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STAR WARS™

LANDO

Double or Nothing



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STAR WARS

LANDO

Double or Nothing

PART II

LANDO CALRISSIAN, the “greatest smuggler in the galaxy” and captain of the *Millennium Falcon*, seeks fortune, glory and epic exploits to fuel his personal memoir - the *Calrissian Chronicles*.

But Lando also has big debts to pay and has taken a job from a Petrusian freedom-fighter named Kristiss to smuggle weapons to her people enslaved by the Empire on Kullgroon.

Lando and his droid companion, L3-37, have outmaneuvered the Imperial fighters in orbit, but what other dangers does this mission have in store?



LANDO CALRISSIAN



L3-37



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Orbit Of Kullgroon.

CALRIISSIAN CHRONICLES, CHAPTER FOUR. ONCE AGAIN, LANDO OUTWITTED IMPERIAL FORCES.

WERE THE ODDS AGAINST HIM?

YES. WAS THERE A MOMENT OF DOUBT?

ABSOLUTELY NOT.



WHY DO YOU REFER TO YOURSELF AS YOURSELF?

NO ONE ACTUALLY KNOWS, BUT ONE THEORY IS A MAN WHO WEARS A CAPE SUFFERS FROM SEVERAL SELF-IMAGE ISSUES.

PERHAPS IT'S IN RESPONSE TO GETTING TRICKED INTO SMUGGLING WEAPONS TO A JUNKPILE THAT'S TEEMING WITH STORMTROOPERS.



OH, I'M SORRY-- ARE THE CREDITS NOT ENOUGH?

NEVER. AND I MEAN NEVER INTERRUPT ME IN MID-CHRONICLE.

WHERE WAS I?

YOUR CAPTIVE AUDIENCE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG TO FIND OUT. KULLGROON'S IMPERIAL PATROL SHIPS HAVE LOCKED IN ON US.

AS HE APPROACHES KULLGROON, WHAT DANGERS AWAIT OUR FEARLESS ROGUE AND HIS WITLESS BAND OF COHORTS?

ALL WILL BE REVEALED IN THE NEXT CALRIISSIAN CHRONICLE. UNTIL THEN, STAY LOVELY, BABY.



WE HAVE TO POWER DOWN THE FALCON AS TO APPEAR TO BE MERE SPACEJUNK.

WELL...



SAY IT AND I'LL SWAP YOU FOR A BOTTLE OF ALTHOONIAN ALE.

PROMISES... PROMISES.



THEY CAN STILL SEE US, RIGHT? WON'T THEY KNOW WE'RE SNEAKING IN?



WHAT SHIP WOULD PURPOSEFULLY DRIFT TO A GLORIFIED PENAL COLONY?

YOU DIDN'T HIRE SOME AMATEUR. GOOD FORTUNE LED YOU TO THE BEST SMUGGLER IN THE GALAXY.

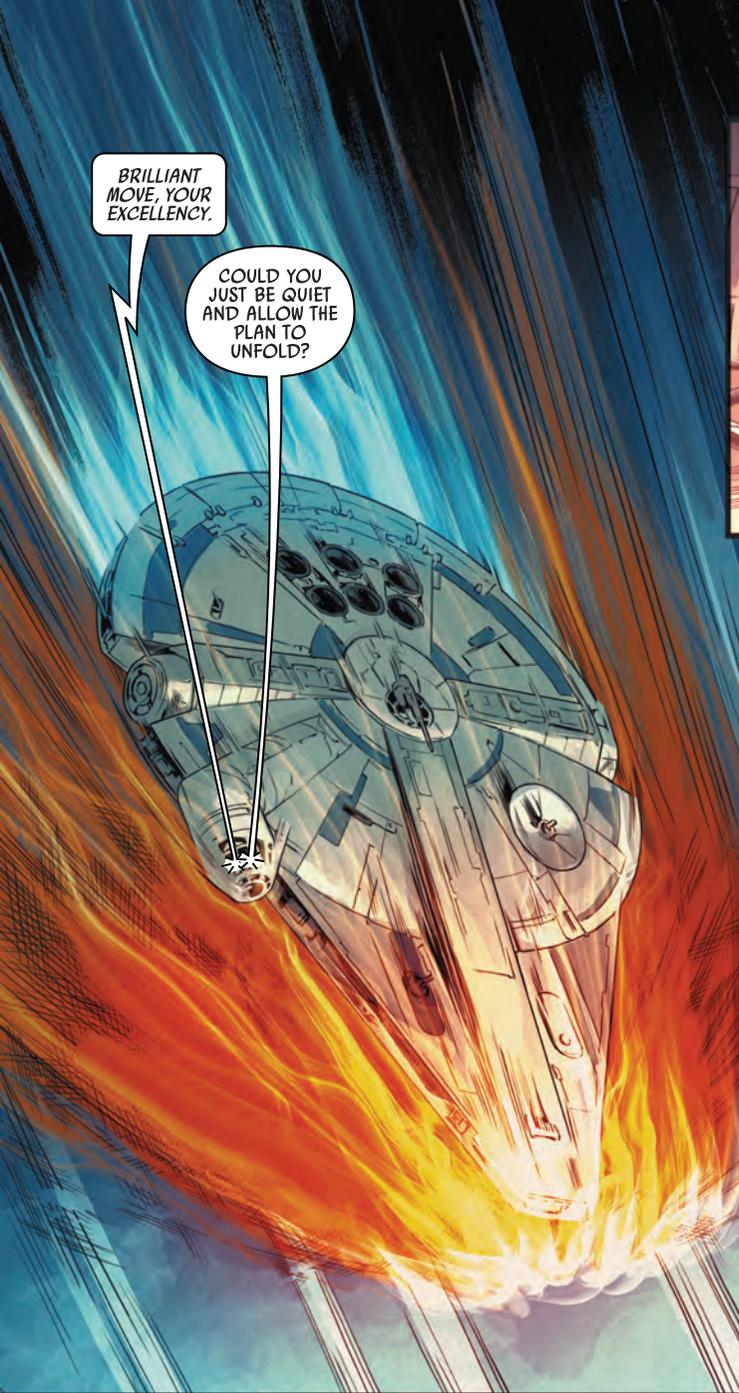


EXCUSE ME, OH "BEST OF THE BEST, GREATEST OF ALL..." BUT WITHOUT POWER, WE ARE TRULY ADRIFT. ISN'T THE GOAL TO BYPASS IMPERIAL SECURITY PROTOCOLS?



UNLESS YOUR GOAL WAS TO ALLOW KULLGROON'S GRAVITY TO PULL US TOWARD HER.

EXACTLY! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING.



BRILLIANT MOVE, YOUR EXCELLENCY.

COULD YOU JUST BE QUIET AND ALLOW THE PLAN TO UNFOLD?



NO IMPERIAL SHIPS ON THE SCANNERS.

NOW WHAT?



YOU DO REALIZE I'M THINKING, RIGHT? LIKE IT MIGHT LOOK LIKE I'M JUST ORGANICALLY GIFTED IN THE REALM OF STRATEGY, WHICH I AM, BUT I'M DEEP IN THOUGHT.

IF WE DON'T POWER UP WE'LL CRASH INTO THE SURFACE!

YOUR LACK OF CHILL IS DEPLORABLE. FREAK MY VIBE AND COAST WHILE WE GLIDE.



ELLTHREE, TAKE US TO THE WASTELANDS. WE'LL DOCK THERE UNTIL WE FIGURE THIS OUT.

FORTUNATELY FOR US, THEY'RE CLOSE. JUST FOR CURIOSITY'S SAKE, WHY DO WE PRESUME TO THINK THE WASTELANDS WILL BE SAFE?

Wastelands Of Kullgroon.

BECAUSE THE EMPIRE PROBABLY DOESN'T CARE MUCH ABOUT GUARDING A GIANT TRASH DUMP.

NO, IT'S A PLACE WHERE THOSE DROIDS WHO HAVE RENDERED EONS OF SERVICE ARE SIMPLY FORGOTTEN.

WE HAVE TO GET TO MY FATHER, RYTHUS. HE KNOWS THIS PLACE AND CAN BEST DECIDE HOW WE CAN GET THE PETRUSIANS THE WEAPONS.

IF THE STORMTROOPER GUARD IS WILLING TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY, I'M SURE WE COULD JUST STROLL RIGHT IN.

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA... HAS ANYONE CONSIDERED WHO'S RUNNING THIS MISSION?

WELL, IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN-- IT'S ME, AND I'LL DECIDE WHERE WE GO AND WHAT WE DO.

FORTUNATELY FOR ALL OF YOU, I AGREE WITH ELLTHREE'S PLAN...WITH, OF COURSE, A TWEAK OR TWO...

I DOUBT AT A DROID PROCESSING PLANT ONE WOULD QUESTION A RANDOM DROID MOVING ABOUT.

WE COULD LEAVE THE FALCON HERE AND POSSIBLY FIND THE ENTRY POINT TO THE CAMP.

I'D HAVE LITTLE DIFFICULTY BREAKING THE IMPERIALS' MUNDANE SECURITY CODES UNTIL WE REACH OUR GOAL.

MARVELOUS.