

Popcorn

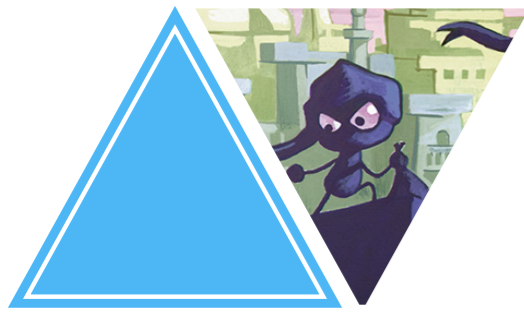
A white-bordered box containing the word 'Popcorn' in a red, bubbly font. The letter 'o' is replaced by a yellow popcorn kernel. Below the text is a red and white popcorn bucket tilted to the right, with yellow popcorn kernels spilling out. Several more kernels are floating in the air above the bucket.

– THE POP-POP-POPTROPICA FAN MAGAZINE –

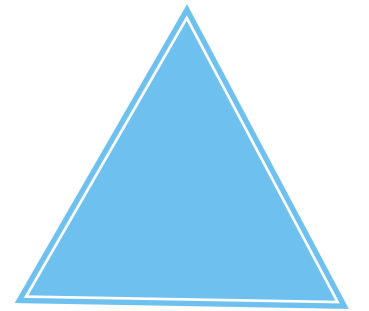
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A cartoon character with a large, round orange face, a black mustache, and a grey cap. He is wearing a green jacket with a white star on the chest and a brown belt. He has a slight smile and is looking towards the viewer. The background is a blue and white pattern of palm trees and foliage.

FEATURED
POPTROPICAN
COBALT SPINNER
USERNAME:
CAPTAINSPENCER



Stories



THE ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME

PART 1

by Maroon Popper

The crowd of people gathered around me wave as the blimp starts to slowly rise into the air. I wave back, smiling, until I'm so high in the sky that I can't see them anymore. Then I sit back and pull out my map. I steer the blimp so I'm headed towards my next destination – the next island I'll visit.

I smile again, and shake my head. What an adventure, eh! I got framed for a crime I didn't commit and got thrown into prison – but with some help from the friends I made, I escaped. I even managed to do some good – I helped the people who had been at Pelican Rock for ages, and I helped the police catch the real criminal who had framed me. But now my work there is done, and it's time for me to move on to a new adventure.

I sigh. It's at times like these, when I'm alone, travelling in my blimp, that I think about my past. My life used to be so normal. I lived in a tiny village on a tiny island with my family, and all I ever wanted was to explore the rest of the world. I read tons of books about people who had adventures, who explored faraway lands, and it was my dream to be like them.

So when my school organised a trip to an island near to the island I lived on, I was the first to sign up. Finally,

I was going to make my dream come true!

My friends and I climbed aboard the boat, and I'll be honest, I felt slightly nervous. I'd wanted to leave the island for so long that now that it was actually happening I couldn't quite believe this was real.

The first part of the trip was amazing. I leaned out over the side of the ship, gazing at the islands we were passing, fascinated at seeing so many new things.

Then everything went wrong.

Apparently there was some storm that the forecast hadn't predicted. I remember our teachers looking worried as they told us to go below deck, and that the sky turned grey, then black, as the storm clouds gathered. Thunder rumbled and flashes of lightning cut down from the sky. It was scary – and it was awesome. I'd always loved thunderstorms; we didn't get many where I lived, and whenever there was one I was always glued to my window.

I was reluctant to go below deck, and I was the last in the line going down. I was captivated by the sight of the lightning flashing around us.

The line was moving slowly, and I figured, what was the harm of going towards the edge of the ship to see the storm a bit better? So I slipped away from the rest of the kids and moved towards the side of the boat. It was raining heavily by then, but I didn't care – I'd never minded getting wet.

That was when a bolt of lightning landed right near me. I shrieked, and jumped, my feet slipping on the wet

floor. Another bolt flashed down, and my arms and legs windmilled around as I tried to find my balance. I was dangerously near the edge of the ship, and in that moment before I went overboard the only thought in my mind was, why didn't I just stay with the others?

Then I hit the icy water, and I don't remember anything else.

When I came to I was lying on a beach, with a bunch of unfamiliar faces looking down at me.

I was scared at first, but some friendly people told me that I was somewhere called Early Poptropica, and that I had just appeared here overnight. They made me feel welcome, giving me a place to stay and showing me around. I didn't understand exactly what had happened to me – how I'd gotten here – the only thing I knew was that by some miracle I'd survived, and that I was very, very far away from my home.

It was at some point in my first day in Early Poptropica that I found the piece of paper in my back pocket. I always carried around paper and a pencil in case I suddenly had an idea for a story and I wanted to write it down. Only the piece of paper wasn't just a piece of paper anymore. There must have been something magic about that storm – it transported me to somewhere far away, and it turned the paper into a map. What had once been a blank scrap of paper now had a few different islands drawn on it. There was a blimp symbol over the island marked Early Poptropica – the map knew that that was where I was. The other islands were unmarked – I'd have to visit them to find out what they were called.

I spent a few weeks on Early Poptropica Island, helping people as much as I could. At first I'd felt quite lonely and scared, but after a while I made friends and started having a lot of fun. But after I'd been there a few weeks I started getting bored. I kept gazing at my map, at the other islands, and I wanted to visit them.

Someone who lived on the island had an old blimp that he didn't use anymore, and he gave it to me. So that evening I climbed aboard my blimp for the very first time, and flew up into the sky, ready to explore new worlds.

I went from island to island, and on every island I had to help people in a different way, I had a new quest to complete. Some of the quests were funny, others were extremely exciting, and some were quite scary, but I always had a lot of fun solving them. Once I'd finish the mission I'd stay at the island for a while, waiting for a new island to appear on my map. I realised that every now and again new islands would appear on the magic map – a new adventure would be waiting for me. So when that happened, I would jump back on my blimp and fly to the unknown island, ready for a new adventure.

It was brilliant, for a while. But then something happened that I never thought would happen to me. I got homesick.

I started missing my family, my friends, my home. I'd met so many new people, but really I was completely alone, and I felt so lonely at times. I decided that the next thing I should do would be to go back home. The only drawback was, I had no idea where my home was.

And that takes us to today. It's been three years since I ended up in Early Poptropica, and I still haven't found my home. Every time a new island pops up onto my map, I fly there as quick as I can, hoping against hope that this new island would be my island. But it never is. I meet new people, I complete the quest, I help people out, then those people go back to their lives, and I leave. I'm starting to lose faith that I'll ever find my home.

It's ironic, isn't it: when I was little all I wanted was to go on an adventure, and now that I'm having the adventure of a lifetime all I truly want is to return home.

I miss my family: my parents, my older brother, my little sister. My sister must be so big by now. And I've changed so much as well: the hyperactive little girl with the two bunches who ran aboard that ship is gone. I've turned into a quiet, slightly grumpy teenager who has gone through incredible experiences. Would my parents even recognise me if they saw me? Would I recognise them? It worries me, but I'm starting to forget their faces.

I stand up inside the blimp, letting the wind pull my long dark hair back. The sea stretches out below me, and above the clouds race past. I forget my troubles for a moment – this is so beautiful. I'll never get bored of this. I already got to my destination, and I almost didn't realise – I was so caught up in my thoughts. I steer the blimp down, down, down towards the island.

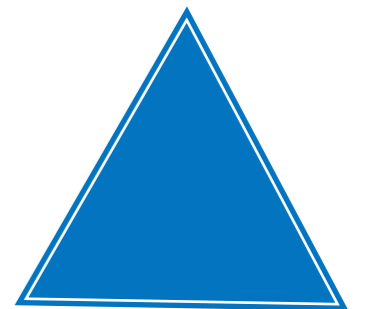
It's as I'm descending that I notice the words. Right at the edge of the island

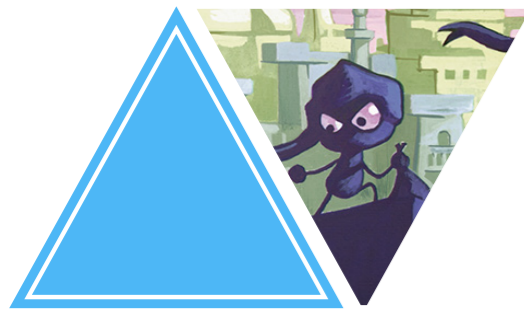
someone had arranged flowerbeds to form huge letters that anyone flying above the island couldn't miss: Welcome to HOME ISLAND.

My heart skips a beat: a place called Home Island? Could it possibly be my home? I'm hopeful for a moment, but then I feel stupid. Of course this isn't my home. It's just some place that happens to be called Home Island.

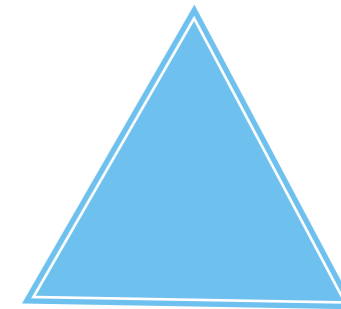
I keep descending down towards the island, and as I land, I get the feeling that this island is going to be special. That I'm going to find something that will help me find my home. It's probably dumb, but I have a good feeling about this place.

I jump down from the blimp, eager to start exploring. I don't know what it is I'll find, but maybe it'll take me one step closer to the place where I belong.





Stories



INSIDE OUT

by Fearless Rider and Green Star

PROLOGUE

Uh oh! Two best friends, Green Star and Fearless Rider, use a computer cheat they found on the internet to do something they've never done before, and their lives might even be in danger. What do they do, and how do they get back home? But, will they end up having the biggest adventure of their lives?

CHAPTER ONE

I chew bubble gum and punch in the 10 numbers on my iPhone to my best friend's cell. "Hello? Who is this?" My friend, Green Star says. I roll my eyes. "Duh! It's me! We texted about this 10 minutes ago! Hey, where are you?" We're playing the game I introduced to her, Poptropica. "I'm in the Astro Knights common room. Where are you?" I use my mouse to scroll to the left. "Ohh... I thought you said Arabian Nights. Give me a second... Okay. I'm here. Where is the common room?" I hear Green Star sigh. "Keep walking right... more... more..." I laugh. "Aha! There it is. Oh, I see you!" Green Star giggled. "I heard this stupid cheat that says it will suck you into the game Poptropica. Isn't that dumb?" I burst out laughing. "That is scientifically impossible! Okay, let's try this. What's the cheat?" Green Star took a deep breath. "Okay, log out." I logged out. "Google GoofyPoptropLand." I laugh again. "Goofy-PoptropLand!?" She laughs a little.

"Just do it! Okay, now, click the first link you see on the page." I do as told. "Now, in the search bar, type, `ctrl_i'm_shift_swirly_in_poptrop`. Okay? But don't search it." I type it in and she inhales. "Now, this is the most important part. In seven seconds, when I say go, say out loud, Goofy Poptrop Land let's me explore more than I ever have before. Then, search it." I do as told and I close my eyes when I search it (I've been on the computer a LONG time, I NEED to rest). I hear screaming, louder than anything I had heard before. I open my eyes and look at my feet. My sneakers are gone, I'm barefoot. And I don't have any toes. My legs are as skinny as sticks, and my jeans are so tight around them, you can't tell my legs apart from my pants. I'm rounder, much rounder, than usual. My hands are replaced by skin colored circles. I look forward and I see the red walls of the Astro Knights common room, and Green Star who looks the same as me, panicking and howling again. I am struck by fear and practically frozen. I can't believe it. I'm inside of Poptropica.

CHAPTER TWO

"AHHHHH! Oh no... oh no... oh no oh no oh no! WHY DID I DO THIS!?!? WAAHHH!" Green Star cried. She sniffed, screamed, and held me by the shoulders. "FEARLESS RIDER! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IS OUT THERE!?" I am still frozen. "Um, uh, I... I can't remember." Green Star started to hiccup. "Hic! It's a Hic! Alien Hic! Invasion Hic! With Binary Hic! Bard Hic!" I shake myself and gasp. "WHO THE HECK THINKS OF THESE ACTUALLY PRETTY TERRIFYING ISLANDS!?" Green Star took a deep

breath. "Wait. Outside is actually just the impact of the invasion. Oh thank goodness. But, let's just make an agreement ahead of time, we are NOT going to Zomberry Island." I nod. "Agreed." I pace back and forth. "I think we should go outside and get our fears over with, get in the hot air balloon, and head straight for Home Island. It's probably the safest place we can go." Green Star exhales. "Your right. But we should make some ground rules first." I tilt my head. "What do you mean?" Now it's her turn to pace. "Rule number one. Don't talk to ANYONE. Rule number two. Get to where we need to go as fast as possible. Rule number three. Don't do anything crazy. Okay? Don't try to climb on top of a tower then jump off, or go to jail on that new island or something." I nod again. "Okay. Let's go!" We breathe in and run out of the common room, and I see everyone and everything. The holes in the buildings, the distressed citizens, and the crashed UFO. Green Star is circling around everything. "Wow... it's actually pretty realistic. But, we have to hurry. Let's go, now." We brush past the frazzled Poptropicans to the yellow blimp and climbed up the rope. Green Star wiped her eyes and sniffed again. "Onward!"

CHAPTER THREE

Driving a blimp is a lot harder than it looks. A LOT harder. For one thing, it started to rain. Hard. My wet hair whipped around my face as Green Star tried to push the blimp to the left. "Fearless Rider! I don't think we can do this any longer!" She shouted against the blasting thunder. I shook my head.

"No! We have to get to Home Island! Do you want to be stuck here forever!?" She shoved against the side of the blimp. "Of course not! But we're no where near there! We should land on the next island!" I grab my purse and shoo those annoying birds away from the hot air balloon. "I don't think we should! I mean, our safest island besides Home is probably Early Poptropica or Shark Tooth! What am I saying!?" One of those islands has a giant man eating shark!" Green Star waved her hand at the birds. "You're saying the easiest Islands! Our safest bet is either Counterfeit or Poptropolis Games!" I glare at her. "Seriously!? Counterfeit!? The Black Widow can, like, kill us by throwing a statue at us or something!" Green Star hits the side of the blimp again as the basket fills up with water. "We have to stop arguing! Help me steer this thing!" We push against the blimp when Green Star slips on the rain water and slides out of the basket. I grab her hand (Or circle, or whatever) And pull her back into the blimp. "Okay! You were right! Where is the closest island!?" Green Star takes a deep breath and pokes her head out of the basket. "Zomberry!" She shouts. I shake my head. "No! We agreed not to!" She glares at me. "We ALSO agreed to listen to me! So... how do we land!?" I shrug. "How am I supposed to know!? Wait, I saw this in a movie once! Steer us over right above Zomberry and tell me when!" She continuously bumped the front of the basket until she yelled, "Okay! We're right above the island!" I took a deep breath and shouted, "Hold on!" I turned the flame off under the blimp and we fell like a rock. We both screamed. "Why did you do this!?" Green Star exclaimed. I tightened my grip on the side of the

basket. "It was the only way I knew how!" The ground was coming closer. "Prepare for impact!"

CHAPTER FOUR

I can't tell you exactly what happened next. It was all sort of fuzzy. I remember a big thud, Green Star shaking me, then we were inside the abandoned Berry Delicious. I rubbed my eyes. "Wha... what happened?" Green Star was sitting on the tile floor next to me. Green Star shrugged. "Nothing much. We landed. You fainted. I dragged you all the way down town while fighting off zombies. I found this place. I put you on the ground. And after two minutes you woke up." I sat up. "Have you played this island yet?" Green Star shook her head. "No. But these blueberries are delicious!" I screamed and scooted as far away from her as possible. "BLUEBERRIES TURN YOU INTO A ZOMBIE!!!" Green Star laughed. "Duh! You told me about the island last month! I haven't eaten anything here. Except some cheese when you were knocked out. Don't ask." Just then, I had an idea that practically made a ding! In my head. "Green Star! Do you know the one place that is always safe, no matter where you are!?" Green Star shrugged. "I dunno." I was practically bouncing with excitement. "Your inventory! Of course!" Green Star nodded like a bobble head. "Yeah! But, how do we get there?" I looked up to the left. "There!" And there in the top left corner was a modest crate filled with a backpack for inventory, and gear for settings, and a shirt for customize. "It's so high! How can we get up there?" Green Star whined. The next ten minutes consisted of stack-

ing, pushing, shoving, and grunting until we had a tower almost as high as the crate. We both climbed up the tower when our worst fears were realized. "It's not HIGH enough!" I shouted. Green Star tapped her foot in thought. "Get on my shoulders." She said. I shrugged and followed orders. "I got it! I got it!" I yelled. I grabbed the crate and turned it upside down as the contents tumbled out. Then, the TOWER tumbled down. We scrambled out of the stack of boxes and tables like clumsy puppies. We sorted through the rubbish until we found the yellow blimp button for the map button. "So... do we press it? Like... we're clicking it on the computer?" I ask. Green Star nodded and punched the button. Loading.

CHAPTER FIVE

It was totally dark, except for a faint blue light a few inches away from me. I walked towards the light and realized it was the Poptropica logo. I turned around to be nose to nose (Oh yeah, I forgot. I didn't HAVE a nose...) with Green Star. She shrieked. "Ugh. I have screamed, like, twenty times today. And I hate loading." I grin. "I bet we could make the logo bounce if we jump on it." Green Star smiles. "I'm way ahead of you!" We run to the logo and jump, with me on the I and Green Star on the A. The fun only lasted seconds, because after that we were back in the blimp. "Where now?" I ask. Green Star tilted her head. "I hear thunder... at least I think, because I don't have any ears. And I smell rain... I think. BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE A NOSE!"



Stories



Artwork

CONTINUED

I interrupt her. “Enough of your complaining! So, a storm’s coming. Where is the closest island?” Green Star looks at the sea below us. “Um... Red Dragon Island. Are you going to crash again?” I nod. “Yes. I don’t know any other way! This isn’t a plane!” She sighs. “Okay... and we are over Red Dragon... now.” I turn off the flame. Same panic, same scream, same fear, ya da ya da ya da. It’s weird I think that was boring now. And then, after Green Star revived me again, we were in Jack and Annie’s backyard. Green Star was once again admiring the pixels. “So, how do we get to Home Island from here?” I ask. Green Star

sighs. “I don’t know. We should get back in the blimp. It should be easy since it’s right there.” We climb up the rope to the basket, but before I hit the Go to the Map button, Green Star stops me. “Wait. We need think of a way so you don’t pass out again. Because I am REALLY scared that the next time you faint you’ll need mouth to mouth.” I shudder. “Yeah... that... that’s... ew. So... maybe I could make the flame smaller and smaller instead of turning it off all at once. THAT would be a better idea.” We both nod but I take my hand (or, should I say, dot?) away from the button. “Green Star... what if we never make it back home?” She sighs. “Well... if you think about it... living in Poptropica forever can’t be so bad. I mean, this place is full of fun and adventure! And, our par-

ents are going to realize we’re gone sometime, so... if a dumb computer hacker can find out how to get us in a computer, the police can probably figure out how to get us out. And, if you think about it, we never age, we never die, and we can never get hurt! We can jump from, like, 70 feet in the air, and go into space, on a game show, inside of a comic, or our own creation in Realms. We can make as many friends as we want, and sky-dive with them, and play puzzles with them, and join the same tribe! You can shrink to the size of a penny, and go wherever we want in a huge yellow blimp!” I smile and put my hand on the button. “And that’s why Poptropica is awesome.”

THE END

Fansite Spotlight

Check out what other Poptropicans bring to the community!

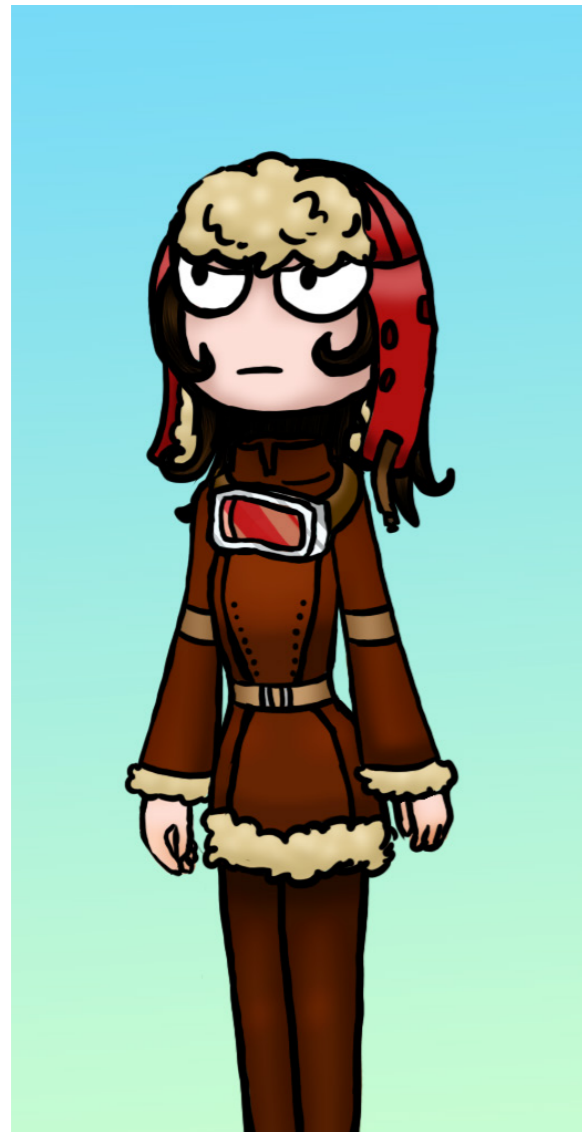
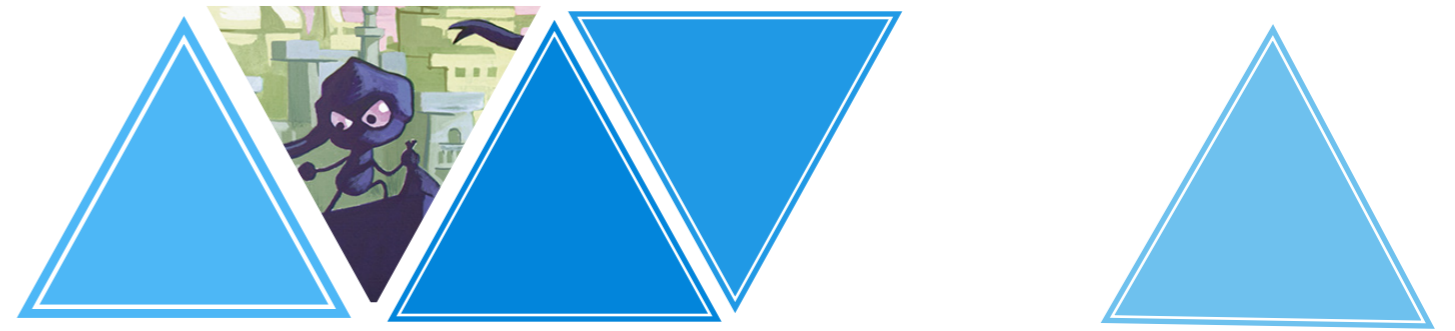


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Artwork



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They Fight by criaha



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