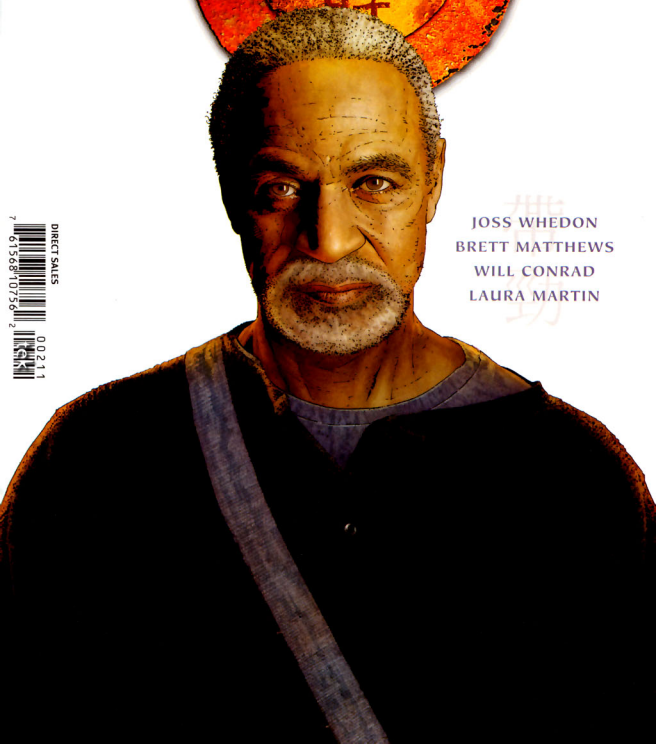




SERENITY



JOSS WHEDON
BRETT MATTHEWS
WILL CONRAD
LAURA MARTIN





SERENITY

JOSS WHEDON
BRETT MATTHEWS
WILL CONRAD
LAURA MARTIN



DIRECT SALES





**DARK
HORSE
COMICS**
SERENITY

2 OF **3** \$2.99 US

JOSS WHEDON
BRETT MATTHEWS
WILL CONRAD
LAURA MARTIN



DIRECT SALES

00211

SERENITY





Those Left Behind Part 2 (of 3)

After the Earth was used up, we found a new solar system and hundreds of new Earths were terra-formed and colonized. The central planets formed the Alliance and decided all the planets had to join under their rule. There was some disagreement on that point. After the War, many of the Independents who had fought and lost drifted to the edges of the system, far from Alliance control. Out here, people struggled to get by with the most basic technologies; a ship would bring you work, a gun would help you keep it. A captain's goal was simple: find a crew, find a job, keep flying.

Story by
JOSS WHEDON & BRETT MATTHEWS

Script by
BRETT MATTHEWS

Art by
WILL CONRAD

Colors by
LAURA MARTIN

Letters by
MICHAEL HEISLER

Covers

Book » **TIM BRADSTREET** Colors by » **GRANT GOLEASH**
Kaylee » **JO CHEN** Zoe » **JOE QUESADA** WITH **DANNY MIKI**
Colors by » **RICHARD ISANOVE**

Editor » **SCOTT ALLIE**
Assistant Editors » **MATT DRYER & DAVE MARSHALL**
Designer » **HEIDI FAINZA**
Publisher » **MIKE RICHARDSON**

Special thanks to Cindy Chang and Veronika Beltran at Universal Studios.
Special thanks also to Michael Boretz, Debbie Olshan, & Deborah Hsu.

Serenity #2, August, 2005, Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. Serenity © 2005 Universal Studios Licensing. Licensed by Universal Studios Licensing LLC. All rights reserved. Dark Horse Comics® is a trademark of Dark Horse Comics, Inc., registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA.





DONT.

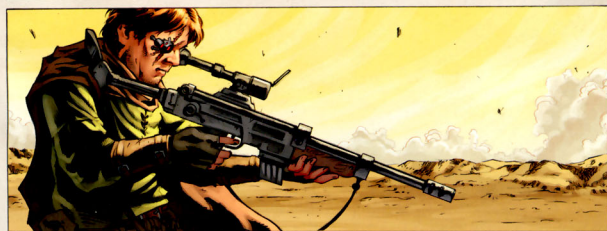
MY DEPTH
PERCEPTION'S
NOT EXACTLY
WHAT IT USED
TO BE.

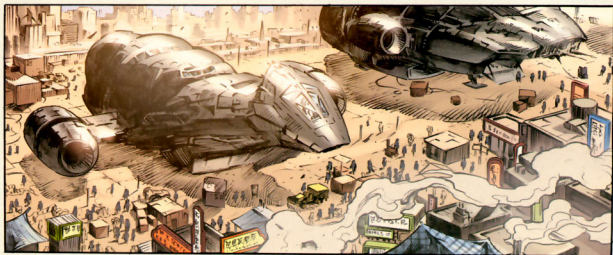
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



THE
SAME THING
YOU DO...

...AGENT
DOBSON.





GET HER
FUELED,
WASH.



WITH
DIRT? WITH
CHEAP
DIRT?

THAT'S
ABOUT ALL
THIS IS GONNA
GET US...



GET HER
FUELED IN
AS MUCH
AS YOU
CAN.

THE REST OF
YOU ARE FREE TO
TAKE A WALKABOUT,
DO WHAT YOU NEED
TO DO, BUT BE BACK
ON THE SHIP COME
SUNDOWN...

INARA'S GOT
A SCHEDULE
TO KEEP.



MAL!



JAYNE,
WHY'D YOU
GO AND DO
THAT?

HE WAS
CROWDIN'
ME, AND
I DON'T
KNOW
HIM.

I HIT
PEOPLE
THAT
CROWD ME
I DON'T
KNOW.



IT'S
QUITE
ALL RIGHT,
LITTLE
LADY...



I DON'T
LIKE THE MAN,
WHICH IS WHY
I INSISTED HE
GO FIRST.

MAL,
FANCY SOME
CHITCHAT?

I'M
LISTENING,
BADGER.

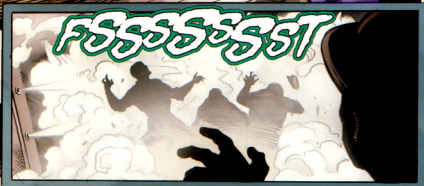


COURSE
YOU ARE.

BUT
JUST TO BE
SURE--



ZOE.



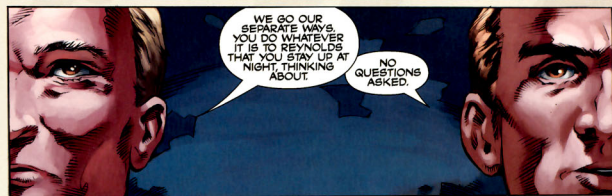
SO, BADGER...

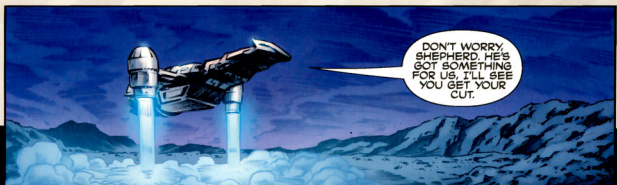
WHAT IS IT
YOU WANTED
TO TALK
ABOUT?

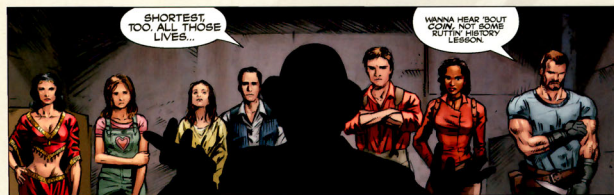
UHHH...

SHRRRKE













A BLINK'S AN AWFUL LONG TIME WHEN YOU'RE ON THE GROUND.

WE'RE NOT REQUIRIN' A LECTURE ON THE SUBJECT, OR HAD YOU NOT NOTICED THE COLOR THE CAPTAIN AND I ARE WEARING?



HERE'S WHAT YOU AND THE HISTORY BOOKS **DON'T** KNOW.

WHAT THE BATTLE OF STURGES WAS FOUGHT FOR -- WHAT ALL THEM BOYS AND GIRLS **DIED** FOR -- WAS A BOATLOAD OF **CASH**.

A BOATLOAD OF CASH THAT'S STILL THERE.



THE COORDINATES, MAL.

TAKE YOU RIGHT TO THE BATTLEFIELD -- AND THE STASH OF **REAL** THEM **BROWN** COATS GOT BUTCHERED OVER. IT'S JUST SITTING THERE FOR YOU, OR SOMEONE NEAR ENOUGH YOU, TO SNATCH IT UP.

LESS MY **PERCENTAGE**, OF COURSE.



WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I SAY I'LL THINK ABOUT IT.

NOW GET OFF MY SHIP BEFORE THE STAIN SETS...



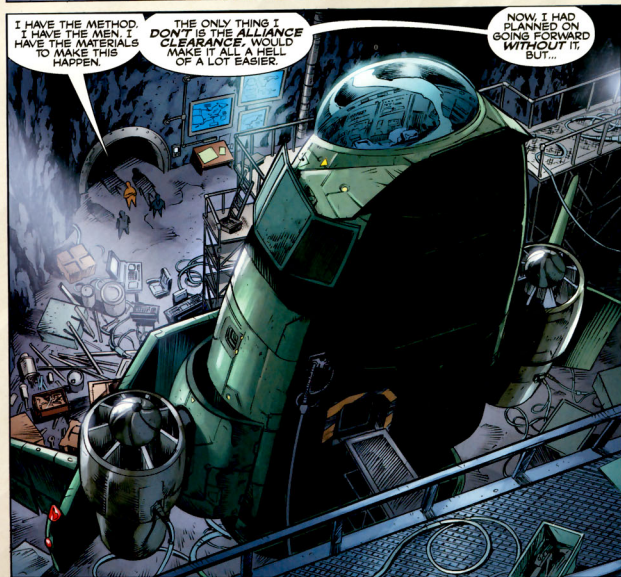
"YOU'VE GOT A LONG WALK AHEAD OF YOU."



YOU'VE
GIVEN THIS A
GREAT DEAL OF
THOUGHT.

WELL, *HINDSIGHT'S*
TWENTY-TWENTY.

LIKE
I TOLD
YOU...



I HAVE THE METHOD.
I HAVE THE MEN. I
HAVE THE MATERIALS
TO MAKE THIS
HAPPEN.

THE ONLY THING I
DON'T IS THE *ALLIANCE*
CLEARANCE. WOULD
MAKE IT ALL A HELL
OF A LOT EASIER.

NOW, I HAD
PLANNED ON
GOING FORWARD
WITHOUT IT,
BUT...



YOU NEED
SAY NO MORE,
MR. DOBSON.



AS I'M SURE YOU'VE
ALL SUSSSED FOR
YOURSELVES...



WE'LL
BE **TAKING**
BADGER'S
JOB.

ANYONE HAS A
COMPLAINT, THEY'D
BEST KNOW OF
PAYING WORK TO
GO ALONG WITH
IT.



THIS IS
AFTER YOU'VE
DELIVERED
ME TO MY
DUTIES...



NO, IT IS
DECIDEDLY
NOT.

I CAN'T WAIT ON THIS, INARA,
AND RUNNING A TAXI SERVICE DON'T
FEED MOUTHS, FOR THE RECORD.
THIS JOB IS IN THE SAME DIRECTION
YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO GO, AND THE
ONLY REASON WE'RE EVEN VENTURIN'
TO SUCH A 什么工作都没有 CORNER
OF SPACE IS **YOU**. STILL, I IMAGINE
YOU'RE UPSET, AND I WANT YOU
TO KNOW I'M...

THAT I WISH
THINGS COULD BE
DIFFERENT. IT'S
JUST A DECISION
I HAD TO
MAKE.



YES, THE
ONLY ONE YOU
EVER DO.



ANYONE ELSE HAS WORDS, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME.



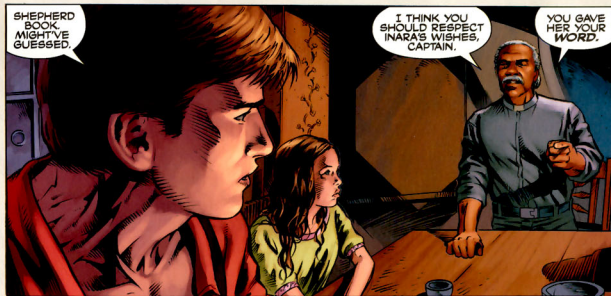
I HATE THAT COLOR ON YOU.

I ALWAYS HAVE.



IF THAT'S ALL, THEN--

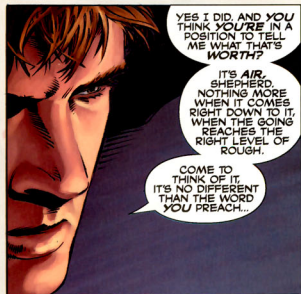
IT'S NOT.



SHEPHERD BOOK, MIGHT'VE GUESSED.

I THINK YOU SHOULD RESPECT INARA'S WISHES, CAPTAIN.

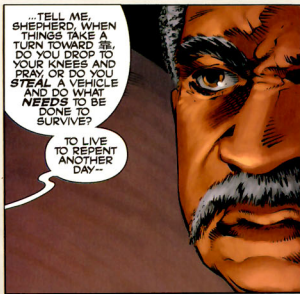
YOU GAVE HER YOUR **WORD**.



YES I DID, AND YOU THINK **YOU'RE** IN A POSITION TO TELL ME WHAT THAT'S **WORTH?**

IT'S **AIR**, SHEPHERD. NOTHING MORE WHEN IT COMES RIGHT DOWN TO IT, WHEN THE GOING REACHES THE RIGHT LEVEL OF ROUGH.

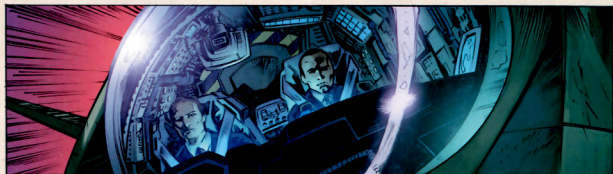
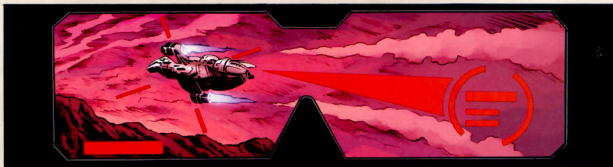
COME TO THINK OF IT, IT'S NO DIFFERENT THAN THE **WORD** YOU PREACH...



...TELL ME, SHEPHERD, WHEN THINGS TAKE A TURN TOWARD **SE**, DO YOU DROP TO YOUR KNEES AND PRAY, OR DO YOU **STEAL** A VEHICLE AND DO WHAT **NEEDS** TO BE DONE TO SURVIVE?

TO LIVE TO REPENT ANOTHER DAY--

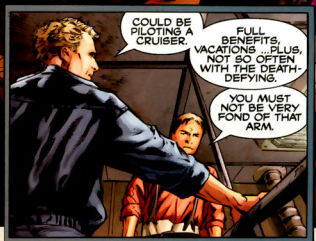






YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE TO WHINE, WASH--

I COULDA TOOK A LOTTA JOBS, MAL.



COULD BE PILOTING A CRUISER.

FULL BENEFITS, VACATIONS ...PLUS, NOT SO OFTEN WITH THE DEATH-DEFYING.

YOU MUST NOT BE VERY FOND OF THAT ARM.



BUT I GOT THIS WOMAN NEARBY, MAKES ME DO ALL MANNER OF STUPID THINGS.

GOT ME PILOTING THIS LITTLE RUST HEAP AND DUCKING PRETTY MUCH EVERYBODY THAT'S EVER HEARD OF MORALS. JUST SO I CAN BE AROUND HER.



THIS IS AN UNHEALTHYSOME GIG, MAL. IT'S STUPID.

DOING SOMETHING STUPID TO KEEP THE WOMAN YOU LOVE NEARBY, EVEN FOR A LITTLE WHILE...

WELL, THAT'S THE KIND OF STUPID I DON'T MIND.



JUST FLY THE BOAT, WASH.





SUIT UP.

MORE TO THE POINT, WHAT'S LEFT OF IT, ZOE, JAYNE...



WASH,
WE'RE
IN.



GRAV GENERATOR
MUST BE KNOCKED
OUT, BECAUSE WE'RE
STILL FLOATIN'.

BUT
BREATHING.
TOO-- SHIP'S STILL
GOT ATMO AFTER
ALL THESE
YEARS.

WELL,
WE'RE JUST
MAKIN' LIKE
GARBAGE...



...A BIT TOO
CONVINCINGLY,
IF YOU ASK
ME.

I
DIDN'T.



REALLY,
MAL. SOME OF
THESE SHIPS, I
THINK THEY'RE
IN BETTER
SHAPE THAN
US.

A BIT OF
RESPECT,
WASH...



...YOU'RE
AMONG THE
DEAD.

CONCLUDED IN 30 DAYS!