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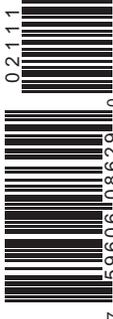
SPURRIER
WALKER
DEERING
TARTAGLIA

DOCTOR APHRA



BONUS
DIGITAL
CONTENT
see inside for details

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THE CATASTROPHE CON

Part II

Rogue archaeologist Doctor Aphra's exploits in blackmailed servitude to the droid crime lord Triple-Zero have landed her in Imperial custody! Separated from her latest fling, Inspector Magna Tolvan, and stuck in Accresker Jail, Aphra and her fellow inmates are nothing more than expendable troops for the Empire.

The strange appearance of a ghostly entity has dashed Aphra's escape plan, and the good doctor struggles to resist the warden's torturous interrogations about what's been transpiring in the jail.

And to make matters worse, a certain angry ex-flame from Aphra's troubled past might just be back in the picture....

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Nowhere
Special
(3rd Moon).
Outer Rim.



YOU.



SANA STARROS?
YOU'RE,
UH...

YOU'RE
LOOKING AT A
STATIC CAPTURED
IMAGE HERE.
THIS ISN'T
ME.

...ALTHOUGH--
WAIT, ARE
YOU SAYING YOU
RECOGNIZE THIS
PERSON?



...WHO IS
THIS?

Lucrehulk Prime:
Rebel Flight
School.



MY NAME IS
GENERAL HERA
SYNDULLA.

THE REBEL
ALLIANCE
HAS A JOB
FOR YOU.

WE RECEIVED THE HOLO IMAGE YESTERDAY, FROM A DROID LOST DURING A FLEET ENGAGEMENT.

THE WOMAN IN THE PICTURE-- WELL, SHE'S ATTEMPTING TO RANSOM SOME CRITICAL INTEL AT A LUDICROUS PRICE.

WE'D REALLY LIKE TO SPEAK TO HER.

MILITARY EXTORTION, HUH? GUESS SHE'S GOIN' UP IN THE WORLD.

COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A NICER TRASH WORM. WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH ME?

SHE APPEARS TO BE SERVING IN SOME KIND OF-- CONVICT ARMY...

WE NEED THAT INTEL. FRANKLY? IT'LL BE CHEAPER TO MAKE HER UNLOCK IT THAN TO PAY THE RANSOM.

NOT TO MENTION A WHOLE LOT MORE SATISFYING.

SO WE THOUGHT, WHO BETTER TO SMUGGLE A TOXIC OBJECT OUT OF A HOSTILE SCENARIO--

--THAN THE BEST SMUGGLER IN THE GALAXY?

HUH. FLATTERY'S NICE, LADY.

"BUT MONEY'S NICER."

Accresker Jail.

HI, IT'S, UH...IT'S ME. IT'S APHRA. DID YOU MISS ME?

I EXPECTED YOU TO BE OUT BY NOW.



YEAH--ME TOO. THERE'S, AH...BEEN A *SNAG*. I KINDA NEED YOUR HELP.

YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE.



I AM SO, SO SORRY.

SORRY? WHY?



DARTH VADER IS ENGAGED IN A SECRET CONSPIRACY TO REPLACE THE EMPEROR, USING THE SAME FORCE-SENSITIVE KID WHO DESTROYED THE *DEATH STAR*.

MY CAPTORS ARE ESCALATING THEIR *INTERROGATIONS*. I CAN'T KEEP THIS SECRET FOR LONG.



THEY'LL RUN IT UP THE *POLE*, AND THEN VADER WILL *COME* FOR ME. W-WITH *STABBING* AND *LASER BEAMS* AND THE *CLEANSING FIRE* OF A *BILLION SUNS*.

W-W-WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS?



BECAUSE ONCE THEY'RE THROUGH WITH *QUESTIONS* ABOUT WHAT I KNOW, THE NEXT THING THEY ASK WILL BE VERY SIMPLE.

Coruscant.

"WHO ELSE
HAVE YOU
TOLD?"

YOU...
YOU
UTTER...TOTAL...
UNBELIEVABLE
B--



I'M SORRY,
TOLVAN. I'M SO
SORRY. BUT...
PLEASE?

FOR
BOTH OUR
SAKES...