*Bounty: Jar Jar*, by Farrin Xies

 "Sithspit!"

 *Of course* there would have to be a complication with this, the most sought-after bounty target the universe had ever seen. The Gungan Jar-Jar Binks was hated across the galaxy, and it didn't at all surprise the Dark Jedi Farrin Xies that he was not the first one to be offered this bounty. For that first person to be the most infamous bounty hunter ever, Boba Fett, though, was unexpected - this was below his level, but evidently whoever had put up this target wanted to make sure that the Gungan was well and truly dead.

 Luck was on his side, at the very least - according to the report, Jar-Jar was vacationing here on Corellia, where Farrin had himself been staying when he received the report. Unless Boba Fett was equally as lucky, the Dark Jedi had time to find his target. Pulling up the *dossier* on Jar-Jar on his datapad, he thought where on the planet the Gungan would be. He didn't want to squander his advantage over Fett. After a moment, Farrin recalled reading a report on the holonet a few days prior that a meeting of former New Republic senators would be taking place at one of the fanciest cantinas in Coronet City. It was a bit of a stretch, Farrin knew, but it was the best shot he had.

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 Farrin pulled the hood of his robe down low over his face, his lightsaber and blaster hidden beneath the thick black fabric. From the shadows of an alley across from the *Gilded Pig*, the cantina he was certain held his target, he surveyed the street, devising his plan of attack. He was so deep in strategic thought that he didn't hear the person behind him until they cleared their throat.

 He spun around, his hand darting into the folds of his robe to grasp his lightsaber's hilt. Before he could draw it, he was shocked to see Boba Fett, the galaxy's foremost bounty hunter, with a blaster rifle inches from his skull.

 "Don't move, Dark Jedi. You know I hate your kind. Luckily for you, I hate *him*," he gestured with his rifle toward the cantina before leveling it again at Farrin, "even more. Now, what am I going to do with you?"

 Farrin's brain worked at a feverish pace to come up with a way to get out of this situation alive. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him.

 "Boba Fett, it is said that you can never turn down a challenge. For that reason... I challenge you to game of rock, paper, scissors! The winner gets to take out Jar-Jar."

 The feared bounty hunter studied the Dark Jedi for a minute, deciding he was clearly insane. However, it was true that he never allowed a challenge to go unanswered. Plus, there was something that he knew the Dark Jedi *didn't* know. He holstered the rifle at his side and assumed the duelist's stance - one fight slightly in front of the other, one hand clenched in a fist and held on top of an open palm.

 "I accept your challenge, but you're going to regret it. I used to play this game with my father and I never lost. Ever. Prepare yourself, and we'll go on the count of three."

 Farrin hurriedly dropped into a stance mirroring Fett's own, and after the bounty hunter said three, he threw out two fingers in a "V". Across from him, Fett's hand was flat. The two men stared at their hands for a second before Farrin broke out in a grin.

 "Scissors beats paper!"

 Boba Fett drew his rifle in one quick, smooth motion, the weapon hovering inches from his chest.

 "Two out of three, Dark Jedi, or you're a dead man."

 The Dark Jedi took a step back and nodded, at which point Fett re-holstered his weapon and both men assumed their stance. Again, as soon as the bounty hunter completed his count, the two threw out their left hands: Farrin's a fist, Fett's again a flat palm. Paper beats rock, and with that the two men were tied.

 Wordlessly, they dropped back into their stance. For the third time, as soon as Fett said the word "three" their hands shot out. This time, both were shaped like a "V" - nothing, scissors ties scissors. They dropped into their stance again, Fett counted again, and both hands shot out as fists. Nothing - rock ties rock. Snarling, Fett dropped into the stance again, mirrored quickly by Farrin. Again, he called out three. Fett's hand was clenched tightly in a fist... and Farrin's was flat. The two men looked at their hands, looked at each other, looked at their hands, then finally looked up at each other again. Suddenly, Boba Fett began to chuckle.

 "Well, Dark Jedi, you beat me fair and square. I have to say, that's the most fun I've had in some time. You earned this bounty. Speaking of..."

 Farrin turned to look out the alley and across the street to see Jar-Jar Binks stumble out of the cantina, alone. The moment couldn't be more perfect. Breathing in deeply to steady himself, Farrin took a step out of the alley into the street towards his target, drawing his lightsaber from beneath his robes.

 *Mesa think it's time to die, you idiotic creature.*