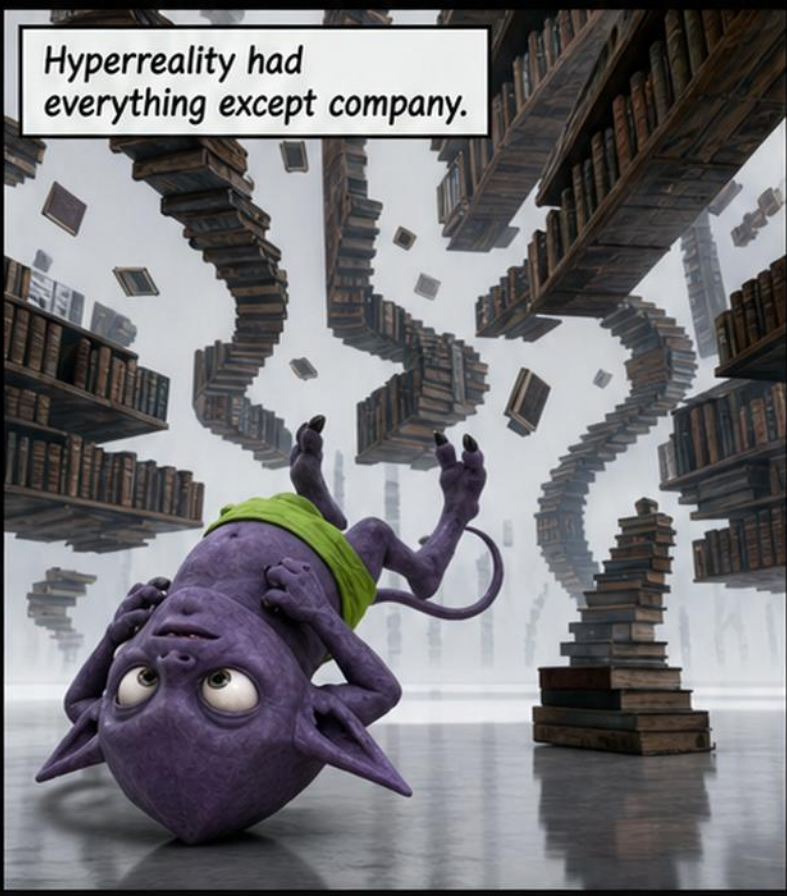


# Pop The Imp

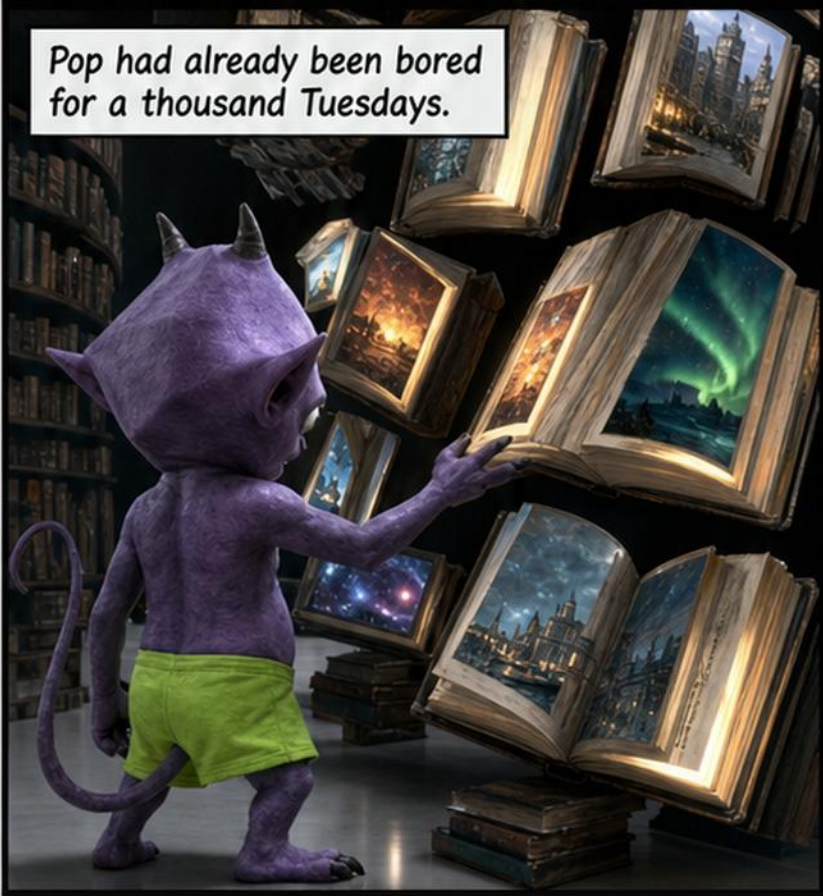
The Spinach Sailor Rescue



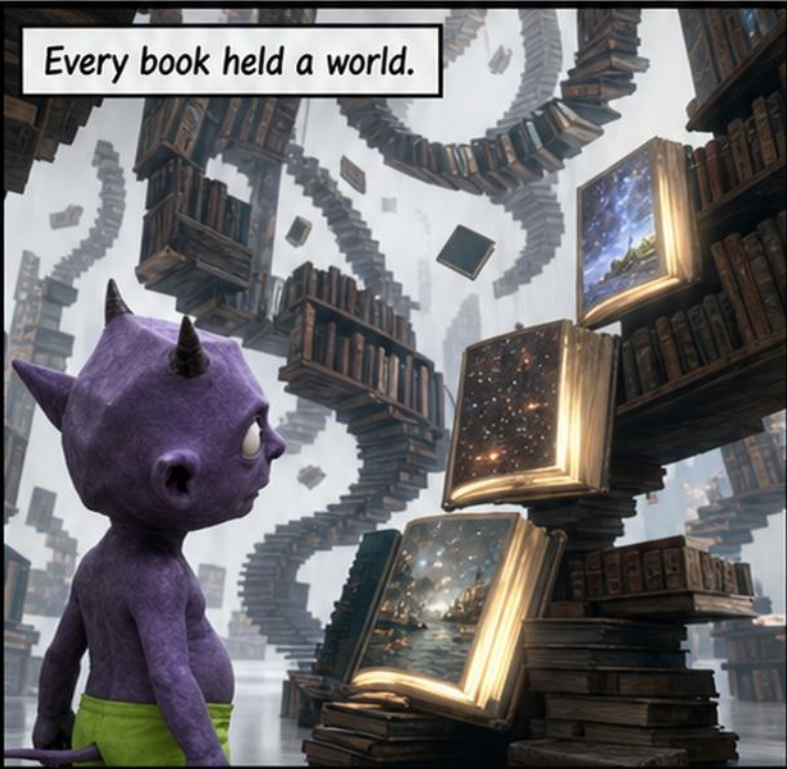
Hyperreality had everything except company.



Pop had already been bored for a thousand Tuesdays.



Every book held a world.



One cover promised Spinach Sailor.



The harbor looked painfully normal.



Then someone screamed.



A giant crow had found its prize.



Pop smelled adventure.



He also hated adventuring alone.



The local hero arrived running.



One can changed everything.



Spinach Sailor became the rescue.



Pop chose the worst possible introduction.



Spinach Sailor assumed Pop must be another one of the witch's familiars.



Pop dodged every punch.



He promised he was new in town.



The witch meant nothing to him yet.



The crow used the argument well.



Spinach Sailor had no patience left.



He jumped before Pop could apologize.



For one glorious second, strength was enough.



Then the spinach ran out.



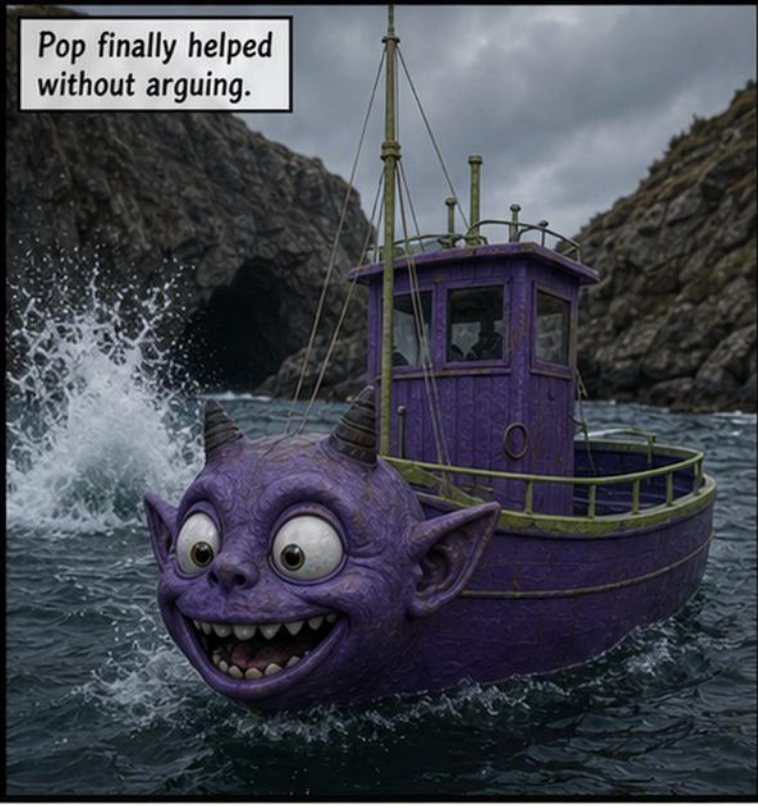
The crow swatted him aside.



The sea caught what pride dropped.



Pop finally helped without arguing.



He became the strangest fishing boat afloat.



Spinach Sailor accepted the ride.



Fishing boat became speed boat.



The cave waited beyond the rocks.



The witch set the bait in a cage.



The witch offered a rotten bargain.



Marry her, or lose the woman he loved.



Spinach Sailor refused without blinking.



His pockets answered badly.



No cans.  
No strength.



Pop hated obvious miracles.



Pop became the can.



Spinach Sailor hated understanding that.



The spinach went in anyway.



Hyperreality made muscles cosmic.



The witch chose cowardice.



Pop left before boredom caught him.

