

STAR WARS™

The Wookiee Storybook



Random House

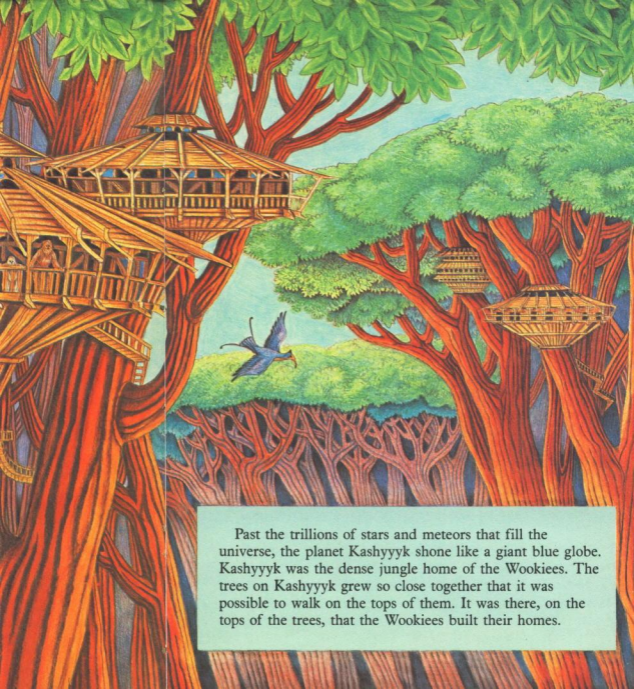
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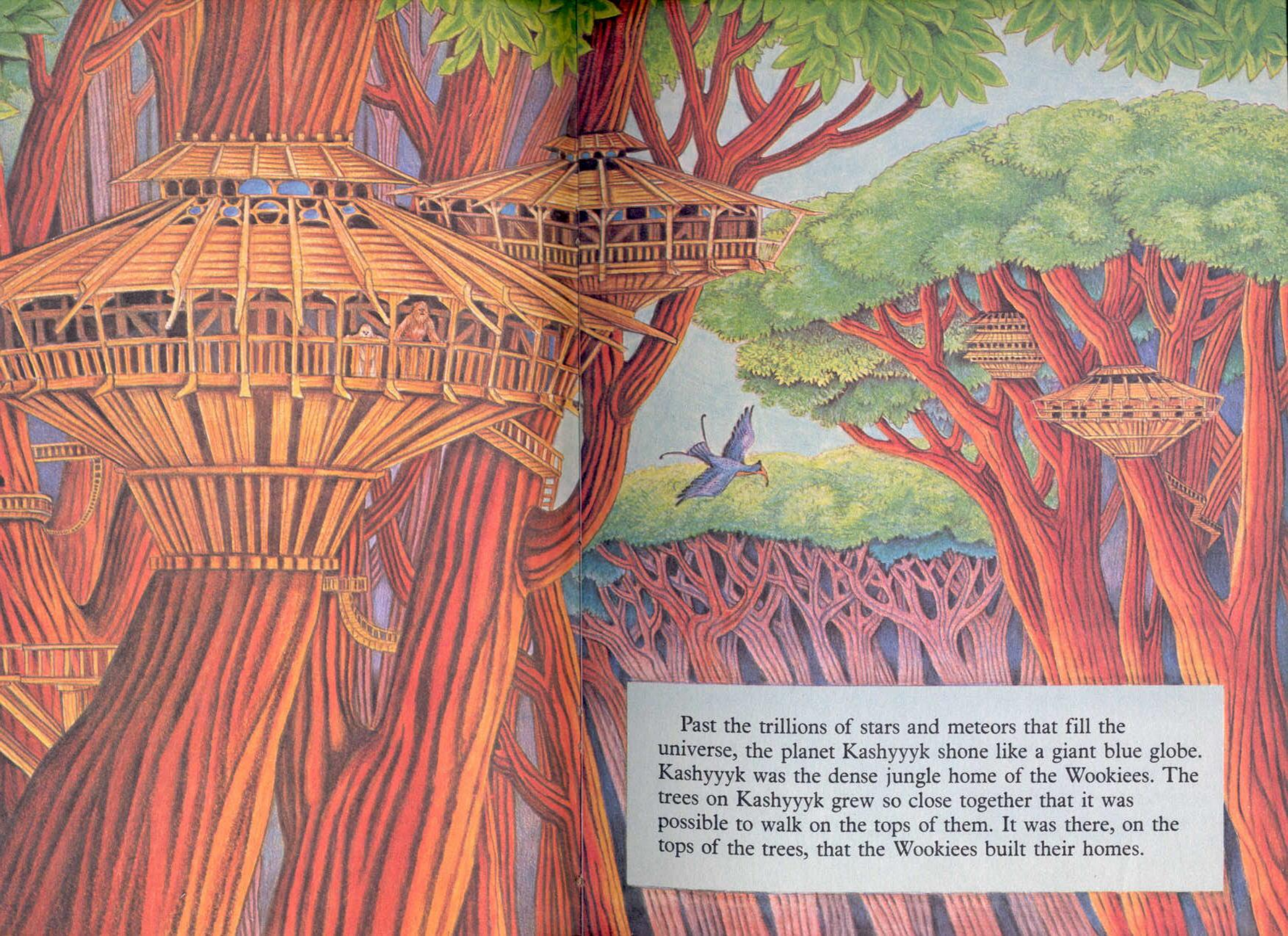


Illustrated by Patricia Wynne

Random House  New York



Past the trillions of stars and meteors that fill the universe, the planet Kashyyyk shone like a giant blue globe. Kashyyyk was the dense jungle home of the Wookiees. The trees on Kashyyyk grew so close together that it was possible to walk on the tops of them. It was there, on the tops of the trees, that the Wookiees built their homes.

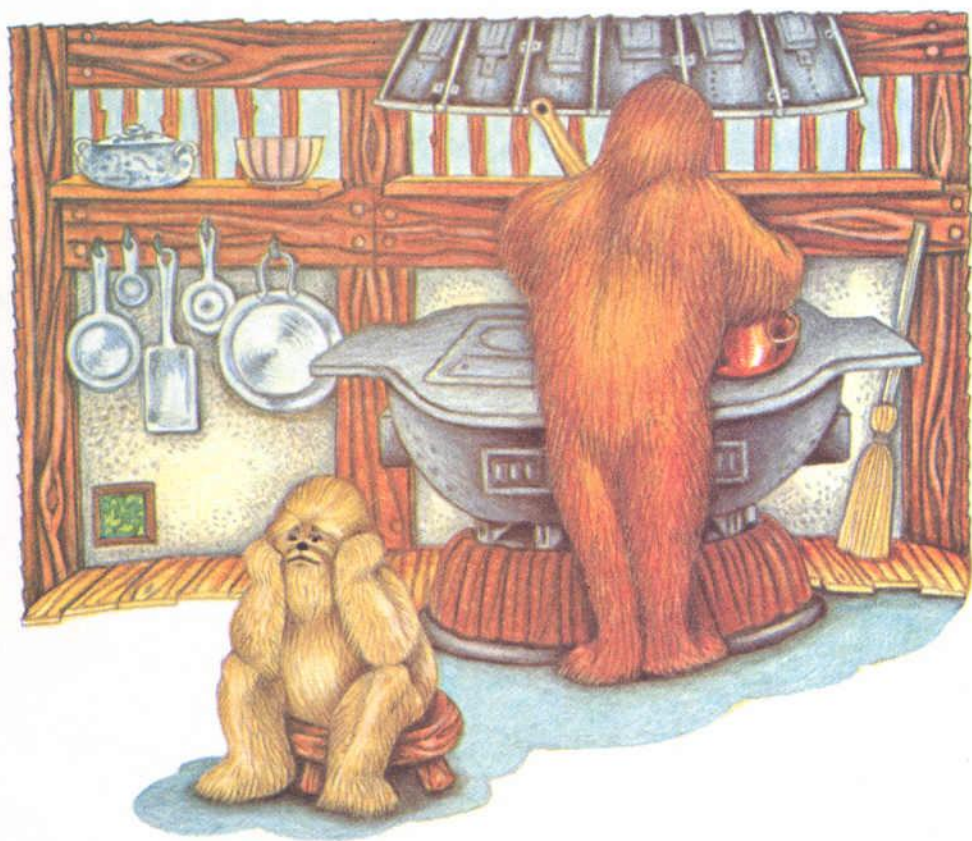


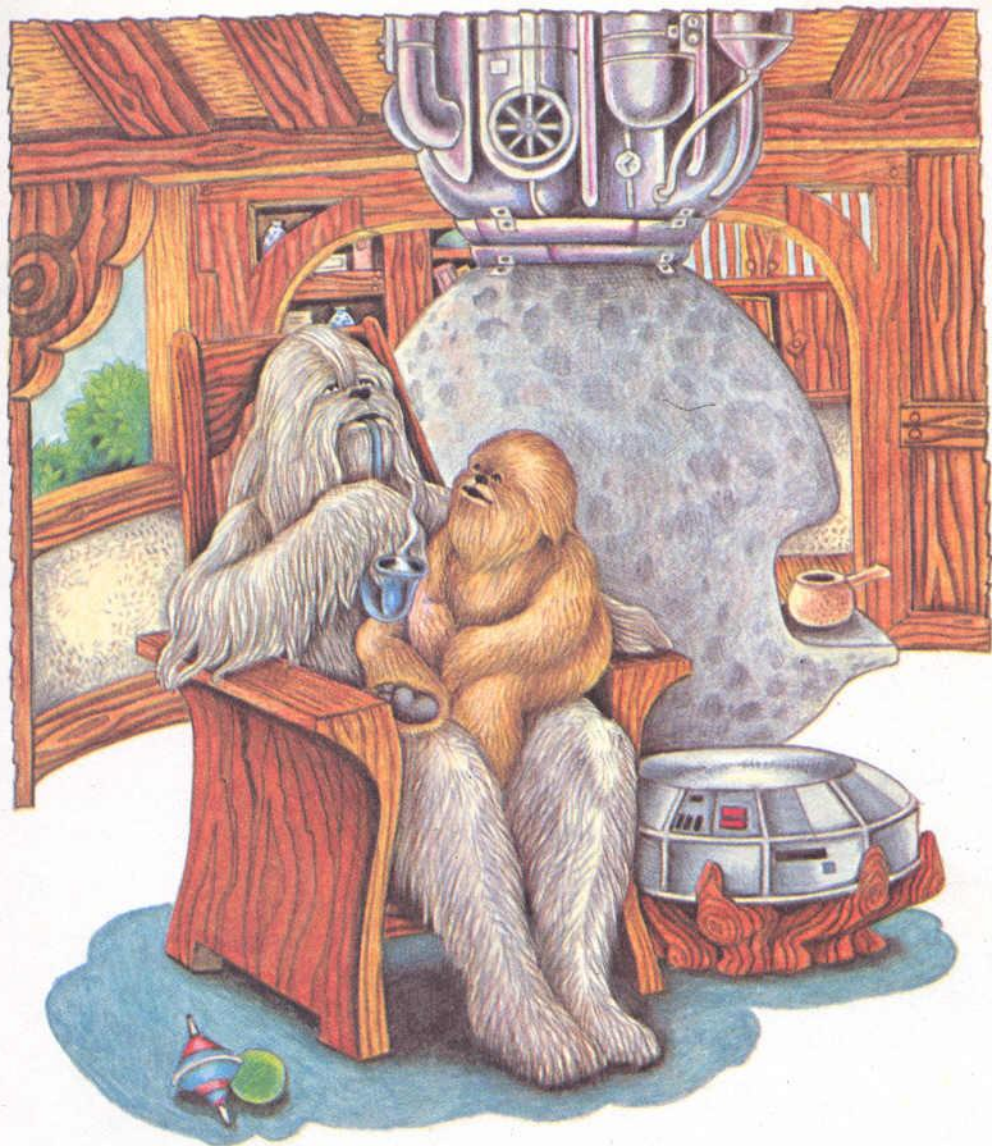
Past the trillions of stars and meteors that fill the universe, the planet Kashyyyk shone like a giant blue globe. Kashyyyk was the dense jungle home of the Wookiees. The trees on Kashyyyk grew so close together that it was possible to walk on the tops of them. It was there, on the tops of the trees, that the Wookiees built their homes.

It was an exciting day for the Wookiees. Chewbacca was returning home. He had been away on a three-year mission with Han Solo. Even more important, it was Chewie's two-hundredth birthday—his bicentennial!

Malla was planning a surprise party for Chewbacca. She had spent days cooking, but she wasn't able to make Chewbacca's favorite dessert, wasaka-berry pudding. Only Chewbacca was brave and skillful enough to gather the wasaka berries—because the berries rarely grew anywhere but in the dark, swampy lower levels of the jungle.

Lumpy wanted to go down into the jungle to hunt for the berries, but Malla wouldn't let him. She said it was much too dangerous. So Lumpy was very sad.





Itchy knew how to cheer up his unhappy grandson. He would tell him a story. He decided to tell Lumpy how Chewbacca became a hero and the most famous Wookiee of all time. Lighting his pipe and puffing on it until it glowed brightly, Itchy began his story....

“A long time ago the Wookiees came to Kashyyyk from another planet,” said Itchy. “They quickly saw that the jungle planet was made up of different layers. The top layers were as beautiful as they are now. But, oh, the lower layers...they were always dangerous, even as they are now. Our ancestors named the lower layers the ‘Nother World.’ Down there, at the bottoms of the trees, lived many strange, ugly creatures in a horrible, oozing swamp.”





“The Wookiees lived peacefully on the treetops for hundreds of years,” Itchy told Lumpy. “But one dark day, strangers invaded our happy planet. The strangers were slave traders! They captured your father and many other Wookiees, and took them in chains to their own planet far away.

“Han Solo was visiting that foreign planet,” Itchy continued, “when the slave traders arrived with our people. Han hated the slave traders. And he hated seeing the Wookiees beaten and starved. So he decided to try to set them free.

“Solo attacked the slave traders, and the Wookiees joined in the fight. And *your father*,” Itchy told Lumpy, “saved Han Solo from being choked to death by a huge slave trader. Finally all the slave traders were beaten. The Wookiees were saved from a life of slavery!”

“Han chose Chewbacca to be his official protector. Chewie would be Han Solo’s copilot on all his missions. What a great honor for your father,” said Itchy, “and for all Wookiees!”

“But these missions have kept Chewie away from Kashyyyk for long periods of time. You must know he’d like to stay home more with you and your mother,” said Itchy. “When he returns this time, he will be honored with a very special kind of party. It will be a bicentennial celebration just like the ones they have on planets far, far away.” Then he told Lumpy about one celebration that had a parade of great, tall sailing ships on the sea and fireworks in the sky.



Lumpy loved the story. He was so proud of his father. He wanted to be a hero just like him. Suddenly, he had an idea—the wasaka berries! He was sure he could find wasaka berries for the party. And he would be a hero! Lumpy ran upstairs to get a bucket from his toy chest.

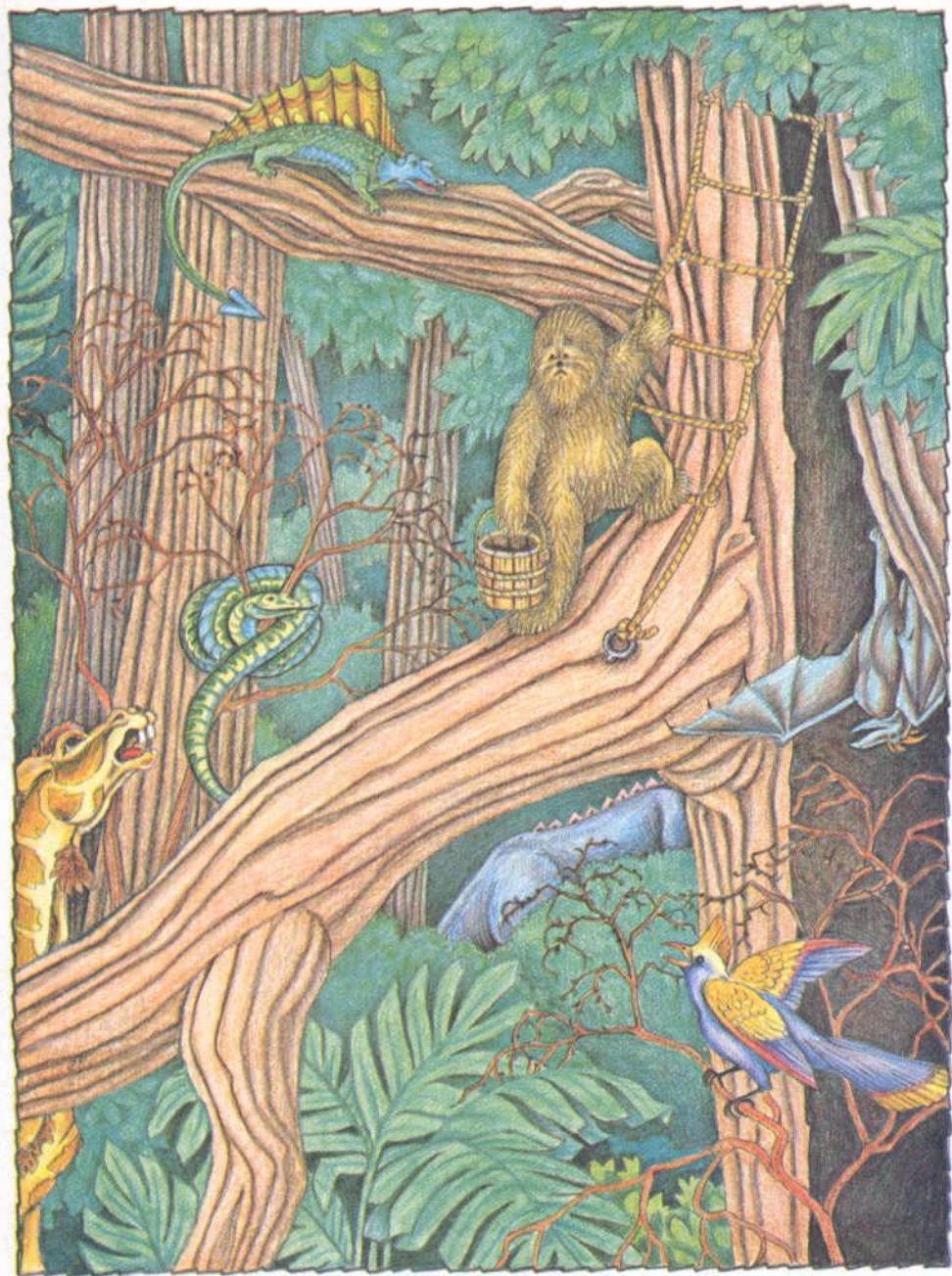




He didn't want Malla to worry, so he sneaked out of the house. As he walked along, humming, Lumpy imagined that his berry hunt was an adventure on another planet. He made believe he was hunting the slave traders of long ago. "Rap! Take that!" Lumpy said as he slashed at make-believe enemies.

Lumpy was not supposed to go more than two hundred meters away from his house. And he was supposed to stay in the upper levels of bushes and trees. But he couldn't find any berries near the house, so he kept going farther and farther away. He would have to go into the lower levels of the jungle to find the berries. He was frightened, but he *did* want to be a hero. Very carefully, he started to climb down...down...down....





The trees grew thinner. Here and there creepy things scurried behind clumps of shaggy bushes. There must be some berries around here someplace, Lumpy thought.

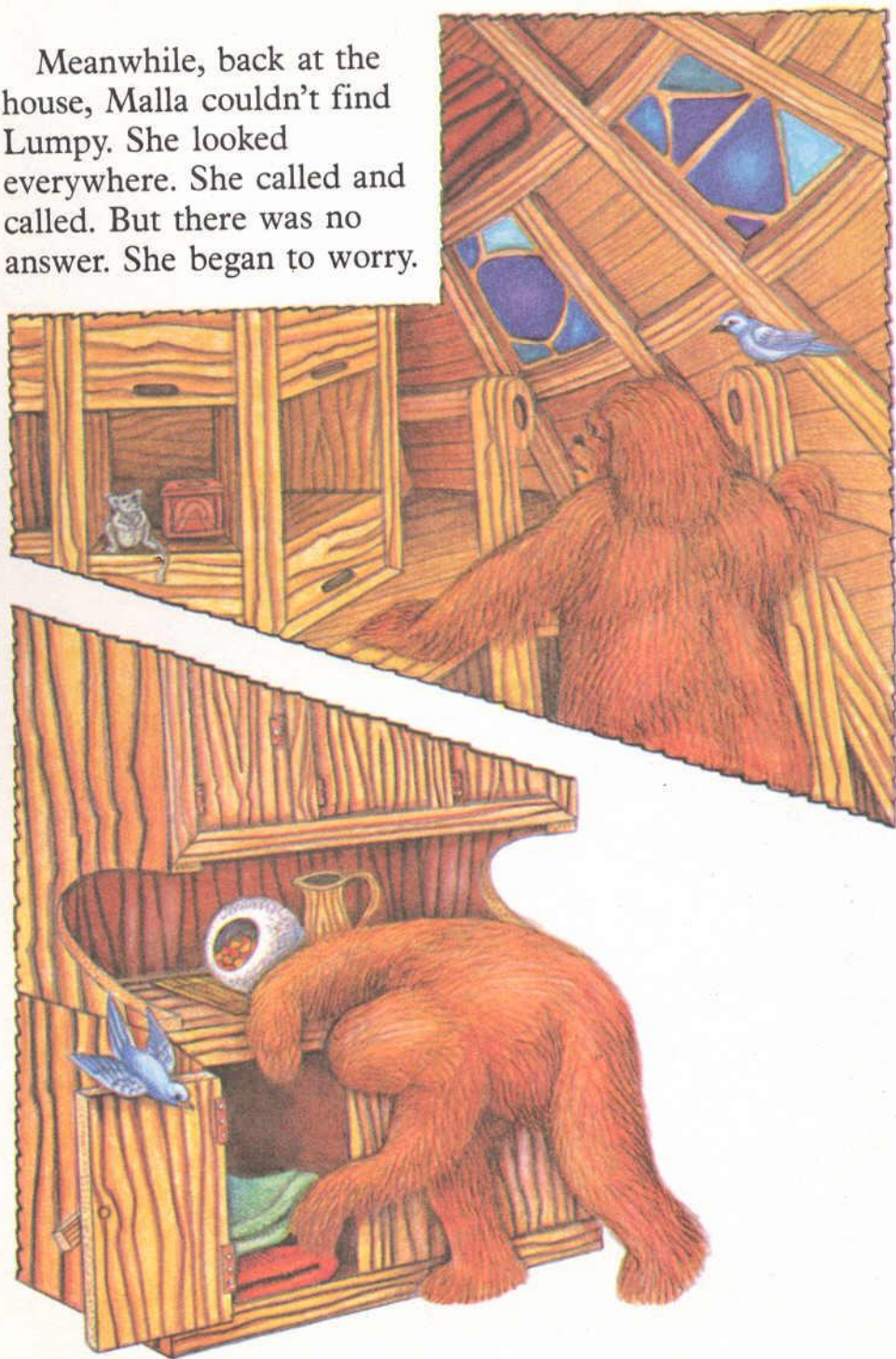
Then Lumpy missed a step. Suddenly, he was falling—
down into the terrible swamp of the Nother World.

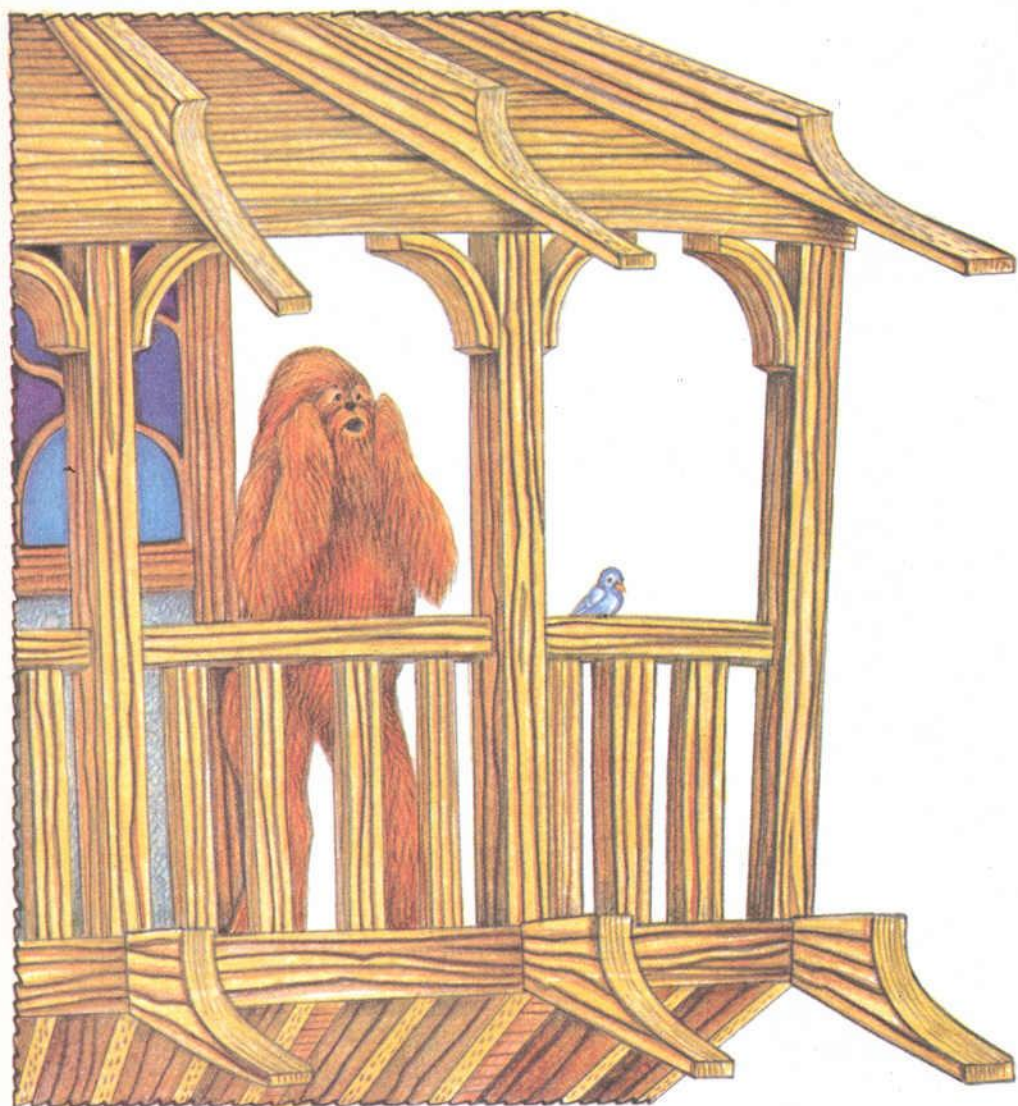




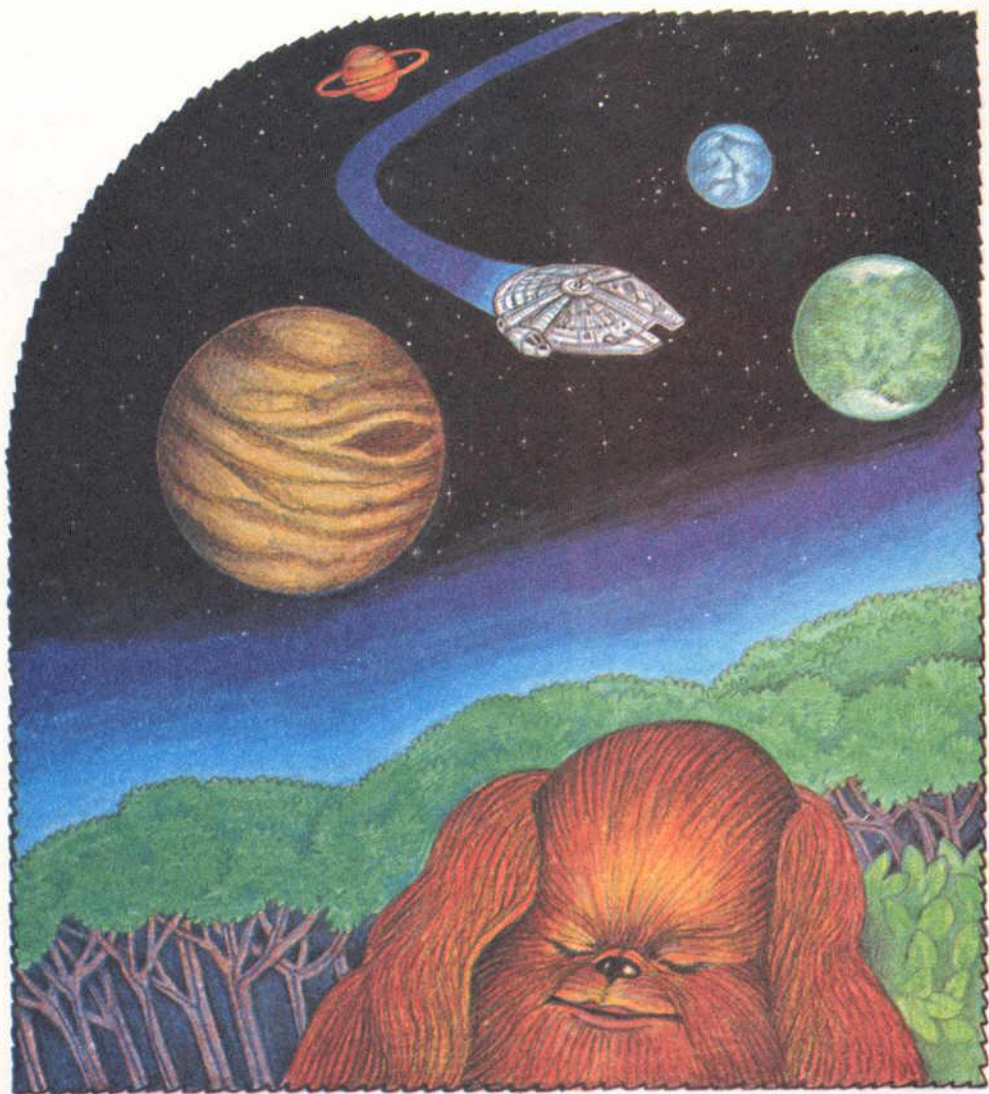
What a splash Lumpy made when he landed! A giant shiver went through his furry body when he saw where he was. He gave a loud Wookiee cry for help— “TRVVVP!” Then he realized that no one could hear him. Poor Lumpy! The water was cold and slimy. The smell was horrible. And, worst of all, scary-looking creatures began popping their heads up all around Lumpy.

Meanwhile, back at the house, Malla couldn't find Lumpy. She looked everywhere. She called and called. But there was no answer. She began to worry.



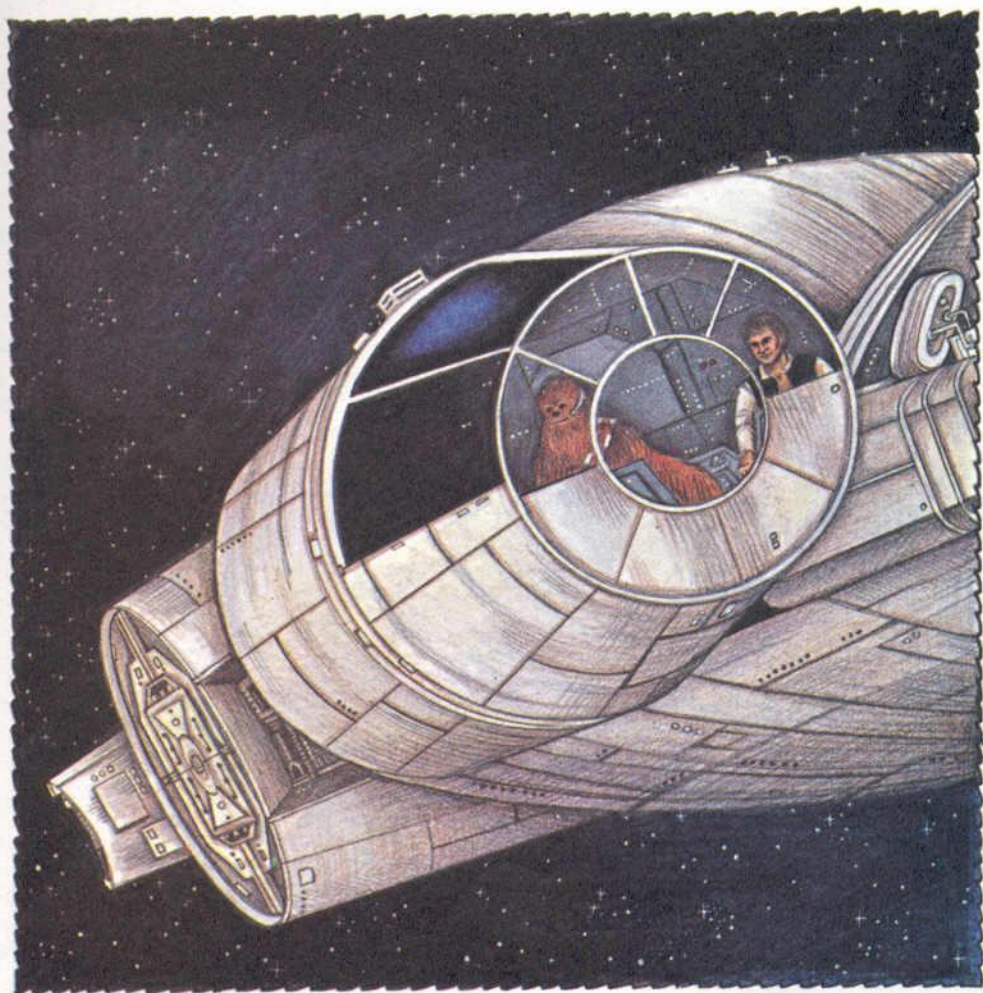


Malla went outside and circled the house, calling for Lumpy. But he wasn't there either. What if he was in trouble? What if he had fallen into the swamp? If only Chewie were home...Chewie! He was the answer. She would think a message to him! She couldn't send a message to Lumpy, because he was too young. Only adult Wookiees have the power to send each other thought waves.



Malla closed her eyes and thought hard about Chewbacca. She pictured him on the spaceship with Han Solo. Then she sent out especially powerful thought waves to tell Chewie that Lumpy was in danger—that he might even be lost in the swamp! Malla kept her eyes shut tight...and concentrated...and concentrated.

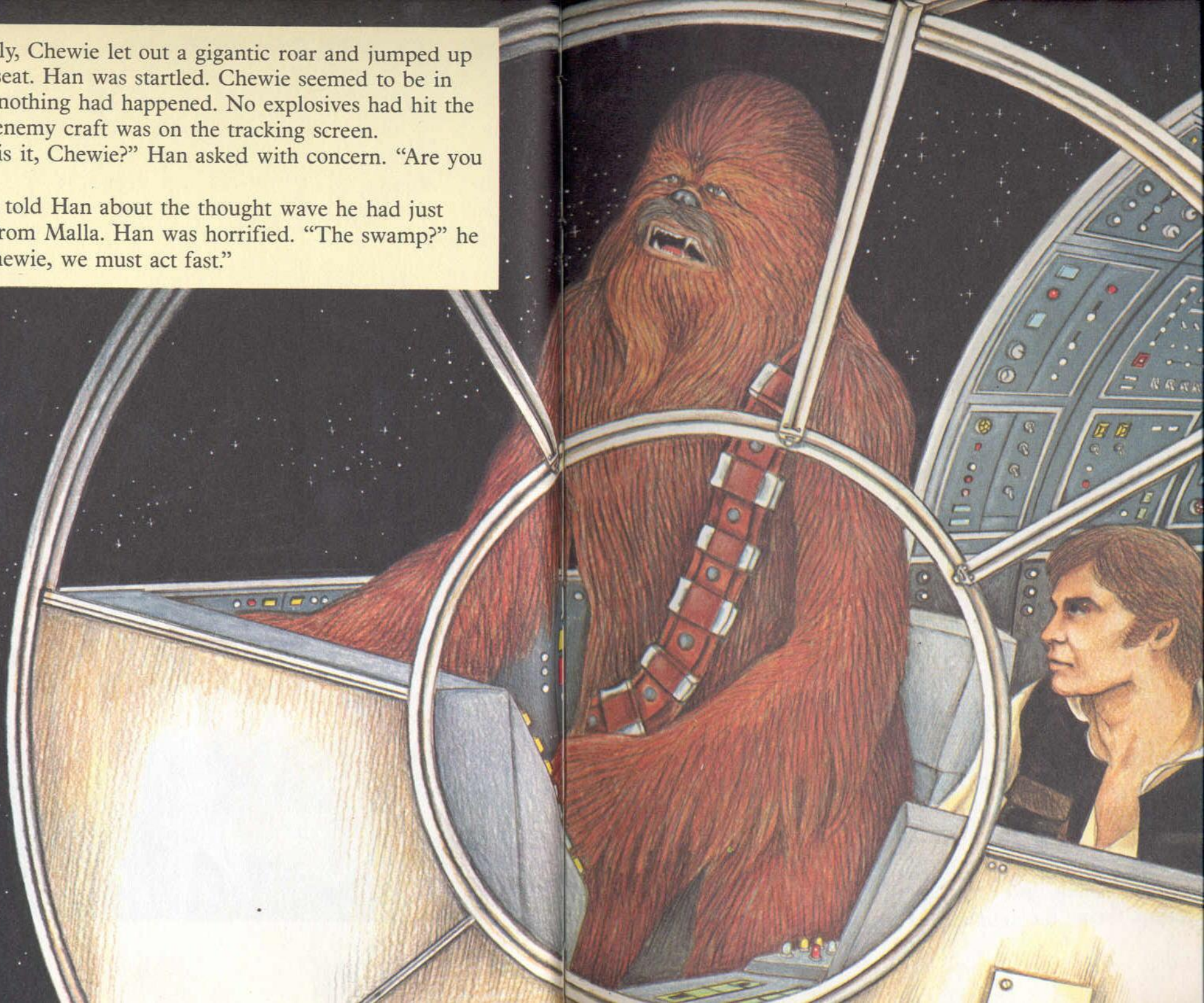
Aboard the spaceship, everything was in order. The nearer the craft got to Kashyyyk, the happier Chewie became. Han was happy too. He smiled every time he looked over at his partner. Solo was going to stay on Kashyyyk for Chewie's bicentennial. Han knew about the surprise party, and he was looking forward to it. He was also looking forward to seeing Lumpy, who loved to hear the stories Han had to tell.

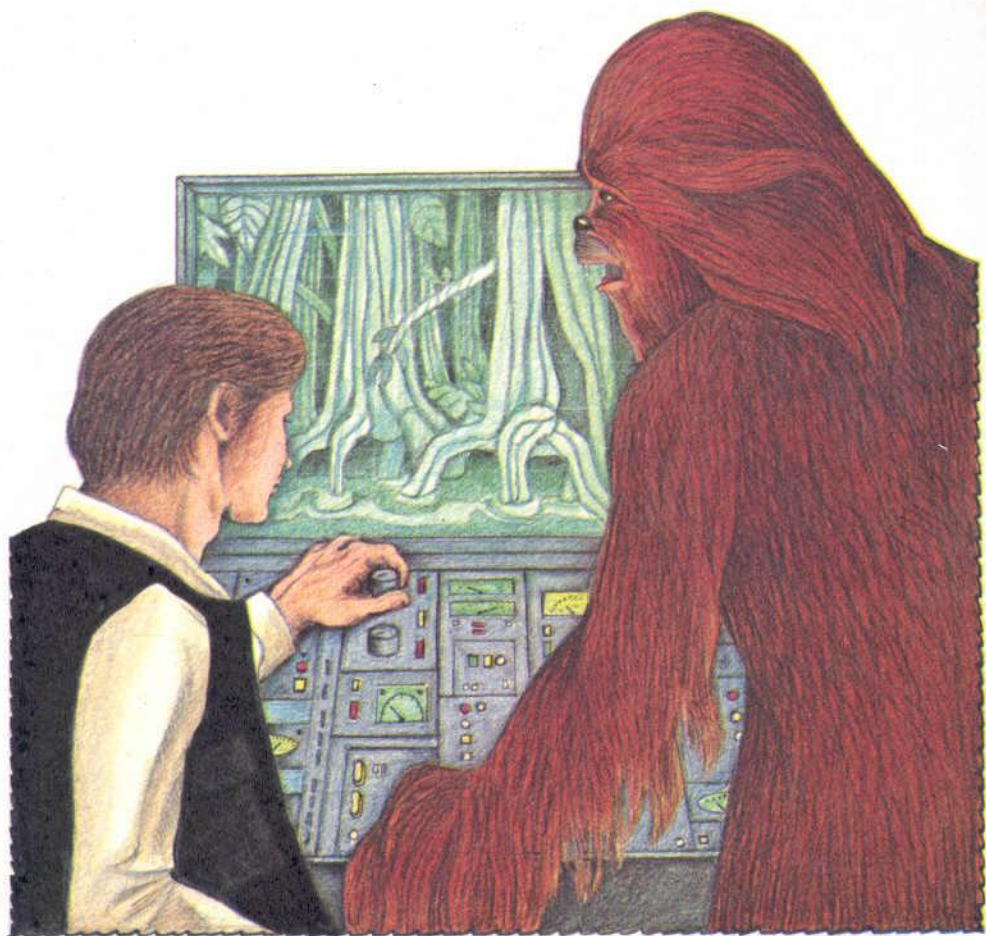


Suddenly, Chewie let out a gigantic roar and jumped up from his seat. Han was startled. Chewie seemed to be in pain, but nothing had happened. No explosives had hit the ship. No enemy craft was on the tracking screen.

"What is it, Chewie?" Han asked with concern. "Are you sick?"

Chewie told Han about the thought wave he had just received from Malla. Han was horrified. "The swamp?" he cried. "Chewie, we must act fast."

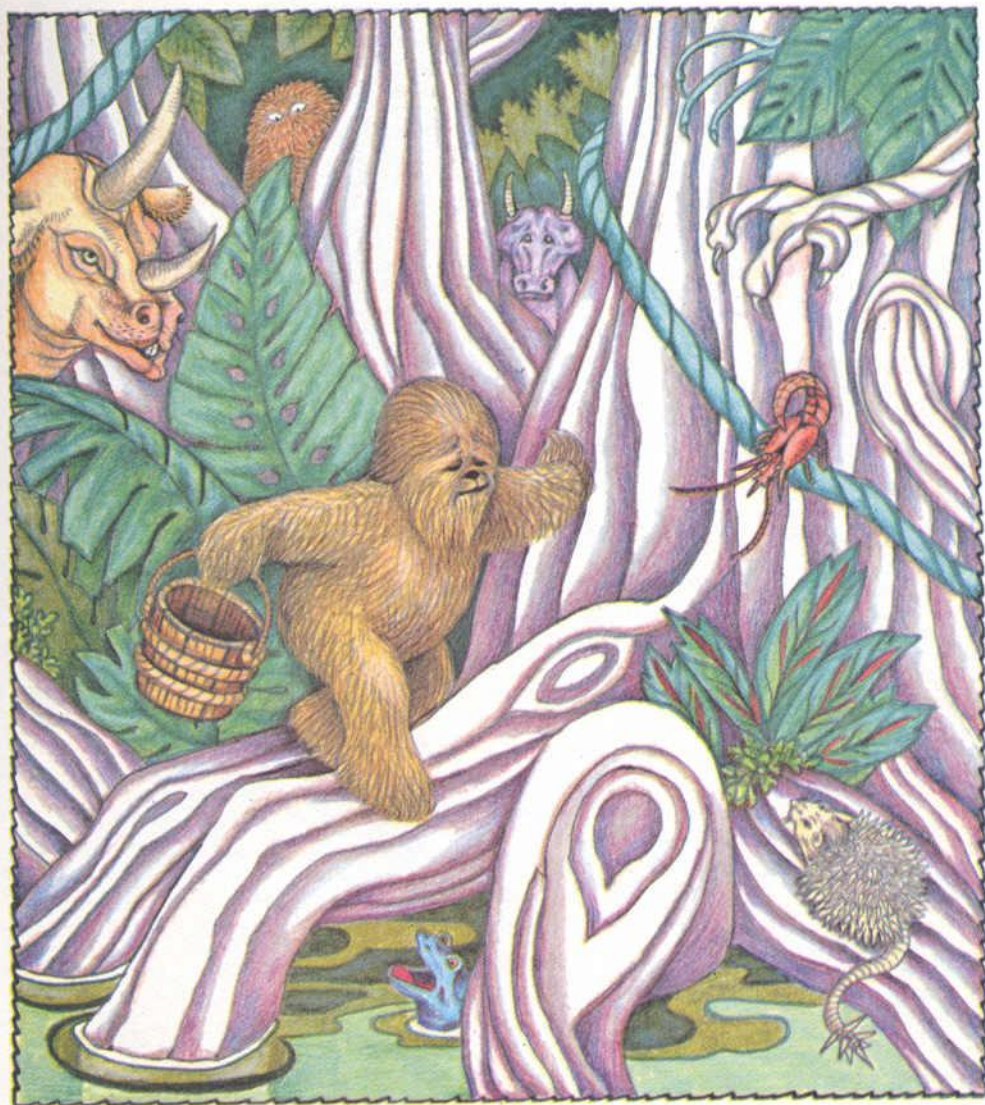




At once, Han activated the ship's super-sensitive tracking camera. Han twisted the dials, adjusted the controls, and focused the sights until a picture formed on the huge screen. There they were—the topmost trees of Kashyyyk! Han adjusted the controls again, until the Nother World finally came into view. He twisted and turned the knobs, aiming the camera, looking for a spot where the trees were thin.

Chewie covered his eyes with his huge, furry paws. He couldn't watch. His little son might be in the oozy waters of the swamp, facing the creatures of the Nother World.

And that's just where Lumpy was—lost in the Nother World. He climbed out of the water and walked along the slippery, twisted roots of the swamp trees. He tried to think about wasaka berries and ignore the strange, frightening swamp creatures. He thought about his father. Chewbacca would never give up and neither would Lumpy.



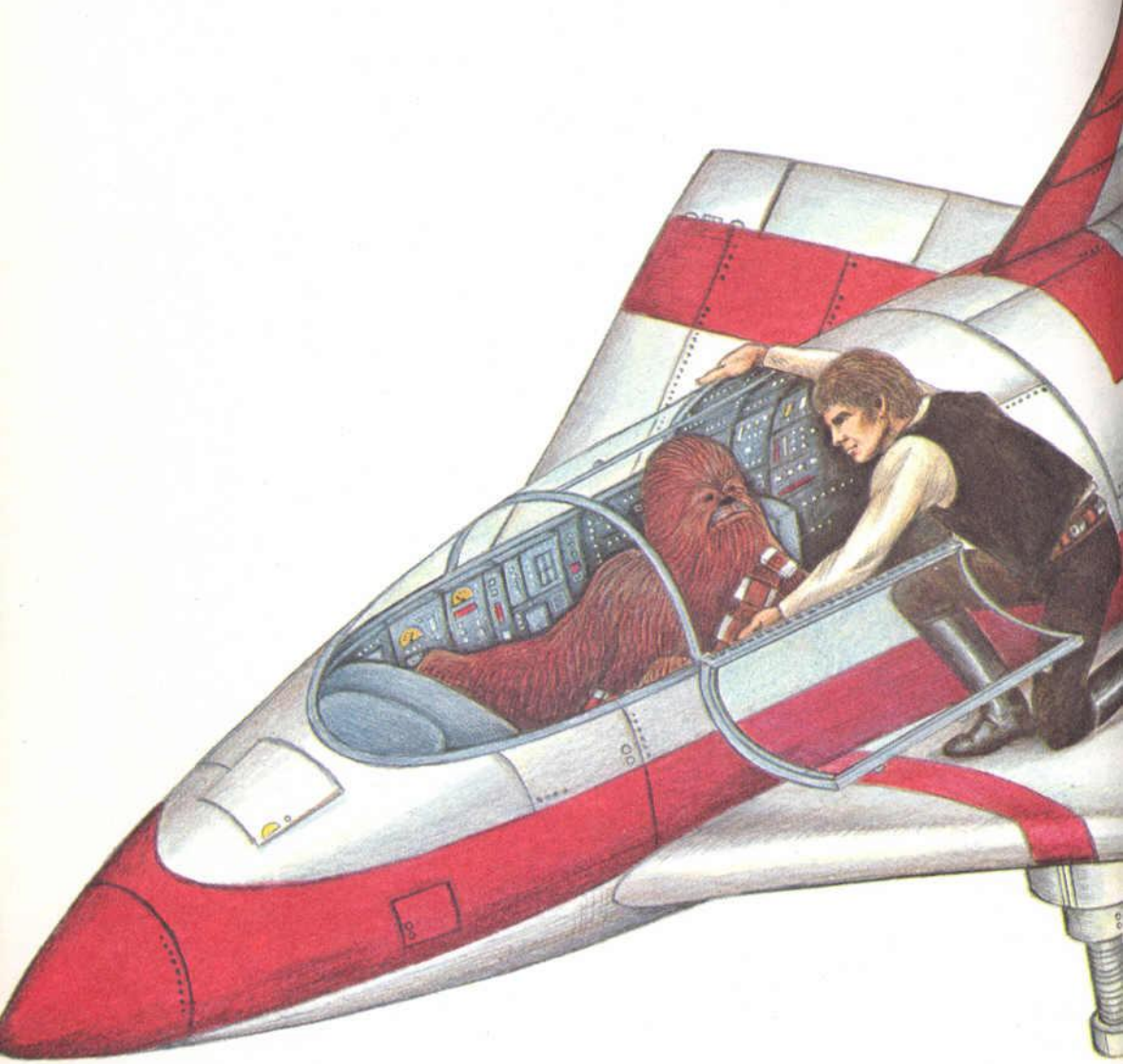
It wasn't long before the swamp creatures decided to investigate Lumpy. They started to creep closer and closer.

Suddenly a terrible round ball of a monster was right behind Lumpy! He saw it and forgot all about wasaka berries. He had to get away! Just as the dreadful creature lunged at him, Lumpy spotted a hollow log. He dived head-first into it. The monster followed—CRASH!!! It hit the side of the log and sank slowly into the murky swamp.

Lumpy sat shaking in the bottom of the log. He was safe—but only for a little while.



Hovering in their spaceship high above Kashyyyk, Han Solo and Chewie had worked out a plan. Chewie would fly one of their explorer craft down into the Nother World. The craft was small enough so Chewie could maneuver it under the trees and through the bushes.



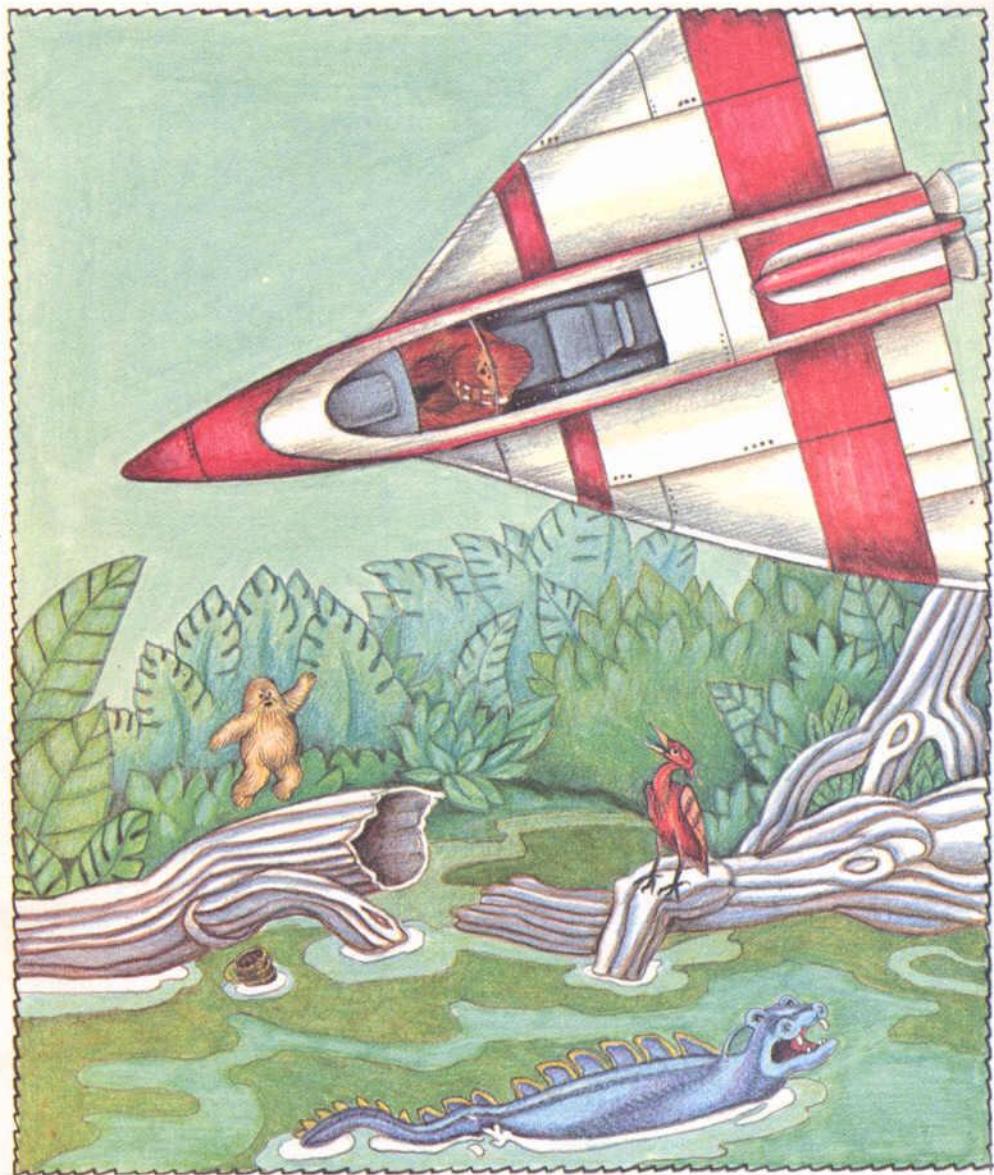


“Ready, Chewie?” Han called. Chewie answered with a nod and a loud Wookiee yell. “Then off you go. Good luck! I’ll be waiting with Malla.”

Han punched the catapult button, and Chewie’s miniature rocket zoomed off into space.



In only one minute, Chewbacca was in the atmosphere of Kashyyyk. Slowing down to planetary speed, Chewie zigged and zagged through the maze of plant life until he was almost down to the level of the Nother World. The only animal forms he saw were sinister, ugly creatures. Nowhere did he see the familiar furry form he was looking for.



In the shelter of his hollow log, Lumpy heard a whirring, echoing sound. His heart beat faster. Could it be? He poked his head out. It was an explorer craft. He climbed out of the log and waved frantically. The craft tipped its wings. Inside was Chewbacca! He had spotted his son. Lumpy would be saved.

Chewbacca slowed the explorer craft and landed near Lumpy in the oozing swamp. He opened the hatch, and Lumpy crawled in. Then Chewbacca fired the rockets, and the ship zoomed up out of the swamp.



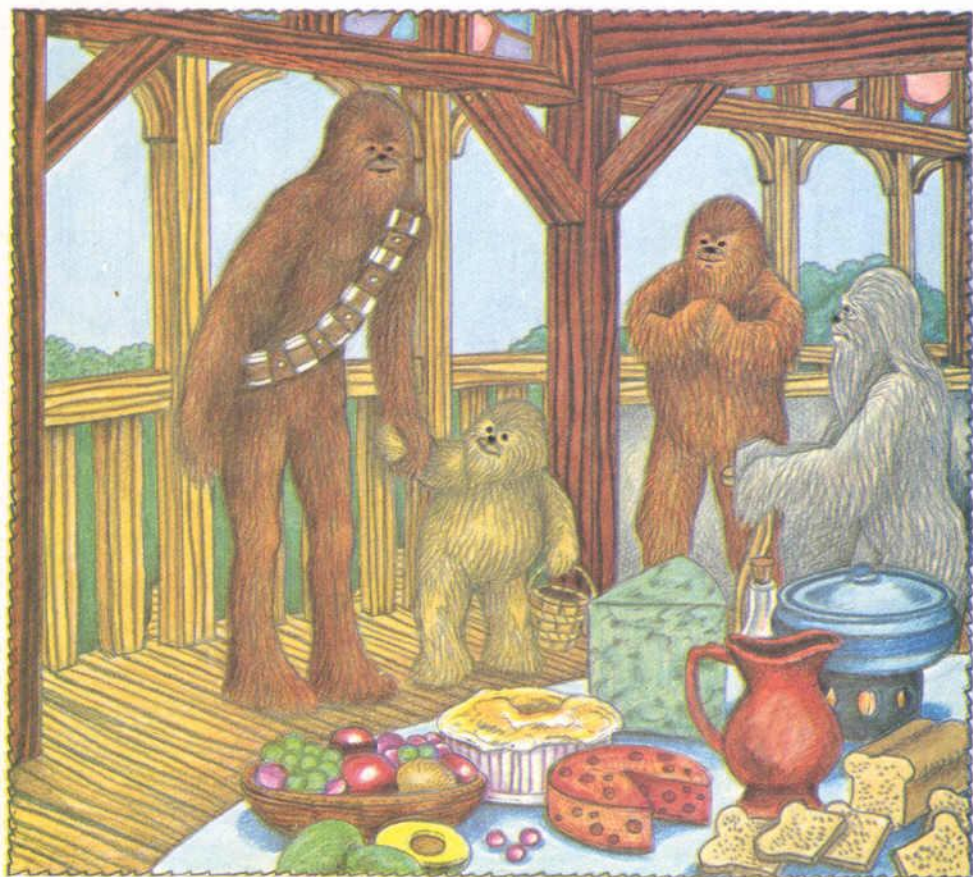
Chewie hugged Lumpy. But then he looked at him sternly. Lumpy knew why. He tried to explain to his father that he just wanted to get some berries as a very special treat. Then Lumpy started to cry. "I wanted you to be proud of me," he said. "But I didn't get the wasaka berries. I'll *never* be a hero like you."





Chewbacca was quiet for a minute. Then he spoke gently to Lumpy. "Lumpy, you *are* a hero," he said. "Even when you were afraid, you kept trying. That is what makes a hero."

Lumpy beamed as the small craft turned and landed on top of the trees in front of their house. Malla was so happy to see Lumpy and Chewbacca that she forgot to scold Lumpy for wandering away. And besides, Lumpy couldn't have heard her anyway! Hundreds of Wookiees were shouting, "Surprise! Surprise!" Chewbacca couldn't believe it. He'd been so excited about coming home, he had forgotten it was his two-hundredth birthday. What a party—music, dancing, games, and, of course, fireworks. The banquet tables were piled high with the fruits and the leafy wild vegetables that grew on Kashyyyk. Steaming casseroles were surrounded by sizzling roasts and Malla's secret soufflés.







Chewie put his arm around Malla. "This is a wonderful party," he told them. "I am home. Malla is here, and Lumpy and Itchy and Han and all the Wookiees. Nothing is missing. Right, Lumpy?"

Lumpy nodded and smiled. "Only the wasaka berries," he said as everyone laughed.