

Episode 1.20

Escape From The Curse

Harry Kim's personal log: we're once again back to parodying Monkey Island even though I did bribe the writer with Cherry Coke. Doing that must have made her mood even worse, but anyway. Our shuttle has been travelling for days now, we have no idea where we are going but we had no idea where we were going to start with.

Morgan's personal log: I am really close to punching Harry in the face. He is really starting to get on my nerves. Everytime he says we're going to get attacked, we do. Why can't he say something like 'we are going to find our way back' or 'the episode has been cancelled'? Useless I tell ya, he's useless.

Tani's personal log, this is my first one so I have no idea what to do. I guess I could rant on about how small this shuttle is. I mean this shuttle is used for long missions so why doesn't it have bedrooms? I'm so sick of having to sleep on the floor, and it's really embarrassing to do other things too. Wait, how personal is this log?

Craig Anderson's personal log, everyone else is doing logs so I may as well too. I'm so sick of these parodies, if this is a Monkey Island parody why I haven't got my Elaine yet? All I got was a joke love scene with Tani, and she's still mad that Harry and I weren't hot enough to rescue her. I wonder if I...

The shuttle shook madly as lots of phaser fire hit them. "Damn it, why couldn't I finish my log!" Craig yelled.

"Oh please, it was the most boring of the lot," Tani groaned. "Oh and FYI, rescuing me puts you two boys on my hot list."

Craig's eyes widened, he glanced back at her just in time to see her wink at him.

Morgan, who was unfortunate enough to be sitting next to her at the back of the shuttle, shriveled her nose in disgust.

Meanwhile aboard the attacking ship:

"Fire!" Buck yelled.

The minions behind him shrugged as the ex drone pressed the fire button himself.

Buck then fiddled with the comm panel. "Voyager shuttle, I demand you let me talk to my dear Morgan, now!"

The shuttle:

"Wow he's polite. He's still a better catch than Craig though, go for it," Harry commented.

Morgan narrowed her eyes just as she stood behind him and Craig.

Craig reached over Harry's unconscious form to press a button to open a channel.

"How many times do I have to tell you Buck, you give me the creeps, so hell no!" Morgan snapped.

"So, you'll learn to love me. Beam over here and I'll make you an immortal Tolg like myself."

"I can't believe it, I'm so sorry, I'm staring at a wall tonight," Morgan said sarcastically. She pressed the fire button.

"Forget your wall woman, can't you see... ahem, hear that this poor old ex Tolg pines for your very gentle caress."

The shuttle shook again. "You know I don't think my dad would approve of me dating a dead guy," Morgan grunted, she pressed fire again. "You're probably a too nice a ballet dancer for me anyway." Once again she fired. "Let's just be friends instead." Yep you guessed it, she fired again.

"Aaaaarrrgghh, son of a..."

The shuttle shook again.

"There is something called evasive maneuvers, use em!" Harry yelled at Craig.

"Oh you're awake," Craig sighed. "We were evading fine while you lay on the helm controls."

Harry looked down at his station, "oh."

"Let's face it Buck, you're a weird, disgusting, annoying, tutu obsessed, dead little man, and that's not what I'm looking for in a relationship right... well ever," Morgan grumbled.

"You can tell this isn't her first time," Harry whispered, gesturing at Craig. He scowled at him while Tani giggled.

"Damn your riddles you stupid female, what do you mean?"

"Let's see. One, you're dead, which gives me the heebies. Two, the tutu. Three, you keep kidnapping my best friend. Four, you want to kill my other best friend. Five, the tutu," Morgan rambled.

"Aaaw, best friend," Craig sighed.

"Keep your eye on the shields, Craig!" Morgan snapped.

"Craig Anderson!?"

"Oops," Craig muttered.

Both he and Tani disappeared in a transporter beam. The others stared blankly at where they had disappeared.

"Hey, what's going on?" Harry asked.

Morgan slapped her own face with her hand, "he kidnapped Tani instead of me again, why?"

"I wouldn't complain," Harry muttered.

The Tolg ship:

"Aaah, Craig Anderson, Morgan my dearest. I don't know why you and my woman are always in teams together, but this is the last time," Buck said.

"Thank god he's not wearing that tutu again," Tani whispered. Craig nodded in agreement.

Buck turned to his ex Tolg minions. "Throw them in with our volunteer, he'll keep an eye on them until I feel up to killing them." Some of the minions took Craig and Tani away. "Now, prepare the voodoo torpedo."

"The what?" everyone asked.

"I made it up, duh! Get it invented now!" Buck yelled. Everyone groaned, they all went on their merry way.

PART 1: The Ship of Weeps

Tani and Craig were pushed into a weapons room. A guy was manning a phaser array.

"We have to get off this ship," Tani whispered.

Craig looked around, "what kind of idiot would put their prisoners in here?" He shuddered at the memory of the tutu. "Never mind. All we have to do is overpower the guards and use their transporters."

The phaser guy turned around, "quit planning to escape, you're ruining my concentration."

"Wait, you're that ship salesman. What are you doing here?" Craig asked.

"Ohno, hello Mr Anderson," the man muttered.

"How on earth did you get on this ship? The last time I saw you was on Scabbia," Craig asked.

"Well I was a bit teed off with that black haired guy for trying to shoot me, I wanted to get revenge," the salesman replied.

"Uh..." Craig muttered.

"Don't worry, no revenge on you Mr Anderson," the salesman said.

"Can you um, help us escape then?" Craig asked.

"Don't be stupid," the salesman replied. He pointed a gun at them.

"But... I thought you didn't hate us," Craig said.

"One more word and I'll blow your arses off!" the salesman yelled.

"You don't have the guts," Tani huffed.

"Oh I do," the salesman said. His hand started shaking.

"Really, go on then," Craig dared.

The salesman burst out crying, "you're right. I can't do it, I'm not a bad person."

"Uh, can you let us go then?" Craig asked.

"No, I hate you all!" the salesman cried. He went into the corner to cry more.

Craig sighed, "damn, and I thought this was supposed to be the easy tutorial puzzle."

The shuttle, a little while later:

Morgan was once again arguing with Buck over the commlink. Harry decided now would be the best time to nurse the bump on his head.

"What do you mean love, I have my bride already. Oops, gotta go. Wedding present is ready."

"Hey, don't you dare hang up on me!" Morgan yelled at the computer.

"I thought you wanted to get rid of him," Harry said.

"It's a matter of principle," Morgan sighed.

The enemy ship:

"The *voodoo* torpedo is ready, sir," a minion said.

Buck smiled evilly. "Now with the voodoo torpedo I will blast my girl's friends into another dimension. That'll show how much I care."

"Um, yes sir," the minion muttered. The others shrugged their shoulders.

There was a huge explosion nearby which caused the ship to shake violently. "My god that was a close one," Buck said.

"Sir the explosion has set off the torpedo but it hasn't been ejected. Do you know what this means?" a minion panicked.

"Uh... no," Buck replied.

"Yeesh, maybe I should be the main villain in these episodes," another minion muttered.

"It means we're going to die, again," the first minion said.

"Oh," Buck muttered.

The ship then exploded, a huge shockwave knocked the shuttle and it went flying. Of course it hurtled towards a nearby planet that wasn't there before. Debris and a few escape pods seemed to follow them.

Morgan and Harry were standing on a beach, staring at what was left of the shuttle. It then decided to sink into the sea.

The pair looked sadly ahead of them.

"Craig, Tani," Morgan quietly said.

"My phaser recharger," Harry whispered. Morgan gave him a deserved elbow in the ribs.

"They should be ok. The good guys don't die in the Monkey Island games," Morgan sighed.

Harry pulled a face, "why do I get the feeling that was an irony joke."

Tani tried her best not to cry, she squeezed her eyes shut. "Oh Craig, of course I won't let go."

Holding onto her hands was poor Craig, hanging off what looked like an escape pod sticking out of the water. Tani lay on the top of it.

"You'd better not, there's plenty of room on that thing!" he stuttered.

Tani casually shrugged despite holding onto Craig's full weight, "I thought we were having a moment, but whatever."

"Not a very original one, now help me up, please!" Craig yelled at her.

After a few bad attempts, Tani helped him up on top of the pod with her. He had enough room to sit and stretch his legs while Tani went back to lying down.

"When I asked for more romance scenes, I didn't mean joke ones with you," Craig commented to himself.

Tani huffed to herself, "well I'm the Elaine of the parodies, get used to it."

Craig shook his head desperately, "no, Morgan is the one Buck wants. He just, for some reason, keeps getting mixed up with you."

"Which makes me Elaine, yeesh," Tani grumbled. She sat back up, "now pucker up Craigbrush."

Craig's eyes widened, he had enough room to back off a bit. "No, they never kiss in any of the games!"

"Then why are you so desperate for Elaine scenes with Morgan?" Tani grumbled.

A familiar voice cleared her throat. The pair slowly looked to the side, noticing Morgan and Harry standing only a few metres away on the beach.

"Um, well... this is awkward," Craig mumbled.

"No, funny," Harry commented.

The pair quickly climbed off the pod to join the others on the beach.

"So, would someone kindly explain what happened?" Morgan asked.

"Nothing, she just keeps making comments," Craig stuttered.

Harry and Morgan both laughed behind their hands. Morgan lowered hers, "I mean Buck's ship."

"Oh," Craig turned bright red. "After we made the *guard* cry, we rigged the firing mechanism he was controlling. We ran for the escape pod, knowing he'd probably go back to firing it eventually."

"Buck imprisoned you in a weapons room? I hope the rest of the game is as easy as that," Harry commented.

Tani raised an eyebrow, "what game? Buck's gone, I'm still with you guys. All we have to do is wait for Voyager to find us."

Harry shook his head, "as if. Did you guys pick up any items, just in case?"

"Yeah, Harry's only got a few shots in him this episode," Morgan added on.

Craig pulled a face while he rummaged through his pockets. First out was a packet of red balloons. Second was a small blue box. Everyone gathered around as he went to open it. Inside it was a huge diamond ring.

"Somehow I think that thing will be unused, in our *inventory* for the whole game," Morgan muttered, not impressed.

Harry cringed, "would you stop saying stuff like that. It's like tempting fate!"

"Maybe I should have looked at what I was picking up," Craig cringed. "I was in a hurry..."

Tani grabbed the box off of him, "thanks Guycraig, you shouldn't have." The others stared blankly at her as she tried to put the ring on her hand. Eventually she found a finger that fit.

The blank stares turned into looks of despair as Tani's whole body changed into gold.

"Yes Craig, you shouldn't have!" Harry groaned.

All Craig could do was slump his shoulders in defeat.

PART 2: The Puzzles Get Worse

Harry, Craig and Morgan walked aimlessly around, looking for any sign of life. Even though it was daytime, the only town on the island was dead.

They eventually reached a small swamp, with a wrecked shuttle sitting in the middle of it.

"Are we sure we're still in the parodies? No items to pick up, nobody to talk to," Morgan questioned.

"You mean nobody for Harry to shoot," Craig muttered.

Harry decided to ignore him, "I don't know which is worse." Something hard hit him on the head, then bounced back into the air. "What the hell was that?"

The group looked up and they saw a skull lying trapped in a tree branch. "Gross!" Morgan complained.

"Who are you calling gross, puny mortal!" the skull yelled.

"Ok, this doesn't make any sense," Harry muttered.

"Yeah, how can that thing talk without... well, anything?" Craig asked.

"I dunno, you seem to be doing ok without a brain," the skull replied.

Harry rubbed the second lump on his head, "who are you, and where did you come from?"

"I am Murray an evil demonic guy, well skull. Ahem, your foe for this episode," the skull replied.

"Really, that's nice," Harry muttered.

"Please don't tell me you're the only liv... thing here," Morgan said.

"Some useless old woman lives in that old shuttle. She kept bugging our crew with dolls, and dead chickens," Murray replied.

"Great, why does that sound familiar?" Harry asked.

"It does?" Tani questioned.

"Oh right," Tani muttered.

"Ah ha! Once again I am not useless!" the voodoo lady yelled.

"Yeah but if you think about it, we don't actually need you. In the game talking to you triggers everything, but that's all part of computer programming. We once again, just steal from you," Harry said.

"No, I can be useful, I can help cure Tani," the voodoo lady said.

"Ok great, then I assume as soon as we rescue her, something else will happen to her," Harry groaned.

"What do you mean?" the voodoo lady asked.

"Well in the first parody she got kidnapped by Buck, in the second parody she was taken to Malain's own personal theme park. What's in store for the third and fourth?" Harry replied.

"And fifth," Craig meekly said.

Harry glared at him, "shhhh! This is the last episode, the last!"

"I'm afraid I cannot tell you," the voodoo lady said.

"Ok, seeya," Harry said. He turned to leave but the others didn't.

"Wait Harry, the sooner we found out what to do, the sooner we can move onto a different episode," Craig explained.

Harry sighed, "fine. How do we cure her."

"It's really very simple," the voodoo lady explained. The away team glared at her, clearly not buying it. "You only have to worry about her being stolen. Where did you hide her?"

The awayteam stared at each other.

The trio now stood on the beach, watching an old sailing ship sail away. Once it went out of sight around the island, Craig finally said, "shoot."

"Now you tell me," Harry muttered.

"Ah ha, back for more, ey?" the voodoo lady cackled.

"I will choke her," Morgan grumbled.

Craig quickly put his hand out in front of her, calming her down instantly. "Maybe you could help get that skull down."

"Yeah, down," Morgan giggled, she ran out.

Harry frowned at his teammate, "what did you give her?" He then noticed his phaser pocket was empty. "Ugh, you fool. How else are we going to solve the puzzles!?"

"Ahem!" the voodoo lady cleared her throat. "Unless your phaser is made of gold, it will not help you."

Harry scoffed, "yeah sure, like getting what we need is the only thing we need to pick up. Next time Craig's carrying the dog."

Craig smirked slightly, "if it wasn't for me, you wouldn't have needed it." Harry just growled at him. "Oh hey, at least you didn't wear pink."

"Helloooooo!" the voodoo lady yelled.

"Oh right, that's the same as carrying around a ten stone dog," Harry muttered.

"You wanted to take it with you," Craig said.

"No, I wanted to shoot it. I thought it was a puzzle rehash of the first game's mansion dogs," Harry complained.

Outside they heard a phaser shot, followed by a splash. "Puny human, you will pay for your insolence. Bow before me!" the skull's voice snapped. "Mwaheheheheheheh." They heard another splash, which was much louder than the last one.

"Do you want to know the solution or not?" the voodoo lady snapped.

"Why would it be, it was sleeping before you got there," Craig groaned.

"Why else was there a dog outside a mansion?" Harry snapped. "You asked me to collect everything!"

"Will you two stop your bickering before Tani is made into a gold ring herself!" the voodoo lady snapped.

The two stared at her. "Gold ring, you say?" Harry said.

"With a large diamond; just like the one that cursed her. It's what I've been trying to tell you for five minutes," the voodoo lady said.

"Ok, ok. Is it on this island? How many puzzles and items do we need?" Harry said flatly.

"No," the voodoo lady replied. The boys groaned. "And a lot. You'll need to charter a ship, find a crew who can run it, and get Tani back. Oh and find a map."

Harry looked like he was going to cry. "I'm going to go get my phaser back." He walked out, sulking.

"You didn't mention the millions of things we'd have to do once we got to said island," Craig said. "Right?"

"Right. We don't want him shooting himself with it, do we," the voodoo lady answered with a sly smile.

"Ok, give me the scoop. What island?" Craig asked.

Outside Harry was standing around, sulking with his arms folded. Morgan stood next to him, every few seconds waving his phaser in his face.

Craig stepped out of the hut looking a little deflated. "Well, I think to save us time and sanity, we divide up the tasks."

"Craig, Craig. Don't you know the game by now? One person can't take on one of the tasks, cos they always mix up the items you need for the puzzles," Harry grumbled.

"All right, we'll meet up every half hour and exchange stuff," Craig sighed. "We do have four things to do, so maybe we'll just worry about the ship until after, huh?"

"Do we really need to hire some idiots to pilot the ship? It can't be harder than a shuttle, and it's not like sailing ships can crash into other planets," Harry said.

Morgan groaned, "god, you two need to lighten up."

"Hey, you were barely in the first game. Wait till you've got two games on your belt, then we'll see who's happy," Harry said.

"I don't wear belts," Morgan said. "It's not as bad as you think. We just take over the ship that nicked her in the first place. That's three problems in one."

"I like the way she thinks," Harry said.

"Ok. You look for the map," Craig said.

Harry sighed, "you're just lumbering me with the map so you can be alone with her."

"Nah, maps usually need to be bought or stolen. This is a job for the phaser," Craig said. Morgan waved the phaser in front of her, Harry pointed at her. "He should have it. We'll need someone strong enough to carry Tani, if she's been sold or something."

Morgan rolled her eyes, "god, fine!" She threw the phaser at Harry, it smacked him in the nose. He fell butt first into the swamp, nursing what was left of it. "If she's on the ship, can I at least beat up the crew?"

"Someone should," Craig replied.

"Good. What are you going to do?" Morgan asked.

"Just in case, item collecting for when you guys get stuck. Harry just shoots everything," Craig replied.

"So the easy stuff, typical," Morgan huffed. She headed off the screen, or out of the swamp, kicking water.

Harry climbed up, pinching his nose to stop the bleeding. "She's never played these games, has she?" he nasally said. He walked off too.

With a plaster on his nose, Harry Kim arrived at the beach. Lucky for his sore nose, he was in the shaded area. Nearby there was a man standing behind a little hotdog stall.

"Map?" Harry asked him flatly.

"Uh no. There is a guy on the beach with a tattoo though," the man replied.

Harry shook his head. Without another word he headed for the less shaded part. Before he reached the wooden fenced gate leading to it, the man rushed in front of him.

"No, members only!"

Harry reached for his phaser.

"If you had a card, I'd let you in."

He clutched the phaser in his hands.

"Even if it had the wrong name on it."

His finger hovered over the fire button.

"It's a really easy puzzle, honest," the man stuttered.

"Do I have to do anything else to get the map?" Harry asked.

The man sighed in relief. "No," he lied.

"Great, so can I sign up?"

"No," the man replied.

Harry's eyes narrowed. "If you tell me I can't get this item unless I'm working on the statue, ship or crew puzzles, I'll put this on the painful tickle mode first and work my way up."

The man swallowed the lump in his throat.

Morgan stood around the edge of the woods, doing the Janeway trademark hands on hips. "Oh come on. I can see the ship on the island map. Why can't I go there?" She tried to work her way through the trees, but the huge branches pushed her back. "Ugh, I need something sharp. I hope Craig hasn't gotten it first."

Craig strolled into what looked like a hairdressers. The four men inside stopped what they were doing to stare at him briefly.

"Maybe I should item collect first," he said to himself. The first thing to catch his eye was the huge pair of scissors imbedded in the ceiling. "Hmm."

One hour later Craig, sporting a really bad bowl cut, walked out holding the scissors. "Besides my wrists, what am I supposed to cut?" he wondered.

He wandered the town until he reached what looked like a KFC drive through. Nearby it was what looked like a path, cluttered up with weeds and branches. He looked at the scissors, then back at the path. "Nah, can't be that easy."

Another hour later, the path was clear. Nursing an awful cramp in his hand, Craig decided to have a look down the path.

He reached a clearing on top of a hill. In the distance he could see the ship that kidnapped Tani. "This isn't even a challenge," he commented. Just as he said that he spotted a card lying on the ground. Once he picked it up a shadow cast over him.

"Beach Club Membership," he read. With a smile he pocketed it. Next thing he knew the shadow's owner leapt out of the trees, gunning right for him. Everything turned black. "Damn."

Harry strolled into the shop with the KFC sign on it. A short alien man sporting a huge moustache skipped in from the kitchen.

"Do ya have a reservation?"

"Why yes, yes I do," Harry slyly said, reaching for his phaser.

The man snatched it from him before he could fully raise it. "Why thank ya, I've been fancying a sweet treat for a while." Harry looked horrified as the strange man tried to eat it.

"Um..." Harry cringed as he heard a nasty crack.

The man threw the phaser over his shoulder, then began to nurse what looked like a cracked gold tooth. "So, do ya have a reservation?"

Harry walked out of the KFC with a scowl on his face, and his eyes narrowed. "Oh, it's on."

He then noticed the new path Craig had made earlier, only then he heard a familiar whimpering sound.

Meanwhile Morgan and one of the hairdressers were standing on a small green field. Both of them stood next to a huge bit of wood. The man grunted as he tried to lift it, then push it down the field.

"Now then lassy, care to quit now and spare..." he gloated. His eyes widened as Morgan lifted hers up into the air.

Harry stood, barely containing his laughter, in front of a giant green snake. It seemed satisfied despite its middle section being oddly Craig shaped.

"What are you waiting for, shoot it or something!" Craig's muffled voice stuttered.

"I'd love to, but..." Harry smirked, then he remembered he wasn't much better off. "My phaser was eaten."

"You know, I'd believe anything right now," Craig mumbled.

Harry sighed, "all right. We just got to find a way to make it spit you out."

"I don't like where this is going," Craig muttered.

"Ugh, we wouldn't be in this mess at all if it wasn't for you, and that ring. Now, hurry up and solve that snake puzzle, I need that beach club membership," Harry grunted at him.

"I thought you were going to help me," Craig whined.

Harry shrugged, "I only had one item in my inventory, you're on your own." He walked off.

Craig sighed to himself, the snake did the same. It decided to munch on something in the bushes nearby.

Suddenly a huge chunk of wood fell out of the sky and walloped the unfortunate snake on the head. It did not look very well afterwards.

"My god, I've never seen such strength!" the hairdresser bellowed. "That must have been that rubber tree, ey lassie. You're a clever girl."

Morgan looked at him with a frown on her face. "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard, in twenty minutes."

The hairdresser's eyes managed to widen further.

"Now, remind me why we had to do that *puzzle* again," Morgan said.

"To get me to join your crew," the hairdresser replied.

Morgan stared blankly at him for a minute, then stamped her foot. "Why didn't you tell me that before? God!" She stormed off. "Waste of bloody time," she muttered.

Harry marched back to where Craig and the snake was, muttering angrily to himself. "Ok, I went everywhere and all I got for my trouble was a bottomless cup of nothingade." He shook his fist, "when I get my phaser back."

He then realised he was only talking to the snake, which looked a lot paler and had a huge bump on its head.

"Ohno, Craig," Harry stuttered. He glared at the snake. "How could you! I needed that beach club card!"

The snake replied with a sickly burp, which made it spit out a card. Harry grimaced at first but took it anyway.

"That's better," he said, ignoring the slime on it. His fuse ran out as he read it, it wasn't his beach club membership.

Meanwhile on the other side of the island:

The sailing ship was floating right near the cold shadowed beach. Craig was walking along it, kicking sand angrily as he did. "It's always my fault, it's never his fault. I'm the only one playing the games properly," he grumbled. "What do I get for my trouble? Shot, made to wear a dress, eaten and barfed up by a snake. Screw this."

He looked up and he saw the ship. Right away he spotted a plank hanging off the side of the ship.

"I remember this. I have to get rid of the plank, can't remember why but I have to do that," Craig said to himself. He pulled out his own phaser, that for some odd reason he didn't mention having before. He aimed it at the plank, it fired.

A small scream made him jump, a monkey like creature fell off the side and went into the water. "Ooops," Craig muttered. He fired again, this time he got the plank and it fell into the water. Then he climbed up into the ship.

The deck was empty, but he heard voices coming from behind one of the doors. He went to hide but the door opened to reveal a weird looking guy.

"Hey, who are you?" the guy asked.

"Craig, I'm just here to steal your ship," Craig replied.

"Really? There's only one of you," the guy said.

"There's only one of you as well," Craig said.

"Well I'd better ask my captain what should be done with you," the guy said. He looked behind him, and turned back. "How do you know the plank was destroyed sir, you're all the way in there? Oh well, there's only one punishment, tar and feathers," the guy said.

"Um, does it hurt?" Craig asked.

"No not really," the guy replied.

The KFC owner skipped out of the kitchen, exactly the same way as he did before. "Do ya have a reservation?"

Harry stood at the doorway, smiling deviously.

Morgan walked into a large building, which turned out to be a theatre. She didn't notice this until she strolled onto the stage.

On the stage was some really fat guy, and an even fatter guy with a beard in a pink dress.

The traumatised girl quickly turned back around, when she did she tripped over some prop. She saw something gold underneath it. "Well that was easy."

Halfway out the door Morgan bumped into somebody. "Uhoh." She dropped the statue, "I was just moving it, really."

To her shock the guy she bumped into was covered in feathers. He just shrugged and got out of the way.

"Oookay. This is some weird ass play, that's for sure," Morgan muttered to herself, as she dragged the Tani statue outside.

"Phew," Craig's voice sighed in relief.

Meanwhile Harry picked up his phaser, and a few other things off the shelf nearby. Only then he noticed the only table in the restaurant was taken by a skeleton, sitting in front of an incredibly fried looking chicken.

He shook his head and headed for the exit.

"Hold it!" the short man snapped.

Harry jumped, "what, really? Adventure games are all about the stealing, but fine." He handed a big cup over to the man.

"Nay, have you seen my gold tooth?" the man said.

Harry stared blankly at the man, who's gold tooth did look smaller than before. He glanced briefly at the phaser, which now was the proud owner of the rest of the tooth.

"Did you try to eat this, again?"

"Aye."

"Why?"

"I was hungry."

Harry looked back at the fried chicken, then the pile of biscuits nearby that shared the basket with something wriggly. "I can't think how."

"I know," the man laughed. "Now give it here."

Harry sighed, he tried to pull the tooth out but with no luck. "Which asshole decided to play this game in Hard Mode?" The man snatched the phaser back.

Just then Feathered Craig wandered in, followed by an awkward silence.

"Oh my god, it's a giant chicken!" the man screeched.

"Uh..." Craig muttered.

The guy dropped the phaser and pulled out a big pan. He smacked him over the head. Poor Craig landed in a large bucket that decided to be there, just for this scene. He just so happened to also drop the club card.

Harry used this distraction to snatch the phaser and the card, then run for it.

Craig woke up, still inside the bucket but with less of the feathers. He appeared to be inside the ship with the weird looking guy, and a big chimp thing.

"Ok, why would I end up here?" Craig asked himself.

"Yes Captain Chimp, I will take care of it now," the guy said.

"Hmm," Craig muttered. He cleared his throat. "Hey Captain, I see an iceberg."

The weird guy screamed, "we're doomed!" He ran out.

The chimp looked confused, it jumped out of the window nearby Craig. "We're not even moving. Oh well, at least I got a ship."

"No! You have a membership. No, I cannot let you in," the beach club guy stuttered.

Harry's eyes glanced to the right, eyeing the towels and bucket of water nearby.

Meanwhile Morgan had managed to get onto the beach. The only other occupant was a very pale alien man, lying on a towel.

"So er... you're not here to be recruited are you?" Morgan questioned.

The man sat up slightly, "nah babe. I'm just here for the sun."

"Babe?" Morgan's eye twitched.

The pair frowned at the sound of a man screaming. Morgan only looked over just in time to see the club guy running from Harry's phaser fire.

"Shocker," she muttered. "Ok, we got a ship, we got Tani... so er, got a map?"

"No babe. I've just got an awesome tat," the sunbather replied.

Morgan pulled a face, "where?"

"My back babe," he replied.

"Can I see it?" Morgan asked.

"Nah babe, I'm not turning over till I get a tan," babe guy replied.

Morgan narrowed her eyes, "firstly, why tell me about it and not show it. Secondly..." She raised her foot over his hand. "Call me babe again..."

Harry ran over, sweating and breathing heavily. "Good god, that beach is hot, even with these boots on." He then noticed Morgan. "How, how did you get here without a membership?"

Morgan looked confused, she pointed at a gate nearby leading to the path. Harry's face turned very red, his fists clenched.

"You really should stand in the shade," Morgan commented.

"Yeah babe, you're in my sun," babe guy complained in Harry's direction.

"Do you just call everyone that?" Morgan muttered.

"Call everyone what, babe?" babe guy replied.

Harry huffed to himself, "ok, after all that, what's the point of this place?"

"Do you know the way to Brood Island?" Morgan asked the sunbather.

"Nah babe, never heard of it," he answered.

"But that guy in the hairdressers said you did, and you even had a map. God!" Morgan complained.

"Just a tat, babe," babe guy said.

Inspiration struck Harry, "ah ha, can we see it?"

"No," Morgan and babe guy replied.

"He wants to get a tan on his front first," Morgan whined.

Harry got an idea, Morgan looked at him as if she knew, shaking her head.

"You know babes, I'm parched... you two should get me a drink," babe man said.

Harry and Morgan looked at each other.

PART 3: Part What, Babe?

Craig, Morgan and Harry stood on the deck of the ship, updating each other about what they'd been up to.

"So what did you do? Use the bottomless cup that kid ripped you off with, and pour a red drink on him?" Craig interrogated them. The pair were about to laugh when he laughed first. "Had you guys going, didn't I?"

Harry shrugged, "well to be fair, we did rock paper scissors to choose between the phaser, and kicking him."

"And?" Craig questioned.

A man groaned from the floor, "aaw babe. Why?"

"Kicking," Craig sighed.

Harry smiled at his phaser, "no, he just likes that word."

Morgan nodded her head, "ok, so now what?"

"Ok, we'll set out for Brood Island just as soon as the map turns around," Harry said.

"I ain't turning around for no one babe," the babe guy said.

"Now can I have my turn?" Morgan asked.

"I'll turn babe," the babe guy said. He turned around, everyone looked at the map.

"Ok we're stumped," Harry said.

"Huh, why?" Morgan asked.

"We don't know where we are to start with," Harry replied.

"We're there babe," the babe guy said as he pointed his finger at his back.

"Wow, he must know that map off by heart," Morgan said.

"Either that or he's just pointed at the wrong place cos he can't reach the right place," Craig said.

"No babe, I know this map like the back of my hand," the babe guy said.

"Ookay, can we give you a name. The babe guy is starting to get annoying," Harry said.

"Ok babe, call me Lukikiatarin," the babe guy said.

Everyone stared blankly at him. "How about we just call you Luki?" Morgan said.

"That's fine with me babe," Luki said.

"Ok would you stop calling her that," Craig said.

"Ok babe," Luki said.

"He calls everyone that," Harry said.

"Well I never," Craig muttered.

"Um who's driving the ship?" Morgan asked.

"Luki can, he knows the map better than we can understand it after all," Harry replied.

"Right babe," Luki said. He went over to the wheel.

"Oh Morgan, we're going to be travelling for a while, so I was just wondering..." Craig said.

"Is that another ship?" Harry asked.

"Wondering what?" Morgan asked.

"I was wondering if you er... want to hang out... later," Craig stuttered.

"Hey they're following us," Harry stuttered.

"We're already hanging out," Morgan said in confusion.

Craig looked nervous, "I mean without Harry."

"Crap, they're firing something at us!" Harry yelled. The ship shook a couple of times.

"Yeah ok," Morgan shrugged.

"They're boarding us, guys help me out here!" Harry yelled as some guys jumped onto the deck.

"We could make a new holodeck program," Craig said. "There's never anything good."

Some big bald guy came onto the deck, he pointed a sword at Harry's face. "Give me the map to Brood Island."

"No way," Harry defiantly said, whilst reaching for his phaser.

"What kind of holodeck program?" Morgan asked.

The attacker knocked the phaser out of his hands with the sword. "Would you rather have a sword in your eye?"

"Ok fine, that's the guy with the map," Harry stuttered as he pointed at Luki. He wandered over.

"What's up babe?" Luki asked.

"Anything you want," Craig replied to Morgan.

"You're the map?" the guy muttered.

"Yeah babe," Luki said.

"Ok you can keep him, see ya," the guy said. He rushed back onto his ship, the others followed. The ship sailed away.

"Ok, sounds good," Morgan said.

"That was sure weird," Harry muttered.

"No it wasn't babe. He's an old school mate of mine," Luki said.

"Ok so it's settled. Let's find out what Harry was yelling about," Craig said. He and Morgan turned to Craig and Luki. "What did we miss?"

Harry groaned, "oh, nothing. Nothing I needed help with."

Luki seemed confused. "You missed a rousing battle, babes."

Harry pulled a face at the strange man. "It was hardly rousing. Or a battle either!"

"Aye babe," Luki commented. "It reminds me of a song."

Right on cue some music started playing. Before Luki could open his mouth again, Harry fired the phaser at him. "Orange."

Craig seemed a little disappointed, "trust you to skip the best puzzle in the game."

"Uh what's that?" Morgan asked nervously.

"What's what?" Harry asked.

"That," Morgan replied as she pointed at a large island in front of them.

"Oh that's Brood Island babe," Luki groaned from the floor.

"Why was that guy looking for a map when the island was in front of him?" Harry asked.

"He was the dumbest guy in the class babe," Luki replied.

"That's really nice, can you slow us down so we don't crash?" Craig stuttered.

"Nah babe," Luki sighed, gesturing to his new phaser wound.

Craig and Morgan turned to glare at Harry.

The ship made an almighty bang when it ran out of water to sail through.

PART 4: No Weddings & A Funeral

"Ok, this parody is really dragging," Harry said.

"No it's not, we're only half way through," Craig said.

"As I was saying. We need to find that diamond ring, so let's ask around," Harry said.

"If you do your maths, this episode will be bigger than the previous parodies if we keep going like this, Craig," Morgan said.

"Not necessarily. Each parts are different lengths," Craig said.

"Oh shut up. Let's go and ask around," Harry said.

"Right babe," Luki said.

"Do we really need him still?" Harry asked.

"Yep, we need to find our way back to fix the shuttle," Craig replied.

"Damn," Harry muttered.

The nearby hotel:

The gang were busy talking to a bartender. "It's a sad tale in my family's history that," the bartender said.

"Ugh, we need a fast forward button," Harry said.

"Here babe," Luki said. He handed Harry a remote. He pressed fast forward. He pressed play after a while.

"Her fiancée stole the diamond off the ring, and sold it to smugglers on Bunny Island," the bartender said.

"Bunny Island?" Morgan sniggered.

"Yes indeed. Anyway my great aunt died of a broken heart not long afterwards. Some say she haunts the family crypt," the bartender said.

"You can't die of a broken heart, bozo," Craig said.

"Are you starting boy?" the bartender asked angrily.

"No sir," Craig stuttered.

"So how would we be able to get a hold of the engagement band?" Harry asked.

"You'd have to die, of course," the bartender replied.

"Hang on, where is Bunny Island?" Craig asked.

"That's the neighbouring island. You can see it from that window," the bartender replied.

Everyone turned to the window, they saw a small island in the distance.

"How do we get there?" Harry asked.

"Get a boat there of course, how hard can it be, yeesh," the bartender replied. He turned around and started to wash some glasses.

"If there's another puzzle to solve to get the ship I will scream," Harry muttered.

A little while later:

The bartender jumped a mile as an ear piercing scream went around the entire island.

Meanwhile, on the shore:

"Harry!" Morgan yelled.

"Oh sorry," Harry muttered.

"Just be glad I'm here. It was damned foggy today," a hooded man grunted.

"It's ok Harry, we only need some cash to pay him," Craig said.

"We don't have any," Harry said.

"I won't go back out there without a compass. You're out of luck," the hooded man said.

"Why don't these characters just say *please shoot me Harry*. It'd be a huge time saver," Harry grumbled.

Craig shook his head, "maybe we should split up again."

"Yes, 'cos that made things so much easier the last time," Morgan said.

The Graveyard:

Craig and Morgan stopped in front of a crypt, he read the name on the door. "Ah ha, this is it. The ring itself should be here."

"Mmm hmm," Morgan mumbled. She looked a little freaked out.

"Ok. You wait here, and I'll go pretend to be a relative to that bar guy, then play dead," Craig said. He turned to face her, "Once I'm in, you'll have to break me out..."

"Or..." Morgan groaned. She kicked the door down.

Craig looked nervous, "um, that was my plan B."

Meanwhile back at the hotel, Harry walked into a back room. He spotted a fridge in the corner, and to his relief it had something he could pick up.

Back at the harbour, the sailor stared at the contents of Harry's hand.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"This is your payment. Let's go," Harry grumbled.

"This is a fridge magnet," the sailor raised his eyebrow.

"Yes, it should point you north," Harry said as he was already climbing into the boat.

The sailor shook his head, "this is a fridge magnet!"

"You have no imagination," Harry muttered.

"Sounds like that's your issue, not mine," the sailor sighed. He got a phaser poking into his back. "Do you really want us to get lost in this fog?"

Harry's blank face stared straight ahead, the fog the man was talking about settled thinly on the sea. He could clearly see the island, not only that he could see the few people that were on it.

"I'll take that chance," Harry grumbled.

"I dunno babe, I don't think you'll make it," Luki muttered.

"That's why we have a nameless character and a guest star. Hop in!" Harry snapped.

Luki stared at the tiny rowboat Harry and his navigator was in. Morgan arrived, still looking freaked out.

"Did you find it?" she asked.

"More or less," Harry replied. "Where's Craig?"

Morgan shuddered, "I let him take care of the grave robbing. It's not my style."

Harry sighed, "how's regular robbing for you?"

Somehow the four of them managed to fit on the tiny rowboat, and get to the infamous Bunny Island.

"Ooh, doesn't this island look so evil?" the boat guy said.

"Was anyone else expecting there to be a sign saying something like; *Keep Out Damien*, or is just me?" Harry questioned.

Morgan shook her head, "why would they need to do that? It looks more like a duck to me."

"Er anyway, the smugglers cave is half way down the cliff face. A lift at the top will probably help you get down there," the boat guy said.

The top of the cliff:

"Sure I'll take you down, you know this is my first time," some little boy said.

"Make Harry go first," everyone but Harry said.

"Hey," Harry moaned. Morgan pushed him onto the lift, the little boy turned a lever and he disappeared. All you could hear was screaming.

"Did he make it?" the boy asked.

Morgan looked over the side, "no. He landed on the boat." She shrugged, then pushed Luki onto the lift next, once again all you could hear was screaming.

"Aaarrrrrgghhhh baaaabbeee!" he screamed.

"He landed on the boat," Morgan sighed. "What am I doing wrong?"

"Third time lucky," the little boy said.

"Uh, yeah..." Morgan muttered. She pushed herself onto the lift. Lucky for her she didn't fall off, instead landing outside the cave safely. "Hmm, those two must be too fat." She walked into the cave.

"Ah we have an unwelcome guest. What can we do for you young lady?" some bald guy asked.

Morgan looked around the whole room, there was lots of gold stuff there. "Uh, there's only you and me here. Why did you say we?"

"I was talking about all my friends here," the bald guy said.

"Uh huh, I'm looking for a diamond," Morgan said.

"I have plenty of those, what size?" the bald guy asked.

"The biggest," Morgan replied.

"I'm afraid we cannot give that one away," the bald guy said.

"I could pay you," Morgan said.

"I'm afraid you don't look like the kind of person who'd have lots of money," the bald guy said.

Morgan grew a sneaky smile on her face. "Hmm."

Meanwhile, in the family crypt:

Craig stood there, his mouth wide open and his finger pointing in front of him.

"Gosh, you're a cute little grave robber, aren't ya?" a very, very pale woman giggled.

"Uh..." Craig could only say.

"Oh how I wish I could leave this crypt," she sighed to herself.

Craig tried to shake it off. "Um, you can't? Can't you go through the wall?"

The woman giggled, "my soul is tied to this place until I find my one true love."

"You're trapped in a family crypt," Craig muttered.

"Yes."

"Gross and creepy, nice," Craig commented.

"But you, I could eat you all up," the woman giggled again. Craig's eyes widened again. "I always wanted an exciting, dangerous man. Someone like, a pirate."

Craig went into flashback mode, his eyes were still in a terrified one though.

Tuvok looked up from his computer. "I think with your... skills, you should join Security."

Craig's face lit up, "oh cool. Wait, why did you pause before skills?"

"So!" the woman interrupted his flashback. "What do you do for a living?"

"Um... delivery boy," Craig quickly replied.

Bunny Island:

"Well?" Harry questioned as he saw Morgan walking towards them.

"I did it," she replied.

"How?" Harry asked.

Morgan shrugged, "I paid him."

"With what?" Harry asked, getting even more impatient.

"Well he likes gold, so I gave him some," Morgan replied.

Harry looked confused, "we didn't have any..." His face went deadly pale. "You didn't!"

Morgan smiled evilly, "oh but I did."

His first instinct was to reach for his phaser but as he expected, it was gone.

"Maybe you should have took the gold tooth out, it was a bit icky," Morgan smiled sweetly.

Harry groaned into his hand, "you could have! We may have needed that."

"Relax, Craig has one," Morgan laughed. She joined them back in the boat. "Let's go." Harry could only grumble to himself.

Meanwhile on another Tolg ship:

Somehow Buck was still alive, if you call it alive, and he was surrounded by other ex Tolgs. "Have you found them yet?"

"Yes we have, yes we have," a hyper Tolg guy replied.

"Did you capture them?" Buck asked.

"Yes we did, yes we did," the hyper guy replied.

"Then where are they!?" Buck yelled.

"Uh... oh crap!" the hyper guy said.

"You let them escape!?" Buck yelled.

"No, we forgot to capture them," the hyper guy said. Buck threw a plate at the hyper guy, it cut his head off really easily.

"Um sir, he was the only one who knew where Morgan was," another Tolg said.

"Oh screw it, I give up for this episode. Just make sure I'm in a lot in the next one," Buck said angrily.

"Uh, sir!"

"What now?" Buck complained.

"You'd better come and look at this," the Tolg drone said.

Brood Island:

Harry, Morgan, Craig and Luki were onboard the damaged ship, nearby Tani. Harry and Morgan were doing their best to not laugh, but failing quite well at it.

"So, last time Morgan saw you, you were raiding a crypt," Harry sniggered. "Dare we ask?" He burst out laughing.

Craig stood there with his arms folded, his eyes still very wide. Only now his face was covered in lipstick marks. "Hey, I didn't realise that she'd find delivery boy a more exciting job than Security or piracy!"

The rest of the group stared between each other, they didn't get it but laughed anyway.

"Ugh, I hate you guys," Craig huffed. Harry laughed even harder. "Ok, just him."

"Did you have time to get the ring band?" Morgan asked him.

"What do you mean *have time*, that's what I was doing," Craig stuttered. Morgan raised an eyebrow while Harry was stuck in a laughing fit. "The ghost had it on, ok. You guys suck."

Morgan got out the diamond, "never mind. Let's get this over with." She put it against the Tani statue. There was a blinding flash of light, afterwards she was back to normal like nothing ever happened. Suddenly the ring turned into dust.

"Huh, what's going on?" she asked.

"Just give her the actual game and let's get out of here," Harry replied.

"We can't, the ship's broken..." Craig said.

"Voyager to awayteam. We thought we'd conveniently come back for you now."

"What were we originally supposed to be doing on that mission anyway?" Harry asked.

"Do you want us to answer that or get rescued?"

"Get rescued," the entire team replied.

"Better."

The group, minus Luki, disappeared in the usual transporter beam. It distorted at the last second.

Buck's Ship:

They reappeared in a different transporter beam. As soon as they did, a group of men grabbed Morgan. Disgusted she swung an arm so one of them went flying into the ground.

"No you fools, get my dear Morgan!" Buck snapped.

The men looked confused, the awayteam just stared at him in deadpan. The men grabbed Tani instead and dragged her towards Buck.

"Damn it, this joke's getting old," she complained.

"Set a course for Malain!" Buck cackled.

"Ah ha, we're lightyears away. This'll be no problem to sort out," Craig smiled.

"Activating trans-warp," the helmsman said.

"Damn!"

"Should we throw them in the brig... oh sorry, weapons room?" a minion asked the mad Captain.

"No, I've got to taunt them by telling them of all my plans, and all I've done so far first," Buck laughed. The minions looked worried.

Harry winced, then looked over to Craig who obviously was the only one with a phaser.

Many hours later

"... Then I bumped my ship into his, causing him to fall into the whirlp... er wormhole."

The awayteam were sitting crosslegged on the floor, looking bored to tears. Tani meanwhile had been tied up to a beam nearby.

"That's ridiculous. We're in space, that wouldn't happen," Harry grumbled. The team glared at him.

Tani wriggled in the ropes, "can we hurry this along, my nose is itchy."

Many more hours later

"... And after that I was attacked by an army of shuttles."

One minute later

"Then I found out he was there after all, only he was one of the minions. What a twist, huh?" Buck finished finally. He cackled to himself. "Any questions?"

All he got was a lot of blank stares from the team and his own crew.

"Many," Harry muttered.

"Ah, my scheme was way too confusing for ye?" Buck smiled.

"That's one way of putting it," Craig commented. He glanced to Morgan. "Did we swap game parodies?"

"God I hope so. If it's the game I'm thinking of, there will be a lot less puzzles to solve," Harry sighed.

Morgan rolled her eyes, "am I the only one wondering how he managed to tell that whole story in a minute?"

"What are ye talking about, swapping game parodies?" Buck grumbled. "Gah, just dump them on the planet somewhere."

PART 5: Oh, it isn't over?

Harry, Craig and Morgan couldn't believe their eyes. Well maybe they could, considering who had beamed them here. They appeared to be in the theme park they reached in the last game. Only this time identical people were walking around.

"I really hope Buck didn't join us cos he was putting on the tutu," Craig stuttered.

Harry shook his head. He snatched the phaser off of Craig's belt. "Ok, Buck forgot to turn us into kids. All we need to do then is rescue Tani, and/or kill Buck again."

"You can't shoot him, he's dead," Craig commented. Harry smiled. "You can't shoot Tani either." His smile faded.

"You guys know something I don't? We don't even know where he and Tani are," Morgan said with a heavy sigh at the end.

"He wanted to marry her, or you rather," Harry thought aloud. "They wouldn't have a wedding finale again, would they?"

"Maybe he took her to the Delta's version of Vegas to elope," Craig suggested.

Morgan groaned. She walked off.

"That's stupid, you're..." Harry muttered.

Craig groaned, "I know, stupid. Look, we need to look around here, gather items and stuff. Then we'll have an idea what to do."

"Oh come on! This last part of the game was rushed, we're not going to get an ending that makes sense," Harry said.

"You have no idea what you've just said, do you?" Craig sniggered.

Harry frowned, then he got it. "Oh right, business as usual then."

"So... er, item collecting?" Craig said slowly. Harry raised his phaser. He was about to fire at the icecream vendor when Morgan appeared back on the screen, er scene. She smacked him across the head with a large paperback book. He of course fell to the ground with a thud. Craig recognised the cover of the book. "Curse of Monkey Island, Strategy Guide. How do we keep finding these? They don't exist."

Morgan shrugged in response, then took a peep into the guide. "We need to find a big assed roller coaster."

"Why?" Craig asked with a frown.

Meanwhile:

Buck sat at a computer, cackling away as he clicked the mouse. Tani stood nearby, for some reason freed from her ropes. "Soon my love, you and I shall start our eternal marital bliss, on this!" He gestured at the screen.

Tani squinted at the screen. On it was just the old 2D Roller Coaster Tycoon game, focused on a roller coaster that went underground.

"Um, what?" She then noticed a carriage of computer people go through the tunnel. A red message saying *Roller Coaster 1 has crashed* appeared at the bottom of the screen. "You suck at this game."

Buck laughed again. "Oh, its not a game." He dragged her towards an entrance to a ride. Tani then recognised what ride it was. "Ladies first." She looked up as a real carriage on the roller coaster disappeared into a tunnel inside a giant monkey head. She cringed at the screams.

"Um, actually, can I pop to the bathroom first?" Tani stuttered. Buck frowned at her. "I don't want to *need* to go when I die, catch my drift?"

"Oh of course. I'll wait here for you, my dear," Buck smiled. He then tried to squeeze into the carriage, failing miserably. "Take your time."

Tani quickly rushed off, "oh I will."

Harry, Craig and Morgan were now underground next to a coaster track. What they were standing in seemed to be a cardboard showcase of scenes from Monkey Island, or rather the parodies. The one they were in showed a cardboard Harry pointing a phaser at the terrified cannibals from the first game.

"That's the stupidest final puzzle I've ever heard in my life," Harry muttered.

Morgan clenched her teeth and pulled a face. "I'd better not show you the fourth game's guide then." She chucked a second book to the side. It conveniently landed in an empty carriage that just slowed down nearby. Harry's eyes widened.

"So... we better get the bomb items then," Craig said. Morgan nodded.

Harry looked at them, then the carriage. He ran and jumped into it, head first. The carriage then started to speed up, but as the only part of Harry that was visible was his legs, he didn't notice. Morgan and Craig stared blankly at him as he disappeared around the corner.

At the last second they heard, "monkey what? Oh hell no."

Buck decided to sit on top of the carriage itself, he smiled contently. He heard a creaking metal sound. "Hmm?"

Morgan picked up a piece of rope from the cardboard version of Craig, hanging from the hole. Craig stood nearby, keeping his eye out for another carriage. "Now all we need is the flame."

The carriage with Harry Kim's legs kicking out of them slowed down at another showcase. He somehow managed to roll forward onto his butt. Then he noticed he wasn't alone.

"Damn, I keep missing the get off point," Tani mumbled as the carriage sped away.

Harry looked over just in time to see the cardboard version of Craig, in his fancy dress costume. "How did you get here?"

Tani shrugged, then looked back at him. "I pretended to go to the bathroom, but they charge ten pence to use it."

"That doesn't answer... oh never mind," Harry grumbled.

The carriage arrived at another scene. This one only had a giant monkey covered in snow. The pair stared blankly at it.

"Which part of the games is this from?" Tani asked.

Harry shook his head, "hopefully not the next two." They quickly jumped off. "So how long do you think it'll take for Buck to try and find you?"

Tani pulled a face, "hmm."

At another showcase showing Buck in all his tutu glory towering over tiny cut outs of the awayteam cowering, another carriage arrived. Well some of it did anyway.

"Damn, that one's fine," Buck sighed with admiration. He tried to pull himself out, but he couldn't. His huge belly seemed to be imbedded in the steel of the broken carriage. "Aaaw," he moaned like a child as it sped back up.

"So where should we set off the bomb?"

Morgan peeped in her walkthrough, while Craig kept an eye out for the next *stop*. They passed the Harry phaser one again. "Hmm, something about a giant monkey."

"Um, we passed that already, and we've already been here," Craig mumbled, pointing at the fake Harry.

"Yep, we're going in circles," Morgan answered.

Craig looked disgusted, "I don't really want to see the Buck one again, or mine!"

Morgan giggled, "well tough on yours, I'm sure the monkey was after it."

Craig pouted, "well this has got to be the worst roller coaster, ever."

Buck now looked worried as he reached the wedding from the first game. "Oh, I hope what my Morgan has isn't infectious. She's been a while. Oh well, at least I get to ride my death coaster twice, heh heh."

His carriage sped up, then went on a climb. He giggled like a kid once he reached the top. As it sped down the hill, he raised his arms in the air. His face looked disappointed as the coaster just levelled off like a normal one, and turned a corner.

"What!? Who took the missing track piece out of this?" he screamed.

"No, put a loop in," Tani complained.

Harry waved his hand in the air, as if to shoo her away like a fly. "No, I've got a better idea." He clicked the mouse to the Roller Coaster Tycoon computer, a mischievous smile plastered on his face.

"Um, isn't Morgan and Craig still in there, solving the puzzle?" Tani meekly said.

Harry's face dropped, "oh fine. I'll not do the edit till they're passed it." His hand hovered on standby over the mouse. The screen showed the drop leading to the giant monkey showcase, with a slight edit flashing.

Morgan and Craig finished off their bomb, which for some reason was put in the arm of the giant monkey. They heard a familiar voice in the distance screaming, "wheeeeeee!" They glanced at each other, before quickly jumping into the carriage about to get away.

What they didn't notice was a large chunk of the track behind them disappeared, then it was replaced by a high incline leading to nowhere.

Buck's carriage soon dropped onto the scene, it sped onto the new bit of track with a vengeance. "Uhoh!" he stuttered as it flew off the track, towards the giant monkey.

Meanwhile Harry and Tani watched the scene explode on the ride's window screen, laughing so much tears were streaming down their faces.

The screen started to fade out.

"Hey wait a minute. We're still trapped on Malain, again!" Harry's voice complained.

"Yeah, and what about the love scene at the end!" Tani's also complained.

There was silence for about a minute.

"You know, I still have charge in this phaser," Harry's voice muttered.

Ignoring them, the screen faded out completely.

And so the crappiest parody of the Monkey Island games comes to a close. Of course I call it crappy cos I wasn't in as much, but what are you going to do? Now I'm off to do some narrating work on B4FV, bye fans!

"Shut the hell up!" Harry yelled. He picked up a mallet and smashed the computer where the voice was coming from. "A job well done," he said, he walked away.

Deep in the middle of nowhere...

From the personal log of Harry Kim. Sometimes, when it's quiet, I can still hear the phaser.

It's hard to believe that it's only been one and a half episodes since I stupidly volunteered to go to the planet of Melly. Armed with nothing more than a phaser and no clue as to why we had to go there. It would have been all right weren't it not for Craig's ridiculous idea that Morgan would dig him if he stole some stuff and beat a dancing cheater at insulting.

"Yeah, I have to become a pirate to win Morgan over," the brainless idiot said. "I'm serious, three easy trials and then I'll finally get her attention."

Who could have expected that such a Craig idea would lead us to cross beer with the even stupider ex-Tolg; Buck Rogers. I have no idea what Tolg are anymore, but they can't be that clever to let someone like that escape. Unless they meant to let him. Forget assimilating dead people, Tolg go to the nearest nut house for their assimilation trips.

"Oh gods, I'm ugly!" the villain of the story shrieked, he pulled a mirror out and shrieked again. Yeah tell me about it!

"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." Oh by the way, he's wearing a small pink tutu. He's very undead and equally fat. Enjoy that image.

A familiar voice in the distance screamed, "wheeeeeee!" Craig and his crush glanced at each other, before quickly jumping into the carriage about to get away.

Ladies and gentlemen, our villain.

Buck fancies Morgan, which is gross as she's fifteen, unless you remember she's Kiara who's two, eww. He looks about two... hundred. Lucky for her, in his needle brain, the bimbo Tani looks like her so she keeps being kidnapped by the buffoon.

The first time he did, we made him drink at his own wedding, so now he's after revenge. Or something. Yeah, you try making sense of all of this!

Who also expected that all of this craziness would lead me to the love of my life. I wanted to use the name Betsy, but apparently the fandom already claim Janeway's has that name. So I've named her Shooty.

"Ok I know how we can get past these, all we do is spike some meat and then..." the fake blonde said. I heroically pulled Shooty out and shot all the dogs. "Or we could do that."

"Yep, but it'll cost you one million pieces. Blah blah, too many stupid puzzles..." the guy rambled but I just shot the asshole anyway.

"Sounds like that's your issue, not mine," the sailor sighed. He got Shooty poking into his back.

So now we're using the dead ballerina's ship to return back to where Voyager was. Honestly, what would these fools do without...

"Harry!" Morgan snapped.

Harry jumped and looked up.

"Stop faffing about, and fly us out of here!" Morgan screamed at him. The fiery teen seemed to be standing next to a pile of unconscious aliens. Any who approached her made it grow.

Harry looked around, he noticed Craig taking cover behind a wall. Then he spotted Tani making one alien headbutt another wall.

"Hmph, what did I tell you?" Harry asked no one in particular. He went to reach out to the Transwarp button in front of him, but something held him back. Frowning he looked back to find he'd been tied to the chair. "Oh what the..."

Craig leaned out and shot the last remaining alien. The girls looked a little disappointed.

"Next time, maybe I should drive," Craig commented.

Morgan groaned, "what happened? We were only in Transwarp for a few seconds. Its not *that* fast."

Harry's eyes widened as he noticed that the Transwarp drive wasn't even powered on. The warp drive however was running warm. "Um, the attack knocked us out of Transwarp. Yeah, that's it."

Everyone stared at him.

"What?"

PART 6: It's Pink!

The strange pyramid shaped ship entered orbit of a dark blue planet, smoke steaming from the top of it.

"Well I would, if I knew where they put the warp drives on this thing," Harry grumbled. He looked back at his hands, "and if I wasn't still tied up."

"Yeah, you'd know this. Where are the warp drive things on a Borg ship? I've always wondered," Craig asked. "I know, they use Transwarp..."

Harry grunted, "way to rub it in."

Craig continued, "... but they use warp as well."

Morgan shook her head, "only Starfleet seem to insist on making these big as hell warp nacelles."

Tani giggled, "maybe the designers have a confidence issue." Morgan didn't get it, she looked at her with a confused look.

"If anyone still gives a crap, this ship's not doing warp anytime soon," Harry commented. "Looks like the aliens shot us right where it hurts." Tani giggled again. "Yeah, I got it!"

"While we were at Transwarp, hmm right," Morgan said in a sarcastic tone.

"Sooo, why can't we use that?" Craig asked.

"Well we can, but it won't get us there in time," Harry replied.

The others stared blankly at him. "In time for what?" Craig dared to ask.

The team stood on a very familiar harbour on the planet, watching the night sky. In the distance a large star brightened up, then disappeared.

"Maybe you could have opened with, *oh guys, warp core breach*. Just a silly thought," Morgan grumbled.

"Yeah, yeah. My hands are still tied, and I *still* have the chair," Harry muttered. Sure enough, he was still sitting in his seat. "Craig, shoot the rope and then give me my Shooty back." The others laughed.

"So many jokes, so little time," Craig snorted.

Morgan shook her head, "let's leave him here."

"Wasn't that phaser Craig's anyway, Morgan sold yours," Tani pointed out. Harry's face went stone cold.

"Ohno," Harry stuttered.

"Jeez, get a grip," Morgan rolled her eyes.

Harry puffed his cheeks, "no! Look!" Everyone looked in different directions. "Oh, ha ha, I can't point. No, just look around. We've been here before."

"Ohno, its the first part of the first parody episode," Craig muttered.

Tani pouted, "but, but... we were nearly done with these."

Morgan groaned, "guys relax, the fourth game goes back to the first island. Remember, I have this." She showed everyone the strategy guide she picked up the last time. "Oh crap, this is the last part's game, what did I..." She looked at Harry.

"What?" he snapped.

Morgan responded with a slap to the grumpy boy's face. "You had the strategy guide for this game. What did you do with it?"

Harry rubbed his red sore cheek. "Um..."

Harry stood in the showcase for the Voodoo Lady looking desperate, chasing after the awayteam with a rubber chicken. His face was red with anger. The room filled with smoke quickly.

With a smile of victory, he looked down at the fire in front of him. "Monkey Combat, kiss my flaming ass."

"So let me get this straight. You didn't like the look of the puzzle, so you burned the walkthrough, so we'd have no help to solve said puzzle," Morgan explained for everyone.

"Um... I want to say no," Harry meekly replied.

Morgan narrowed her eyes. Craig quickly put a hand on her shoulder before she could raise her fist. "It won't bring it back."

The team now stood outside a small pub, each of them looking very confused.

"Well at least we were transported to a different town this time," Craig commented, triggering angry glares from the others. "What?"

"No, this is just what the programmers think the same town looks like in a 3D game," Harry grumbled to himself. They continued past the pub, only to hit a corner. "See?"

They continued on their way carefully, completely bypassing one of the streets they remembered being there the last time. They reached the town square. Tani sighed in relief, the others stared at her. "They also forgot to program in a church this time. Lucky for me."

"Look, let's just find some transport," Harry complained.

Craig looked at him. "We were lucky to avoid the puzzle for the ship the last time."

"Maybe if you give me my Shooty back, we'll avoid it again," Harry said. The others stared blankly at him. "Ok fine. You try solving these stupid games without one. Let's see how long it takes before you snap, hmm?" He stormed off towards the archway at the opposite end of the town.

"Goodbye cruel adventure game parody!" Harry wailed. He stood at the edge of the cliff the mansion sat on. The others stood behind him, shaking their heads.

"It doesn't count if it's him that snaps, right?" Tani whispered to Morgan.

Craig groaned, "we've only just walked into the next area, Harry. It's not going to work."

"Fine!" Harry huffed as he turned around. Still angry he kicked a stone out of his way. It flew into the air towards a man standing next to a catapult. It collided with his head, knocking him backwards. His balance was lost and he fell into the catapult itself. He sighed in relief when nothing happened.

Just as he was about to get up, another rock flew into the lever. "Uhoh." He was flung across the mansion's garden, then into one of the windows. A woman screamed seconds later.

Meanwhile the awayteam had reached the dark path where they had the sword fights in the last episode.

"Why do I get the feeling we just missed something," Craig commented.

Morgan shook her head, "no, the feeling is caused something."

"Who cares, no real thought goes into these stupid parodies," Harry whined. His right hand shook.

The group stood at the shipyard, only this time it was mostly just yard. Everyone but Tani was looking at something in front of them with dismay. A large woman stood behind them reading a strategy guide.

"What are we waiting for? We traded all the items we had," Tani said with a smile.

Harry slowly looked over at her. "It's... pink." The other two nodded slowly, their horror filled eyes still wide.

Tani frowned, averting her gaze at the very pink shuttle in front of them. She seemed immune to how bright it was, infact it just cheered her up even more. "It's cute."

"It's... cute?" Harry's eyebrow twitched.

Craig sighed, "it's the only shuttle left for a reason."

Harry's head swung in Tani's direction, "wait, did you say all of our items?"

Craig hid the phaser behind his back, "yes Harry, too bad."

Harry's eyes managed to get wider despite the bright pink that were drilling holes into them.

"We have a problem," Morgan said from inside the ship. The others stared at her as they didn't notice she had even gone. She climbed back out of it. "It's only got low impulse, plus..."

"It's pink," Harry complained.

"Inside and out," Morgan smirked at him. The irritable man shuddered quite a bit, while Craig just pulled a disgusted face. "Now I know who's driving."

The others looked confused. "What?" Craig stuttered.

The tiny pink monstrosity slowly entered orbit around a blue and green moon orbiting a golden planet surrounded by rings. They began their decent to the moon as soon as they did.

Inside Craig was sitting in a comfy leather seat, which was coloured bright pink. His face looked like thunder as he was strapped in with a fluffy pink seat belt. "This is so unfair."

Harry meanwhile smiled smugly as he worked the controls, ignoring the colour scheme they were in. "Morgan didn't seem to think so."

"Think so? She just didn't understand the concept of rock, paper, scissors," Craig groaned.

"Isn't it better this way? You won't be all googly eyed for the whole trip, trying badly to impress her. Meanwhile I'll still be in range of Shooty."

Craig shook his head. "I don't get googly eyed. At least I'm not so in love with my phaser that I named it."

"It definitely performs better when you do," Harry smiled. He sighed, feeling nostalgic. Craig looked on with disgust on his face. "What?" The younger man handed over the phaser with just the tips of his fingers. "Shooty! Welcome home."

"I need to bleach my hands," Craig mumbled. "And my brain."

"Yeah, yeah. Let's shoot some puzzles," Harry giggled as he ran out of the tiny ship.

It wasn't long until Craig heard the first phaser shot. He sighed and rushed outside. Immediately he noticed what had suffered from the result of Harry's phaser withdrawals.

"What the... why did you shoot that?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders, "I'm not going through the dog drama again. You collect it."

Craig covered his face with his hand, then walked away, stepping over a poor duck like creature lying on the floor. Fortunately Craig wasn't homicidal like Harry was in these parodies so the phaser was just on stun. Harry stared after him, then noticed the duck twitching.

"Pfft fine, rookie," Harry complained. He knelt to pick the poor animal up.

PART 7: Will The Real Harry Kim, Please Shoot Something?

The girls were now inside the pub, which was fortunately a little less busy and still had a similar layout to before.

"So what are we supposed to do while the boys go find another ship?" Tani whined, while pacing back and forth.

"I don't know about me, but you should try not getting kidnapped," Morgan replied.

Tani placed her hands on her hips, "hey, you were kidnapped too."

"Yeah, only because you were," Morgan retorted.

Both of them leaned against a wall, completely blocking a campaign poster.

"Maybe I'll do something useful and collect items here," Tani suggested. She began to have a look around.

"Knock yourself out," Morgan shrugged.

Five minutes later

Tani walked back over to Morgan who had a guilty look on her face.

"Well?"

Tani pouted. "I got pretzels." She looked over at a demented man crying over a burst balloon. "What about you?"

"Just the same useless crap," Morgan answered, her eyes shifted nervously.

Tani raised her eyebrow, then she heard another man crying. Her attention went towards the bulky man at the other back table, nursing his arm. "You didn't?"

"No! He challenged me to Insult Arm Wrestling," Morgan protested while folding her arms.

Tani's eyes widened, "so you did."

Morgan rolled her eyes, "oh god no. I just insulted his arm wrestling. Who do you think I am?"

"Uh huh," Tani didn't believe her. "So, what now?"

The doors burst open, a figure strode in like he or she owned the place. Tani and Morgan's faces drained in horror, or it could have been disgust.

"Hello fellow citizens of Melly!" the figure in a dress bellowed, in a very man like voice. "I am here to convince you all that I am the obvious choice for the mayor of this world. Vote for me, and free booze for everyone!"

Everyone, including the barkeep, cheered and pumped their fists into the air.

The erm, man in a dress and wig stroked his long beard, smiling deviously. Meanwhile Morgan and Tani still couldn't believe what they were witnessing.

"Mayor Buckina, Mayor Buckina!" the men in the bar chanted.

Morgan covered her face with both of her hands. "I hate this planet."

Meanwhile:

"What do you mean we can't have a shuttle. Have you seen what we're driving?" Harry demanded.

Craig's face was now beetroot red, which went very well with the pink shuttle in the distance. "I really wouldn't be advertising that, Harry."

The woman facing them both looking a little disturbed. "That's yours?"

"If you want to trade it for one of the shuttles you have, then yes. If not, it's Craig's," Harry answered.

"Hardly," the woman laughed. "I'm afraid we only accept equal trade in's. If you want to trade that in, you'd still need to pay the difference."

"Does any of yours even have warp drive?" Craig dared to ask. The woman looked at him blankly. "Faster than light? Really, really fast."

"Oh, only the leader of this planet is allowed to use light travel," the woman replied. Harry's trigger finger twitched, Craig quickly grabbed his wrist, just in case. "I imagine that anything we have is still faster than what you do have. There's a planet that sells light ships in the next system. Our ships will get you there in a few hours, instead of days."

"So, money?" Harry said like it made him sick.

"Yes," the woman answered.

"How are we supposed to get money on an alien world?" Craig asked.

The woman shrugged. "I assume the same way you got your current ship."

Harry glanced at Craig with a glare on his face. He looked a little nervous. "It's ok, we'll just find some items here to trade."

"Ugh. Good luck with that!" Harry huffed as he marched away.

"Wait, what are you going to do?" Craig asked.

Harry shook his head, waving his hand over his shoulder. "To the bank!"

"You can't shoot them!" Craig yelled after them. Harry's wave turned into just a one finger wave, his middle one. "That was un called for."

"Excuse me, Sir?" a bank teller stuttered.

"A loan. I want one," Harry explained.

"I see, Sir. Do you have any income, what's your occupation?"

"Um, Operations and, yeah kinda," Harry replied.

The woman looked impressed. "Operations? As in surgery? Very impressive."

Harry's eyes shifted from side to side, "sure, why not."

"Ok, here's the form," the bank teller smiled. She handed a piece of paper to him. "Just go into the office behind me. The loans manager will join you shortly. Can you fill that in while you're waiting?"

Harry smiled as he took the form. He hurried into the office behind the counter, leaving the door to it half open. Once he sat down to fill it out, he realised the flaw in his plan. The form was obviously not in English, *strangely* enough.

"Damn. Maybe I can get my universal translator to work if I read out the questions," Harry wondered to himself.

He started to read the questions out loud. Meanwhile a muffled male voice from outside spoke loudly, "excuse me."

The bank teller's voice seemed surprised, "changed your mind, Sir?"

"Ohno, I just forgot a pen," the man's voice said.

"Oh well that was obvious, name," Harry smiled. He went to write down his name. "Date of creation. Huh? Oh, birth right."

"Look just give me all the cash you have," the gruff man's voice threatened.

"Oh my... you can't come back in here threatening us. We have Security cameras. You'll be caught as soon as you leave," a different woman's voice said.

Still oblivious to what was happening outside, Harry finished writing his birthday down. Then he used the rubber like part on the other side to erase it. "Damn, they won't understand Earth calendar dates. Hmm. This is tricky. I'll just write Stardate 2647..."

"I don't think so, missy. I have my starship in orbit and they'll just beam me away. Now hand over the money," the man's voice threatened.

Harry hovered over the next question a while. "Reason for loan? Hmm, how can I write this so they'll get it. I know, I'll sketch something." With that he started to sketch a really bad Voyager.

"Talk to the phaser!" the man's voice yelled. "Let me back in there, and you won't get shot, like everyone else who gets in my way."

"All right, all right," the woman stuttered.

"And turn off those cameras!" the man's voice yelled.

Harry beamed proudly at his *art*, "I missed my calling." Now the bad sketch of Voyager had a wonky circle next to it, a match stick figure labelled *Harry* on it, which of course was holding a phaser, and an arrow in between them.

A man wearing a pale mask with black gelled hair on the top, walked in holding a primitive alien phaser. He pointed the weapon at Harry.

"How much do I earn? Why would I get a loan if I earned money?" Harry bewilderedly asked himself.

"Got me," the man sneered.

Harry jumped and quickly stood up. "Wait, what the... You better not be robbing the bank, cos I need the money."

"No of course not, you are," the man laughed, pointing at his mask.

"Don't get me wrong, I thought about it. I figured Janeway would frown on that one..." Harry mumbled.

The man rushed to the safe, which for some reason was kept in the loan offices. He began to empty it.

"Though if it were a coffee bank, she'd probably promote me for it," Harry continued, until he noticed what the man was doing. "Hey!" His hand reached for his phaser but the robber quickly shot at it, knocking it flying to the floor, sparking uncontrollably. "Noooooo!" The traumatised man dropped to his knees, sobbing.

"Hah hah hah! Now that you are done here, allow me to show you the last face you'll ever see." The man raised his strange mask, revealing his grotesque face, which for some reason had a fake looking nose hanging off the centre of it.

Harry missed it as he was too busy sobbing, now holding the broken phaser in his arms. The man shook his head as he put his mask back on. The robber then ran out, slamming the door closed.

"Shooty, I swear that your death will be vengeance. Revenge, is a dish served phasered," Harry whimpered.

The door burst open again, this time the law enforcement were there. "Hold it! You're under arrest for bank robbery."

Harry stopped crying to stare at them with a confused look on his face. "You mean the bank I'm empty handed and still in?"

"Wise guy, huh? Throw him in the dungeon!"

Harry sighed. "Now I see why all the Monkey Island fans hated this game."

Craig rushed into the building he thought looked like the jail, he was very disgusted to find how wrong he was.

"Hello stranger. Welcome to the used limbs and skin shop, A New You," the shopkeeper greeted him.

Holding back the urge to lose his lunch, Craig ran right back outside. "Oh god. It can't get any worse."

Meanwhile:

Morgan and Tani couldn't tear their eyes away from what they were looking at. It was so awful, their brains were trying their best to imagine something better, or to make sense of it. It was obviously failing as the poster still showed a very large, undead man with a one foot long beard making a kissy face. What made it worse was that the man seemed to be wearing a cleavage revealing pink dress, which was not a good look at all for a dead man with long chest hair. The words underneath him said, "vote for the hottest thing on Melly. Every vote equals a kiss from me. PS. Free booze once I'm elected."

"This planet is full of blind and deaf people right?" Tani finally asked.

Morgan pulled herself away from the poster, resisting the urge to tear it down and burn it. "Either that or it's opposite world."

"I think even opposite world would have a hard job calling Buck in a dress hot," Tani muttered.

"What should we do? We can't let Buck get control of this planet. I imagine one of the first laws would say that every citizen must capture a Tani if seen," Morgan said.

Tani pouted. "Oh god, this is how I'll get kidnapped. I know! Why don't we find out who is the opponent, then help their campaign."

Morgan pulled a face, "are you sure? Buck will see you then. Why don't we just do a cut and paste job?"

Meanwhile yet again:

"Can I still have my loan?" Harry asked sheepishly. The guard stared threateningly at him. "But I was just filling in this stupid form while I was supposedly on this camera, robbing the bank." He raised the form, then pushed it through the gaps in the bars. "See! I was willing to do this the right way."

The security guard snatched the form to look at it. His expression grew even more suspicious. "For occupation you drew yourself shooting somebody." He pointed at the bad Voyager sketch. "See."

Harry started sweating. "Oh that was occupation. I thought that said reason for loan. Did I draw in the wrong box?" The man narrowed his eyes. "No, the only person on the drawing was me."

"You wrote your name next to the one holding a weapon. The arrow is obviously you firing. That really bad blob here," the security guard pointed at Voyager. "There's two little blobs I assume are legs, that big egg one must be a head. You should have stuck to stick figures."

"No, no. That's my ship. The line was just to emphasise that I wanted to go back there," Harry stuttered.

"Likely story!"

Harry wiped his brow. "The cameras showed me go into the office, not come out, then go back in again to rob the vault. Then your teller saw me run out with the money."

"Exactly, you are obviously guilty," the guard grunted.

Harry stared blankly, finally his sweating had stopped. "But you found me still in the office. Apart from the whole being in two places at once, I think that's pretty good evidence otherwise."

"Hmph. We caught you red handed, admit it!"

"On my world, catching me red handed would be catching me holding the stolen money," Harry rolled his eyes. "Did I have it?"

"You obviously gave it to an accomplice," the guard responded.

"Remind me. Is that the guy with the mask on, threatening everyone?" Harry smugly said.

"Don't be smart with me. You are obviously guilty," the guard proudly said. At this point Craig finally found the right place and headed across. "To think we were blaming that poor man missing a nose all this time. It was you all along."

"Um, I'd say you jumped the phaser, but you're already at the podium waiting for your gold medal," Harry muttered.

Craig tapped the guard on the shoulder. "Excuse me. I heard that this guy who I've never met before robbed the bank."

"Hey!" Harry snapped.

"That's right. It's a disgusting crime. He's not going anywhere!" the guard bellowed.

Craig rubbed his ear as he had yelled into it. "Uh huh right. Just checking."

"Wait! I didn't do it. That no nosed guy you mentioned did it. He was wearing a mask and really bad gelled wig," Harry stuttered. A thought then occurred to him, "no of course not, you are. He was trying to frame me!"

Craig tried not to laugh, "he certainly picked the right guy to frame."

"Oh really!" the guard said suspiciously.

Harry glared at his so called teammate, "that's not helping Craig!"

"Who is Craig?" Craig smirked at him. Harry tried to intensify his glare but it just looked funnier to Craig. "All right, fine. Officer, if I prove he didn't do this, will you let him out?"

"Son, he's guilty. I bet my sweet Impulse Seven shuttle on that," the guard smugly replied.

Craig smiled, "oh really? I'll take that bet. If I'm wrong, you get my uh... sweet, stand out of a crowd shuttle."

"Deal!" the guard grinned.

Harry sighed, "oh god."

Later:

Craig was really regretting his bet to the security guard. He didn't expect the puzzles to get even more ridiculous than the ones he had seen before. At least he didn't have to wear a dress again, or get eaten by a snake.

"So, where does this nose lacking guy live?" Craig asked while he pinched his own nose.

The shopkeeper of the body parts store frowned in confusion. "I'm sorry miss, I only know people by their smell."

Craig looked around, but quickly regretted it. "How? Wait, miss?"

"Oh I'm sorry. Your perfume gave you away," the shopkeeper said.

"I swear it said aftershave," Craig muttered. He didn't dare release his nose to check though. "What would a guy with no nose smell like?" A lightbulb went off in his head. "Oh, I need the address for the smelliest guy you know."

The shopkeeper shuddered. "Oh him! That's Pinch-Nose. I'll get it right away."

Craig sighed in relief. Finally things were going his way.

Not long later in the jail:

"So how do you like the jail cell?" Craig meekly asked.

Harry raised his eyebrow, "it's awesome. Who needs freedom?"

"Great, so I don't have to solve this so called address then," Craig smiled, flashing the piece of paper in Harry's face. His eyes widened.

"Oh for god's sake. We didn't do this in the first game, so it's ok. Just get me some of that grog stuff and drop it on the bars. Sure it's annoying, but it's fun compared to that," Harry stammered.

Craig looked a little pained, "we don't have any money, remember?" His shoulders dropped. "Whatever happened to your phaser?" Harry started sobbing again as he pointed at the shelf nearby. Craig looked around to check if the guard was watching, he was too busy staring straight at the door. He quickly grabbed the box labelled *Kim's Possessions*, and ran out. He didn't notice as he did this that the box moved a bit on its own.

Armed with a blank stare and a headache, Craig entered the place known as the Swamp of Time. A sign nearby also backed the name up, but it had been scribbled out and replaced by *Pain in the Ass Swamp*.

He climbed onto the raft floating at the front of the swamp. After a quick look around he knelt down on it, then began to paddle with his hands.

On his journey he passed an old guy doing a similar thing, only he was lucky enough to have an oar. He had reached the gates and seemed to be talking to himself. When I say himself, I mean a copy of himself on the other side of the gate.

"Look, just open the gate. You're me. Why do I have to do this stupid memory puzzle? Everyone who does it will obviously use paper anyway!" the man yelled.

"Then this shouldn't be a problem. Temporal paradox portal time!" his other self sneered. As he said, a blue swirly portal appeared next to the old man. He screamed as he was pulled into it. Lucky for Craig he dropped his oar.

He happily picked it up and used it to reach the strange gate. The copy of the old man disappeared to show a copy of Craig paddle over.

"Hey Craig, in order to get out of this paradox thingy, I'll give you the key to this gate. But before I can do that, you'll have to say and do all this stuff that you need to remember. When you face yourself when you're me, we can re-enact this crap. Understand?" he said.

Not long later Craig paddled away, whistling innocently. Behind him at the gate, his other self lay on his raft, nursing an oar shaped wound. "Definitely." Eventually he reached a little hut sitting on a tiny bit of land. Once he got off the raft, all he could hear was the bank thief's voice snapping at something.

"Look buddy, I framed the guy so it's time you paid me. I mean I did rob the bank, I could have run off with the money."

Craig's eyes widened at the familiar voice that responded to him, "relax, you'll get what you deserve. Right now, I've got a planet to run." Craig quickly hid as the door flung open.

"Wow, the thief is working for the guy in charge, and better yet the guy in charge is..." Craig stopped whispering as if he expected the scene to change. "Heh, I could have finished that sentence. Never mind, I need to think of a way to apprehend the guy and prove he's working for him. How?"

He panicked as he felt something moving around in his jacket. It didn't take him long to throw it away from him, it landed in front of the hut door. The duck Harry had shot before revealed itself, then wandered into the hut.

Pinch-Nose screamed hysterically from inside the hut. To Craig's amusement the duck chased the robber outside. Instinctively he reached for the broken phaser to shoot him. He remembered it was broken when he pressed the fire button. It fired anyway much to his surprise. Pinch-Nose received the shot and stumbled into a convenient cage lying nearby.

"Oh my god, get that monster away!" Pinch-Nose screeched as the duck still tried to get to him.

"How long are you going to keep this up? Even the Monkey Island games aren't this ridiculous," Harry's voice butted in.

This ended Craig's story telling flashback. He was back in the prison, facing a very angry Harry. "I was just getting to the good bit."

Harry shook his head, "it gets worse than temporal paradoxes puzzles and catching a criminal using a duck?"

Craig pouted, he looked behind him at the guard. He was now guarding the same cage from his story, Pinch-Nose struggled to get out of it.

"I could have lied and said that I wrestled him into it. Do you really think if I was going to lie, I'd say a duck did it?"

"Now that you mention it," Harry nodded.

The guard wandered over. "Are you certain that our Mayor hired him, just to get revenge on Mr Kim here?"

"Wait, what?" Harry stuttered.

Craig nodded, "I do. I followed him to make sure, and sure enough." He revealed the stolen money.

"You followed him? No one has ever seen our Mayor, how could you do that? Though there's no denying that you found the stolen money," the guard said.

"Can we go back to the revenge part?" Harry tried to butt in.

The guard patted Craig on the shoulder, then clasped it approvingly. "Well done son, by proving that the Mayor is a scumbag, we can end his tyrannical reign of terror at long last. You are a hero kid."

Harry stared with his mouth wide open, he couldn't believe what was happening. Craig meanwhile grinned, basking in all the compliments.

"Don't mention it. I only did it to save my friend here."

"Bull! You only did it for the shuttle!" Harry tried to interrupt. Nobody listened to him. "Hey, if I hadn't have been around to get revenged on, this wouldn't have happened at all. Hello?" Again nobody listened to him. "Can I go now?"

PART 8: What Does He Mean By That?

The group had been reunited outside the mansion on Melly. Standing next to them was the shuttle Craig won in his bet. Morgan was busy staring at it strangely.

"Then I followed the wood chipping trail to his secret lair. I know, it was genius. You don't have to tell me," Craig boasted to the unimpressed crowd.

"Couldn't you have just followed him, you big wuss?" Harry grumbled.

"You're welcome, Harry," Craig smugly said.

Morgan looked back at the others. "What's that writing on the ship say?"

"Probably something about how *great* Craig is," Harry rolled his eyes. "Just read it out loud, the translator should get it."

Morgan shrugged, "I'll see you soon, Harry."

Harry's face turned a little pale while Craig looked a bit disappointed. "Oh relax, that threat never means anything," he said.

"So um, Tani's still here so I'll assume nothing happened while we were gone," Harry stuttered.

Morgan and Tani looked at each other with worried looks on their faces. Morgan handed the boys a leaflet.

"Oh, if you vote for this lady you get a free kiss," Craig said excitedly. The girls stared at him in disgust, until Morgan realised she gave him the wrong one. She snatched it back.

"Apparently the mayor was killed in her mansion. They're holding an election for a new one. For some reason it's women only," Morgan explained. "We've been editing one of the electors posters."

"Why?" Harry dared to ask.

Morgan reluctantly handed him the other poster. "Because the campaign message really doesn't suit these ones." The two boys faces shrivelled up in disgust, Harry quickly put his hand to his mouth just in case. "Yeah. I just thought I'd cut the message off, and stick it on the real woman's."

"You mean after you cut the text off, you put these things back up?" Craig stuttered. "My god."

Tani nodded, "that's what I said!"

"Hey I'm not the one who took the photo and printed them," Morgan complained.

"Ok, so Buck's running for mayor, why?" Harry muttered.

"I'm glad you asked," a familiar voice spoke up. The ground turned to the source, then averted their eyes again. "Ah, is my beauty too much for you?"

"Oh god!" Tani gagged.

Harry tried to shake off the brief image he got of Buck, then stepped forward, avoiding eye and face contact. "What's the answer then?"

"Ah! Every mayor inherits a little gift once they get their seat. The key to the evillest treasure of all; the Ultimate Mockery!" Buckina laughed.

"Um, so if it's evil, what does it do?" Craig questioned.

Buckina chuckled, "you'll find out. I'm sure Larry Tim will enjoy it most of all." He waltzed off, shaking his hips badly.

"Oh yeah! Well that dress makes you look like a cow!" Harry badly retorted.

The girls and Craig sniggered quietly to themselves while Harry stood in a huff.

"Ok Larry, do you think we should hold off getting a warp ship to deal with him?" Craig laughed.

Harry grumbled as he looked over at the spot he nearly jumped from at the beginning. "Maybe we should research that stupid mockery thing before we decide. I couldn't care less if this stupid planet votes that thing into power."

"That's the spirit Timmy," Morgan giggled.

"Hi, I'm Craig Anderson from the Starship Voyager. This is Harry Phaser Happy Kim and..." Craig started to say.

The woman in front of him groaned loudly. "Yes I know, we've met three times already." The group stared blankly at her. "You stole that chicken from me." Once again they stared. "I gave the girl some voodoo dolls, I gave you the reviving powder..."

"Wait, Phaser Happy? Way to be original and witty, Craig," Harry muttered. He noticed Morgan still laughing behind her hand.

The voodoo lady continued to whine and rant to herself, "...yet you still never bothered to come in here and chat. Why should I expect you to remember me?"

"Um, Ultimate Mockery?" Tani butted in.

The voodoo lady gasped in horror. "My god. I haven't heard that name in a long time. Where did you hear it?" Before they could answer she narrowed her eyes and bellowed, "Buck!"

"Uh huh, how did you guess?" Craig asked.

"I know all, and see all," the voodoo lady answered, shifting her eyes nervously.

"Ok great. Where is it, what is it, can we leave without doing anything, can I get Mr Shooty Back?" Harry demanded.

The voodoo lady placed her fingers against her forehead and closed her eyes. "The planet known as Tensey, you don't want to know, no, and I think you already have."

Harry's eyes lit up, "really? Where?"

Craig winced a bit as he fiddled with the phaser in his pocket. "Yeah, I think the paradox swamp fixed it."

Harry lunged for him, "gimme!" Craig pushed him, so he badly pushed him back. Soon enough the two were having a pathetic pushing and hand smacking contest.

"So yeah, we kinda do want to know. We're the only ones who seem to know that he's running for mayor," Morgan shook her head.

"He cannot be allowed to run this planet!" the voodoo lady's voice boomed. "He will get his hands on the final piece to the Mockery. You must keep the other pieces away from him."

"Yes we knew that," Morgan groaned. "What does it do?"

"Long ago the Ultimate Mockery was a mighty staff owned by the king of Melly, Malain, Scabbia, and many more. In an effort to stop the violence brewing on this world and on Scabbia he crafted it to absorb all of the violence."

"That doesn't seem too bad," Tani commented.

"Little did the people know, he only wanted the violence to stop so he could control it all. With all the power in his command and no one able to defend themselves, he reigned in terror for fifty long years. His daughter assumed the throne once he passed on naturally, but ordered the staff to be disassembled, never to be used again."

"Is that why it's a women only elections club here?" Tani questioned. The voodoo lady nodded. "Man, I'm good."

"Indeed. Buck is undead, so he won't be defeated by the ravages of time. You must stop him," the voodoo lady dramatically said.

"This is still a parody, right?" Morgan double checked.

"Yes, but you can't really make the Monkey Four's villain motives any stupider, so... think of this as a switcheroo," the voodoo lady cackled.

"Great," Morgan sighed. "So when you say absorbs the violence..."

"Every single weapon hit by the Ultimate Mockery will have its power taken from it. A sword will lose its sharpness, a torpedo will lose its explosive materials, a phaser will lose its charge."

Harry stopped what he was doing, his eyes widening in horror. Craig used that moment to push him to the floor.

"And now we're back," Morgan smiled.

Harry jumped back to his feet and charged forward to confront the voodoo lady. "What do you mean lose its charge? What happens if I charge it again?"

"You couldn't. It would be as if the phaser had no power cells to absorb the charge," the voodoo lady explained.

"Good god. Buck must be stopped!" Harry exclaimed.

Craig pulled a face, "ew, don't start with the exclaiming. This is the reboot Season One, not the original."

"I know that. We'd be finished already if it was," Harry scoffed. "So Tensey planet is in range of an impulse ship right?"

"Indeed," the voodoo lady replied. "I shall give you the diagram showing you what parts you are looking for, IF..." Everyone waited patiently, or impatiently in Harry's case. "You promise not to forget me in the next game. It will lose the dramatic effect if you do."

"Why don't I like the sound of that?" Craig stuttered.

"Next game," Tani replied sweetly. Craig understood and nodded.

"Yeah yeah sure, we'll try. Gimme," Harry grumbled as he held out his hand. The lady handed him a rolled up piece of paper.

"The planet's co-ordinates are there too," she told him. "However there is a flaw in this plan."

"Puzzles, we know. We're not expecting to just pick these items off the floor," Morgan said.

The voodoo lady sighed impatiently, "the election. It is due to start in a few hours, it'll take you an hour alone to reach Tensey. Somebody needs to stay behind to make sure he doesn't win."

Harry groaned into his hand. "Only in these parodies people can be this stupid. It's obviously a man, a dead man wearing a pink dress. How can only we see that? He has a beard longer than most women's hair, for god's sake."

Craig smiled smugly, "don't worry, I have a plan."

Later:

A group of people stood outside the government office, all in a line waiting to get inside. Tani stood on the left side of the entrance, attaching a nametag onto her blouse. The man in the front of the queue squinted to read it.

"Morgan Janeway? What an unusual name." Her *opponent's* eye twitched as he tried not to look her way.

Tani smiled nervously, "yes, my parents thought I would be a boy, so."

Harry stared blankly in the younger man's direction. "I don't know if that's bloody stupid or genius."

"The answer is obvious," Craig smiled.

"Stupid. She doesn't need a nametag to get kidnapped," Morgan said.

Craig pretended not to hear her. "As soon as he sees her, alone, he'll try to capture her. Then the locals should notice who he really is, or at least think a serial 'napper shouldn't be in charge."

"Yes we got it," Harry complained.

"The readers might not. We're not exactly getting written by Stephen King," Craig sighed impatiently.

"Not exactly?" Morgan muttered.

"Anyway! We have three pieces, maybe we should split up," Craig said. The other two groaned. "Maybe meet up every twenty minutes to exchange items. Yes I do remember the last two games."

"I think it was four in the original game," Harry commented. He then realised he was giving himself more work to do. "Never mind. Who gets what?"

Harry stared at the giant statue in the centre of town. The face of the statue seemed to be mocking him, as did the touristy style music playing in the background. A gawky, badly designed tourist guy wearing a flowery shirt walked up to him.

"Checking out the statue of Little Dude, I see."

Harry stared at him blankly, he told himself that shooting the guy wouldn't help him out. "What happened to the statue's hat?" He pointed at the top of the statue's head, which now looked like it was made of barbed wire.

"Stolen. You see, this was once a violent town. Little Dude here turned the place into a tourist resort and banished the violent element to the nearby island."

"That didn't answer..."

"The news thinks that one of them escaped to steal the hat, you know, as a mark of disrespect."

Harry groaned into his hand. This felt like the beginning of a very long, tedious puzzle, and his phaser was already low on charge. While he was contemplating shooting the tourist anyway for giving him bad news, Craig was checking out the restaurant nearby.

"Hi, have you seen a really ugly head piece, preferably made of..." he started to ask the door man. He then realised the door man was just a talking skull. "Oh er, oops. Silver, made of silver."

"Hmph, puny mortal. Grovel at my tiny cameo while I rejoice at the look of torment on your face."

Craig looked a little nervous, "uh huh. Don't worry, I bet your part in the next game will be better."

To his surprise the skull started crying. Well, trying to anyway as he had no tear ducts. "It better be. Look at what I'm reduced to! I don't even do anything. You could probably play the game without even talking to me! The shame, the horror, the insult!" he ended his rant with a growl.

"Ookay, I'm just going to go in, yep," Craig stuttered. He edged past the crazy skull to enter the restaurant. Once he was inside he realised he was in a restaurant from hell.

"Hello, welcome to Planet Harry. May I take your phaser-ific order today?" the waitress unenthusiastically said.

"Oh god," Craig stuttered.

Meanwhile:

Three judges sat at a little table, holding cards saying 10 on them. A very tanned, muscley man with a huge grin on his face, strode past them.

"Ah, thank you, thank you. I'll be here all day, all the time, even when the puzzle is solved," he gloated.

Morgan entered the scene, grimacing at the sight of the small pool and its tall diving platform. The judges table brazenly showed off a gold man shaped award. "Surely Harry or Craig would be funnier for this one, wonder why I got stuck with it," she said to herself.

For once Harry wasn't faced with a puzzle to loan a boat out. Instead of being happy about it though, he knew from experience he'd pay for that easiness later.

That time was now. A cannonball flew over his head, then landed in the water next to him.

"Halt! Where does thou think you're going!" a man yelled.

"Oh great. What ridiculous thing do you want so I can get to this stupid island?" Harry groaned.

"How absurd. What do you think this is, an adventure game?" Harry stared blankly, then shook his head. "I just wanted to warn you. If you hang out with more than one person, I won't miss next time."

Harry sighed to himself. He looked down at the phaser on his lap.

Meanwhile Craig had wandered into a coffee shop. He made a mental note to shower off the coffee smell before he reported in to the Captain later.

"Hello Sir, welcome to Trekquid. We have some free samples today," the store clerk squeaked.

"Will it help with the silver head puzzle?" Craig asked.

"Are you Harry Kim?" the clerk asked.

Craig pulled a disgusted face, "no."

The store keeper relaxed, "then no. It will help with the golden body one. It's also a timed puzzle."

"Fine, I'll tell Morgan later," Craig sighed in disappointment. He stepped out of the store.

"Phew," the clerk sighed in relief.

Moments later a figure wearing a black hat with holes over their head, ran in. "Give me all your coffee!" Everyone quickly raised their hands in panic. "I said, give me all your coffee, not high five me!" The terrified store keeper did as he was told.

For some reason Morgan was standing at the top of the diving platform wearing her regular clothes. She waited for the fake looking man with the permanent grin to catch up to her.

One of the judges made an announcement through the microphone. "This is very exciting folks! Instead of just challenging nobody at all, our diver here has a challenger!" People cheered and clapped. Morgan looked around but couldn't see this audience at all. "I'm sure it won't be easy, there will be some puzzle involved to ensure our challenger's victory. Why, don't be surprised if she has to do three ridiculous things that would be considered cheating that we'll overlook, and that's not including the bribery. Let the splashes begin!"

The diver stepped to the board. Just as he was getting ready to jump, Morgan scoffed. "Oh sure, give me the hardest puzzle!"

Meanwhile:

On a tiny beach, two people were chatting. Both of them didn't notice Harry appear on the screen, or a man yelling in the distance.

"Hi, has anybody seen a bronze helmet from a statue?" he asked them, completely oblivious to their terrified stares. "Ookay fine, I'll keep looking." With that he marched off, kicking sand.

The two sighed in relief, then continued their conversation. They didn't notice though a cannon ball heading their way.

As Harry walked onto the next screen he heard a woman scream. This was followed by a man yelling, "oh my god, it landed right on her!"

Apparently not hearing all of this Harry kept exploring the land. Despite all the discarded junk he saw, he could pick up nothing. This only annoyed him further. The only things on this island was a little house that didn't belong there and a puppet show. As he passed that he noticed one of the puppets quickly ducked out of sight.

Harry decided that the house was probably the sanest choice. Little did he know how wrong he was.

"You're late, young man!" a kindly looking, but not sounding, old lady screeched at him. Before he knew it he was dragged inside the house and forced into a small seat. That was when he noticed two unfortunate people had fallen for the nice looking house too. Each of them were sitting in a tiny kids chair, with a desk in front of them.

The crazy old lady whacked a cane in her hands as she paced in front of a blackboard. "Ok you know why you're all here," she said in a sweet voice. Then all hell broke loose, "because you're all violent scum, and it's my job to beat it out of you!" Her voice returned to sweet, "figuratively speaking of course."

"Um, I just stopped by to see if you had a bronze helmet," Harry meekly asked, raising his hand. The old lady swiped it with her cane. Poor Harry rubbed his sore hand. She then did something that terrified him further, she snatched away his phaser. "Oh god no!"

"Oh really? Then why do you have this foul thing?" She chucked it onto a shelf nearby.

"Crap," Harry muttered. Again he got the cane.

"Watch that potty mouth in my classroom!" the old lady snapped. She wandered back to the blackboard. "Now let's begin. I'll teach you why violence is always wrong. Then I'll create some scenarios, and you have to tell me how you'd respond."

"Uhoh," Harry whispered.

"Uhoh," Craig also whispered.

Moments later he was thrown through a window and onto the street, luckily it had already been broken before. He rubbed his sore butt as he stood back up. With a determined look in his eyes, the silly boy marched back into the pub.

"Again? You're a brave lady," a man said to him.

"Why do people keep calling me a lady?" Craig asked. He shook his head, "never mind, let's do this!"

"Looks like the writer's not fixing that typo," the man quietly said. "Ok, go on lad. Give it your all."

Only a few seconds later Craig fell from the window again, this time landing in a heap. Once again he walked straight back inside, or rather limped back inside, rubbing his butt.

"You're a glutton for punishment boy," a different man's voice growled.

This time poor Craig screamed as he was flown through the window, crash landing in some trashcans, luckily not head first. A small struggle tipped it over, allowing him to escape. Then he noticed something inside the can that could help him. He smiled as he rushed for the pub.

"I'm sorry kiddo, this is your last chance. It was only funny the first ten times," the bartender told him.

"No problem. I'll win this time," Craig's smile broke into a grin.

The other man at the bar scoffed, "you don't have what it takes."

"I do now," Craig smugly said. He walked over to what appeared to be a mechanical bull, only it was shaped like a shuttle. With his back to the audience, he pulled out the item he got from the trash cans, and dumped its contents all over the seat. He badly climbed up to sit on it, but his leg got stuck on the seat. "Oh crap," was all he could say when it started to move.

Morgan walked away tapping her palm with the golden trophy. Left behind in her wake were the three judges, each sporting a new bump on the head. With a smile she passed by the fake grinning man lying at the side of the pool, his stomach red raw.

"If it makes you feel any better, you'd win the belly flop competition."

"Hmm yes, that wouldn't solve the puzzle then, would it dear?" the old woman scolded a young woman. Her attention went to Harry. "Mr Kim?"

"Uh, yes Miss Crabby," he answered. Once again he got the cane. "Ow!"

"That's Miss Crancky," she growled.

Harry shrugged, "I was close."

"Now, a group of native people catch you stealing a banana from their sacred shrine. You have to convince them to let you go. How do you do that?"

Harry started sweating as he remembered a similar situation back in the previous episode. "Definitely not hold the whole village to ransom, demanding a navigating head. You'll never hear the end of it."

"Mmm hmm," Miss Crancky sighed at his non answer. She asked the other two similar questions, scolding each of them for the answers. "Mr Kim. Through no fault of your own your wanted poster is on the island you've landed on. A guard immediately confronts you. How do you react?"

Harry wiped his brow but it didn't help at all. His hair by now was soaking wet. "Well I'd definitely not shoot the guy." Miss Crancky smiled approvingly. "I'd only have to keep doing it everytime I pass... um er, because it's cheating, and I'd miss valuable items for skipping the puzzle."

"Correct," Crancky nodded. The other two again got their turn, soon it was Harry's go again. "Mr Kim. You have left something valueable behind in a tavern. You go to get it back only for the bouncer to claim it as his own. How do you get your item back?"

"Um..." Harry squeaked. "Can I use the not shoot him one again?"

"This one's simple Mr Kim. If you fail this question, you fail your entire grade," Crancky scolded.

"Easy? Ok. Use a pot as a helmet. Follow the shop keeper through the maze woods. Use phaser on annoying man. Use glue on mechanical bull thing," Harry replied. Crancky slapped him across the

knuckles, and I don't mean with her hand. "Ow, not wander into a strange house while on a bronze hat hunt. I know that one is right." Once again.

"Perhaps you are not ready, Mr Kim. Let me tell you the answers and why they are the right way to do things."

Harry sighed.

The door to the pub swung open. One foot stepped out, but the owner fell to the side into the door frame. He took another step, but it was backwards. After a few attempts he managed to get his stubborn other foot to go forward. It wasn't the only thing that did. To Craig everything in front of him was a huge blur, but he could feel himself moving too fast. He tried to move his right foot forward, but it only went off to the side. To avoid doing the splits, his left leg lifted up to move it also to the right.

Morgan decided to walk past just in time to see Craig's mighty fall sideways into a pile of boxes. Coupons flew everywhere as he knocked one to the floor.

"Why didn't I think of getting drunk for my puzzles?" she giggled.

He struggled to get up, but to him the world was still spinning. Eventually he settled for raising his arm into the air, showing her a coupon in his hand.

"Yeah, there's thousands of them. What's your point?"

Craig shook his head to try to sort his vision out, that was when he noticed what he was lying in. His eyes went to the coupon in his hand, then to the pile he was in, and back again. Morgan pulled a face as he groaned loudly.

Finally free of the strange house, Harry smiled to himself and stretched. "I feel like a new man. No phaser shortcuts for me anymore!"

Not long later:

Yep, you've guessed it.

"All right, one of you knows where the helmet is buried. Tell me now or I'm having southern fried parrot!"

The two parrots sitting on the large man from the beach flew off in a panic. He shook his head. "You really need to go to Crancky's seminar. You need anger management bro." Harry's eyebrow twitched, so did his fire finger. "You won't get a straight answer from them. One of them always lies and the other one always tells the truth. You won't figure it out."

"Oh I'm sure it won't be a problem."

Once again, later:

"Squark! The helmet is buried here," parrot one said.

"No, it's on the next screen to the left," parrot two said. They flapped their wings to take off. However only one managed it, the other fell back onto the rock. Harry waved the feathers out of his face.

"So, it's buried here, is it?" he smiled. That soon faded, "wait, I forgot to check which one... Ugh, are you the one that tells the truth?"

"Yes," the remaining parrot squarked.

Harry covered his face with his spare hand.

Meanwhile:

"Hello, welcome to Planet Harry. May I take your phaser-ific order today?"

Morgan looked at the waitress in disgust. Before she could insult her Craig quickly handed the lady the coupon he had won, as well as an extra one. "I'd like two No Promotion Specials."

"Excellent choice, Sir," the waitress said with no feeling. "Remember, you can pick any beverage from our selection to go in our silver Promotion mug. You'll have to share though. What will it be?"

Craig glanced at the standing menu next to him. "We'll have the It's Not Crunch Time cocktail." The waitress nodded.

"Do we get to keep it after all that *puzzle solving* he did to get that coupon?" Morgan asked.

"Of course not. We only have one, that's why you have to share," the waitress replied.

"What happens if you get more than one table asking for this?" Craig asked her. Morgan meanwhile looked around at the empty restaurant.

The waitress pointed at a nearby table, "take a seat and I'll bring your meal."

The pair did as she said as she went to the bar to collect the large silver mug. Once they had the mug on the table the woman walked away.

"So the puzzle is picking up the mug, not getting to it?" Craig whined. He folded his arms on the table, then rested his head on them.

"Don't worry, I stopped by the coffee shop earlier," Morgan whispered to him. Craig frowned at her, not sure what she was hinting at.

"Oh I know. Do I like phasers?" Harry asked.

"No," the parrot squarked. It flapped its wings to fly away.

"Ohno you don't!" Harry groaned. He was about to run after it, phaser blazing but he remembered the other parrot. "The one I shot is the truth one. The helmet's here." He wasted no time starting to dig a hole with his hands.

Later:

Morgan and Craig stared in bemusement at Harry, who now was covered head to toe with sand.

"You must have dug for quite a while," Craig sniggered.

Harry stared blankly at his amused teammates. "No, I didn't actually. I just found it when that stupid three people complex guy fired a cannon at me. The lying parrot must have flew back." He put his hands on his hips as the pair laughed at him. "Oh and I assume you two solved your puzzles perfectly and had no issues."

"No problemo," Morgan smiled confidently.

Meanwhile at the Harry restaurant:

A young woman sat patiently for her free Promotion meal and mug. The waitress finally arrived at her table carrying a grey mug, which she then dumped on her table without a care in the world.

The customer eyed the cup which was definitely not silver, and definitely not head shaped. It did have a head on it though, but only as a picture on the side of the cup. The picture seemed to be of the coffee shop mugger holding up the store. Text below it said, "we survived the Coffee Smuggler".

She growled in frustration and her fist clenched. "Janeway," she ominously snarled.

PART 9: No, I Am Your Bad Plot Twist

The town on the planet Melly seemed strangely quiet when the team returned, at least until they reached the town hall. A huge crowd were yelling and booing towards the building, a few guards stood outside blocking them out. The awayteam pushed their way through, or rather Morgan did and the two boys followed in her wake. The two guards couldn't stop her either.

Once inside they saw what they expected sitting at the mayor's desk.

"What, you won? How?" Harry stuttered.

"Brains and beauty," Buck cackled. He tried to force his way out of the tiny chair with great difficulty.

Morgan pulled her face in disgust, "you won from lacking them? There's a first."

"You're wasting your time, Buck. You'd never be able to figure out the puzzles to get the other pieces!" Craig yelled. He leaned in to the others, "remind me why we did."

Harry sighed, "this is why it's the most hated game. Though the *best* one had us gathering map pieces we never used."

Buck luckily hadn't heard their whispering. "That's Governess Buckina to you Panseyson! I'm sure the pieces to the Ultimate Mockery won't be too hard to get."

Harry folded his arms defiantly. "I can't see you riding a mechanical bull shuttle or winning a diving competition, so do your worst."

"Eew, thanks for that image," Morgan complained.

Buck laughed loudly. "Why do I need to do all that rubbish when I have you lot?"

"Damn," Craig whispered. "Um no, why would we get the pieces ourselves? We just went to Tensey for a holiday."

I don't think so.

Harry scowled at the familiar voice while the others groaned. "Narrator!" he growled overdramatically. "You're not even in the voiced Monkey Islands, you have no business being here."

"Oh yeah, I forgot to tell Harry who that mayor of the other planet was. My bad," Craig sheepishly said.

Morgan rolled her eyes, "really? I thought it was pretty obvious."

"What?" Harry snapped. Morgan rolled her eyes.

I told you I'd see you soon Harry.

"No way," Harry whined.

Yes way.

"You're working for Buck again? Since when does Escape have continuity? This is a terrible parody," Morgan said.

Craig shrugged, "maybe making Escape have no plot holes or continuity problems is the joke for this one."

Wrong! Buck is working for me.

"Ok never mind. That'd be too clever for FV," Harry sighed.

Craig shook his head. "But why? Why would you need to have Buck help you out, to get the Ultimate Mockery final piece? You could just get it yourself."

Well I know how much Kimmy loves his puzzles. I may as well keep to the plot.

"You bast..." Harry growled.

Morgan interrupted him, "why would Buck go along with this?"

"Because I have a debt to repay," Buck answered as he waddled over to the group. "The last time we met, you left me trapped under my own roller coaster of death, and my stuffed pet Abby. Which you blew to bits may I add."

"Oh, that's why that big monkey showcase was there," Harry said.

"The Narrator said that I would be free in time to enact my revenge, so here I am," Buck continued.

Enough yapping. The gullible away team hand over the Ultimate Mockery pieces.

Morgan and Craig did this, then groaned angrily. Harry stubbornly pulled his phaser out instead. "No way! Escape had no narrator so you have no power in this parody!"

"Ooh right," Craig stuttered. Morgan shrugged and grabbed the two items back.

"Besides, I won't let you hurt Shooty!" Harry snapped.

See, this is where my allegiance with Buckina will come in handy. Buck decided to change into his alter ego.

"I wonder why I even took it off," Buck wondered outloud. He then started to undress in front of everyone. The team responded by screaming hysterically.

"Oh god, shoot him, Morgan hit him... anything!" Craig panicked.

"I'd love to but he's dead, so nada, and I'm on 10%," Harry stuttered. The boys looked at their last life line, but she ran out covering her mouth. "Damn."

Buck was halfway done, luckily not the worst half, when Harry gave in.

"Ah ha, try putting that staff together without the head and body," he smugly said.

Damn. Buck you should find Morgan...

"Believe me, I tried. She disappeared after the election," Buck said. He tried to get his dress over his head while his pants were luckily still on.

Ugh fine, Tani, find her. First, these two. How can we stop them from meddling?

Buck smiled, "oh I know the perfect place."

The really close by star shone for miles over the the volcanic, jungle like land. Not yet aware of this were the two Humans lying on the golden beach, slowly turning red.

Craig groaned first, he pushed himself up to his feet. His face filled with confusion as he took in his surroundings.

Harry's first conscious activity was to check his hair. His hand recoiled in shock as his black hair was scorching hot. "Yah!" he screeched, jumping to his feet. The pair both decided to run to the nearest tree for some shade.

"Where are we?"

Harry looked around, "I'd recognise this smell anywhere, we're on Malain."

"The smell of burning flesh and black hair?" Craig meekly joked.

Harry grimaced as the strands of hair that fell against his forehead singed his skin. "That too. Damn."

"Without a ship we're pretty much literal toast," Craig said.

"Literal? I didn't realise you were a loaf," Harry raised an eyebrow.

Craig rolled his eyes in response. "Do we have anything to get us started?"

Harry searched his pockets, his eyes widened in terror and he dropped to his knees.
"Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!"

Craig watched him for about five minutes, after that he had enough so he walked off into the nearby jungle. Immediately he ran into an old short alien man, wearing no pants.

"Eew, I mean hi. You don't have a ship do you?"

"A what?" the man responded.

"Uh, how did you get here then?" Craig dared to ask.

"Beats me, sonny," the man replied.

Craig sighed before continuing his walk. The man went the way Craig came, joining Harry on the beach.

"Hey blondy, you left your lady behind!" he called back.

Harry stopped screaming long enough to look up angrily. He grabbed the nearest thing which was a coconut lookalike, then threw it. After colliding with the old man's head it rolled back to him.

"Ouch!" the man cried. "Oooh, now I remember, you're that fella that threatened the natives."

Harry's eyes widened, he quickly threw the coconut again.

"Where am I?" the man asked.

Harry glanced back at the coconut rolling back to him, "hmm."

Craig stood at the top of a precipice filled with strange burrowing tunnels going through it. A pile of small rocks lay at the top, waiting for him.

"Ugh, this looks like a timing puzzle." With that he dropped a rock off in each hole.

Meanwhile an innocent monkey like creature stood practicing some fighting moves. It was too busy to notice anything, but the others nearby did and they ran. One rock fell from the sky, knocking the little monkey into a coma. Meanwhile Monkey Island fans everywhere cheered and clapped.

In another meanwhile a construction team named *Reset Button - Continuity Sucks* were pulling down the theme park from the last games. They missed a rock fly over their heads.

In the last meanwhile Harry was still standing on the beach, talking to the old man.

"Ookay so you lost your short term memory by getting hit by this coconut. You've also lost your long term memory, so what can you remember in between them?"

"All I remember is rage and epic fury over a stupid rock puzzle. I remember them and ridiculous tunnels, branches. Nothing before that," the man replied.

"So you don't remember the solution to it?" Harry groaned.

"No."

"Hmm so if a coconut hitting you again restored..."

Another rock fell from the sky and bopped the man on the head. He shook it off like it was nothing. "Oh yeah. That rock puzzle either opens up the island or allows you to get some item. Or both!" Harry pulled a face. "I remember my name too."

"Well?" Harry impatiently said.

"Just my initials, TH," the man responded.

Harry sighed, "can you remember anything actually useful?"

"You mean telling you where to start isn't useful, spoilt young 'un," TH laughed.

"No, it looks like Craig is doing it anyway. What was the last thing you remember hitting you?"

"Huh, why?" TH asked.

Harry shrugged, "I'm sensing a theme."

Craig wiped his brow, his face and then neck as he entered the vicinity of a steady lava flow. He could see the path onward but it was completely blocked. With that path out, he decided to go back towards the abandoned mine he passed.

"Can't I just punch you?" Harry wondered.

"No, you said it has to be the actual item that caused my amnesia. Looks like you'll have to come back."

"Pfft, this amnesia side quest better help us out and not be some stupid excuse for a plot twist. I'd be so mad if that happens," Harry marched off.

Inside the mine Craig was trying to coax a monkey over to a door with a fruit, but it wasn't having any of that. He gave up with a heavy sigh. Kneeling down, he tried to put his hand through the tiny flap in the centre of the door to attempt to reach the lock on the other side.

The monkey ran over, shaking his or her head. It leapt onto Craig's shoulders, then climbed on his head. With its little hands it grabbed a regular door handle. The door clicked open.

"Oh..." Craig turned bright red. "Well that worked!" he badly covered. Once he removed his hand from the flap, he gave the monkey its reward. It thanked him with a squeak and leapt to the floor, snacking away. Craig stepped through the door, with his new friend right behind him. His eyes widened at the sight of all the primitive cogs and other mechanical things filling the room.

"Wow, I wonder what this all could be for?" With that he leaned on a wall, knocking a switch accidentally. His whole body jumped as the cogs started turning.

Meanwhile at the lava flow, a little log flume car emerged from a building at the top of the mountain. It flew down the lava fall with an occupant sitting inside, as expected he screamed hysterically all the way down.

Once he reached the bottom, his hands grabbed a ledge nearby to stop the car, and grab the bottle lying on the ledge. Letting go, the car drifted further. Noticing he was going the wrong way, his hand instinctively reached for the lava to paddle. Luckily the steam alone made him bring his hand back. "Owie, that's hot!" Instead he used his body weight to lean to the side, turning the car the way he wanted. He finally reached his target, a little lava lake. Once he stopped again he climbed out.

His attention went to the only tree there. Instead of wondering how a tree could possibly live surrounded by streams of lava, he turned his attention to the figure on the other side.

"Surely the MC should be doing these puzzles," TH complained. Despite his whining he pushed at the tree.

Harry smiled, "lucky for me, this isn't actually a game."

The tree gave way, falling directly over a lava stream's path, allowing Harry to cross. First though it decided to hit him on the way down, giving TH some satisfaction after all he went through. After watching some birds fly around his head, Harry pulled himself back to his feet, then reluctantly made his way across the tree.

"Now what?" TH asked.

"Obviously you hit yourself with the bottle to give me another clue."

"Aw," TH whined. He did as he was told anyway. "Hey now I remember why I took off my pants."

"Great, that'll help," Harry walked off, shaking his head.

Later:

Harry reached what he thought was the theme park he'd been to twice. Instead he found a large open area with nothing but a giant rock shaped like a monkey head sitting at the far side.

"I swear that park was here."

"No," TH said.

"Really? I remember that roller coaster went through the mouth of that thing," Harry pointed at the rock.

"Obviously you're getting mixed up with another monkey head," TH said. Harry resisted the urge to shoot him, but then he grew upset when he realised he couldn't anyway.

Just then the head started to shake, shaking the ground as well. It rose from the earth, revealing what was hiding underneath it. As that was happening a large piece of metal flew out from the new hole in the ground.

"Are you fu..." Harry started to complain.

The metal hit TH in the head, "ow!"

"Kidding me!" Harry continued.

TH's eyes widened in wonder, "oh I remember it all now!"

"It wasn't really explained in the parodies, but that head was supposed to lead to a catacomb network and a lava lake. Buck even hid his ship there once. In the games it was also where that stupid Big Whoop treasure was, which ended up being a gate in the Revenge parody. And then a bloody rollercoaster flies down through its mouth to dump riders into the lava, which was kept I guess. They all went together, badly, but they did," Harry ranted loudly, pacing madly.

TH looked around nervously as the head now stood next to them, with a whole monkey shaped body made of metal. Yes it looked ridiculous.

"Um yeah OK, I remember vital information about that villain you mentioned."

Harry continued anyway. "so now they're thinking I'm going to buy that the head was a robot monkey this whole time!"

"About the Narrator stranding me on this planet," TH tried to butt in.

"So are the catacombs still there, using the robot as a little entrance? Or is it just what's inside this montrosity's stomach? Does it still exist even?" Harry rambled on, his voice getting louder. "Did the roller coaster go through that entrance and into a lava pit, or did it just take a nose dive into some lava stomach?"

"I guess it was a really good secret, hmm. Now then, about the revelation that I'm Tani's grandfather," TH tried again.

Harry wasn't going for it though. "Seriously, is this thing a decentish plot eating monster, that craps out continuity? Is this really the best plot twist they could think of? A giant fuc..."

"You really should stop swearing," they heard Craig's voice over some speaker.

Harry didn't really register it though, he was on a roll. "This is the secret the first game's title was hinting at? If I was a fan I'd be burning all my copies, even the bloody digital ones. Good thing I hate this fuc..." TH sighed. "... game parody and FV's stupid new censoring system. It's not clever!"

Craig appeared out of the monkey's eye, which was actually a window. "Uh Harry? If we don't hurry you'll never use a phaser again."

TH decided to drag the broken Harry Kim into the er, robot. Meanwhile his eyebrow twitched madly like it was alive and planned to escape. "It's a spaceship too!? Oh that's genius! Why didn't the Monkey Island writers come up with that gem too? I'm so on the edge of my fuc... don't interrupt me... king seat!"

The pair joined Craig in what appeared to be the cockpit. Harry continued ranting, especially when he noticed that the place they were in was not far from the mouth entrance. TH took his place at the front seat just when Craig was about to sit there too.

"It's my ship, sonny. I'll drive."

Craig stared blankly, "huh? But I woke it up... apparently a mile away from the head in an old mine. How does that work?" His eyes widened when he noticed Harry just heard that. "That was a joke, honest."

PART 10: Flawless Draw

"So you were racing the Narrator, he rammed you into a wormhole. Once you were here your ship crashed. You bumped your head on the way out of it, giving you amnesia," Craig tried to understand.

"Yep!"

"Your ship that looks like a monkey."

"A what?"

"And you're Tani's granddad she thought was dead?" Craig raised his eyebrow.

"Yep, clever plot twist, ey?" TH seemed proud.

"I suppose, since we know nothing about you or your backstory. It's not like you had one that conflicted with that story at all, creating a really big plot hole, damning the game to be hated by 99% of all the game series' fans. The other 1% being the ones who simply are not bothered," Craig said.

Harry groaned through his gag, his eyes widened even further somehow.

"How is my Tani anyway?" TH asked.

"Actually, I don't know. We never did meet back up," Craig replied.

Melly:

Tani hid behind a large fountain, watching the locals build a terrifying statue of Buck in his dress. "Phew, at least he won't find me here," she smiled. That faded immediately, "I wonder why they're building that. What's Buck up to, driving up the price of brain and eye bleach?" A shadow of a figure cast over her.

"Ah Morgan, excellent hiding place. I'd never think to look for you in the town centre next to an eye catching fountain," Pinch-Nose sneered.

Tani turned around, immediately cringing at the sight of him. That fake nose he had now had fallen off so she could see the entire hole in his face. "I'm not Morgan, I'm Tani." She pulled off her nametag, "see."

Pinch-Nose looked embarrassed, "oh I'm sorry, miss." He scampered off.

Once she was alone again Tani could hear a pair of locals arguing. "I didn't vote for Buck. It was bloody obvious that was him. I just played along so he wouldn't kill me."

"So did I! How come he's Mayor if no one voted," the other man cried.

"Sounds like he got through by cheating somehow. He probably knows someone who can manipulate things how they want."

Tani's eyes widened, "the Narrator."

"You can't find her? I told you to not stop looking for my dear Morgan until you did, or risk my wrath," Buck growled, showing the folded dress for emphasis. Pinch-Nose cowered.

I told you to look for Tani. You know the one you thought stole the Mockery pieces. I only told you Tani so you'd actually chase after Morgan, who did steal them, cos you confused her with Tani in the first place!

Buck and Pinch-Nose looked at nowhere in particular with a very confused look on their faces.

Ugh, I'm not the one that doesn't know the name of the girl I fancy. Never mind. Pinch-Nose keep looking for Morgan.

"So, is that the Tani one or..." Pinch-Nose stuttered,

Morgan! The one with the treasure we need! How can you possibly get this wrong?

Tani held onto the two objects, she also wasn't making much sense of this. "Why?"

Morgan sighed, "they can't figure out who is who, that's why. He'll go for me, but you'll have the items. We swap after that to confuse them further."

"Ooooh, clever!" Tani giggled.

"Not really, they're just idiots," Morgan sighed.

Everyone who saw it laughed as the warp capable monkey robot entered orbit, then began its decent to Melly, feet first.

"I was less embarrassed flying that pink ship," Craig said, covering his face.

"We're not landing this ship in town are we?" Harry groaned. "Not that I have any dignity or decent expectations left."

"Of course, we have no time to lose," TH laughed.

Meanwhile Pinch-Nose had brought back Morgan by gunpoint. Buck was not looking happy at all about this while the Narrator still looked invisible.

Where are the pieces?

"Where's my Morgan?" Buck demanded.

"Gee, I dunno. Maybe you guys need to agree on a goal and come back to me," Morgan smiled cheekily.

Grrr Pinch-Nose, you incompetent...

Pinch-Nose whimpered, he had no idea what he had done wrong this time. "But you said..."

Buck used Harry's phaser to shoot him. "Ah, that is satisfying. I'll find her myself!"

Morgan now looked worried, "are you sure? We can keep doing this."

"Nay lass, this is what my statue was built for," Buck cackled before running out.

It's not finished, you fool.

Outside the crowd soon dispersed, abandoning a giant head still on a lifting crane. Buck failed to notice this *minor* issue when he reached his masterpiece. His body disappeared into a green mist, which then entered the statue.

Tani meanwhile had been watching all of this from her hideout fountain. Her mouth dropped as the statue then came to life. It tried to look around. Buck's voice boomed from it somehow, "gah! I can't see!" The statue span around, immediately losing its footing. "Morgan! Where are you my darling!" A step backward got his balance back, then he proceeded to try grabbing air from the ground.

"Well at least he can't kidnap me if he can't..." Tani sighed in relief. That was short lived. The statue grabbed her anyway. "Shoot! What are the odds?"

"One in one, my dear. We are destined to meet."

The robot monkey landed outside the town hall, much to Morgan's amusement and probably the Narrator's.

What is that? It doesn't look...

"Familiar? Of course not. They couldn't even make the monkey head look the same," Harry's voice rang out of the monkey's mouth.

"Damn it Harry!"

Ah, I saw you sooner than I thought, Harry.

Inside the monkey head, Harry was busy headbutting a panel. "Stop that, that joke's not funny either!"

You're too late. Buck used the last 10% of your phaser, you have nothing to live for.

"Hardly, this ship will have bigger phasers," Harry smiled. "Right?"

"No, this is a racing ship," TH replied.

Harry's headbutts continued, this time though the ground shook on each one. Craig and TH seemed confused until they noticed what was stomping over to greet them.

"Argh, if it isn't Andercrap and Kimberley," Buck Statue cackled. He used its hand to try to grab them like they were on the ground, he got the monkey leg instead. After a tiny bit of groping he was at a loss. "What is this?"

"It's the er... monkey head," Craig stuttered.

"It has a body?" Buck Statue scratched his neck instead of a head.

This was the last straw, yet again, for Harry. "Even Buck who used it as a base and hung around it for three games doesn't know it was secretly a Monkey Robot. This game blows!"

"Oh dear, I parked my backup ship in there," Buck Statue complained.

"See the villain's clueless," Harry sighed.

"We knew that, now what?" Craig impatiently asked him.

"I don't care, as long as it's not monkey combat," Harry replied. "We dodged that bullet so far."

Buck-Statue cackled, placing a hand on its stone boobs. "I'll tell you what, you let me keep Morgan, and I let you keep the robot."

"You fiend!" Harry growled. "No deal!"

Who cares about that. Get the Mockery Pieces from her.

"One sec," Buck Statue growled. He knelt down on one knee. "Morgan, marry me or else!"

Tani squirmed in his hand, "or else what? I'm Tani anyway."

"I'm not stupid to fall for that one again," Buck Statue said.

"Are you sure? You have no head, your statue is in a dress, and oh yeah, Morgan's over there!" Tani yelled, pointing at the town hall.

Statue Buck shrugged, "I'll take that as a yes." He stomped over to the church. Well he tried a little too hard. All that was left was a pile of bricks and wood. "Oooh splinter!" He sat down to cradle his stone foot, which had a tiny bit of wood impaled on it. Tani used that moment to escape his hand. Buck Statue somehow managed to inhale air through his stone teeth, which weren't there on the original closed mouth statue. "God, that's the worst pain ever!"

Buck now! Stop messing around.

"I'm busy!" Buck Statue snapped at him. "Oooh that's deep in there."

Morgan ran up to Tani holding the helmet piece and a T shaped one. "Quick, give me your two." Tani reached out to give her the body and head pieces.

Tani dropped them like the big airhead she is.

Tani tripped over her own feet even though she wasn't walking, dropping the pieces. Morgan groaned as she picked them up anyway. "Tani, no narrator in Escape. You don't listen to him."

Only if you want to. Pinch-Nose miraculously was brought back from the dead. He rescues the Mockery pieces to finally attach them correctly.

Pinch-Nose grabbed the pieces off Morgan who shuddered at the sight of the dead man. He fixed the pieces together.

Pinch-Nose fires at Buck, rendering him help...

Buck Statue cradled his leg, "it won't come out, it won't come out. I want my mummy."

Scratch that. The Ultimate Mockery now controls people it fires on. Pinch-Nose fired at Buck.

A yellow beam fired from the staff, crashing right into a sobbing Buck Statue. Inside the monkey head Harry was edging for the door. "Ohno, it's happening. I'm outta here." He abandoned Craig and TH with the controls.

Buck Statue stopped whimpering and stood up. "Yes master."

"Oh come on! You can't just change what the staff does in the finale," Morgan complained.

Now Buck, destroy Harry.

Buck Statue loomed over Harry, his eyes widened.

Craig and TH jumped as Harry appeared, standing in between them. "Go go, monkey combat time!"

Craig shook his head, "do you remember what the walkthrough said about it?"

Harry strained his brain trying to remember. Meanwhile Buck Statue was not going to wait for his turn, he just kept punching the robot in the head.

"Hey hey, turn based!" Craig snapped.

Hey hey, real life.

"Real life? You're a disembodied voice with control of the story, what's real about that?" Craig argued.

Fine, Buck plays fair and waits for his turn.

"Oh, I remember! Draw," Harry blurted out. With that in mind, he discussed the puzzle's solution with the others.

"But Tani's already free from his hand," Craig pointed out much to Harry's annoyance.

"Fine!" he groaned. "Why ask me then?"

"I didn't know freeing her was the point. The game makes you believe you have to win," Craig stuttered. A light switched on in his brain. "Never mind, let's draw."

Outside Harry held a piece of paper in front of Pinch-Nose, pointing at a particular part. "And that's you with the wavy lines around."

"Um," he grimaced.

"The handsome one is me."

"I don't think..."

Meanwhile the robot did some daft pose, winning another round with Buck. This angered the Narrator controlled Buck Statue.

"This is a drawing of why the robot plot twist sucks, see," Harry showed Pinch-Nose another paper.

If Pinch-Nose still had a nose, he'd shrivel it up in disgust. Instead he just raised his eyebrow. "I do see. It's ludicrous. I could live with the hermit with a backstory being the granddad betrayed by the Narrator, but this."

"I know!"

Buck Statue got mad at losing yet again. He raised his giant plank injured foot to stamp it. Harry then quickly nudged Pinch-Nose underneath it just in time for a witty retort. "I'll see you soon, Pinch-Nose." He quickly ran off to the monkey for cover.

"You will? That's worrying," Pinch-Nose said before he and the staff were squished. A yellow light engulfed the bottom of his foot, seconds later huge pieces of rock were being thrown everywhere.

Noooo, my plans... ruined!

Harry pointed at no one in particular, "you didn't have a plan. You just wanted me to suffer from ridiculous puzzles."

Oh yeah. Well mwahahahaha, I win again. I'll see...

"Yeah yeah, I'm the only one that's used that line right. It's an empty threat, a line forgotten about from a cliffhanger. Didn't you watch Unimatrix Zero?" Harry snapped.

"Burn," Tani sarcastically groaned.

Craig and TH soon joined the others outside the horrific monkey robot, hopefully to be forgotten about by the next game. "Hey Tani, say hello to your granddad and lets get out of here," Craig said.

Tani frowned at the old man, "what? He's not my granddad. He's just some nutjob hermit who sold me the wedding dresses."

Harry narrowed his eyes at him, "I knew it. Not the dresses thing, but the making it up part."

"Meh, you weren't listening so I thought, what the hell?" TH cackled.

Morgan smiled sweetly as she handed the dead phaser to Harry. He seemed more than happy enough to hit the strange man with it over the head.

THE END