A little way away I could see a balloon being blown through the sky, while fire and ash were swept around it by the wind. I could see me in the balloon, standing next to Professor Steg, with my mouth open. I looked miserable.

Professor Steg—MY Professor Steg—gave me the emerald.
I raced down the rope ladder and placed the emerald back into the face’s eye. Then, as the volcano stopped erupting, I looked around for the milk. I knew it had landed on Splod’s head when it fell.

Fortunately, the milk had fallen into a small drift of volcanic ash, and was unharmed. I picked it up, brushed it off, and started back up the balloon ladder. Professor Steg pressed the button.

The sky went dark.
“Uh-oh,” I said.

“Prepare to be keelhauled, you scurvy dogs,” shouted the pirates.

“Let us now sacrifice them both to great Splod!” shouted the men with shiny black hair.

“They stole my eye! Twice!” rumbled mighty Splod.

“Ve vants those willains and warmints violently vound up,” proclaimed a tall lady wumpire with long fingernails.

The piranhas said nothing, but they thrashed about in their bowl, ominously.