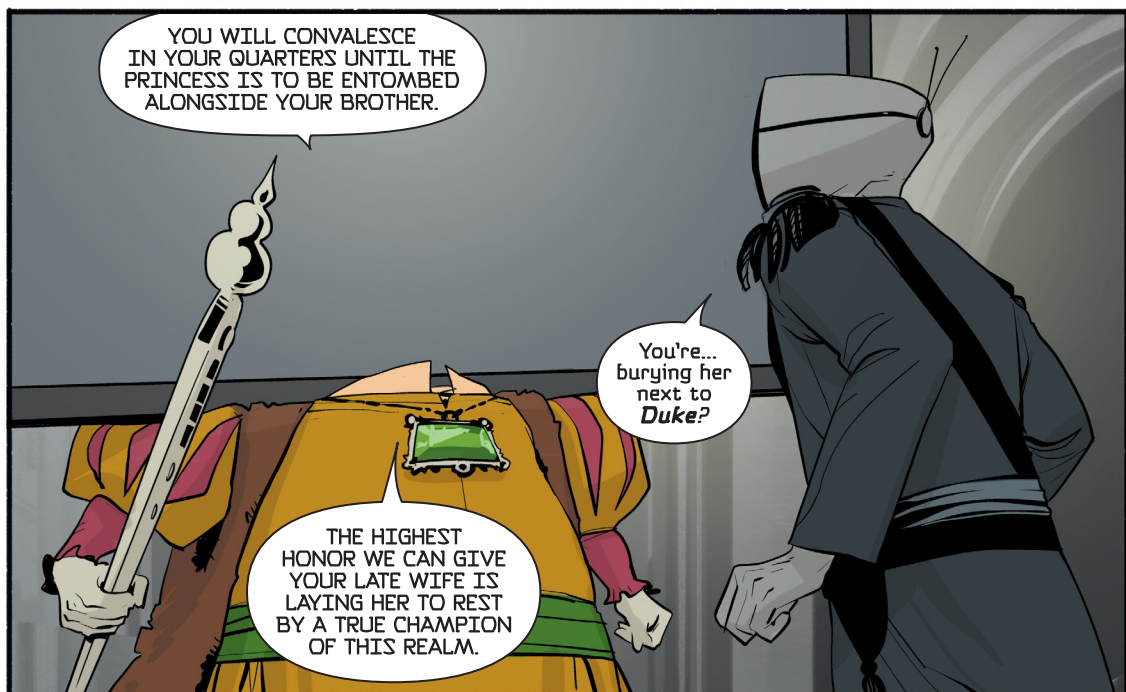
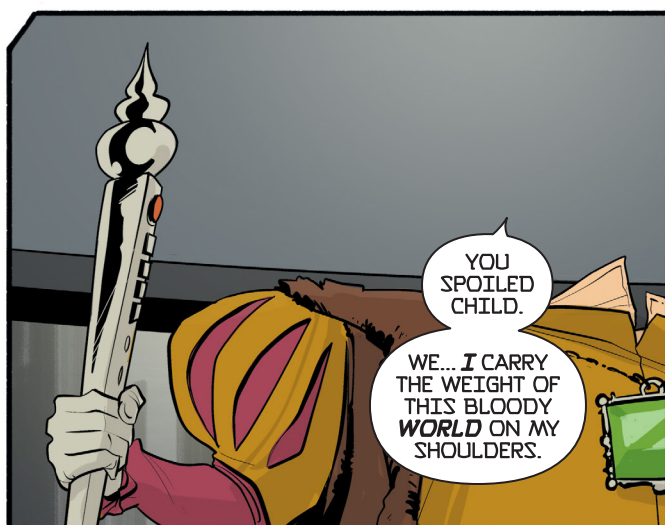




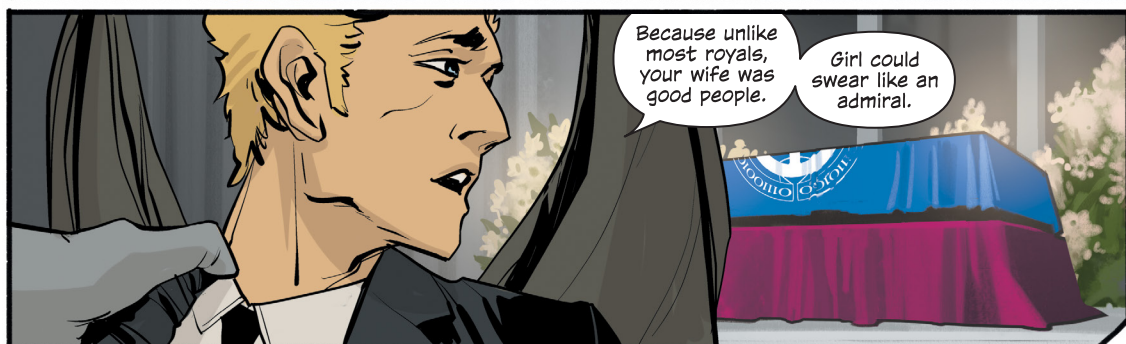
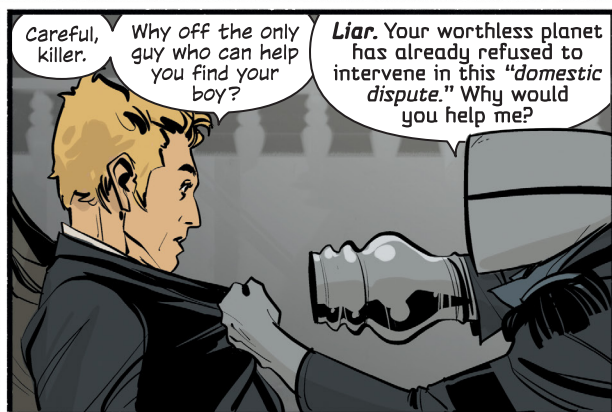
WE DEEPLY  
REGRET THE  
LOSS OF  
YOUR DEAR  
WIFE.

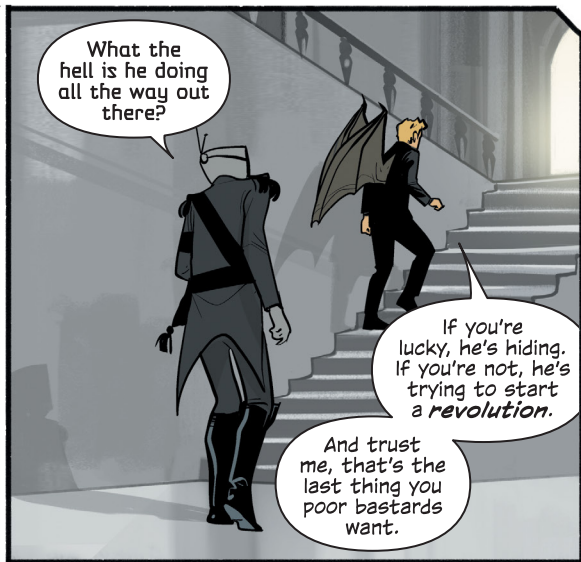
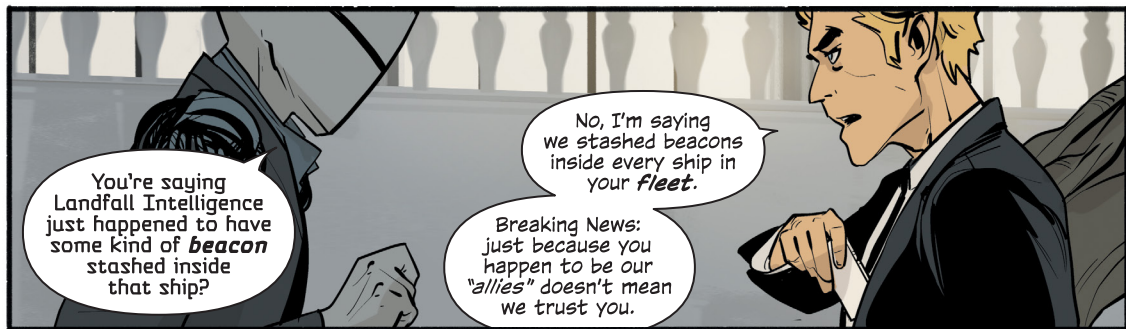
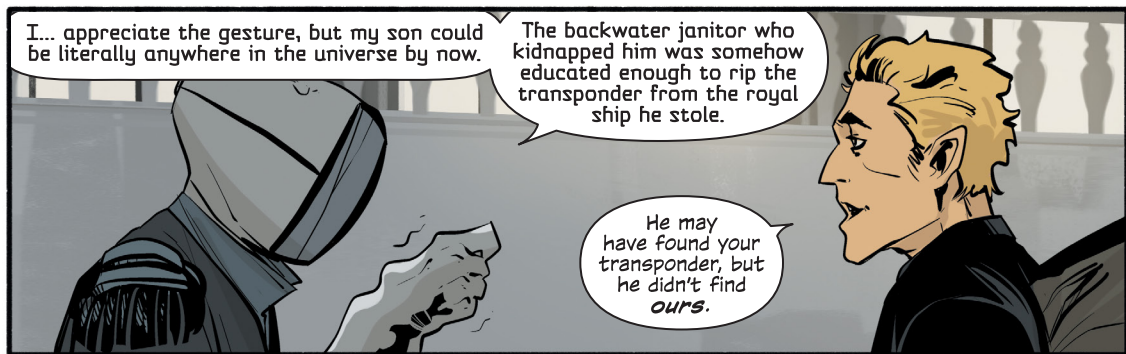




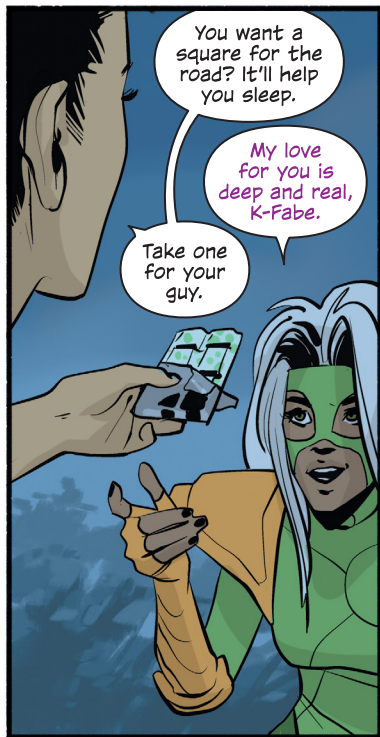
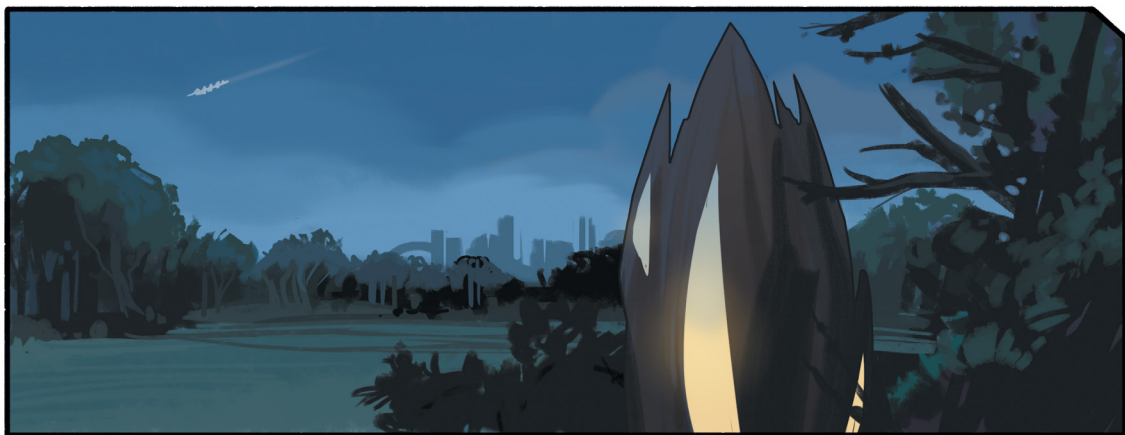


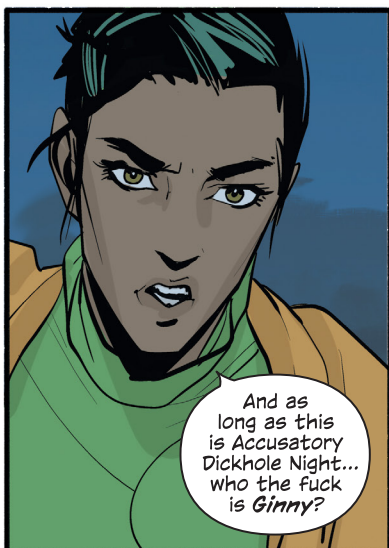




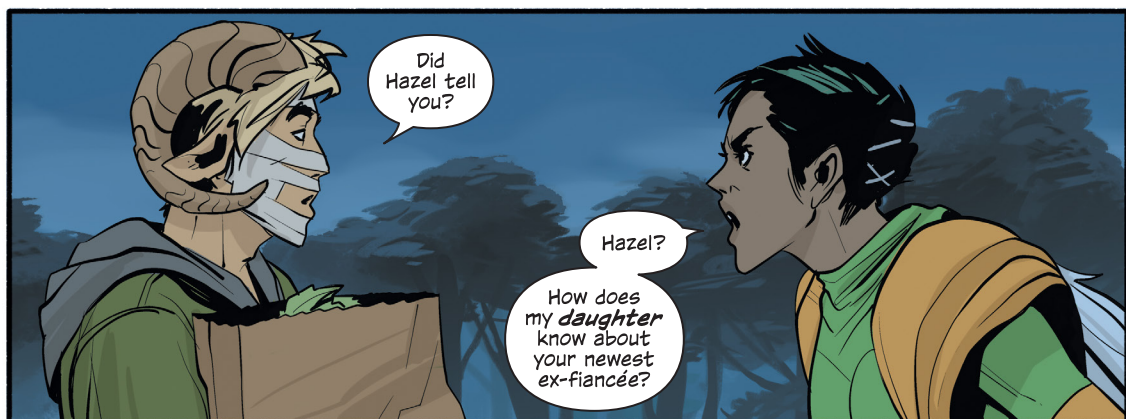












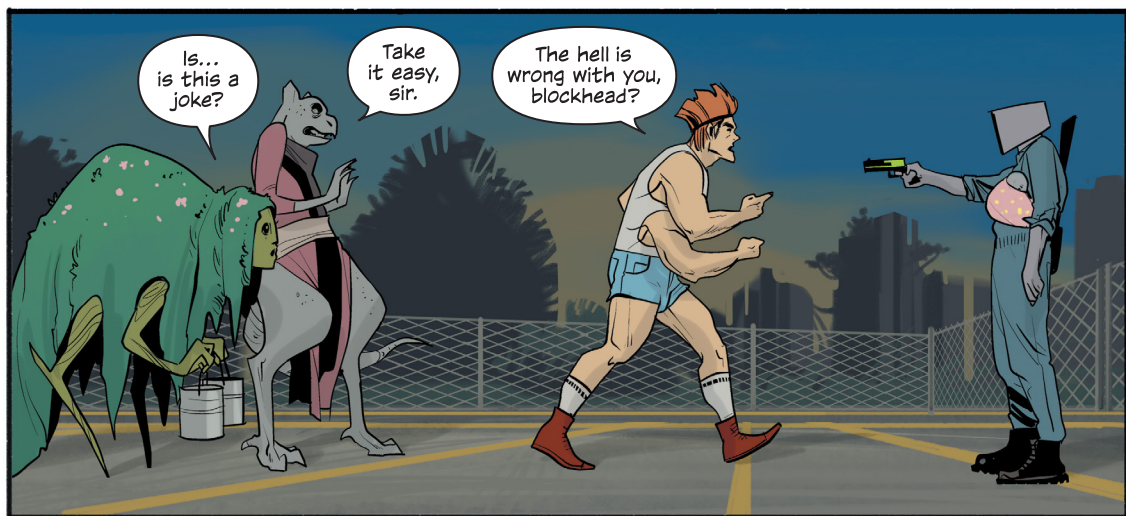


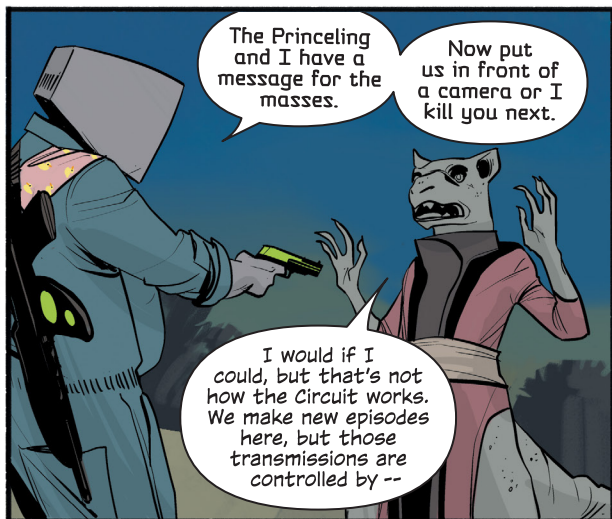
















...I can get  
you something  
much more  
valuable than  
airtime.

end chapter twenty-two





CHAPTER

TWENTY-THREE



Why am I  
not surprised  
to see you?





Sorry to bother you at this hour, Ginny.

I wasn't sure where else to go.



What's the matter?

It's my wife.

Is she all right?



I'm not sure. We had a fight. A major one. She told me to leave. I want to respect her wishes... but not as much as I want to make things right.

Barr, whatever you guys were scrapping about, it'll look much better in the morning.

Come in, let me make you a cup of tea.



Thank you, but I should probably go.

Don't be crazy.

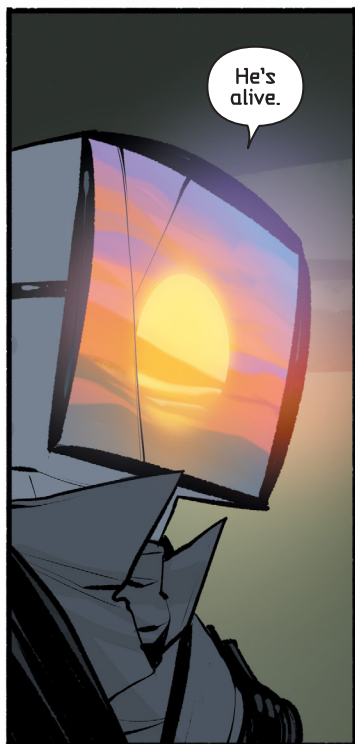
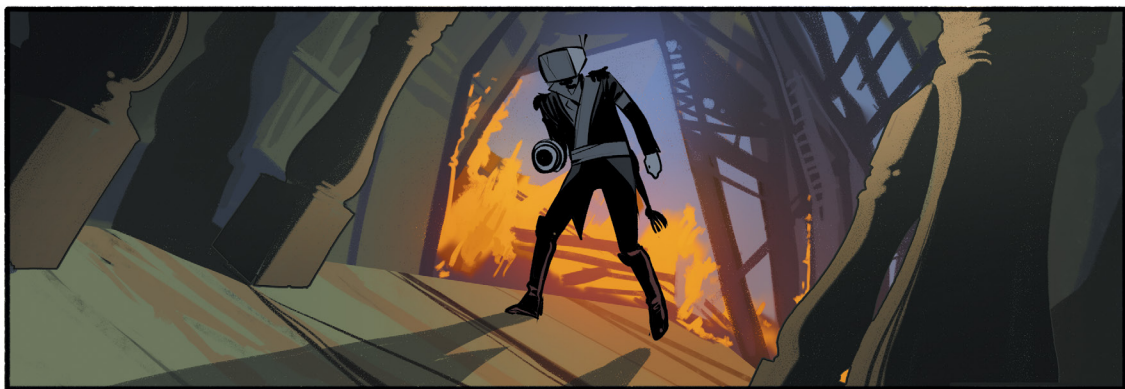


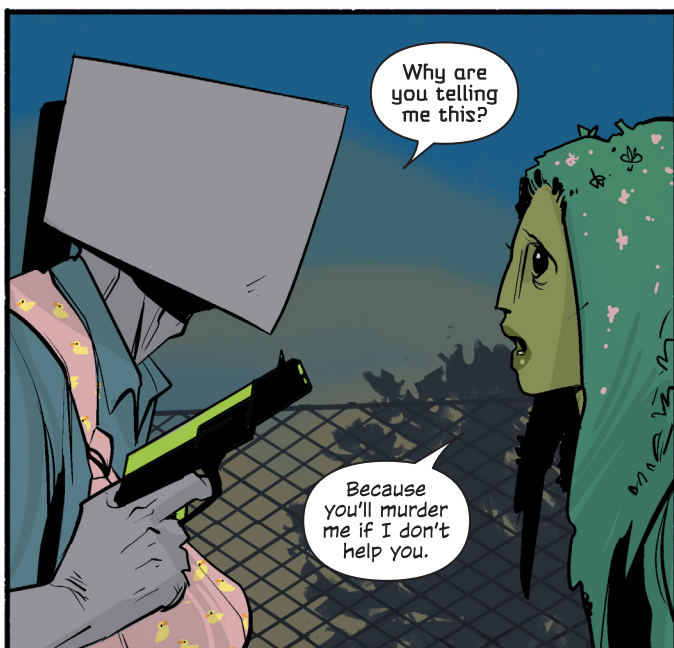
This time of night, there's some scary shit out there.

A lot of people who came into my family's life looking like heroes ended up acting more like villains.

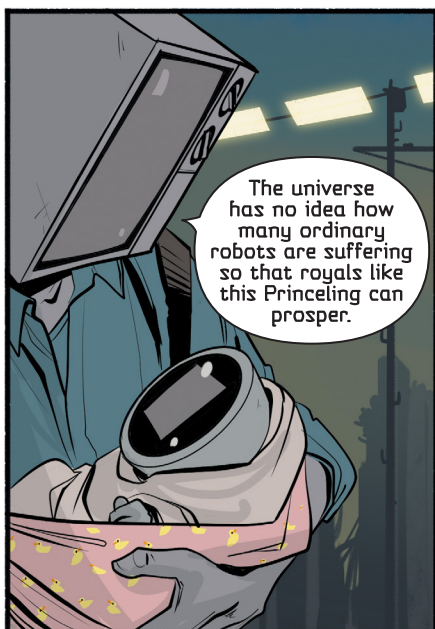
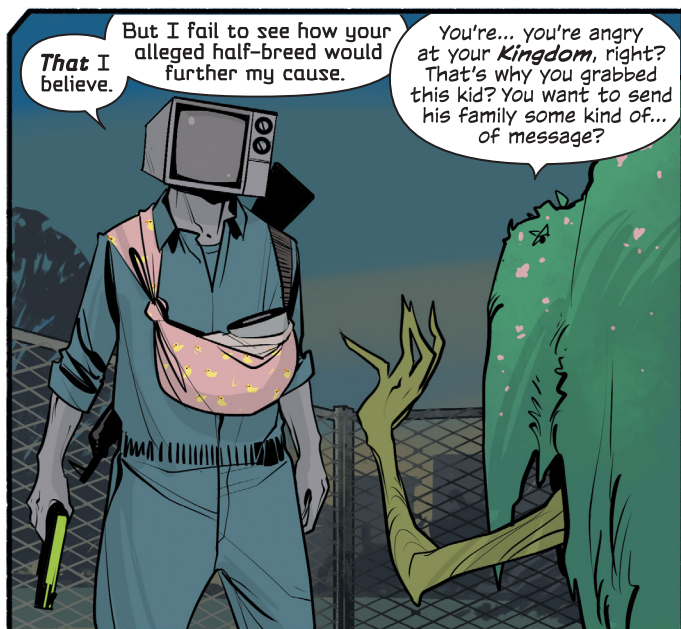


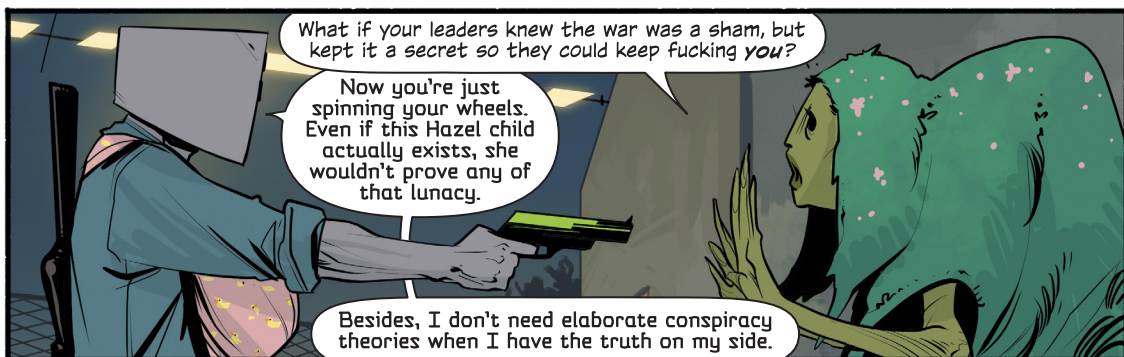




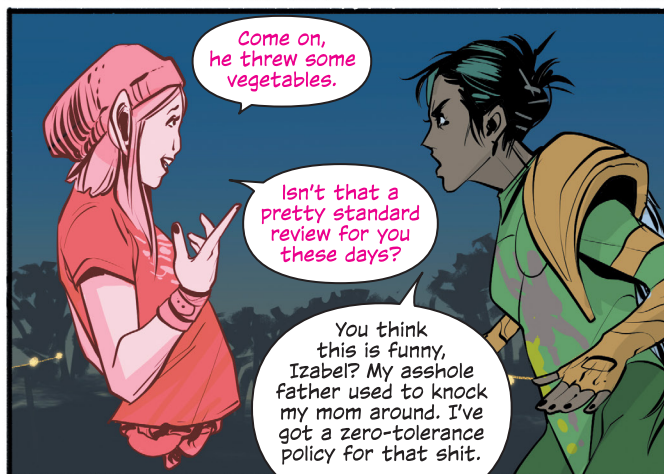


















Her name was Windy. We were just stupid kids.

She was smart and gorgeous and sweet to me, but she was also super into our planet's most judgy religion, so I eventually broke up with her.



Two days later, I stepped on whatever anti-personnel crap one of your sides buried in our backyard.

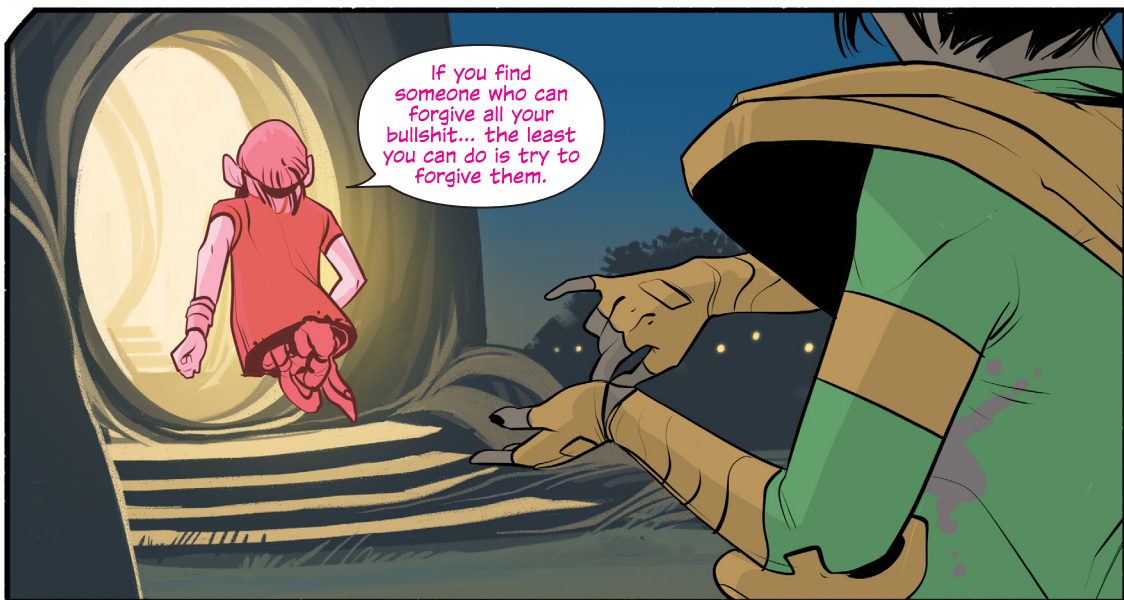
The whole time I was bleeding out, all I could think was, "Damn, I will never feel her breath on my neck again."



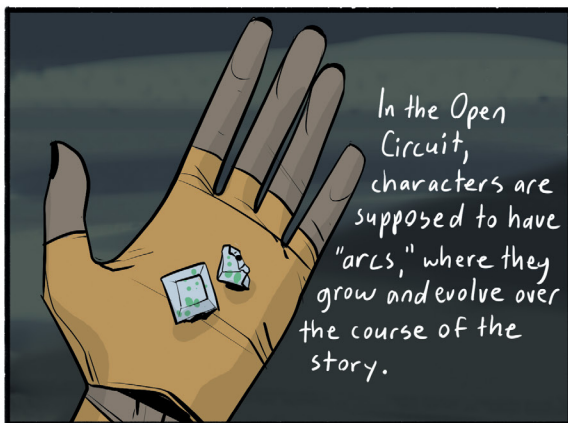
How pathetic is that? I need to get blown in half before I realize what a good thing I had?

I get what you're trying to say, but this is a completely different situation.

Yeah, life is complicated. But it's also very fucking short.



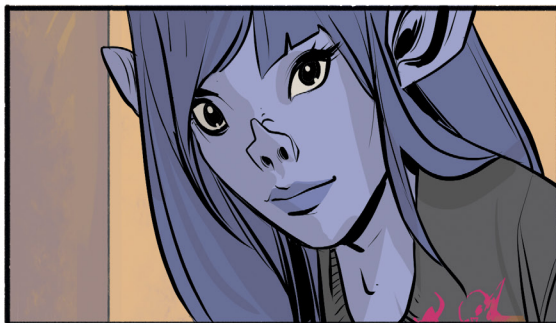
If you find someone who can forgive all your bullshit... the least you can do is try to forgive them.



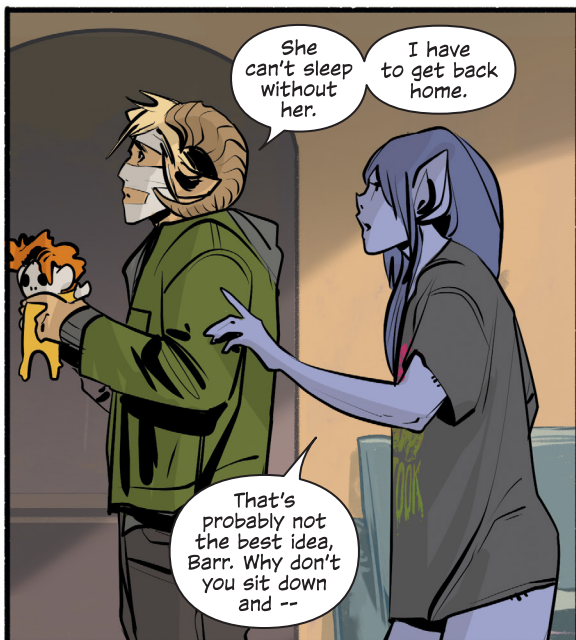
In the Open Circuit, characters are supposed to have "arcs," where they grow and evolve over the course of the story.



But Mom always thought that was nonsense.

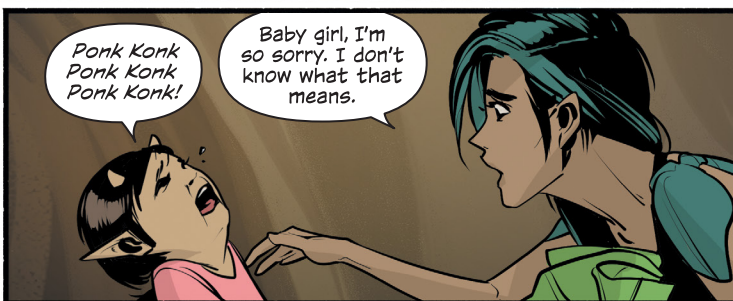
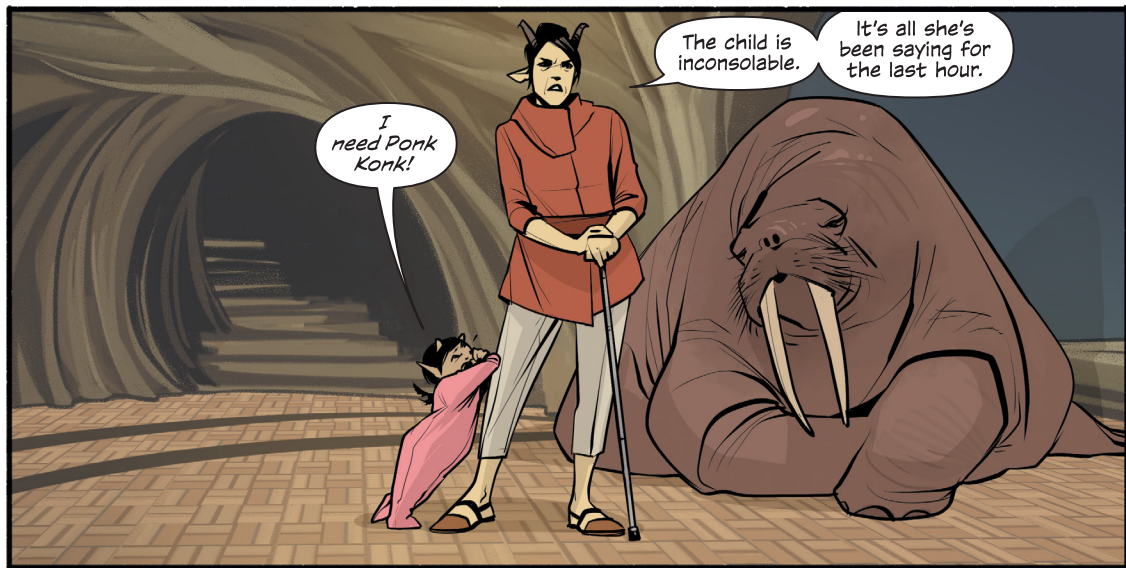
















Alana...?

Don't worry about your wardrobe, dear.

Barr taught me a spell that will get stains out of anything.



I don't care about my *clothes*, Klara.

I just... I am so messed up. I hate my job. I miss my family. I miss my *husband*. I want everything to go back to the way it used to...



...am I the only one who sees the blinking fungus?



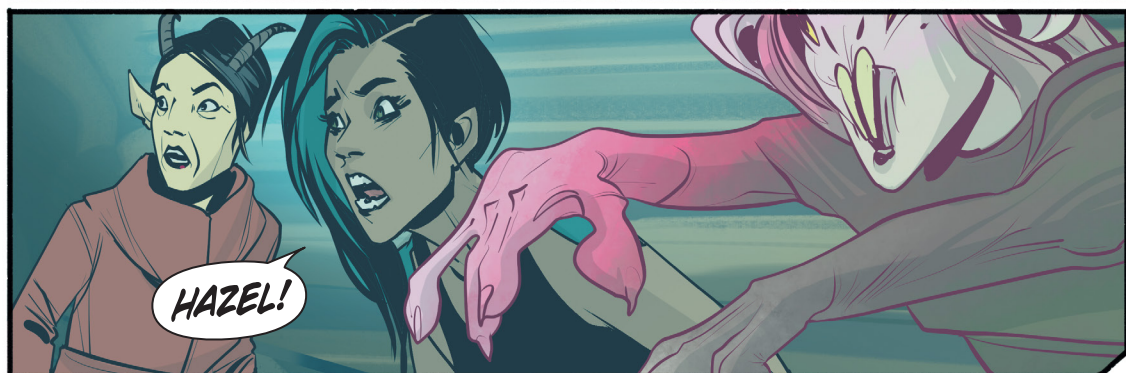
That's our intruder alert.

Somebody's inside.

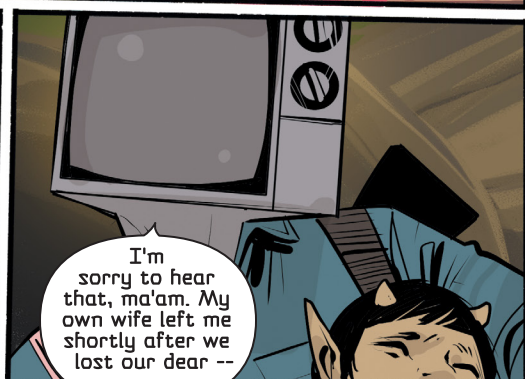
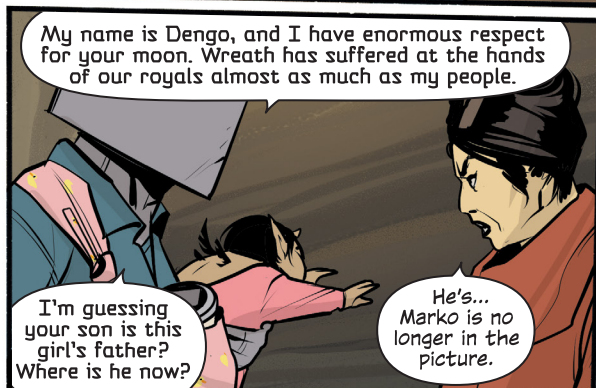
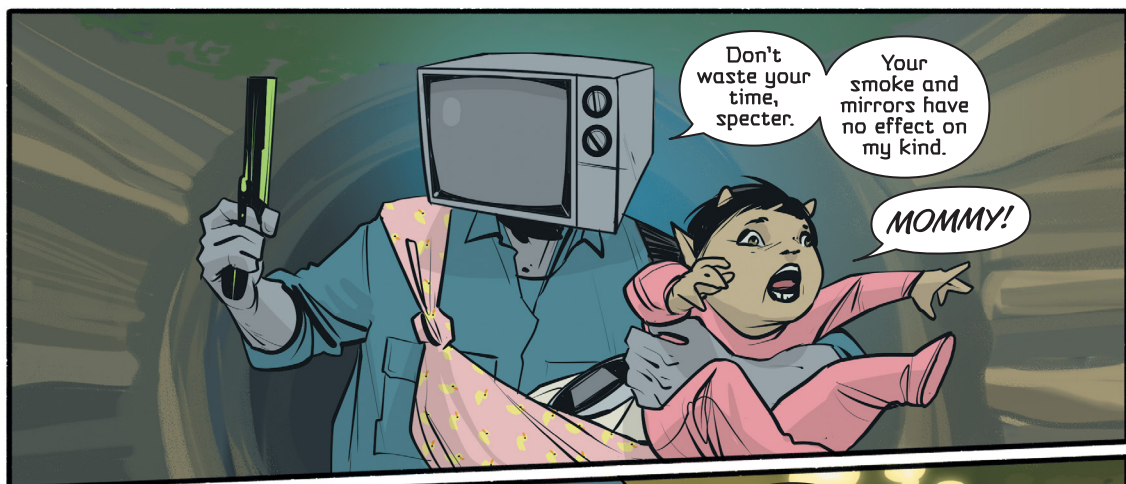


Hi!

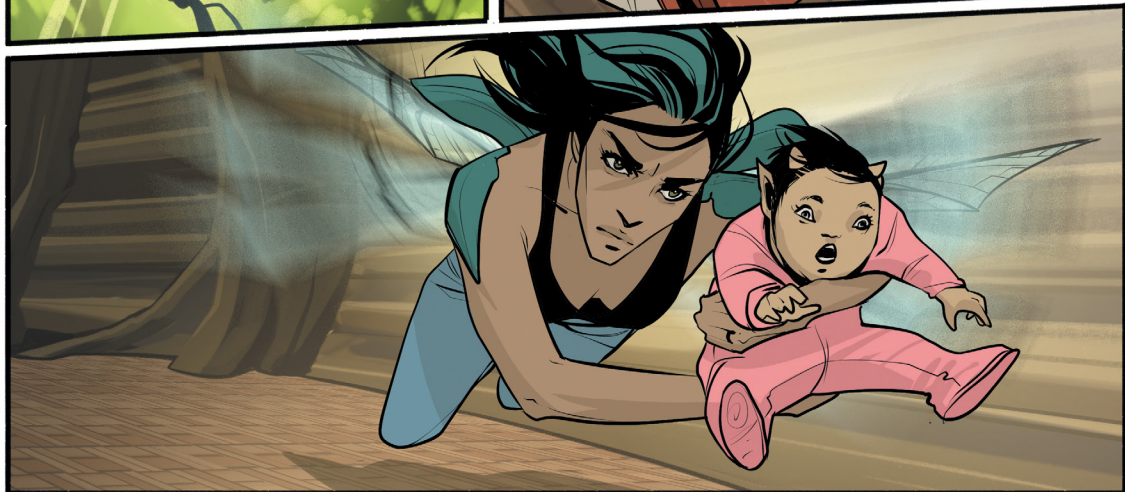




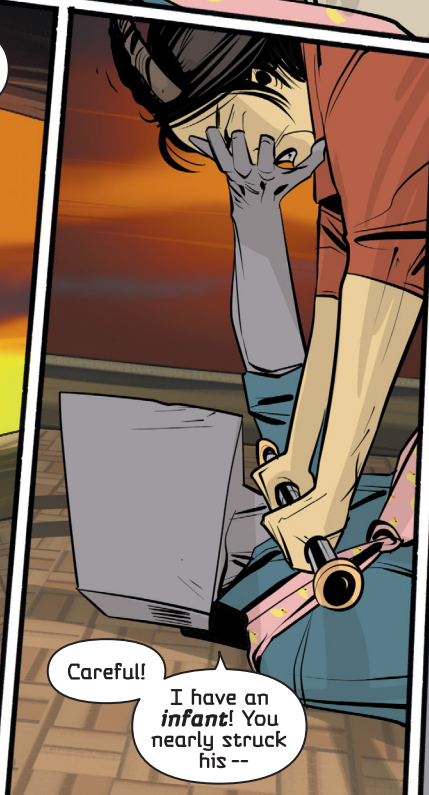
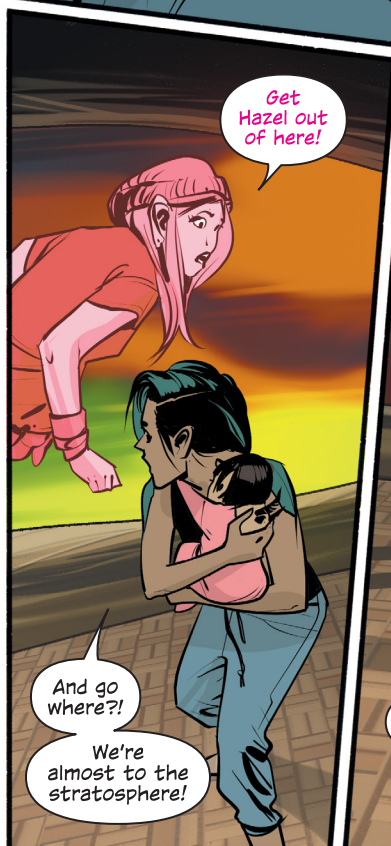
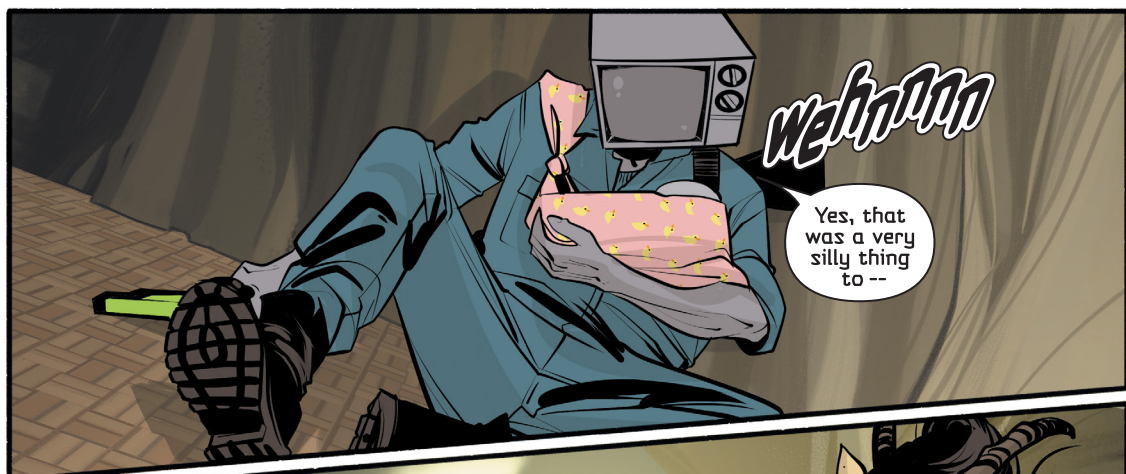




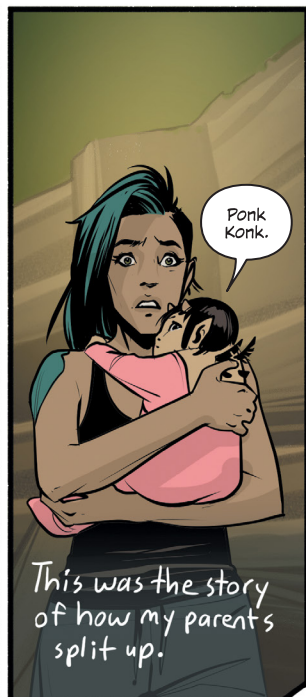


















I  
should have  
known *you*  
were behind  
all this.

end chapter twenty-three





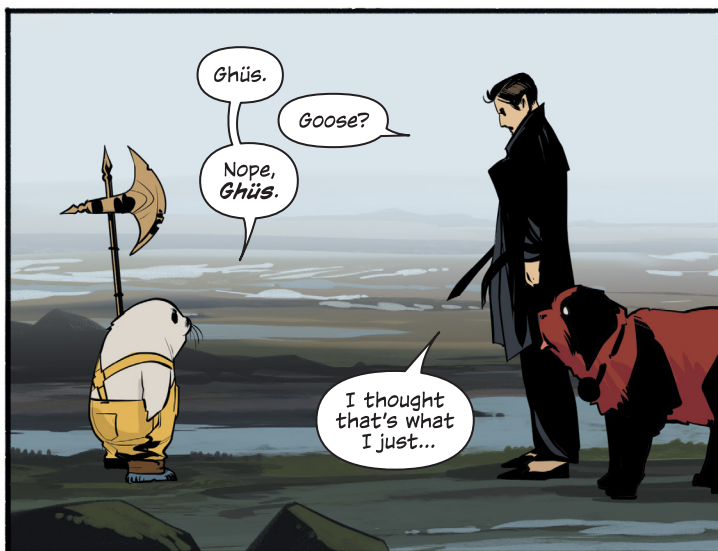
CHAPTER

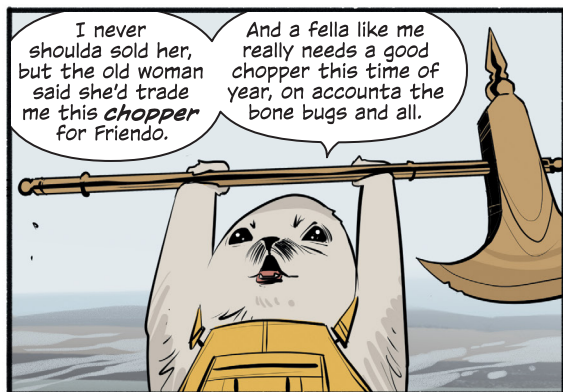
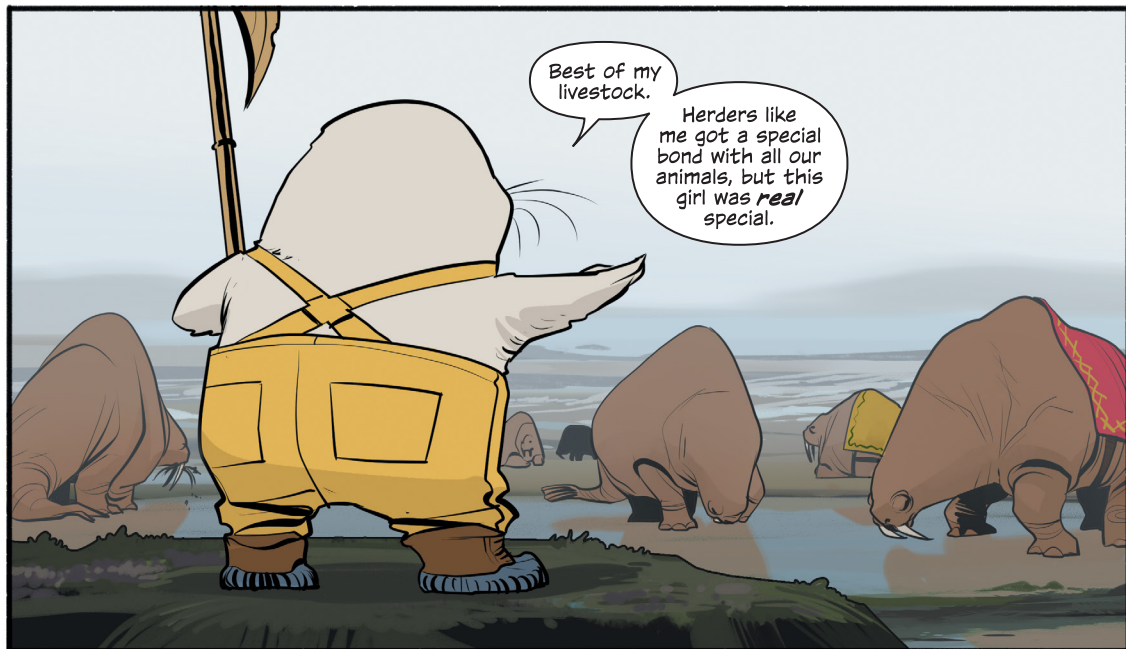
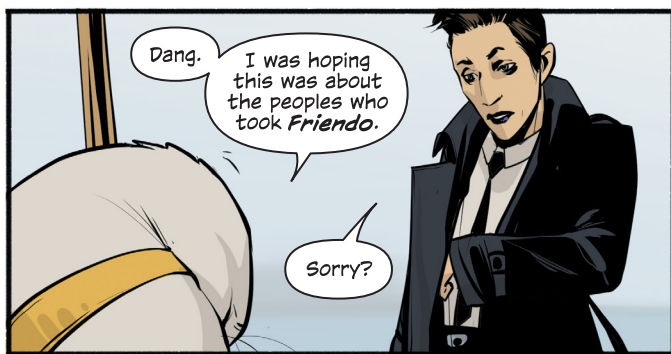
TWENTY-FOUR



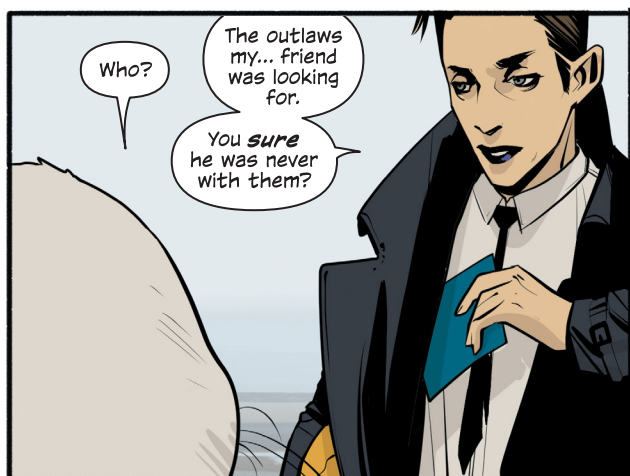
Are  
you lady  
folk?

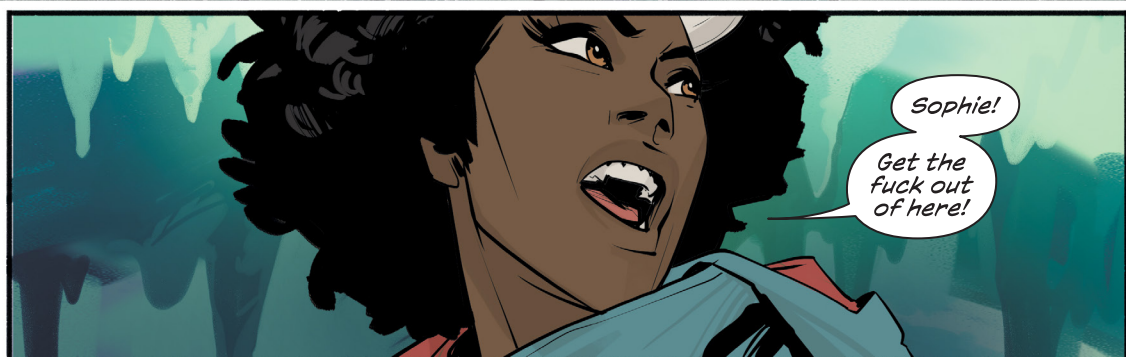












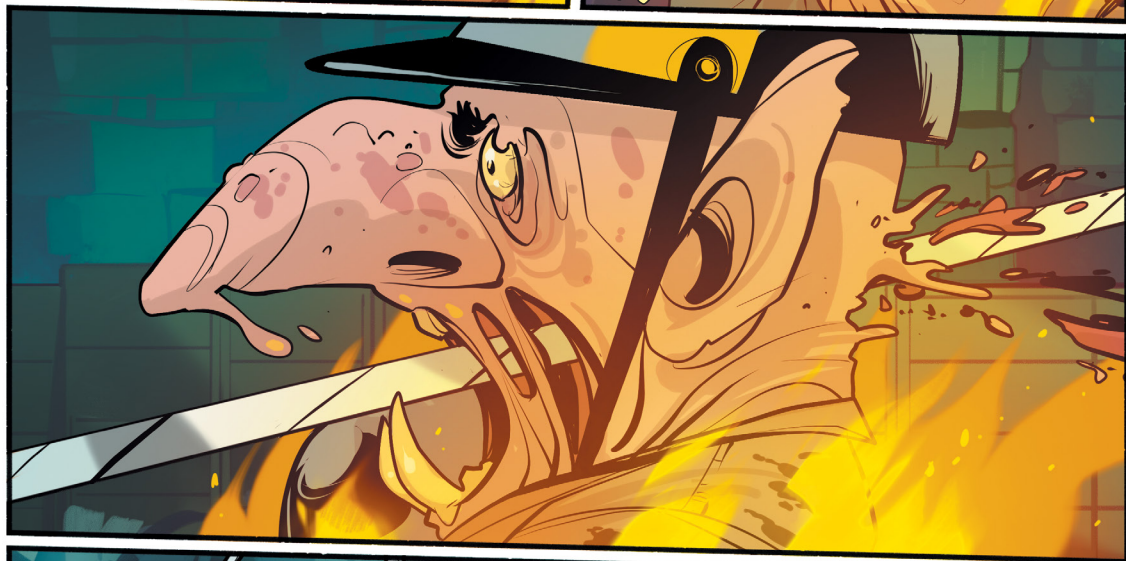




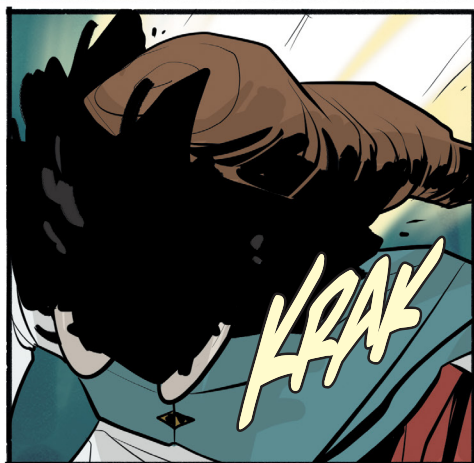








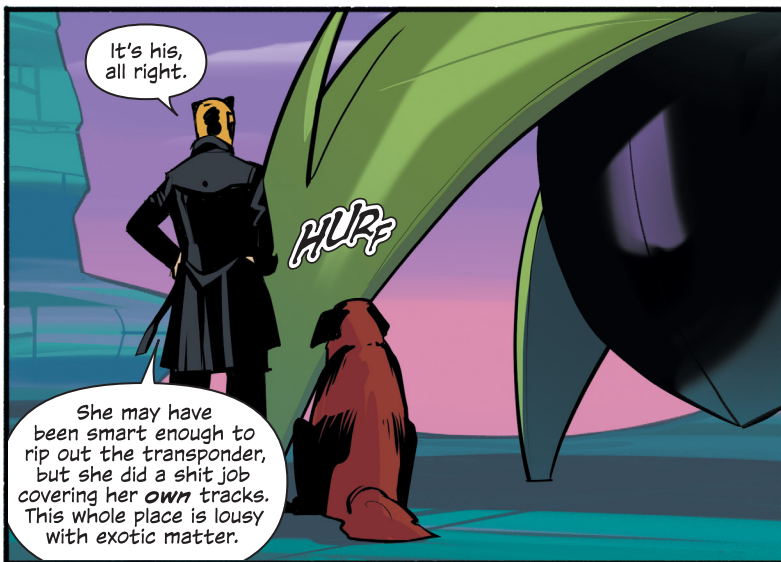
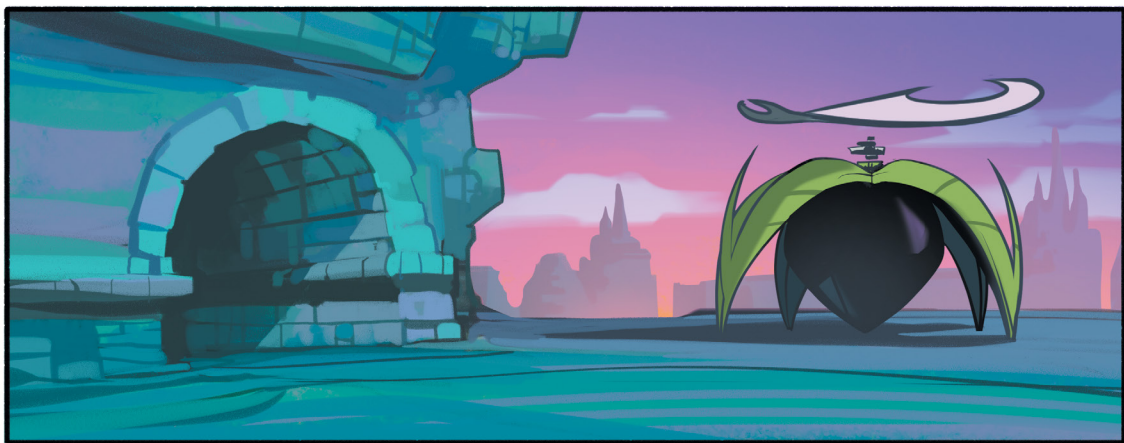








LYING

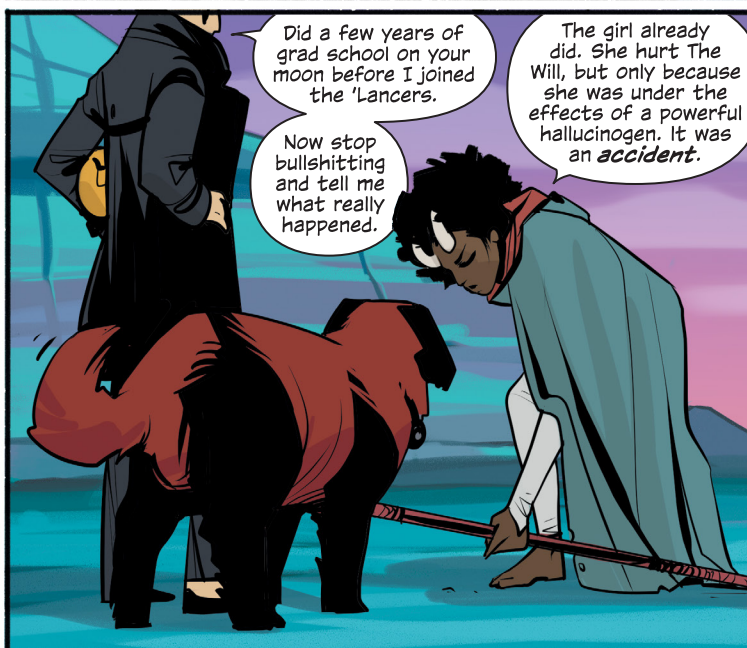


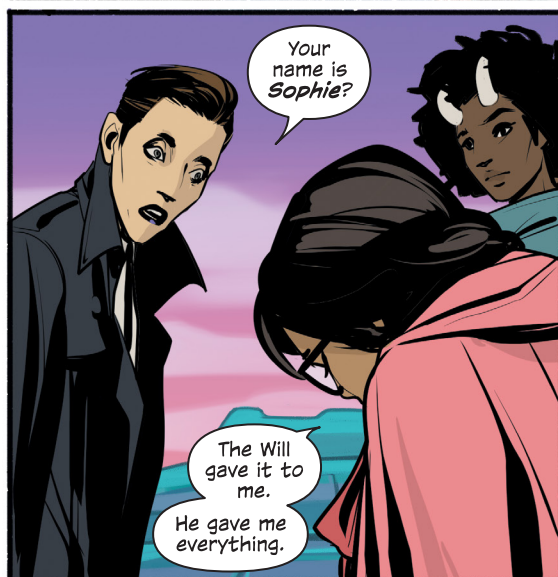
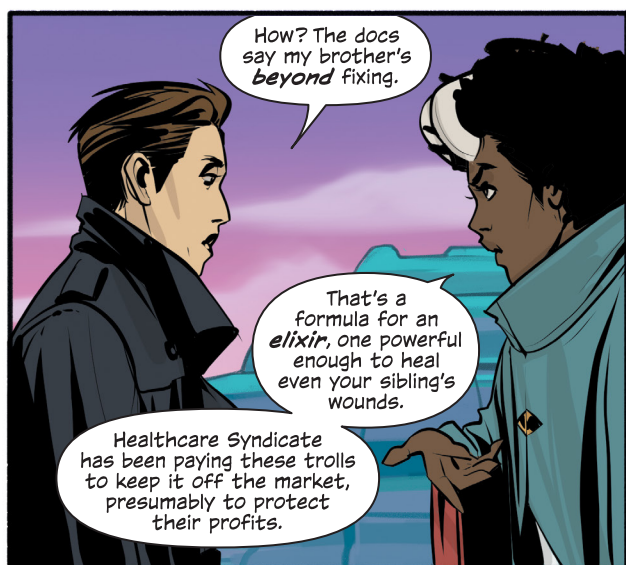




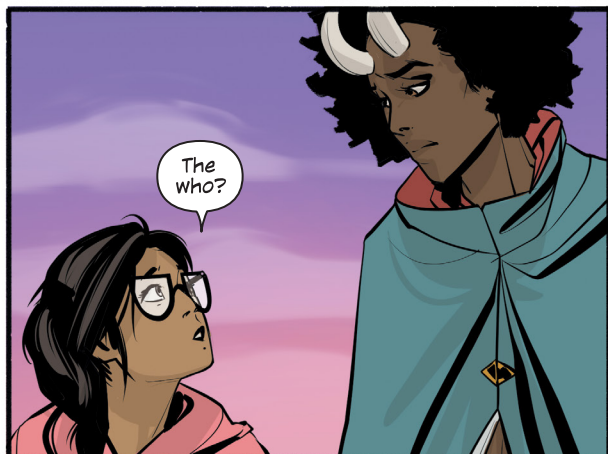


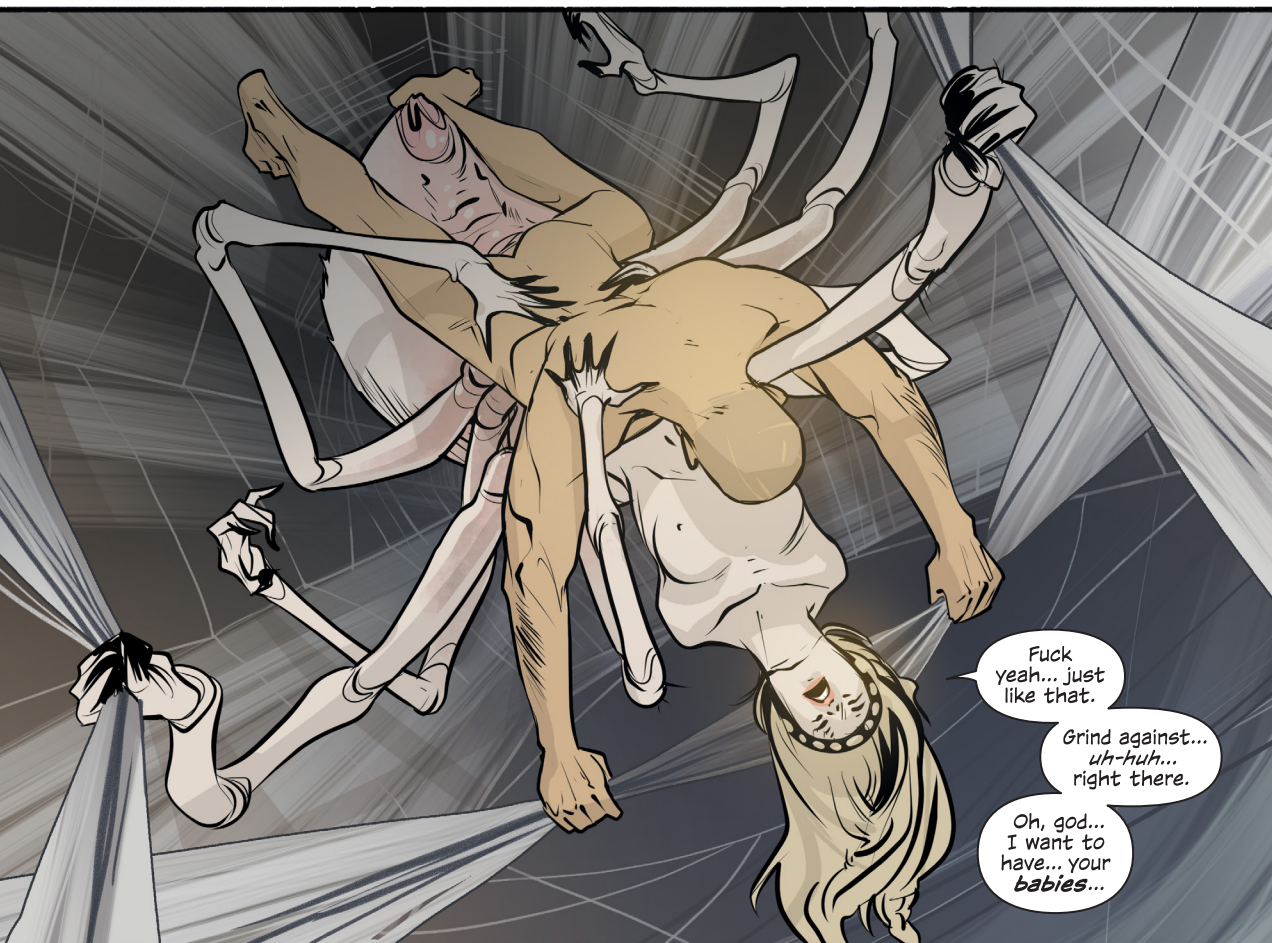




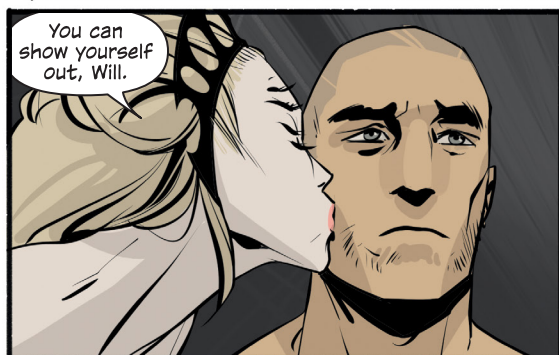
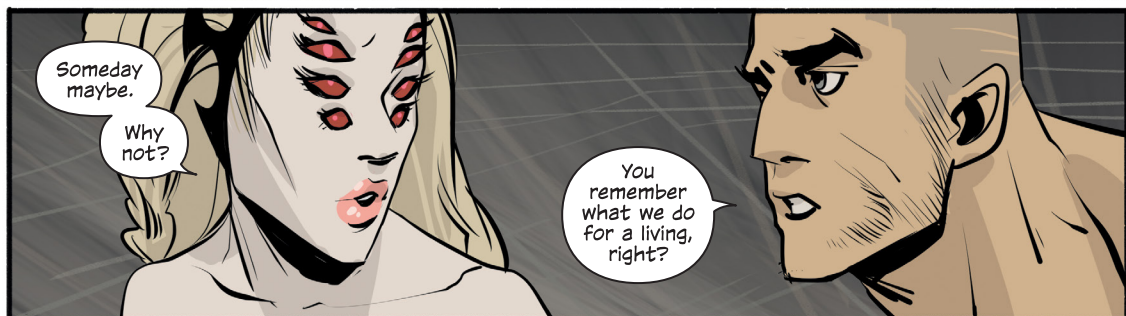
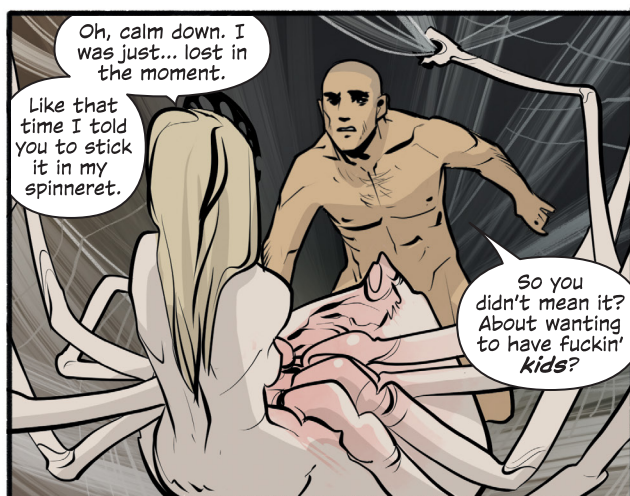


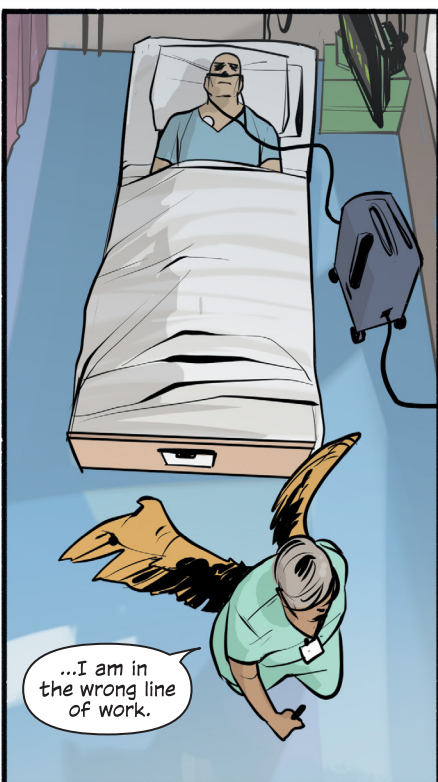
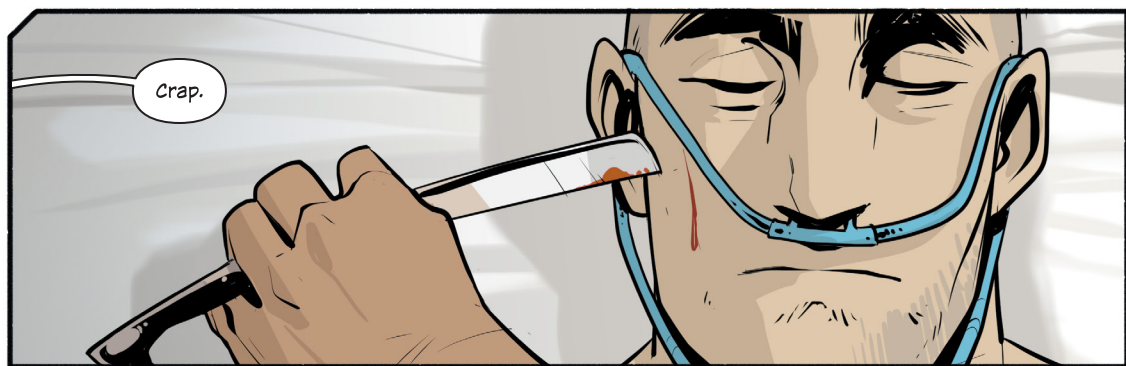






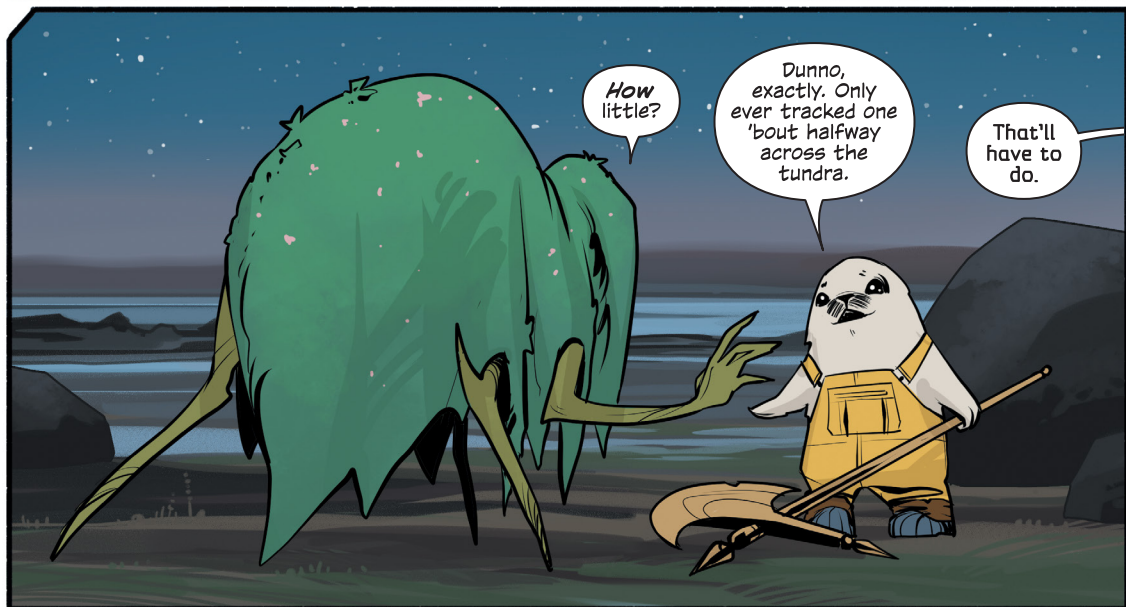














Sir, we  
need your help  
finding our  
families.



to be continued



BRIAN K. VAUGHAN  
FIONA STAPLES



# Saga

CHAPTER  
NINETEEN



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From the Eisner Award-winning duo of BRIAN K. VAUGHAN (*The Private Eye*, *Pride of Baghdad*) and FIONA STAPLES (*Mystery Society*, *Thor*), *SAGA* is the sweeping tale of one young family fighting to find their place in the universe. As they visit a strange new world and encounter even more adversaries, baby Hazel finally becomes a toddler, while her star-crossed parents Marko and Alana struggle to stay on their feet.



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SCI-FI/FANTASY

RATED **M** /MATURE