

## **Killing Boba Fett**

Boba Fett: I'm back!

Luke: What? How did you survive the sarlaac?

Boba: I shot it!

Luke: You... what?

Boba: Yeah, that's right! I'm so tough I was able to survive being eaten!

Kyle Katarn: Wouldn't the debris from Jabba's sail barge have fallen right on top of the sarlaac, killing you both?

Boba: I, uh, survived that, too. Because I'm just that good.

Han: Survive **this**!

*Han shoulders a rocket launcher and fires. The projectile hits Fett in the chest, sending him flying into the air. He lands in a heap, obviously dead.*

Luke: That should take care of our Mandalorian problem.

Karen Traviss: No, it won't.

Luke: Who are you?

Kyle: And what do you mean?

Traviss: He's still alive.

Han: He got hit by a rocket.

Traviss: It doesn't matter. He has Mandalorian armour.

Han: It was a **rocket**.

Traviss: Doesn't matter. Mandalorian armour.

*Kyle ignites his lightsaber, walks over to Fett, and decapitates the bounty hunter.*

Kyle: That should do it.

Traviss: Nope. His armour is immune to lightsabers.

Kyle: I cut his head clean off!

Traviss: It... doesn't count. He's Mando. He'll grow a new one.

Han: And what makes you think his armor is so strong, anyway?

Traviss: It's made from Mandalorian iron.

Luke: Iron?

Traviss: Yes. It's completely invincible and lightsaber-proof.

Luke: But the only thing immune to lightsabers is cortosis, which is highly brittle and wouldn't work as solid armor.

Traviss: Mandalorian iron is unique. It protects against everything.

Luke: If it's so strong, how is it cut?

Traviss: It... it just **is**, all right!?!

Kyle: If we can't kill Fett with weapons, maybe we could just tie him up and let him starve.

Traviss: You can't do that! He's, uh, super-strong! He'd break the bonds.

Han: What if his bonds were made of Mandalorian iron?

Traviss: Impossible! It's only found on Mandalore!

Kyle: So, what you're saying is that this is some unique element that's only found on one planet and can't be synthesized?

Traviss: Precisely.

Han: Then maybe we should just get a Death Star and blow up Mandalore.

Traviss: You're not allowed to! Mandalore is almost completely made up of Mandalorian iron. The superlaser would bounce right off it!

Kyle: There's more than one way to bust a planet. We could just park a bunch of World Devastators in orbit and strip away the atmosphere.

Traviss: No, no, no! The Mandalorian fleet would crush you!

Luke: They have a fleet?

Traviss: Yes, and it's super-powerful!

Luke: When did they get a fleet?

Traviss: They built it from scratch in two weeks.

Han: Huh? You pulling our legs?

Traviss: No. They did it while you were preoccupied with Jacen Solo.

Kyle: I have an idea. How about we get fifty Jedi, levitate Fett into a carbonite chamber, freeze him, load him into the Falcon, and dump him into the nearest black hole?

Han: Sounds like a plan. Unless this bantha here objects...

Traviss: Of course I do! He'd escape!

Luke: From a black hole?

Traviss: Yes.

Han: We're talking about a black hole. As in, nothing can escape it. Not even light.

Traviss: Fools! Mandalorian light can escape a black hole!

Han: Is there **any** way Mandalorians are inferior to **anything**, anywhere?

Traviss: No. They're perfect. Perfect, I say!

*Han draws his blaster and gives Traviss the Greedo treatment.*

Han: All right. Boba Fett's dead and the Mandalorians aren't a bunch of super-powered Mary Sues. Any objections?

Kyle: Nope.

Luke: None at all.

Han: Great. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna get a kriffing bagel.