



ONE-SHOT  
STAR  
WARS

# STAR WARS VAGABOND



MICK & MATT  
GLEBE  
FAN  
FICTION



FREE

*Mick & Matt  
Glebe*

# STAR WARS VAGABOND

**This Comic Book Is Free  
And Not For Resale!**

**Written & Illustrated  
By Matt & Mick Glebe**

**Creative Director  
Kathy Glebe**

**Special Thanks To  
"The Maker"  
George Lucas**



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A long time ago in a galaxy far,  
far away....

# STAR WARS VAGABOND

Throughout the ages, many Jedi experienced visions of the future, both dark and light. Through these visions, ancient Jedi legend predicted the birth of a prophecy, a Jedi who would eventually bring balance to the force.

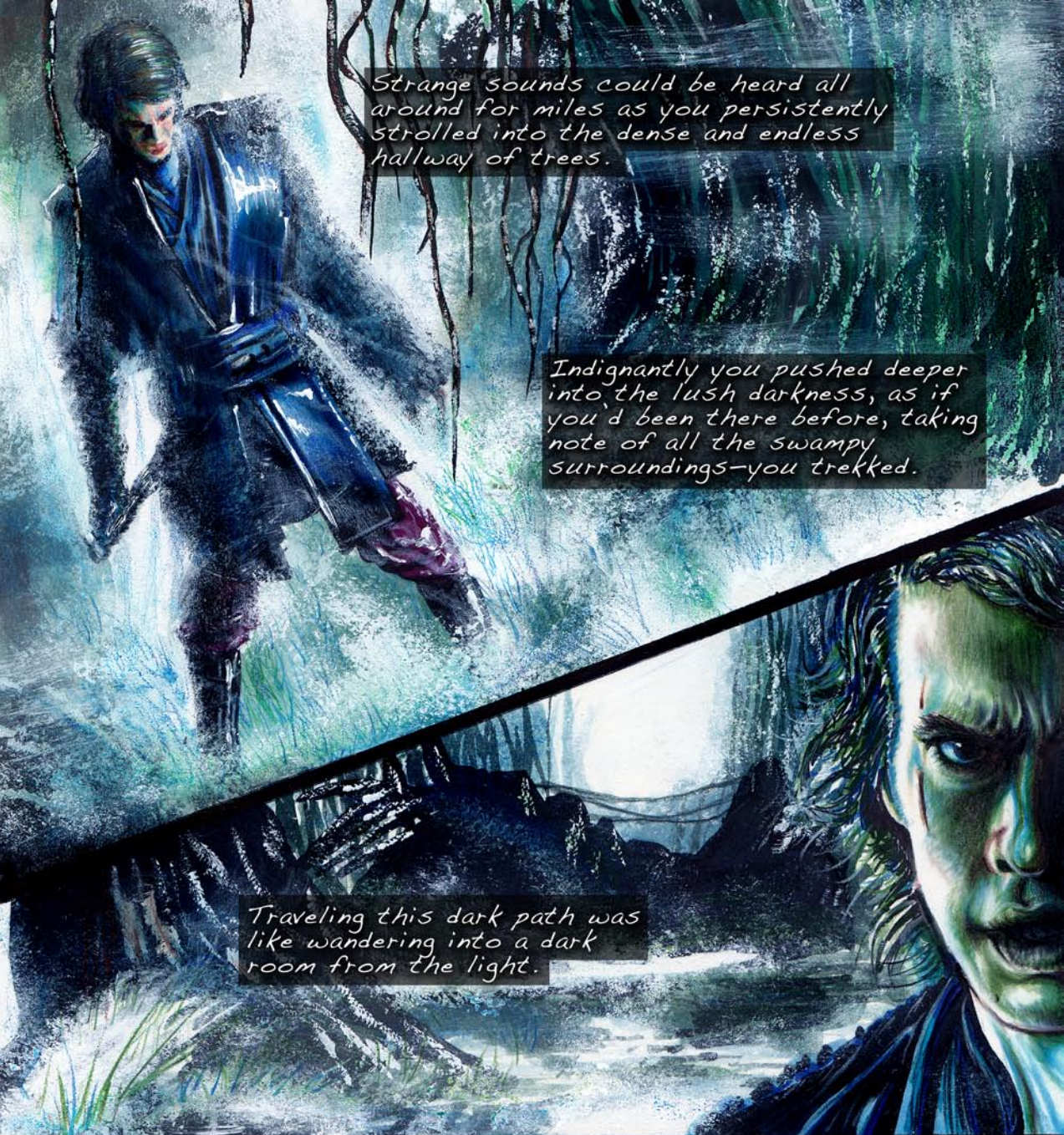
It was believed to have been foreseen by the first Jedi philosophers before the dark times, before the evil Galactic Empire. Disregarded by the High Jedi Council, the prophecy indicated that this being would restore this balance by destroying the last of the sinister Sith.

A young slave boy named Anakin Skywalker was believed to be this prophecy, who shared his own visions of good and evil...

*Remember your trials. Remember its dark side aura. Remember the vision you faced.*

*When Master Yoda told you to face this examination, you hesitated with question of what lingered ahead. He simply replied-- Only what you take with you.*

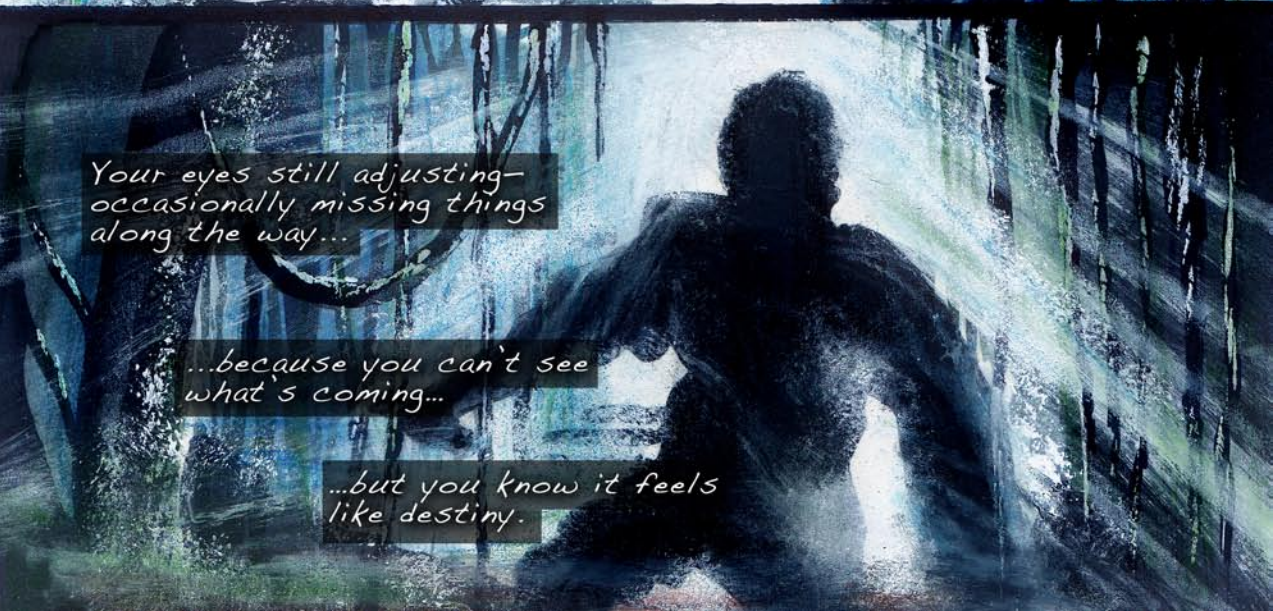




Strange sounds could be heard all around for miles as you persistently strolled into the dense and endless hallway of trees.

Indignantly you pushed deeper into the lush darkness, as if you'd been there before, taking note of all the swampy surroundings—you trekked.

Traveling this dark path was like wandering into a dark room from the light.



Your eyes still adjusting—occasionally missing things along the way...

...because you can't see what's coming...


...but you know it feels like destiny.



Weary and timid you trekked.

The occasional whispers and frightful faces that filled your mind were your only company as you wandered these haunted grounds.

You begin to wonder if and when the ghostly oracle of the force would appear.



All at once everything came to a surreal halt as the surrounding sounds came swarming and crashing all around you.

Horrid screeches--rustling of wings--and the rancid odor of dead things choked up the air.

A final and sad cry could be heard as the eerie uproar died away...

...somewhere in the jungle you could hear Padme crying your name...

*Suddenly you rose from the forested floor...*

*...your face like brash stone-like an island of startled wonder.*

*The superstitious animals to your back were freaked-bug-eyed and crazed with fear for their very existence.*

*The colossal figure rose into space before you--it's mass encompassed in pure darkness.*

*The threatening apparition that had been stalking you all this time had finally come forth.*

*Your throat began to cave in an iron grip.*

*Your ears rang with the icy-cold release of his respirator.*

*Your eyes pulled focus of the dark visage's armored face.*

*You have never encountered this kind of dark power--or hate...or fear.*

*With besieged gasps you grunted, inquiring the sinister visage's identity.*

*Mustering all your focus on freedom, you break the gripping spell and attack ferociously.*





*I answered only in a riddle:  
I am a wanderer—a drifter.*

*I am the beginning of your end--  
a destiny born on the shores of  
shadow and flame.*

*I am a vagabond.*



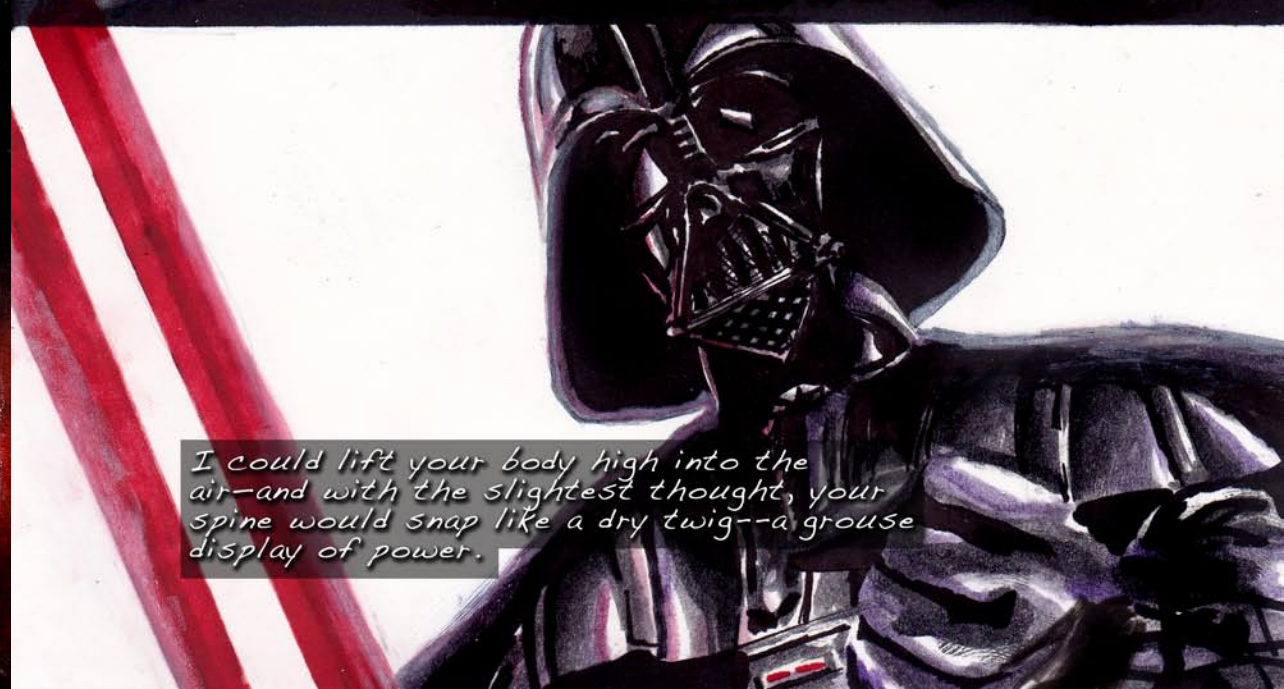
*Yet in the midst of our violent  
combat, my deep voice still thunders  
in your head—twisting your psyche.*

*Can you feel my malicious barrage  
make you wilt under my might?!  
It is pointless to resist.*



*You are nothing but a child. You  
have already succumbed to death.*

*With each slam of my cybernetic arms  
against each clash of your saber—any enemy  
must feel the fabric binding the galaxy is  
splitting—stripping their will to live.*



*I could lift your body high into the  
air—and with the slightest thought, your  
spine would snap like a dry twig—a grouse  
display of power.*



*Like you, I was once a lover.*

*Yet now I am alone. I'm stronger for it. It fuels me.*

*With an uncontrollable rage, it keeps me focused—to complete my errands for my master.*

*It's not just my way of justifying a death—but a necessary reason for obtaining my destiny.*

*I hate for loving my lover—but mostly—I hate for ever loving at all.*

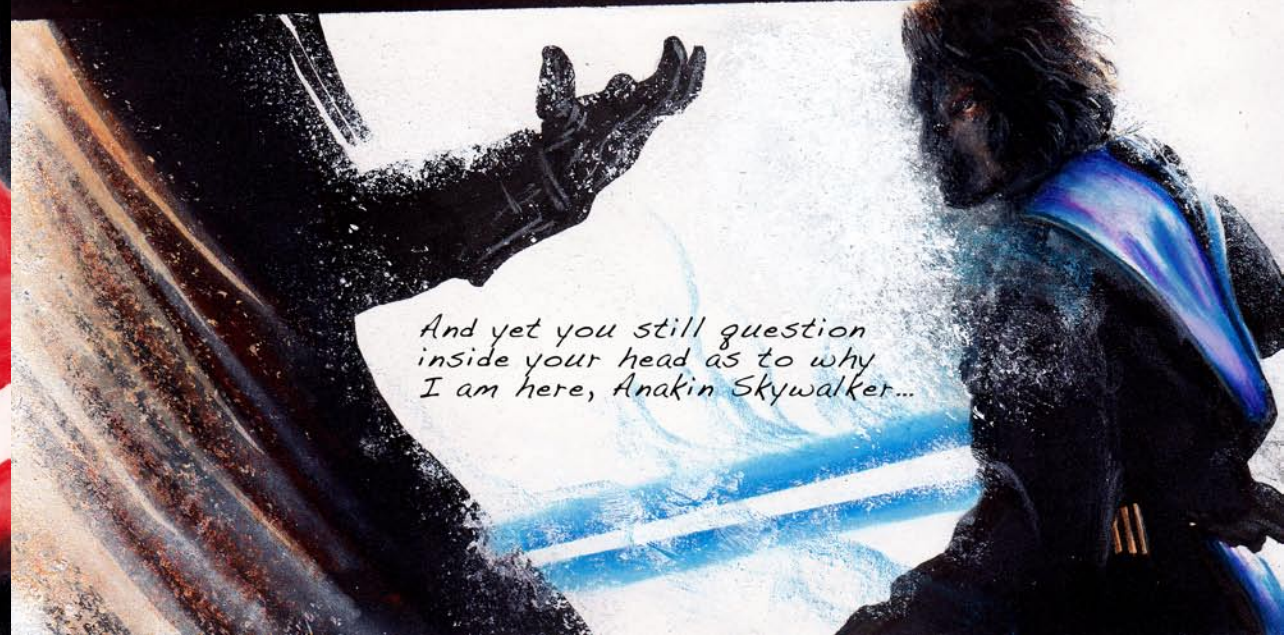


*Your anger fuels your power, boy.*

*It gives you focus.*



*It makes you stronger.*



*And yet you still question inside your head as to why I am here, Anakin Skywalker...*



*My reason is simple.*

*I hate you because you exist—I hate you because Anakin Skywalker exists.*



*With your demise I am one step closer to demolishing the memory of things that should be forgotten—*



*—and I will be whole once again.*

*Only one with the most violent and utmost hatred can destroy me—and yet your will is weak.*

*But what could release such an emotion in you, boy?*



*Oh—I see. It is this girl...Padme.*

*She, like the rest, will die. But she shall suffer the most before you succumb to your own worst nightmare.*

*Your mother was the first tragedy in your life—she will not be the last.*

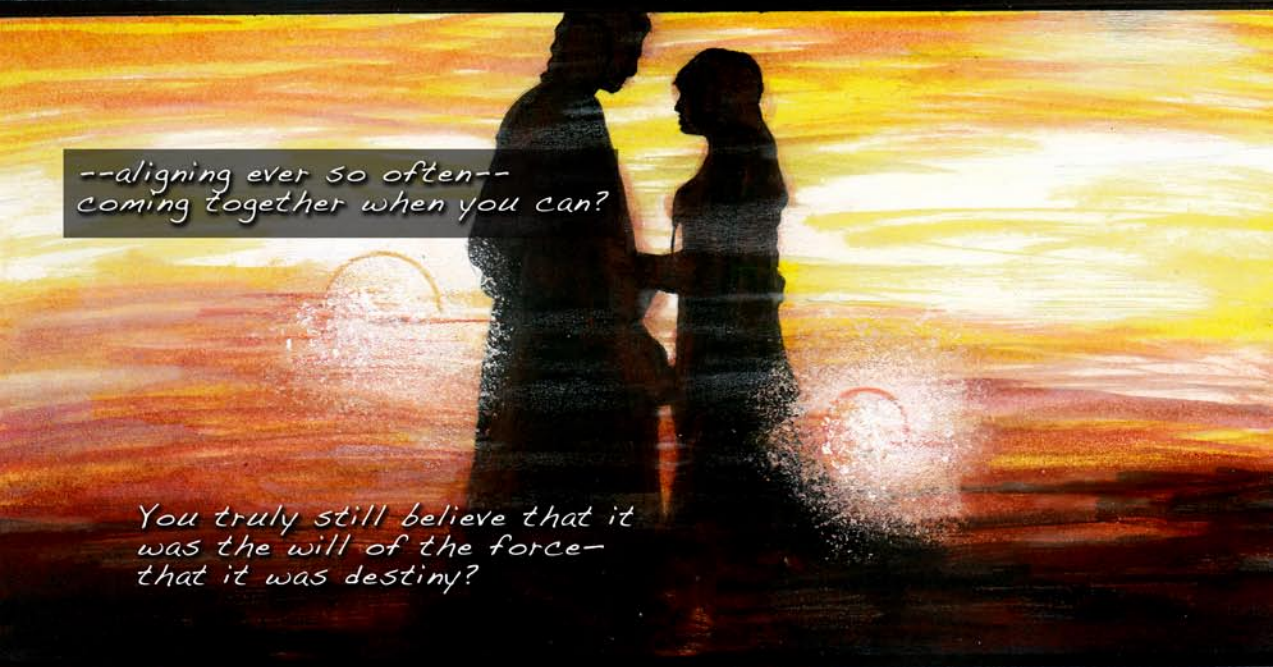






*You still believe that your love for Padme is fate?*

*Like you two are the twin suns of your home planet—*

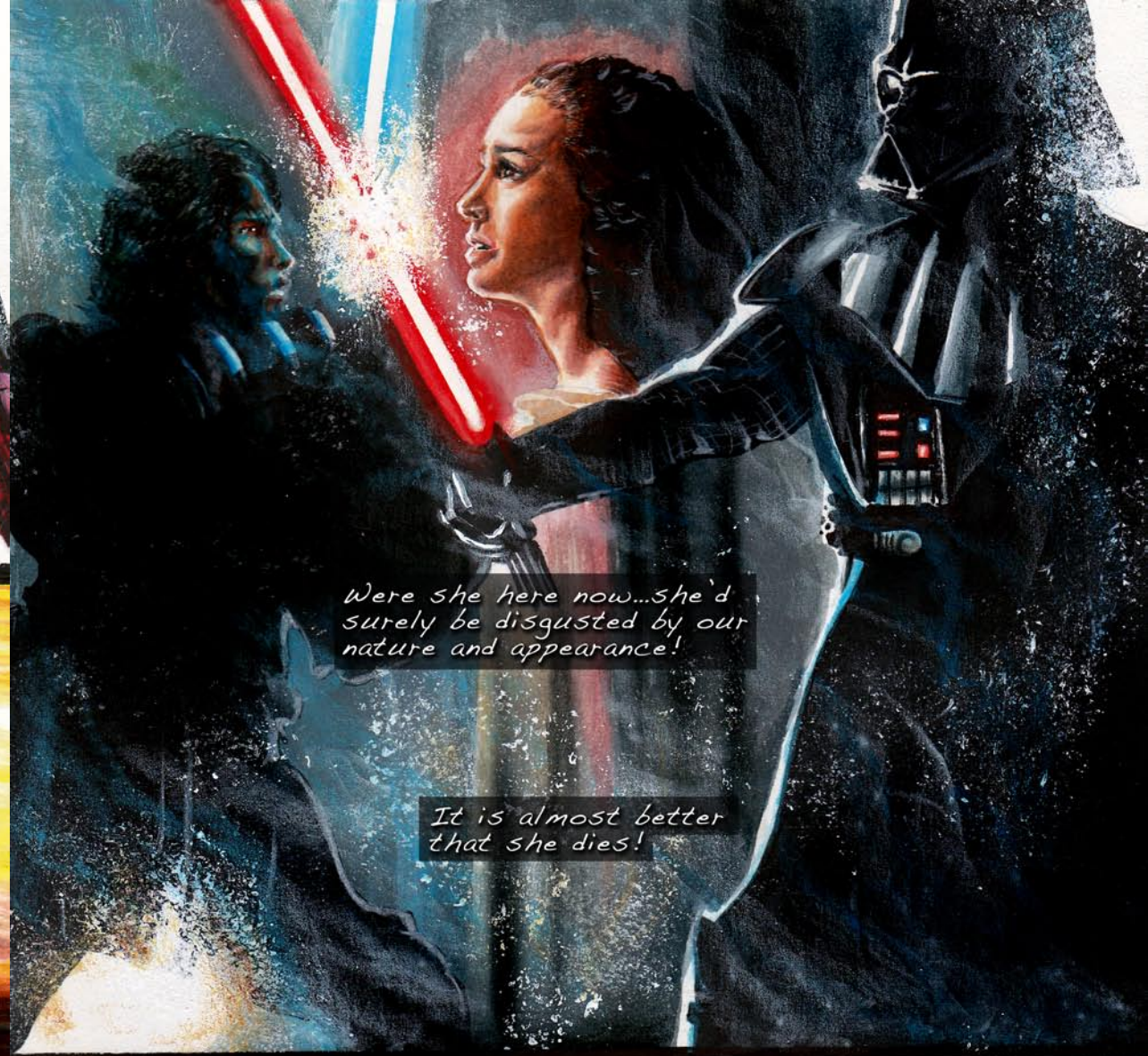


*--aligning ever so often--  
coming together when you can?*

*You truly still believe that it was the will of the force—  
that it was destiny?*



*Search your feelings, Skywalker—  
it is only forbidden love holding  
you back from a greater purpose!*



*Were she here now...she'd surely be disgusted by our nature and appearance!*

*It is almost better that she dies!*



*Like Obi-wan, she's only keeping you from fulfilling your true destiny!*



*And why are you still  
so confused, boy?!*



*For so long she's been the  
balance on a fence that you  
so badly needed to jump—and  
take a side!*



*And yet—in the midst of  
your decision...I foresee  
the obliteration of that  
fence...along with her in  
my wake.*



*She's always been so strong-*

*-but had she been here to see you now...she would surely leave me!*

*And for that I'm glad I killed her-and you.*



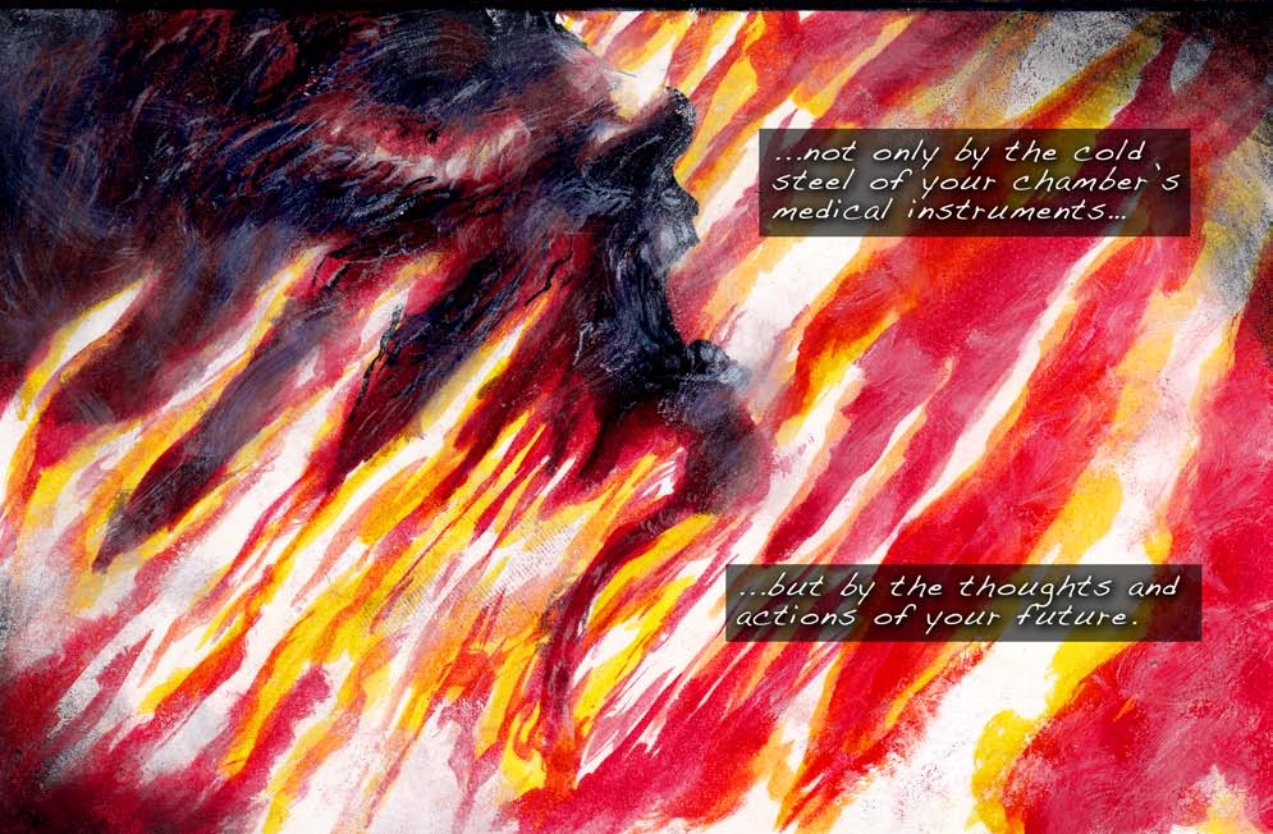
*I was too busy trying to save her...when I should have been saving myself...*



*More machine now than man...*



*...day by day--your humanity will be stripped away...*



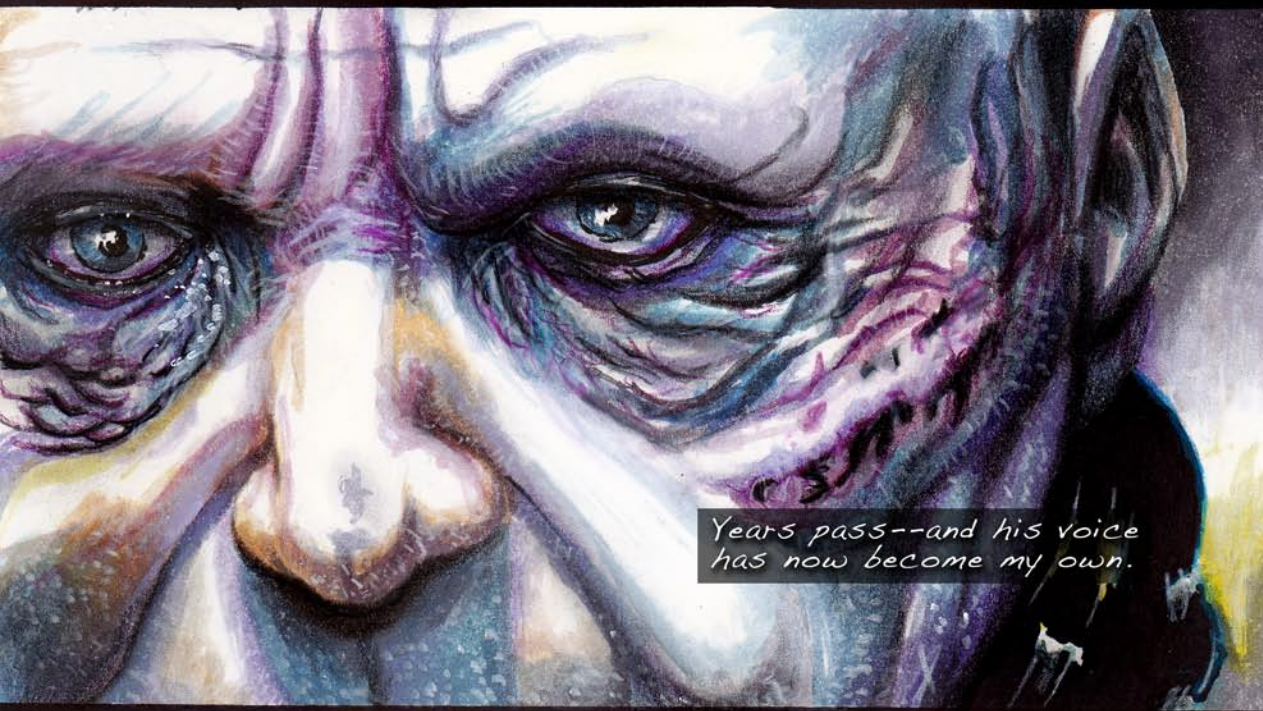
*...not only by the cold, steel of your chamber's medical instruments...*

*...but by the thoughts and actions of your future.*



*Still his  
voice rings—*

*--deafeningly  
louder than  
ever before.*

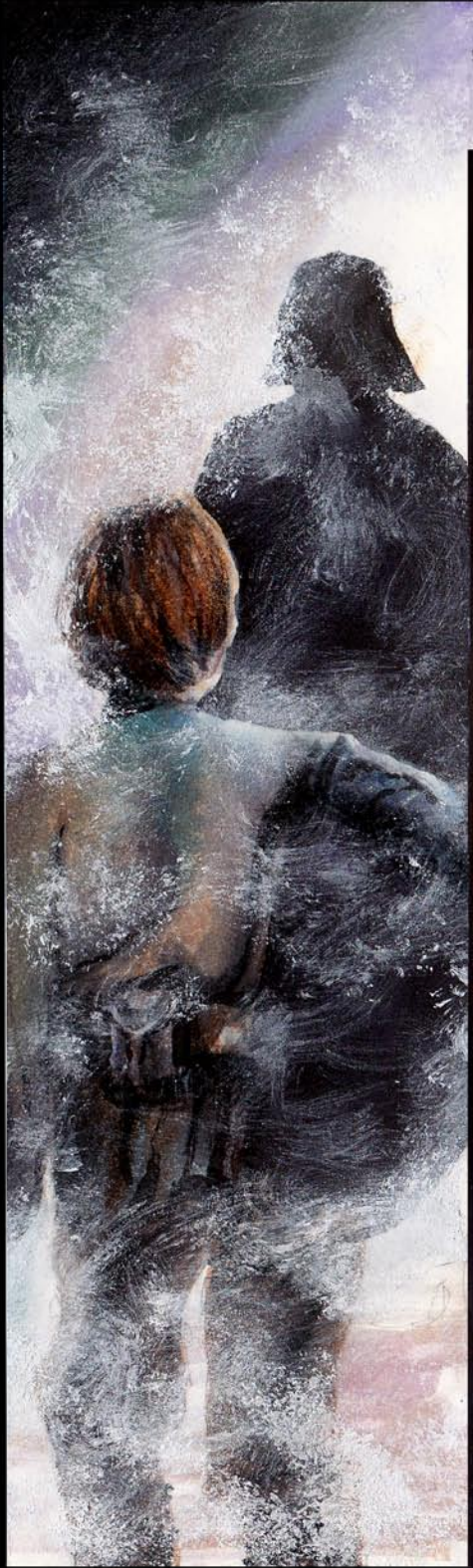


*Years pass--and his voice  
has now become my own.*



*What have I become...?*

*As ironic and  
obscured as that  
assessment was...*



*...there is nothing that  
has kept it from being  
utterly correct...*



*...I am a  
vagabond...*



*...doomed to wander  
this galaxy...*



*I am Vader.*



# MEET TWYNSUNZ

Artists Mick & Matt Glebe are a rare case of identical mirror twins. Identical in appearance, but with opposite traits; as if looking into a mirror--one being left handed, while the other is right handed. They are self-taught artists who have a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Computer Graphic Design with a Minor in Studio art. Together they are co-owners of Twynsunz Graphics, LLC; along with Creative Director and artist Kathy Glebe.



Mick & Matt Glebe @ Star Wars Celebration 5



VISIT [TWYNSUNZ.COM](http://TWYNSUNZ.COM) FOR MORE!

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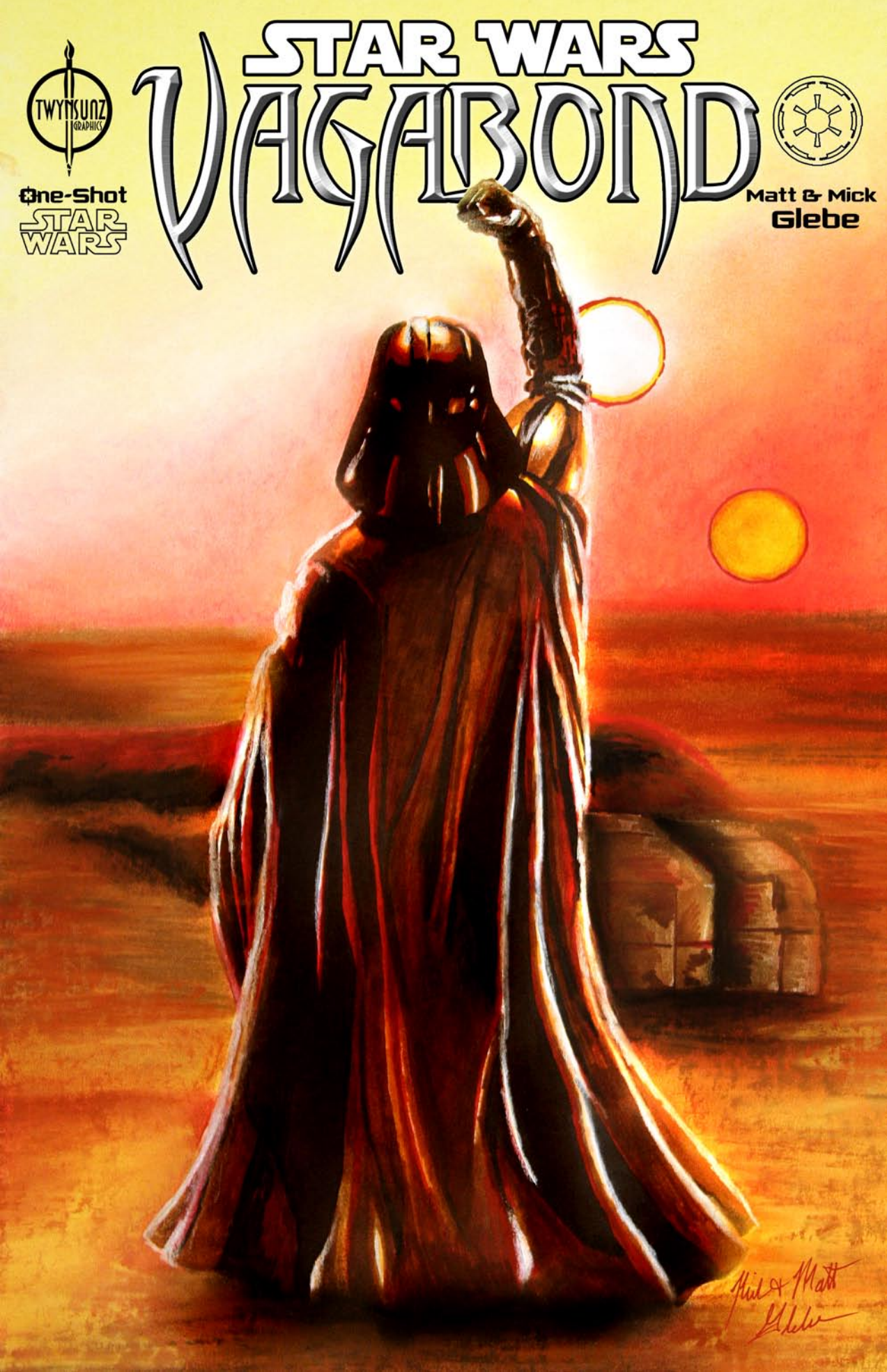


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