Treasure Planet (revisited)

By The_wonderfully_evil_Hubert

Submitted: May 31, 2006
Updated: May 31, 2006

What would you do if you found an old treasure map to a legendary planet? Jim Hawkins, your average 16 yer old, found one, and no he's out to fins the treasure and prove his own worth.
author's note: Ive added a character and changed it up a bit. Enjoy!

Provided by Fanart Central.

1 - The beginning

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Ok. So Jim Hawkins was just your ordinary rebellious 16 year old. Of course, he was a genius and was always getting into trouble because of it. Some people said he would outgrow it. Others knew better. His mom, Sarah Hawkins, had done the best job that she could to raise him while taking care of the family business. But with no father figure, Jim would have an empty void in his life. But you know how the story goes.
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One rainy evening, as he was sitting on his roof, nursing his smoldering anger towards his mother after another of their fights (this time involving the police), a small, round ship flew across the sky and smashed into one of the landing bridges next to the Benbow Inn. Instinctively, Jim slid off the wet roof and ran to the smoking space shuttle. As soon as he got there, the round door opened and a large turtle like creature crawled out, carrying a small wooden chest.
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"Sir, are you okay?" Jim asked, about ready to run back to the Inn and lock the door.
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Through wheezing breaths, the creature managed to gasp out, "Must protect me treasure!" he pulled his wooden chest closer to him.
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Jim figured the creature must've bonked his head a little too hard in his crash. <i>Doesn't this guy know that this is Montressor? Nothing goes on here, </i>he thought. Never the less, he took the turtle-guy's arm across his shoulders and guided him up to the Inn. "Mom's gonna love this," he said to no one in particular.
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Back inside, his mom was discussing with Dilbert, her good friend and confident, about Jim and how he needed his dad back in his life. She opened a small locket she wore around her neck and stared admiringly at the moving pictures of Jim as a kid inside. Suddenly Jim opened the door and rain water poured inside as lightning flashed in the back ground. Sarah almost fainted with fright. "Jim Hawkins!" she scolded.
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"He needs help!" Carefully laying the oversized creature on the ground, Jim ignored his mom.
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The creature moaned as he struggled to reach where his wooden chest had fallen. "Can't let them get me treasure…" Jim pushed the chest over to him. The creature's pointed fingers tapped a code into some buttons on the front and the chest opened. Grunting with pain, he pulled out a small, round bundle and placed it into Jim's hands as he stared wide-eyed at the hulking beast. A ship could be heard from a distance away outside and the creature grabbed Jim's shirt. "Beware the cyborg!" Those were the last, raspy words of the strange creature.
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<i>Crash!!!</i> Yelling and shouts could be heard over the downpour outside. Jim hurried to the window and opened a spot in the holographic screen. The breath was stolen from his body as icy fingers of fear gripped his heart. Pirates! It was the only word he needed for motivation. "Let's get out of here!" he yelled, grabbing his mom and Dilbert's hands.
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They ran madly upstairs as a splintering noise came from the doorway. More shouts and crashing followed as the pirates smashed plates and furniture. They shouted things like, "Is it here?" "Where is it!" Then a commanding voice over powered them all. "Find it! Hurry upstairs, you slow-witted excuse for pirates!"
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Upstairs, the three escapers legs were burning from the strain. The came to a large window and Dilbert leaned outside giving a loud whistle. He was rewarded by a honking noise coming from below where a carriage and strange looking two-legged animal stood. "Good girl! Stay, Delilah!"
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Taking Sarah's hand he said, "Alright on the count of three." Jim looked over his shoulder with extreme impatience. "One. Two-"
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"Three!" Jim pushed all of them over the edge and the fell with a bounce into the carriage.
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Dilbert instantly took the reins and urged the weird horse forward. Sarah looked back at the now-burning inn. A look of despair, disappointment, and sorrow flooded all her senses. Her life, hope, and dreams now was being taken away by the glowing flames. Jim looked over at her with sadness in his own heart. He unwrapped the circular bundle and stared quizzically at the brass sphere that lay in his hand.
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Later at Dilbert's large book-filled laboratory, Jim stood with his back against a wall staring at the curious markings that surrounded the whole of the little sphere. Across the room, Dilbert draped a warm blanket across Sarah's shivering shoulders. "I'm so sorry, Sarah," he was saying. "The Benbow Inn has burned down to the ground. There's nothing left." She buried her face in her hands as tears of frustration and sorrow flowed unchecked down her cheeks.
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Jim knew it was his fault, but what was he <i>supposed</i> to have done? Leave the dying creature out in the rain? The pirates would've attacked their inn anyway. Now all they owned was a few coins, the clothes on their backs, and Dilbert's friendship.
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Jim heard Dilbert talking as if faraway as he fidgeted with the sphere. "If only I could figure out those markings. It will probably take me <i>years</i> of studying to even <i>begin</i> to comprehend th-"
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The brass sphere had opened up as a result of some twisting and pushing at it. Blue tendrils flew out from the now-open ball and surrounded the entire room. Everyone stared in awe as it formed into a holographic map of their galaxy. Instinctively, Dilbert started naming some of the planets and nebulas. "Look! It's the Lagoon Nebula! And see here, it's Montressor! Oops." The map started to zoom farther into the galaxy when he accidentally touched a planet. He continued naming things until he came to one that only the fantastical Jim Hawkins. A planet with two rings going opposite ways in a criss-cross way lay in front of them. None of them could believe their eyes.
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"It's Treasure Planet!"
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After much convincing on both Jim and Dilbert's part, they managed to get Sarah to let them go. Completely enthralled with the adventure they were about to embark on, They traveled through the packed streets of Montressor Space Port. Being men, of course, they would neither admit that they were last or get directions. Finally deciding to ask a strange looking creature, they spotted the beautiful "ship-shape" vessel that they had hired to transport them along with the crew.
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A half-hour later, after they met the feline captain of the ship, Dilbert and Jim found themselves grumbling on their way to the galleys.
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"Who does she think she is?" Dilbert complained, swaying awkwardly in his oversized, metal space-suit.
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"It's <i>my</i> map!" Jim blurted out only to feel a heavy hand fall on his shoulder.
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"I will not have anyone talking about the Captain in such a way!" Mr. Arrows, the large, sturdy (kinda rocky) first mate said.
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As they reached the darkened galleys, they heard whistling. When they walked into the room, they saw a large man chopping up different items and throwing them into a large pot of stew. Upon seeing them, he turned. "Hello, me fine commander, how are ye this fine day?" The large, fat man stepped out and swept his hat off in a fine bow. But the first thin Jim noticed about him was his right arm and leg had been replaced by whirring gears and gadgets. He was a cyborg. Instantly, Jim didn't like him.
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Before anyone could say anything more, he dished up two dishes of the stew and thrust them into Dilbert and Jim's empty hands. "The name's John Silver, me hearties!"
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Dilbert took a spoon and cautiously sipped some. "Mmm! Slightly sweet and yet strangely tangy. Jim was not so sure on tasting it, but seeing that Dilbert hadn't fallen over and died yet, he lifted it to his mouth to try some. But the large brown mound on his spoon grew eyes and stared at him. It seemed to almost shake with mirth and turned into a pink blob.
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"Morph! So that's where ye've been hiding!" The pink blob floated over to Silver. "So what can a simple cook like me do for ye?"

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"The boy will be your new cabin boy," Arrows said, his expression never changing.
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Both the cyborg and Jim started complaining. "But Colonel, I already have-"
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"You can't leave me here with him! I-" But both gave up when they realized they were talking to air.
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They both turned to each other. The cyborg stuck out his arm. "What might be your name, boy?"
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Slowly circling him, Jim answered, "Jim Hawkins." But before he could say anything else, he ran into a girl about his age washing dishes.
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"Hey! Do ya mind? A person can't get anything done around here without getting interrupted, I swear!" She had fiery, bright blue eyes and curly, blonde hair that flowed from beneath a bandana tied on her head.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Now, Bekkah, meet your new mess mate, Jimbo."
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Reluctantly, she stuck out her hand. "I'm Bekkah," she said with a sigh, averting her eyes from his.
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Staring at her questionly, he answered, "Jim. Nice to meet you. I think."
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And so began Jim's journey to Treasure Planet.
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2 - Cabin Boy

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Jim didn't like Silver
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Jim didn't like Silver. He knew there weren't very many cyborgs in the galaxy. Billy Bones had warned
him about a cyborg and considering there was one right in front of him, Jim decided he'd better be
cautious and question him. Silver's dishwasher didn't seem very suspicious, so Jim ignored her for the
moment.
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Picking up a purple fruit from a barrel, he began circling Silver pensively. Bekkah continued scrubbing
the pot, but watched him with a careful eye. "Ya know, these purps remind me of the ones we used to
grow back home, on <i>Montressor</i>. Have you ever been there?"
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Silver was beginning to get suspicious about the boy. "Nooo, can't say that I have, Jimbo," he replied slowly while transferring his stew to stove-top.
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"Just before I left I met this old guy who was looking for a cyborg <i>buddy</i> of his," Jim continued, taking a bite of the purp.
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"Is that so?"
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"What was that old salamanders name…Oh yeah, Bones. Billy Bones." Bekkah stopped scrubbing the pot and looked at Silver. John scratched his chin while chopping a strange vegetable.
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"Bones…? T'aint ringin' any bells. Musta been another cyborg."
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A high-pitched whistle could be heard coming from above deck. Jim looked longingly at the open door where he knew he couldn't go.
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Looking at the boy, Silver couldn't help but feel a twinge of pity for him, locked up in galleys, as it were. "Go on, there will plenty of work for y' when ye get back." Without saying another word, Jim was off, out the door to watch the ship take off. Bekkah put her pot on the ground.
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John Silver turned to her and handed a small cracker to Morph. "We'd best be keepin' a sharp eye on that one. Wouldn't want him strayin' into somethin' he shouldn't." Without another word, bekkah got up and followed Jim out the door.
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"Yes, we should." Captain Amelia's orders could be heard all across the deck as they prepared for take off.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Unleash solar sails! Take us off this port, Mr. Arrows."
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"Aye aye, captain!" He turned the large wooden tiller away from the docking port. The ship started to hover away, up into the afternoon sky. The gravity was decreasing, causing the crew to float in the air. Some of the more experienced crew members already knew what to expect and stayed calm and composed. Bekkah couldn't help but laugh at Jim as he attempted to stay on the ground. But Dilbert was an even more hilarious sight to see. He began to float upside down and when Amelia called for artificial gravity, he fell flat on his face. Jim on the other hand, just fell on his bum, creating more amusement for Bekkah.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
She offered him a hand to help him up, still smirking. "Looks like your goin' to need a lesson of ship riding. It'll come naturally, eventually." After she pulling him to his feet, she walked over to the rigging on the starboard side and leaned out. Some <i>orci galactica</i> began gliding past the R.L.S. Legacy. Jim sauntered over to join her, watching the strange whales pass by. The inter-galactic whales' immense size seemed to dwarf the large ship. John Silver hobbled onto deck accompanied by his small friend Morph and hailed Captain Amelia.
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Well isn't a fine day for sailing with a cap'n as lovely as yourself?"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Save your flattery, Mr. Silver. Are those your cabin <i>boys</i> standing useless over the side of my ship? Well, girl too I suppose."
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\<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
With a sigh, Silver replied, "Aye, I was just about to put them both to work. Hoi! Jimbo! I've got a couple of friends for you to meet!"
\</p>\</div>

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\<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Expecting to see someone standing around, Jim looked about excitedly. "Meet Mr. Mop and Mrs. Bucket. Bekkah, you know the drill, start at the stern and Jimbo here can start at the stem." he tipped his tree-cornered hat at the captain and left them to their work. With a sigh, they both took the cleaning tools and got to work.
\</p>\</div>

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\<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Only a half-hour later, Jim found himself grumbling darkly as he half-heartedly scrubbed at the deck. "Yeah, I've got your Mr. \<i>Mop\</i>." He glanced up from the wooden deck and looked around at his surroundings. The strange, alien crew members were all watching him with careful, unblinking eyes. One particular one with strange tentacles for hair looked at him and took the liberty to speak for everyone else. "What are you looking at, weirdo?" Suddenly, his head crawled off and his chest grew a face. "Yeah. \<i>Weirdo\</i>," it said in a squeaky voice.
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\<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Cabin boys should learn to mind their own business," a sinister voice said from above. Jim looked up to see a red, spider-like alien with greasy grey hair crawling towards him off the mast.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Why, ya got something to hide,<i> bight eyes</i>?" Jim retorted.
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"Why you impudent little-" In a flash, the spider was on the ground and had his claw around Jim's neck, pinning him to the mast. The rest of the crew started cheering and whooping wildly, all in favor of a little fight. "Any last words, <i>cabin boy</i>?" The spider said as his other claw rubbed underneath Jim's neck dangerously.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
An iron vise clamped down on the spider's claw. "Scroob, ever seen what happens to a purp when you squeeze <i>real hard!</i>" Silver began to twist the arm in his hold and Scroob, the spider, yelped and let go of Jim and rubbed his claw in pain.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"And what's all this?" Mr. Arrows stepped out and continued lecturing in a powerful voice. "There will be no brawling aboard this ship. Am I clear, Mr. Scroob?"
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Scroob looked him defiantly in the eyes and spoke one word that sounded like venom. "Perfectly."
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The crew slowly slunk off into the shadows as Mr. Arrows left. Silver turned on Jim, his one good eye reading anger. "I gave ya a <i>job</i> to do and heaven help ya if you don't get it done!" Turning his back on him, he said, "Morph, watch him. Tell me if he gets, <i>distracted</i><i>.</i>" With that, he left, leaving Jim with a pink ball of protoplasma that had grown really large eyes.
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Carefully glancing over his shoulder, Silver made sure Jim wasn't watching as he slid into the galleys where two tables had been set up. The entire crew of aliens was present, all trying to avoid Silver's fiery eyes. "What were ye thinkin'?! If you'll pardon the plain speakn' gentlemen…but are you all <i>stark ravin' daft</i>!! After all my finaglin' to get up fired as an upstandin' crew and you want to go blow our cover?!" he yelled at the ashamed crew.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Scroob squinted hard at John Silver and responded, "The boy was sniffing about…"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
But Silver cut him short. "Just stick to the plan you bug-brained twit! <i>I'll</i> find a way to handle the boy."
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It was getting late when Bekkah noticed Jim still scrubbing away at the deck. Morph had transformed into a mop and was "mopping" side by side with him. She'd been watching him for a while and couldn't help but notice he'd mopped in the same spot for the past hour. Se herself had given up more then two hours ago, not caring if it wasn't to Silver's liking. Still watching from behind the mast, Bekkah saw Morph transform into an imitation of Scroob, making her smile and Jim laugh. She was just about to walk over and say hi, when Silver walked up, carrying the leftovers from dinner in a pan. Falling back behind the main mast, she listened to their conversation.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Well, thank the heavens for little miracles! The deck's still in one piece!" He said, trying to lighten the mood.
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Jim couldn't help but smile a little smile, even if it was a weak one. "About what you did today…Thanks."
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Didn't your pop teach ya how to pick your fights?"
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Sullenly, Jim propped his mop up on the railing and leaned his elbows on it, putting his back to Silver. "No, he never got around to that."
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Ahh…I see." Silver felt sorry for Jim. Even he'd had a pop around for a while, if only a few years. Drawing himself up with a resigned look on his face, Silver took charge. "All right, Jimbo. I'm going to pound a few skills into that thick skull of yours. From here on out you won't eat, sleep, or so much as scratch your bum if I don't say!"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"What! You can't do that!"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"I can and I will! Now, Bekkah! I know your listening!" Bekkah slipped out from behind the main mast where she was hiding and grinned a disarming smile. Silver continued. "Tomorrow, you both to wake up early and I'm gonna show you how to be <i>real </i>cabin boys!" He stood there grinning at the two.
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Bekkah raised her hand. "And girl."
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Sighing, John Silver added, "And girl."
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The next day, they were rudely awakened by Morph. He transformed into a small trumpet and blew as hard as he could, creating an awful, ear-peircing noise. "Ow! You little! Get over here!" But Morph was too fast for Jim. Not looking, he flew, giggling and snickering, straight into Bekkah's hand.
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"Hah! Got ya! Now you'll feel the true wrath of Bekkah!!" She grinned insanely as the pink blob trapped in her hands whimpered piteously. Jim looked up at her and nearly jumped out of socks.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Bekkah! What the-" Bekkah's hair was sticking out at odd angles, some even sticking strait up, and her jacket hung awkwardly off one shoulder. The light coming in from the window gave her eyes the appearance of glowing. The entire effect made her look completely mad.
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Her smile dropped and she looked behind her innocently. "What?"
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Jim just shook his head as if to clear it. "Never mind. Come on, Silver will be expecting us." Bekkah followed him out of the sleeping area, still holding Morph in her hand.
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"Maybe we can get some decent grub before that slave-driver wakes up." Unfortunately, her timing was bad. Jim walked straight into Silver's plump belly and stared up into his gold, cyborg eye.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"What's that yore sayin' about me?"
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Managing to keep her cool air about her, Bekkah replied, "Nothin'. Just sayin' to Jim what a lovely skill an' duff you make."
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Silver kept a straight face and pretended to lecture her. "Hmm. Really? Well maybe I should make some more tonight."
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Not able to resist a bit of fun, Jim joined in with their game he said, "Oh no! Please anything but that! Have us scrub the floors all day, just don't make us eat another plate of that mush!" The sight of Jim on the ground made Bekkah's grin grow.
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"Hehee! Jimbo, no! Don't encourage the blighter!"
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Grinning mischievously, Silver grabbed both by the collar of the shirts. "Neither of yeh will be smilin' by the end of today! Here are some chisels, now foller me!"
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Jim took the small metal tools and whispered to Bekkah, "Finally, an easy job. With chisels this small, we can only be doing something easy right?"
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Bekkah nudged him playfully with her elbow. "Oh, trust me, Silver doesn't <i>believe </i>in easy jobs."
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Jim's shoulders sagged. "Great."
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<!--Section Ends-->



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3 - A Friendship

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Jim was starting to wish he'd never found the treasure map
</title>
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
Jim was starting to wish he'd never found the treasure map. He sat on a board hanging down from the
ship above him with John Silver yelling "encouragements" beside him. "Put some elbow into it!"
Grumbling quietly, Jim pushed the chisel with aching arms against the barnacle covered bottom of the
R.L.S. Legacy. Bekkah was on the other side, sitting on a board of her own. She had some how
managed to get halfway across the bottom of the ship, destroying any little barnacle in her way.
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Smiling she waved her chisel at them at them. "So, Jimbo, is this an easy job?"
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Jim shot her an annoyed look. "How did you get so far?! I haven't even gotten more then a meter!"
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Arms crossed on his chest, Silver answered, "Maybe she doesn't waste her time mumbling. Now put you back in it!" Little did Jim know, that wasn't his first job.
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As the weeks wore on, Silver put the two to even more work. He made them both work on cleaning the large ship's cannons. The huge, brass guns were so dirty both teenagers came out completely covered in oil. Silver sat nearby, munching on a purp. "You missed a spot." Sighing exasperatedly, they both continued scrubbing.
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After making them both skin a load of potatoes for dinner, Silver taught Jim how to tie a rope securely. They sat up in the crow's nest while Bekkah listened from below. Silver quickly tied a knot and held it out to Jim, but realized he wasn't there anymore. He peered over the edge and found a rope hanging over, with Jim at the bottom walking away with his hands in his pockets. Sighing, John picked up the rope and was surprised to see it was an exact replica of his own rope. But he wasn't to let Jim get off easy.
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After the crew had eaten supper some weeks later, rows and rows of dirty dishes were lined up. "Last job of the day, you two!" He pushed both Jim and Bekkah forward and thrust a pair of sponges in their hands.

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Jim spoke for both of them. "Goody."
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Silver smiled at him. "I knew you'd feel that way. Have fun!"
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Bekkah plunked down on a stool and picked up a greasy pot. "Better get started. These dished aren't gonna clean themselves." Jim followed suit and began scrubbing.
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Not more then half-hour later, Silver came back in, carrying in his arms another load of dirty pots and pans. Bekkah dropped her spnge on the ground and leaned back. "Come one, be fair. You've had us scrubbing, scraping, and rubbing at anything on this boat that was so much dusty while you lounge around getting fat!"
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White; ">
Smiling, Silver pointed out the obvious. "Oh, you already know I was fat before I came on this ship. Now, git scubbing!" With that, he left Jim and Bekkah with only each other and lots of dirty dishes for company.
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Jim glanced sideways at Bekkah. "Is he always this cruel?"
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Laughing, she picked up another pot and began scrubbing. "When isn't he?"
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Placing a clean pan to the side, Jim asked a question that had been nagging on his mind since he'd met her. "How long have you known Silver?"
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Sighing, Bekkah looked at the ceiling as if she was thinking. "I guess it's been eight years now. Yeah, eight years."
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"Wow. How's you guys meet?"
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She let out another laugh and shook her head. "It's a long story. You probably wouldn't want to hear it anyways."
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He looked at her with his deep blue eyes. "Ya know, we've got a lot of dishes to clean and a lot of time. I'm listening."
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She looked up at him with doubting eyes. "No you don't. Not really." Then she added in a barely audible mumble, "Nobody does." With that, they both continued scrubbing and drying late into the night without a word passing between them.
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As the stars deep in the Etherium shone on the flying Legacy, Silver crept back into the galley. The first thing he saw was the stacks of clean sparkling dishes lined up along the walls and counters. Then his cyborg eye came to rest on the sleeping form of Jim. Smiling, he took off his coat and laid it across Jim's shoulders. He shifted in his sleep as the cyborg walked off and opened one eye to watch John Silver

walk out the open door and into the night.
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After that, Jim began to feel a connection with not just Bekkah, but Silver. It was something he'd never felt before, friendship. Sure he'd had friends before, but they all lied and betrayed him. But this time, it was different. He actually felt…<i>wanted</i>.
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Silver taught Jim new things about everything. From dishes to rope to the engines on the ship's longboats, Jim felt he knew everything now. They all laughed, joked, and teased. One particular evening, the night air was cold so the crew went below to where they ate and shared stories.
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Jim sat on the stairs holding a mug of steaming hot chocolate, watching Silver tell a story about a fire breathing lizard and everyone laughing at the falsehood of the story. His eyes slowly skimmed across the crew members, noticing how even Scroob looked friendly in the light of the lanterns.
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Then his eyes fell on Bekkah, who was sitting at a table across from him. Scroob made a blonde joke and she just laughed, then began singing "The Itsy-Bitsy Spider", emphasizing on the washed out part. Then she turned toward Jim, a smile lingering on her rosy lips. But Jim couldn't help but notice a hint of sadness deep in her bright blue eyes. She turned her head back to the conversation when someone else mage fun of her golden hair, making an even better come back in return. Despite all the laughter and noise, Jim couldn't take his eyes off her, remembering that moment forever.
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The next day brought warm skies and Silver brought them both down to the longboat hold. Letting them help him haul one over to the bay doors. "Okay, nice and easy now," Silver kept saying. "Good! Right there." He pressed a big button and watched the doors open before hopping into the boat and casting off. Jim watched with a smile but in his heart remembered how his father had left him when he was a boy.
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Before he could think anything else, Bekkah brought him out of his thoughts. "Jim! Let's go!" He looked up just in time to see her jump out the doors. Panic swept through him and he dropped to his knees to try and catch her, only to see her and Silver sitting in the longboat, smiling up at him. He returned the smile and jumped in with them.
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"So, where are we going today?" Jim inquired to Silver.
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Silver smiled and moved away from the control conducts. "Well, I was thinkin' about a lesson in flight anatomy today. Now, sit down here…" Silver began explaining what different controls did. Jim excitedly sat down and grabbed the steering handles, pressed some buttons, flipped some switches, and they were off.
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The jolt of sudden movement caused Silver and Bekkah to almost fly out of their seats. Bekkah sat in front of Jim, holding on to whatever she could as Jim twisted, turned and flipped the longboat. She let out a laugh of pure glee. As they flew away from the R.L.S. Legacy, they spotted a pale blue comet gliding in icy waves across the etherium. Jim, on impulse, fly straight to it. "Whooohahahaaaa!!!!" He let out a wild laugh and plunged the longboat into the cold center of the comet, circling around small icicles and large chunks of solar ice. By the time he pulled the small ship out of the comet, they were all covered in ice.
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Bekkah pushed Jim out of the way. "My turn!" Reluctantly, he gave up the seat, allowing her to take control. Almost before he was sitting down, she was off, speeding deeper into the etherium.
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It was late before they all finally made it back to the Legacy. Laughing and giggling like children, they all collapsed in the bottom of the longboat. Silver was the first to regain his composure. "Ah, Jimbo if I could handle a boat like yeh when I was yore age, they'd be bowin' in the streets to me today!"
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Still with a smile plastered on his face, Jim sighed. "Well, they weren't exactly singin' my praises when I left home. But I'm gonna change all that."
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Looking at him quizzically Silver responded, "Are ya know? How so?"
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Leaning back with his hands behind his head and eyes closed, Jim said, "Let's just say I've got some plans that'll make people see me a little different."
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Bekkah looked at him with a blank face. "Do you really care that much about what people think about you?" Jim opened his eyes and looked at her.
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Silver looked sadly at his mechanical hand. "Aye, sometimes plans can go astray."
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Removing his hands from the back of his head, Jim turned his eyes to Silver's mechanical leg where he was turning a knob to adjust it. "How'd that happen anyway?" he asked quietly.
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Flexing his cyborg hand, Silver said distantly, "You give a few things…Chasin' a dream…"
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"Was it worth it?"
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A smile spread across the cyborg's craggy features. "I'm hopin' it tis, Jimbo. I most surely am." Bekkah smiled at him
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Before anyone could say another word, the ship gave a mighty leach to the side. Dilbert's voice could be heard above. "Good heavens! Th estar Pellucid! It's gone supernova!"
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The commanding voice of Captain Amelia could be heard over the deafening roar that had consumed the Legacy. "All hands on deck!!"
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Bekkah grabbed Jim's hand and dashed madly for the door. "I don't know what we can really do, but come on!" Jim held tight on her hand and ran with her.
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4 - The Eye of the Storm

Although Jim s body was quaking like the boards of the ship, he somehow managed to tie a safety line around his waist.

Mr. Arrow s deep voice boomed across the din of the star. All hands fasten your safety lines!

Captain Amelia practically flew up the stairs as she ran to the tiller. Secure all sails! Brace em down, men!!

Bekkah dashed headlong to the rigging on the starboard side and climbed madly alongside Mr. Arrow to reach the first sail. The ship gave a mighty lurch as a wave from the burning star hit the ship. Dilbert leaned over the edge of the Legacy with a spyglass. The star! It s dissolving into a black hole!!

The crewman at the tiller (who had four tentacles for arms) yelled as his grip loosened on the wooden wheel. I canna hold her, cap n!

Captain Amelia shoved him aside and grabbed the tiller with ferocity. Oh no you don t! She madly pulled at the tiller, trying to steer away form the exploding star. Another blast hit the ship and she roared

with anger. Blast these waves! They re so decidedly erratic!

Dilbert tapped on a small screen reading data. No, Captain! They re not erratic at all. There ll be another one in another 47.2 seconds, followed by the biggest megalith of all!

The Captain s eyes lit up with realization. That s it! We ll *ride* the waves out!

No sooner had she spoken then Mr. Arrow called up, All sails secured, Captain!

 Good. Now release them immediately!

 Aye, Captain. You heard her! Unfurl those sails, He bellowed to the crew who d just come off the rigging. They immediately started complaining.

 Ahh! We just finished tying them down!

 Get to it! Captain s orders!

Fighting madly with the wheel, Captain Amelia shouted over at Jim who was clinging to the rigging with Morph. Mr. Hawkins! Check all lifelines are good and tight!

He hopped down, a surge of pride flowing through him. Aye-aye, Captain! He ran to the main mast where all the lifelines had been attached and pulled each one until he was satisfied they were tight. Lifelines secure, Captain!!

Meanwhile, Bekkah was stuck in the rigging. Several ropes had somehow twisted themselves around her arm. She pulled out a knife from her boot and tried hacking away at them without damaging her arm when a sudden jolt caused one of them to tighten savagely on her arm. She roared in pain and noticed one rope that was hanging taught off the side of the ship. Not giving it another thought and trying to save her arm, she cut it and slid back through one of the holes in the rigging, catching her breath. Suddenly Scroob was there, breathing down her neck. Good job. I didn t know you had it in you to murder! Bekkah felt a sickening knot begin to form in her stomach, looking down, she watched as Mr. Arrow flew through space into the burning eye of the black hole. But before she could do anything else, she heard Dilbert yell to the Captain.

 Captain! The last wave! Here it comes!!

Gritting her teeth at the strain, she replied, Hold onto you lifelines! This is gonna be a bumpy ride.

As the Legacy drifted downwards into the center of the black hole as everyone held their breath, watching the darkness envelop the ship. Then, just as the doctor had predicted, a huge, burning wave shot up, throwing the ship back into space.

The crew cheered madly and the Captain released her death grip on the wheel. Bekkah and Jim found themselves hugging in pure joy, but quickly realed the embrace. Dilbert stuttered as he tried to comprehend what had just happened. Captain, that was absolutely&the most&

Amelia interrupted him before he could go on. Oh tosh. Actually, doctor, your astronomical advice was most helpful, she said, sweeping his comment aside modestly.

Again lost for words, Dilbert responded, Well&uh&Thank you.

But she was no longer listening. I must, uh, congratulate you, Mr. Silver. Your cabin boy did a bang-up job with those lifelines. Silver gently nudged Jim, and Jim playfully pushed him back. Then Bekkah shoved them both over, smiling mischievously. Then the Captain continued. All hands accounted for, Mr. Arrow?...Mr. Arrow?

Scroob stepped forward, carrying a three-cornered hat in his hands. I m afraid Mr. Arrow has been lost. His lifeline was not secure. Bekkah felt a sick, churning feeling begin to start again in her stomach. Not only had she been the one to kill Mr. Arrows, Scroob was blaming Jim. Captain Amelia took the hat sadly.

Jim burst out in anger. No! I checked them all! They were safe, I swear! But as he ran over to where the lifelines had been tied, one of them was gone.

However, Amelia ignored him. Mister Arrow was a fine spacer, finer then most of us could ever hope to be. Then she drew her self up, a resigned look on her face. He knew the risks, as do we all&Man your posts, we carry on. With that, she walked up the stairs into her cabin and shut the door.

As Silver followed Jim back to the galleys, he saw Scroob sitting on a beam above their heads with a rope. One end of the rope had been cut off, and Silver knew, if anything, Scroob had a part to play in the demise of Mr. Arrows.

Later in the evening, Jim sat in one of the rings along the rigging. His head in his hands, he peered sullenly into the etherium. Silver came out with a jacket on, looking sadly at the crushed teenager. It weren t your fault, lad. Ya know, you were a marvel with those ropes. Why, half the crew d be spinnin in the abyss if not for you!

Jim angrily hopped down from the rigging and put his face close to Silver s. Don t you get it?! For two seconds I thought I could do something right! His rage slowly subsided as he looked into the old cyborg s one good eye.

 Now you listen to me, James Hawkins! Ya ve got the makin of *greatness* in ya! But ya got to chart your own course and stick to it. When the time comes to show what you re made of, well&I hope I m there to catch the light off yore sails!

As he looked into the compassionate eyes of his elder, Jim s rage began to turn to sorrow. Leaning forward, he dropped his head in Silver s plump stomach. Not quite sure what to do, Silver looked around

to make sure no one was watching. Then he smiled and placed his arms around Jim s shoulders.
 There, there lad. It s all right, Jimbo.

And in that quiet moment, almost mute sobs could be heard. Bekkah sat behind the pillar with her knees to her chest as tears flowed freely from her bright blue eyes. Tears of both jealously and sadness towards Jim. She continued to listen to their conversation as regret and sorrow filled her heart.

Silver realized what he was doing and quickly released his embrace with Jim. He awkwardly cleared his throat and said, Now Jim&I d best be getting on with my watch and you d best getting some shut eye! He pushed Jim off in the direction of the crew s sleeping quarters. Trudging slowly to the lit doorway, Jim took one more look over his shoulder and smiled.

When Jim had disappeared through the doorway, Silver let out a sigh of relief and tickled Morph s belly. The pink blob squeaked playfully as Silver absent-mindedly said, Hoo! Next thing I know, they ll be saying I ve gone soft! But unbeknownst to them, a spidery figure crept above, listening to every word.

&&&&&&&&

The next morning, Jim was rudely awakened by the alien above him, who was a horrible nocturnal-cheese-cutter. He tried to rub sleep from his eyes as he groaned, knowing he had to get up. Sitting up, he groggily reached for his boots, but only managed to slip one over his holy sock when Morph took the other one. Come on, Morph, give it back. But the little ball of protoplasm wasn t much for listening, just playing games. Floating into the toe of the boot, he began to fly away, forcing Jim to give chase.

Clumsily falling from his hammock, Jim followed Morph. Morph, knock it off! It s too early for this. Ignoring the teenager, the pink ball flew into the galleys, just as Jim grabbed the boot. Gotcha! Now you can t escape! Giggling, Morph flew out of the boot and into the barrel of purp. Now completely awake, Jim pulled on his other boot and ran to the edge of the barrel.

It didn t take long to find Morph. He d transformed into one of the purple fruits, but opened a pink eye to see if Jim was watching. Ha! Busted! Jim dived into the barrel, grabbing the little pink ball. And just in time, he quickly realized. Sinister voices could be heard coming from the galley.

There s only three of them left, now!

We need the hostages to keep the cap n in line

And the unmistakable voice of Scroob, I say we kill them all now!

Then another voice which nearly tore his heart to pieces. What s this I say ? Disobey me agin and you ll be *joinin* him! Jim looked through a hole in the barrel and saw Silver strangling Scroob. Something was going on, and it wasn t good.

Scroob backed up to the purp barrel Jim was sitting in, replying evilly, Strong talk, but I know otherwise.

You ve got somethin to say, *Scroob*?

The spider reached his claw insode the barrel, searching for a purp. Panicking, Jim grabbed one and quickly placed it in his pincher. It s that boy. Methinks you ve got a soft spot for him. At this, he pricked the purp, letting some juice spill out. Silver s frown deepened as he responded, Now mark me, the lot of ye. I care about one thing and one thing only: *Flint s trove*. You think I d risk it all for some nose-whipin whelp?! Jim stiffened. He d thought Silver was actually his *friend*. How could he be so foolish. He cursed silently to himself for forgetting Billy Bones warning.

Scroob Locked his hands together and placed them on the side of his face, smiling dreamily. What was it? Oh yes, You ve got the makin s of greatness in ye!

Silver fumed with anger. Shut yer up!! At that moment, a large crew member moved out of the way, and who Jim saw there almost really did break his heart. Sitting on a bench wearing a black trench coat and a three-corned hat was Bekkah, listening intently to the conversation. She turned her head slightly and saw Jim through the hole in the barrel. Her eyes widened and she looked down, suddenly going pale.

 Planet ho!! The crew member who was on watch yelled out in a deep voice. Every one stormed out of the room in excitement, leaving Jim and Morph there to work out what had just happened.

5 - Land Ho

The crew rushed up the stairs with excitement. Each one fought for a spot on the railing to get a good look at what they d been journeying to find. John Silver was one of the first people leaning over the side to get a better look at the huge planet. It s rings shone in the early morning light. One wing was a green plasma and the other looked like blue electricity, zipping around the planet. Silver s eyes widened at the glorious sight. He dug his hands in his pockets as he looked for something. Where the devil has my spyglass gone? He retreated away from the crowds to see Bekkah, Leaning over the opposite rail holding her stomach with one hand. Bekkah? Are you okay?

She looked up in surprise. Oh&uh&yeah, perfectly.

Still looking doubtful, Silver nodded and continued walking. If ya say so.

Below decks in the galley, Jim stayed in the barrel a few seconds longer, holding his breath to make sure the crew was gone. Finally pulling himself together, he pushed himself out, letting Morph fly free from his hand. He was about to stomp outside when Silver came down the stairs. Both froze in their tracks. Silver looked to the side and advanced slowly forward. Jimbo. Playin games, are we?

Backing up to the table, Jim s hands scrambled to pick up something, anything, that he could use to defend himself. Yeah&Yeah, we re playin games.

Silver nodded as if he inderstood and continued advancing. Behind his back, he began switching his mechanical hand for a knife. Oh. I never was much good at games. Always hated to loose.

Jim s hand hit cold metal. Wrapping his fingers around it, he charged forward. Me too! Pulling out the object, he sliced through the weak part in Silver s leg. It began to leak air as Silver cried in both agony and rage.

Dashing onto deck, Jim froze. Leaning over the railing, he saw Bekkah. But before he could do anything else, Silver charged onto deck, blowing a high pitched whistle.

 Change of plans, boys! We move *now*! Cheering rose across the ship as all the crew members scrambled to take control of the R.L.S. Legacy.

But time stood still for Jim when Bekkah stood up and noticed him watching her sadly. He mouthed a single word to her. *Why?*

She shook her head. The sadness he d seen in her eyes not too long ago was now evident. *I m so sorry*, she mouthed back. Something yanked Jim s arm, snapping him back to reality. Dilbert had a firm hold of it as he ran, following Captain Amelia into her cabin. She pulled them all into the charming room and thrust the door shut with a mighty heave. After locking it securely, she dashed to a small vault where she kept an extra supply of guns and the treasure map.

Outside, chaos reigned. Silver bellowed orders to the alien crew. Mr. Onus! Strike her colors!

An alien with at least a dozen eyes jumped with glee as he yelled back in a high pitched voice, Veet pleasure, Capeen! Silver puffed up with pride as the black flag with a white skull on it went flying into the sky. Turning back to the ship, he watched as another alien with four, extremely buff arms tear through the door of the armory and come back loaded with guns. The crew let out another deafening cheer. Silver smiled wickedly. Everything was running smoothly.

In the Captain s cabin, Amelia was tossing guns to Dilbert and Jim. Pirates on my ship! I ll see them all hanged! Then turning to Dilbert she asked about the weapon he was holding upside down. Doctor, are you familiar with these?

 Uhm&well&I ve read- At that, he accidentally fired the gun, narrowly missing Amelia s head. Uh, no, not really.

Amelia tossed the round treasure map to Jim. Defend this with your life, Mr. Hawkins. Instinctively, he caught it. But Morph was soon trying to take the shiny object out of his hands.

 Morph! Gimme that! But the little pink blob thought it was all a game. Before anyone could do anything, a blast could be heard coming from the door.

Captain Amelia took charge. They re breaking in! Hurry! she began to fire a rifle at the floor. It didn t take long for Jim and Dilbert to catch on. After a large enough hole had been created they hopped in. To the longboats, quickly! She led them through a winding tunnel. They ran for what seemed like forever until they arrived at the docking bay with the only two longboats. They all dashed headlong for one, knowing their lives depended on it. Amelia pulled a heavy lever that opened the bay doors.

At this moment, the pirates had broken into the captain s cabin. It took only a quick inspection to realize what they wanted was missing. The map is gone! Stop em !

The former crew quickly made it to the longboats before Jim, Amelia, and Dilbert could escape. But that wasn t the largest of Jim s worries.

 Morph! No! The little blob had caught the map in his now-oversized mouth and was flying away with it.

Dilbert saw what was going on and yelled urgently, Jim, Hurry! But he had to turn his attention back to the pirates, who were beginning to fire at the longboat. Captain Amelia had already taken aim and shot one of five. Closing his eyes, Dilbert fired. His shot hit the rope that was holding up a large spare engine. It will with a sickening crash, taking the remaining four aliens on a journey to the ground.

Amelia turned to him, quite impressed. Did you actually aim for that?

Dilbert looked at the gun in his hand. You know, I did!

Jim was not having so much luck. Silver had caught up with him and both of them were now trying to coax Morph over.

Reaching his hands coaxingly, Jim called to the pink blob like a dog. Morph! Here Morph!

But Silver, who d known Morph the longest, felt like he had more hope with the little guy.
 Morph!...Morphey, come here! Not knowing who to go to, Morph looked both ways, then plunged into a coil of rope, taking the map with him. Silver and Jim looked at each other. Then pushing their feet forward, ran to the coil of rope. Jim was younger and didn t have gadgets for limbs, so he made it first. Diving forward, he barely grabbed the spherical map before Silver made it. Turning around, Jim began running with all he had, pushing each limb to the limit.

 Now!! Amelia and Dilbert fired their guns at the ropes tying the longboat to the Legacy. Jim dove head first into the smaller boat, but missed his target. His fingers groped through thin air until they finally took hold of the longboat s edge. At this point, the boat was falling with alarming speed, heading towards the ground. Amelia fired up the engine, yelling, Hydraulics, engaged! The single, red solar sail unfurled and the little boat gave a lurch as it regained control.

Dilbert quickly leaned over the edge and pulled Jim into the steadying ship.

On the R.L.S. Legacy, the big, brass cannon was being fired up by an oversized and fat pirate. Hehe, come to papa! Bekkah turned her head, suddenly snapping back to reality.

She began to run towards the crewman with wide eyes. No! But before she got there, Silver began hobbling over.

His one good eye was as wide as it could go as he yelled in alarm, Hold your fire!! We ll lose the map!!! But it was too late. The pirate s fat thumb pressed down on the firing control before anyone could stop him. The only thing either Silver or Bekkah could do was stare with wide, horrified eyes as the giant fire-ball flew towards the unsuspecting boat.

Fortunately for the longboat, Dilbert spotted the cannon s shot coming towards them. Instinctively, he called out, Captain! Laser-ball at twelve-o -clock!! Unfortunately, Amelia couldn t move the control in time. Panic swept through them all as the cannon hit the back of the boat, disabling both their sail, and their engine in one swift move. They all were jolted forward and Amelia cried with pain as the fire singed her arm.

But that was the least of their problems. The longboat was falling with rapidly increasing speed, this time with nothing to stop it. Smoke billowed out from the engine as they all plummeted to the ground, helpless to stop their impending doom.

They hit the ground, nose first. The momentum of their crash caused the longboat to flip over, where it lay, unmoving, trapping the three inside.

6 - Treasure and Secrets

Every muscle in Jim s body strained to the limit as he pushed the crashed longboat off him and his comrades. Giving one last heave, he flipped it over. Amelia held her side and grimaced in pain while Dilbert tried to comprehend what had just happened. Looking at the others, Amelia managed a wimpy smile. It s not one of my&gossamer landings, she said, trying to lighten up the situation.

Staring ahead wide eyed, Dilbert commented to no one in particular, Next time I say I m looking for adventure, someone shoot me! Just as he finished talking, Amelia doubled over in pain. Captain! You re hurt!

 Oh don t fuss, she said, putting on a brave face. Cup of tea and I ll be right as rain. Her face scrunched in agony, Amelia fell to her knees. Dilbert went to her side and helped her sit up. But she wasn t about to give in. Mr. Hawkins, the map if you please?

Jim took out the brass sphere and held it in his hand proudly. He was about to give it to the Captain when it suddenly transformed into a laughing pink blob. Morph! Where s the *map*?!

Morph transformed into a coil of rope and the map and plopped the map inside the coil of rope. Jim roared with anger. It s back on the *ship*?! How do you strangle protoplasm? Morph just continued laughing and flying around, making Jim try and catch him.

Back on the R.L.S. Legacy, Silver was giving more orders. Scroob! Stay here and watch the ship. If any one attempts to come aboard other n meself, shoot them. The rest of you, with me!

Amelia looked up at the sound of a longboat sailing across the sky. Stifle that blob and get low&We ve got company. Grabbing her rifle, she looked up, sighed and lowered her head. We need a better position. Turning to Jim, she gave him a pistil. Mr. Hawkins, scout ahead.

He took the gun with pride. Aye, aye, Cap n!

Without another word, Jim began walking through the strange world of Treasure Planet, with Morph floating at his side. Alien vegetation grew in clumps. The ground was covered with ages worth of moss and slime. Strange pipe-like weeds grew everywhere. All of it provided a perfect hiding place for a pirate, or some other unknown life form. Jim took every step with caution, holding his gun at ready.

Suddenly, Jim stopped and whispered to Morph, Shhhh! I hear something. Noticing a few of the pipe-weeds move, Jim moved cautiously over. Just as he began looking down into the green holes created by the weeds, two bright yellow mechanical eyes jumped at him.

 OOOH! This is fantastic! A carbon-based life form come to rescue me at last! A strange robot with two blinking yellow eyes hopped out and jumped on Jim in what he could only assume was a hug. I just wanna hug ya and squeeze ya!

Jim scrambled away from the crazed robot. Alright! Okay! Would you just *let go of me*!

The robot was still hanging on in excitement but quickly let go. Oh, sorry, sorry&I ve been marooned here for so long! Solitude s fun, don t get me wrong, but after a 100 years, you go a little *nuts*!!!

Morph transformed into a replica of the robot and opened the top of his head, causing a cuckoo bird to pop out. Jim pushed Morph aside as the robot turned back to them. I m sorry&I am&uh&My name is& he squinted his eyes and held the top of his head as he tried to remember. Morph and Jim exchanged glances. B.E.N.! The two spectators nearly jumped out of their skin. Of course! I m B.E.N.: Bio-electric navigator! And you are? B.E.N. said as he shook Jim s hand.

Still a bit more then puzzled, Jim shook the metallic hand back. Jim. Look I m kind of in a hurry. I ve gotta find a place to hide and there are pirate s chasing after me&

Before he could say another word, B.E.N. interrupted. Oh *pirates*! I don t like them! I remember Captain Flint. This guy had such a temper!

Jim was starting to walk away but at the mention of the legendary pirate s name, he turned back and started questioning the robot. Wait, wait, wait, you knew *Captain Flint*!

But B.E.N. was still rambling. I think he suffered from mood swings, personally. I m not a therapist or

anything, but-

Now Jim was excited. But that means you ve gotta know about the treasure!

The psychotic robot scratched his head. Treasure? Well, it s all a little fuzzy& Then something at the back of his head seemed to spark. Wait, wait&Treasure&Buried in the centroid of the mechanism& His voice was starting to crack as he began to remember. There was this big door& At that, his glowing eyes lit up into triangles that opened and shut like a door. And Captain Flint wanted to make sure *nobody* could get his treasure&? Sparks were starting to fly every where. So I helped him! Helped- I helped-I helped&*DATA inaccessible*! *Reboot   Reboot-*

 B.E.N&. B.E.N.?! When the robot didn t respond, Jim pulled his hand back and slapped him across the jaw.

B.E.N. turned to Jim with a normal look on his face. And you are?

 What about the treasure?! Jim was losing his patience with the irrepressible robot.

And once again, he wasn t listening. I wanna say *Larry*. Then, as if he d remembered the hole ordeal, he apologized. I m sorry&I ve lost my mind. He turned around and pointed to a spot in his metal head. Wires were sticking out at odd angles from a hole where what looked like main piece was missing. You haven t found it, have you? My primary memory circuit?

Jim gave up. He was tired of trying to understand the robot. I really need to find a place to hide, okay? I m just gonna be&you know&moving on.

Kneeling on the ground with a defeated look on his face, B.E.N. said, Oh, um&so this is goodbye, huh? I m sorry I m so&dysfunctional. I do understand. Goodbye.

Jim took pity on the sad robot, but rolled his eyes anyway. Look, if you re going to come, you ve got to stop talking.

Instantly, B.E.N. turned around and flung himself in Jim s arms. Yippee! This is fantastic! Me and my best buddy out looking for a place to hide-

 And you have to stop touching me! Jim practically scraped the robot off his arms to the ground. Morph continued flying around, looking disgustedly at the robot.

 Touching and talking, my two big no-no s&Got it!

Rolling his eyes again and beginning to regret his decision, Jim pointed towards a group of reeds. Okay. Now, I think we should head-

B.E.N. squinted his eyes, crossed his legs and smiled embarrassedly. Say, before we go on our big search , would you mind if we made a quick pit stop by my place? Pulling aside a cluster of tall pipe-weeds, B.E.N. revealed a strange, moss covered dwelling. It s kinda urgent.

Jim smiled excitedly. B.E.N., I think you just solved my problem!

An hour later found Jim, Dilbert, and Captain Amelia safe inside B.E.N. s strange home. As Dilbert walked in with the wounded Amelia in his arms, the robot looked at them fondly. Ahhh&Isn t that sweet? I find old-fashioned romance so touching. How bout drinks for the happy couple?

He pulled forth two oily drinks on a tin tray. Dilbert refused politely. Oh, no, thank you. And&we re not a couple. As he said this, though, he looked at Amelia lovingly and she returned the gesture.

Then, becoming more serious, Amelia turned to Jim. Mr. Hawkins, shoot anyone who tries to approach.

But before he could make it too the circular entrance, B.E.N. was there, waving his arms wildly. Hey look! More of your buddies! Hey, fellas!! We re over here! Fellas!!! The fellas in question just so happened to be Silver s band of pirates.

Jim pulled the annoying robot out of the way just as shots began to be fired. Shaking with adrenaline, Jim gathered his courage and returned fire.

Then the unmistakable voice of Silver rang out over the din. Stop your fire! He hobbled up on a makeshift cane and held up a white flag. Jimbo! If it s all right with the cap n, I d like a short word with ya&no tricks!

The captain frowned. Come to bargain for the map, doubtless.

Jim s eyes lit up with realization. That means he thinks we still have it! Without another word, he swung himself over the small ledge and walked over to where Bekkah and Silver were sauntering to. Inside, he burned with hatred, but managed to control himself.

With a heave, Silver set himself down on a boulder. Looking at Jim apologetically, Silver said, Whatever ya heard back there concerning you, I didn t mean a word of it. If those blood thirsty blaggards had thought I had gone soft, they would ve gutted us both! Despite his words, Jim didn t believe him. Putting his oversized arm around the boy s shoulders, he continued. Listen to me&you get me the map, and I ll split the treasure, fifty fifty! Well, thirty-three, thirty-three, including Bekkah, of course.

Jim shook his head and smiled. Boy, you really are something. At least you taught me one thing: to stick to it. And that s what I m gonna do, so you won t see one dubloon of my treasure!

Silver s cyborg eye flashed red. That treasure is owed to me, by thunder!

Well try to find it without my map! *By thunder*!!

Silver looked darkly at Jim. You still don t know how to pick your fights do you, Jimbo? Either I get my map by dawn tomorrow, or I ll use the ship s cannons to *blast ya all to kingdom come*!!

As he turned and left, no one saw the sad look that the big cyborg cast over his shoulder. Bekkah turned to Jim and took a deep breath. Jim, there s something you should know about me, so listen.

Completely taken over by anger, Jim snapped angrily at her, Oh really? Just one thing?!

She took another shaky breath and closed her eyes before she continued. When I was only two years old, my mother dies of a disease that ravaged her lungs. My father lost his job and left me every day with my nana to find a new one. Well, when I was 5, my nana decided she couldn t watch me without any pay and left me. My father decided I was old enough to stay home alone, and finally found a job. He would be gone for a week at the most, and every time he came home he would sweep me in his arms and smile. She smiled at the memory then opened her eyes again. I reached my eighth birthday and my father came home, as usual. But he didn t seep me in his arms or smile, or even take his cloak off. He wouldn t let me touch him or go near him. As he put me to bed that night, he said goodbye and I, confused, said goodnight. The next day he was gone. I waited for weeks, but he never came home. When I ran out of food, I decided he wasn t coming back.

Jim s gaze softened slightly as he looked into her sad eye. I left my home and went to the streets to find food and possibly a job. One night, a group of traveling aliens came upon me, shivering in a torn blanket. One of them took pity on me and took me home with him. Her fingers twitched and she straightened her shoulders. That man was Silver, Jim. I was eight years old had had no other way to know what to do. He told me how to a pirate. How to think on my feet. The look in her eyes held no regrets.

 So you lost your parents, your home, all in a few years& Jim s voice trailed off.

Bekkah bit her lip. All my life, I could never make a friend. Silver was the closest thing I had to a father, but that was all I had. We would convince captain s we were good crew men and pretend to be friends with the captain and their crew, but it wasn t a real friendship. Jim, when I met you, you were the first real friend I d ever had. I didn t want to lose that. *Don t* want to lose that.

 Then why d you turn against us like that? Jim s eyes so cold, Bekkah could barely look at them.

Drawing herself up, Bekkah responded with cold severity in her voice. I could ve turned you in. I coul ve told Silver you were hiding in that barrel. Then they all would ve cornered you and shot you and made our job just that much easier. I could ve killed you so many times, but I never did.

 Yeah, but you also could ve never joined him to begin with. Why didn t you just run away? Jim s eyes held so many questions, but Bekkah only had one answer.

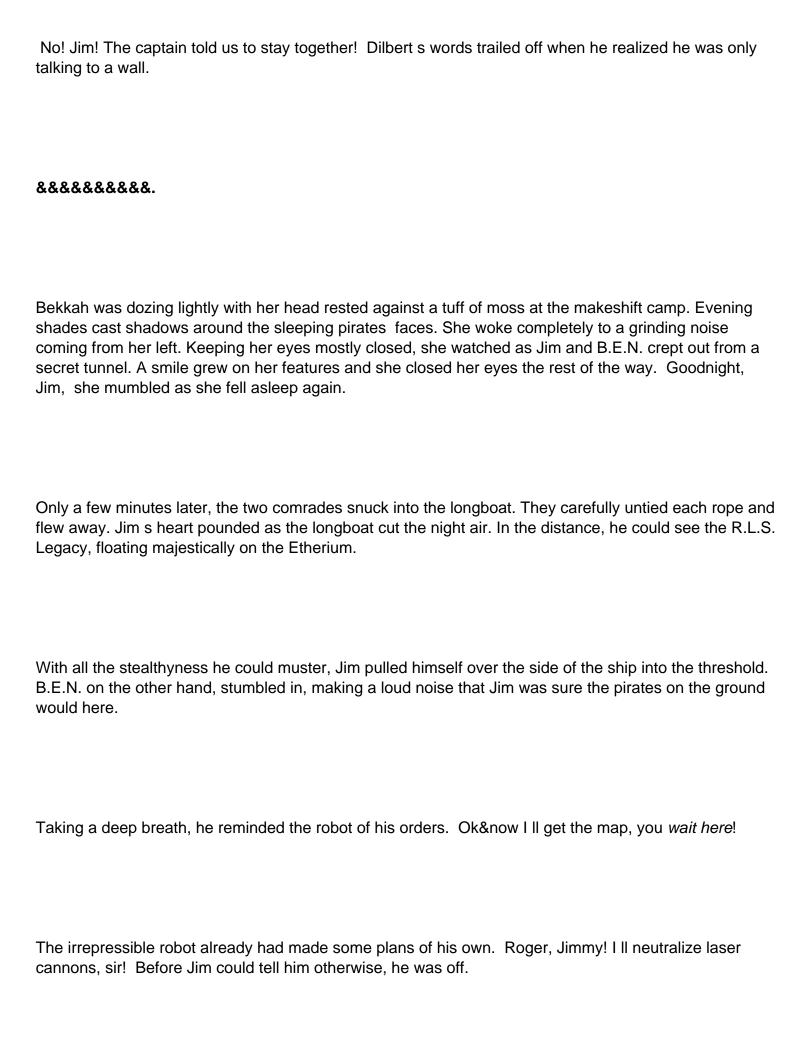 I was eight years old, Jim. *Eight.*

Those simple words held so much impact, Jim began to feel almost guilty. Gazing sadly at the ground, he responded in barely whisper, Sorry.

Bekkah turned on her heals and headed back to Silver s band. Don t be. But Jim never saw the slender tear that rolled down her rosy cheek.

7 - The Map

A distant sun was setting somewhere far away on Treasure Planet as Jim trudged back to B.E.N. s home. He climbed over the doorway into the dimly lit room and sat down, not sure whether to feel angry, sad, or hurt. Putting his head in his hands, Jim looked around to see what had happened in his absence. The captain was leaning against a moss covered dome with Dilbert hovering over her anxiously.

Grunting in pain, Amelia tried giving orders. Gentlemen, we must stick together&and&and&

Dilbert looked at her with wide eyes. &And what? We must stick together and *what*?!

Amelia looked into his eyes with a dreamy, but somewhat delusional, expression. Doctor, you have&wonderful eyes.

 She s gone mad!! Dilbert took off his glasses in frustration and sat down next to her.

Jim stood up and walked to the entrance way. Placing his head in one of his hands, he began to think. Without the map we re dead. If we try to leave, we re dead. If we stay here..

Morph hovered about him, punctuating each word by exploding. We re dead! We re dead, we re dead, we re dead!!

B.E.N. slowly crept to the back of his dwelling. Well, I think that Jim could use a little quiet time. So I ll just slip out the back door-

Jim s eyes opened wide. Back door?

Jabbing a robotic finger at a dome in the back, B.E.N. replied, Oh yeah, I get a delightful breeze through here. As he pushed against the dome, it began to make an awful grinding noise. Jim suddenly understood.

Calling over to Dilbert and Amelia, he began to help B.E.N. flip the dome around. Hey, Doc! I think I found a way out of here! The dome turned out to be a huge ball placed in the ground as a sort of doorway. After they d flipped it around, a hole in the top was visible.

Excitement rushed through Jim as he peered into the greenish light that filtered through. Before anyone could stop him, he hopped through the opening, with B.E.N. close behind him. I ll be back!

No! Jim! The captain told us to stay together! Dilbert s words trailed off when he realized he was only talking to a wall.

&&&&&&&&&&.

Bekkah was dozing lightly with her head rested against a tuff of moss at the makeshift camp. Evening shades cast shadows around the sleeping pirates faces. She woke completely to a grinding noise coming from her left. Keeping her eyes mostly closed, she watched as Jim and B.E.N. crept out from a secret tunnel. A smile grew on her features and she closed her eyes the rest of the way. Goodnight, Jim, she mumbled as she fell asleep again.

Only a few minutes later, the two comrades snuck into the longboat. They carefully untied each rope and flew away. Jim s heart pounded as the longboat cut the night air. In the distance, he could see the R.L.S. Legacy, floating majestically on the Etherium.

With all the stealthyness he could muster, Jim pulled himself over the side of the ship into the threshold. B.E.N. on the other hand, stumbled in, making a loud noise that Jim was sure the pirates on the ground would here.

Taking a deep breath, he reminded the robot of his orders. Ok&now I ll get the map, you *wait here*!

The irrepressible robot already had made some plans of his own. Roger, Jimmy! I ll neutralize laser cannons, sir! Before Jim could tell him otherwise, he was off.

No! B.E.N.? Wait! Shaking his head, Jim proceeded to the longboat hold, with Morph following.

B.E.N. hummed a pirate ditty as he made way to the control room. Just disable a few laser cannons, how hard can that be? All we have to do is find that one little wire and& Surprise etched his metallic features as he opened the main control station. There were literally hundreds of wires. Oh mama.

Randomly, he began pulling plugs. A loud siren sounded. Uh-oh.

Meanwhile, Jim had just grabbed the map form the coils of rope. When he heard the siren go off, he turned and started heading for the door. That stupid robot is going to get us all killed! No sooner had he spoken then Scroob entered the bay.

Smiling an evil, blood-chilling sneer, he said, Hello, cabin boy.

It didn t take long for Jim s legs to start again. He turned and ran in the opposite direction, with Morph trying to buy him time. Turning into a pie, the little pink blob smashed himself in Scroob s face. Wiping away Morph agitatedly, the spider pursued Jim.

Jim dashed madly down the hallway, clinging to the map for all he was worth.

Back in the control room, B.E.N. was still fiddling with the numerous wires. This *has* to be the cannons! Unfortunately, it wasn t. He started to float into the air as the artificial gravity decreased.

Jim closed his eyes for a brief moment to regain his courage. Spinning around, he took his chance. Grabbing hold of a pipe, Jim kicked Scroob in the gut, sending him smashing through the ceiling and into the dark sky. But Jim was son to follow. The force of his kick forced him to let go of his hold on the pipe, and he was now quickly flying up into the Etherium.

Scroob had grabbed a rope with one claw and with the other, he reached out to grab Jim. He missed, and Jim continued to float upwards. Just before he was lost forever, he grabbed the pirate flag.

Jim s eyes rolled in every direction, trying to form a plan in his mind. They finally came to rest above his head on his gun that was silently and unnoticeably floating upwards. Reaching out for all he was worth, his fingertips brushed the gun handle. Come one, come one. No! Unfortunately, it began hurtling out of reach. Panic swelled in his veins.

Turning his eyes back to Scroob, the spider creature had crawled up the main-mast and was sneering up at the helpless Jim. Oh yesss! His claw sawed at the rope holding the flag to the mast, and Jim with it. Say hello to Mr. Arrow for me, boy!

Gathering his courage, Jim scrambled down the flag and kicked Scroob in the back. Tell him yourself!

Scroob flew into the open air, with nothing to hold to but the flag that had wrapped itself around his body.

Just as Jim touched the planked floor of the ship, B.E.N. came up, covered in wires. The gravity had been restored.

 Laser cannons disconnected, Captain Jimmy, sir! See? That wasn t too bad. Jim couldn t help the smile that slid across his face.

A short while later, the two friends crawled through the dome exit they d used to escape. Jim couldn t stop the excitement welling up inside. Doc! Doc, I m back! I ve got the map!

 Fine work, Jimbo! The voice sent shivers up and down Jim s spine. The map was snatched from his hands. Fine work indeed. An evil smile crossed John Silver s craggy features.

Two burly pirates grabbed both of his arms as Jim took in his surroundings. Dilbert and Captain Amelia were tied up off to one side while the rest of the room was filled with sweaty and terrifying pirates. As he fought to free himself from his captors, his eyes rested on Bekkah, standing behind a couple of pirates, looking distressed and sad. Uncontrollable anger filled all of Jim s senses. He d been betrayed again.

Bekkah tried as hard as she could to fight back tears. She knew it wasn t her fault, but she couldn t help but feeling like it was. She watched as her long time teacher and friend fought to open the map.

Silver turned his mechanical arm into a clamp and tried to pry the sphere apart to no avail.

Jim laughed and shook his head. Glaring angrily at the boy, Silver took to desperate measures. His cyborg hand changed into a gun and he pointed it directly at Dilbert s head. Open it! And get busy!

Reluctantly, Jim took the brass map from the pirate s hand. Without even looking down, he pushed some of the symbols and twisted it a couple of times. The map opened in a flurry of green. The green light formed into a trail leading out of B.E.N. s abode.

Grinning with satisfaction, Silver said, Oh, wouldya look at that! Tie him up with the others.

Bekkah stepped up. Maybe we should take him with us. What if the map closed? We wouldn t be able to open it again. Just as she finished saying this, Jim closed the map.

Looking up at the pirate with dark eyes, Jim said, I agree. You want the map you re taking me too.

Silver reluctantly agreed. Alright, lads, we ll take em all!

Moments later, they all found themselves in the last longboat, following the green, pulsing signal produced by the map. When they could no longer use the boat, they walked. Changing his mechanical arm yet again, Silver began hacking at vegetation in excitement. We re getting close, lads, I can smell treasure awaitin !

B.E.N. grabbed Jim s arm and motioned ahead of him. Jimmy, I m starting to see my life pass before my eyes&At least, I *think* it s my life. Was I ever dancing with android named *Lily*?

Jim silenced him. Shhh! This isn t over yet. His eyes flickered this way and that, watching each pirate carefully.

The green light above them began to speed up. Excitement filled everyone s sense as they cut through the last of the vegetation. For a brief moment, Bekkah forgot all her troubles. What laid behind the last bit of weeds could change her life forever. Finally, after what seemed like hours, the green pipe weeds gave way to a sheer, rocky cliff. Bekkah could feel her heart sink.

The green light went to the edge of the cliff and stopped. One particular pirate(a green alien with a bunch of eyes on tentacles) spoke for everyone. I see nuttink! Vun great beeg hunk of *nuttink*!

Nothing at all.