

# Chewie and R2D2

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The door was locked.

Han Solo couldn't believe it. After they'd come all this way!

But, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Han had been eyeing this caper for a long while. I was struggling to write it all down and not make it obvious.

He caught me once. He asked me what I was doing. I said, "Just trying to get down all of the ongoing *Star Wars* saga."

He laughed. "*Star Wars*? What's that?" Then he eyed me suspiciously.

"What's *your* story . . . ?"

"No, really," he said, cocking his foot up on the bench where I was sitting at a jaunty angle. "I'm not *suspicious* or anything . . ." He seemed to have let it drop for the most part, although he was still a little wary. "What do you . . . *do* there — " nodding his head at my book, the way people do, when they try to address it as a "thing" like digging ditches.

"Well, I'm . . . Well, I'm — " I started to stammer like all artistic types whose ideas are all over the place.

He just looked at me.

"I'm just, just . . . *stowing cargo!*" I said.

He laughed.

"Oh, I know all about *that!*" he said. It seemed an apt metaphor.

He scrutinized me again.

"Just be sure to give me *credit* . . . "

The intercom blared. Chewie howled something.

“Good God!” Han said, taking his leave of me with a practiced swagger intended to get him up to the bridge at as fast a clip as possible.

We were on *our way* again!

Yippee.

“Chewie, I need you up here on the bridge,” Han said into the intercom once we'd arrived. I held my pen and notebook against my chest.

“Whee-*woo-woo-woo*!” R2D2 gurgled through the line, instead. Han looked speechless.

“I can't understand what he's saying! Chewie!”

Then the ship got rocked like it just got hit by a giant asteroid, everything keeling over.

I lost my grip on my pen and notebook.

Things after that are kinda hazy.

**THE END**

