

# Popcorn

A red and white striped popcorn bucket is tilted, spilling yellow popcorn. Above it, several yellow popcorn kernels are shown in the process of popping, with small white steam-like clouds rising from them.

– THE POP-POP-POPTROPICA FAN MAGAZINE –  
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MORE PRISON  
INTERVIEWS  
BY RED MOON  
PHB TEAM PIC  
BY THEMIGHTY-  
WOLFTIGER  
ARTWORK  
BY DJROSE4  
& MORE INSIDE



# STORIES

## Prison Interviews Part 3: Binary Bard by Red Moon

(Audio Interview Format)

\*click\*

Binary Bard: I should've known I'd be next.

Dr. Jupiter: Yes, you—wait, what?

Binary Bard: Dr. Hare told me about this. Clearly, I'm the strongest villain in Poptropica. Of course you'd need to interview me!

Dr. Jupiter: You aren't the strongest! I'm—

Silence...

Dr. Jupiter: ...I'm, uh, gonna interview you now.

Binary Bard: You know, you seem a little familiar...

Dr. Jupiter: I've been keeping you here for almost a year. I think you'd remember what I look like.

Binary Bard: But—

Dr. Jupiter: Clears throat. Question one: Why did you become evil?

Binary Bard: I'm pretty sure my journal is kept in a museum. Can I go now?

Dr. Jupiter: No. And the diary—

Binary Bard: JOURNAL!

Dr. Jupiter: Okay, journal, was taken by a tourist.

Binary Bard: WHAT?! I'm just hearing about this NOW?!

Dr. Jupiter: You sound like a teenage girl. Anyways—

Binary Bard: I don't sound like a teenage girl!

Dr. Jupiter: Calm down, Mordred.

Binary Bard: IM NOT MORDRED!

Dr. Jupiter: You're overheating! If you don't calm down—

Binary Bard: WHAT?! WHAT WILL HAPPEN?!

Dr. Jupiter: You'll either explode—

Binary Bard: EXPLODE?!

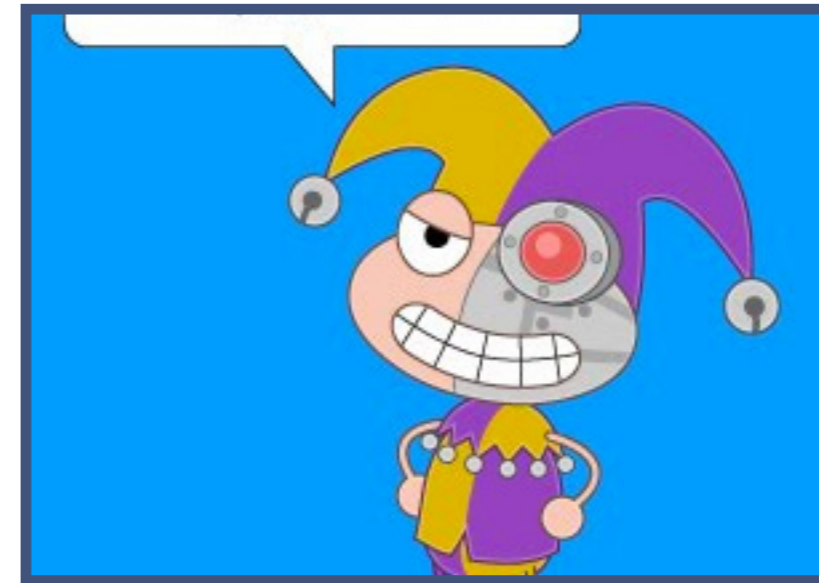
Dr. Jupiter: —melt—

Binary Bard: MELT?!

Dr. Jupiter: Or—

Binary Bard: GAH!

Sound of Binary Bard falling on the ground



Binary Bard: 01001001 00100111  
01101101 00100000 01100111 01110101  
01100101 01110011 01110011 01101001  
01101110 01100111 00100000 01110100  
01101000 01100001 01110100  
00100000 01110100 01101000 01100101  
00100000 01101100 01100001 01110011  
01110100 00100000 01110000 01101111  
01110011 01110011 01101001 01100010  
01101001 01101100 01101001 01110100  
01111001 00100000 01110111 01100001  
01110011 00100000 01100111 01101100  
01101001 01110100 01100011 01101000  
01101001 01101110 01100111 00111111

- Translation: I'm guessing the last possibility was glitching?

Dr. Jupiter: Sighs. Guards?

Footsteps

Guard: Yes, sir?

Dr. Jupiter: I think he's gonna explode.

Other guard: Explode? Oh no!

Dr. Jupiter: Yeah. And he'll spill my coffee if he does.

Guard: We could all die!

Dr. Jupiter: I can't d—YES! Yes, of course, we might die.

Guard: Dr. Jupiter—

Dr. Jupiter: AHM! TAKE HIM AWAY!

Guards: YES SIR!

\*sound of door opening and shutting\*

Dr. Jupiter: \*quietly\* He IS powerful... but with the dangers of explosion...well, I'll probably blow a lot up anyways...

\*footsteps\*

Guard: Sir, is he one of the four?

Dr. Jupiter: I think so. He's clearly very evil and powerful.

Other guard: We have him locked up in his cell. Explosion proof.

Dr. Jupiter: \*mumbles\* Not for long...

\*click\*



# STORIES

## Prison Interviews Part 4: Gretchen Grimlock by Red Moon

\*click\*

Dr. Jupiter: Today I am going to ask you a few questions.

Gretchen Grimlock: Yup, I know the speech! Heard it all from Copy Cat.

Dr. Jupiter: She's much too talkative. I shouldn't have talked to her...

Gretchen: You shouldn't talk to me either! I'm talkative too, see? Talky talk! Blah blah blah blah-

Dr. Jupiter: Nice try, Gloria.

Gretchen: Gretchen.

Dr. Jupiter: That's what I said.

Gretchen: No, you said-

Dr. Jupiter: First question: If you had succeeded in your evil scheme of getting the million dollars from Mr. Mews, what would you have done?

Gretchen: Spend it. Duh.

Dr. Jupiter: On what?

Gretchen: Shoes, I guess. And a mansion. And a limousine. And a private jet, a private helicopter, my own TV show, a BUNCH of new clothes, like, enough to fill the mansion I'd buy, daily manicures every day for the rest

of my life-

Dr. Jupiter: How evil.

Gretchen: I know, right? And I'd also buy a beach house, another beach house, a private island, another beach house ON that private island...

Dr. Jupiter: Oh, the cruelty.

Gretchen: I know! If only I had succeeded-

Dr. Jupiter: No, I'm talking about you putting me through this. Next question-

Gretchen: A yacht, a party boat, a flat screen TV, an amusement park, a castle, a zoo, Booga...

Dr. Jupiter: How do you plan to buy Booga, exactly?

Gretchen: Putting money in the coconuts and shooting them at him. Duh!

Dr. Jupiter: Yes, it all makes so much sense now.

Gretchen: I think I'd buy an ocean, too.

Dr. Jupiter: NEXT QUESTION! Why did you choose to cheat in the contest instead of playing fairly?

Gretchen: 'Cause it'd be easier.

Dr. Jupiter: \*irritated\* But WHY?

Gretchen: Same reason you made that tourist on Mythology Island get the sacred items so you could steal them instead of gathering them yourself, Zeus The Moose.

Dr. Jupiter: \*gasps\*

Gretchen: I AM cell mates with Binary Bard, after all. He figured it out and couldn't resist telling me all about his "genius" theory.

Dr. Jupiter: WHAT?!

Gretchen: Yeah, I said that too when he said he was a genius. When you're a cyborg, does that count as being a genius? I don't think so!

Dr. Jupiter: \*takes on Zeus form\*  
ground

Gretchen: O.M.Z! Wait...that's clever how I used that, isn't it? Think about it!

Dr. Jupiter/Zeus: \*points lightning bolt at Gretchen\* If you dare tell a single soul, living or DEAD, you will end up one of those dead souls.

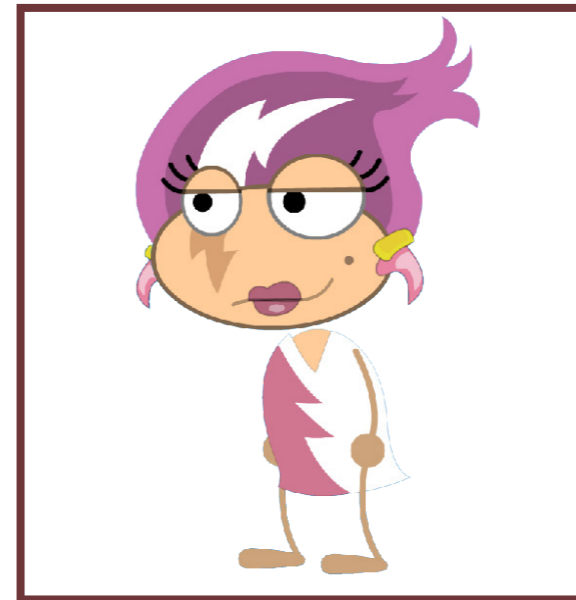
Gretchen: But it's Binary Bard who figured it all out! I-I had nothing to do with it!

Dr. Jupiter/Zeus: He will be dealt with separately. You are gonna be moved to a real air-head's cell, Betty Jetty.

Gretchen: It doesn't matter where I go. Some other geek will figure it out either way!

Dr. Jupiter/Zeus: Everyone else here is too clueless. Sir Rebral and Silva are the only possibilities, but even then, the chances either of them figuring out is very small. \*goes back to human form\* GUARDS!

Guards: \*rush in\* What is it?



Dr. Jupiter: You go get Binary Bard and bring him here. You take Gretchen to her cell.

\*footsteps\*

Gretchen: LATER, SPRUCE!

Guard: Huh?

Gretchen: Shoes.

\*door opens, closes, opens, closes again\*

Guard: I have Binary Bard.

Binary Bard: Yeah, no kidding.

Dr. Jupiter: Ahem.

Binary Bard: Um...I mean...um...uh...

Dr. Jupiter: You've done your job. Go take a break and leave Binary Bard here.

\*footsteps, door opens, door shuts\*

Binary Bard: Is this about-

Dr. Jupiter: Binary Bard, I was planning to force you into this all along, but I assumed it'd be much later on. I guess not.

\*presses button on control panel and the sleeping chambers lift up into the room\*

Binary Bard: What the-

Dr. Jupiter: I feel like you'll come out of this a happier man, Mordred.

Binary Bard: What do you mean by-

Dr. Jupiter: \*pushing Binary Bard\* Yes, you will be a happy man. A happy man stuck in the middle of the ocean, yes. But a happy man nonetheless.

Binary Bard: What's happening?!

Dr. Jupiter: \*shoves into sleeping chamber\* Don't worry, Mordred, you will come out unscathed. Whether you make it to land unscathed after that, I don't know.

\*sleeping chamber door closes\*

Binary Bard: \*banging on glass\* WHATS GOING ON?!

Dr. Jupiter: Sweet dreams, Mordred. \*presses button and Binary Bard falls asleep\*



# STORIES

## Eye of the Comet Part 2: Showing the World What We Can Do by Friendly Comet

*Continued from issue 27...*

Recap: Friendly Comet, Speedy Berry, and Nice Moon have discovered a special gem that gave them superpowers. What will they do with them?

Speedy Berry, Nice Moon, and I decided to take the blimp home, mostly because we didn't want to attract attention. But on the ride back home, we discussed costumes. I was a pretty good seamstress, and told the others that I would draw up some designs at home. The next day, I showed the designs to the girls. Power Girl's (a.k.a. Speedy Berry) costume had a pink fist emblem and gloves with a blue cape and bright yellow suit. Super Star's (a.k.a. Nice Moon) costume had a yellow star emblem and gloves with a blue suit and pink cape. My costume had a blue comet emblem (My name was Super Comet) and gloves, a pink suit, and a yellow cape. "We need a team name," Super Star said. I replied, "How about the Fantastic Friends?" The other two thought that it was creative, but wasn't quite right. Power Girl suggested the Fascinating Females. We thought that was pretty good, so we went with it. Before we officially became superheroes, we told our parents about the powers and everything. They prom-

ised not to tell anyone. Before we left, I said, "We are now officially Poptropica's newest superheroes!" We went to Ghost Story Island first. We went so fast, we arrived in a flash of light. We saw the hotel owners tricking the guests, and put a stop to it once and for all. Here's how the conversation went:

Them: Hello. Would you like a room?

Us: No, but thank you.

Them: Why are you here, then?

Us: We saw you tricking the guests and decided to put a stop to it.

Them: Are you from the magistrate?

Us: No, but it's wrong to do that. [Power Girl's hand glows softly]

Them: Okay, okay! W-We'll stop, w-we promise!

[conversation ends]

Next, we went to Mythology Island. I had had a run-in with Zeus before, so I knew what to expect. The Norse gods had given me a special whistle and I blew it. Thor and Odin came and beat up Zeus enough for us girls to zap him unconscious. Before we left, we grabbed a bite to eat at Herc's Hero Hut.

THE END

Next up: The Adventures of Super Comet begin with Jail and Justice!



## Poptropica: The Adventures of Super Grape #3 Christmas Special: The Hare Before Christmas by Super Grape

It was the night before Christmas and Super Grape was Christmas shopping at the last minute! She had completely forgotten about it because she was so busy having adventures! Super went into the store and saw it was decorated for Christmas. She smiled at the Christmas decorations. The Christmas tree was decorated with lights and ornaments and a bright yellow star shined brightly at the top. Super looked around the store and started singing as she got a shopping cart and started buying things for her friends. She got Incredible Wing a new t-shirt. She got her other friend Red Lizard a brand new necklace.

Soon super was done shopping and went to the counter. "Interesting things" the cashier says to Super as he starts putting the items into bags and hands them to super. "Thanks" Super says smiling. "Unfortunately you're our last customer for the day" the cashier says sighing a bit sadly. "What's wrong?" Super asked concerned. "Well you see someone came into our store earlier today and stole all of the lights and decorations for Christmas those items you got were all that was left" The cashier explains to Super Grape. Super looked shocked. "You mean no

one saw who it was?" Super asks him. "Nobody and the weird thing is our security guard that was guarding the shop was acting very strange at the time but he's ok now" The cashier replied. "Oh well have a merry Christmas and a happy new year" Super says to the cashier as she left the store. "Thanks right back at you" The Cashier shouts to super as she left.

Super wondered through the streets of security guard island thinking who would steal Christmas lights and decorations? Suddenly super heard crying nearby and ran over to check it out. It was a little girl crying. "What's wrong?" Super asked her. "Mean bunny took my toy" she said sobbing. Super comforts the little girl and dries her tears up. Super then gets a call from the Poptropica spy agency to come to spy island eminently. Super gets in her blimp and goes to spy island and then gets out. Super goes into the building. "Super Grape we got a situation" Director H said to her. "What's going on" Super asks him.

"Well it seems someone or something is trying to ruin Christmas!" Director H said to her. "What do you mean?" Super asks him. "Someone has been stealing Christmas decorations and other Christmas stuff from of the islands! The only clue we found was a piece of a costume but its pink and we don't know which costume it belongs to!" Director H replied. Super looks at the piece of the pink costume and ponders. "I think I know who this belongs to but I'll need help finding him" Super said to the director. "And there's only one villain who might know where he is Director D!" Super shouts exclaiming as she smiles. The spy agents

get Director D and have him put into a separate room so that Super could question him.

"Alright Director D, do you keep in touch with all the other villains in Poptropica?" Super asks him. "Yes we even started our own villain site! Poptropica villains! You wouldn't believe how many likes it gets on a daily basis" Director D replied. "I think I would believe it" Super said to him. "Now where's Dr.Hare?" she asks him. "He's at his old lair" Director D replied. Super teleports to Dr.Hare old lair by using a golden card and enters the place. She finds him and he had all of the Christmas stuff with him.

"Dr.Hare, why did you take all of this?" Super asks him. "Because I am on Santa's naughty list, every single year of Christmas, And I don't have a family!" He explains. Super suddenly felt bad for Dr.Hare. Super gets out her doctor Hare plush toy and gives it to him. "What kind of tricky is this?" Dr.Hare asks taking the toy. "No trick it's a Christmas present from me, you may be a villain Dr.Hare but no one deserves to be alone on Christmas" Super says hugging him. Dr.Hare strangely hugs her back. What happened next? Well in Poptropica they say Dr.Hare gave everything back that he stole.

Then super and Dr.Hare along with their friends had a merry Christmas indeed! The next morning they opened up presents on Christmas day from Santa. Even Dr.Hare himself got a present! It was the Lego version of his lab that had never been released and boy did Dr.Hare love it! So have a merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!



# STORIES

## How My Name Became Bronze Wolf Part 1: Christmas and Lost by Bronze Wolf

I remember it distinctly. I was twenty. It was December, and I was headed to Mythology Island to spend the holidays with my mother and my father. Jack couldn't come. Ever since he had fallen for the human girl on Skulduggery, and it had struck my father hard. He barely spoke and he rarely left the lighthouse off Ghost Story, save for holidays with my Selkie mother and I. I always brought him a crimson holly- or candy cane-shaped tin of fish-shaped chocolate-and-Arthurian-cream candies to help him pass the time and get his youngest twin off of his mind. Christmas was always almost a sad day.

The cold December winds were blowing strong, and a heavy current made a desperate attempt to knock me off course several times. Steering was getting hard, and rock below threatened to grasp my blimp, wretched gray fingers crushing and ripping apart the balloon with snowy-white fingernails on sharp cliffs. I sniffed the air. A storm was coming. I shifted the blimp's gears and checked my compass; I was on track, and things were going, while nowhere near smooth, on-course.

Then.  
Crash.

A jolt of lightning struck my vehicle directly on the already-wearing double-burner and caused it to go out entirely. I cursed and grabbed onto the ropes for support. Thin arms cursing at me fit to break, I made a last-ditch suicide attempt to look out the edge of the balloon. Wincing as the wind hit me in the eye, I kept the other shut tight and bent my head over the side of the basket. The blimp hurtled toward a conifer forest on snow-laden ground. A jolt on a rock and I was thrown over the balloon, and everything went black as I closed my eyes and braced for impact. "Nyaaaaaaagh!!!!" It took me a second to realize the pained scream was coming from me. I moved my head slightly, groaning, as I woke. I didn't recognize the wilderness at all. From what I could tell, I was somewhere in Canada or Alaska, judging from all the moose and pine trees nearby. Glittering white snow lay peacefully on the ground, untramped by human feet, with only the occasional toe marks of a hungry bird passing through or a lone moose searching for tree bark; judging from the bare strips on the trees, it had succeeded. Still, the company of a hooved, antlered giant was certainly not what I was looking for, so I struggled to move. I didn't budge.

I looked down at myself and saw I was caught in telephone wires. I quickly pulled my knife out and

cut the wire, which wasn't a good idea in hindsight, but I was panicked. I jumped down about ten feet and landed on my soles, but immediately slipped on a rogue icicle. I swore and got up again. Time to start walking.

\*\*\*\*\*

A few hours later, I had picked up plenty of sticks, a piece of flint from a creek, and a striker from a hiker who'd left it behind. Turning around, I scribbled on the mainly unmarked map of Pop-tropica:

Survival Island.

Only half-pleased with my discovery, I shook snow off my tangled, short hair and trudged on. I climbed up a small hill, despite my exhaustion, and saw a boulder. I smiled. Anyone who grows up with an over-adventurous twin brother like I had knows that boulders of this size can provide a small shelter from wind and rain. I ran up the cliff to push the rock, despite my exhaustion. I was so close, I couldn't lose this, I couldn't, I had to make it--

"Hello."

I looked up. There, in a t-shirt with pale arms caked with snow, was a young man. He was about my age, if not a year or so older, with brown, well-combed hair, unlike the shaggy mess on top of my feminine head. He looked almost like a thinner, slightly bonier version of myself.

From what I could tell, he was lost too- he was not dressed in proper survival attire; rather, he wore a light olive-yellow work tee and dark khakis, holding nothing but a wrench. "I... I'm Grey." Grey's nose was understandably red, having clearly been out in the freezing cold for some time now. "Grey Wolf." I stared. "Bronze... O'Lir." We both paused for a minute. I pulled my selkie-coat around me tighter; the thick, smooth, plush surface was warm, and I gave up all effort of hiding it. "...are you... lost?" I questioned. He nodded.

"Here, sit down. I'll make the fire." He gestured for me to move aside, I did so. He pushed at the boulder, grunting. I giggled. Stepping forward, I caught a glimpse of how red his face had gotten since I'd arrived. Finally it budged and rolled down the hill, creating a perfect lean-to. He pushed a log next to it and made a fire-pit.

Not ten minutes later, a warm, comforting glow was emitting from the smoldering pile of ashes and firewood. A smoky air billowed out of the cozy cave. Grey turned to me, scarlet-nosed, and spoke. "So... where are you from?" "Uhhhhhh..." I answered. He glanced curiously. I immediately decided to leave the part that I was the child of a seal-lady out. "I'm... going to see my stepmom and my dad.

It's Christmas, you know." I glanced at his pocket, which contained a photograph of him and a dark-skinned boy. "That's my brother, Red." He explained. "He's in college, and I... well, I was on my way to see him." "That's nice," I replied. "My brother's... missing. I've been looking for him." I grimaced and stared at the ground. He gasped, as if he'd just insulted me without knowing it. "I'm so sorry," he whispered. "It's... alright," I murmured. There was a pause. "Would you mind if I... snuggled in your coat?" I pulled my arm out of my sleeve and he moved into my massive, heavy sealskin. I looked at him. He looked at me.

In that moment our gaze met, something changed. A pulse seemed to echo between us. My heart skipped a beat as I leaned in closer to his face. The wind outside whistled a beautiful song, combined with my thoughts, I distinctly heard it softly singing Silent Night, beckoning us into the cold, crisp Christmastide evening. He tilted his head a little and moved in, his eyes half-closed. And just as a cold wind moved into our shelter from the east, my lips met his, and we shared our first kiss there in the winter woods.

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# ARTWORK



**\*Mocktropica Villains o\_o**  
by DjRose4



**\*Short Heart**  
by DjRose4

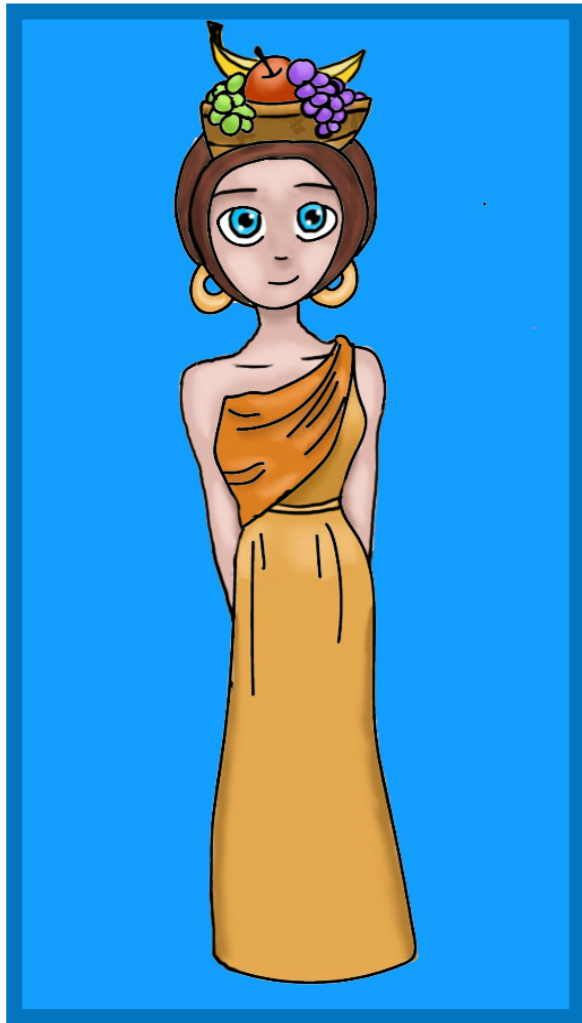


**\*Our Poptropica Group! Part 1**  
by MissEligon



**\*Magic Lightning**  
by ANNE14TCO





**\*Bony Hopper  
(Poptropican)**  
by Smiley-Ink



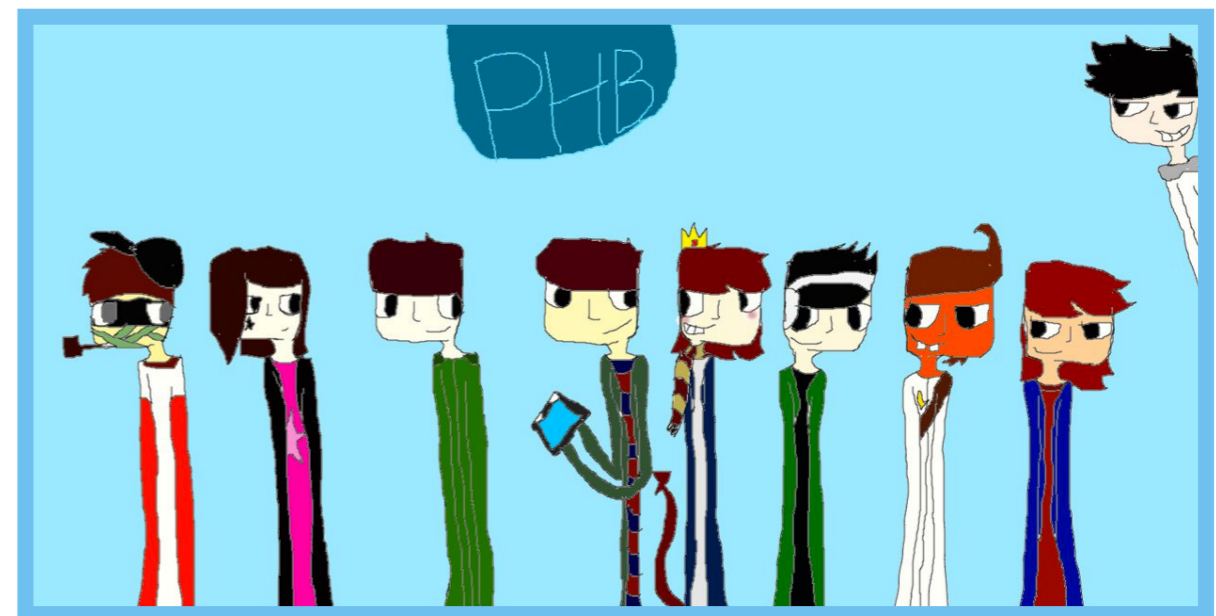
# ARTWORK



**\*Random  
Mythology Person**  
by jesta7



**Slanted Fish**  
by Nice Skull



**\*Bashful Sword**  
by DjRose4

**\*Red Moon**  
by TechnoBunny16

**\*The Poptropica Help Blog!**  
by themightywolftiger

\*entries marked with an asterisk (\*) are handpicked by PHN staff



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