

# King Bob



Ever since Bob had led his army into battle and defeated Prince Grundogg and his Fishmen, he had been having an identity crisis. Sure, he'd been declared King of Atlantis, earning the right to carry Neptune's magic Trident and govern a vast underwater kingdom, and that was great. But the new position came with a host of administrative details for which he was responsible, and that wasn't. He was certain, for instance, that the shine of his title dimmed a bit each time he had to make a public appearance to open a seafood restaurant. And in Atlantis, there were a hell of a lot of new seafood restaurants. Plus the pigeons kept mistaking him for a statue, pelting him with a barrage of what felt like weeks worth of pent-up dung. But today was the worst. Here he was, a monarch for Pete's sake, standing on the South Atlantis Mall Plaza zap-cooking hot dogs with his Trident, then giving them out to sullen, ungrateful kids while telling them to "have a nice day." Oh, the ignominy! Just then, a school bus pulled up and a dozen young mermaid hotties got out. Surreptitiously, Bob squeezed a bulb which squirted air into and inflated his codpiece. Bob looked like the Mother of All Studs to the mermaids now, and they shamelessly wagged their tails come-hitheringly at him. And hither he was rarin' to go. But as he stepped off his pedestal, he slipped on some pigeon poop and went down. He tried to use the Trident to break his fall but his hand brushed against the trigger and he zap-fried half of the mermaids. In the ensuing confusion, a pair of tatterdemalions made off with his crown, which they eventually ransomed back to the Kingdom for 10,000 kelpers. The local newspapers had a field day with his mishap and he had to declare a state of emergency in order to shut down the presses. Oh, how he longed for the simple days of war!