

## STAR WARS: THE FETT AWAKENS

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...

Boba Fett, the galaxy's most feared bounty-hunter had just finished having all of his feats erased by Disney, when he sensed a disturbance in the Force- the mystical energy that connects all clones of Jango Fett.

TR-8R, the last living Clone trooper, was in terrible danger. Boba Fett took his bitchin' ship, the Servant VII, and flew to Takodana at super-fly lightspeed, where the First Order and Resistance were doing battle.

He landed his ship and observed the battle from atop some old-ass tree in the distance with his ultra-badass Mandalorian sniper rifle.

"Oh shit, son," he muttered to himself, "A black guy with a lightsaber."

A Fett's one weakness.

Boba Fett knew what he had to do. He had to save his clone brother.

Using the Force.

So Boba leaped 10 miles through the air and kicked a guy in the fucking face. He then landed gracefully, on the guy's face.

He scanned the battlefield for 8R and the lightsaber user. He found them and was amazed at what he was seeing.

The trooper was beating the guy's ass with a riot stick. Holy crap, what a joke.

But then Han Solo, that son of a bitch. He always has to stick his dick into everything. He blasted 8R with that stupid yodeling dog's crossbow.

The smugglers grabbed the saberguy and took off. Fett rushed to 8R's aid. He was bleeding out.

“Stay with me, bro,” said Fett.

“Hnnnnrghh- the traitor-”

“Don't worry about him now. I'm getting you out of here.”

“Boba Fett? I- I thought you were dead,” questioned the dying Stormtrooper.

“No,” explained Boba Fett.

He removed 8R's helmet and gave him a Senzu bean. TR-8R was as good as new.

“Why are you helping me?”

“Because Mace Windu is trying to kill me.”

II

TR-8R rose to his feet.

“What do you mean Mace Windu is trying to kill you?” he asked Boba, “He was killed by Palps at the beginning of the Jedicide.”

“Yeah, well no he wasn't at all, actually,” explained Boba, annoyed that he was going to have to explain the sheer power of Mace goddamn Windu.

“He was blasted out of a window. But he somehow used the Force to break his effin’ fall. He escaped the clone troopers, and has been on the run ever since, killing anyone who comes after him.”

“Wow,” said TR-8R.

“Yeah, wow,” mocked Boba, “He killed our father, Jango Fett during the beginning of the Clone Wars.”

“Okay, whatever. I can’t help you, I’m with the First Order,” said TR-8R.

“No, dude, you have to come with me so I can teach you how to be a bounty hunter.”

“I’m not going to do that at all.”

“TR-8R! Report!” shouted Captain Phasma.

“She sounds hot,” said Boba.

“Surprise, mothafucka!” yelled Mace Windu, and he cut off Boba’s head.

“Jesus Christ!” cried TR, and he and Phasma fired at Windu with their blasters.

“Adios, mothafuckas,” said Windu, and he Force Jumped into the forest and escaped on Boba’s ship.

“Wow,” said Kylo Ren.

“Sir, Mace Windu is still alive!” reported Phasma.

“Thanks, I saw. He’s become more powerful than any of us can ever imagine. We have to report this to Supreme Leader Snoke. Bring Boba Fett’s head, and let’s GTFO. I’ve got to go capture some hot girl though so I’ll see you guys later.”

“Okay,” said Phasma, turning to TR.

“Pick up Fett’s head, and get to the ship, TR-8R. I’ll see you at the debriefing.”

“Ma’am, what do they want with his head?” asked TR.

“Probably some sick Sith shit, who the hell knows. I’ll see you at base.”

Phasma turned and strutted away. Holy shit, she’s hot. I’d do her with her full armor on. God damn. -thought TR-8R to himself.

He picked up Boba Fett’s head, and headed back to his ship with the rest of his division.

### III

8R picked up the head of the fallen Fett and returned to the secret First Order base, LV-420, located on Planet Dankuur.

Little did he know, that Mace effin Windu was hot on his trail.

“Supreme Leader Snoke, we have Boba Fett’s head,” said General Hux.

“Good, goooooood,” said Snoke, “We can rebuild him, make him stronger. Place him into the Gundam nowwww.”

“Give me the head, 8R,” commanded Hux.

8R did as he was told, because he was loyal as hell.

Hux placed Boba’s head into the Gundam’s core and it sprang to life. Wowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww.

“Well, this is cool,” said Gundam Fett.

“You now have an obligation to the Order, which has breathed new life into you, bounty hunter,” said Supreme Leader Snoke, stupidly.

“Yeah, sorry nerds, I bow to no-one,” said Boba Fett, and then he flew through the ceiling.

“That was a cluster fuck,” said General Hux.

“Yes, it was a cluster fuck,” agreed Snoke, “The Force Gundam was our most powerful weapon. Without it, the Order cannot hope to prevail. Mace Windu will destroy you all.”

“TR-8R!” said Captain Phasma, “You have a connection with Boba Fett. Can you convince him to fight by our side?”

“Probably not, the guy’s kind of a wildcard. But I’ll try anything for the Order, ma’am!” and he saluted like a good little pawn.

“Good, goooooooooooooood,” said Snoke, but then he suddenly looked spooked.

“Mace Windu is here...”

The cries of stormtroopers getting the shit beaten out of them all across the base could be heard.

“We can take him!” exclaimed TR-8R.

“No,” replied Snoke, “He has become unstoppable. None can defeat him but me. And I cannot be bothered to leave my chair.”

“Then we must abandon this base,” said Captain Phasma.

“Not before doing this!” announced General Hux, and he pressed a trigger which detonated bombs all around the planet, killing all of the indigenous people and animals.

“ALL WILL BOW TO THE FIRST ORDER!” he screamed, and then he clicked his rocket boots, and flew away to his escape pod.

Phasma and TR-8R raced to the final escape pod, but there, in their way, stood the Jedi Master.

“We meet again, troopers” said Mace Windu, activating his lightsaber and assuming the Maceintu fighting position- a form he’d invented which utilized straight-jumping to slam-dunk some saberblades and force-balls into people’s heads. Street basketball meets the Force.

“Go, captain. The Order needs you,” said TR-8R bravely, and he pushed his sexy commander into the escape pod and pulled the lever.

“It’s just you and me, Jedi,” he said as he took out his stun baton with a forceful, sick spin.

#### IV

“I sense that you are a clone, stormtrooper. A TRAITOR to the Republic,” Mace Windu said, as he circled sound 8R.

“That really fucking stings and I can’t think of a retort,” replied 8R.

“It was a mistake ever trusting you, and it’ll be my pleasure killing the last of you!” roared Windu, and he charged forward with a swing of his shweet purple lightsaber.

8R deflected his attack, but fell back.

*I can't believe it. He considers me a traitor. And he's not wrong,* TR-8R thought to himself.

His inner turmoil prevented him from being the least bit badass, and he was forced into a corner by the Jedi Master.

“Prepare to die,” said Windu, as he prepared to strike down on the trooper.

“YO BITCH, FUCK YOooooooooou!” roared Gundam Fett, the galaxy’s most feared bounty-hunting mech.

Gundam Fett charged from behind and football-tackled Windu to the ground.

“Motha FUCKA!” gasped Samuel L. Windu, as he struggled to get to his feet.

“Let’s go, kid,” said Gundam Fett as he grabbed his clone brother and boosted back down the corridor.

“Where are we going?” asked 8R.

“The question isn’t where we’re going, but *when*,” replied Gundam Fett, as he opened up a goddamn time portal and jumped into it.

WOOOOOSH HHHH. WHOOAAAAAAAAA. FAR OUT MAAAAAAAAAN. SPACE AND TIIIIIIIMEEEEE.

“Where are we?” asked TR-8R, after they finished tripping through time.

“We’re on Coruscant, before the execution of Order 66. We’re here to witness the betrayal of Mace Windu by Anakin Skywalker, that we might better understand our enemy.”

“Okay, that’s cool,” said 8R, sedated by the drugs that Fett had slipped him when they were whooshing through time.

Gundam Fett sat him down on his feet and looked at him sternly, with his robot face that can’t actually convey emotion.

“It is imperative that you come to understand that everyone in the Universe is an asshole, and loyalty gets you nowhere. Your training will not only be physical, but philosophical. When our time together is over, you will be the new Boba Fett.”

V

“I was born into it, and before I knew it, I saw the students of poor gettin’ hauled off to war-”

“What are you talking about?” asked 8R.

“Sorry, I was listening to Sage Francis. My brain has Pandora installed,” explained Gundam Fett.

“Okay, so what are we doing here, exactly?”

“We’re both going to learn something from witnessing this scene,” replied Gundam Fett, handing 8R a pair of binoculars,

“You’re going to learn what loyalty gets you in the long run, and I’m going to learn how the fuck Mace Windu survived being electrocuted out a 20-story window.”

They scoped out Palpatine’s office just in time to see the fight between the Jedi and Sith.

“Wow, he one-shotted those 3,” remarked 8R.

“Yeah, it was pretty disrespectful. But pay attention, bro.”

“Okay... Windu’s got Palps on the run... here comes Anakin... Oh shit, what the fuck?!”

“OKAY, NOW I’VE GOT TO SEE THIS,” yelled Gundam Fett as he leaped off the building, keeping a close eye on the defeated Jedi Master.

Mace Windu was out cold and falling fast. But through his superb connection with the Force, he was able to awaken and flip on to a flying car. I wish we had flying cars.

He commandeered it and sped away.

“Of course. It was so simple,” sighed Fett, “Of fucking course he just Force-flipped on to a flying car.”

He returned to his clone apprentice and sat by his side.

“Did you learn anything from that spectacle? From seeing a man betrayed not only by a brother of his own Order, but by an effing Senator of the Republic which he served?”

“Kinda, yeah,” replied TR-8R.

“Good. It’s time for us to get the hell out of here. We’re going to go pick up some bitchin’ bounty hunting gear, rally up a posse of lowlife outlaws, and take the fight to Windu. He won’t rest until we’re both dead, so we’re going to put him to rest. Like a hot young milf laying down the child she recently had, and she’s already gotten back in shape, so she’s got that maternal instinct going on and a tight, rockin body as if she’d never even had the little bastard.”

“Understood.”

“Like, I think I could make a good father figure. I’m not saying I wouldn’t care about the kid, but the mother is definitely way, way more important.”

“Yeah, okay.”

“Like, if the mom’s hot, I will allow myself to love the child. That’s it. You can’t expect me to deal with your kid if you’re not a solid 8 at least.”

“I get it, Fett.”

“These are things you’re going to need to think about one day, 8R. Anyway, let’s go fucking kill Mace Windu.”

Gundam Fett opened up a portal back to the future-present and they jumped in. TR-8R was excited to begin his training as a faithless bounty-hunter.

## VI

“Yooooooooo!” said 8R, as he watched Gundam Fett karate-chop a guy in half.

“Dude, we need his money,” explained Gundamn Fett, “Now let’s go.”

He and the stormtrooper began walking toward the nearby space bazaar.

“We couldn’t have just mugged him or something?”

“There’s an old saying. It’s easier to kill someone than ask for permission.”

“I don’t think that’s right at all.”

“Okay, so we need to buy some badass Mandalorian armor for you. And we need to hire a gang of misfits we can use as lightsaber fodder,” explained Fett, and they entered an armory, nodding

respectfully at the alien shopkeeper with a green head and bug-eyes. Because he's an alien. You know. Whatever.

“Sure, whatever. So what are you going to do when this is all over?”

“What do you mean?” asked Gundam Fett.

“You know, the Order's the reason you're alive right now.”

“Dude, the hell? I thought we were past this already.”

“Look, the Order's been good to me, man! General Hux threw me a surprise birthday party, and genocided an entire planet for me as a present. And Phasma...” TR-8R stopped short.

Gundam Fett, the galaxy's most feared womanizer immediately realized what was going on.

“You've got feelings for your commanding officer.”

“What? No, she's just my captain. That's all there is to it.”

What a load of shit. Fett wasn't buying it.

“8R, let me tell you something about love. The galaxy's a cold place. When I'm out there, in uncharted territory, putting a blaster shot through a guy's head from a mile away, you know what I'm thinking about?”

“The guy who you're murdering?”

“No, that's stupid,” replied Fett, weighing a piece of battle armor in his mech-hands, “I'm thinking about all the women I've known throughout the years who've made my life a little less lonely. Life is meaningless without love, 8R. If you love Captain Phasma, I'll help you win her over.”

“...Thanks, Fett. So you’ll join the Order?” asked 8R.

“Yeah, I’ll join your stupid Order. At least until you seal the deal with Phasma. Then I’m out like a trout.”

“Fine,” sighed 8R.

Gundam Fett turned to the shopkeeper with a box full of guns and armor.

“We’ll take this.”

The shopkeeper knew this shtick and decided to not even ask for money.

“Yup, okay, good luck with whatever you’re doing,” he said, holding his hands up.

“Are you sure you don’t want to give us a price?” inquired Fett, noticeably disappointed.

The shopkeeper sighed.

“That’ll be 600 credits...”

Gundam Fett smiled on the inside, drew his blaster, and pointed it at the shopkeeper’s head.

“No, we’ll TAKE this,” he said.

“Yeah, okay, okay, okay, yes, just please-” said the shopkeeper, turning his head away with his hands up.

“Heh heh, yeah,” said Fett, and he walked out with the box of equipment.

“I’m really sorry,” said TR-8R.

“Please just go,” said the shopkeeper.

“Hey, you wouldn’t happen to have a lightsaber would you?”

“No, I don’t!”

“I’ll pay you for it.”

“1000 credits.”

“Yeah, here.”

The shopkeeper opened a drawer and handed an old saber to 8R.

“What color is it?”

“It’s green.”

“Do you have any blue ones?”

“No.”

“Alright, well thanks. Have a good one.”

8R exited the armory to find Fett waiting outside, playing with his new toys.

“8R, look. Freaking grenades that shoot nets.”

“I thought you already had a net gun.”

“Don’t be a dick, 8R. Let’s get moving. We’re going to need at least 5 people to help ambush Windu.”

The two headed toward the cantina, where they hoped to find people stupid enough to help them take on an unstoppable Jedi Master.

## VII

Gundam Fett threw open the western-style swingy door to the cantina and yelled “Yooooooooooooooooo! Who wants a million credits?”

“We literally all do,” said everyone.

“We need 5 of the roughest, toughest ballers to come with us. So, you all kill each other, and when there’s just 5 left of you, meet us outside,” announced Fett.

8R whispered to Fett “Dude, we don’t have a million credits.”

“Yeah, no shit, we’re not going to have to pay them, Mace Windu’s going to eviscerate them.”

“Why do we even need them?” asked 8R, feeling a little guilty that they were going to trick 5 people into freaking dying.

“Mace Windu is a force of nature. He’s freaking Justice incarnate. When he sees those space-outlaws gathered together, he’s going to rush in and wreck their shit. That’s when we drop a boulder on his head from the overlooking cliff.”

“So your plan to defeat Mace Windu is basically a Looney Toons skit?”

“I don’t do ‘skits’, man. This is a time-tested bounty-hunting classic. Do you know how many people I’ve killed like this?”

“How many?”

“Thirteen. I’ve dropped thirteen boulders on to people from cliffs. It’s always hilarious, it always works, and it’s the safest and most effective way of terminating a target who happens to be right below you when you have a boulder.”

“I guess that makes sense,” relented 8R.

“Exactly, so stop being such a lit- oh, hey, here they come!”

Five people emerged from the bar-turned-battlefield.

One of them was wearing full Mandalorian armor, and was shaped like a woman.

“Hey, are you a woman?” asked Gundam Fett.

“Yes.”

“Okay, just making sure. I’m instantly attracted to you and am going to do my best to make sure you survive, even if the others are doomed.”

“Thanks?”

The other four pawns were just burly space-pirates who don’t matter because they’re expendable men.

“You other four don’t matter to me. You’re expendable men.”

They nodded in understanding.

“It’s just a curse of our gender,” one of them offered.

“Exactly, and there’s no point in getting upset about it. So, rev up your space bikes and let’s go mace a Windu.”

The pawns revved up their space bikes and followed behind Fett and 8R, who were leading the way in a stolen space-SUV.

“Hey, 8R. You think she liked me?”

“Dude, I don’t fucking know. You’re a gundam, how would that even work?”

“8R, I literally have infinite stamina.”

“Yeah, but do you even have a-...”

“No, but I’ve always been really generous in bed.”

“Okay. Can we just focus on the mission here?”

“I suppose I could affix something between my legs here...”

“The mission to kill Mace Windu?”

“Hook up pleasure receptors to my brain. Really, any part of my body could serve as a new penis.”

“The Jedi Master trying to kill us?”

“My entire body could be a penis.”

“Look, I’m putting in my earbuds. Wake me up when we get there. Wherever it is we’re going.”

“I’d rock her fucking world.”

## VIII

TR-8R awoke to the sound of blasters and shouting.

“Da fuq?” he said, emerging from the ship.

Gundam Fett and the crew were shooting down swarms of Resistance scum charging from over a nearby hill.

“Hey man, didn’t want to wake you,” said Fett tossing him a blaster.

“Yeah, thanks,” 8R said, holstering the gun and taking his stun baton and riot shield from the ship.

“Dude, there’s a lot of them,” said Fett.

“I’m really more of a close-quarters guy,” 8R said, as he raised his shield and charged into the fray.

“Whatever,” Fett turned to the Mandalorian, “Sweetheart, how’s it going over there?” he shouted.

“My name’s-”

“Not important,” said Fett.

*Don’t you catch feelings, Boba. It starts with a name and it ends with heartbreak,* he thought to himself.

“I’m going to flank them!” shouted the Mandalorian, and she disappeared into thin air.

“Jesus Christ, she has a cloaking device. That is so goddamn hot,” said Fett.

Further ahead, 8R was beating the tar out Resistance fighters 300-style.

But from a distance, a Resistance sniper let out a shot that just missed his head. 8R raised his shield and began to fall back. Gundam Fett boosted in front of him before another shot could cripple his exposed leg, deflecting it with his armor.

“8R, it was too reckless charging out like that. That’s how a soldier fights, not a hunter.”

Another sniper-blast took out one of their expendable male pawns.

The two began falling back together, Fett blasting several more Resistance troopers before yet another shot downed one of their men. They all took cover behind their ships.

The situation seemed dire to all except Fett, whose hype-meter was off the charts.

He handed 8R a pair of binoculars. "Take a look," he said.

8R spotted the enemy sniper in the distance, just in time to witness the Mandalorian uncloaking from behind him and slitting his throat.

"THAT'S how a hunter fights," said Fett, now officially in love.

With the Mandalorian behind the enemy, they pushed forward again, quickly cleaning up the remaining Resistance fighters, leaving only one alive.

"K, brohan. Talk. How'd you know we'd be here?" demanded Gundam Fett.

"I'll never talk!"

"You literally just did."

"I mean, in the sense that I won't reveal any information to you that would put my comrades in jeopardy."

"That's very loyal of you," said TR-8R, "I totally respect that." Gundam Fett sighed.

"You still haven't learned, have you, 8R?" he said, placing a round in the Resistance fighter's kneecap.

He screamed in pain.

“Blind loyalty,” he said, shooting the other leg, “gets you nothing.”

He pulled the fighter off the ground and off his feet. Not like he could stand anyway lol.

“Here’s what we can do. You tell us what we want to know, we’ll drop you off at the nearest inhabited planet. You don’t cooperate, we leave you here with no legs.”

The Resistance fighter took a half-second to think about it before complying.

“Windu,” he said.

“Windu? Mace freaking Windu is cooperating with the Resistance?” demanded Fett.

“No, no-” gasped the fighter through the pain, “He still refuses to work with us. He just told us that The Order would be here with a secret weapon.”

“We’re not The Order, kiddo,” said Fett.

“I know. If you were, we wouldn’t have lost. The Order doesn’t have fighters like that-” he nodded at the Mandalorian. Inside her helmet, she grinned.

“So Mace goddamn Windu doesn’t even have the respect to face us himself,” Fett said angrily.

“He stole your spaceship, too,” 8R noted.

“I’m so mad I have a stomach ache. I need to get out of here. You two,” he pointed at the remaining space-banditos, “bring this guy to the hospital on Bleekifi.”

He turned to the Mandalorian.

“You’re with us. I’m sorry, I never caught your name.”

“My name doesn’t matter,” she teased, walking onto the ship.

“8R, listen to me.” Gundam Fett said.

“What is it?”

“I need you to step up your game and stop being stupid. You’re going to have to take charge, because this dame’s got my brain all screwy right now. And freaking Mace Windu, that asshole thinks he’s too good to kill me himself? Oh man oh man oh man,” he walked past 8R and into the ship.

“Hey, what about our money?” asked one of the space-piratebros.

“8R, pay them!” shouted Fett from the cockpit.

“...”

“...”

“You don’t have the money, do you?”

“Guys, I’m really sorry.”

“No, no. It was, it was a fun day. We killed some Resistance, almost died ourselves.”

“I can at least give you gas money.”

“Thank you.”

8R handed them all the credits he had- more than enough for gas, almost enough for the trouble- and they parted ways.

The banditbros flew off with the wounded soldier, and TR-8R took a seat next to the Mandalorian in the cockpit. Fett was lying

down in the passenger cabin, nursing his upset stomach and headache.

“Fett, where are we going?” called 8R.

“Put it on autopilot, the coordinates are already locked. We need to see a guy about a thing. I freaking hate Mace Windu. Dammit.”

8R sighed, wished the Mandalorian a goodnight, and placed his earbuds in, falling asleep to some chill-out music.

## IX

Gundam Fett was tired of playing games with Mace Windu.

So he called him on his cellphone.

“Ey, yo, Windu.”

“How did you get this number?” demanded the Jedi.

“Never you mind that, jerkoff. I’m on my way to get the weapon.”

“NO.”

“Yes, the opposite of ‘no’. And when then we’re coming for your head. Prick,” Gundam Fett slammed the phone into the ground, hanging it up. by breaking it.

“Fett, what the hell was that about?” asked 8R.

“My boy Jakin's been storing something for me for a rainy day. You might call it my ace-in-the-hole.”

“I’m not calling it that.”

“What is it?” asked Mandalorian Chick.

“I’ll tell you, sweet-cheeks. It’s a Jedi’s worst nightmare. It’s a lightsaber that can cut through other lightsabers.”

“What the living fuck?”

“YEAH, THAT’S RIGHT. IT’S A BETTER LIGHTSABER. I BUILT A BETTER LIGHTSABER.”

“What? How? When? Where? Why? ... What?”

“A better lightsaber, because I’m a genius, around a year ago, at a little workstation I built in the Starvek System, because I wanted to kill Jedi easier... A better lightsaber.”

“Well, that explains that,” remarked 8R, satisfied.

“But if you built this weapon, why not keep it on you?” questioned Mandalorian Chick.

“I did, for a while. Several years, in fact. I hid it with my boy Jakin when I learned Mace was alive. I couldn’t risk him getting it if he killed me. If he had it, no one in the entire god damn Universe could kill him. I wasn’t confident enough in my skills to face him, even with it. Mace freaking Windu is just too damn good.”

“That sucks.”

“But now that I’m a living freaking mech, I will fuck him up so bad it’ll be hilarious. I want you guys to make sure you record it. Put it on SpaceBook and tag me.”

“Yeah, okay.”

The ship landed abruptly on a small, blue planetoid.

“We’re here,” said Gundam Fett.

“Yeah, no shit,” sassed Mandalorian Chick.

“God, you’re hot,” replied Fett, exiting the ship to greet an approaching alien. It was, green or something, I don’t know. With two heads, but only one talked. And it had weird legs. An alien. Whatever.

“Yo, Jakin. Where’s the saber?”

“There’s a problem, Fe- whoa, the fuck happened to you?”

“Mace Windu cut off my head and I’m a gundam now.”

“Okay, if you say so. Look, Fett. The saber was stolen by the Resistance!”

“Oh, NO NO-”

“FETT, LISTEN- they’re still here. My boys were able to disable their ship before they were killed. On the other side of the mountain, that’s where they’re camped out, waiting to be evacuated probably.”

“If we can get to them in time, they’re deader than shit,” said 8R.

“But if not, they’ll no doubt give the saber to Windu,” said Mandalorian Chick.

“You must be careful, friends,” said Jakin, “They’ll no-doubt try to use that weapon on you. Not even your mechanical body will be able to stand up to it, Fett. An average lightsaber, sure. But not that beast.”

“Thank you, Jakin. We need to borrow your car now fam.”

“Why not? All of my friends and family are dead, I have nothing to live for.”

“That’s the spirit,” said Fett, taking the keys.

He hopped in the flying car.

“Hop in, folks. We’re going to go kill some Resistance scum.”

“Shotgun!” called Mandalorian Chick, grabbing a shotgun and getting into the backseat. Ha-ha, very funny, right?

But something troubled 8R.

“I sense a disturbance...” he said.

“I don’t know what the hell you’re talking about, broski. Come on, let’s get moving.”

8R hesitantly entered the vehicle and they took off toward the Resistance camp.

X

8R nudged Gundam Fett.

“Hey, remember when I said I sensed a disturbance?”

“How could I forget? It was like 20 seconds ago.”

“KAY, WELL ANYWAY I figured it out. I felt the same feeling when we first met. There’s another clone nearby.”

“That can’t possibly be true,” remarked Fett, “I’m like definitely sure that we’re the last clones of Jango in the entire galaxy.”

“KAY, WELL ANYWAY if there’s a clone in the Resistance, we owe it to him to not kill him.”

“What the hell is with the attitude? Also, if he pulls on us, we have to kill him. Remember the Bounty Hunter Code: If someone pulls on you, you have to kill him.”

“Did you just make that up?” asked 8R.

“Off the top of my head, I can’t think of a more basic concept.”

“We’re not killing him.”

“FINE, get yourself killed. If he has the supersaber, there’s no way in hell you can out-melee him,” Fett said, frustrated as helllllll.

“I won’t have to. I’ll REASON with him!” said TR-8R, ever the idealist.

“We’re here!” announced Mandalorian Chick, jumping out of the car as a grenade landed inside it.

“So hot,” set Fett as he boosted out of the window. 8R raised his riot shield just in time to be launched out the rear of the car. He scrambled to his feet, as blaster fire flew through the air around him.

“Hey man look, it’s our clone brother!” said Fett, pointing at a Resistance fighter charging their way with the horrifying supersaber,

“Go talk to him like you said you would. When that doesn’t work, let me know when you want me to shoot him.”

“Alright, asshole.”

As the Mandalorian Chick and Gundam Fett held off the Resistance, TR-8R ran to meet his clone brother in battle.

XI

“I’D HOLD ON TO HER CLO-OSE

WITH WHAT LITTLE CONFIDENCE I HA-AVE AND

MAKE NOo MISTAaaAKESSS <3” rocked Gundam Fett as he blasted Resistance scum while listening to his iPod.

“Broooooooo stopppppppppp,” said TR-8R as he duked it out with the Resistance clone, who wielded the dreaded supersaber.

“The Order will fall, you fascist scum!” the clone yelled as he swung it wildly, nearly decapitating 8R.

“Yeah, okay, whatever,” said 8R, “FETT I WAS WRONG PLEASE JUST KILL HIM.”

Gundam Fett launched a goddamn missile that flew right into the clone’s dick and blew him up. The supersaber flew through the air and landed in the Mandalorian Chick’s back. Her armor could have stopped a regular lightsaber. But the supersaber cut through it like Mandalorian butter.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” roared Gundam Fett, charging to her side! I was so caught up in that I accidentally typed an exclamation mark. Man, this is serious. yoooooooooooo.

Gundam Fett held the dying Mandalorian Chick in his arms.

She spoke softly.

“You’re cool, I guess,” she said.

”;\_\_\_; oh fuck you you cold sassy bitch I love you,” sobbed Gundam Fett as she closed her eyes. Oh wait she was wearing a helmet, so whatever he didn’t see.

“Wow. how romantic. he never even saw her and he loved her,” commented a Resistance scum, “That’s good writing.”

“No, she still had a rockin’ body. It’s safe to assume if she cared that much about it, that she also had an attractive face,” responded another.

“Okay, you’re probably right,” the first responded as he began shooting at Fett again.

But Gundam Fett was mad as hell. No one’s ever been as mad as Gundam freaking Fett was at that moment. He picked up Mandalorian Chick’s knife and launched it so hard into the soldier’s head that it tore it from his neck and flew off into the distance.

“BRING ME BACK THAT KNIFE,” Fett screamed at the remaining soldier, who complied in terror.

“I’m not going to lie, Fett. I feel somewhat responsible for what happened,” said 8R, approaching hesitantly.

“What a coincidence,” replied Fett, “Because I blame you entirely.”

“Well, at least we have the supersaber.”

“Are you out of your fucking mind? We can’t use this weapon. It killed my girlfriend.”

“She really wasn’t even your girlfriend, you kinda just flirted with her. And she didn’t even reciprocate that much.”

“I’m going to kill you.”

“I mean, if that makes someone your girlfriend, then back at the space station, basically everyone’s my girlfriend.”

Gundam Fett ripped off TR-8R’s left arm.

“FUCK! FUCK FUCK OWWWWWWWWWWW!” cried 8R.

Gundam Fett slapped him over the head with the severed limb and knocked him out cold.

“You’re such an asshole. I know now that the only way for you to reach your full potential is to become a cyborg like me. That’s a valid excuse for ripping your arm off, I think. Probably.”

## XII

TR-8R woke up in a hospital room on planet SZIE. He now had a robot-arm.

“Hey my man, how you feeling?” asked Gundam Fett at his side.

“Pretty shit,” replied 8R.

“Cool. I’m sorry I tore your arm off. I think you know you deserved it, though.”

“Yeah, I’m sorry I was an insensitive jerk when your QT love interest just died.”

“All is forgiven, brotherman.”

They embraced.

“What happened to the supersaber?” inquired 8R, flexing his new robo-fingers.

“I threw it into a black hole, because fuck that shit,” explained Gundam Fett.

“I see. How will you defeat Mace Windu now?”

“I won’t. YOU will,” said Fett.

“Yeah, no,” replied 8R.

“Yeah, yes,” said Fett, “I’m going to train you. And with your new lightsaber-resistant arm, you’ll beat the tar out of him.”

“Okay, whatever.”

“That’s exactly the right attitude,” said Fett, helping his clonebro to his feet.

The two clonebros began walking out of the hospital when SUDDENLY an explosion shook the building.

“Supreme Leader Snokes is firing Force Torpedoes at us!!!” screamed a space nurse.

“We’ve got to blow this popsicle stand!” yelled Fett.

“Why is this happening!?” asked 8R.

“I sent him a text calling him a pussy!” explained Gundam Fett, grabbing 8R and flying through the ceiling.

Above the building, Supreme Leader Snokes was flying in the air like Voldemort and dancing while casting Force torpedoes every which way.

“If he sees you with me, you’ll never get to stick your dick in Captain Phasma,” said Fett, hurling TR-8R through space.

“Yoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!” yelled 8R, flying out of the planet’s atmosphere.

Supreme Leader Snokes turned to Gundam Fett.

“We meet again, Fett,” he said.

“Fuck youuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu,” yelled Fett, hurling a barrage of missiles at him.

“WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARHHHHHHHHH!!!” roared Snokes as he cast out a Force storm to block them. But Fett’s missiles were lined with Anti-Force spray, and they pushed through it and exploded in his grill.

“NOooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!” he screamed as he fell down into the hospital.

“It’s over, Snokes!” yelled Fett, “I have the high ground!” But then Snokes turned into a Force mole and buried under the ground.

“Oh no,” said Gundam Fett, “If Supreme Mole Snokes drains the planet’s core, he’ll become unstoppable!”

“Our only hope is to work together,” said Mace Windu, appearing at his side!

### XIII

“You killed my father, you son of a bitch,” said Gundam Fett as he punched Mace Windu across the sky.

Mace Windu did a bitchin’ Force Flip and landed on top of a tree.

“NO, Boba. Your father killed HIMSELF. Cunt.”

Gundam Fett landed below him and looked up, pointing his flamethrower which also fired ants directly at him. Fire ants.

“What are you talking about?” he demanded.

“Think about it, Boba! He knew his jetpack was fucked, and he still fired at me anyway, knowing that he’d be unable to escape me. Why would he do that? Why wouldn’t he have surrendered?”

“Because he knew you’d never let him live!” retorted Fett angrily, sending a jet of flaming ants at the tree.

Mace Windu flipped down and kicked Gundam Fett in the robot-dick.

“Listen to me, boy. He was entitled to a fair trial. I’m all about giving fair trials except to wrinkly-ass old Sith lords. You know it’s true, you know my record.”

It WAS true: Mace Windu had long been a fierce advocate of civil rights, even defending prisoners of war from unfair persecution.

“So the question remains, Boba- WHY did he shoot at me? Why did he WANT to die?”

“I DON’T KNOW, WHY?!” yelled Gundam Fett, angrily punching the ground so hard that it created a wave that sent Supreme Mole Snokes flying out into the open.

“Because he’d been poisoned, Fett. YOUR FATHER WAS ALREADY AS GOOD AS DEAD!” said Mace Windu as he backflipped through the air and slam-dunked his lightsaber into Supreme Mole Snokes’s head.

#### XIV

Supreme Mole Snokes was deader than shit. But surprise, it was actually just a Force-clone.

“It was just a Force-clone,” said Windu, as the Mole vanished in a poof of electricity.

“Yeah, I know. So who poisoned my father?” demanded Gundam Fett.

Mace Windu looked at him as if he were a fucking idiot.

“Isn’t it obvious?” he asked.

“Kay asshole. If it were that obvious I wouldn’t be asking you. A lot of people wanted my father dead.”

“Yes, but only one of them could get close enough. Your father was poisoned by the very man he was guarding- Count Dooku. With the clones already in production, Jango Fett was nothing more than a loose end.”

Shit, son.

“I could sense the poison in your father’s veins. I believe he knew that as well. He pulled a Dumbledore.”

“But why?” asked Fett.

“Isn’t it obvious?”

“It’d be great if you could stop doing that.”

“He knew that driven by your lust for revenge, you’d come to me. And that I would train you to become an unstoppable force of destruction that would destroy the Sith once and for all.”

“That seems pretty convoluted.”

“Look inside yourself. You know it’s true.”

“Sure, okay. So now what?”

“I will teach you to use the Force.”

“That sounds hilarious.”

“It will be. But first we must find your Padawan, TR-8R.”

“He’s more like an apprentice.”

“No, he’s your Padawan, you’re a Jedi now.”

“No, I don’t want to be a Jedi.”

“You have to be.”

“No.”

“Okay.”

Mace Windu and Gundam Fett flew through the Heavens, beginning their search to find 8R. While Fett wasn’t looking, Mace slapped a bumper-sticker on his robot ass that said “JEDI”.

## XV

“Where are we going, Windu?”

“We’re going to Quilona VI, the home of the rattlesnake people. TR-8R is stranded there. I can sense it.”

“Okay cool.”

But then EMPEROR PALPATINE APPEARED.

“FETTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT... IF YOU TURN TO THE DARK SIIIIIIIIIIIDE, WE CAN BRING BACK THAT SMOKIN’ HOT BABE THAT YOU WERE INTOOOOOOOOOOO.”

“Windu, I have bad news,” said Gundam Fett as he cut off Mace Windu’s arm with his Swiss Betrayal Knife.

“FUCK,” yelled Windu as he used Force Disappear to disappear away in retreat.

“I’m on the Dark Side now,” said Gundam Fett, as he caught Windu’s lighrsaber.

“Good, goooooooooooooood,” said Palpatine, “Help me destroy Supreme Leader Snoke and I will bring back your girlfriend.”

“Yeah, that’s a good deal. The only problem is I can’t use the Force and I just betrayed my Jedi Master.”

“Yeah, but I’ll be your master now.”

“Then the problem is solved.”

“I name you... DARTH GUNDOOM!!!” shrieked Supr-I mean Emperor Palpatine, as he cast Force Lightning every-which-way and danced around.

“UNLIMITED POW-AHHH!” laughed Darth Gundoom and he started shooting missiles at shit.

“Hey, I kind of have an apprentice, too. I was going to help him get laid,” said Darth Gundoom.

“Gooooood, goooooooooooooood! Bring him along! EVERYONE WILL GET LAID!” roared Palpatine, continuing to dance around, now raving with some glowsticks and levitating more glowsticks with the Force.

“We will bring the Order to its knees, and I will rule them aaaall!” laughed Palpatine, and they flew toward Quilona VI to fetch TR-8R.

When they arrived, they were spooked at how many rattlesnake people there were.

“I hate rattlesnake people. Stay on your guard, my young apprentice,” said Palpatine.

But Darth Gundoom was already lighting everyone on fire.

“TALK! TALK! TELL ME WHERE THE TROOPER IS AND I’LL STOP LIGHTING YOU ALL ON FIRE!” he yelled.

Everyone was too busy dying to talk, but then TR-8R walked out of a cave.

“Hey, I’m over here!” he yelled.

“AHH, MY YOUNG APPRENTICE!” said Darth Gundoom, who had found a black cloak to wear.

“Why are you wearing that black cloak? And is that the Emperor?”

Darth Gundoom touched his shoulder and said “I’m a Sith Lord now.”

“That’s hilarious,” replied 8R.

“Yeah, and we’re going to take over the Order. Captain Phasma will be all over your dick then.”

“Well, I have no objections to this plan. Just make sure you don’t hurt her.”

“We won’t, 8R. We’re planning a very quick takeover. We go in, we beat the shit out of Snoke, and then we just sit down in his chair, Riddick style.”

“Okay. But what about Kylo Ren?”

“While Palpatine and I are fighting the Supreme Leader, it’ll be up to YOU to defeat Kylo Ren.”

“Well I don’t like that at all.”

“He’s just a boy, 8R. You’ve had a decade of combat-experience.”

“Okay, but he’s also a powerful Force user and skilled with a lightsaber.”

“Bro, bro. Palpatine will teach us how to use the Force. And lightsabers are bullshit, I’m going to get you some Mandalorian armor. Plus, I’m pretty sure you have your own lightsaber you bought, right?”

8R thought about it for a second. He remembered seeing Kylo’s skill in battle- turning blaster fire right back on his enemies, effortlessly striking down multiple warriors single-handedly in close-combat. Then he thought about Captain Phasma, and how fit and toned she probably was under that armor. Jesus Christ.

“I’ll do it. I will kill Kylo Ren.”

“Calm the fuck down, 8R. You don’t have to kill him. But you’ll probably have to maim him. He can’t be allowed to interfere, but he could be a valuable ally.”

“Isn’t there like, a rule of 2 or some shit with the Sith?”

“Yeah, but that’s retarded. We’re throwing it out,” replied Gundoom.

“I learned my lesson,” said Palpatine.

“How are you even alive, my lord?” questioned 8R.

“I fell down a chute. Big fucking deal,” replied Palpatine.

“I guess that makes sense,” said 8R, satisfied.

“Now, boys. Let’s begin your training. After 3 short days, you both will be able to do THIS!”

He chucked a lightningbolt at a rattlesnake man and they exploded.

“LMFAO” said Darth Gundoom.

“And THIS!” screamed Palpatine, as he flung his lightsaber and it flew into a rattlesnake person’s back. He summoned it back to his hand and struck a pose.

Darth Gundoom and 8R clapped.

The Emperor bowed.

“Thank you! Thank you!” he boomed, “Now, let us begin...”

## XVI

“Gooooood, goood!” cackled Palpatine as Gundoom and 8R sparred with their bitchin’ sweet lightsabers.

“You’re pretty good, 8R,” said Gundoom, parrying a swing from his clone brotha.

“Thanks fam, it’s probably in my genes or something.”

The Emperor clapped his wrinklyass hands together.

“That’s enough for today, boys! Dinner’s ready!”

He took out some rattlesnake people’s limbs which had been cooked by Darth Gundoom’s flamethrower.

“Thanks dad!” said Darth Gundoom, like a fucking idiot 1st grader, “O-oops!... Sorry...”

“No... no, it’s okay... you can call me dad...”

Darth Gundoom’s robot-eyes filled with robot-tears. Long had he been searching for a father figure since the death of Jango Fett.

“Okay... dad! :)” he said cheerfully.

“I hate to break this up guys, but Mace Windu’s here.”

“I’M HERE, MOTHERFUCKERS,” roared Mace Windu, flashing his new robot-arm which was actually a lightsaber. And he had another one. So he was like, dual-wielding them.

“I’ll take care of this, boys. Go. Run. I’ll meet you at the base of the Order, and we’ll complete our plan!”

“Yeah okay,” said 8R.

“But DAD!” cried Darth Gundoom.

“DON’T ARGUE WITH ME, BOY. ONLY I CAN DEFEAT MACE WINDU AT HIS CURRENT POWER LEVEL,” roared Palpatine as he launched a Force-tornado at Mace Windu.

But Mace Windu summoned a Force-monsoon and knocked it away.

“You’ll have to do better than that, Sith bitch,” he said smug as shit.

Palpatine turned into a Force dragon.

“GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” he roared as he blew Gundoom and 8R away with a gust of Force-wind Imao. He then turned to Mace Windu and breathed Force-fire, but Mace Windu had turned into a Force-dinosaur and began wrestling with him!

“DO YOU THINK DAD WILL BE OKAY?!” asked Gundoom as he and his clonebro flew through the sky.

“1, he’s not your dad and 2, yeah, I think he’ll be freaking fine, I’m pretty sure he’s immortal or some shit. I’m more worried about

us,” replied 8R, “What are we supposed to do when we get to the Order’s base? What if we’re found before he can catch up with us?”

“Then we play it cool,” responded Gundoom, “And by that, I mean we just start blowing shit up.”

“Yeah, okay,” said 8R, satisfied. Not.

“I’ll handle Snoke by myself. You deal with Kylo Ren,” said Gundoom.

“And the army of stormtroopers?” demanded 8R, “What are we going to do about them?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” asked Darth Gundoom.

“Not in the slightest,” replied 8R, tired of this shit.

“We call in some back-up,” said Darth Gundoom mysteriously.

“Great,” said 8R, “Well, TO BE CONTINUED I GUESS.”

## XVII

“Okay, so who’s the backup?” asked 8R.

“Yeah, I called the Resistance lmao,” said Gundoom.

“Okay, why did you think that was a good idea?”  
Gundo- okay forget it, one second.

“By the way, 8R. Please, just call me Gundam Fett.”

“You don’t want to be Darth Gundoom anymore?”

“No.”

How’s that for character development?

“I called the Resistance so while they and the stormtroopers are all killing each other, we can deal with the Sith.”

“Okay, I guess? But whoever wins is still going to want to kill us. Your plan relies on every single Resistance fighter and every single stormtrooper all killing each other.”

Gundam Fett wasn't amused.

“No, jackoff. The Resistance now thinks we're on their side. All we have to do is let them do their thing. As long as they beat the stormtroopers, we're golden.”

“And if all the stormtroopers are dead, then we're not even going to have an Order to rule over.”

“Oh god you're right, everything is fucked. Okay wait... I have an idea.”

Gundam Fett pulled out his phone and made 2 calls.

“I gave the Resistance a new address, and then I told Snoke to meet us for a showdown LOL.”

“How do you have everyone's phone number?”

“I'm Boba Fett.”

“That's not-”

“WAIT. Do you smell that?”

“THAT'S RIGHT, MOTHAFUCKAS.”

Mace Windu jumped out of a comet and kicked Gundam Fett right in the crotch.”

Fett fell over and meditated on where everything went wrong.



The two friends skipped through a meadow, not a care in the world.

“What do you think Fett’s doing right now?” asked 8R.

“He’s trying to assassinate Supreme Leader Snoke,” replied Mace wisely.

“What makes you think that?” asked 8R.

“I’m watching him in my telescope lol. Here, look.”

8R took the telescope and peered through at the neighboring planet.

“Oh.”

Gundam Fett was creeping up on the Order base with a sniper rifle.

“Why’s he doing that?” asked 8R.

“He’s probably pissed that no-one loves him,” replied Mace Windu sadly.

“But that’s wrong. I love him. He’s my brother :(” said 8R.

“Then why don’t you tell him that?” said Mace, handing him a megaphone.

“FETT! FEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!” yelled 8R. Fett looked up, and so did everyone else on the planet.

“YOU DON’T HAVE TO DO THIS!” SAID 8R LOUD AS HELL. Captain Phasma took out a megaphone and shouted back at him.

“TR-8R, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE?”

“I’M SORRY CAPTAIN, BUT RIGHT NOW I’M TALKING TO MY BROTHER!” said 8R.

Captain Phasma nodded and handed the megaphone to Gundam Fett, who started crying into it.

“B-BUT I’M SAD! PALPATINE WAS LIKE A DAD TO ME AND FUCKING MACE WINDU KILLED HIM! AND- AND HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO TEACH ME HOW TO RESURRECT THE DEAD SO I COULD BRING BACK THAT HOT MANDALORIAN CHICK!”

“I can still teach you that, my son,” said PALPATINE WTF?! yoooooooooooo.

Gundam Fett turned around to see his elderly evil Sithdad standing with his arms outstretched. WITH ARMS WIDE OPENNNNNNNNN

“YOU’RE ALIVE?!” said literally everyone.

“Yeah, of course I am. I can resurrect the dead, so I resurrected myself lmao.”

Mace Windu nodded in acknowledgement. He may not be able to ever kill the old fuck, but at least he knew he was the superior swordsman.

“So what do you say we kill Supreme Leader Snoke... together? :)” said Palpatine.

“OK dad!” said Gundam Fett and they started moving toward Supreme Leader Snoke’s chair. Kylo Ren and Captain Phasma jumped in their way.

8R spoke up again,

“HEY PHASMA, I’M KIND OF IN LOVE WITH YOU, CAN YOU NOT FIGHT THEM CUZ LIKE, I DON’T WANT YOU TO DIE?”

Captain Phasma grabbed the megaphone from Gundam Fett,

“TR-8R, YOU KNOW I CAN’T DO THAT. MY ALLEGIANCE IS TO THE ORDER.”

TR-8R turned to Windu.

“Mace, what do I do?”

Mace Windu always knew what to do when it came to women. If 8R was going to get some sweet, sweet Phasma pussy, he couldn’t interfere with her defending the Supreme Leader. So it was up to Mace goddamn Windu to make sure that everyone would get laid.

Mace Force-jumped at Phasma and Force-pushed her out of the way. Then he Force-flipped and did a Force-kick at Kylo Ren, and then Force-flipped again toward Phasma and Force-kicked her gun out of her hand and started doing some light Force-Karate at her.

8R knew what he was doing: ACTING so he could rush in and save Phasma. What a fuckin’ guy, that Mace Windu. He stole a jetpack from a nearby merchant and boosted onto the planet.

Meanwhile, Gundam and Palpatine started punching the shit out of Snoke. He couldn’t get his lightsaber because he was too busy being punched.

“NOOOOOOOOOO THIS IS BULLSHITTTTTTTTTTTTT” he said, beginning to die.

“MY LORD!” yelled Kylo Ren, as he rushed toward them.

BUT HOLY SHIT, MANDALORIAN CHICK OUT OF NOWHERE-

She grabbed Kylo Ren and put him in a rear naked choke hold. Go the fuck to sleep, Ren.

Gundam Fett got butterflies in his stomach and a semi-hard on. God damn she was hot.

“You’re ALVIE?!” he gasped.

“Yeah duh, I was just faking it,” she laughed, placing Kylo on the ground.

“But why?!” he demanded. This dame had put him through a rollercoaster of emotions worse than Kingda-fucking Ka.

“I realized I was messing with your head, and that if you were going to have any hope at all of finishing your mission, that I’d need to be out of the picture. I just didn’t realize how much fucking weird shit was going to happen.”

“I-I love you,” said Fett.

“I know.”

Fett turned to 8R, who was fake-fighting Mace Windu.

“Did you get that reference, 8R? She’s so fucking sassy, Jesus Christ I love her so much I’d genocide a fucking planet for her.”

“I’m really happy for you, man,” replied 8R as he lightly punched Windu in the head.

“OH NO, I AM DEFEATED!” cried Mace as he fell over. Phasma wasn’t buying this shit for a fucking second.



EACH OTHER AND PROCEEDED TO GO ABOUT THEIR SEPARATE BOUNTY-HUNTING WAYS, FOREVER HOLDING A FLAME FOR EACH OTHER, AND HOOKING UP WHENEVER THEY WERE IN THE SAME AREA.

PALPATINE AND MACE WINDU BEGAN THE NEW JEDITH ORDER, TEACHING OTHERS HOW TO USE LIGHTSABERS AND THE FORCE AND SHIT, BUT NOT HAVE RIDICULOUS FUCKING MONK-HORSESHIT LIKE NOT BEING ALLOWED TO HAVE SEX. AYYYYY. KYLO REN WAS THEIR FIRST STUDENT, AND FINALLY GOT HIS SHIT TOGETHER.

~THE END~