

WORST AMONG EQUALS

Part II

Rogue archaeologist Doctor Aphra is on the run! Implanted with a proximity bomb, she's forced to stay close to her nemesis, the psychotic droid Triple-Zero.

It's all part of a grand experiment by the evil Doctor Cornelius Evazan, who watches from afar as Aphra blunders through the many dangers of the ultra lawful imperial world, Milvayne.

How could it get any worse? Perhaps if Triple-Zero killed the only person capable of removing the bombs and triggered a fail-safe countdown....

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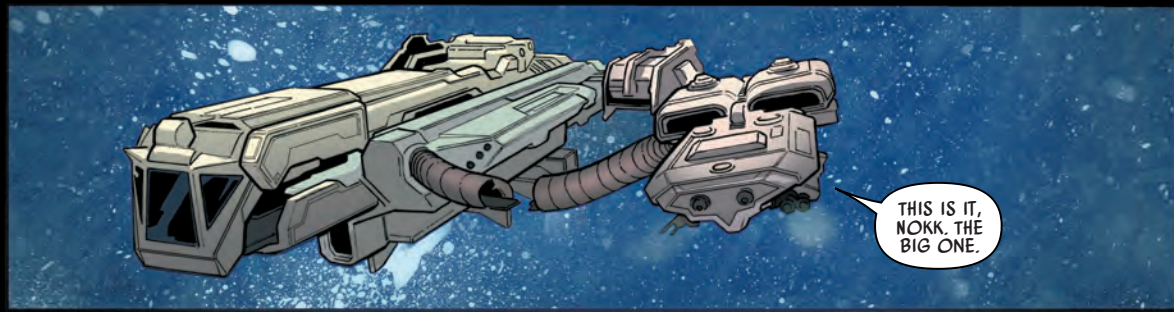
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STAR WARS: DOCTOR APHRA No. 27, February 2019. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, L.L.C. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. BULK MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. STAR WARS and related text and illustrations are trademarks and/or copyrights, in the United States and other countries, of Lucasfilm Ltd. and/or its affiliates, © & TM Lucasfilm Ltd. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Marvel and its logos are TM Marvel Characters, Inc. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$26.99; Canada \$42.99; Foreign \$42.99. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO STAR WARS: DOCTOR APHRA, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTIONS P.O. BOX 727 NEW HYDE PARK, NY 11040. TELEPHONE # (888) 511-5480. FAX # (347) 537-2649. subscriptions@marvel.com. DAN BUCKLEY, President, Marvel Entertainment; JOHN NEE, Publisher; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Operations, Publishing & Partnership; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Sales & Marketing, Publishing; JEFF YOUNGQUIST, VP of Production & Special Projects; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; ALEX MORALES, Director of Publishing Operations; DAN EDINGTON, Managing Editor; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Vit DeBellis, Custom Solutions & Integrated Advertising Manager, at vdebellis@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 11/09/2018 and 11/26/2018 by QUAD GRAPHICS SARATOGA, SARATOGA SPRINGS, NY, USA.



THIS IS IT, NOKK. THE BIG ONE.

Winloss & Nokk. (Wish They Were) The Best Monster Hunters In The Galaxy.

HOW DO I LOOK?

SSS. YOU LOOK EXACTLY LIKE A MIDDLE-AGED SCOUNDREL WITH A THING FOR REPTILES GETTING SWEATY OVER A NEW CLIENT.

AN UNCANNY TRANSFORMATION, WINLOSS.

HILARIOUS. LOOK--IT'S ROYALTY! I'M TRYIN' TA SCRUB UP IS ALL!

DOES THAT SHIP LOOK ROYAL TO YOU? THIS WHOLE THING STINKS--AND THAT'S DESPITE COMPETING WITH YOUR COLOGNE.



HM. I LOVE HOW SLITTY YOUR PUPILS GO WHEN YOU'RE BEIN' ALL SUSPICIOUS.

PROFESSIONAL FACE, FOOL OF A HUSBAND. AND FOR VOID'S SAKE DON'T SPOUT SOME MORONIC ONE-LINER AS WE GO IN.

PSSSHHT

SOMEBODY CALL THE PROFESSIONALS?

=SIGH=



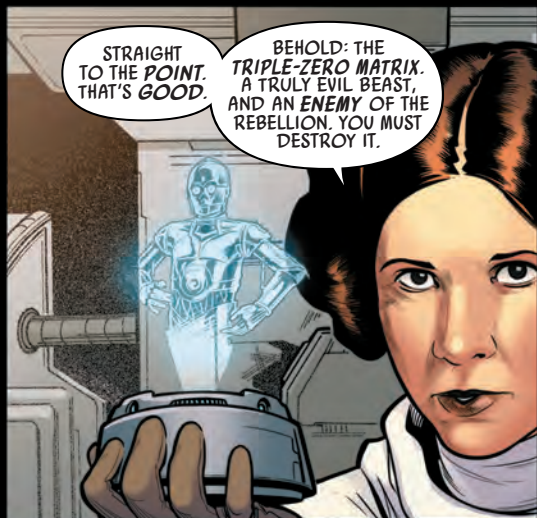
YES.
BUT
YOU TWO
WILL HAVE
TO DO.

Princess
Leia Organa.
(Apparently.)



YOUR
HIGHNESS.

WHAT'S THE
GIG, SHE-
MAMMAL?



STRAIGHT TO THE POINT. THAT'S GOOD.

BEHOLD: THE TRIPLE-ZERO MATRIX. A TRULY EVIL BEAST, AND AN ENEMY OF THE REBELLION. YOU MUST DESTROY IT.



NOPE.

UH. PLEASE?



LISTEN--YOUR ROYAL COIFFEURNESS-- MY WIFE'S A HIGHLY PRINCIPLED HUNTER. WE'RE TRAPPERS, SEE? NOT KILLERS.

AND WHEREAS I DON'T WANNA GET INTO THE SEMANTICS OF THE WORD "MONSTER," WE AIN'T REALLY IN THE BUSINESS OF DROID RETRIEVAL.

BUT--



NO BUTS. YOUR FACE SMELLS OF EXOTIC BIOENGINEERING AND YOUR GUARD REEKS OF AQUALISH BEER. ALSO, YOUR VOICE IS HORRIBLE.

THERE IS CLEARLY SOMETHING SHADY AFOOT HERE.



WHAT MY WIFE'S SAYIN' IS, WE'RE GONNA NEED YOU TO QUADRUPLE THE PRICE AND PUT DOWN A DEPOSIT.

WAIT.



THAT SCREEN. EXPLAIN.

THAT'S-- THAT'S A DIRECT FEED FROM THE TARGET'S EYES. YOU RECOGNIZE THAT WOMAN?

NOKK, THAT'S-- THAT'S APHRA. THAT'S THE LITTLE RAT WHO LEFT US IN THE TERROR TEMPLE! NEARLY GOT US KILLED!*

*SEE DOCTOR APHRA ANNUAL #2.