

Episode 1.26 Tales of Voyager

Previously on Fifth Voyager rips off the Monkey Island series;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh yeah, well I landed with a view," Harry stuttered.

"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?"

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

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."

Harry fired the phaser at him. "Orange."

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!"

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

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

Craig pouted, he looked behind him at the guard. "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?"

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

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

Craig pulled a face, "ew, don't start with the exclaiming. This is the reboot Season One, not the original."

"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.

"Oh dear, I parked my backup ship in there," Buck Statue complained.

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.

And now the really unfunny *conclusion* presented by the best character; me, the Narrator.

Um, I assume I'm in this right? Right!?

Deep in the middle of an asteroid belt, on top of one of the largest asteroids, sat a small alien craft. Inside it a large, familiar man was cackling away whilst holding a small alien by the scruff of his neck.

"At last, I finally have my bride, ahahahaha!"

Sitting opposite him, tied up to what looked like a ceiling support with rope, was Tani. She huffed, rolling her eyes. "Look you crazy decomposer, I'm not the one you're after!"

Buck chose to continue his speech anyway. "Soon this area of space will belong to me, and we shall rule it together, my beloved. All I need now is these little vermin to complete the rites, and we'll be off on our honeymoon."

Tani shuddered, "oh god."

"How does a week in Hell sound, hmm?" Buck cackled at her.

"Sounds like, well, hell actually," Tani mumbled to herself. She looked up with a determined look in her eyes. "Look mister, you've kidnapped me four times, surely you must have noticed one of those times that small, tiny detail." He stared at her, puzzled. "I'm not Morgan!"

"Three," Buck corrected her.

"Um no, four. First time for that wedding. Second the theme park, third roller coaster. What's your issue with that, by the way? Tani rambled. "Then that ridiculous giant..."

Buck's face crinkled in rage, his voice tried to hide it, "oh aye. The fourth time with the giant voodoo lady, and the stab in the heart. I didn't even capture you then, my dear."

Tani shook her head, "what? No! That's ridiculous yes, but that's not even the same series."

Buck looked a little relieved but still confused. "Giant sea or space creature eating ships?" Tani shook her head again. "Cursed coins? Fountain of youth?"

"Oh for god's sake," Tani groaned. "Giant statue of you, guy with no nose."

"Do you think we're in a Pirates of the Caribbean parody, love?" Buck asked.

Tani kicked her legs out, hitting nothing but it still eased her rage a bit. "No, that's you! No wonder you keep getting Morgan and I confused."

"No matter, I'll impress ye when I command the entire sector. Then the quadrant. Are you yet, 'cause I am getting a little tired at the moment."

"I'll be a lot more impressed if you impaled yourself," Tani huffed.

"Really?" Buck was about to do what she said, but he only managed to poke himself. He pulled the sword back, "ow! No."

Tani rolled her eyes, "any minute now the knight in shining armour I ordered will show up. I hope. My ropes are itchy."

Buck laughed, only halfheartedly and a little strained as he was still recovering from his stab. "Not even Phaser Happy Kim and Pansy Anderson will rescue you now. I left them to be torn apart by my pet piranha kittens."

The intercom buzzed nearby, both of them could hear everything on the other side.

"Of course I had to shoot them; one was going for my eye!"

"It wasn't even near your knee. You just like shooting things."

"Uh, did you actually hail him?"

"No... Oh crap."

"Arrrgh not you again!" Buck screeched. He tossed the alien side to side before dropping him. Then with a press of a button he put a fake smile on his face. "Ah my friends, it's so good of you to join us."

"Uh, two way hail," Craig's voice mumbled.

Buck growled like he was there in front of him. "Whatever. How did you enjoy your little trip to the locker?"

"What?"

"What?"

Tani sighed, "I think he's in denial about the fourth game. Just go with it."

"Oh yeah, it was fine," Craig's voice sighed.

Harry laughed slightly, "yeah, too much turtle combat, not enough rum drinking. Now can we just get on with it, four of these were bad enough."

"No two, the first four games are two episodes. This is the third," Craig muttered.

Buck's eyebrow twitched, "combat you say?"

Meanwhile on the nearby shuttlecraft:

"I hope that thing works. I don't like the idea of being beamed over with a dud," Craig said.

"It'll work," Harry said as he turned his seat away from the front window. Right in front of them was Buck's larger shuttle. "Now get ready, the combat comment should have peed him off enough to pick a fight." Sure enough Buck's ship quickly turned to face them and picked up speed. Craig turned his head slightly so he could see this. "The new shields should overload his phasers and affect his..." The shuttle shook violently just as its view of anything else was obscured by the ship.

"Yep that worked," Craig commented.

Harry stared at him. "Well go, no shields."

"Why me?"

"Rock beats scissors."

Buck's ship reversed and then headed forward again.

"Then again, a team effort could be useful," Harry muttered to himself.

Buck laughed as he watched the Voyager shuttle explode on his screen. "Now with that distraction out of the way, I can continue the ceremony." He grabbed the alien again, the others could only watch in their cages.

"Prepare for the distraction!" Harry announced.

Buck looked down to see Harry standing in front. "What distraction? Where?"

Harry pointed behind the corpse, "there."

"Here?" Buck pointed behind him.

"Maybe."

"Hmm, interesting." Buck turned just in time to see Craig. He stabbed him in the stomach with a curved sword. "Owee! That was sneaky."

"Ow," Harry also complained.

Craig looked up, "ow?"

"You scratched me with the tip, god!" Harry rubbed a small nick on his chest.

Craig tried to pull the blade back, but Buck grabbed his hand. "You fool, I'm already dead."

"You still said ow," Craig meekly said.

Buck's whole body started to glow green, so did Craig's sword hand. "What's happening?" Buck screeched.

"Eeew," Tani groaned.

"This is my favourite uniform," Harry whined, not paying any attention to what was happening.

The sword slid out of Craig's hands and Buck on its own, then clattered to the ground. The green died down. Craig and Tani gasped at Buck now that he was a lot less green.

"Holy..." Craig stuttered.

"Yum," Tani smiled.

Craig frowned, "no."

Buck looked at his hands, then his arms. All the Tolg pieces were gone, and his skin had a lot more colour and a lot less damage. "I'm, I'm alive?"

"Well this is officially the stupidest sword ever," Craig commented.

Tani shook it off, "I wouldn't mind that wedding now. You don't mind, right?"

Buck looked over at her hopefully, but then he noticed. "Wait, that's..."

"Tani yeah," Craig shook his head. "Now what?"

"Yes indeed," Buck muttered.

Harry looked up, "well now that is over. Let's go." He then noticed Craig pointing at Buck, looking freaked out. "Oh, still alive. That's typical."

"Yeah *alive*," Craig said.

"That's what I said. Best finish the job and vamoose," Harry said.

Craig frowned, "uh right." He went to pick up the sword. As soon as he grasped it his hand had better ideas. It swung the sword into the air, then back and forth, pulling his whole body side to side. "Uh, help!"

Everyone looked on in amusement. Well almost everyone. Harry groaned and looked around at some of the computers nearby. "Screw this, where's the helm?"

"I said, help!" Craig yelled.

"Why, you're doing that great," Tani giggled.

Buck backed off a bit as Craig's hand antics got more erratic by the second. The sword eventually flew out of his hands, and straight into a green light fixture. "Uhoh."

The computer voice spoke up, "Separation sequence in ten seconds."

"Oops," Harry stuttered.

Tani's eyes widened, "no wait, is that your own oops or Craig's oops?"

Craig looked confused as a forcefield appeared in front of him. As he tried to reach for it, his right hand decided to punch himself in the face instead.

"What? No, I just triggered the auto pilot," Harry replied.

Tani's eyes widened further. "Undo the separation!"

It was too late. The ship separated at the forcefield. The part Craig and Harry were stuck on shot off into warp, leaving the other half behind.

"Oh shoot!" Tani muttered.

PART 1: Launch of the Screaming Phaser

The locals could only watch as a strange ship that looked like it had been sliced in half, nose dive out of the sky and into the surrounding ocean. Nobody seemed surprised though, once it was over they all got back to what they were doing before.

One man stood on the beach not far from the splash site. He yanked out a device from his pocket and started pointing it at the capsizing ship. Two dots approached from the wreck, as they got bigger he could hear voices getting louder.

Once he could clearly make out that the dots were heads, he could just make out what they were yelling. "... time, leave the auto pilot on!" the blonde haired one yelled.

"Says the idiot who threw a sword at the separate the bloody ship button!" the black haired one spat back, literally as well. "Ugh I swallowed sea water, this is your fault!"

By now the man could see arms and legs so he knew they were swimming and not floating their way towards him. The blonde one stumbled under the water for a second, then his whole body rose out of it with the water at knee level. The black haired one did the same thing.

"My fault? I didn't get the only sword that revives people and has a mind of its own, did I?"

"Well at least I did something! You'd think you'd be at least good at staring at Morgan, but obviously not or we wouldn't be here."

The man cleared his throat, "excuse me." His eyes widened, then he quickly hid his device back in his pocket. The two men stared at him once they were on the sand. "Are you alright?"

The pair walked over to him awkwardly, their black boots were now a golden sand colour. Harry grumbled whilst staring down at them.

"Yeah, it's not our first shuttle crash," Craig replied.

Harry turned his head aside to spit out some water, he cringed immediately. "Ugh it's worse than our oceans." He lifted his leg up, hopping on the other, so he could pull his boot off.

"I wouldn't," the man warned a little too late. Harry ignored him, he tried to shake sand out of his boots but nothing was budging. Craig meanwhile watched him between the cracks of his left fingers. "That was a mighty fine crash, one of the best I've seen in a while."

"Like I said, not our first," Craig commented. He removed his hand and turned to face him. "Please tell me this planet has items we can just pick up, and not have to trade stuff for or in Harry's case, shoot them for."

The man's eyes sparkled, "shoot? Are you bad men here to rob our houses and encourage violence?"

Harry wobbled a bit as he shook his boot, then of course he fell over onto his butt. He growled loudly as the sand splashed over his wet black uniform and stuck to it. Craig cringed a little, embarrassed for him.

"More or less," he sighed.

The man grinned, "excellent." Craig frowned at him. "I need a good story to sell my papers."

Craig looked behind him at the ship which only had a metre of it left above the water, then back at the man. "I take it you don't get many shuttles around here."

"Sure we do, that's the problem. It's boring," the man replied. "This planet generates a strong gravity pull, anything that goes into orbit gets chucked into the sea. We see more of that than birds flying by."

"Son of a bitch," Harry complained as he looked at his sandy hands. "It gets everywhere!"

Craig rolled his eyes. "I'm sure Harry shooting everyone will be old news within an hour." He then realised something about what the man said. "Wait, how does that gravity pull effect ships leaving orbit?"

The man belly laughed. "That never happens. No ship is powerful enough to get through the atmosphere to even get there."

"Even at warp?" Craig stuttered.

"Yeah sure," the man said chirpily. "If you also like crashing a high speed vehicle into a brick wall, it's just like that."

Craig felt the heat leave his cheeks, his face paled as a result. "So we're stuck here?" Harry meanwhile chucked his boot back on begrudgingly and stood back up.

"Yup just like the rest of us," the man replied with a grin. "In fact there's only one ship in one piece on this whole island, and that's only because it was here before..."

"Island? What about the other countries, continents etc... on this planet?" Harry grumbled.

"Only islands exist in these parodies, surely you've noticed that by now," Craig commented. Harry narrowed his eyes, his phaser hand shakily pointed it at him. Craig looked a little worried. He was about to say something when his sickly green looking hand flew up and slapped the phaser out of Harry's. It caught it as it fell. All three men stared at the hand with their eyes almost falling out of their sockets.

"Woah! Now that's a story," the man grinned. He took out the device and pointed it at his hand for a few seconds. He put it away again. "Where did you learn that sonny?"

"Uh..." Craig stammered.

Harry shook his head. "Never mind that crap. If no one is using it we can take the ship. I may be able to modify it."

"Oh, alien men steal ship, die tragically in escape. That'll be a good front page," the man said.

"Hang on, you said the ship was here before. Before what, the gravity pull?" Craig questioned. The man nodded. "Who lived here before the gravity started adding new civilians?"

"Ah that would be The Useful One," the man said. The two men waited for him to continue, Harry was starting to miss his phaser as a result. "Ah I couldn't just give away where he lives for free. You'll have to work for it."

Craig and Harry stared at each other with a knowing stare, they knew what that meant.

"What do you want and how easy is it to collect or put together?" Harry muttered. His hand edged for the phaser in Craig's hand, at the last second the hand swung into his jaw, knocking him flying to the ground. Craig's eyes widened, he smiled nervously. "Oh god, the sand's everywhere now!"

The man chuckled, "oh I'm sure you two will do nicely. I need news articles to fill the paper. Ship stealing would be a good one. Oh! Maybe the blonde kid can pick a fight or two. I'm sure my readers would be mighty impressed if you two found something hidden and of value as well."

Harry pulled himself up into a seating position. "Wait, treasure hunting?" He glared up at Craig. "That's what got us in this mess in the first place!"

Craig smiled meekly. "Can't we just wander the island to find him on our own? I take it there's a barrier to stop us until we solve the puzzles, there always is."

"No of course not," the man stuttered. "He wouldn't answer the door to just anyone and it'd be locked. Now get cracking." He turned to walk away towards the nearby village.

Harry pulled himself to his feet, muttering under his breath. He kept his glare on Craig as he did so. "Why do you keep hitting me and when did it suddenly become not funny?"

"It's still funny," Craig shrugged. Harry scowled. "I can't control it okay. Ever since I stabbed Buck it's been weird and green."

Harry sighed, "yeah yeah, any excuse. I'll take the easiest puzzle as somebody attacked me, you take the hardest. First we'll hijack the ship together."

"Uh Harry, you know these games like to mix the items for the puzzles up," Craig groaned.

"Somehow I don't think that's going to be a problem," Harry said, eyeing his partner's green hand. He looked down at it as well, grimacing as it didn't just look green, it was twitching on its own and looked like it belonged to Buck.

Harry and Craig didn't have to look far to find the only ship in the village. The pair were grateful that the small vessel parked in between two houses wasn't pink like the last one they borrowed. To make up for this though it wasn't going to be as easy for them to acquire. Their puzzle was standing on the ship's small bow, grinning at them through his overgrown moustache and beard.

"So why not?" Harry complained.

The man chuckled at him. "Anyone who attempts to get out of the atmosphere gets thrown back down here. The Nowe isn't going anywhere."

Craig raised his eyebrow at the ship's name. "No way?"

"No lad," the man answered anyway.

Harry groaned and rolled his eyes. "If you won't use this ship, we will!"

"You will? Wonderful," the man laughed. The two men stared blankly, they still weren't used to the strange characters they kept meeting. "I welcome a challenge lads, but first! I am Captain Windfast."

"Yeah yeah, what challenge are you blabbering about?" Harry asked.

"The Captain of the ship is the man who can knock the current owner off the hull," the man explained.

Harry smirked, "really?" Instinctively he reached for his trusty sidekick, touching his empty holster reminded him. He tried to cover his misery with a forced smile. "On second thoughts, we should probably get what we need first before stealing a ship..." he backed off while the other two stared at him, "puzzles, yeah, fun! Junk lying around, useful."

Craig didn't buy it, his eyebrow steadily raised. "And I suppose you'll leave the *easy* puzzles to me, right?"

Harry put his thumbs up at him before turning around to hurry off, "chump," he muttered under his breath. He'd barely finished turning around when he walked into a washing line hanging from the ship to a post nearby. Typically the item of clothing he walked into was Windfast's boxers. Craig and Windfast got a good laugh out of his flailing about. Doing so he knocked a piece of paper out from it, still soggy but readable. Harry decided not to question where it came from or even keep it, he was traumatised enough, so he ran off back into village.

Craig shook his head, "this is the last time I go on a mission with him, I swear." He walked over to pick it up.

The so called village only appeared to be a short street along the coast. Each building looked like it had been built up with whatever anyone could find, which mainly appeared to be ship parts. Harry walked by one building, only noticing from the corner of his eye that the text USS Voy was printed on its scorched, silver wall. He shook his head and carried on.

"Okay, I wonder if I'll get some items from in here like some booze," Harry said as he went for a saloon door. Instead of walking through it, he slammed into it.

A woman nearby walked passed, she stopped as Harry fell backwards onto the floor. "Oh yeah, we only had a month to build this. That door's just decoration, maybe try again in three chapters ey?"

Harry groaned his reply.

"What do you mean there's no treasure left?" Craig stuttered.

The man in front of him sighed impatiently. "I'll tell you what I told the crazy woman. A treasure hunter has already claimed everything just recently."

"Crazy woman?" Craig said.

"Yes, looked just like you so I'll assume you're the same species. Excuse me, I'm busy," the man grunted. He didn't move or do anything for that matter.

Harry found himself in a very noisy jungle. All he could hear were primates screeching, many insects buzzing around and he swore he heard a pig croaking as well. Dead ahead of him on the path he was on appeared to be an ancient stone tablet. Harry figured he was never going to be able to pick that up or need it, so he walked straight by it. His destination was the fork in the path. A quick dip in his head turned him to the right. As usual he couldn't see much further than a few metres, almost like it was really a game and the path was only obscured as it hadn't loaded yet. He thought that was just ridiculous as he wiped away the sweat on his forehead.

Once he reached the point where he couldn't see any further the environment warped around him.

Meanwhile somewhere else in the jungle a strange man with extremely wide eyes, had plonked himself down in the middle of the path. He wasn't alone. Homemade dolls made of some strange brown, unknown material were piled up next to him. One of them he swung around in front of his face, making ship engine sounds.

To his surprise Harry appeared only a few metres away, out of nowhere. The already irritated young man looked around to figure out where he was. His last glance was towards the stone pillars behind him which connected overhead to form an arch. Not far ahead of that he could see the so called village.

"Son of a bi..." an overwhelming stench caught his attention. It was familiar but he couldn't put his finger, or nose on it yet. Eventually he followed the smell to the man sitting on the floor whilst he was crashing his doll into the ground. "What... what are those?" he asked just as the doll *flew* up again.

The man jumped, naturally he flung the doll in his hand into the distance. "Ohno, my action coffee figure!" He cried.

He was about to get up and follow it when Harry quickly moved to stand in front of him. "Coffee what?"

"Hmph," the man pouted like a child. "You're a Human, we don't speak about the C word with Humans."

"Janeway's been here? That would explain the house made of one of our shuttles," Harry muttered to himself. "Look, I need to pick a fight with or steal from someone and you look like..."

The man's eyes widened even further in panic. Harry frowned, he wasn't used to seeing that, at least until his phaser was armed. Thinking that made him sad again.

"Okay, I'll tell you! This planet used to be rich in coffee, that's what she called it. We had to hide our reserves, we need it," the man quickly dashed to collect his runaway doll. Harry side stepped closer towards the pile of dolls.

"I see that," Harry commented. "If she didn't steal it, why is it *used to be*?" The man's eyes shifted between the pile of dolls and to the opposite side of him nervously. "Uh huh, so it's like a treasure now?"

"Sure! Why not," the man stuttered.

Harry smiled sneakily. "So where are the reserves?" The man laughed nervously, not noticing that Harry was closer to his treasure than he was. "I'll tell you what, I'll make it easy for you. Tell me where it is, or I'll drop this lot in the ocean." The man's eyes couldn't widen any further, he settled for whimpering instead.

With the soggy paper in his hand, Craig walked into the only pub in the village expecting to see a few things to collect for puzzles. Instead he walked into complete darkness so he didn't see the patron in his path. They weren't very happy about their collision.

"Oh sorry," his mouth said. His fist said something completely different.

Soon the entire room surrounded him. One guy knocked him straight to the ground, the rest got into position to beat him while he was unconscious. His fist however wasn't.

Moments later they were all nursing broken noses or busted lips.

Craig woke up just in time for the bouncers to arrive. They threw him out, literally.

Nearby talking to the reporter was Harry, he saw the painful landing. He walked over, unsure if he should laugh or not. He noticed the phaser lying a few feet away, so he inched down to his knees to grab it.

"Did I win?" Craig squeaked.

Harry laughed as the reporter joined them. "Amazing. It's true what they say about Humans. They're always looking for a fight."

"And coffee," Harry said, raising a jar.

"Wow, you have a lot of those," Craig mumbled.

"What do you expect?" Harry gloated. "Now all that's left is the ship. This should be a cinch, dunno why I was worried."

Craig was more than suspicious at this point. Although he was having trouble with keeping objects in his sight singular, so he assumed he misheard him. "Actually, I have an idea how I can do that."

Harry was more than a little disappointed, he tried not to show it. "Alright. I've got a *promise* to keep, so don't have too much fun without me." He wandered off toward the ocean with the jar, leaving Craig a lot more dazed as he was before.

Many hours later

"God, are you glued to that thing!?" Craig screamed at the Nowe Captain.

Harry strolled over looking amused. "Are you still stuck here? Here, let me try this item I picked up."

"You're not going to shoot him, are you?" Craig asked.

Harry lowered the phaser, "no. Oh come on, I've been good so far. I didn't shoot that idiot with the dolls. I gave you the bar fight."

"Yeah thanks for that," Craig rolled his eyes. "Let me try this last one." He held up a poster so Captain Windfast could read it.

"Bounty hunter for hire; Tiffany Flayer. Call this frequency. Ok?"

Craig looked confused. "Wrong one." He tossed it away and held up a different one. Windfast screamed like a girl, then fell backwards off the side of the ship.

"What was that?" Harry asked.

Craig showed him the poster of Kathryn doing her death glare, whilst holding one armful of coffee and the other reaching for the camera. On it said "Wanted; armed and *slightly* unhinged." Harry jumped a little.

"Is that a 3D poster? Her eyes are staring into my soul," he whimpered.

Craig shrugged his shoulders. Unknown to him Windfast had just climbed back up on to the hull.

"Nice try fellas."

Harry narrowed his eyes, and aimed the phaser. Craig could only sigh.

Harry and Craig stood on the hull of their new ship, both shaking their fists. "Draw!" Harry's fist changed to a flat palm, Craig's stayed as a fist.

"Ha, I'm the Captain," Harry said smugly.

Craig's right fist flew into the smug man's face, knocking him flying off the hull. Craig looked on with wide eyes. "Oops, sorry. I should have used my left."

Harry rubbed his cheek. "Ugh. Let's just see if we can find someone to help with that. A Doctor, a spell expert, or a woodsman."

Craig put his hands on his hips, "hey, don't talk to your Captain in that way."

Windfast appeared right next to a seething Harry. "First mate Windfast, at your service Captain Anderson."

"Wait hold on. I'm not even First? I knocked him off," Harry grumbled.

"Yes then he knocked you off. By the rules he's the Captain, and I'm First Mate as I called it," Windfast explained.

"See Ensign Kim, that's how it works," Craig smiled. "Now I'll look for something to calm this hand. You, go to that reporter and get the info we need."

Harry muttered a few insults under his breath as he walked away.

"Wait, it doesn't count if I leave to do other things, does it?" Craig asked.

"No sir. You can't be knocked off if you're not here," Windfast replied.

"Sweet, you guard the ship then," Craig smiled again.

"Yes sir, Captain Anderson!"

The reporter grinned. This only made Harry's mood even fouler. He glanced down at the so called map in his hands, then back up at that stupid grin. Harry couldn't decide which was annoying him more. The map drew his attention again, if you could call it that. All it seemed to be was one squiggly line with badly drawn pictures of monkeys, bees and what looked to Harry like a boar with horns on its nose, dotted around it. Looking at it decided it for him, his hand reached for the phaser in his belt before he looked back up. When he did, that annoying grin was gone. All Harry could see was a distant figure running away.

"Great," he groaned. "Can't we do anything normal in these episodes?" As he felt sorry for himself the inhabitants were gathering around the streets, trying to get a good look at something. He stomped off towards the village's exit, rambling to himself. He missed poor Craig sprinting through the village with his eyes wide.

"Wait, come back!" a voice screamed from the crowds.

Harry turned his back to the crowds and well, everything when he left through the stone pillars. Just as he did a crazy looking man with a wooly white wig and a doctor's coat, ran in Craig's direction brandishing a butcher's knife.

"I bet Craig gets his problems sorted out, but no, let's mess with Harry," Harry continued to huff as he walked towards the jungle.

"Okay, so you're The Useful One, huh?" Harry said, his eyes narrowed. He didn't get the answer he wanted, or any response but a blank face. "Clearly the irony is lost on you, huh?" he waved the map he was given in her face.

"Harry Kim!" her voice boomed, startling him enough to drop the map. "You agreed to remember me for this part in exchange for information in the last one."

Harry seemed genuinely confused. "Wait, last one? Is that the one we're supposed to pretend happened to build up to this game quicker? Nice job on that by the way. Part One's are meant to be tiny prologues and yet here I am, wasting hours following some dumb map stolen from a kids menu."

The woman sighed in annoyance. "No, it was the one with the robot monkey head." Harry's eyebrow twitched, the woman smiled in response. "Now that I have your attention. I was the one who told you where to get the sword to destroy Buck. Tell me, how did it go?" Before Harry could go into flashback mode the woman shook her head, "no time. I must bind Buck's essence with a voodoo spell, now hand the sword to me."

"Um about that, it's either with Buck or... on the bottom of the sea," Harry replied. The woman stared at him in dismay. He used his hands to demonstrate the ship splitting in two, his left slanted down and *fell* down as far as his arm would let him. "Well you get the idea. Now Useless One..."

"I am the Voodoo Lady, I've been in every game episode," the woman interrupted. "The joke wasn't even funny in the second game parody, so cut it out." Harry still looked confused. "You said it could be with Buck, how?"

"Well I wasn't sure which side of the ship the ship separator was on," Harry replied. Voodoo Lady's eyes narrowed. "It was Craig's fault. His hand went all wonky and punchy, it started flying it around like a shuttle trying to stay in orbit for an awaymission."

"I mean how is Buck still alive? The sword should have absorbed his evil, his very soul!" the Voodoo Lady's voice boomed around the tiny shack.

"Wow, you're really getting into the Season One spirit with all that yelling," Harry commented. "Though I suppose at the end of the reboot series, that joke no longer makes sense now. Shame." The Voodoo Lady's stare managed to unnerve him a bit. "Craig stabbed him, Buck literally lived cos of it. The only thing that absorbed was Craig's hand," he replied. His hand instinctively went to his stab wound on his chest to scratch it, he winced immediately and flung his hand to his side.

The Voodoo Lady eyed his chest wound with interest. "Buck lives? This is troubling. The sword only sucked out his evil. However it seems to have not gone into the sword, but through it. Craig's hand, does it do unspeakable evil?"

"Oh my god, cut it out!" Craig cried. He slapped his out of control hand away from his face. It didn't help though, the bad hand turned into a fist and flew into his face. Naturally this knocked poor Craig out onto the floor again. One of the fingers on the bad hand pointed out to aim for his nostril.

"Buck rarely did evil. Unspeakable, I'll give you that," Harry grimaced. He would never forget the tutu or Buck's campaign dress. If the monkey robot was his doing he would have considered that evil though. "The hand does like punching people."

"This sounds like symptoms of... The Pox of Buck," the Voodoo Lady dramatically said as if she was in a trailer.

"Um, has this happened before?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

The Voodoo Lady pouted, "no. You must find the cure, Mr Kim. I can tell you where to start. I have an... *acquaintance*, that can help you."

"I'm not touching the italics part, but how can you know of a cure for a disease you've only just named," Harry commented.

"Legends say that when true evil spreads, the only way to undo its wrath is to absorb it. You must find the *Pamo de Plato*, Mr Kim. That is the only thing that can do it," Voodoo Lady said.

Harry's face turned blank, "the dishcloth?"

The Voodoo Lady's hardened, so did her voice, "no!"

Harry shook his head, "hang on! If this cloth is the only thing that can absorb evil, why did you tell us to use that *evil absorbing* sword on Buck in the first place?"

The Voodoo Lady laughed nervously, she tried to cover it up with her normal laugh. "Let me give you the co-ordinates of the planet you must go to. My *friend* will know where to find the Pamo."

"It isn't literally a dishcloth, is it?" Harry was still suspicious. "Wait, I came here originally cos we're stuck on this planet. You were here before it became like this."

"Ah!" The Voodoo Lady was grateful for the change of subject. "I wasn't the only one. He's known only as the Hack Doc around here. When he arrived a lot of people suddenly became sick, it wasn't long until the gravity pull happened. If you find..." she stopped when she noticed Harry laughing quietly. "What's so funny?"

"Yeah I'm sure Craig is handling that one as we speak," he sniggered.

The Voodoo Lady ignored his sniggering and smiled broadly. "I expect nothing less. Now here are the planet's co-ordinates." She leaned forward to hand him a pocket watch. Harry grimaced as he took it, he expected to have to work out some bizarre puzzle to even open it. Luckily for him it opened into three sections with little effort, and the text inside in the centre was clear to him. Unfortunately so was the unflattering picture of the Voodoo Lady in the right window. A man he didn't know was in the left. "Now go, you must find the Pamo de Plato before the evil spreads any further."

Harry turned to leave. He stopped as a thought came to him. "I haven't collected anything in this stupid game yet." He looked around the room for anything. The first thing to catch his eye was a wooden model of a parrot. "Oooh."

"No!" the Voodoo Lady cried.

Harry's chest wound started to burn, his eyes flashed a piercing green. "Oh piss off oh Useless One, or I'll be phasing your chair out of existence and you'll have nothing to sit your fat ass down on!" His eyes returned to normal as he grabbed the parrot.

"Ohno," the Voodoo Lady looked on in concern.

The parrot seemed to come to life, "squark! Phasing your chair."

Harry smiled at it, "yeah, that'll do." He left before the Voodoo Lady could say anything else.

Craig's eyes weakly tried to open. He could make out a shadow in front of him through the thin cracks. His bad arm felt stranger, like it was lifting itself off the ground. That was when he noticed somebody was touching it. His eyes flung open.

"Ah good, hold still and..." Hack Doc cackled away. His own hand was tightly grabbing the wrist of the bad arm, the other held the butcher knife in the air. Craig quickly tried to sit up and push him away, but the hand had better ideas. This time two fingers stuck out of a fist and went for the doc's eyes. It was more than enough to make Hack Doc drop the knife but a little too close to his leg for his liking. It didn't matter, he ran for his hand's life.

"No! That hand is vital to my research," Hack Doc whimpered. Just then the clouds began to change to a murky green colour and fill up the empty patches of the sky. A green haze fell from the sky and settled on the village.

Hack Doc then noticed a few people nearby were also turning green in places just like Craig's hand. He growled in fury and walked off in the direction Craig went, passing by a woman with a green leg stamping on a random person's foot. On route back to his surgery he passed by a clothes shop where a very green looking man was eyeing up the pink dresses in the window. "I must have that unique specimen of Buck, everything depends on it."

Harry stared straight ahead of him with a deadly gaze. Well as deadly as Harry can manage it anyway. Obviously it wasn't really working, he probably couldn't scare pigeons away.

"Squark, useless one!" the parrot now sitting on his shoulder startled him.

Harry passed his *deadly* stare over to it and back again. He had been wandering the so called jungle for hours now, all he had managed to find were more of the stone tablets he had seen earlier. After a close inspection he realised every one was different and they each had some sort of puzzle to solve on it. Only metres ahead of him was a giant eyesore of a structure, and an earsore as well. If he wasn't in a game parody he'd be able to waltz through the trees and walk right up to it, but he figured he was forced to solve the puzzles on the pillars first. There was nothing else he could do.

Luckily though each puzzle tablet had some instructions on, in picture form. The first one seemed simple enough, there were coloured rocks inside the stone that he could only slide around, not pick up. "Heh, this is actually a puzzle. No problem," he smiled. After a few tries he managed to gather four red coloured rocks together. He was lining the third one up when the three blocks disappeared in a poof of smoke, leaving behind the one. Random coloured rocks took their place.

He waited, assuming that was what he was supposed to do. Nothing happened. Like it was instinct his hand reached for the phaser on his belt. His attention however went back to the instructions. The pictures seemed to hint to do the same thing twice. He sighed and continued sliding the rocks around. The longer it took the further the phaser would come out, luckily his other hand managed to match three again in time before the puzzle was shot. The stone tablet trembled and then slowly slid its way down into the ground.

"Ah, no sweat," Harry sighed in relief. One down, who knows how many to go. These kind of puzzles he liked so he figured he wouldn't need his phaser this time, not knowing that his hand had reached for it anyway.

Harry's eyes squinted as he tried to understand what the instructions were telling him. "Move these weird shaped rocks to the bottom. I'm trying!" His hands tried to roll the differently shaped rocks closer to him. They wouldn't budge. The coloured ones still moved though. He moved a few of those around in frustration, accidentally matching up three yellows underneath the funny shaped rock. They disappeared, allowing it to clatter to the bottom. The tablet trembled like the last one. "Oh?"

As his hand pushed down the blue rock in between two others, one of the higher up rocks merged into the stone. Harry didn't notice it right away and went to make another move. Two reds were together, he could now move the other red and that was it. Just as he was about to move it, the same thing happened to the red rock he wanted. His eyes widened in horror. His hand was a lot quicker this time, the phaser was out and his thumb was on the fire button.

The next and final tablet wasn't going to be solved anytime soon, unless the object of it was to lean on it and sob the word *why* over and over again. He was too busy doing this to notice Craig running right by him with the mad doctor in pursuit.

"Wait, I'll pay you for that delicious hand of yours!" he screamed.

Of course that only made Craig run even faster than he was. Unfortunately though the jungle was still an illogical maze divided into *screens*, so he ended up back with Harry and the final tablet, only on the opposite side to where he left. Hack Doc had barely reached the other side when this happened. He swung around, cackling in a squeaky voice.

"Ah ha ha, you should be listening out for the wildlife boy. It's the only way to navigate this jungle," he sneered.

Craig looked confused for a moment, then he remembered the strange forest from the first game and it all made sense. "Can't I just follow some perverted shop keeper instead?"

"Mmm hmm, no," Hack Doc cackled. "I must have that hand. I will be immortal."

"That makes no bloody sense!" Harry yelled at the puzzle.

"Oh it makes all the sense in the world, I am a genius after all," Hack Doc sneered, glancing briefly at Harry. "Now, hold still and..." He frowned and glanced again at Harry. "What are you doing?"

"Contemplating suicide," Harry muttered.

Hack Doc growled in his direction. To Craig's relief he had chosen Harry as his target instead. He began to sneak away.

"Stop! I won't let you reset this planet's gravity," Hack Doc snarled before running towards him.

"What? Connect four, merge combined stone with another? Four times! Are you crapping me!?" Harry had more than enough. The phaser was out and pointing towards the puzzle. Hack Doc meanwhile lunged for him, and I mean that literally. Harry stepped back to get a better view so the Doc only just missed him and fell head first into the puzzle. The stone rumbled as he tried to force it out, with no success.

Craig smirked at them both as he approached the very stressed Harry. "So you still can't use the phaser to solve the puzzle."

Harry's eyes narrowed. "I wouldn't be so sure." He aimed it only for the stone pillar to start moving down like the puzzle was solved. Hack Doc squealed as he went with it. "Damn!" The large structure behind them started to light up, it made a lot of noise doing so.

Harry and Craig returned to their new ship, Harry had his arms folded in a huff with the phaser tightly secure in his right hand.

"Now that the planet's gravity is back to normal, are you ready to go Captain Anderson?" Windfast asked while saluting at them.

Craig smiled proudly, Harry just scowled. "Of course First Mate. Set a course for..." Suddenly his out of control hand turned into a fist and punched him in the face.

Harry sighed, "oh look, I knocked him out. I'm Captain now."

"Nice try Ensign Kim," Windfast chuckled.

Soon the Nowe flew out of the planet's atmosphere, they continued flying straight ahead.

"Great, so do you know where this planet is?" Craig asked Windfast, he showed him the watch the Voodoo Lady had given to Harry. His bad hand knocked it flying out of his good one before Windfast could study it. Harry rolled his eyes, he turned his back on them both to try and ignore everything. He had a perfect view of the space ahead of them.

"Maybe we should look for Buck and Tani first," Craig laughed nervously.

Straight ahead Harry could see the remains of Buck's ship drifting. Even so the lights were still on. The pair soon spotted some movement inside, they kept a close eye on it while the Nowe continued its approach.

Craig gasped when he spotted Buck walking up behind a female figure with her back to the window. Buck blocked their view of her.

"What, we already knew he's kidnapped Tani. It'd be as surprising as him chucking another dress on," Harry groaned as he turned away. He heard a tiny little squeak come from the boy, so he looked again.

Buck walked off with a pleasant smile, allowing both to see the girl on the ship. Only it wasn't Tani like Harry thought.

"Freeze human scum!" a woman shouted from behind them. They turned around to find a blade pointed at Harry's nose.

Craig's jaw dropped while Harry was seconds from soiling his pants.

"Wait, you're..." Craig stammered.

And once more Craig and the dog killer find themselves in quite the pickled onions. With their nemesis de-evil'd, what's left for these hapless wannabes to pick up items and shoot things for? Now that they have fixed the gravity sink planet, they must search for the cure of their rather hilarious Buck disease before they swap their uniforms for unflattering

dresses. However like the idiots they are they have not considered what effects doing so will have on the surrounding system. Not that it matters, I'm just here for the sword face skewering. I assume the rest of the episode will then follow me and...

A light tapping sound interrupted them. They sighed impatiently. **It's open.**

"Special delivery for Mysterious Lamenter. Two boxes of custom made cards..."

That's meant to be Narrator. Oh whatever, it's ruined. Now I'm going to have to start over from the beginning.

PART 2: Siege of Nothing Atoll

"What the hell is this?" Harry asked.

Craig shrugged with one hand in the air, the other hand seemed more interested in trying to pick his nose again. "I'm no expert but I think a woman's pointing a sword at us."

"That's right," the woman snarled.

Harry rolled his eyes. "I mean the cliffhanger. This better not be in every part."

"Oh it won't be," the woman cackled.

"Please, these are my kinds of puzzles," Harry scoffed. He dug the phaser out of his pocket and aimed it at her. The woman's eyes widened, both men were surprised to see a grin spread across her face. Before they could figure out why, she snatched the phaser out of Harry's hands. His face drained, horror was obvious in his eyes.

"Oh my god, you're Harry Phaser Kim. I'm a huge fan!" she giggled like a school girl. "I've read about all of your adventures."

Craig wasn't sure whether to laugh or be horrified, while Harry was still reeling from losing his favourite thing.

"My favourite one has got to be the time when you retrieved the navigating head from the natives. No one else but you would have thought of that," the woman gushed.

"You're not wrong," Craig commented.

"Will you sign this?" the woman said, handing the phaser back.

Harry quickly reached out to take it, "no!" Ignoring the tone in his voice she just took it straight back.

"It's okay, knowing that you've touched it and it has been used in so many great tales," the woman giggled.

"Actually he lost the one he used to shoot dogs and innocent villagers a game or two ago. That may be mine, but I can't remember if he lost that too," Craig said.

The woman looked at him like he had just grabbed the phaser and licked it. Her giddy face returned when she turned back to Harry. "Please, I must have something you can sign. Will you?"

Harry was still too speechless and phaser-less to answer. The parrot piped up instead, "nothing to phaser."

Craig realised the woman was still pointing a sword at them, which was a lot more unnerving while she had a fangirl grin on her face. An idea popped into his head. "I'm sure Harry wouldn't mind signing that sword of yours," he said while elbowing Harry in the ribs.

"Really!" the woman's face managed to light up even further. "Can you write *Tiffany Flayer, you're phaserific, love Harry Kim?*"

Harry's eyes rolled to his right, silently wondering what he did to Craig to deserve this. He noticed Craig seemed to be using his gesture to the sword as the woman handed it over, handle first. Reluctantly he took it. To Craig's dismay he started to fish around for a pen. "Really?"

The boys' new ship landed slowly and carefully on another planet's surface, which to their annoyance but little surprise was another small island. It parked in between an unfamiliar vessel and Buck's half a ship, which had slumped forward due to its missing front. The pair walked out of the airlock arguing yet again, while Windfast cheerfully waved them off.

"Well how was I supposed to know that?" Harry protested.

Craig slowly shook his head, "how would giving her an autograph help you get your phaser back and get rid of her?"

"Exactly, that's what I was wondering. If I hadn't thought of taking the sword while I was signing it, we'd still be there," Harry replied smugly. "See, we would get nothing done without me." Craig rolled his eyes so far back they looked mostly white. "I wonder who she was anyway."

"I dunno, did she look like the Sword Master? I could see her getting revenge for the shooting her incident," Craig said.

Harry nodded while his bottom lip stuck out. "Or maybe it was that uptight cow who tried to charge me cruise money for some shoddy boat ride, so I taped her leaflet with her face on onto some Wanted for Dog Homicide poster."

"What?" Craig stuttered.

"What?" Harry repeated in an innocent tone.

Craig tried to shake it off, "or it could be a completely new person we haven't met yet."

"Yeah sure," Harry laughed derisively. "Next thing you'll be telling me is that you'll be in a love triangle with her and Morgan, with the fans preferring her over Morgan despite years of shipping her as your one true love, as well as being our antagonists' goal as well."

Craig blinked rapidly, "what?" he said more forcefully than earlier.

"See how dumb you sound," Harry said smugly.

He walked off through the short shipyard, which was doubling as a harbour for boats to dock and a small concreted area to park spaceships. The wooden path he was following was barely a foot above the sea water, even when he left the shipyard. The path ahead only seemed to lead to a circular lighthouse type building sitting on a small hill.

Craig hurried after him, only then he heard raised voices emanating from it. Movement by his feet distracted him, he looked down barely in time to catch the tiniest of waves hitting the path, sprinkling his feet.

"Give me what I want, or I'll tear your little town to pieces looking!" a gruff man's voice bellowed.

"You and your men shall *not* have the ancient summoning artifacts," an imposing woman's barked back.

The next voice made both Craig and Harry's ears spring up. "Please, calm down. You're going in circles."

"Tani?" they both said and quickened their pace to the only building they could see.

All they found were stairs on the outside heading up to the top, so they rushed up them. There was no doors that they could see, they ran all the way to the roof of the building. Despite the fact that it looked like a lighthouse, the roof only had a water well in the middle. An alien woman looked to them like she was sitting in it, the top half of her scaly blue body was all they could see. Two more people stood around, one of which was a stressed looking Tani. The other a sickly green looking alien man with painful looking warts, occasionally coughing pathetically as if he were faking it. His right eye appeared very swollen and black.

Tani spotted the new arrivals, her face brightened. "Craig, Harry?" She ran over to greet them. "You took your time. How did you find me here?"

"Oh I'm sorry, next time I'll try not to crash land on a gravity sucking planet. How can you forgive..." Harry grumbled until he was distracted by a pale green finger going straight for his nostril. His eyes flashed green as he slapped it away, "Craig, seriously. Tie that thing up!" Craig hadn't even noticed until then, so the Lieutenant's screaming startled the life out of him.

"Oh my god!" Tani gasped, mostly in disgust. Craig's wayward hand meanwhile punched Harry in the cheek, knocking him out of the conversation. "What happened to your hand? It looks so gross."

Craig sheepishly tried to grab that arm and put it back to his side, it twitched but complied eventually. "Yeah, the story's already long and I don't get it. What are you doing here?"

"We came here originally to drop off some of those little aliens Buck kidnapped. They're native to this system," Tani replied.

"We?" Craig frowned. "You mean... where is she, I saw..."

Harry grabbed Craig's normal arm to pull himself back up, almost dragging him down as well. "Morgan," he grunted mid stand. Tani looked on, astonished. "How come you're here and we saw her with Buck? Don't tell me she's been kidnapped because he's not dead anymore."

"How did you...?" Tani stammered. Raised voices from the two aliens got her attention, she looked panicked. "I'd better get back before they kill each other." She hurried back to the argument. Harry and Craig reluctantly walked over to eavesdrop.

"Me and my men came down with the sickly pox, and this mermaid wannabe thinks she can hog the cure," the alien man snarled in their direction.

Harry stared at him blankly, "I... I didn't ask. And sickly pox? How old are you, six?"

"Ahem, the Caylians have an ancient secret prophecy about a mystical cloth that soaks up evil energy," Tani quickly said, hoping it would put off the alien man from giving Harry a pummeling.

"The Pamo de Plato," Harry said as if it were painful to.

Craig nodded, then grew confused. "That's what it's called? Sounds like something Neelix would make."

"Yes," the alien woman said in a breathy voice. "But to find the Pamo de Plato, you must seek the aid of the leviathans who can only be summoned by three of our artifacts. They will lead you to the mouth and the Pamo."

"Mouth?" Harry stammered.

"Ookay, so why aren't you lending them to these guys?" Craig asked at the same time.

The woman briefly glanced at him with a pre-armed scowl. "Why should we? Their violent reputation precedes them. Always threatening to shoot people when they don't get what they want."

"We've never done that," the alien man protested.

Craig stared at Harry with an accusatory glance, he meanwhile tried to act nonchalant.

"Besides, we've already found one. What's the harm in us using the others?" the man asked. The woman only responded with an annoyed *huh*.

"I don't suppose you have any spares, right?" Craig asked.

"What do you think?" Harry groaned.

Tani winced, "hence the problem. If we don't convince leader Veruga to give Captain McVities here the remaining artifacts, we can kiss the *ramo de packo* goodbye."

"It's Captain Macveet!" the man snapped.

Tani laughed nervously, "right. That's why I'm here, I'm far more diplomatic than Morgan, as you can see," she said, gesturing to the alien captain.

Harry and Craig weren't sure why she did that so had to look twice. Only Craig re-noticed the black eye and he sighed knowingly, "I see."

"I don't. Tani's pissed him off just as much as anyone else," Harry grumbled.

"You'll see soon enough if you hang around," Tani warned him tiredly.

Harry shook his head. "Never mind him anyway, step *outside* a minute." He wandered off back to the stairs. Craig and Tani glanced at each other, shrugged and followed. "What the hell is going on here, and don't say ancient artifacts and extra strength wash cloths. What happened after Buck's ship separated?"

"Well, where do I start?" Tani said hesitantly.

"Give me what I want, or I'll tear your little town to pieces looking!" Macveet's voice bellowed in the background.

"You and your men shall *not* have the ancient summoning artifacts," Veruga's barked back.

Both Harry and Craig recoiled at the exchange, their eyes widening as they were directed to the indifferent Tani. It took her a minute to really notice it and still she didn't look bothered. "Yeah, two rounds of that and Morgan decided hanging out with *tutu creep* was less irritating."

"What? She's with Buck?" Craig stuttered. Tani looked at him like he was deeply stupid. "Alone, and you don't see the problem with that?"

"Of course. He's harmless," Tani snickered.

Harry spat a few feathers, "but he... that's..."

"Give me what I want, or I'll tear your little town to pieces looking!" Macveet bellowed.

"You and your men shall *not* have the ancient summoning artifacts," Veruga barked.

Harry instantly calmed down to his teammates surprise. "No, I get it. I really do."

"What do you mean harmless?" Craig asked, visibly twitching.

"You saw him. The evil gunk drained out of him, thanks to you. He's a good guy now," Tani said like it was obvious. "Only problem is the stuff was concentrated on your section of the ship, so the outbreak probably started in the atmosphere of the planet you crashed on."

"I thought it went into my hand, and at a stretch Harry's chest," Craig said.

Tani shrugged, "it did, some of it. I guess the ritual was interrupted and it spilled everywhere, which is strange because we didn't notice anything right away. It seemed to take a while to spread from wherever you were, like it was contained for a short while."

Craig thought about it, a confused frown planted on his face. The gravity issues came back to him which made his eyes shoot wide open. "Oh."

"So after the ship separated?" Harry said impatiently with a touch of green in his pupils.

"Alright keep your hair gel on," Tani hissed at him with narrowed eyes. "Buck untied me and apologised about everything he put us through. He's mortified about the crossdressing, said it was extremely offensive to assume a guy in a dress could be weaponised."

Craig pulled all manner of disgusted faces, "oh it wasn't the fact he is a man that made it so, gag worthy."

"Yeah well," Tani smiled and shrugged. "He's sorry about it. He also thought it wouldn't take long to return the aliens he kidnapped back to their home planets, but turns out eight out of twelve of the worlds here are habitable. Not to our standards mind you, these guys can live in all sorts of weird places that we can't. The last place was literally a floating snowball in space."

Something snapped in Harry's mind, and it not only turned his eyes fully green, his skin started to look it too. "Get to the point before I start phasering that stupid bimbo grin off your face, you little brat!" he shouted, even his voice changed.

"Wark, phasering your face!" Harry's parrot chimed in from his pocket.

Tani and Craig stared blankly at him briefly, then turned their attention back to each other, leaving him seething. "That's important sure, but I figured you'd have tried to find us first," Craig said.

"Yeah, that's what Morgan said. But Buck and I convinced her that we'd run into you guys eventually since we'd be all over this system at some point," Tani replied.

Harry cleared his throat and frowned, he looked around all disoriented. "That's really getting annoying."

"What is?" Tani asked.

"This Pox of Buck thing. My throat feels like someone's raked it," Harry said with a small sigh.

Craig chuckled, "oh that was the Pox, I couldn't tell the difference." Tani giggled while Harry glared at him. "So Morgan, I thought when he kidnapped you he'd left her behind at the spacestation."

"Yeah so did I, until she walked in in between our trips to the snow rock and this ball of water, asking how long I was going to be trying *crap* on," Tani said.

"Hmm, Buck's getting better. At least he's kidnapping both of you," Harry smirked.

"You mean like he did that first time?" Craig said to him. "So much for her going back to Voyager to get help."

Harry groaned, his eyes nearly rolled to the back of the sockets. "If you were expecting that, then maybe you should take Tani's place and negotiate with the NPC's here."

"The what?" both Craig and Tani asked.

"Give me what I want, or I'll tear your little town to pieces looking!" Macveet bellowed.

Harry shuddered violently. "In the meantime we should probably look for these artifacts. If these morons managed to find one, the Caylians obviously don't keep them in their drawers. They'll probably have them all over this island..."

"Reef," Tani cut in.

The interruption threw him right off, leaving him blinking rapidly. "Reef?"

"It's not an island, it's too small. There's a few smaller ones only a few metres big. Most of the planet is water," Tani replied.

"I honestly can't think of anything I care less about," Harry muttered, offending Tani enough to make her stomp back to the repetitive arguers nearby. "Though it should make it easier to find Morgan. And it wouldn't surprise me one bit if we have to solve a puzzle for that too."

"That was pretty rude," Craig pointed out, earning him a halfhearted stare. "Look we're wasting time here. Buck's got Morgan, and I'm not keen on standing around here yapping while he's trying to marry her, again."

Harry snickered at him. "Right, and what exactly are you going to do that she can't? I don't think writing Buck's name down with the comment *probably shouldn't date* will help her here."

"You know what," Craig sniped, his face hardening.

"What?" Harry did as well only to mock him.

Craig reached out to snatch the item out of Harry's pocket, "I'm taking this," he said as he placed it in his own. Then he stomped off.

Harry was about to panic when he realised which pocket it was. "Ohno, that's too bad," he said flatly with a straight face. A smirk betrayed him as he returned to the aliens and Tani, she turned her nose up at him. "So, um... just out of curiosity, what do these artifacts look like?"

As Tani had already warned them, the place they had landed on only spanned a mile and even then most of it was nothing more than rock formations with a few tiny caves dotted around them. Each one Craig investigated were so shallow that if he climbed and crawled into one, he'd reach the end and his legs would still be touching the ground outside. Not that he wanted to, the thought crept him out and every single cave had been flooded he assumed by the high tide this place had.

Despite that he uncovered sandy patches alongside the edge of the western side, with rocks dotted around it as if it were marking a path. It looked to be going around the island, or reef as Tani had called it, so he assumed the sand was what was left of the beach. He followed it and sure enough the sandy path lead to another tiny isle not far away, filled with trees. He took the chance and followed the assumed path to it.

Harry meanwhile walked around the so called town for a sixth time, which had only taken him five minutes to do. Annoyed he couldn't find anything to pick up he wandered back to the ship, not realising that something in the water on the harbour side of the shipyard was trailing him.

"Hey spaceman," a feminine voice greeted him in his point of view out of nowhere.

"Aaaah!" Harry jumped a few feet. He followed the voice to the water, quickly discovering another one of the Caylians resting their arms on the path, staring at him fondly. "Who, what?"

"I'm Anomanom," she said with a friendly smile. Then he noticed the tail fins behind her fluttering about. "You look a bit stuck."

"Yeah well there's nothing to shoot, that notice it anyway," Harry grumbled, briefly glancing back at the not a lighthouse. He could hear the two repeating their two lined argument for the hundredth time even from where he stood.

Fortunately the alien found that amusing, not threatening. She giggled. "You're a strange one. You'll not get anywhere in Knot Atoll with those things," she said, pointing to his legs. "As sexy as they may be."

"Oh? Then how do you get anywhere?" Harry asked. Then her last line got to his brain. He blushed madly and stammered, "I'm sorry, the sand from that crash is still clogging my ear. Can you repeat that last part?"

"You need a boat cutie. Only the Forest of Mystery can be reached on leg, and that's only during high tide," Anomanom said, pointing at a tiny row boat opposite Buck's ship. Harry looked toward his own ship with a self pitying expression. "You won't be able to land that anywhere, unless it's got good buoyancy. Like me," she winked.

A few uncomfortable glances around and throat clearing later, Harry responded, "please. Please don't tell me I need to do some painstakingly puzzles to earn the right to use said boat, or clog a hole in it or something?"

"Oh waters no, how silly," Anomanom laughed. Harry breathed a sigh of relief. "You just need our chief's permission that's all."

Harry berated himself for being relieved too soon.

"Low and bright with the doodad. The plan has almost blown beat," a low voice mumbled.

They were met with a blank stare and then a, "what?"

Craig peeped around a tree, witnessing two figures hunched over near the edge of a cliff side. Well one was hunched, the other was only two feet tall and was still straining its neck to look up at their companion. Close to them was a seashell shaped rock sitting parallel to a stone alter on the edge of a tiny ledge.

The tallest of them made Craig's eyes narrow. "Buck!" he bellowed as he stomped out.

"Eek," the small alien gasped and shot off into the forest.

"Craig, you're alright?" Buck stammered as he approached, waving a large stick beside him. "Morgan and I were so worried."

His concern really put Craig off and so he forgot everything he was going to say to him. He was left pointing a finger at the previously dead man, his mouth slightly ajar and his eyes blinking more than usual. Finally words came back to him but not the ones he intended, "you, you were worried? You mean Tani and I right, because..."

"Ohno, Tani merely complained about rope burn. Morgan was deeply concerned," Buck said.

"Um," Craig managed to say before his jaw dropped.

Buck chuckled and slapped him affectionately on the shoulder. "I tried to reassure her you and Harry have survived worst, but she wouldn't have it. Poor thing, ran off with a bunch of doohikeys and told me to go and bend. So here I am," he said, gesturing to the stick in his hands. Now that Craig was closer to him, he could see it looked more like a staff with wear marks and a slight bend.

"Those were her exact words? Go and bend?" Craig said slowly.

"Get some bend, something like that," Buck said thoughtfully. Craig tried with no success to repress a snigger. "She's such a spirited one, isn't she? Untamed like the beard I had last week. Boy that took some cutting, went through two saws and a knife."

Craig shuddered at the image of Buck trying to hack his way through mounds of tangled hair on his face. It angered him once more, "what are you up to Buck? You think you can be all nice and funny, then when our backs turned you'll stab us in the spine?"

"Ohno," Buck gasped in horror. "I'd prefer to stab in the front, if it's all the same to you."

"Ah, ha?" Craig whimpered.

Buck smiled politely, the hand on his shoulder rocked him gently. "Now that we've got all that suspicion cleared up, I believe I've found one of the artifacts. The problem is I haven't a clue how to get it." He gestured to the seashell, then to the altar nearby. Craig noticed then the seashell had a round indentation in its centre. "It seems I have to perform some kind of test to prove my worth before it'll open."

Craig nodded knowingly, at this point he wouldn't been surprised if there wasn't any sort of puzzle. "Right, we might need to hunt for some items to solve this. Unless..." his eyes fell to the staff.

"Yes, you and Harry are good at this stuff. I've always wondered how you managed to turn off a waterfall with a monkey," Buck said.

"What? I thought I dreamed that," Craig muttered under his breath. An idea popped up in his head and it made him smirk. Buck seemed none of the wiser and continued to smile broadly. "You know what, it's a funny story. Maybe I should demonstrate." His hand reached for his pocket to bring out what he snatched from Harry and point it at the man in front of him. His face drained immediately as soon as it was in his line of sight.

Harry clambered out of the tiniest of rowboats with a look of thunder on his face, his pants dripping onto the sand. He grumbled while upturning the boat barely big enough for him to sit in, and what seemed like twice its volume of water poured out, drenching him further.

A few minutes of excessive clothes wringing later, Harry stomped across the beach toward two arguing figures and a chest sitting in between them.

"Nuh uh, I don't see why I can't choose where to bury this flimsy artifact," one grumbled in a scratchy voice.

The second appeared to be judging him as if he were stupid enough to ask Neelix for seconds. "Because the last time you buried something, we had to hire a bulldozer to get it back."

The first man huffed, "oh yeah, well no one would think to look under a church, would they?"

Harry approached and stood in front of the pair, glancing at them once before eyeing the chest. The two men continued to bicker, so he knelt down to take a peek inside. Unbeknownst to him the two pirates spotted him. In perfect sync they reached for their belts. The only clue Harry got was the familiar sound of phaser fire coming from both sides before he saw black.

Buck couldn't stop laughing at his latest prize. Meanwhile Craig stood there, sulking with his arms folded.

"Squark, stinking your pocket," the parrot in the previously undead man's hands chirped.

"Oh my, how delightfully hilarious," Buck chuckled.

Craig ground his teeth. "Yeah, I'm rolling on the floor and side splitting."

Buck's face was suddenly full of concern. "If I were you, I'd get that checked out as soon as possible. I'll deal with this."

"I..." Craig hesitated, then sighed. "I'll live."

"Oh, that remains to be seen," Buck said in a sad tone. Craig was instantly back on his guard. "Now, I must figure out this grotesquely difficult puzzle." He stared at the shell, gripping the pole tightly. His face turned red as he strained himself. After five minutes of this he cheered up as something clicked in his mind. Craig watched on, hopeful he'd figured it out. He was more than disappointed when the ex-Tolg poked it with his toe, to which made him burst out crying like a baby so the disappointment was short lived.

"Oh foul puzzle, you will be the death of me. Again," Buck whimpered as he hopped around on his good foot.

Craig waited for him to hop by so he could snatch the pole from him. "If only." He then inserted it into the centre of the seashell. When nothing happened other than Buck sucking his thumb, Craig sheepishly brought it back out and flipped it around to try again. Still nothing other than a catchy chorus of *I want my mummy*. Once more he flipped it around. This time the ground briefly trembled and the pole clicked to Craig's left on its own. The alter clicked, getting both men's attention.

Buck immediately decided he was better and slapped Craig once more on the shoulder. He didn't expect it and so jumped a few feet. "Wow lad, you did it. Such genius!"

"Um yeah?" Craig said uncomfortably. The pair hurried over to the alter to find the top plate had lifted up like a lid. A golden object sat inside, shaped a little like a dish brush. Craig reached to grab it, only to find two catches were holding it in place. "Well this is needlessly bloated, no wonder this one's long."

"Well that's not very nice," Buck huffed, startling Craig as he hadn't noticed him approach. Or stop crying for that matter. He brightened up when he saw the latest puzzle. "Oh, allow me. This one requires the kind of unrivaled strength that only a Morgan suitor can have."

Craig didn't look impressed. He tried a few more times to tug the artifact out, but only managed to get it to rattle a little. Buck looked too smug for his own good. "I thought you were supposed to be *good* now. Why do you still think Morgan will go out with you?"

"Strange. I thought the heroines of every story were supposed to fall for the hero men types as an obligation, as that would explain your delusions on this matter," Buck sounded sincerely confused. He chuckled at Craig's resulting sour face. "I agree, it's so backwards and sexist. Morgan can decide for herself, it's up to us to prove ourselves."

"Go ahead," Craig bitterly said, pointing at the artifact.

Buck smiled politely as he went to force it out by slamming one side with an elbow. Doing so though he only managed to punch himself in the jaw. Craig got more than a good laugh as the blow made him topple over the edge of the cliff. To his relief it did the trick still, the hit had broken the catches and he was able to pick the artifact up. Just in case he peered over the edge to check on Buck. It didn't appear to be too far to the bottom and yet he couldn't see any sign of him. He hurried away with his prize.

The first thing Harry was aware of was a firm, almost stabbing sensation in his arm. He instinctively reached over to bat it away, groaning painfully. It did the trick for a few seconds. Then a much harder and painful nudge to his chest pushed him over onto his back. Only then he was able to make out the outline of someone hovering over him. He heard a muffled voice come from it, one he recognised and that cleared up the image of them even further.

"God, I could hear you on the other side of this ref thing," Morgan growled.

Harry scrambled into a sitting position, his eyes wide. Morgan pulled a disgusted face while shuffling backwards on her knees. He looked around, expecting to be in the same place he was before. While he was still on the beach, he noticed he was once more soaking and lying in inch deep water beside some mossy stones. He also noticed his tiny boat had gone missing. "What?" was all he could splutter before spraying water all over himself.

"Who snores when they're knocked unconscious? I thought it was a wear," Morgan said.

"Wear? Do you mean bear?" Harry stared at her blankly, silently judging her. The narrowed eyes told him to cut it out. "What are you doing here?"

Morgan shuffled around into a sitting position herself. He spotted something gold in her hands, which she began to gently toss up and down. "Cleaning up after you, it seems."

"Is that?" Harry's eyes widened. When it landed in her palm he tried to grab it. That earned him a Janeway glare before she pulled it back out of his reach. "You got it from those two? Damn, I really wanted to introduce them to someone." His hand reached into his pocket, which to his dismay was empty.

"No," Morgan scoffed, not noticing the pocket business. "The only clue I got was this stupid joke book I assume Tom wrote. So I threw that down the sodding well the artifact was meant to be in, and nothing happened. Then some guy mermaid tried to sell me gross slimy goop, and..."

Harry quickly got up to run back along the beach toward the two men still arguing over a chest. "Hey, did you morons mug me after shooting me?"

The two looked at him with distaste. "You? Yeah right, as if we'd want something of yours," first man said.

"Neh, this big bloke picked you up, claiming he was rescuing you until he spotted this young lass carrying a mallet twice her size into the trees," the second said. He laughed and dropped his hand with a squeal, "aaah bam."

Harry glowered at the two of them. "Are you talking about Buck?"

The two men panicked, they turned on the spot to face the trees to Harry's right. "Where?" they both squeaked fearfully, and yet stayed still.

Harry eyed the chest in between them again. Since they were distracted he reached for it again. Once more he heard the familiar sounds of a phaser beam or two. Morgan saw the whole thing and rolled her eyes.

Knowing that every single path he encountered would be a magic maze which always warped him to the beginning if he took the wrong turn, Craig hoped it wouldn't take him long to shortcut his way back. After a few *screens* he started to worry he was taking the exact path he used to get to the artifact and Buck, until he reached a pile of damaged bricks lying around a hole in the ground. He took a peep inside, quickly noticing the same type of bricks lining the perimetre of the hole all the way down until some water. He shrugged and moved on.

To his great annoyance a familiar figure bounded toward him with a chirpy grin on his face, brandishing Harry's tiny boat. "Look, I collected something just like you lads do. Aren't you pro..." He managed to trip over a massive wooden mallet lying in plain sight in the middle of the path. Craig walked around him and left him to his whimpering.

That was until he heard Morgan's name in between gasps. Craig groaned more at himself for stopping, then turning around to check on him. "Do you need a hand?"

"Yes, that would be handy, hahaha," Buck laughed pitifully and forcefully through his tears.

Craig offered a hand to help him up, doing so nearly brought him down to join the clumsy ex-Tolg. Once Buck was eventually back on his feet, he slapped his rescuer across the back. "Oh, how I love a good callback. So clever."

It took a few minutes before breathing in stopped hurting. Then Craig responded with simply, "Morgan?"

One of the guards of the chest glared ahead at the trees, the other glared at his back. Harry once more stood in front of the chest, losing his will to even avenge his phaser loss.

Morgan meanwhile looked on a bit further behind him, her mouth slightly open and her eyes wide and quizzical. "But..."

"Don't," Harry cut in with a groan. "None of this is logical, don't even bother."

"Ah ha, you blinked!" the one staring at the back of the other cackled.

The guard facing the trees pointed backwards at him and yet still remained in the same position. "So did you. It's a draw."

Harry was about to say something when they turned back to facing each other and arguing over the chest. Morgan blinked a few times before shuddering with building rage.

"Ohno, it's almost lunch time. We'd better get this buried," guard one said. The second opened the chest so the first could throw something he brought out of his jacket into it.

Morgan stared at them with equally widening eyes and jaws as they wandered off with the chest. She looked to Harry who seemed to her almost bored with his straight face and folded arms. "What the..."

"Wait for it. The best is coming," Harry mumbled.

The two returned to stand in the exact same spot, without the chest, in total silence.

"So erm, are you sure you buried it in a safe spot?" Harry asked in a bored voice.

"Didn't you say that exact line an hour ago?" guard two asked.

Harry flinched, "um. No?"

"He's right. If it only took us a few seconds to find a spot, anyone looking will too," guard one said. The two panicked and rushed off.

Moments later they were back to square one with the chest in between them and the artifact in guard one's jacket.

"Screw this, you're on your own," Morgan grumbled, then stomped off.

Harry sighed. "So um, staring contest? Tenth time's the charm." The guards thought about it, all while Harry cursed himself inwardly. "No wait. Need you to turn around fir..." They started glaring at one another. "Shoot." To his annoyance they took him literally and once more he was down.

Morgan meanwhile stumbled on something strange lying in the water close to where she found Harry. As soon as she picked it up it squarked, "water in my pants!" It startled her enough to shriek and toss it flying over her shoulder.

The two guards finished their contest with another draw and once more opened the chest to bury the artifact. The parrot hurtled its way across the beach, landing straight into the chest just as they were closing it. They walked off in the same direction as before, surprisingly deaf to the squarks coming from inside the chest.

Tani smiled, more out of surprise than anything else. "Wow, that didn't take you long." She was quickly unnerved by the three identical death glares she got from her teammates. "Okay, well. Don't tell Biccies that you got them, or we're in..."

"Give me what I want, or I'll tear your little town to pieces looking!" Macveet bellowed.

"You and your men shall *not* have the ancient summoning artifacts," Veruga barked.

Morgan clenched her fists, Harry rolled his eyes so far back his eyelids were twitching, and Craig merely whined pathetically. Only it was Tani that swung around to scream at them until she was no longer *speaking* English. Everyone stared. Morgan carefully tip toed around to see if her friend was okay, but found her seething not with red cheeks, but green.

Harry and Craig dared to brave the cloud of smoke fumes surrounding her to join Morgan, with a bigger gap between them and Tani than she did. Harry was more puzzled than worried upon seeing her. "Why does Tani have the Pox?"

"Is that what we're calling it? I was calling it the Hissyfit Disease," Morgan said meekly.

Tani shook her head, which got rid of the green in her face. The smile she had earlier also reappeared for a brief second until she noticed the staring. "What?" she asked innocently.

"Give me what I want, or I'll tear your little town to pieces looking!" Macveet bellowed.

Harry started out groaning, by the time he was done it sounded more like a strained growl. "That's it, I'm out of this sinkhole." He swung around to leave.

"Wait!" Veruga shouted after him before he could take more than a step. He stopped but didn't turn back around.

"What?" Craig blurted out, then his face flushed bright red, "oh we need to know how to do the ritual don't we? Can't leave without that."

Veruga smiled and began to fish around for something inside of the well. Craig and Tani looked on curiously, while Morgan cringed with every bit of movement. Eventually the mermaid alien brought out something with a flourish, and a splash. "Would you like a cookie?"

The sight of the soggy they assumed biscuits sitting on a still dripping plate turned their stomachs. Craig was the only one trying not to show it though, his straight face struggled. "Um. I would not," he said carefully.

Veruga's face fell. "Cookie?" she squeaked almost childlike with a trembling bottom lip.

"No," Morgan bluntly replied.

Before the shaky lip could turn into something more, Macveet growled at the trio and snatched the plate from her hands. "It's about time, fishcakes." He stormed off with them, shouting for his crew to get his ship ready.

Tani was the first to shake it off, leaving the others still very dumbfounded. "He really is Captain McVities."

"Yeah so erm, the plate ritual?" Craig directed at Veruga.

"It's really very simple. Once combined the artifacts will draw the summoning creatures to you. They will show you the way," she answered.

Harry swivelled back around to join everyone once more. "Let me guess. It's on another island with a dumb name and we need to do more puzzles to hire or steal an ocean vessel. Annoying crewmember or two optional. When we get all that it's all for nothing because Tani's kidnapped. Rushed, quirky finale with a theme park theme, the end."

"Absolutely not," Veruga snarled in offense.

Morgan nodded, "she's right. Not one bit of that nonsense was bloated with phaser jokes."

The comment stabbed Harry in the gut. For a brief time he had blissfully forgotten. He triple checked his still empty pocket and whined like a sad puppy.

"I do not know where it is for certain. Myth would have it, the plato hides on a world of absolute darkness, away from those who'd abuse it," Veruga said, frowning at the group.

"So maybe we didn't need to do any of this. We could've looked for a moon in the system with an orbit..." Craig said. A large arm plopped onto his and Harry's shoulders which almost bowled them over.

"Oh what fun," Buck chuckled in between them. "It sounds like a grand adventure. Too bad we can't join you."

"We?" both Harry and Craig said suspiciously. Harry thought of something though and followed with, "you mean you and your kidnapped aliens?"

Tani shuffled her right foot nervously. Morgan stared at her with an eyebrow raised, Tani looked away to avoid eye contact. "You're not...?" Morgan muttered.

"Oh why not. Buck's a good guy now, I'm getting shot in the face, so why wouldn't Tani kidnap herself? Maybe next..." Harry rambled, his voice getting higher with every sentence.

"I'm going too," Morgan said, cutting him off before his voice broke the sound barrier.

Harry froze mid rant for a moment, the only movement being his rapid blinking. Finally his shoulders slouched as he sighed, "it gets better."

"But why?" Craig asked in horror.

Morgan discreetly took a few steps forward and leaned in slightly, lowering her voice to a whisper, "don't you think someone not Tani should keep an eye on Buck?"

"Well yes," Craig whispered back. "But he can tell the difference between the two of you now. Maybe Harry should go."

"Maybe Harry should take his new ship and leave you idiots behind to solve your own messes," Harry grunted. He walked away before Craig could argue with him.

Craig glanced frantically between him and the stubborn face of Morgan. "But... what? My mess? I wasn't in control, whereas you were when you hit the auto-pilot!" he shouted after the fleeing ex Ensign.

"Well I wasn't the one who spilled a can of coke all over the sword," Harry said.

"I can't believe you're comparing..." Craig complained as he looked back around. He jumped at the sight of Morgan glaring at him.

"You had my can, and you spilled it?" she snarled dangerously.

Craig's eyes widened, he hurried off after his teammate. Once he caught up, Harry stared at him quizzically. "What? Morgan can take care of herself and Tani," Craig tried to say normally but whimpered.

"Any moron without an inferiority complex knows that. Come on, let's get this over with," Harry said, his hand gesturing for the artifacts.

When he only received one he shuddered whilst closing his eyes. Craig wondered why until Morgan walked up to them and handed over the two she had without a word, but with a scathing head shake. Once she was out of hearing range Craig lowered his voice and glowered at Harry, "what's that supposed to mean?"

Harry ignored him so he could concentrate on putting the pieces together. He also tried to ignore that the artifacts were all shaped like dish washing utensils. It took a few tries before they all clicked together to form the wonkiest of triangles.

"What is that supposed to be?" Craig said.

Harry shrugged, "I'm really struggling to give a crap at this point." He noticed it started to hum as he raised it into the air. It stopped when he seemingly brought it too high. His face twisted when he lowered it a smidge, then shimmied it side to side. Its hum frequency changed everytime. To his distaste it was loudest while his arm was stretched wide and up in the air.

"Maybe the creatures thing is a mistranslation, and we follow that," Craig suggested with a smirk. "God I hope so."

"Well you know what they say; when all options are exhausted, the stupidest solution is always the correct one," Harry grumbled as he looked over his shoulder. When he was done he spotted Craig's eyes widening fearfully. Harry only groaned and glanced back, expecting something equally or more stupid. He was greeted by what looked a little like a black dolphin floating in the air, nearly inhaling the combined artifact into its nostrils.

Craig laughed nervously. "You had to say it, didn't you?"

"Nyeh, nothing so far has topped the ex-monkey head racing spaceship," Harry said in an attempt to shrug it off. It was already difficult for him, but the creature had to make it worse by snatching the artifact from him with a cute squeak. "Uh... right?" he also squeaked, "to the ship then?" Craig could only nod.

Back on the Nowe, Windfast hummed happily at the helm controls as if following a flying dolphin grasping an artifact made up of utensils through space was perfectly normal. Harry and Craig sat around the bridge deck below him, both wondering if the Pox was making them hallucinate.

"So did this guy tell you what to do once we got this cloth thing?" Craig asked after some uncomfortable silence.

Harry sighed into the hand his chin was resting on. "She wasn't a guy, and no."

Craig sat up with a confused look on his face. "You said you were to meet this guy who knew about the cloth."

"What's your problem, we clearly didn't need him," Harry replied bitterly. "As for when we get the cloth, I imagine we've got to combine it with something, probably Buck's mingy face. Flying dolphins aside, these puzzles don't really change their tune."

"I guess?" Craig didn't look so sure.

"Oh this is boring, when are you going to shoot something?" a woman whined impatiently. The two followed the voice up towards the helm deck, where they then spotted the Harry fangirl from earlier holding Windfast hostage with a sword across his chest.

Harry was the first to leap to his feet. "You again?" he cried in exasperation. "What do you want?"

"Well normally I'd settle for an autographed chest," Tiffany answered. Harry and Craig responded similarly; a brief eyebrow raise and widened eyes. Tiffany scoffed and brandished a box up with her spare hand. "But you two have more than just being a Human in this area of space bounty on your heads."

"You know we should sue for discrimination," Craig muttered.

Harry rolled his eyes, "what kind of bounty?"

"The Pox. You two have infected body parts Doctor Hack wants. I'm bringing you to him, more or less," Tiffany sneered.

"But there was literally an entire village of people infected with this. Why single us out?" Harry asked.

Craig stared at him, not so quietly judging him. "Wow."

Tiffany thought about it, then shrugged it off with disinterest. "I don't know, don't care. I'm getting paid regardless. Try anything stupid and the short one gets it."

"You know we'd usually be in the finale by now," Harry sadly said. Then he noticed Craig's stare had changed and yet he was still looking at him. "What hey, I'm not the short one."

"Um perhaps we should do this hostage malarkey later. We've got bigger problems," Windfast said nonchalantly, despite the blade on his torso.

Harry sighed, "what now?"

Windfast pointed ahead of him towards the main window at the front of the bridge. Everyone redirected their gaze to it and immediately regretted it. The dolphin was nowhere in sight, in its place they were almost nose to nose with a creature that looked more like a whale opening its mouth.

"Oh my god, what are you waiting for? Shoot it!" Craig screamed.

Harry whimpered, his hand shakily hovered over his pocket. "I can't."

"Why not?" Craig shouted. Harry merely squeaked in response. Craig's terror was momentarily swapped for disbelief and irritation, "are you freaking kidding me? The one time you should fire at something, you don't!" He hurried for the weapon controls.

The creature lunged for them with its mouth open wide. The crew screams could be heard until its lips closed around the ship.

And so marks the end of Ensign See You Soon Harry, at last. Too bad about that Craig boy, I had great plans for him. Oh I had a delicious shippers war to stir up. Everyone loves a ship turn.

"Oh god it stinks in here," Craig complained.

Harry groaned very impatiently, "yes, and now that I'm hearing it for the twentieth time I have now noticed it!"

Oh. Well anyway. Now that the Pox has spread throughout the system, it is only a matter of time. It won't be long until I make an amazing cameo that'll knock your socks off. Any minute now.

PART 3: Chair of the Leviathan

Harry's plain face hid well his lack of patience and utter confusion. Craig wasn't fooled though, he nervously waited in baited breath for the fireworks.

"Can someone explain to me how, just how, did I end up here?" Harry asked calmly in between teeth grinding.

He got a overdramatic *ooooph* in response. "No, that's incorrect. The answer I was looking for was eating nachos in the cinema," a very pale, almost white alien man said, clicking his tongue in disapproval.

Harry scowled down at him from his floating cage, but he saved his worst one for his neighbour. "You do what? You make me sick."

His neighbour gasped in offense, "how dare you talk to your wife like that!?" Tiffany snapped.

Craig struggled not to laugh, which didn't help keep Harry's temper reigned in. He gripped the bars and tried to shake them free. It only shook his cage a little, making him squeamish. "I'm not playing along with this fake marriage charade just because this guy's insecure, not that I blame him. I mean who dresses like a William Shakespeare wannabe?"

The alien glanced at Craig in obvious confusion. He snickered first before looking over and shrugging. The old fashioned, almost bloated clothing of the alien coupled with Harry's insult nearly made him lose all composure. "He's crazy. They're matchmade, blah etc. So I'm curious, this girlfriend you think he's stolen from you, what's her name?"

"Voodoo Lady," the alien replied as if it were obvious.

Craig's face turned blank in an instant. "Is that short or long for something, Voodoo dad or Voo?"

Harry rolled his eyes, they were getting tired by this point. "For god's sake. I only met her once and she told me to find you. We're only interested in this Pamo doodad which cures this Pox of Dumbassness. That's why I have your locket." Harry waived the locket the Voodoo Lady gave him, Craig grimaced as he got a good look at the two photos of her and the alien man inside it. "And to be honest I don't really care about that at the moment, cos let's face it I'm more worried about the being eaten by some space whale thing. Yes I know, my priorities are skewed but hey, that's me!" he ended up shouting.

The alien narrowed his eyes suspiciously toward him, then leaned to one side to whisper to Craig. "Your friend talks too much." He cleared his throat while raising a card. "Now Tiffany, your turn. What did your husband say was his biggest passion?"

Tiffany smiled proudly, "shooting fools in his way, obviously." She beamed toward Harry, he glared at her back.

Craig snickered again. "If only you knew the answer would probably be holo playdates with Tom."

Harry's scorn was directed at him instead. His arms gestured wildly around them to his surroundings; a gloopy, smelly and very brown fleshy looking *room* which occasionally groaned like anyone's bowels after eating Neelix's infamous broth. "Craig, focus! Big whale and ship being digested first, hypocritical making fun of sadness later."

"Hey, I have you know my social life and circle is just great, I have friends and..." Craig gloated badly.

"You're the pity friend of someone that hates and barely tolerates other guys, only because you fancy all of his girl friends who you never have a hope in hell with," Harry said equally as smugly. Then he turned to the woman in the neighbouring floating cage, "he also names his PADD Craigslist. No one has the heart to tell him."

The alien man shook his head as he pulled on a nearby lever. The two cages opened and tumbled to the ground at the same time, which was fortunately only a few feet below them. Craig looked on confused, but still more offended than anything. "What did you do that for?" he asked.

"You two losers are way out of my VooVoo's league," the alien muttered in disgust. "Don't get me wrong, I'm still keeping my eye on you boys. Fancy sending you two to do *my* puzzles. I bet she's only doing it to make me jealous as punishment for being away so long."

Harry groaned painfully from the floor but still managed to shakily put his fingers up at him.

"So wait, how long have you been inside this space whale?" Craig asked.

"Oh not long, not long," the alien replied with a friendly smile. "Just a few years, my boy. Now, we haven't been introduced. My name is Coco Decaff."

Craig bit his lip, "oh boy, Janeway would love you."

Harry stumbled toward them. "Hold the comm. You're mad at me because we're doing all these stupid puzzles in your place? And this Voodoo Lady is the one behind this torture?"

Coco growled, which made his fluffy moustache flutter in the breeze. "Why of course. I was her knight in shining armour. She'd always tell me about some great evil, give me great tips on how to beat it, and we'd celebrate our victory with an evening of fine wine and fun..."

Craig and Harry shuddered in revulsion. While Harry was too sick to say anything, Craig managed to stutter out, "so what kind of puzzle got you into the belly of a ship eating leviathan, and how do we get out?"

"You expect him to know the last part?" Harry snapped through his dry heaving.

"Why, I was searching for the fabled Pamo de Plato," Coco replied proudly while puffing out his chest. "My Voofoo has longed for its cleansing power for quite some time. I thought I'd surprise her for her birthday."

"Which one?" Harry asked flippantly. Craig elbowed him and gestured his eyes as a hint. Harry clearly didn't get it and elbowed him back, but harder. "Fine, you do that. We're leaving."

He tried to hand the open locket over to the alien. As soon as Coco clasped it, his thumb pressed what Harry thought had been the locket's lock mechanism. It glowed purple and static shocked the alien. Strangely he didn't seem bothered by it, or so the pair thought. When he looked back at them they noticed the pupils in his eyes had grown freakishly huge. Then he spoke, which freaked them out even further. "Kim, Anderson," the Voodoo Lady's voice boomed from him. "Don't tell him what you're looking for or who sent you. He thinks of himself as my champion and will be very jealous of anyone I'm working with."

"Gee, thanks for the warning!" Harry groaned.

Craig rapidly glanced between him and Coco/Voodoo Lady so much it made him a little dizzy. "What is happening? What is that thing?"

"Oh, you've told him already. This is bad. Here," Coco/Voodoo mumbled as he/she handed the locket to Craig. His bad hand decided it wanted it and shot out to snatch it. Coco then looked at him with a frown. "What's the matter?" he asked in his normal voice.

"Um er, nothing. Nothing at all," Craig badly improvised. He looked at Harry for help but he was still seething about the Voodoo Lady's very late warning. "If you'll excuse us, we need to figure out how to escape this whale."

Coco clicked his tongue twice and shook his head. "Why? We are nowhere near our destination yet."

Harry closed his eyes, the lids shuddered along with him. "Come again?"

"The mouth shall lead you to the plato," Coco said dramatically with a flourished hand flick. Neither men or Tiffany were impressed. Neither was he after seeing their reaction, he huffed impatiently. "Only this species knows where it is hidden, for its planet is its mating grounds."

"But you've been here for years! And why couldn't we simply follow it?" Craig whined.

His despair was clouded by Harry's painful laughter. "That's the part you focus on? Clearly this thing is a bachelor by choice. Now if you were the whale, we'd have been there and kicked out by now." Craig fake laughed in his direction. He tried to turn his back on him but the bad hand thought slapping Harry was more effective.

"Ohno, the poor mite has been flying in circles after he got an inner ear infection," Coco chuckled. Harry's hand instinctively went to his pocket. The motion brought him to tears. Coco nodded as if in agreement. "Yes it is very sad."

"Since this thing likes to eat ships, surely something in here can be used to treat it. Maybe some stomach juice olive oil substitute will clear it up," Craig said far from enthusiastically.

Coco grabbed him by the scruff of his shirt and pulled him over so the tips of their noses were touching. "You listen here boy, I'm the puzzle master. Get your own gimmick."

"Um okay," Craig squeaked once he was let go. "I can see why you work alone."

"Hmph, how dare you. I was aided by the finest hired crew money could provide," Coco snarled. "Show some respect for the dead."

"Dead?" Harry said with disinterest.

Coco glowered at him. "Yes. Devoured by the creature, along with the ship." He pointed behind them toward a gaping hole, which they then realised all the noises like the groans were coming from. Harry swore he heard a burp but shrugged that off as a weird alien whale thing. "I managed to slip away from that fate. I can still hear the screams. The beast hasn't been the same since then, one of them must've gave it the infection. What a way to die."

"Wait, this isn't the stomach?" Craig asked hopefully.

"Of course not. We're still in the mouth," Coco groaned.

Harry was about to say something but was momentarily distracted by what he thought were drums being played down the hole. No one else reacted to it so he assumed he was imagining it. "So, dead crew made the whale ill?"

"Yes. Dead, now stop poking the wound," Coco whimpered.

Harry, Craig and Tiffany stared ahead of them, two out of three in disbelief. Harry though looked more amused than anything. "So, dead crew huh?" he muttered.

While there was nothing but a fleshy slope behind them, what lay ahead looked nothing like the stomach of a gigantic space whale. Most of it had been covered by parts of a spaceship, ripped into three room sized pieces. Three slobby men with overgrown hair were habiting each of them, seemingly blissfully unaware of where they were despite the stench of stomach acid.

"To be fair, one of them's dead," Craig said, pointing at the closest ship section. Harry and Tiffany looked and spotted the man there trying to toast to a skeleton sitting in a chair, somehow managing to grasp a pint glass.

"I thought the Escape part was supposed to be the weirdest," Harry said and sighed. "I'm going to have to look around for items, hopefully there will be a giant syringe sitting around. You two talk to the locals. We'll worry about getting out of the whale once it finds Makeout Point."

Craig stepped forward on his tiptoes with a cringe on his face. The squelching deepened his cringe. "Wait a minute. Since when do you volunteer for the item collection? You hate the puzzles."

Harry's eyes shifted nervously, they landed on Tiffany looking at him expectantly. "I'm not armed," he regretfully replied in a whisper.

"Oh," Craig laughed until Harry's narrowing eyes were almost closed. "Then as the Captain and the only one who bothers to do this right, might I suggest that you talk to the locals and I item hunt."

"Normally I'd tell you to shove off with this Captain crap, but... I do hate these increasingly stupid not harder puzzles," Harry said, instantly suspicious. "What's the catch?"

"No catch," Craig smiled, "I just thought that without a phaser, you're going to need muscle to convince people. She's your fan so..." He wandered off, still on his tiptoes and back to wincing with every step, leaving Harry behind with Tiffany.

Harry muttered insults under his breath until he ran out, then ground his teeth instead. Tiffany chirpily grinned at him, "so who do we shoot first?"

"I'm Kruked Gaw," one of the locals said in a gruff voice. Harry was already twitching since he didn't even bother to turn around and face them. Instead he was more interested in a makeshift punching bag which made a water shaking sound everytime he hit it.

"Yes well, I'm..." Harry tried to say diplomatically but his jaw was very clenched.

The man finally did turn around after a tenth punchbag smack. "Not welcome here in our haven. Get lost."

Harry's anger fizzled away, he burst into obnoxious laughter. "You call this pit haven? Okay. I'll tell you what, I'd be glad to get lost... even though we technically already are," he ended up muttering. "If you help me find a way to get this whale to its destination."

"Why would I want to do that?" Kruked snarled rudely.

The anger tide rushed in, leaving none of his amused mood left behind. "I just told you why," Harry trembled.

Tiffany folded her arms and rolled her eyes, "just shoot him, Harry."

"Nuh uh. We reach the Pamo de Plato and that lunatic up there will put an end to our blissful existence," Kruked said. Definitely on cue a hole in the stomach wall nearby spurted green liquid all

over the roof of his shiproom. Of course sprinkles of it hit Harry in the face so he spent two minutes wiping it off with a grim look on his face.

"He thinks you're dead. If you want to be dissolved, believe me, nobody is going to get in your way," Harry grumbled.

"Oh here it comes," Tiffany giggled.

Harry looked over his shoulder at her in despair, then back again. "He'll leave, we'll leave and you can continue making this whale wonder why it always has heartburn."

"Yeah right. You think it's a coincidence that the whale got sick after it swallowed us?" Kruked sneered. Harry tried to calculate how in the minus his will to live was, since he swore he lost it already and yet felt it building up once again. Kruked then shoved a fleshy blob in his face, making him instead ready to lose his very little dinner. "Without its cochlea, the whale will never find the wretched plato. And only members of our crew are allowed to own it."

"Oh, I feel I know where this is going," Harry said in between gags.

"Wait, if you have a part of the whale's inner ear, how did you get it when you've only ever been to the mouth and stomach?" Craig meanwhile asked the guy bunking with a skeleton.

The man stared gormlessly at him for far too long. Craig took that opportunity to rob him of any items not glued down. Even then he still had to wait for him to answer. "Whale juice dude?" he said, slowly raising his pint glass as if to offer it. Craig's eyes widened as far as they would go, but still wanted to go further when the man downed the contents of the drink that smelled a lot like acid reflux.

"I'm just going to... um, go and go," Craig stuttered as he backed away. Doing so he didn't see a treasure chest behind him, he tripped over it and unfortunately landed in a small puddle. Despite the pain he jumped up to his feet again in a blind panic. He then struggled to get his now drenched jacket off as quickly as possible. Then he looked at what he tripped over and forgot all about it.

Harry meanwhile scrunched both his face and eyes, the latter drifted to one side. Tiffany stood behind him getting increasingly bored. Kruked stared intensely back at him with crooked eyes, a creepy forced smile with his tongue out. Several uncomfortable seconds later his face went back to normal. "Beat that if you can," he sneered.

"Oh, I don't think I can," Harry said.

"Hmph, all bark. If you can't beat me at Face Puller then you can not join my crew," Kruked snapped. He turned back to his punching bag.

Harry glanced behind him expectantly, Tiffany huffed in response. "Can I borrow your sword?" he asked.

"Can I borrow your phaser?" she retorted.

"Please?" Harry pleaded.

Tiffany scoffed, "you know, I'm starting to think the stories about you were exaggerated. And to think, I wasted all that money on Harry t-shirts. I'll never get my time at Planet Harry back."

"Uh..." Harry couldn't decide if he was angry or desperate, his face twitched from the confusion.

"Pfft, you'll have to come up with scarier faces than that to impress me," Kruked groaned.

Harry finally picked angry, "I'm not playing the poor attempt to surpass Insult Sword Fighting, cos with that face of yours I'll never win." Kruked made a hmph sound. "And can you regret fangirling me after we're out of this whale?"

Tiffany didn't answer, she merely stomped off in a huff.

"So this is what hell looks like," Harry mumbled. He shook his head, "no. Craig somehow manages to do this crap. I've got to think like him, but not too much." He wandered off to a quieter spot so he could get lost in his thoughts. His arms folded, fist by his chin, his gaze fell to the floor. Since the floor was a pulsing yellow mass, he sidestepped to a stiller spot and started again.

One hour later

Harry hadn't budged an inch. If it weren't for his gradually getting angrier expression, anyone would think he had frozen on the spot.

Five minutes later

"Give me the (censored) cochlea you, (censored) fool!" Harry screeched, pointing his finger from inside his jacket pocket at Kruked.

He didn't even notice, he continued to punch the bag.

Another five minutes later

Harry studied a hole in the ground like nothing ever happened. It looked to him like a tunnel.

Half an hour later

"Nah!" Harry stomped off away from the hole to return to his thinking spot. Once more he adopted his thinking pose.

Twenty minutes later

Harry twitched as he forced a smile onto his face. "Why... yes..." he struggled to say nicely. "Your drum playing is... super awesome," he gagged the last part. "I dig it."

The third local grinned at the forced and fake compliment. He proceeded to rapidly tap on swollen lumps on the stomach wall with sticks. The only noise that came from them was the whale groaning in pain. The holes Harry had been looking at earlier churned, something vibrated beneath his feet. Harry's own stomach churned at the implication. Reluctantly he wandered back over to them.

Five minutes later

"Better," Kruked said plainly.

Covered in slimy goop and his usually gelled hair falling over his tired face, Harry stared at him with his eyes wide and sharp, his jaw visibly grinding from side to side.

"But you need to do more with the middle of your face, you look a little stiff," Kruked continued.

He was about to turn back around when Harry snapped and grabbed his arm to make sure he faced him again. Only that move ended up with him landing butt first into a green puddle. Kruked got back to his punchbagging.

"That's it," Harry said bitterly, on the verge of tears.

And then Kruked had a change of heart.

Harry's attention darted up at the familiar voice echoing around the stomach, eyes once again wide but in shock.

He thought it would be nice to expand his crew after all, and so allowed Harry and Craig to join them.

"Wha... what?" Harry stammered.

"I suppose I can't argue with that," Kruked said. He walked over to help Harry back to his feet. He smiled broadly at him, "welcome brother to the crew."

"I said, what?" Harry said. "That sounded nothing like the Narrator. He wouldn't help us either. What's..."

Craig wandered over casually just in time to see Kruked's hand reach around his own back, cueing squelching noises. Harry looked on in disgust. Finally the strange alien revealed the pus dripping item he couldn't remember why he wanted. He had to avert his eyes to avoid gagging again. Before taking it he made sure to take his uniform jacket off first and use it as makeshift gloves.

"Oh so that worked," Craig said uneasily, also looking away from it.

"Wait, that was you?" Harry said in realisation, only it made him far more confused. "How did you do that?"

The Voodoo Lady looked around her little cabin awkwardly, whimpering helplessly. "I... she can't move," she, or rather he said in Craig's voice.

Then she/he spotted strange tarot cards with cartoon versions of him and the others in front of them. "Oh well, got some time to kill," she/he said.

Harry looked on, more than a little confused. Craig shuddered far too many times. "I've been places no one should ever," he said reluctantly.

"You know," Harry blurted out, then thought about how to finish the sentence. "This game makes about as much sense as Memories of Fury."

"Actually it does," Craig said, gesturing to Harry to follow him. "Let's go."

The pair turned around to head for the sloped section they entered the stomach from. They started to walk through the first ship piece with the dazed guy and his skeletal friend.

"I can finally see you soon Harry," the Narrator's voice snickered at them, startling the remaining life out of Harry. Craig was oddly calm about it as if he didn't hear or expected it. "With my own two eyes."

Harry waited for his heart to stop beating multiple times in a second before swinging around to where he thought he heard the voice. To his further confusion all he saw was the skeleton. "Narrator, I thought... I thought we had a new one since they haven't tried to directly kill me."

The skeleton looked at him making him jump once again, it looked like it was frowning. "I know, it's a shame. The Voodoo Lady wench took my job and then dumped me into a chest where I've had to keep myself company for god knows how many years."

"Um, I have so many questions," Harry said tiredly. "Aren't you a disembodied voice, and you do know it's only been a few months since you last bugged me?"

The skeleton's jaw dropped a bit. "Well it certainly doesn't feel like it." He laughed sinisterly despite his mouth remaining in the same position, "do not underestimate the power of a narrator. No, actually do. I love watching you struggle."

"But..." Harry tried to object.

"Not him though. That fella freed me from that chest and gave me a body. I owed him one," the skeleton narrator said.

Craig chuckled nervously while Harry's pained expression pointing at him screamed *traitor*. "The swapping bodies pocket watch," Harry grumbled. "How did you know it was her narrating? I couldn't tell or recognise the voice at all."

"Oh Harry, don't bother," Craig said flippantly. "We both know I'm the brains of this team, while you're the out of character hothead who contributes little other than comic relief."

"That's odd. When did we swap?" Harry said curiously.

Craig fished the pocketwatch out his pocket, more than a little confused. "We didn't..."

Harry snatched it from his hands. "Thanks for opening my eyes there, Craigy."

"Mine are always open," skeleton narrator snickered.

Harry shuddered while Craig awkwardly grinned at him. "Hey, at least he can't mess with you anymore," he said, prompting another glare. "So, now that we have it, how do you plan to do this really delicate marine life surgery?"

"Watch and learn," Harry grumbled in response.

With the loudest squelch, the fleshy blob was pushed into a narrow hole in the roof of the mouth. Harry smiled smugly at it. He was about to climb down from the roof of the Nowe when it dropped down to the ground in front of Craig's feet.

"Maybe we need to find something sticky. Shouldn't be too..." he meekly said.

Harry ignored him, his gaze fell to Windfast and Tiffany. His smirk made Craig very worried.

The blob once more was forced into the narrow tunnel, only this time the person doing so kept their hands on it. The rest of the Nowe crew and Coco waited for anything to happen.

Coco scoffed after a few minutes of nothing. "You bunch of rookies, don't you know anything about adventuring? It won't work unless you Use it with something."

"Um, am I the only one who knows you can't just shove a body part back and expect it to work as before?" Tiffany grumbled.

"Well, he is Pushing the item," Craig said.

"Please, the Push and Pull commands are only there for show," Coco rolled his eyes.

Tiffany's brow furrowed as she glanced between them, then she looked up at Harry wobbling on the roof of the ship. With a glint in her eye and a smirk of her own, she slipped inside the ship without a word.

The whale squealed so loud the interior trembled. Harry couldn't hold it any longer and tumbled onto his back, the cochlea joined him a second later.

"The mouth has arrived at the Pamo de Plato. Well I be damned," Coco laughed.

"Great. So how do we get out of the mouth?" Craig asked.

Ten minutes later:

The Nowe drifted toward a massive gas giant, surrounded by a brownish yellow froth dissipating into space. Behind them the whale that had swallowed them dove into the gas giant's clouds. The inertia began to lessen as the ship slipped out of the star's light and into the dark side of the planet.

"Let's never speak of this again!" Harry shouted while wiping similarly coloured slime from his uniform.

"Yeah but..." Craig protested until some slop was swung into his face.

"Never!" Harry burst into sobs.

Coco hurried toward the front window of the bridge, once there he giddily clapped his hands. "I can't believe it. So many weeks, I thought it was for nothing but we're here."

Harry glanced toward the same window. All he saw was black. "Oh of course we are... wait, didn't you say you had been away for years?"

"Veruga did say it would be hidden in darkness. Maybe this is what she meant," Craig said. "Windfast, can you find anywhere to land?"

"I wouldn't recommend it. It looks a wee bit gassy down there," Windfast chuckled.

Harry shoved him out of the way so he could use the helm controls. That lasted all of two seconds when Windfast pushed him right back. Harry once more mourned his long lost phaser.

"I'll erm, scan for moons," Craig mumbled. The nearest console he could use had to be covered with slime thanks to Harry's frantic drying session. Nearby lay Harry's dirty jacket, so he grabbed that to wipe it down before using it while Harry was distracted. A quick scan brought a smile to his face. "I'm detecting a mass with its own atmosphere just ahead. That's got to be it. Windfast..."

"Aye aye Captain Anderson," Windfast eagerly said. Harry mocked him by miming his words and pulling a few faces.

It didn't take very long for them to hear the telltale sounds of the ship's landing struts touching solid ground. Harry made sure he got to the door first, and yet he was third to leave the ship and set foot on the surface of the pitch black moon.

"Out of my way boy, the Pamo is for my shnookie!" Coco screamed hysterically whilst tugging harshly on one of Craig's ears. Unfortunately for him he picked the wrong side and soon found a green backhand in his face before passing out.

"Oops," Craig flinched guiltily, "hopefully that's the last time that's going to happen." He looked around, hoping to continue forward like before. Everywhere he looked though was darkness. "Uhoh."

His worry was short lived though. A green haze rose a few feet ahead around a strange person shaped shadow. He hurried toward it and tried to grab anything that was there. Something moved, allowing him to see where the mist was coming from. A glowing uneven ball which looked to be floating. He reached to grab it.

"Good god Craig, watch where you're grabbing!" Harry's voice shouted at him from that spot.

Craig groaned quietly. "Is that it? I need it more than you."

"I have no idea. It feels soggy, I wasn't eager to rub it against my sword wound," Harry said.

"You're already wet, Harry," Craig smirked as he snatched the item. He heard a familiar annoyed grunt. As soon as his bad hand touched the object his entire palm was awash with pins and needles, heat radiated from it and the object. The green colour intensified, it was almost blinding. His hand gradually soothed, the otherworldly twitching settled down. The light dimmed once more though so he couldn't see how it looked, although it felt like it was his again.

"Well?" Harry said curiously.

Craig tried to clench his hand multiple times, it did as it was told. "It works. Amazing."

"Yeah yeah," Harry said, snatching it back to press against his stomach. Once done he raised the object to eye level, illuminating both his and Craig's face. He noticed a frown on his teammate's face. "So we can get back to the ship, sheesh."

"Oh that I figured, it's just..." Craig said reluctantly, his eyes fixed on their so called treasure which looked more like a green, crumpled cloth. "Never mind."

"You know, that was too easy. Expect badness," Harry said.

Craig nodded briefly, in the dark it made him dizzy. "Yeah, any puzzle where you didn't even need to shoot anyone must have a catch." He heard Harry grumble a few swear words under his breath.

The duo carefully headed back to their ship and to the bridge. Craig froze as soon as they entered, while Harry rushed to collect his jacket. "I suppose this is already ruined, what's a soggy wash cloth in a pocket?"

Craig took little steps towards the unmanned helm. The nerves got the better of him halfway as his eyes fell to the floor, where he quickly found Windfast lying on his side with a bump on his forehead. "Uh... Harry?"

"What?" Harry groaned without looking at him. He was more interested in wringing a sleeve which dripped goop.

"Aren't we missing someone?" Craig asked nervously.

Harry rolled his eyes, "you mean Choco de Latte? I'm sure he'll find his way back in."

"No but now that you..." Craig stuttered. Light footsteps behind him made him lose his trail of thought. He swung around just in time to see the hilt of Tiffany's sword before it bopped him on the head.

"What was that?" Harry said. He finally looked around in time to see pretty much nothing. "Craig? Windy?" he approached the helm slowly, the frown on his face tensed with every step. "Uh Loco? Teflay, Tiffy, Trin... Tiffany?"

Tiffany bolted back upright in front of the helm controls whilst gasping in horror. Having stepping directly in front of it a second earlier, Harry's heart leapt up into his throat.

"I'm last?" Tiffany's voice cracked, even a tear ran down her cheek.

"Uh?" Harry could only answer with.

"Hmph," Tiffany tried her best not to cry any further. Smacking Harry over the head with the blunt side of the sword helped a lot with that.

Ok, I swear I put the Craig and Tiffany cards together. And... wait, what? Where's mine gone? Oh, ohno is that it there in the bin...

Hack Doc sighed impatiently, then shrivelled his nose in disgust at the sound of the Voodoo Lady's groaning as she strained towards a nearby bin. "Will you turn that microphone down or off. I can't concentrate on my lobotomy's over this noise."

Nope that's the Buck card. Why ever would I throw it in there? Why is it so echoey in here?

"Seriously, it's playing over the whole island," Hack Doc complained.

The Voodoo Lady spotted the button on her desk was compressed. Nervously she slapped it to bring it back up. "Well that's embarrassing," she said. Then she noticed her company, "what are *you* doing in here?"

A device in Hack Doc's pocket beeped. He excitedly fished it out to look at it. "Gotta go. Specimen's arrived." He ran out of the cabin cackling sinisterly.

"Ugh, I lost my place. Where was I?" the Voodoo Lady grumbled as she focused on her character tarot cards. Once she was satisfied she reached for the button once again.

When we last joined our zeroes, they had become fishfood for a space dwelling leviathan. With no choice but to poke the shippers, Craig and Harry...

PART 4: The Trial and Humiliation of Harry Kim

I wasn't finished!

The Nowe came in for a landing right where they started; on the shore of the first island. Inside was an awkward silence as Tiffany stood at the helm watching over Harry and Craig sitting back to back on the floor near the viewscreen. Their hands tied together and to one another. Windfast snored nearby, lying mostly face down.

Tiffany tried in vain to avoid the piercing glare Harry had kept on her the whole time. Craig had no choice but to stare out the window.

As soon as they landed they heard a knock on the airlock door. Tiffany walked over to point her sword unenthusiastically at the pair. It took them a couple of tries to stand up without wobbling. Once at the door Tiffany pushed them the rest of the way, they toppled hard onto the harbour's wooden platform.

Standing nearby someone counted money notes aloud. "Twenty eight, nine, thirty. Well done my pretty shoe shoe."

"My what?" Tiffany snarled.

Hack Doc pouted, "I flunked French, no need to draw attention to it."

"What's French?" Tiffany asked. Hack Doc didn't look too sure either. He handed her the money he counted. "This better be legit. Human hunting is so last week."

Craig tried to shuffle into a sitting position. Harry's wriggling didn't help matters. "Listen, whatever he's paying you, we'll double it."

"What? We have no..." Harry hissed. Craig shushed him.

"You're right. It should be double. You only asked for one, I brought two," Tiffany said.

Hack Doc did a triple take at the pair on the ground. "Which one's the one with the beautiful hand? I only want that one. The other you can keep."

"Now wait a minute," Harry protested. Craig looked over his shoulder with a *really* look on his face.

Tiffany instantly brightened up, "deal. I'll just untie them." She crouched down to tend to the ropes. While she was doing so hundreds of people descended on the beach carrying torches and pitchforks.

"There he is!" one shouted. The crowd's pace quickened. Both Tiffany and Hack Dock scrambled out of their way to avoid being trampled.

"What is this?" Hack Doc snarled.

Craig chuckled to hide his nerves, "oh this always happens when Harry returns anywhere."

"Ha ha," Harry groaned.

He and Craig were dragged to their feet by the leaders of the crowd. They immediately noticed the green patches on their skin. Harry noticed the man holding him was dressed in a frilly pink dress and wig that didn't suit his warty bearded face.

"Harry Kim. You are under citizens arrest by the good people of Sumflot Isle, and will stand trial for great crimes against its community," the same man snarled, then coughed in his face. Harry nearly passed out from the stench of his breath.

"Let me guess," Craig snickered.

Harry stomped on his foot, which he quickly regretted since they were still tied up. Craig hopped on one foot, nearly bowling the two of them over.

"Will you... god, shut up," he said quietly through gritted teeth once they recovered.

"Huh, there's two of them?" another member of the crowd pointed out. The rest stared, flummoxed at the two Human men.

The man in the pink dress shrugged dismissively. "Bring them both. We'll figure it out later."

"What? No!" Hack Doc screeched.

He had little choice. The crowd swarmed around Harry and Craig to drag them away towards the small town. Harry panicked when he recognised exactly where they were heading.

"Okay, I wonder if I'll get some items from in here like some booze," Harry said as he went for a saloon door. Instead of walking through it, he slammed into it.

A woman nearby walked passed, she stopped as Harry fell backwards onto the floor. "Oh yeah, we only had a month to build this. That door's just decoration, maybe try again in three chapters ey?"

"Oh, you think you're clever do you?" Harry grumbled.

Hack Doc watched helplessly as the pair were bundled inside the now functioning doors. Tiffany stood behind him with her shoulders slouched and her face downcast. The mad scientist swung around to shout at her, "get them back!"

"Hey, I did my job. Not my problem," Tiffany said as she walked away.

"We'll see 'bout that," Hack Doc snickered.

Once they were untied from one another, Harry and Craig were shoved into a courtroom podium and forced to sit down. The angry mob filled the seats behind them. Straight ahead of them sat a very imposing largely built man in a much higher podium, glaring fiercely with green blotches all over his face.

"Harry Kim!" he barked. "You have been found guilty of all charges. You will be sentenced to the gallows first where you will spend two days *keeping the local kids entertained*. This will allow the community time to vote for their favourite method of execution..."

"Hang on, guilty of what?" Harry asked in a blind panic. He dared Craig to say anything with an annoyed eye roll in his direction.

The judge grunted, "what do you mean what? Has nobody read him the charges yet?"

"We haven't even had a trial," Craig reminded him.

"Wise guy huh, aren't you Kim?" the judge snarled.

Harry nodded, "yes, Harry's always been a smart arse."

"Hey, are you serious? Can you really live with yourself if I die because you couldn't keep your phaser in your pants?" Craig snapped.

"I didn't shoot anyone while I was here," Harry protested quietly.

Craig laughed, "yeah sure. What about Windfast?"

"That doesn't count. He was with us," Harry grumbled.

The doors to the court opened. A short greying man with a knee long beard wearing only a thankfully long tatty shirt and boots hurried to the parallel podium to the pair. "Sorry I'm late, your honour. Thought I heard a buzzing sound in the jungle so took the wrong turn. Ended up in the Lotsa Coffee on the south beach."

Harry face palmed while Craig stared blankly in disbelief at the new arrival.

"Enough of your stories, TH. We're waiting for the charges," the judge snapped. He didn't get any response, it took him a while to understand why. "You old man, you're TH."

"I am? By golly," the new arrival chuckled. He turned to Harry and Craig, then his face brightened up with familiarity. "Oh look, it's my two favourite ladies. I haven't seen you since my racing monkey days."

"We're doomed," Harry almost cried.

Craig nodded, "yes you are."

The judge growled, "has anyone got anything to throw at him?"

The person typing the minutes threw their empty coffee cup at the hermit the judge called TH. Fortunate for him it was only made of a Styrofoam like material and it took him a good minute to notice it happened.

"Oooh right, the trial. I best pick up my evening jo before I go," TH said, about to walk off. The judge cleared his throat to get his attention. "Oh I'm here already. Shame. Okay. Men and gentle ladies, I'm here to convince you that Harry Kimberley is guilty of four truly ghastly crimes. Number one; the poisoning of the beloved poochy, Prettyugly."

He gestured to an evidence table off to the side of the room. Harry and Craig looked, recoiling at the alien cat frozen in a compromising washing itself position. It had been placed next to the Pamo de Plato, which thanks to the decent lighting looked like it had been used to clean Neelix's kitchen the once and discarded into a bin.

"His name is Cutey McPie!" a man shouted from the audience. Everyone heard him burst into sobs.

TH sighed sympathetically. "How cruel. Feeding a cat some meat combined with flowers. How cruel must one man be?"

"What?" Harry laughed in disbelief.

"Second!" TH bellowed as he raised his finger into the air. He got confused for a brief second, cured by raising a second finger. "Cheating." Everyone gasped in horror. "Getting so intoxicated on his own cocktails, he mistook a dart's championship for a spitting contest. Truly the lowest of low."

Harry glanced at Craig who was struggling not to laugh. "Oh come on. That one makes no sense!"

"Third. Shooting at karaoke contestants because he couldn't remember the lyrics," TH continued, tutting afterwards.

"That one I can believe," Craig commented.

Harry elbowed him repeatedly. "Shut. Up!"

"And finally, destruction of private property. Kim dropped woodlice onto a man's walking cane..." TH said, overwhelmed by the crowd gasping even louder than before. Shouts to hang the flummoxed ex-Ensign followed. The judge shushed them so TH could go on. "All so he could follow him and eavesdrop on a business transaction."

Harry's face twisted in disgust. "Okay, I can sorta understand the other three. The theme seems to be puzzles I managed to skip. However I don't..." He noticed Craig's eyes sheepishly veering off to the side. "That puzzle was yours? And you give me grief for shooting people."

"No. The narrator was invisible, so how could I follow him?" Craig said, coughing afterwards on purpose.

"How do you plead to these wicked crimes... er, whichever one is Kim," the judge demanded. Harry and Craig pointed at each other. "Very well, you'll both be sentenced."

Craig lowered his hand, Harry didn't though so he glared at him fiercely. "Really?" Craig snapped, "enough of the spiteful hate everyone act, Harry. It's getting very old."

"Talking to himself. That explains a lot," Harry smiled. TH leaned on their podium, staring with narrow eyes. Harry started to sweat, then wonder if he ever introduced himself to the man. Little did he know TH was only supporting himself while he scratched his bare leg. "Okay, okay. I'm Harry Kim but I'm absolutely not guilty."

"Even to the shooting karaoke contestants? Cos I remember the babe guy like it was yesterday," Craig smirked. Harry didn't answer, he simply glared.

"Very well. Who do you wish to represent you?" the judge asked.

Harry briefly glanced at Craig who was shaking his head frantically. "Since he so has my back, I choose this guy. Craig Panderson."

"Who's this Craig, my name is er, James... er Chakotay. That's it, James Chakotay," Craig stuttered. Then he realised what he said and he frowned. "Oh haha, Panderson, how original."

"Wow so when you're done with pretending to be better men than you, can you give us a recess or something so we can figure this out," Harry whisper snapped at him.

Craig narrowed his eyes in his direction. "You know the saying, don't piss off your lawyers." He turned his attention to the judge. "Um your honour, can I request a reset so I..." Harry elbowed him. "Recess with my client."

"Fine! Bailiff, show the defendant to his cell," the judge commanded.

Anyone passing by the courthouse were treated to a glimpse of Harry peering out from behind the bars of his cell, pouting angrily towards no one in particular. The door to his cell opened so the guard could let Craig inside.

"Five minutes counselor," the guard told him.

"Counselor?" Harry muttered, turning away from the window.

Craig shrugged meekly. "Don't worry I've got a plan."

"I don't like it," Harry said.

"I haven't even said it yet," Craig sighed impatiently. Harry nodded and smiled. "One of us is free to move around town. I'll have to solve a few puzzles to get my hands on the Pamo again. Once I do I'll take the Nowe to find Morgan and Tani. Together we could probably think of a Pamo mass distribution system. I'm sure once they're all cured they'll be reasonable and let you out. I mean think about it, they're all Pox of Buck'd and he's not the brightest and..."

"Craig," Harry butt in. To his relief Craig did stop yammering, but didn't look happy about it. "You have as much chance at solving this entire game without me as you do at getting both Morgan and Jessie to not only date you, but catfight over who gets to marry you and have your kids."

Craig started to tremble, he clenched his fists to try and stop it. It didn't work, when he spoke his voice cracked, "you don't know what you're talking about."

"I do, and I'm not done. What also has the same odds is Janeway declaring every day as No Coffee Day, which Neelix helps celebrate with an awesome buffet and no one is ill the next day," Harry said, the right side of his lips curling.

"You know what. I was joking around, I was going to help you out of here first but..." Craig grumbled.

"Did I mention space turning purple and the Borg organising a Universe Peace parade?" Harry's half smile turned into a smirk. Craig's face twitched before he lunged for him. The two exchanged some pushing and shoving, as well as the occasional slap, before the guard came in to drag the closest one to him out of the cell.

"Wait!" Craig cried out as he tried to push forward.

The guard locked the door to stop him getting through. "Wow, I'm sorry Mr Panderson. These prisoners can get a little rowdy."

"Don't worry about it, it happens," Harry smirked. He and the guard walked off, leaving Craig clutching the bars of the door.

On his scout around the town, Harry made sure to pass the courthouse to *check* on Craig. To his disappointment he didn't even give him a first glance, he even looked away and huffed through his nose.

"Oh come on Craig. Be more original. We've already done the I'm locked up so you solve puzzles on your own gimmick," Harry smiled. He didn't get any kind of response which disappointed him again, so he continued on his way.

Two hours of getting lost in the jungle again later, Harry returned to the town looking very frazzled. Thinking he earned the break, Harry strolled into the bar without a care in the world. That was a mistake as he not only recognised the barman, but also two of the patrons arguing nearby.

"Ah, Mr Anderdaughter was it?" the judge said cheerfully all while polishing a pint glass.

"Uh... sort of Judge er, Judge..." Harry stammered nervously.

The judge laughed his confusion off. "Please, Judge Stumpy is my day job. Here I'm the friendly barman Winer."

"Right," Harry shakily said, his attention drifted toward the two arguing only a few bar stools away.

"Oh come on, break him out," Hack Doc whined like a child.

Tiffany groaned as she sipped on her drink. When done she bluntly responded with, "nope."

"Pleeeeeeeaaase. I need that white haired boy's fantabulous hand if I'm going to find the secret to eternal life," Hack Doc whimpered. Tiffany stared at him with a steadily rising curious eyebrow. It made him stutter, "I mean the secret to er, anti-wrinkle formulas."

"Is that what you were chasing him for?" Harry couldn't help but laugh. The pair turned around to look at him. "The only thing that hand will be doing later is wiping away his rejected tears. Or if you want to go for a more rude joke approach..."

"Whatever do you mean, scruffy black haired one," Hack Doc grumbled.

Harry bit his lip briefly. "Well when a boy and his no one really like each other..."

"Ugh, he means Craig's been cured of the Pox," Tiffany said.

Hack Doc gasped overdramatically, "impossible!"

"Not really. What is impossible seems to be reaching the ending of this bloated, thinks it's clever excuse of a game," Harry muttered. "If Tani wasn't infected as well, I'd have already hijacked the Nowe, picked her and Morgan up, and hi-tailed it back to Voyager. I'm sure they can beam Craig..." His eyes widened and darted around. "Er I mean Harry up out of jail."

"Who is this Tani?" Hack Doc's ears perked up.

Harry stared at him blankly for a second or two, then his eyes rolled up and remained there. "Ohno."

"You, find this Tani for me," Hack Doc barked towards Tiffany. She laughed in his face and returned to her drink. "But I need her. She's the only one left with the perfect strain of the Pox."

"Yeah about that, there's a whole village..." Harry said, interrupted by a palm nearly slapping him in the face.

"Hush!" Hack Doc hissed without even looking at him.

Tiffany swivelled around on her bar stool once her drink was finished. "If it's that important to you, kidnap her yourself."

"I mean yeah, it isn't hard to," Harry commented.

"I don't think you understand your place in this. You are the hired muscle, or lack thereof. I am the brains. I hire barbarians like you to take care of my dirty business to not sully my hands. Don't make me find another to *get* you," Hack Doc obnoxiously smirked. That expression was still fixed to his face while he lay twitching in pain on the floor with a bleeding nose.

Harry looked on, a little impressed, while Tiffany gestured for a refill. He then remembered their predicament and shook that off so he could scowl at her instead. "So how much is the going rate for screwing over people you admire?"

"Roughly thirty gold a piece," Tiffany flatly replied.

"So, not enough to buy a cheap conscience at Goldstretcher," Harry grumbled.

Tiffany glanced toward him over her shoulder looking almost bored. "That's rich coming from the guy who killed a bunch of puppies outside someone's house."

"They were sleeping," Harry quickly said.

"What do you want, you got out didn't you?" Tiffany yawned into her hand.

"Yeah but Craig's still locked up for stuff we didn't do," Harry said. He spotted a slight curl in her lips. He huffed impatiently, "he has far more patience than me and I'm phaserless so..."

"My mistake, I thought for a second you were worried about your friend like a normal person," Tiffany chuckled.

Harry firmly ground his teeth before replying, "you dragged us back here to be dissected by a mad scientist, while a system wide illness is turning people into gross green zombies with pink tutu fetishes. That's what's really rich."

To his surprise Tiffany flinched at that. She looked away so he wouldn't see anymore hesitance.

"You're supposed to be hired help, right? Help us prove we're innocent and you might get an autographed phaser," Harry said.

"But you're not innocent. You were infected first and brought it with you to this planet, then fixed the gravity here so it'd spread into the atmosphere and further," Tiffany said, leaving Harry speechless for an uncomfortable five minutes. "Yeah it was an accident so I agree the death penalty is OTT but..."

"I'll be right back," Harry squeaked. He ran out of the bar, double backed to grab whatever was lying around, and ran out once more.

Harry plonked his breathless self down beside Craig in the podium, ignoring all the stares everyone was giving him. "What... did... I miss?" he wheezed.

"Oh not much," Craig replied bitterly.

Judge Stumpy slammed his gavel on the podium twice. "In the case of Ohemge and Cutey McPie versus Kim, the jury of Sumflot Isle finds in favour of the defendant, Harry Kim."

The crowd gasped and jeered in response. Harry stared slack jawed toward Craig who smiled a little too smugly. "How...?" Harry stammered.

"Well, it seems like you've been successful in clearing your name Mr Kim. All four civil charges have been dropped," Judge Stumpy announced to further jeers.

"How the hell did you do that?" Harry demanded.

Craig turned his head so he could get the full view of his smile, "oh I'll tell you later. Whether it'll be at my double wedding, or the Peace Parade or even No Coffee Day, I haven't decided."

"There's no way in hell you proved we didn't do those crimes on your own, in jail. You're full of it," Harry snapped.

"What can I say, I'm the puzzle master," Craig snickered.

Two hours earlier

"And then he said I had as much chance as going out with Jessie and er... Tani, as I did solving this on my own," Craig whined pathetically at the person on the other side of the bars.

"Uh huh," they said with disinterest.

Craig didn't notice though, "he was just trying to get me angry. I smacked him around and the guard assumed because I won, that he was me and let him out. So..." Laughter interrupted him. "What?"

"You still haven't learned to sum up, have you? Great story though, but a bit unbelievable at times," Morgan snickered.

Craig's sad face turned into a full blown pout. "But, we did get eaten by a whale."

Morgan giggled as she sipped on the straw sticking out of her drink. "Oh I know."

"Did you see it?" Craig wondered.

"No," Morgan shook her head. Another sip made her pull a face and shimmy the drink a bit. Disappointed she plonked it in between the bars. "Look, it's easy peasy. I'll break you out," she said while reaching for the bars.

Craig panicked and reached out to stop her, earning him a fierce glare when he brushed her hands. He quickly pulled his own back to his side. "No no, we can't. They have the Pamo de Plato on the evidence table. We need that to cure Tani and the others."

Morgan's face scrunched up and turned a shade paler. "Yeah we do. Last I saw her she insisted I help her carry the entire frumpy dress aisle into the dressing room. No one has suffered like me."

"Um yeah," Craig mumbled, his mind reminded him of his time as the Voodoo Lady. He decided to keep that to himself. "So Tani and Buck are dropping off more aliens here?"

"I don't know," Morgan bluntly replied. She looked annoyed at Craig's confused reaction. "I told you, I haven't seen her since she ran into a dressing room with Disney costumes. I waited outside until they closed the store. I haven't a clue where she went."

Craig's face and shoulders fell. "And Buck?"

"Same. At the very least they're not here. I've looked all over," Morgan replied, her own shoulders tensing. "Though I did only spend a few seconds in the woods. I'm not doing that crap again."

"Okay, okay, don't panic," Craig stuttered. Morgan stared at him blankly. "Buck kidnapping Tani is hardly new, so we can worry about that later. First, I need to prove that I, or rather Harry, didn't poison a cat, spit on a dart board, or ruin an old invisible guy's walking stick. The hard part is the shooting karaoke singers."

Morgan's eyes rolled to one side, mouthing a long drawn out *okay*. "How are you going to do that?" Craig tried to smile cutely at her, hoping she'd get the hint. Instead she squinted at him curiously. "How much of that whale juice did you drink, you look a bit gross."

"No, I mean I didn't," Craig stammered and blushed furiously. "I can't do anything in here, the only item I can use is used chewing gum. Please, you've got to do the item collecting and negotiating with people. I can't count on Harry."

"Or, I can *negotiate* with people," Morgan smirked deviously.

Present Time

Craig's smile had managed to grow, "you're welcome."

Harry was far from impressed. "So it's okay when a cute girl does it, but when I threaten people; *ohno Harry, you've gone too far.*"

He felt a weight press on his backrest, almost tilting him all the way to the ground. He grabbed the table to steady himself. Then he noticed the presence hovering over his shoulder and the smile Craig had pointed towards them.

"Now you're getting it phaser boy," Morgan giggled. She let go of the back of his chair, allowing it and him to slam back onto the ground.

"None of this matters anyway. We're not out of the woods yet," Harry said.

Craig stared toward the evidence table and the strange cloth, dread suddenly washed over him. "You're right."

"Why? You'll see..." Harry said, then he realised what Craig had said. "Wait what?"

"Someone took the Pamo from us, multiple people have handled it. You know what this means?" Craig answered with a slight quiver in his voice.

Harry struggled to form a coherent sentence, two were meshing in his head.

"What's this? Page 1 of 2," Judge Stumpy said as he flicked a piece of paper over. "Who duplexed this? Imbeciles. Let's see."

"What?" Craig looked on, more worried than before.

Harry wasn't surprised, "and there it is."

"There's a singular charge for a Mr Craig Anderson. For the creation, distribution and making fun of, of spreading an airborne virus. A class one crime here on Sumflot," Judge Stumpy grumbled in disgust. The entire courthouse erupted into various different chants, all of them with the same execute them theme.

"Well... um, shoot," Craig stuttered.

"Yeah, about that *you're welcome*. Thanks for clearing my name," Harry said a little too smugly. Barely a second later guards rushed up to handcuff him, wiping any smugness away in a blink of an eye. "Wait, I'm not Cra..." he blurted out, but it hit him at the same time. "Oh."

Morgan sniggered behind her hand. Craig only shook his head with a disappointed look in his eyes.

"Do you wish to represent yourself counselor?" Judge Stumpy asked.

Harry slouched in his chair into a puddle of giving up goo. He shook his head meekly. The judge and Morgan looked at Craig expectantly.

"Yeah right, not again," he scoffed.

Morgan groaned impatiently, raising her hand. "we'll do it."

Despite being nearly horizontal in his seat, Harry continued to slouch further on hearing that. The only sounds that came from him were tiny squeaks.

"Very well. How do you plead?" Judge Stumpy growled.

"Not Craig," Harry whimpered so quietly only Craig and Morgan really heard him. Craig's jaw clenched and his arms folded tightly.

"He said not guilty," Morgan said.

Judge Stumpy grunted. "On what grounds?"

"It's not my fault," Harry whimpered from now under the table. Morgan groaned as she reached down to drag him back up to a sitting position. "Ow, really? I didn't need my spine anyway."

"Suck it up," Morgan spat back.

"Again, on what grounds?" Stumpy snarled.

Harry winced at the further jeering from the stands behind them. "Okay well, it all started at the asteroid belt Jello, or something. Buck was doing something evil with these kidnapped aliens," he said gesturing down to his knees. "Which we only knew about because he has a habit of kidnapping underage girls. We were told this magic sword would kill him, but turns out he's already quite a bit dead so it undid that. Craig's hand..." Morgan kicked the back of his chair, briefly making him facepalm the table. It took him a few seconds of seeing stars before he could speak again. "What chapter are we on Tom, I'm sure we did the Arachnia one last week."

Craig struggled not to laugh while Morgan winced through her gritted teeth with an innocent glint in her eye. "Um, his hand had a mind of its own. The sword went flinging about, landing in a ship separator. Then boom! So, not really my...his fault. The blame lies on the sword and whoever recommended it, and Buck I guess," Craig finished the story while Harry mumbled incoherently and wobbled side to side.

"I see. Were there any witnesses to this unlikely tale? Her perhaps?" Stumpy questioned, pointing at Morgan.

"I was in the next room," Morgan answered sheepishly.

Harry looked around all confused. Seeing the entire court room and his teammates reminded him. "Oh," he groaned, disappointed. "So where was I? Oh yeah, Craig's hand went all wonky..."

"Well, Tani and the kidnapped aliens," Craig answered the judge hesitantly. "But they're..."

The doors to the courthouse burst open. Everyone looked to see a very sickly green looking Tani stride down the aisle in a long flowing pink dress, swaying her hips far too much. Morgan covered her face with both hands, the secondhand embarrassment making her cheeks flush bright red.

"Who is this?" Stumpy shouted.

"What do you think, did that look natural?" Tani asked with a flourished wink.

Morgan's head lowered so much it bumped the dividing wall between her and the podium. "Oh god."

Craig laughed very nervously, "this is Tani. She's..."

Tani gasped and ran over to the podium. "You!" she gushed. He meanwhile ducked down. "My Snugglepuss."

Harry snickered, "snuggle what? I was wrong, you can get ladies... ill ones but..." Tani grabbed him by the arm and yanked him to his feet. He was far too shell-shocked to do anything but let her cuddle into him.

"You were saying?" Craig smiled.

"Aaw, my dear Craig. Let's find a nearby church and tie the knot. You shall become my undead bride for all eternity," Tani purred.

Harry squeaked, "I'm not Craig."

Tani pulled away from him with a shush noise, her finger pressed into his lips. "Shush my darling. You're mine and only mine. Now, where does a man find a tiara in his size around here?" She sniffed the air, grimacing after a couple. "Who is that?"

"Probably Craig and the whale juice," Morgan replied.

"I didn't..." Craig protested.

Tani gasped and shoved Harry roughly to the floor. The courtroom reacted with a studio audience style *oooooh*. "Who is this whale wench?"

"What?" Harry asked tiredly.

"I'll teach her to try and steal my sugar bunny!" Tani screamed as she stomped back the way she came. The doors slammed behind her.

Morgan wanted to laugh but she was still a little too wiggled. "Who on earth is she whining about?"

Harry and Craig glanced at one another knowingly. Harry tried to laugh it off, "if Tiffany didn't regret betraying us, she's gonna."

"Enough!" Stumpy yelled at them all. "You girl, bring that witness back here or I'll haul the lot of you into the gallows."

"Hey, why me?" Morgan complained, her hands folded stubbornly. The two boys looked at her expectantly. "Does she have to be conscious?"

"Eventually," Stumpy replied.

Morgan rolled her eyes and dropped her hands down to her sides. "Fine."

Once she was gone as well Stumpy hammered the gavel a few times, "in the meantime, back to your table."

Harry shuffled back to his seat beside Craig.

As soon as she stepped into the bar Morgan looked on trying desperately not to laugh, or at least too loudly. Tani stumbled around in front of her with the lower half of the dress wrapped over her head, bumping into a few tables in her struggle. Tiffany huffed in disgust and sat back down at the bar, gesturing to the new barman who was busy wiping the counter to get her a drink.

"What happened?" Morgan had to ask.

Tiffany didn't glance back at her, only shrugged her shoulders briefly. "She called me a one off guest star trollop. Normally I'd let that sexist crap go, but she screamed I was trying to poison her and bitch slapped over my beer."

"That's it," a muffled voice groaned, followed by a tearing sound. Morgan and Tiffany looked towards Tani, who's face they could now see framed by a hole in the dress and dishevelled hair. "You've bought yourself a ticket on the Doom Coaster." She flounced out of the bar with her nose in the air.

"Great," Morgan groaned. "Sorry about that. Even with Buck's stupidity, how did she mistake you for a love interest? Did Harry threaten to shoot you more than once?"

Tiffany sighed dreamily to Morgan's confusion and disgust. "If only."

"What? That was a joke, eew," Morgan complained.

"You're a friend of his?" Tiffany asked her. Morgan replied by placing her hand out flat and shaking it with a scrunched up face. "Tell him I'm sorry, I had him all wrong. He really is the cool headed, phaser slinging, Buck fighting, anti-hero the stories describe him as."

"How many of those have you had?" Morgan asked, pointing at the woman's drink.

Tiffany grasped her drink with a frown, "I dunno, how many glasses are in a pitcher?"

Morgan stared at her blankly, then turned on her heel to follow Tani out of the bar. "Wow, crushing and fangirling on Harry. What's next, a dramatic death scene?"

Harry raised a hand, "while we're waiting, I'd like to make a motion."

"What is it Anderson?" Stumpy groaned.

"The piece of evidence labelled exhibit 2," Harry said. Everyone looked at the cat. Harry groaned impatiently. "No! Why is that still here?" The stares moved to the Pamo de Plato sitting beside it.

Craig stared wide eyed at him, "what are you doing?" he muttered behind his hand.

Harry ignored him. "That is the famous Pamo de Plato, the fabled cure of this totally not brand new disease you all have. Touching it cured Cr...arry here, and me of my nasty heartbu...hand burn."

The crowd were once more buzzed after hearing this. Even the judge seemed intrigued.

"Anyone infected, simply pick it up. You will be cured and you'll see that everything we told you is true," Harry said. For a reason he didn't understand Craig buried his face in his folded arms resting on the table.

"Very well. We'll humour you," Stumpy said, gesturing to one of the bailiffs. They wandered over to the table to pick up the mouldy looking cloth, very reluctantly.

Harry smiled and waited, meanwhile Craig shook his head behind his arms. They waited quite a while but nothing happened. Harry's smile faded away gradually the longer nothing went on.

"I tried to tell you before," Craig whimpered. He lifted his head only slightly enough to turn it towards Harry. "Everyone here has the Pox, someone would have confiscated it, and someone else would've put it on the evidence table. Only we were cured, no one else. It doesn't work anymore."

"Oh," Harry said, now ghostly white.

The jeers from the audience echoed around the chamber, the judge tried to quieten them down with multiple gavel strikes.

"I've heard enough!" Stumpy shouted, shutting most of them up. "It is by my better judgement that you, Craig Anderson, are guilty of unleashing the Pox of Buck on this entire planet. Thanks to the poll we ran earlier, your punishment will be hanging by the neck over a cooking pot, since there was a tie." The members of the crowd wearing dresses and wigs chuckled deviously. "We all have bets on which one will kill you first, so..."

"I object!" Buck bellowed from the doorway. Everyone in the stands gasped in shock. As he charged down the aisle he pointed towards the judge. "That's no bride, it's just two monkeys in a dress."

"What?" everyone but Harry said. He just face palmed.

"Wrong game," he groaned.

Buck looked a little flustered. "Oh, I thought this was a wedding."

"Oh god, I'm doomed," Harry muttered.

"Order, order!" the judge screamed yet again.

Buck's embarrassment soon faded. "Ooh yes, can I get in on that? I'll have the pepperoni."

"Obviously that pox didn't drain his stupidity," Harry groaned to himself. "This is a trial, my trial."

"Oh yes, that's what the news said. Now I remember," Buck said. "Ahem, Mr Kim is innocent, this was all my fault." Everyone gasped again.

"I object, this new witness is clearly an idiot," TH butted in.

The judge broke his third gavel. "Denied, get on with it before I get a new one."

"Well, first of all I was the bad guy. Then Craig over there stabbed me in the gut..." Buck explained. He pointed at Craig in the audience who was trying to hide. "There he is, that human fellow with the fake blonde hair."

"I think he's talking about you," Craig said to his black haired neighbour.

"Instead of destroying me, it sucked the bad guy stuff out of me and into his hand. The ship separated, and then things went boom... I have no idea how that happened, but it turned my badness into a big poxy cloud, infecting people," Buck said.

The judge's face went an interesting shade of red, mixed with the green. "That's even stupider than his explanation!"

"Um, but that's not all. During these episodes it has felt like something or someone's been pulling my strings, pushing me down the bad guy path," Buck explained.

Harry groaned, "oh no."

Buck held up a book, "this journal proves that I wasn't crazy. It details everything, my obsession with Morgan and getting mixed up with Tani, my plans to have undead soldiers, even the dresses. It describes luring Harry and Craig regardless of what's happening, to play the heroic role."

"I knew it seemed forced," Craig commented.

"Guess who it belongs to," Buck said.

Harry shook his head, "how can a body-less or skeletal character like the narrator write a journal?"

"The Voodoo Lady!" Buck dramatically announced. Crickets started chirping, everyone fell silent and stared blankly.

"Who?" Craig whispered.

Harry snatched the book off Buck, who didn't seem pleased. "Are you sure it isn't the narrator, that's just his MO."

"Are you trying to tell me that you were only evil and wore tutu's cause somebody told you to?" the judge grumbled.

"The second one was just a joke suggestion," Craig commented.

"Well not told to, more like lured, or convinced to, you know in a voodoo-y way," Buck said.

"Or wrote... to," Harry muttered.

"Who is this Voodoo Lady anyway?" Craig asked.

Harry skimmed through the journal. "Those fools think I'm useless, ha, ha, ha. That chicken with the pulley in the middle will send them on the path of fate. The fate I made for them, ha, ha, ha." He looked up, "what chicken?"

"She means the one you tried to use to save me from the hole," Craig answered. "I don't remember seeing another woman then."

"Enough! Order, order!" the judge snapped. "I've heard enough. I hereby sentence the Voodoo Lady and Buck to be hanged at dawn. Now get the hell out of here!" The people in the aisles listened to him, quickly.

Buck meanwhile was getting cuffed, he looked over and smiled at them. "Don't worry about me, boys. You must cure the pox."

Craig shuddered, "he still gives me the evil creeps."

"Ugh, you're so paranoid. He just saved me from the noose, so I'm convinced. He's right though, we should get to work on the cure," Harry said.

"How? The dishcloth we took two parts to find was useless. We have no leads," Craig muttered. "It's not like we can shoot this problem away."

"Maybe we should ask the person who lead us on that errand," Harry said.

Harry and Craig stood outside one of the jail windows, both looking a bit confused. On the other side of it was the Voodoo Lady. Next door to her was a cheery looking Buck counting the bars.

"You were the one who told us about the cloth?" Harry asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"It didn't work," Harry said.

"Yes," she said.

"Why are you in jail?" Craig asked.

"Yeah, there are only two jails. They need to leave some room for the voodoo woman," Harry commented.

The Voodoo Lady sighed. "I've helped you boys out in every game so far, I am not useless, and you should remember who I am by now."

Harry and Craig glanced at each other, hoping the other would know what she was talking about.

"For the love of..." she groaned. "I lead you to the Pamo de Plato."

"Didn't work," Harry said.

"I told you about the violence sucking staff," The Voodoo Lady continued.

"I think the Monkey Island fans have all agreed that they don't know what that is," Craig said.

"Didn't happen," Harry added on.

"When Tani turned to gold, I told you how to cure her," The Voodoo Lady said.

Harry raised the journal and read from it, "ha, ha, that ring doesn't even do anything. I knew the diamond would attract Tani. As soon as she grabbed it, I cast my gold voodoo spell to push the fates forward. They will come to me for help, as I've locked out everything in the game until they do, LOL." He closed the book. "You laugh way too much in your journal."

"Um, that's obviously forged. I did have a big part in the second game, you can't deny," The Voodoo Lady said.

Harry opened the book and was about to read again, but Craig stomped in front of him to point accusingly at her. "You had a box outside your lair addressed to Buck, with voodoo supplies. I've suspected you guys have been in league since I saw that, and that was the 90's."

Harry stared at him with a raised eyebrow. "Channelling the writer, Craig? You didn't even remember her before."

"No... I mean, I was suspicious of whoever's lair that was. Now I know it was her," Craig stuttered. "90's, it's slang."

"I only did that so you guys could hide in the box to get to Buck," The Voodoo Lady protested.

"Yeah to deliver us to our fate or some bull, right?" Harry said.

"Yes, er... no," The Voodoo Lady stuttered.

"Why didn't you tell us that was there? It would have saved us the four pieces of star chart misery," Harry grumbled.

Craig shook his head, "so what was the point of the kitchen wipes errand then? I doubt it was to find Harry a girl." Harry turned to glare at him.

"It did cure your hand, didn't it? It just needs a pick me up, so to speak," The Voodoo Lady answered.

"Does it need some soap, or water?" Craig asked.

"No," The Voodoo Lady sighed. "It's full, it needs more room until it can absorb anymore."

Harry sighed despondently, "can't we just wring it out over a sink?"

"The Pamo's power has been left to fade in a godforsaken rock in the dark. It needs to be sought after like any other treasure. That is the key to the cure," The Voodoo Lady ignored him.

"Just when I thought the puzzles couldn't get any weirder," Craig muttered. "Seriously, I thought the tell a story to get prosthetic skin so we could break into the bank, was the limit."

Harry face palmed again, "ex-nay on the Escape From Monkey Island nay."

"All right, the whale dating service," Craig groaned.

"We didn't even do that," Harry said.

Craig shrugged, "exactly."

"I feel we are getting side tracked," The Voodoo Lady said.

"What I don't get is if she's behind everything, why did she make her villain good?" Harry asked Craig.

"You have the wrong idea. Things are not what they appear," The Voodoo Lady said.

"Really?" Craig sarcastically said. He walked off, giving Harry an I told you so look.

"Ignore him," Harry muttered. He side stepped to talk to Buck. "He's still probably jealous about the whole Morgan thing."

"It's all right, it's nothing I don't deserve," Buck said, smiling in a charming way.

"We'll get you out somehow. You're just as much a victim of these rubbish parodies as we are," Harry said.

Buck looked on sadly, he even looked a little sorry for himself. "If only it were that red and white."

"Black and white," Harry said.

"That seems very bigoted but alright," Buck chuckled. "If I had been a stronger man, I wouldn't have been prodded so easily. It's also my fault that Tani got as bad as she did."

"How?" Harry asked.

"She asked me to get the red dress in a bigger size," Buck cringed as if he were expecting a slap. When nothing at all happened but Harry blinking a couple of times he relaxed slightly. "That's when I lost her. I overheard the reports that the Pox's spreader had been arrested while I searched for her, but I could not find Morgan either. Those crafty gals must've stolen my ship right under my nose. I can't really be mad at them for such sneakiness."

Harry glanced to his side expecting Craig to be nearby. Since he wasn't he focused on Buck once more. "That's odd. Morgan got here long before Tani. She arrived minutes before you did."

"Ho..." Buck stammered, then stopped to think. "Now that I think about it, on my first stop there were these nasty little buggers who locked me in a cabin. Hours later they begged me not to shoot them and they let me out. I did think it was a little odd but I was in a hurry, so I moved onto the next planet."

Harry's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "So Tani has my phaser then."

Buck's eyes widened briefly before laughing derisively, "what's that got to do with anything I said, my boy? What would Tani want with your phaser?"

"Okay, it wasn't a suggestion," Morgan said a tad impatiently while averting her eyes toward the ceiling.

Craig crouched down to check on the body lying amongst broken beakers and testubes in the middle of a science lab. Just as his fingers were about to check the pulse, they stirred and lifted their head weakly. He jumped out of his skin.

"Craig?" Tiffany wheezed, her hand rushed to her stomach wound which looked a lot like a phaser burn. "I was trying to help. To make up for..." she groaned in pain. "He told me..." she then wheezed and coughed.

"Who's he?" Morgan wondered quietly to herself.

Craig heard her anyway, he looked back over his shoulder up at her. "I dunno, Hack Doc maybe. This is his lab." That was when he spotted movement coming from the broken window nearby. He looked directly at it, spotting a tiny alien head peering in from the outside.

"Eeep," they squeaked as they ducked down back out of sight.

Tiffany grabbed his arm, making him jump higher than he did before. "He told me..." she wheezed again.

"Um we got that part. Told you what?" Craig asked as delicately as he could.

"He..." Tiffany groaned as she pulled him closer. "Told me." She mumbled something quietly before falling limp on the floor.

Morgan turned her head to one side, shuddering all the while. Craig's head dipped, his eyes closed.

"What did she say?" Morgan asked carefully. "And don't say he told me."

Craig slowly stood back up, his brow furrowed. "I dunno, the only words I understood were part five."

Morgan rolled her eyes. "Oh of course."

"What the hell?" Harry's voice stuttered. The pair's attention darted toward the door to the lab where he stood. "How the hell is she dead, what's going on?"

"Other than a massive genre shift, I haven't a clue," Craig replied.

Harry looked around, noting all of the white boards filled with strange formulas and cartoonish drawings of people. He ground his teeth, eyes flashed with rage. "Hack Doc!" he growled, stomping back out of the room.

Craig and Morgan shared a bemused look. She wandered off after Harry, Craig quickly followed. "So erm, you were saying before we walked into Who Shot Tiffy?" Morgan asked.

"I was thinking about what the Voodoo Lady said about restoring the Pamo," Craig said.

Morgan's face fell, "you're still going to listen to her? I thought she was a doll master."

"Puppet," Craig smiled. Morgan saw it more as a patronising smirk and rolled her eyes. "I mean yeah, she's probably screwing us over for laughs, but we really need this pox cured so." Morgan shrugged and mouthed a fine. "She said it needed to be sought after like a real treasure to regain its full strength."

"So it's a needy little whiner with delusions of grandeur," Morgan said thoughtfully. "Okay, Harry will know what to do."

"Actually, we don't need him. I think I got it," Craig said.

Morgan's eyebrow raised, she smirked slightly. "Yeah you're right. Harry doesn't have a cure for that yet."

"True. It seems like where we found the Pamo wasn't its original hiding place. Someone hid it there and it lost its mojo. We need to re-hide it," Craig said.

"What?" Morgan muttered, blinking faster than usual. It made Craig feel a little unsure, he tried to bat that away. "Oh fine, it can't be any crazier than making out with a ghost to get her engagement ring."

Craig's entire face turned bright red in an instant. His voice also raised two octaves higher than normal, "we didn't... she..." Morgan smiled coyly. "You're never going to let me live that down, are you?"

"Would you prefer I bring up the dress and boots combo?" Morgan asked sweetly with a cute smile.

As usual that left him a withering mess and unable to argue with her. "Okay um, trust me. I think this will work. We'd best find somewhere obscure."

He hurried off back into town. Morgan followed curiously until she noticed he was heading back into the jungle. Her pace slowed considerably.

Neither of them noticed Tani at the far end of the street peering into a clothes shop window. "Hmm, I wonder if that will go with my skin tone," she mumbled.

A beady pair of eyes and a forehead with a fluffy white wig on the top peered out from a nearby alleyway. They were no where near discreet about it, various passersby watched him with similar looks of disgust, until they spotted the same dress in the window that Tani did. Pretty soon she was completely surrounded by Pox infested islanders, which made him huff and reluctantly step out into the open.

"Oooh, I will get my hands on that girl. My immortality depends on it," Hack Doc snarled.

"There, all done."

The sudden voice pried Morgan's drifting eyes apart, slapping her almost upright. The hand she had been resting her chin on, its elbow slipped off her knee. "Wha... what?"

Craig stepped back to admire his handiwork whilst leaning on the handle of a shovel.

"Oh," Morgan yawned and stood up. She walked over to take a look for herself, only to see that he was staring at uneven patch of soil which stood out enough but grass and flowers surrounded it. "Yeah um... maybe you should've put an X marks the spot in the middle."

"I dunno," Craig tiredly sighed. "We're trying not to make it seem too easy."

"Wow," Morgan mimed and looked away. "Now what?" she asked so he could hear her.

Craig absentmindedly started to sway, the shovel too. "Isn't it obvious?" Morgan quickly snatched it from him before he ended up stumbling on the floor. "Wait," he stuttered.

"For what?" Morgan groaned.

"It won't work instantly. We should give it a chance before digging it back up," Craig replied.

Morgan stared at the shovel in her hands, squeaking sadly as one hand went to her stomach. Craig watched her walk back over to her stump and sit back down.

Immortality didn't seem like it was worth it. Hack Doc trailed after Tani with so many bags he wasn't even carrying them anymore, but merely trailing them along the ground, hunched over to half his height from the weight.

Tani stopped a few metres in front of a dead end and scanned around at the many trees all around them. "Hmph, there's no more shops here. Are you sure we've gone the right way?" she grumbled back at her bag carrier.

"Yes, it's a..." Hack Doc wheezed in reply, then coughed up a lung. She looked at him in contempt. "It's a hidden secret of Sumflot Isle. I just forgot that it's the bee path before the boar."

"Fine," Tani cheered up considerably. She turned to go back the way they came.

It took him a few seconds longer than usual for Hack Doc to react. All of his energy was spent letting go of the bags so it was especially difficult for him to turn around on the spot.

"No, you'll reset the..." he coughed far too late. Tani was no longer anywhere in sight. He whined pathetically over it, then his eyes fell to the bags at his feet and so he whined even louder.

Meanwhile Tani ended up back at the entrance to the jungle. She didn't seem to notice and so followed his instructions to listen out for buzzing, which lead her down the right path. The very second she stepped over the threshold of that *screen*, Hack Doc hurriedly for him appeared at the entrance as well, just missing a glimpse of her. Another whine echoed through the trees.

He quickly noticed though despite that he wasn't alone. "Oh you," Hack Doc groaned in disappointment.

Harry's already tensed eyebrow twitched. "Yes me. I owe you quite a bit for what you did to Tiffany."

"Well I'm glad someone remembered. The running rate for a Human is thirty gold, plus five for the interest," Hack Doc said brightly, bringing out his hand.

"Is that why you shot her? She didn't do what you asked or gave you what you wanted," Harry snapped furiously. His face turned blank for a moment, eyes glazing over. "Oh," his voice slowed down to a near croak, "oops?"

"Hmph indeed, that's your thing you vile creature," Hack Doc sneered. He burst into high pitched giggles, "you really think I killed her? What a fool. I already told you, I don't resort to that barbarity. I also have no reason to, I'm out of pocket now and rather busy so..." He wandered off to the same path Tani picked.

"But..." Harry protested while his mind raced. "You're the only villain left. One's cured, the other's in jail, who else would've done it?"

"Aaaw," Tani whined as she ran into another dead end and into the backs of two people backing away. "Hey watch it, creases."

Morgan and Craig glanced over their shoulders toward her, allowing her to get a glimpse of what they were backing away from. Protruding out of a hole in the ground, the cloth that had previously been small enough to sit in a palm of a hand, had bloated to the size of a shuttle and it was still expanding. The pair had to step back again to avoid being shoved. Tani didn't move though, so Morgan swiped her arm in front of her to push her to one side.

Hurried footsteps and giddy screams approached as well. "What now?" Craig groaned.

Realising they couldn't back off any further without accidentally triggering the jungle maze's reset, the pair side stepped towards some trees, dragging Tani along with them. Just in time too for Hack Doc to come charging in, practically giddy with his eyes sparkling.

"It's beautiful, the secret to eternal life!" he screeched once he was within hands reach.

"No!" Craig tried to warn him as he reached for it with both hands. The mad scientist pretended not to hear him.

"Actually now that I think about it," they all heard Harry ranting in the background, his voice getting loud quickly. "She was shot and so whoever did it has my phaser. So it couldn't be..."

Harry continued to ramble without paying any attention to his surroundings, he bumped right into Hack Doc, bowling him over face first into the gigantic Pamo de Plato. As soon as his nose brushed against it, it hissed so loud and piercingly they all had to cover their ears. Well all but Hack Doc, who couldn't since his head was stuck inside of the thing.

A thick green mist quickly descended on the area, thinning as it surrounded the Plato. The hissing lessened to the group's relief. The first thing Morgan spotted when she did was the Hack Doc's legs kicking frantically, the rest of him had sunk into the pulsing green blob in front of them. She grabbed his foot and pulled him to freedom.

"Oh god. What the hell is this I'm wearing?" Tani complained, her fingers picking at her dress as if she was picking pineapple of a pizza. The others noticed she no longer looked green or warty, they breathed a sigh of relief.

"Leave this to me, my new friends," Buck's voice echoed toward them, cueing groans from all but Harry. Hack Doc's though was more painful than annoyed though. They looked around to see him dashing over.

"So what part of this spot was supposed to be hard to find?" Morgan directed at Craig. He laughed meekly.

Buck pouted, disappointed. "Oh I'm too late?"

"Wait, how did you get out of jail? You had no one to trick into your place," Craig asked.

Harry sighed for once not out of impatience. "Okay, about that..."

"The guard was okay with it after I explained that I had a wedding to go to," Buck answered on further approach.

Morgan and Craig stared at him suspiciously, Tani meanwhile was still picking at her dress. "What wedding?" Morgan asked.

"I've been having some trouble lately, taking it out on people," Harry continued as if no one spoke over him.

"Prepare for the distraction!" Buck shouted as he brandished a phaser in Harry's direction.

"I'm sor..." Harry said as the phaser rang out. It struck him in the chest, knocking him into a tree. Craig and Morgan rushed over to his side.

Tani only heard it and so gasped in shock at him lying on the ground, "Harry!" She ran over to kneel beside him.

"Chuck, haha!" Buck laughed, then frowned, "that's not right."

Craig crouched down to tend to Harry, groaning in pain, his eyes weakly trying to keep open. Morgan instead chose to stomp over to Buck armed with a Janeway deathglare. He hurriedly sidestepped toward the Pamo de Plato, gesturing to it in a grabbing motion.

"Ah ah, we don't want this spilling all over again, do we?" Buck taunted her. Morgan hesitantly stopped, her arm went to her back. "This undead power belongs only to me, thanks for cleaning it up for me."

Harry weakly rolled his head over towards Craig. "What was I saying?"

"Huh?" Craig frowned. He thought about it and only got more confused. "Don't worry, just take it easy. We'll get you to a doctor." Hack Doc giggled in his sleep. "A sane doctor."

"Oh that's right," Harry groaned. "Do me a favour."

Craig glanced up with worry towards Buck and Morgan, seemingly in a stalemate with him yammering at her. "Sure."

"Tell Craig I'm sorry I've been so on edge with him lately," Harry said, prompting a tiny smirk from Tani.

Buck grunted, "aren't you dead yet? I've got the perfect idea for a wedding reception. Funeral buffet. Two for one." Morgan shuddered in response.

"He's a good guy, a little weird and that PADD thing is creepy," Harry slurred, his head slouched against Craig's shoulder.

"Uh I hate to encourage Craig here into thinking he has a shot with Morgan but..." Tani said. Craig shook his head at her, pleading her to stop. "But if Morgan's still your goal, you really shot the wrong guy."

Buck stared at her like she was stupid. He laughed it off, "oh my dear, you always know how to make me laugh. Silly, just like a little girl."

Morgan's eyes narrowed, "excuse me, like a what?"

"Now stand back, I will absorb all of my power back into this renewed body. You..." Buck bellowed, pointing at Tani. "Will be my demon bride and we will lay waste to this quadrant. Maybe pick up my dry cleaning on the way, my old jacket still smells of that beer from the first wedding. First, we will marry to the thunderous applause of..."

Morgan shook with rage, unable to take anymore. "Oh marry this!" she lunged forward while bringing her arm out from behind her back, revealing a curved sword.

Craig panicked as he recognised it as the one he used in the beginning, "no wait, that is the revival sword, it won't..."

He was more than too late, Morgan plunged the sword through Buck's torso, cutting him off mid speech too. He stared at her sadly like she betrayed him, then she recoiled the sword and backed away from him.

"Owee," he said, tending to his new bleeding wound. "How?"

"How? You're alive now aren't you, you doofus," Morgan groaned.

Buck's face went blank. His shoulders slouched, "oh."

Craig looked on in shock, Harry passed out and landed on his lap shocking him further. Tani giggled behind her hand. Craig shuffled backwards a bit, blushing a little. "Wait, what? Is that it, but..."

Morgan glanced toward him, smiled and shrugged. His already blushing face brightened even more. The exchange enraged Buck enough to make him forget his pain for all of two seconds, he stumbled forward one step and grimaced in furious agony.

"You. How could you? My plan was flawless, brilliant. I tricked you all and..." Buck stammered, his throat throbbled as he tried to stop himself from bursting into sobs. "What about Part Five, that was so cool, so full of callbacks and..."

"The ending sucked," Morgan retorted with a scoff.

Buck's jaw dropped, "how could... That's it, you're not invited."

"Good, I wasn't planning to go to my wedding anyway," Morgan smirked.

"What? You're...?" Buck said, pointing at her. He fell face first onto the ground.

Tani looked on nodding in approval, "not bad."

Craig rubbed his wide, shocked eyes. "Wait, that's it? That was anticlimactic."

"Still a lot less abrupt and dumb than the original," Morgan smiled. She walked over to help Craig lift Harry up. "My ship's closer."

"Wait," Tani said. She gestured to the Pamo de Plato, which had thankfully stopped growing but it was still taking up a lot of jungle. "What do we do about this?"

Craig shrugged, "lets worry about Harry first. We can come back later."

"Yes because no one will be able to find it," Morgan said with a smirk pointed at him.

No sooner had they left, a swarm of the little aliens emerged from the trees. A couple walked over Hack Doc with little care, he responded with a giggle, "oooh." They looked at the gigantic green blob in awe. Some spotted Buck lying face down on the ground with his arm sticking ahead of him, still pointing his finger.

One of them chuckled deviously, "he played right into our hands. What a fool thinking he'd become more powerful by re-absorbing his own power."

A chorus of laughter agreed with him. Another decided to poke the body with a stick.

"Now, lets get to work," the first alien smiled triumphantly, gesturing his arms wide. The aliens surrounded the Plato, creating a circle around it. "Finally, we can de-clog my drains."

Inside a dark little cabin, the Voodoo Lady squeezed herself into a smaller chair, accidentally reclining it nearly horizontal. She quickly fixed it during a knock at the door. "Come in."

A shadowy figure approached holding something large. The light from the candles on the table illuminated that first, revealing to the Voodoo Lady a gigantic glass bottle with green mist swirling around in it. One more step and she could see the figure's face.

"Ah Tiffany, my child. I see the Play Dead spell worked. Did you bring me what I asked for?" the Voodoo Lady asked.

Tiffany grimaced as she looked down at the bottle, Buck's pained voice echoed from it. "I'm not sure, let me double check." The Voodoo Lady chuckled, she tried to reach over to grab it, the only thing she achieved was lowering the seat. "Your end of the deal first."

"Yes, your actions have influenced your fate," the Voodoo Lady tried to sound mysterious while shimmying up her chair back to normal. Once done she opened a drawer and picked something up. That something slid across the table to Tiffany, her eyes widened in delight. "Mr Shooty, the original in... kinda mint condition."

"Score. I'm going to frame this bad boy," Tiffany giggled. She dumped the bottle on the table, which made an ow groan, and ran out.

The Voodoo Lady reached for the bottle, smiling deviously. "There is much work to be done before the tides of destiny shift again." Evil laughter rang around the cabin.

Voyager:

The turbolift doors opened for an excited B'Elanna. She ran around to the front of the bridge. "Captain, great news."

"My new coffee pod machine has arrived?" Kathryn almost bolted out of her chair.

Chakotay frowned, "why would you need that, we have replicators."

B'Elanna stared at her blankly. "No. That half ship Harry brought back, the Tolg guy's. It still had one functioning transwarp coil in its engines. It's compatible, we'll get another couple thousand lightyears before it overheats and we have to throw it out."

"Oh," Kathryn seemed disappointed for a moment. Then it hit her, "oh! Go ahead, let us know when you're ready." B'Elanna nodded and ran back the way she came.

Craig glanced across at opps from the back stations, then decided to walk over to a smiling Harry. "What?" he asked.

"Looks like we're finally getting out of this area of space. No more puzzles, no more Buck, no more what's her name, and phaser jokes," Harry beamed.

"Really? It's only a couple thousand lightyears, and he was a Tolg so..." Craig said.

"Craig, Craig, you don't get it," Harry smiled directly at him. "There will be no more Monkey Island parodies, no more games. We're free."

Kathryn's ears perked up, "who's talking fourth wall?"

Harry lowered his voice, while he was nervous he was still in good spirits. "They sold it off, they don't care about it, it's done."

"Oh," Craig was a little relieved. "To who?"

"Let's just say if it's ever revived, any parodies will have to be in a galaxy far far away," Harry snickered.

Craig wasn't sure what to make of that. He looked to Harry a little disappointed, so he scowled at him. "What? No, it's just it feels like there's some unfinished business there. Too many unanswered questions. Like what was the Voodoo woman's deal, what was the obsession with theme parks, and what does *you fight like a cow* mean? That's been bugging me."

"Who cares? Now that we're done, we can go back to doing more important things," Harry said.

Tom hurried over and squeezed in between the pair. Craig pulled a face and stepped a couple of times so he wasn't knocked over. "Hey, I finished the opening titles for our new..." Tom looked at Craig suspiciously, "project. It's gonna be awesome, wanna see?"

"Of course. I can hook it up to my screen here," Harry replied. He tapped at his console for a bit, then stopped abrupt to stare at Craig with an almost accusatory stare. Tom did the same. Craig got the hint and hurried off to rejoin his usual teammate at the back of the bridge.

"Back to *still insane but less weird*, huh?" James smirked at him.

Craig nodded. Any disappointment faded away when a thought occurred to him. "Say, did I tell you how we escaped the whale?" he asked loudly.

Harry's head jolted upright and his eyes widened so much they watered.

"No, do I want to know?" James asked.

Craig laughed, they both headed for the turbolift. "Oh yes you do."

THE END