

MARVEL

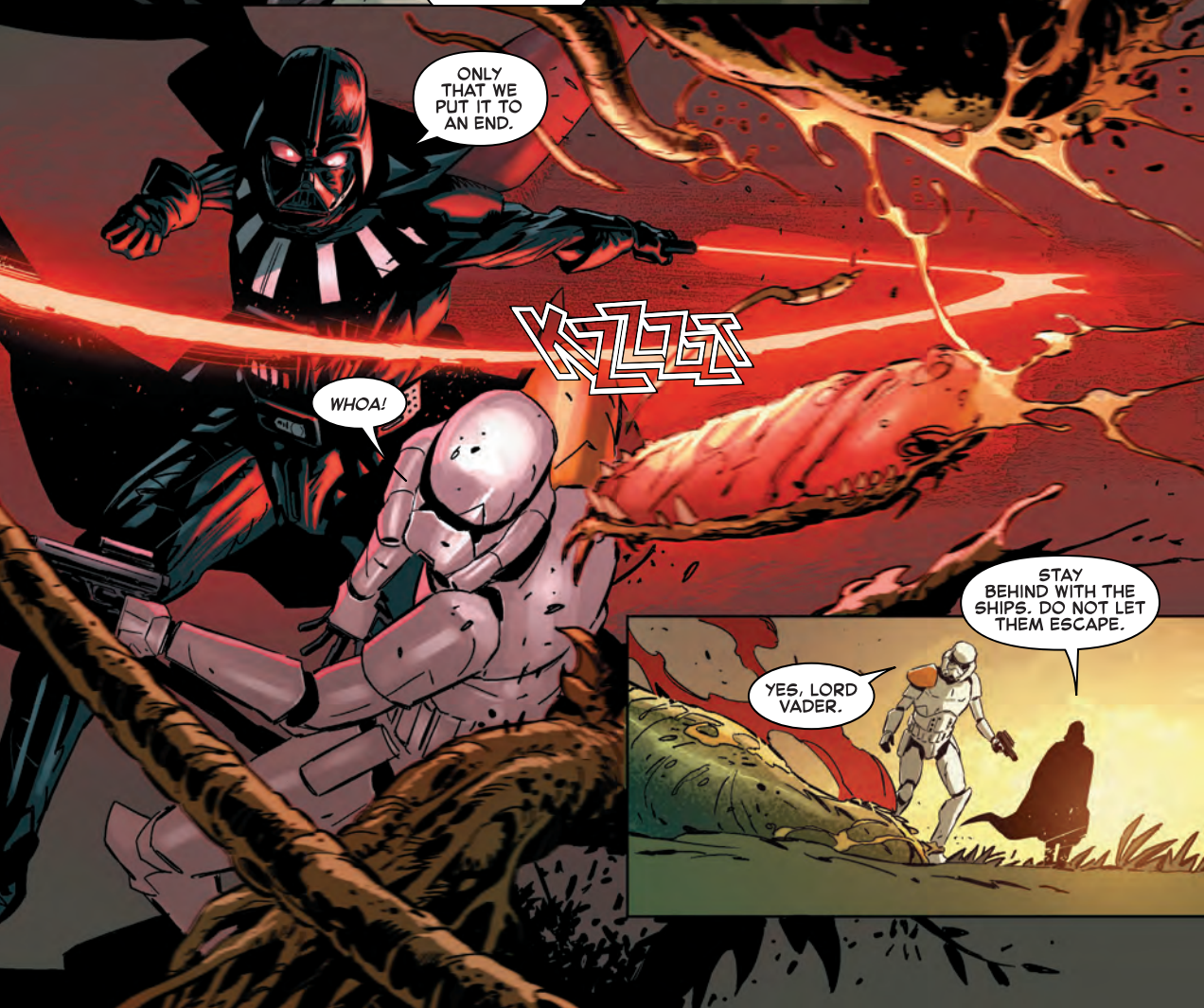
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**HOPELESS
BORGES
MENYZ**

STAR WARS

VADER

DARK VISIONS





NO WEAPONS
THROUGH THE
DOOR, MY FRIENDS.
HOUSE RULE.

BETTER SEND
US PACKING, THEN.
THESE FISTS OF MINE
ARE DOWNRIGHT
DEADLY.

PFFT. JUST
HAND OVER
THE BLASTERS
BEFORE I DECIDE
TO CHARGE YOU
DOUBLE.



DO YOUR WORST,
BARTENDER.

JUST GOT A LOOK AT
WHAT WE GRABBED,
AND BLACK
SQUADRON--



--IS
CELEBRATING
TONIGHT.

SOUNDS
GOOD. I'LL
BRING UP THE
MOP AND
BUCKET.



GUY GETS A
LITTLE BIT SICK.
ONE TIME.

A
LITTLE
BIT?

YOU WERE
DOING THE
POURING.



THAT MESS
WAS AS MUCH
YOUR FAULT
AS MINE.

AND YOU
WONDER
WHY THEY CALL
YOU REBEL
SCUM.

YOU CAN'T BLAME
A SOLDIER BEING
COCKY.

IT'S LIKELY
WHY HE'S STILL
BREATHING.

BUT YOU CAN
LOCK UP HIS
GUNS.

WATER
DOWN HIS
DRINKS.

AND CHARGE
A LITTLE
EXTRA FOR
GRATUITY.

ROWDY
REBELS.

UPTIGHT
STORMTROOPERS.

WE SERVE BOTH
SIDES, AND THEY
ALL KNOW IT.

DEEP
BOOP
BOOP

THAT WAR
STOPS AT MY
FRONT DOOR.

AND SO LONG
AS THEY ALL
PAY THEIR TABS,
EVERYBODY
WALKS OUT--

--ALIVE
AND WELL.



GONNA
HAVE TO CHECK
THAT, SIR. NO
WEAPONS
ALLLLL--

KZZZT



FIND THE
REBELS.

IT'SSS...
HIM!

BLACK
SQUADRON!
TAKE
COVER!



THEY TOOK
OUR BLASTERS!
WE'RE DEAD!

THE
INTEL YOU
STOLE.
WHERE
IS IT?



I DON'T
KNOW! I NEVER
HAD IT!

WHERE
IS IT?

THE
CAPTAIN'S
COMLINK! I SAW
HIM PUT IT IN
HIS PACK!



THE
BARTENDER
TOOK IT. TOOK
OUR WEAPONS!
HE HAS THE
PACK!

DAMMIT,
LUNDI!



YOU
WANT A FIGHT,
VADER?!

FINE!

I'LL GIVE
YOU A--



SLICE