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STARSTRUCK

"OLD PROLDIERS NEVER DIE"



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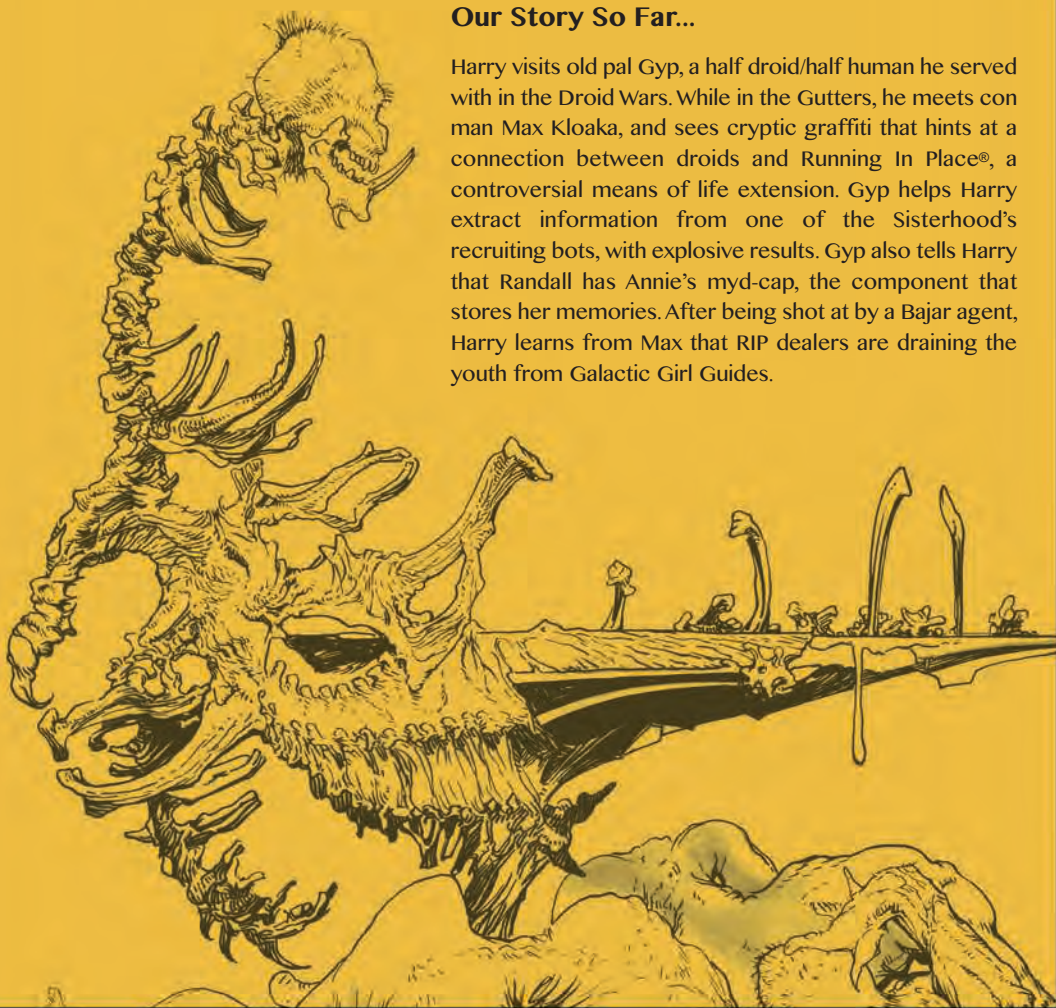
STARSTRUCK

"OLD PROLDIERS NEVER DIE"

Written by **Elaine Lee** • Artwork by **Michael Kaluta**
Colors by **Lee Moyer** • Letters by **Todd Klein**
Edits by **Scott Dunbier** • Publisher **Ted Adams**

Our Story So Far...

Harry visits old pal Gyp, a half droid/half human he served with in the Droid Wars. While in the Gutters, he meets con man Max Kloaka, and sees cryptic graffiti that hints at a connection between droids and Running In Place®, a controversial means of life extension. Gyp helps Harry extract information from one of the Sisterhood's recruiting bots, with explosive results. Gyp also tells Harry that Randall has Annie's myd-cap, the component that stores her memories. After being shot at by a Bajar agent, Harry learns from Max that RIP dealers are draining the youth from Galactic Girl Guides.



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I SNAGGED THE NEAREST BEAM BACK TO MY TIER. IT WAS PACKED WITH PARTY-GOING GOLD HOLDERS AND TOURISTS LOOKING TO BRUSH ELBOWS WITH SOMEBODY FAMOUS.

TIME TO KILL A RAT.

GET FACTOR ON LINE FOR ME. THIS IS HARRY PALMER.

HE'S AWAY FROM HIS DESK JUST NOW.

WHEN HE AND HIS DESK GET BACK TOGETHER, HAVE HIM GIVE ME A BUZZ AT THE SAILOR'S GRAVE...



... IT CONCERNS A MUTUAL FRIEND... SOMEONE HE'S CLOSE TO.

CERTAINLY, MR. PALMER.

HARRY! HARRY!



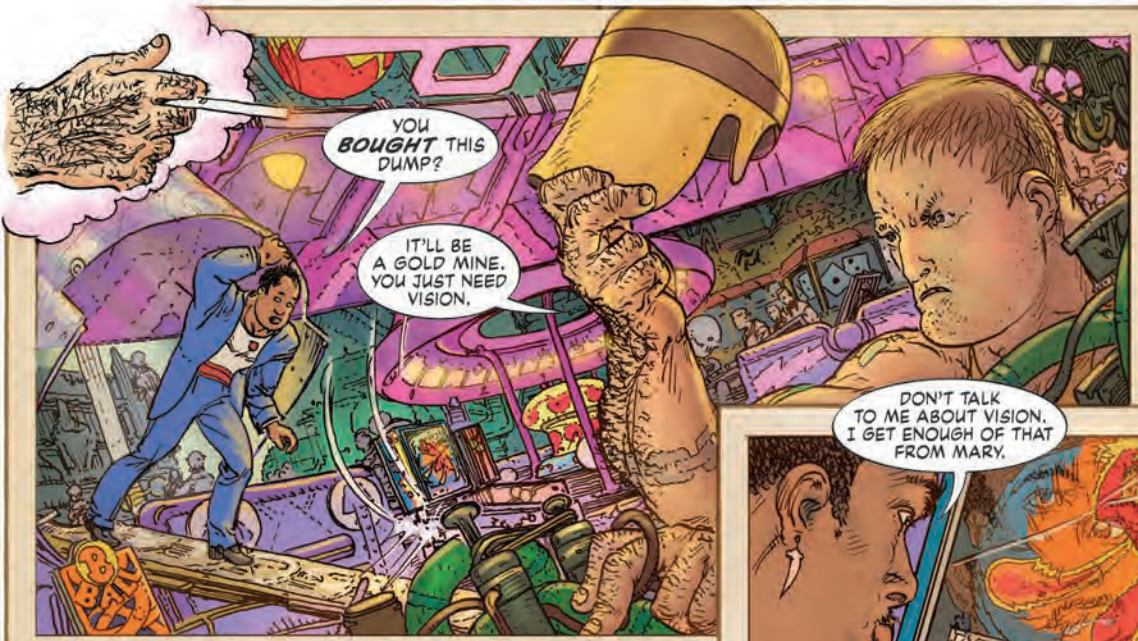
THE BARGAIN BLISSERS WERE SEEN TAKING THAT DROID INTO COMET CLOISTER!

WE GOT IN DRESSED AS BABYSISTERS AND SNUCK IN BUT THEY WEREN'T THERE.

NOTHIN' BUT HUMMIN' NUNZ.



THE SISTERHOOD AGAIN. RANDALL OWNED MAJOR PIECES OF A NUMBER OF GROWING CONCERNS, BUT THE SISTERHOOD? RANDALL HATED RELIGION. HE THOUGHT HE HAD GOOD REASON.



YOU BOUGHT THIS DUMP?

IT'LL BE A GOLD MINE. YOU JUST NEED VISION.

DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT VISION. I GET ENOUGH OF THAT FROM MARY.



SHE'S INTO RELIGION NOW. SHE HAS A FINGER IN EVERY GODS-RELATED CONFLICT THIS SIDE OF THE SPIRAL ARM.

BY FINGERS, YOU MEAN DROIDS.

THEN, THERE'S THAT.

whirrrr
KLIK!



YOU REMEMBER THE ANNIES, RIGHT? THOSE DROIDS THAT LOOK LIKE HER?

HARD TO FORGET.

I SOLD THE WHOLE LINE TO BAJAR.



WAIT. YOU SOLD ALL THE DROIDS?

YEAH. SHE DOESN'T KNOW YET.

WHAT'LL IT BE, PAL-PAL-P-P-PAL...?

ENJOY YOUR STAY IN THE HOSPITAL.

RELEASE FIRE GODS!
RELEASE ODIN!



THAT'S WHY YOU'RE COMING TO THE OWNER'S MEETING. HELP ME WITH THE DROID THING. HELP ME WITH THE RELIGION.



A WISE MAN ONCE SAID TO ME, "YOU MAY AS WELL ACCEPT IT."

NAME YOUR P-P-POISON...

IF MARY'D SUNK HER TEETH INTO RELIGION AND RANDALL DIDN'T LIKE IT? RANDALL WAS SCREWED.

YET, IF RANDALL'S FLUNKIES COULD WALK RIGHT INTO COMET CLOISTER, HE MUST BE CONNECTED WITH THE VEIL. MY HEAD WAS STARTING TO HURT. I LET THE GUIDES PREP THE MYD FOR VIEWING WHILE I RAN THE RECORDING I'D MADE OF THE DROID CHATTER THROUGH THE INTERPRETING UNIT.



THEY WERE SPEAKING ON FOUR CHANNELS-- SIMULTANEOUSLY PAYING FORMAL RESPECTS TO YOURS TRULY, SPREADING THE WORD THAT I WAS TO BE LOOKED AFTER WHILE DOWN UNDER, CARRYING ON A CONVERSATION, AND GIVING A RUNDOWN OF MY VITAL STATISTICS.

...HOMAGE HIM PRAISE THE THOUGHT OF HIM HONOR TO THE MIND THAT REPLICATES HIS PATTERN PRAISE THE WORD HE SPEAKS HOMAGE HIM...

...MAY HE PASS SOFTLY, MAY HE WALK SOFT THIS WAY, THIS WAY PASS HE SOFTLY, SOFTLY WALK HE MAY THIS WAY...

IDENT? CAPACITY: OPS. UNIT.
HARRY PALMER PROLODER. MANY. SPEC DROID WARPS

BODY FLUID: 45.27 ZS. PLASMA VOLUME: 3.35 ZS.
RED CELL VOLUME: 2.22 ZS. EXTRA-CELLULAR VOLUME: 17.19 ZS. INTRA-CELLULAR VOLUME: 78.21 ZS.

THE THIRD BAND HAD THE INFO I NEEDED.

...CURRENT? LEAP: TYPE: EROTICA: LINE: ANN: #333! LEAP: WALKS THE ARCHER- BARTENDER. YES.

RY? OBSER: SNOTTY BITCH. ERO-ANN 333. SHARER'S LOST? QUALIFY? INFO: HOLDER OF SOULS. YES.

SOUL-SHARERS. THEY WERE SAYING THAT ANNIE WAS THE ONLY DROID LEFT OF HER LINE...HOLDER OF SOULS. WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE OTHER 332--THE ONES RANDALL SOLD TO BAJAR? "3'S CARRY MANY, 9, HARDLY ANY." MANY SOULS! THE POEM AGAIN. "THE ARCHER" HAD TO BE GALATIA 9. "WALKS THE ARCHER..." WALKS WITH THE ARCHER? OR WALKS HER--WATCHES OUT FOR HER?

ON THE SCREEN, THE GUIDES DRESSED AS SISTER-BOTS WERE HATCHING SOME SCHEME. BEHIND THEM FACTOR'S CHUMS WERE LURKING IN MY DOORWAY.



LOOK! IT'S US!

HOMAGE HER HOMAGE

JUMP UP A HOG'S BUTT AND GRAB A HAM SAN...

LOOK, HARRY, IT'S THEM!

THE RECRUITING DROID HAD BEEN TAKING PICTURES OF ANNIE. THE BARGAIN BLISSERS WERE WATCHING HER.



HEY--THAT'S OKAY... TAKE ALL THE TIME YOU...

I CAN'T SAY I REALLY UNDERSTAND THE DROID CONCEPT OF "SOUL," BUT BEING LEFT "HOLDER OF SOULS" FOR THE LINE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VERY HEAVY THING. "SOULS ARE FOR SHARING...SELDOM FOR HALVING?" DROIDS AND CLONES? I STILL DIDN'T GET IT. THE DROID CHAT OVER, I COULD HEAR BRUCILLA BELLOW INSULTS AT ANNIE FROM THE SISTER-BOT'S RECORDING'S MYD.



WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU CROSS A PROMO RUSTLER WITH A PLEASURE DROID?



THE PLEASURE... HUH? CHORTLE! YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT!



MORE POISONOUS... YOU GET... THIS KILLS ME...



THAN NOXIOUS... YOU GET A PROMO RUSTLER WITH AN ASSHOLE THIS BIG!

WHADDAYA GET IF YOU CROSS A PHRYBYN WITH A PLEASURE DROID? WHAT? A PHRYBYN WITH A VAT-GROWN FACE AND AN I.Q. OF THREE!

BRUCILLA DID HAVE A MOUTH ON HER.

THE DISGRACED BRIGADER'D MET GALATIA 9 AT MY BAR. THEY'D ALMOST COME TO BLOWS.

THERE WERE THESE TWO ANDROMEDICONES SITTIN' IN THIS INEBRIATION DISPENSIN' CHAMBER, AND...

HEY! YOU WITH THE MOUTH IN HYPERDRIVE! MUFFLE YOUR JETS!

SOMEHOW THEY FOUND THEIR WAY PAST IT..

...TO THE POINT WHERE MIZ 9 OFFERED HER NEW PAL A JOB.

C'MON...PLAYIN' GOOSY-GANDER THRU THE ASTEROID BELT'S NO JOB FOR AN EX-BRIGADER!

BRIGADE? HOW DID YOU...?

AMERCA-AAAAA-DIA! SO DISTANT AND SO BROWN! AMERCA-AAAAA-DIA! THE HOMELESS SING YOUR HYMN!

PLENTY OF WORK FOR A HOT TRIGGER FINGER ABOARD THE HARRY.

I GOTTA GO PAWN A WATCH, HARRY. TAKE CARE OF BRUNHILDA HERE 'TIL I GET BACK.

AMER-CAAAAAA-DIA!

I'LL JUST RING UP THOSE DRINKS ON YOUR TAB, GALATIA.

THAT'S WHAT I SAW..

...OR AT LEAST WHAT I REMEMBER.

BA-LAAM!

BUT THE SISTER-BOT'S VID IS SHOWING ME SOMETHING MORE.

SHAKE CIRCUITS AND SHIFT GEARS ON OVER HERE, BEFORE THAT ASS LOCKS ON YA!

GUESS THE MUSCLE DON'T LIKE ANDROIDS.

DUH!

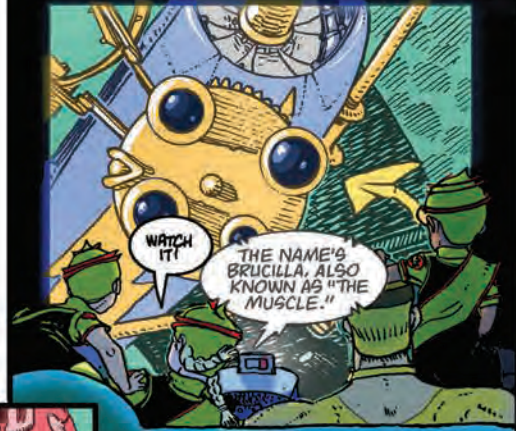
WONDER WHY?

THE DROIDS'D SAID ANNIE "WALKS THE ARCHER," IN THE SIX CYCLES SHE'D BEEN COMING TO THE BAR, GALATIA HADN'T EXCHANGED TWO WORDS WITH ANNIE. NOW SHE WOULD INTERCEDE FOR HER. THAT'S HOW THE ARCHER AND THE EX-BRIGADIER MET.



HEY, HARRY!
WHOOZE THE MOUTH...?

AND THE RECRUITING ROBOT HAD BEEN TAKING PICTURES IN MY BAR. HERE IT WAS HAVING A TETE-A-TETE WITH GALATIA 9'S RECORD-O-DROID.



WATCH IT!

THE NAME'S BRUCILLA, ALSO KNOWN AS "THE MUSCLE."



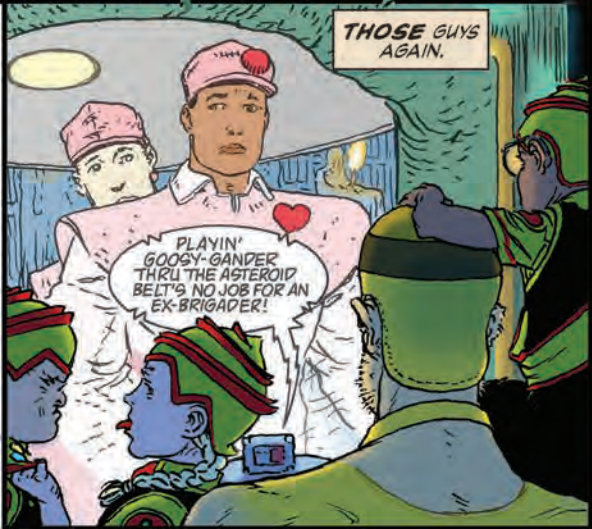
HEY, HARRY!

HARRY PALMER

OH GET IT!

HARRY!

FL23327



THOSE GUYS AGAIN.

PLAYIN' GOOSY-GANDER THRU THE ASTEROID BELT'S NO JOB FOR AN EX-BRIGADIER!



HARRY! A TRACKING DEVICE! THEY'RE PINNING IT TO THE BABY SISTER!

AMER. CAPAARDIA!

...AND SENDING IT BACK TO THE GRAVE! ACCORDING TO THE GUIDES, THE BLISSERS WERE CONNECTED TO THE SISTERHOOD, BUT WHY WOULD THE SISTERHOOD BE MONITORING MY BAR?

MAYBE I WAS READING TOO MUCH INTO THIS. THE BABY SISTER COULD BE TAKING PICTURES AT RANDOM. MAYBE IT WAS JUST OUT DOING ITS JOB--RECRUITING.



BZZT

I'LL JUST RING THOSE DRINKS UP ON YOUR TAB, GALATIA.

NOW THERE WAS A SIDE OF GALATIA 9 I'D NEVER SEEN...SHE'S GOT GREAT BUNS. "GREAT THO' THE 9 BE." LEAP! GALATIA 9, A CLONE?



HELLO? HELLO?

BRUCILLA'S PAYIN' THE FREIGHT!