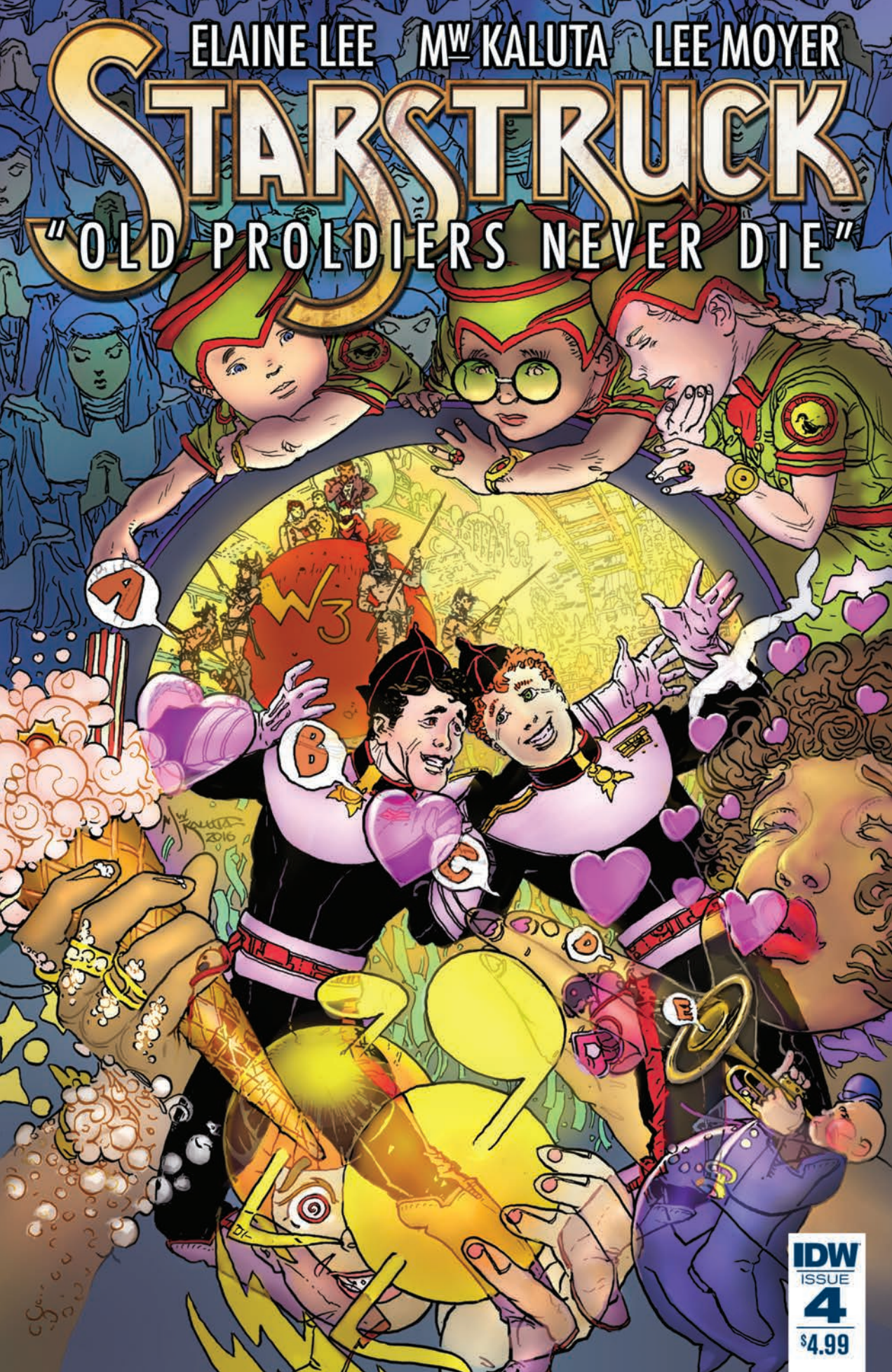


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STARSTRUCK

"OLD PROLDIERS NEVER DIE"



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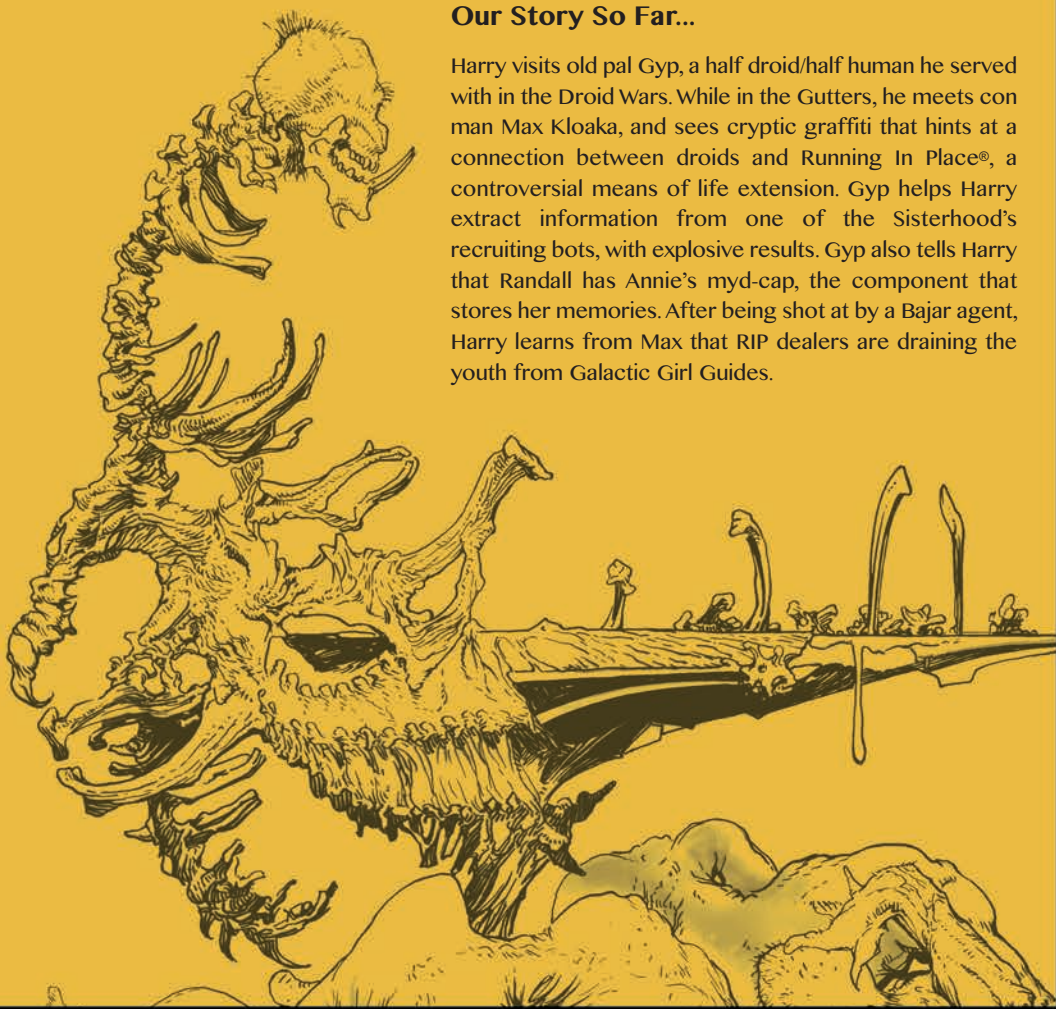
STARSTRUCK

"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.



Cover Artwork by Michael Kaluta • Cover Colors by Lee Moyer • Production by Marconi Torres

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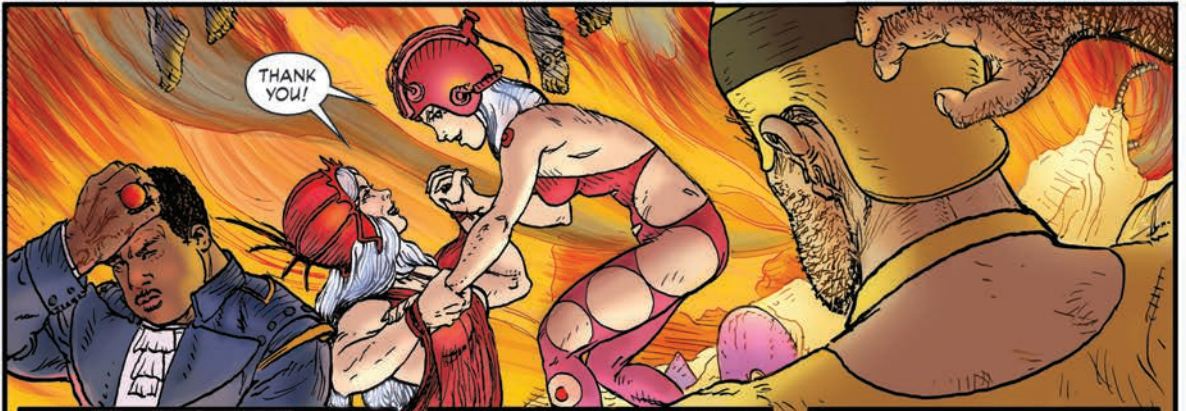
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THANK YOU!



MARY, LOOKING GOOD FOR SOMEBODY 47 CYCLES DEAD.

AND YOU FOR SOMEONE WHO JUST CRAWLED OUT OF THE GRAVE.

WAX ADVANCING!



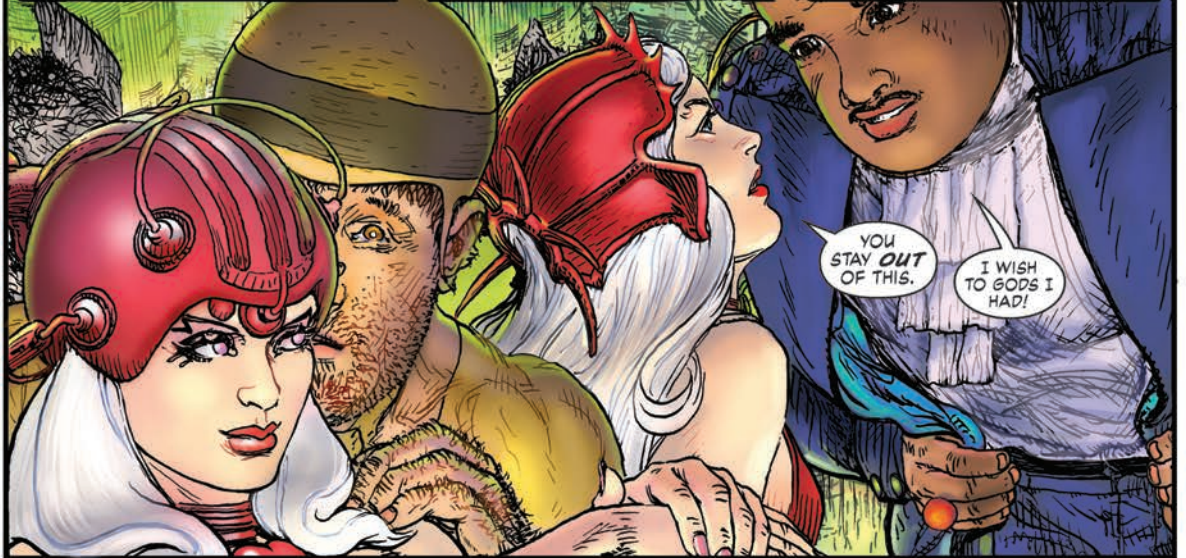
YOU REALLY HATE THAT BAR, DON'T YOU?

I HATE THE WASTE OF A GOOD SOLDIER.



EVEN A GOOD SOLDIER GETS TIRED OF TAKING **ORDERS**, MARY.

OUCH!



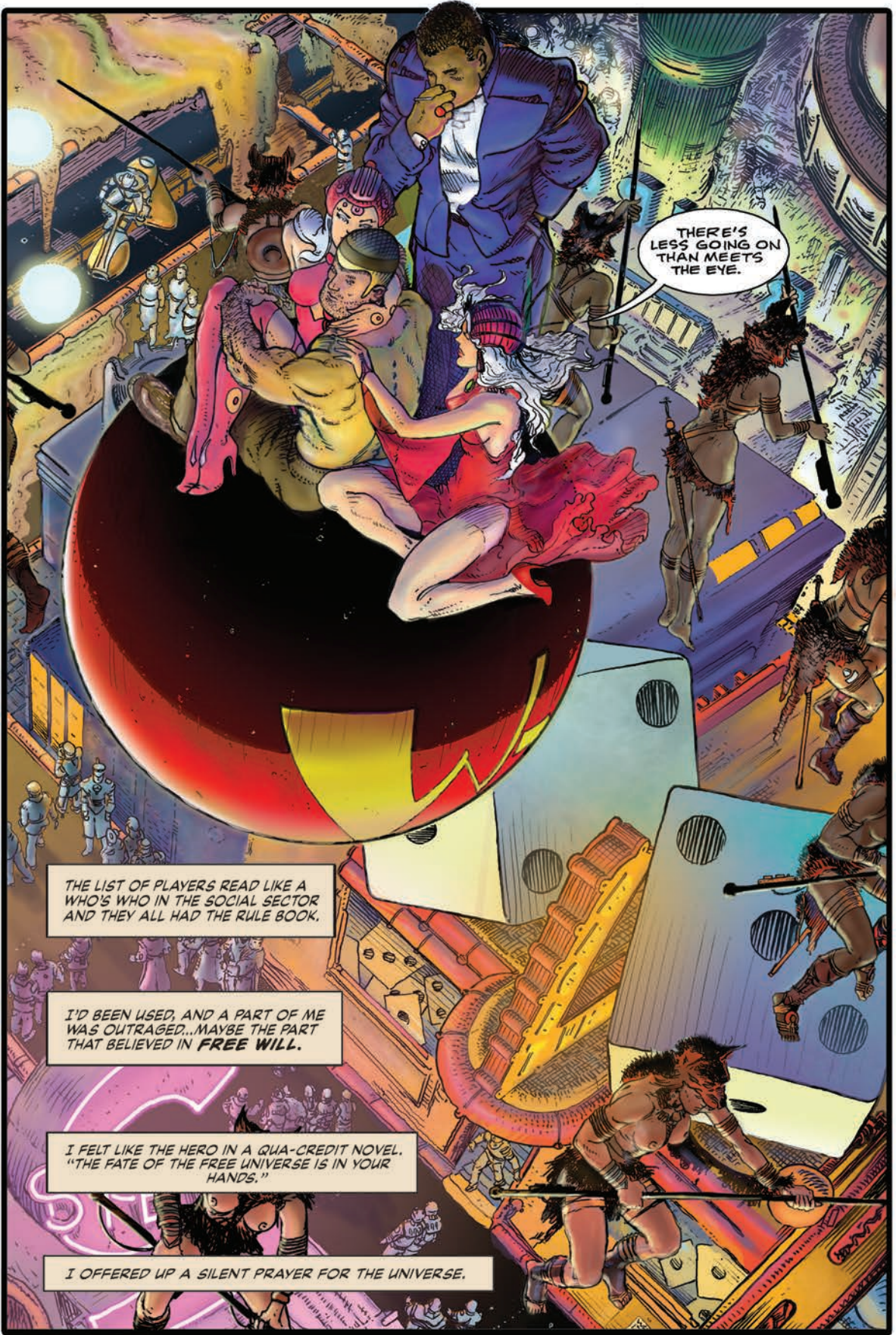
YOU STAY OUT OF THIS.

I WISH TO GODS I HAD!

IN A FUNNY SORT OF WAY, WE HAD BOTH COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE...MARY FROM A SOLDIER'S CEMETERY ON ONOLO UNE, AND ME A REC-BOUND RIP VAN WINKLE WAKING UP FROM A 40-CYCLE SLEEP TO FIND HARRY PALMER, YOUNG REBEL, TRAPPED IN THE BODY OF AN AGING BARTENDER...

...WAKING UP TO FIND MYSELF **QUEEN'S PAWN** IN A GALAXY-WIDE GAME OF MUSICAL QUESTIONS WITH NO TIME OUT, NO HOME FREE, AND A GOAL THAT LAY JUST BEYOND MY GRASP!





THERE'S LESS GOING ON THAN MEETS THE EYE.

THE LIST OF PLAYERS READ LIKE A WHO'S WHO IN THE SOCIAL SECTOR AND THEY ALL HAD THE RULE BOOK.

I'D BEEN USED, AND A PART OF ME WAS OUTRAGED...MAYBE THE PART THAT BELIEVED IN **FREE WILL**.

I FELT LIKE THE HERO IN A **QUA-CREDIT** NOVEL. "THE FATE OF THE **FREE UNIVERSE** IS IN YOUR HANDS."

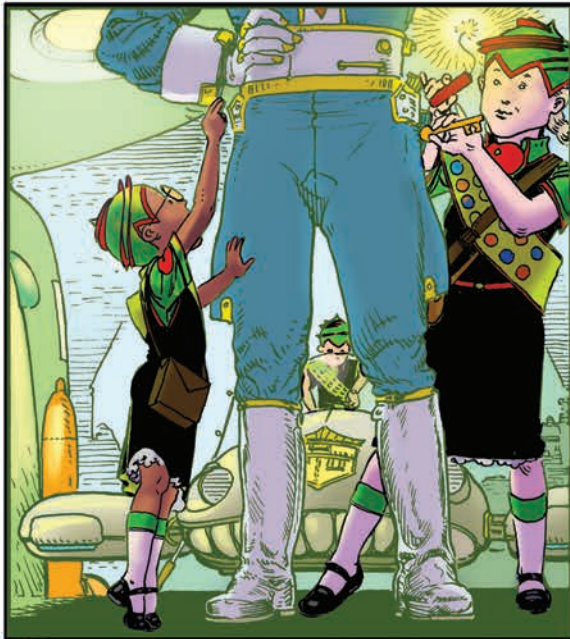
I OFFERED UP A SILENT PRAYER FOR THE UNIVERSE.



"DOES SHE KNOW IT, OR IS SHE ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR PLAYTHINGS?" "AM I PLAYING WITH YOU...?" "DON'T PATRONIZE ME, MARY. WHAT WAS THE DROID PROGRAMMED TO DO TO ME?" "NOTHING." "C'MON..." "YOU DID IT TO YOURSELF, HARRY." "DID WHAT TO MYSELF?" "PRE-TENDED SHE WAS ME, HARRY-PRE-TENDED YOU WERE...YOU!" "HEY-I'M JUST A LOUSY BARTENDER!"



"AND I'M PRIESTESS-QUEEN OF PHOEBUS!" "WELL, I'M THE BIGGEST KID ON THE BLOCK AND I SAY **COOL OUT!** YOU GUYS ARE GETTING TOO HEAVY FOR ME." "I'M OBLIGED TO POINT OUT THAT WE ARE NOT ON A BLOCK BUT A SPHERE, THAT YOU ARE A FULLY DEVELOPED HUMANOID, THAT YOUR TEMPERATURES MUST REMAIN STABLE WITHIN 1.37 DEGREES FOR CORPOREAL FUNCTIONING TO CONTINUE UNIMPAIRED, AND THAT THE TERM 'HEAVY' LACKS MEANING AS WE ARE IN A VARI-GRAY ZONE."



"MIZ 9 HAS A KRYSAL, THAT LEGGY PILE OF BILE THAT HANGS OUT WITH BAJAR HAS A KRYSAL, AND YOU, YOUR EXALTED MAJESTY, HAVE A KRYSAL." "KRYSALS ARE EVERYWHERE." "NOT THESE KRYSALS." "MY GRANDMOTHER GAVE THIS ONE TO ME." "MOLLY?" "YES!" "AND THEY MEAN SOMETHING?" "THEY WILL MEAN SOMETHING... LATER." "WHAT?" "I'M NOT SURE." "THEN HOW DO YOU...Z?" "I JUST KNOW THINGS, HARRY!" "YOU MEAN YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN?" "NO..."

