

## Traviss Quits!

Andrew: Hey, everyone, look at this!

Ryan: Look at what?

Andrew: Uh... I was going to show you this Internet page, but I forgot my computer.

Ryan: So? You're the author. You can materialize a new computer.

Andrew: I can do that?

*Andrew creates a corn dog out of thin air.*

Andrew: I'll never go hungry again!

*Ryan sighs and creates a computer.*

Ryan: Now, what did you want to tell me?

Andrew: Karen Traviss quit Star Wars.

*Ryan materializes a mug of coffee, takes a sip, and violently spits it out.*

Ryan: What!?

Andrew: Yeah. She was upset that people were overwriting her "contributions" to canon, so she won't be writing any more Star Wars books.

Ryan: You know what this means, right?

Andrew: I won't be able to make fun of her anymore?

Ryan: That too. But maybe the EU will stop sucking so hard now.

Andrew: Wow... This calls for a party!

Karen Traviss: You haven't seen the last of me, Talifans!

Andrew: Oh crap.

Traviss: I'll continue to write Gears of War novels and work on my Mandalorian language. Then, someday, I will return to assume my rightful place as head of the Boba Fett universe!

Ryan: Don't you mean "Star Wars universe"?

Traviss: Huh?

Ryan: Never mind.

Traviss: And there's nothing you can do to stop me!

Andrew: No! We have to stop her from writing crappy spinoff novels before it's too late!

Traviss: You know, we're not so different, you and I.

Andrew: Eh?

Traviss: Yes. Nobody appreciates your writing, either.

Andrew: That's not true. Our styles are completely different!

Traviss: How so?

Andrew: My writing is like a mini-skirt – long enough to cover the topic, but short enough to keep it interesting.

Ryan: Your analogies suck.

Andrew: The point is that people like my writing.

Traviss: Oh, really? How many comments does your latest fanfic have on theforce.net?

Andrew: People will get around to commenting on it eventually...

Traviss: And how many people have visited this website in the last month?

Ryan: Hey! I work very hard maintaining the site! It's not my fault Andrew's been writing so little lately.

Andrew: Whose side are you on?

Ryan: I'm just calling it like I see it.

Traviss: Face it – you'll never be welcome in the Star Wars fandom!

Andrew: Hmm... but what if I start writing parodies of other universes?

Ryan: Please, no-

Andrew: Too late!

*The Master Chief comes across an overturned tank. He flicks the vehicle, effortlessly returning it to an upright position.*

Master Chief: Super strength sure comes in handy!

*Shortly afterward, the Chief is repeatedly pistol-whipping an Elite, to no avail.*

Master Chief: Why won't you die?

Cortana: Chief! The ring is going to explode in five minutes!

Master Chief: I'm on it!

*The Master Chief creates a vast pile of grenades. He then places a Warthog on top of the pile, gets in, and tosses an active grenade onto the pile.*

*From space, an entire section of Halo is obscured by a flash of light, followed shortly by shockwaves that tear apart the rest of the ring-world.*

Master Chief: WHEEE!

Prophet of Truth: Elites are sooooo five minutes ago. The new warrior race for the Covenant will be the Brutes.

Tartarus: Wait. Why weren't we in the last game?

Prophet of Truth: Because the writers hadn't thought of you yet.

Tartarus: Ohhhhh.

Gravemind: I'm a poet and I don't know it!

Master Chief: Just as long as he doesn't break into song, we should be OK.

Master Chief: Cortana, I found the captain, but... he looks a little... under the weather.

Cortana: What do you mean?

Master Chief: He's all green and blobby.

Cortana: You just have to retrieve his neural implants.

Master Chief: No! He's too gross!

Cortana: Do it!

*The Master Chief pokes Captain Keyes.*

Master Chief: Uh... his head just fell off...

Cortana: Then pick it up!

*The Master Chief carefully picks up the captain's head with a pair of tweezers.*  
Master Chief: OK, I have the head. I'll just get the implants out later.

*Hundreds of Spartan-III troopers charge a Covenant position.*

UNSC Scientist #1: Well, all the Spartan-IIIs are dead. What now?

UNSC Scientist #2: Time to make another batch!

*The scientists open a case of "Super-Soldier in a Can."*

Grunt: Yousa tinken yousa people gonna die?

Traviss: Hey, this gives me an idea...

*Shortly afterward...*

Master Chief: Why'oa am I talking'oa like this all of a sudden'oa?

Traviss: Bwa-hahahahahahahahaha!

Eric Nuylund: Crap.