

## **Palpatine's Evil Council of Doom, Part VI: Surrounded by Suckers**

Palpatine: Well, this is just great. Thrawn's taken over about a quarter of the Empire, and we're stuck here doing absolutely nothing.

Traviss: Boba would stop that fool, but he doesn't feel like it.

Palpatine: Boba. Fett. Is. Kriffing. **Dead**.

Traviss: No... that's not true! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

Palpatine: Search your feelings. You know it to be true.

Traviss: But I had so many plans! He was going to be the reluctant leader of Mandalore! Of course, the Mandos are so awesome that they don't need a leader.

Palpatine: The Mandalorians have been getting their collective backside handed to them in every war they've been in for the last four thousand years. The Jedi annihilated them as anything other than roving mercenary bands, and they aren't even good at **that**. You're a talentless hack and you have no idea what you're talking about.

Traviss: That's it, I'm going to rip the trachea out of your pitifully unworthy neck!

Palpatine: Why not have Fett do it for you? Oh, right, I forgot – he's **dead**!

Traviss: He escaped from the sarlaac!

Palpatine: Why, because nobody actually saw him get digested? All right, then I guess Tarkin didn't die either. There weren't any surviving eyewitnesses to his death. Hey, it's possible that Darth Maul wasn't killed by Obi-Wan – he was still alive when he fell down that seemingly bottomless pit, after all. Are we going to assume that just because we don't explicitly see someone die, they're automatically alive? Do you really want to stoop to that level?

Traviss: But... he's so **awesome**! And manly! That's why I've persuaded George to let me write a series of harlequin romance novels about him.

Lucas: I pity myself.

Palpatine: Look, I have more important things to deal with.

Desann: Do not worry! I shall destroy Thrawn! With **destruction**!

Daala: I'll help. After all, I'm the most overrated officer in Imperial history. Plus, I have an eyepatch.

Palpatine: So?

Daala: An eyepatch **of doom**.

Palpatine: Now I'm impressed. Very well... Desann, Daala, I want you to join with Admiral Fyyar and stop Thrawn!

*On board Fyyar's flagship:*

Desann: This ship is not intimidating enough. I **order** you to rename it the **Doomgiver**! Because it is the **giver** of-

Fyyar: Yes, I think I can figure that one out.

Daala: Have you installed those superweapons I requested?

Fyyar: Of course not. They're highly impractical.

Daala: Beware my eyepatch!

Fyyar: Oh, I didn't notice that. Well then, you must be a competent admiral. After all, not anybody can get an eyepatch.

Desann: I wish I had one. I would call it the **Doompatch**!

Fyyar: Is everyone but me a moron?

Daala: All the self-proclaimed "tacticians" and "strategists" joined Thrawn. Don't they realize that wars are won by eye accessories and crystal lasers?

Desann: And romantic relationships with your superior officer.

Daala: Oh, come on! My being promoted by Tarkin was a coincidence. He was professional enough to value me for my talents.

Desann: Yes, your... **talent**.

Fyyar: That's the last straw. I'm leaving!

Desann: Where are you going?

Fyyar: I'm joining Thrawn!

Daala: And how are you going to do that?

Fyyar: I'm actually a hologram speaking to you from the *Chimera*. Oh, and by the way, I've triggered the *Doomgiver*'s self-destruct sequence. Have a good day.

Desann: Some last words might be in order.

Daala: I'm surrounded by wankers.

*The Doomgiver explodes.*

*Back in the conference room, Palpatine is trying to have a conversation with George Lucas.*

Lucas: I don't get why people hate me so much. I mean, if they're that upset, why bother watching my movies at all?

Palpatine: Maybe it's because you've left your creation to the likes of her.

*Palpatine points at Traviss, who has been bound, gagged, and strapped to Fett's corpse.*

Lucas: Oh, and I'm supposed to pay attention to every last facet of something I made decades ago? I want to work on other things.

Palpatine: To be honest, you're not too good at those, too.

Lucas: But they make so much money!

Palpatine: Yeah... about that... People are only allowed to like things that aren't profitable. That's why the Rebel Alliance was able to fight the Empire for as long as it did.

Lucas: But they eventually lost.

Palpatine: Only in this universe. You see, I've discovered that we are the mirror version of a universe in which the Rebels won.

Lucas: So, in that universe, does Traviss love Jedi and hate Mandalorians?

Palpatine: No, she's some kind of weird universal constant. Almost everything else is the opposite, though. For example, the troopers in that universe are incompetent, as opposed to the forces available to me. Isn't that right?

Stormtrooper #1: Yes, master!

Stormtrooper #2: We live to serve!

Palpatine: Excellent. Now, my minions, hunt down Thrawn and make that traitor pay!

Stormtrooper #1: I obey!

*The troopers leave.*

Lucas: Two of them? That's all?

Palpatine: That's all we need.

*The troopers begin to scour the galaxy for Thrawn. They start with a bar on Mandalore.*

Medrit: We don't take too kindly to stormies around here.

*Trooper #1 activates his comlink.*

Stormtrooper #1: Base Delta Zero.

*The troopers leave the planet in a TIE Defender just before the entire surface is reduced to molten slag by an orbiting star destroyer.*

Stormtrooper #1: That felt good.

Stormtrooper #2: Our job isn't to feel good, it's to protect the hegemony of the Galactic Empire!

Stormtrooper #1: Agreed.

*Their next stop is Alderaan, which is very much not-destroyed.*

Stormtrooper #1: Senator Organa, I understand that you own a sizeable art collection.

Bail Organa: What about it?

Stormtrooper #1: We know how prominent Thrawn is on the galactic art scene. You know where he is.

Organa: I have no idea what you're talking about. As a loyal citizen, I don't have any contact with traitors.

Stormtrooper #2: Do what we say or we'll blow up your planet.

Organa: You wouldn't...

Stormtrooper #1: Base Delta-

Organa: Fine, fine. He's on Byss.

Stormtrooper #1: Thank you. Now we're going to destroy half your planet.

Organa: But I gave you the information!

Stormtrooper #1: But you lied first.

Organa: Is there anything I can do to change your minds?

Stormtrooper #2: Perhaps. We understand your daughter is involved with subversive activities. Where is she?

Organa: You can't be serious.

Stormtrooper #1: We're Imperial Stormtroopers. We're always serious.

Stormtrooper #2: Serious like a rancor.

Stormtrooper #1: And twice as vicious.

Organa: Very well. Dantooine. She's on Dantooine.

Stormtrooper #1: Thank you very much.

Organa: Please, I beg of you, spare her life.

Stormtrooper #1: We wouldn't dream of doing otherwise.

Stormtrooper #2: Yeah. If she was dead, how would we torture her?

Stormtrooper #1: Have a nice day. Oh, and could you fill out these forms on our performance? We want to be the best oppressors we can be.

*Once the troopers are safely gone, Organa takes off a mask, revealing that he's none other than Thrawn.*

Thrawn: Suckers.

*At that moment, heavy turbolaser fire demolishes the area. The troopers watch from their Defender.*

Stormtrooper #1: Sucker.

*Back in the conference room:*

Lucas: Suckers!

Palpatine: No, George, I don't have any candy.

Lucas: Aww... But what about-

Palpatine: And I don't have any waffles, either.

Lucas: This isn't any fun without anybody else here. And what happened to Troy Denning and Mr. Burns?

Palpatine: They're, uh... on vacation. Forever.