

## Fate of the Authors

Allston: Hello, I'm Aaron Allston, author of the upcoming novel *Fate of the Jedi: Outcast*, and I wanted to say-

*Stormtrooper #2 hits Allston in the back of the head with an oar, knocking him out. Despite Allston's unconsciousness, #2 continues wailing on him with the oar.*

Stormtrooper #1: What are you doing? You **maniac**!

*Trooper #2 starts foaming at the mouth. I don't know how this would be visible with a face-concealing helmet, but please bear with me.*

Stormtrooper #2: I can't take it anymore! This has to **stop**!

Stormtrooper #1: What has to stop?

Stormtrooper #2: It's **another** nine-book epic series that will change things forever! How many of those kriffing things do we need? And they'll all be hard-covers! **All** of them! And have you seen the cover art?

Boba: I think it's a refreshing change of pace.

Stormtrooper #2: It's a Lovecraftian horror!

*Trooper #2's head starts spinning (counter-clockwise, of course).*

Stormtrooper #2: Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn!

Stormtrooper #1: Well, he's insane.

Karen Traviss: Who's insane?

*Trooper #2 rips off Traviss' head and punts it into an enormous pile of Young Jedi Knight books.*

Boba: All right, now that's just an insult to the honorable name of Kevin J. Anderson. Also, I'm back from the dead again for some reason.

*The giant metal cargo container from Revenge of the Sith crushes Boba Fett, then opens to reveal that it contains massive quantities of bagels.*

Stormtrooper #2: Urge... to kill... falling...

*Two figures watch the display from afar.*

Andrew: Well, I think I've referenced every running joke so far. Throw in an Invader Zim reference and I'm done!

Ryan: You're officially out of ideas.

Andrew: I'm not ashamed.

Boba: That's it! I've had enough!

*The authors turn to see Fett aiming a blaster rifle at them.*

Boba: I'm taking you two hostage! Now **I**'m in control of this little universe of yours!

Ryan: But-

Boba: Not buts! Now give me your Author Powers!

*Suddenly, Fett is infused with new powers, making him immortal, omniscient, and able to alter reality at will. In short, he's approximately one-tenth as powerful as described in the works of Karen Traviss. He then snaps his fingers, and the authors are imprisoned in blocks of carbonite.*

Boba: I'll let you out if I need you again. Now to do the things I always dreamed of!

*Boba teleports to a bar. The bartender is, inexplicably, Jango Fett.*

Boba: It's missing something.

*A group of Twi'lek dancers appear out of nowhere.*

Boba: **This** is more like it.

*Later (much, much later), Boba stumbles out of the bar. His left arm is missing. I will leave the exact cause to your imagination, though I prefer to think of it as a side-effect of the galaxy's worst hangover.*

Boba: I can't live like this. Maybe Hedonism-Bot could, but a lifestyle of instant gratification wasn't meant for me. I must surrender my Author Powers before I get into serious trouble. Also, I didn't notice until now, but I'm on fire.

*Fett tries to take a step, but instead collapses into a gutter.*

Boba: Well, this is pretty much the worst epiphany ever.

*Fett dies, lonely and on fire. This raises the important question of who gets the mystical Author Powers if their current holder dies.*

*Deep inside an Imperial facility on Byss, an ornate sarcophagus begins to shake – at first almost imperceptibly, then violently. With a flash, it explodes, revealing its former occupant...*

Jar Jar: Mesa feel more powaful den eva! Now, mesa gonna be da most powaful Sith in da history of da galaxy, muy-muy!

*Darth Binks draws his lightsaber.*

Jar Jar: Mesa gonna be unstoppable!