

The year was 2323.
The ship was the *Vihaan*.
An autopsy ship with a crew of four.

I REMEMBER
THE FIRST
TIME I SAW
A GOD.

I WAS FIVE,
LIKE YOU. MY
FATHER--YOUR
GRANDFATHER--
TOOK ME OUT IN
THIS VERY
SHIP.

HE
WANTED ME
TO **RESPECT**
THEM.

THE
ASTEROIDS WERE
ALL MINED OUT, HE
SAID. EVEN **HERE**, AT
THE FAR EDGE OF
THE GALAXY--THE
SHORE OF THE
BIG DARK.

SO
THERE WAS
NO WORK FOR
THE OLD **MINING**
SHIPS. THE OLD
WAYS WERE
DYING.

BUT
THEN...THEY
CAME TO **SAVE**
US. AND WE
LEARNED THE
NEW WAYS.

THIS WILL
BE **YOUR**
SHIP, ONE
DAY.

NOW...IT
JUST STRUCK
NOON. "EIGHT
BELLS," WE
SET **TIME** BY
THEM.

DO
YOU **SEE** IT,
GEORGES?

...MOTHER?

WHY
ISN'T IT
MOVING?

The year is 2367.
The ship is the *Vibaan II*.

An autopsy ship with
a crew of four.

WE'LL
MAKE OUR
MOVE AT FIRST
SIGHTING.

ARE WE
ALL *READY?*
STATUS CHECK,
PLEASE.

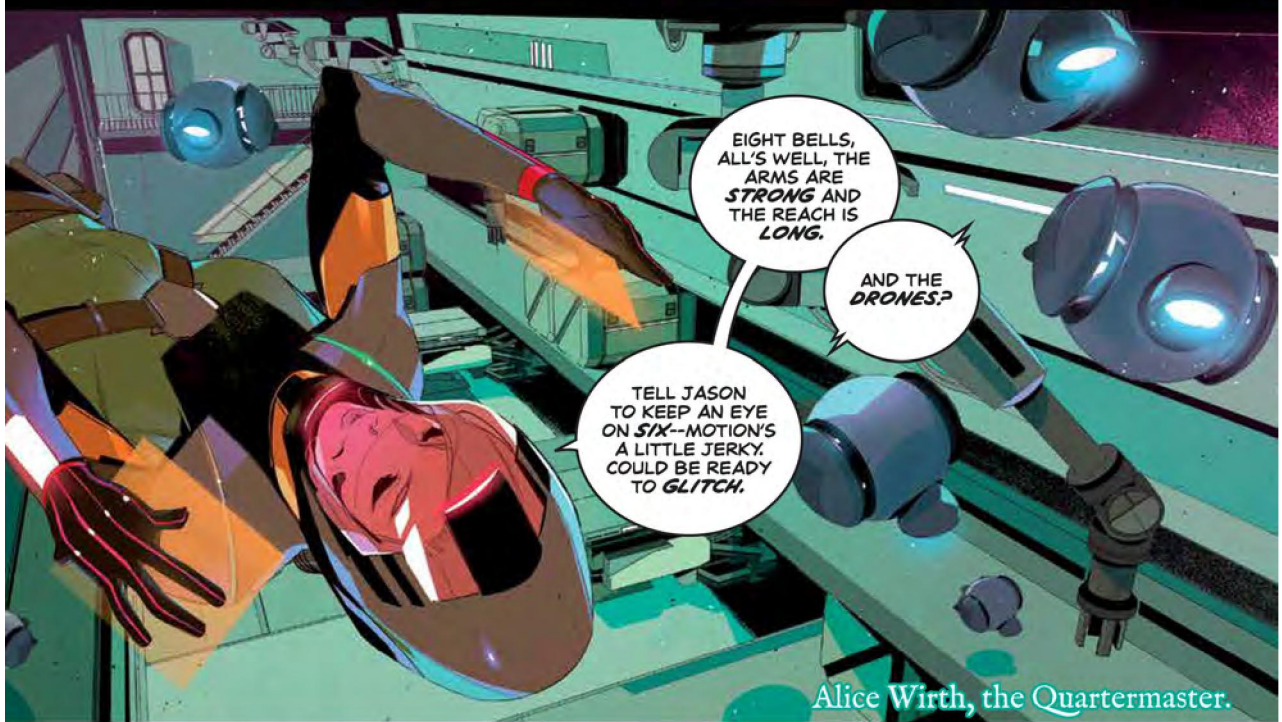
Georges Malik, the Captain.



EIGHT BELLS AND ALL IS WELL, CAP'N MALIK.

THE KNIFE IS SHARP AND READY FOR THE WORK.

Ella Hauer, the Coroner.



EIGHT BELLS, ALL'S WELL, THE ARMS ARE STRONG AND THE REACH IS LONG.

AND THE DRONES?

TELL JASON TO KEEP AN EYE ON SIX--MOTION'S A LITTLE JERKY. COULD BE READY TO GLITCH.

Alice Wirth, the Quartermaster.



EIGHT BELLS AND ALL'S WELL, BOSS. I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON PACKING DRONE SIX.

NO STATIC ON COMMS, EITHER. NOBODY'S LOOKING OUR WAY-- WE CAN MOVE FREELY.

BUT NOT SPEAK FREELY. ALWAYS REMEMBER, JASON--THE SHIP HAS EARS.

Jason Hauer, the Engineer.





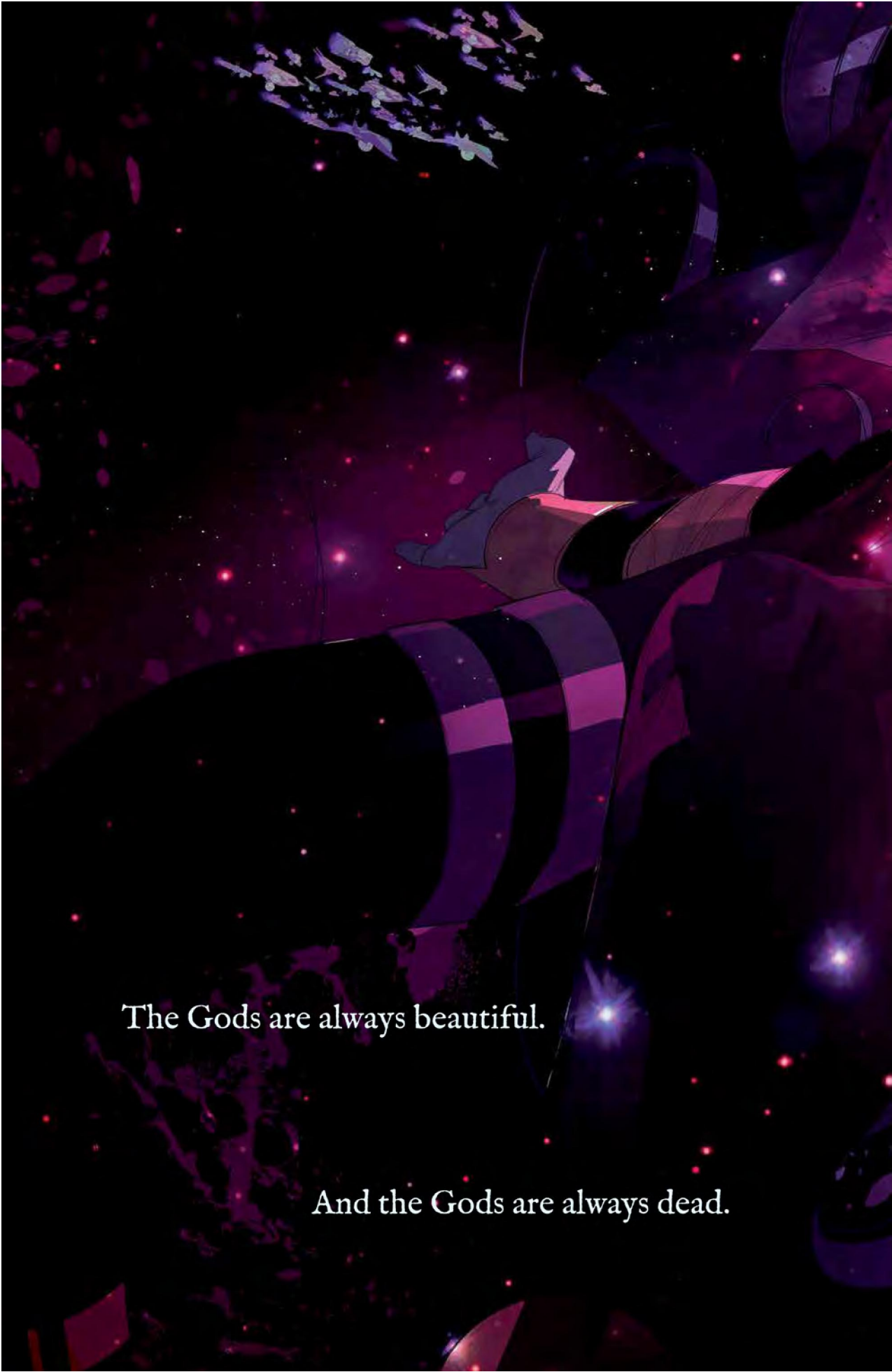
TUNG
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EIGHT
BELLS.

ALL'S
WELL.

TUNG
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The first time you see a God is a moment you never forget.
Their impossible scale. The sheer immensity of them.
Their impossible beauty.



The Gods are always beautiful.

And the Gods are always dead.

