

Today we join the authors in the midst of a discussion, by which I mean Andrew is furiously telling Ryan about whatever comes to mind while Ryan steadily inches toward the nearest exit.

Andrew: I mean, it's not enough that the levels are atrociously designed, with unavoidable enemies and bottomless pits every two seconds, but it's almost like the game was designed by the idiot fanboys who are convinced that the games are supposed to be more like Need for Speed, but with more trial-and-error, than the classic platformers!

Ryan: You know, you might want to remember to breathe.

Andrew: Look, I'm just saying that after Sonic Advance, the 2D games started following the same trajectory the 3D ones did after Sonic Adventure 2.

Ryan: Which reached its natural conclusion with Sonic Rush. Gotcha.

Andrew: And I haven't played the sequel to Rush yet, but I imagine it's equally horrible.

Ryan: Then why play it?

Andrew: Because they still did enough things right that I want to. It's kind of like the Shadow the Hedgehog game. Yeah, it's not great by any stretch of the imagination, but at least it's not aggressively bad, which is more than can be said for the unmentionable game.

Ryan: You mean-

Andrew: Yes. That one was the worst thing ever.

Ryan: I don't know. What about the Star Wars Holiday Special?

Andrew stares at Ryan, mouth agape.

Andrew: I was... uh... speaking within the context of the Sonic the Hedgehog series. Star Wars has nothing to do with it.

Ryan: Uh-huh. Right.

Andrew: No. I'm not touching that one. We've all seen the Nostalgia Critic's review of it, right? That video was funny and touched on the show's flaws well enough. I don't need to write a parody of the - ugh - Holiday Special.

Ryan: I don't know. It's not like you've written anything else recently.

Andrew: What about the new fanfic?

Ryan: Ah, yes. I don't think that one's getting posted to the site any time soon. After all, you didn't even bother putting it on TF.N because you knew how badly it violated their decency standards.

Andrew: Oh, sure, blame me.

Ryan: I do.

Andrew sighs.

Andrew: I really don't want to do this.

Ryan: Fair enough. How about you go through with that MST of Karen Traviss' "Odds" instead?

Andrew: All right, I'll go get the bootleg VHS tape...

The Space Wars Holiday Special

The Millennium Falcon flees an Imperial star destroyer in a scene that looks suspiciously like stock footage from Episode IV.

Han: Just think, Chewie, this is one of three scenes with us in it.

Chewbacca: Growl.

Han: You said it.

Meanwhile, on Kashyyyyyyyyyyk:

Malla: Roar!

Itchy: Growl!

Lumpy: Roar!

Malla: Roar growl!

Itchy: Growl grr roar!

Darth Nihilus: Ksht grashrr nlikvrasht krillhnn.

Malla: Roar roar growl roar growl!

Lumpy: Growl roar groar growl roar!

Audience: Groan...

This is tiresome, and there is a strong possibility that even the Wookiee family doesn't understand their language, as they decide to watch TV instead.

TV cooking show host: Here's how to properly prepare gruel!

Malla imitates the host, who is of indeterminate gender, as they over-enthusiastically stir a bowl of something.

Host: Whip, stir, whip, whip, stir! Whip, stir, whip, whip, stir! Whip, stir, whip, whip, stir!

This goes on for five minutes. Andrew tries to slit his wrists, though the attempt to escape the torment of the Holiday Special fails when he cuts across the street, not down it.

In one of many ill-advised guest star appearances, someone who is mildly entertaining shows up for... some... raisin.

Ryan: You stole that from Futurama.

Andrew: Shut up. My brain's already reeling so much from the Special that I have to think of things that are funny just so my neurons don't fry themselves.

Andrew pauses.

Andrew: Too late. There goes my literary taste. On the other hand, now I can enjoy Twilight.

While the authors were talking, the guest star set up some kind of combination hair drier/VR machine. Itchy tries it out.

Guest star #2: Welcome to "Hookers Online." Please have your credit card number ready.

Itchy is talked through an LSD trip by a whore, making everybody wonder this scene is doing in a Christmas special.

Andrew: There goes my appreciation of music. Thanks, Holiday Special.

Imperial troops enter.

Malla: Roar!

Stormtrooper #2: What are they saying?

Imperial Officer #1: [holding "Book of Essential Wookiee Phrases"] I think she just said "we're rebel sympathizers. Please search our home for signs of treasonous activity."

Stormtrooper #2: Wow. You can get that much meaning from one sound?

Officer #1: Actually, I have no clue what she said. But we're here, so we might as well take the place apart.

Stormtrooper #1: Don't we need a warrant for that?

Stormtrooper #2: Wow, I didn't know you cared about the law.

Stormtrooper #1: Only when it can get me out of work.

The Imperial troops start searching the house, but then the officer is distracted by a music video.

Officer #1: This is so much more interesting than anything else that's going on right now.

Andrew: Sadly, he's right.

Back in Lumpy's room, the young Wookiee watches an instruction video on how to put together a transmitter. Suddenly, the troopers enter.

Stormtrooper #1: So, uh, we're going to destroy your stuffed animals in the name of the Empire, or something.

Trooper #1 rips the head off a toy bantha.

Stormtrooper #2: Maybe it's just me, but I think somewhere along the line the Empire progressed from normal everyday villainy to cartoonish super-villainy.

Stormtrooper #1: Yeah, probably. Now help me destroy the kid's Legos.

Trooper #1 picks up a Lego construction.

Stormtrooper #1: You call this a star destroyer!?

He throws the toy to the ground, breaking it.

Lumpy, who is sick of all this crap, watches a cartoon. Because that's what Christmas is about, people – watching a TV show in which the characters watch TV.

Luke: This isn't right! This isn't right at all!

C-3PO: I can blink! Since when did I blink?

Han: Animation... so horrible... please... kill me...

In an attempt to escape the animated portion of the Holiday Special via death, Luke crashes what vaguely resembles a Y-wing into a planet that apparently is made of Jell-O. A dinosaur appears and tries to finish the job, but is vanquished by...

Boba Fett: Oh, yeah! Most awesome character intro **ever!**

Luke: Uh... who are you, and why are you using a giant tuning fork to kill random wildlife?

Boba Fett: Because I'm Boba Fett, and that's what I do!

Luke: And to think that in another couple decades, a major Star Wars novelist will worship you.

Boba Fett: I know. Scary, isn't it? Anyway, let's go to my ship, seeing as yours is trapped in the planet's tasty yet treacherous crust.

Luke: Sure, why not.

They go to a city where the animators got lazy and colored everything in with randomly-selected Crayola magic markers.

R2-D2 just happens to discover a video playing on a panel in Fett's ship.

Darth Vader: Bring the rebels to me, and I will ensure that you become a major character. Fail, however, and you will suffer an ignominious death by comic relief in Episode VI, only to be brought back to life in subpar Expanded Universe novels.

Boba Fett: Hey, what are you doing here?

Han accidentally triggers Fett's jetpack, sending the bounty hunter careening off into the air.

Boba Fett: I should probably fix that. [thinks] Nah, it can wait. What's the worst that can happen?

The heroes steal Fett's ship and escape the poorly-animated planet for the safety of a poorly-animated rebel starship.

Andrew: So much for my attention span.

Ryan: At least you can still enjoy FLCL, right?

Andrew: Look, a bird! And now I'm bored again. Ooh, something shiny!

Meanwhile, Bea Arthur is closing her bar. Because... uh... she just is.

Bea Arthur: All right, you have to leave now. We're going out of business.

The customers refuse.

Bea Arthur: OK, here's what we'll do. You can either have one last round, on the house, or I'll do a sad musical number while you leave.

The patrons unanimously call for another round of drinks.

Bea Arthur: You're getting the song and you'll like it. Ingrates.

Back on Kashyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyk, Han and Chewie finally arrive.

Stormtrooper #3: A rebel! I must vanquish him by quickly sidestepping repeatedly!

Han and the trooper attempt to sidestep each other into submission.

Stormtrooper #3: CRAB BATTLE!

The trooper dives through an extremely shoddily-built rail, to an untimely death thousands of feet below on the surface of Kashyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyk.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 1

Troopers #1 and #2 make a run for it. The Officer, who has long since died of boredom, does not escape.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 2

Han: Well, I'm glad that's over.

Malla: Growl roar grr growl roar!

Han: You have got to kriffing be kidding me.

*Wookiees march around in robes. It's hard to pinpoint whether this is actually happening, or if it takes place inside Itchy's hallucination machine. Given the profound lack of whores, it most likely is actually happening somewhere on Kashyyyyyyyyyyyyyy-
yyk.*

Leia: And now I'll sing a song off-key!

Andrew: I envy her.

Ryan: Because she got paid for being part of the Holiday Special, while your only reward is some vague notion that someone might read this and enjoy it?

Andrew: No. It's just that she was heavily medicated during production.

Ryan: What would explain the singing.

Andrew: Personally, I think someone just left the camera running.

Mercifully, it's over, leaving everyone perplexed as to what Life Day is but too terrified to search for an answer.

Andrew: Goodbye, common sense.

Ryan: You never had any to begin with.

Andrew: Shut up or I'll tell you my opinion of "Avatar."