THE TROUBLE AT TIBRIN

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TALES FROM WILD SPACE

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DISPATCHES FROM WILD SPACE

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COVER GALLERY

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THE PLANET TIBRIN, ON THE EDGE OF THE KADAR SECTOR.

A DIPLOMATIC MISSION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IS UNDERWAY...

LUDDLE, SET UP OUR ORBIT PATTERN. YOU GOT IT, LUKE!
The Empire. Pff... You'd think they'd have more fight in them.

Don't sound so disappointed, Tadd.

Leia, we're ready to broadcast.

FSSSHHH!

Well?

Wow, you look--

Eyes front, flyboy. We're on a diplomatic mission, and it's my job to dress the part.
AH, RIGHT. YOU MEAN... THEY'RE, UM... THEY'RE LETTING US LAND, DIDN'T EVEN CHECK THE SECURITY CODE?

I GUESS THE EMPIRE'S NOT REALLY EXPECTING TROUBLE THIS FAR OUT.

MORE LIKE THEY'RE ALL HIDING IN THE SHADOWS. AFTER WHAT YOU DID AT THE DEATH STAR—
I HAD HELP...

ONE SHOT! THE WHOLE SPACE STATION—BAM! LIKE THE IMPERIALS ARE EVER COMING BACK FROM THAT!

IT REALLY WASN'T THAT... YOU KNOW...

I HEARD HEdidn't EVEN HAVE HIS TARGETING COMPUTER ON!

NO WAY!

LET'S WORRY ABOUT TODAY'S MISSION, SHALL WE?