

A Day in the Life

He woke up surrounded by a disheveled heap of bodies. Mostly drunk, some passed out, others in various states of incapacitated. Shaking himself to ease his stiff muscles and to loosen the restrictive armor, he began to move. Each morning began in such a manner in the halls of Jabba the Hutt. Each day was a new lesson in humiliation for Boba Fett.

To be fair he never truly slept amongst this rabble, not really. No, sleep would imply letting ones guard down and providing a weakness for an enemy to strike. Being the galaxy's most feared and notorious bounty hunter provided ample opportunity to make enemies. The corpulent Hutt paid well, and at first there was a slight thrill protecting such a vile specimen as Jabba. That thrill had long passed.

Fett walked the cavernous and dingy halls of the complex. Some called it a palace. He had been to palaces. He had seen palaces built and had watched them burn. This was no palace. This place smelled of death, of despair, of idle banter and fake pleasantries of those drifters who had found themselves on Tattooine and had nowhere else to go.

The bounty hunter spent the day aimlessly patrolling the main chambers of the palace and lurking in the shadows of Jabba's main audience hall. The Hutts were nothing if not vulgar in their displays of wealth and overly emphasized power. In his childhood he had witnessed true power. He had witnessed a galactic war and had stood amongst many of the major players. Those days were long past.

There was little enough action, these days, at least. When he first entered the Hutts employ there was hope it would lead him to more dangerous and honorable prey. At first some curious spectators had come and tried to make a name for themselves by besting Fett. All had died. His thoughts wandered as they often did. Yet, his perception was unfettered and kept a keen eye on the palace grounds and on Jabba. He knew all too well someday soon the Rebels would come to free the prized decoration of the palace, Captain Han Solo.

Tracking down Solo had been a fine challenge and one that Fett enjoyed, to be honest. But now even the allure of a renewed struggle did little to lift his spirits. How lonely his exist was. He forgot why he even did this anymore. Surely he had enough money. Surely, he had enough fame and prestige. No, he realized. He did it because he had nothing else in the galaxy for him to do.

There was one pleasant distraction however. The young Twi'Lek dancer. She was a beautiful light blue skinned creature that danced with more of a grace and balance than anything sultry and lustful. She was far too priceless of a possession and her talents were wasted on a brute like Jabba. Still, there was little he could offer her. And so his day went on, pacing the halls of the palace wondering what might have been, what could have been.