

Palpatine's Evil Council of Doom, Part VII: Thrawn's Evil Council of Doom

Thrawn: Gentlemen, I have assembled here the last bastion of competence in the galaxy. Aside from the Imperial Stormtrooper Corps, of course. They're still quite intelligent.

Pellaeon: Quite.

Thrawn: We must remain ever-vigilant as we prepare for the final push against our foes. Even now, forces are being marshaled for an assault on Coruscant itself!

Fyyar: How will we take the system? It's extraordinarily well-defended.

Thrawn: Art.

Fyyar: Excuse me?

Thrawn: Art.

Fyyar: I'm... not sure I understand.

Thrawn: I **said**, "art."

Fyyar: Yes, but... how will art help us achieve victory?

Thrawn: I study it.

Fyyar: But... it's art.

Thrawn: Exactly! Through the art, I understand the enemy!

Fyyar: How does that help? Palpatine's no artist!

Pellaeon: Actually, he enjoys making painting.

Fyyar: What?

Pellaeon: Yes. He's a most proficient watercolorist.

Thrawn: And every last one of them is crap. Therefore, he lacks strategic vision. If we stage an attack on Kuat beforehand, he will divert his forces there, leaving Coruscant exposed.

Fyyar: How do you reach that conclusion by studying art?

Thrawn: You have to read between the lines.

Fyyar: **What** lines?

Pellaeon: What the grand admiral is trying to say is that we express our innermost thoughts and feelings through art. If you understand the artwork, you understand the mind of the person who produced it. And by knowing enough artwork, you can understand entire cultures and civilizations well enough to have a firm grasp of their military tactics.

Fyyar: Wouldn't Thrawn be familiar with Imperial tactics due to **being an admiral in the Imperial fleet**? How does art factor into all this? How can it possibly provide such insight? There is no way to know absolutely everything about a culture from the art it produces!

Thrawn: You're just not looking hard enough.

Fyyar: Why did I even join this revolution, anyway?

Ackbar: The tacos?

Fyyar: Wait, what are you doing here?

Ackbar: They're very good tacos.

Fyyar: You were executed after the last rebellion failed! As I recall, they ruled that you were to suffer the death penalty sixteen hundred times.

Thrawn: And in order to do so, they had to clone him each time.

Ackbar: Eventually I escaped, and now I'm here, aiding Thrawn in destroying my old enemies.

Fyyar: Aren't you afraid he's just using you and that you'll be thrown by the wayside as soon as you're no longer needed?

Ackbar: Are you insinuating that this is some sort of trap? That's ridiculous!

Thrawn: Now, as I was trying to say before, we will divert the Empire's attention away from our impending attack on Coruscant. If we're lucky, Palpatine will be in the capital, and the enemy's government will be decapitated in one swift stroke.

Fyyar: And if Palpatine's not there?

Thrawn: Oh well. We'll still have Coruscant. That's a darn good consolation prize.

Fyyar: But I can't even think of the last time Coruscant changed hands forcibly. It's always been in the hands of the dominant galactic power.

Thrawn: And that power will soon be us. Now if you'll excuse me, I must go on bust inspection.

Fyyar: Excuse me?

Thrawn: Busts. I study them intently.

Pellaeon: You know... little statues.

Fyyar: Oh, of course.

Thrawn: And one last thing – we're going to discover the legendary Katana Fleet.

Fyyar: How could two hundred ancient dreadnoughts possibly influence the outcome of a war involving millions of ships?

Thrawn: Because however many ships we have, it's never enough.

Fyyar: I reiterate: two hundred ships. Less than the millions we already have. Why do we need them?

Thrawn: It's more for the psychological impact.

Fyyar: Yes, drops in buckets are quite terrifying.

Pellaeon: Is that defiance I hear? You will **not** insult the grand admiral!

Thrawn: No, no, it's fine. I tolerate dissent among my staff.

Fyyar: You do?

Thrawn: Of course. I know you're all too weak and feeble-minded to make a move against me. Also, you have low self-esteem and smell bad.

Ackbar: That last one was unnecessary!

Fyyar: Well, it's still better than serving under Palpatine.

Pellaeon: Quite.

Fyyar: All right – see you at the next meeting!

Everyone gets up and leaves. Once they're all gone, IG-88 enters.

IG-88: Hey, where is everybody? Maybe they're all late.

IG-88 sits down and waits.

IG-88: Yes, that's it, they, uh... they got stuck on an elevator! All of them. They all got stuck on the same elevator. That's... possible.

IG-88 starts sobbing as best a droid can.

IG-88: Why doesn't anybody like me? I know! I'll spark a droid rebellion and annihilate all life! That'll show them! Because they'll be dead! Of course, I'll have to get my business cards changed... This is going to be fun! Ooh, and someone left a taco on the table!

In the elevator, Ackbar realizes something.

Ackbar: My taco! NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!