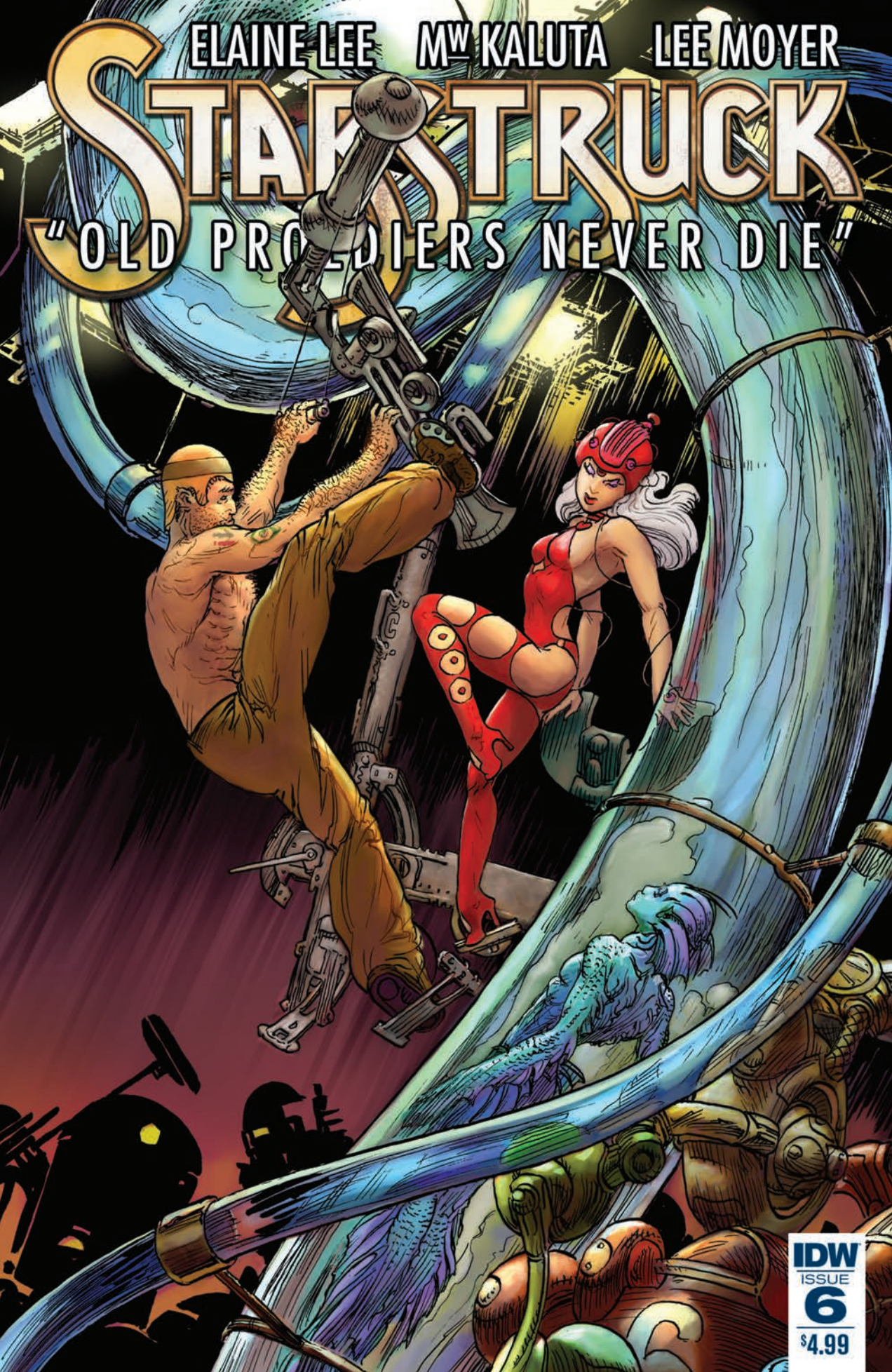


ELAINE LEE MW KALUTA LEE MOYER

# STARSTRUCK

"OLD PROVEDIERS NEVER DIE"



IDW  
ISSUE  
**6**  
\$4.99

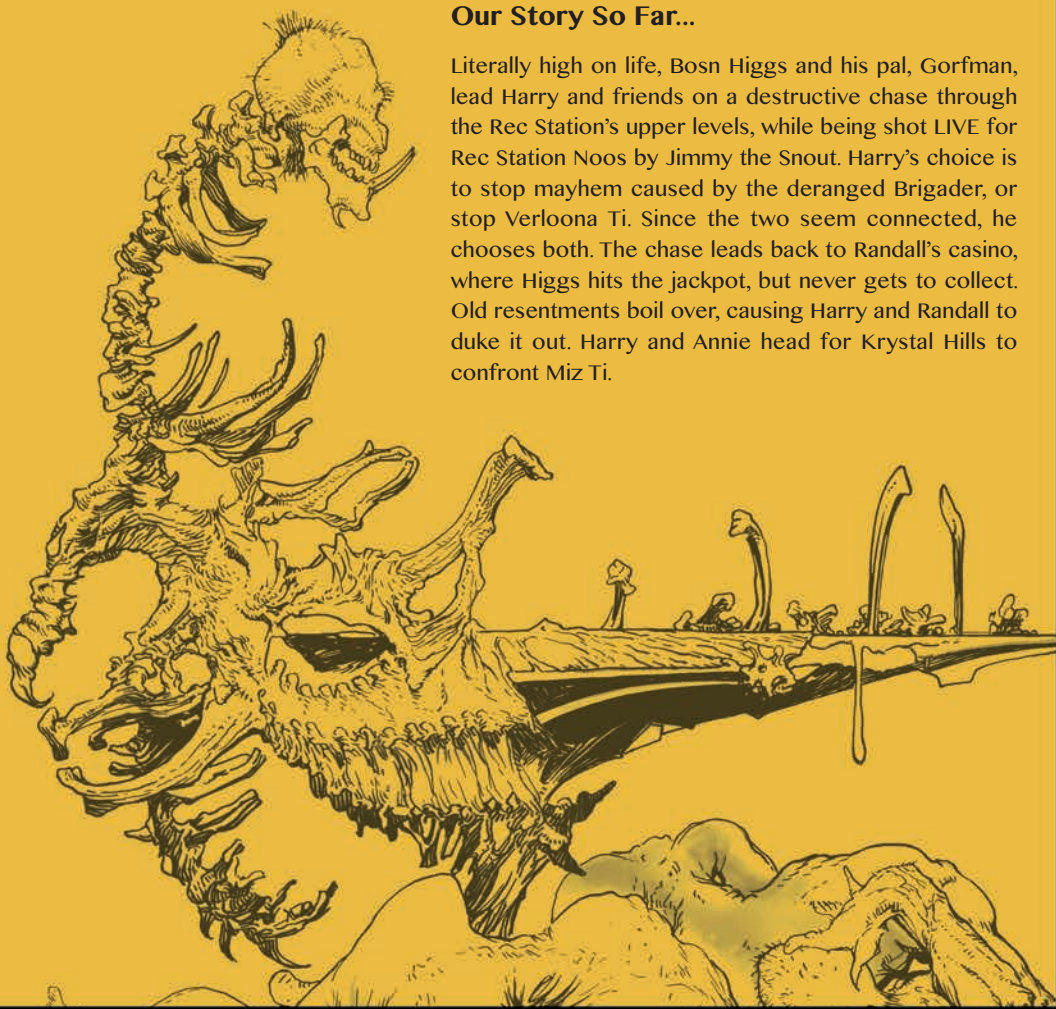
# STARSTRUCK

"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...

Literally high on life, Bosn Higgs and his pal, Gorfman, lead Harry and friends on a destructive chase through the Rec Station's upper levels, while being shot LIVE for Rec Station Noos by Jimmy the Snout. Harry's choice is to stop mayhem caused by the deranged Brigader, or stop Verloona Ti. Since the two seem connected, he chooses both. The chase leads back to Randall's casino, where Higgs hits the jackpot, but never gets to collect. Old resentments boil over, causing Harry and Randall to duke it out. Harry and Annie head for Krystal Hills to confront Miz Ti.



Cover Artwork by Michael Kaluta • Cover Colors by Lee Moyer

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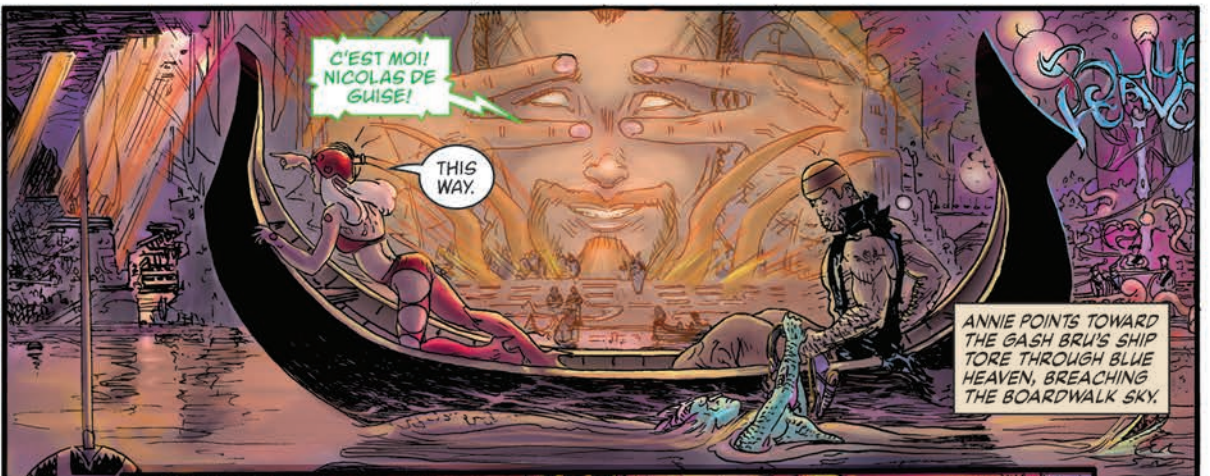
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C'EST MOI!  
NICOLAS DE  
GUISE!

THIS  
WAY.

ANNIE POINTS TOWARD  
THE GASH BRU'S SHIP  
TORE THROUGH BLUE  
HEAVEN, BREACHING  
THE BOARDWALK SKY.



WHAT I HAVE IN MIND IS A CHAT  
WITH A **DEMON**. ONE WHO  
EATS CHILDREN.



000±ΠIII  
Ω#000I?

REMEMBER THOSE ROONALOO  
SHAMANS? THEY CLAIM THERE'S  
A HOLE IN THE SKY--ONE YOU  
CAN CLIMB THROUGH, IF YOU  
WANT A TÊTE-A-TÊTE WITH  
THE GODS.



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ΠΩ%∞.

ANNIE YAKS IN THE VERNACULAR  
WITH A FEW OF THE LOCALS,  
AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER...

I FOLLOW A SEXY SHERPA UP BOT MOUNTAIN,  
AS OUR FRIENDLY FERRET APPEARS BEFORE ME.

...STILL UNDER INVESTIGATION, BUT *SOME* SAY  
THE YOUNG BRIGADER RECEIVED AN *OVER-*  
DOSE OF LIFE AT A VALE OF TIERS RIP PARLOR.

**BREAKING  
NOOS!**

BOS'N HIGGS RAMPAGED  
THROUGH *SEVERAL*  
LAYERS OF THE STATION...

SUDDENLY, I'M  
BREAKING NOOS.

AND NOT  
THE KIND I  
WANNA BE.

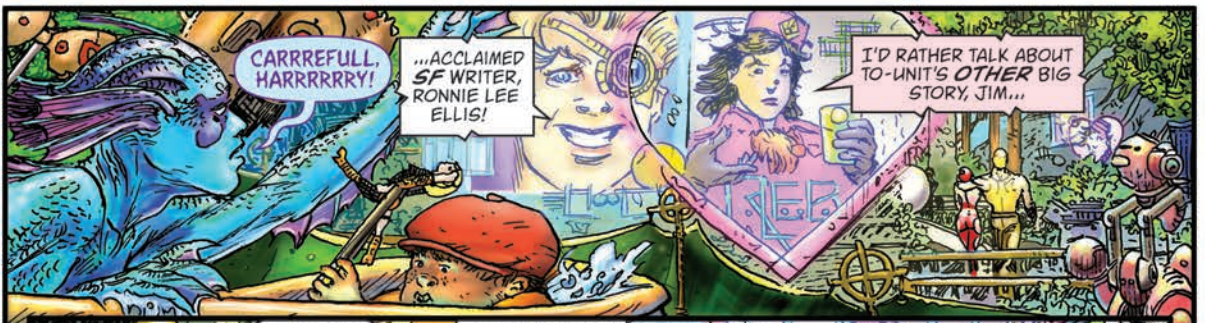
...THEN DROPPED  
DEAD ON BOARD-  
WALK, JUST INSIDE  
THE DOME.

NOW, TO TALK ABOUT  
THE VALE'S ABORTED  
BALL, I'D LIKE TO  
WELCOME A SPECIAL  
GUEST...

JIM'S LIP'S STOPPED  
SWEATING. MUST'VE  
HIT THE RIP BEFORE  
GOING ON LIGHT.

IIIIII  
FEEEEEEEL  
DANGER!

JOIN  
THE CLUB,  
SWETIE.



CARRREFULL, HARRRRRY!

...ACCLAIMED SF WRITER, RONNIE LEE ELLIS!

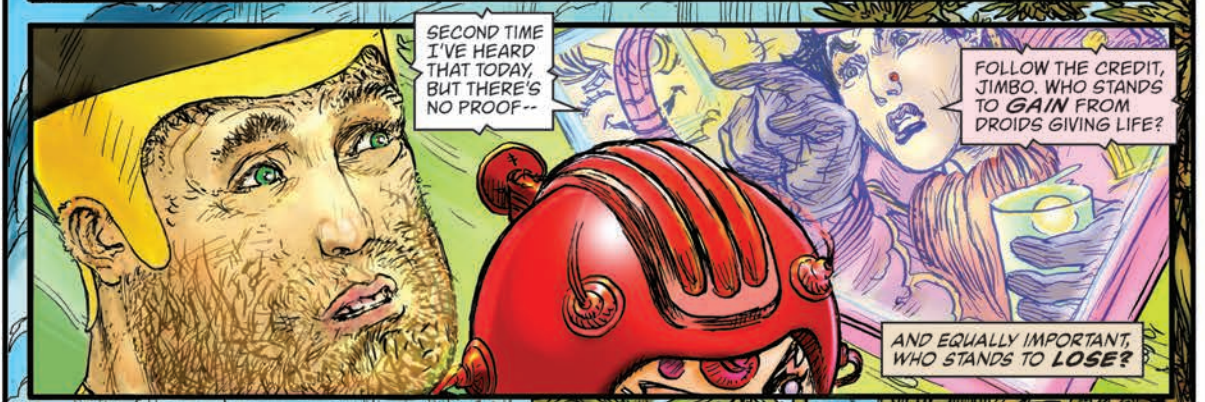
I'D RATHER TALK ABOUT TO-UNIT'S OTHER BIG STORY, JIM...



BEHAVE YOURSELVES...

...OR THEY'LL SEND YOU TO THE PLANET OF LI'L OLD KIDS!

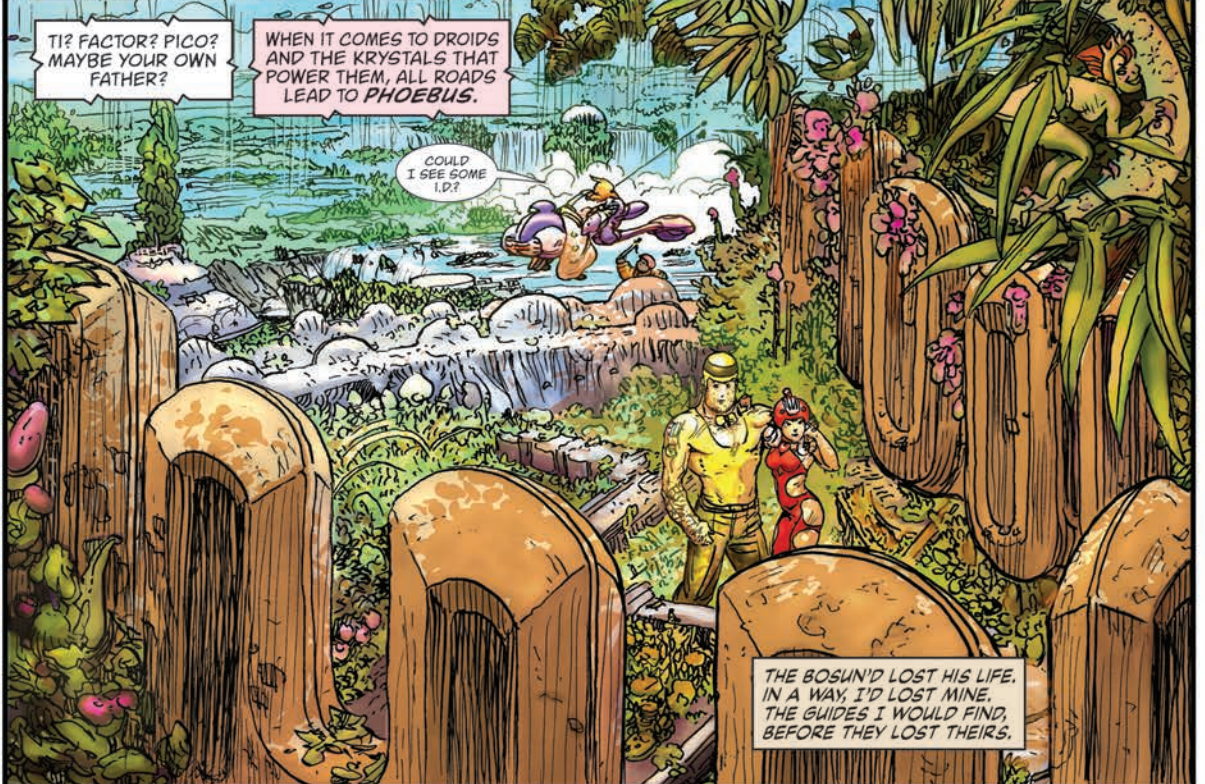
...THE PROBLEM OF DROIDS GIVING LIFE IN RIP PARLORS.



SECOND TIME I'VE HEARD THAT TODAY, BUT THERE'S NO PROOF--

FOLLOW THE CREDIT, JIMBO. WHO STANDS TO GAIN FROM DROIDS GIVING LIFE?

AND EQUALLY IMPORTANT, WHO STANDS TO LOSE?



TI? FACTOR? PICO? MAYBE YOUR OWN FATHER?

WHEN IT COMES TO DROIDS AND THE KRYSALS THAT POWER THEM, ALL ROADS LEAD TO PHOEBUS.

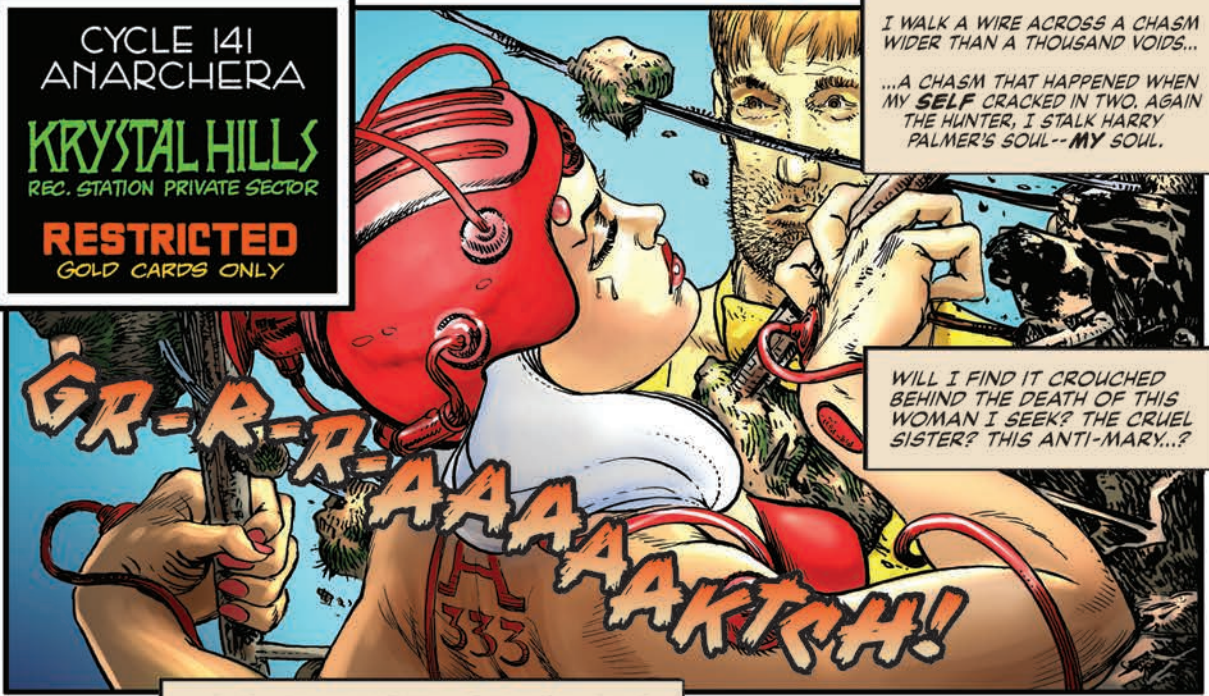
COULD I SEE SOME I.D.?

THE BOSUN'D LOST HIS LIFE, IN A WAY, I'D LOST MINE. THE GUIDES I WOULD FIND, BEFORE THEY LOST THEIRS.

CYCLE 141  
ANARCHERA

KRYSTAL HILLS  
REC. STATION PRIVATE SECTOR

RESTRICTED  
GOLD CARDS ONLY



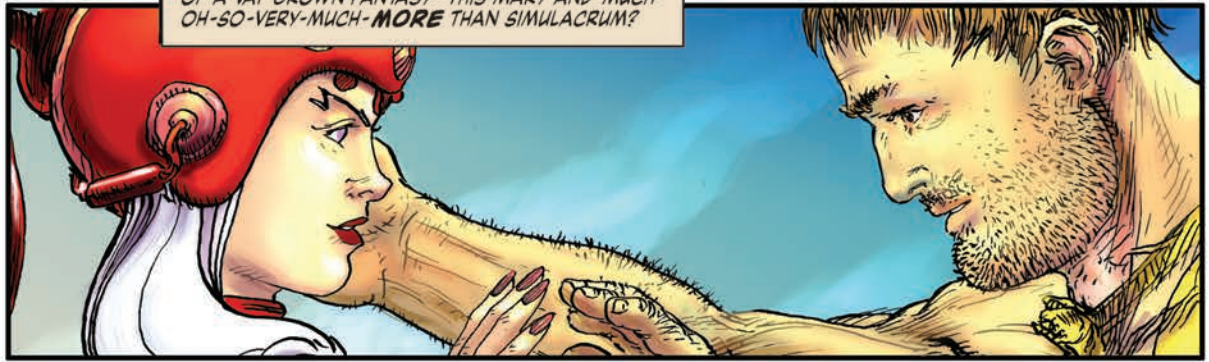
I WALK A WIRE ACROSS A CHASM  
WIDER THAN A THOUSAND VOIDS...

...A CHASM THAT HAPPENED WHEN  
MY SELF CRACKED IN TWO. AGAIN  
THE HUNTER, I STALK HARRY  
PALMER'S SOUL-- MY SOUL.

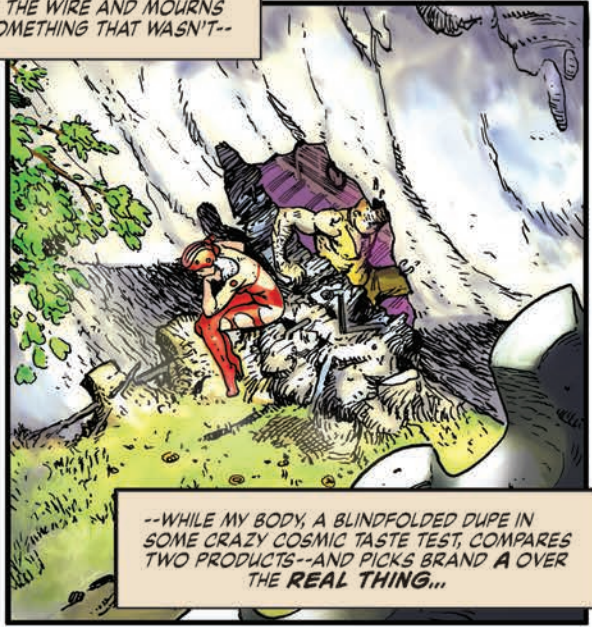
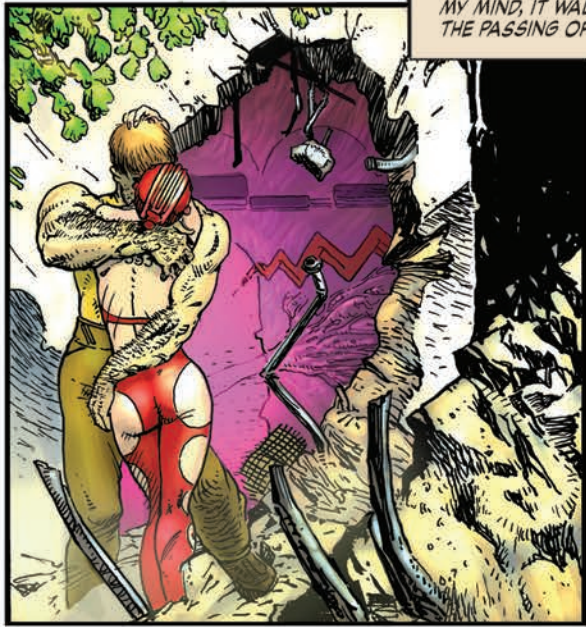
WILL I FIND IT CROUCHED  
BEHIND THE DEATH OF THIS  
WOMAN I SEEK? THE CRUEL  
SISTER? THIS ANTI-MARY...?

GR-R-RAAAA  
AKTCH!

...OR CRADLED, INFANT-LIKE, BETWEEN THE BREASTS  
OF A VAT-GROWN FANTASY--THIS MARY AND-MUCH-  
OH-SO-VERY-MUCH-MORE THAN SIMULACRUM?



MY MIND, IT WALKS THE WIRE AND MOURNS  
THE PASSING OF SOMETHING THAT WASN'T--



--WHILE MY BODY, A BLINDFOLDED DUPE IN  
SOME CRAZY COSMIC TASTE TEST, COMPARES  
TWO PRODUCTS--AND PICKS BRAND A OVER  
THE REAL THING...

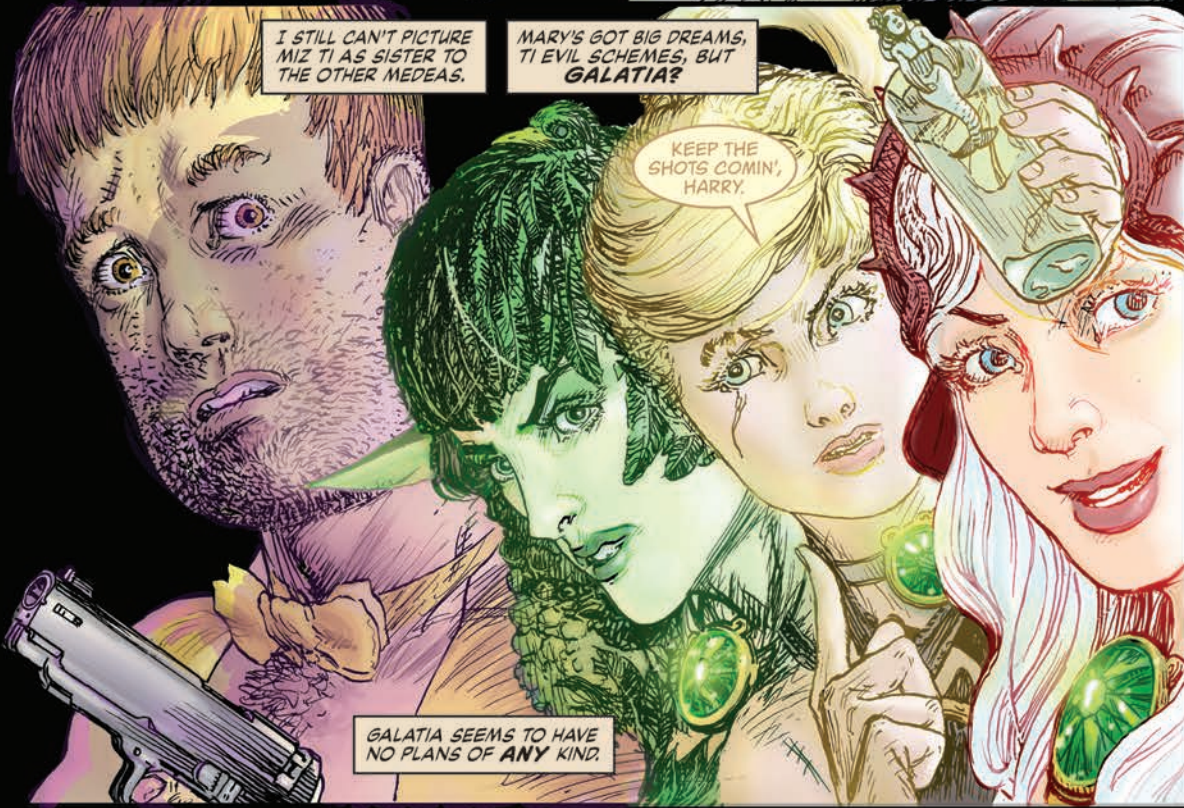


THE SMELL OF HER  
FOLLOWS ME...

...A SMELL CREATED TO CALL  
TO MY CHEMISTRY THE MOMENT  
I'D TOUCHED HER SKIN.



HROODOWWWW!  
WHAT'S THAT?  
EVIL SISTER'S  
CAT CRYING?  
BIG CAT!

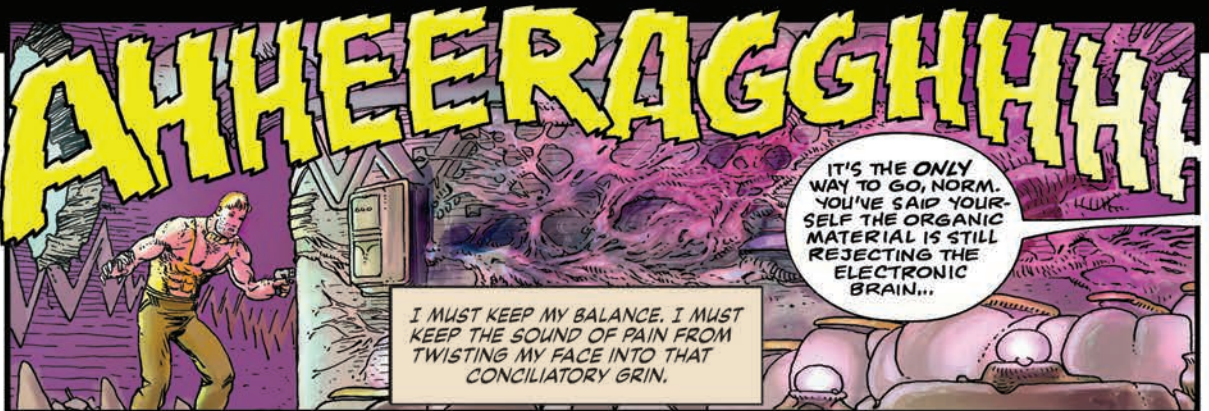


I STILL CAN'T PICTURE  
MIZ TI AS SISTER TO  
THE OTHER MEDEAS.

MARY'S GOT BIG DREAMS,  
TI EVIL SCHEMES, BUT  
**GALATIA?**

KEEP THE  
SHOTS COMIN',  
HARRY.

GALATIA SEEMS TO HAVE  
NO PLANS OF **ANY** KIND.



**AHHEERAGGGHHH!**

IT'S THE ONLY  
WAY TO GO, NORM.  
YOU'VE SAID YOUR-  
SELF THE ORGANIC  
MATERIAL IS STILL  
REJECTING THE  
ELECTRONIC  
BRAIN...

I MUST KEEP MY BALANCE. I MUST  
KEEP THE SOUND OF PAIN FROM  
TWISTING MY FACE INTO THAT  
CONCILIATORY GRIN.