

In the afternoon, Stephanie slowly woke up from being asleep for a long time, feeling less sore and tired than last time.

She sat up from the couch she was sleeping on, blinking a few more times before yawning, revealing her sharp canines and scarred mouth.

After yawning, Stephanie stretches out from where she was lying, feeling a little sore that she fell asleep on the couch.

Sitting up from the couch, Stephanie felt her bones pop out from the sockets slightly, but cracked a little as she winced softly.

Once she had fully sat up, Stephanie yawned again as she stretched, before hearing the door knock, glancing over at it with a confused expression on her face.

“Come in!” Stephanie called the figure from the other side of the door, sounding a little tired but awake.

The door clicked open after Stephanie responded to the knock, and Eloise hopped inside, carrying a tray of food in her ‘hands.’

From what Stephanie can see, there was a glass of both orange juice and milk with another cup that could be filled with water, slices of toast, and a small dipping sauce.

“Is that for me?” Stephanie politely asked as she hopped in front of her with the tray in her ‘hands,’ still feeling a little groggy.

“Yes,” Eloise nodded as she placed the tray of food in front of Stephanie. “I didn’t know what you liked, so I gathered as much as there was in the dining room.”

Stephanie could now see that there were both pancakes and waffles, with eggs and bacon, and a bowl of cereal of *Cap’n Crunch* to Stephanie’s surprise.

“You gathered all this food for me?” Stephanie softly chuckled, glancing up at Eloise, who nodded her head yes. “What about you? What are you going to eat?”

“Don’t worry about me, Stephanie,” Eloise assured her as Stephanie paused a little. “I’ll eat soon, you go ahead and eat yours.”

Stephanie nodded her head and went to eat the cereal first, as Eloise hopped away and closed the door behind her back.

“How is she?” Alexander asked after Eloise closed the door behind her back.

“She is doing fine,” Eloise answered, shaking her head gently. “Right now, let’s get some breakfast from the dining room.”

Alexander paused after Eloise assured him, glancing over at the door that belongs to her, feeling suspicious of her.

But, without a word or doing anything, Alexander instead followed Eloise to the dining room.

Meanwhile, Stephanie continued eating the breakfast that Eloise had given her, enjoying the food she had picked for her.

It oddly reminded her of her mother’s cooking, where she could make pancakes for breakfast, or her father makes waffles in the morning.

But the best part was the coffee in the third cup, which was perfectly sweetened to her liking.

Mentally, Stephanie slapped a note to herself to pay Eloise gratitude for giving her food by making her some food in return.

Once she had finished her breakfast, Stephanie stood up from the couch she was sitting on and walked outside her room, heading to the dining room to place the dishes away.

Stephanie entered the dining room and noticed there were some veggies inside, but not as much as there was.

But Stephanie did not mind it since it was like a school cafeteria in her mind.

“Excuse me,” Stephanie pardoned herself as she bowed slightly to each veggie she passed. “Excuse me, pardon me, excuse me, sorry.”

As she passed each veggie, Stephanie kept glancing over when she felt that something had *changed* after she went to rescue the prince and princess.

They were oddly staring at her with suspicion and distrust as if she had done something that made them double think about her.

Her mind went to the powers she used to get to them in shadow form, mentally scolding herself for pulling a stupid stunt like that in front of *everyone*!

“Hey, watch it!” Stephanie snapped out of her thoughts when she accidentally bumped into someone smaller than him, flinching and moving backwards. “You nearly rolled me!”

It was one of the French peas, glaring up at her with an irritated expression on his face, as he had freckles on his cheeks.

“Oh, pardonne-moi,” Stephanie spoke in French to the pea that snapped at her. “I’m sorry for nearly stepping on you.”

The French pea looked surprised when Stephanie spoke French, asking in his language, “Quand avez-vous parlé ou appris le français? Êtes-vous à moitié français vous-même?”

Stephanie paused a little after he asked, before placing the plates down in the bin to collect dirty dishes and kneeling to his height.

“Non je suis désolé.” Stephanie apologized in French as more French peas hopped over to her. “Je ne suis pas à moitié français. J’ai appris le français seulement d’un de mes amis.”

The French peas ‘oohed’ after Stephanie explained to them, as one of them said, “Votre ami français doit alors vous avoir appris beaucoup de français! Nous vous disons adieu et soyez prudent avec votre destination!”

Stephanie nodded her head and stood back up to her feet, as the French peas hopped away from her, as she sighed, blushing a light neon pink color with embarrassment.

First, she made herself a boastful idiot in front of everyone, now she almost got herself into serious trouble with a French pea for being so caught up in her thoughts!

“Stephanie?” Stephanie snapped out of her thoughts when she heard her name spoken, glancing over and noticing a confused but concerned Larry. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine,” Stephanie assured Larry. “Just in my thoughts.”

Larry glanced away from Stephanie as she headed outside to get her mind back together from being distracted.

As she stepped outside, something ruffled in her pocket, causing her to glance down and notice a corner of a blue piece of paper sticking out.

Confused, Stephanie reached inside with a hand and took out the piece of paper, noticing that it was the blueprint she had taken with her before rescuing the prince and princess.

‘Oh, I forgot about this!’ Stephanie thought to herself as she opened the blueprint. ‘But... what machine this is?’

Stephanie paused a little as she scanned the diagram with her left eye as the beam was invisible and looked at the device.

It was cube-shaped and looked like a puzzle box that Stephanie had seen before, but looked different from what she had suspected.

But it looked almost like a Skylander’s portal, except a little different from how it looked before.

It was even in a mixture of Steampunk and cybernetic too.

From the middle of the cube was an unspecified gemstone that had question marks scribbled around it, with the words ‘Topaz?’ and ‘Ruby?’ written.

‘Is he trying to look for a gemstone to operate this thing?’ Stephanie thought to herself as she continued looking through the designs, even looking at the blueprint in her hands.

As she continued looking through the design of the device, Bob hopped over to her to ask a question, paused when he noticed that Stephanie was holding another blueprint in her hands, and looked to be deep in her thoughts.

Larry and Shem hopped over and noticed Stephanie looking at the blueprint in her hands, glancing at each other, before Larry hopped over to her.

“Steph?” He spoke but did not receive an answer. “Stephanie?”

Still, no response as her left eye was glowing slightly, scanning across the blueprint and mumbling to herself.

“Stephanie!” Bob called but to no avail.

Shem thought to himself for a moment before hopping off, then returned with an air horn in his ‘hand.’

He shook the air horn for a moment, before turning his head away and closing his eyes, ‘pressing’ the button on the top, making a loud air horn noise.

That eventually caused Stephanie to snap out of her thoughts.

Stephanie jolted after hearing the air horn noise, exclaiming, “What the-?!” before noticing the air horn in Shem’s ‘hand.’

“What was that for?!” Stephanie exclaimed, slightly huffing as she closed the blueprint in her hands.

“You were deep in thought and would not respond to our calls,” Larry explained as Shem hopped away to place the air horn away. “And is it normal for your left eye to glow like that?”

Stephanie reached up with one hand and felt the side of her left hand with her fingers underneath her glasses, as the glow had stopped.

“Yeah,” Stephanie nodded. “It only happens when I am deep in my thoughts or examining something inside my mind like how robots do it, which you did not need to scare me like that!”

Stephanie snapped gently at them with a soft glare as Shem chuckled sheepishly.

“Anyway,” Bob shook his head after Stephanie gently snapped at them. “What is the blueprint in your hands? Is it one of your ideas?”

She shook her head no and knelt to their heights, opening the blueprint up and showing what was drawn and written on it.

“This is Robert’s blueprints,” Stephanie explained as Shem, Bob, and Larry looked surprised. “I stole it from him while on my mission to rescue Alexander and Eloise from him.”

“Th-That’s incredible!” Shem remarked. “What about the other blueprints he made back at his fortress?”

“I did graffiti on them.” Stephanie shrugged. “Mostly messing his plans and drew on them, so he wouldn’t use them again.”

She gave a cheeky smile after explaining what she did to Robert’s blueprints during her adventure in his castle, as Bob, Larry, and Shem looked impressed.

“But,” Stephanie continued as she pointed to the drawing of the puzzle box/Skylander portal machine. “Do any of you know what this type of blueprint plans are?”

Confused expressions appeared on all of their faces after Stephanie asked, glancing at each other and back at the blueprint.

“No, not really.” Bob shook his head no as Shem and Larry thought to themselves. “But, from the title, it looks like a portal of some sort.”

“I noticed.” Stephanie nodded, sighing gently to herself from the *obvious* thing. “But from which timeline, place, and where did it come from? I know Robert created it, but *what* is this creation is the main question.”

Bob, Larry, and Shem nodded their heads in agreement before Alexander hopped over after hearing the conversation, suggesting, “Maybe if we find one of Robert’s crew members and make him spill out some information about it?”

A smile appeared on Stephanie’s face after he suggested, saying, “Alexander, you are a genius! But where can we find them since they could be everywhere?”

Alexander looked slightly surprised after Stephanie complimented his idea, smiling softly from her kindness.

“Why not try going to Jolly Joe’s?” suggested Larry. “It is full of pirates there! Maybe Robert the Terrible’s crew is in there!”

“Good idea, Larry!” Stephanie smiled before turning her attention to the window with the blueprint rolled up in her hand. “Peach! Hey, Peach!”

Muffled came from the other side of the window, and Stephanie paused a little before calling out again, "We can't hear you, Peach!"

The window opened, and Peach's head popped out of the window, calling out to Stephanie and the gang, "I said 'what?'"

Stephanie smiled after he asked, saying, "Can you give the coordinates to Jolly Joe's?"

"Sure!" Peach nodded before hopping back into the cabin.

Stephanie patiently waited for a few minutes as the window closed by itself without Peach using it.

After a few minutes passed, muffled noises came from the other side of the window, as Stephanie, along with Shem, Bob, and Larry called up to Peach, "We can't hear you, Peach."

The window opened again, and Peach poked his head out again, calling, "Sorry! The darn window closed again!"

"Don't worry!" Stephanie called him. "I'll ask one of the carpenters to get up there and fix it for you."

"Thanks!" Peach called her before clearing his throat. "Jolly Joe's is about east-west from where we are on the map! That means we are around seventy or eighty miles away from where we are!"

"Thank you, Peach!" Stephanie called up to him with a smile on her face.

"Actually," Peach spoke, blushing gently from Stephanie's compliment. "My name is Norman! But I do get nicknamed 'Peach' because of what fruit I am!"

"Oh!" Stephanie gently chuckled. "Well, thank you, Norman!"

Norman, the name of the Peach, blushes more from Stephanie's gratitude for his help, before turning away and the window closed behind his back.

"Captain!" Stephanie called the captain of the ship, who poked his head out of the window. "Head over to east-west!"

He nodded his head and moved his head back into the window, and the driver of the wheel turned the wheel, turning the ship east-west.

Once Stephanie had called out to the captain, she paused a little as she unrolled the blueprints in her hand and looked at it, thinking to herself for a moment.

“Shem?” Stephanie spoke as he glanced back over at her from looking at the captain. “Do you mind if I borrow you in my room for the moment? We still need to analyze this a little to get some information on it.”

Shem nodded his head and followed Stephanie but did not know that Alexander followed behind, deciding that he could test his trust with her to see what would happen next.

During the trip to Jolly Joe’s, Stephanie, Shem, and Alexander were talking about the blueprint she had recently swiped during her adventure through Robert’s fortress, discussing what could be what Robert is or made.

Meanwhile, everyone talked to each other about the adventures they had been through.

Some were commenting on what they were wearing or what they were doing, even playing games.

The crew members on the ship went to wash the poop deck, roping the sails, mending the ropes, and checking for any leaks in the lower part of the boat.

Soon, they reached Jolly Joe’s and anchored the ship to the docks, where Stephanie went to it, but not by herself like last time.

Larry, Pa Grape, and Mr. Lunt go along with her, just in case she does not mess things up or get herself into trouble.

Stephanie placed her hood up over her head to hide her appearance, as she also placed her arms into her pockets to make herself more ‘vegetable’ like.

“Okay,” Mr. Lunt explained to Stephanie as she glanced down at him. “All you have to do is to lie low and not attract any more attention.”

Stephanie nodded her head after Mr. Lunt explained, reaching over with a hand and slowly opening the door to Jolly Joe’s, as a wave of music hit their ears.

“Join in!” a pirate’s voice exclaimed, as Stephanie and the three poked their heads inside. “🎵 Argh, argh, argh, argh, argh, argh, argh, argh, argh! 🎵”

Stephanie perked with interest as she continued listening to the music playing from the pirates, following behind Mr. Lunt, Larry, and Pa Grape.

One of the pirates was a male, which has a Scottish accent and looked to be a rhubarb with red leaves on the head to make it look like ‘hair’ as he was holding a violin in his hands, playing it, even though he had no hands or arms.

“🎵 Grab your root beer, hold it high! Whack your shipmate in the eye! 🎵” the Scottish pirate sang, dancing on the tabletop in front of his friends. “🎵 Yank his hair and break his nose! Watch your back, it’s Jolly Joe’s. 🎵”

Just as after he sang that some pirates were from Robert’s crew whacked their shipmate in the eye, as another yanked another’s beard.

“🎵 Grab your root beer, hold it high! 🎵” The pirates repeated as the Scottish pirate played his violin while dancing. “🎵 Yank his hair and break his nose! Watch your back, it’s Jolly Joe’s. 🎵”

Stephanie weaved and moved through the dancing crowds after the three, being careful with her hood and bumping into other pirates as they continued singing.

“🎵 Argh, argh, argh, argh, argh, 🎵” the pirates sang as Stephanie smirked from their singing.
 “🎵 Argh, argh, argh, argh, argh! 🎵”

“You’ve got it now!” the Scottish rhubarb pirate smirked as she was impressed by how jolly they were. “Keep it up, lads!”

He jumped from the table he was dancing on and danced on another one, as everyone continued dancing and waiting for the next line of lyrics from him.

“🎵 Swing your shipmate, promenade, smack him with a rusty blade, 🎵” the Scottish rhubarb pirate sang as he played his violin. “🎵 Spin around, and do-si-do, watch your step, it’s Jolly Joe’s! 🎵”

“🎵 Swing your shipmate, promenade, smack him with a rusty blade, 🎵” the pirates repeated as one of them smacked another with the hilt of a knife, before spinning that person around. “🎵 Spin around, and do-si-do, watch your step, it’s Jolly Joe’s! 🎵”

Stephanie would at times duck as an object of food whizzed past her head, but luckily caught one of them and ate it along the way, complimenting herself from the taste of it.

“🎵 Argh, argh, argh, argh, argh, 🎵” the pirates sang, as the Scottish rhubarb pirate exclaimed, “Watch your backs, scalawags!” “🎵 Argh, argh, argh, argh, argh! 🎵”

“🎵 Pirates do as pirates please, 🎵” they sang along as Stephanie and the crew stopped for some group of pirates to move. “🎵 We’re terrors of the Seven Seas, and when we’ve pillaged all our foes, there ain’t no place like Jolly Jo-o-o-oe’s! 🎵”

Stephanie smirked to herself as she continued listening to the song, moving aside slightly to let some pirates by.

“🎵 Grab a keg of ginger ale, hop up on a wooden pail, 🎵” the pirates continued singing, watching as one of the pirates picked up a wooden keg before hopping onto a wooden stool. “🎵 Drop it on your shipmate’s toes! Oh! 🎵”

The group winced after the shipmate slammed the keg onto his friend’s ‘toes,’ as Stephanie bit the bottom of her lip with the front of her teeth.

“🎵 There ain’t no place like Jolly Joe’s~! 🎵” the singing finished, as the ‘arg’ing continued playing before the music stopped and the pirates returned to their seats.

“That...” Stephanie paused as she slowly smiled to herself. “Was lively.”

“I know.” nodded Mr. Lunt. “Now, what was the plan you have?”

Stephanie knelt to Mr. Lunt’s height and whispered, in Spanish to his surprise, “El plan era buscar a uno de los piratas que es uno de los miembros de la tripulación de Robert. Lo engañamos y lo sacamos afuera, y lo hacemos soltar los frijoles.”

Mr. Lunt paused a little after Stephanie explained before smiling and responding in Spanish, to Pa Grape and Larry’s surprise, “Está bien, puedo seguir eso.”

Stephanie smiled after Mr. Lunt responded in Spanish, before standing up to her height and walking away, searching for a group to weasel herself into.

“What did she and you say back to each other?” Larry softly asked, cocking his head to the side.

“She explained the plan to me in the language I speak, and I responded.” Mr. Lunt explained.

“You didn’t tell us you are half Spanish!” Pa Grape mentioned as Mr. Lunt hopped away, as Larry followed behind.

“You just didn’t listen.” Mr. Lunt huffed.

Meanwhile, Stephanie continued searching around for a crew member of Robert’s, acting like a cat searching for a mouse.

As soon as she passed by the Scottish rhubarb pirate, he took notice of her and perked, smirking gently.

“Hey, lass,” he spoke, causing Stephanie to stop and glance over at him, seeing that he had one of Robert’s symbols on the collar of his coat. “Want tae have a drink wi’ me?”

Stephanie paused a little after he asked, before smirking slightly and said, “Sure, but I wonder how long you can hold your sugar?”

He paused a little after she asked before saying, “Well, have a seat an let’s find oot for ourselves!”

Stephanie smiled as she sat down in the seat next to him, despite being a little too small for her, but was able to sit down without having to knock a table over.

He glanced over his shoulder and called out to one of the waitresses, “Oi! Twa mugs o root beer ower here!”

Stephanie glanced over at him as the waitress came over while carrying two mugs of root beer on a tray, placing them down between him and Stephanie.

He picked up his mug after it was placed, as Stephanie did with hers, which she quickly gulped in a single swallow.

It was not that small since she can hold it in her hand, but looked like one of the glasses that are used for milk.

The Scottish pirate looked surprised to watch Stephanie gulp the root beer in a single swig, before smirking with pride.

“Oi!” he called over his shoulder again as Stephanie licked her lips with her scarred tongue, liking the flavor of the root beer. “Three mugs o root beer ower here!”

Meanwhile, Mr. Lunt, Larry, and Pa Grape were not making any progress as they continued looking for anyone who belonged to Robert but found none.

“Great.” Larry sighed after looking. “What we’ll-”

They were cut off when a belch went through the air, along with another one, which was lower than the first one.

“Whoa! Now *thon’s* a burp!” the same Scottish voice went through the air, perking their attention. “Waitress, eicht more root beers ower here!”

Confused, they hopped over to see what was going on, only to gasp when they saw among the crowd surrounding the table was *Stephanie*, including the Scottish rhubarb pirate that has Robert’s symbol on the collar of his coat.

“What is she *doing*?!” Pa Grape exclaimed softly, looking worried. “Is she trying to get herself hyper?!”

“No,” Mr. Lunt shook his head. “She is trying to get *him* hyper.”

Stephanie smirked as she picked up *four* root beer mugs in her hands, drinking one by one, impressing the crowd as the Scottish pirate, using four silly straws are in the other four pint pots, drinking them through it.

The group watched and betted on who would get hyper first, going from one bag of doubloons to two, then to three.

Stephanie finished her eighth mug that another waitress had brought for them, before glancing over at a keg that has the label that reads ‘*The Noble Blast.*’

She covered her mouth as she burped gently before holding her hand up and called, “Excuse me?”

One of the waitresses heard Stephanie excuse herself and hopped over, responding with, “Yes?”

“May I have a keg of the *Noble Blast*?” Instantly the whole room went silent after Stephanie asked as the Scottish rhubarb pirate also spat out his drink from the straws.

“What’s the *Noble Blast*?” Larry asked one of the pirates as he glanced over at Larry.

“Th’ *Noble Blast* be a type o’ soda that makes someone hyper aft’ a sip.” the pirate answered as he was holding three bags of doubloons in his ‘hands.’ “Th’ last pirate who attempted t’ drink that keg nigh-on fainted from bein’ too hyper. I don’t reckon she can do it.”

Stephanie mischievously smirked after she heard the conversation and stood up from the chair, along with the Scottish rhubarb pirate, who was shaking slightly from being hyper.

“A’ll have whit she is having!” the Scottish rhubarb pirate smirked cockily. “Twa kegs o’ the *Noble Blast*, waitress!”

Everyone glanced at each other with surprise, whispering to each other as Larry, Mr. Lunt, and Pa Grape simultaneously gulped with worry.

Stephanie noticed him shaking slightly and kept going with the challenge until he got to the point of hyperness.

The pirates pushed two kegs over to where they were, and Stephanie picked hers, as the Scottish rhubarb pirate picked his up with a little of struggle, as Stephanie’s with ease.

She placed it down and popped the cork out, as the Scottish rhubarb pirate popped the cork off his with a pair of pliers.

“Whoa,” Larry remarked after watching Stephanie easily pop the cork off of hers. “She’s strong.”

To their surprise, Stephanie *lifted* the keg from the ground with ease to every pirate’s shock, as the Scottish rhubarb pirate watched with astonishment too, but went back to what he was doing, attempting to lift it like how she did.

He wobbled a little after attempting to lift it from the ground, but spilled some as he slightly struggled while holding the barrel in his 'hands.'

So, he placed it down on the ground and ordered the waitress to get him the hugest mug there is, which she handed him one after being told what to do, as he tipped it slightly, pouring the soda it into the pint pot he asked for.

They both drank the soda as Stephanie drank hers out of the *keg*, taking massive gulps as she held it in her hands.

The pirates then chanted the word, "Chug!" repeatedly, as Larry, Mr. Lunt, and Pa Grape watched with worry, thinking Stephanie's heart is going to be too fast for her body to take, or get too full of water.

Until Stephanie tipped the keg back more and took the last gulp, revealing that she had *finished the whole barrel of Noble's Blast*.

The Scottish rhubarb pirate only drank four or five of *Noble's Blast* as she finished the keg, before going into a fit of hyperness, speedily singing a song in Gaelic, and dancing a Scottish jig.

"Uh... she won?" a waitress spoke, watching as the Scottish rhubarb pirate continued to be hyper, as Stephanie smiled as she placed the empty keg down on the ground, licking her lips to get the remaining *Noble's Delight* off.

"Yep!" Stephanie smiled before walking over to him and scooping him up from the ground in her hands, carrying him over her shoulder with ease. "May I have four kegs of the *Noble's Delight* and eight kegs of root beer?"

"Why on Earth?!" exclaimed the bartender.

"Because I like the root beer," Stephanie answered, collecting the bets the pirates took and placing it down in front of the bartender. "Keep the change."

"Wha' about his debt?" the bartender asked, mentioning the still chattering Scottish rhubarb pirate over her shoulder. "He still owes me!"

Stephanie pushed her glasses into place after he asked before responding as she reached into her sweater's pocket and took out two bags filled with doubloons and placed them down in front of him.

“Is this enough to pay for both?” Stephanie politely asked, moving her head away from him as he burped.

“...Aye, ‘tis enough.” The bartender nodded as Stephanie smiled politely.

“Thank you.” Stephanie thanked before turning around and carrying the Scottish rhubarb pirate outside with her, as Larry, Mr. Lunt, and Pa Grape followed behind her, with gawking expressions on their faces.

Once outside, Stephanie watched as the pirates placed the last of the ordered barrels of root beer and *Nobel’s Blast* onto the ship, knowing that the prince and princess were in hiding, so they would not be caught and reported to Robert.

Later, Stephanie placed the now less hyper Scottish rhubarb pirate down against a rock and waited for him to stop burping.

“Okay,” Stephanie spoke after he hiccuped, reaching into her sweater pocket and pulling the blueprint out, showing it to him. “Do you know what this is?”

He looked at the blueprint for a moment, before answering in stammering Scottish Gaelic that Stephanie can translate, “I-It’s inneal a rinn Ro-Robert gus siubhal air ais ann an tìm.”

Stephanie paused a little after he answered, as Larry, Mr. Lunt, and Pa Grape looked confused.

“He says that it is a device that Robert made to travel in time.” Stephanie translated it for them.

“So, that’s how he got here?” Pa Grape asked, hopping once forward.

“Tha, tha-tha e.” the Scottish rhubarb pirate stammered, still shaking with hyperness. “Bha an criostal mu dheireadh a chleachd e a ’crathadh às deidh dha tighinn a-steach don àm seo. O, gus dèanamh cinnteach nach cuir duine sam bith eile air ais e chun loidhne-tìm aige, roinn e an inneal ann an trì pìosan sgapte air feadh an t-saoghail.”

Stephanie glanced back down at the blueprint in her hand and looked at the sketch of the gemstones.

She realized that Robert was searching for another gemstone and had broken the machine into different pieces to make things difficult for his enemies.

“What did he say?” Larry asked as Stephanie glanced up at him.

“He said that the last gemstone that Robert used shattered after he came here and is searching for another one,” Stephanie explained to them.

After she explained, a thump came, and Stephanie glanced back over at the Scottish rhubarb pirate, noticing that he had passed out.

“Oh, he passed out.” Mr. Lunt shrugged after he had passed out and turned around, starting to hop away.

“Wait,” Stephanie spoke, glancing over at them and stood up to her feet from kneeling. “We can’t leave him here!”

Mr. Lunt, Larry, and Pa Grape stopped hopping and glanced back over to Stephanie, as Mr. Lunt exclaimed, “Why?! He’s a member of Robert’s crew!”

“That doesn’t mean that we have to leave him defenseless here!” Stephanie protested, huffing. “We can change people by becoming their friends, not their enemies! Make friends with people so you may change them.”

Mr. Lunt, Pa Grape, and Larry went silent after Stephanie quoted, as Pa Grape asked, “What does it mean?”

“It meant that leaving someone in a state meant that you were a true enemy to them,” Stephanie explained as she mentioned over to him with a hand. “But, if we take care of him, we can change him like how you change your villains in your stories from the episodes you do.”

They glanced at each other after Stephanie explained as she picked the now knocked out Scottish rhubarb pirate up from the ground, carrying him towards the ship.

“But... I’ll keep him in my office to make things safe around,” Stephanie added, before turning back around and boarding the ship.

After Stephanie boarded the ship, Larry glanced over at Pa Grape and nodded his head, before following her to not be left behind.

Mr. Lunt was silent after Stephanie protested to them, before hopping over Larry and Pa Grape, getting ready to search for the pieces that were scattered.