

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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35¢ #3

THE GREATEST SPACE-FANTASY FILM OF ALL!

STAR WARS



BATTLE ON THE DEATH STAR!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

STAR WARS

THE GREATEST
SPACE FANTASY OF ALL!

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BASED ON THE FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS ... A 20th CENTURY-FOX RELEASE

DEATH STAR!

THE STORY SO FAR:

A FREEDOM-LOVING REBEL ALLIANCE DARES DEFEY THE FAR-FLUNG, CORRUPT GALACTIC EMPIRE-- BECAUSE THE LOCATION OF THEIR OWN SECRET BASE IS UNKNOWN TO ITS RUTHLESS FOEMEN.

BUT NOW, THE DEATH STAR-- POWERFUL ROAMING BATTLE-STATION OF THE EMPIRE-- IS POISED, READY TO DESTROY THE PLANET ALDERAAN, HOME OF THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS / SENATOR LEIA-- UNLESS SHE BETRAYS THAT LOCATION...!

NO!

ALDERAAN IS A PEACEFUL WORLD, GOVERNOR TARKIN! WE HAVE NO WEAPONS! YOU CAN'T--

YOU WOULD PREFER WE SELECT AN-OTHER TARGET, PRINCESS LEIA? A MILITARY TARGET?

THEN, NAME THE SYSTEM!

FOR THE LAST TIME -- WHERE IS THE REBEL BASE?



ADMIRAL MOTTI AWAITS YOUR ORDER TO DECIMATE ALDERAAN, SIR. SHALL HE--?

THERE, YOU SEE, DARTH VADER?

DANTOOINE. THEY'RE ON DANTOOINE.

OUR GUEST CAN BE REASONABLE.

PROCEED WITH THE OPERATION; YOU MAY FIRE WHEN READY!

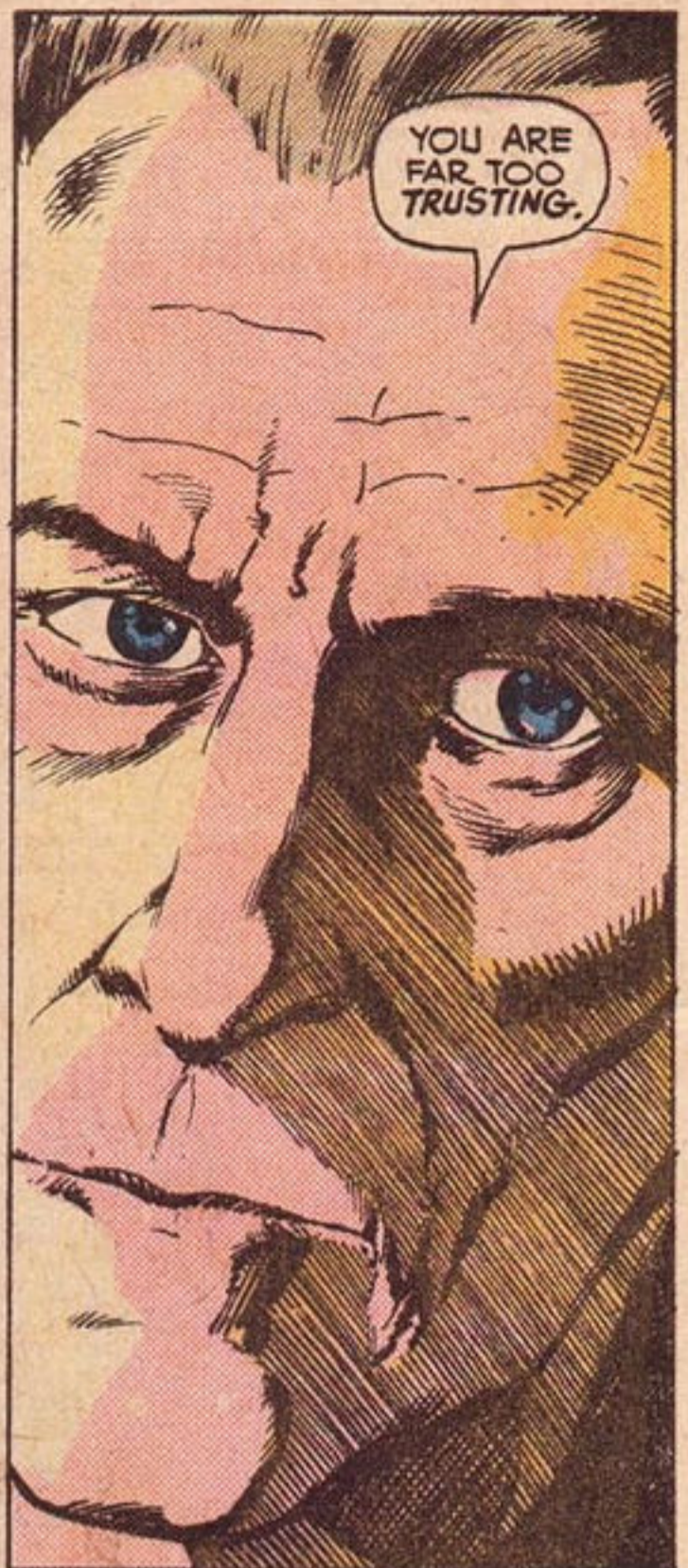


WHAT!?! BUT, YOU SAID--

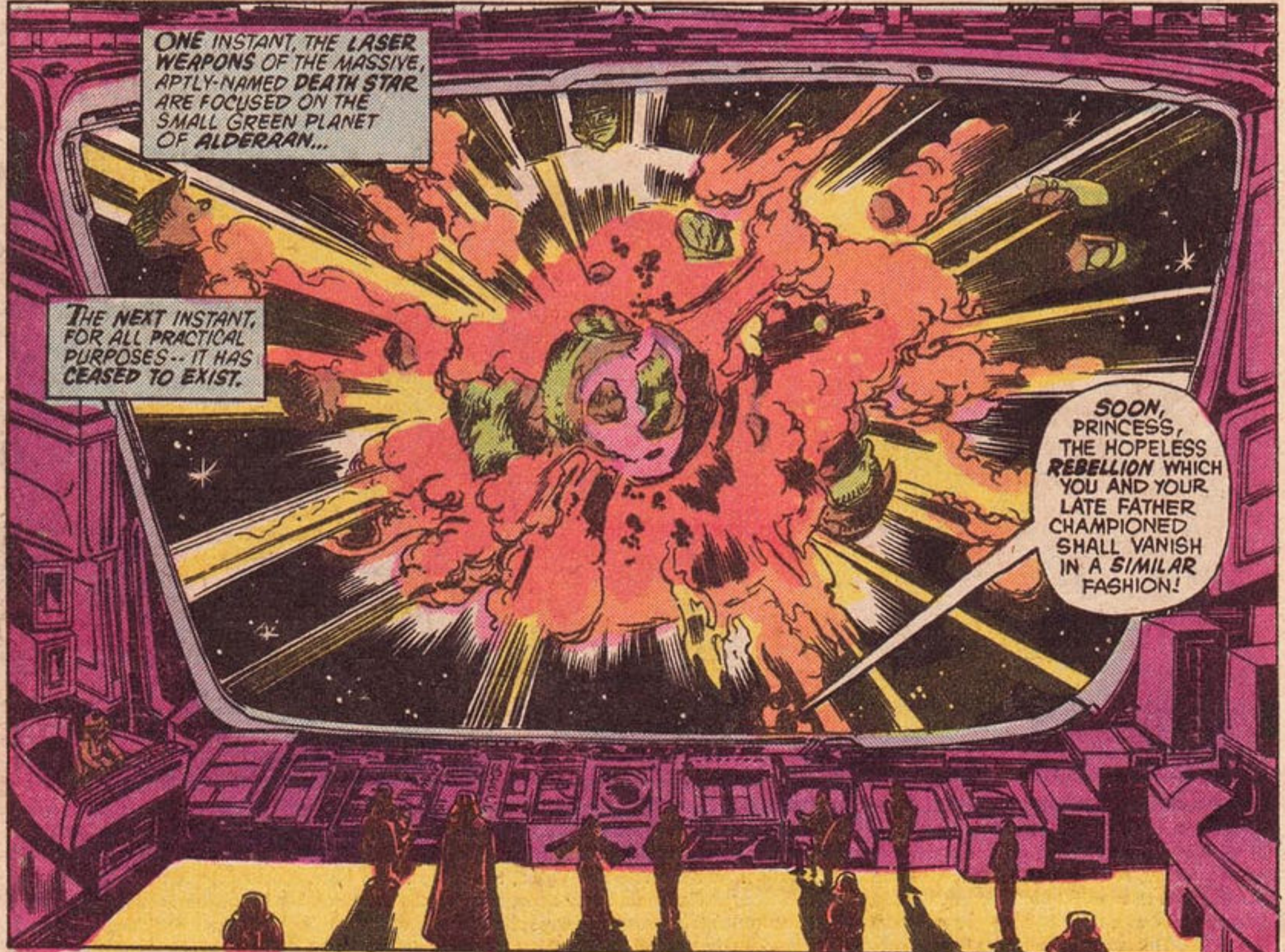
DANTOOINE IS FAR TOO REMOTE TO BE AN EFFECTIVE DEMONSTRATION OF THIS STATION'S POWER.

WE SHALL DEAL WITH YOUR REBEL FRIENDS SOON ENOUGH.

AND YOU CALL YOURSELVES HUMANS!



YOU ARE FAR TOO TRUSTING.



ONE INSTANT, THE LASER WEAPONS OF THE MASSIVE, APTLY-NAMED DEATH STAR, ARE FOCUSED ON THE SMALL GREEN PLANET OF ALDERAAN...

THE NEXT INSTANT, FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES-- IT HAS CEASED TO EXIST.

SOON, PRINCESS, THE HOPELESS REBELLION WHICH YOU AND YOUR LATE FATHER CHAMPIONED SHALL VANISH IN A SIMILAR FASHION!



AND, AT THAT SELFSAME MOMENT, DEEP IN HYPERSPACE...

UNNH--!!

BEN KENOBI-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK FAINT!

I FELT-- A SUDDEN GREAT EBBING IN "THE FORCE," LUKE.



"THE FORCE"? YOU MEAN, THAT THING YOU TALKED ABOUT--THE ENERGY THAT'S GIVEN OUT BY ALL LIVING THINGS?

YES. IT WAS LIKE THE CRY OF A BILLION BEINGS--STOPPING ALL AT ONCE!

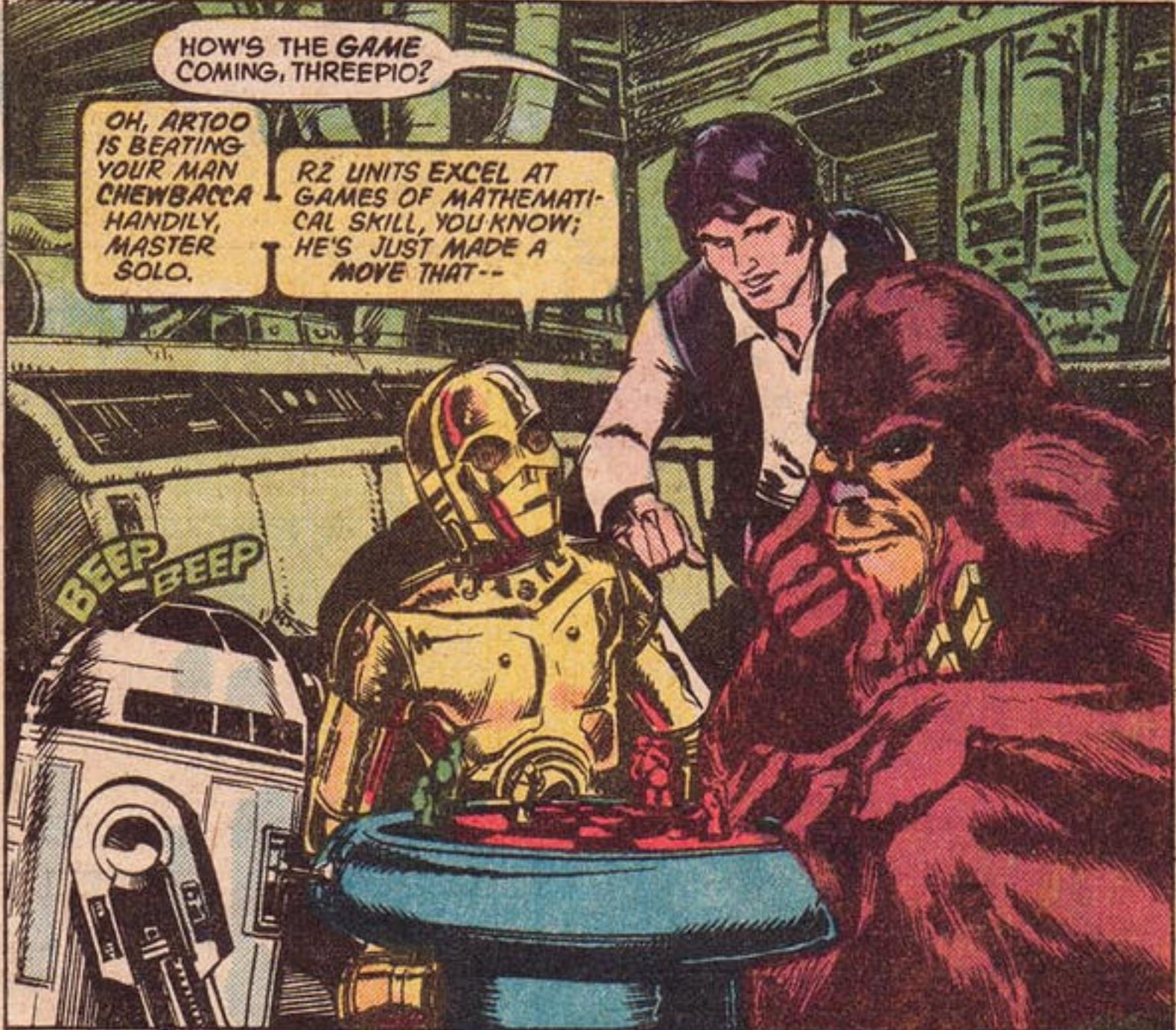
IT WAS THE FEELING OF... DEATH.



WELL, YOU CAN ALL STOP WORRYING ABOUT THOSE IMPERIAL STARSHIPS THAT WERE PURSUING US; I TOLD YOU WE'D LOSE 'EM. I--

DON'T EVERYBODY THANK ME AT ONCE!

ANYWAY, I CALCULATE OUR ARRIVAL ON ALDERAAN AT 0200.



HOW'S THE GAME COMING, THREEPIO?

OH, ARTOO IS BEATING YOUR MAN CHEWBACCA HANDILY, MASTER SOLO.

R2 UNITS EXCEL AT GAMES OF MATHEMATICAL SKILL, YOU KNOW; HE'S JUST MADE A MOVE THAT--

BEEP-BEEP



GUH-RUNK! GUH-RONK!



NOW, NOW!
ARTOO MADE
A FAIR MOVE,
AND SCREAM-
ING ABOUT IT
CAN'T HELP
YOU.

LET HIM HAVE IT! IT'S NOT
WISE TO UPSET A WOOKIEE
LIKE CHEWBACCA!

BUT, SIR,
NO ONE
WORRIES
ABOUT
UPSETTING
A DROID!



THAT'S BECAUSE A
DROID DOESN'T
RIP PEOPLE'S ARMS
OUT OF THEIR
SOCKETS WHEN
THEY LOSE.

WOOKIEES
HAVE BEEN
KNOWN TO
DO THAT.



I SEE YOUR
POINT, SIR.



I SUGGEST
A NEW
STRATEGY,
ARTOO.

LET... THE
WOOKIEE...
WIN!



MEANWHILE, YOUNG LUKE SKYWALKER
IS OTHERWISE OCCUPIED...

YOU'D BEST
CONTINUE
YOUR EXER-
CISES, LAD.

YES, BEN
KENOBI!



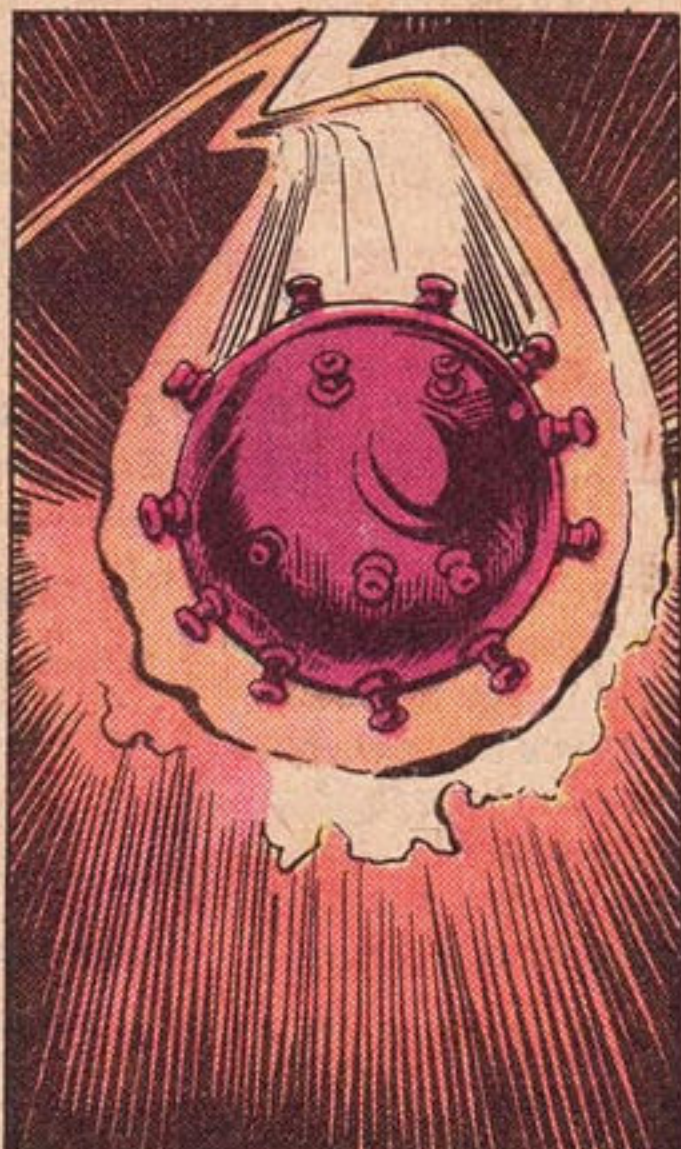
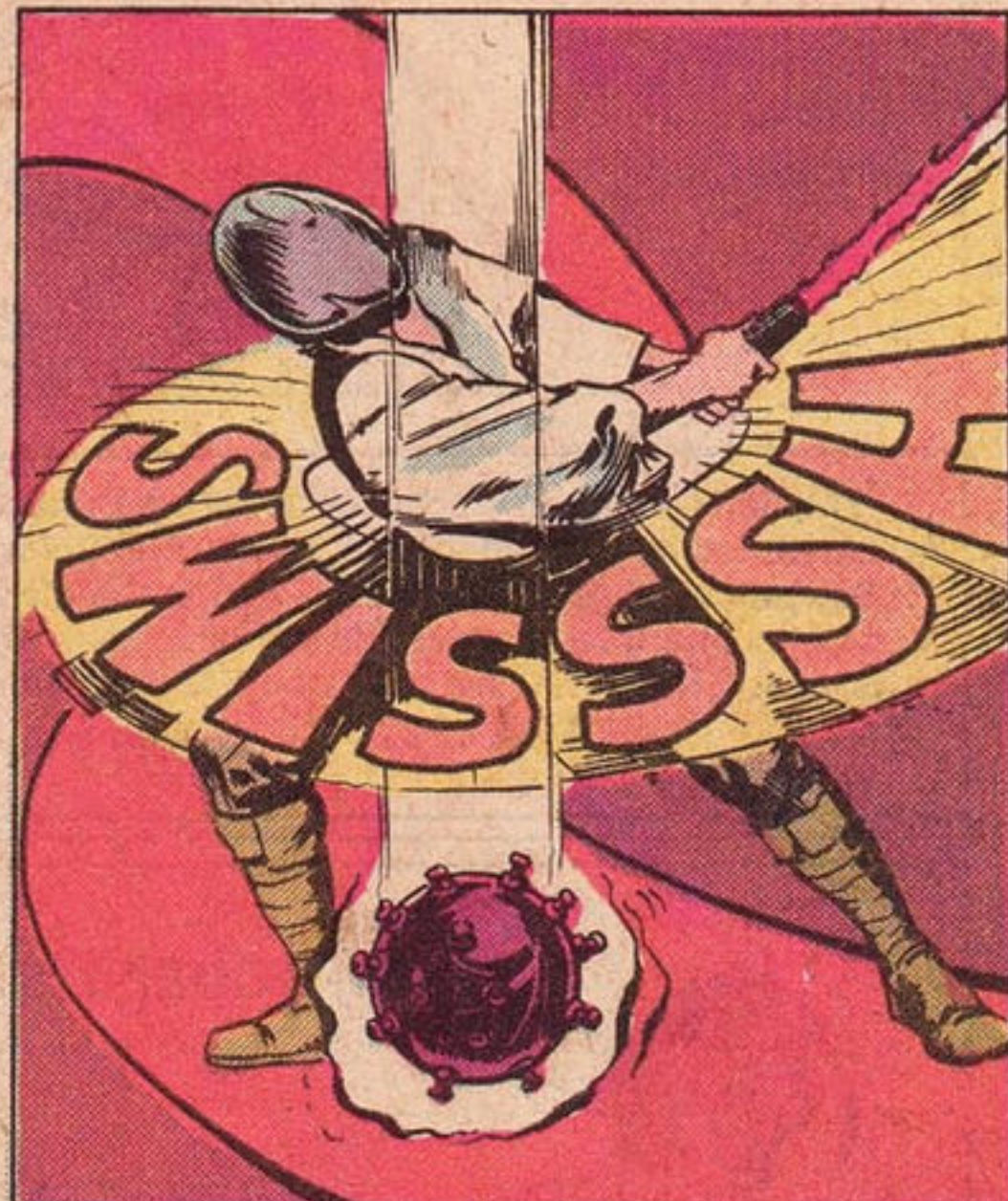
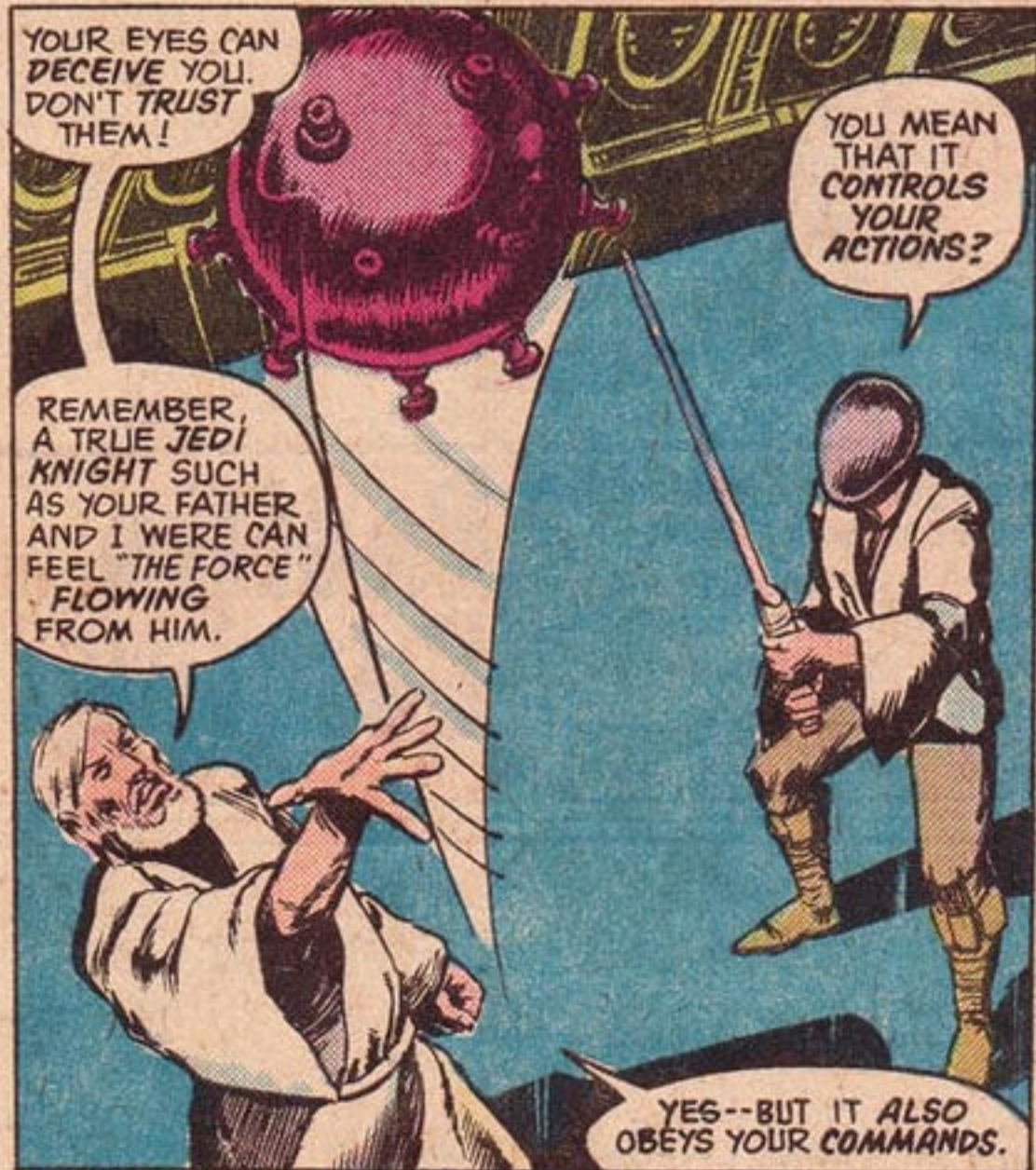
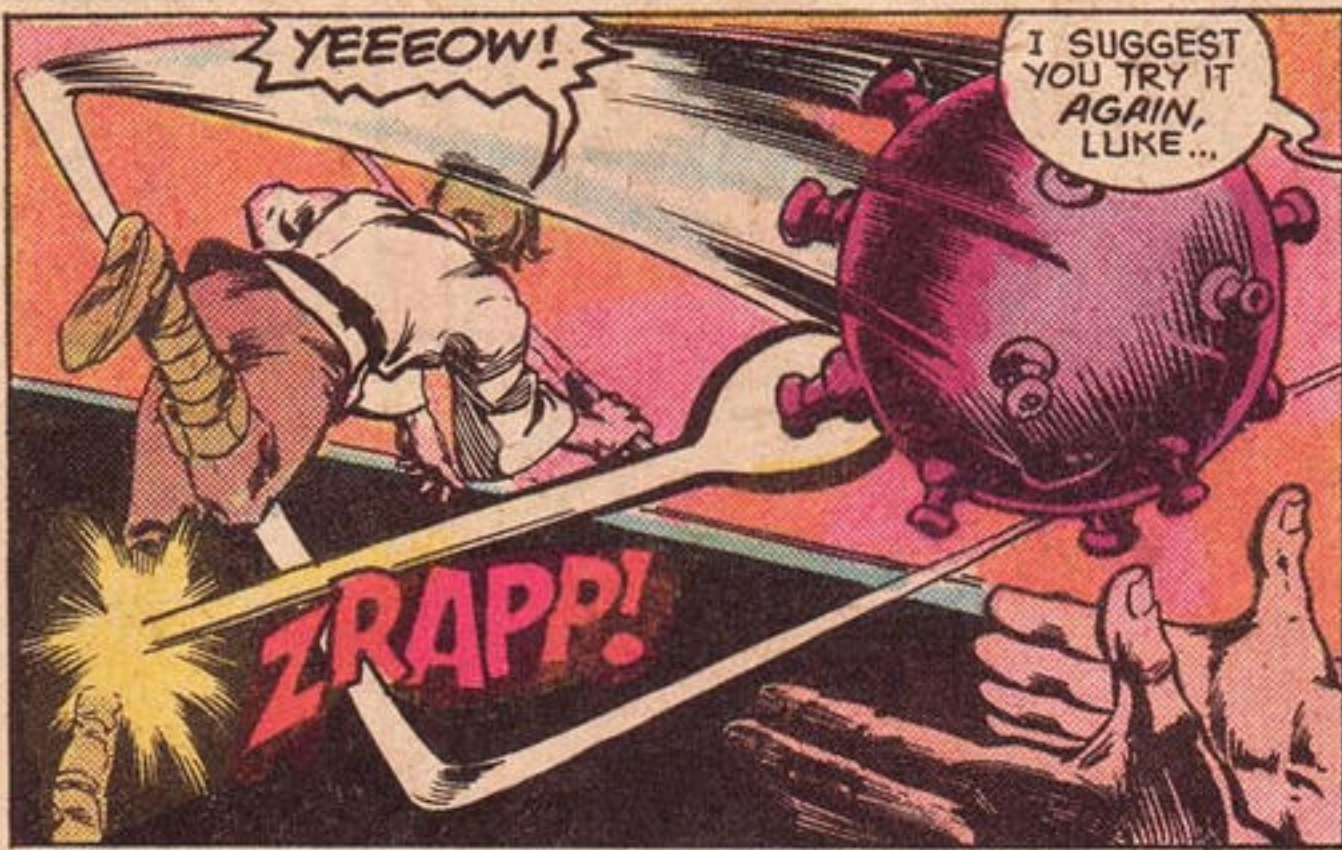
READY
LIGHT-
SABRE!

LIGHT-
SABRE
READY!



THEN HERE
COMES THE
"REMOTE"!

WATCH OUT
FOR ITS
SENSORS,
LAD! THEY'LL--





YOU SEE? YOU CAN DO IT!

HOCUS-POCUS RELIGIONS AND ANCIENT WEAPONS ARE NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A GOOD BLASTER AT YOUR SIDE, KID.

IGNORE HIM, LUKE. HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN "THE FORCE."

MAYBE NOT, OLD MAN--

I-- I DID FEEL SOMETHING, BEN! I COULD ALMOST SEE THE "REMOTE."



BUT I DO BELIEVE WE'RE SLOWING DOWN TO SUB-LIGHT SPEED.

NEXT STOP, ALDERAAN! WE--



WHAT THE--! WE'VE COME OUT OF HYPER-SPACE INTO A METEOR STORM-- OR SOME KIND OF ASTEROID COLLISION!

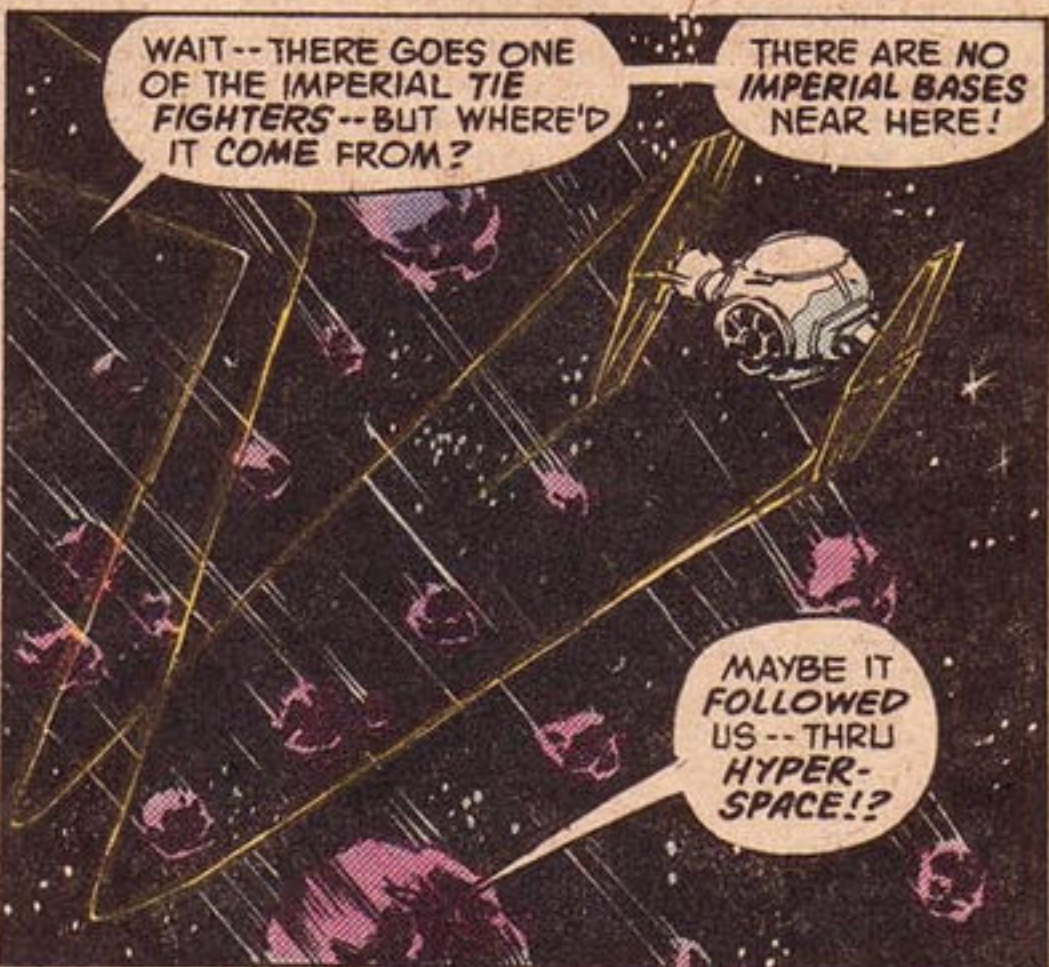
OUR POSITION'S CORRECT-- ONLY THERE'S NO ALDERAAN!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SOLO? WHERE IS IT?

THAT'S WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT, YOUNGSTER-- IT'S NOT THERE!

ALDERAAN'S BEEN BLOWN AWAY-- TOTALLY!



WAIT-- THERE GOES ONE OF THE IMPERIAL TIE FIGHTERS-- BUT WHERE'D IT COME FROM?

THERE ARE NO IMPERIAL BASES NEAR HERE!

MAYBE IT FOLLOWED US-- THRU HYPER-SPACE!?



NO, LUKE. IT'S A SHORT-RANGE FIGHTER.

BUT, IF IT IDENTIFIES US-- TELLS OTHERS WE'RE HERE--

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

CHEWIE-- JAM ITS TRANSMISSION!

IT WOULD BE BEST TO LET IT GO. IT'S TOO FAR OUT OF RANGE.

NOT FOR LONG!



HE'S HEADING FOR THAT SMALL MOON... BUT WE'RE GAINING ON HIM!



THAT'S NO MOON, MR. SOLO. IT'S A SPACE STATION.



YOU'RE CRAZY! IT'S WAY TOO BIG TO BE A--



HOLY--!



I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.



YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, THREEPIO! FULL REVERSE, CHEWIE!

WHY ARE WE STILL MOVING TOWARD IT?

CHREE
CHREE

LOCK IN THE AUXILIARY POWER!



WE'RE CAUGHT IN A TRACTOR BEAM! IT'S DRAGGING US IN!

YOU MEAN THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN--?

I'M FULL POWER! IT'S NO USE. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SHUT DOWN!

BUT--WOULD YOU LOOK AT IT, KID--?



-- WOULD YOU LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!?

WELL, THEY'RE STILL NOT GOING TO SUCK HAN SOLO UP LIKE SO MUCH SPACE DUST--

-- NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT!



IF IT IS A FIGHT YOU CANNOT WIN, MR. SOLO...



THERE ARE MANY ALTERNATIVES TO FIGHTING.



WHATEVER YOU THAN I BARE



HE'S GONE! I--HEY! WHAT'S WITH ARTOO?

I'M NOT SURE SIR. HE KEEPS REPEATING: "SHE'S HERE!"



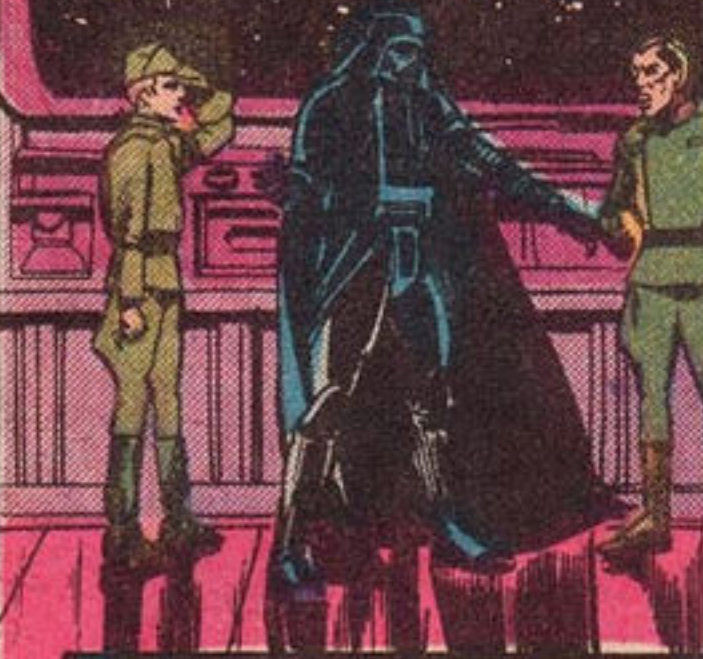
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, INSIDE THE HUGE STATION...

THE SCOUT SHIPS TO DANTOINE HAVE FOUND THE REMAINS OF A REBEL BASE, GOVERNOR -- AND LORD VADER.

BUT, THEY ESTIMATE IT HAS BEEN DESERTED FOR SOME TIME.

I TOLD YOU SHE WOULD NEVER CONSCIOUSLY BETRAY THE REBELLION--

SHE LIED. SHE LIED TO US!



--UNLESS SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD DESTROY THIS STATION IN THE PROCESS!

TERMINATE HER-- IMMEDIATELY!

AND LOSE YOUR ONLY LINK TO THE REBEL BASE?



SHE CAN STILL BE OF VALUE TO US.

I'LL FIND THAT HIDDEN FORTRESS-- IF I HAVE TO DESTROY EVERY STAR SYSTEM IN THIS SECTOR!

NO DOUBT, GOVERNOR TARKIN...



... BUT, IN THE MEANTIME, I'VE RECEIVED A REPORT THAT WE HAVE CAPTURED THE SAME CORELLIAN FREIGHTER WHICH BLASTED ITS WAY OUT OF THE QUARANTINE ON MOS EISLEY.

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TRYING TO RETURN THE STOLEN DATA TAPES TO THE PRINCESS.*

WE MIGHT BE OF SOME HELP THERE...!

* SEE LAST ISSUE. --ROY.



SOON, IN A SPRAWLING HANG-BAY OF THE GREAT DEATH STAR...

NO ONE ABOARD, LORD VADER!

SHIP'S LOG SAYS THE CREW ABANDONED SHIP RIGHT AFTER TAKEOFF.

NO DROIDS ON BOARD, EITHER.

KEEP CHECKING! I SENSE SOMETHING-- A PRESENCE, SUCH AS I HAVEN'T FELT SINCE--



HALTING IN MID-SENTENCE, DARTH VADER TURNS QUICKLY--AND EXITS.

AS, INSIDE THE CAPTIVE SHIP...

WHEW! NEVER THOUGHT I'D USE THESE COMPARTMENTS FOR SMUGGLING MYSELF!

THIS WON'T WORK, THOUGH--WE'LL NEVER GET PAST THAT TRACTOR BEAM!

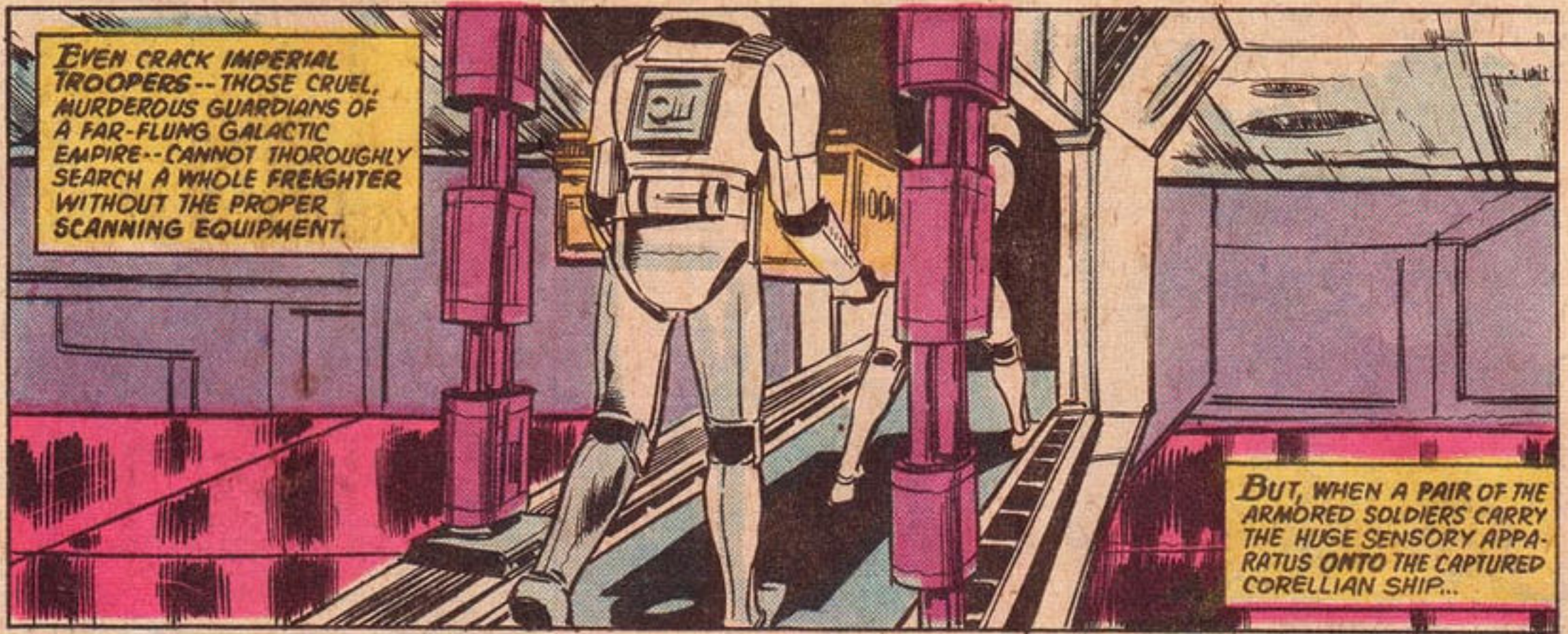


YOU LEAVE THAT TO ME.

YOU'RE A DAMN FOOL!

WHO IS MORE FOOLISH-- THE FOOL, OR THE MAN WHO FOLLOWS HIM?





EVEN CRACK IMPERIAL TROOPERS--THOSE CRUEL, MURDEROUS GUARDIANS OF A FAR-FLUNG GALACTIC EMPIRE--CANNOT THOROUGHLY SEARCH A WHOLE FREIGHTER WITHOUT THE PROPER SCANNING EQUIPMENT.

BUT, WHEN A PAIR OF THE ARMORED SOLDIERS CARRY THE HUGE SENSORY APPARATUS ONTO THE CAPTURED CORELLIAN SHIP...



...THEY HAVE AN UNEXPECTED WELCOMING PARTY!

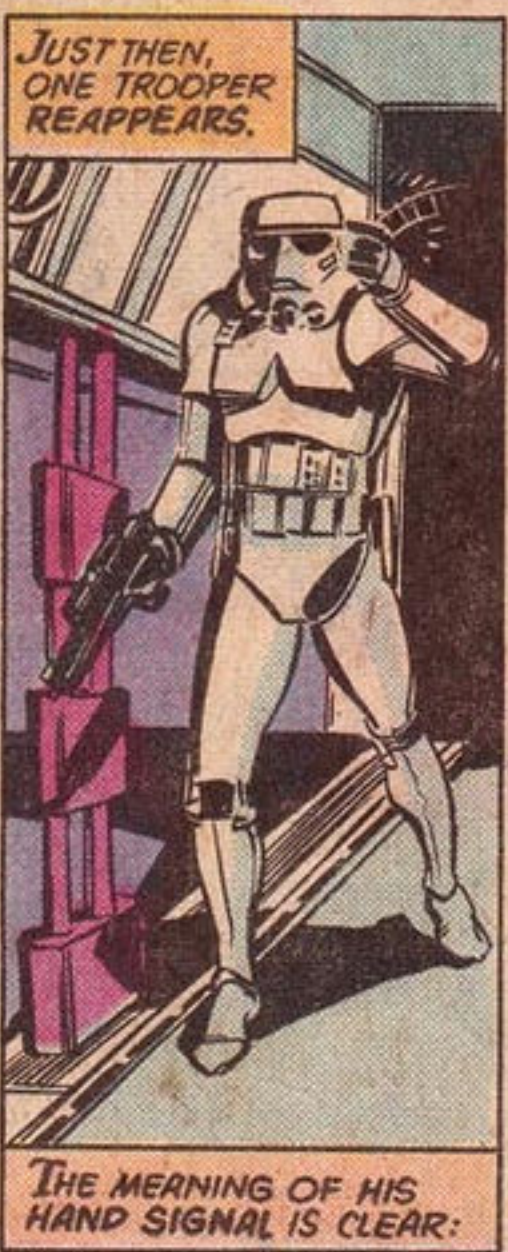
SHH! HERE THEY COME!

MOMENTS LATER, HIS VISI-SCREEN SHOWING NO GUARDS ON DUTY, A GANTRY OFFICER GETS WORRIED...



TX-421! WHY AREN'T YOU AT YOUR POST?

TX-421, DO YOU COPY?



JUST THEN, ONE TROOPER REAPPEARS.

THE MEANING OF HIS HAND SIGNAL IS CLEAR:



TAKE OVER HERE! OBVIOUSLY, WE'VE GOT ANOTHER BAD TRANSMITTER.

I'M GOING DOWN TO SEE--



--WHAT I CAN--
YU!!!

THLAP!

NRRLK!



EVEN AS THE TOWERING CHEWBACCA FLATTENS THE STARTLED OFFICER WITH A SINGLE BLOW, ANOTHER "IMPERIAL TROOPER" APPEARS AT THE DOORWAY...



BETWEEN HIS HOWLING AND YOU BLASTING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT, SOLO, IT'S A WONDER THE ENTIRE STATION DOESN'T KNOW WE'RE HERE!

LET 'EM COME! I DON'T LIKE ALL THIS SNEAKING AROUND.

THREEPIO-- PLUG IN THE R2 UNIT!

HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO READ THE ENTIRE IMPERIAL COMPUTER NETWORK.

--TO BLAST THE ONE WITHIN, BEFORE HE CAN REACH HIS OWN WEAPON!



PLUGGED IN, SIR.

THE TRACTOR BEAM IS COUPLED TO THE MAIN REACTOR IN SEVEN LOCATIONS...

WHOOOP
BOOP.
R-BEEP

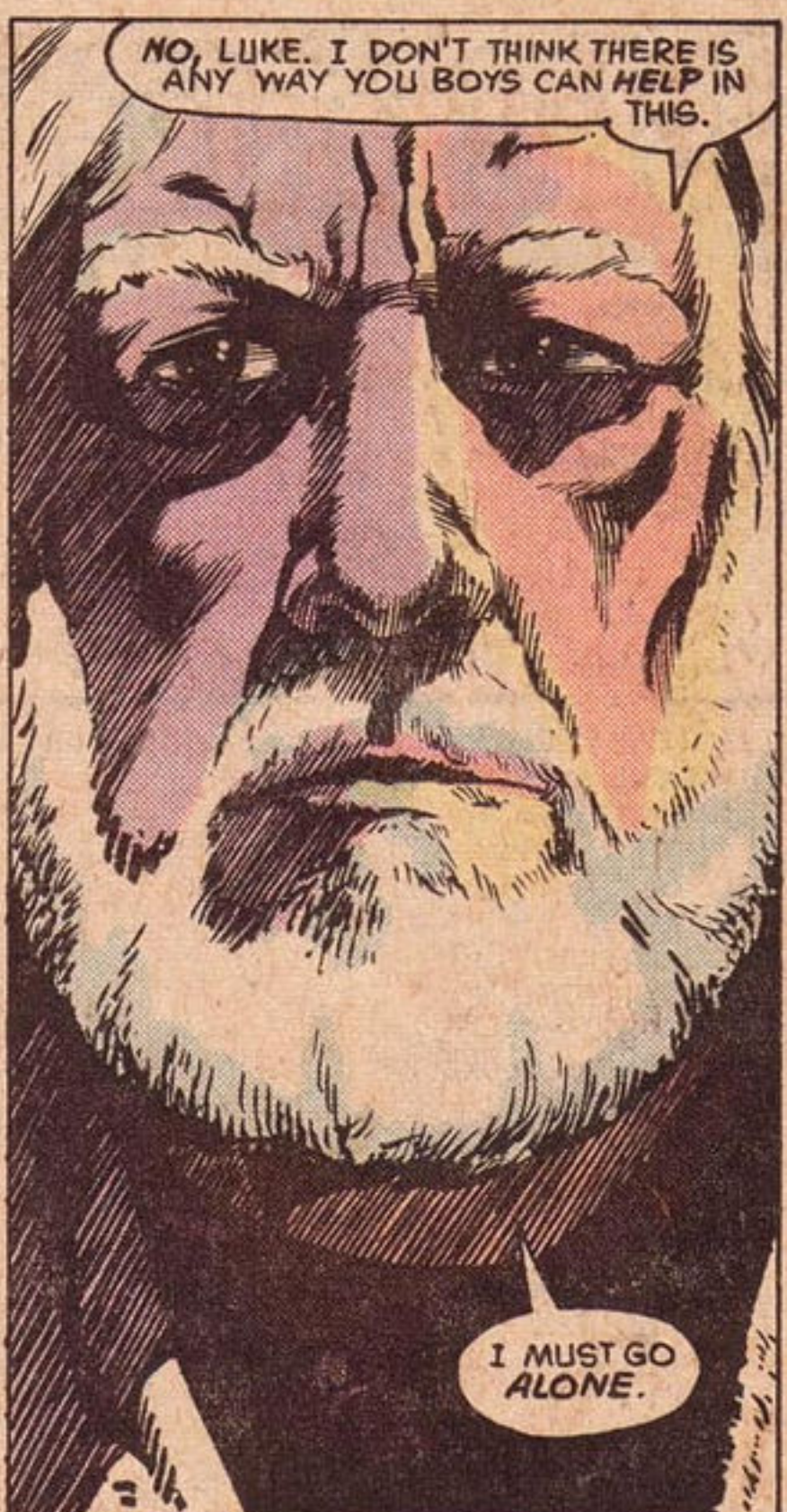


MOST OF THE DATA IS RESTRICTED, SIR...

BUT HE'LL TRY TO GET WHAT THERE IS TO COME THROUGH ON THE MONITOR.

WITH THE TRACTOR BEAM OFF, WE CAN ZOOM OUT OF HERE.

WE'RE WITH YOU, BEN!



NO, LUKE. I DON'T THINK THERE IS ANY WAY YOU BOYS CAN HELP IN THIS.

I MUST GO ALONE.



WHATEVER YOU SAY! I'VE ALREADY DONE MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR ON THIS TRIP!

BUT, I THINK PUTTING THAT TRACTOR BEAM OUT OF COMMISSION IS GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN YOUR MAGIC, OLD MAN.

BEN-- I WANT TO GO WITH YOU!

YOUR DESTINY LIES ALONG A DIFFERENT PATH: DELIVER THE DROIDS TO THE REBEL FORCES.

TRUST YOUR FEELINGS, LUKE.

"THE FORCE" IS WITH YOU!



HE'S GONE! I--HEY! WHAT'S WITH ARTOO?

I'M NOT SURE, SIR. HE KEEPS REPEATING: "SHE'S HERE!"

PUH! WHEE! PUH! WHEE! PUH! WHEE!



HE MUST MEAN--THE PRINCESS!

AFTER ALL, SHE'S THE ONE WHO PUT THAT HOLOGRAPHIC MESSAGE INTO HIM BEFORE!*

WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER!

* ISSUE #1.--RT.



HOLD IT! PRINCESS? WHAT PRINCESS?

THE PRINCESS LEIA, SIR. WE MUST GO RESCUE HER.

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

PUH! WHEE! PUH! WHEE!



BUT, I'VE SEEN HER, SOLO! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!

SO'S LIFE.

SHE'S RICH!

SO'S-- huh? RICH?

YES-- AND IF WE RESCUE HER, THE REWARD'LL BE MORE WEALTH THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE!

I DON'T KNOW! I CAN IMAGINE QUITE A BIT.



YOU'LL GET IT!

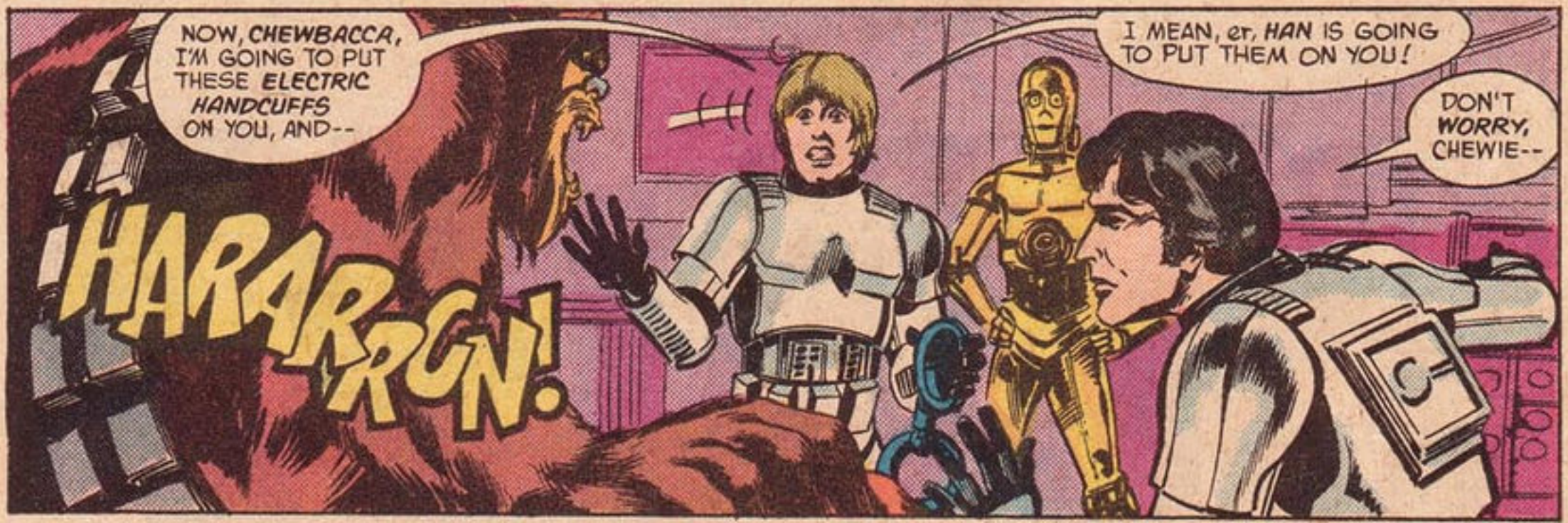
WHAT DO YOU THINK, CHEWIE?

HNNH!

ALL RIGHT, KID, BUT YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THIS!

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

PUH! WHEE!



NOW, CHEWBACCA, I'M GOING TO PUT THESE ELECTRIC HANDCUFFS ON YOU, AND--

I MEAN, ET, HAN IS GOING TO PUT THEM ON YOU!

DON'T WORRY, CHEWIE--

HARAR-RGN!



I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE HAS IN MIND.

GHRK!

THREEPIO AND ARTOO WILL STAY HERE--

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE, SOLO, AND YOU KNOW IT!

--TO KEEP CHECKING THAT MONITOR FOR MORE INFORMATION.



Uh, PARDON ME, LUKE, SIR-- WHAT SHOULD ARTOO AND I DO IF WE'RE DISCOVERED?

HOPE THEY DON'T HAVE BLASTERS.

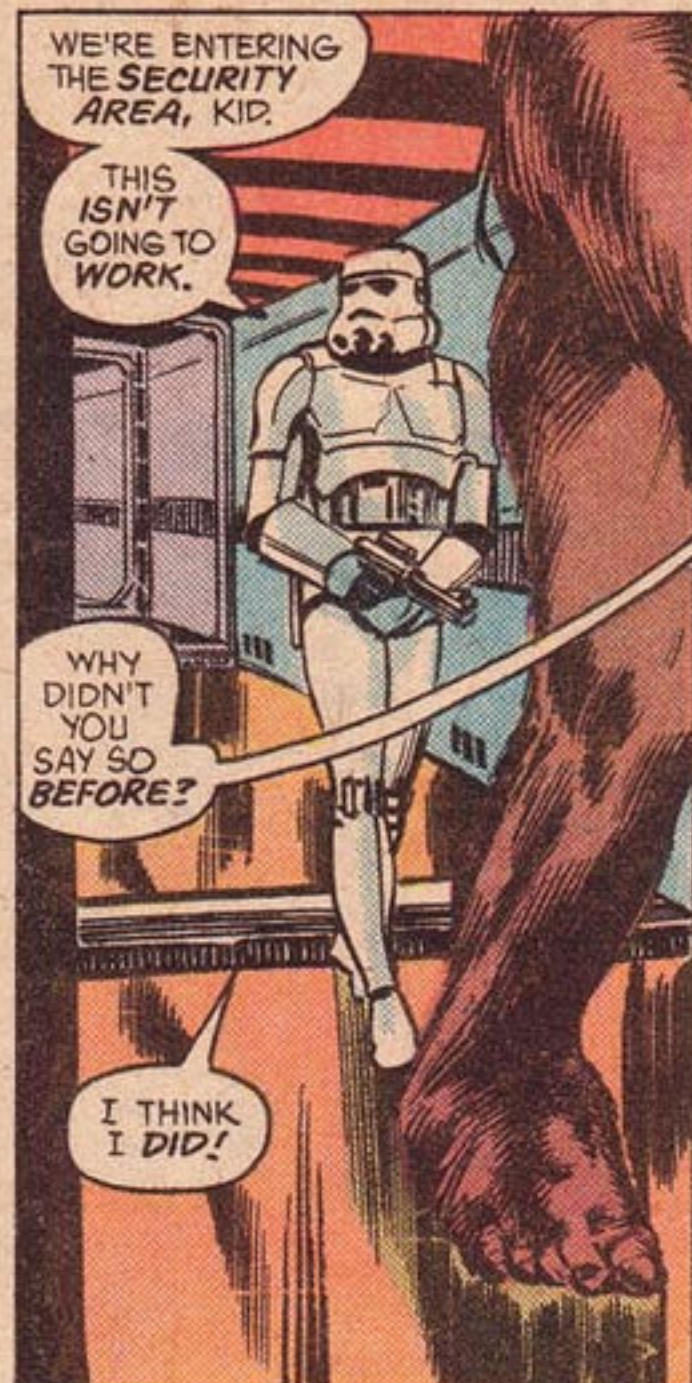
THAT ISN'T VERY REASSURING, SIR.

MOMENTS LATER, LUKE AND SOLO TRY TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS IN THEIR CAPTURED ARMOR, AS THEY WAIT FOR THE VACUUM ELEVATOR TO ARRIVE.



FEW PASSERSBY GIVE THE GIANT WOOKIEE A CURIOUS GLANCE.

THEY ARE USED TO HELP-LESS PRISONERS-- EVEN POWERFUL ONES.

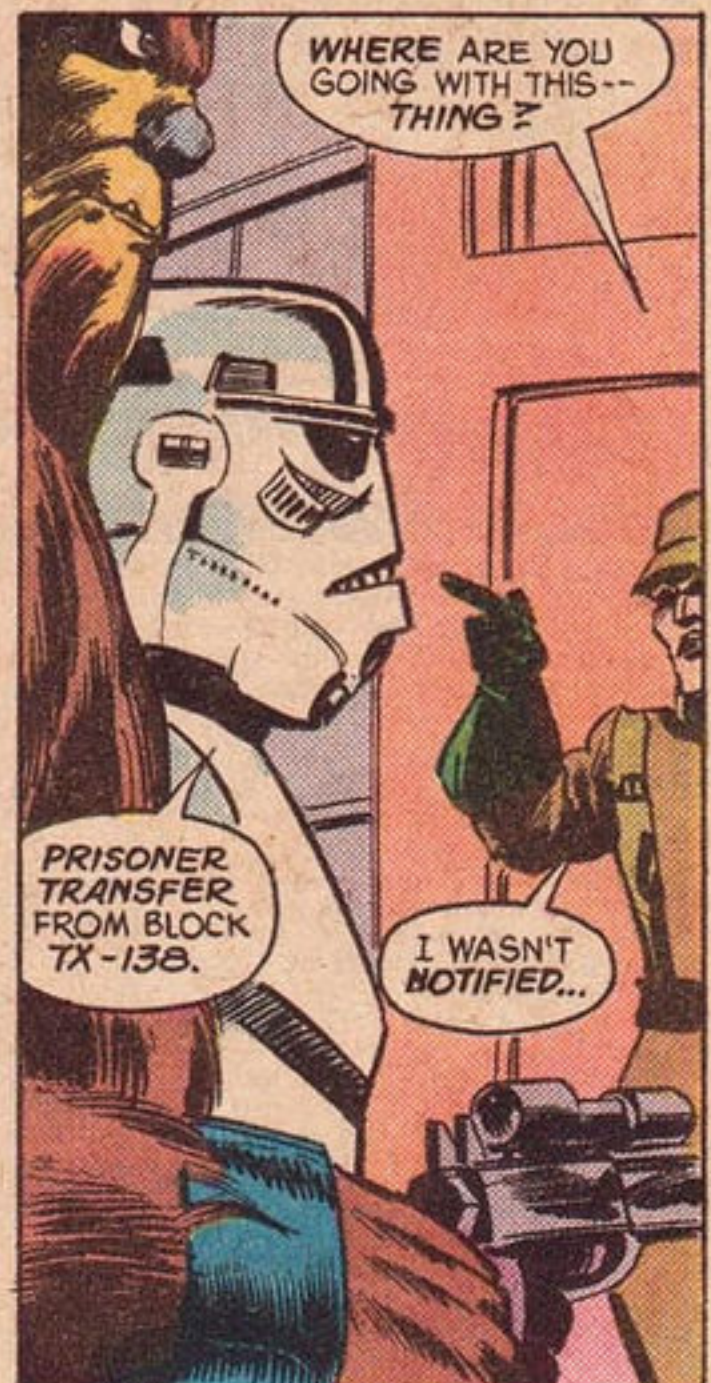


WE'RE ENTERING THE SECURITY AREA, KID.

THIS ISN'T GOING TO WORK.

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE?

I THINK I DID!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THIS-- THING?

PRISONER TRANSFER FROM BLOCK TX-138.

I WASN'T NOTIFIED...



WAIT THERE!
I'LL HAVE TO
CLEAR IT.

I'LL PUNCH
IN, AND MAKE
CERTAIN THAT
BLOCK TX-13B
IS UNOCCUPIED.

ONLY THREE
OTHER
TROOPERS IN
THIS AREA,
KID.

I GUESS
THIS IS
WHERE WE
MAKE OUR
MOVE.

CHECK.



LOOK OUT!
IT'S LOOSE!

ARROOOOO

IT'LL RIP US
APART!!



NEXT MOMENT, LUKE
AND HAN ARE BLASTING
AWAY: THEIR REACTION
EXCELLENT, THEIR ENTHU-
SIASM UNDENIABLE, THEIR
AIM EXECRABLE.

ZIK

GNRRR

ZIK

NOT A SINGLE
SHOT COMES
CLOSE TO
THE RAGING
WOOKIEE.



INSTEAD, THEY BLAST
AUTOMATIC CAMERA--

TZIP

--ENERGY-
RATE
CONTROLS--

ZIK

ZURK!



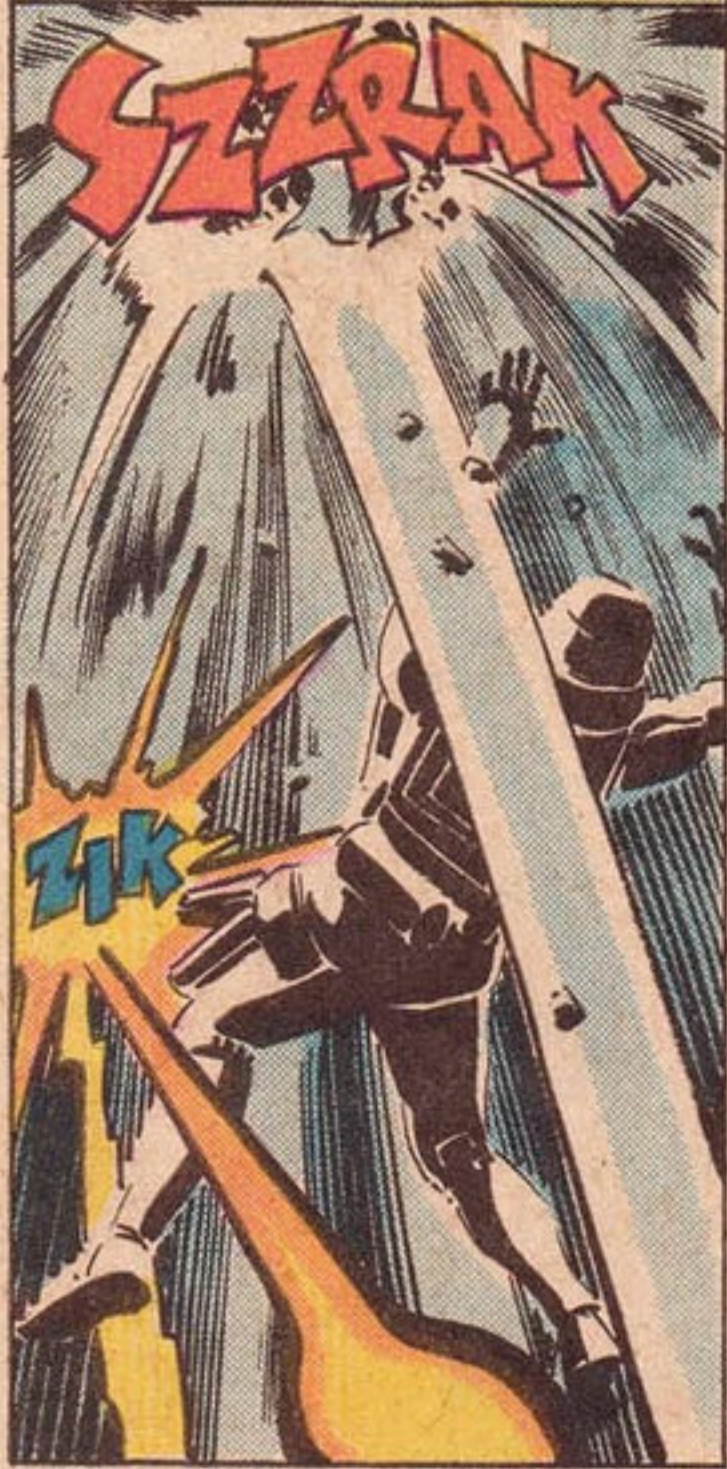
ZZRK

HASH

ERAP

--AND, SOME-
WHERE ALONG
THE LINE, TWO OF
THE TROOPERS!

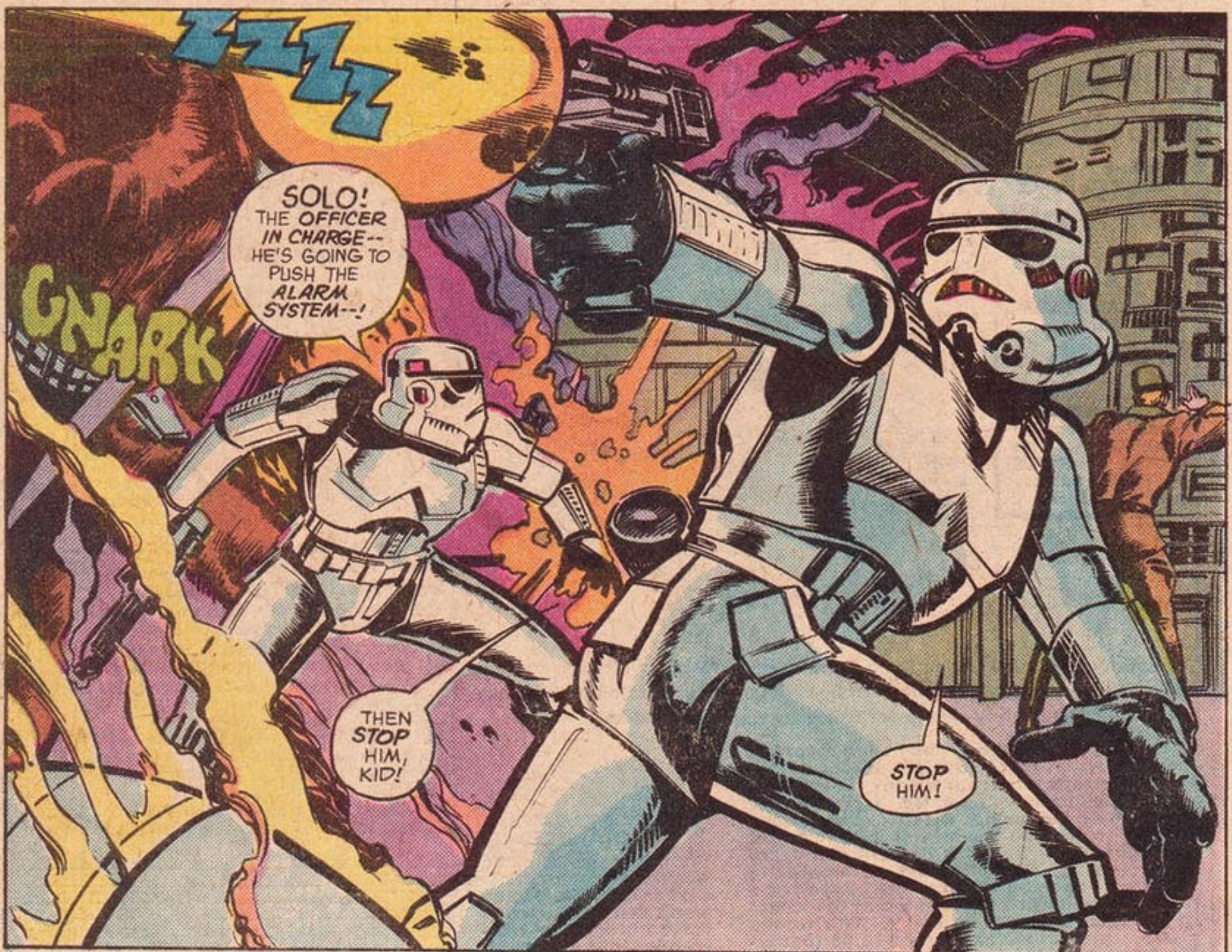
WITHIN SECONDS, A STAR SYSTEM'S WORTH OF VALUABLE ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT IS RENDERED USELESS...

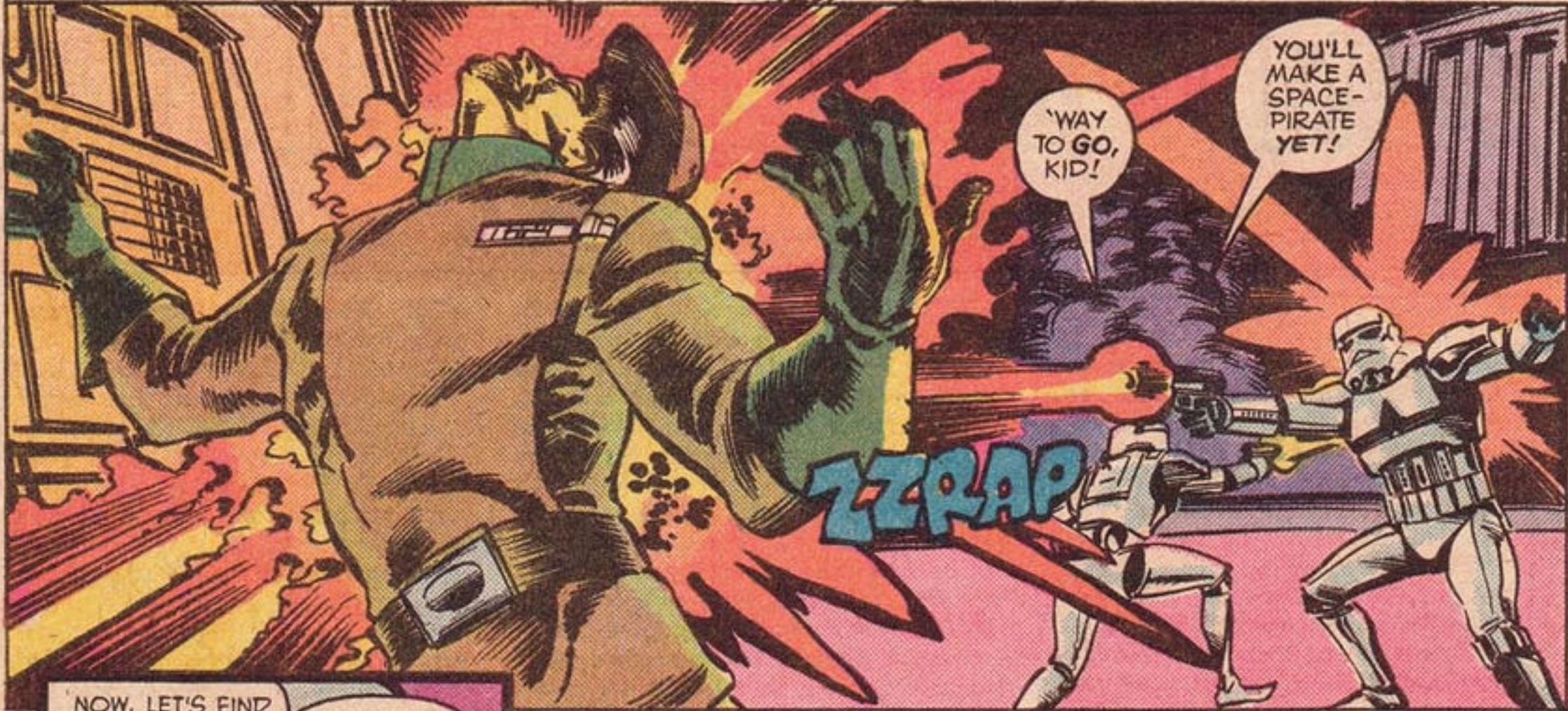


AT THIS POINT, THE REMAINING TROOPER--TRAINED MORE FOR ACTION THAN RATIONAL ANALYSIS--SUDDENLY REALIZES THE TWO NEWCOMERS ARE DANGEROUS...



BUT, IT'S TOO LATE--





'WAY TO GO, KID!

YOU'LL MAKE A SPACE-PIRATE YET!

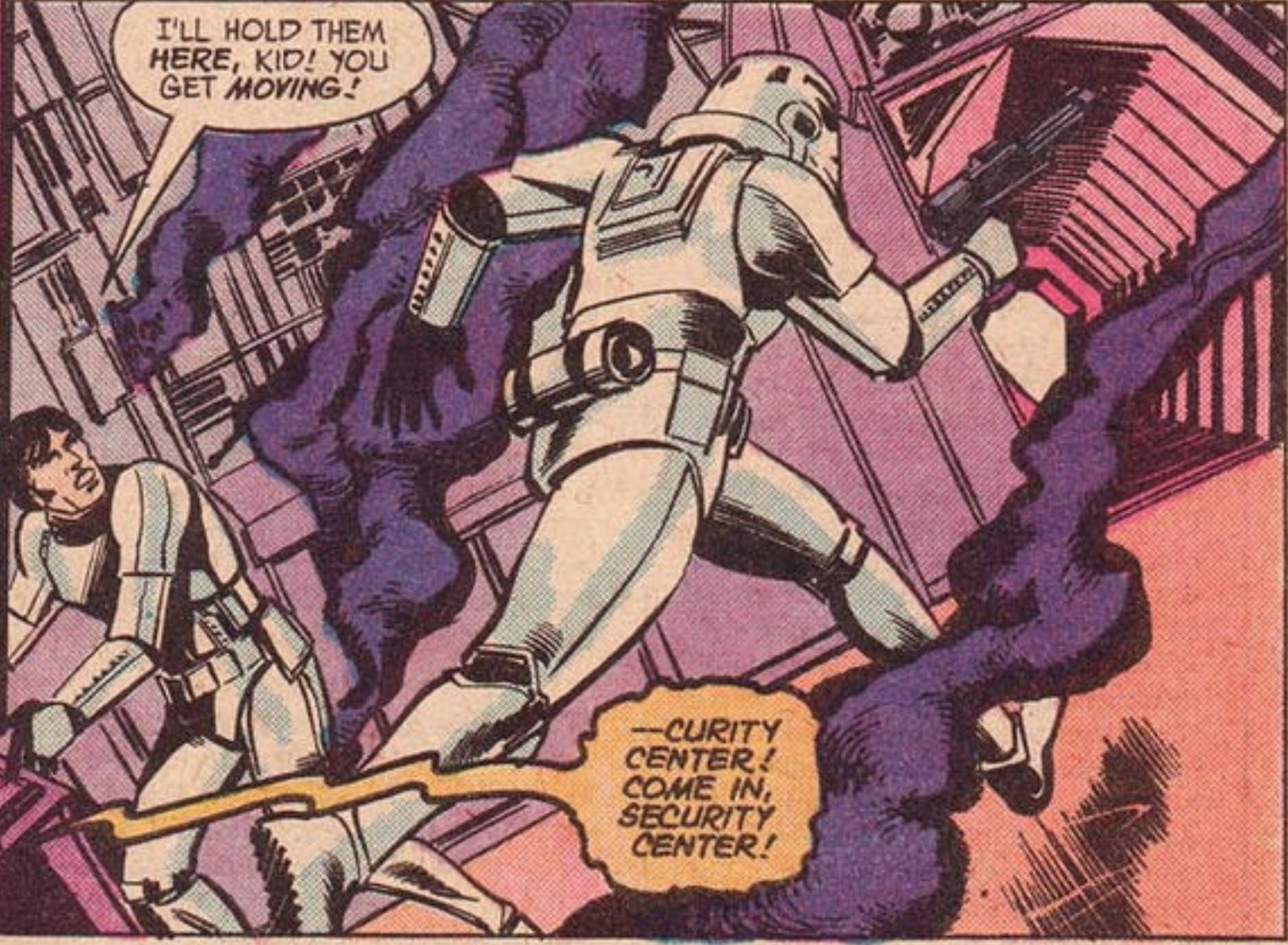
ZZRAP

NOW, LET'S FIND OUT WHICH CELL THIS PRINCESS OF YOURS IS--

HERE IT IS: CELL 2187.



I'LL HOLD THEM HERE, KID! YOU GET MOVING!



—CURITY CENTER! COME IN, SECURITY CENTER!

Uk... EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL. SLIGHT WEAPON MALFUNCTION.



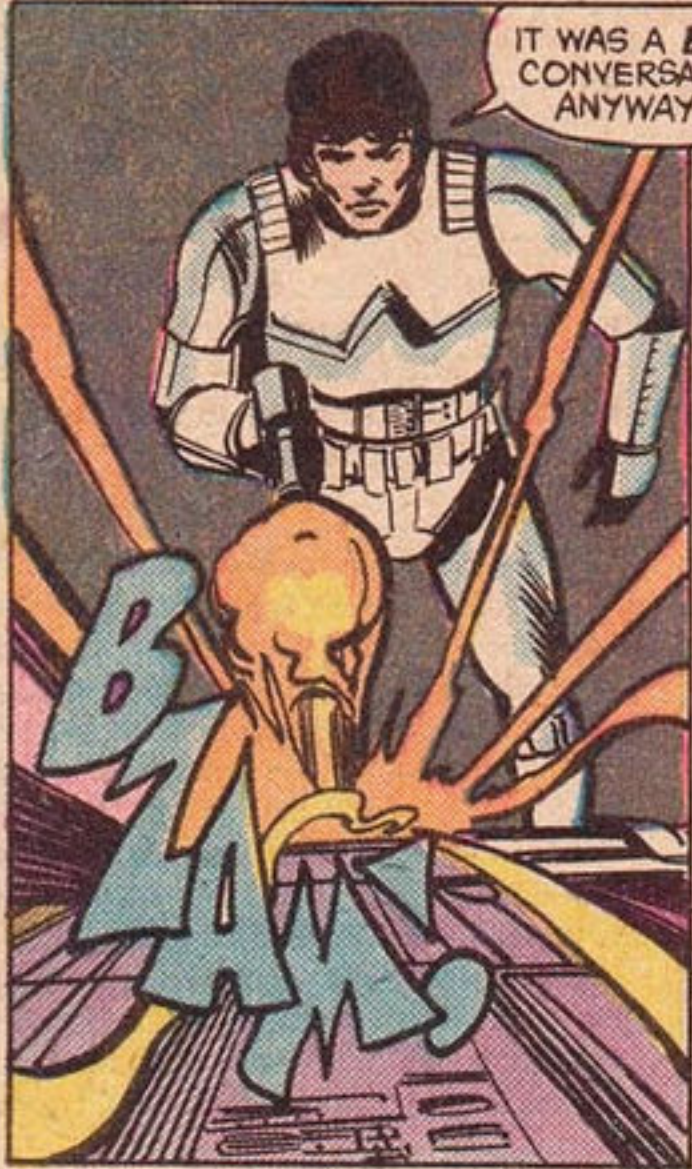
WHAT HAPPENED?

WE'RE ALL FINE, THANK YOU. HOW ABOUT YOU?

WE'RE SENDING A SQUAD UP!

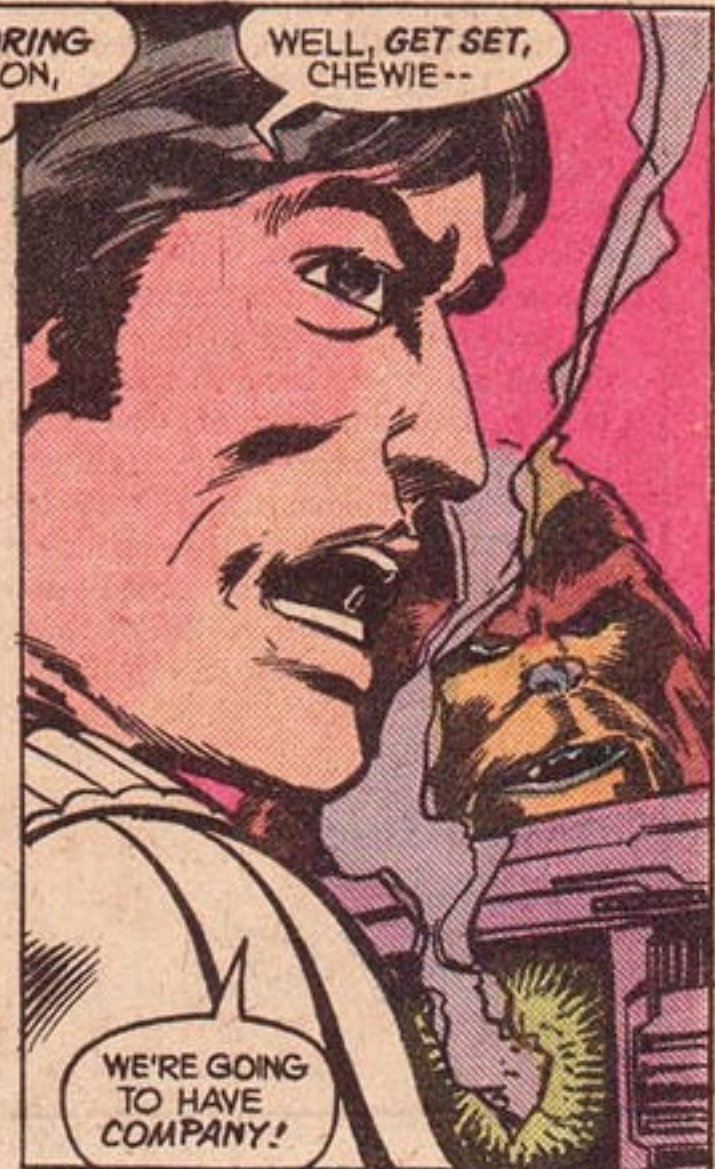
Uk... NEGATIVE! REACTOR LEAK-- GIVE US A FEW MINUTES TO--

WHO IS THIS? WHAT'S YOUR OPERATING--



IT WAS A BORING CONVERSATION, ANYWAY.

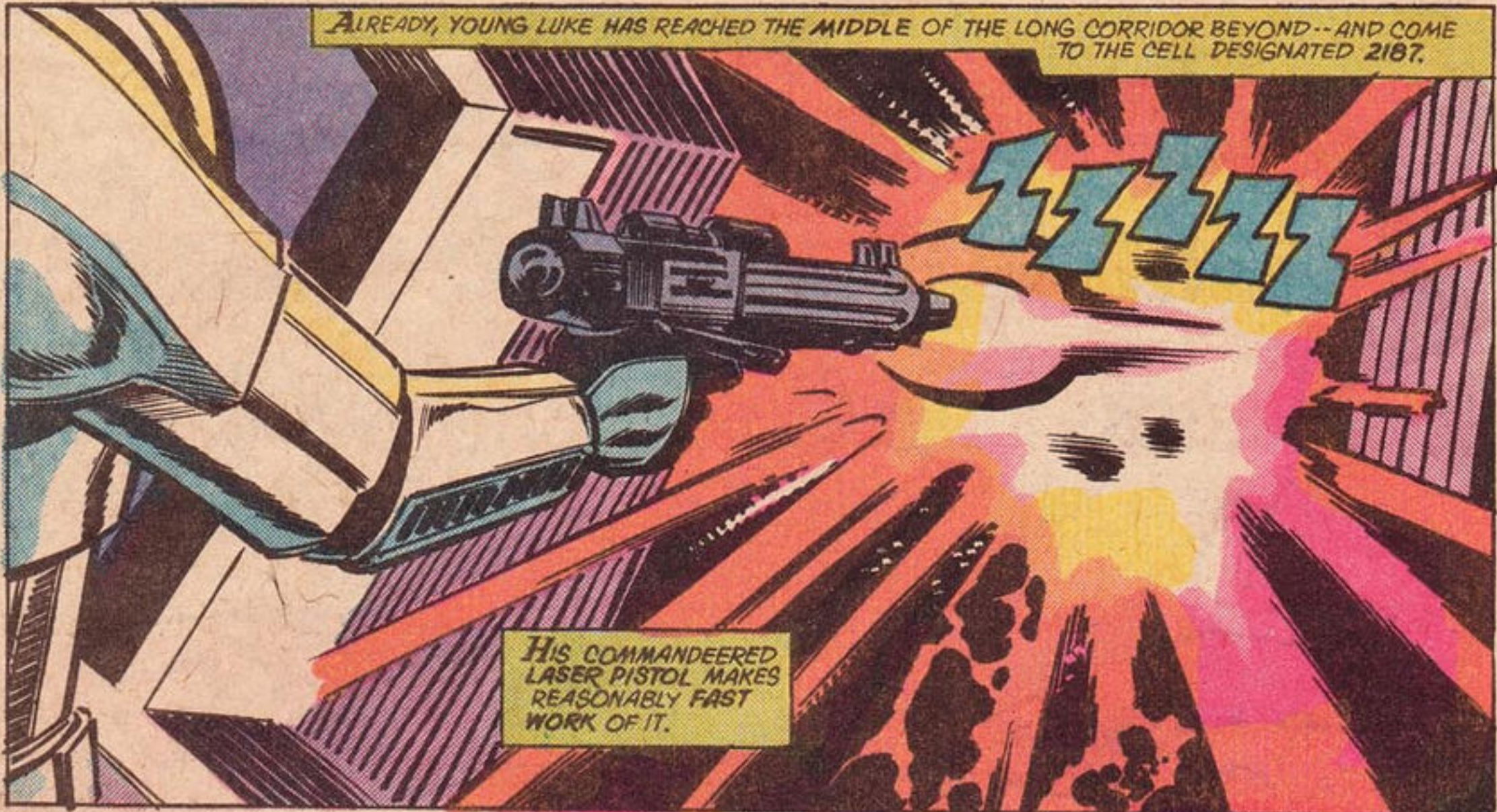
BZZZZ



WELL, GET SET, CHEWIE--

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!

ALREADY, YOUNG LUKE HAS REACHED THE MIDDLE OF THE LONG CORRIDOR BEYOND-- AND COME TO THE CELL DESIGNATED 2187.



HIS COMMANDEERED LASER PISTOL MAKES REASONABLY FAST WORK OF IT.



BUT, HE STOPS-- TONGUE-TIED-- WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...

Y-YOU'RE-- EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL-- THAN I--

AREN'T YOU A LITTLE SHORT FOR A STORM-TROOPER?



WHAT? OH-- THE UNIFORM!

I'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU.

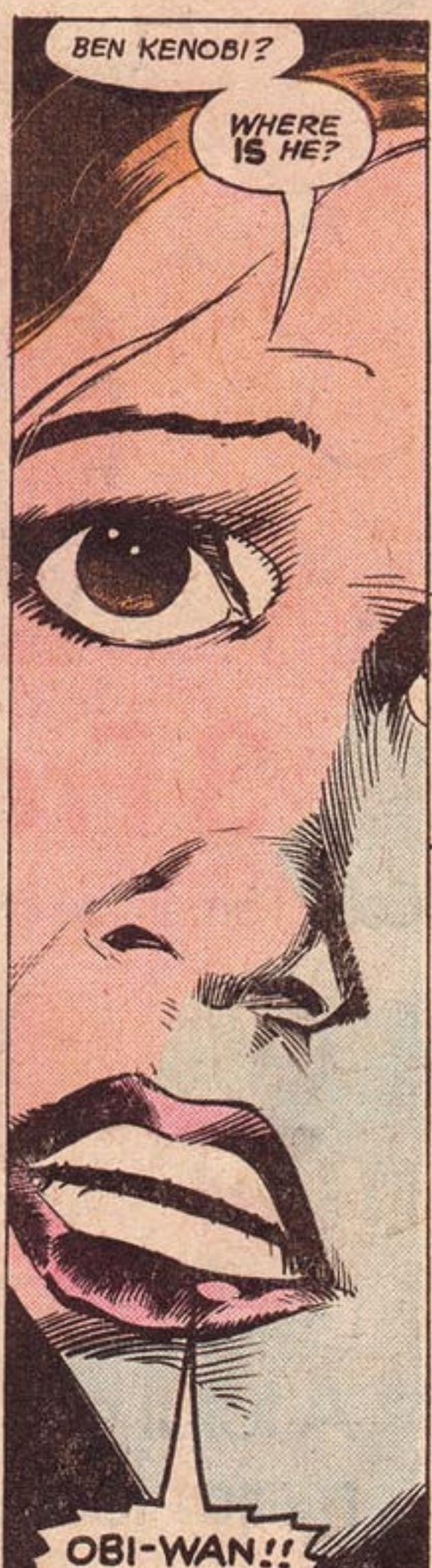
I'M LUKE SKYWALKER!



YOU'RE WHO?

I'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU!

BEN KENOBI IS WITH ME-- AND WE'VE GOT YOUR DROIDS!



BEN KENOBI?

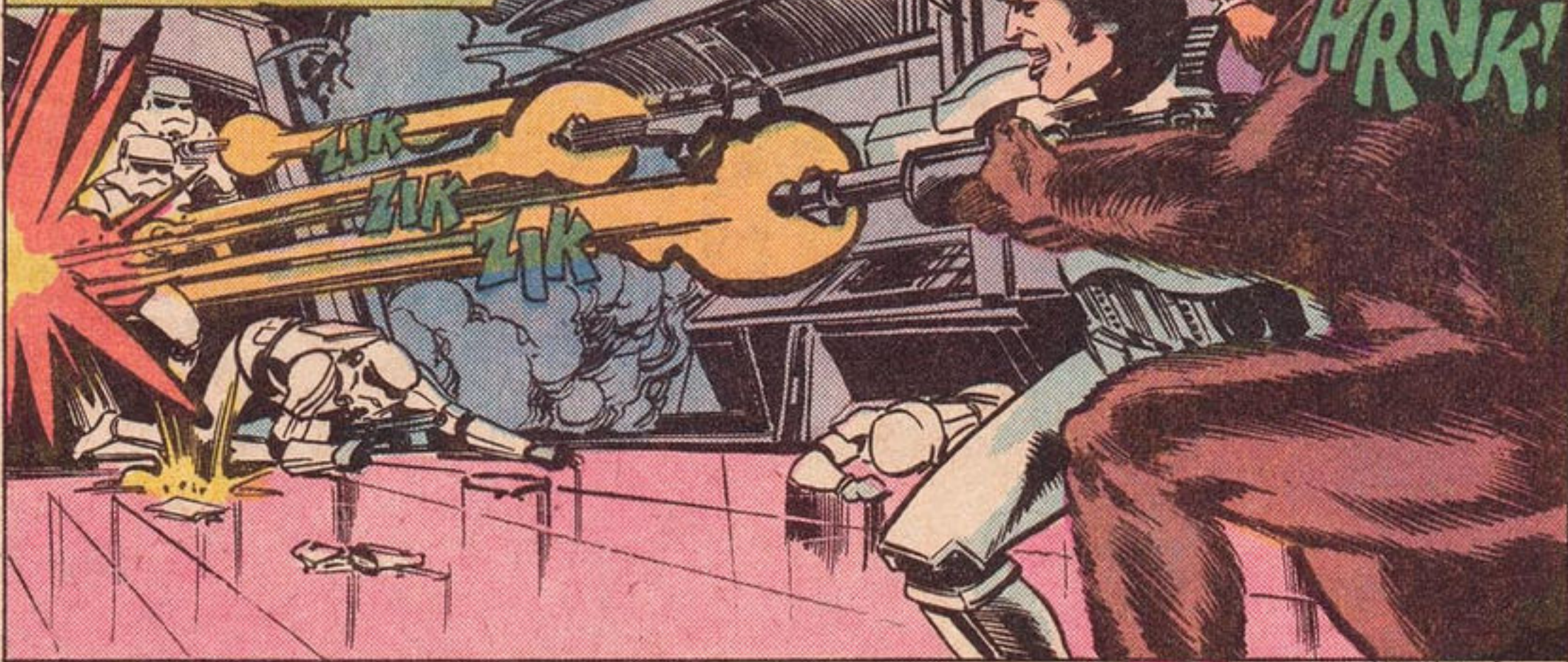
WHERE IS HE?

OBI-WAN!!

MEANWHILE, IN THE OUTER SECURITY CHAMBER, A SERIES OF EAR-SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS TEAR A GAPING HOLE IN THE METAL WALL-- A HOLE THROUGH WHICH IMPERIAL TROOPERS NOW BEGIN TO EMERGE...

BACK, CHEWIE!
WE'VE GOT TO
RETREAT!

HRNK!



YOU FOUND HER, ek?

WELL, WE
CAN'T GO
BACK
THAT WAY!

NO, WE
CERTAINLY
CAN'T



IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE
MANAGED TO CUT OFF
OUR ONLY ESCAPE
ROUTE!

Huh? BEGGING YOUR
FORGIVENESS, YOUR
HIGHNESS-- BUT MAYBE
YOU'D PREFER IT BACK
IN YOUR CELL?



I'D LOVE TO
OBLIGE YOU,
BUT RIGHT
NOW--

--HERE COMES TROUBLE!



ALL RIGHT, CHEWIE--
STARTING BLASTING!

IF WE DIE HERE--
LET'S TAKE A BUNCH
OF 'EM WITH US!

THREEPIO! THREEPIO! WE'VE
BEEN CUT OFF! ARE THERE ANY
OTHER WAYS OUT??

THREEPIO!
WHERE
ARE YOU?

BUT, LUKE SKYWALKER'S
ONLY ANSWER IS THE BLAST
OF THE TROOPERS' LASERS
COMING CLOSER-- CLOSER--!



NEXT ISSUE: BEN KENOBI VS. DARTH VADER--TO THE DEATH!