



REMENDER · TOCCHINI

LOW



#1

\$3.99

RICK REMENDER
writer

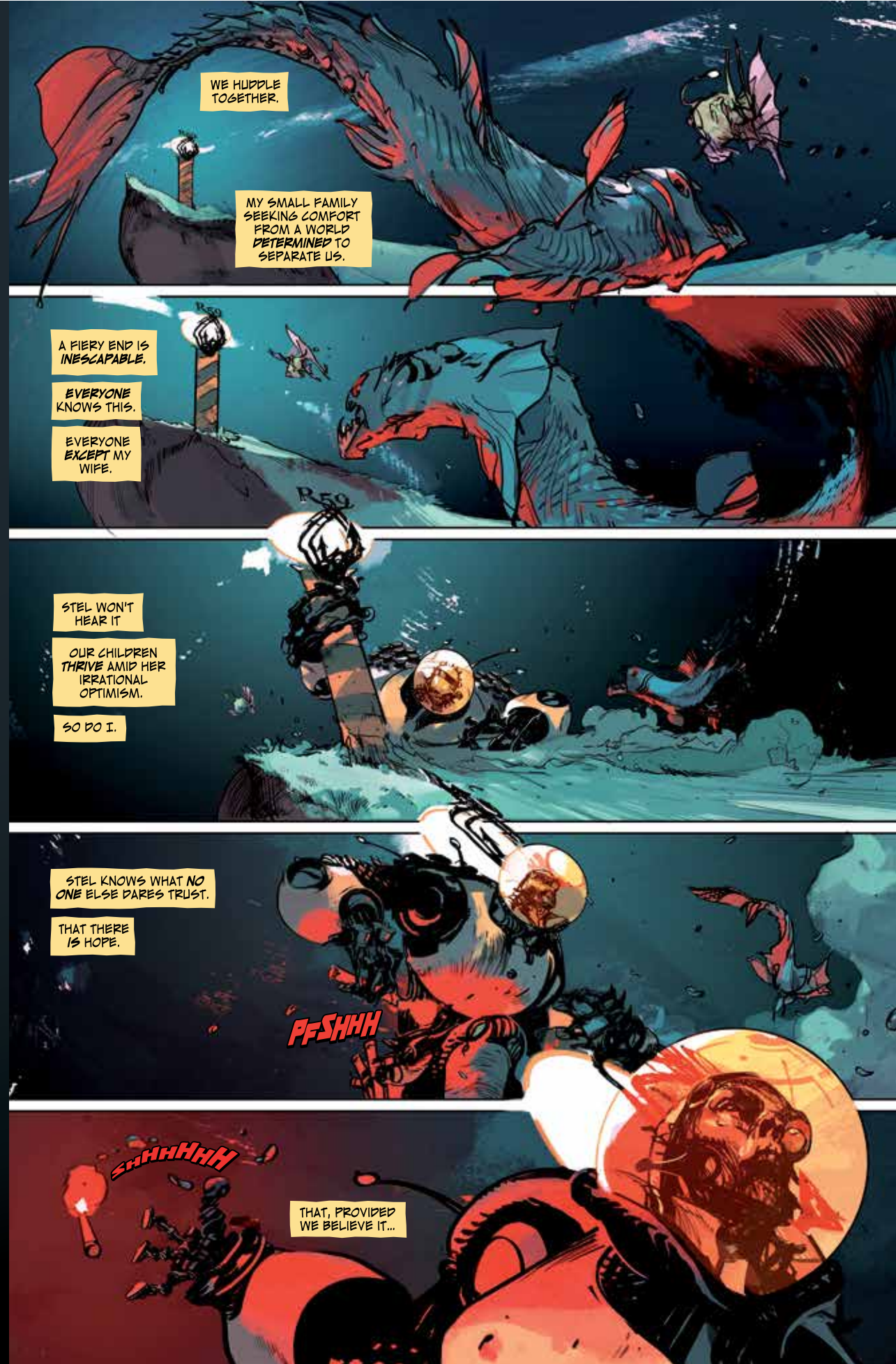
GREG TOCCHINI
artist

RUS WOOTON
letterer
SEBASTIAN GIRNER
editor

created by
RICK REMENDER & GREG TOCCHINI

LOW™ #1. August 2014. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2134 Allston Way, 2nd Floor, Berkeley, CA 94704. Copyright © 2014 Rick Remender & Greg Tocchini. All rights reserved. LOW™ (including all prominent characters featured herein), its logo and all character likenesses are trademarks of Rick Remender & Greg Tocchini, unless otherwise noted. Image Comics® and its logos are registered trademarks and copyrights of Image Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for review purposes) without the express written permission of Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. Printed in the United States. For information regarding the CPSIA on this printed material call: 203-595-3636

LOW



WE Huddle
TOGETHER.

MY SMALL FAMILY
SEEKING COMFORT
FROM A WORLD
DETERMINED TO
SEPARATE US.

A FIERY END IS
INESCAPABLE.

EVERYONE
KNOWS THIS.

EVERYONE
EXCEPT MY
WIFE.

STEL WON'T
HEAR IT

OUR CHILDREN
THRIVE AMID HER
IRRATIONAL
OPTIMISM.

SO DO I.

STEL KNOWS WHAT NO
ONE ELSE DARES TRUST.

THAT THERE
IS HOPE.

PF-SHHH

SHHHHHH

THAT, PROVIDED
WE BELIEVE IT...

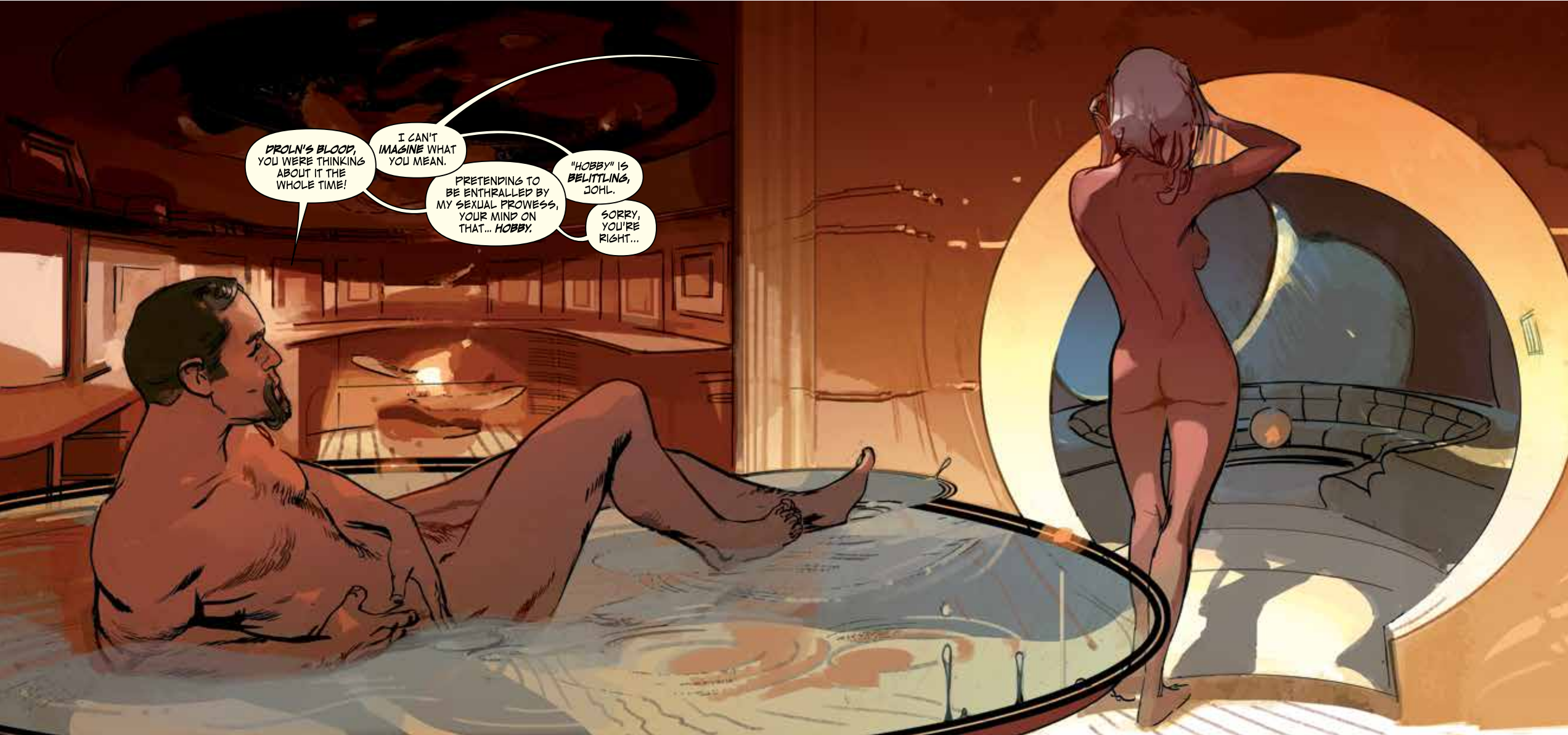
...WE WILL
RISE AGAIN.

REMENDER • TOCCHINI • WOOSTON • GIBBS

LO

CHAPTER ONE
THE DELIRIUM OF HOPE





DROLN'S BLOOD, YOU WERE THINKING ABOUT IT THE WHOLE TIME!

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT YOU MEAN.

PRETENDING TO BE ENTHRALLED BY MY SEXUAL PROWESS, YOUR MIND ON THAT... HOBBY.

"HOBBY" IS BELITTLING, JOHL.

SORRY, YOU'RE RIGHT...



...IT'S MORE OF AN ADDICTION.

M-HHM... DON'T YOU HAVE A HUNT TO PREPARE FOR?



YES.

A REAL HUNT.

ONE THAT BEARS FRUIT.



UNLIKE HUNTING ANCIENT RATTLETRAPS WHEN YOU SHOULD BE FOCUSED ON THE TASK AT HAND.

THE TASK AT HAND IS YOUR JOB, MY DEAR.



PERHAPS THE LAST GREAT HELMSMAN OF SALUS IS SIMPLY DISTRAUGHT TO SEE HIS WIFE MANAGE TO STAND AFTER A BOUGHT OF HIS FAMOUSLY POTENT LOVEMAKING...



IT WOULDN'T KILL YOU TO PRETEND.

HELP BUILD MY CONFIDENCE BEFORE THE WORK.



IT'S WASTED ENERGY. HOW MANY MILLENNIA HAVE WE GONE WITH NO RESPONSE FROM A PROBE?

WITHOUT OPTIMISM FOR THE FUTURE HOW CAN WE HOPE TO SHAPE A BETTER ONE?



YOU SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR THE THIRD CITY.

THAT'S NO SOLUTION.

IT'S THE ONLY SOLUTION. OPERATIONAL VENTILATION FILTERS-- CLEAN AIR.



THE THIRD CITY IS A MYTH. EVEN IF IT WAS STILL OUT THERE, IT'S A STOPGAP.

THE SUN EXPANDS, THE RADIATION SPREADS...

WE NEED A NEW PLANET.

YOU KNOW WHAT MY REAL PROBLEM IS?



WHEN SOMEONE SAYS THAT, THEY NEVER ACTUALLY KNOW WHAT THEIR REAL PROBLEM IS.

I WAS FOCUSED ON LOOKING AT THE ORIGINATOR PROBES.

WHY NOT ONE OF THE THOUSANDS THAT WERE SENT OUT FROM THE VAOLKOVIC EMPIRE?

LOOK--THIS ONE WENT SILENT THIRTEEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO, ITS COMMUNICATOR IS BURNT OUT...



...BUT IT'S LOCKED INTO AN ORBIT.

THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S A BROKEN PIECE OF SHIT.



OR IT LOCKED ONTO AN INHABITABLE WORLD AND IS BROADCASTING THE LOCATION BACK THROUGH A CRASHED COMMUNICATOR.

I'M CALLING IT BACK TO EARTH.



GOOD. THAT'LL ONLY TAKE A THOUSAND YEARS. TEN YEARS.



ENOUGH DAYDREAMING.

TODAY I TEACH MY GIRLS TO SURVIVE WHAT'S COMING, TEACH THEM TO PILOT THE HELM.

THEY'RE TOO YOUNG.



UGH.

MARIK MIGHT HAVE FOLLOWED YOU DOWN THE SOFT PATH OF THE INTELLECTUAL DREAMER--BUT OUR DAUGHTERS WILL BE PREPARED.



NO. THEY ARE TOO YOUNG TO LEAVE THE CITY LIMITS.

TOO YOUNG TO BOND WITH A HELM.



THEY WILL ALWAYS BE TOO YOUNG IN YOUR EYES!

I WAS ALSO TEN WHEN I BEGAN TRAINING--



AND IT LEFT YOU INFLEXIBLE IN YOUR THINKING.

WHILE YOU FOCUS ON PREPARING OUR CHILDREN TO FLEE THE CITY, WHAT OF YOUR OATH AND DUTY?



EVEN TRAINED WITH THE HELM SUIT.

-DEEP-

EVEN IF, THROUGH YOUR PREPARATIONS, SOMEHOW OUR CHILDREN SURVIVE AN EXODUS--

...WHAT OF THE OTHER TWO MILLION CITIZENS WITHIN THE DOME OF SALUS?



I'VE ALREADY PROMISED THEM WE'D BEGIN TRAINING TODAY.

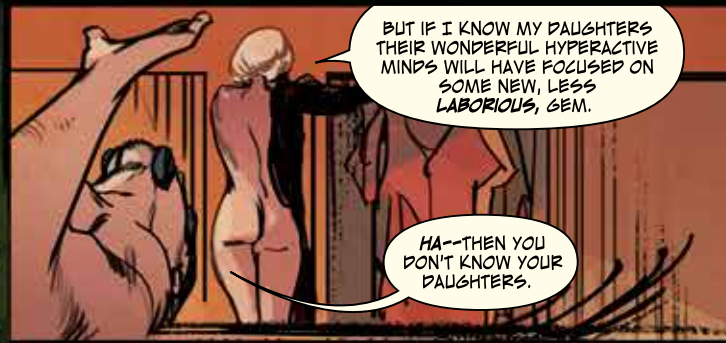
YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE A LIAR OUT OF ME, DO YOU?

I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL.



IF THEY REMEMBER, IF THEY WANT TO GO--I'LL ALLOW IT.

REALLY? FINE, YOU'VE GOT A DEAL.



BUT IF I KNOW MY DAUGHTERS THEIR WONDERFUL HYPERACTIVE MINDS WILL HAVE FOCUSED ON SOME NEW, LESS LABORIOUS, GEM.

HA--THEN YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR DAUGHTERS.



TIME TO COME TO TERMS WITH IT, STEL.

ONE OF OUR CHILDREN MUST TAKE THE HELM.

OUR CHILDREN CARRY THE POTENT BLOOD OF THE CAINE.



NOT SO POTENT THIS MORNING.

OH, THAT'S LOW.