



DEAREST GUILDMASTERS...

... DEAREST FLYBLOATED, ROT-WEBBED GUILDMASTERS, INEDIBLE EVEN TO YOUR OWN MATES...

...AS YOU MAY HAVE DEDUCED, MY FIBERS ARE SATURATED WITH VINTAGE ACIDS, I'M DRUNK, AND THIS IS MY LAST MESSAGE TO YOU.



PLEASE KNOW THAT AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF WORTHLESS, FRUSTRATING STRUGGLE...

... AFTER THIRTY YEARS, THE INVASION OF OGYPTU IS A COMPLETE FAILURE.

... AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF WASTING OUR LIVES ON THIS IN-COMPREHENSIBLE, STUPID PLANET...

"I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, FROM THE MOMENT I FIRST SAW THE TWO MOTIONLESS GIANTS..."

"...ALL THOSE BITTER YEARS AGO..."



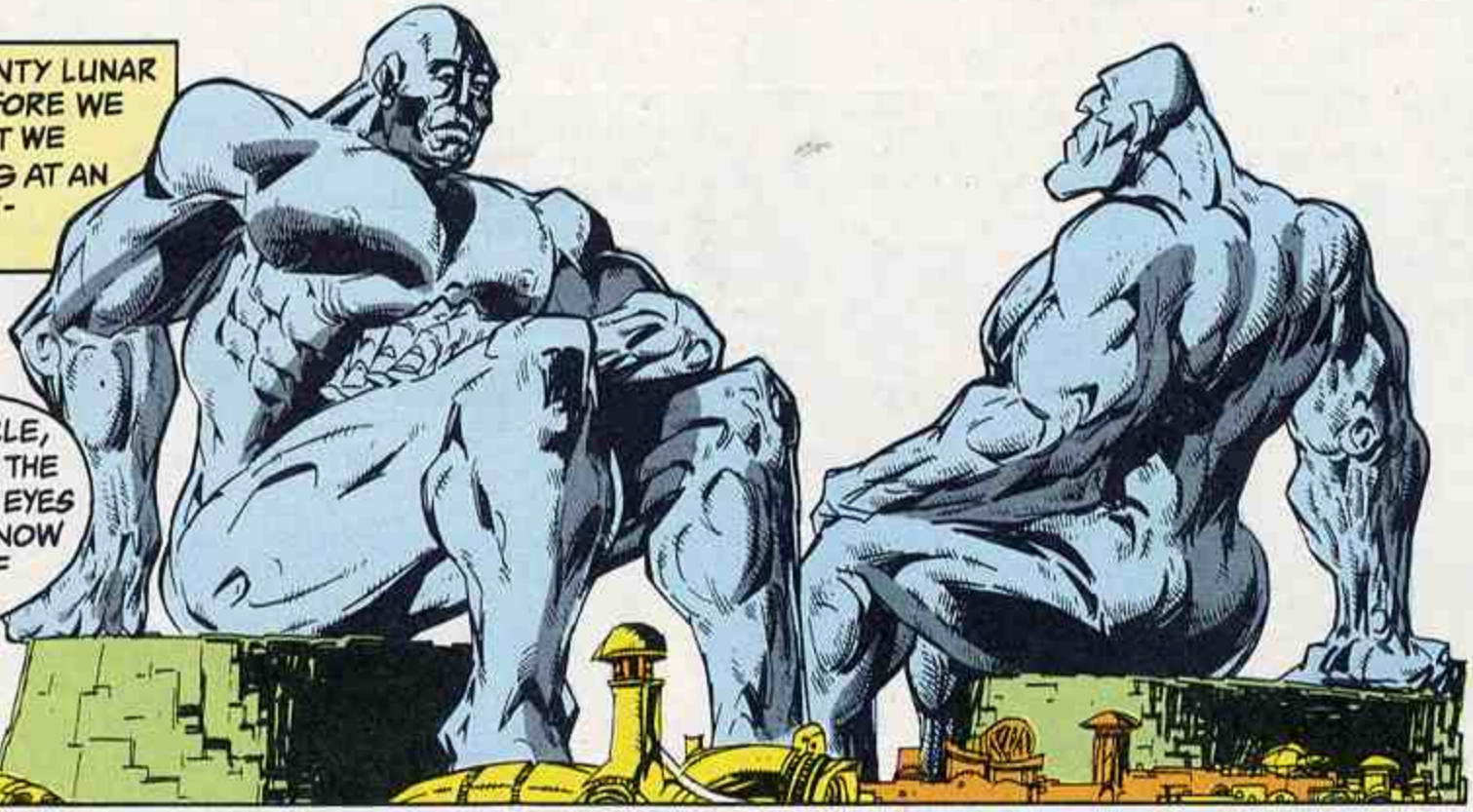
**VEGA**

**"BRIEF LIVES"**

ALAN MOORE, WRITER — KEVIN O'NEILL, ARTIST  
CARL GAFFORD, COLORIST • T. KLEIN, LETTERS • ALAN GOLD, EDITOR

"IT TOOK TWENTY LUNAR RIPENINGS BEFORE WE REALIZED THAT WE WERE LOOKING AT AN ACTUAL LIFE-FORM..."

LAST SNOWCYCLE, THE STATUE ON THE LEFT HAD ITS EYES FULLY OPEN. NOW THEY'RE HALF CLOSED...



"...AND ANOTHER TEN BEFORE WE BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THEM."

I BELIEVE THE GIANTS OPERATE IN A DIFFERENT TIME FRAME, FAR SLOWER THAN OUR OWN, WHERE THE BLINKING OF AN EYE LASTS TEN OF OUR YEARS...



"BUT I WAS MORE HEADSTRONG THEN, AND UNAWARE OF THE PROBLEM'S MAGNITUDE..."

I DON'T CARE WHAT SPEED THEY LIVE AT!

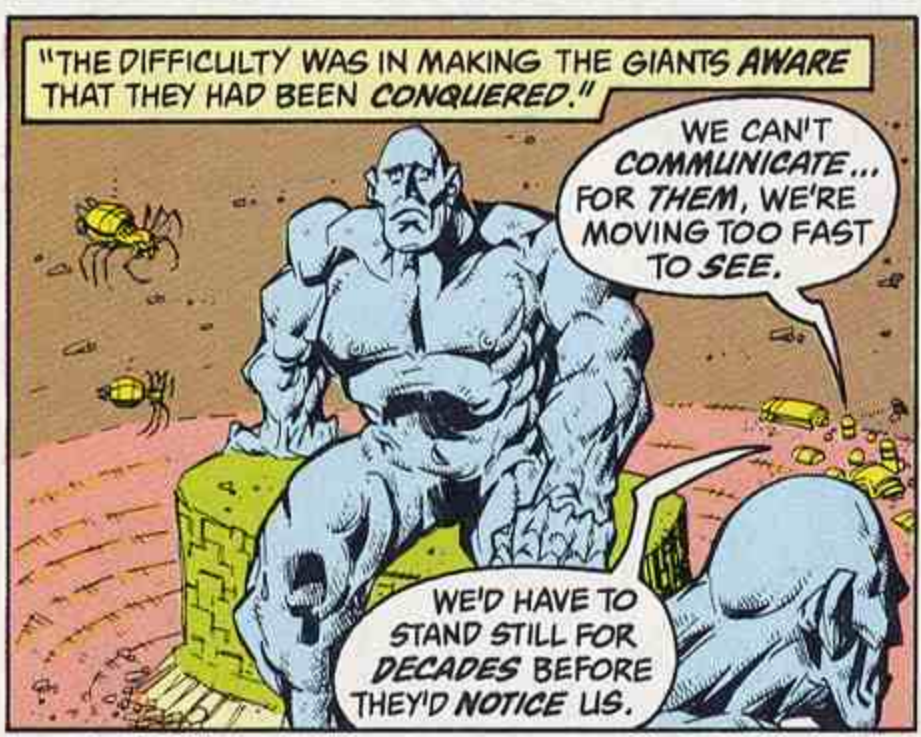
THEY HAVE BEEN INVADED BY THE SPIDER GUILD AND THEY SHALL LEARN TO FEAR US!



"THE DIFFICULTY WAS IN MAKING THE GIANTS AWARE THAT THEY HAD BEEN CONQUERED."

WE CAN'T COMMUNICATE... FOR THEM, WE'RE MOVING TOO FAST TO SEE.

WE'D HAVE TO STAND STILL FOR DECADES BEFORE THEY'D NOTICE US.



"BUT I DID NOT GIVE IN. AHH...HOW FIERCE I WAS IN MY YOUTH. HOW RESOLUTE..."

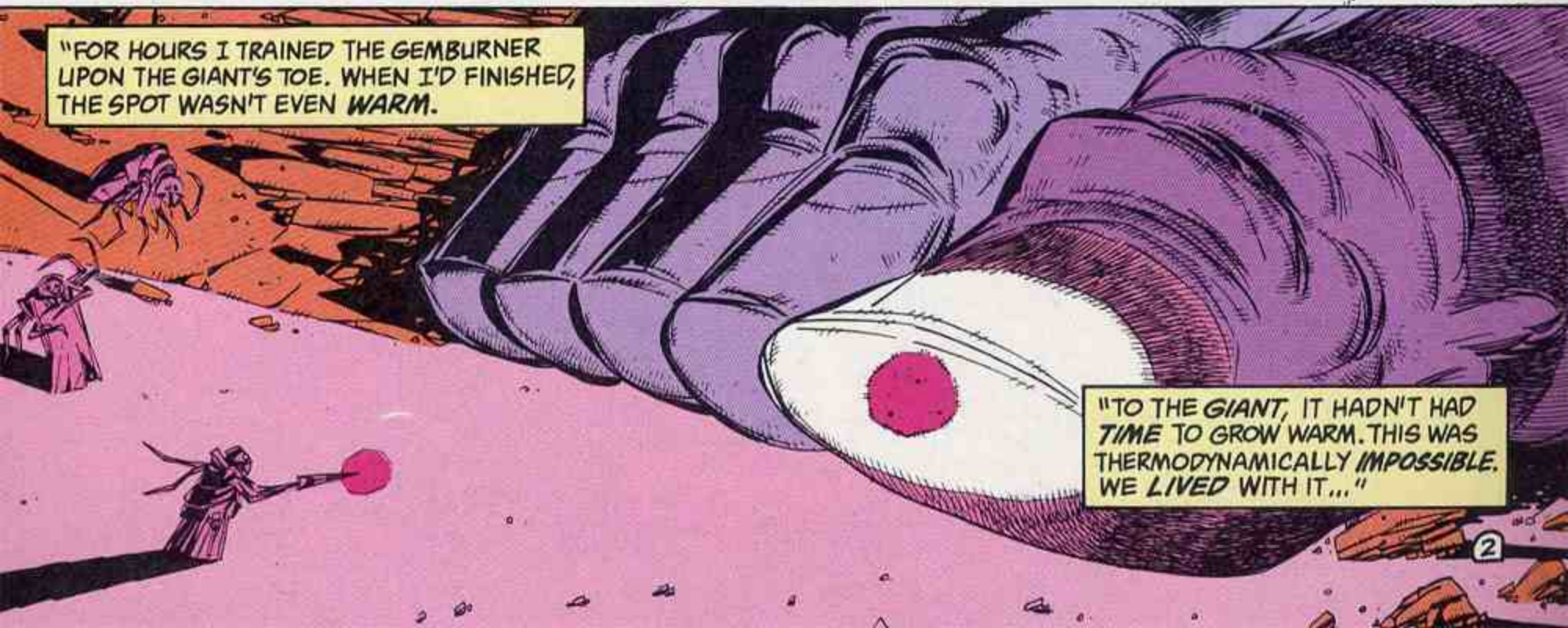
THEN THEY SHALL FEEL OUR PRESENCE. PAIN IS THE ONLY UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE!

GIVE ME THAT GEMBURNER...



"FOR HOURS I TRAINED THE GEMBURNER UPON THE GIANT'S TOE. WHEN I'D FINISHED, THE SPOT WASN'T EVEN WARM."

"TO THE GIANT, IT HADN'T HAD TIME TO GROW WARM. THIS WAS THERMODYNAMICALLY IMPOSSIBLE. WE LIVED WITH IT..."



... AS WE'VE LEARNED TO LIVE WITH A LOT OF THINGS SINCE THEN: THE BOREDOM, THE MADDENING SILENCE, THE SHEER FUTILITY OF OUR TASK...

ONE BY ONE, MY SOLDIERS HAVE GONE INSANE AND DIED HERE, IN THE SHADOW OF THESE OBLIVIOUS MONOLITHS. TONIGHT I JOIN THEM.

FAREWELL, GUILDMASTERS. MAY THE FATEWEB BLIGHT YOUR EGGS.

HOW DO YOU SUBJUGATE AN ENEMY WHO'S INCAPABLE OF NOTICING YOU?

THIS IS STRAND-CAPTAIN FOMALHOPOS, HIS RESIGNATION.



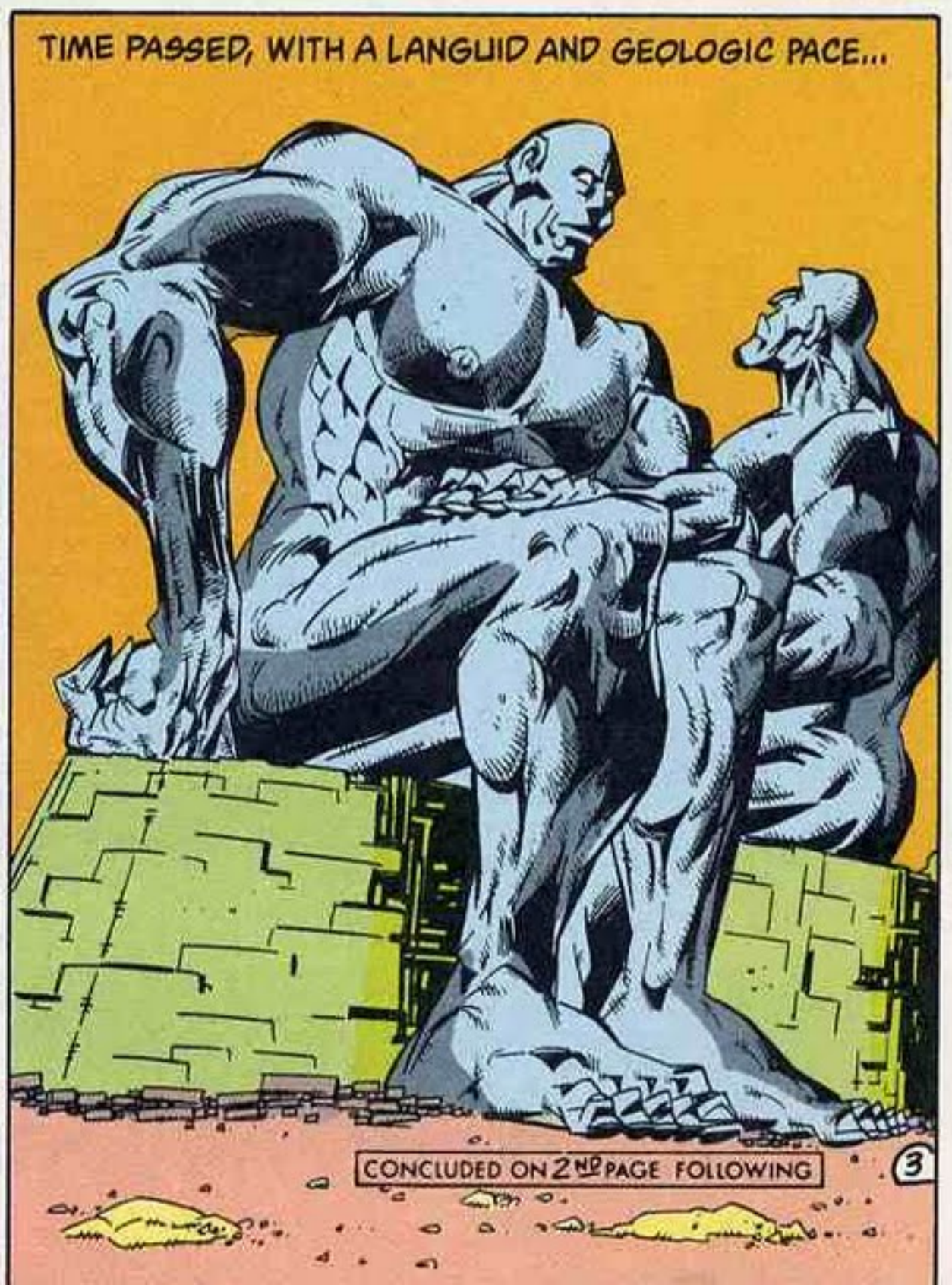
TIME PASSED, REDUCING FLESH TO POWDER...



...REDUCING HARD METAL LINES TO SOFT AND ROUNDED HEAPS OF RUST...

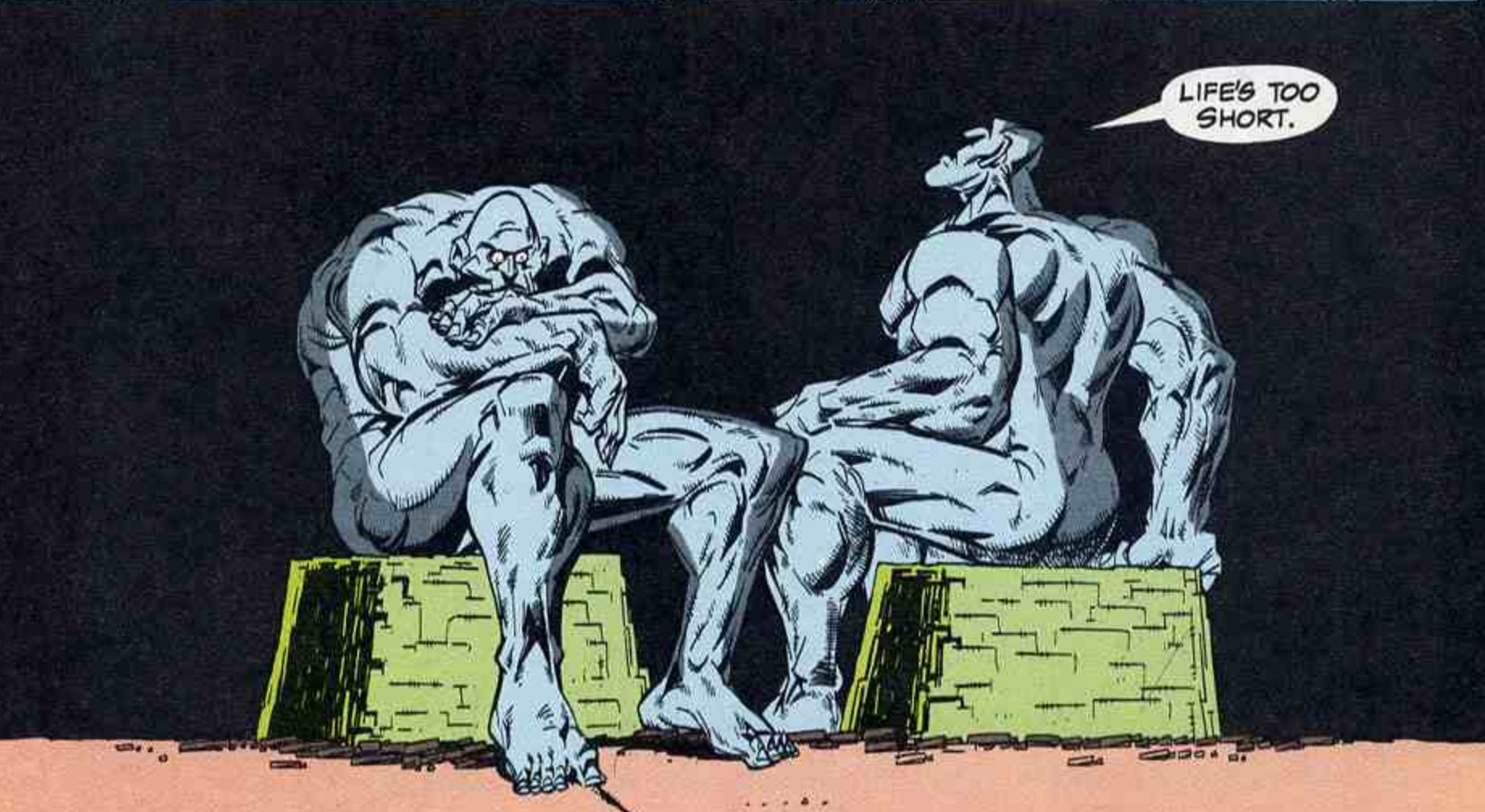
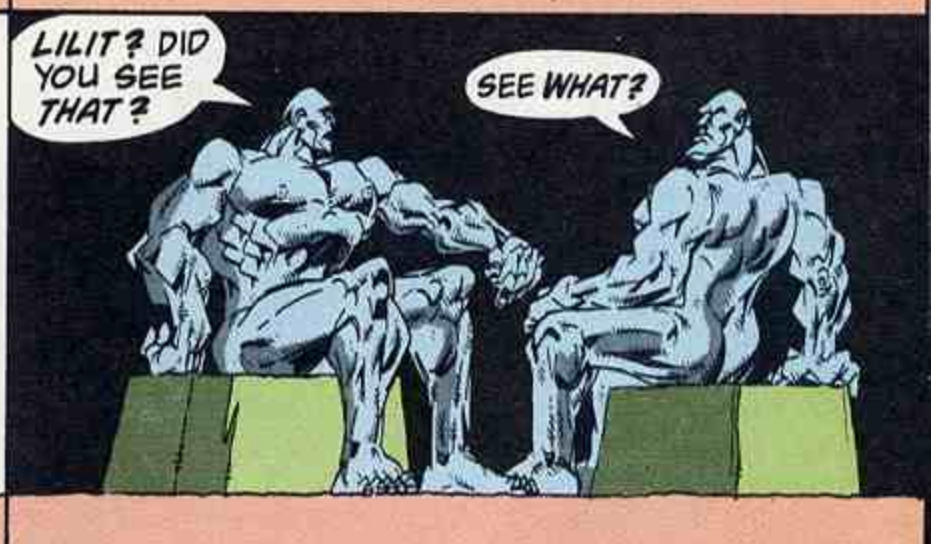
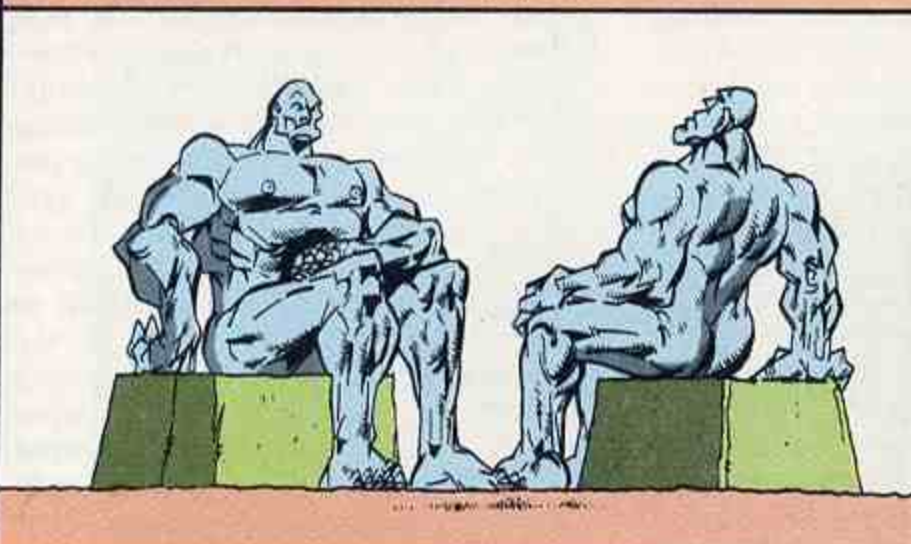
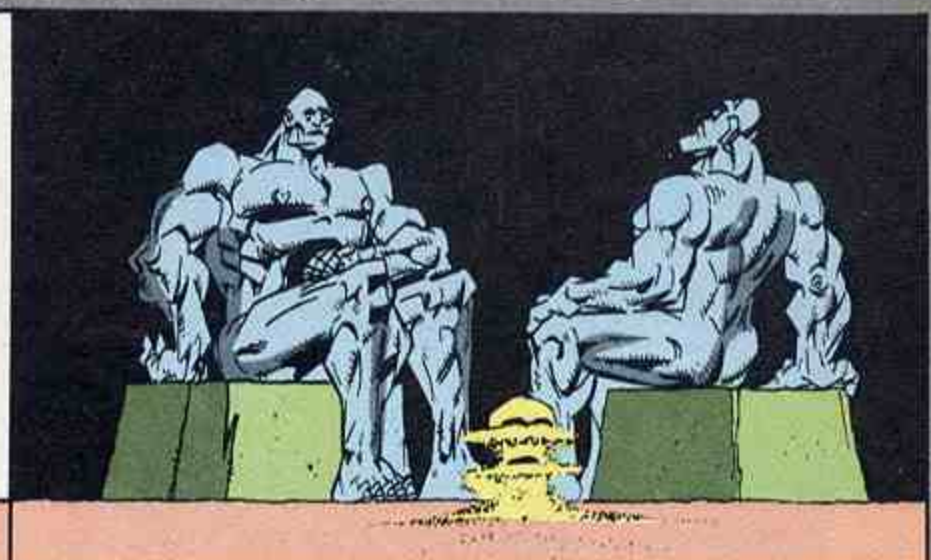


TIME PASSED, WITH A LANGLUID AND GEOLOGIC PACE...



CONCLUDED ON 2<sup>ND</sup> PAGE FOLLOWING

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...AND THEY SAT AND PONDERED THE WISDOM OF THIS, WHILE VEGA STROBED THROUGH THE SKY ABOVE THEM, RISING AND SETTING A THOUSAND TIMES A SECOND...