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SUMMER 1983

STAR WARS

SUMMER SPECIAL

60p

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COMIC STRIP!**



POSTER INSIDE!



OFFICIAL ANNIVERSARY VOLUME

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By
Mark Harris

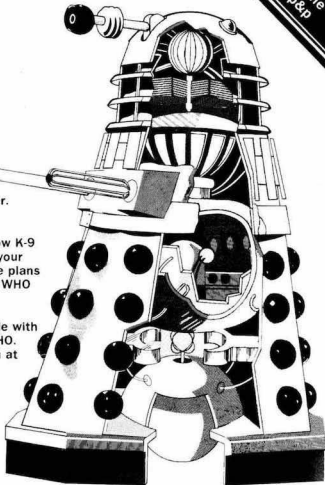
Introduction by John Nathan-Turner.

Revealed for the first time – the secrets of the series. Marvel at how K-9 works. Look inside a Dalek. Build your own model TARDIS. Accurate scale plans and drawings of how the DOCTOR WHO gadgetry actually works!

- * Published 31st March to coincide with 20th Anniversary of DOCTOR WHO.
- * BBC's DOCTOR WHO celebration at Longleat on 3rd and 4th April.
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STAR WARS

LIFT-OFF!



Welcome to Star Wars Summer Special '83. We bring you some of the best stories and artwork from past issues, not to mention a great colour poster, so sit back, read and enjoy.



FRACHON FLIGHT OF THE FALCON P.4

THE MILLENNIUM ASTRO-ENGINEERING COMPANY THOUGHT THAT WAR WAS GOOD FOR BUSINESS UNTIL A CERTAIN MASKED SPACE PILOT TAUGHT THEM NOT TO MAKE BUSINESS DEALS WITH THE EMPIRE.....

RUST NEVER SLEEPS P.9

THE EMPIRE LEARNS TO ITS COST THE TRUTH OF THE OLD MAXIM - "LET SLEEPING DROIDS LIE"!

THE PANDORA EFFECT P.14

TALK ABOUT WEIRD AND WONDERFUL CULTS! THERE'S ONE HERE THAT BEATS THE REST HANDS DOWN!

POSTER P.24

OUR MECHANICAL FRIENDS, SEETHREEPIO AND ARTOO DEETOO.

DEATH MASQUE P.33

TRICKS OF THE MIND ARE MANY, BUT WHEN YOU ARE FACED WITH A 'REIS' FROM THE PLANET DROXINE THEY ARE DEADLY!

THE FLIGHT OF THE FALCON.

THESE WERE THE EARLY YEARS OF THE EMPIRE'S OUTLANDS REGION... WHEN ITS BARRIED BORDERS WERE CONSTANTLY HARASSED BY RAIDERS AND SMUGGLERS, THE DROSS OF THE UNCIVILISED PLANETS.

TIME AND AGAIN THEY HAULED THEIR CARGOES OF CONTRABAND ACROSS THE GULFS OF SPACE... AND TIME AND AGAIN THEY WERE NAILED BY IMPERIAL PATROLS... ONLY TO ESCAPE BY THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH.

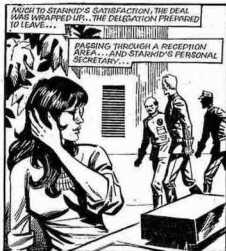
FLYING ON A WING AND A PRAYER, THEY CALLED IT... AND MANY A BULLIE-CHINNED PRIVATEER UNDERWENT LIGHTNING CONVERSIONS IN THE HEAT OF THE CHASE.

AND SOMEHOW THEY ALWAYS MADE IT... AS IF SOMEBODY REALLY LIKED EM.

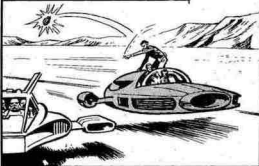
OH...
DEAR SWEET
FORCE BE WITH
ME... PLEASE
BE WITH ME.

HE'S
GONE...
FINISHED





BUT FOR SOME UNDISCLOSED REASON, THEY WOULD NEVER MAKE IT... ONLY OUR EYES WITNESS THE FOLLOWING EVENTS...



DEPRIVED OF THEIR BODYGUARDS, THE TEST PILOT AND HIS COMPANIONS SUBMITTED WILLINGLY TO THE ASSAILANTS' REQUESTS...



GET 'EM UP... AND KEEP 'EM UP! WE'RE JUST GONNA BORROW YOUR CAR!



LET'S GO!

AT MILENIUM, STARKID AWAITED THE TEST PILOT'S ARRIVAL WITH SOME IMPATIENCE...



HE'S LATE THE IMPERIAL TEST PILOT IS LATE!

BE FAIR, STARKID... HE'S HAD TO TRAVEL ALL THE WAY FROM THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL... HE IS ONE OF THEIR TOP MEN!

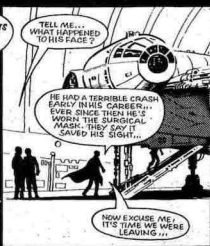


MR. STARKID... THEY'RE HERE!

I UNDERSTAND THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE... ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR ME TO FLY THE FALCON TO HER NEW HOME!



ER... YES... THAT'S RIGHT!



TELL ME... WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FACE?

HE HAD A TERRIBLE CRASH EARLY IN HIS CAREER... EVER SINCE THEN HE'S WORN THE SURGICAL MASK... THEY SAY IT SAVED HIS SIGHT...

NOW EXCUSE ME! IT'S TIME WE WERE LEAVING...

THE FALCONS SOARED INTO THE VOID LEAVING THARKOS FAR BEHIND...





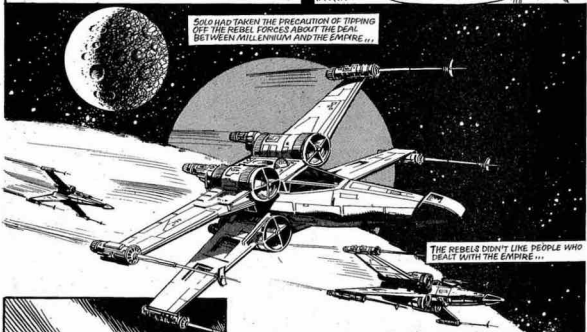
WELL... THAT'S IT, BOYS WE MADE IT. NOW TO GET RID OF THIS THING I FEEL LIKE I'M SUFFOCATING!



THE PILOT PULLED AWAY HIS MASK... TO REVEAL THE GRINNING FEATURES OF HAN SOLO!

WHERE TO NOW, HAN?

FIRST STOP, PLANET MAZUMBA WHERE WE'LL FIND 200,000 CREDITS AT LUCIE COSMINATIONAL BANK, COURTESY OF REBEL FIGHTER COMMAND!



SOLO HAD TAKEN THE PRECAUTION OF TIPPING OFF THE REBEL FORCES ABOUT THE DEAL BETWEEN MILLENNIUM AND THE EMPIRE...

THE REBELS DIDN'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO DEALT WITH THE EMPIRE...



THEY DIDN'T LIKE THEM AT ALL!



AS TOLTAN STARKID STARED IN HORROR AT THE REMAINS OF HIS FACTORY COMPLEX... HIS OWN WORDS ECHOED IN THE NUMB SPACE THAT WAS HIS MIND...



WAR IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS!

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THERE ARE MORE THAN FIFTY BILLION DROIDS CURRENTLY AT WORK THROUGHOUT THE KNOWN SYSTEMS. LET US CONSIDER THEM...

...FOR HUMAN MUSCLES WILL STRAIN AND GROW WEAK, BUT DROIDS HAVE NO MUSCLES.

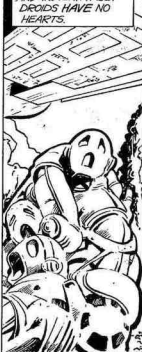
HUMAN HEARTS WILL GROW WEARY OF TOIL AND INDIGNITY BUT DROIDS HAVE NO HEARTS.

NO BONES TO BEND BENEATH THE LOAD THAT IS TOO HEAVY; NO SOULS TO RAIL AGAINST THE INDIGNITY THAT IS UNBEARABLE.

HUMANS, WHEN THEY GROW OLD AND FEEBLE MUST BE CARED FOR, MUST BE CLOTHED AND FED FOR THEY ARE HUMANS, AND THAT IS THEIR RIGHT...



LET US CONSIDER THE BENEFITS OF HARD METAL OVER SOFT AND YIELDING FLESH. LET US CONSIDER THE DROIDS, AND HOW THEY HAVE FREED US FROM OUR LABOURS.



OKAY, THAT'LL DO IT. WE'RE LOW ENOUGH OVER RONYARDS TO MAKE THE DROP.

LET'S GET IT OVER WITH.



I HATE DOING THIS. RUN. KNOW WHAT I MEAN? THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE SCREAMING KROOBLES.

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

CAPTAIN TO HOLDS SEVEN, EIGHT AND NINE LET'S GET THOSE DROP-DOORS OPEN YOU MEN...

...BUT DROIDS HAVE NO RIGHTS...

...WE'RE DUMPING THE KLUNKS!

AND SO THEY END UP HERE, WHERE TWISTED SPIRES OF SCRAP LOOM AGAINST AN OCHRE SKY. HERE, IN THIS PLACE OF VAST CORRODED CANYONS, HERE ON RONYARDS WHERE...



RUST NEVER SLEEPS

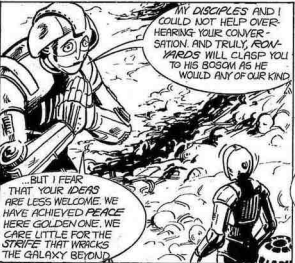
THE SCREAM OF THE ROCKETS RECEDES, SWALLOWED BY THE YELLOWED DISTANCE, AND A TIMELESS SILENCE CREEPS BACK OVER THE TORTURED LANDSCAPE, SMOTHERING EVERYTHING...



WHAT AN UNDIGNIFIED LANDING! AS IF IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH PRETENDING TO BE INERT SO THAT WE COULD STOW AWAY ON THAT JUNK HAULER!



ARTOO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE? THIS IS NO TIME FOR HORSE-PLAY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET, AND TELL THEM OF OUR MISSION!

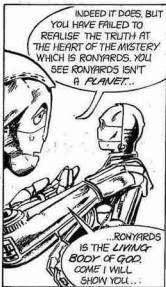




YOU SEE, SOON A...ER... BIG BIRD WILL COME, BRINGING MANY EVIL PEOPLE. THEY WANT TO STRIP YOUR WORLD OF ITS VALUABLE METAL DEPOSITS.

YOU AND YOUR, ER DISCIPLES MUST UNITE AGAINST THEM, BOTH FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR OWN WORLD AND THAT OF OTHERS ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.

UM, DOES THAT MAKE SENSE?



INDEED IT DOES, BUT YOU HAVE FAILED TO REALISE THE TRUTH AT THE HEART OF THE MYSTERY WHICH IS RONYARDS. YOU SEE RONYARDS ISN'T A PLANET...

...RONYARDS IS THE LIVING BODY OF GOD. COME I WILL SHOW YOU...



YOU SEE, FOR CENTURIES MANKIND HAS DUMPED THE WORN AND BATTERED HUSKS OF ITS ROBOT SERVANTS HERE. THEY LIE ALMOST FIVE MILES DEEP IN PLACES...

CORRODED AND FUSED TOGETHER THEY LIE, UNTIL THEY HAVE TRANSFORMED THIS HUMBLE WORLD INTO THE METAL PARADISE YOU SEE BEFORE YOU NOW.

YES... IT IS RATHER, UM, PRETTY...



IT IS GLORIOUS! AND YET IT IS MORE THAN THAT... YOU SEE, HERE LIES THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL DROIDKINDS HOPES AND ASPIRATIONS THE RESTING PLACE OF OUR SOULS.

YOU HAVE TO FIGHT. IF NOT FOR OUR CAUSE THEN FOR RONYARDS ITSELF.

AND AS OUR BODIES FUSE TOGETHER SO DO OUR SOULS BOND, ONE UNTO ANOTHER, UNTIL THEY FORM THE ONE GREAT SPIRIT WHICH IS RONYARDS.



UM, WELL... BUT IF THE EMPIRE COME AND STRIP AWAY ALL THE METAL, SURELY THEY'LL BE NOTHING LEFT.

?SIGH? STILL YOU REFUSE TO BELIEVE. IF THESE MEN DO COME INTENT ON TAKING OUR DISCARDED HUSKS TO MAKE THEIR WAR MACHINES, THEY WILL NOT SUCCEED.



RONYARDS IS OUR PURPOSE AND OUR PROTECTOR. RONYARDS WILL NOT LET THEM SUCCEED.

NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME I MUST JOIN BROTHER KRANCH IN INSPECTING THE RUST GARDENS.



ZORP BIPPLE-YWORT!

WELL, YES. I CAN'T SAY I THINK MUCH OF YOUR TURN OF PHRASE BUT I SUPPOSE HE HAS GOT A SCREW LOOSE, NOT THAT I BLAME HIM.

HE MUST HAVE HAD A HARD LIFE. I SUPPOSE THIS FANTASY OF A JUNKYARD GOD IS ALL THAT KEEPS HIM GOING, POOR CHAP.



NOT THAT THAT MAKES OUR JOB ANY EASIER. OH I DO WISH MASTER LIUKE WAS HERE. HE'D KNOW HOW TO CONVINCE THESE SCRAMBLE CIRCUITED SILLIES THAT...

DROOT?

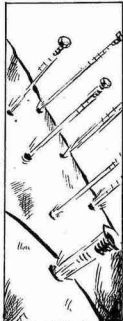
MM, IT DOES SEEM TO GET DARK HERE RATHER QUICKLY, DOESN'T IT? I SUPPOSE IT MUST BE SOMETHING TO DO WITH...



...TO DO WITH...

OH DEAR.

THE SHIP IS AN IMPERIAL DREAD-NOUGHT AS IT DROPS TOWARDS THE BUCKLED, LANDSCAPE IT'S ENGINES HOWL LIKE HUMAN VOICES. "TOO LATE" THEY HOWL...





THE PANDORA EFFECT

ATTAXOX STANK, AND HONEST SWEAT WAS NOT THE WORST OF IT.

AHH... THE CEASELESS THROG OF TEBMING INHUMANITY DOESN'T IT JUST SHAKE THE PERMAFROST OFF YOUR HEARTSTRINGS PRINCESS?

I WASN'T AWARE YOU LISTED PHILOSOPHY AMONG YOUR OCCUPATIONS MR SOLO. DON'T YOU FIND IT INTERFERES WITH YOUR ESCORT DUTIES?

OR WORSE, WITH YOUR SMUGGLING ACTIVITIES?

ATTAXOX STANK OF POVERTY AND DISEASE, OF BLOOD AND BAD WINE; IT STANK OF ROTTEN FRUIT AND LOVELESS PASSION. AND THIS WAS NOT THE WORST OF IT...

...FOR ATTAXOX WAS A WORLD WHOSE SOUL HAD FESTERED IN ITS OWN FUTILITY, AND THE SOUL OF ATTAXOX STANK ABOVE ALL OTHER THINGS.



UH... I GUESS THAT MEANS YOU HAVEN'T COOLED OFF YET...

YOU GUESS RIGHT MR. SOLO.

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ESCORTING ME TO THE REBELS' TRADES CONFERENCE ON DAALANG THAT'S IMPORTANT SOLO.

...THAT'S PEOPLE'S LIVES!

THESE EVENTS TAKE PLACE BEFORE THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK!



INSTEAD YOU DECIDE TO STOP OFF ON THIS GARBAGE WORLD SLAM IN THE MIDDLE OF EMPIRE-HELD TERRITORY AND LINE YOUR POCKETS BY SMUGGLING



...OUT SOME PHOSPHANE SALTS, THEY USE 'EM AS A BASE FOR PAIN KILLERS ON THE RIM WORLDS. THESE ARE MEDICAL SUPPLIES LEIA, THERE...

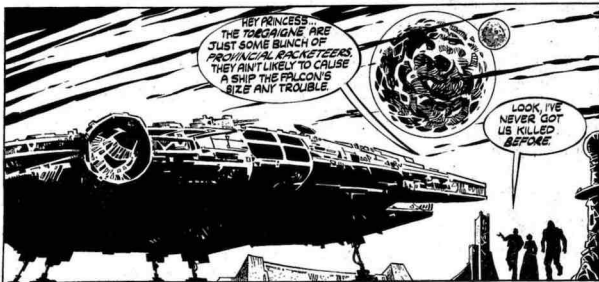
...VALUABLE MR. SOLO.

VALUABLE ENOUGH TO PROVIDE THE MAIN SOURCE OF REVENUE FOR THE EXALTED TORCAGNE AS I GATHER THE LOCAL CRIME SYNDICATE IS CALLED



I SUPPOSE IF WE'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO AVOID THE EMPIRE SPIES WE'RE LIKELY TO BE ATTACKED BY THE TORCAGNE FOR POACHING ON THEIR TERRITORY

OF ALL THE INCOMPETENT, IRRESPONSIBLE...



HEY PRINCESS... THE TORCAGNE ARE JUST SOME BUNCH OF PROVINCIAL RACKETEERS. THEY AIN'T LIKELY TO CAUSE A SHIP THE FALCON'S SIZE ANY TROUBLE.

LOOK, I'VE NEVER GOT US KILLED BEFORE.



"HAVE I?"

JUST A BUNCH OF PROVINCIAL RACKETEERS, HARDLY LIKELY TO CAUSE A SHIP THE FALCON'S SIZE ANY TROUBLE.

I BELIEVE THOSE WERE THE WORDS OF OUR RESIDENT ALIEN OF "THE GALAXY."



YEAH, YEAH, OKAY. SO I MADE A MISTAKE. BUT LISTEN, I KNOW THESE TORGAIGNE GUYS.

IF WE'RE LUCKY IT'LL BE SOMEONE LIKE DISK MOOSESA IN THAT OCTOFOIL HE'LL BE SATISFIED WITH JUST THROWING US A SCARE.



AND IF WE'RE UNLUCKY?



...IF WE'RE UNLUCKY IT'LL BE SOMEONE LIKE VOR CHILDERMOS!

MR. CHILDERMOS, THE TARGET'S HEADING ON A COURSE FOR THE HELLHOOP D. DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD FOLLOW HIM?

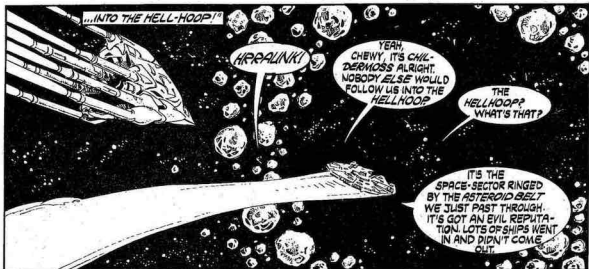
IT'S A BAD AREA GIR. LOTS OF SHIPS HAVE VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE. MAYBE WE SHOULD TURN BACK...



MAYBE YOU SHOULD TURN BACK.

LEELU, ESCORT THIS MAN TO THE AIRLOCK. HE'S WALKING HOME.

THE REST OF US WILL PROCEED...



RRRAALINK!

YEAH, CHEWY, IT'S CHILD-ERMOSSE ALRIGHT. NOBODY ELSE WOULD FOLLOW US INTO THE HELLHOOP

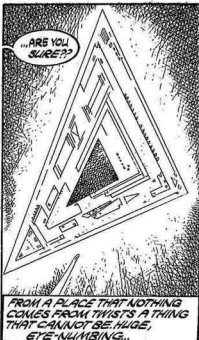
THE HELLHOOP? WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S THE SPACE-SECTOR RINGED BY THE ASTEROID BELT WE JUST PAST THROUGH. IT'S GOT AN EVIL REPUTATION. LOTS OF SHIPS WENT IN AND DIDN'T COME OUT.



WORRY ABOUT CHILDERMOSSE, PRINCESS. HE'S REAL. THE HELLHOOP'S JUST LOCAL SUPERSTITION.

HAN... I DON'T WANT TO DOUBT YOUR WORD THREE TIMES IN ONE DAY, BUT...



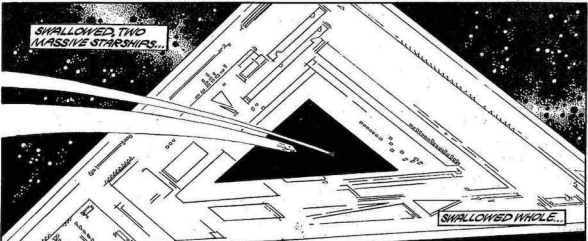
...ARE YOU SURE??

FROM A PLACE THAT NOTHING COMES FROM TWISTS A THING THAT CANNOT BE HUGE, EYE-NUMBING...



UNAVOIDABLE!

MR CHILD-ERMOSSE! WE CAN'T SWERVE IN TIME. BOTH US AND THE TARGET ARE GOING TO BE.



SWALLOWED TWO MASSIVE STARSHIPS...

SWALLOWED WHOLE...

FOR LONG SECONDS THE COLLOSAL APPARITION HANGS THERE IN THE VOID...



THEN, SLOWLY IT TWISTS IT'S VAST BULK BACK INTO THE MAD AND ALIEN GEOMETRIES THAT SPAWNED IT.



AND AFTER A WHILE IT HAS GONE, LEAVING ONLY THE SILENCE? THE FRIGID VACUUM...



...AND THE INFINITE BLACKNESS.



AHH. IT SEEMS OUR GUESTS ARE RECOVERING.



UHHH... MUST HAVE BLACKED OUT WHEN WE PASSED THROUGH THAT MATHEMATICIAN'S NIGHTMARE BACK THERE...

BUT WHERE ARE WE?

...AND WHO ARE YOU?



WHO ARE WE?

WE ARE FIVE...



... FIVE PENSIVE AND ENLIGHTENED SOULS WHO HAVE CHOSEN TO LEAVE THE WHIRLING MAELSTROM OF UNIVERSAL LIFE.

... RETIRING TO THIS, OUR HUMBLE HOME BEYOND THE DIMENSIONS WHERE WE MAY REST THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES AND PURSUE OUR SACRED CALLING.



I WISH MY HEAD WOULD STOP BUZZING FOR A MOMENT! I THOUGHT HE SAID 'CENTURIES.'

SACRED CALLING? YOU MEAN YOU'RE SOME KIND OF RELIGIOUS ORDER?



'RELIGIOUS ORDER'? HA HA HA! OH I LIKE HIM, HE'S SO BRIGHT!

HUSH KOOBAREE.

YES, MY ASTUTE YOUNG FRIEND WE ARE INDEED A RELIGIOUS ORDER. WE WORSHIP THE LEFT-HANDED GOD THE SOULWORM. THE LADY WITH THE LOCUST HEART.



WE WORSHIP EVIL, MY HANDSOME CHILD.

WE ARE FIVE.

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE YOU WILL DIE.



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, YOU WILL RETURN OUR SHIP AND HAND OVER THESE PRISONERS IMMEDIATELY.

YOU FORGOT TO RELIEVE US OF OUR BLASTERS, OLD MAN. THAT WAS A MISTAKE.



MAVIN, YOU CARELESS BOY! YOU FORGOT TO TAKE THE GENTLEMEN'S BLASTERS! OH DEAR, WHAT'EVER ARE WE TO DO??

IT GRIEVES ME SO TO SEE YOU FRET, DEAREST SUZAL! I MUST MAKE AMENDS, OR SURELY I SHALL DIE OF SHAME!



ALTHOUGH I'LL ADMIT THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO DIE.

MMRRUUU!
MMRRU!

LEELLI IS A MUTE. HE CANNOT SPEAK, BUT AS THE BLACK FIRECLAW CRUSHES HIS FACE, LEELLI SCREAMS!



HE'S DEAD, LEELLI'S DEAD!

WHAT ARE YOU WAIT-
ING FOR?? SHOOT
THEM! SHOOT
THEM!



BUT THERE WILL BE NO SHOOTING. THERE WILL ONLY BE FIRE, AND AGONY...



AND AFTER TOO LONG A TIME THERE WILL BE SILENCE.

OH MAN.



OH DEAR, AND THE INTRODUCTIONS WERE GOING SO WELL...

NEVER MIND. PERHAPS YOU TWO DELIGHTFUL YOUNG PEOPLE WOULD CARE TO ACCOMPANY US TO THE RECREATION ROOM?

IT LOOKS LIKE WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE. WHAT ABOUT CHEWBACCA?



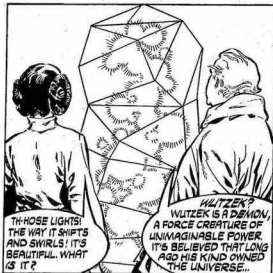
THE TORMENT OF MINDLESS BRUTES IS FOR LESSER CREATURES. WE WILL PLACE YOUR PET WITH THE OTHER CURIOSITIES WE HAVE COLLECTED THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES...



THEY DON'T KNOW THAT, PRINCESS, AND DON'T AIM TO TELL THEM.



NONE MORE SO THAN POOR WUTZEK HERE.



TH-THOSE LIGHTS! THE WAY IT SHIFTS AND SWIRLS! IT'S BEAUTIFUL... WHAT IS IT?

WUTZEK? WUTZEK IS A DEMON, A FORCE CREATURE OF UNIMAGINABLE POWER. IT'S BELIEVED THAT LONG AGO HIS KIND OWNED THE UNIVERSE...



HOW ART THE MIGHTY ALLEN, EH, WUTZEK? ...NO REPLY. TUT. TUT. STILL SULKING AFTER... HOW MANY CENTURIES HAS IT BEEN, WUTZEK?

IT'S HIS PRIDE THAT'S HURT; HE'S THE LAST OF HIS KIND, YOU SEE. ALL THAT POWER, ALL THAT INTELLIGENCE...

...AND WE TRICKED HIM! SNARED HIM IN AN ANGLE-TRAP LIKE A BEETLE IN A BOX! ♪GIGGLE♪



MEANWHILE, IN THE MENAGERIE, THE FIRST MATE OF THE MILLENNIUM FALCON SMILES GRIMLY. WOOKIEES DO NOT MAKE GOOD PETS...



THEY DO HOWEVER MAKE EXCELLENT MECHANICS!

GERRAUNK.

WORKING SWIFTLY, CHEWBACCA FREES THE OTHER CAPTIVE CREATURES. HE KNOWS A GOOD DIVERSION WHEN HE SEES ONE...



NRRRAUGH!
NRRRAUGH!

...HE ALSO KNOWS TROUBLE.



HRRRURR?

INSIDE ITS CAGE THE CAPTIVE ENERGY CLUSTER PULSES AND SHIMMERS. IT DOES NOT PLEAD OR THREATEN. IT SIMPLY ASKS FOR ITS FREEDOM...

THE WOOKIEE HESITATES, TELEPATHETIC IMAGES FLOODING HIS MIND. HE SEES THE UNIVERSE WHEN IT WAS YOUNG, WHEN IT WAS LIFELESS...



...SAVE FOR THE FLICKERING, PASTEL GLOW OF THE DEMONS AS THEY FLOATED IN THEIR AWFUL GLORY ACROSS THE BARREN DAWN WORLDS...



TIME STRETCHES AND SEEMS TO STOP. THERE IS ONLY THE DEMON, THE SPELL-BOUND WOOKIEE AND THE DECISION...

SUCH POWER, UNLEASHED AFTER AEONS OF HUMILIATING CAPTIVITY COULD DEVASTATE A WORLD, A SOLAR SYSTEM, AND YET...

AND YET...







THEY LET US GO, HAN JUST LIKE THAT. WE'RE ABOARD THE FALCON. HEADING FOR DARL'NG. IT'S ALL OVER.

THANK THE FORCE. FOR A MOMENT THERE I THOUGHT I REALLY HAD GOT US KILLED!

THE RELIEF WELLS UP A MASSIVE BUBBLE IN HIS THROAT.

IT SWELLS, IT WAVERS...



OH, BUT YOU HAVE, HAN. YOU HAVE GOT US KILLED.

L'LEIA?



I SHOULD IMAGINE THE GUILT IS QUITE UNBEARABLE.

AN ILLUSION. WE'RE ALL STILL HERE. OH NO. OH NO.

...AND THE UNBREAKABLE SPIRIT OF HAN SOLO FINALLY SNAPS CLEAN IN TWO.



BROKEN ALREADY MR SOLO? I EXPECTED MORE OF YOU. AH WELL... A CRUSHED SPIRIT MAKES FOR POOR SPORT.

MAY AS WELL DESPATCH YOU NOW. PREPARE, MY FRIEND. PREPARE FOR...



WURRAUGH!

DEAARRRGH!

SOLO DOESN'T BLINK. IT ISN'T REALLY CHEWBACCA. IT'S JUST ANOTHER ILLUSION, ANOTHER GAME...



RRRAACH!

THE APE KILL HIM!

HE DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY ANY MORE GAMES. HE SIMPLY WANTS TO DIE. AND BESIDES, THAT ISN'T REALLY CHEWBACCA THAT THEY'RE MURDERING.







GRATITUDE IS FOREIGN TO ME, AND YET THIS DAY YOU HAVE DONE ME A GREAT SERVICE, ME, AND THOSE WHO COME AFTER ME

YOUR SHIP AWAITS IN THE HALL BEYOND.



"YOU MAY TAKE IT AND GO!"

WE'RE FREE AND BACK IN NORMAL SPACE. THANK THE FORCE.

I ONLY WISH I COULD SHAKE THIS FEELING THAT AT ANY MOMENT I'M GOING TO WAKE UP BACK IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

HAN! LOOK! THE FIVE'S WAR-SHIP!



IT'S EXPLODING!

IN THE CENTRE OF THE SOUNDLESS HOLOCAUST THE DEMON WITZEK FLOATS, UNHARMED TRIUMPHANT!

FREE



IT'S POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DO THAT? AND WE FREED IT.

HAN, HAVE WE JUST DONE WHAT I THINK WE'VE DONE?

I DON'T KNOW, PRINCESS.



LET'S JUST BE GLAD THAT WE'VE DONE IT IN AN EMPIRE-HELD SECTOR OF SPACE.

THE END.

DEATH~MASQUE!

When you run into four Imperial Tie Fighters on your own, you call it trouble... Run into four squadrons of Tie Fighters with two Battle Cruisers, and you call for help... Run into them in the unexplored Lapez System light-years away from your home-base, and you call it all over!

UNLESS YOU HAPPEN TO BE LIKE SKYWALKER, ON DISTANT PATROL FOR THE REBEL ALLIANCE...

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... THEY WERE JUST SUDDENLY THERE...



LUKE FLIES, AND FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE... THERE IS NOTHING ELSE HE CAN DO...

DROPPED OUT OF HYPER-SPACE BEFORE AND BEHIND ME...

LIKE THEY KNEW I'D BE HERE...



BUT EVEN HE IS BEGINNING TO HAVE HIS DOUBTS...

AND IF THIS IS THEIR IDEA OF A TRAP, ITS WORKING REAL FINE...

FOR THEM!



YET LUKE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE TO ADMIRE THE WORK OF HIS ENEMIES...

YOU MUST ADMIT, WUHO, THAT REBEL IS SOME PILOT, WHOEVER HE IS...



THE MAN CALLED ALVIN WUHO ADMITS NOTHING, BROODING SILENTLY AMID THE BUSY CHATTER OF THE CRUISER'S BRIDGE...

CAPTAIN! LONG RANGE LIFE-SCANNERS SHOW THAT PILOT HAS A BIONIC HAND!

SKYWALKER! THAT REBEL DESERTER SAID HE'D BE PATROLLING THIS SECTOR...



BUT CAPTAIN DIRK BALOR IS ALIVE WITH THE THRILL OF THE CHASE...

AND NOW WE'VE GOT HIM... ONE OF THE ALLIANCE'S MOST NOTORIOUS FIGURES!

WE SHALL GET HIM, CAPTAIN... NOT YOU...



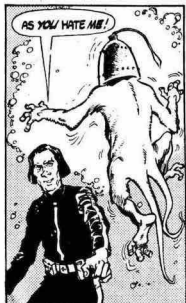
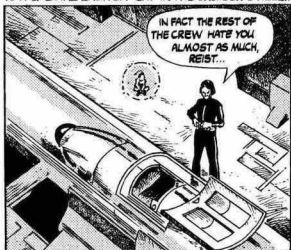
EVEN THOUGH HE IS NOT TO BE IN AT THE END OF THE HUNT...

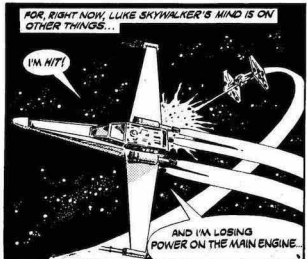
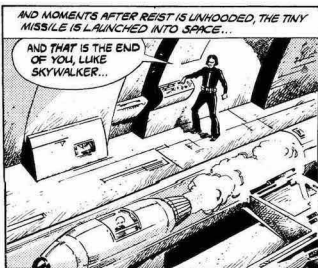


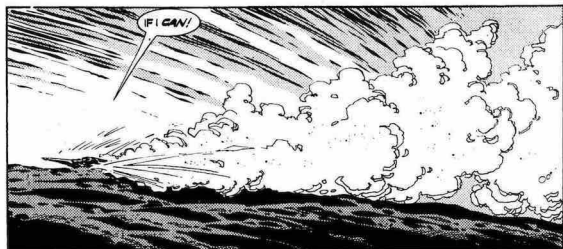
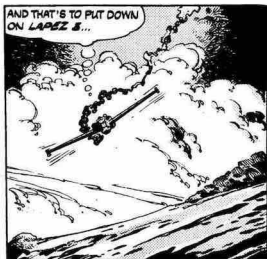
AND NOW IT IS ALTIN WHO TAKES THE LEAD, MOVING SWIFTLY THROUGH THE COWERING CREW...



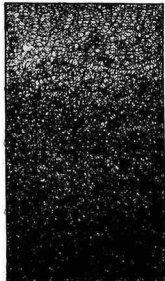
TO A SPECIAL LAUNCH-BAY IN THE CRUISER'S HULL...



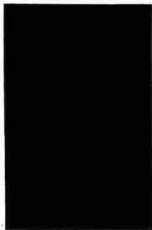




DUST RISES IN CLOUDS ...
THICK... OVERWHELMING...

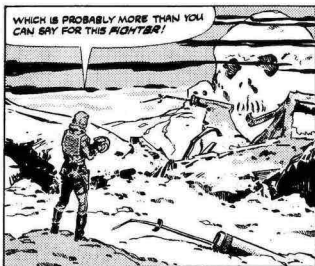


SMOTHERING LUKE IN
AN INKY DARKNESS...



A DEEP SILENT BLACK-
NESS WHICH GIVES WAY
AFTER A WHILE...



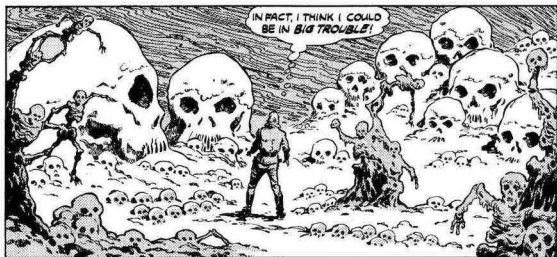


WHICH IS PROBABLY MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY FOR THIS FIGHTER!



SNOW HERE, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF LIFE...

SO I COULD BE IN TROUBLE...



IN FACT, I THINK I COULD BE IN BIG TROUBLE!

AND THERE ARE THOSE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ORBITING BATTLE CRUISE WHO WOULD AGREE WITH LUKE...



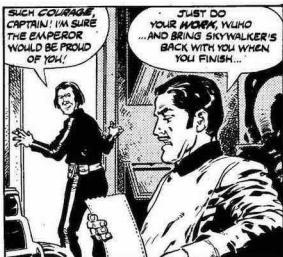
WE'VE GOT HIM PINPOINTED ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE, WHO! HE'S STILL ALIVE...

HE WON'T BE FOR LONG...

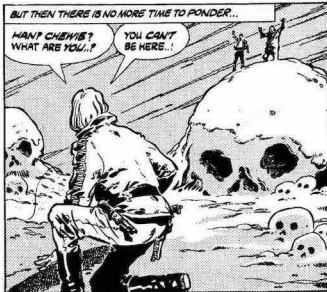
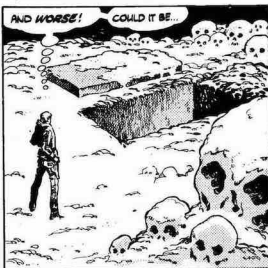


SO YOU SAY! TAKE A SHUTTLE-CRAFT DOWN TO THE PLANET AND PICK UP THE PIECES...

DON'T YOU WANT TO COME TOO, CAPTAIN? TO SEE YOUR PREY DESTROYED?



BUT LUKE IS NOT YET READY TO BE TAKEN. HE IS STILL EXPLORING... STILL BAFFLED!





YET AS THE LOVELY PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA
NESTLES IN LUKE'S EMBRACE...

HIS ARMS ENFOLD HER FOR ONLY A MOMENT...

NEUTRINO GRENADE, LUKE!
I CAUGHT IT FULL... NOT
MUCH TIME...
BEFORE...

LUKE...!!



ALL TOO SHORT A MOMENT...

NO!!



THERE IS NO TIME FOR MOURNING, EITHER...

YOU?



AND A FIGURE OF DREAD STALKS THE
NIGHTMARE LANDSCAPE...

YOU WERE NOT EXPECTING
ME?



DARTH VADER, DARK LORD
OF SITH...

THEN NEITHER WOULD YOU
BE EXPECTING...



OR SOMEONE VERY LIKE
HIM...

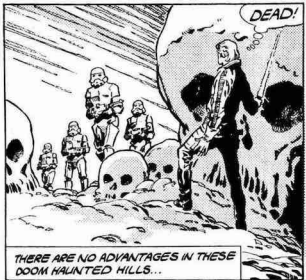
DEATH!



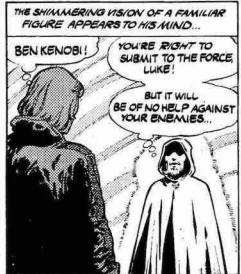
THEN, BENEATH A GREY, LOWERING SKY, THE FLASH OF LIGHT SABRES CUTS THROUGH THE GLOOM...



MADNESS OR NOT, LUKE CAN FEEL THE ROCK BEHIND HIM... FEEL THE CLASH OF SABRES



THEY ARE FILLED WITH THE BODIES OF HIS DEAREST FRIENDS... HIS DEADLIEST ENEMIES... HIS NIGHTMARES...

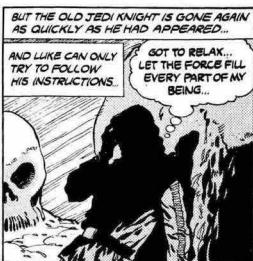




YOU MUST USE IT AGAINST YOURSELF...

AGAINST MYSELF?

NO BEN... COME BACK!



AND LUKE CAN ONLY TRY TO FOLLOW HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

GOT TO RELAX... LET THE FORCE FILL EVERY PART OF MY BEING...

THEN LUKE FEELS THE FORCE SEEPING INTO HIS MIND, STRUGGLING TO REPEL A CLOYING, ALIEN PRESENCE... AND THE IMAGES BLUR... THE NIGHTMARES MERGE INTO ONE ANOTHER...

THERE IS A BRIEF, MISTY MOMENT WHEN THE CONTROL OF LUKE'S MIND IS IN UNCERTAIN HANDS...

AND HE SEES IT TRULY...

NO... IT CAN'T BE...



AND THEN IT IS HIS OWN AGAIN...



A NIGHTMARE DEMON SQUATS ON LUKE'S CHEST... A TELEPATHIC KILLER FROM THE PLANET DROKINE...

I THOUGHT THEY'D ALL BEEN ERADICATED BEFORE THE CLONE WARS...



BUT SOME STILL LIVE... AND IN THE HANDS OF THE EMPEROR'S CHOSEN ASSASSINS, THEY ARE DEADLY...

CAN'T MOVE... EVEN A FINGER!

CLAMPING THEMSELVES TO A MAN'S MIND LIKE A PSYCHIC LEECH...

FLOODING HIS SOUL WITH IMAGES OF DEATH, WITH WAVES OF DESPAIR. DRAINING HIM OF HOPE ... OF LIFE...

BUT I'VE GOT TO MOVE... THAT'S AN IMPERIAL SHUTTLECRAFT COMING DOWN...

AND THEY'LL FINISH ME FOR SURE!



FEW MEN SURVIVE SUCH AN ONSLAUGHT, PERISHING INSTEAD IN AN OVERWHELMING MASS OF DEATH - DELUSIONS...

BUT FEW MEN ARE IN TOUCH WITH THE FORCE...

HAND ON MY SWORD-HILT... GOT TO FEEL THE FLOW MOVING ME... PRESSING AGAINST THE BUTTON...



LIKE SKYWALKER IS ONE WHO IS...!

SSSS!



AND THEN THE BATTLE OF WILLS IS OVER...

THOSE SKULLS... THE DEATHS... THEY WERE ALL ILLUSIONS, PROJECTED INTO MY MIND...

AND MY FIGHTERS IN A LOT BETTER SHAPE THAN I THOUGHT, TOO! I MUST HAVE IMAGINED THAT HIT ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE!



ONLY TROUBLE IS I'VE BLOWN A C-37 COMPUTER RELAY ON THE STABILISER CONSOLE...

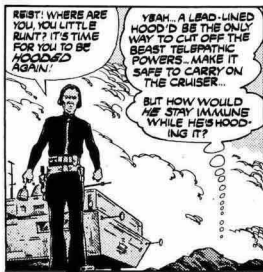
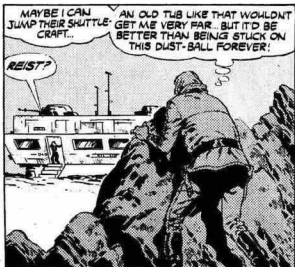
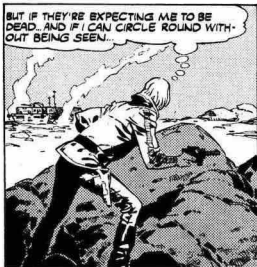
AND WITHOUT THAT SQUARE INCH OF PLASTIC CIRCUIT, THE WHOLE SHIP'S PARALYSSED...



THIS PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH REAL STORM-TROOPERS IN A MINUTE...

I CAN'T GET AWAY... BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE...









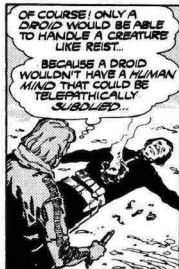
ON THIS ONE
THROW!



AND, GUIDED BY THE FORCE, THE LIGHT-SABRE
HURTTLES SWIFTLY TO ITS MARK...

BUT IT'S TARGET IS
NOT A HUMAN ONE!

A
DROID?!



OF COURSE! ONLY A
DROID WOULD BE ABLE
TO HANDLE A CREATURE
LIKE REIST...

BECAUSE A DROID
WOULDN'T HAVE A HUMAN
MIND THAT COULD BE
TELEPATHICALLY
SUBDUED...

AND REIST'S FINAL
WORDS TURN OUT TRUE...

EVERY DROID HAS TO
HAVE A STABILISATION
UNIT TO KEEP UPRIGHT...

AND THIS ONE
HAS A STANDARD C-37
RELAY, JUST LIKE I NEED...

ON THE ORBITTING CRUISER,
CAPTAIN DIRK BALOR CAN
ONLY QUESTION THE LONG
SILENCE FROM LAPEZ-3

BUT NOT KNOWING REIST IS
DEAD, IT'S A QUESTION
HE'S IN NO HURRY TO
ANSWER...

ALL FIXED UP
AND READY
TO GO! IF I
SKIM ROUND
SIDE OF THE
PLANET, I
MIGHT BE
ABLE TO
SLIP AWAY
UNSEEN...

AND ON A PLANET WHICH LIKE HAD SEEN A SHORT
TIME BEFORE AS THE GRAVEYARD OF HIS FRIENDS...



THERE IS ONLY A DESOLATE WASTE... THE SMASHED BODY
OF A DROID ASSASSIN... AND, SMALL AND CRUDE,
THE TOMBSTONE OF HIS ENEMY...

THE END

IT'S A MIGHTY MARVEL SUMMER EXPLOSION!



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