

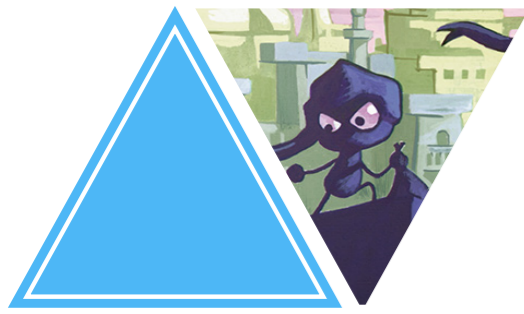
The background of the cover is a vibrant autumn scene with various shades of orange, red, and yellow leaves. In the center, a cartoon character with spiky brown hair and large, grey goggles with glowing yellow spiral lenses is smiling. He is wearing a yellow jacket and holding a yellow bucket with a red and white target pattern. A red and white popcorn bucket is tilted, pouring yellow popcorn into a grey tray. The word 'Popcorn' is written in a large, stylized font with a red outline and white fill, with a yellow popcorn kernel as the letter 'o'. The subtitle 'THE POP-POP-POPTROPICA FAN MAGAZINE' is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font. The issue information 'ISSUE #32 FALL 2016' is prominently displayed in a large, white, bold font. A white box in the bottom left corner contains the featured user's name. There are several yellow popcorn kernels scattered around the cover. A hot air balloon is visible on the left side, and a small image of a Poptropica game box is on the right. The entire cover is framed by a white border.

Popcorn

— THE POP-POP-POPTROPICA FAN MAGAZINE —

ISSUE #32
FALL 2016

FEATURED
POPTROPICAN
LUCKY JOKER
USERNAME:
JULIANO608



Stories

GHOST

by **hauntingblues**

My arrival at Hemlock Harbour was not an eventful one, despite my arrival in a golden blimp. It had come out of my wages from PT (Poptropica Today) and was hardly inconspicuous. But the sleepy town was well accustomed to unwanted visitors like myself as many sought to find if the rumor was true. The rumor? Hemlock Harbour was haunted.

Although I protested fiercely against checking out the rumor (It was probably just some meaningless superstition) my boss's decision was absolute: this seemingly small-time gig might pay off in the long term for me. I am, on the whole, a small time reporter, and this might be the scoop of the century, an opportunity that "cannot be missed".

That was why, on this freezing December afternoon, I was at a forgotten port and had no money to spare as the remains were my ticket through Blimp Control. As I dithered, a nervous man approached me, shaking for no apparent reason.

"It's not safe here," he whispered, gripping my shoulders, "It's not safe! This place is dangerous... you see things. Things... ghastly things! Save yourself!" suddenly he ran forward, shocking me by throwing a salt shaker to the wind. I picked it up.

"The salt will protect you for a while!" the man shouted, waving his hands frantically. He disappeared into the shadows.

What an eccentric man! I stored away his odd behaviour for future reference. Right now, my biggest concern was finding a place to stay.

Looking around the Harbour for any comfortable outdoor sleeping space, I found a gaunt-faced, pale man outside the cemetery, staring at the great black doors.

"What is the matter?" I asked, curious.

"My grandfather, Silas Moon, has died, but I don't know what lot he's buried in. Can you help me pay my respects?"

"Uh...ok I guess." I replied: it was an easy enough request. I soon arrived at The Hemlock Herald, and asked the lady to let me in to see the Cemetery Lots. She complies, and soon I am in a room with a fading red light, a rickety staircase, and numerous DVD's- all in black and white. Definitely a place where a ghost would be. But there is no suspicious activity at the moment: it seems that I am alone in the room.

Soon I have returned to the gates and inform the man this relations whereabouts ("Lot C, Plot 84") He gave her some surprising news.

"Now that I know where he is, I don't need this anymore." he shows me a key. "Do you need a place to stay? The tabs on me since you did me such a favour." he asked me. My eyes widened. This was a godsend. "Yes!" I replied eagerly, taking the proffered key and wishing him a safe travel home.

The lady at the desk of the hotel is very welcoming, saying something about "preparations". Probably my room's standard. Before I realise it, I'm tucked up in my bed in Room 2B. I yawn. It's been a long day and slowly I drift off to sleep.....

Suddenly, I hear a noise.

(The end - or is it?)

POP COURT FILES, CASE #17: SAMUEL BRAINS, ZOMBERRY ISLAND

by **Super Grape**

Super Grape and Incredible Wing: *grin as Samuel is brought into court* :)

Samuel Brains: How many times do I have to say I'm sorry? :(

Judge: *reads out charges* Samuel Brains you are charged for accidentally causing the zombie apocalypse, how do you plead?

Samuel Brains: Not guilty! Now who wants a free smoothie? ;)

Lawyer: I do! *Drinks the smoothie and groans* I don't feel so well.....*turns into a Zomberry* Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

Judge: Everyone run for your lives! *runs out of the courtroom with everyone in fear*

Super Grape: *gets antidote ready* Incredible Wing hold him down! *shakes fist*

Incredible Wing: *holds the zombied poptropican down* :O.

Super Grape: DIE ZOMBIE! *sprays the zombied lawyer with the antidote*

Lawyer: *turns back to normal* What happened?

Samuel Brains: *makes a run for it* "You'll never take me alive!"

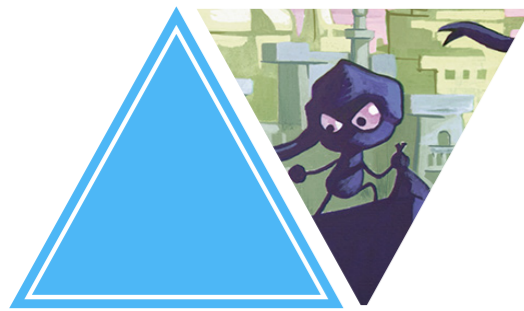
Cops: *tackle Samuel* Not so fast pal!

Samuel Brains: Aw nuts! *is escorted to jail after judge sentences him to life in prison* :(.

Judge: Onto to the next case!

The end of case#17!





Stories

INTERVIEW WITH A POPTROPICAN

by Maroon Popper

Warning: this is what could happen if you don't log in to Poptropica often enough...

So I'm just on the computer, minding my own business, when suddenly a screen appears over what I was doing. It looks like a sort of chat room, and there are some words on it.

Poptropican: Hello.

Confused, I type something back, and send it.

Me: Hello? Who are you?

Poptropican: It's me, Maroon Popper.

Me: What? You mean you're...

Poptropican: Yep. THE Maroon Popper. Your Poptropican alter ego, the little character with the goggle eyes who follows the arrows around the screen, and who has an awesome sense of fashion, if I say so myself.

Me: But... but... how are you writing to me? I didn't know you could do that.

Poptropican: Oh, I can do many things. There's an upside to being made out of 0s and 1s. I can also think and feel, just like you do. I bet you didn't know that.

Me: You're right, I didn't know that.

Poptropican: Which brings me to the reason I'm talking to you in the first place. I have a bone to pick with you!

Me: What? What have I done?

Poptropican: More like what haven't you done.

Me: Huh?

Poptropican: You haven't logged into Poptropica for a MONTH. A whole month! One month I've been sitting around Home Island, waiting for you to deign to log in and take me on adventures!

Me: I... I'm sorry... I didn't know...

Poptropican: What I want to know is WHY?

Me: Well... I've been busy...

Poptropican: Doing WHAT, exactly?

Me: Well, I'm writing this story...

Poptropican: WHAT? You're writing a story that's NOT about Poptropica? How DARE you?

Me: Hey, I have a life away from Poptropica, you know!

Poptropican: Yeah, yeah, whatever.

Me: The thing is, nowadays I work on my story in my spare time, so I don't have time to go on Poptropica much anymore.

Poptropican: That's no excuse! We were in the middle of something! We were building that awesome hotel on the moon on Realms!

Me: Oh come on! That was a rubbish idea! What's the point of a hotel on the moon? Who's going to come and VISIT? The aliens?

Poptropican: Okay, okay, it was rubbish, but still it was fun to build!

Me: I guess it was kind of fun.

Poptropican: And then you ABANDONED me!

Me: I did not abandon you! I was always going to go back to Poptropica! I've just been busy!

Poptropican: Of course you'd say that!

Me: I've just thought of something, though...

Poptropican: What?

[A few moments go by]

Me: Hello? You still there?

Poptropican: Well, the thing is... I... I miss you.

Me: You miss me?

Poptropican: Yeah. A bit. I mean, you're my friend. And we've been through so many Poptropica adventures together... it was awesome. I've known you since you

were a little kid, I've seen you grow up, and... and it makes me sad to think that you might not want to hang out with me any more.

Me: Oh. Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know you felt like that... Heck, I didn't know you felt things at all... And I do still want to hang out with you. I'll log in more regularly from now on, I promise.

Poptropican: You promise?

Me: Yep. I promise.

Poptropican: Great. So shall we go to Realms? I've just had the greatest idea ever for our moon hotel: an underground swimming pool!

Me: An underground swimming pool in a hotel on the moon...? Okay. Okay, whatever. Let's go.



illustration:
The Sweetest Villains Ever
by criaha



Stories

DARK NIGHT (ON SPY ISLAND)

by Carla-Savannah

Eight on the dot. I sit wondering, "Is he going to come? I've been waiting since 6:56." I get up and make my way back home. I'm stopped in my tracks.

A dark shadow overcomes me. I feel the urge to scream. I scream "What the heck! I've been waiting 3 hours and you're bothering me now! Please go to the surgeon to get some common sense knocked into you!!!"

The shadow melts into the darkness. I flush a dark red, realising I've been talking to nothing. I put my hand in my pockets and

my hood over my head. "I'm not a spy yet, so why am I acting like this?" I think.

I knock on my house door, hoping that my mom will answer. No-one does. I give up.

Then the door opens. But my mom isn't there. Again.

No-one is.



Fansite Spotlight

Check out what other Poptropicans bring to the community!



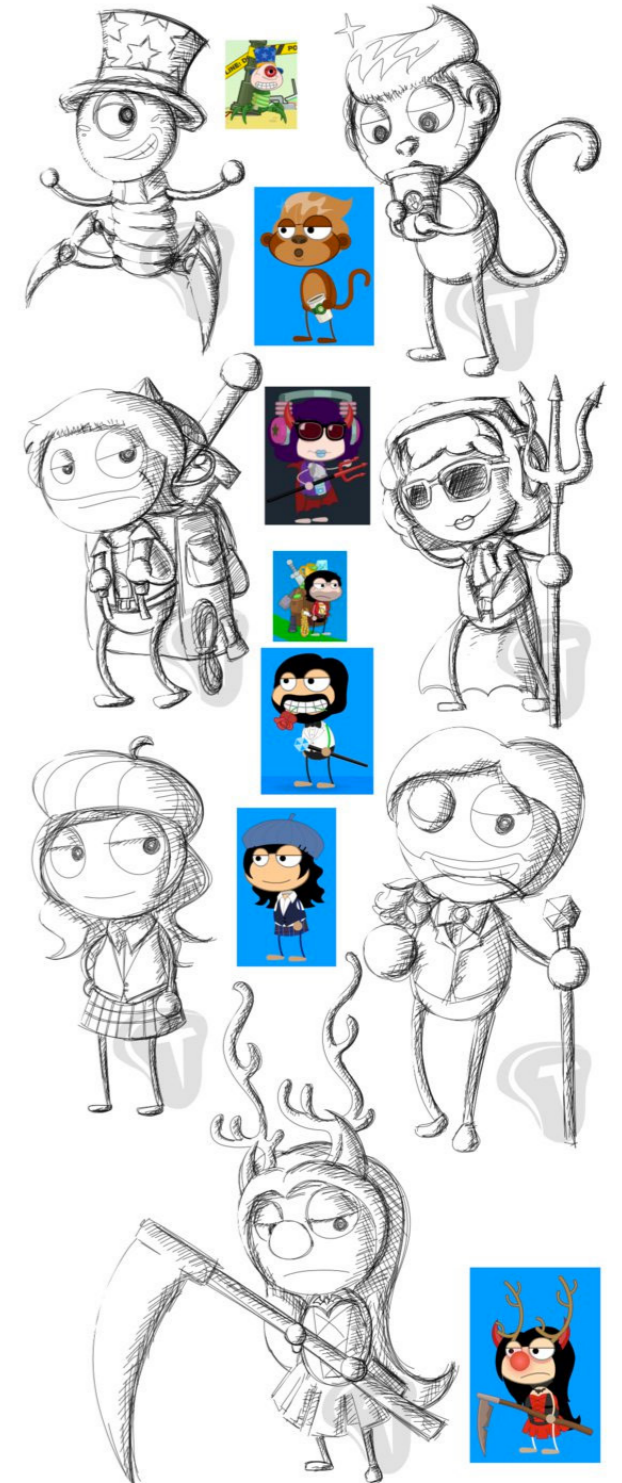
www.peopleofpoptropicablog.wordpress.com



Artwork

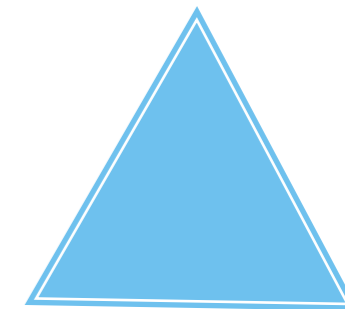


PopSwap: Challenge Accepted!
by Yumi-Chan-Chu



Poptropicans by Tarelain

Artwork



How's it Going? by SmileyFaceOrg

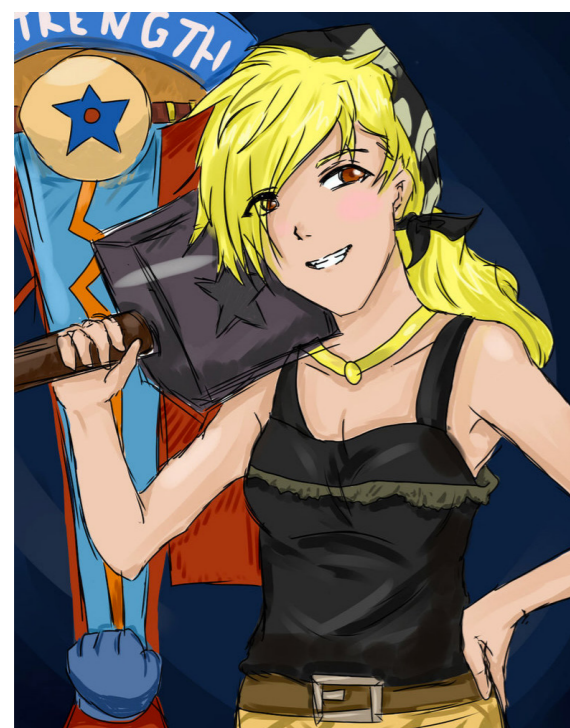


Director D
by RobinTheBurb



Fearless Peanut (OC)
by FearlessPeanuto9

I Was Framed
by treesareredinautumn



Strength Lady
(*Monster Carnival*)
by POP-whitewolf



Happy 9th Birthday Poptropica!
by CuddlyBrainMakesArt



Black Widow
by SonicBoomArtist353



for more fan artwork, check out:
we-love-poptropica.deviantart.com

Want the chance to have your
Poptropica fan creations in
The POPCORN magazine? Just post
them on our subreddit forum:

reddit.com/r/poptropicahelp

or on our DeviantArt group:

[we-love-poptropica.
deviantart.com](https://we-love-poptropica.deviantart.com)

Thanks for reading The POPCORN!



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