

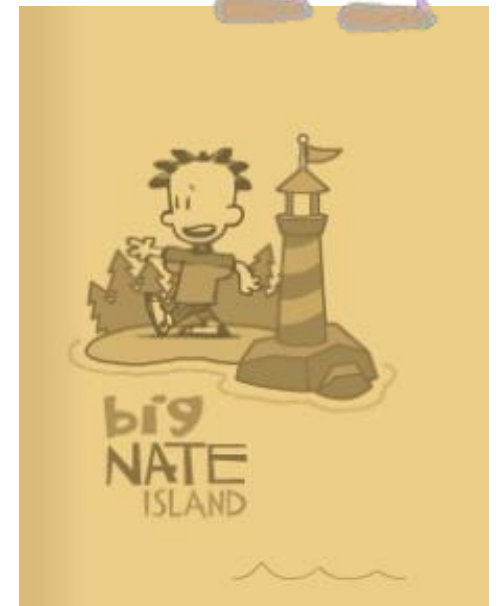
Poptropica



Scavenger's Comic Book

Comics and more
from Poptropica's
sponsored islands!

-Compiled by
Invisible Ring



blitz
NATE
 by Lincoln Peirce



LOCKER COMBO: NINE THREE ZERO FIVE







THE DANCE IS TOMORROW, AND I HAVEN'T FOUND A DATE YET!

UH-OH, ROMEO! GETTING DESPERATE?



NO, FRANCIS, I'M NOT GETTING DESPERATE! WHEN YOU'RE AT YOUR BEST UNDER PRESSURE LIKE I AM, YOU DON'T GET DESPERATE!



OOP. GOTTA RUN.



PLEASE GO TO THE DANCE WITH ME.

HE DOESN'T GET DESPERATE.



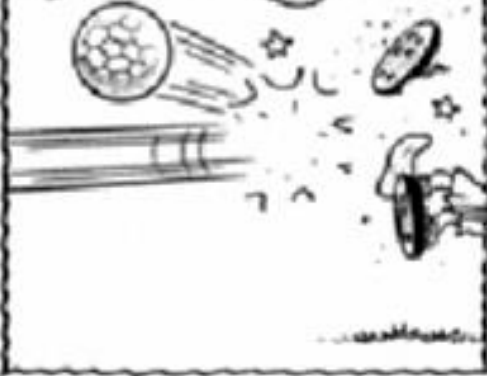
OKAY, ARTUR, WATCH CAREFULLY! FOR A GOALIE, THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO HAVE A GOOD WARM-UP!



OKAY, GUYS, WARM ME UP!



DOOF!



I AM CONFUSED. HOW YOU TO GET WARM WITH COLD ICE ON FACE?

SHUT UP, ARTUR.





WE JUST SEEMED TO RUN OUT OF GAS AT THE END OF GAMES! WE WANT TO AVOID THAT **THIS YEAR!**



... SO I'M BRINGING IN A **SPECIALIST** TO HELP YOU GENTS WITH YOUR **STAMINA!** **COACH JOHN!**



ACTUALLY, I WAS PERFECTLY CONTENT WITH RUNNING OUT OF GAS AT THE END OF GAMES.

TEA PARTY'S OVER, LADIES!



I'M THE GOALIE, AND... UH... WELL, A GOALIE PRETTY MUCH STANDS AROUND MOST OF THE GAME...



I MEAN, THERE'S REALLY NO REASON FOR **ME** TO DO WIND SPRINTS, BECAUSE... UH... WELL, AS I SAID...



LIFT UP THOSE KNEES, NANCIES!





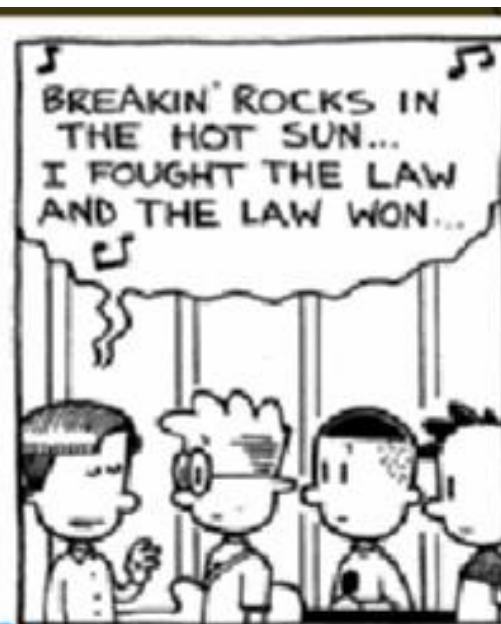


SOON THE NEIGHBORHOOD WILL BE FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS OF "ENSLAVE THE MOLLUSK" PLAYING HEAD-BANGING, EARTH-SHATTERING **ROCK!**



... AND I'M THE MAN ON THE MICROPHONE! THIS IS **AWESOME**, YOU GUYS! WE'RE A REAL LIVE **BAND!**







POW!



WOW. THAT WAS CRUSHED. I'VE NEVER SEEN A BALL HIT THAT FAR.



HE DIDN'T HIT IT THAT GOOD. IT WAS JUST A POP FLY THAT GOT CAUGHT BY THE WIND.



CAUGHT BY THE WIND? THAT BALL REACHED THE TENNIS COURTS!



I'M TRYING TO KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP, MAN. WORK WITH ME.



GOOD JOB, TEDDY. NICE MEATBALL.



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YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE WILD, HENRY. I'M MAKING A PITCHING CHANGE.

OK, COACH.



CAN I PITCH, COACH?

YOU ALREADY PITCHED, NATE.



YOU PITCHED THE FIRST INNING.

I DID?



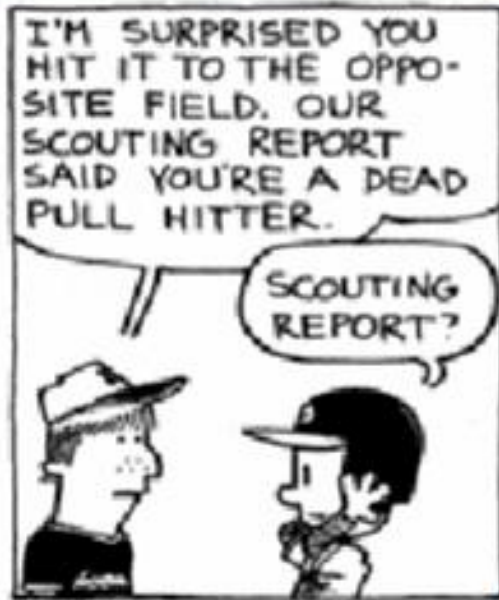
THEY SCORED EIGHT RUNS.

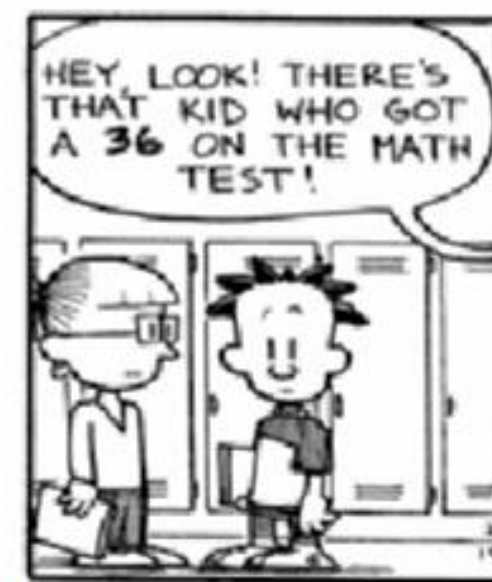
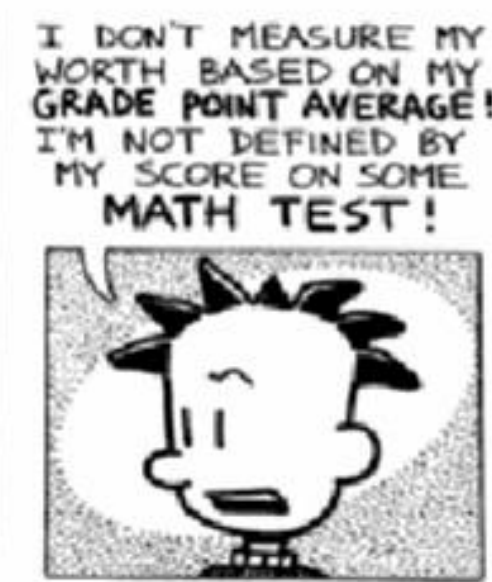
OH H H, YEAH!

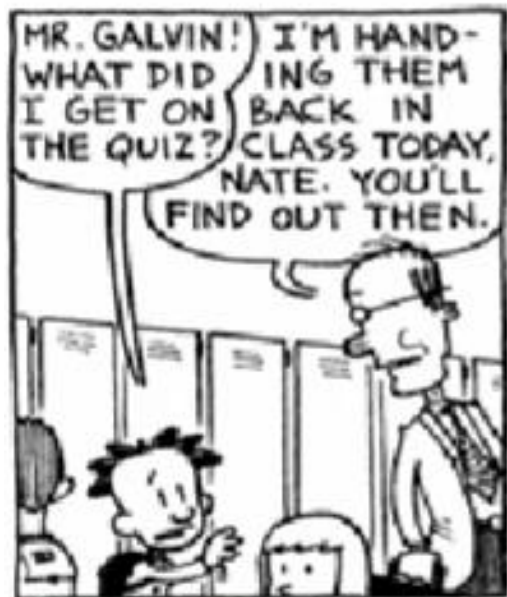
IT'S BEEN A LONG GAME.



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WELL, IT TOOK AN ALL-NIGHTER, BUT I MANAGED TO FINISH MY RESEARCH PAPER.



"WHAT IF ROBERT E. LEE HAD FOUGHT FORF THU UNION?"

I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO PROOFREAD IT.



" IN APRIL OFR 1861, JUST DAAYS AFTER THE FALF OF FORT SUMTER, PRETIDENT ABRAHAMN LINCOLN WRROTE Q LETTER TO ROBERT EE; LEE..."

I MADE A FEW TYPOS.



"...OFFFTMRXG HMR CRT MF TRXRMDSDDFJJK;T AATJLL;;;MMJLLSS..."

AND I FELL ASLEEP ON THE KEYBOARD A COUPLE TIMES.



WHAT IF I DIDN'T GO INTO MRS. GODFREY'S HOMEROOM?



WHAT IF I TOOK OFF INSTEAD? WHAT IF I JUST RAN OUT OF THE BUILDING, ACROSS THE FIELD, FREE AND..



HAVING TROUBLE FINDING YOUR DESK?

OH, HOW I HATE HER.







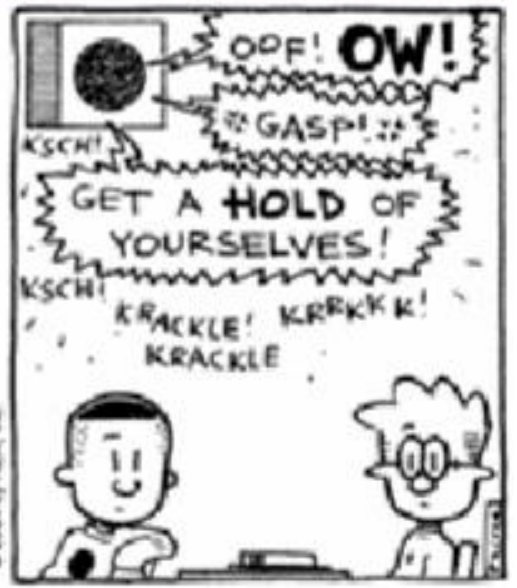
YEAH! BACK IN
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL,
WE GOT CANDY IF OUR
BEHAVIOR WAS GOOD,
OR IF WE DID WELL ON
A TEST, OR...

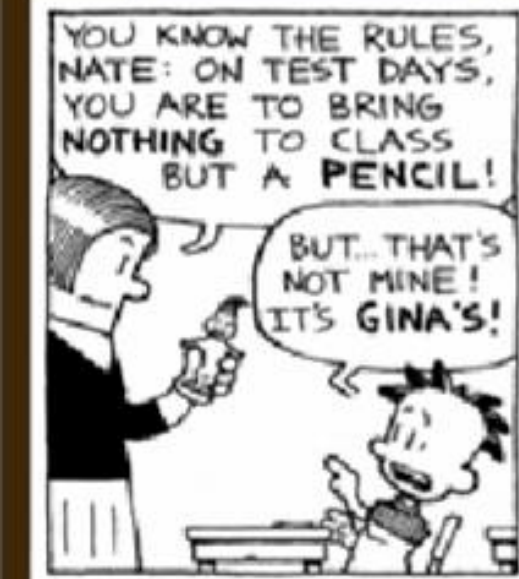


... WHEN YOU KEEP SEND-
ING ME TO THE PRINCIPAL'S
OFFICE DURING
CLASS? YOU'RE NOT
MAKING SENSE!

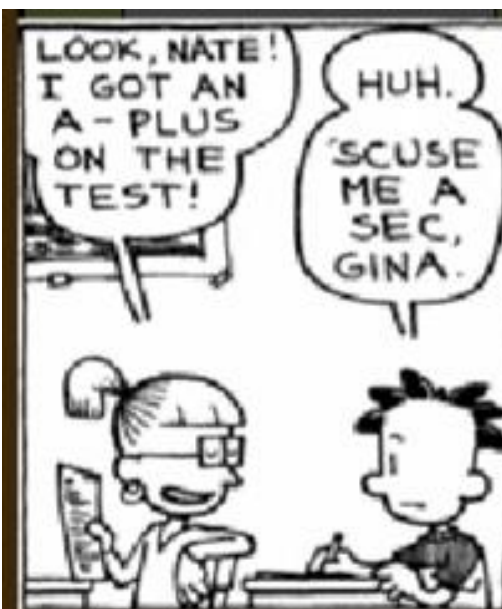
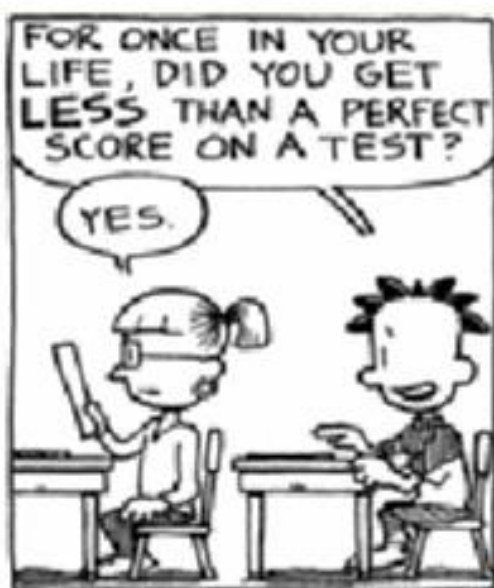


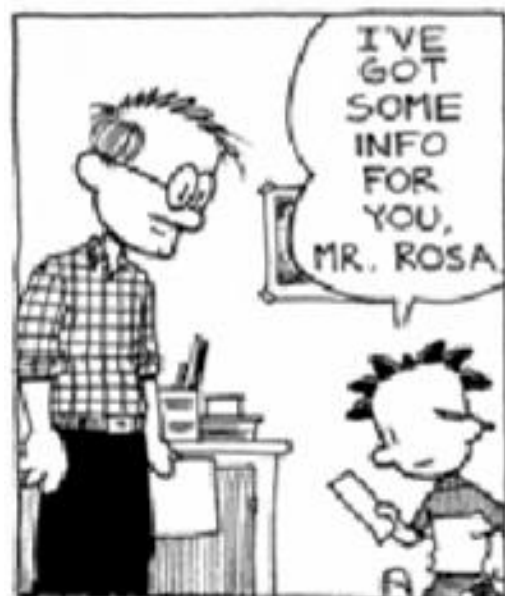
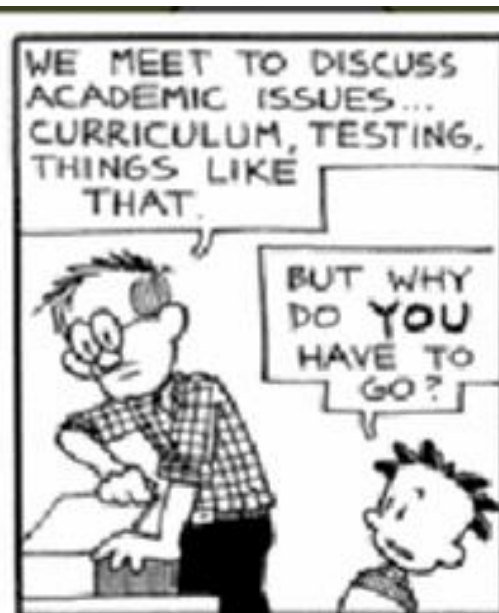




















THAT MATH TEST IS GONNA BE TOUGH! I'M GONNA HAVE TO REALLY BUCKLE DOWN!

AH! BUCKLE DOWN!



THE IDIOM "TO BUCKLE DOWN" IN ALL LIKE-LIHOOD, DERIVES FROM THE PRACTICE OF BUCKLING ON A SUIT OF ARMOR PRIOR TO BATTLE!



WHOOPE DE DANG DO. THIS IS LIKE EATING LUNCH WITH ALEX TREBEK.



DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR A BAT TO CONSUME ITS WEIGHT IN MOSQUITOES?

FRANCIS, ENOUGH!



I'M NOT GOING TO SIT HERE AND LISTEN TO YOU SPEW A BUNCH OF USELESS FACTS FOR THE NEXT HOUR!!



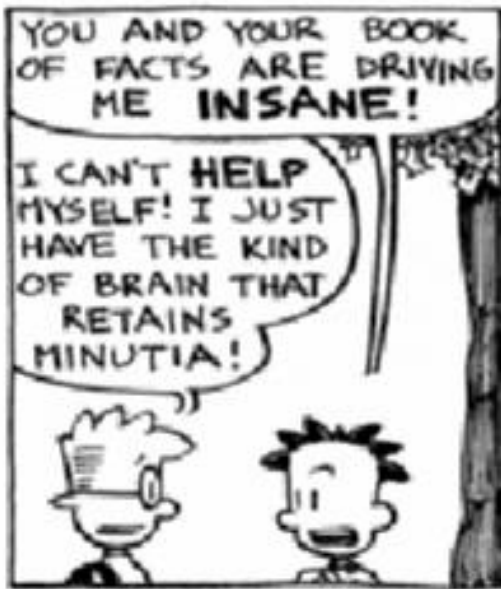
THIS IS STUDY HALL! AND STUDY HALL IS FOR ONE THING AND ONE THING ONLY!



YOU'RE RIGHT: STUDYING.

NO, TABLE FOOTBALL KICKIN' OFF.





OKAY, TEDDY, GO UP THE LEFT SIDELINE, THEN SLANT RIGHT AND HEAD FOR THE FIRE HYDRANT...



WHEN YOU GET TO THE CORNER, TURN RIGHT AND GO TWO BLOCKS UP TO THE "HEARTY MART."



THEN, GET ME A CHEESE STEAK WITH EVERYTHING, A BAG OF BAR-B-QUE CHIPS, AN ORANGE SODA, AND A CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIE.



YOU'RE STARTING TO ABUSE THE PRIVILEGES OF YOUR QUARTER-BACK POSITION.

... AND BRING ME MY CHANGE! NONE OF THIS "KEEP THE CHANGE" BUSINESS!



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I DON'T THINK I'LL EAT TURKEY AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!



BY MAKING ME EAT SO MUCH OF IT, MY DAD HAS RUINED A PERFECTLY GOOD FOOD FOR ME!



I ONCE THREW UP AFTER EATING A BUNCH OF GUMMI BEARS AND NOW I, LIKE, TOTALLY HATE GUMMI BEARS.



THANKS, TEDDY. WHAT A FASCINATING ADDITION TO THE DISCUSSION.

ONE BEAR CAME OUT MY NOSE.



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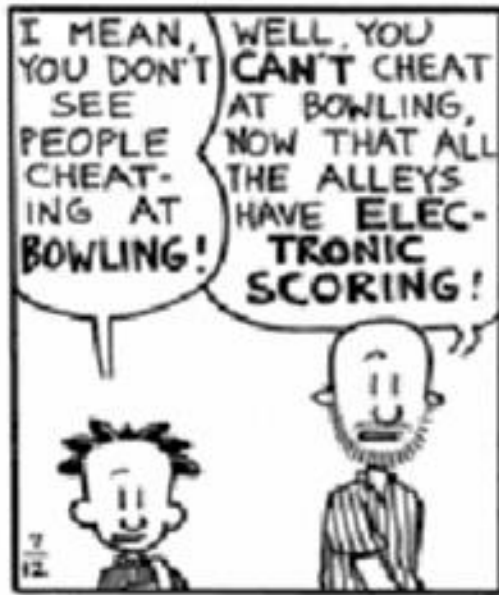


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BIG NATE Archives from the Poptropica Creator's Blog



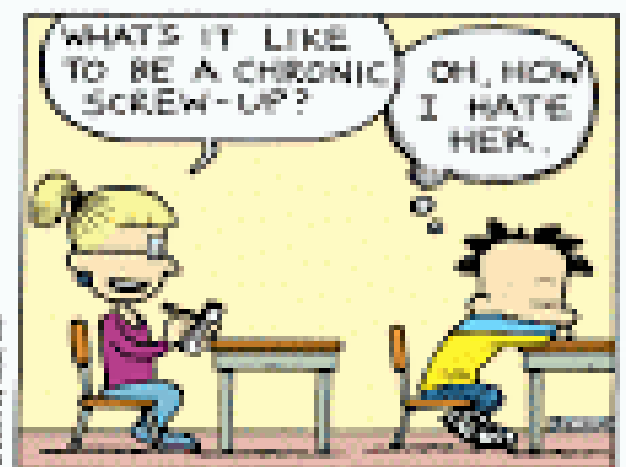
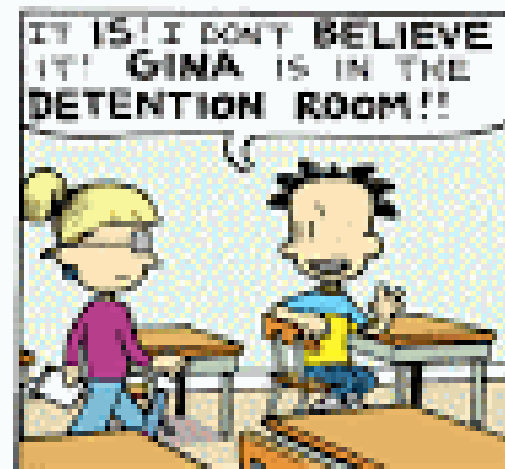
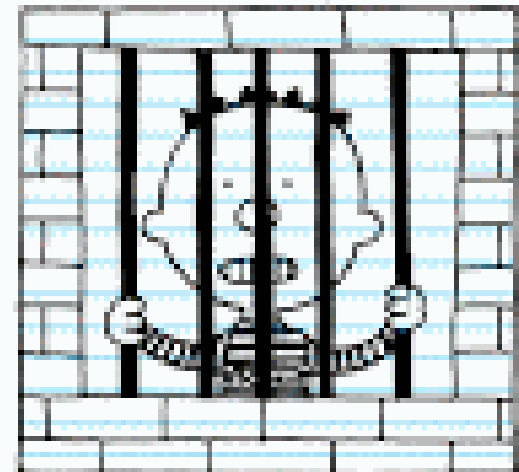
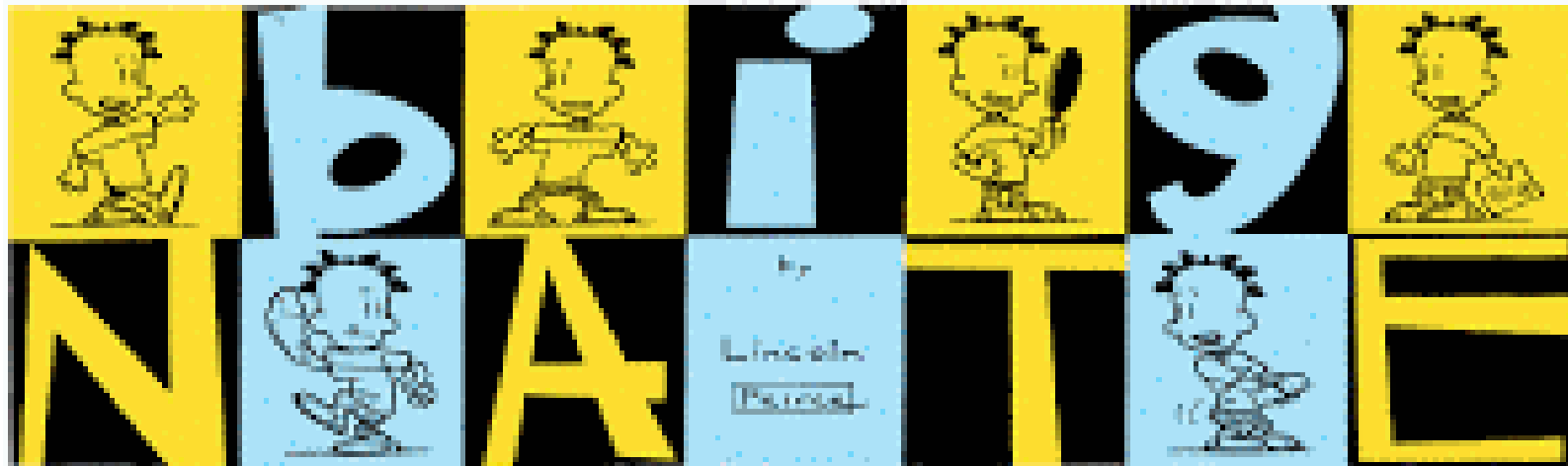
(Oop, he's freakin' out. All for now.)



blatant



(Hm? A snack? Well, we've got tofu kabobs, beet juice, egg salad, tuna loaf... Eat Hearty!)



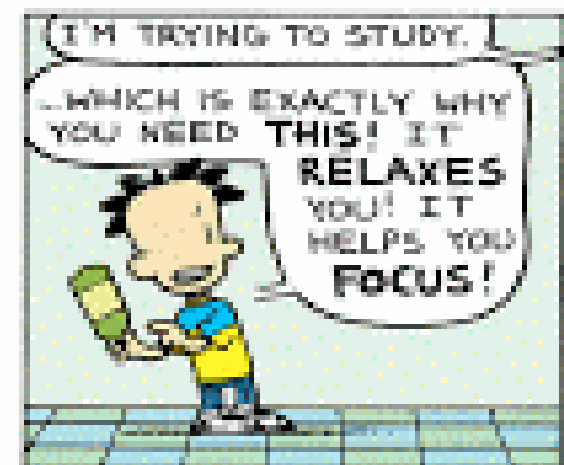
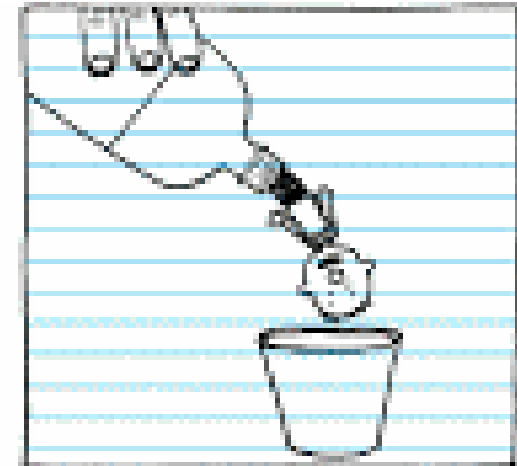
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by
Lincoln
Pearce



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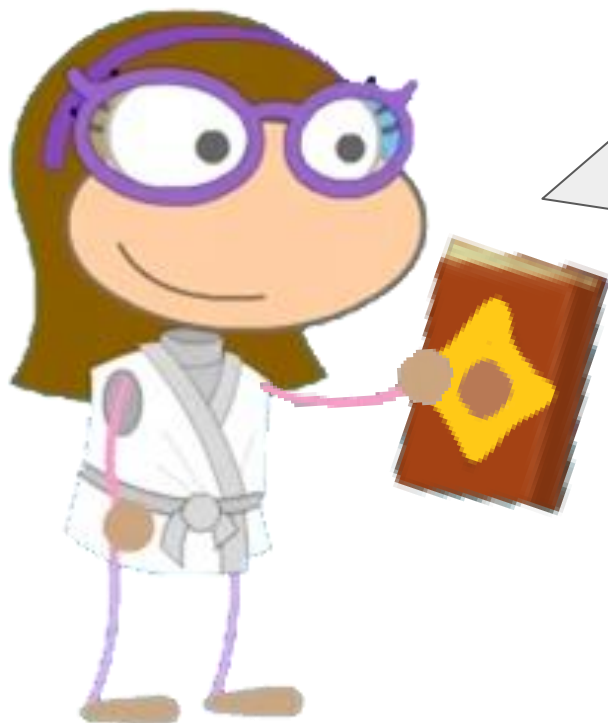








It's not over yet!
Read on for the bonus
Top-Secret Wonka
excerpts from
Poptropica's Chocolate
Factory Island!



HOW ROALD DAHL GOT STARTED



*How Roald Dahl
started writing
Charlie and the
Chocolate Factory*

"Charlie and the Chocolate Factory took me a terrible long time to write. The first time I did it, I got everything wrong. I wrote a story about a little boy who was going round a chocolate factory and he accidentally fell into a big tub of melted chocolate and got sucked into the machine that made chocolate figures and he couldn't get out. It was a splendid big chocolate figure, a chocolate boy the same size as him. And it was Easter time, and the

FIND OUT HOW ROALD DAHL FOUND HIS INSPIRATION FOR WRITING CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY, AND HOW MANY MISBEHAVING BOYS AND GIRLS WERE LEFT ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR.

WANT TO FIND OUT MORE?
READ "THE MISSING GOLDEN TICKET
AND OTHER SPLENDIFEROUS SECRETS!"

READ A SAMPLE FROM THE BOOK!

READ

How Roald Dahl started writing Charlie and the Chocolate Factory



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figure was put in a shop window, and in the end a lady came in and bought it as an Easter present for her little girl, and carried it home. On Easter Day, the little girl opened the box with her present in it, and took it out and then she decided to eat some of it. She would start with the head, she thought. So she broke off the nose, and when she saw a real human nose sticking out underneath and two big bright human eyes staring at her through the eye-holes in the



Mike Teavee

chocolate, she got a nasty shock. And so it went on. "But the story wasn't good enough. I rewrote it, and rewrote it, and the little tentacles kept shooting out from my

head, searching for new ideas, and at last one of them came back with Mr. Willy Wonka and his marvelous chocolate factory and then came Charlie and his parents and grandparents and the Golden Tickets and the nasty children, Violet Beauregarde and Veruca Salt and all the rest of them.

"As a matter of fact, I got so wrapped up in all those nasty children, and they made me giggle so much that I couldn't stop inventing them. In the first full version of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, I had no less than ten horrid little boys and girls. That was too many. It became confusing. It wasn't a good book. But I liked



them all so much, I didn't want to take any of them out.

"One of them, who was taken out in the end, was a horrid little girl who was disgustingly rude to her parents and also thoroughly disobedient. Her name was Miranda Mary Piker . . ."



THE MISSING CHAPTER: SPOTTY POWDER



Spotty powder



"This stuff," said Mr. Wonka, "is going to cause chaos in schools all over the world when I get it in the shops."

The room they now entered had rows and rows of pipes coming straight up out of the floor. The pipes were bent over at the top and they looked like large walking sticks. Out of every pipe there trickled a stream of white crystals. Hundreds of Oompa-Loompas were running to and fro, catching

WHO IS MIRANDA PIKER?
AND DID MR. WONKA REALLY INVENT
A "SPOTTY POWDER" THAT WOULD
KEEP KIDS OUT OF SCHOOL? FIND
OUT IN THE TOP-SECRET CHAPTER
THAT WAS TAKEN OUT OF CHARLIE
AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY!

WANT TO FIND OUT MORE?
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READ A SAMPLE FROM THE BOOK!

READ

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the crystals in little golden boxes and stacking the boxes against the walls.

“Spotty Powder!” exclaimed Mr. Wonka, beaming at the company. “There it is! That’s it! Fantastic stuff!”

“It looks like sugar,” said Miranda Piker.

“It’s meant to look like sugar,” Mr. Wonka said. “And it tastes like sugar. But it isn’t sugar. Oh, dear me, no.”

“Then what is it?” asked Miranda Piker, speaking rather rudely.

“That door over there,” said Mr. Wonka, turning away from Miranda and pointing to a small red door at the far end of the room, “leads directly down to the machine that makes the powder. Twice a day, I go down there myself to feed it. But I’m the only one. Nobody ever comes with me.”



They all stared at the little door on which it said **MOST SECRET – KEEP OUT.**

The hum and throb of powerful machinery could be heard coming up from the depths below, and the floor itself was vibrating all the time. The children could feel it through the soles of their shoes.

Miranda Piker now pushed forward and stood in front of Mr. Wonka. She was a nasty-looking girl with a smug face and a smirk on her mouth, and whenever she spoke it was always with a voice that seemed to be saying, "Everybody is a fool except me."

"OK," Miranda Piker said, smirking at Mr. Wonka. "So what's the big news? What's this stuff meant to do when you eat it?"

"Ah-ha," said Mr. Wonka, his eyes sparkling with glee. "You'd never guess that, not in a million years. Now listen. All you have to do is sprinkle it over your cereal at breakfast-time, pretending it's sugar. Then you eat it. And then, exactly five seconds after that, you come out in bright red spots all over your face and neck."

“What sort of a silly twit wants spots on his face at breakfast-time?” said Miranda Piker.

“Let me finish,” said Mr. Wonka. “So then your mother looks at you across the table and says, ‘My poor child. You must have chickenpox. You can’t possibly go to school today.’ So you stay at home. But by lunch-time, the spots have all disappeared.”

“Terrific!” shouted Charlie. “That’s just what I want for the day we have exams!”

“That is the ideal time to use it,” said Mr. Wonka. “But you mustn’t do it too often or it’ll give the game away. Keep it for the really nasty days.”

“Father!” cried Miranda Piker. “Did you hear what this stuff does? It’s shocking! It mustn’t be allowed!”



Mr. Piker, Miranda’s father, stepped forward and faced Mr. Wonka. He had a smooth white face like a boiled onion.

“Now see here, Wonka,” he said. “I happen to be the headmaster of a large school, and I won’t allow you to sell this rubbish to the children! It’s . . . criminal! Why, you’ll ruin the school system of the entire country!”

“I hope so,” said Mr. Wonka.

"It's got to be stopped!" shouted Mr. Piker, waving his cane.

"Who's going to stop it?" asked Mr. Wonka. "In my factory, I make things to please children. I don't care about grown-ups."

"I am top of my form," Miranda Piker said, smirking at Mr. Wonka. "And I've never missed a day's school in my life."

"Then it's time you did," Mr. Wonka said.

"How dare you!" said Mr. Piker.

"All holidays and vacations should be stopped!" cried Miranda. "Children are meant to work, not play."

"Quite right, my girl," cried Mr. Piker, patting Miranda on the top of the head. "All work and no play has made you what you are today."

"Isn't she wonderful?" said Mrs. Piker, beaming at her daughter.

"Come on then, Father!" cried Miranda. "Let's go down into the cellar and smash the machine that makes this dreadful stuff!"

"Forward!" shouted Mr. Piker, brandishing his cane and making a dash for the little red door on which it said **MOST SECRET – KEEP OUT.**

"Stop!" said Mr. Wonka. "Don't go in there! It's terribly secret!"

"Let's see you stop us, you old goat!" shouted Miranda.

"We'll smash it to smithereens!" yelled Mr. Piker. And a few seconds later the two of them had disappeared through the door.

There was a moment's silence.

Then, far off in the distance, from

somewhere deep underground, there came a fearful scream.

"That's my husband!" cried Mrs. Piker, going blue in the face.

There was another scream.

"And that's Miranda!" yelled Mrs. Piker, beginning to hop around in circles.

"What's happening to them? What have you got down there, you dreadful beast?"

"Oh nothing much," Mr. Wonka answered. "Just a lot of cogs and wheels and chains and things like that, all going round and round and round."

"You villain!" she screamed. "I know your tricks! You're grinding them into powder! In two minutes my darling Miranda will come pouring out of one of those dreadful pipes, and so will my husband!"

"Of course," said Mr. Wonka. "That's part of the recipe."

"It's what!"

"We've got to use one or two schoolmasters occasionally or it wouldn't work."

"Did you hear him?" shrieked Mrs. Piker, turning to the others. "He admits it! He's nothing but a cold-blooded murderer!"

Mr. Wonka smiled and patted Mrs. Piker gently on the arm.

"Dear lady," he said, "I was only joking."

"Then why did they scream?" snapped Mrs. Piker. "I distinctly heard them scream!"

"Those weren't screams," Mr. Wonka said. "They were laughs."

"My husband never laughs," said Mrs. Piker.

Mr. Wonka flicked his fingers, and up came an Oompa-Loompa.

"Kindly escort Mrs. Piker to the boiler room," Mr. Wonka said. "Don't fret, dear lady," he went on, shaking Mrs. Piker warmly by the hand. "They'll all come out in the wash. There's nothing to worry about. Off you go. Thank you for coming!"



Farewell! Goodbye! A pleasure to meet you!"

"Listen, Charlie!" said Grandpa Joe. "The Oompa-Loompas are starting to sing again!"

"Oh, Miranda Mary Piker!" sang the five Oompa-Loompas, dancing about and laughing and beating madly on their tiny drums.

*"Oh, Miranda Mary Piker,
How could anybody like her,
Such a priggish and revolting little kid.
So we said, 'Why don't we fix her
In the Spotty-Powder mixer
Then we're bound to like her better than
we did.'*

*Soon this child who is so vicious
Will have gotten quite delicious,
And her classmates will have surely
understood
That instead of saying, 'Miranda!
Oh, the beast! We cannot stand her!'
They'll be saying, 'Oh, how useful
And how good!'”*



...The End!

Hope you
enjoyed it!
...Because I
did, too.

