

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.

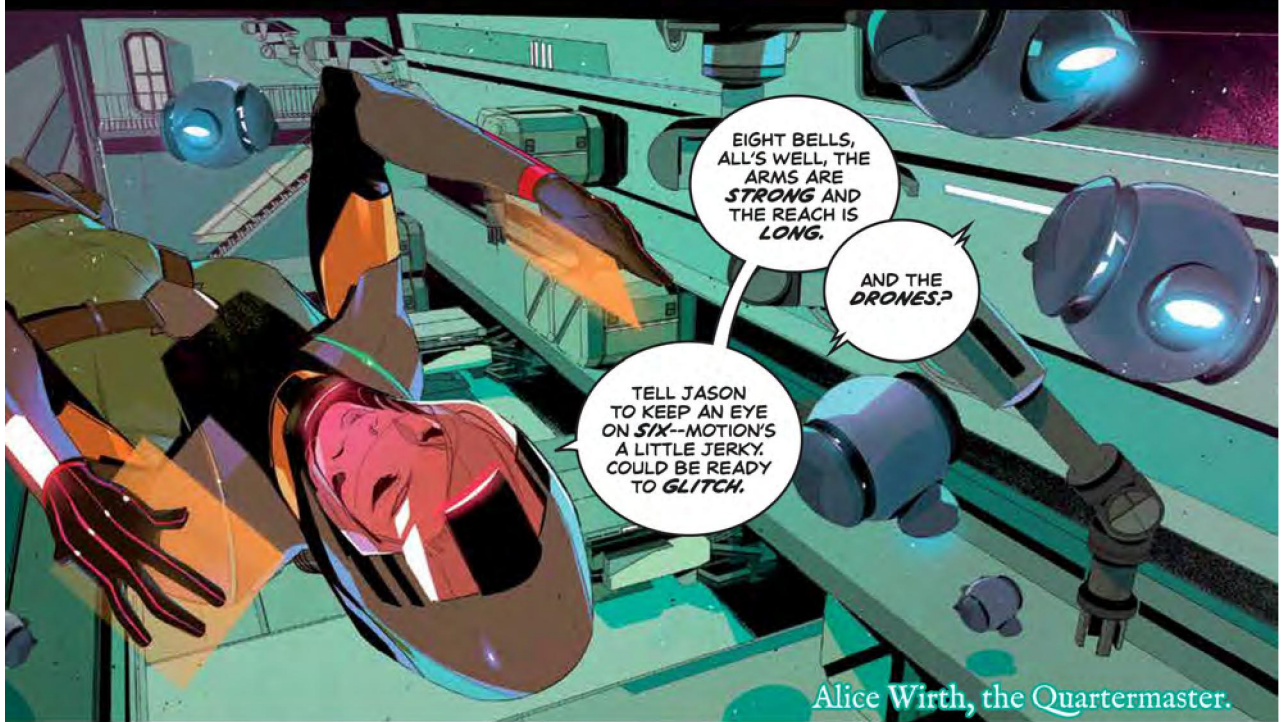
Georges Malik, the Captain.



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.





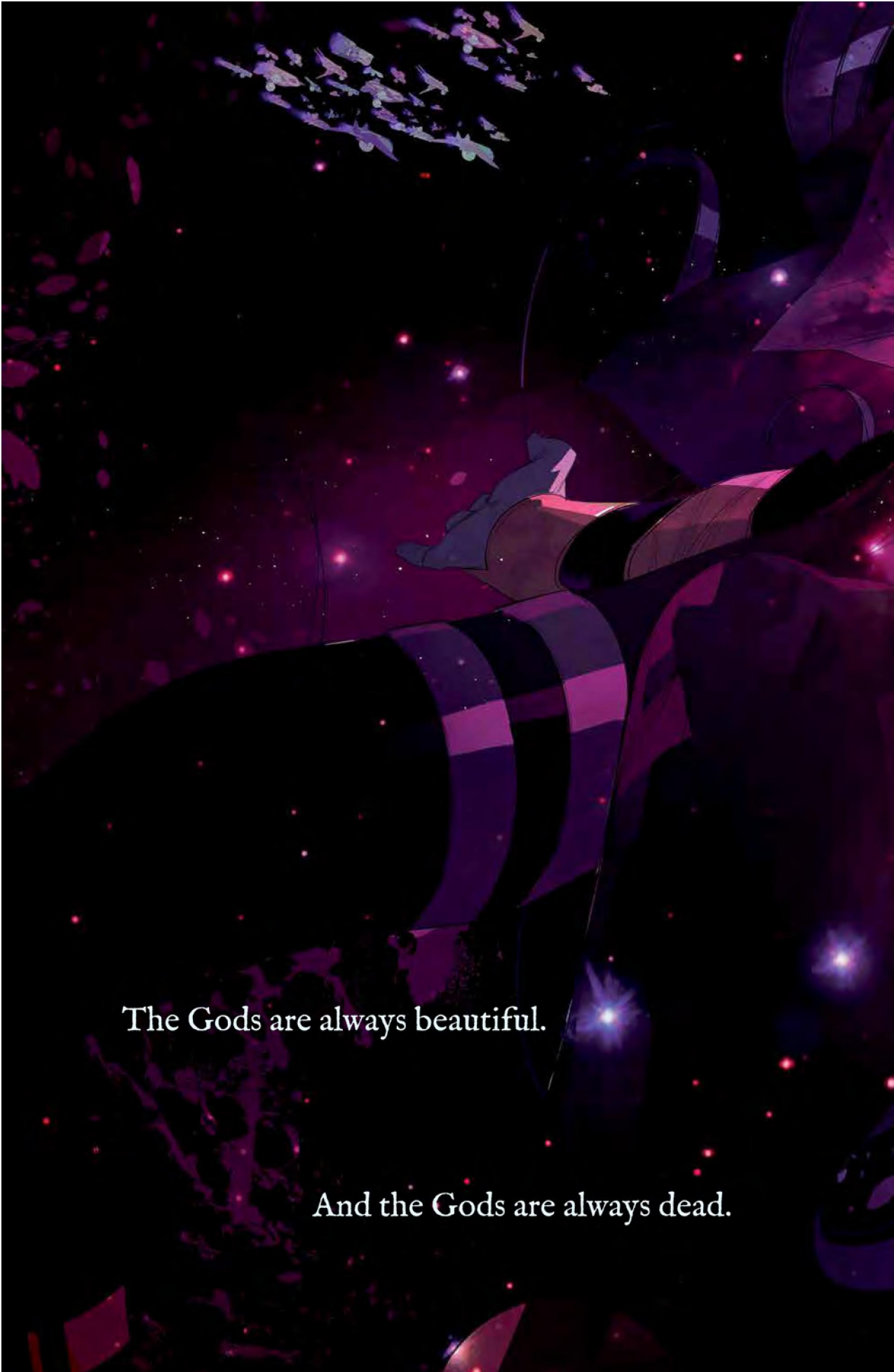
TUNG  
TUNG

EIGHT  
BELLS.

ALL'S  
WELL.

TUNG  
TUNG

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.

