

Episode 1.18

Secret of the Revenge

Craig tightly clutched onto the rope, trying to ignore the cramp in his right hand.

"Well well well, Craig, you've got yourself dug into quite a hole here."

"Oh very funny, Morgan."

Craig looked down briefly at the abyss below him. His attention went to his life saving rope, which was in a tangle around a branch. Said branch hung over the rather deep hole he was stuck in. Another rope fell nearby, Morgan carefully climbed down it.

"So, how did you get in this mess?" Morgan asked.

"Well I'll tell you when you get me out," Craig replied.

"No it's ok I have time," Morgan said.

"I could fall anytime..." Craig sighed.

"I told you, I have time," Morgan said.

Craig cleared his throat. "Ok, well it all started back on this away mission. We'd lost contact with Voyager, and we had no clue what to do..."

"It was rather dark, you could barely see a thing..."

"Any idea why we even came to this planet?" Morgan asked. All she got for an answer was *nope, who cares* and a few shrugs from the group.

"The real question we should be asking is how long until Lucas Arts decide to sue the writer?" Harry asked in a bored tone of voice.

"Not soon enough, let's see what she has in store for us today," Craig said.

The group sighed and they headed towards a small path. After a few minutes of walking they all reached the path down the hill. There was a small fire, and an old guy was standing at the edge of the hill.

Craig stepped forward. "Hi," he said loudly.

The guy jumped a mile, he walked over to the group. "Don't scare me like that young man, last time someone did that I fell down the cliff."

"Erm... I'm Morgan, it was him that spoke," Morgan muttered. The guy who was standing in front of her, turned to Harry instead.

"Nice to meet you Morgan," the guy said.

"Um, are you blind or what?" Craig asked.

"Why yes, I've been blind for years," the guy replied.

"Ok, that's better than my original theory," Tani commented.

"Well erm, I'm Craig Anderson..." Craig said.

"Who?" the guy asked loudly.

"Anderson, Craig Anderson!" Craig replied loudly.

"Yeah, he wants to be a pirate," Harry said.

"Hey, no I don't," Craig said.

"A pirate ey? You look more like a reject from some pop band," the guy said.

"Hey, that's not true... wait a minute, I thought you were blind," Craig said.

The guy looked nervous. "Well you see... erm, oh dear. Well the thing about that is. Look behind you a three headed monkey!" the guy yelled. Everyone looked behind them, then the old guy jumped off the side of the hill.

"Note to self, don't fall for that again," Craig said.

"Let's go... idiot," Harry muttered. He started to head down the hill, the others followed.

PART 1: The Three Waste of Times

The gang reached the bottom of the hill, the path lead to a bridge across deep waters. Just across the bridge was what looked like a pub. Craig headed towards it but Harry grabbed his arm to stop him.

"Where are you going?" Harry asked.

"Well a clue to what we're supposed to do might be in there, plus I wouldn't mind a pint," Craig replied.

"Neither would I," Tani said, she rushed towards the pub. The others quickly followed.

The pub was filled with a load of drunks, all of them were dressed up in pirate outfits. Some Monkey Island music was playing in the background.

"Great, just great," Harry muttered.

Craig started to head forward, but some guy fell from above and landed on top of him. The guy drunkenly pulled himself up, he went over to another guy. "I'll do that again."

"Don't you think you've had enough sir," the guy said.

"No, spin me!" the first guy yelled.

The second guy pressed a button, the fan on the ceiling lowered. The first guy jumped onto it, while it was still spinning. Then it went back up to the ceiling.

"This place is strange," Tani muttered.

"I think we'd better do some investigating," Harry said.

The group split up. Harry went over to a fat looking pirate guy. Morgan went over to some guy with a glass eye. Craig went to the more quiet side of the pub. Tani just wandered around, she caught sight of something so she went over to it.

"What a cute dog," she cooed as she knelt down in front of the dog.

"I'm not a dog stupid female. I am an Awoofe," the dog said.

"Erm, cute," Tani muttered.

"This thing you call an episode is full of dangers. Beware of Captain Buck," the Awoofe said.

"Captain Buck, nice name, did you make that up?" Tani asked.

"No you bimbo, god! Leave me alone and get a haircut," the Awoofe replied.

Meanwhile over at Harry's table. "It's one of those stupid stories that are too insane to believe," the fat pirate said.

"Don't worry about that, this is Season One," Harry said.

"Well go and ask Izaca over there, he takes the story very seriously," the fat pirate said.

Meanwhile Morgan was talking to this Izaca guy. "Why does your left eye not move?" she asked him.

"Well one day you could be innocently putting a contact lens in, the next you get the thing stuck in your eyeball. All you need is a blundering idiot that thinks pulling the lens out is the best treatment. This is a glass eye you see," Izaca said.

"It's very nice, can you take it out so I can see it?" Morgan asked. Harry came over.

"Maybe later. What can you tell us about this Captain Buck?" he asked.

The guy screamed like a sissy girl and hid under the table. "Who sent you?"

"Captain Janeway, she sent us down here for god only knows why," Harry replied.

The guy stuck his head out into view. "That's the one from Voyager right?"

"Er yes," Harry replied.

The guy slowly went back to his chair. "An evil woman she is, she stole our precious coffee grog."

Morgan pulled a face, "oh, is that what that green goop was?"

"Uh, about the Buck stuff..." Harry sighed.

"A Borg ship passed this planet some time ago. A strange crew that one. They buried some dead in the graveyard nearby. The Tolg assimilated all the recent graves, including Captain Buck," Izaca replied.

Morgan and Tani both looked worried. "What was his full name?" Tani asked.

"Legend has it his real name is Buck Rogers," Izaca replied.

Tani picked up a glass just so she could drop it to the ground in shock. "Buck Rogers! Oh god, I used to fancy him."

"Why am I not surprised," Harry muttered. "So Buck was assimilated by the Tolg, why is he considered a curse?"

"You see, when the several Tolg were disconnected from the Collective, they were all corrupted with evil. They started to terrorise this planet. This island in particular," Izaca replied.

Meanwhile Craig was talking to three fancier looking pirates. "How do I make a girl like me?"

"Become a pirate, she'll fall for you in a second," the one in red said.

"You answered all my questions with *become a pirate*, but this is the best one yet," Craig said.

"Aye, chicks like the tough guys," the one in blue said.

"But she's a tough kind of girl," Craig said.

"Even better, tough girls don't want wusses. Some do just to make them look even more tough, but they're rare," the one in red said.

"If all else fails, just get drunk with us," the one in green said. The three guys started laughing.

"So er, how do I become one?" Craig asked.

"You have to go through, the three trials," the one in red said.

"Ohno, it isn't one of those things where you have to solve millions of puzzles to perform the three trials," the one in blue said.

"Aye it is, but it's not so bad once you work it out," the one in yellow said.

Harry and Tani walked over to Craig. "Well I think we've found out what the episode's all about," Harry said.

"Yeah, I have to become a pirate to win Morgan over," Craig said.

Harry and Tani struggled to maintain a straight face.

"I'm warning you, if you say that again I may choke on my own laughter," Tani snickered.

"I'm serious, three easy trials and then I'll finally get her attention," Craig said.

"This I gotta see," Harry sniggered.

Craig tried to ignore them both, he turned back to the three pirates. "What are the three trials?"

"Number one is Treasure Hunting. Just find us a treasure, that's all there is to it. Number two, Stealing. After finding a treasure, you have to steal it for us. Number three is Sword Fighting. Just beat the Swords Master," the one in red said.

"Ookay, we've heard enough of that. Let's get out of here," Harry said. He headed towards the door, Tani followed. Craig sighed, then he followed. Morgan quickly dashed after them.

Meanwhile, on a faraway planet called Malain:

Some bad guy music was playing as the camera zoomed in on a ship that was hovering around underground lava pits. The music continued as the camera zoomed into the inside. A tall guy was talking to two smaller guys.

"And this is the Borg Queen," the taller guy said. He threw his wig onto the floor, and he strode across the room while trying to sway his hips. "I am the Queen, do this, do that. No, don't mutiny... aaaarrgghh!" the guy screeched in a girly voice. The other two guys burst out laughing.

"Oh sir, you are so funny," one guy said.

"Yes I know I am, but seriously, did that walk look natural?" the taller guy asked.

The two smaller guys laughed nervously, they glanced at each other. Both of them shrugged. They were saved by some tall guy coming in the room.

"Buck, I have news," the guy said.

"What is it, Mr Stefani?" Buck asked.

"Well sir, a Starfleet ship called Voyager was in orbit of Melly. They dropped off several crewmembers," Stefani replied.

"Ohno, does this mean?" Buck said questioningly.

"Yes sir, Fifth Voyager readers saw your strode," Stefani said.

"Noooooooooooooooooooo!" Buck screamed.

"Now that you mention it, it did seem natural," one of the smaller guys whispered to the other.

"Voyager will pay, and I mean pay," Buck growled.

"Why don't we just take it out on the crewmembers on the planet. Rumour has it Morgan, Tani and two others are the main characters of the episode," Stefani said.

"Morgan? This is perfect, I have the perfect idea of how I can get revenge," Buck said. He started laughing evilly.

"Er, yes sir," Stefani muttered.

Meanwhile the group were walking through the small town, Craig was walking at the front.

"Do you think I should do the treasure hunting first?" Craig asked.

"No, I think you should get a brain. Don't you see, they're trying to con you. You have to bring back two treasures for them, then this Sword Master kills you off," Harry said.

"What makes you think the Sword Master will kill me?" Craig asked.

"One simple test. What's a sword?" Harry asked.

"I dunno," Craig replied.

"Nice knowing you," Harry muttered.

Craig wiped a tear from his eye, "no one's ever said that to me before." Everyone groaned.

A large woman hurried out of one of the buildings. "Young people, I am the Voodoo Lady. Want to hear your fortune?"

"Isn't she the character who's completely useless in the first game?" Harry asked.

"Yep, all you do is steal from her and leave," Morgan replied.

"Ok then," Harry said. He stole something from the Voodoo Lady's pocket, then the whole gang ran away.

"No come back! I am useful, I can give you some tips. Oh, I came on too strong again," the Voodoo Lady said. She sat down on the ground with tears streaming down her face. "I'm so desperately lonely," she whimpered.

One of the guys from across the street ran over. "Hey fatso, you just killed my pet rat!"

The Voodoo Lady stood up, sure enough she had totally squashed a rat. "I'm so sorry, I'll make it up to you. Want your fortune told?"

"So er, what did we get from the crazy lady?" Morgan asked.

Harry pulled a weird rubber chicken with a pulley in it from behind his back. "I have no idea."

The gang found themselves outside what looked like a church. Morgan looked around looking confused. "Where's Craig?"

"Good question," Tani said.

Meanwhile Craig was in a small alley, looking confused himself. "I'm sure I heard someone talking in here."

A tall guy crept up behind Craig. "You know nasty things happen to people in dark alleys."

Craig jumped and he turned around. "Why, do you always hang around in them?"

The guy looked nervous. "No of course not. I'm the sheriff of this island, so don't cause any bother around here."

"Er, why not?" Craig asked.

"Because I said so, punk," the Sheriff said.

"Because why?" Craig asked.

"I said because!" the Sheriff moaned, he stamped his foot like a child.

"Ok I'll cause some bother," Craig said. He started to head out of the alley. The Sheriff stopped him.

"Listen Pansy Anderson, I don't like your attitude. I'll be watching you," the Sheriff said.

"Hey, how did you know my name?" Craig asked.

The Sheriff looked nervous. "Don't ask stupid questions, now get out of here before I get nasty."

Craig headed out of the alley and met back up with the others.

The Sheriff smiled. "Pansy Anderson, man I'm good."

The away team were all wandering around a strange creepy forest. They found two signs nearby a painted X on the ground.

"Wasn't that a little too easy?" Tani said questioningly.

"Nah, we'd better get digging," Craig said.

Everyone glanced at him, they all raised their eyebrows. "We?" they all said in unison.

"I'll share the treasure with you," Craig pleaded.

"Money's no object in this century," Harry said.

"Ok, I'll do some of your shifts," Craig pleaded.

"Oh please, I don't even do any shifts," Morgan said.

"Ok blackmail it is," Craig said.

Everyone looked nervous, they all picked up shovels that were conveniently lying around and started digging. Craig joined in with a smug look on his face.

The camera moved to show footage of the forest, interesting huh?

A FEW HOURS PASS:

The camera focused on the digging site. Craig was still digging, this time with a peed off look on his face. Tani was sitting nearby filing her nails, Harry and Morgan were talking about nothing in particular. The camera moved again.

A FEW MORE HOURS PASS:

The camera focused on the digging site. Craig was still digging, still with a peed off look on his face. Tani and Morgan were teaching Harry how to skip. Don't ask where they got the skipping rope from.

Craig's shovel hit something hard. "Hey, I've found something!" He pulled out a wooden box.

Everyone stopped what they were doing. "What's there, is it gold?" Tani asked. Everyone rushed over to the box, pushing Craig out of the way. Morgan opened the box. Tani grinned as she took something out of it. She revealed a really small t-shirt.

"Finally, something my size!" she grinned.

"Is that all?" Craig moaned as he looked inside the box.

"Yep, you'd better put the dirt back," Harry said.

Craig groaned, he picked his shovel back up. The camera moved again.

A FEW MORE HOURS PASS:

The camera focused on the digging site again. Craig was slowly turning insane as he was pushing dirt into the hole. This time Harry and Tani were skipping on their own, she had her brand new t-shirt on of course. Morgan was investigating a tree stump with a hole in it. She looked through a hole. Instead of the expected darkness, she saw what looked like a catacomb network. One of her earrings fell out, not long afterwards Harry pulled her head out of the hole.

"There's a catacomb network down there, I lost my earring," she moaned.

Harry glanced around, he nodded his head. "Ok, why don't you go and check that bush over there. You just might find an Egyptian Pyramid in there."

The camera moved out again.

A FEW MORE HOURS PASS:

The camera came back to the digging site once again. Everyone was standing nearby Craig as he finished putting the dirt back. Tani sniggered, then she burst out laughing. The others turned to her.

"What are you laughing at?" Craig asked looking rather irritated.

"I knew that you were peed off, but this is ridiculous," Tani sniggered. She pointed at the paint that used to resemble an X, it was now a P.

"Bad joke," Harry muttered.

Craig looked confused, "I don't get it."

Everyone groaned. "Oh forget it," Harry added on.

"Come on, I've got to do this sword fighting thing," Craig said.

"How the hell are you going to do it? You don't even know what a sword is?" Morgan asked.

"It's some kind of insult isn't it," Craig replied. Everyone rolled their eyes again.

A shop inside of town:

Everyone stepped through the main doors and they were all faced by a horrific sight.

"What do ya want?" a really ugly toothless old man asked from the counter.

"Er... do you have any swords?" Harry asked.

"You can't buy swords, idiot," Craig muttered, looking too smug for his own good.

The really ugly toothless old man went over to the side of the shop, and he picked up a sword. He went over to the counter again. The group went over to him.

"That's a sword? I always thought they were called big knives," Craig said.

"Bloody 'ell, your breath stinks, here take a whole roll of fresh mints. Please!" the really ugly toothless old man said. He took a packet of mints from his pocket and he handed them over to Craig.

"Oh he can't have them, his mummy told him not to take sweets from strangers," Tani said.

Craig put the breath mints in his pocket. "Hey wait a minute, if you have no teeth, why do you have mints?"

"Oh," the really ugly toothless old man said. He picked up a remote control, he pressed a button. The guy instantly got a full load of teeth in his mouth. "I keep swallowing my teeth, thanks for telling me I'd run out."

"Well we'd better be off to pick a few fights, put the sword in your pocket or something Craig," Harry said.

"My pocket's not that big," Craig moaned.

"Just put it in your pants, the main Monkey Island character puts loads of stuff in his pants," Morgan said with an evil glint in her eye.

Craig looked nervous, "ok then." He tried to manuvre the tip of the sword in his pocket, but it ripped the lining and kept going. The sharp pain in his thigh put a stop to that. Craig looked like he was going to cry as he pulled the tip back out.

In the middle of nowhere:

Craig put a mint in his mouth as the gang walked along a repetitive path. "Ooh, that's refreshing!" Craig suddenly blurted out. Everyone stopped and stared at him oddly. "I don't know why I said that," he muttered.

A really ugly but tough looking guy in a pirate's outfit walked up to the gang.

"Stopping a pirate is dangerous to yer health," the pirate said.

The gang glanced around at each other. "Er, we didn't stop you," Harry said.

"Shut up, don't make me say anymore lines. It's not part of my programming," the pirate said.

"Go on Craig, just challenge him," Harry whispered.

"But, what do I do?" Craig asked.

"Just insult him while you fight, that might work," Harry whispered in response.

"Er... I'm Craig, prepare to die," Craig said nervously.

The pirate screamed like a sissy, and he ran back the way he came.

"Will you stop saying that line, it scares everyone away!" Morgan snapped.

"It's not my fault they're wusses, I thought this one looked tougher than the others," Craig muttered.

"I thought he looked just like all the other pirates, only with different hair styles and clothes," Tani said.

"Oh screw this, let's just find that swords master," Harry said angrily, he stormed down the path. The others quickly followed.

"But don't we have to convince the really ugly toothless old man to ask her if we can see her, then follow him to find her?" Morgan asked.

"Oh come on, all you do is wander the forest and you can find her on your own, that's what the writer does," Harry said.

A FEW MORE HOURS PASS:

The group were once again in the forest, nearby a large chasm, looking rather lost.

"Well we're screwed. We really should have done what all the usual walkthroughs tell you to do instead of what a crazy lunatic does," Tani grumbled.

Right on cue the really ugly toothless old man walked past them. He turned around and flashed a torch in their eyes. Then he quickly pushed a nearby sign, a small tree trunk fell over the chasm. He walked across it.

"You were saying?" Harry muttered.

Meanwhile the really ugly toothless old man was talking to a young dark haired woman with green clothes on.

"How you doin'?" the really ugly toothless old man asked.

The dark haired woman snorted in disgust. "Don't you ever leave me alone? Now get lost or I'll sue you for harassment."

"Where are you going to do that, this island has no law offices," the really ugly toothless old man asked.

"Oh get lost old man, you are way over my age restriction. I only date 18 to 30's," the dark haired woman said.

The really ugly toothless old man grunted, he walked out of sight.

"So, what do we do now?" Craig asked.

"Go up and challenge her to a sword fighting match," Harry replied.

"But..." Craig muttered.

"Go on, you mighty pirate," Morgan said, and she sniggered. The others joined in.

Craig swallowed hard, he went towards the dark haired woman. The others followed only half way.

"How dare you approach the Swords Master without permission, which I certainly didn't do," the dark haired woman said.

"Er.... I'm selling these fine leather jackets," Craig stuttered.

Morgan slapped her forehead. "Oh Craig! Stop being a wuss."

"Really? Do you have any in size four?" the Swords Master asked.

"Er... yeah," Craig replied nervously.

"You're not really a jacket salesman, are you? You're here to show off for those stupid pirates in the pub," the Swords Master said.

"Um, no I'm not," Craig muttered.

"I must admit, you're the most cowardly one I've had sent to me. This should be quick," the Swords Master said. She pulled out a sword.

Craig glanced back at Harry who was carrying the sword. He threw it towards him, it landed point down near his foot. Craig picked it up.

"Have you done this before?" the Swords Master asked.

"Er, of course I have," Craig lied.

"I'm not fighting with you until you train and practise with pirates, I don't have time for amateurs," the Swords Master said.

"How come, all you do is dance around outside your house," Morgan asked.

The Swords Master looked nervous. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh screw this," Harry groaned, he pulled his phaser out and he shot the Swords Master. Everyone glanced at Harry with Pokémon Sweatdrops(TM) at the side of their heads. "Just take something from her, it'll prove you killed her."

"I'm not supposed to kill her, I'm only supposed to beat her with lots of insults," Craig said nervously.

"Oh come on, Craig, someone with a sign saying 'I'm an Extra, kill me off' on her back is supposed to be killed," Harry said.

"She doesn't have a sign on her back," Tani said.

"I meant metaphorically," Harry muttered.

Tani knelt down beside the Swords Master, she had a rolled up t-shirt in her jacket. She took it, and looked at it. It said *I beat the Swords Master*.

"Hey cool, another t-shirt in my size!"

"I didn't think pirates around here were so small," Morgan said.

"Come on, let's go before we get caught," Harry said. The group headed back the way they came. Not long afterwards a pack of wolf looking creatures ran up to the Swords Master and started fighting over her body.

The town centre:

"So all I need to do now is steal a treasure. But from where," Craig said to himself.

"Why don't you try a really posh looking place, they'll have some decent stuff to steal there," Tani said.

"Let's get this over with, we really need to get to the decent storyline," Harry groaned.

"Wait a minute, where in this town is there a really posh looking place?" Craig asked.

Outside the mayor's manor:

The group were standing not far from the gates of the manor.

"You must be crazy, a place like this'll be guarded heavily," Harry said as the group went through the gates. Just outside the manor were some poodles tied to a post. Everyone did the sweatdrop thing again.

"Is that it? God what a jip," Craig muttered.

The poodles spotted the group, they literally changed into very scary German Shepherds.

"Ok I know how we can get past these, all we do is spike some meat and then..." Craig said. Harry pulled his phaser out and shot all the dogs. "Or we could do that."

IMPORTANT NOTICE: These dogs are not dead, they are only SLEEPING! No animals were harmed during the writing of this episode.

"Errr... the phaser was on kill," Harry muttered.

Shut up, I only say what I'm told to say, murderer!

"Errr, ookay?" Harry muttered.

Don't ookay me, mister.

"Ok kids, stop fighting," Morgan said.

He started it.

"Did not, you narrator guy or girl," Harry said.

Did too.

"Oh for god's sake, let's just leave him," Craig said. He and the girls headed into the manor.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Harry Kim is now officially a red-shirted ensign.

"Hey! That's going too far!" Harry yelled.

Suddenly the pack of wolves that were with the Swords Master earlier appeared, they started chasing Harry. He shot them too.

"That's it, I quit. I'm going to the pub," Harry muttered. He headed back into town.

Meanwhile inside the manor:

The rest of the group hid behind a door as someone else strolled inside; it was the sheriff. He went into a large cupboard filled with lots of junk.

"Hey, maybe there's some valuables in there," Craig said.

"Somehow I doubt it," Morgan said.

Craig ignored her, he followed the sheriff into the cupboard.

"Does he have a death wish?" Tani asked.

"Probably," Morgan replied.

Er... BAM, BIFF, BAFF!

"Baff?" everyone said in unison.

Shut up, or you'll be red-shirts too.

"No! Not the red button!" the sheriff yelled.

KABOOM!

"Aaaarrgghh! Gophers!" Craig screamed, like a girl that is.

Tani shook her head. "Wuss."

Morgan looked around, she spotted a really fancy looking statue. He went over to pick it up. "Do you think this'll be good enough for those dumb pirates?"

"Hell yeah," Tani answered. They both headed for the exit.

"Wait, what about Craig?" Morgan asked.

They stopped. "Oh yeah, of course," Tani laughed nervously.

Right on cue Craig smashed through a wall, he landed on his head. He got up straight away.

"Er, Craig... we have..." Morgan said.

"No time to talk," Craig said. He picked up a book from a bookcase, and he jumped back through the hole in the wall.

"He's nuts," Tani said.

"You just noticed?" Morgan said in disbelief.

"Oooh, a book... what are you going to do with that sonny boy?" the sheriff's voice asked.

"Wait and see," Craig's voice said.

The girls heard what sounded like a paper shredder.

"Wheeeeeeeeeeeee! Pretty colours!" the sheriff's voice squealed.

"Heh heh, sucker," Craig's voice sniggered.

"I take it this is a parody of a proper fight scene in the game, and it's only lame cos it's Craig who's *fighting*," Tani whispered to Morgan.

Morgan looked at her with a raised eyebrow, "seriously? Craig's probably tougher than the actual game hero."

A few minutes later Craig came out of the cupboard through the door. "I'll need a file to get into a glass container. It has this really pretty necklace inside."

"Why don't you just use this statue?" Morgan asked as she held up the statue he picked up.

"But that would mean that you stole it," Craig moaned.

"How would the pirates know?" Tani groaned. She stomped outside, shaking her head.

"It kinda beats the point of it all," Craig complained.

"I don't give a toss! We've wasted most of this episode on your little quest, we really outta get on with a more decent storyline!" Morgan yelled.

"Like what? No other interesting storyline has popped up, has it?" Craig asked.

The sheriff came out of the cupboard with bits of coloured paper all over him. He started staring at Morgan.

"What are you looking at?" she grumbled.

"A hot chick," the sheriff said.

"Ugh, you're not my type," Morgan groaned "We'd better be off, since we didn't steal anything you've got to let us go."

"You attempted to steal something," the sheriff said.

"Yeah he did, I'm outta here," Morgan muttered. She went outside too.

Craig smiled nervously. "Those pirates in the pub made me do all that, no hard feelings huh?"

Ten minutes later, the bridge:

Craig woke up with a rather nasty headache, and a stone tied to his ankle. The sheriff was standing in front of him, with his arms crossed. Craig pulled himself to his feet.

"This is the end of the line, pretty boy. My plans for Morgan are too important and much near completion to have it all messed up by the likes of you," the sheriff said.

"Erm, firstly how do you know her name? Secondly what do you have planned for her?" Craig asked.

"Shut up! If I told you it would spoil the rest of the episode," the sheriff replied.

"It's nearly half way through already," Craig said.

"Oh forget it. So long Pansy Anderson," the sheriff said. He tried to push the stone, but it wouldn't budge. "Come on, damn gravity!"

"Do you need a hand?" Craig asked.

"Yeah, that would be handy, hahaha," the sheriff laughed.

Craig groaned, he pushed the rock into the water. He fell in afterwards.

"Bwahahahaha, I'm so evil," the sheriff laughed. He headed into town, but he tripped over his own feet and landed on his face.

Thirty seconds later:

Craig climbed out of the water holding the rock. He threw it onto the bridge and he climbed up. Tani arrived on the scene.

"What are you doing here? Come to finish the job?" Craig asked.

"Nah, I came down here to save you," Tani replied.

"You did? I thought you didn't like me," Craig said.

"Well we haven't really said anything to each other before, just like all the other guys on the ship," Tani said.

"But I'm not like all the guys on the ship. All of them have or had a girlfriend. But me, I'm just a drifter, a loser, who would have cared if I'd let myself drown," Craig said.

"I would have, Craig," Tani said.

Craig started to head in the opposite direction to her, then some cheesy romantic music started when he stopped.

Puke bags on Stand-By! Puke bags on Stand-By! Puke bags on Stand-By!

Craig turned around and stepped forward. "Oh Tani."

Tani stepped forward again, "oh Craig."

Craig stepped forward again too, "Honey Muffin."

Tani stepped closer to him, "Snugglepuss."

Craig stepped closer to her, "Smoochums."

Tani stepped closer so they were only a few centimetres apart, "Sugar Bunny."

"Kiss me," Craig said.

"Ok then," Tani said a little too cheerfully. She puckered up.

Craig's eyes widened, the cheesy music cut off. "What the hell just happened!?"

"I dunno," Tani replied, still in the same position as before.

"Forget all that, please," Craig moaned.

"But why, I thought that you liked me," Tani said.

"You don't like me, do you?" Craig asked.

"Why not, that pirate heroey stuff is hot," Tani replied.

"Oh crap. I'm sorry, I only like Morgan," Craig said.

"Fine, break my heart like all the others," Tani huffed. She pushed Craig back into the water again, then headed into town.

A few seconds later Craig resurfaced, and he climbed back out of the water. He heard what sounded like a ship flying low nearby. He looked behind him and saw a creepy looking ship flying in his direction. It raised, flew above him, and then it flew into the sky.

Harry walked casually over to Craig.

"Where the hell have you been?" Craig asked.

"The pub," Harry replied.

The so called blind guy from earlier in the episode wandered over to the guys. "What are you fools hanging around here for, those two girls you were with have been kidnapped!"

"What? By who?" Craig asked.

"Captain Buck, I saw a horde of dead guys carrying the long haired one in his ship earlier. The short one just got dragged in before the ship took off. One second he was the sheriff, the next he was the Captain. He'll be heading for his hideout on the planet Malain," the so called blind guy replied.

"Wait a minute, you saw all that? Plus you knew what Craig looked like earlier. How can you if you're blind?" Harry asked.

"Oh papapishu!" the so called blind guy exclaimed before jumping into the water.

"I guess we'll never find out," Craig muttered. "So what do we do now?"

"Well surely Voyager will stop that ship if we warn them about it," Harry said. He tapped his commbadge. "Kim to Voyager?" All he got was an *are you kidding* look from Craig. "Oh yeah."

"Looks like we need a ship of our own," Craig commented.

Ten minutes later:

"Howdy, welcome to Stan's Previously Owned Shuttlecrashes, er I mean Shuttlecrafts. I'm Stan, and my job is to make you happy and..." A tall guy, with stripey clothes on and a stupid big hat on, blabbered as he waved his arms around.

"If you want us to be happy then shut up," Harry said.

Stan didn't hear him, he was still talking. "We've got small shuttles, large shuttles, fast shuttles, slow shuttles, extra crashing shuttles, blowing up shuttles, plot developing shuttles, malfunctioning shuttles, timeloop shuttles, you name it. I got them all, if I ain't got them all, I'll get them all. So what kind of craft are you looking for today?"

"Preferably a shuttle that doesn't crash," Harry replied.

"Error: Cannot understand previous sentence. Self Destructing in five, four, three, two, one..." Stan said in a computer voice. Then he exploded.

An arm landed on Craig's shoulder so he jumped a mile. Harry just laughed.

"Well done Harry, that's another thing you've killed in this episode," Craig stuttered.

"Oh well, we'll just steal one of the shuttles," Harry said, ignoring the last comment.

PART 2: The Journey to Nowhere

After three toilet breaks, and one stop at a space stations McDonalds, the guys' shuttlecraft finally arrive in orbit of Malain.

"Would you shut the hell up!" Harry yelled.

Don't tell me what to do, jerk.

"Would you stop picking fights with the narrator," Craig said.

"Make me," Harry said.

"That Tolg ship is in orbit, it hasn't detected us," Craig said.

"Good, we can board the ship, get the girls back, and maybe have time for a pint back at Melly," Harry said.

"Yeah good idea," Craig said.

"Someone should stay behind to guard the shuttle," Harry said.

Craig frowned, "you're just saying that so you don't have to do anything."

"Don't be daft, Craig. I don't need to lie to you to get out of this mess of an episode," Harry groaned. "I didn't even say I'd be the one doing that anyway."

"Ok sorry. So, who's going to stay behind?" Craig asked.

The Tolg ship:

A group of ex drones sat around what looked like their bridge, each of them had a few cards in their hands. A figure rematerialised nearby, luckily they were too busy to notice. The figure looked around.

"Ah crap," he muttered. This comment got the group's attention. "Uhoh."

Silently one of the men, who was one of the guys from earlier in the episode, chased after him.

After a few rooms the man lost who he was chasing, he quickly went back to his cards.

"Phew."

Inside a container, Craig stood up to peep out from the lid. He quickly hid again as a drone walked in and collapsed on a nearby bunkbed.

The Shuttle:

Harry by now had his feet up on the station, reading what looked like a strategy guide.

The console beeped at him, then a voice whispered from it. *"Anderson to Kim."*

"I knew it," Harry groaned. "What?"

"You could have at least given me your phaser."

Harry glanced over at the station nearby. His phaser was plugged into it. "No, I couldn't. What's the matter?"

"Well, you know how you beamed me to a ship full of ex Tolg drones."

"Yeah," Harry said with a frown.

"Surprisingly there are Tolg drones everywhere. Funny that."

Harry shrugged, "it's a puzzle game parody, I didn't think logic came into it. I mean they kidnapped two ex Borg's."

"Maybe you should beam over here. I can't go anywhere without being seen."

Harry flicked through the book he was reading, "hang on, I'm only at the bit with the sword master. After all the insults and comebacks you learn, she just gives you made up ones. Glad I shot that cheating cow."

"I think this dead guy can hear you."

Harry didn't seem to be listening, he turned the page. "Ah I got it. There's an item to make you invisible on the planet. With this strategy guide, the puzzles to get it will be a breeze."

The planet:

A group of aliens, barely dressed in primitive cloths, stood huddled in a group with their hands in the air.

"Give me the (censored) invisible head, you (censored) fools!" Harry screamed at them, pointing a phaser.

Meanwhile on the Tolg ship:

Craig had managed to escape the barrel he was in, and was now standing in a storage room. With a sneaky glance to both sides of him, he raised a small pickaxe and shovel.

Harry rematerialised behind him, with something roundish in his hands. "Ah ha, got it. Those puzzles were tough, but I did it!"

Craig used the shovel and axe to open a crate in front of him. He glanced back at his partner, "you shot something didn't you?"

"No actually, they were very co-operative," Harry commented. Craig smirked to himself. "Damn it!"

Craig reached into the crate, he pulled out a weird root looking thing. "Bingo!"

Harry frowned, "wait, what are you doing? I thought you were stuck."

"I was," Craig shrugged. "I overheard some drones talking about this root they got. Apparently it's very dangerous to Tolg people so they locked it away."

The colour in Harry's face disappeared, he clenched his fist. "You not only solved the puzzles, you also figured out how to solve the whole game?"

Craig smiled smugly at him, "yup."

Later, on the shuttle:

"The ship is heading out of orbit," Harry said.

Craig groaned from the floor, he sat up rubbing his chest. "Wait... what?" He quickly stood up. "You shot me?"

"You have no idea how hard it was to get that invisible head navigator thingy for you," Harry grumbled.

"Yeah I'm sure it was very hard to point a phaser," Craig groaned. "Did you at least bother to rescue Morgan and Tani?"

Harry's smile dropped, he cringed a little. "I knew I was forgetting something."

Craig groaned, "no wonder you need the phaser. Now where's the root?"

Harry clenched his teeth and inhaled through them, his eyes glancing to the side.

"Oh," Craig could only groan. "So now the ship is leaving. Where's it going?"

"Oh yeah. We'll soon see, I'll follow it," Harry replied.

PART 3: Nobody Kicks Butt

After all that the Tolg ship and the shuttle ended up back at the previous planet, and I just have to say one thing. Why wasn't I invited to the wedding for crying out loud!

"Oh shut up you arse hole!" Harry yelled.

The shuttle crash lands in the sea. SPLASH!

"Harry... did you have to?" Craig moaned.

"Oh come on, that comment it made wasn't funny," Harry said.

It wasn't meant to be funny.

"God it's serious? It wants to go to the wedding," Harry sniggered.

The shuttle started to leak, the crew only have a few seconds to escape or they'll drown.

"Ha, I win... beam us out," Harry said. Craig shook his head, he pressed a few buttons. They beamed out.

Everyone rematerialised on the bridge near the pub.

"We'd better get to the church, and fast," Harry said. Craig nodded, they ran off.

The church:

The boys arrived in the church. Loads of ex-Tolg people were in the seats watching the service. Captain Buck, the bride and the bridesmaid were standing in front of an ex-Tolg vicar.

"If by any reason someone objects to these people being wed, speak now or tough," the vicar said.

"Dear god, it stinks of Neelix's kitchen in here," Craig commented to Harry. He nodded in agreement, staring at the dead audience.

"Is that an objection, I can't tell?" the vicar asked.

Harry and Craig went down the aisle, both looking very determined, or just eager that the first game was almost over.

"What do you want?" Captain Buck asked.

"We've come to stop the wedding, and maybe steal some of the wedding snacks," Craig replied.

"You have some nerve doing this, I shall kill all of you," Captain Buck said.

"You can't do that," Harry said.

"And why not?" Captain Buck asked.

"Because we just saved you from marrying the wrong thing. If this is like the game Morgan has swapped herself with two monkeys," Craig said.

The bride turned around, she looked rather peeved. "Do I look like a monkey to you!" Tani growled.

The bridesmaid turned around. "Thanks guys, you really screwed it all up," Morgan moaned.

"But... what about her? Why does she have to go through the agony of marrying that ugly freak instead of you?" Harry asked.

"Oh gods, I'm ugly!" Captain Buck shrieked, he pulled a mirror out and shrieked again.

"It was my idea, Craig. You broke my heart, so it doesn't matter who I marry," Tani cried.

Morgan and Harry started sniggering. Craig's face went bright red. "I thought that scene was just a joke," he stuttered.

"Right, and I thought saying *I don't* and kicking him in the chin was crazy," Morgan giggled.

Tani shrugged, "well it was!"

Harry noticed the buffet and drinks table nearby. He grabbed a few bottles of beer. "Here, I'll get him drunk. That always works." He hovered an open bottle in front of Craig.

"Now for making me realise that I'm ugly, I will kill all of you... bwahahahaha!" Captain Buck laughed. His right arm started spinning like in one of those silly cartoons.

Craig whacked the bottle out of Harry's hands, it flew in Captain Buck's direction. The beer managed to spill into his mouth. He stopped spinning his fist, and then started choking and shaking. He screamed as he collapsed. One Tolg knelt down beside him.

"Oh my, he's dead... again!" the Tolg guy gasped. Everyone but Harry gasped as well, he just looked confused.

"But how?" Harry asked.

"He must have been allergic to the barley in the beer," the Tolg guy said.

"I think this deserves a celebration, who agrees?" Craig asked. Everyone, including the Tolg people, cheered. The awayteam rushed over to the alcohol to get a much needed drink. Just then Harry's commbadge chirped so they all had to stop.

"Chakotay to Kim, get ready to return to the ship."

"No fair!" Morgan whined.

"Oh well, we can get a drink on the ship," Craig said.

"True, true," Harry said.

All of the group but Harry dematerialised. Harry looked around confused.

Haha, revenge at last... get em boys!

All the Tolg's put down their drinks and ganged up on Harry.

"I'll get you back someday," Harry said just before he disappeared from view.

"Yeah Craig, I was there. Mostly," Morgan muttered. "I thought you were in a hurry."

Craig's face went beetroot red, yet again. "Pretty much." He looked up to see if the rope he was hanging on was still ok. It was. "Ok, we had only just returned to Voyager a few hours ago, when Harry and I were haunted by the same dream."

Morgan sighed, "somebody really needs to teach you how to sum up."

Harry and Craig both were going down a corridor on Voyager. They walked into the Mess Hall to find no one there, and the whole room to be murky and dark. "What the... what's going on?" Harry asked.

"I dunno," Craig muttered in response.

Four older people walked into the room via the other doors. Harry and Craig gasped in shock. "Mum, dad?" Harry stuttered.

"Yes son, it is us," Harry's dad said.

"This is impossible, you're both dead," Craig said in shock.

"It's ok son, we're here," Craig's mum said.

"Yes, we're here to give you a message," Craig's dad said.

"A message, erm ok," Harry said.

"Yes, we're going to give it to you in the form of a song," Harry's mum said.

"Oh dear, can't you just tell us it?" Craig said questioningly.

"No, where's the fun in that?" Craig's dad said.

In a flash the parents all turned into dancing skeletons. Craig and Harry's eyes widened in horror as they watched them attempting to dance.

"If you're stupid and you know it... ignore this song," Harry's dad sang.

"And if you care about Tani and you know it... go to Malain," Craig's dad sang. The music stopped abruptly.

"Can't you sing the song to the tune right?" Craig's mum asked angrily.

"Obviously this song is stupid," Craig's dad replied.

A dog ran into the room, it bit into Harry's dad and ran away with his arm bones. "Hey gimme that back you stupid dog!" He ran after it.

"Um, this isn't real right?" Harry asked.

"If it is, I need help," Craig muttered.

"Hey, it worked on Monkey Island," Harry's mum moaned. She and Craig's parents screamed, they ran off. Harry's dad continued to chase the dog. The dog looked pretty scared and it ran out of the room too, with the angry skeleton.

"What? What did we say?" Harry asked.

Craig shrugged, he turned around and he jumped a mile. Harry looked confused and he turned around too.

"Booo!" Captain Buck, who was right behind the two, yelled.

"Ohno, you can't be here, you're dead," Harry said.

"No you halfwit, I was already dead when you met me. Now I'll get my revenge," Captain Buck said.

"But it was Harry that did it," Craig moaned. Harry elbowed him hard.

"You both had a little hand in it. Wakey wakey," Captain Buck said. He pulled out a phaser and he shot them both.

Craig's Quarters:

Craig woke up suddenly and he sat upright in his bed. "Thank god, only a dream," he muttered. He then lay back down on his bed.

Meanwhile in Harry's Quarters:

Harry woke up, but he didn't sit up; he just fell off the bed. "Ow! Stupid gravity," he said as he rubbed his head.

The next morning:

It was a typical morning on the Bridge. Kathryn cradled and sang to her coffee cup like a baby. Kiara sat on the floor in front of her, probably wondering why her mother loved the coffee more than her. Chakotay was pretending that neither was happening. Tom thought it was appropriate to be telling a story about his antics the previous night towards the Opps station. Jessie sat at her station keeping to herself with an unknown game. Tuvok of course was the only one working.

Kathryn closed her eyes before taking a sip of her coffee. Her eyes quickly widened again. "Oh my god, this is decaf! Who keeps giving me this crap!"

"How does Neelix do it?" Chakotay muttered to himself.

Kathryn threw the cup to the ground, spilling the decaf everywhere. "Where the hell is Harry?"

Tom looked confused, he then realised he was actually talking to an annoyed woman. "Oh."

Chakotay sighed, "while we're on the subject Tom. I'd prefer it if you didn't tell the story about how you and B'Elanna almost, when my daughter is here."

"Who's Tom?" Tom squeaked, he kept his head down.

Harry stepped out of the turbolift looking a bit worse for wear. Morgan was right behind him, talking about something. He headed for his station, but she quickly stepped in front of him, looking mad.

"Are you even listening to me!?" she snapped.

"You look fine," Harry mumbled.

Morgan groaned, "ugh if you're not going to listen, you could at least lie. Yeesh!" She flicked the hair in her face back. "I'm just wondering if you've seen Tani since we returned. I know you didn't come back right away, with me and Craig. Was she there when you got your ass kicked?"

Harry then realised what she was talking about. "Wait, Tani? Oh god." He rushed around her to Opps. "Computer locate Tani Henderson."

"Tani Henderson is not aboard the ship," the computer's voice replied.

"Ohno. Captain, it's Buck again. My parents told me in my dream that we should go to Malain if we care about her," Harry said.

"Ok, he's cracked," Jessie muttered.

"Harry, what are you talking about?" Chakotay asked.

"I think Captain Buck has kidnapped her," Harry replied.

"Who and what are you on about?" Kathryn asked.

Harry groaned, "it was only the previous part! It's not like it was a few episodes ago."

Everyone thought for a few seconds, "oh yeah."

"So you're saying that she's been kidnapped by him just because your parents told you in a dream," Tom snickered.

"Yes... finally!" Harry sighed in relief.

"Oh come on, you didn't know she was missing until a few moments ago. Why would you dream of something like that?" Kathryn asked.

"I dunno, the only thing I can think of is someone was actually trying to tell me what was going to happen," Harry replied.

"Sounds realistic," Morgan said. Everyone turned to her all with raised eyebrows. "Oh come on, it's Fifth Voyager remember."

"She's getting used to it," Tom said.

"Right, let's be more realistic. A ship wouldn't have gotten that far if they had just taken them yesterday. All we have to do is..." Kathryn said.

"Mum, they'll be using a Tolg ship. They can go into transwarp," Morgan said.

"Ok screw that. Harry, take someone down to the second planet with you and get me some real coffee," Kathryn ordered. She dumped a load of replicated money on Harry's console.

"Don't you think Tani is more important than your coffee?" Harry asked. Kathryn glared at him with a very scary look in her eyes. "Of course she isn't, I'll go now." Harry then rushed out of the Bridge.

The planet Scabbia:

Harry, Craig and Morgan all rematerialised near a small bridge. The area was dark and creepy, the three moons were the only things lighting up the place.

"Why were we volunteered to get Janeway's coffee supplies?" Craig asked.

"Don't worry, we're not going to do that. I asked you lot to come with me because we were all in the Buck situation together, well sorta," Harry said as he glanced towards Morgan.

"I don't get it, Buck's dead," she muttered.

"He was dead when we first met him anyway," Craig muttered. Harry glanced at him looking worried.

"All right, deader," Morgan groaned.

"That's what he said in my dream," Harry said.

"Really, me too," Craig said.

"Did your parents and my parents turn into skeletons and start singing, and then Buck came along?" Harry asked. Morgan giggled into her hand.

"Yes that's what happened," Craig replied.

"Well Tani's missing and we have to find a way to Malain without Janeway finding out. If both of us had the dream then it must be some sort of message. Did you have a similar dream?" Harry asked.

"No, I have normal people dreams," Morgan replied.

"In that case, we should split up, we have to find some transport," Harry said.

"What makes you think transport from here is going to get us there faster than Voyager will?" Morgan asked. "Mum's not that observant, we can just nick the Flyer. It's not like it's made of coffee."

"Um well, you see... um, there might be... ah to heck with it," Harry stuttered before dragging Craig with him towards the Bridge.

Morgan shook her head before taking off in the opposite direction.

As soon as Harry and Craig got to the Bridge a small guy waltzed over to them. "Gimme all your money!"

"No way," Harry said.

"Yeah, go and mug someone else you shortie," Craig said boldly.

"Ooh tough guys huh. I know what to do with tough guys. I want you to meet my good friend, the Narrator," the guy said.

"Ohno," Harry muttered.

Ah hah, so we meet again!

"Oh crap, not again," Craig muttered.

"I still need to get revenge on you so I'll..." Harry said.

The short guy gathered up all his Borg strength and knocked both guys to the ground. He stole all the money and he ran off laughing.

"Huh? Damn it!" Craig yelled from the ground.

"I'll get back at you, no one steals my money!" Harry yelled.

"It wasn't your money, it was Janeway's coffee money," Craig muttered as he stood up.

"Oh well, he did some good," Harry said as he stood up too.

"But won't we need that money to get transport?" Craig asked.

"Huh... ah son of a..." Harry grumbled.

PART 4: The Narrator Vs Harry Kim... who will kick butt?

"Ok, that's a really stupid chapter name," Morgan said.

PART 4: Morgan falls into the dirty swamp and er that's about it

"Eeew!" Morgan complained as she dragged herself back onto the land. "Just wait till I get my hands on you."

After getting the worst of the swamp sludge off her, she noticed an open coffin floating nearby. Next to it was a sign with an arrow and some text on it.

"No way, not in a million years," Morgan grumbled at it. She then decided to read the sign.

"Aahahahahahaha, so now who's useless! Mwahahahahahaha!" the voodoo lady laughed. She wiped a tear from her eye, "oh please buy something."

Morgan looked around the small room, "hey, there's no Cherry Coke here!" Her face grimaced at all the weird potions sitting on the shelves, then pulled a face at the voodoo lady. "Did you say something?"

The voodoo lady sighed, "how else would I get customers, hmm? Now I'm sure I can be of help anyway, right?"

"Do you own a ship or a shuttle?" Morgan asked. "Or even just a replicator."

"No, I have something better," the voodoo lady said, she held up a scraggly looking doll.

Morgan raised an eyebrow, "how old do you think I am?" She turned on her heel.

"No wait! I sense you need this!" the voodoo lady screeched, throwing not one but two dolls in front of the teen. "Your companions have just been mugged by the man who is in league with the narrator. You will need one of these to get revenge on him. I can't remember which one it is though. They all look alike."

"No thanks, we already have a scary looking doll," Morgan muttered.

"No no, you'll see what its use is," the voodoo lady said and she smiled slyly.

Meanwhile:

Harry and Craig went inside a small building which turned out to be a mini hotel. "Well I'm sure we'll find transport here," Craig muttered sarcastically.

"Oh shut up it's all part of the episode's puzzles," Harry said. He headed towards one of the doors. A guy walked up to him.

"No you can't go in there, that's somebody's room," the guy said.

"Oh sorry, we have to solve the puzzle don't we?" Harry said. He pulled out a phaser and he shot the guy.

"Is that the answer to all the puzzles?" Craig asked.

"Oh yeah," Harry replied. He and Craig went into the room but they ended up face to face with the small guy.

Meanwhile back at the swamp Morgan was busy poking one of the dolls with her finger.

Back at the hotel Harry and Craig looked like they were in deep trouble.

"What the hell are you doing here?" the small guy asked.

"Um, we want the money back," Craig muttered.

The small guy started to go over to them but he jumped a mile. He started rubbing his butt like it hurt. "How did you do that?"

"Do what?" Harry asked.

The small guy screamed and he jumped a metre into the air again. "Stop that right now!"

"Um, no! We demand that you leave this planet and give us all our money back!" Harry demanded. Craig glanced at him looking confused.

"Ha, I spent all the money already!" the small guy laughed. He jumped in pain again.

"Ok, just leave the planet," Harry said.

"You can't make me," the small guy snarled.

"Oh yeah?" Harry said questioningly.

The small guy jumped a couple of times, he ran out of the room screaming.

"Right, now we'd better get some transport to Malain, ok Harry," Craig groaned.

"Ok, whatever," Harry said. The small guy ran back in.

"Did you say Malain, haha you're out of your league there," the small guy laughed.

"Keep walking," Harry said.

The small guy groaned, then he screamed and ran out.

Meanwhile:

Growing tired of the dolls, Morgan started walking down a nearby street. The small guy ran in her direction. He smirked to himself, obviously thinking she was an easy target. Just as he was about to grab her, she casually shoved him sideways. He somehow managed to fall right through a nearby basement window, and straight into a giant cooking pot. Lucky for him, the gas wasn't on.

Hey, did I miss anything? The queue for the toilets was huge! Um, where did he go?

The small guy could only splutter as he'd swallowed some of the soup he'd landed in. The chef nearby seemed oblivious to everything.

"Yes we do have some food here, I'll just go and ask the chef if he's done yet," a guy's voice said.

The chef then rushed over to the sloppy soup, not noticing the man for some reason. A large man walked into the room. "The soup is doing very well, sir. Do you want to try some?" the chef proudly said.

"Yes I'd love to," the guy replied. With a ladle he scooped up some of the soup, and took a sip. "Oh my goodness, what is this!?"

"It's coffee soup sir," the chef replied.

"Coffee soup? You're fired!" the guy yelled.

In the next room Harry and Craig stood near a small bar, looking very nervous.

"Maybe we should bring some back for Janeway," Craig suggested.

"We... have... no... money," Harry slowly said, his patience starting to run out.

The chef ran past the pair sobbing. The larger man emerged from the kitchen holding a bowl. "Here you go lads, best in town." He put down the bowl, allowing the two men to see the brown slop with a hair on top.

"But be my guest," Harry said.

Craig shuddered, "who's that suicidal?"

A light switched on in Harry's head, "oh, this must mean you need a new chef, right?"

"No lad, you're too slow," the man gruffly said.

"Got a new chef already?" Harry stuttered. "But how?"

"Yeah, she should be a lot better than the other one," the guy said.

The pair heard the door opening again and they glanced over to see who it was. They gasped in shock or horror, take your pick.

"You told me there would be knives, there are none," Morgan said with a guilty look on her face. Of course that wasn't the only thing giving her away, something metallic fell from her trouser leg. She quickly knelt down to pick it up.

"Oh my god, how?" Harry stuttered. He glared at Craig, "how do you two solve these stupid puzzles before me, without a phaser?"

Craig shook his head while Morgan quickly put a kitchen knife into the waist of her jeans. "Is her pay enough to get some decent transport off this planet?" Craig asked the man.

"Decent no, transport yes. That reminds me, I have to pay her first week's salary in advance," the guy replied. He handed some money to Morgan.

"We won't be able to get the money if she's still working here, we can't leave without her," Craig whispered to Harry.

"You're right," Harry said, he was about to draw his phaser but Craig stopped him. The man stupidly didn't notice this, he ushered Morgan and himself into the kitchen.

"No, we just have to get her fired," Craig said quietly.

"Yes, fired," Harry said, putting a lot of emphasis on fired.

A loud crash startled them both. "What the hell! Why is there a little man in the soup?"

"What? He started it!" Morgan's voice snapped.

"That should do the trick," Craig cringed.

"Little man?" Harry said with a raised eyebrow. Another two thuds made them jump.

Morgan stepped out of the kitchen, organising her new knife collection. The two guys looked at her expectantly. "So, how did you two solve the last game without me, hmm?" she smiled. "Now, who do I hit next?" They looked at each other instead.

Craig sighed, "you're a bad example for her."

Harry smiled like he was proud, "it works, don't knock it."

Meanwhile on Malain:

Some guy in a tribal outfit and gigantic fruit shaped mask on was standing around on his own in a large room.

So where is the ugly ponce?

A couple of muffles came from the huge mask the guy was wearing. He pointed at something, it was Buck standing at the doorway.

"You know I did hear that," Buck said as he limped into the room.

The guy took off his mask, it was the small guy from Scabbia. "It's a good thing I was wearing this. He spits way too much."

Buck narrowed his eyes and he spat in the guys face. "Well that's the result of my allergic reaction, so shut the hell up."

So what's going to happen then? What's the plan?

"You tell us you moron, you're the narrator," the small guy grunted.

You know that I have the power to do anything to you

"Yeah yeah, if that was true you would have got rid of that guy easily," the small guy said.

Ok almost anything

"Enough, if those Voyager crewmembers find that starchart to the gate we may as well quit now," Buck said.

"That doesn't sound very villainous," the small guy muttered.

"Well I'd like to see you do better," Buck grumbled.

"So why are the Voyager crewmembers not allowed to find the starchart?" the small guy asked.

Buck groaned. "Oh come on, don't you remember me mentioning that I kidnapped my bride. That'll really annoy that fake blond bimbo Andy-Pansy-son," Buck replied, sniggering to himself.

"Nope but that comment was an insult to blondes," the small guy said as he stroked his hair.

"Your hair is ginger," Buck muttered.

"What, not again!" the small guy screamed and he ran out.

Somewhere different on Scabbia:

The awayteam were wandering around what looked like an old fashioned harbour. Instead of sailing ships, broken shuttles littered the docks.

"Ok I confess, all the ships I have, have a habit of crashing. I don't know why. Please don't shoot me," the owner of the harbour stuttered.

"Well he said it politely, so I'll wait till later," Harry said.

"So we're screwed. We'll never get back to Malain and find Tani. What should we do?" Craig said questioningly.

"You want to go to Malain? Why didn't you say so?" the seller said.

"I thought we did," Morgan said quietly.

"Um, I just want to say that there's a gate thingy, connecting all of the planets in our sector. This was before we invented warp travel, you see. One of the planets it goes to is Malain," The seller said.

"Wow convenient," Harry said.

"Come on, if we didn't have any convenience do you realise how dull the episodes would be," Craig said. Everyone stayed dead quiet as tumbleweed blew past the set, um landscape.

"So, the gate sounds good," Harry said.

"Yeah," everyone agreed.

"I really shouldn't say this but nearly all gates are hidden, to avoid abuse. There's only one starchart which shows the way," the seller explained.

"A starchart? I thought it was on the planet," Craig muttered.

"Yeah, and?" the seller said. Everyone glared at him with raised eyebrows. "Oh, of course! Starcharts, it must be on a star. Hey good luck."

"Do you know who has the starchart?" Harry asked while his eyebrow started twitching.

"Aaah, more than one person. Four people used to have different parts to the chart," the seller replied.

"Oh dear god, a starchart that needs to be pieced together using tape," Craig groaned.

"No no, the four people had four different memory chips from the device thing that was the starchart. They did that so no one would ever find it," the seller said.

"I'll ask again, who has it?" Harry asked.

"Um, it's only a rumour but people say that a retired ship pilot, a guy with a really posh house, a shopkeeper and a dead guy has them," the seller said.

"Sounds fun, really. Are you finished giving us all the info we need?" Harry asked.

"I dunno, maybe," the seller replied.

"Ok," Harry shrugged. He pointed the phaser at the man, he quickly ran away.

"Right, we're going to have to split up to do this. Morgan, you go to the retired pilot. Craig, you go to the posh guy. I'll go to the shopkeeper. Whoever finishes first, go find out who that dead guy is related to, a relative must have the chip," Harry said.

PART 5: Between a Dog and a Fancy Dress

On route to the mansion Craig ran into a dead end; a waterfall. "Ohno, not another puzzle."

After about ten minutes of trying to work out the puzzle he couldn't take it anymore. "Fine, I'll go look for some items or something." He turned to leave but he slipped on a few wet leaves. This conveniently made him land on a pump's lever, it was pushed down as a result. The waterfall stopped flowing all of a sudden.

"Huh? I still got it," he smiled as he climbed back up.

He spotted a small cave where the waterfall was, so he didn't waste any time going towards it.

Inside there was a large corridor that was very poorly lit. He slowly went down it, his creepy metre going up everytime he went through a hallway to find the next one looking exactly the same.

Somebody tapped him on the shoulder. He groaned and turned around to see Buck.

"Oh erm, hi. How's things?" Craig said nonchalantly.

"Fine. Now what did I tell you about hanging around dark alleys," Buck laughed to himself.

Craig carefully stepped backwards, "well, um... is this your creepy corridor by any chance?"

"Of course it is, well it looks like one of mine anyway. Hey, aren't you scared?" Buck asked angrily.

"Nope, me, never," Craig lied. Luckily Buck wasn't the smartest ex-drone in the quadrant. "Why would I be?"

"Don't you remember me, I'm the guy you killed, well nearly," Buck said.

"Um, I haven't a clue what you mean," Craig continued to lie.

"Buck you fool, I'm trying to get revenge on you," Buck groaned.

"My name's not Buck," Craig stuttered.

Buck groaned again, he raised his hands into the air and he looked towards the ceiling. "What do I have to do to be scary around here!"

"Put on a tutu, that would be scary," Craig replied.

"Really? Thanks... er I mean, you will witness my terror one day. And on that day I will get my revenge!" Buck cackled. He laughed evilly.

"Thanks for the warning. See ya," Craig said, backing further away.

"Ugh, you're impossible to scare. I'm outta here!" Buck yelled.

Craig felt dizzy, then he collapsed. Moments later he woke up next to the pump. "Ohno, don't tell me I still have to solve the puzzle!" He stood up and turned to the waterfall. It was still flowing but then spotted another path up the hill. "Ah son of a..."

Meanwhile Morgan had reached the top of a hill. Sitting on the top was a tiny scruffy house, with a statue standing in the garden outside it. With a shrug she just went straight inside, bumping straight into a fat guy.

"Hey, you can't just barge into people's houses," the guy said angrily.

"Um... that's nice. Got any starchart thingy's?" Morgan asked.

The guy rolled his eyes, "not another traveller. I'm sorry but I can't just give it to any old person who comes to the door."

"Ok I'll play. Who will you give it to?" Morgan groaned.

"Anyone who can beat me in a drinking contest of course. Anyone who can't match me isn't worthy by a mile," the guy replied.

Morgan looked worried, "really, booze drinking contest. Uh, sure... you're on."

"Oh come on, you won't last through one mouthful, you're just a girl," the guy laughed. Morgan showed him her Janeway deathglare. "Oh fine, but don't say I didn't warn you. No one has beaten me yet, in fact no one has gotten through the first glass."

"Have you?" Morgan asked hopefully.

"No actually," the guy replied, looking nervous.

"Piece of cake then," Morgan sighed in relief.

"Sit down then and get ready to be beaten. Remember the first to pass out loses," the guy said.

"What? Do you think this is my first drinking contest or something?" Morgan muttered. She sat down at a nearby table.

"Hey I like you," the guy said. He put down two glasses, then to Morgan's surprise he poured from a Cherry Coke bottle. "Ready, go!"

Much later...

The guy put down his cup looking really out of it. "Woah, you're my kinda girl. Wanna go out sometime?"

"Eew, no. I have better things to do," Morgan replied, looking rather disgusted.

"So, why am I here again?" the guy asked.

The girl smiled slyly, "we were having a drinking contest. Since I won I get the starchart piece, any good knives you have and the rest of your Cherry Coke."

"Ookay then, but I don't know what Cherry Coke is," the guy said, still holding an empty two litre bottle.

"Hurry up and get me the stuff," Morgan ordered.

"OK!" the guy shouted drunkenly. He fell out of the chair and started crawling away.

"You know I think I should get the knives," Morgan muttered to herself. The guy suddenly disappeared as a hole appeared in the floor. "And all this stuff too," she said quietly as she took some stuff from the table.

Meanwhile:

Craig looked up at the tall posh mansion he was standing in front of. When he looked back down he came face to face with Buck again. "Holy crap, will you stop doing that!"

Buck raised his hands to his head, he then took it off to reveal someone else's head. "Gee, chill out. It's only a costume."

"Um right, I knew that," Craig said nervously.

"Sorry, only people in fancy dress can come in," the woman said.

"What about the invitation bit?" Craig asked.

"Who am I, the programmer? Just put a costume on," the woman replied.

A rundown shop in the middle of town:

Harry strolled through the main door. Inside was a load of junk, a scrawny looking guy and a parrot. Harry went over to the storekeeper. "Hi, do you have the starchart to the gate?"

"Yep, but it'll cost you one million pieces. I could trade with you instead, there's this sunken shuttle treasure. You'll have to hire an old ship to get it, which'll cost you quite a bit. I do other trade in's if that's any help, of course you have nothing I want. Maybe you should start with that contest down the

street, the prize is worth a lot. I'm sure you'll win that after some item collecting and..." the guy rambled but Harry just shot him anyway. He picked up the memory chip thing and headed out.

"I'll get right on it," Harry muttered as he left the store.

Morgan walked into the town centre, spotting Harry sitting on a park bench looking bored. "You're done already?" Harry stared at her. "Of course, who am I talking to?"

"Right," Harry said. "Any sign of Craig?"

"No sign, but he did call and say he was having some trouble," Morgan replied.

"Fine. One of us should check out the dead one, and the other can help..." Harry said.

"Good luck threatening a dead guy with a phaser," Morgan quickly said, she rushed off.

Harry's eyes widened, "oh no you don't!" He looked at his poor overused phaser, it was running low on power. "Great, good thing I've already done the most tedious puzzle of the game."

Morgan followed her tricorder scans to a cliff edge, she looked confused as all she could see was a woman in a pink dress nearby. "That's weird. Craig, where are you?"

The figure started shaking, and to Morgan's surprise a guy's voice muttered something from her direction.

"Craig?"

The figure cleared her or rather his throat, and spoke in a fake woman's voice, "no."

Morgan couldn't help but laugh quite loudly, "oh my god, Craig. What kind of puzzle solving is this?"

"It's not funny! I had to get into what I thought was a Halloween fancy dress party. I asked for something scary," Craig stuttered, his face turning a similar colour to the dress.

"You could at least pick women shoes instead of your normal boots," Morgan giggled.

Craig covered his face with his hands, "I'm going to change. Never tell anyone about this, please." He rushed into the nearby bushes.

"Ookay, why are we here as well?" Morgan smirked.

"Well..." Craig's voice muttered.

Only ten minutes ago, at the fancy dress party:

Craig walked up to a man and two girls. "Excuse me, are you the man with the data map thingy?"

The man turned around while the girls stared at Craig in horror. Craig's eyes widened when he turned to face him.

Back to the present:

"Actually, it's too long a story. I don't want to bore you," Craig's voice stuttered.

Morgan's face had gone red, she couldn't control her giggles. "I think I got the idea."

Craig stepped back out in his regular clothes. "It's not funny!"

"You're very wrong," Morgan laughed.

"Yeah well, he... she threw the map thing out the window and now it's..." Craig mumbled. He pointed towards the cliff. Morgan tried to calm herself as she took a look. The chip sat in a bird's nest about three metres below them.

"Ok, there's two of us. This should be easy," Morgan said with a confident smile on her face.

Meanwhile in some creepy graveyard:

Harry pushed the creaky gates open, he briefly glanced down at an old piece of paper he had. He then headed towards a crypt.

Inside it was very dark, and there were open coffins everywhere. After a quick glance around he eventually spotted the one he wanted. Using a crowbar that had been left behind by a previous grave robber, he opened up the coffin. Inside was a pile of dust.

"Son of a..." he grumbled.

The voodoo lady smiled deviously. "Why hello Mr Kim, I've been expecting you."

Harry squinted at her, glanced at his dying phaser, and back at her again. "We've met before?"

"Why yes, in the last game you stole my chicken from me," the voodoo lady explained.

"Oh, oh of course. I needed that, for something... yes," Harry stuttered.

The voodoo lady groaned, "you don't even remember taking it do you? No matter. I know why you're here."

"Great, that saves me having to wait till this recharges up," Harry grumbled to himself. The voodoo lady handed him what looked like a salt shaker. "I hate this game."

Meanwhile:

Morgan and Craig stood staring up at something, looking just as sick as Harry was.

"How, how did this happen?" she stuttered.

"How? Why is what I want to know," Craig muttered.

Morgan sighed, "can't have us missing another piece of worthless junk, can they?" She chucked a fishing rod onto a pile of stuff next to her. Craig looked down at it, then up at the giant tree in front of them. He watched a bird carry the chip into a treehouse. The only way up seemed to be a plank of wood sticking out of one of many holes in the tree.

"Looks like we have to get another plank of wood, and use them to make steps," he said.

"No, no we don't. You've already had the stupid dream sequence!" Morgan snapped at him. She charged for the tree. Craig cringed and squinted his eyes. He jumped back just in time to avoid being hit by some wood from the treehouse.

Back at the graveyard:

Harry hovered over the open coffin, shaking the salt shaker over the dust. Magically the dust turned into a half decomposed guy.

"Woah, this isn't my house," the guy said.

"Yeah, yeah. Map piece," Harry muttered.

"Oh crap, why did it have to happen now. I left the gas on," the guy groaned.

"Do you have a starchart memory chip?" Harry asked, eyebrow and trigger finger twitching.

"Yes I do, I have it in my pocket. You can have it if you turn the gas off at my house. It's just the house near the beach, you can't miss it," the guy replied.

"Fine," Harry said. He left the crypt, then he went straight back in. "I did it."

"Woah that was quick. Here you go, and thanks," the guy said. He handed Harry a memory chip. Then he turned back into dust. He stared at it, then the coffin, then back again. "Seriously, he had it all along. Why did I need to revive him..."

He stormed out of the crypt. As he did there was a huge explosion nearby, building debris quickly landed nearby. He continued on his way like nothing ever happened.

"Anderson to Kim."

Harry frowned as he heard very loud creaking, crashes and some swear words from a certain girl. "What the hell?"

"Um, yeah. Hell is happening. Morgan won't listen to me, and I have an idea how to get the last piece."

"Fine, I already do everything but fine! What is it?" Harry groaned.

Harry arrived in what was left of the tree area dragging a huge bag behind him. Craig rushed to his side, just in time to avoid a tree branch landing where he was.

"What did you get?" Craig asked him desperately.

Harry glared in his direction, "you don't know!?! You told me the item I needed was at the mansion."

"It's the only area I didn't fully explore. I was, pre-occupied," Craig said, turning slightly red again.

Harry wasn't in the mood to pick up on that. "There wasn't much..." He then noticed what was happening. "Um, what is she doing?" Craig looked over to the giant, or ex giant tree.

Morgan stood at the battered trunk, shaking it so roughly it was starting to crack. Another piece of the treehouse dropped to the ground.

"The bird stole the chip, it's in the treehouse. We can't get up," Craig meekly answered.

Harry raised an eyebrow, "in a normal situation I'd say none of this stuff will help, but this is a Monkey Island parody." He looked in the bag. "From the mansion."

"Well it's a big bag, there has to be..." Craig stuttered.

Harry pulled an oar out of it, dashing all of Craig's hopes.

"Is that all? Why a bag?" he asked. He jumped as the bag moved on its own.

"Damn, its awake," Harry muttered. Right on cue a dog like creature jumped out. It growled at Harry then Craig, then leapt for the tree.

Craig cringed, "a dog? You couldn't have brought a ladder, or a rope?"

"Why do you think my phaser's dead, that damn thing wouldn't stop chasing me," Harry grumbled. "You're welcome by the way."

Craig groaned into his hand, "yes, thank you!"

Morgan walked up to them, "what the hell? Is that thing climbing the tree? It better not nick the chip!"

The boys looked at her, then at the tree. Sure enough the dog was climbing the tree like a cat, it leapt into what was left of the treehouse.

"Damn, if it was that easy I would have done that," Morgan muttered.

"Phaser's taking ages to recharge," Harry said. "We're screwed."

The group jumped as the dog leapt back down to the ground, right in front of them. The chip was in its mouth.

"Um, yeah that makes sense," Harry said sarcastically.

Craig looked a little smug, "actually it does. He stopped me getting the chip in the first place."

Morgan looked at him, "I thought it was the man lady."

"Ok, second place," Craig quietly said.

Harry cringed as the dog started to run away, "guys!" Morgan shrugged, she picked up the oar. Craig put her hand on her arm.

"No Morgan," he stuttered. She pouted at him. An idea popped into his head, "actually, yes Morgan. Just don't hit him with it, make sure he sees it."

"Fine," she grumbled. She chucked the oar towards the dog. Tail wagging it dropped the chip, and ran for it. The group ran for the chip, Morgan reached it first and picked it up.

"Great. Now what?" Craig sighed in relief.

"We hope the rest of the game's as short as the final part of the previous game," Harry replied.

PART 6: Something Kinda Eew

Meanwhile the small guy was wandering around outside the town, nearby was his shuttle. He then caught sight of the awayteam walking back to town. A lightbulb switched on in his head.

"Ah hah, the ball's in Ralzo's court now," the small guy sniggered. Right on cue a football came flying towards him and hit him right where it hurts.

A kid looked around, "hey where did my ball go?"

"I think it went over there, I'll get it," Craig replied. He headed towards where Ralzo was.

"Craig, this game is long enough as it is!" Harry snapped at him. He followed him, leaving a bored Morgan behind.

Ralzo hid behind a nearby wall. "I think it went over here," Craig said back to Harry.

Ralzo grabbed the ball. He jumped out from his hiding place holding a gun. "I think it hit me first." He cringed, "undo it, undo it. Hand me the chips, and nobody gets shot."

"Don't tell me this is the villain of the game," Craig muttered.

"Haha, I told you you were out of your league," Ralzo said.

"Uh huh, well I know what to do with you," Harry said as he held up his phaser. Craig rolled his eyes.

"He has a gun," Craig groaned.

"No, it's a banana, you fool," Ralzo said sarcastically.

"Really, that'll do," Harry said. He tried to fire the phaser but nothing happened. "Damn, I forgot."

"You're coming with me, my boss will be happy to see you," Ralzo said.

"Who's your boss, the Pokémon Narrator?" Craig sniggered.

"Actually he's my other boss and... hey wait a minute!" Ralzo snapped. Craig and Harry pointed at him and laughed, for no apparent reason of course. "Aw shut up, get in my shuttle now!" They all headed towards Ralzo's shuttle.

What Ralzo didn't know was that Morgan was watching from nearby. She crept towards the shuttle.

Several hours later Ralzo's shuttle arrives at the planet of Malain. Morgan had to survive on the worst food that she could get her hands on.

Morgan sat patiently in the cramped cargo space. A small transporter beam transported in a white paper bag. She opened the bag. With a grimace she reached in to eat some fries. "God, why does only Burger King do deliveries?"

Meanwhile Harry Kim and that Blond wannabe have been suffering an unimaginable time in Ralzo's jail.

"Pick up two," Ralzo sniggered.

Harry smiled, he put down a two of clubs. "Pick up four!"

"No!" Craig screamed. He picked up four cards.

After Ralzo put down another card, Harry put down another two. "Pick up another two."

"Ah ha, I have a two now," Craig said as he put down the last two.

"Damn you asshole!" Ralzo screamed back. He picked up four cards.

Morgan wandered around repetitive corridors looking rather lost. She eventually got to a very tall door that was bolted shut. "Great." She rummaged through her pockets, looking for anything. In the end she huffed and threw one of the dolls at the door. It went straight through what looked like a cat flap. Morgan stared at it for several seconds before going through it.

She found herself in what looked like a throne room. A Cherry Coke bottle was on the arm rest of the throne.

"How stupid do you think I am?" Morgan laughed. She turned to leave and a forcefield appeared around her.

Ralzo came into the room laughing his head off. "I knew you would fall for that. By the way, that was actually diet coke with lemon."

"What the hell's your problem, what does your boss want?" Morgan snapped at him.

"Which one? Pokémon Narrator wants to be the Fifth Voyager narrator, and Buck just wants revenge," Ralzo replied.

"Of course, Buck. Where is he?" Morgan asked.

"He's just putting something on to scare you. He wouldn't tell me what," Ralzo replied.

Morgan looked really scared or freaked out, probably both. Ralzo turned around looking confused. He screamed like a girl. Buck was walking towards them wearing a pink tutu.

"This is not in my size!" Buck complained.

"I think I preferred Craig in a dress," Morgan stuttered.

"Me too," Ralzo muttered. Morgan passed him a weird look.

"Shut up or I'll do it for you. Oh wait, I was going to anyway," Buck said.

"Please do it quickly," Morgan stuttered.

"I will, anything to get out of the room," Ralzo stuttered. He pressed a button, he and Morgan beamed away.

"Hmm, it works. I'm scary and unstoppable. Mwahahahahahaha!" Buck laughed. He looked in a conveniently placed mirror, he smiled. "Hey, this doesn't look that bad."

Meanwhile:

Harry, Craig and Morgan were all hanging above a huge pot of hot water. There were lots of other junk on the ground, including Ralzo. He was busy explaining how the candle on the other side of the room will cause the four to fall into the water.

"Any questions?" Ralzo asked.

"Yeah, how are kids made?" Craig asked.

"You'll never know," Harry replied.

"Anymore questions?" Ralzo asked.

"Will Fifth Voyager ever end?" Morgan asked.

"Will I actually ever act in character in these parodies?" Harry asked.

"Can you let me down for five minutes? I'm bursting for the loo," Craig asked.

"The answer to all of those questions is no, right I'm going to go," Ralzo said.

"Wait, this is a decent question. Why don't you just shoot the ropes that are holding us up? It'll be a lot easier," Harry asked.

"Um well you see, you're supposed to escape so I've got to leave you long enough for you to do that. Oh shoot, did I say that?" Ralzo replied. He stormed out of the room.

Hahahaha, you're not going to escape from this. You're all going to die

How will our heroes escape this one? Find out next time

Hey Pokémon Narrator, get out of here!

Well it looks like Harry is seeing red. Morgan's feeling blue. Craig looks a bit green. Orange you dying to find out what happens next?

Aaarrrrrgghhhh, die die die!

"Ok we know the writer has totally cracked when there are two narrators fighting, plus a guy in a tutu," Morgan said.

"Yeah, but that narrator was right. I do feel a bit pukey," Craig muttered.

"Oh great, do you want to swap places with me?" Harry asked.

Suddenly the candle went out, a whole load of stuff happened which caused the ropes to burn. They all fell to their deaths.

Back to the present:

"I don't think I'm going to believe that," Morgan said.

"Aaaaw, you didn't let me finish. I was going to say how I saved the others in a very heroic fashion," Craig said.

Morgan rolled her eyes, "I think you're forgetting something."

Craig looked embarrassed, "oh, right. You were there."

"Bingo. Now just tell me what happened when we split up. That's all I wanted," Morgan groaned.

"Oh fine. As you know the two narrators started to fight so I suggested we use it to our advantage," Craig said.

Back in the torture chamber:

"Maybe we could use their fight to our advantage," Morgan said.

"Um, how exactly?" Craig asked.

"Narrators can do anything they want, catch my drift," Morgan replied.

"Oh come on. One of the narrators wants us dead, the other one just concentrates on being cheesy," Harry said.

"No, all we have to do is root for one side. That way the narrator we rooted for will start to like us, then it'll let us go," Morgan said.

"Oh yeah, who can suck up that bad for this to work?" Harry asked. Morgan and Craig looked his way. "What, I'm not a suck up! Craig's the pro when it comes to Morgan."

"Yeah.... wait a minute," Craig said.

"Eew, and no. Mum's told me otherwise Kimmy," Morgan said with a smile.

"Fine, this'll kill me but fine," Harry grumbled.

"Not doing it will kill you too," Craig pointed out.

"Shut up," Harry muttered.

"Go on," Craig said quietly.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Go Narrator, kick that Pokémon guy's ass."

Already have done, but thanks for cheering for me. Now hurry up and die.

"Um, hearing that other narrator really made me realise how good a narrator you are," Harry said.

Oh please, you should have realised it before.

"You're right, I should have. Anyway why are you a narrator? I bet you're really good looking," Harry said with disgust in his voice.

That's a good point. I've wasted my life. What should I do?

"Why should I tell you, you want us all dead," Harry said.

Ok ok, if you give me guidance I'll get you of this mess.

"Try auditioning for X Factor or something. Most of the voters do vote just for looks," Craig suggested.

The boy is right, X Factor is the answer. Right I'll get you out. The four fell into the water but it had already cooled down to a safe temperature.

"Hey, who put carrots in here?" Craig asked.

The present:

"Craig!" Morgan snapped.

Harry meanwhile was above them both, on land, looking through some of the puzzle items he had. He started using every one on the rope.

Craig cringed. "We ended up in this room filled with explosives, didn't we? Harry accidentally set them off after he fixed his phaser. The next thing I remember I was here," Craig replied.

"I thought it was still dead, ok," Harry said.

Morgan groaned, "after all that, you don't remember the part I wanted to know."

"Rescue him or not, he's dead," Harry commented. He went to use what looked like a weird fake chicken on the rope. "Oh, that's what she was talking about."

Suddenly the rope give way and the boys fell down into the hole. Morgan glanced around looking nervous. "Ok, I didn't see that one coming."

The pair then found themselves in a dark corridor. What one of them didn't know was that Buck was standing nearby, still in his tutu.

"Ow, I landed on my butt," Craig groaned.

"Oh yeah, well I landed with a view," Harry stuttered. Craig looked up to see what he was talking about. Of course it was Buck.

"So you escaped me again. Well not anymore. I have this!" Buck shouted as he pulled out a voodoo doll.

"Didn't Morgan have two of those. I was wondering where it disappeared to," Harry said.

"Really?" Craig bewilderedly asked him.

"Nah," Harry scoffed.

Buck stabbed the voodoo doll with a needle, he screamed like a girl when he did. He dropped the doll, it rolled over to the boys.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Craig asked.

"No, I never think of Morgan in that way," Harry replied.

"No I wasn't thinking of her," Craig muttered. He knelt down and he picked the doll up. He then started twisting and bending the doll, as he did this Buck did the same positions as the doll. Eventually he collapsed onto the ground. His arm fell off, then that dog from Harry & Craig's dream ran over and stole the arm.

"Aaarkk, come closer," Buck groaned.

"Not when you're wearing that tutu," Craig said.

"You don't understand, I'm your brother," Buck stuttered.

"Huh? I'm an only child," Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Damn it. Craig, I am your brother," Buck said.

"Nice try, I don't have one," Craig said.

"Let's go," Harry muttered. The two headed for the end of the corridor. They went out of some doors and they found themselves in a theme park.

"What the?" Craig stuttered.

"Morgan, I am your brother," they heard Buck say.

"Eeew, don't you mean sister!" Morgan's voice screamed.

Harry and Craig looked at each other in amusement as they heard a familiar thud. Just then Tani ran over to them.

"Guys, you came to rescue me?" she said with a sad sigh.

"Um, is that ok with you?" Craig raised his eyebrow.

Tani sighed, "well I was hoping for a hot guy to rescue me. Next time tell James to come for me."

"Oh don't worry," Harry grumbled. He then noticed his phaser's charge go to 100%. "I will."

THE END