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STAR WARS ADVENTURES

TALES FROM

VADER'S CASTLE

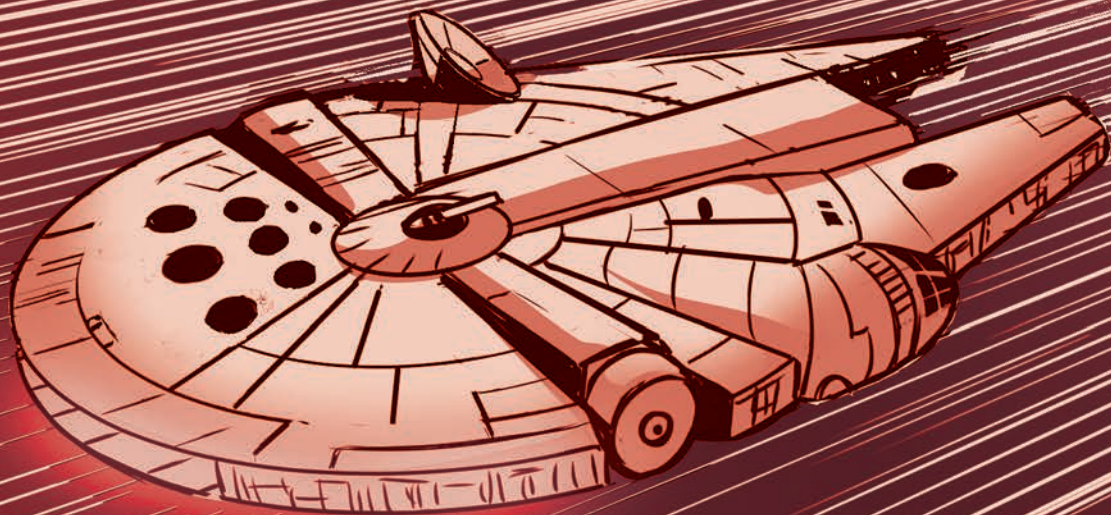


STAR WARS ADVENTURES

TALES FROM

VADER'S CASTLE

While on a secret mission for the Rebel Alliance, Commander Lina Graf's ship came under attack by TIE fighters and crash-landed on the planet Mustafar, where her crew looks for a way to escape the inhospitable lava planet...



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THE PLANET MUSTAFAR.

MISTRESS LINA, THEY'RE FIRING AT US.

YES, THANK YOU, CRATER. I NOTICED!

PEW

PEW

PEW

HUDD, SKRITT—
GET TO THE
FORTRESS!

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO TELL ME
TWICE. LET'S GO,
BUG-BOY.

NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!

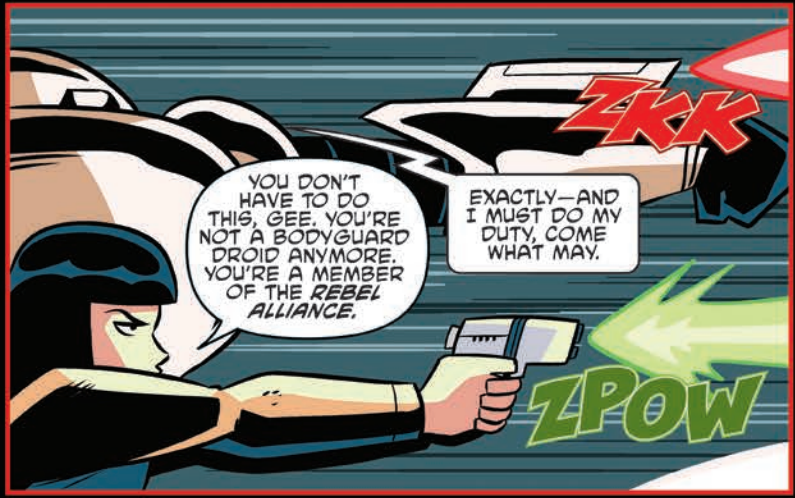
ZPOW



YOU, TOO, GEE-THREE! GET OUT OF HERE.

NEGATIVE, COMMANDER. I HAVE PLEDGED TO PROTECT YOU.

YOU MUST GO WITH THE OTHERS.



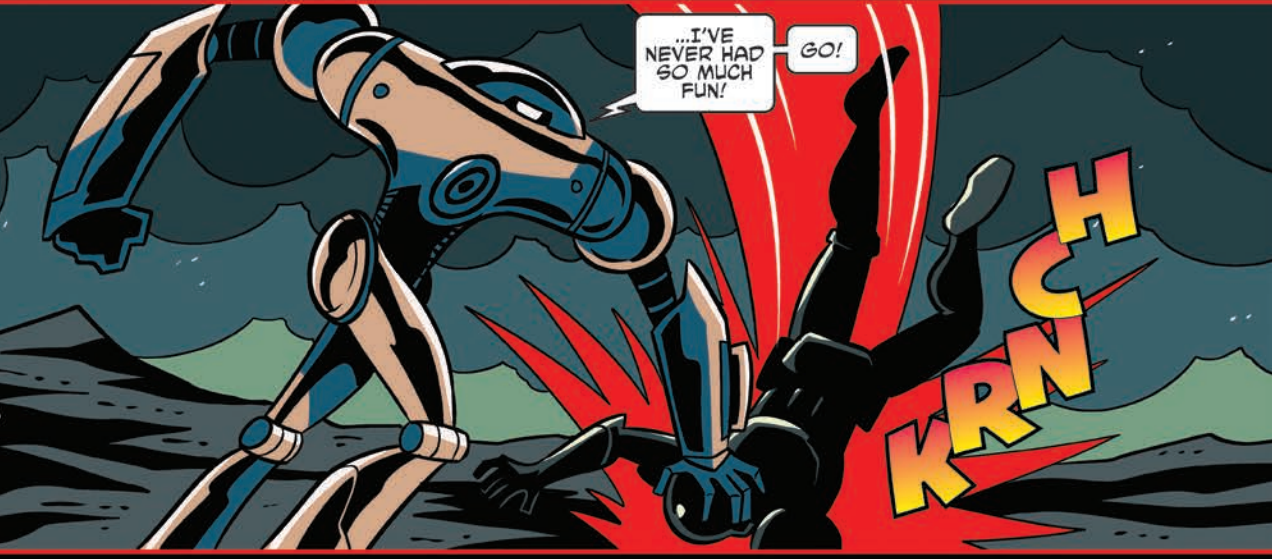
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, GEE. YOU'RE NOT A BODYGUARD DROID ANYMORE. YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THE REBEL ALLIANCE.

EXACTLY—AND I MUST DO MY DUTY, COME WHAT MAY.

ZPOW



BESIDES...



...I'VE NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN!

GO!

KRN
CH



PEW
PEW



WHERE IS GEE-THREE?

KEEPING THE BUCKET-HEADS BUSY.

HOW ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT DOOR, HUDD?

BZZZZ



NEVER MET A LOCK I COULDN'T PICK.

AFTER YOU, COMMANDER.



WHAT IS THIS PLACE? THE ARCHITECTURE IS UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE SEEN BEFORE.

WHAT M-MORE DO YOU NEED TO KNOW?

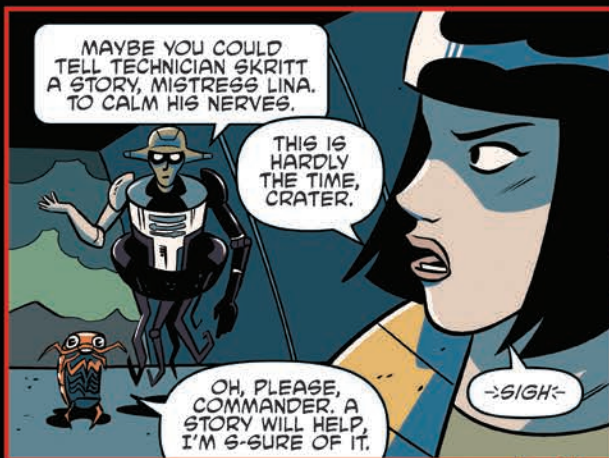
IT'S IMPERIAL. WE'RE PROBABLY WALKING STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP.

THEY'LL BE WATCHING US RIGHT NOW, PLANNING WHEN TO STRIKE!



WE'LL BE OKAY, SKRITT. THERE'S A BASE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FORTRESS. I SAW SCOUT WALKERS... IMPERIAL SHUTTLES.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE.



MAYBE YOU COULD TELL TECHNICIAN SKRITT A STORY, MISTRESS LINA. TO CALM HIS NERVES.

THIS IS HARDLY THE TIME, CRATER.

OH, PLEASE, COMMANDER. A STORY WILL HELP. I'M S-SURE OF IT.

-SIGH-



FINE. JUST KEEP YOUR VOICES DOWN.

MILO DID TELL ME ONE STORY ABOUT A YOUNG WOMAN WHO NEEDED A SHIP OF HER OWN...



"...SHE NEEDED A PILOT TO TAKE A RARE WORK OF ART TO A COLLECTOR ON RENDEL, A PLANET IN THE KIVA SYSTEM.

"BUT NO ONE WOULD TAKE THE JOB.



"THEY SAID THAT THE MOON WAS CURSED..."

"NO, PLEASE. I CAN PAY YOU.

"ONE MILLION CREDITS.

"...THAT ONLY A FOOL WOULD GO TO RENDEL.



"SO, SHE FOUND HERSELF A FOOL."

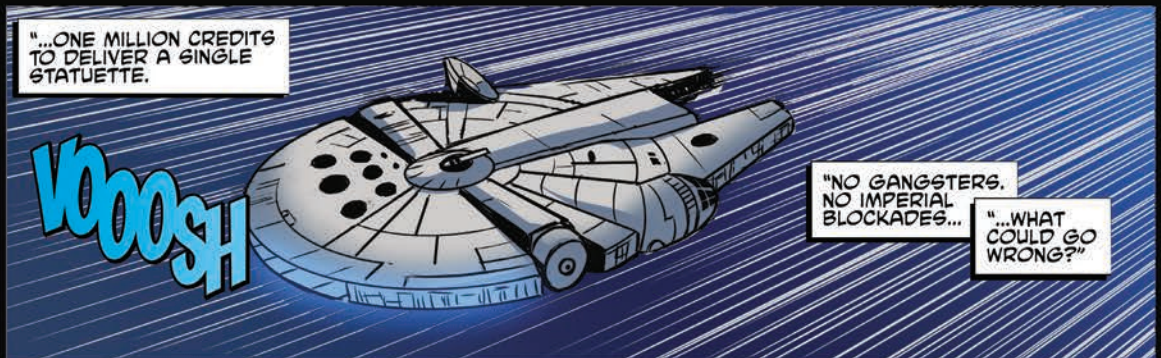
"RENDEL? NO PROBLEM AT ALL..."

"... FOR HAN SOLO!"



"YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL.

"THE YOUNG PILOT TOOK THE FIGURINE, HARDLY BELIEVING HIS LUCK..."



"...ONE MILLION CREDITS TO DELIVER A SINGLE STATUETTE.

"NO GANGSTERS. NO IMPERIAL BLOCKADES..."

"...WHAT COULD GO WRONG?"



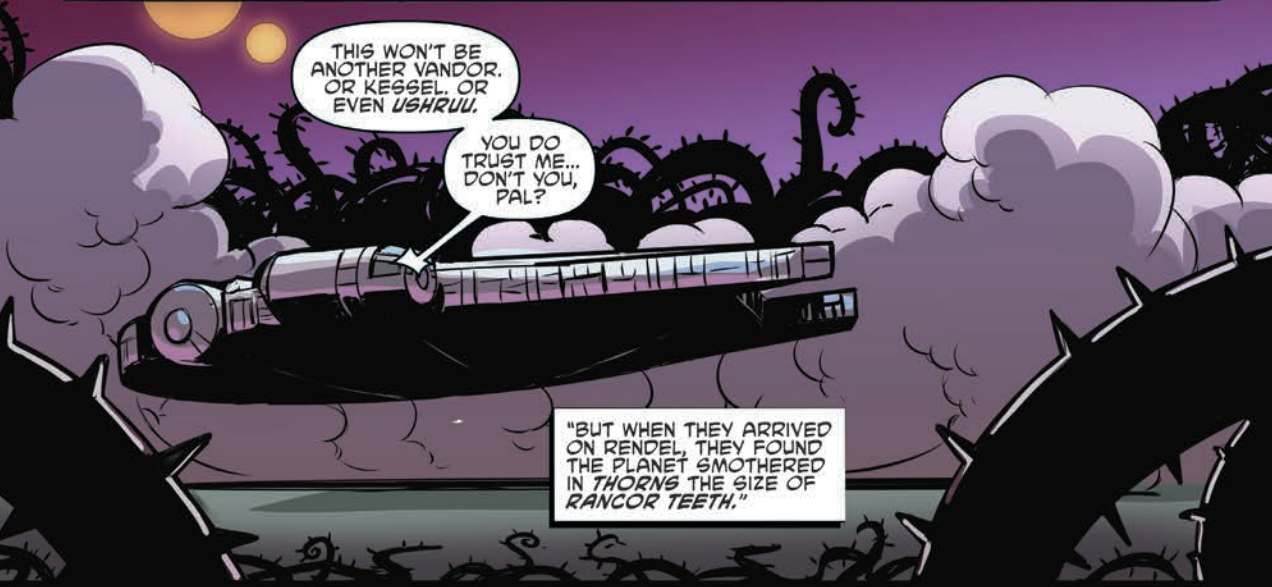
HRRAAAA!

"UNFORTUNATELY, HIS CO-PILOT WASN'T SO HAPPY."

THE CURSE? GIVE ME A BREAK.

NO ONE BELIEVES IN CURSES.

TRUST ME, CHEWIE. WE'VE FALLEN ON OUR FEET WITH THIS JOB.



THIS WON'T BE ANOTHER VANDOR, OR KESSEL, OR EVEN USHRULU.

YOU DO TRUST ME... DON'T YOU, PAL?

"BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVED ON RENDEL, THEY FOUND THE PLANET SMOTHERED IN THORNS THE SIZE OF RANCOR TEETH."



WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

JUST A NORMAL PLANET. NOT SPOOKY AT ALL.

WHERE DOES THE TRACKER SAY WE NEED TO DELIVER THIS THING?



RWAAAR!

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GIANT BRIAR PATCH...

...OF COURSE IT DOES.



COME ON THEN. WE BETTER FIND A WAY IN.