

A New Doom, Part IX

A Star Wars/Invader Zim crossover by Andrew Erickson

Han was the first to step off the Falcon. His eyes swept the hangar, which was filled with cobbled-together fighters and landing craft. He noticed a bizarre ship that looked like a Y-wing's engines grafted onto a TIE cockpit, with torpedo launchers welded onto the hull wherever possible, and found himself worrying that the Falcon would be cannibalized for parts.

"Arr! Ye must be Han Solo, the famous smuggler! Pleasure t' meet you!"

Han's gaze shifted to Crimson Jack, who was flanked by a pair of vibroblade-wielding guards. "I wish I could say the feeling's mutual."

Crimson Jack let out a hearty laugh, then motioned toward the rear of the hangar. "Here, let me show ye some pirate hospitality. You'll be here a while, so ye might as well get t' know the lay of the ship, y'arr."

Han reluctantly followed as the pirate leader turned and swaggered in the direction he had indicated. Luke, Chewbacca, and Obi-Wan moved into the hangar and trailed behind him a few seconds later. Crimson Jack led them through the ship's interior, eagerly pointing out the various modifications they had made, until eventually they arrived on the bridge.

"This har be the bridge," Crimson Jack explained as he walked over to a wooden wheel mounted in front of the bridge window. "And this be me trusty ship wheel, for steerin' the ship. Ain't that right, Poll?"

A small, birdlike droid flew across the bridge and landed on the pirate's shoulder, letting out a mechanical squawk. "Polly wanna oil bath!"

"Uh... thanks for the tour and everything, but can we go now?" Han asked.

"Eager to leave, eh, Solo? Sorry, but that can't happen, arrrr. Y'see, I be searchin' for a legendary treasure, and I think you can help me find it, ye old scallywag."

"What treasure?" Han asked cautiously.

"We're going t' steal the Hapan royal jewels!" Crimson Jack boasted, raising a bottle of rum in the air. "And who better to help us than the owner of the fastest ship in the galaxy?"

"Thanks, but no thanks. I have enough people chasing me already without getting the Hapans involved."

“Arr, it wasn’t an offer. You’ll help us or walk the airlock, avast. Now, will ye and yer crew be goin’ on account or not?”

Han glanced at his copilot, who growled softly. “You can say that again, Chewie,” he said as he looked back to the pirate captain. “All right, we’ll do it.”

Crimson Jack grinned and grabbed Han by the shoulder. “Now you’re talkin’! Those stuck-up landlubbers won’t know what him ‘em, y’arr! Let’s get to the mess hall and celebrate – rum and brandy for everyone!”

Luke quietly pulled Han aside as they left the bridge. “Are you sure this is a good idea?”

Han looked at Crimson Jack, who was already distributing bottles to the crew as they forgot their duties and eagerly marched toward the ship’s dining area. He definitely had a bad feeling about the situation, but it was better than being tossed out an airlock. “It can’t be all bad,” he said, shrugging.