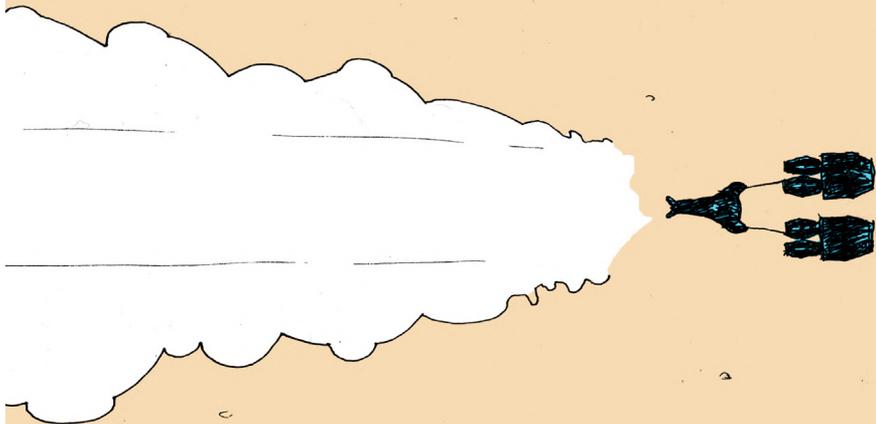


# BOONTA EVE



A PODRACING ZINE

# FEATURING

Adam Ratcliffe @aj\_ratcliffe

IB-9D3 @ArchiveFarAway

Will Wright @porgdameron

Nick Cowling @Artstralis

Seth Peevely @zuttonspaintbox

Shane Henderson @StarWars5W

William Davies @william7th

Jacob Kuddes @moderncarapace

Ender Smith @AurekFonts

# WELCOME TO BOONTA EVE

CHROME MACHINES HURLING through breathtaking vistas at extraordinary speeds. The reckless abandon of the crowds as huge chariots with whining engines rush past, through gorgeous landscapes, narrow crevasses, lives hanging by the barest threads.

And then, the silence in their wake. The ancient canyons or high mountain passes falling quiet, awaiting the distant scream of engines to fill them with life again.

And surrounding it all is the pageantry. The flags, hand-sewn livery for heroic figures that put their very lives on the line to bring a touch of speed to the ordinary. The racers themselves, strange forms fit perfectly to their strange assortment of pods.

In podracing, George Lucas and his army of artists made something that has no analogue in cinema. The flags, the aliens, the architecture, the eighteen different podracers, the maquette's and matte paintings. And then artists through the years, from Terry! Whitlatch and Iain McCaig to Doug Chiang to Episode 1 Racer's Peter Chan and beyond transported that experience to other strange worlds, perilous tracks, and strange creatures.

Which brings us to our own small contribution to the growing mythos of podracing. Eight artists, designers, and writers capturing a little bit of what makes podracing special. Enjoy!

William Davies



Ben Quadinaros and Anakin Skywalker race toe to toe on Ord Ibanna

Adam Ratcliffe @aj\_ratcliffe



### 524.1

#### Hutta Podracing Championship, 7920: Ips Bosen's First Place Medal

*Eport Auctioneers, Legends of the Outer Rim Collection*

Counted among the most hazardous competitions in galactic podracing history, the Hutta Championship is one of attrition, brutality, and mechanical ruin. The Championship tests not only velocity, but endurance, nerve, and the sheer will to survive. Few who have entered the Championship grid have emerged unscathed.

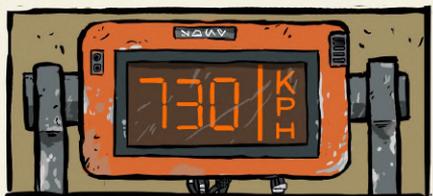
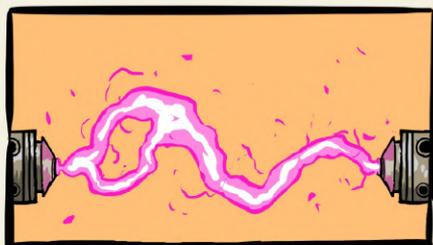
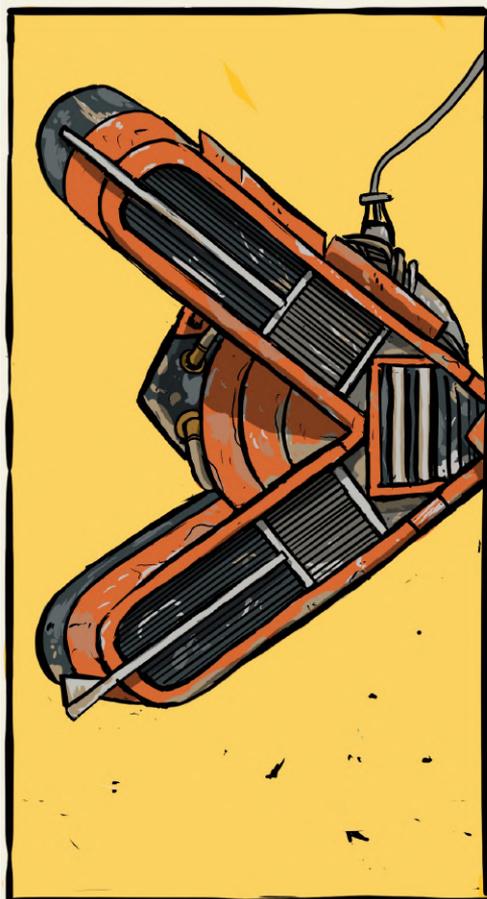
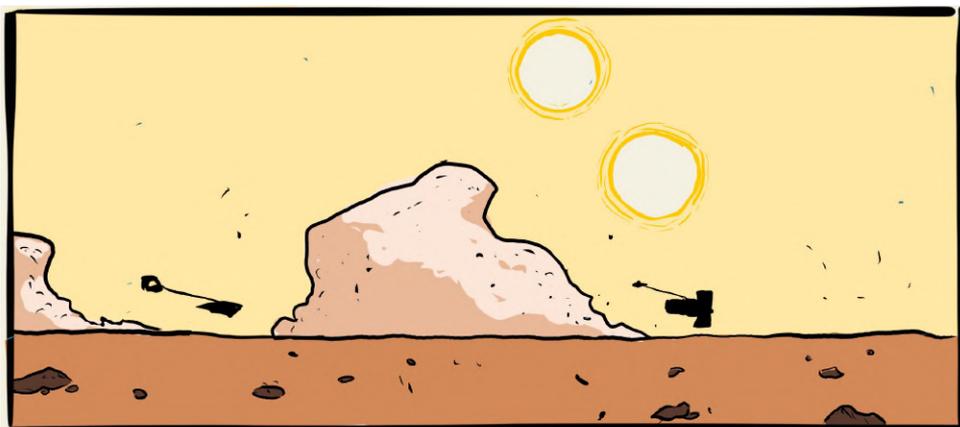
Offered here is the official victor's medal awarded to legendary Ishi Tib racer Ips Bosen. The season recorded a grueling number of losses: from a starting field of twenty-seven, only seven crossed the finishing line at the Mos Espa Grand Arena. Cast in haysium, its weight and warm luster befitting the magnitude of the achievement, the medal stands as a badge of survival against overwhelming odds.

This remarkable piece is accompanied by its original presentation case, engraved with the sigil of the Hutt Gaming Guild, and retains the faint scent of the spice-laden air from which it was recovered.

Estimate:

**25,000 - 50,000 ₰**



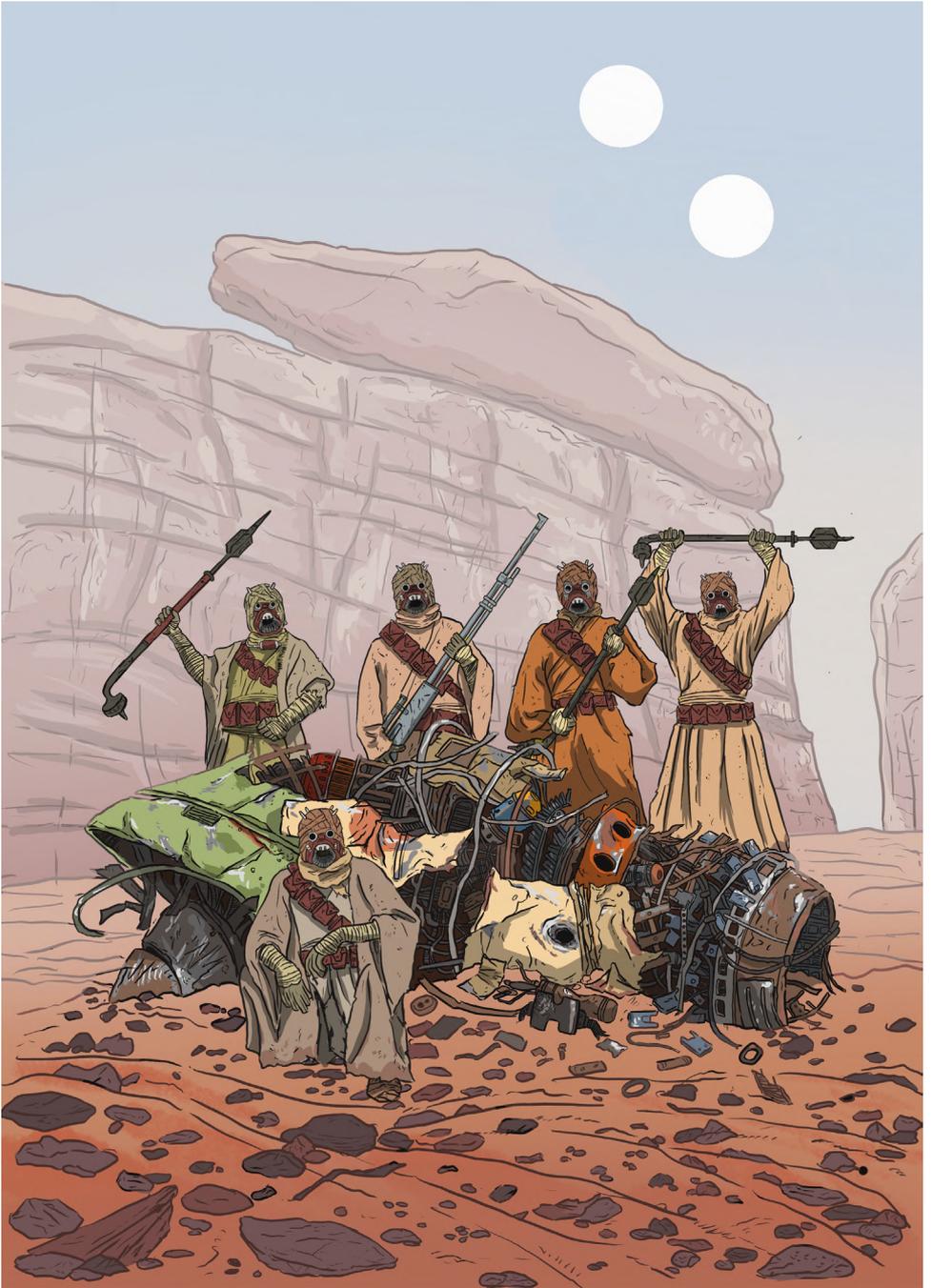


Sebulba speeding across the deserts of Tatooine



Tempers flare between Neva Kee and Elan Mak in the pit

Seth Peevely @zuttonspaintbox

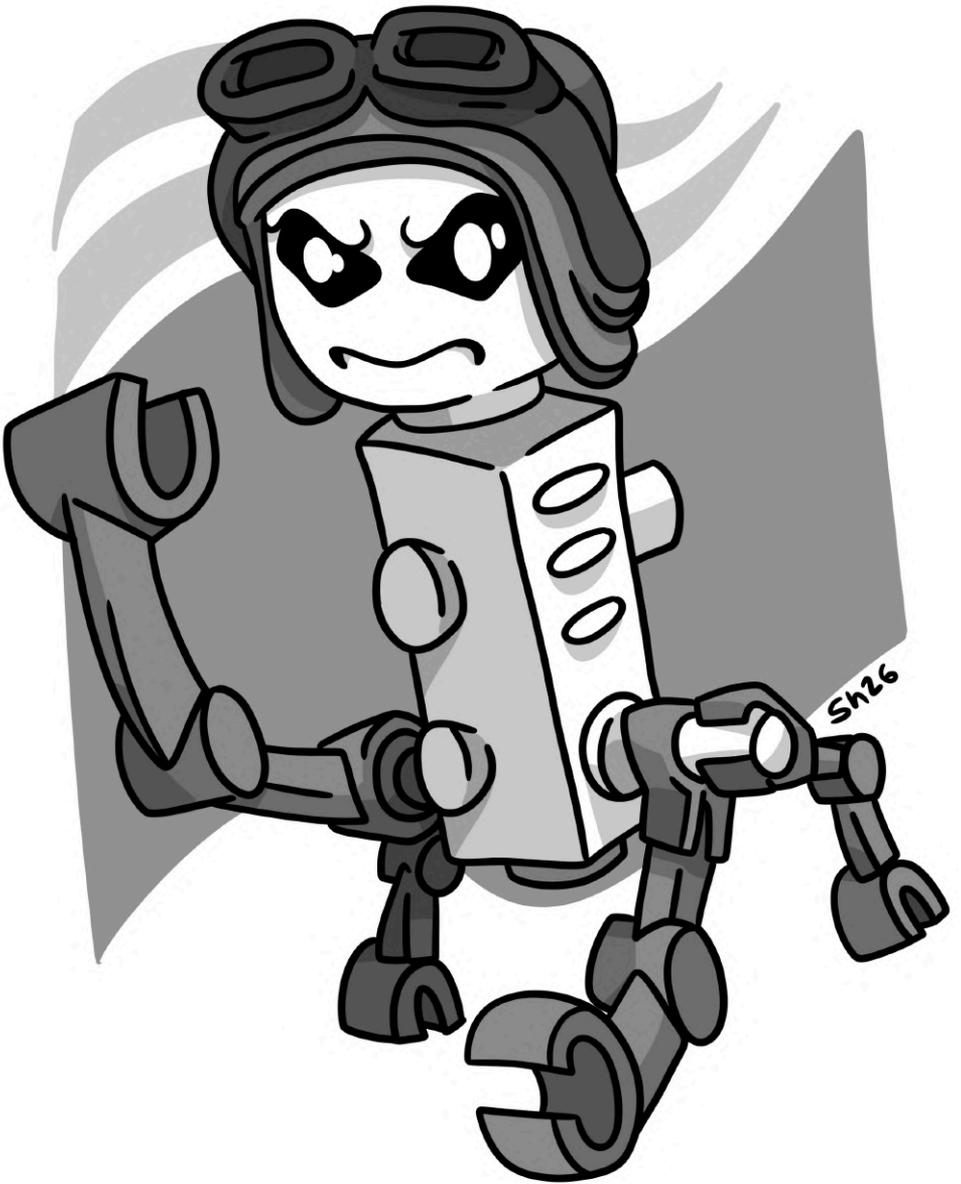


Sandpeople pose triumphantly with their pod wreckage trophy

Nick Cowling @Artstralis



Pit droid mishap





Ody Mandrell nursing a Tatooine Sunburn

William Davies @william7th



## 575.2

### Boonta Eve Classic, 7945: Wreckage Debris of Sebulba's Collor Pondrat Plug-F Mammoth Split-X

*Eport Auctioneers, Legends of the Outer Rim Collection*

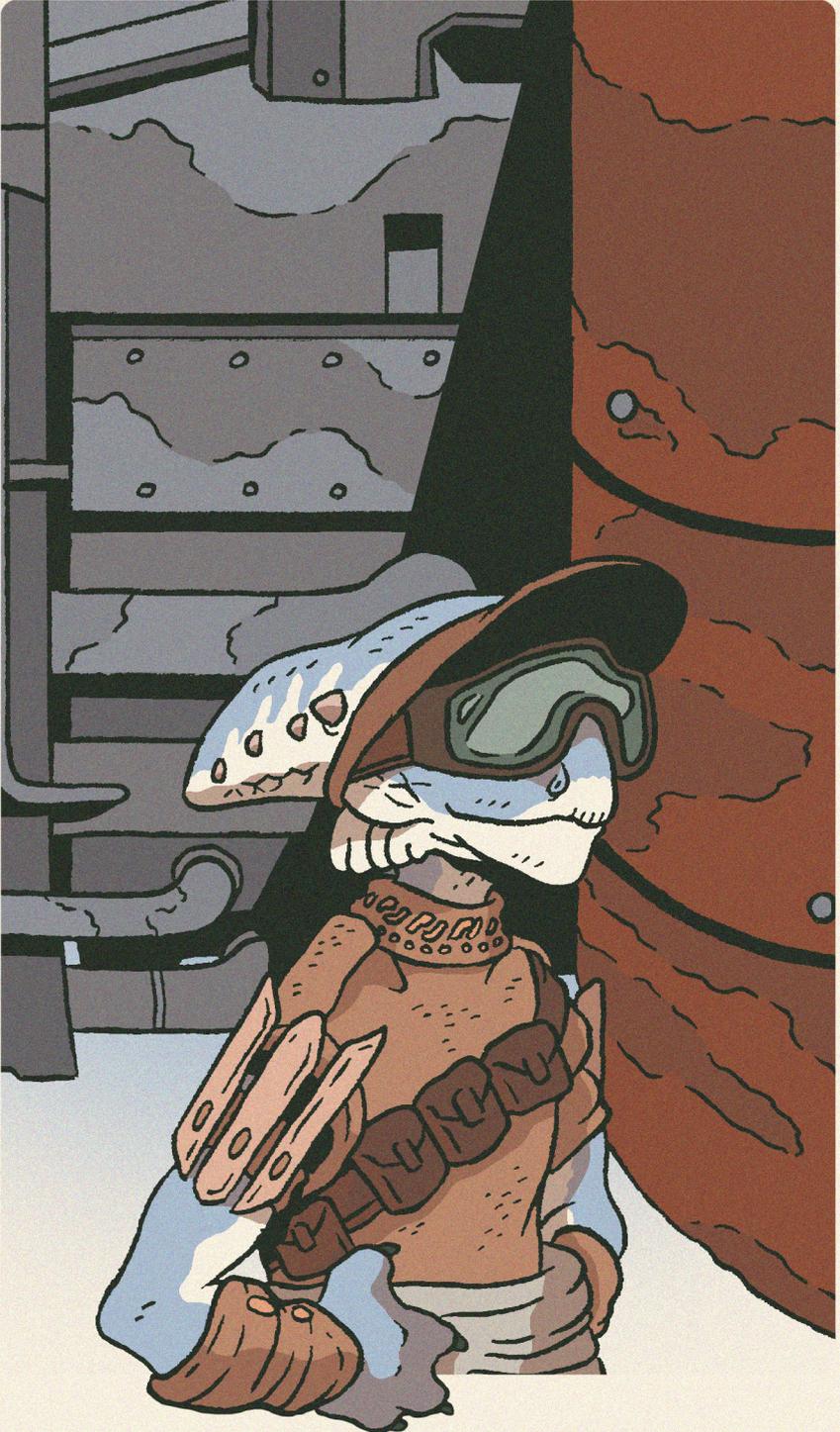
From the tangled jungles of Baroonda to the furnace winds of Tatooine, the 68th Galactic Podracing Circuit belonged to Sebulba. Ruthless and calculating, the Dug champion dominated standings with a string of victories that crowned him as the crowd favorite heading into the final race of the year: the Boonta Eve Classic.

Before thousands of roaring fans, Sebulba's reign came to a spectacular end. His rival, a local human named Anakin Skywalker, stole a historic victory after Sebulba's podracer catastrophically lost control, the finish line within reach, scattering debris across the blistering expanse of the Hutt Flats.

Offered here from the private collection of Wellar and Weta Odissin, an authentic fragment of Sebulba's racing fuselage, recovered from the crash site in the aftermath of the event. The panel bears the Dug's personal sigil, its bold markings still visible beneath scoring and blistering sustained at impact. Surface abrasions from the desert terrain speak eloquently to the violence of the moment, a testament to speed, rivalry, and fate on the sands of Tatooine.

Estimate:

**100,000 - 150,000** 🗡️



A quiet moment with Ratts Tyerell

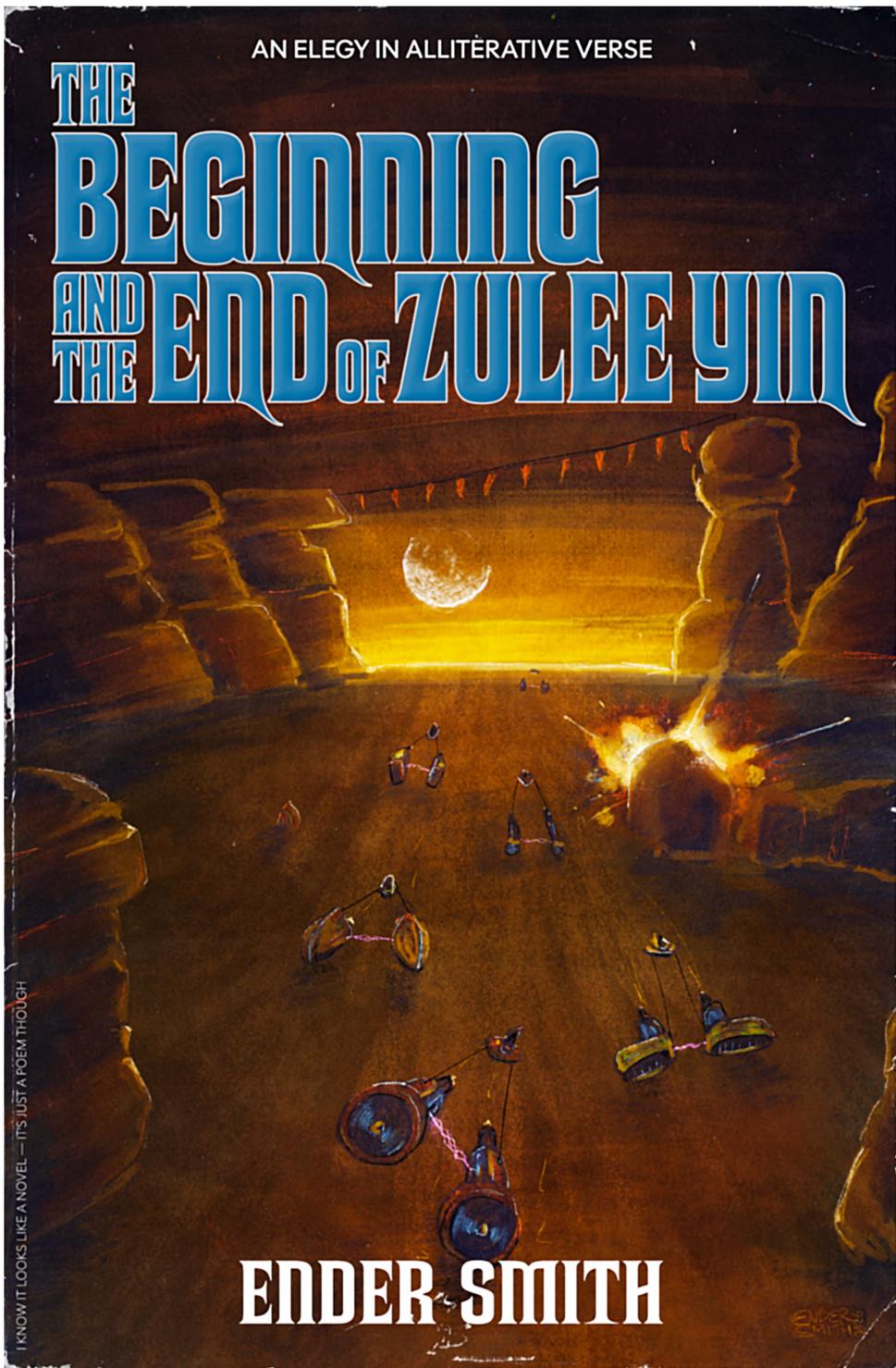
Jacob Kuddes @moderncarapace

AN ELEGY IN ALLITERATIVE VERSE

# THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF ZULEE YIN

I KNOW IT LOOKS LIKE A NOVEL — IT'S JUST A POEM THOUGH

ENDER SMITH



# THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF ZULEE YIN

by Ender Smith (@AurekFonts)

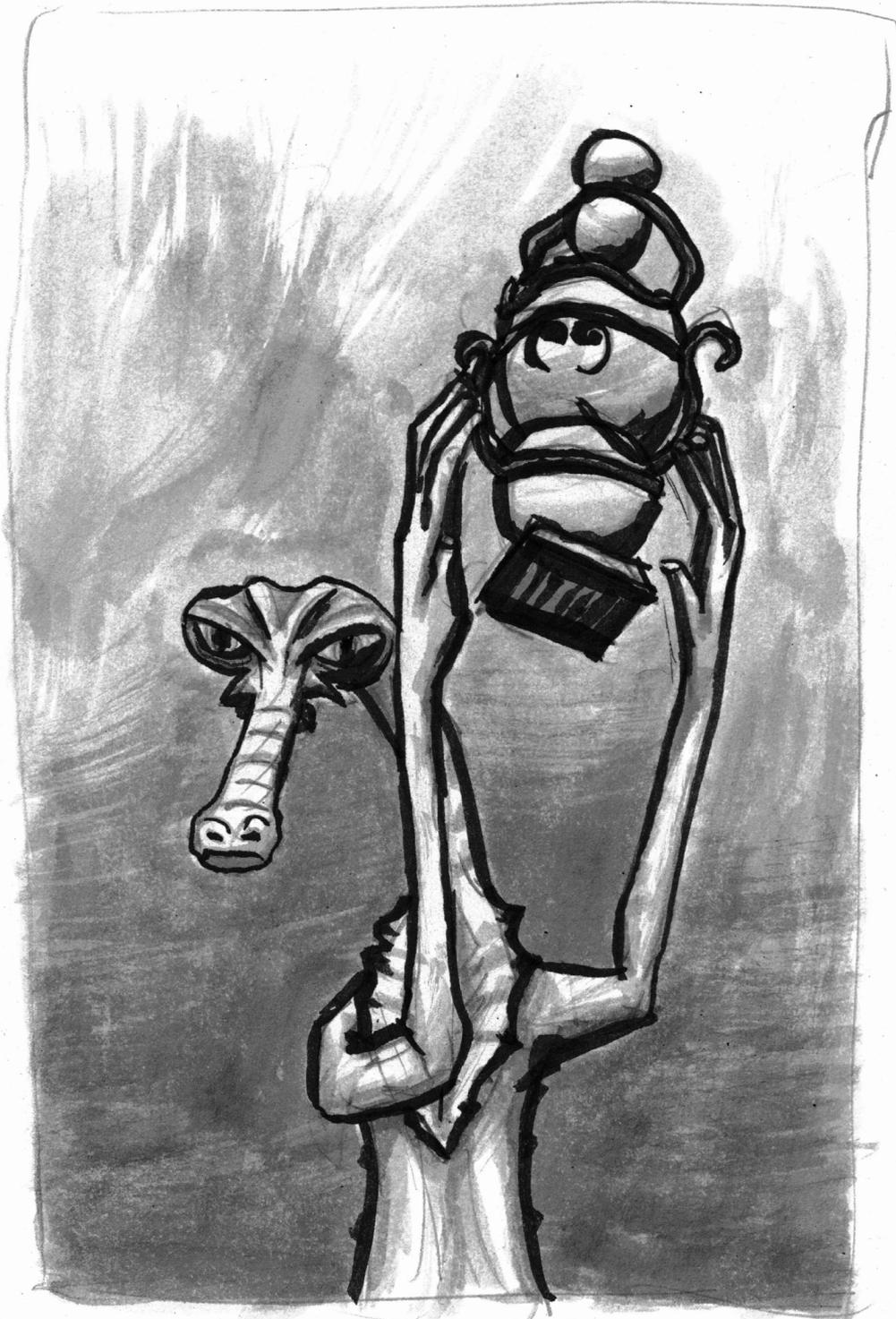
The stormwind howled, | and heavy fell  
the pounding rain, | pooling black  
on stone and steel. | A staring child  
of Rodia stood, | in rags all drenched,  
on crowded overlook, | craning to see—  
she knew not what. | The knotted throng  
at dusk had gathered, | while down below  
the crewmen worked | in weariless haste.

The child gasped! | Though chilled of flesh  
and boned-rattled, | she beamed with wonder,  
as thirty sleeping | thunder-demons  
roared from slumber | and revved their angst  
against storm and night: | New curses  
from throttle-throats—|Threats and oaths  
in turbine-tongues | that turned by raging  
fuel to fury, | fire, and smoke!  
Power-coupling's |pink-hued wistie-lights  
dashed the darkness, | danced the rain.  
The racers rumbled, | ready on their marks—  
Three!—like twisters—|Two!—like nexu—  
One!—like lightning, | lashing at the canyonside!

She knew them not | by name, this child,  
but learned in time: | of Teemto Pagalies  
one-eyed Veknoid | victor of Mon Gazza;  
of Aldar Beedo | who barely survived;  
of Tarka the Teek; | of Tilday Synb;  
of Cage who would die | in this canyon aflame;  
of the rivals Zecto, | and Zank her brother;  
of “Bumpy” Roose, | and “Breaker” L’lan;  
of Vendo Neep, | and Naltha Thoroc;  
of Wan Sandage | the Second and lesser;  
of Reeky Sholp | who raced in disguise;  
of Brix Fanwa | who finished last;  
and of green Gasgano | greatest of all—  
her hero, her model, | master of his craft—  
who should have been champion | had cheaters not stolen  
his calculated victories | with cowardly tricks.

Ere contest was over | she only could think  
of one day racing—|reeling, overtaking,  
turning, boosting, | bounding, wrecking,  
losing, winning, | weeping joyously  
the tears of the victor! | She told no one.  
Surrounded by strangers | in her solitary heart,  
her destiny was decided, | the die was cast,  
before the third lap, | and last of the rain.

All these memories, | and many besides—  
her favored champions, | her childhood dreams,  
her triumphs and trials, | her tragedy and return—  
in her final moments | as she faced the end—  
in flame and stone, | in steel and sparks—  
she fondly recalled | and feared not death,  
but thrilled to have lived, | and through her mind  
one peaceful thought: | That was pod-racing.



Aldar Beedo raises the Invitational Circuit Trophy

William Davies @william7th



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**STRANGE CREATURES PUBLISHING**

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