



STAR WARS ADVENTURES

TALES FROM

VADER'S CASTLE

THE HAUNTING OF THE GHOST



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FROM THE JOURNAL OF LINA GRAF—
HEAD CURATOR, THE GRAF ARCHIVE:

OF ALL MY ADVENTURES OVER THE YEARS,
ONE STILL *SCARES* ME, EVEN TO THIS DAY.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I FOUGHT MONSTERS,
SURVIVED SHIPWRECKS, AND EVEN CROSSED
SWORDS WITH IMPERIAL GOVERNORS.

THOOM



I THOUGHT I COULD HANDLE
ANYTHING. I THOUGHT NOTHING
COULD EVER SCARE ME AGAIN.

I WAS *WRONG*.

BY NOW, I WAS A COMMANDER IN THE REBEL ALLIANCE. **LINA GRAF**, ACE PILOT AND ENGINEER, AFRAID OF NOTHING.

L-LINA, THEY'VE KNOCKED OUT OUR PORT THRUSTER!

YUP, NOTICED THAT.

THEN THERE WAS **SKRITT**, TECHNICIAN, AFRAID OF EVERYTHING.

LIEUTENANT HUDD WAS A THIEF-TURNED-REBEL. HE HAD A BIG MOUTH, BUT HIS HEART WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE, MOST OF THE TIME.

QUIT PANICKING, BUG-BOY.

WE'RE DOING THE BEST WE CAN.

NO, SKRITT'S RIGHT. THE **AURIC** IS BEING CUT TO PIECES.

HEY, GEE-THREE...

...CARE TO LEND A HAND WITH THESE TIES?

WITH PLEASURE, COMMANDER GRAF...

XM-63 WAS A FORMER BODYGUARD DROID, AND THE MUSCLE OF MY RAG-TAG CREW.

...YOU ONLY HAD TO ASK.





HA HA!
NOT A BAD
SHOT FOR A
TIN-CAN.

NEVER CALL
HIM THAT TO HIS
FACE, HUDD.

GEE-THREE'S
SEEN MORE
ACTION THAN ALL
OF US PUT
TOGETHER.



AND WE'RE NOT
OUT OF THE WOODS
YET. SHIELDS ARE
DOWN AND THE POWER
CORE'S ABOUT TO
BLOW.

WE NEED
SOMEWHERE TO
LAND, AND FAST.
ANY IDEAS,
CRATER?



THERE IS ONE
PLANET THAT
MIGHT BE
SUITABLE. A
FORMER MINING
WORLD, NOW
HEAVILY
GUARDED BY
IMPERIAL
FORCES.

CR-8R WAS THERE AS WELL. MY
CONSTANT COMPANION SINCE I
WAS A KID... AND AS CRANKY AS
THE DAY HE WAS ACTIVATED.

WHY?
WHAT'S DOWN
THERE?

HOW EXACTLY AM
I SUPPOSED TO
KNOW *THAT*?



BECAUSE
YOU'RE IN
CHARGE OF
INTEL?

NEVER MIND.
DO YOU AT
LEAST KNOW
ITS NAME?

OF COURSE,
MISTRESS LINA.
IT IS CALLED...



"...MUSTAFAR!"

I THOUGHT I
WAS DOING THE
RIGHT THING.



I THOUGHT THE
PLANET WAS
OUR ONLY HOPE.



I HAD NO IDEA
WHAT **TERROR**
LAY AHEAD...

IS
EVERYONE ALL
RIGHT?

HARDLY. POOR
TECHNICIAN SKRITT IS
SO SCARED THAT HE'S
ROLLED HIMSELF INTO
A BALL... AGAIN.



CAN'T SAY
I BLAME
THE LITTLE
SQUIRT...



...HAVE YOU
SEEN
THIS
PLACE?

IT'S LIKE
SOMETHING OUT OF
A NIGHTMARE!



CREEPY OR
NOT, WE NEED
TO GET OFF
THIS SHIP.

WHAT? GO
OUTSIDE? YOU
CANNOT BE
SERIOUS.

CRATER, THE
ENGINES ARE
OFF-LINE AND THE
TEMPERATURE'S
RISING BY THE
SECOND.

WE'LL
BAKE IF
WE STAY
IN HERE.



BUT—

BUT NOTHING,
CRATER. WE
HAVEN'T TIME
TO ARGUE.

MISTRESS
LINA, PLEASE
LISTEN TO ME.
GOING OUTSIDE
IS THE **WORST**
THING WE
COULD DO.

IT REMINDS ME
OF SOMETHING
CHOPPER ONCE
MENTIONED...