

ARC

4.4

TWENTY-NINE





ARC29 4.4 © Marc Michaud 2023

HOME comics volume land 2 available now,
volume 3 november 2023 and volume 4 soon

ARC29 and faceless logos by Andriy Lukin

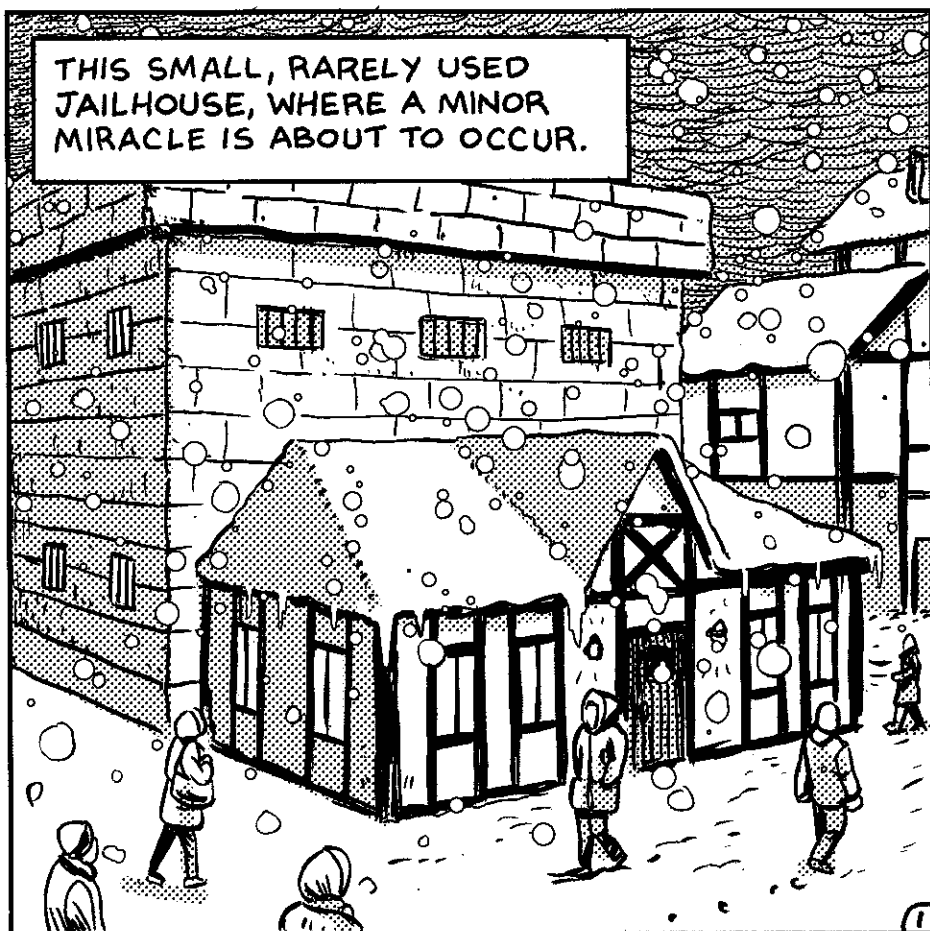
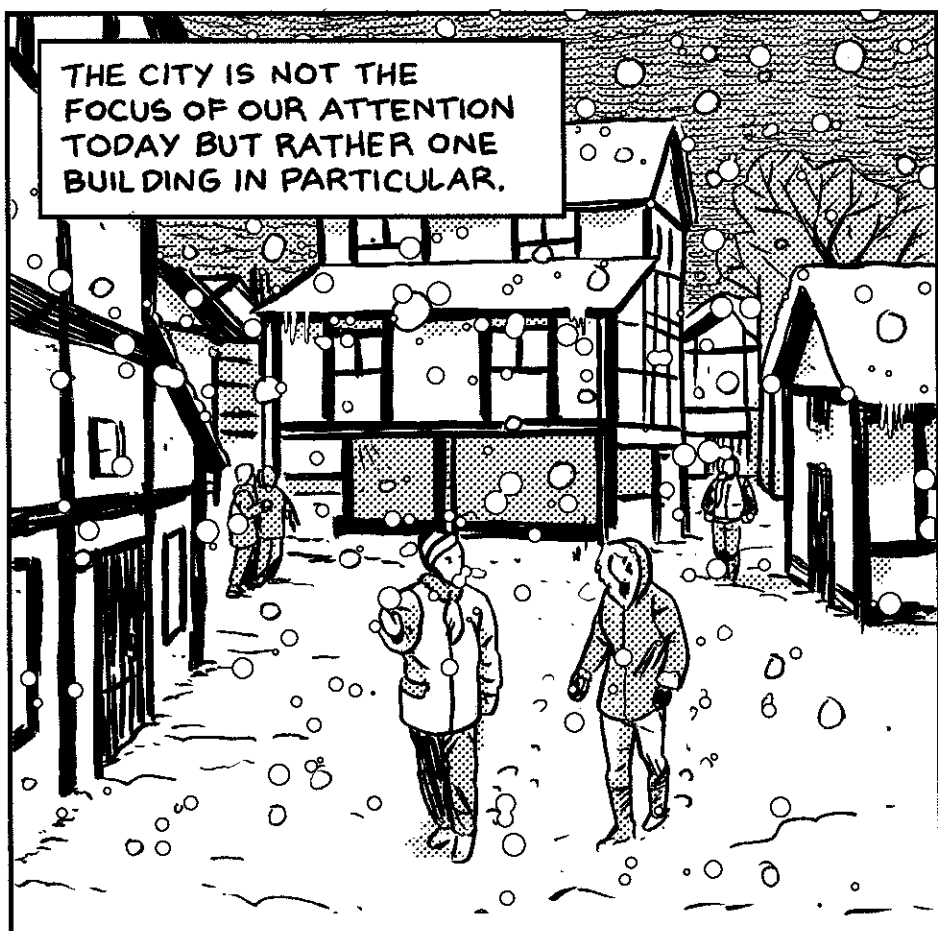
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EPILOGUE 1.
SEVERAL YEARS AGO OR
3 DAYS AFTER PATRICK'S
DEPARTURE ON ARC29,
TO BE PRECISE.

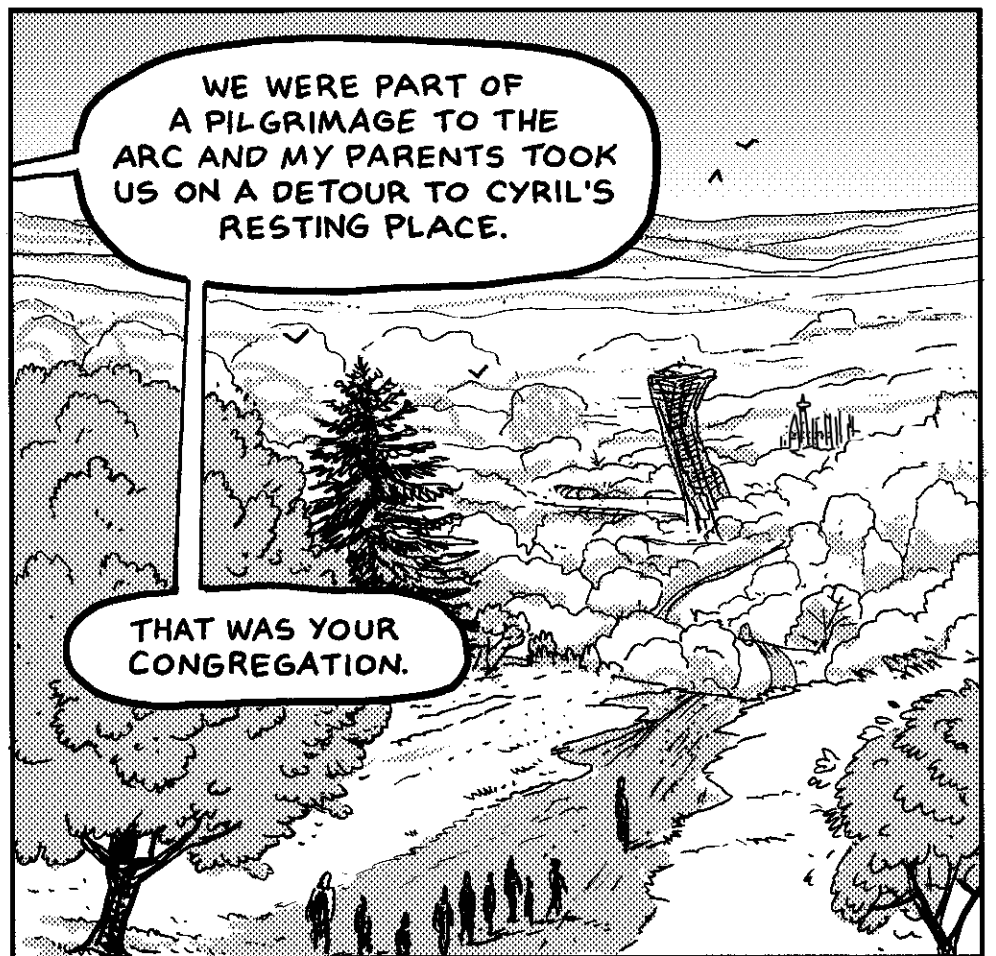
COLESHIRE, DEMETER'S SECOND CITY, WAS
ESTABLISHED SHORTLY AFTER ARRIVAL,
NOT TOO FAR FROM ARC56'S ORIGINAL
LANDING POINT. SITUATED ON THE CONTINENT'S
LARGEST RIVER, IT ALLOWED THE EARLY
SETTLERS TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM
THE INDIGENOUS WILDLIFE AS WELL AS EASY
TRADE AND TRAVEL UP AND DOWN THE RIVER.

WHILE IT'S NO LONGER DEMETER'S
LARGEST CITY, IT REMAINS AN
IMPORTANT HUB OF COMMERCE,
EDUCATION AND CULTURE.



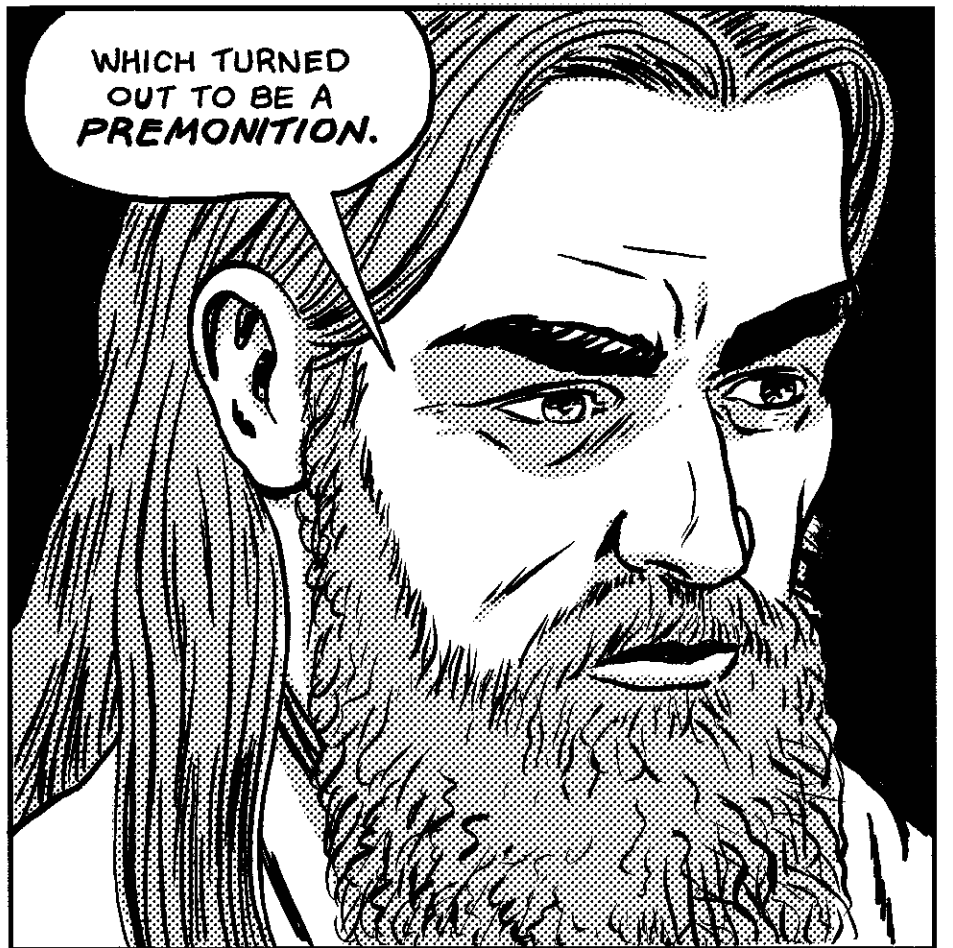




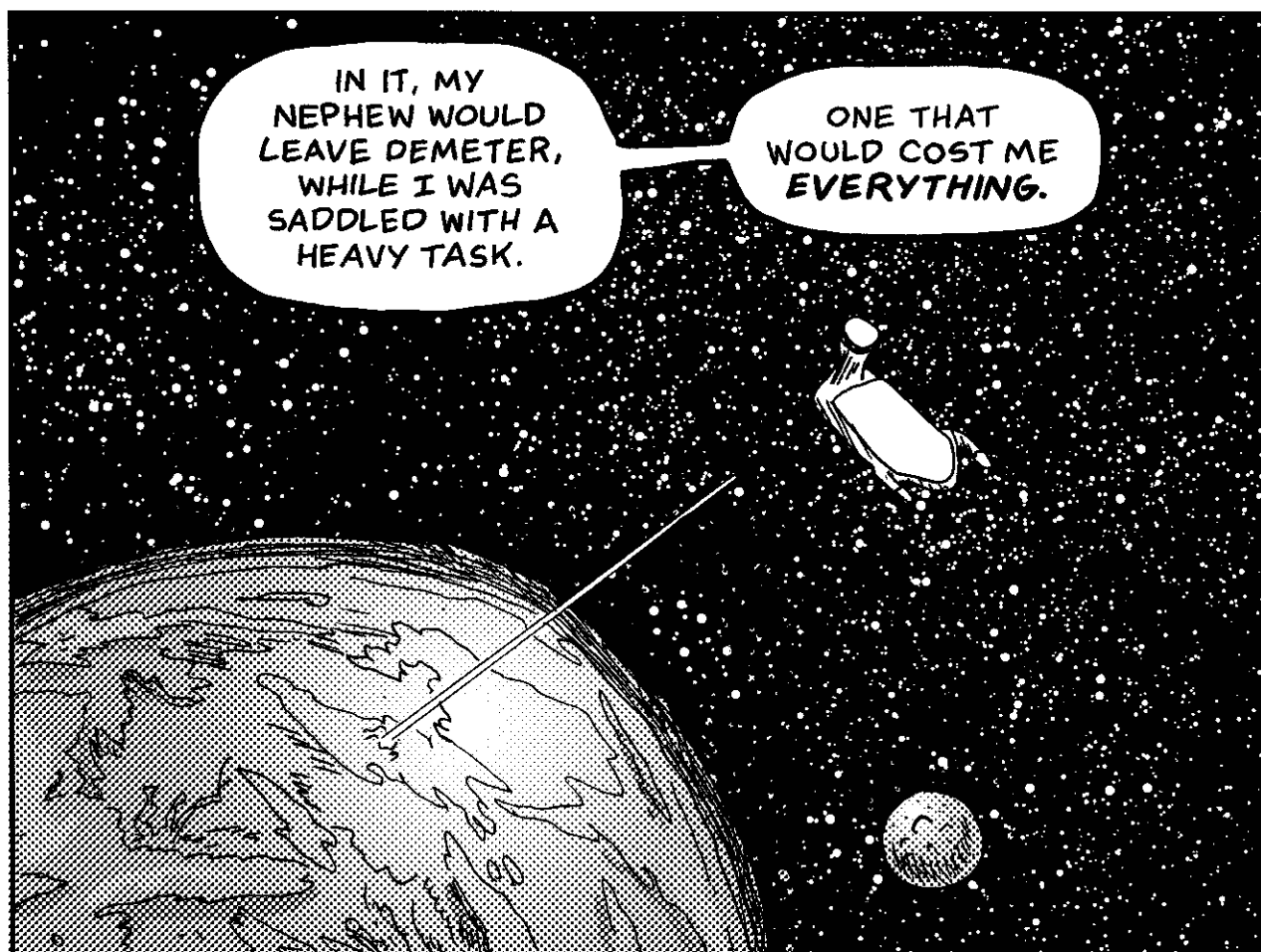




ABOUT TEN DAYS AGO, I HAD A VISION.



WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE A **PREMONITION.**

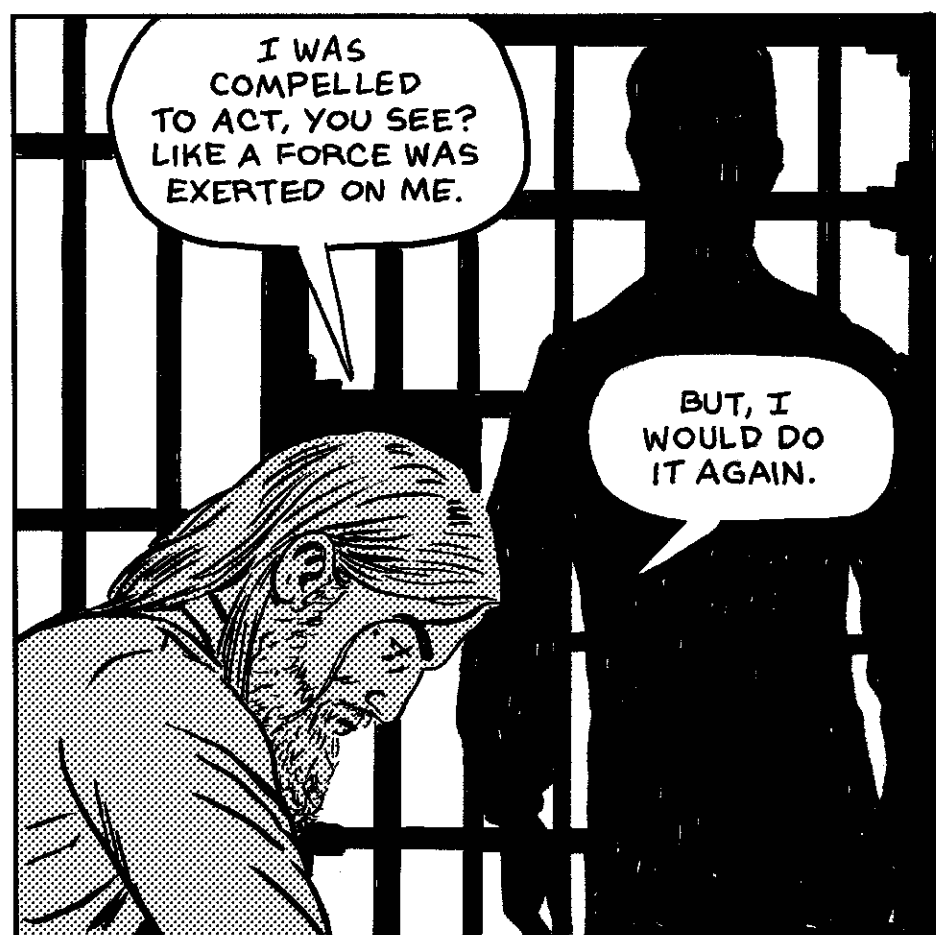


IN IT, MY NEPHEW WOULD LEAVE DEMETER, WHILE I WAS SADDLED WITH A HEAVY TASK.

ONE THAT WOULD COST ME **EVERYTHING.**

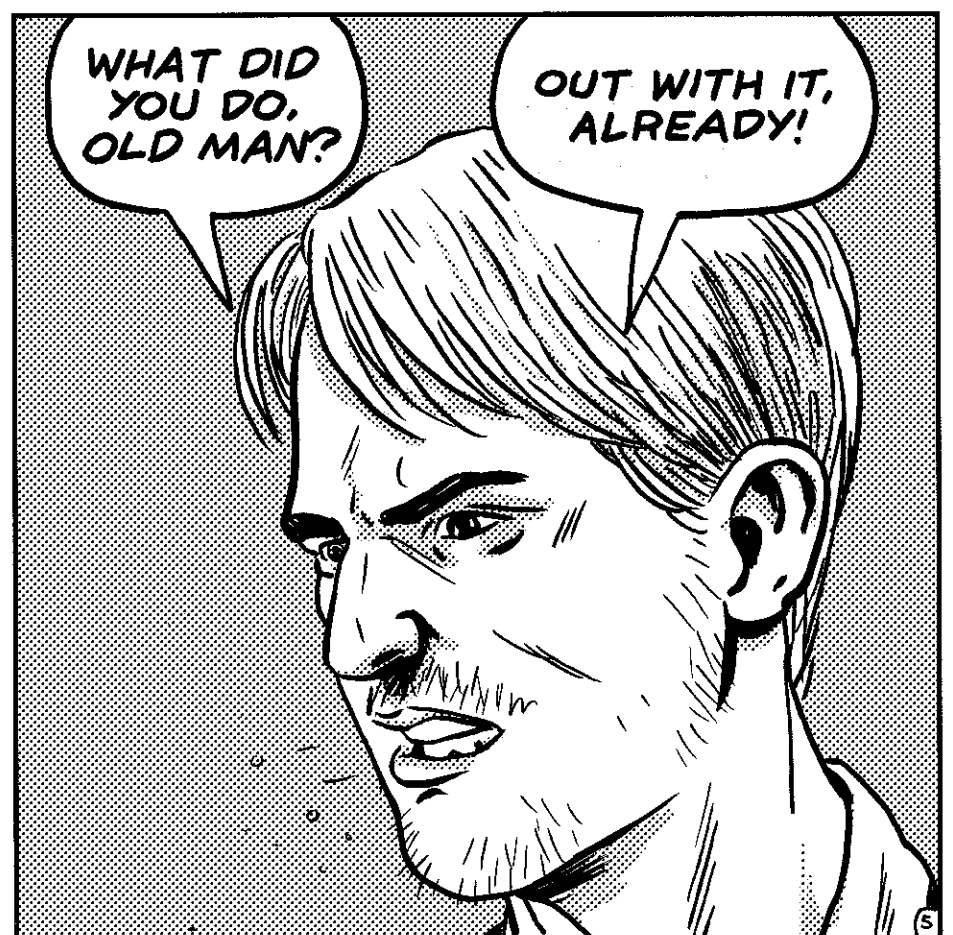


WELL, GO ON, WHAT DID YOU DO?



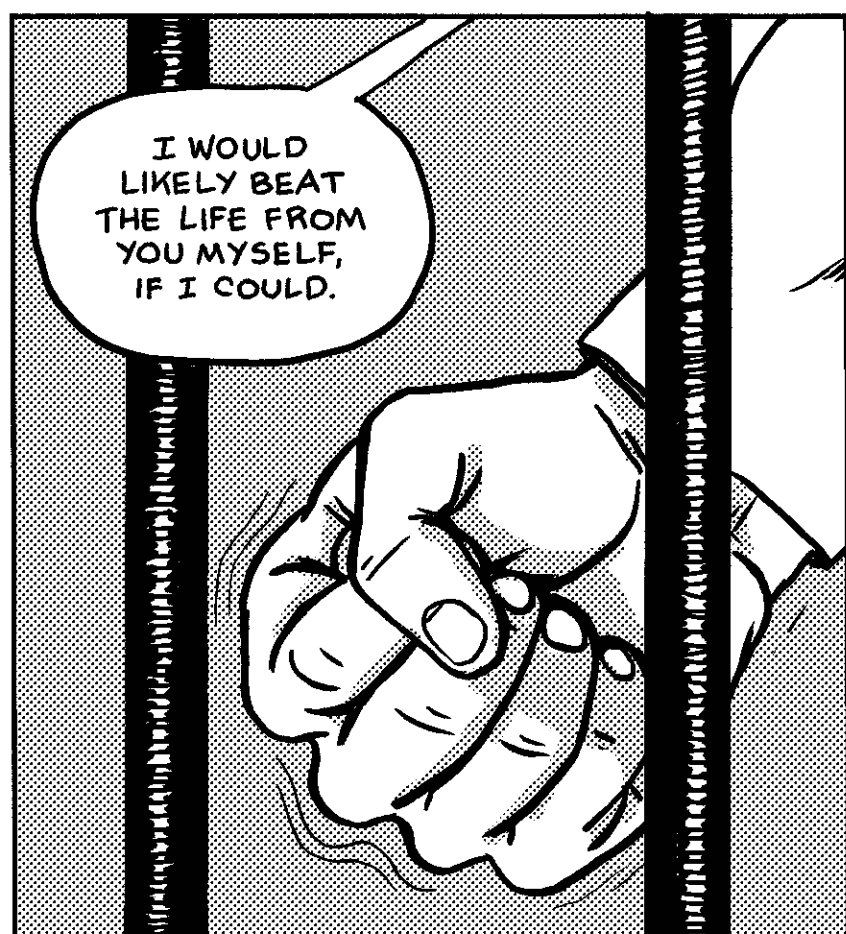
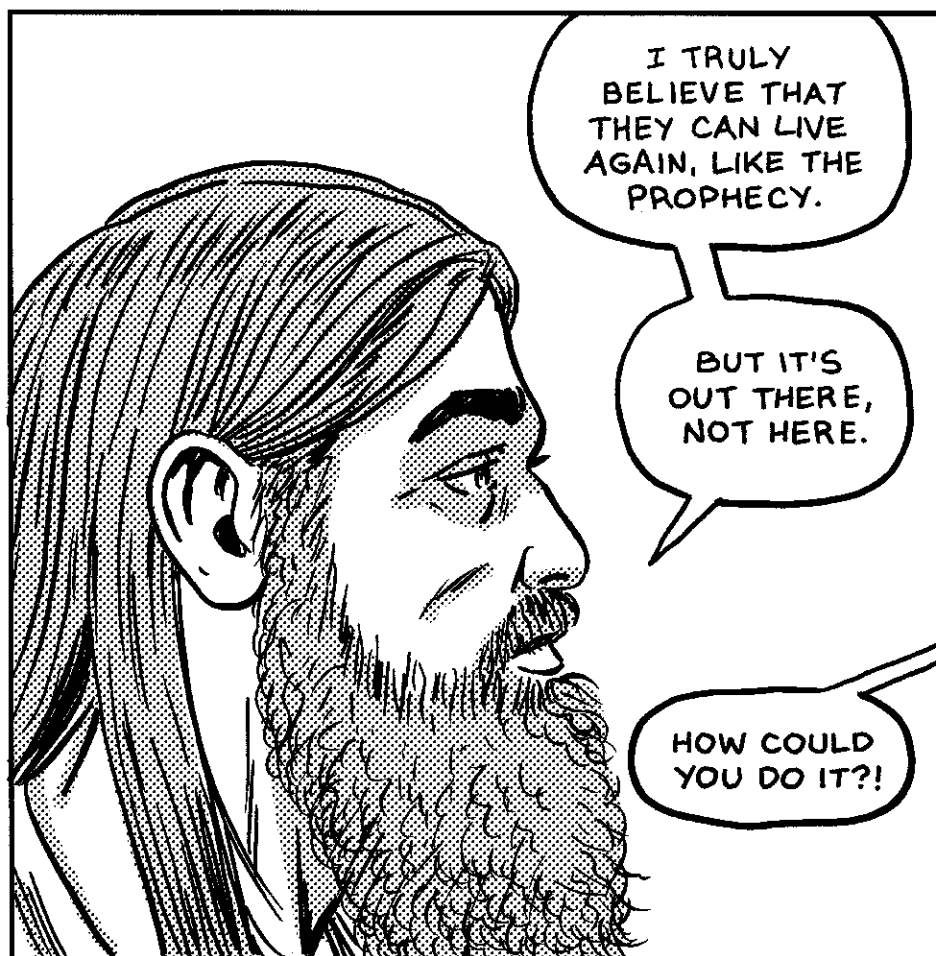
I WAS COMPELLED TO ACT, YOU SEE? LIKE A FORCE WAS EXERTED ON ME.

BUT, I WOULD DO IT AGAIN.

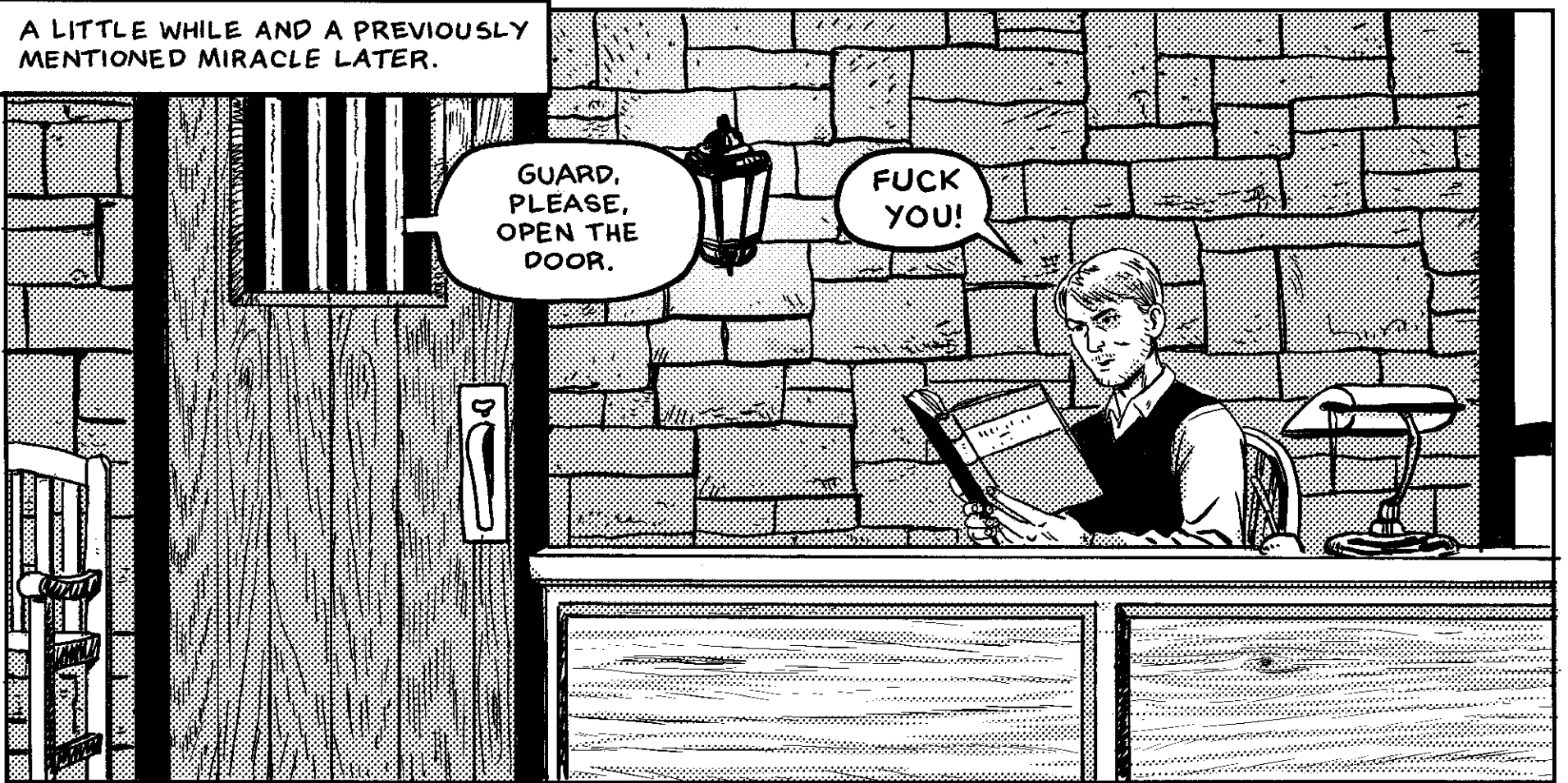


WHAT DID YOU DO, OLD MAN?

OUT WITH IT, ALREADY!



A LITTLE WHILE AND A PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED MIRACLE LATER.



GUARD,
PLEASE,
OPEN THE
DOOR.

FUCK
YOU!

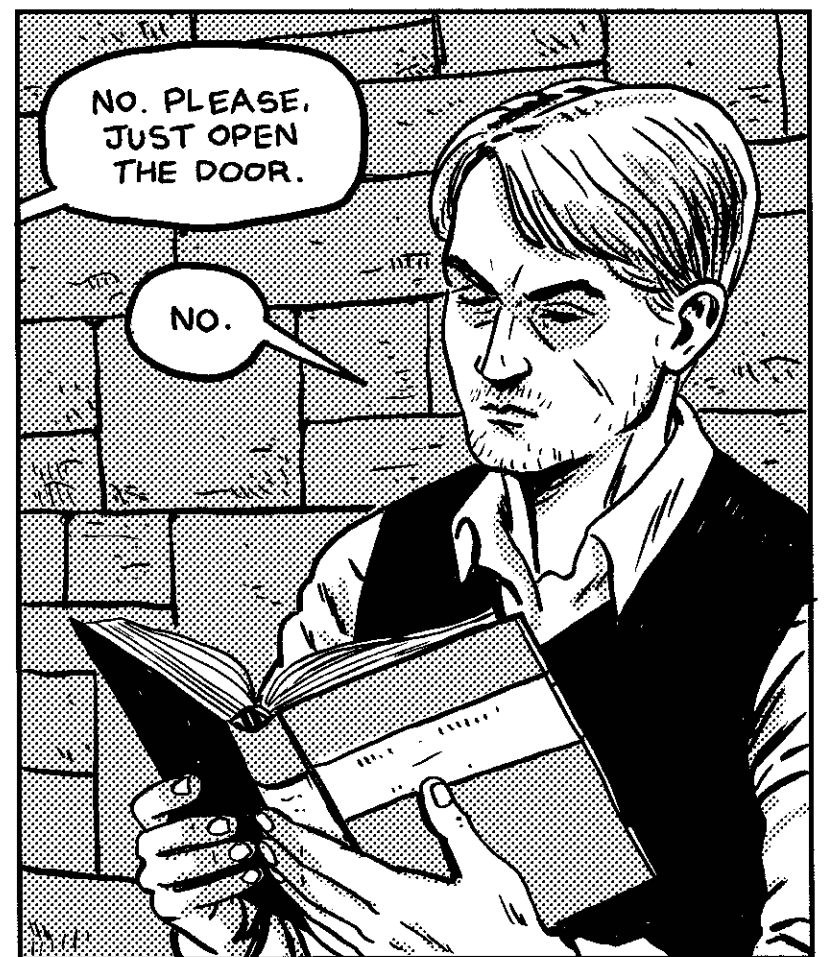
LISTEN, I'M IN HERE
FOR HAVING STOLEN
CYRIL. NOW I'M SAYING
THEY'VE RETURNED.

HAH! ANOTHER
ONE OF YOUR
VISIONS?



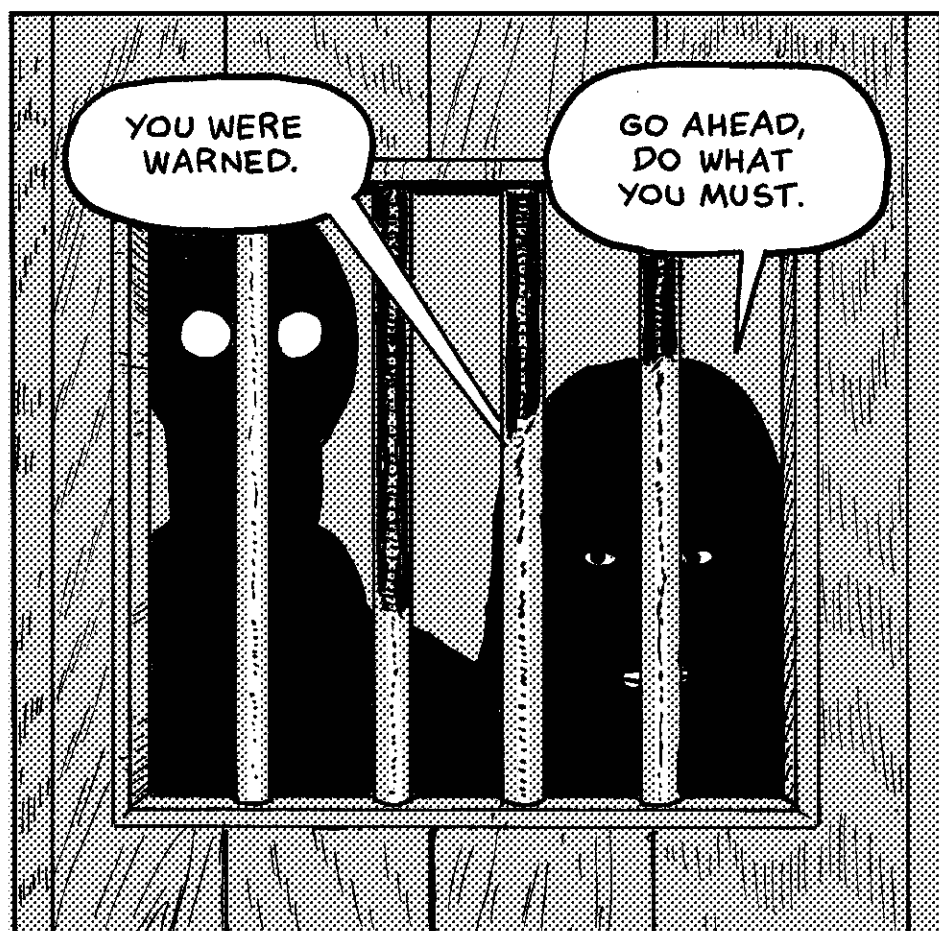
NO. PLEASE,
JUST OPEN
THE DOOR.

NO.



YOU WERE
WARNED.

GO AHEAD,
DO WHAT
YOU MUST.



WAIT A MINUTE,
WHO'RE YOU
TALKING TO?!





I AM SORRY ABOUT
THE DOOR, I'LL HELP
YOU FIX THAT.

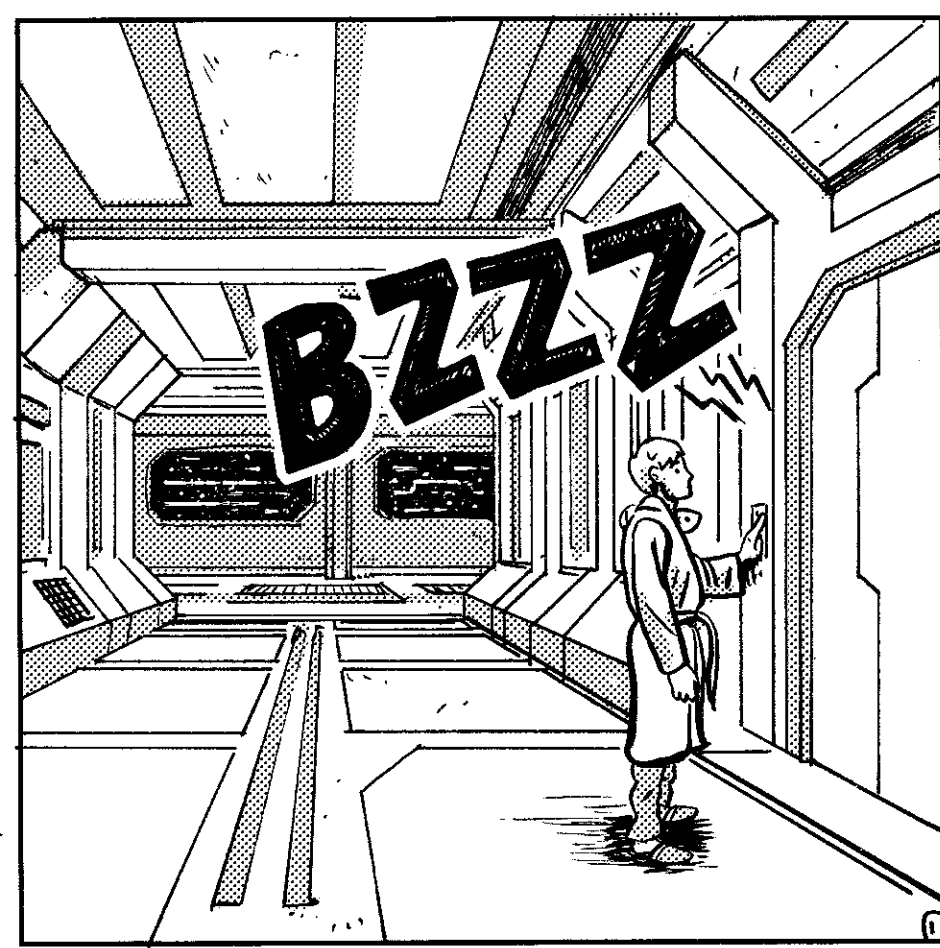
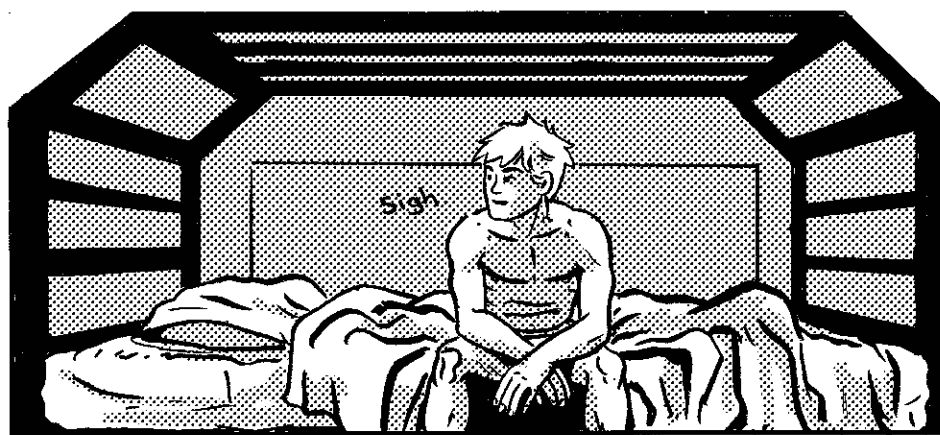
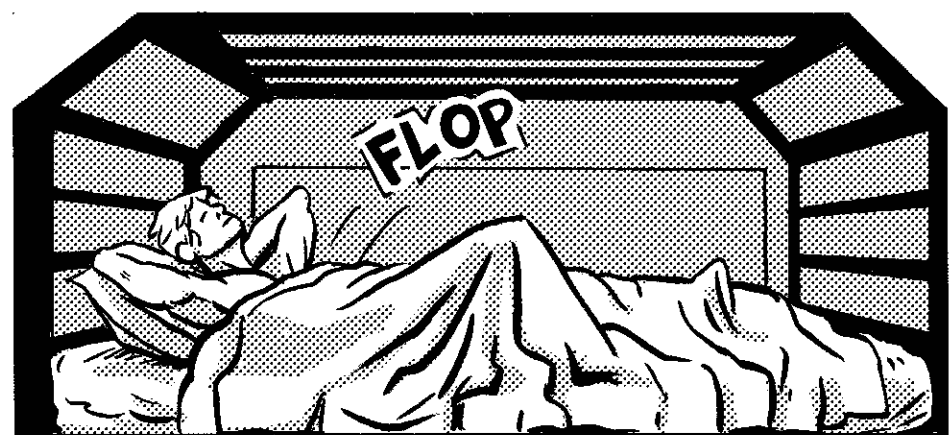


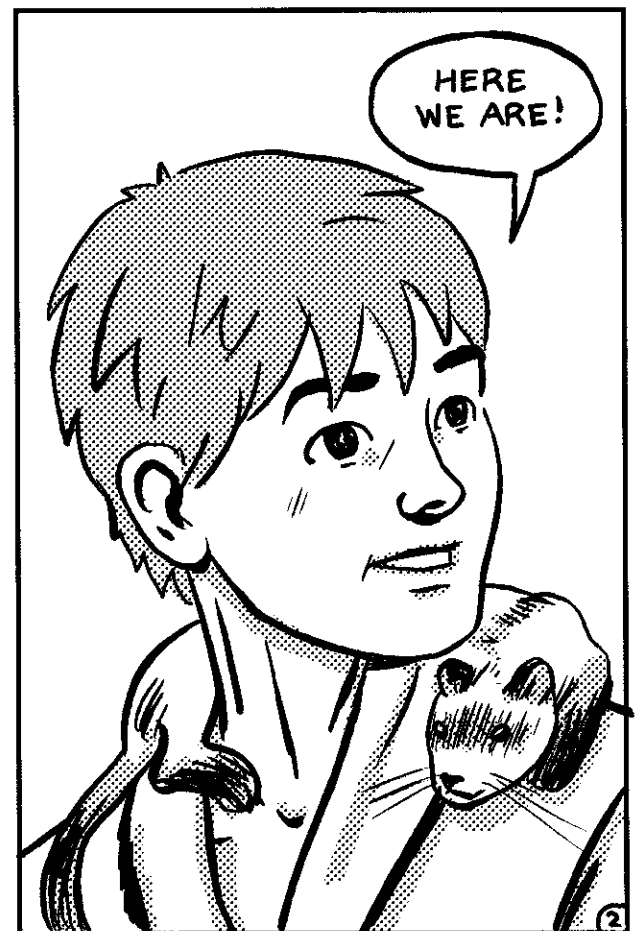
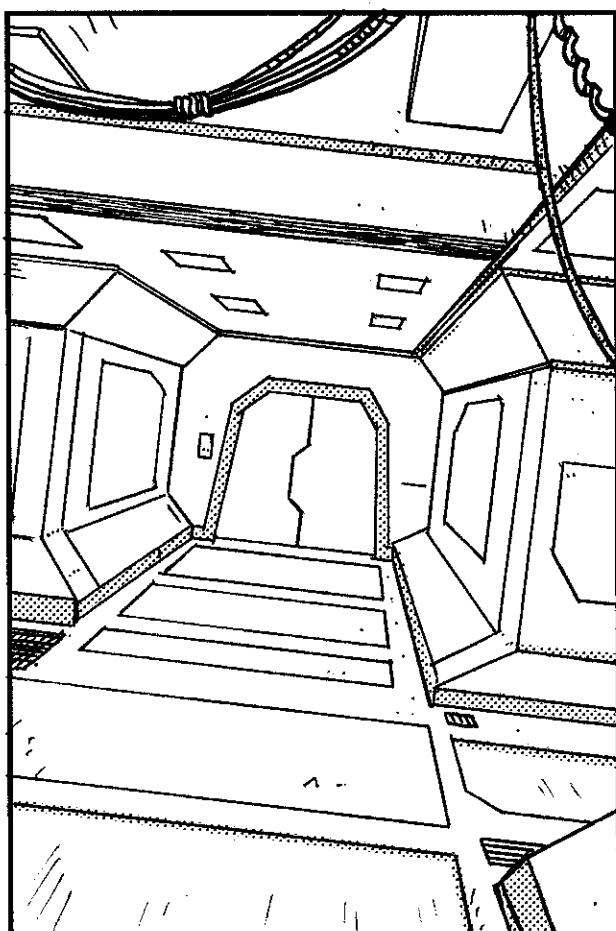
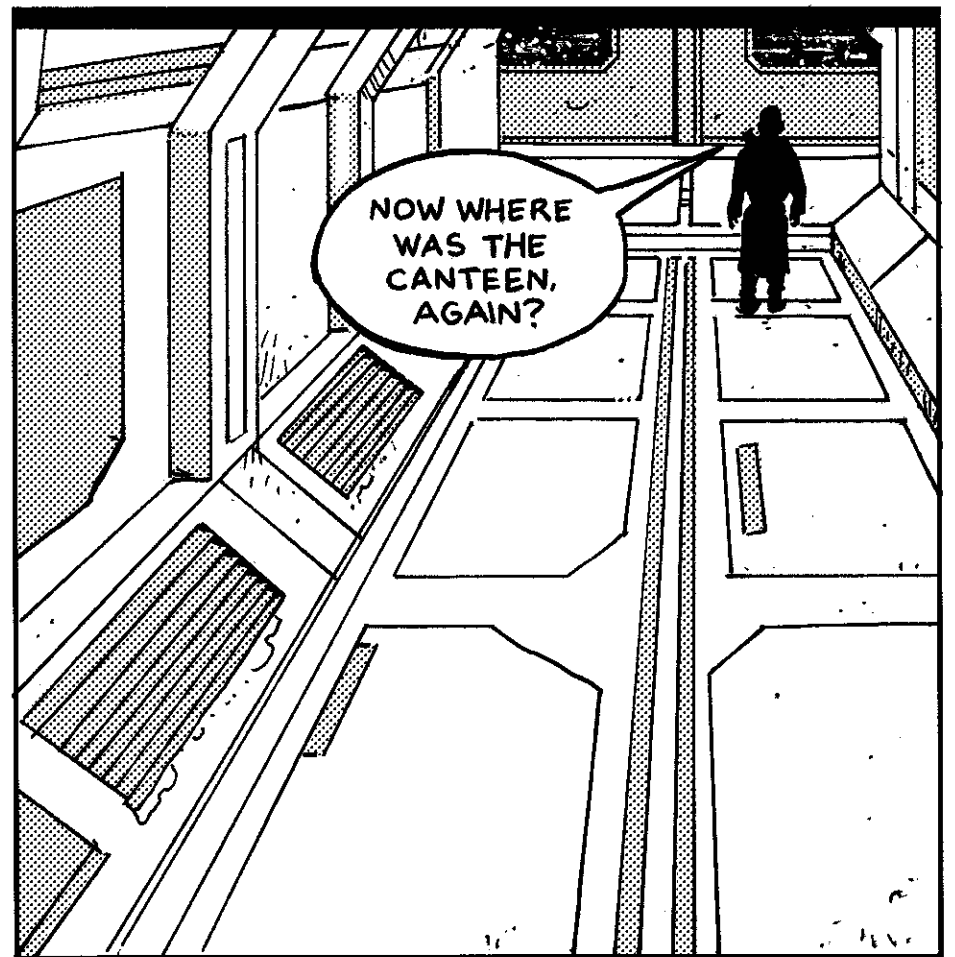
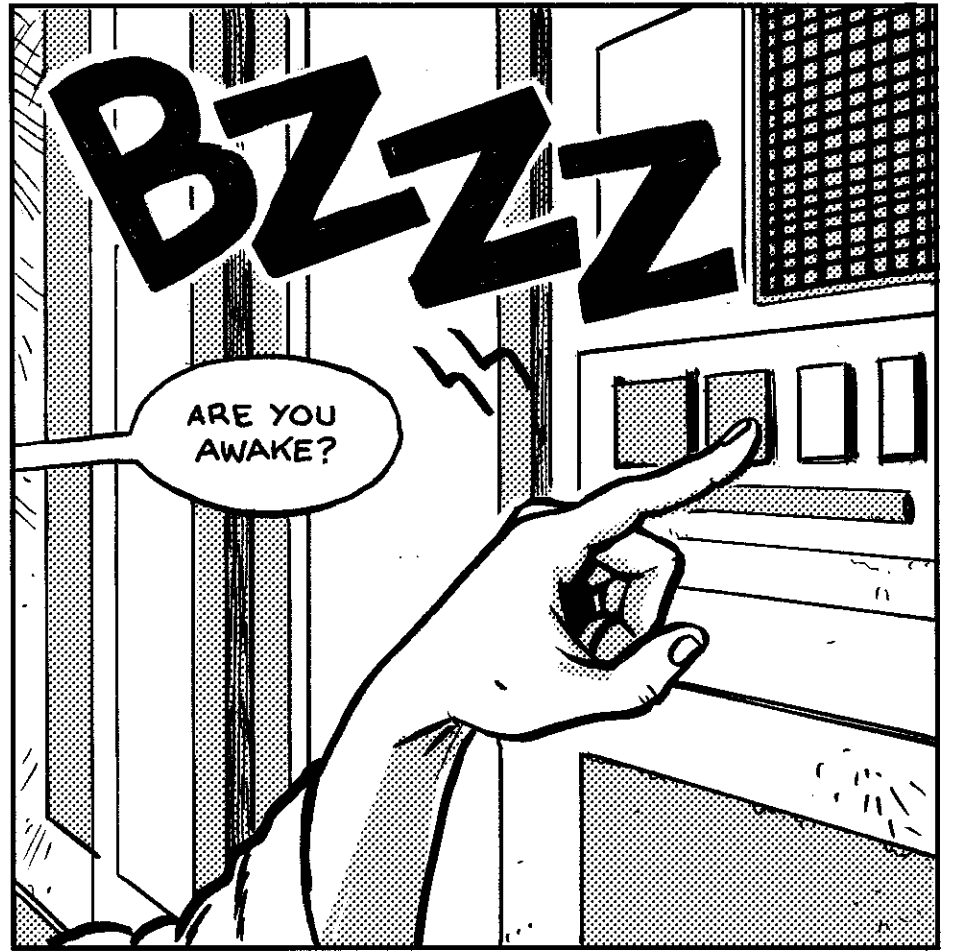
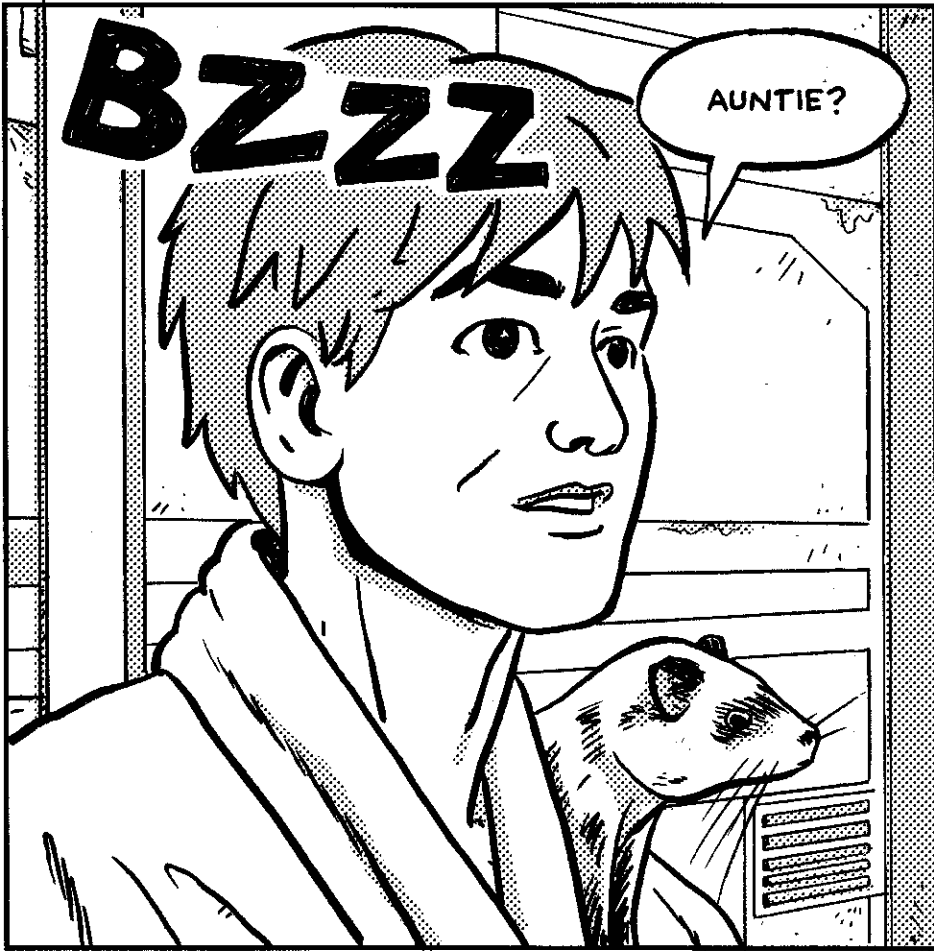


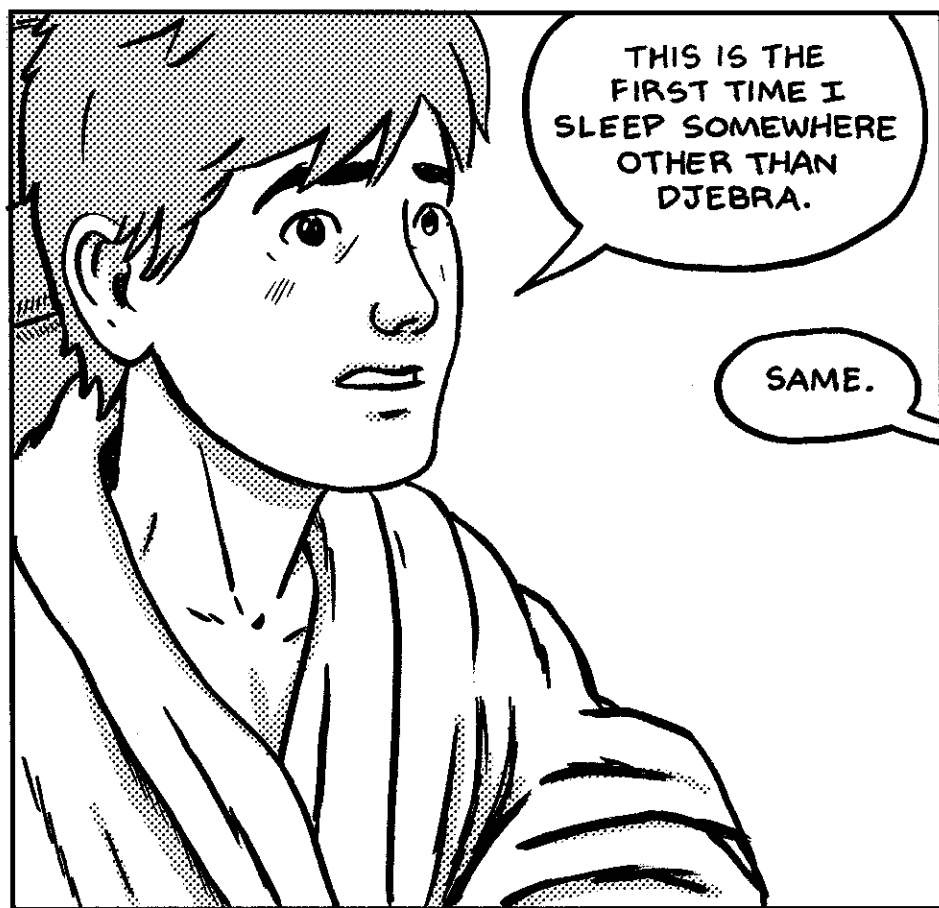
EPILOGUE 2.
ABOARD THE AS YET UNNAMED
SHIP, AFTER FLEEING SPACE STATION
DJEBRA, AROUND 2:30 AM.

DEXTER'S NEW QUARTERS.

TOSS









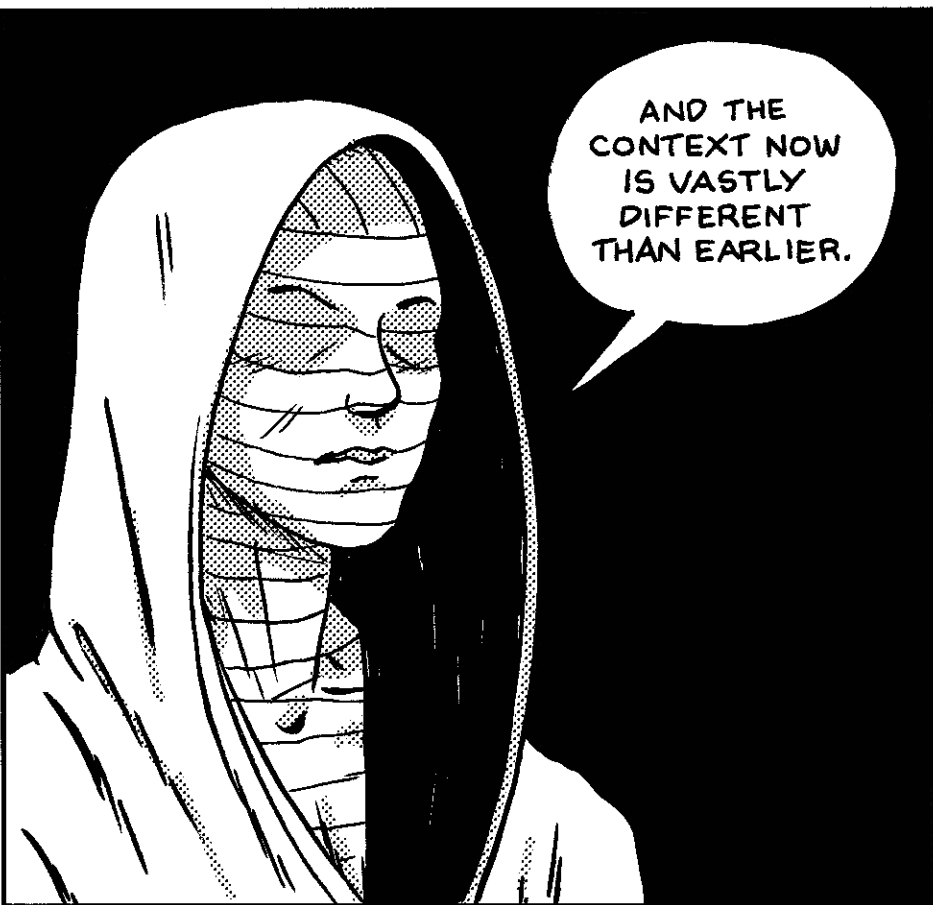
YOU'RE NOT WRONG, TAWNEY.

OH! MARLEY!



I'M SORRY! I DON'T MEAN TO OFFEND!

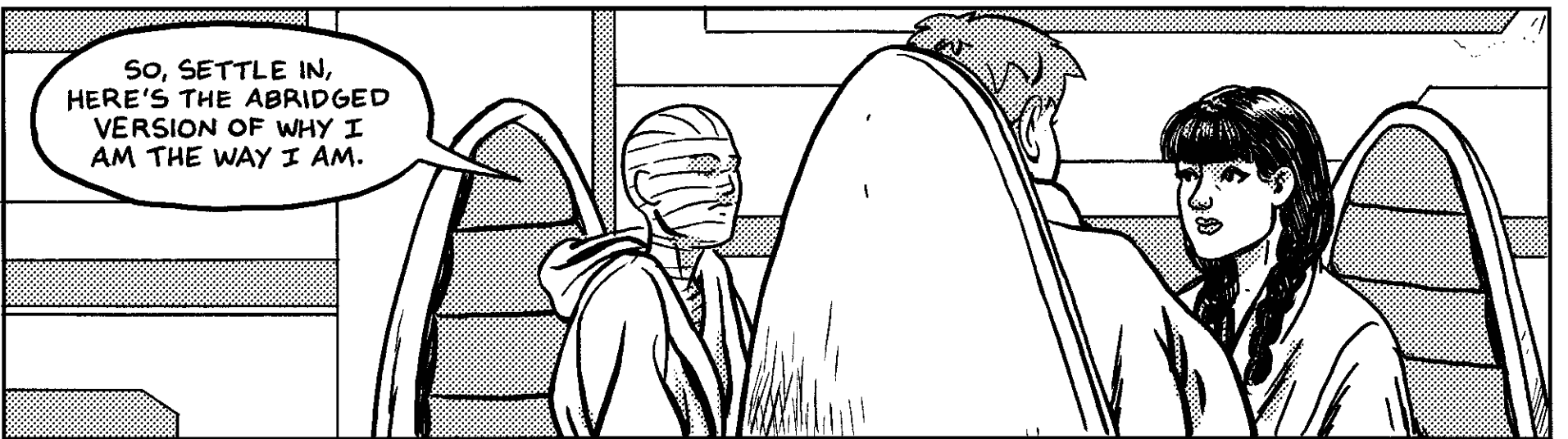
NO. IT'S FAIR.



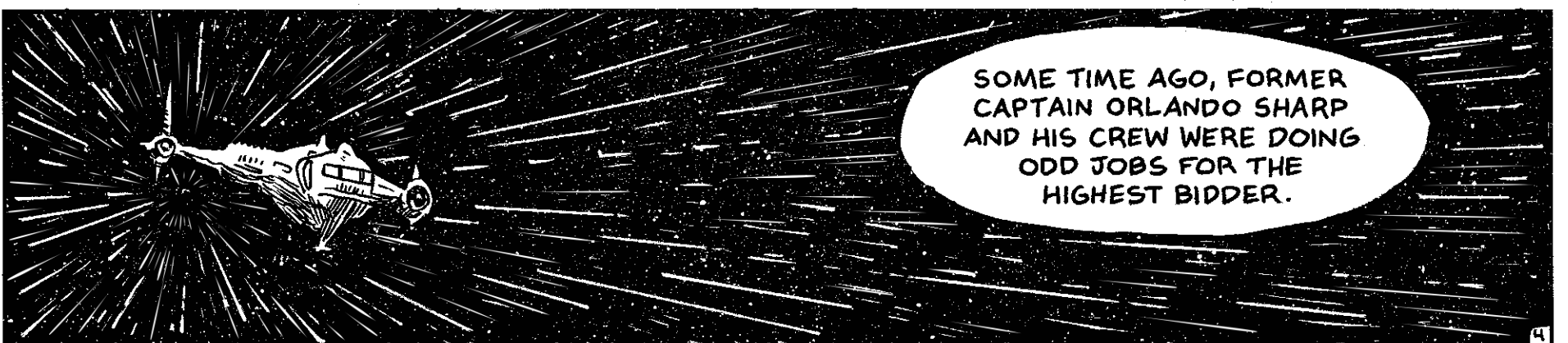
AND THE CONTEXT NOW IS VASTLY DIFFERENT THAN EARLIER.



WE'RE A **CREW**, YOU DESERVE TO KNOW MORE.



SO, SETTLE IN, HERE'S THE ABRIDGED VERSION OF WHY I AM THE WAY I AM.



SOME TIME AGO, FORMER CAPTAIN ORLANDO SHARP AND HIS CREW WERE DOING ODD JOBS FOR THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

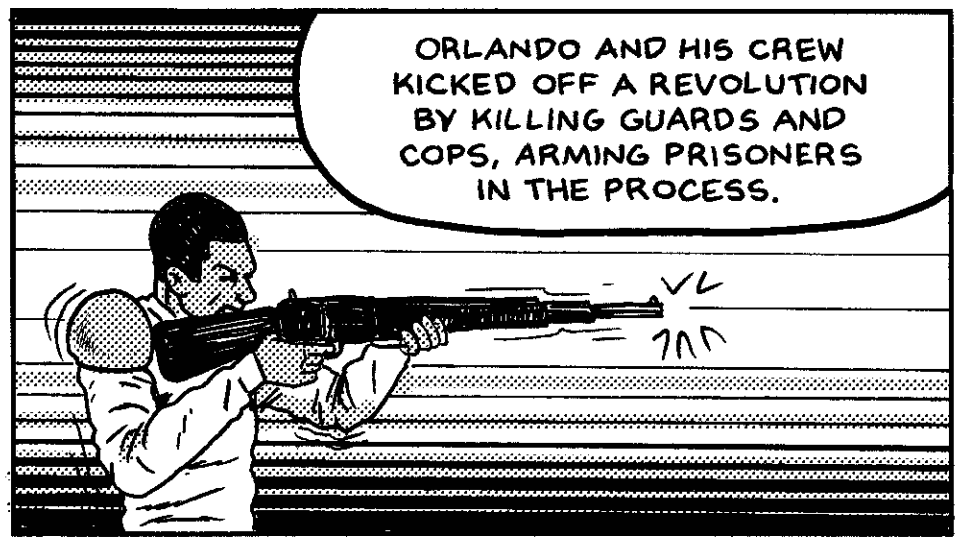


INCLUDING SOME
CORRUPT COPS.
THEIR MORAL
THRESHOLD WAS
EVENTUALLY
CROSSED ON A
SMALL JOB.

A SIMPLE
PRISONER
TRANSFER.



TO A PRISON THAT
WAS ACTUALLY A
SLAVE LABOUR CAMP
ON A HIDDEN MOON.
MY HOME.



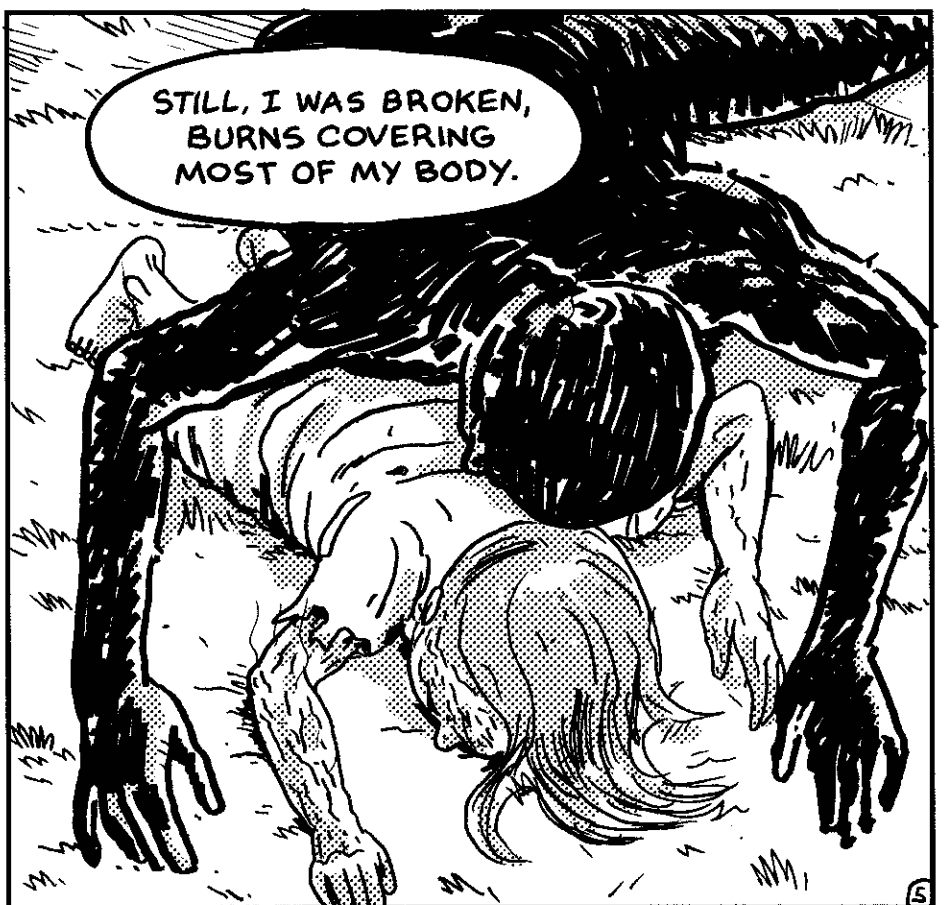
ORLANDO AND HIS CREW
KICKED OFF A REVOLUTION
BY KILLING GUARDS AND
COPS, ARMING PRISONERS
IN THE PROCESS.



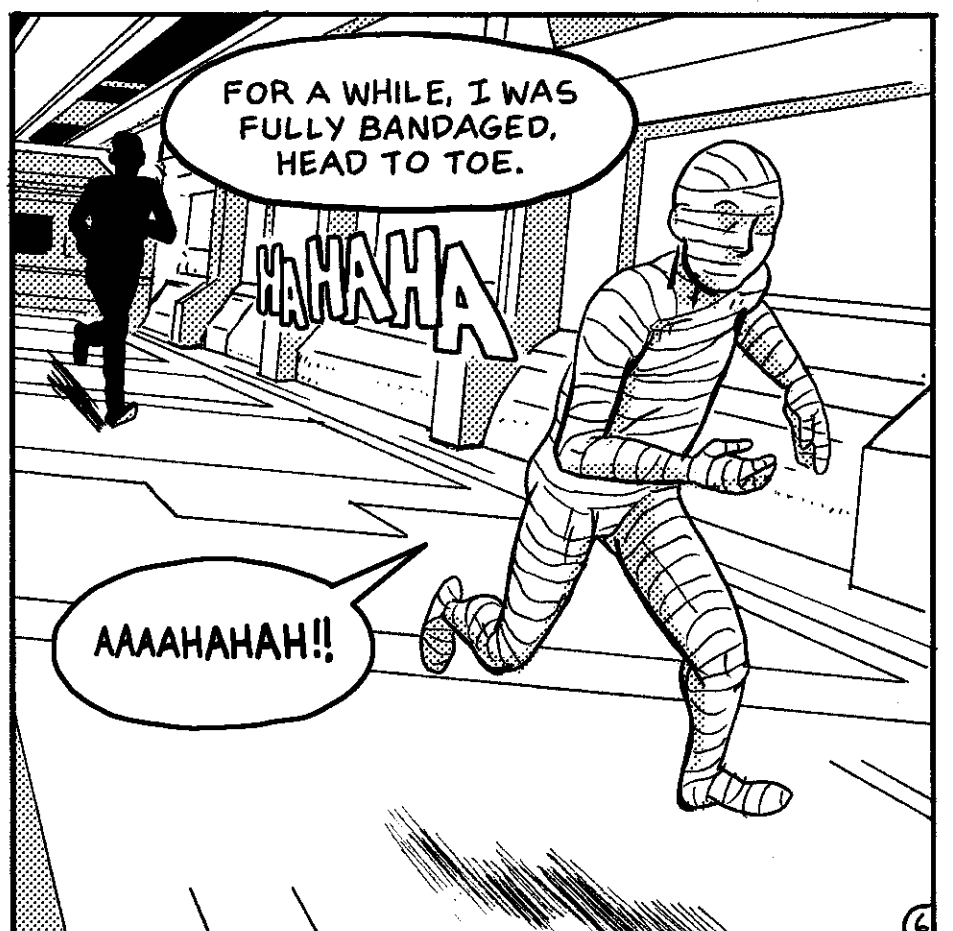
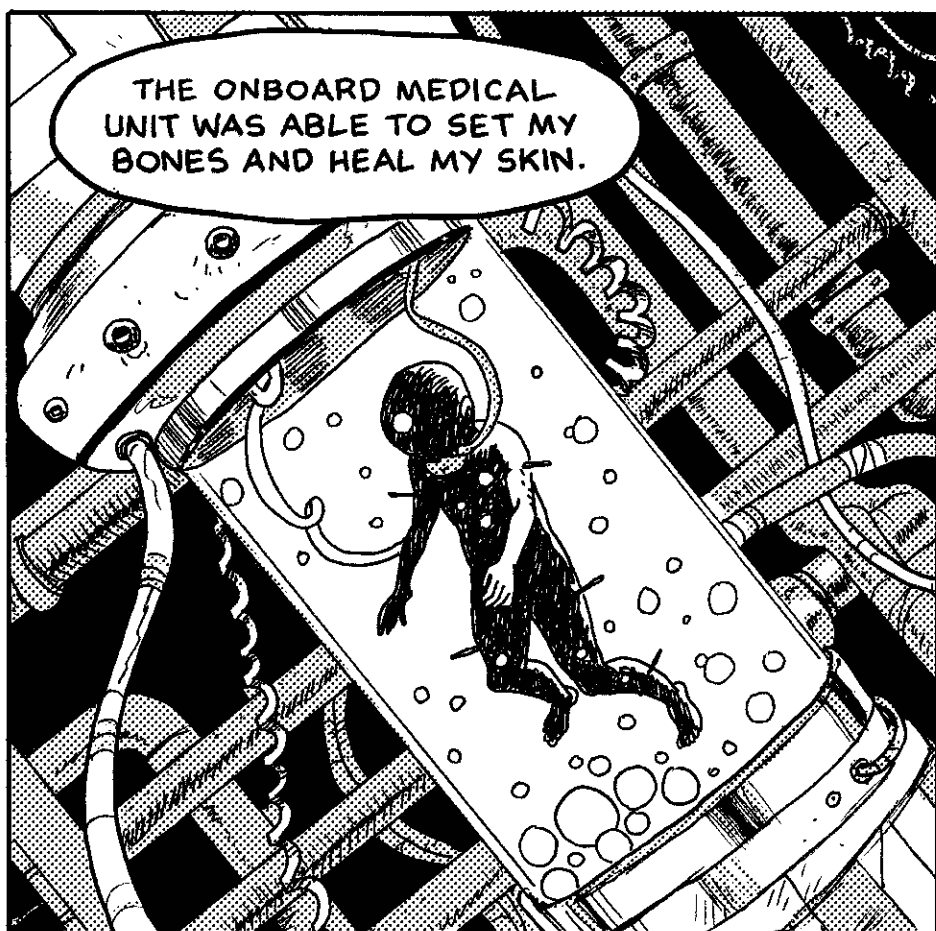
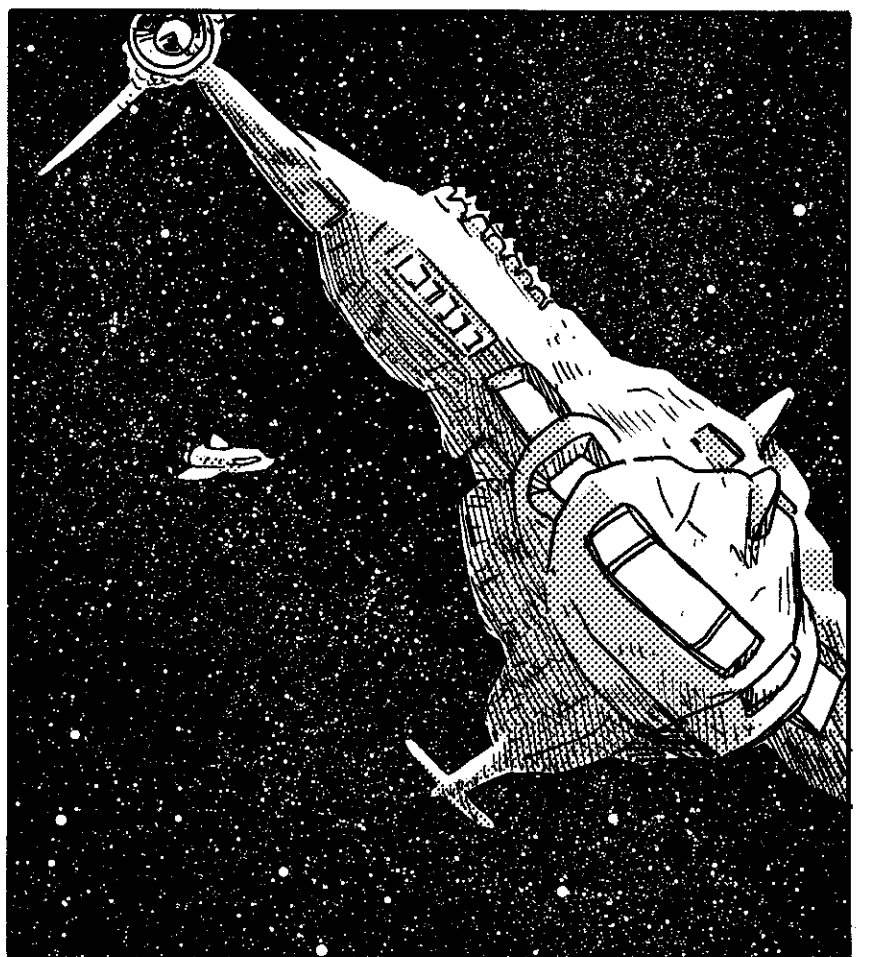
SEALING THEIR
FATES AS FUGITIVES,
FOREVER.

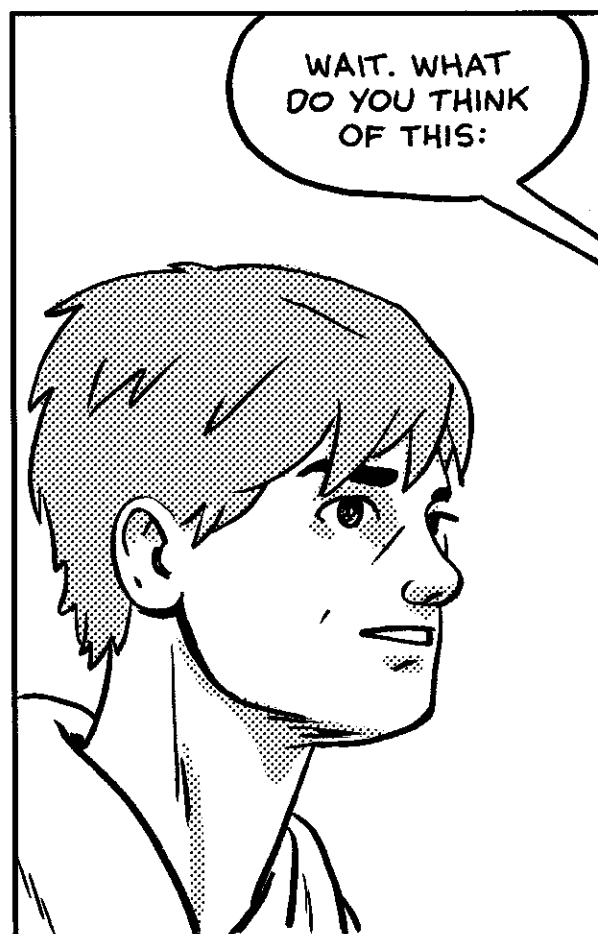
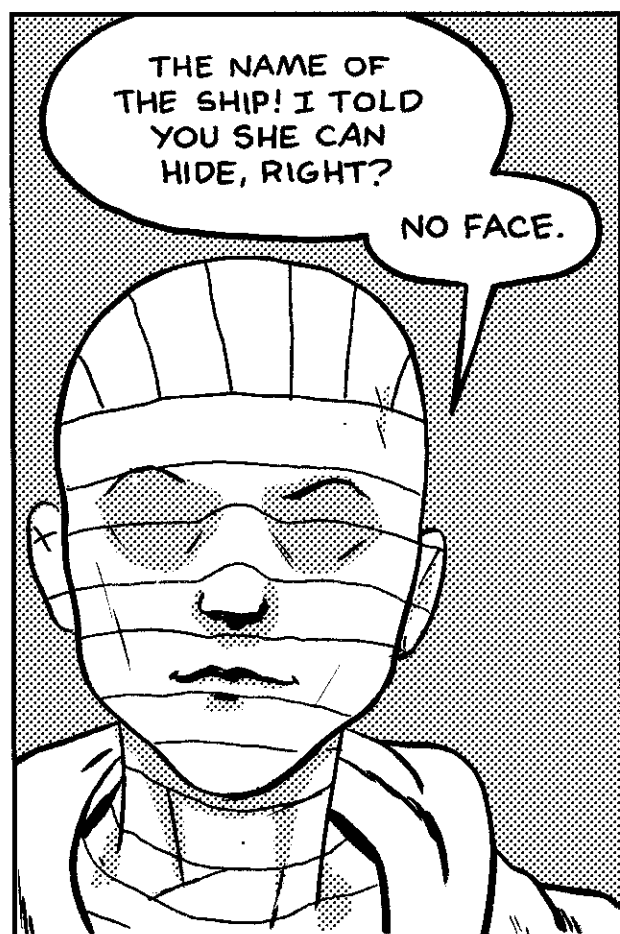
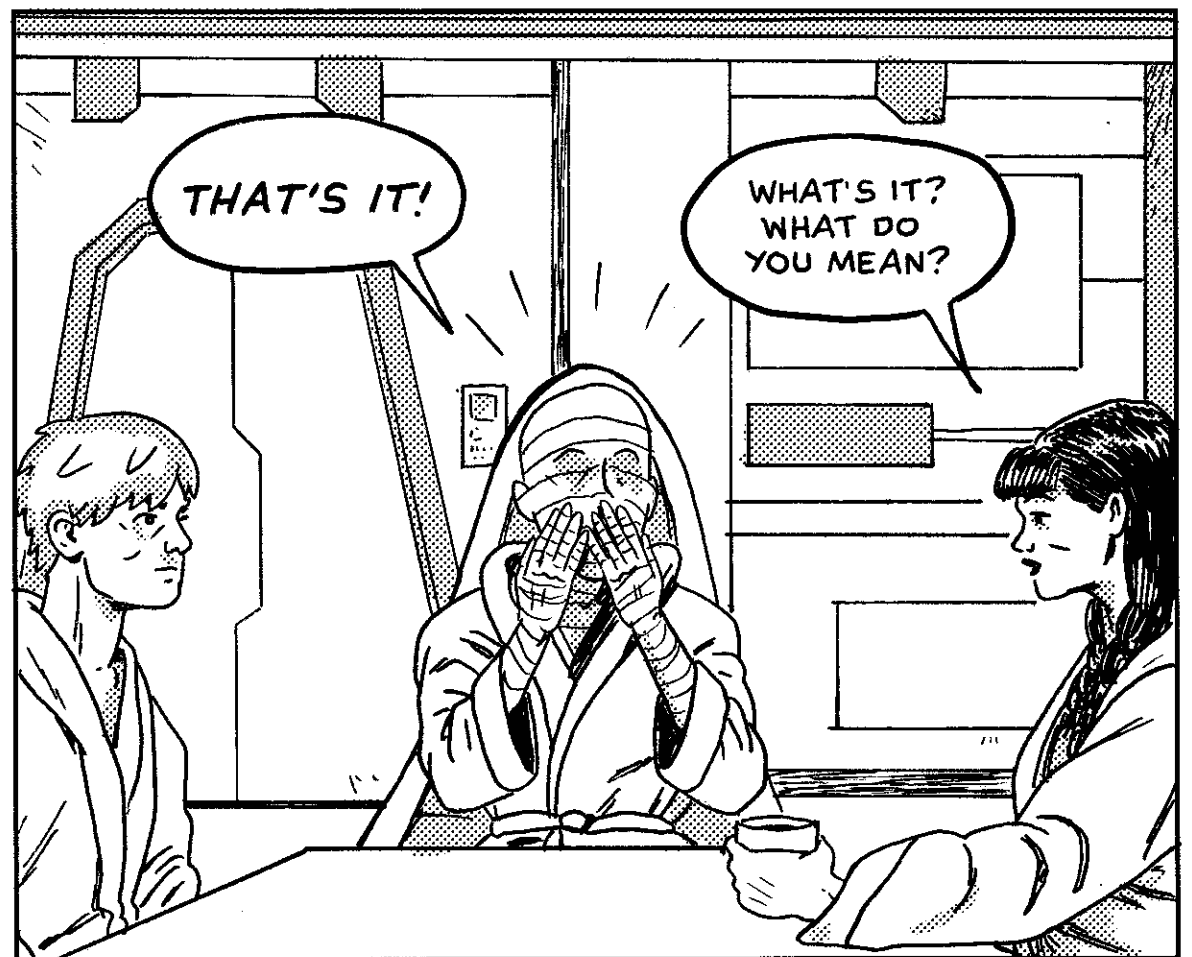
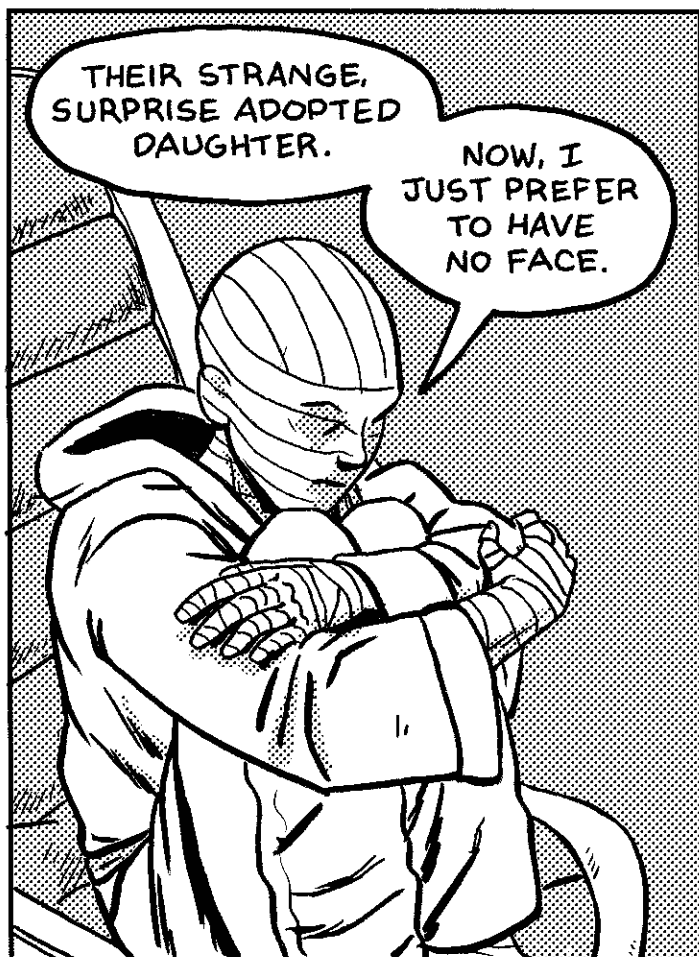
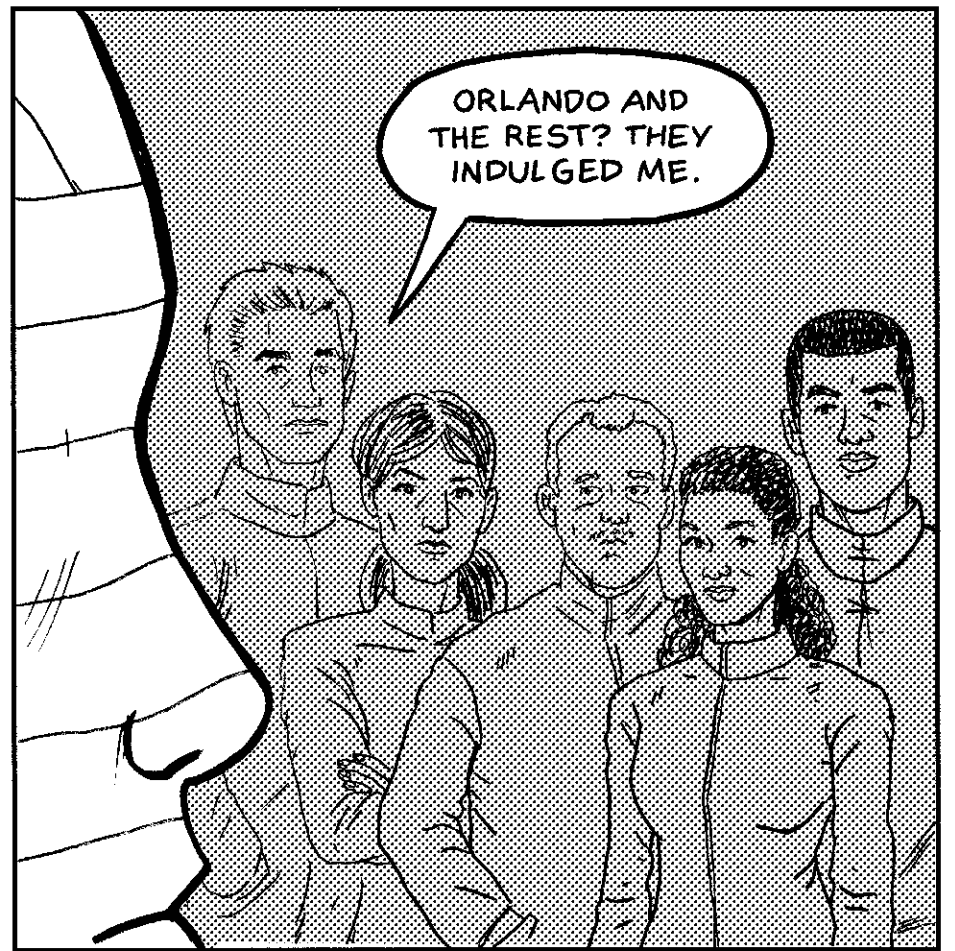


IN THE IMMEDIATE
CHAOS, AN EXPLOSION
KILLED MY PARENTS
WHILE THEIR BODIES
SHIELDED ME.



STILL, I WAS BROKEN,
BURNS COVERING
MOST OF MY BODY.





THAT'S PERFECT.
SHIP, FROM NOW ON,
YOUR NAME IS
FACELESS.



YES. FACELESS.
THANK YOU. I LOVE IT.

FACELESS

I N S P A C E

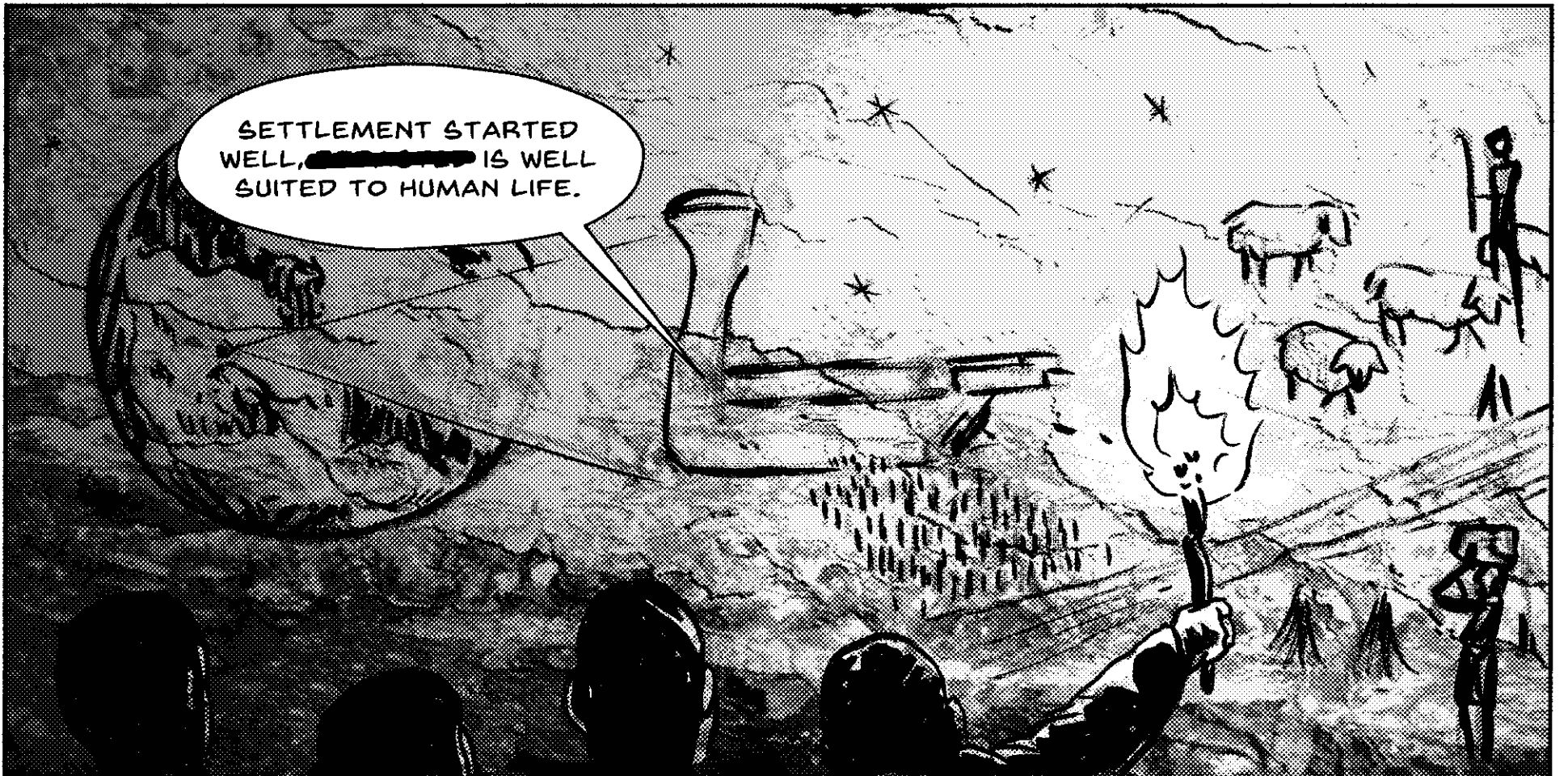




EPILOGUE 3. THE DISASTER AND THE BEACON.



YOU SEE HERE?
OUR EARLY HISTORY
WAS PRESERVED BY
OUR ANCESTORS IN
THESE CAVES.



SETTLEMENT STARTED
WELL, IS WELL
SUITED TO HUMAN LIFE.

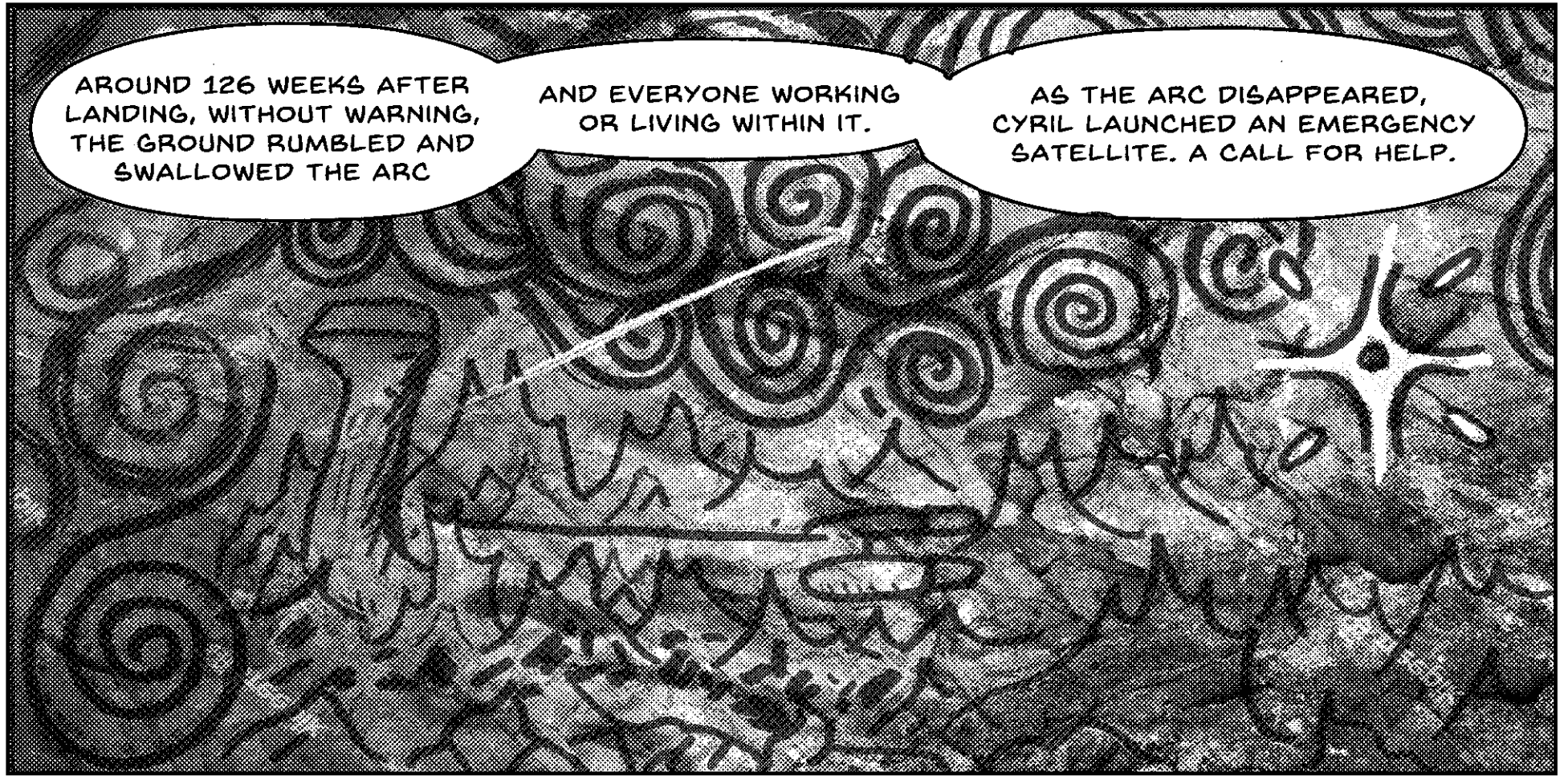


WE CAN SKIP
MOST OF IT.



HERE WE ARE. THE
IMPORTANT PART.

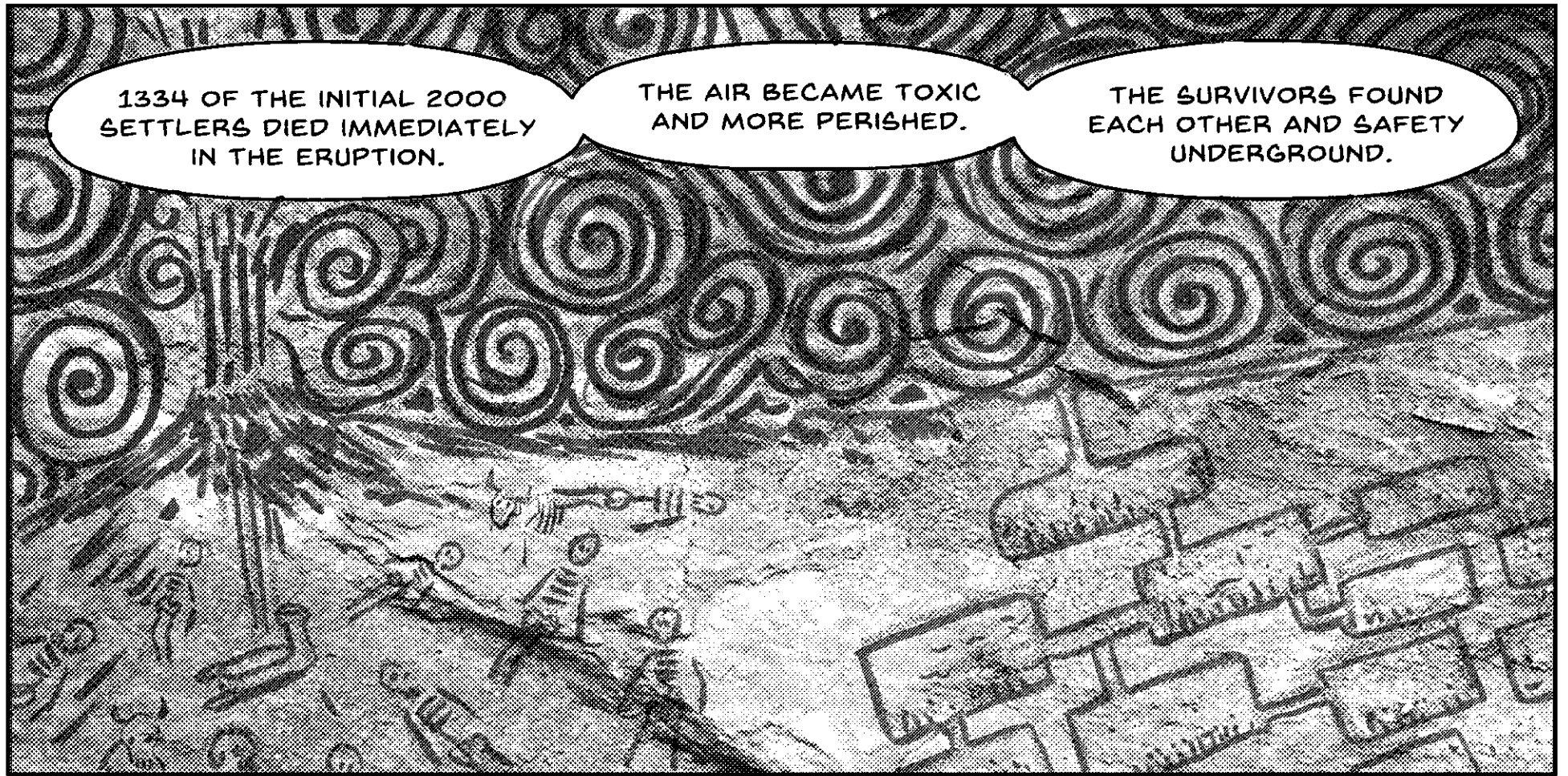
THE EVENT THAT
DEFINES



AROUND 126 WEEKS AFTER LANDING, WITHOUT WARNING, THE GROUND RUMBLED AND SWALLOWED THE ARC

AND EVERYONE WORKING OR LIVING WITHIN IT.

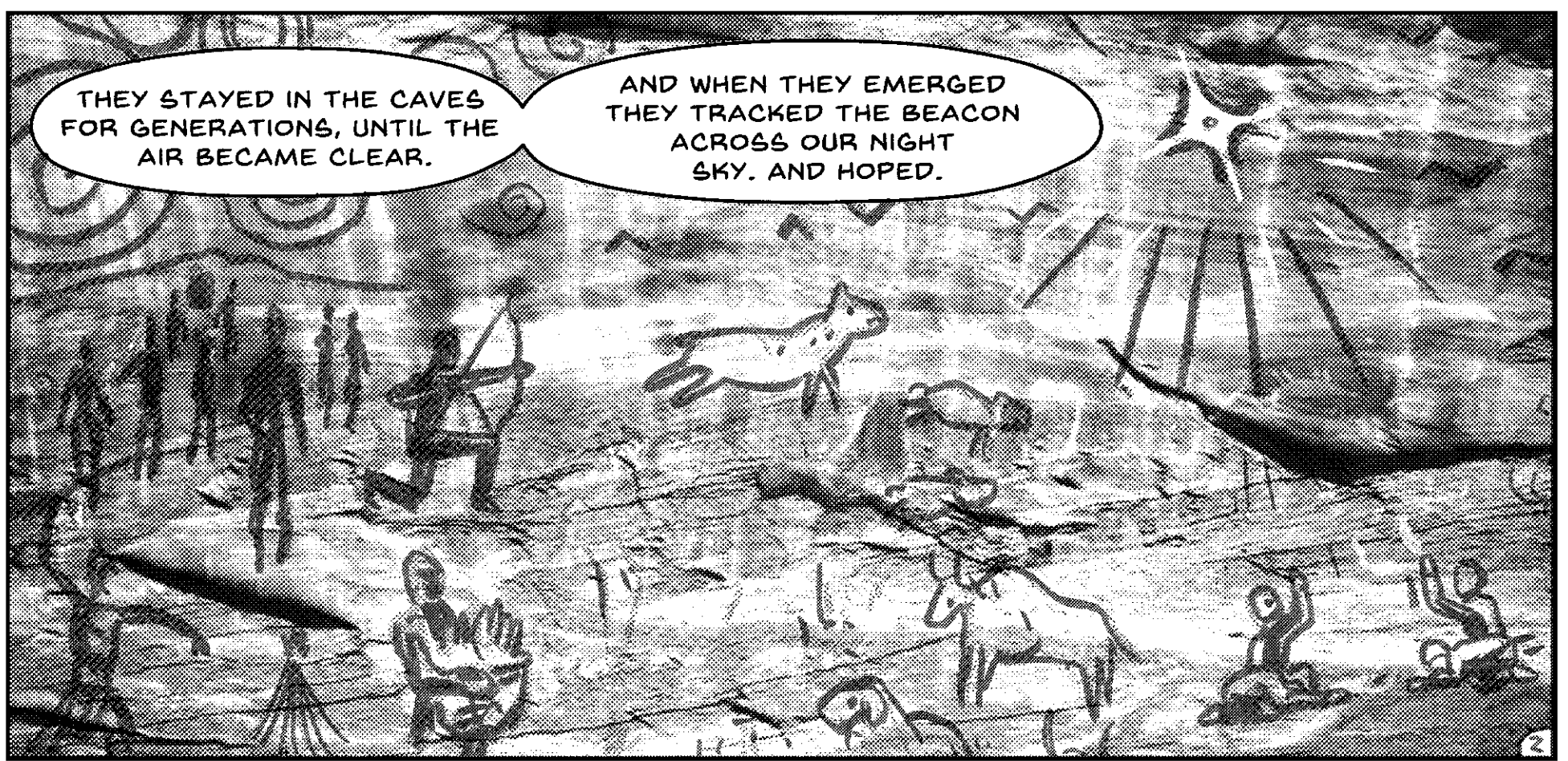
AS THE ARC DISAPPEARED, CYRIL LAUNCHED AN EMERGENCY SATELLITE. A CALL FOR HELP.



1334 OF THE INITIAL 2000 SETTLERS DIED IMMEDIATELY IN THE ERUPTION.

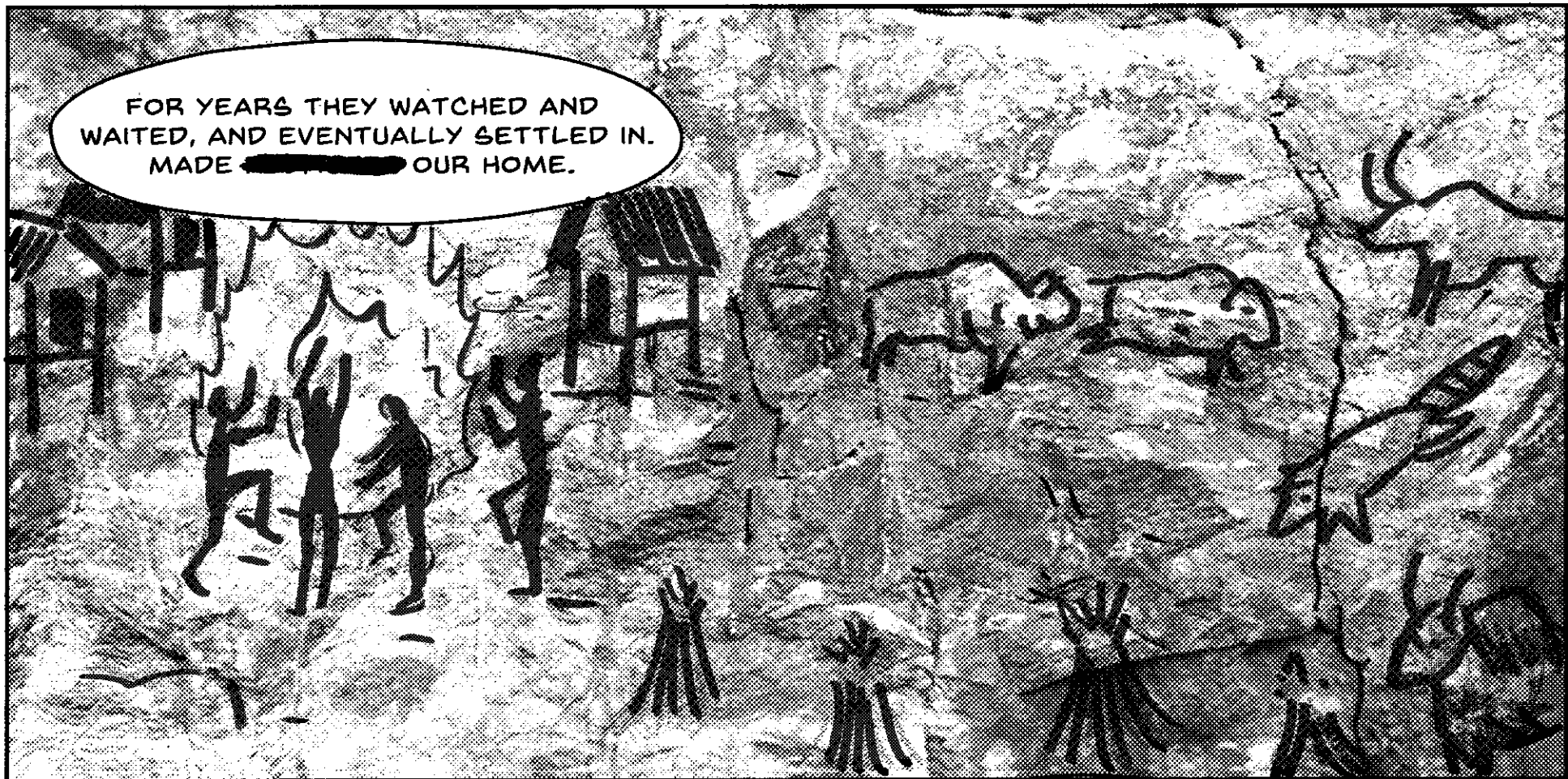
THE AIR BECAME TOXIC AND MORE PERISHED.

THE SURVIVORS FOUND EACH OTHER AND SAFETY UNDERGROUND.

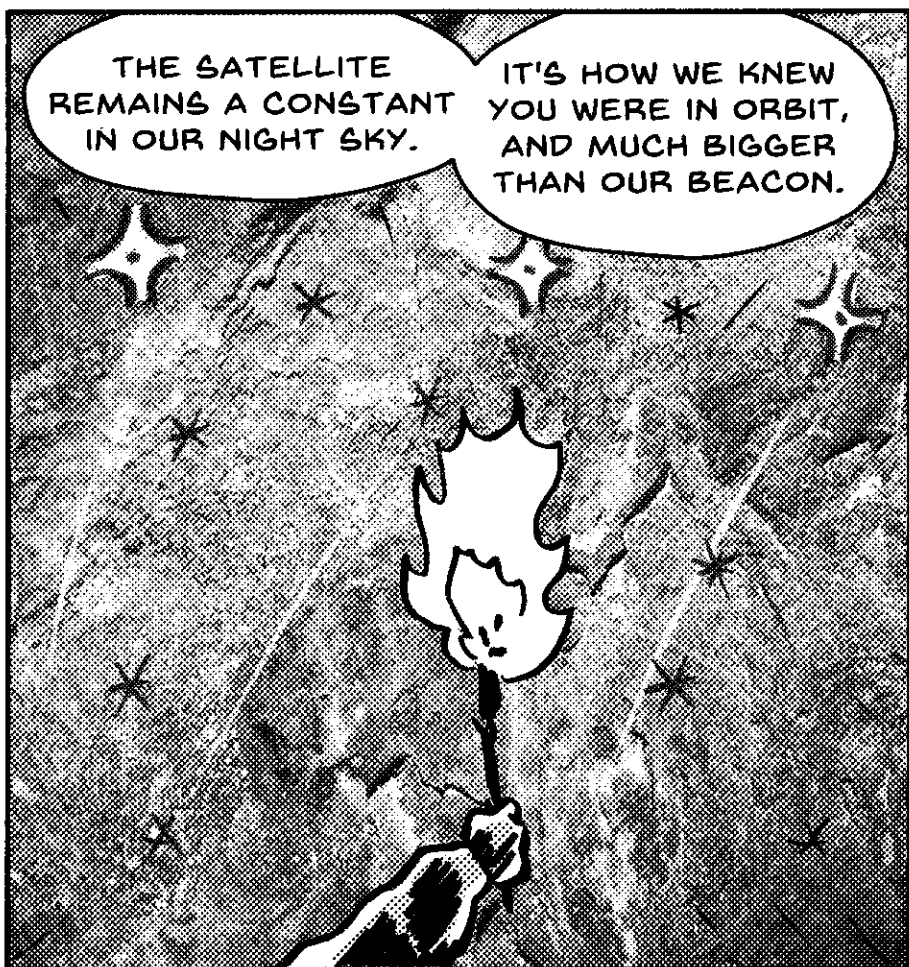


THEY STAYED IN THE CAVES FOR GENERATIONS, UNTIL THE AIR BECAME CLEAR.

AND WHEN THEY EMERGED THEY TRACKED THE BEACON ACROSS OUR NIGHT SKY. AND HOPED.



FOR YEARS THEY WATCHED AND WAITED, AND EVENTUALLY SETTLED IN. MADE ██████████ OUR HOME.



THE SATELLITE REMAINS A CONSTANT IN OUR NIGHT SKY.

IT'S HOW WE KNEW YOU WERE IN ORBIT, AND MUCH BIGGER THAN OUR BEACON.



AND THAT'S WHY YOU BUILT A GIANT FIRE ON THE BEACH, TO ATTRACT OUR ATTENTION.

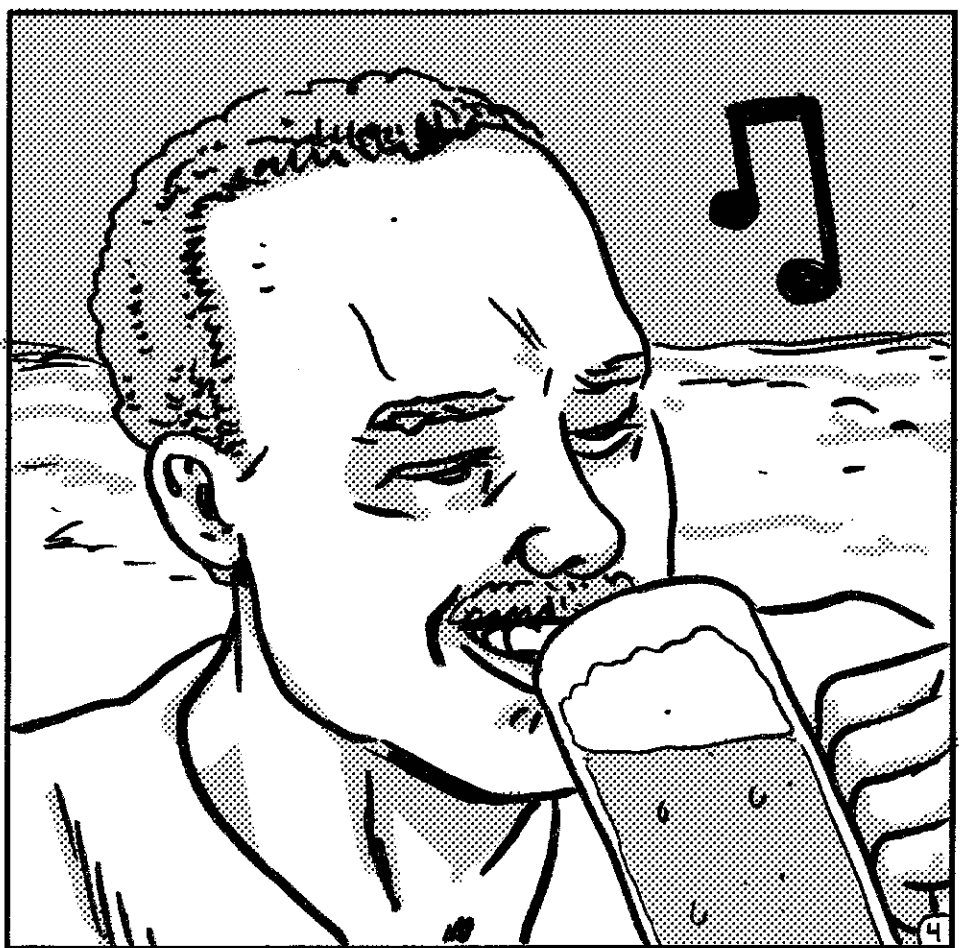
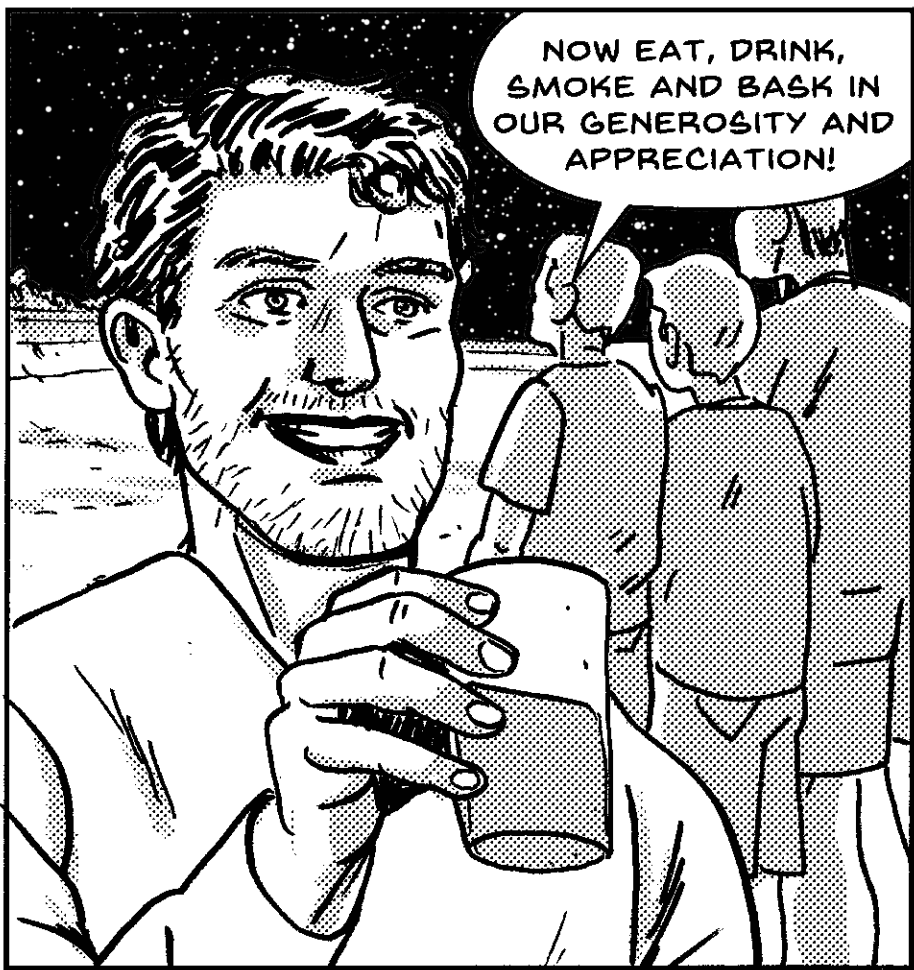
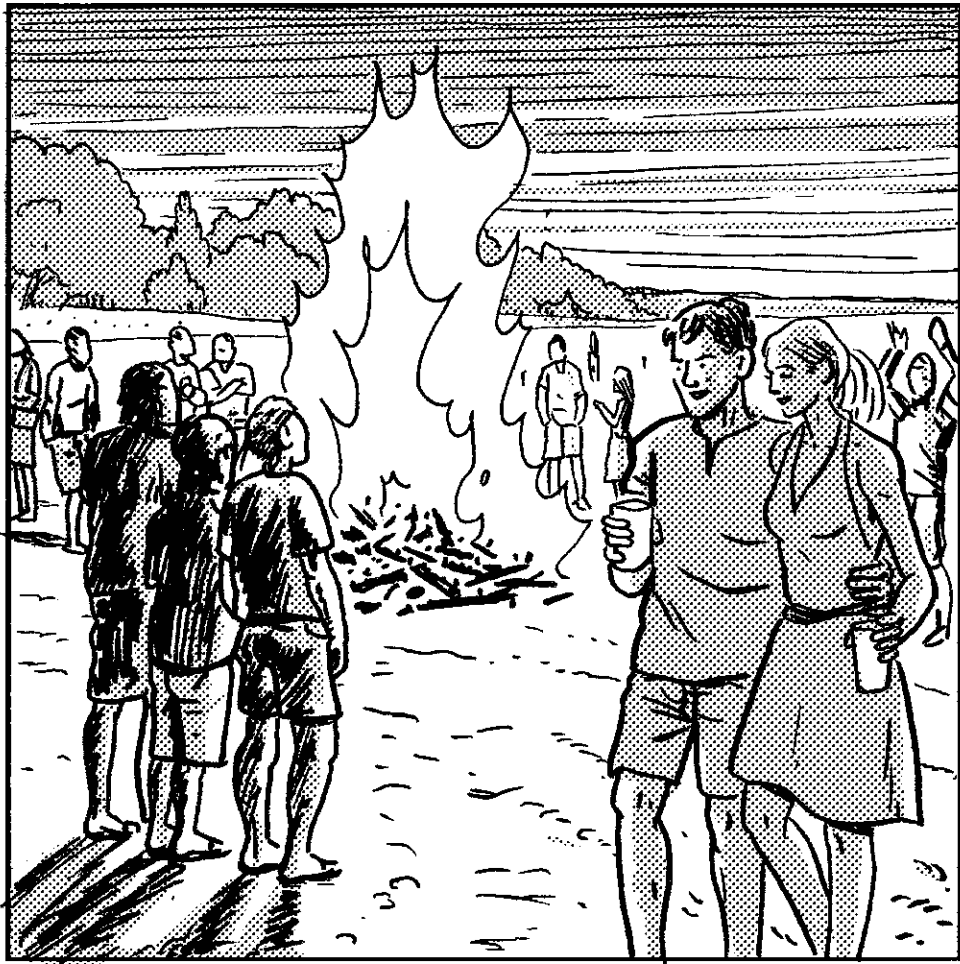
YES, EXACTLY. OUR OWN BEACON.

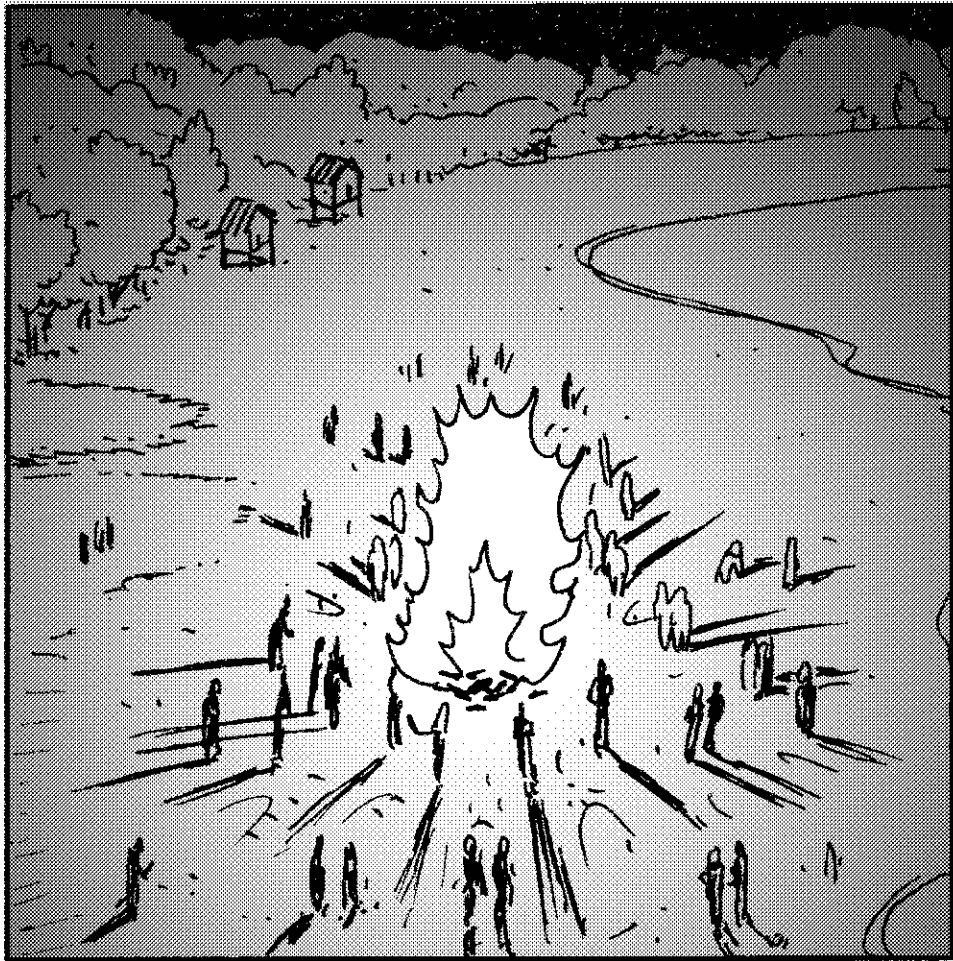


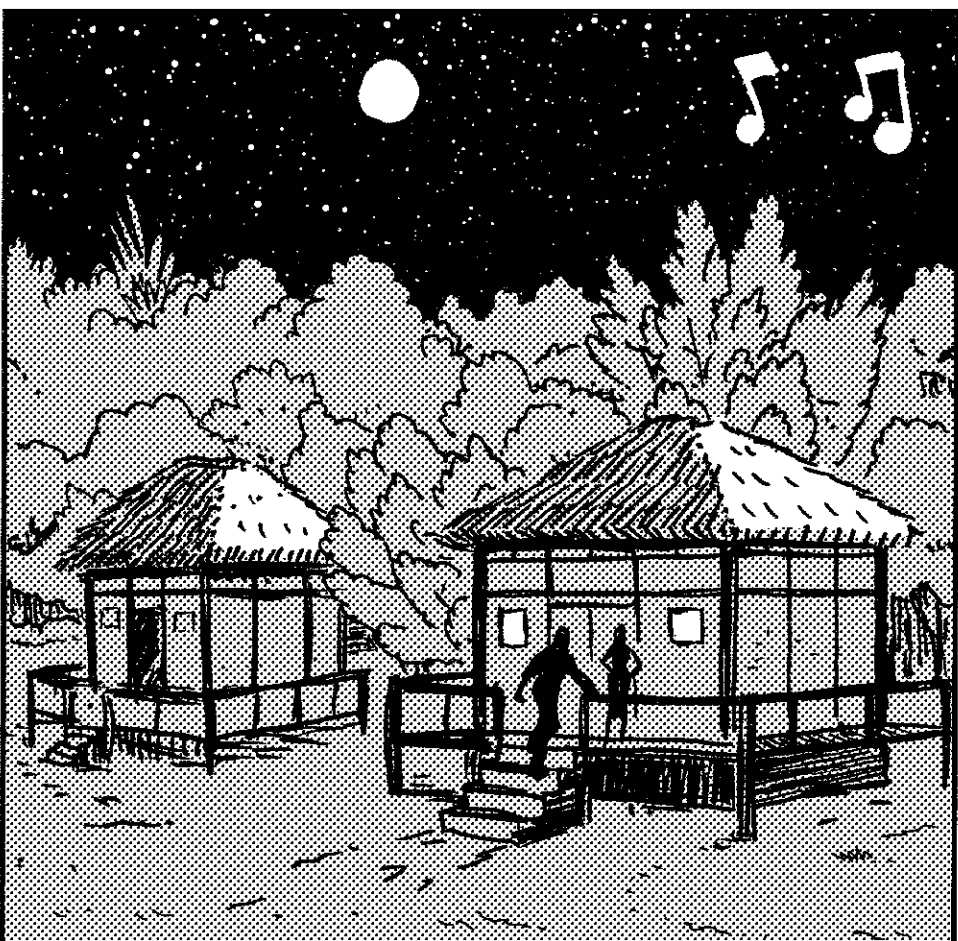
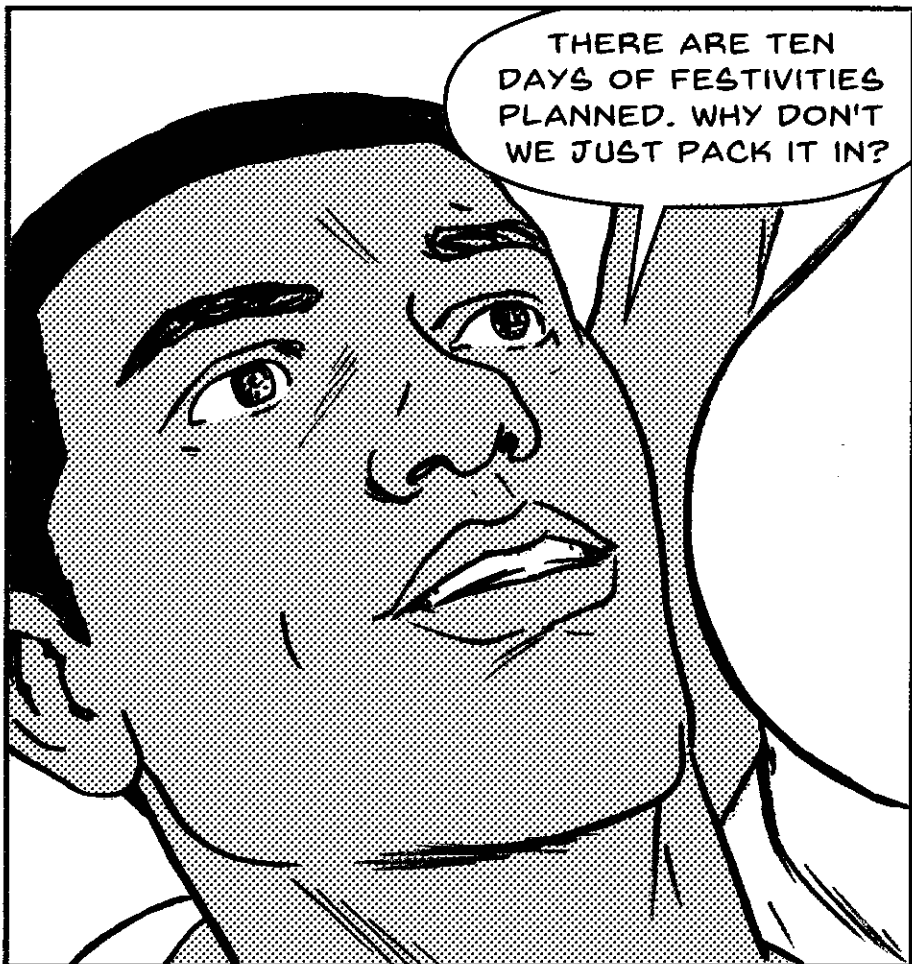
IF YOU LOOK WAY OVER AT THE HORIZON, YOU'LL SEE THE STILL ACTIVE VOLCANO, A CONSTANT REMINDER OF THE PAST.

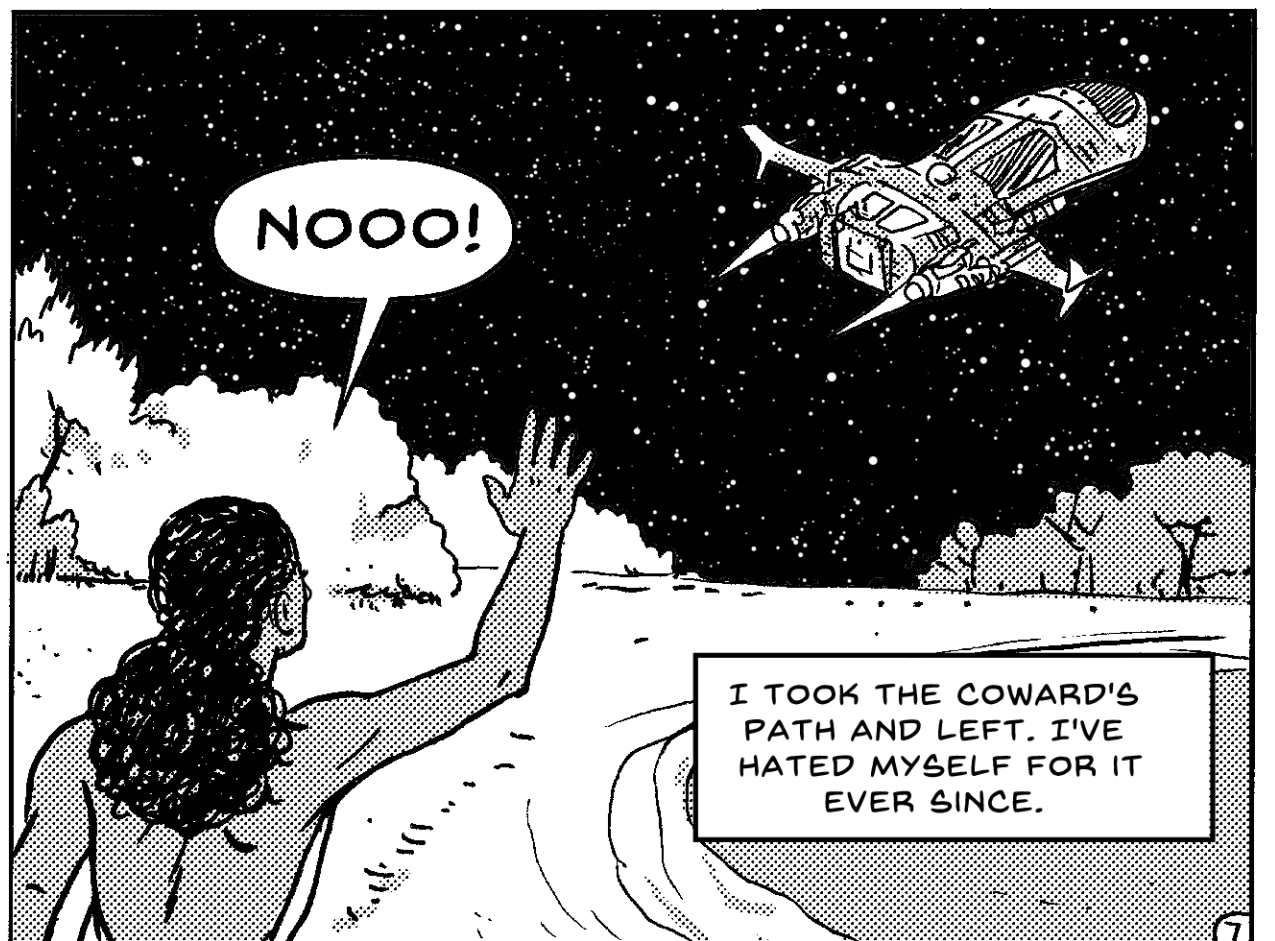
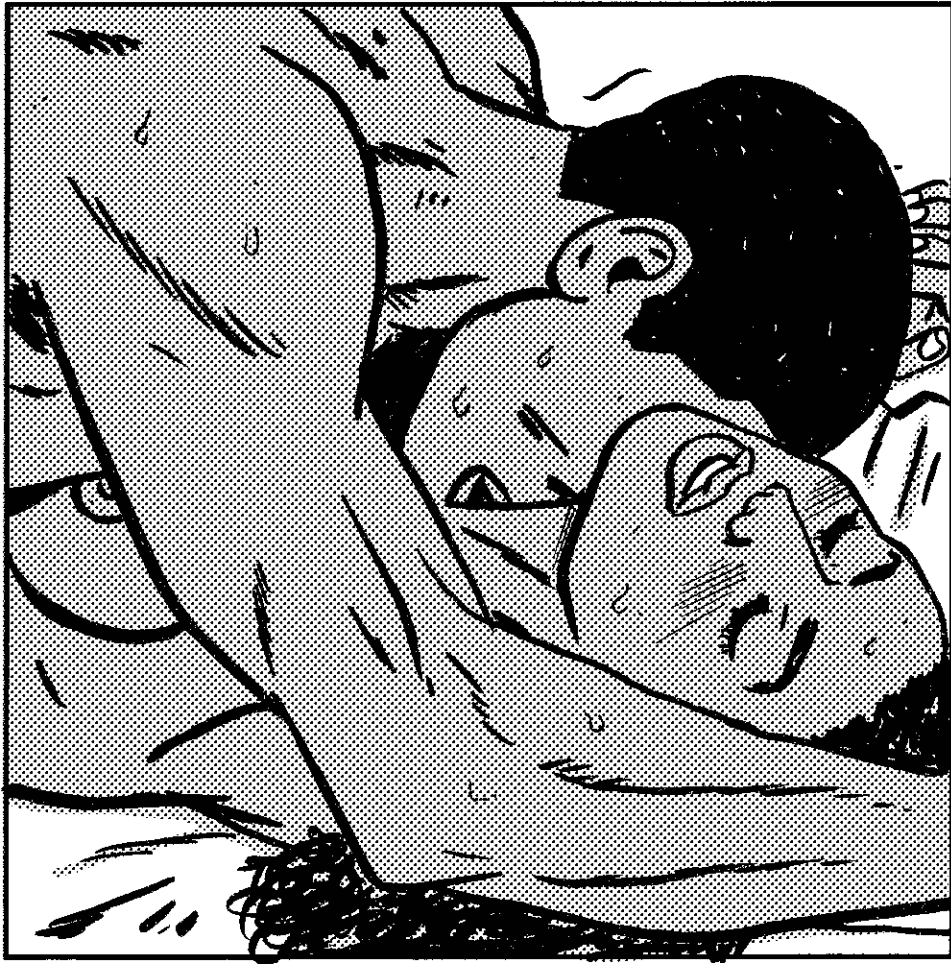
AND ON THE BEACH, A PARTY TO CELEBRATE AND SAY THANKS FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE PROVIDED FOR US THESE LAST FEW MONTHS.

LET'S JOIN THE PARTY!



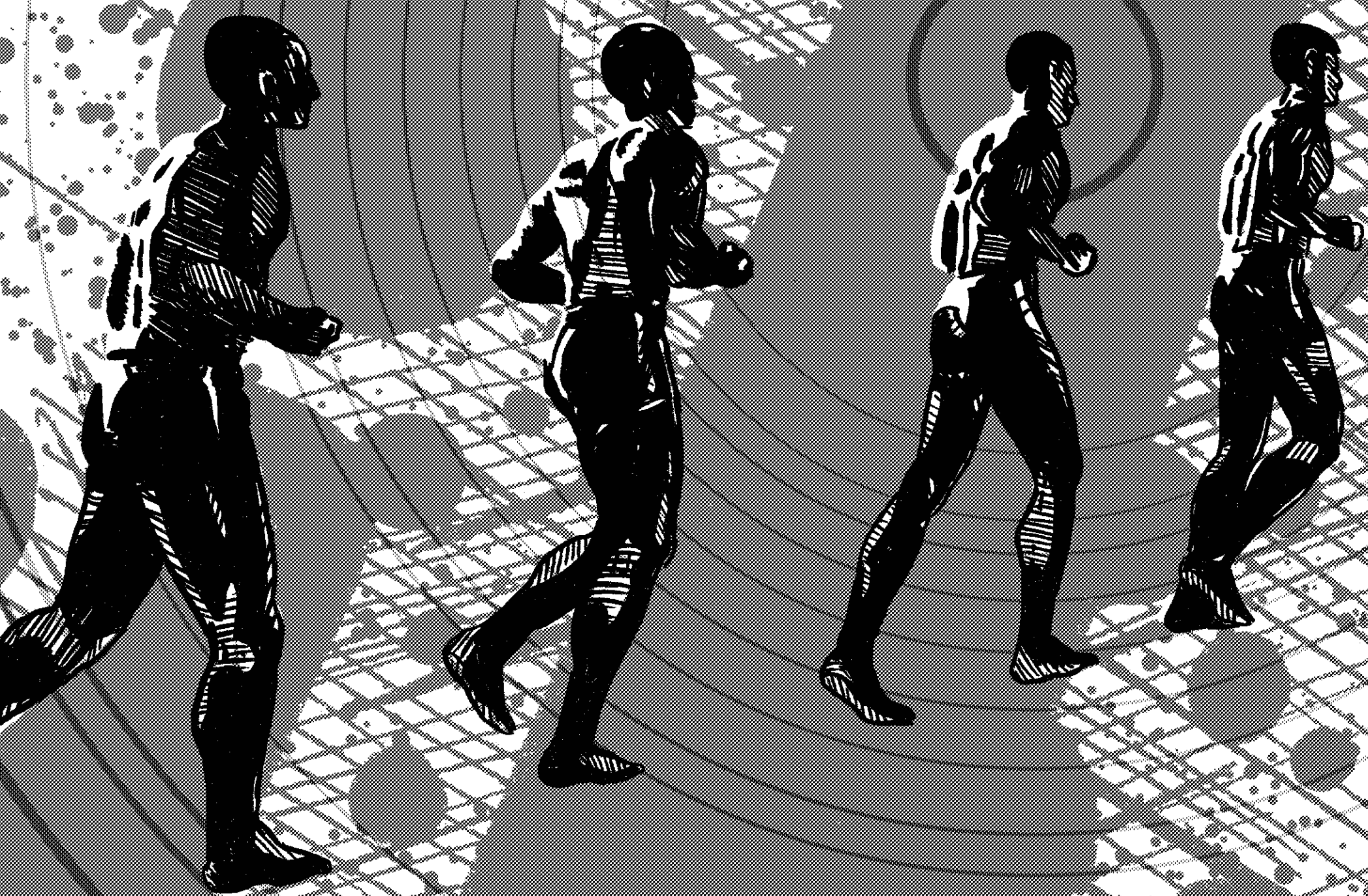






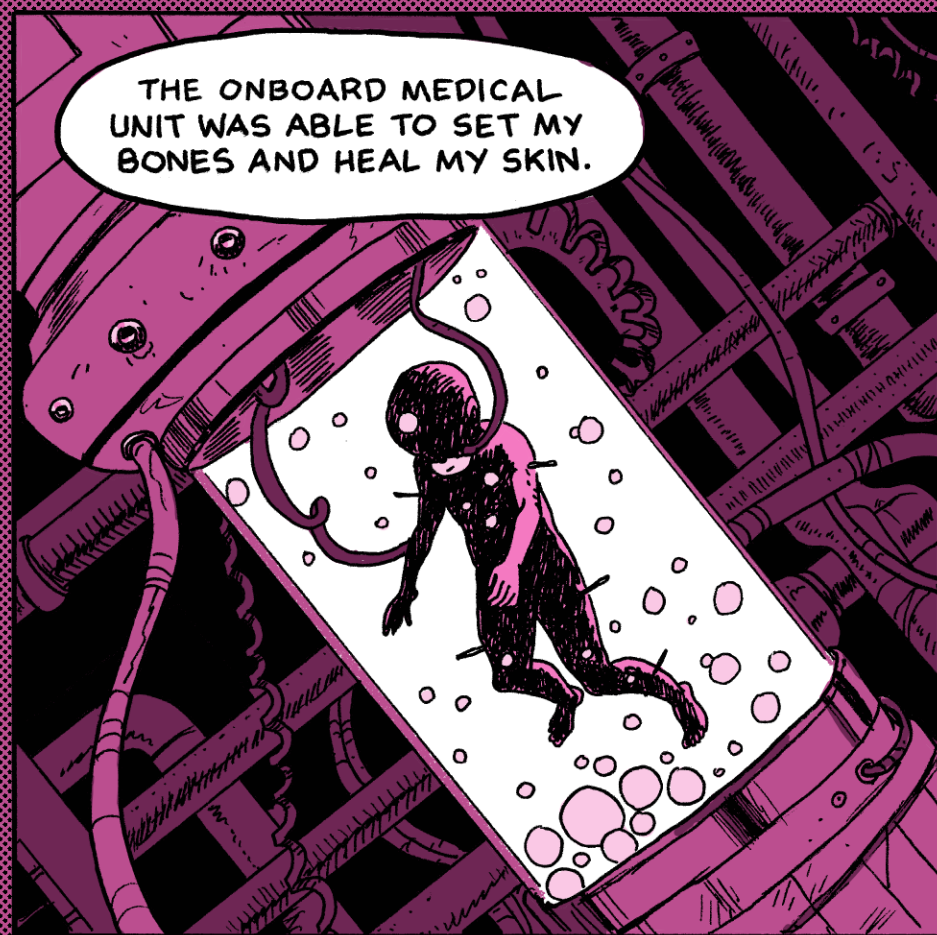


WHEN I TELL YOU I WANTED TO DIE THAT NIGHT, PATRICK, I'M NOT LYING. BUT THERE WERE OTHER PLANS IN STORE FOR ME.



(OMINOUS HUM)





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