

# Popcorn

A red and white popcorn bucket is tilted, pouring yellow popcorn. Some popcorn is also shown popping out of the top of the bucket. The background is a light blue sky with white clouds.

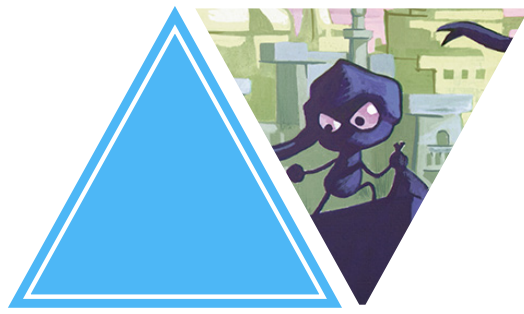
– THE POP-POP-POPTROPICA FAN MAGAZINE –

## ISSUE #31 SUMMER 2016

FEATURED  
POPTROPICAN  
MIGHTY  
GAMER

USERNAME:  
MIGHTYGAMER126





# Stories

## AN AFTERNOON AT QUEEQUEG'S

PRELUDE TO THE (CANCELLED) "GIANT HAWK ADVENTURES"

by Giant Hawk (Joshua)

**"I**n the world of Poptropica, the most beloved and admirable profession one can achieve is that of the professional adventurer – one who explores the world daily, saving it whenever needed. Likewise, there is no adventuring organization more highly decorated than the Bureau of Heroic Poptropicans. All of us Poptropicans owe our highest of graditudes to the BHP, and its eight skilled leaders; Slanted Fish, Brave Trinity, Meridian Sinker, Slippery Raptor, Spotted Dragon, Tough Icicle, Lone Ring, and Yellow Sword.

This has been your humble reporter, Giant Hawk, signing off for the last time. Thank you for everything you all have done, and for allowing me to update and inform you this past year."

I breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing the camera's red light go off, because with it went my career as a small-time reporter and unprofessional explorer. Not that I hated it or anything, but because I could finally prepare for tomorrow.

"Alright Giant Hawk," declared my cameraman, "Everything is

airing as we speak."

With one look at his melancholy face, I could tell the poor guy was going to miss me – but I also knew he thought himself too tough to admit it. With a smile, I told the Cameraman to come in for a goodbye hug, to which he accepted.

"Good luck with your big interview tomorrow. Knowing you, you'll pass it with flying colors," my cameraman assured me, holding back a tear.

Releasing him from my grip, I gave him a simple "thanks, buddy."

For a moment, there was silence. Then, clearing his throat and adjusting his posture, the Cameraman asked me to help him load up the news truck. I did so, and after finishing, I asked him, "Could you drive me home?"

"Well, of course! I can't have you missing your meet-up with your lady friend," he replied with a wink. "You've still gotta change, don't ya?"

Despite being in the middle of buckling my seat belt, I found myself frozen in place. I couldn't believe it! In my excitement, I had completely forgotten!

"Well don't just sit there making your jokes, we've got to get going!" I practically exclaimed after my shock wore off.

Grinning, the Cameraman sped off, driving like a maniac. And after a solid seven minutes of griping for dear life, I discovered that we were parking in front of my apartment building.

I slowly climbed out of the vehicle, still a bit shaky. As I closed the door, I remembered what the Cameraman had implied earlier and stated simply, "And she's not my girlfriend."

"Oh, I know," the Cameraman slyly answered, "I just couldn't help myself."

I rolled my eyes, before watching the man rocket off again. Before deciding to head inside, I marveled, "How is his driving still legal?" Nonetheless, I raced down the corridors of the building, and finally located room 11299, my quaint little home. I busted out my key, slipped inside, and prepared to change. I mean, I was still wearing my black-and-for-est-green suit. Definitely not the appropriate attire for my rendezvous with Nice Seal.

Slipping into a comfortable sweater top and black jeans, I was finally ready. I strolled out of my apartment, and headed down the street to the local Queequeg's Coffeehouse – Nice Seal's favorite spot. After all, she always was a big lover of its low-caffeine coffee and calm atmosphere.

Opening the door, I spotted Nice Seal, sitting in her favorite spot next to the establishment's TV in

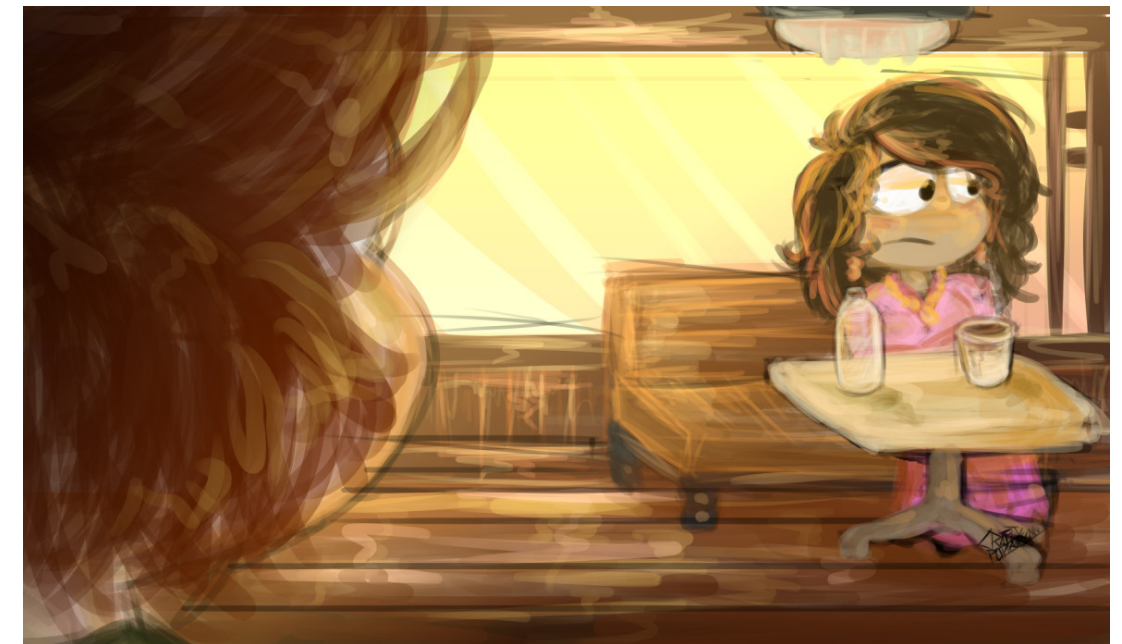


illustration by CraftyPoptropiqueen

Ah, Nice Seal. She and I had been the best of friends since childhood. Sure, there was my other closest childhood friend, Yellow Sword, but he had moved away during our teens, leaving just me and Nice Seal. Hence, she and I grew up together, and it couldn't have been better.

Nice Seal was like me, in the respect that we both loved adventure. However, she was always less sociable than me, and despite her charming, sarcastic sense of humor, she didn't have very many friends. In fact, I was really her only good friend now, and she definitely knew it. The two of us did a lot together, but our favorite thing to do was just sitting back and having a conversation. And the place that we hung out at the most had to be our local Queequeg's.

Sauntering into the establishment, I walked over to the seat next to Nice Seal. As I did, I watched as her face lit up, forming an undeniable grin. Her eyes, too, gave off a certain shimmer that told you 'I am so glad to see you again'.

"Sorry for being late," I expressed regrettably, "I was just filming my final report."

"Oh, I know. I was watching you on TV," Nice Seal said, pointing to the screen above her.

The TV, while not featuring my report anymore, was still showing news. It suddenly flickering over to a commercial break, however, poignantly starting with an advertisement for the BHP.

"So, are you excited for tomorrow?" asked Nice Seal.

"Heck yes!" I replied. "I can't wait for the big interview!"

"Oh, I can tell," Nice Seal noted. "It's all you've been able to talk about for the past two weeks."

"Well, can you blame me? This could be my big chance to become a professional adventurer!" an eager me responded. "Just think about it. I could finally do what I've wanted to ever since we were kids."

Chuckling, Nice Seal said, "That reminds me of the time our class took a field trip to the BHP headquarters." "I remember that! Man, 10-year-old me almost fainted when Hyper Ice Sr. came to talk to our class," I reminisced.

"I'm pretty sure you weren't the only one. Yellow Sword was squealing with excitement," Nice Seal reminded me.

"Yeah. We were both so ecstatic that we were meeting one of the BHP's

top adventurers. And now... Yellow Sword is one of them."

"It really is a small world, isn't it?" I chuckled, and after a moment of awkward silence, my smile began to fade.

"Yeah – it's a small world all right..." I sighed, "Say, Nice Seal? On the chance that I'll see Yellow Sword tomorrow, do you think he'll recognize me?"

Nice Seal contemplated for a second before replying. "Well, it's definitely possible. But I can't really be sure. After all, you two haven't seen each other for years and years now."

"True, true."

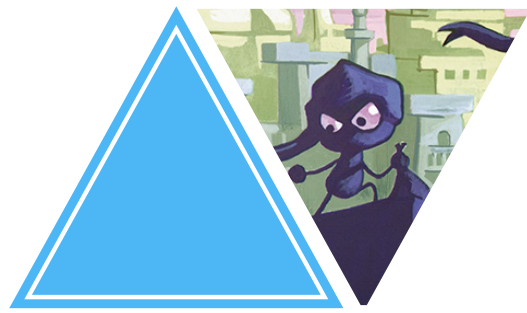
Once again, an awkward silence floated about the table at the corner of the coffeehouse establishment.

"Alright, Giant Hawk, come on. Don't drag yourself down now," Nice Seal urged. "You're still going to do great tomorrow. I can tell."

A small grin returned to my face. "Come on, Nice Seal. You're just saying that," I repudiated.

"Oh, sure I am." Nice Seal responded sarcastically, "Well, just you wait. Tomorrow is going to be the best thing to ever happen to you!"





# Stories

## THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

by Maroon Popper

“All ready to set sail!” cried Maroon Popper. “In a piece of junk,” she added darkly.

“It is not a piece of junk!” protested Cheerful Tummy. “It’s a boat. Our boat.”

“Our piece of rubbish, you mean,” said Maroon Popper, but not loud enough for Cheerful Tummy to hear.

The two friends were going on an adventure to find a hidden island called Popickle Island. They were dressed in pirate clothes: loose t-shirts, old raggedy trousers and bandanas made from pieces of cloth. They had even made their own boat out of sticks and pieces of cloth, which, as Maroon Popper had pointed out, wasn’t very good.

They jumped on board the boat. It rocked precariously as they drifted out towards the open sea.

“Maybe you’re right, this isn’t very good,” sighed Cheerful Tummy as he grabbed the pole in the middle of the craft to stop himself

slipping off the edge and into the sea.

“Well, now we’re here we can’t go back,” said Maroon Popper cheerfully, dangling her legs of the side of the boat. Suddenly she screamed. “There’s something in the water!” She leaped up and the boat rocked. They both screamed, holding onto each other for dear life.

“What’s in the water?” asked Cheerful Tummy when the boat had stopped moving about so much.

“I don’t know,” said Maroon Popper. “Something big... and scary!”

At that moment a shoal of fish darted by. The popptropicans shrieked.

“We make brilliant pirates, don’t we?” said Maroon Popper grumpily when they had calmed down. “I mean, we’re scared of fish. How pathetic is that?”

“Hey, look!” cried Cheerful Tummy.

“What?” asked Maroon Popper. “Not more fish, right?”

“The island! Popickle Island! It’s not a myth after all!”

“Wow.”

An island had come into view. Popickle Island was surrounded by a thick white mist. It was also surrounded by a lot of sharp rocks.

“Come on, faster!” cried Maroon Popper. They steered themselves quickly in the island’s direction.

At last they reached the island. “Isn’t it wonderful?” sighed Cheerful Tummy.

“Uh-huh,” agreed Maroon Popper. She gasped. “Careful, we’re about to hit a rock! Steer left!”

“I can’t!” cried Cheerful Tummy. “The current’s too strong!”

“There’s only one thing for it!” yelled Maroon Popper. “JUMP!”

They both leaped out of the boat and just about managed to land on the island, just in time to see their boat crash against the rocks and smash into a million pieces.

“Great,” sighed Maroon Popper. “You’ve got us marooned. Again.” “Um, when have I got us marooned before?” asked Cheerful Tummy.

“Duh! Well, there was that time when we got stuck in a thunderstorm...”

“The forecast hadn’t predicted it!”



“And the time a pirate hit us with a cannonball and you didn’t even try to get away...”

“It was the stupid one with the rubber cannonballs! How was I meant to know he’d finally learnt that rubber cannons aren’t effective and decided to try out the real thing?”

“And there was the time we drifted so far out to sea it’s a wonder we washed back on shore and we’re not still sailing around...”

“We would have got somewhere eventually.”

“Whatever! We need to find a way to get out of here.” Maroon Popper looked around. “Are you sure this is Popickle Island? It’s not like it’s described in the books.”

“It’s gotta be!” said Cheerful Tummy. “The map says it is. Look.” He handed her the map.

Maroon Popper frowned at it. “But...” She looked around. “Now I know where I’ve seen this place before. This is Shipwreck Island! ‘Cos everyone gets shipwrecked ‘cos of

the rocks. Including us,” she said gloomily. “Where did you get this map?”

“Well...” Cheerful Tummy looked awkward. “Well, some pirate from Main Island...”

“Cheerful Tummy!” groaned Maroon Popper, chucking the map over her shoulder. “That pirate was trying to get you shipwrecked. And succeeded.”

“I didn’t know!” said Cheerful Tummy. “How was I meant to know? And I really want to find Popickle Island!” He sighed. “It’s probably just a myth, after all.”

Suddenly there was a noise from the water. “What was that?” asked Maroon Popper.

“I don’t know,” said Cheerful Tummy.

Something popped out of the water. The popptropicans screamed.

“A shark!” yelled Cheerful Tummy. “Help!” shrieked Maroon Popper. “Wait a moment,” she added, “that’s not a shark. It’s... a dolphin!”

“Wow,” said Cheerful Tummy. He frowned. “What’s it doing? It’s like... it’s trying to get us to follow it?”

They went over to see what it was doing. The dolphin looked at the land on the other side. “You want to take us back home?” asked Maroon Popper. The dolphin bobbed up and down, as if nodding.

“Um... all right,” said Cheerful Tummy. The two popptropicans got on the dolphin’s back. In no time they had got back to the beach near where they lived.

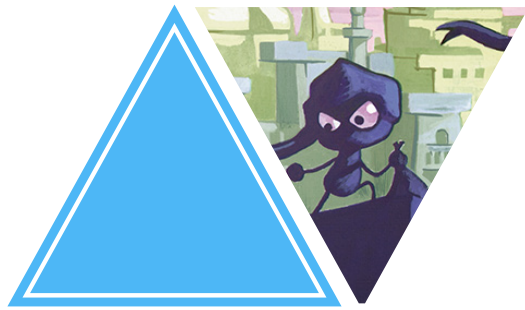
“Thanks!” said Maroon Popper. The dolphin swam away.

Cheerful Tummy sighed as they walked home. “Pity about Popickle Island,” he said. “Though I also heard it could be...”

“No,” said Maroon Popper firmly. “Popickle Island is a myth, and you know it. Besides, I’m not going on any more adventures with you. It’s too dangerous. And scary.”

“But fun,” said Cheerful Tummy. Reluctantly, Maroon Popper found herself agreeing.





# Stories



# Artwork

## THUNDERSTORM: CLASH OF LIGHTNING

by Shadow-Red

I crouched down low, beads of sweat running down my forehead. I do not bother to see who is

counting down the seconds. "3 ,2 , 1.." I ran as fast as I could, shutting my eyes tight and clenching my fist. I could barely feel my own heartbeat thumping against my chest.

My head throbbed, but I kept on running, determined to win this for the Seraphims. I skidded across the finish line.

First.

Tears of joy ran down my face and everyone supporting the Seraphim's team did the same. The Nanobots didn't look very happy with their representative, as he was second and almost beat me, and they were all ready to jeer at me but....

Too bad.

You should get over it that I won...



*Bonding Time* by ANNE14TCO

# Fansite Spotlight

Check out what other Poptropicans bring to the community!



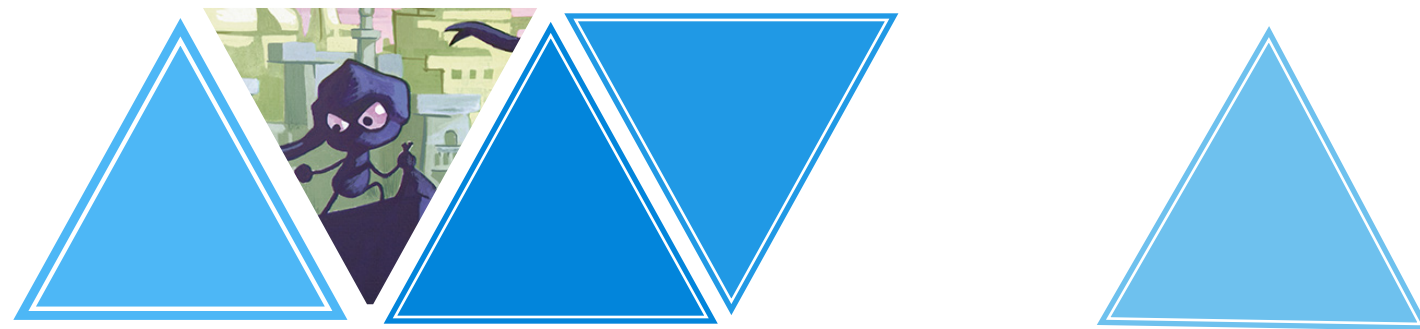
[www.explorecollectcompete.wordpress.com](http://www.explorecollectcompete.wordpress.com)



*Happy Mothers' Day!* by criaha



# Artwork



*Things Are Looking Grim* by SydVC (Spotted Dragon) and treesareredinautum



*Fite Me!*  
by BlazingAngel123



*Poptropicca (Black Widow)*  
by Puccafano101



*Muppet Villains* by DJ-Rosietta



*WimpyKidFan*  
by AdelaideQueen



for more fan artwork, check out:  
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