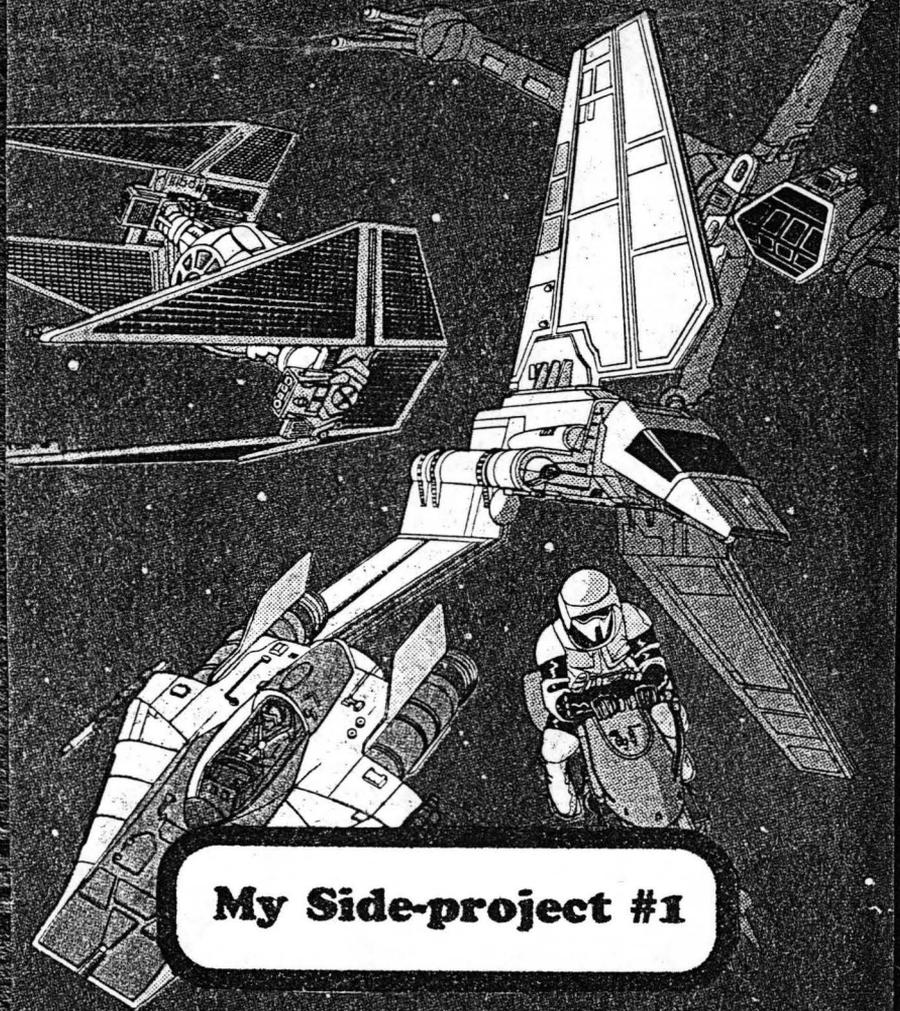


# *Hearts of Dankness*

A Zinemaker's Apocalypse



**My Side-project #1**

free



hello! and welcome to my side-project.  
my name is blair, and i do a zine with my pal  
sean called "you ride a horse rather less well than  
another horse would", and it's full of humour  
and reviews and rants and comix and such.

i wanted to do a mini-zine that did  
something different than "horse", and at first i  
thought that i'd do a personal zine and pour my  
heart out about subjects close to me, and that i'd  
call it "catharsis". but then i figured that might be  
too wishy-washy, and why should i spill my guts  
to complete strangers? so, i decided that the  
format of my side-project would focus on what i  
want to do once i get my university degree (i'm  
contemplating going for a Ph.D. in english, just  
for fun, but i have a while still to decide): write.  
and draw. i want to write fiction when i grow up,  
perhaps novels, maybe comic-books (yes, comics  
are a serious art-form! just call them "graphic-  
literature"!)). so this is what you'll get. my fiction  
and my art. and maybe the odd bit of this and  
that thrown in. i think i'll have a theme for each  
issue. this time out i've written about star wars.  
particularly, conversations about star wars. i like  
to write dialogue. so did hemingway. but then he  
never wrote about star wars. so, if you'd like to  
write me with feedback, or themes for future  
issues, or whatever, then please do so, and i  
swear i'll write you back. i'm going to try to put  
out an new issue every two months or so, maybe  
more frequently, depending on how far into a  
particular semester's workload i am. and i think  
i'll change the title each issue, just for fun, but  
you can just call it 'my side-project'.

write to:  
p.o. box 44090  
6518 e. hastings st.  
burnaby, b.c.  
V5B 4Y2  
canada!

or hey, e-mail me: [blaird@sfu.ca](mailto:blaird@sfu.ca)



## The Boba Fett Debate

"So." said Tom, "What do you think Boba Fett looks like under that helmet of his, anyway?"

Tom was always the philosophical one in the family. He got it from his dad, who went to community-college for twelve years but never got a degree. Tom would always ask his brother Mike burning philosophical Star Wars questions such as these. They loved the Star Wars movies, practically had all three memorized.

"Ooh, good one Tom!" squealed Mike.

"Ya, I know. I thought of it while I was on the toilet last night. I have all my philosophical insights on the toilet." Tom said proudly.

"Haw, haw!" laughed Mike, "So that's what you call that stuff! I usually just call it shit! But I guess you excrete philosophically!"

As losers went, Tom and Mike were as pathetic as they came. Everyone in their grade hated them, and beat them up routinely. But they had each other [ both figuratively, and( although neither of them will admit it), after consuming too many wine-coolers and looking at one too many lingerie catalogues, literally].

"So what do you think Boba Fett looks like?" asked Tom.

"I'm thinking!" cried Mike.

"Wow, there's a first.

Don't... hurt your head!" said Tom.

"Haw, that's gross!" laughed Mike.

"Not as gross as your face!" said Tom.

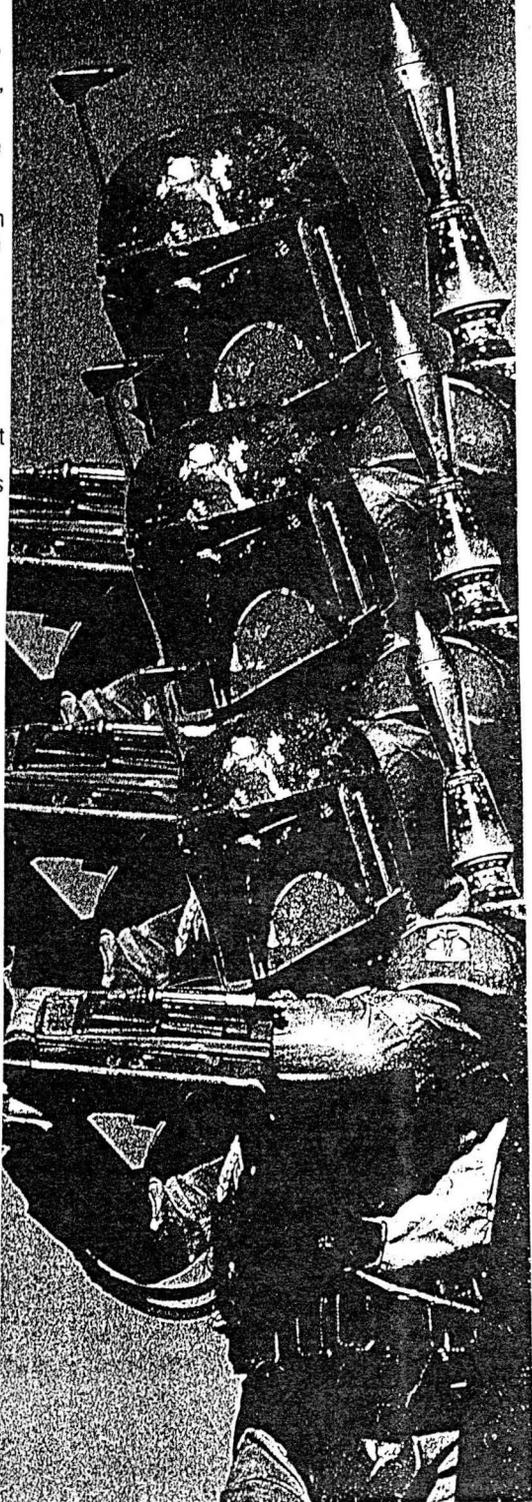
"Not as gross as your face, you mean!" replied Mike.

"Well?... What do you think Boba Fett looks like under his helmet?" asked Tom.

"Are you sure it's a helmet and not just his face? I think that might just be his face." said Mike.

"His face?! Man, you're so dumb!" cried Tom.

Tom was right. Mike was dumb, as his IQ was only 102, a full five points lower than his brother Tom's was.



"It's so obviously not his face, okay? It's a helmet! Didn't you read your Star Wars Encyclopedia, page fourteen?! It outlines the technological abilities of Boba Fett's helmet, as well as diagrams of his jet-pack! You are dumb, aren't you?" said Tom.

"Oh ya, well, not as dumb... as your face... looks! You... Jabba the Butthead!" yelled Mike.

"Jabba the Butthead?! Well you're a... stupid Tattooine desert slug-leech that's stuck on the foot of a Tuskan Raider! How d'ya like that?" said Tom.

"I don't, you stupid loser!... Dink. Okay, so... Boba Fett. Well, if he has a face, because he might not have one you know, 'cause it could have been blown off or something and that's why he wears the helmet... if he has a face, then I think it's blue." said Mike.

"Why blue?" asked Tom.

"I dunno, just a gut feeling. It would match the gray uniform he wears. Gray compliments blue quite nicely you know." said Mike.

"Duh!" said Tom, "But I think he has a red face, or maybe reddish-brown. But I don't think he looks like a human. I think he's got different eyes, maybe bigger or something, and instead of a nose that sticks out from his face he's just got two holes, like what you see on someone's skull."

"Maybe. Or maybe he doesn't have any eyes at all, and he needs his helmet to see, and he doesn't see normal like we do, but differently, like Geordi La Forge does in Next Generation!" said Mike.

"A plausible theory. Hmmm. Yes. He has big eyes, but they do not serve as eyes, but rather they are just useless things on his face, like our earlobes. Yes. He needs his visor to see. Good one." said Tom.

"Thank you." said Mike. At that moment, the boy's mother walked into the room, brandishing a tray with a bowl of potato chips, and two glasses of cola.

"So what are you debating tonight, boys?" she asked.



"We're debating what Boba Fett looks like under his helmet!" said Mike with delight. Mike loved his mother. Mike really loved his mother.

"I wanted to tell her, you nerd! It was my idea!" yelled Tom. Tom also loved his mother. Really loved his mother. But not as much as Mike loved his mother.

"All right, all right. Don't argue boys! Now, which one is Boba Fett?" she asked.

"Boba Fett is the bounty-hunter from Star Wars who takes Han Solo away at the end of The Empire Strikes Back. I've only told you this about ten hundred times, mom!" said Tom.

"All right! You don't have to get snarly! I'm sorry that I'm not perfect. I'll just go away now and leave you boys to things that are obviously much more important than your mother." she said.

Tom looked at Mike. Mike looked at Tom.

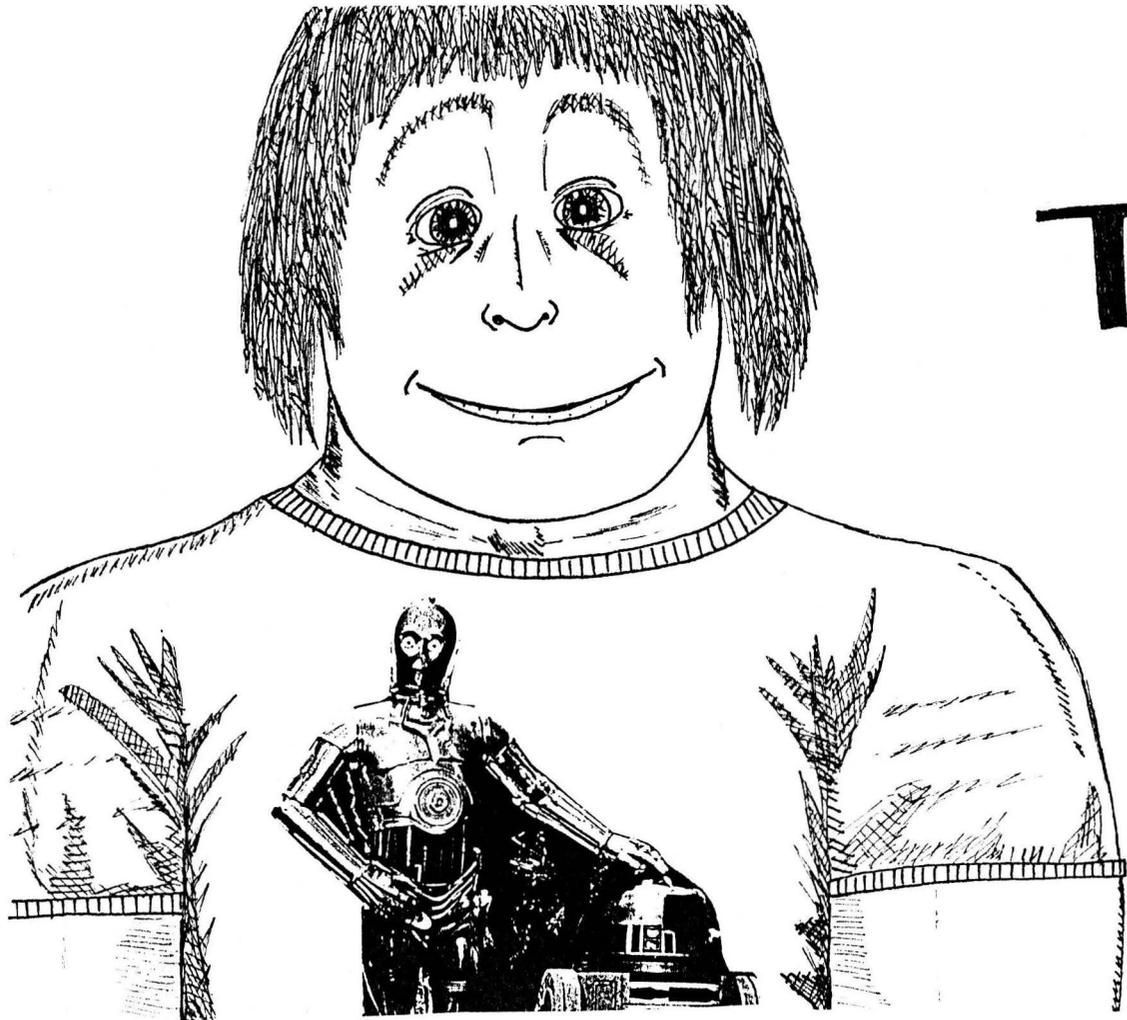
"We're sorry!" they said in unison.

"All right. Now here's your chips and cola. Your father and I are going to bed now, so try not to be too loud." said their mother.

They both agreed, and each gave their mother a kiss on the cheek. Then, she left them to continue their debate.

The debate about the appearance of Boba Fett was a heated one, which resulted in more than one of them calling the other a nerd, a stupid loser, a Wookiee-breath, and (in a lowered voice so their parents wouldn't hear) a Jawa jizz-mopper. The Boba Fett debate would not be decided this night, and was a debate which they continued on many occasions (although never while SeaQuest was on). They decided to go to bed that night after three hours of continuous debate, interrupted only to insult each other. They needed their rest. They had a big day tomorrow, as they were scheduled to re-cast the forthcoming X-Men movie for a fifth time with their friend Johnny at the arcade at two o' clock, followed by the greatest damn G.I. Joe action-figure battle this world has ever seen.





**Tom!**

the  
handsome  
one!



## Of Pricks and Wookies

Tim sat on the steps outside the school's back entrance, and ate his lunch there, as he did every school-day. He was reading a new Star Wars novel that he had gotten from the library, and was about half-way through it on this day. He was so engaged by the story that he failed to notice Steve Ridgely and Larry Jones, the two biggest pricks in Southview High's eighth grade, heading his way. Steve had on a Megadeth t-shirt, while Larry was more of an AC/DC kind of guy, and had on one of their fashionable garments.

"Hey Tim!" said Larry roughly, "What are you reading, man?"

"Oh, uh... hi Larry. Hi Steve." said Tim, startled by their sudden appearance, "Um... I'm reading this Star Wars book."

"Star Wars?" laughed Larry, "You like Star Wars? That movie's so old! Didn't it come out in the Seventies?"

"Well, 1977, to be exact." pointed out Tim.

"Ha, well... may the force, uh... be with you, and all that shit! You really are a loser, aren't you? Star Wars, what a loser!" said Larry.

"Yes, I must concur Larry. Tim is a loser." said Steve.

"Ya. Hey... what were the names of those two robots in the movie?" asked Larry.

"...C3PO and R2D2." said Tim hesitantly.

"Man, he knows their names! Loser! Well, I think those two were lovers, don't you Steve?" asked Larry.

"Indeed, most certainly. They were involved in a relationship that was most intimate." said Steve.

"Ya, and I bet they did it with each other too!" said Larry.

Tim listened to this asinine conversation timidly, afraid to ask them to leave, and afraid to leave himself.

"And what was the deal with that big dog?" Larry asked Tim.

"Well, man?"

"Oh... you mean Chewbacca?" replied Tim.

"Was he the big dog?" asked Larry.

"He's a Wookie. But yes... I suppose he looks like a... big dog." said Tim.

"Well whatever he is, what's his problem?" asked Larry.

"What do you mean?" asked Tim.

"You know what I mean, man... so don't test my patience, loser! I mean, why is he a big dog, huh?" said Larry.

"Because he just is. He's a Wookie. That's what Wookies look like." Tim explained.

"Hey! I didn't ask you to get smart with me, did I?" warned Larry, "Huh, smart guy? Right Steve?"

"Correct. His manner doth perturb me. Perhaps we should inflict pain upon him." suggested Steve.

"Damn straight." said Larry.

Larry and Steve then commenced with the most savage beating that Tim had ever been subject to in his life. He required six stitches afterwards, but refused to confess to his parents or the school administration, who it was that beat him up, for fear off a beating even more savage than the last. Tim missed the next three days of school, plenty of time to allow him to finish his Star Wars novel.





this has nothing to do  
with star wars, or any of  
the stories.

i just thought that  
it looked pretty cool.

FROM:

My Side-project

P.O. Box 44090

6518 E. HASTINGS ST.

BURNABY, B.C.

V5B 4Y2

CANADA

To:

