

Book IV, Part IV
END OF GAMES

It is a time of rebuilding for the Empire. After the destruction of the Death Star, Darth Vader is atoning for his failure by destroying all who would oppose the Empire.

Vader's recent successes have put him back in the good graces of Emperor Palpatine, and he has therefore been sent on a vital mission: capturing the traitorous scientist Cylo, Vader's former rival. While Vader quickly dispatches Cylo's compatriot Tulon Voidgazer, her final act is setting her vessel on a collision course — with Vader still inside.

Meanwhile, the droids Triple-Zero and Beeteel have been sent to capture Vader's secret ally, Dr. Aphra — but upon her delivery to the Executor, she takes advantage of their programming and changes their directive: help her escape the ship at any cost....

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The Executor.

**BLEEP!
BLEEP!**

YES, PLEASE
DO WAKE UP,
MASTER APHRA.

BEETEE IS
GETTING
TETCHY.

WHHHH?

WE APPEAR TO
HAVE RESCUED
YOU.

WITHOUT
MURDERING
ANYONE, TOO.

SOMETHING OF A
DISAPPOINTMENT,
TRUTH BE TOLD.

WHA...WHAT
HAPPENED,
TRIPLE-ZERO?
I...PASSED
OUT?

SOME
KIND OF...
GAS?

CORRECT. A HUMAN-
TARGETED NEUROTOXIN.
HIGHLY PERMEABLE ACROSS
SAFETY FILTERS. I'M
GENUINELY IMPRESSED.

EVERYONE WHO
HASN'T RECEIVED
AN ANTIDOTE FROM
THEIR MOSTLY FAITHFUL
DROID ASSISTANT IS
UNCONSCIOUS.



**BLEEP! BLEEP!
BLEEP!**

OH, CALM DOWN, BEETEE!
I WAS GETTING TO THAT! YES,
OBVIOUSLY, IT'S INEFFECTIVE
AGAINST ALIENS OR DROIDS.
AH, THE DISADVANTAGES
OF A MONOCULTURE.

ONCE MORE, I HAVE TO
QUESTION THE WISDOM OF
REPLACING THE DROID
ARMIES WITH FLESHY ONES.



ALL THIS EMBARRASSING
SLUMPING DIDN'T HAPPEN
BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE
OLD REPUBLIC.

ANYWAY--WITH EVERYONE
LYING DROOLING ON THE
FLOOR, WE SHOULD BE ABLE
TO ESCAPE WITH RELATIVE
EASE. BLACK KRRSANTAN IS
DOCKED, AWAITING US...

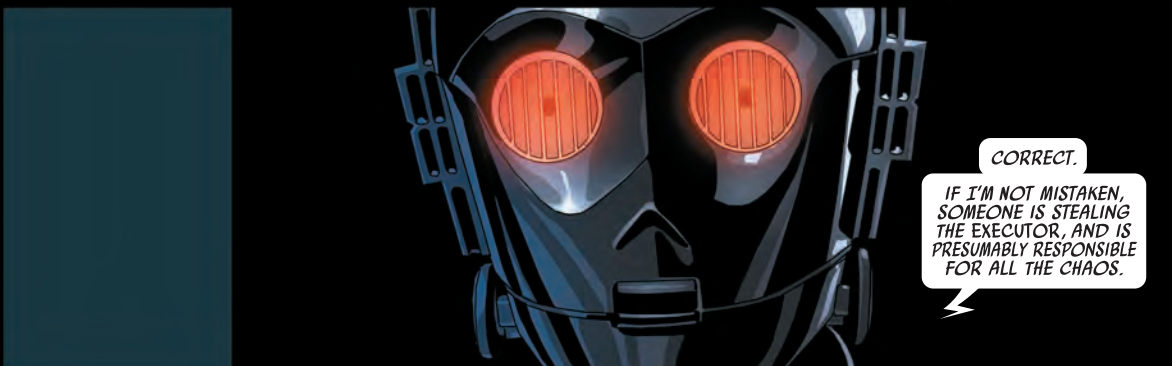


WHH--



I KNOW
MY HEAD'S NOT
STRAIGHT,
BUT...

DID THIS
SHIP JUST
MOVE?



CORRECT.

IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN,
SOMEONE IS STEALING
THE EXECUTOR, AND IS
PRESUMABLY RESPONSIBLE
FOR ALL THE CHAOS.

"I HAVE TO ADMIT..."



...I DO FEEL A CERTAIN SPARK OF PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

