

## Cantina Date: Boba Fett

Contributed by Courtney Young  
Friday, 15 February 2002

You must listen to this: remember Boba Fett? We met him at the Mos Espa Grand Arena and you said that it was too bad he was wearing so much metal, because he probably had a nice ass? That's the one.

I went back to Mos Espa, because we were invited to sit in one of the guest boxes, and I saw him pass through the crowd. I ran down and managed to intercept him and pretend as if he had tripped me. At first, I thought he was just going to walk away and leave me there, but instead he put out his hand and helped me to my feet. There was something incredibly alluring about all that... metal. I figured I had to act fast, because I wanted him to know exactly what my intention was, so as I stood up, I leaned forward and whispered in his ear that I found him very attractive. That was all, but later on when I was at the box, a droid was sent to me with a message. Boba Fett told me to meet him in the bar as soon as the first race was over! That gave me just enough time to take down my hair.

He was waiting for me when I arrived, sitting in the corner all menacing and shiny. I noticed him immediately even though it took some time for my eyes to adjust to the darkness of the bar. He makes 4-LOM look like a salvage droid! Mama always said to stay away from bounty hunters, but I've never really had one before, and I figure since I rarely am allowed out on my own, and since bounty hunters are always coming and going, it was my only chance to be with someone like Boba Fett alone.

He wasn't drinking anything when I arrived, and when I sat down he didn't order me anything either. That should have been my first clue of how things were going to work out. I bought myself my own cooler, and made some small talk about the races... and all he did was stare at me. Actually, I have no idea if he was looking at me at all, with that helmet on his face. I was straining my voice over the din and I really couldn't tell if he was listening to me at all. Then, I felt something cold and smooth on the inside of my thigh and I nearly jumped out of my seat. I edged closer to him thinking maybe it would encourage him to go a little further, but I accidentally sat on his sawed off lasergun---or whatever it was---and he freaked! He totally backed off, and I could swear that all of a sudden, he turned this bluish tone, making him look downright cold and menacing. I tried to make a joke about it, but he just sat there like a big chrome garbage can.

On one hand, I wanted to just tell him off and get up and leave, but lets face it, Boba Fett wouldn't think twice about vaporizing me. So I made up some excuse about having to pick my droid up from the repair shop, and left. I contemplated giving him a kiss on the cheek, or at least on his helmet where his cheek should be, but instead I just touched his arm.

It is hard to believe that there could be a human underneath all that hard metal... the creep didn't even react. At least I can blame it on his armor, which is more than I can say for the other men I've dated.