

The Bombastic Pirates of Yammssabor V
Episode II: The Next Thing That Happened

After pulling off the greatest interstellar heist of all time, nabbing \$150 million from the RBLS Iron Contra, the Bombastic Pirates of Yammssabor V retired and moved to Hawaii where they spent their fortune. Rather quickly.

“Wow,” said Joe Shmoe as he reclined on the beach staring at the sunset. “Who woulda thought that you could spend \$150 million in 95 hours and 37 minutes.”

“It’s a record, boss,” said John Doe.

“Best 95 hours and 37 minutes of my life,” said John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt who often went by Jake. “Well, except for the part when I was surfing and the shark...”

“True,” said Joe, “but we were able to afford a top of the line prosthetic: the Peg Leg 5700 fully-functional, semi-automatic, tin alloy prosthetic leg.”

“It’s awesome, except when it squeaks.”

“Say, boss,” said Jake. “What, exactly, are you looking at out there?”

“I’m watching the sunset.”

“But it’s raining.”

“So? It’s out there somewhere...”

“Well, I’m tired of sitting in the rain. I’m going over to that picnic shelter.”

“Me, too,” said John.

“Oh, fine.”

So they sat under the picnic shelter starrng in the general direction of the sunset. After some time, they were approached by a drab man in a suit holding a gun.

“Joe Shmoe, John Doe, John Jacob Jingwhateveryournameis: you are all under arrest for crimes including, but not limited to: grand theft, petty theft, hijacking, sabotage, treason, impersonating an officer of the Queen’s Navy, bribery, disturbing the peace, reckless discharge of a firearm, assault with intent to maim, speeding, leaving the scene of an accident, improper use of a driver’s license, and tax evasion.”

“Pshaw,” scoffed Joe. “Seriously, do we look like \$150 million, sitting on the beach in the rain?”

“Well, you’re sitting on the beach in the rain in expensive suits, next to a five gallon tub of caviar, and are those three matching BMW ZoomBuckets I see in the parking lot?”

“Point taken. By the way, caviar is disgusting, don’t ever pay money for it.”

“No doubt. Well, you’d better come with me.”

“But I don’t even know your name!”

“What? You don’t need my...”

“Oh, never mind. Say, Mr. Smith...”

“That’s not my...”

“Excuse me! I’m talking here! What’s you’re backup situation, Mr. Smith?”

“Oh, I’ve got half a dozen snipers covering the Hey! Why am I telling you this?!”

“Beats me. Hey, what model weapon is that?”

“A FlySwatter 9700.”

“Ooh, can I see?”

“Sure Wait! No!”

Joe sighed.

“Did you really think that I would give you my gun, just like that?!”

“Well, it almost worked.”

“Yeah, right.”

“Hey, look, you’re safety’s on.”

“What?”

“Here, let me show you.”

Mr. Smith let him and Joe pocketed the weapon.

“What?! Hey! How’d you do that?”

“I’ve been reading this book, *The Force for Dummies: Using Jedi Powers for Pleasure and Profit*”

“Oh.”

“Right now, I’m interested in getting back into space. I’ve had about enough of Hawaii. Jake, hand me that geological map you picked up at the nature center.”

Jake rifled through his suit, finally finding the map. As he pulled it out, a nickel fell out.

“What? I forgot about that!”

“You mean we didn’t really blow \$150 million in 95 hours and 37 minutes?” exclaimed John.

“It seems that we only spent \$149,999,999.95 in 95 hours and 37 minutes,” said Joe.

“Well, there goes our record.”

“Sorry guys,” said Jake.

“Just give me the map.”

Jake gave it to him and he unfolded it.

“Aha! Just as I suspected: we are standing above this magma chamber.”

“How do you figure that, boss?”

“Well, there’s this ‘X’ and it says ‘You are here.’”

“Ooh.”

“Now, if we can apply enough pressure, we should be able to cause it to blow like a volcano, sending us into space. We can then catch an orbiting cruiser and capture it.”

Everyone was temporarily dumbstruck.

“Boss, are you sure that’s a good...”

“Of course it is!”

“Um, exactly how are we going to apply this pressure?” Mr. Smith inquired.

“Well, let’s see here. Pressure is Force divided by Area so... if we all push really hard, we should get the desired effect.”

So, they all pushed really really hard. Finally, and sooner than even Joe expected, the ground gave way...and they fell into a large hole.

“Somehow, I imagined that magma would be hotter than this,” said John.

“Or that space would be colder,” said Mr. Smith.

“Oh, shut up,” said Joe as all observed the empty cavern they were standing in. Joe examined the map, lines of concentration creasing his face. “Ah. I see my error. Apparently, the ‘X’ did not denote our location, but that of the nature center.”

“Well, *Boss*, how do you propose we get out of this one?” John asked sarcastically.

“Well...um... I think now would be a good time for a classic Deus Ex Machina.”

Jake started to ask, “Deus Ex what?” but he was interrupted by a crash in their midst. Joe whirled, pointing the gun at the intruder.

“Don’t shoot! I’m just a window washer, and my hand slipped, and my bucket fell down here.”

“How about if you give us the bucket,” Joe said waving the weapon, “and we’ll be on our way.” Joe, John and Jake all climbed into the bucket. They were about to leave when Mr. Smith spoke up.

“Hey guys. I’ve been thinking, you know, about the meaning of life and all that stuff.”

“And?”

“Well, I decided I’m tired of being a cop. I want to join the Bombastic Pirates of Yammssabor V and become a fugitive from the law.”

“Before you can be a pirate, you have to say the pledge of allegiance.”

“I pledge allegiance to the Bombastic Pirates of ...”

“No, dummy. It’s ‘I pledge allegiance to money.’”

“Oh, what you said.”

“Okay, you can come.”

“Now what, boss,” asked John.

“The plan hasn’t changed. We just need to go to the nature center. To the ZoomBuckets!”

“Aye aye, Captain!” the Pirates chorused enthusiastically.

“Uh boss...” started Mr. Smith.

“You’re with me, Smithy.”

As the BPOYV turned onto the main road, the unmistakable sound of gunfire broke out behind them.

“It’s my snipers!” shouted Mr. Smith.

“Maybe I didn’t pay too much for bullet-proof windows,” said Joe. “Split up boys,” he said on the radio. “We’ll meet up back at the Nature Center.”

“You got it, boss.”

At the next intersection, Jake turned off to the left, and John turned right coming into contact with another vehicle in the process. The driver immediately leapt out screaming threats. John considered stopping to trade insurance cards, but under the circumstances chose to brandish a firearm instead. The other driver retired docilely to his car, and John drove off at a speed quite unsafe.

Joe took the center route, and the snipers chose to pursue him. Mr. Smith panicked, but Joe was unfazed.

“Don’t worry; I’ve got a few tricks up my sleeve.” He promptly rolled up his sleeve and pulled out an Ace of Spades and a checklist. Unfolding the list, he read off the first item.

“Aha! Oil slick.” He mashed a button on the console. Immediately, four nozzles emerged from the front bumper and spewed several gallons of oil into the street in front

of them. At that point Joe got the feeling that something was distinctly backwards, but he was unable to pin it down before the Zoombucket hit the oil and spun out of control. After a minute of sliding crazily, they emerged from the other side and continued on at their previous terrific rate. The snipers, though encountering their own difficulties in the oil, also came through and pursued fiercely.

Next Joe tried the cloaking mechanism, and received quite a shock when the entire car, including the controls in front of him, disappeared. For a couple moments he and Mr. Smith experienced the sensation of traveling at 200 miles per hour with apparently nothing between them and the road or the high powered rifles behind. Amazingly, Joe was able to find the switch to turn it off again.

“Well, there’s nothing else for it,” Joe said.

“What does that mean?”

At that moment, Joe aimed for a convenient cliff edge and depressed the accelerator as far as it would go.

“Wait! Can’t we take a vote on this?”

“Sure, but you need a 2/3 majority to overrule the captain.”

“How can you possibly joke at a time like this???” protested Smith as they careened over the edge.

“Oh quit your worrying! It’s a flying car, all I have to do is extend the wings.” He pressed a button and a wing shot out from each side of the car and fell off racing to ocean below.

“Wrong button.”

“How about now?!? Now can I worry?!?”

“No time.” Joe pulled a lever next to the passenger seat and with a voluminous bang, Mr. Smith was ejected from the vehicle.

20 minutes later found Joe Shmoe dragging Mr. Smith onto a beautiful white beach. Mr. Smith groaned.

“You were supposed to use your parachute,” Joe scolded.

“You could have told me I had a parachute before you shot me out of the car.”

“It’s an ejection seat! What did you expect? The good news is: we’re at the Nature Center.”

Joe and Mr. Smith hiked up to the Center where they met John and Jake. While Joe tried to figure out how to set off the volcano, the team examined the indigenous frog display. A voice on a bullhorn outside interrupted them.

“FBI! Come out with your hands up!”

“Doe! Is there a back door?” Joe asked.

“Yeah, but I don’t know if it’s guarded.”

“I bet I know how to find out.” He stuck his head through the door. “Hey, FBI guy, are you covering the back door by any chance?”

“No, why?”

He did not remain in ignorance as the BPOYV left in a tremendous hurry. He ordered his men to pursue. Just then Joe heard a strange noise.

“Doe, you hear that?”

“Yeah, boss. Kinda sounds like a tank. A really big one.”

“Hm, we could be in for a lot of... Why is the earth shaking? Must be a huge t...”

Suddenly the Nature Center was consumed by a fountain of magma. The BPOYV watched in stunned silence as the toasted ashes floated down the side of the newly formed volcano.

“Boss, you know that plan you had for getting back into space...” John started.

“I can see that it won’t work now. The volcano’s already erupted.”

“Hey guys, I won!” Jake exclaimed.

“What?”

“I used my last nickel to buy a coke in the nature center.”

“That was cheap,” John observed.

“And I won, see.”

They examined the cap: “You won a Free Spaceship!”

“Cool beans,” said the pirates.

“I think we should try the volcano idea one more time,” Joe said. But he was voted down with an 75% majority.