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As *Luke Skywalker* and *Princess Leia* continue their search for their friend and ally, *Han Solo*, their thoughts drift back to another missing colleague and an even-more-desperate rescue mission...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: STAR WARS™ THE GREATEST SPACE FANTASY OF ALL!

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HOTH STUFF!

HOURS AGO, A SLEEK STARSHIP HAD ROCKETED FROM A SECRET BASE ON THE PLANET ARBRA, CARRYING ITS CREW OF THREE ON A MISSION OF DESPERATE SEARCH.

NOW, IN AN ISOLATED QUADRANT OF THE UN-EXPLORED GALAXY, THAT SEARCH IS ABOUT TO END!

THERE'S THE TRANSPORT CRUISER OUR LONG-RANGE SCANNERS PICKED UP! IT'S WEDGE'S SHIP!

IT'S GOTTA BE!

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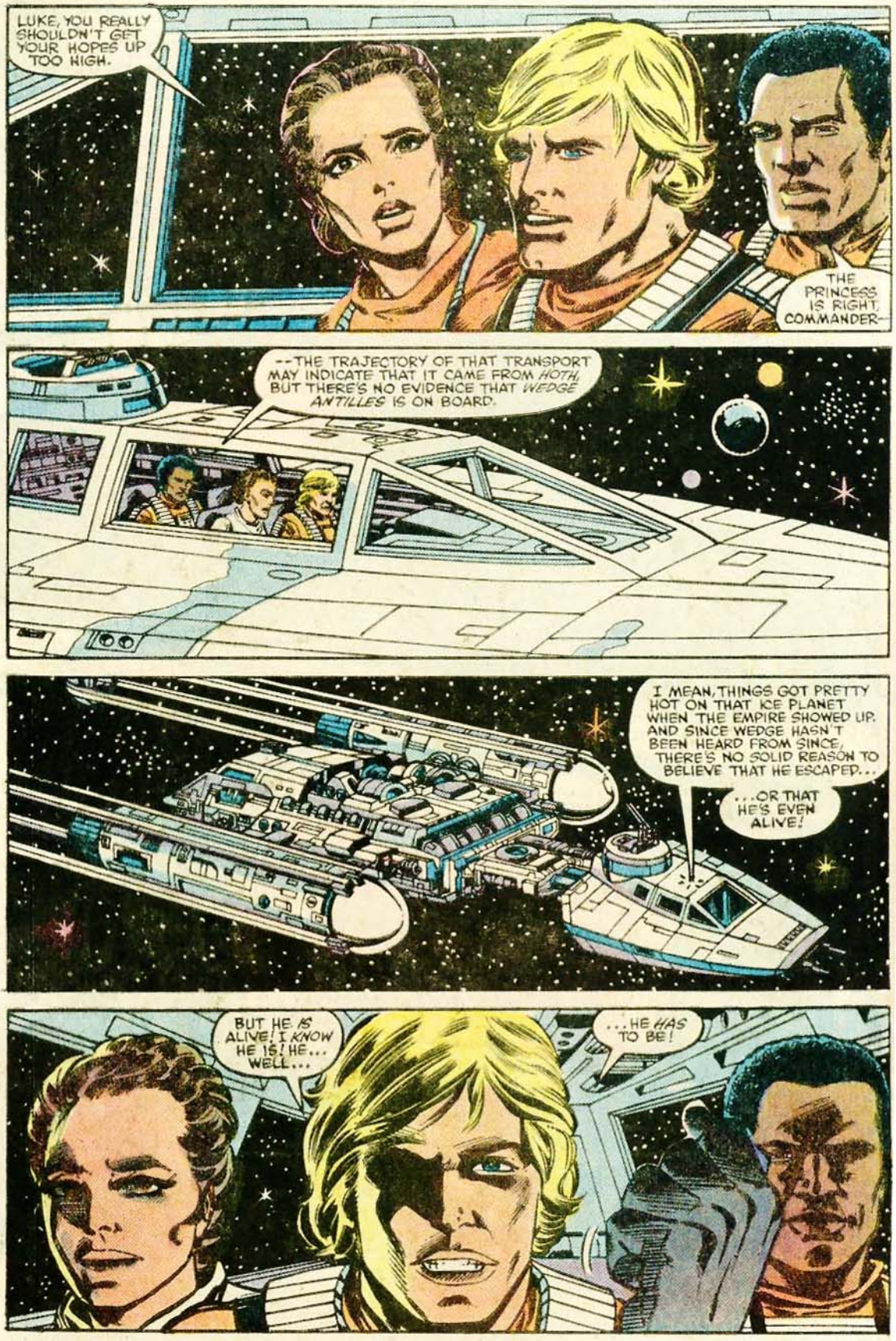
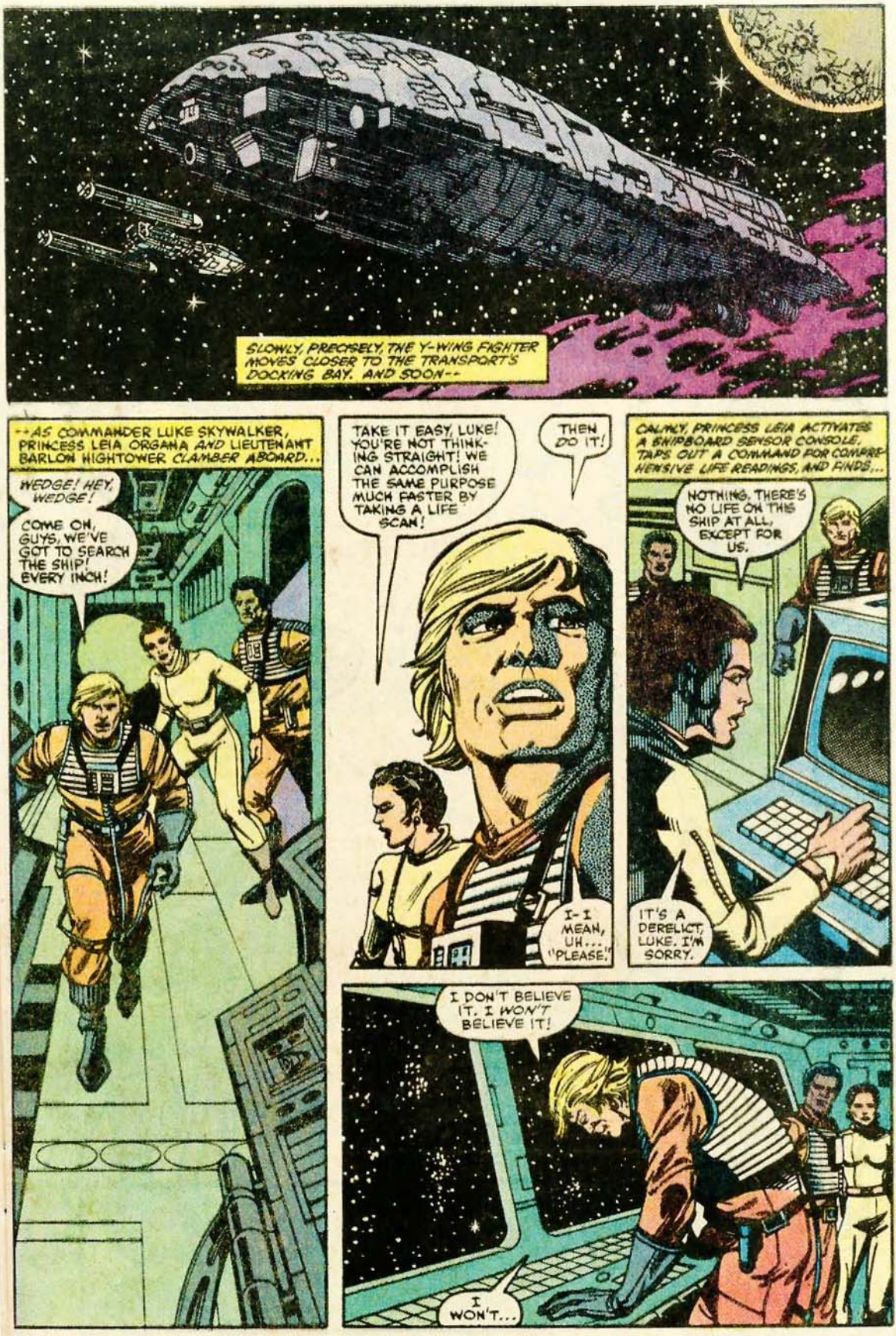
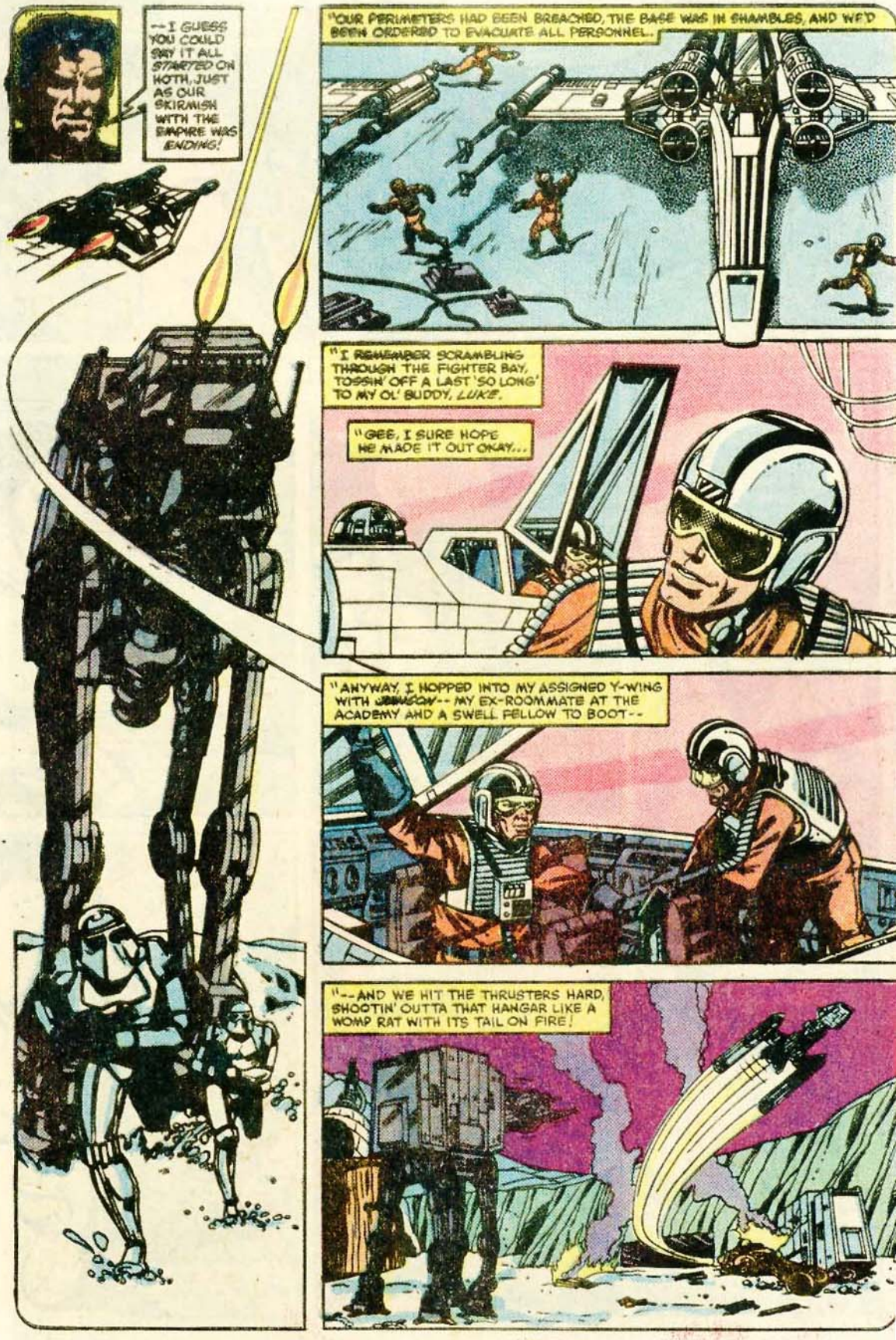
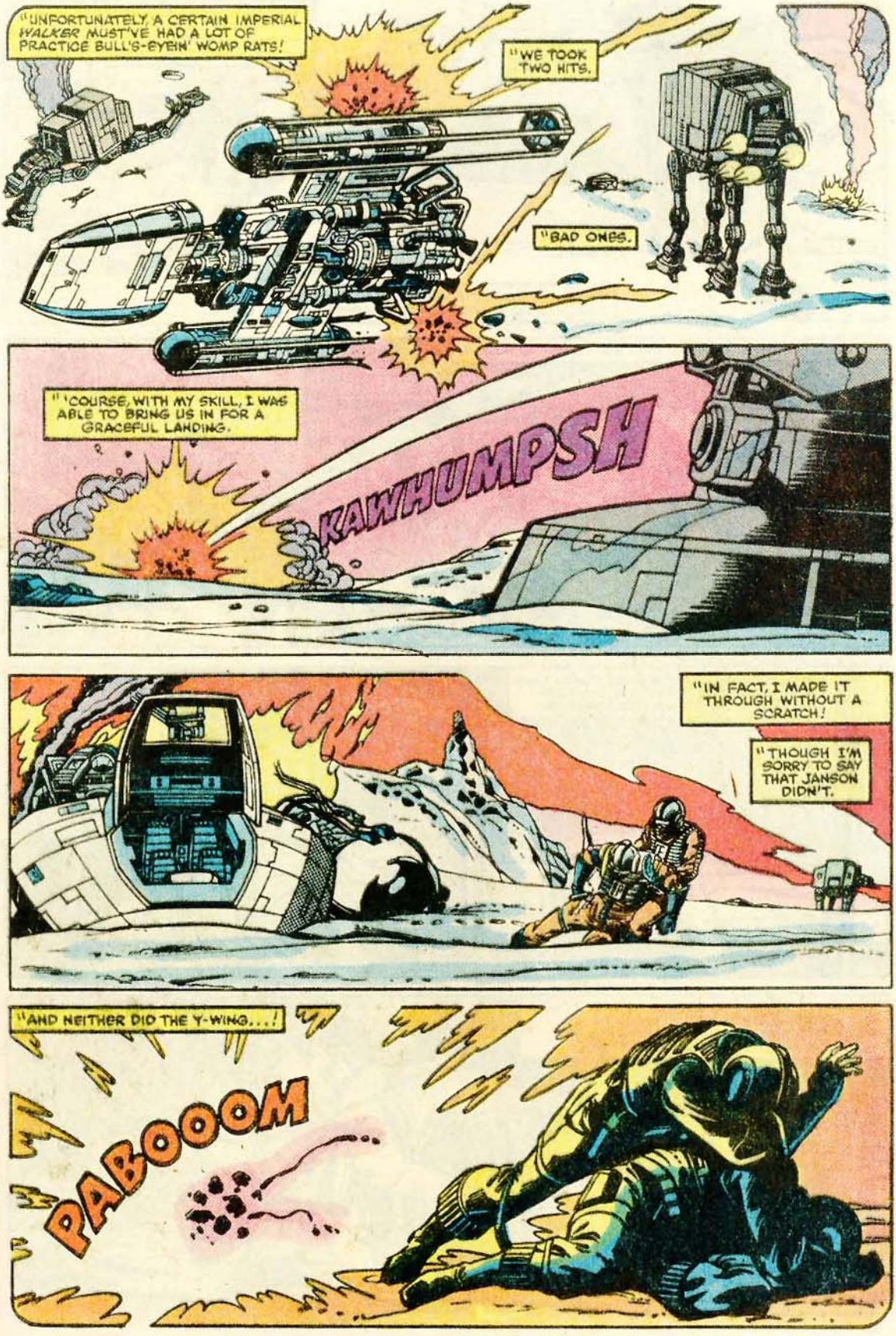
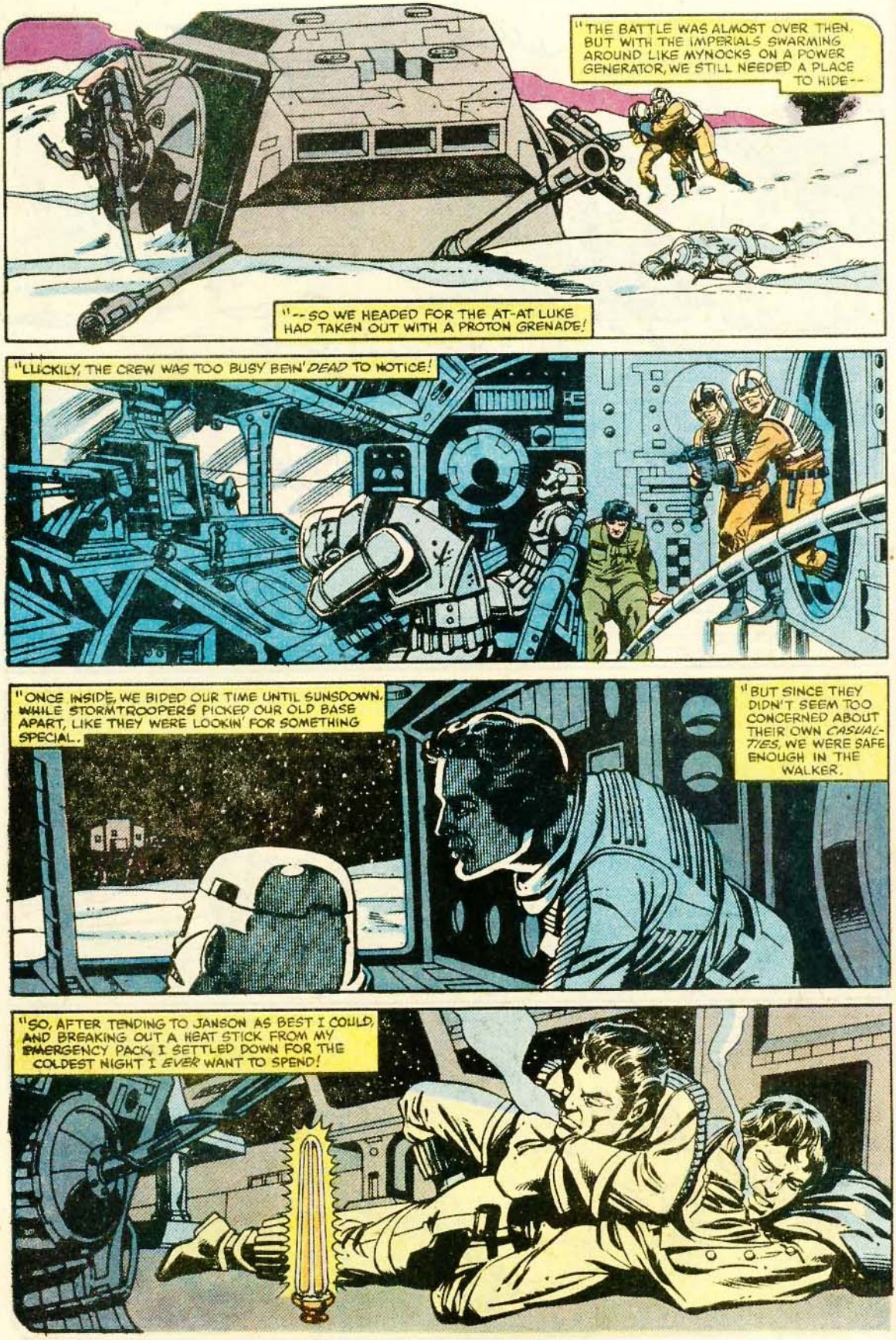

LUKE, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T GET YOUR HOPES UP TOO HIGH.
THE PRINCESS IS RIGHT, COMMANDER--
--THE TRAJECTORY OF THAT TRANSPORT MAY INDICATE THAT IT CAME FROM HOTH, BUT THERE'S NO EVIDENCE THAT WEDGE ANTILLES IS ON BOARD.
I MEAN, THINGS GOT PRETTY HOT ON THAT ICE PLANET WHEN THE EMPIRE SHOWED UP. AND SINCE WEDGE HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE, THERE'S NO SOLID REASON TO BELIEVE THAT HE ESCAPED...
...OR THAT HE'S EVEN ALIVE!
BUT HE IS ALIVE! I KNOW HE IS! HE... WELL...
...HE HAS TO BE!


SLOWLY, PRECISELY, THE Y-WING FIGHTER MOVES CLOSER TO THE TRANSPORT'S DOCKING BAY. AND SOON--
--AS COMMANDER LUKE SKYWALKER, PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA AND LIEUTENANT BARLON HIGHTOWER CLAMBER ABOARD...
WEDGE! HEY, WEDGE!
COME ON, GUYS, WE'VE GOT TO SEARCH THE SHIP! EVERY INCH!
TAKE IT EASY, LUKE! YOU'RE NOT THINKING STRAIGHT! WE CAN ACCOMPLISH THE SAME PURPOSE MUCH FASTER BY TAKING A LIFE SCAN!
THEN DO IT!
I-I MEAN, UH... "PLEASE."
CALMLY, PRINCESS LEIA ACTIVATES A SHIPBOARD SENSOR CONSOLE, TAPS OUT A COMMAND FOR COMPREHENSIVE LIFE READINGS, AND FINDS...
NOTHING. THERE'S NO LIFE ON THIS SHIP AT ALL, EXCEPT FOR US.
IT'S A DERELICT, LUKE. I'M SORRY.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. I WON'T BELIEVE IT!
I WON'T...

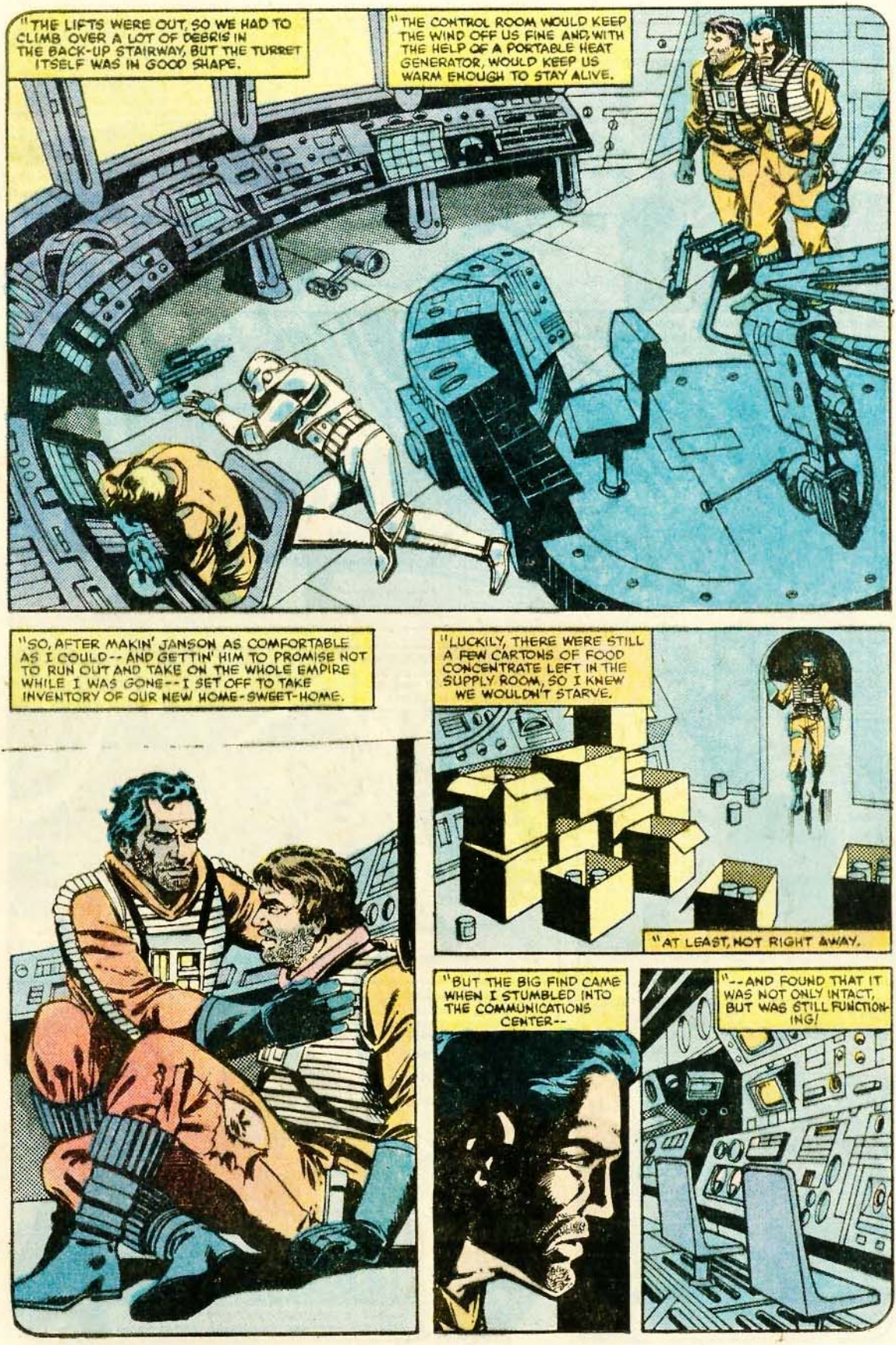
SAY, PRINCESS, I HOPE I'M NOT OUT OF LINE, BUT WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT ONE WARRIOR?
HE'S NOT JUST A WARRIOR, LIEUTENANT--
--HE'S LUKE'S OLDEST *FRIEND!* THEY GREW UP TOGETHER ON TATOOINE, THEY FOUGHT THE DEATH STAR TOGETHER...AND WHEN WEDGE DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE RENDEZVOUS AFTER THE BATTLE ON HOTH, LUKE WAS CRUSHED.
MOST *BROTHERS* AREN'T AS CLOSE AS THEY WERE.
I SEE.
THAT'S WHY LUKE JUMPS AT ANY HOPE, EVEN ONE AS SLENDER AS THIS TRANSPORT. AND THAT'S WHY IT HURTS SO MUCH WHEN THAT HOPE PROVES TO BE AS HOLLOW AS--
--WAIT A MINUTE! THE SHIP'S *LOG TAPES!*
THEY'RE NOT MUCH, BUT MAYBE THEY CAN AT LEAST TELL US WHERE THE TRANSPORT CAME FROM! I'LL JUST PUNCH IN THE STANDARD PLAYBACK CODE AND--
HI, FOLKS! IF YOU'RE HEARIN' THIS, I GUESS YOU'RE ALIVE!
SURE WISH *I* WAS!
WEDGE! TH-THAT'S *WEDGE'S* VOICE!
THIS IS *WEDGE ANTILLES*, AND I GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL TELL MY STORY. NOT THAT IT MATTERS MUCH, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO. AND BESIDES--
--I ALWAYS DID LIKE SPINNIN' A GOOD YARN! SO--

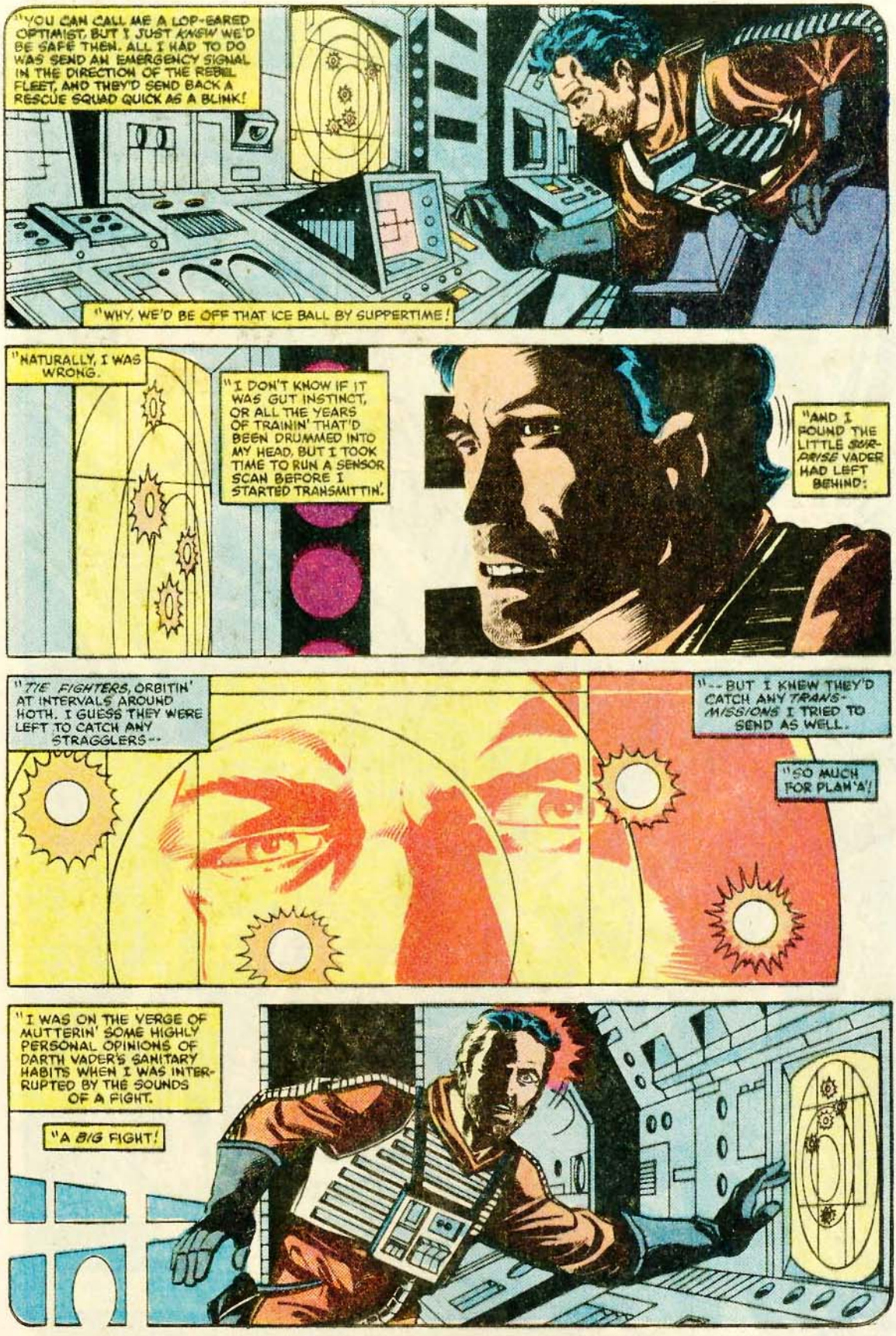

--I GUESS YOU COULD SAY IT ALL STARTED ON HOTH, JUST AS OUR SKIRMISH WITH THE EMPIRE WAS ENDING!
"OUR PERIMETERS HAD BEEN BREACHED, THE BASE WAS IN SHAMBLES, AND WE'D BEEN ORDERED TO EVACUATE ALL PERSONNEL.
"I REMEMBER SCRAMBLING THROUGH THE FIGHTER BAY, TOSSIN' OFF A LAST 'SO LONG' TO MY OL' BUDDY, LUKE.
"GEE, I SURE HOPE HE MADE IT OUT OKAY...
"ANYWAY, I HOPPED INTO MY ASSIGNED Y-WING WITH JOHNSON-- MY EX-ROOMMATE AT THE ACADEMY AND A SWELL FELLOW TO BOOT--
"--AND WE HIT THE THRUSTERS HARD, SHOOTIN' OUTTA THAT HANGAR LIKE A WOMP RAT WITH ITS TAIL ON FIRE!


"UNFORTUNATELY, A CERTAIN IMPERIAL WALKER MUST'VE HAD A LOT OF PRACTICE BULL'S-EYEIN' WOMP RATS!
"WE TOOK TWO HITS.
"BAD ONES.
"'COURSE, WITH MY SKILL, I WAS ABLE TO BRING US IN FOR A GRACEFUL LANDING.
KAWHUMPSH
"IN FACT, I MADE IT THROUGH WITHOUT A SCRATCH!
"THOUGH I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT JANSON DIDN'T.
"AND NEITHER DID THE Y-WING...!
PABOOOM


"THE BATTLE WAS ALMOST OVER THEN. BUT WITH THE IMPERIALS SWARMING AROUND LIKE MYNOCKS ON A POWER GENERATOR, WE STILL NEEDED A PLACE TO HIDE--
"--SO WE HEADED FOR THE AT-AT LUKE HAD TAKEN OUT WITH A PROTON GRENADE!
"LUCKILY, THE CREW WAS TOO BUSY BEIN' *DEAD* TO NOTICE!
"ONCE INSIDE, WE BIDED OUR TIME UNTIL SUNSDOWN. WHILE STORMTROOPERS PICKED OUR OLD BASE APART, LIKE THEY WERE LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHING SPECIAL.
"BUT SINCE THEY DIDN'T SEEM TOO CONCERNED ABOUT THEIR OWN *CASUALTIES*, WE WERE SAFE ENOUGH IN THE WALKER.
"SO, AFTER TENDING TO JANSON AS BEST I COULD, AND BREAKING OUT A HEAT STICK FROM MY EMERGENCY PACK, I SETTLED DOWN FOR THE COLDEST NIGHT I *EVER* WANT TO SPEND!

"NOT THAT MORNING WAS MUCH BETTER--BUT AT LEAST THE SUNS WERE OUT TO MAKE THINGS SEEM WARMER.
"BUT EVEN THEY COULDN'T TAKE THE CHILL OFF A BATTLEFIELD LITTERED WITH FROZEN CORPSES, WRECKED WALKERS AND ABANDONED SNOWSPEEDERS. VADER AND HIS GANG HAD LEFT FAST, WITHOUT EVEN PICKING UP THE PIECES!
"WHATEVER THE SITH LORD WAS AFTER MUST'VE BEEN REAL IMPORTANT!
"BUT AT LEAST THEY WERE GONE, AND THAT MEANT THAT JANSON AND ME COULD RETURN TO THE BASE.
"MY IDEA WAS TO SET UP SHOP IN THE ION CANNON TURRET, THAT WOULD GIVE US PROTECTION FROM THE ELEMENTS--
"--AS WELL AS PROVIDE A VANTAGE POINT FOR SPOTTING ANY RESCUE EFFORTS.
"IT SOUNDED LIKE A GOOD PLAN, AND IT WAS. UNTIL WE ACTUALLY GOT INSIDE THE BASE AND HEARD--
GRRRAARRGGGH!
"--WAMPAS! THOSE BIG NATIVE BEASTIES WITH THE RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS!
"SEEMS THEY HADN'T WASTED ANY MORE TIME THAN VADER HAD!
"NATURALLY, JANSON WANTED TO TAKE 'EM ON RIGHT AWAY--
H-HEY, WEDGE? KOFF M-MAYBE STAYIN' IN THAT WALKER K-KOFF WASN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA!
"--BUT I INSISTED THAT GETTIN' TO THE GUN TURRET WAS THE SMART THING TO DO.


"THE LIFTS WERE OUT, SO WE HAD TO CLIMB OVER A LOT OF DEBRIS IN THE BACK-UP STAIRWAY, BUT THE TURRET ITSELF WAS IN GOOD SHAPE.
"THE CONTROL ROOM WOULD KEEP THE WIND OFF US FINE AND, WITH THE HELP OF A PORTABLE HEAT GENERATOR, WOULD KEEP US WARM ENOUGH TO STAY ALIVE.
"SO, AFTER MAKIN' JANSON AS COMFORTABLE AS I COULD-- AND GETTIN' HIM TO PROMISE NOT TO RUN OUT AND TAKE ON THE WHOLE EMPIRE WHILE I WAS GONE--I SET OFF TO TAKE INVENTORY OF OUR NEW HOME-SWEET-HOME.
"LUCKILY, THERE WERE STILL A FEW CARTONS OF FOOD CONCENTRATE LEFT IN THE SUPPLY ROOM, SO I KNEW WE WOULDN'T STARVE.
"AT LEAST, NOT RIGHT AWAY.
"BUT THE BIG FIND CAME WHEN I STUMBLED INTO THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER--
"--AND FOUND THAT IT WAS NOT ONLY INTACT, BUT WAS STILL FUNCTIONING!


"YOU CAN CALL ME A LOP-EARED OPTIMIST, BUT I JUST KNEW WE'D BE SAFE THEN. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS SEND AN EMERGENCY SIGNAL IN THE DIRECTION OF THE REBEL FLEET, AND THEY'D SEND BACK A RESCUE SQUAD QUICK AS A BLINK!
"WHY, WE'D BE OFF THAT ICE BALL BY SUPPERTIME!
"NATURALLY, I WAS WRONG.
"I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS GUT INSTINCT, OR ALL THE YEARS OF TRAININ' THAT'D BEEN DRUMMED INTO MY HEAD, BUT I TOOK TIME TO RUN A SENSOR SCAN BEFORE I STARTED TRANSMITTIN'.
"AND I FOUND THE LITTLE SURPRISE VADER HAD LEFT BEHIND:
"TIE FIGHTERS, ORBITIN' AT INTERVALS AROUND HOTH. I GUESS THEY WERE LEFT TO CATCH ANY STRAGGLERS--
"--BUT I KNEW THEY'D CATCH ANY TRANSMISSIONS I TRIED TO SEND AS WELL.
"SO MUCH FOR PLAN 'A'!
"I WAS ON THE VERGE OF MUTTERIN' SOME HIGHLY PERSONAL OPINIONS OF DARTH VADER'S SANITARY HABITS WHEN I WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUNDS OF A FIGHT.
"A BIG FIGHT!

"FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT JANSON HAD BROKEN HIS PROMISE! BUT THEN I HEARD THE GROWLS...
"...AND THE SMELL HIT ME--THE SHARP STINK O' THE STUFF I STARTED SLIPPIN' IN AS I GOT NEAR THE STOCK PENS.
"BLOOD!
"...THE ANIMAL SCREAMS...
"BUT EVEN THAT DIDN'T SET ME FOR WHAT I SAW WHEN I ENTERED THE PLACE--DEAD *TAUNTAUNS* WERE PILED ALL OVER!
"AND THERE WAS ONE LIVE ONE, ITS EYES LOOKIN' BIGGER'N PLANETS, CAUGHT SMACK BETWEEN TWO *REAL* DETERMINED WAMPAS!
"THE POOR BEAST DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.

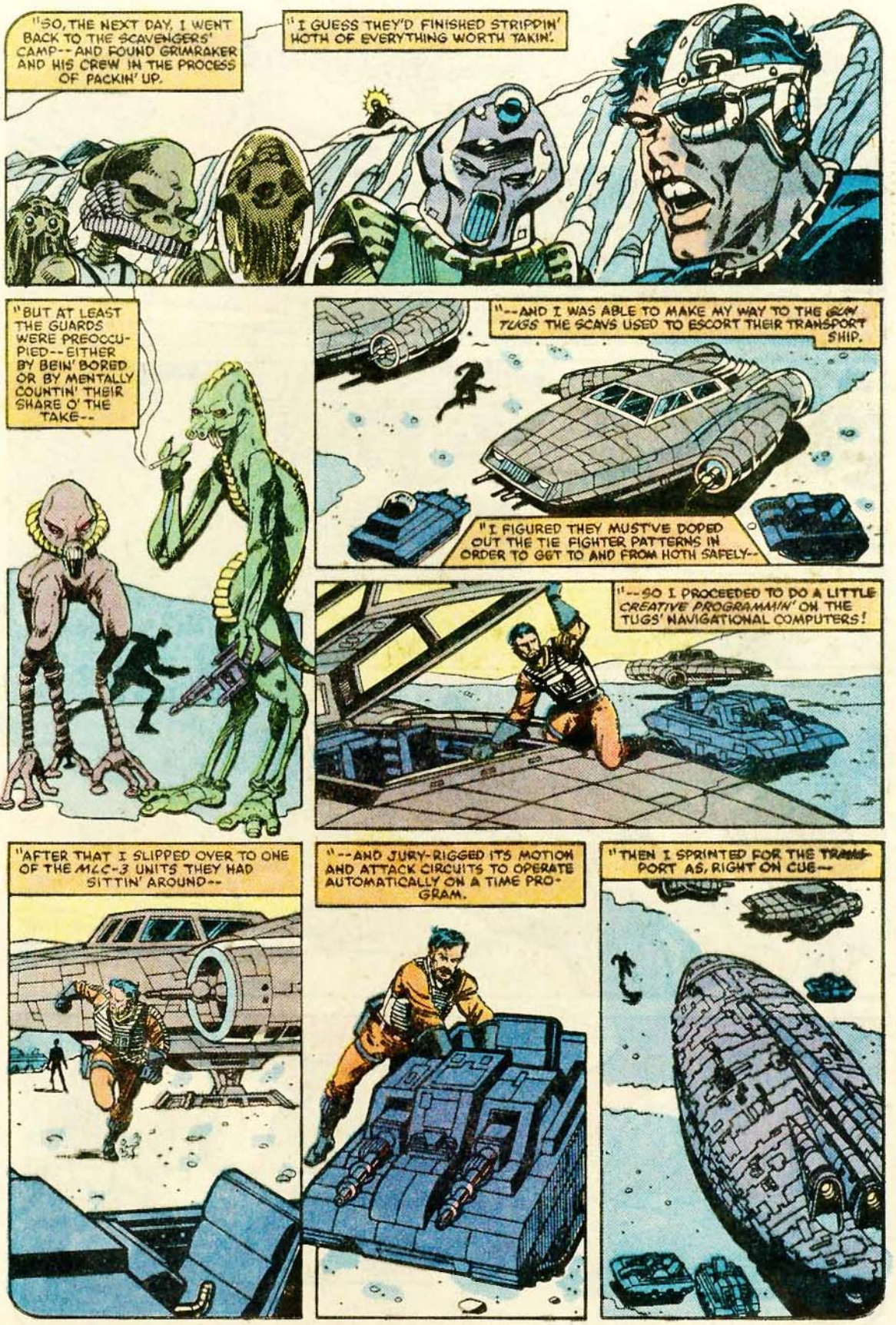
"AND I SOON KNEW EXACTLY HOW HE FELT!
"I GUESS HUMAN FLESH IS EVEN TASTIER THAN TAUNTAUN MEAT TO THOSE NASTIES!
"ANYWAY, I TOOK ONE OUT WITH MY BLASTER AS THEY CHARGED--
"--BUT THE OTHER TOOK *ME* OUT WITH A BACKHAND THAT FELT LIKE A RETRO BLAST FROM A STAR DESTROYER!
"SO I PLAYED DEAD.
"HE FELL FOR IT.
"AND THAT LITTLE MISTAKE COST HIM THE GAME!
"ALONG WITH, I'M HAPPY TO ADD, A GOODLY PORTION OF HIS SCRUFFY-LOOKIN' *SKULL!*
"ALL-IN-ALL, THE FIGHT LASTED LESS THAN A MINUTE. BUT IT TOOK *HOURS* TO CALM THAT TAUNTAUN DOWN.
"EVEN WHEN DOMESTICATED, THEY'RE MIGHTY SKITTISH.
"BUT I FINALLY GOT THE BEASTIE BREATHIN' NORMAL AGAIN, AND TETHERED HER NEAR THE GUN TURRET.

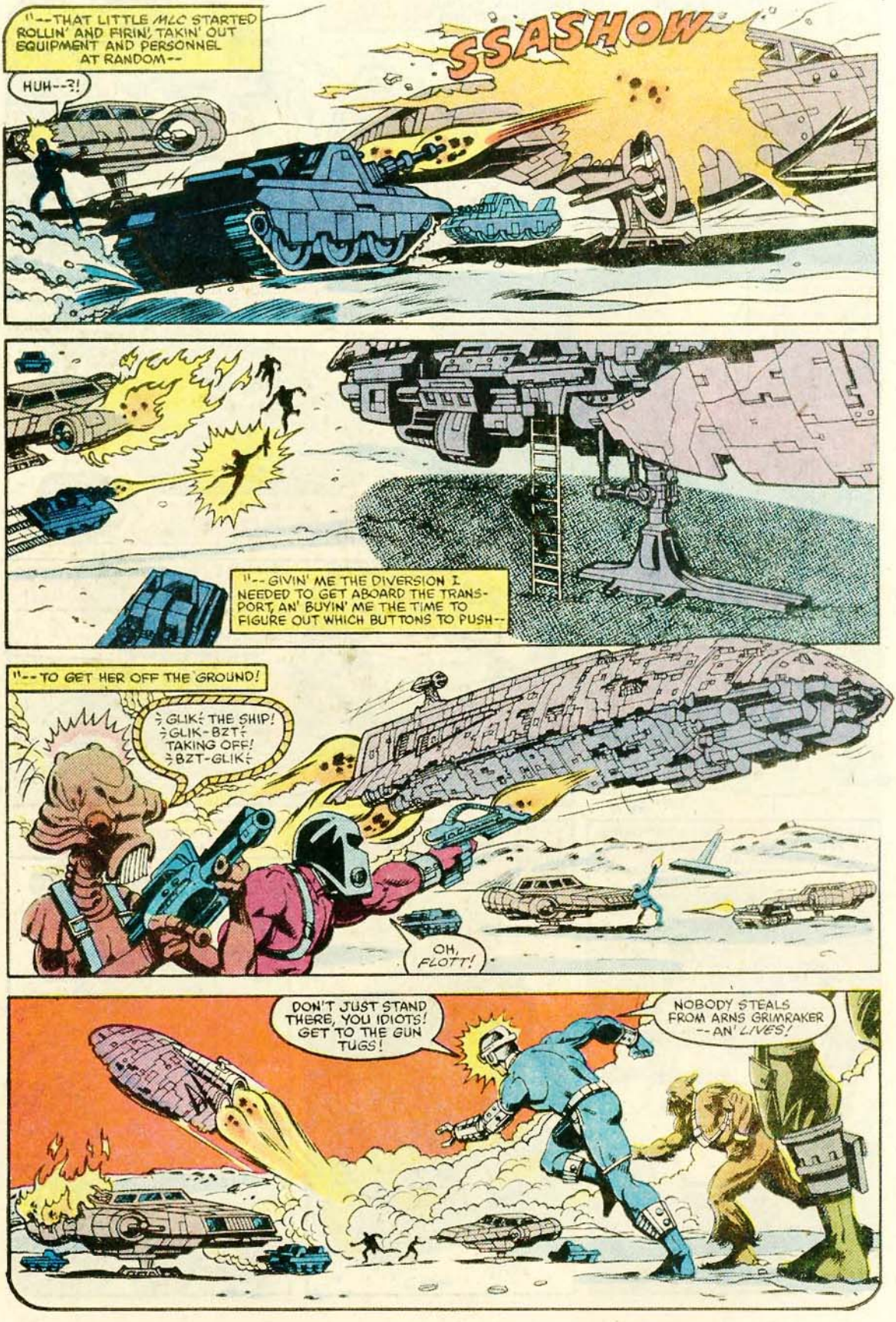
AND THAT'S WHEN THE REAL ORDEAL BEGAN. THE IMMEDIATE DANGER WAS OVER, BUT A SUBTLE, SNEAKIER ENEMY POPPED UP:
BOREDOM.
"JANSON WAS HURT WORSE THAN I'D THOUGHT, HURT INSIDE WHERE I COULDN'T HELP HIM.
"IT TOOK A LOT OUT OF HIM TO TALK, SO EVENTUALLY HE JUST STOPPED.
"AND THAT LEFT ME WITH A LOT OF QUIET, AND A LOT OF MEMORIES. MOSTLY, I THOUGHT OF BELINA, AND THE TIME WE'D SPENT TOGETHER IN THE COOL, DRY NIGHTS OF TATOOINE.
"AND THAT PROBABLY HURT ME AS MUCH AS JANSON'S WOUNDS HURT HIM. BUT I COULDN'T STOP...
"...EVEN IF I'D WANTED TO.
"MONTHS PASSED, AND SUPPLIES RAN LOW.
" I SUPPLEMENTED OUR LARDER BY HUNTIN' /CE SCRABBLERS-- Y'KNOW, THOSE FURRY RODENTS WHO'RE EATEN BY TAUNTAUNS, WHO'RE EATEN BY WAMPAS, WHO'RE EATEN BY NO ONE 'CAUSE THEY'RE TOO MEAN?
" YEAH, THOSE'RE THE ONES...
"ANYHOW, THAT'S ABOUT ALL I HAD TO DO--
"--'CEPT TELL JANSON MY LIFE STORY A COUPLA DOZEN TIMES. I DON'T THINK HE COULD EVEN HEAR, THEN, BUT IT HELPED ME TO TALK.
"AND ALL THE WHILE THOSE IMPERIAL FIGHTERS KEPT GOIN' 'ROUND...
"...AND 'ROUND...
"...AND 'ROUND.

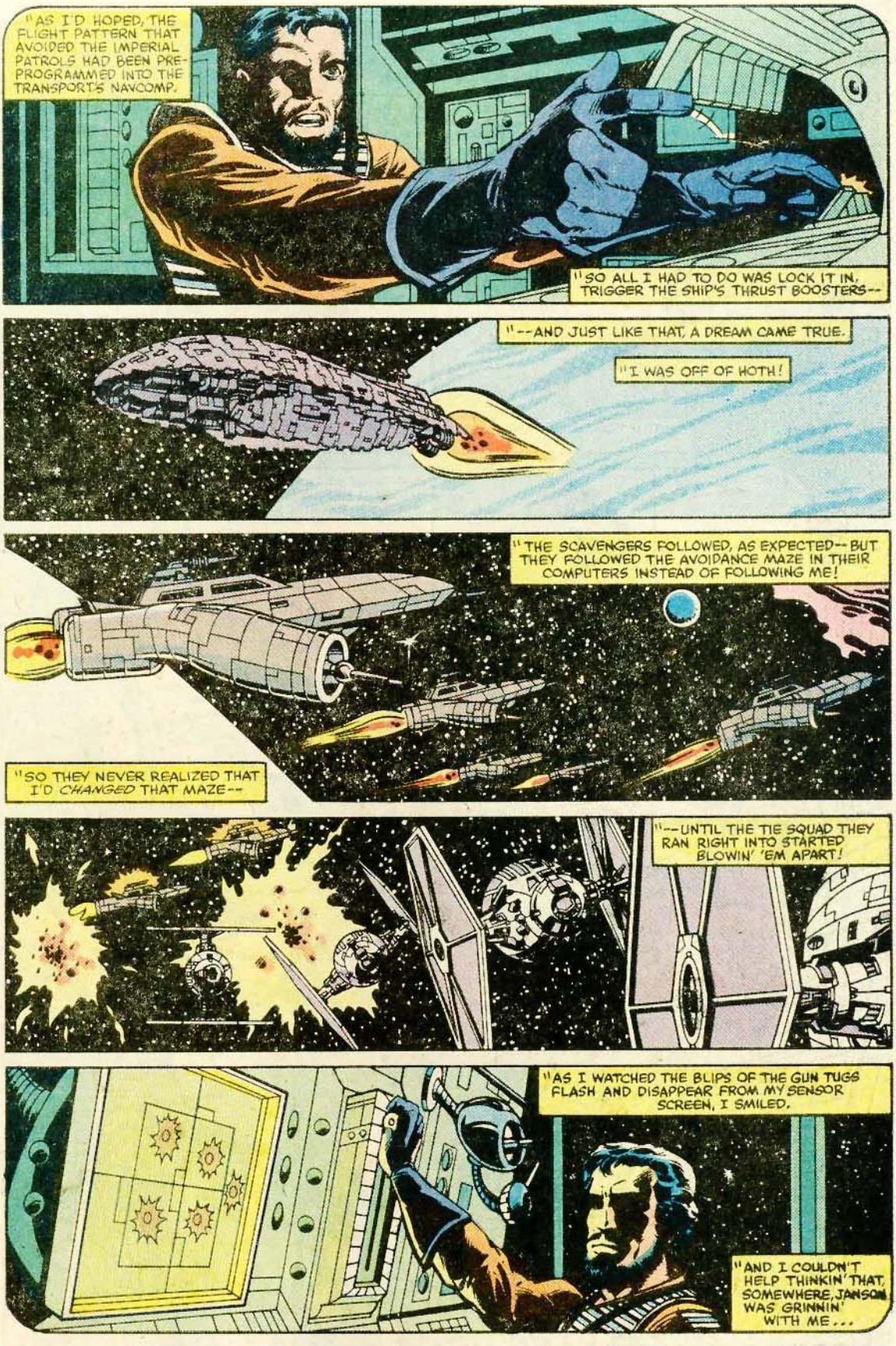
"LIFE WAS DULL, SURE, BUT LOOKIN' BACK, I ALMOST WISH IT HADN'T CHANGED...
"...LEASTWAYS NOT IN THE WAY IT *DID* CHANGE THAT DAY I CAME BACK FROM A SUCCESSFUL HUNT--
"--AND FOUND A SCENE THAT DROPPED MY BODY TEMP LOWER THAN THE SNOW AND SLUSH I'D JUST BEEN GALLOPIN' THROUGH!
"THE CANNON TURRET WAS WRECKED. ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS HAD BEEN TORN OUT O' THE CONSOLES, SUPPLIES HAD BEEN SCATTERED ALL OVER THE FLOOR. AND JANSON...
...POOR JANSON, A HELPLESS MAN WHO WAS DYIN' ANYWAY...
"...HAD BEEN *SLAUGHTERED!* CARVED UP AND LEFT TO ROT BY SOMEONE WHO KNEW THEIR BUSINESS--
"--AND OBVIOUSLY *ENJOYED* IT!

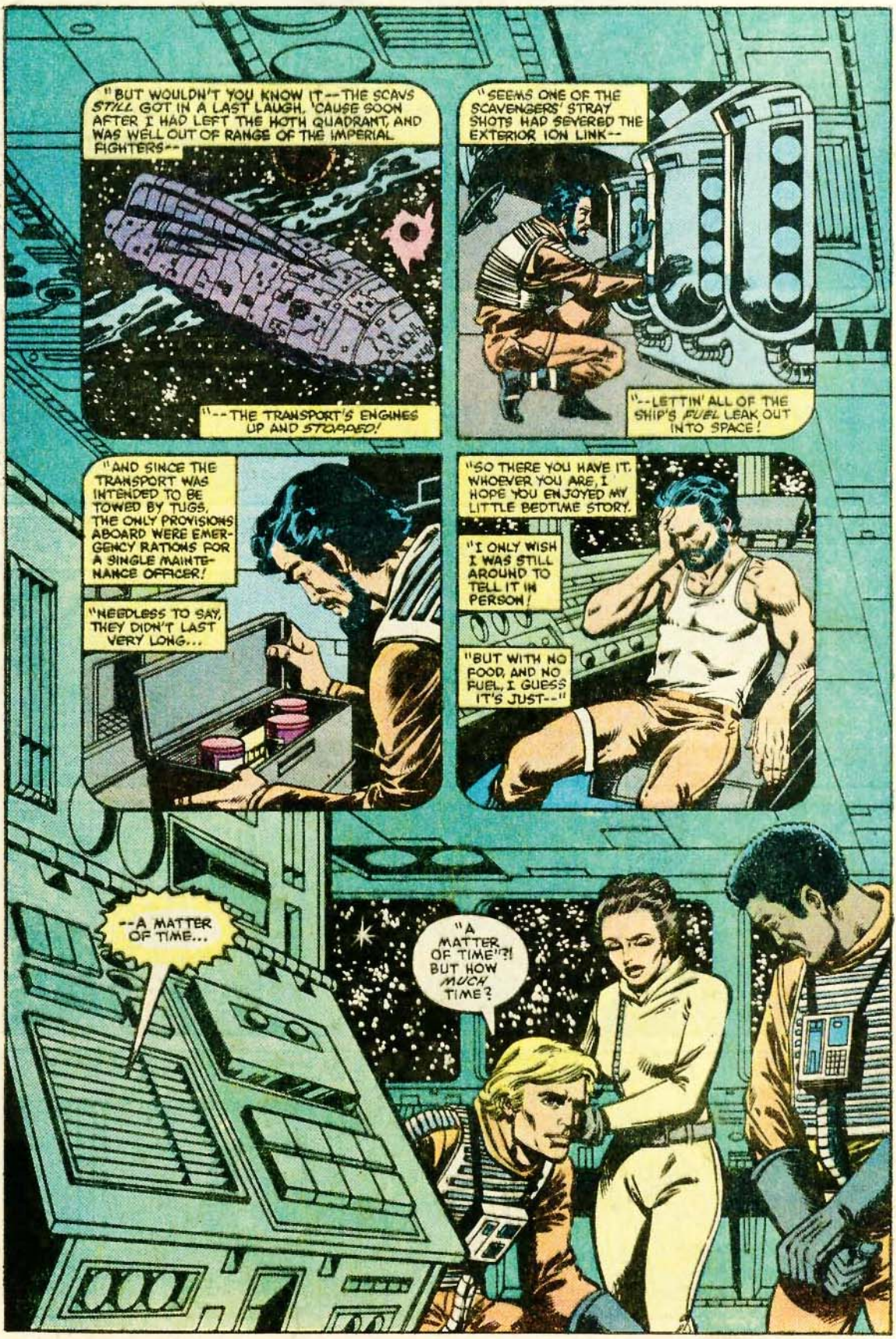
"I CAN'T SAY WHEN I'VE BEEN AS ANGRY. WHY, I WAS SO MAD THAT I ALMOST MISSED THE TRACKS-- A DOZEN MEN, SEVERAL VEHICLES.
"BUT FIND 'EM I DID.
"AND I FOLLOWED 'EM-- THROUGH BATTLEFIELDS STRIPPED OF USEFUL EQUIPMENT, OF ANYTHING ELECTRONIC, ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY VALUABLE.
"AND IT BEGAN TO DAWN ON ME JUST WHO I WAS UP AGAINST.
"WHEN I HEARD SOUNDS, I SLOWED DOWN, DISMOUNTED, CREPT FORWARD...
"...AND THE INHUMAN LAUGHTER, THE WORDS THAT SLID OFF ALIEN TONGUES LIKE COLD GREASE, TOLD ME I'D BEEN RIGHT.
"THOUGH I WISHED WITH ALL MY HEART THAT I HADN'T BEEN.
"SCAVENGERS!
"THE SCUM OF THE GALAXY, MISFITS WHO FOLLOW THE PATHS OF BATTLE, STEALIN' ANYTHING THEY CAN SELL, MAKIN' A PROFIT FROM THE PAIN OF WAR.
"HECK, MOST'D SHOOT THEIR OWN MOTHERS FOR A SECOND-HAND DROID MOTIVATOR!

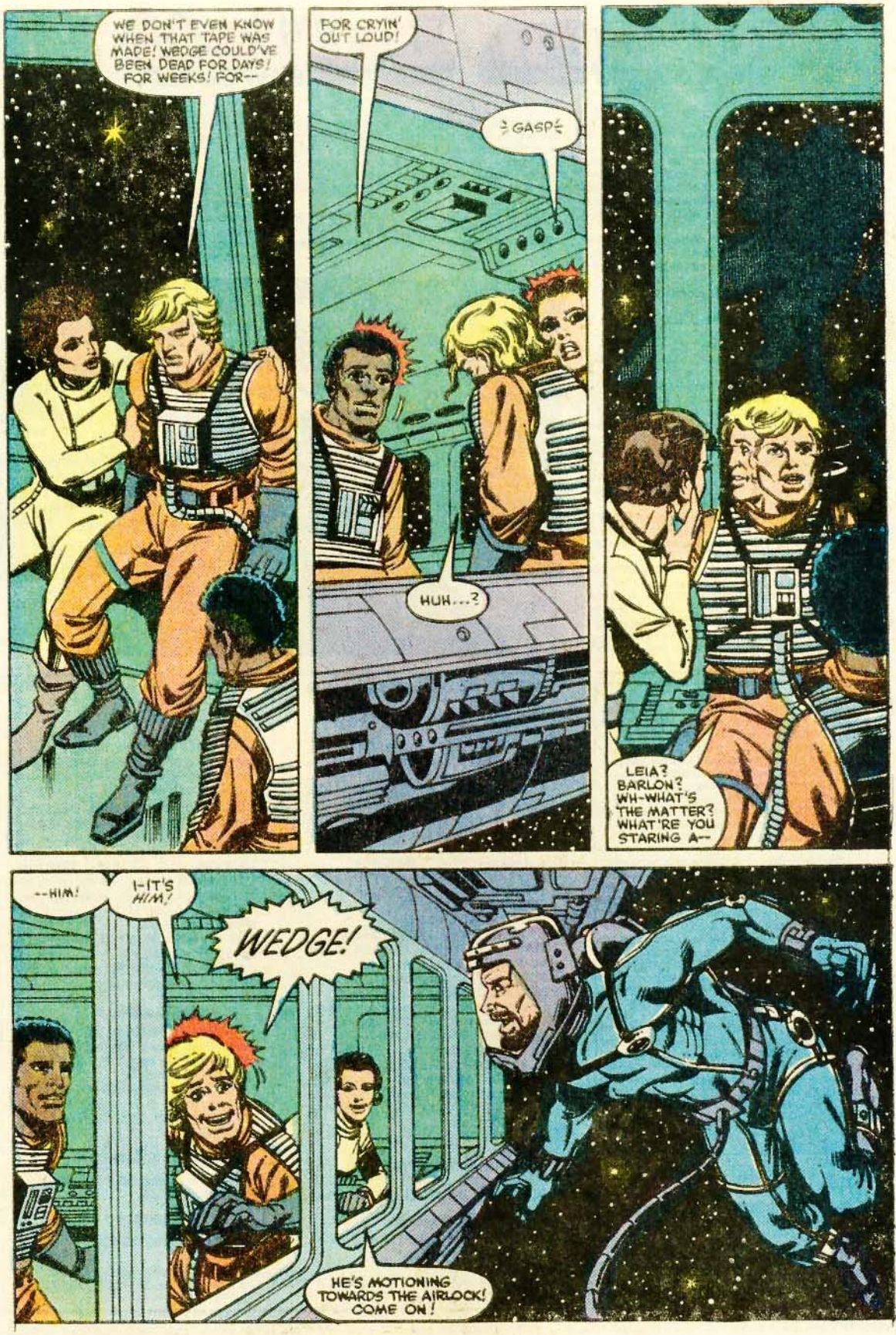
"BUT THAT WASN'T THE BIG SURPRISE.
"WHEN I FOCUSED MY MACRO-BINOCULARS ON THE GROUP'S TRANSPORT, I SAW--
"--ARNS GRIMRAKER!
"A CHIEF SCAVENGER THE REBELLION'D DEALT WITH BEFORE, WHEN WE HADN'T ANY CHOICE.
"I DOUBT YOU COULD FIND A CRUELER, MORE SOULLESS MAN IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE.
"AND I SUDDENLY KNEW JUST WHO'D SENT JANSON ON HIS FINAL JOURNEY...!
"BUT I WAS OUTNUMBERED, OUTGUNNED, SO I REMOUNTED AND HEADED BACK TO BASE--
"--WITH MY STOMACH FEELING AS HOLLOW AS THE CORE OF A BLACK HOLE.
"THE REST OF THE DAY WAS SPENT CLEANIN' UP, AND BURYIN' JANSON BENEATH THE SNOW.
"I SAID A FEW WORDS OVER THE GRAVE, BUT IN ALL HONESTY... MY HEART WASN'T IN IT.
"I WAS THINKIN' MORE OF ME, OF HOW I'D GET BY WITH JANSON GONE.
"AND I KNEW I WOULDN'T.
"IN TOTAL ISOLATION, WITH NO ONE TO EVEN TALK TO, I'D GO INSANE.
"I KNEW THEN THAT I'D HAVE TO STEAL A SHIP AND GET OFF HOTH. I'D HAVE TO FACE THE SCAVENGERS. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD SURVIVE. AND BESIDES...
"...I WANTED TO NAIL THOSE SLIME-LICKERS!


"SO, THE NEXT DAY, I WENT BACK TO THE SCAVENGERS' CAMP--AND FOUND GRIMRAKER AND HIS CREW IN THE PROCESS OF PACKIN' UP.
"I GUESS THEY'D FINISHED STRIPPIN' HOTH OF EVERYTHING WORTH TAKIN'.
"BUT AT LEAST THE GUARDS WERE PREOCCUPIED--EITHER BY BEIN' BORED OR BY MENTALLY COUNTIN' THEIR SHARE O' THE TAKE--
"--AND I WAS ABLE TO MAKE MY WAY TO THE SCAV TUGS THE SCAVS USED TO ESCORT THEIR TRANSPORT SHIP.
"I FIGURED THEY MUST'VE DOPED OUT THE TIE FIGHTER PATTERNS IN ORDER TO GET TO AND FROM HOTH SAFELY--
"--SO I PROCEEDED TO DO A LITTLE CREATIVE PROGRAMMIN' ON THE TUGS' NAVIGATIONAL COMPUTERS!
"AFTER THAT I SLIPPED OVER TO ONE OF THE MLC-3 UNITS THEY HAD SITTIN' AROUND--
"--AND JURY-RIGGED ITS MOTION AND ATTACK CIRCUITS TO OPERATE AUTOMATICALLY ON A TIME PROGRAM.
"THEN I SPRINTED FOR THE TRANSPORT AS, RIGHT ON CUE--


"--THAT LITTLE MLC STARTED ROLLIN' AND FIRIN', TAKIN' OUT EQUIPMENT AND PERSONNEL AT RANDOM--
HUH--?!
SSASHOW
"--GIVIN' ME THE DIVERSION I NEEDED TO GET ABOARD THE TRANS-PORT, AN' BUYIN' ME THE TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHICH BUTTONS TO PUSH--
"--TO GET HER OFF THE GROUND!
≠GLIK≠ THE SHIP! ≠GLIK-BZT≠ TAKING OFF! ≠BZT-GLIK≠
OH, FLOTT!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU IDIOTS! GET TO THE GUN TUGS!
NOBODY STEALS FROM ARNS GRIMRAKER --AN' LIVES!


"AS I'D HOPED, THE FLIGHT PATTERN THAT AVOIDED THE IMPERIAL PATROLS HAD BEEN PRE-PROGRAMMED INTO THE TRANSPORT'S NAVCOMP.
"SO ALL I HAD TO DO WAS LOCK IT IN, TRIGGER THE SHIP'S THRUST BOOSTERS--
"--AND JUST LIKE THAT, A DREAM CAME TRUE.
"I WAS OFF OF HOTH!
"THE SCAVENGERS FOLLOWED, AS EXPECTED--BUT THEY FOLLOWED THE AVOIDANCE MAZE IN THEIR COMPUTERS INSTEAD OF FOLLOWING ME!
"SO THEY NEVER REALIZED THAT I'D *CHANGED* THAT MAZE--
"--UNTIL THE TIE SQUAD THEY RAN RIGHT INTO STARTED BLOWIN' 'EM APART!
"AS I WATCHED THE BLIPS OF THE GUN TUGS FLASH AND DISAPPEAR FROM MY SENSOR SCREEN, I SMILED.
"AND I COULDN'T HELP THINKIN' THAT, SOMEWHERE, JANSON WAS GRINNIN' WITH ME...


"BUT WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT--THE SCAVS STILL GOT IN A LAST LAUGH, 'CAUSE SOON AFTER I HAD LEFT THE HOTH QUADRANT, AND WAS WELL OUT OF RANGE OF THE IMPERIAL FIGHTERS--
"--THE TRANSPORT'S ENGINES UP AND STOPPED!
"SEEMS ONE OF THE SCAVENGERS' STRAY SHOTS HAD SEVERED THE EXTERIOR ION LINK--
"--LETTIN' ALL OF THE SHIP'S FUEL LEAK OUT INTO SPACE!
"AND SINCE THE TRANSPORT WAS INTENDED TO BE TOWED BY TUGS, THE ONLY PROVISIONS ABOARD WERE EMERGENCY RATIONS FOR A SINGLE MAINTENANCE OFFICER!
"NEEDLESS TO SAY, THEY DIDN'T LAST VERY LONG...
"SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. WHOEVER YOU ARE, I HOPE YOU ENJOYED MY LITTLE BEDTIME STORY.
"I ONLY WISH I WAS STILL AROUND TO TELL IT IN PERSON!
"BUT WITH NO FOOD, AND NO FUEL, I GUESS IT'S JUST--"
--A MATTER OF TIME...
"A MATTER OF TIME"?! BUT HOW MUCH TIME?


WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHEN THAT TAPE WAS MADE! WEDGE COULD'VE BEEN DEAD FOR DAYS! FOR WEEKS! FOR--
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!
GASP
HUH...?
LEIA? BARLON? WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT'RE YOU STARING A--
--HIM!
I-IT'S HIM!
WEDGE!
HE'S MOTIONING TOWARDS THE AIRLOCK! COME ON!

BABBLING WITH JOY AND AMAZEMENT, THE THREE STARTLED WARRIORS CLAMBER DOWN CORRIDORS, MOVING TOWARDS THE GIANT SPACESHIP'S LOWER-LEVEL AIRLOCKS.
WHILE NEARBY, A FOURTH -- AND EQUALLY SURPRISED -- REBEL FLOATS GENTLY TOWARDS SAME.
AND SOON, ONCE ALL HAVE BEEN RE-UNITED INSIDE, AND RATIONS FROM THE Y-WING FIGHTER HAVE BEEN PASSED AROUND --
--QUESTIONS ARE EAGERLY, FINALLY, ANSWERED...
THAT'S RIGHT, LUKE. I GOT PRETTY HUNGRY BEFORE I REALIZED THAT I WAS SITTIN' RIGHT ON TOP OF EVERYTHING I NEEDED!
WITH A HOLD FULL OF SCAVENGED PARTS, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS SCROUNGE UP A NEW ION LINK, THEN DRAIN OFF FUEL FROM SALVAGED ENGINE UNITS, AND I COULD PILOT THIS BARGE TO THE NEAREST SETTLEMENT FOR RESTOCKING!
THE WHOLE PROCESS TOOK A COUPLE OF DAYS, AND I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO UPDATE THE LOG, BUT I FIGURED THE END RESULT WOULD BE WORTH THE EFFORT. MATTER OF FACT, I WAS OUTSIDE INSTALLIN' THE NEW LINK WHEN YOU GUYS SHOWED UP.
I SAW YOU ARRIVE, BUT IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO WORK MY WAY AROUND TO THE CONTROL ROOM TO LET YOU KNOW I WAS HERE.
I HOPE I DIDN'T WORRY YOU TOO MUCH.
WEDGE, WE'LL FORGIVE YOU THIS TIME. BUT PLEASE --
-- DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!
SOON AFTER, THE TWO STARCRAFT MOVE OUT, SLOWLY AT FIRST, THEN BUILDING SPEED, CARRYING FOUR SMILING REBELS AND A SHIPLOAD OF MUCH-NEEDED EQUIPMENT TO ARBRA --
-- AND TO A CELEBRATION THAT WILL LAST, QUITE POSSIBLY, FOR DAYS...