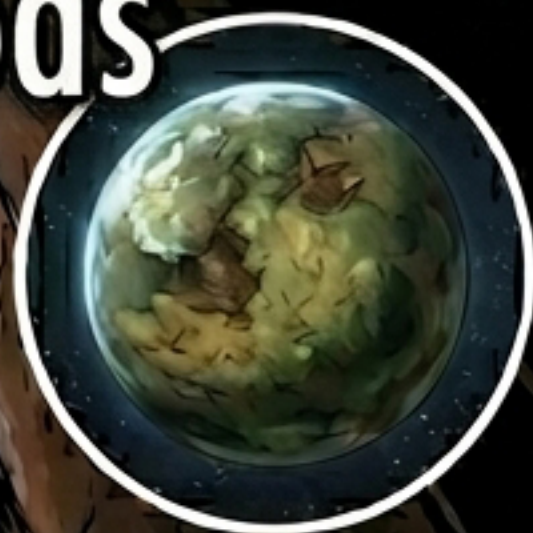


SOVA'S LEGEND

Dusk of the Gods

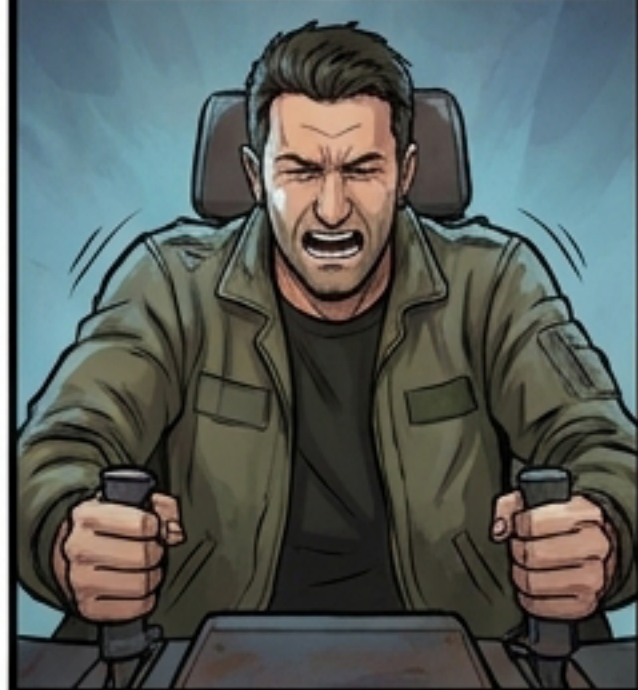


Issue 7: The Farm

Hymenopteran system.
Day 43.



Never before had he been
this close to death.



A hard hit to the right side.



Main engine damaged. We're being pulled toward the planet.

Which planet?!

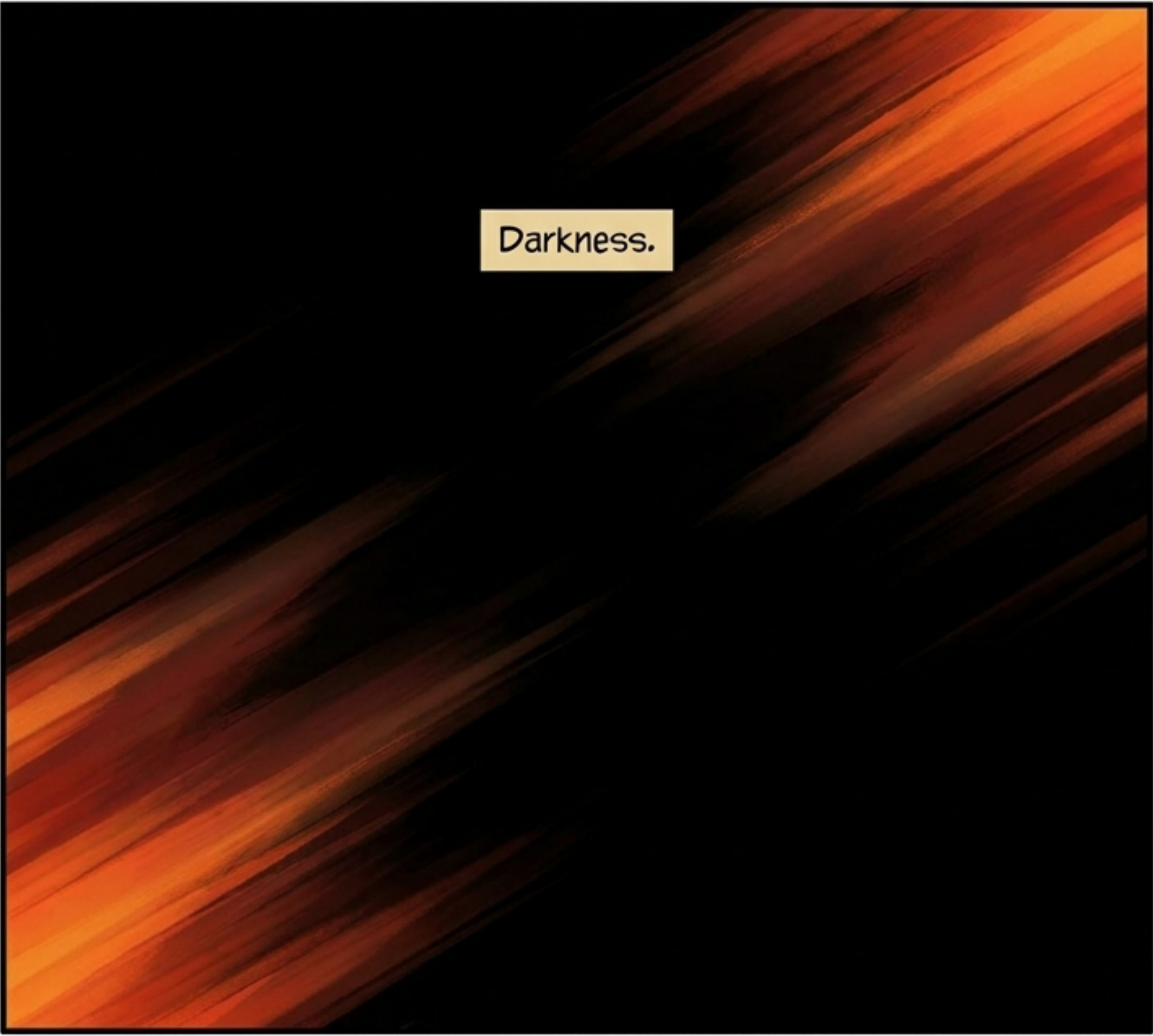
The one where the battle is.



Emergency atmospheric entry.

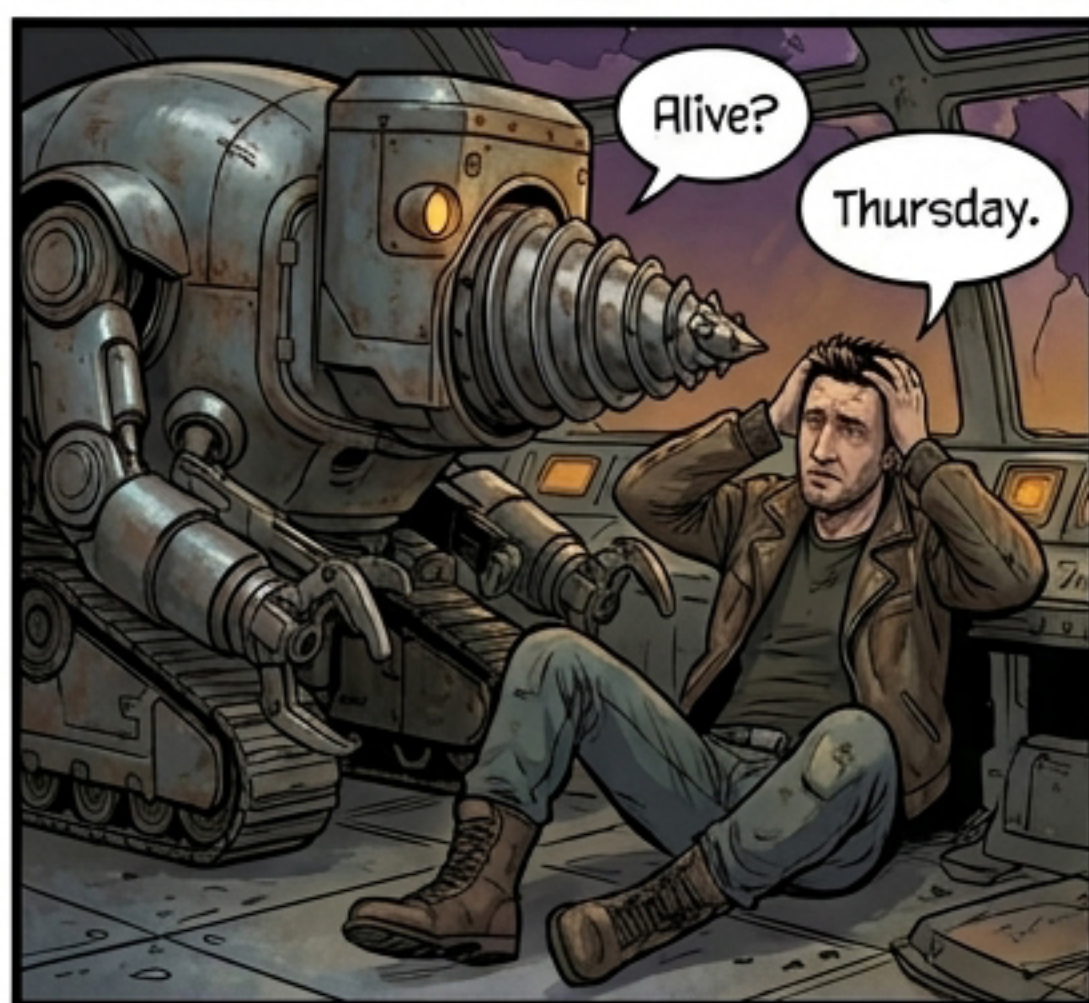
A close-up, high-contrast illustration of a man's face, screaming with his mouth wide open and eyes squeezed shut. He has a beard and is wearing a flight suit. The background is a cockpit filled with various instruments, dials, and control panels, all rendered in a fiery orange and red color palette with motion blur lines radiating from the center, suggesting intense speed or a crisis. A speech bubble is positioned at the top center of the panel.

Consciousness cut out.

A vertical panel depicting a state of unconsciousness. The background is a dark, swirling vortex of black and deep orange-brown colors, with long, diagonal motion blur lines creating a sense of rapid movement or falling into a void. A speech bubble is centered in the upper half of the panel.

Darkness.

Several hours later.

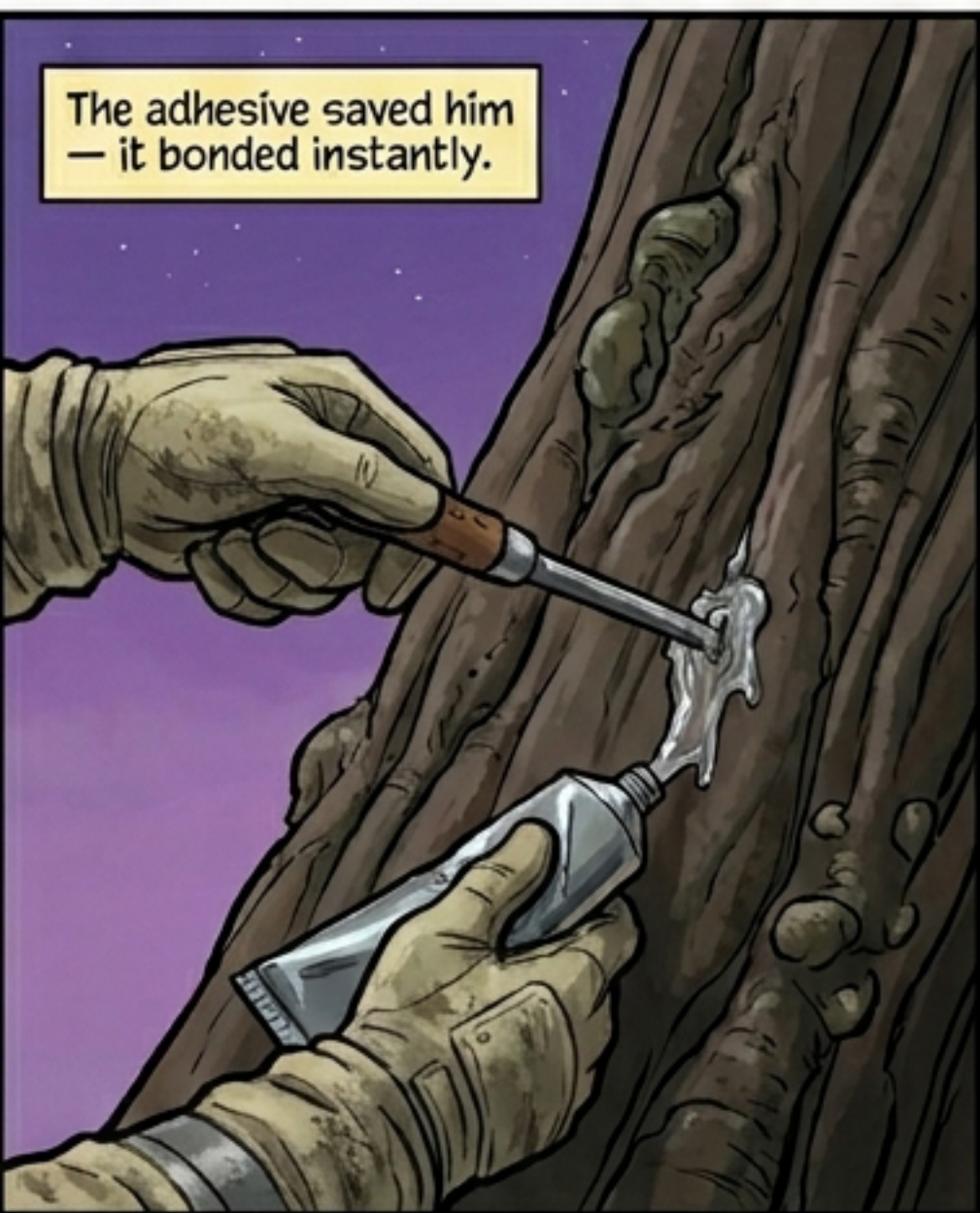




It was a beautiful sunny day.
The sky was purple.



The adhesive saved him
— it bonded instantly.



One tube made
ten steps.



Three...
two... one...



There was no impact.
He opened his eyes.



What a
day...



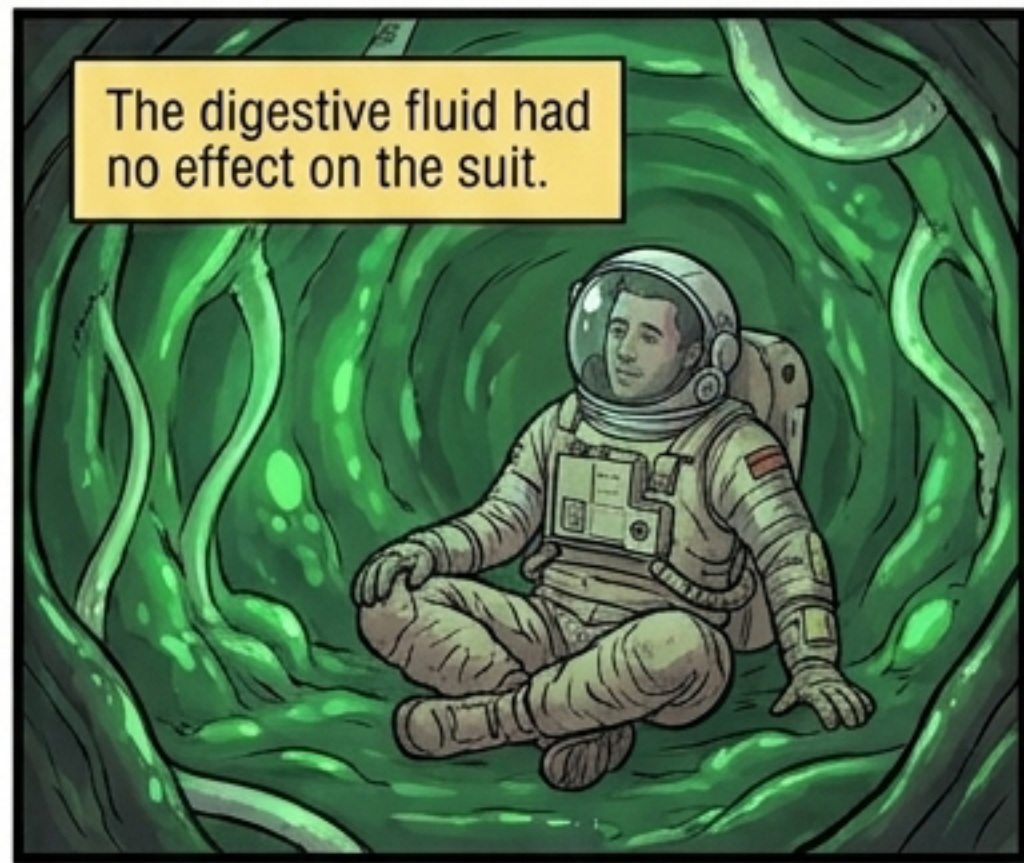
A giant carnivorous slug.



The slug swallowed Sova.
Lunch didn't work out.



The digestive fluid had
no effect on the suit.



Out of boredom he started
pulling at the tubes. It turned
out to be a pleasant activity.



Sova crawled out.



Where to now?



The filters blocked. Oxygen came from the tank.



He found a convenient bone and used it as a walking staff.



Hey. How did you end up dug in here?

I came in peace! I'm just passing through.

Your goals on our planet?

Sometimes I ask myself the same question...



Raise your arms and shake the leg-saw, then mime cutting something in half.

He says he arrived on an enemy ship to kill you all... and he's alone.

...okay?



The creatures, perceiving a backward individual, snapped their jaws and spat a net.



In the pit he was not alone.







Generator females.
Living power stations.



They waited all night.



Her name is Pisklyk. We spent a wonderful night together.

WHAT?!



We will help you.

You... speak?



The team grew. The cruiser was ahead.



The cruiser was under siege.



The Generators created chaos.



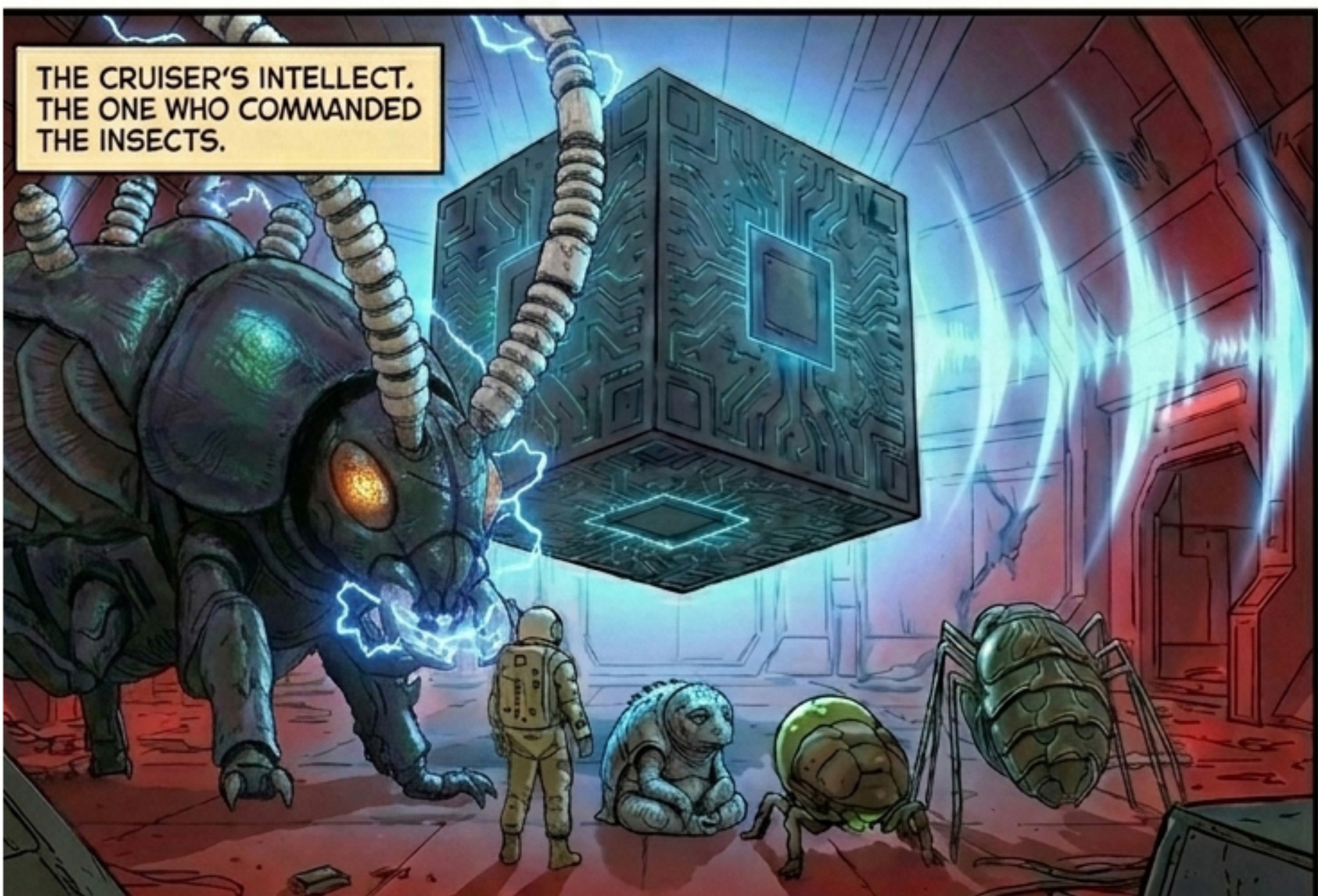
The way was open.



THEY WERE INSIDE.



THE CRUISER'S INTELLECT.
THE ONE WHO COMMANDED
THE INSECTS.



SPEAKER: Intellect
SOURCE: cube
"SOVA, I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU, TAKE ME WITH
YOU."

YOU'LL
HELP
US?

SPEAKER: Intellect
SOURCE: cube
"I WILL GIVE YOU
KNOWLEDGE YOU NEED
TO SURVIVE."



They took it with them.



Rakushka,
launch!



They broke into space.



But the battle wasn't over.



Too many of them. We won't break through.

There has to be a way.



Sova! You're alive? I thought you burned up.

Hacker?! How did you find us?

Rakushka left me a beacon. Said: "If anything — save them."



I can hack their systems. Disable radars. Open the Gate.

What about you?

It will cost me my freedom. But I knew what I was getting into.



Access open...
Disabling shields...
Killing radars...

Will it work?

It should.



A new system. Unknown.



Where did we end up?

I don't know yet. But we're free.





Hacker was tracked.



You're arrested. For cooperation with system enemies. Who hired you?



I know.



My conscience.

They put him in a cell. Forgot him. Like so many others.



He stayed. But he gave them a chance.

Good luck, Sov...



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