



Saga by Brian K Vaughan & Fiona Staples

[Science Fiction]



"My name is Hazel. I started out as an idea, but I ended up something more.

"Not much more, to be honest. It's not like I grew up to become some great war hero or any sort of all-important saviour... but thanks to these two, at least I get to grow old.

"Not everybody does."

The very pinnacle of contemporary comics' excellence, I cannot think of another which has so deftly and adroitly addressed almost every aspect of our highly individualistic lives that it is either *all-genres* or non-genre and beloved by all. Yet I proudly post SAGA under science fiction for it fully celebrates the irrefutable truth that if space is infinite, then so are the permutations of its diverse denizens.

Please don't choose favourites, however. You will, but I warned you not to.

Ridiculously witty, SAGA is delightfully mischievous and deliciously iconoclastic. You won't want to leave it anywhere near your grandparents or god-child because there's one scene in each of its volumes which you can file under "every aspect" / sex. I've never *seen* a dragon doing that to itself.

"I made a vow, Alana. I'm a father now, not a soldier, and that blade is never again leaving its scabbard."

That's why Marko is *chewing* his daughter's umbilical off. "Wasn't inspecting... this much gristle."





Alana and Marko are in love. She's from the planet Landfall; he's from its moon. Unfortunately their peoples have been at war for as long as anyone can recall, but swiftly realised that either world's complete destruction would cause the other to spin out of orbit. Such an assault would be suicidal, so what they've very *kindly* done is taken their fight to *other* people's planets. Which is nice.

Marko was sent to the frontline, was appalled by what he saw and surrendered. Alana was his captor and she freed him. Each, therefore, is now on the run from their own species for treachery, desertion... and blasphemy. For, worst of all, they've successfully mated to produce a beautiful baby called Hazel. This unholy union is despised by all sides and for morale's sake – to ensure no one else gets the wretched idea that love might be better than hatred – all traces of it must be eradicated.

Alana's people have dispatched Prince Robot IV from a race of upright and upright fornicating television sets. Their screens betray their innermost thoughts because eyes are the window to the soul. Marko's people have dispatched The Will, a phenomenal assassin with a Lying Cat. It's a bright-turquoise, panther-sized cat compelled to declare if you're lying. Problematically, it holds no loyalties so you don't take yours to a poker night. Lying Cat is essentially an empath, and such is Staples' finesse that you can read its exquisite expressions as a commentary. Plus, thanks to Vaughan's lateral thinking there's an unexpectedly kind iteration of the Lying Cat joke which will make you choke.



Alana and Marko have found sanctuary in a semi-sentient, spaceworthy tree along with an impromptu babysitter from what's left of Cleave's indigenous population. She's a floating, glowing, pink ghost of a girl trailing entrails because her lower half's missing following an encounter with a landmine.

The couple do what all couples do: they kiss, they copulate, they tease and they shout at each other.

"Don't! Don't you ever say those words to me! Sorry, But "We have a family to think about now" is the rallying cry of losers. My old man threw his life away working a job he hated so he could "take care of his family". In the end, it just turned him into a monster who treated us like crap the few times he was actually around."

"So what is that you want, Alana?"

"I want to show our girl the universe."