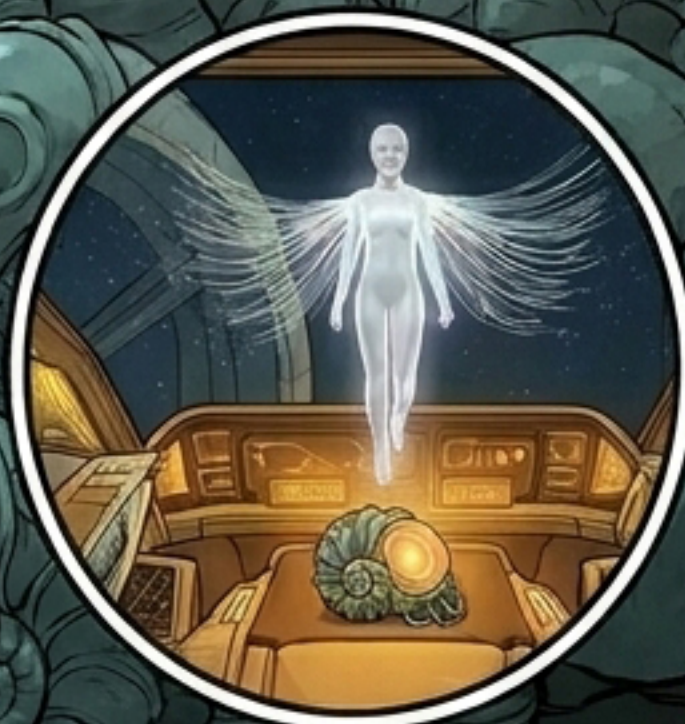


SOVA'S LEGEND

Dusk of the Gods



Issue 1: An Unremarkable Man

Somewhere in the galaxy. Population: too many.



One of them lives here.

His name is Sova.

He has lived here for twenty-seven years.

Nothing has happened.

He is fine with this.

Mostly.

Twenty-seven years.

Not one interesting thing.

The suit was his father's.

The colony was his father's idea.

His father is gone.



Best dough in the sector!

...



He has eaten this every day for twenty-seven years.



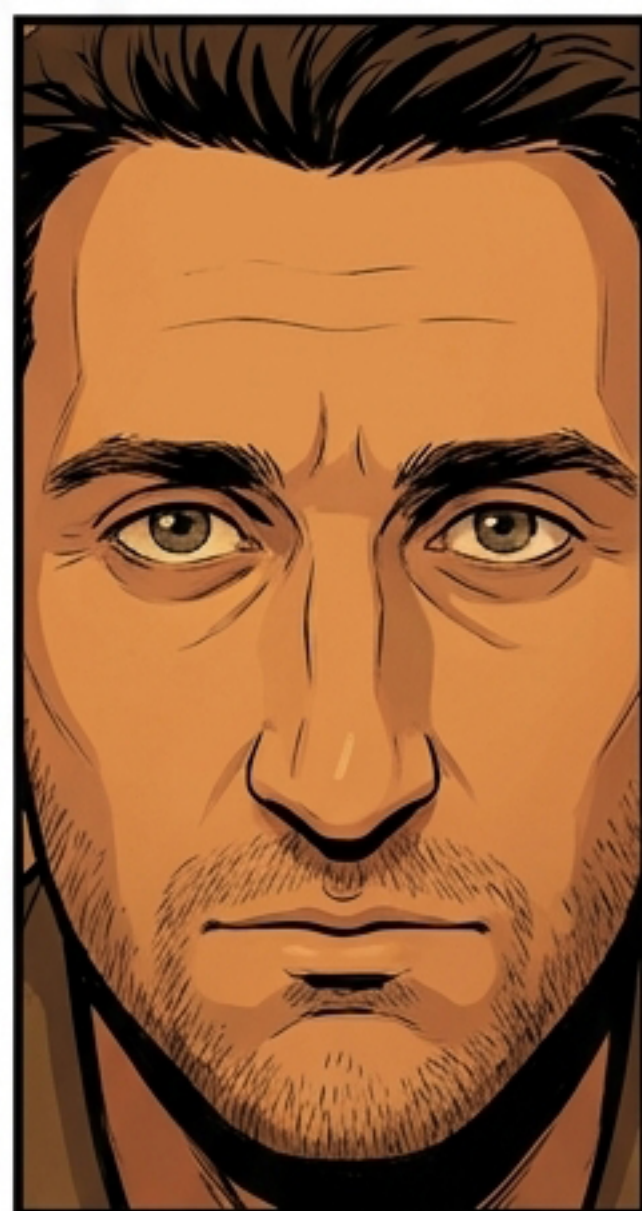
Evening.

Same as morning.

Same as yesterday.



You will visit many strange
star systems. You will learn
of a war that began at the
dawn of time —



He doesn't move.

He just looks.



For the first time in years,
he looks at something.



The apartment is empty.

It has always been empty.

Tonight it feels different.



Twenty-seven years.

...Huh.



He searches for four hours.

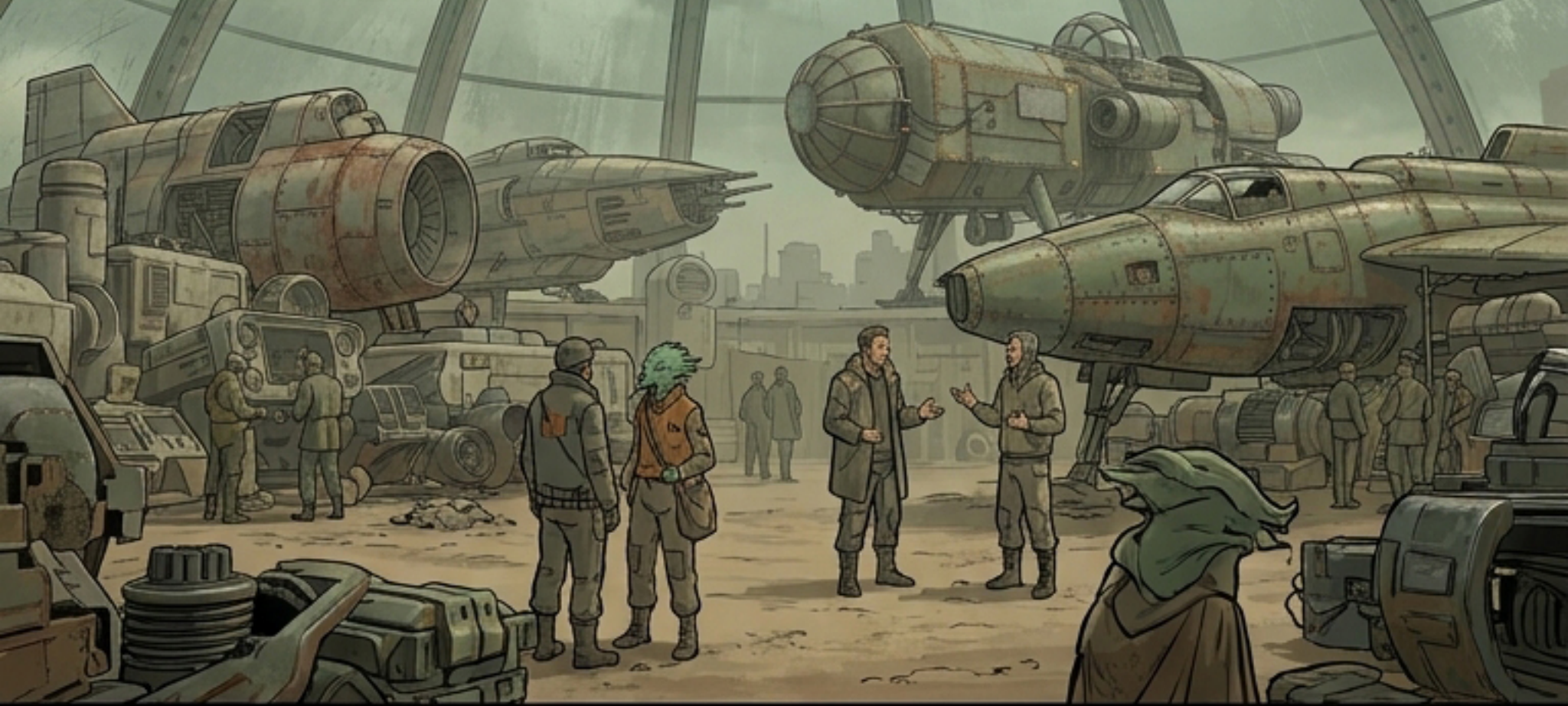
He doesn't sleep.



In the morning, he sells the apartment.

It takes eleven minutes.

The market for used spaceships is exactly what you'd expect.



It has no hull.

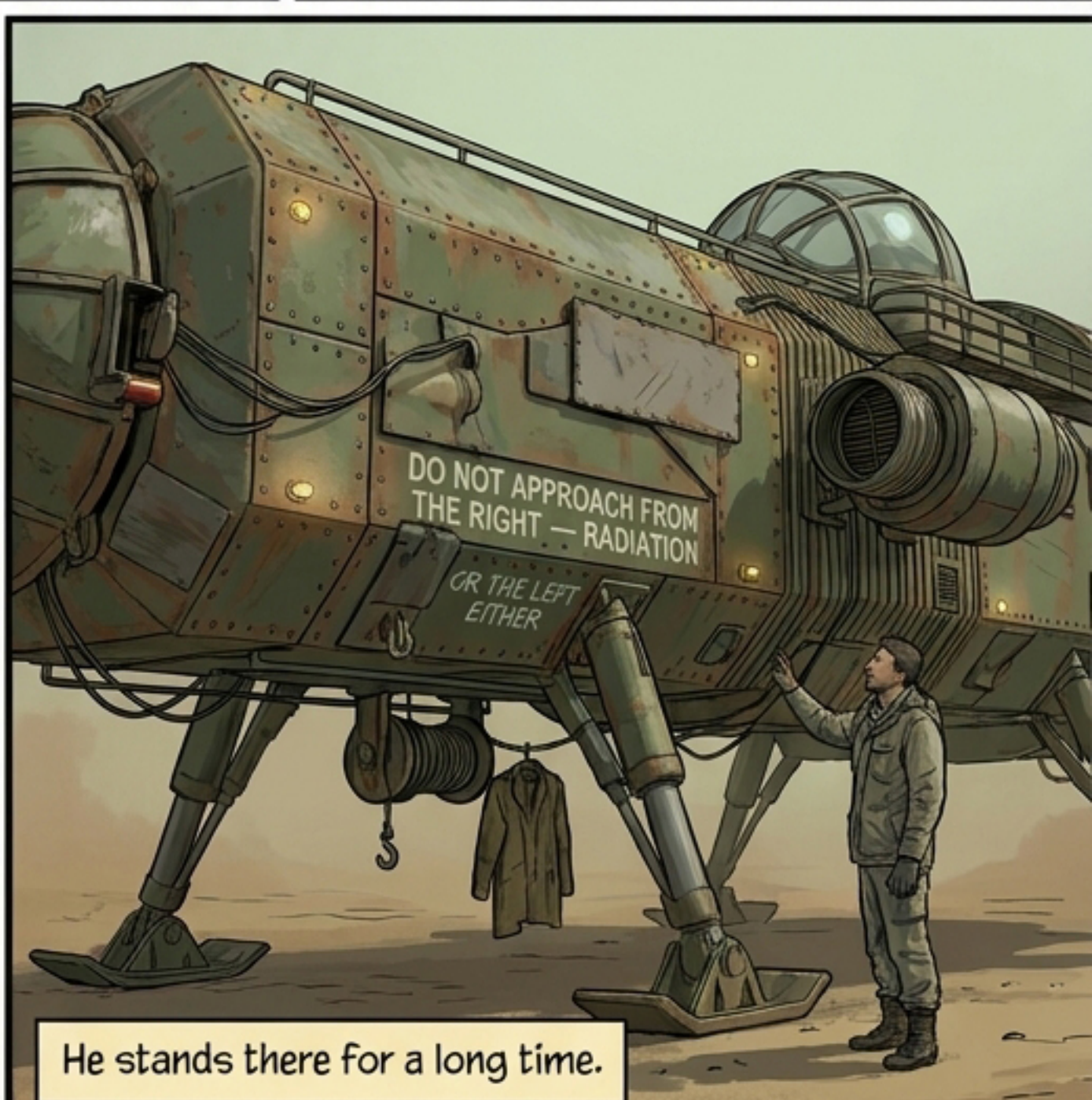
Classic restoration project!

That's the classic part.

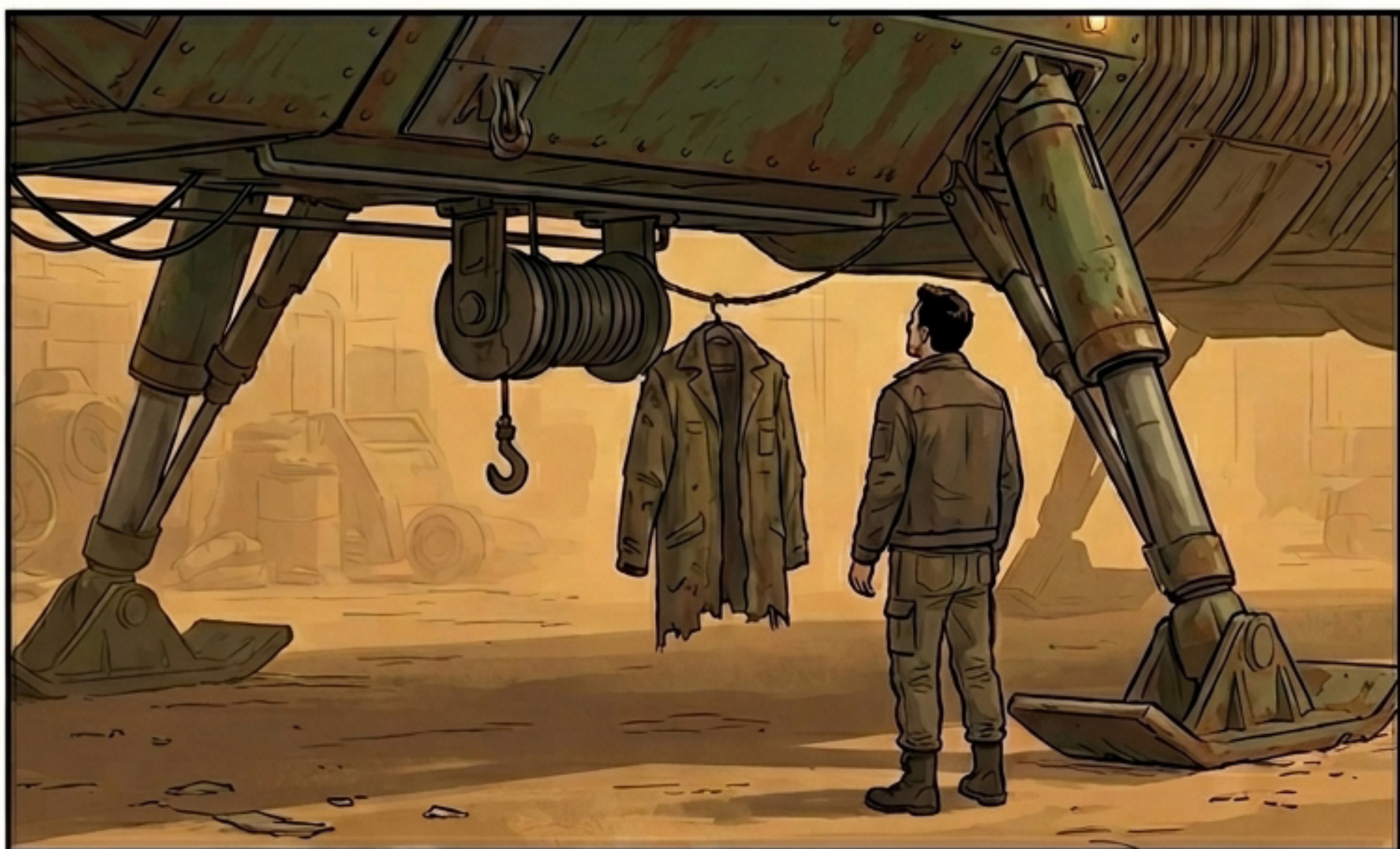


What's wrong with this one?

Nothing! Probably.



He stands there for a long time.



The spacesuit is not new.

Nothing about this is new.

First things first.

...Acceptable.

Twenty-seven years.

He doesn't say goodbye.

There's no one to say it to.

The ship works.

Mostly.



WARNING:
Hull integrity 67%

Noted.

WARNING:
Left engine running
at 43% capacity

Also noted.



He doesn't know
where he's going.

He knows where
he's *not* going.



That's enough.



Space is very quiet.

He didn't expect that.



Huh.



The yellow light is still on.

He has decided this is acceptable.



He needs fuel.

The nearest automated facility is two days out.

ZETA MINING SYSTEM

REFUELING



He goes.

As planned.

There is no plan.

The automated mining facility ZETA3.

It doesn't care that he's coming.

It will let him in anyway.

That's the law.

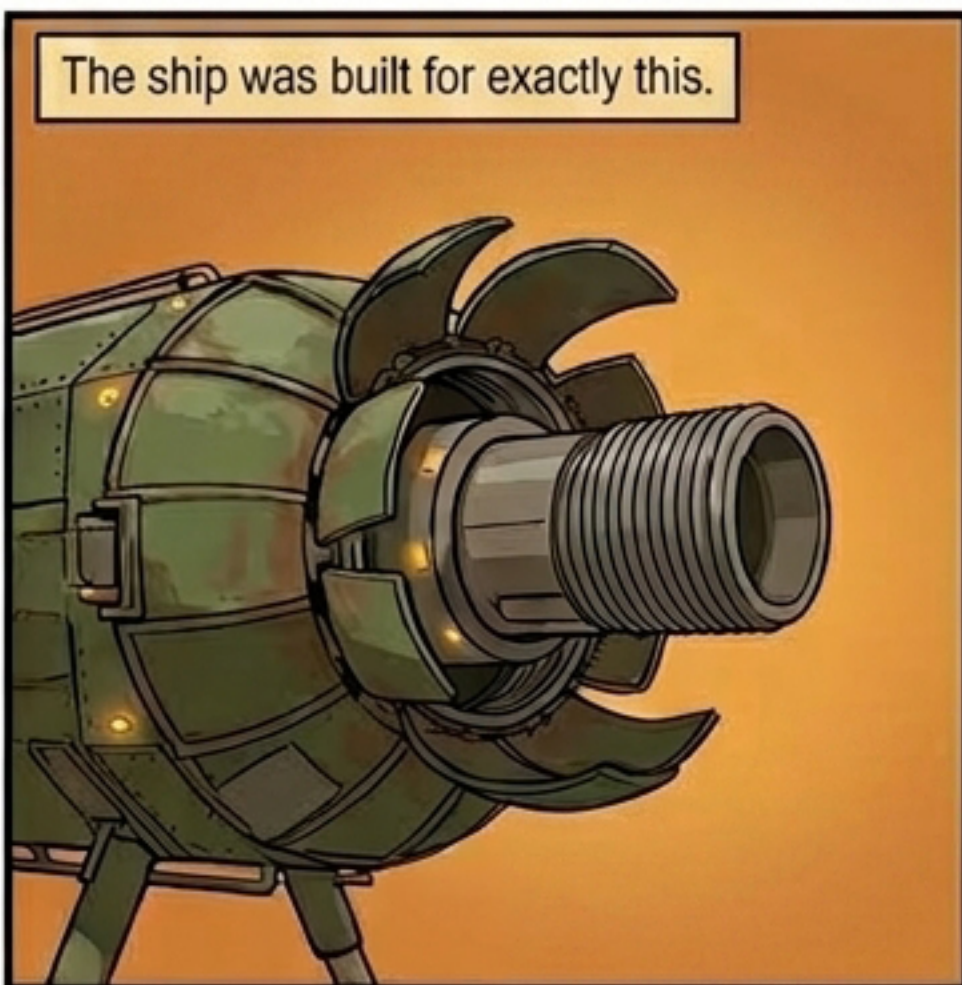


Docking clearance granted.
Welcome to ZETA3.

Thanks.

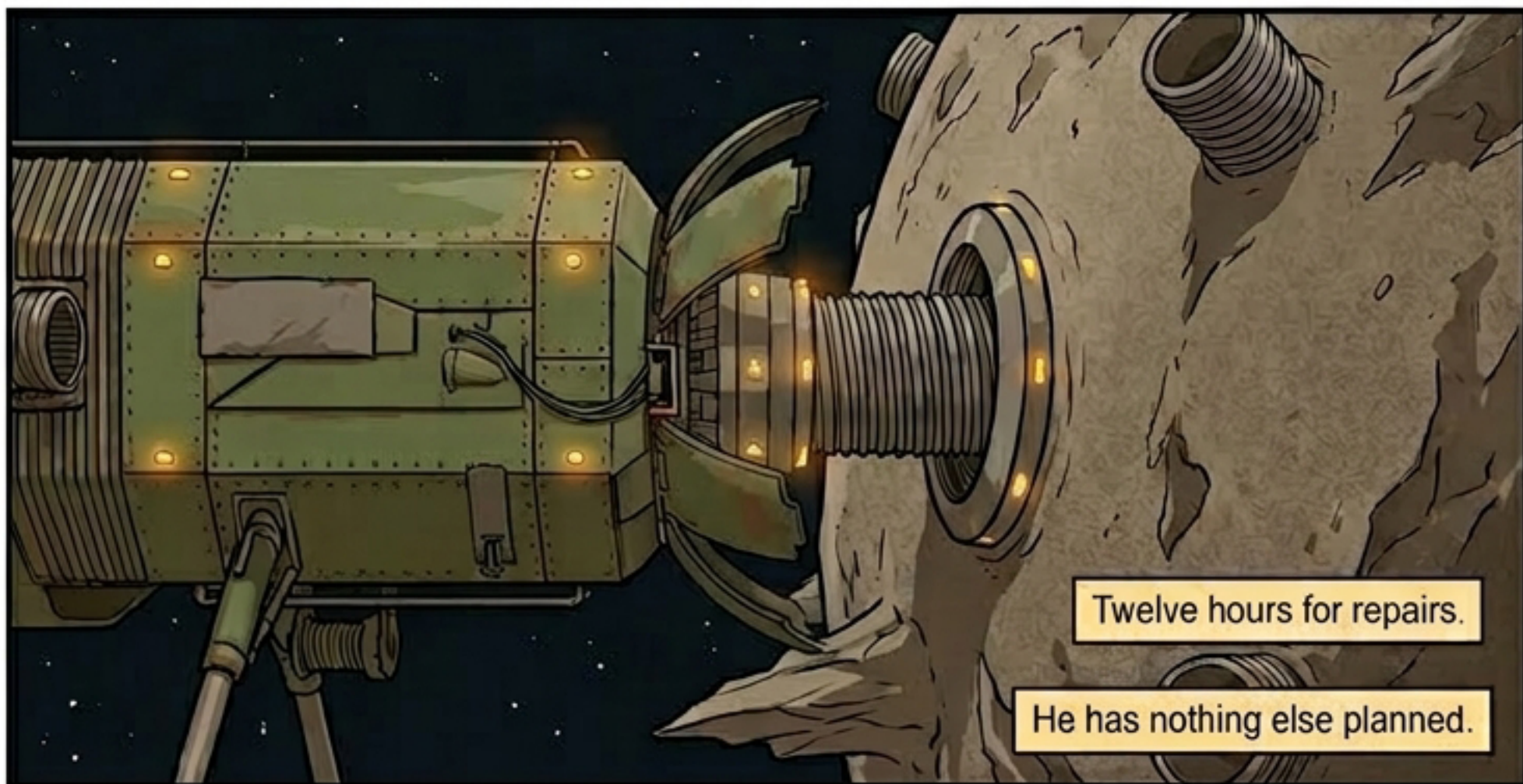


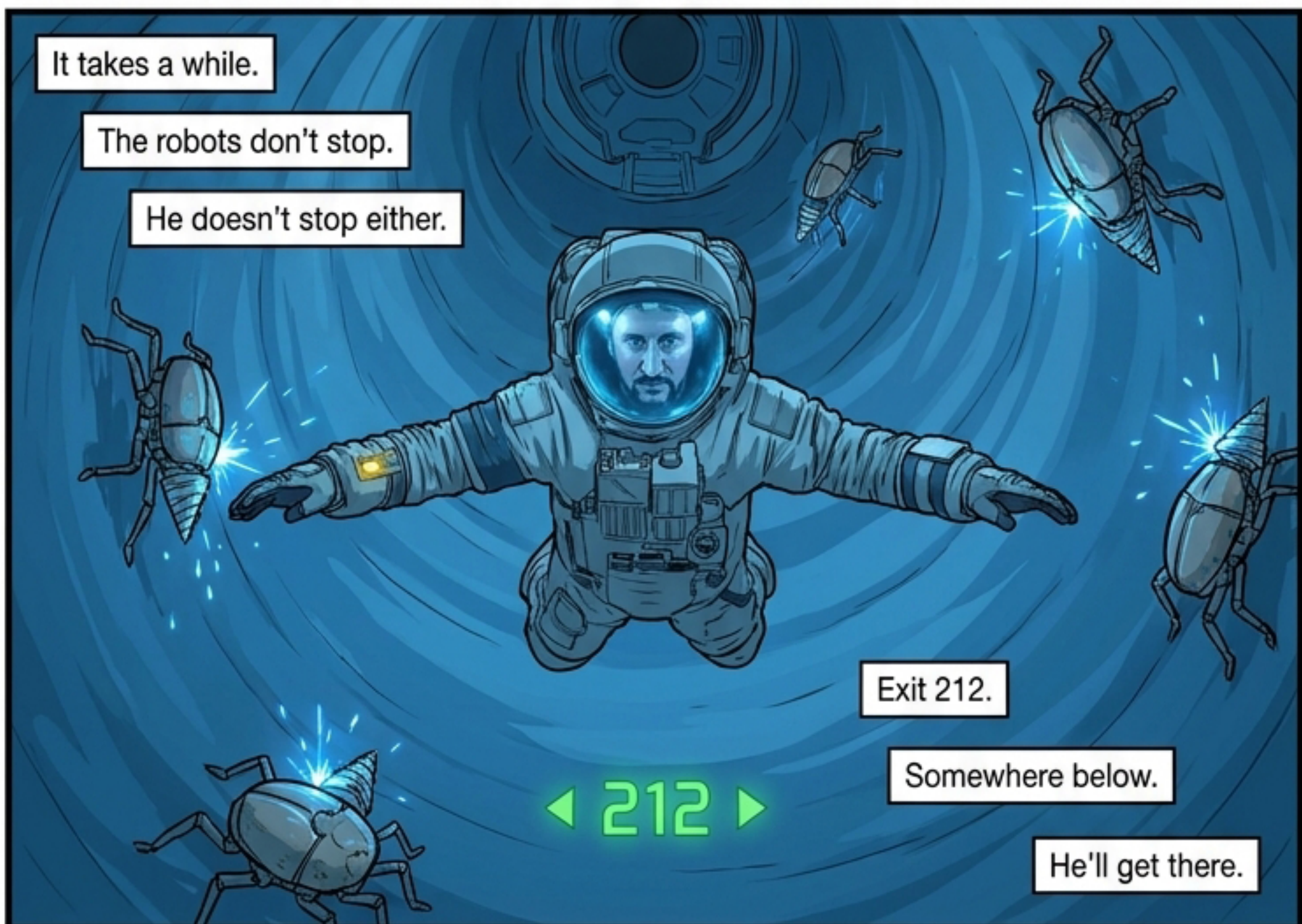
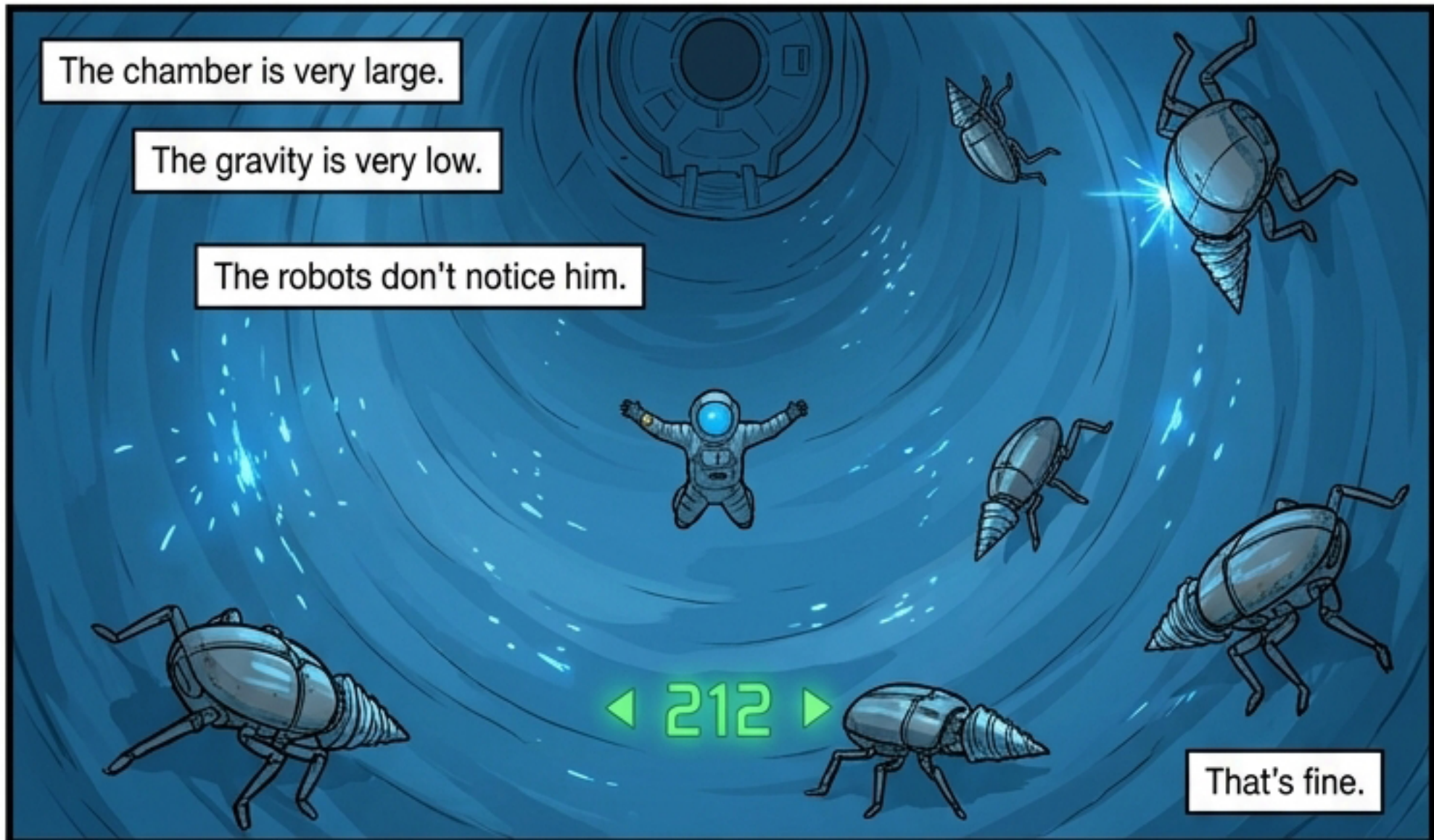
The ship was built for exactly this.



Twelve hours for repairs.

He has nothing else planned.





Exit 212.

He chose it from above.

He doesn't know why.



Twelve hours.

Might as well look around.



The tunnels are rough.

Cut fast. Not finished.

Just: through.

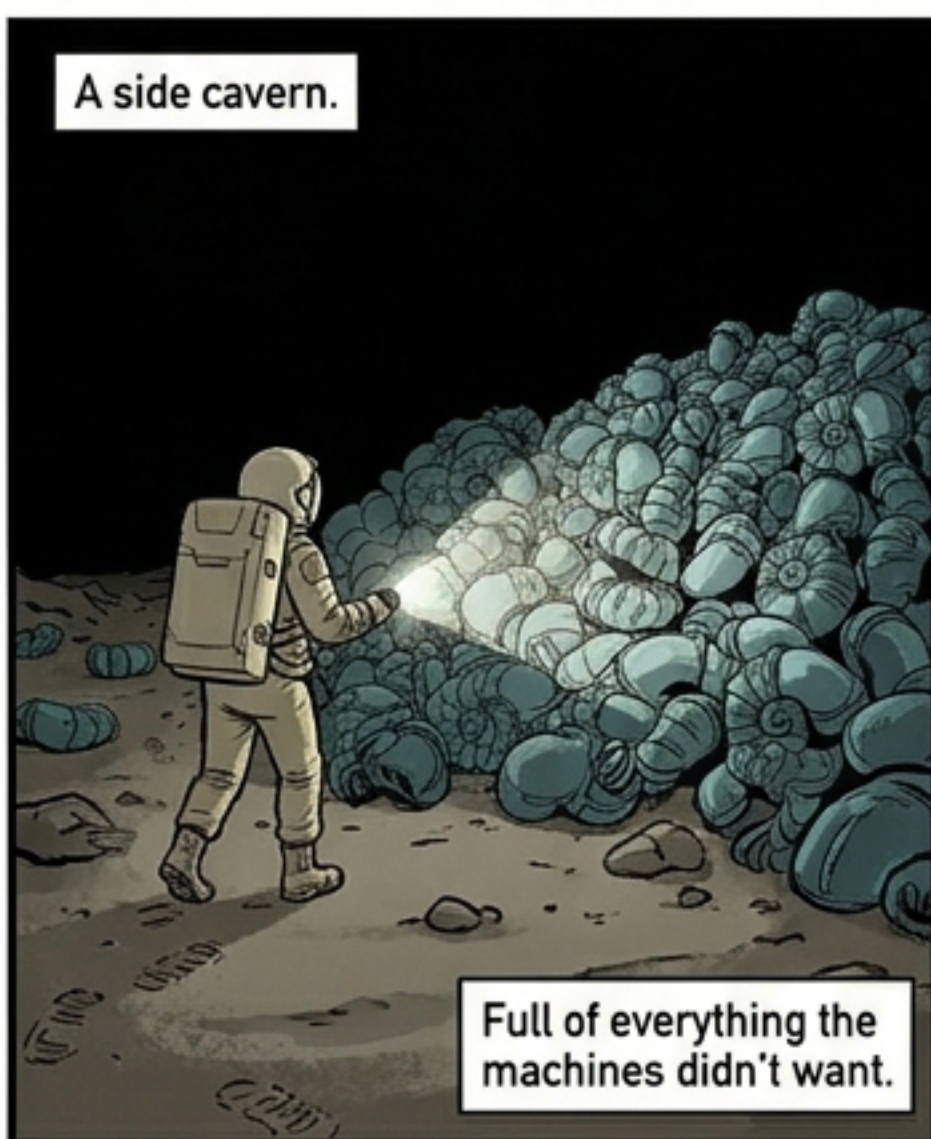


He almost walks past it.

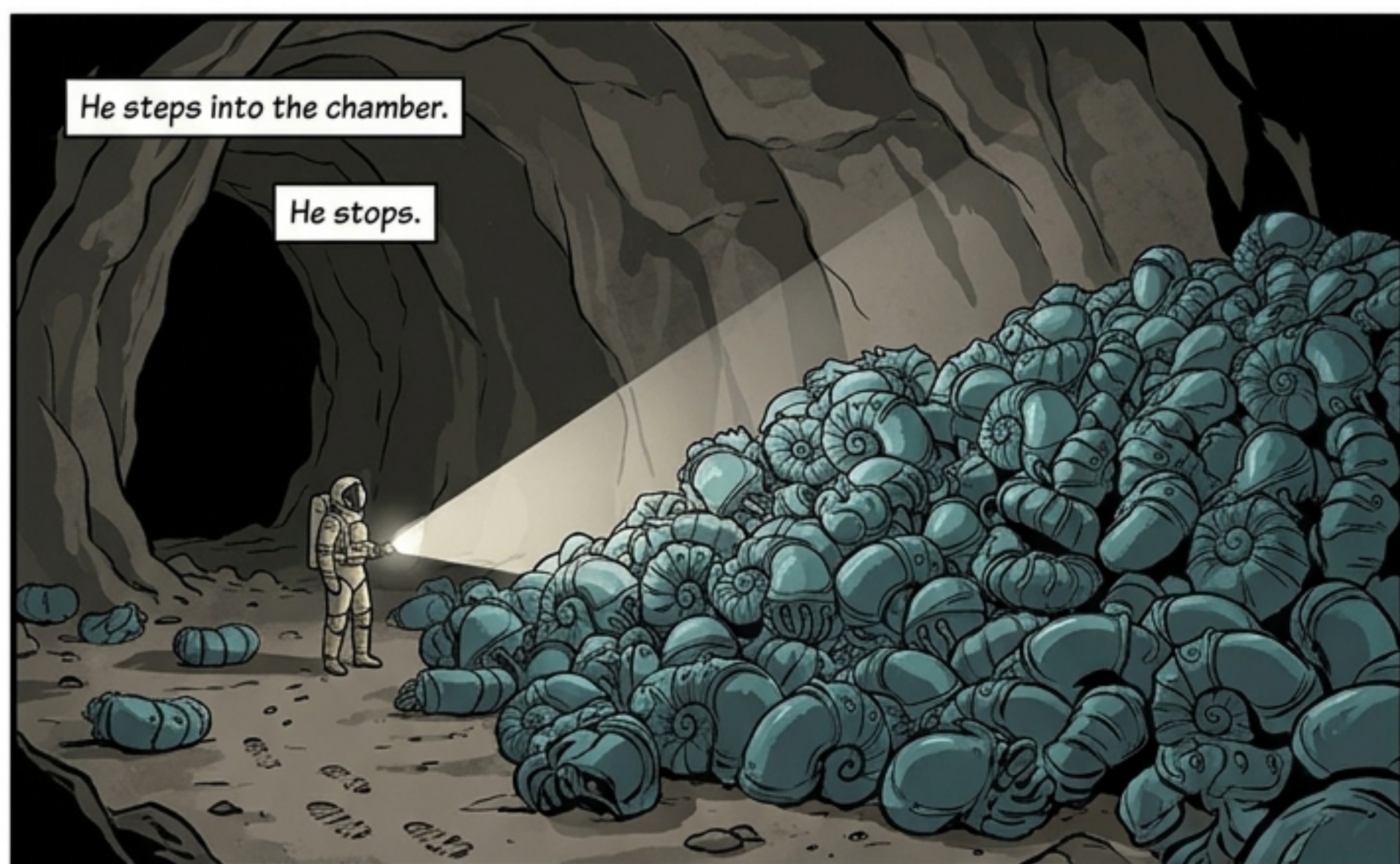
Almost.



A side cavern.



Full of everything the machines didn't want.



He steps into the chamber.

He stops.



...Interesting.



All the same.

Every single one.



Lighter than it looks.

One of them is different.

Barely.



Strange.

...I'll take it.

He puts it in his suit pocket.

He doesn't know why.

He goes back to the ship.

Exit 212. The way back is the same as the way in. He doesn't notice. He is thinking about something else.



It fits in the instrument bag. He checked twice. He doesn't know why he checked twice.



A hundred meters. Low gravity. The robots don't stop. He doesn't stop either.



Twelve hours. Almost done.

The suit goes back
where it came from.
The bag does not.



He takes it out with both hands.
He doesn't know why both hands
feel necessary. They do.



In the cave it looked like
everything else. It doesn't
look like everything else.



Twelve hours. Done. He
can go now. He stays a
moment longer.

He found it in a cave.

In a pile of
identical things.

He put it on
the console.

He doesn't
know why.



He sits with it for a while.

The shell glows softly.

Nothing happens.

Yet.

The ship is very quiet.
He didn't expect that either.



The food is fine.
Technically.



WARNING:
Secondary
coolant
pressure low.



Noted.



He has slept in worse places.
He tries to remember when.
He can't.

On the colony, the stars looked like this. But there was glass. And the glass was dirty. And the air between was never quite clean.



Twenty-seven years. He looked at the stars every night. He was not looking at the stars.



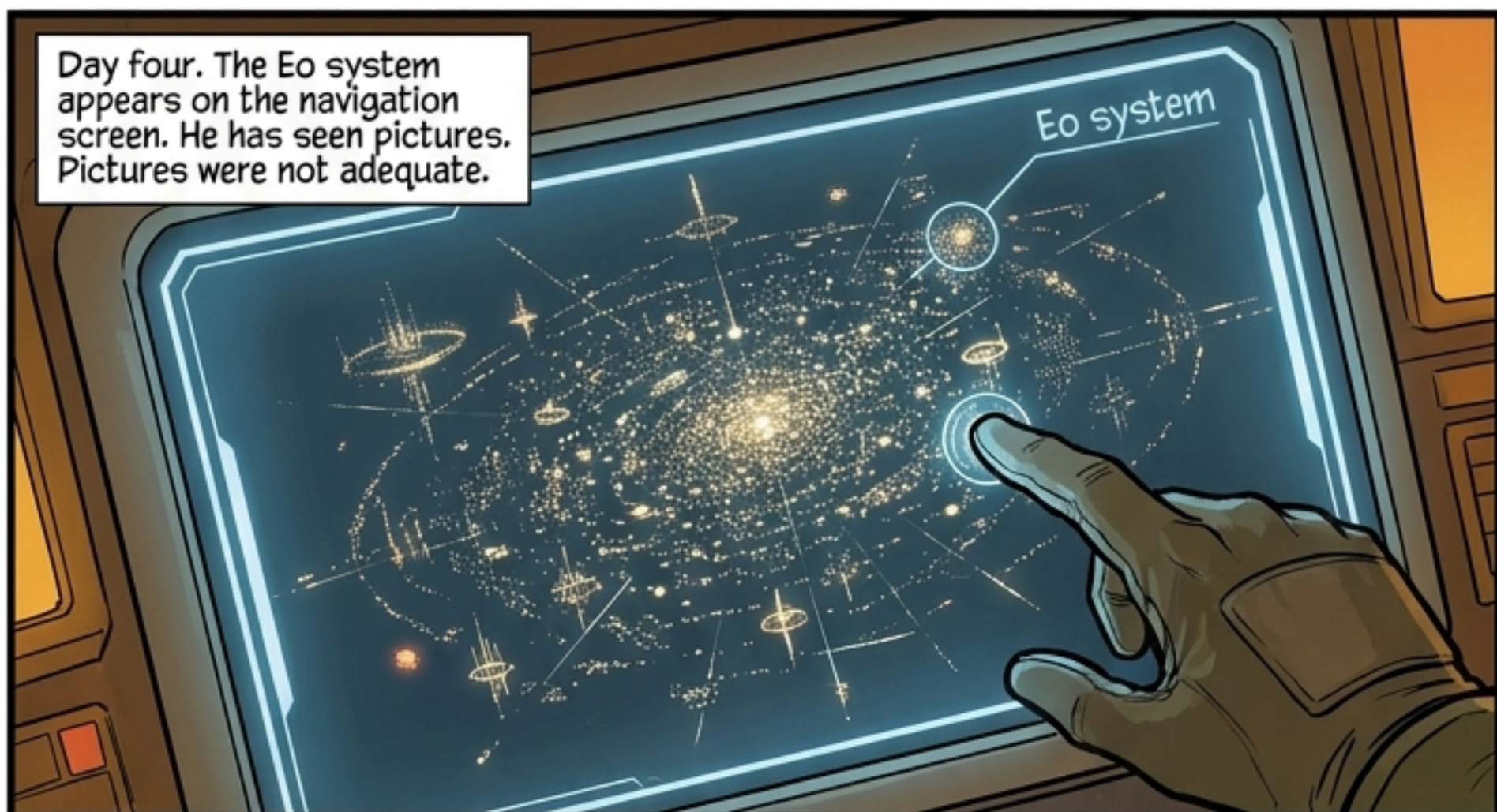
He doesn't know what it is. He doesn't know why he took it. He keeps looking at it anyway.



Something is different now. He doesn't know what yet. That's fine. He has time.



Day four. The Eo system appears on the navigation screen. He has seen pictures. Pictures were not adequate.



It is very large. He was not prepared for how large.



He doesn't know what comes next. He knows he's going toward it. That's new.



Twenty-seven years of nothing. Then: this.



Next: The Eo System.

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