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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF HAN SOLO

by Carolyn Golledge

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It was a typical day in the life of Han Solo. The Falcon was docked in the Rebel's latest hideout and as usual his beloved ship was in need of repairs. Well you see, also as usual, his last mission (to steal Darth Vader's toothbrush) had been a real doozy. Naturally, Dastardly Darth had a nasty plan - he had not pulled the shower curtain in place, so Han had slipped on the wet floor and broken several bones. And that was only the beginning. The mission had encountered unforeseen problems (such as the discovery that Darth Vader had no teeth).

But today everything was fine. Solo was all healed up after many months in the hospital. He woke up feeling his usual cheery self, wearing his usual wide grin as a result of discovering that his well-muscled, lithe, naked body was free of bandages. He didn't even have any bruises! "Ah, yes," he thought, in his usual happy-go-lucky Corellian way, "today will be a typical fine day."

Let me interrupt this gripping account to remind you, dear reader, of the maxim by which all happy-go-lucky Corellians survive, er, live. "Let's keep a little optimism here." Remember that? Of course you do! As you can see our incredibly macho hero thrives on optimism.

"Yes," Han whistled admiringly as he threw back the bedcovers, "you're in fine shape, Solo, and today will be a fine day!" He swung his long, long legs from the bunk, followed them and stood up. Unfortunately, he hit his head (as usual) on the cabin light fixture. While he was grabbing at his head, he tripped over his boots, fell and skinned his knee. But our

intrepid hero remained steadfast, stubbornly concentrating on grinning for all his worth.

The ensuing accident in the bathroom however was rather nastier than usual, and since it threatened his most prized possession (and I assure you, dear reader, it is highly prized by several of you as well) his grin almost, but not quite, failed him. Of course there are those of you who would probably unkindly say that that particular grin looked more like a gritting of teeth, but have mercy, dear reader. Remember that our cheerful hero was at that time extricating his most prized possession from the toilet seat which had snapped shut, pinching the extremely long and valuable appendage most cruelly.

Solo screamed. His huge, furry side-kick answered in the prescribed ten seconds flat (unfortunately that was also the state of the cabin door after Chewbacca in his very anxious haste to reach his suffering friend had, ah well, 'flattened' it).

There, there, the Wookiee growled soothingly, **Keep smiling, Little One. Chewie will make it all better.** He rummaged about in his shoulder pouch and produced a handful, er, paw□full, of bandages. He sat on the floor beside the agonised Corellian, well, he meant to sit beside him, but, ah, he misjudged and sat on Han's leg. There was a rather nasty creaking sound as Solo's ankle managed a highly improbable angle and Han's scream hit an even more improbable high C. Chewbacca apologised profusely, sat on the floor and proceeded to stick the bandage on the abused appendage. **My, my,** he mumbled. **Now I see why they call you Little One.**

Solo discovered that it was very difficult to glare and grin at the same time.

Nevertheless, the first aid was successfully completed and after some traumatic experiences at breakfast, including getting a hand stuck in the microwave, and a fork stuck in the eye, and so forth; Solo strode down the ramp (well, he tripped once, or maybe twice). You will be pleased to learn, dear reader, that despite these inconveniences he never missed a beat to the tune he was singing. "Hi, ho! Hi ho! It's off to work I go!" I think he got the words slightly confused though (maybe it was the bump on the head as he slid to the foot of the ramp and hit the tool box) but anyway, the song finished up with, "What a wonderful world."

"Yes, it was going to be a typical fine day," Chewbacca thought as he watched and listened, then shuffled off to the Medical Dispensary.

He was already out of bandages and antiseptic and he had the strange feeling that he would be needing more soon. Have I mentioned that Wookiees are psychic?

It was probably just as well for our soft-hearted, loyal side-kick that he was not around to see what happened to his daredevil friend as Solo set to work. Today was the day the Corellian had decided to take apart the port hydraulics system. There were minor injuries, beginning with the tool box slamming shut on his fingers, then the wrench slipping striking him in his already abused appendage. But truly, dear reader, it was not a pleasant sight when the under-belly hatch cover (solid steel) fell and pinned the masterful mechanic to the bay floor. He did not even have the breath to scream. In fact, he was quite completely unconscious - and leaking blood from one or two or three spots.

Yes, dear reader, I agree, a tragic sight indeed. Fortunately it was gone by the time Chewbacca returned. Well, everything but the blood stains and the dented hatch cover. I must admit that it did give the Wookiee some small cause for concern. But having existed, er, lived with Super Solo for several years, he had become somewhat accustomed to such discoveries.

Therefore, it was with the comforting feeling that the day was following its usual pattern that he went about his routine of summoning help from Solo's weird, but well-meaning, brother-in-law (a Jedi Knight) and his long-suffering wife. (Solo's, not the Jedi's - weren't you paying attention!? Luke and Leia are brother and sister, remember!? Tsk, Tsk.) Yes, I know, dear reader, you want to know why Leia was not sharing Solo's bed last night. Well, let me ask, would you? Perhaps I had best rephrase that. It is rather unpleasant to sleep with a man who is usually in a plaster cast or splints or some such, but one who insists on enjoying, ah, shall we say 'nocturnal activities'. Leia did not appreciate her complexion changing from white to blotchy purple and black. Also, she decided she was safer on some far distant mission, single-handedly searching for sacred artifacts which were jealously guarded by cannibals - but that's another story.

Where was I? Or more to the point, where is Solo? Well, dear reader, I regret to inform you that as our extremely handsome hero lay there, totally defenceless, insensible, unconscious, and bleeding, a ruthless bounty-hunter took his chance, or more precisely, his Corellian.

Han Solo's first thought as he gradually regained his senses (which isn't many) was "I was right! It is a typical fine day!" For there, silhouetted by the chains and other shackles suspending his broken (but still handsome) body from the wall, was the scowling, scarred face of his arch rival Blobba the Fatt (no relation to Jabba the Hutt).

"Sssso Ssssolo," he hissed through broken teeth (a legacy from his last encounter with our Heroic Han). "I ssssee you are awake."

"Gosh," Solo said bravely and cockily, ignoring his multiple agonies so as to summon up his famous boyish and lopsided smile (Yes, I know, I know! It's lopsided because of the equally famous scar on his bravely jutting, square chin. But no, I'm not going to stop this riveting epic to tell you how he got the scar! Stop interrupting!). "Gosh," Solo said sweetly, the second time (he's very patient with his readers and anyway he had to spit out a mouthful of blood, probably caused by the punctured lung from the broken ribs he received when the hatch cover squished him). "Gosh," Solo said again (glaring at your reporter! Well!) "Gee, Blobba, I thought you'd have those teeth fixed by now. It's very difficult for the typist to put in all those extra 'Sssss' you know, and you haven't even got the excuse of being a Saurian or wearing a respirator. I say, I really do believe that's most unkind of ..."

"Sssssshutup!!" Blobba ssssspluttered, er, spluttered. "You think I'm sssso sstupid that I would pay a dentissssst jussst sssso you can break them again?"

"Well, now that you ask," Solo said cheerfully. "Yes, it was quite fun the last time don't you think?"

Well, as you can see, dear reader, sometimes our brave hero is simply too brave. Others would say he doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut. It's very rude to bleed all over your host's Lucas-film-shiny floor. So, this next bit gets a little violent. Those of you with weak stomachs had better skip to the bottom of the page, Solo should be unconscious again by then.

Enraged, Blobba Fatt took out his white glove (the one he'd had specially perfumed just for this occasion) and slapped Solo across the mouth with it.

"Come now, good buddy," Solo grinned. "Let's not get nasty."

Pardon me, dear reader, I really must get a Kleenex, I get all choked up when I read these bits where Solo is very, very courageous despite his pain, suffering and agony, not the least of which must be the thought of all the medical bills he faces yet again. Sniff. Sob.

Blobba Fatt was further enraged when he saw the blood stains on his specially perfumed, formerly pristine white glove. "How dare you bleed all over me!" he roared. So saying ... er ... roaring, he reached the

depths of depravity, fumbled around in his bag of implements of torture and took out his feather duster and tickled Solo unmercifully.

Truly, dear reader, I cannot go on. Those of you with nasty sadistic minds will be able to imagine what terrible tortures Solo endured (cheerfully) for the remainder of his journey. And where was the despicable Blobba Fatt taking our stoic hero? You guessed! Go ahead, spoil my fun! Yes, to the Death Star III. (A shocking example of the depletion in Lucas Film ... er ... Imperial Funds).

By the time Blobba Fatt docked his ship, the Slaving Sadist, in the undersized Imperial docking bay (tight budget, you know) Solo was more unconscious than he had ever been before in any story. Yes, I know, it's appalling, dear reader, just appalling! Especially for Blobba Fatt, he was terrified that Solo would die before he could sell him. (I told you he was despicable!) He dared not move Solo's poor (sob) broken, bleeding, but-still-handsome body. So, he eventually cajoled an Imperial Officer (also undersized) and a few stormdraitroopers (That is the correct term. Budget restrictions meant the Empire could not afford the usual flash uniforms) to follow him to his ship.

"I say, Blobba old chap," the officer complained. "This better be good. I'm down to my last millimetre of shoe leather!"

This comment set the stormdraitroopers to grumbling, they were barefoot.

"Look," Blobba said with a great (but bad-smelling) sigh of relief as he saw that Solo was still breathing. "Look," he said again (being king to the worn-down 's' he did not say 'see'.) I told you I had the great (oh rats!) Ssssolo pri ...er, captive!"

The Imperial Officer sniffed disdainfully (they teach that at the Officer Academy). "You can't fool me, Blobba! I know Solo wears black and white, not vivid red!"

Blobba sighed the sigh of one dealing with morons and one who had just finished a very long flight with an insufferably stoic hero who refused to moan and groan in appreciation of classic tortures but who instead mumbled terribly boring heroic taunts. (So? You try writing short sentences!) "That'sssss blood." he explained.

"Oh," Ichabod the Imperial responded. The stormdraitroopers giggled. "I knew that. I was just testing."

"Becausssse he issss a little damaged," Blobba continued, "and becausssse I am a loyal Imperialissst, I am willing to let thissss Rebel General go at the assstoundingly low priccce of jusssst 30,000 creditsssss."

The officer coughed. "Surely, dear boy, you must be joking! We don't pay for the likes of him!"

"Don't pay??!! He'sssss a General!"

"I know that," Ichabod sighed. "I've got better things to do with my time. My toy trains need oiling. Come along, men."

Shattered (sort of), Blobba fell to his knees (well, where he knees should have been) and clutched Ichabod around the waist. (I told you he was undersized). "Pleasssse! Don't go!" he begged. "Don't leave me with him! I can't take any more! I can't sssstand hissssss one-linerssss! Pleasssse! Show ssssome mercccy!"

"Oh, very well," Ichabod said irritably. "Do stop crying and spitting. You'll ruin my best black trousers."

Blobba Fatt took out an immense handkerchief and tried to blow his nose, but of course he couldn't, his helmet got in the way. He broke down and cried again. "I didn't want to be a bounty hunter! Mother made me do it!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" Ichabod was touched. He knew how Blobba Fatt felt. He patted him on the shoulder, well, his armour. "Don't cry, Blobbsiekins. Mumsies can be just awful, can't they? My mumsie made me join up."

"Really?" Blobba sniffed.

"Really," Ichabod smiled. "So because we have that in common I'll take Solo from you if you donate 10,000 credits to the Imperial funds."

"10,000 creditsssss?"

"5,000?"

"It'ssssss a deal."

Now, dear reader, as you are well aware, our intrepid hero has lost a lot of blood (it took Blobba all day to clean the floor) and he's not

breathing too well either. All in all a typical day. By sunset he's always close to death. But never fear, the Death Star III had a simply grand Medical Centre with lots and lots of bandages. So when Solo awoke yet again, he felt somewhat better. Well, at least he could see.

"Oh, goody," he said when he recognised his surroundings, "am Imperial Torture Chamber! I feel right at home! I just knew this was going to be a fine day!"

Theodore, the Inquisitor (known as Teddy Bear to his friends), sighed heavily. (Solo does bring out that trait in people, doesn't he?) "Now don't be difficult old chap," Theodore pleaded. "There's a jolly fellow."

"Where?" Solo asked.

Teddy hit him. Solo's lip began to bleed (and quiver a bit, too). "I say," Teddy apologised. "I'm frightfully sorry, old chap. Did I hurt you? Oh, I'm such a bad boy, aren't I? Mumsie would spank me, wouldn't she?"

"Would she?" Solo asked. "I never knew my mumsie. Spankings sound like such fun."

Oh, they are! They are!" Teddy enthused. He took out his very best lace handkerchief and dabbed at Solo's lip. "Has anyone told you that you have just simply the most goooorrgeous lower lip?"

"Yes," Solo replied. "Lots of people. I get fan mail, you know." He frowned. "Hey, what's wrong with my upper lip?"

"Oh, nothing the special effects people couldn't fix. Don't you worry about it. You've got other things to worry about, old chap."

Solo's magnificent hazel eyes blazed with outrage, indignation, fury and all that other stuff that's bad for your eyes. "Stop calling me old," he growled. (His throat was still sore).

"My! My! Temper! Temper! Tut! Tut! You will answer my questions, old boy!"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you will."

"No, I won't. (And so on. Repeat ten times.)

Teddy sighed. "Don't you even want to know what the question is? The readers are getting bored."

Solo shrugged. (Not an easy feat with both shoulders dislocated).
"Okay."

Teddy smiled. Then he snarled his most menacing snarl. "Where did you hide Darthie Diddums' rubber ducky?"

Solo lifted his brave, scarred chin with typical defiance. "I'll never tell."

"Oh yes, you will." Teddy went on quickly so as to forestall another boring debate. "If you don't I will be forced to inflict upon you the most horrendous of tortures."

Yes, dear reader, even our intrepid hero blinked a bit at that. After all, it had been a truly fine day. "What's that?" he asked nervously.

Teddy smiled his famous evil smile. "I'll make you eat the soggy cucumber sandwiches left over from Darthie's last tea party."

Solo was shocked, appalled and horrified. "I say, that's a bit rough! I'll complain to LucasFilm."

"Go ahead," Teddy chuckled. "Lucas isn't interested in Star Wars anymore." He brought out a plate of mildewed sandwiches.

"NOOOO!!!" Solo screamed. Fortunately for him, just at that moment, his long-suffering wife, Slay-'Em Leia, and his weird brother-in-law, Nuke-'EM Luke, and his furry side-kick Chew-'Em Chewie, charged into the room and rescued him. I'm afraid they rather abused poor Teddy. Our brave hero soon had his manacles removed and found himself cradled in Chewbacca's loving arms. "Ease up, Chewie," Solo grinned. "My ribs are broken again. And both my arms. And my legs feel funny and ..."

"What??!" Leia demanded. "More plaster??!"

"Ah, well ..." Solo mumbled. He flinched for real when he saw the angry gleam in Leia's eyes. Then he fainted from sheer fright.

It had been a typical fine day.

The End

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