

This is an account of the Iron Contra Affair in which the villainous Bombastic Pirates of Yammssabor V attempted the greatest interstellar robbery ever. The BPOYV, as they were known as, started small with stagecoach holdups. Yammssabor V is the home of many stagecoach companies, so the pickings were easy. Their beginnings developed their unique style which made them famous in the Iron Contra Affair. Most thieves of the day were very clever and technologically savvy. These thieves would come up with a complicated scheme often involving computers, time distortion caused by going very fast, a trained monkey that could fit in small places, and a vast, enormous sum of money to buy all of the technical equipment necessary. Because of the high cost of these sorts of heists, only 50% of those that succeeded actually made a profit on the deal. With stagecoach robberies, the BPOYV developed an innovative method that was far cheaper and more unexpected. They would ambush a stagecoach in a lonely stretch of trail and then point weapons at the stagecoach driver, forcing him to turn over the load.

The robberies of the BPOYV were very effective, but eventually they tired of the small pickings. They wanted to become rich. In fact, Joe Shmoe, their leader, said, “We want to become rich.”

One day as they were cogitating upon the subject, one of the members, John Doe, had an idea.

“I know! What if we all went to college and became business majors? Then we could have fast paced careers that would get us to the top, and when we were all CEO’s of our respective mega-corporations, we’d be rich!” Joe Shmoe had a lot to say about that idea.

“No.”

And so they sat and cogitated some more. After a long period of time, John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt spoke up.

“The reason we’re not making much is because stagecoaches, right, they’re like small. So they can’t carry a big load, right? So what if we robbed, like, a really big stagecoach, with a really big load? Then we’d be rich.” Joe had more to say about that idea.

“Brilliant.” (More than 3 times as much.) Thus it was decided. They would rob, like, a really big stagecoach.

After a significant amount of research, the BPOYV found their target. Joe Shmoe called a meeting.

“Our target,” he said, “is the Iron Contra. She’s the largest vessel in the RBLS fleet of really big luxury ships. On an average trip, she carries between 4,000 and 4,002 passengers worth about \$150 million.”

“Cool beans,” said the pirates.

“As you can tell, she’s a rather large stagecoach. In fact, she’s not even a stagecoach at all. She’s a spaceship, and to rob her, we’re going to need a ship of our own.”

To acquire the spaceship, Joe Shmoe and John Doe made a visit to Bob’s Spaceship Barn, a retailer specializing in used spaceships that had a rather smelly location.

“I’ve got just what you’re looking for,” Bob said. “Here she is, the Dinghy VII!”

“Looks a little beat up,” said Joe.

“Why is this one so much cheaper?” asked John.

“Well, the Dinghy VII, you see, she’s had a, uh, string of bad luck. People’re beginning to say she’s cursed. But you’re intelligent pirates; surely you don’t believe a lot of balderdash.”

“We’ll take her,” Joe announced.

“Sir, don’t you think we’d better…”

“Nonsense. She just suffers from a bad name. Everyone knows seven is an unlucky number. All we have to do is rename her. We could use any number, like, what’s the date?”

“The thirteenth.”

“That’s it. We’ll call her the Dinghy XIII.”

Having acquired their ship, the pirates set off on their ambush. Shortly, their quarry was in sight. The Dinghy XIII pulled in front of the behemoth, and the pirates gathered at the windows, pointing their weapons at the ship.

“Stop!” yelled Joe.

Nothing happened.

“Stop or we’ll shoot!”

His ultimatum was ignored.

Finally, he shouted, “Fire!” There was a flash of light as the weapons were fired and the Iron Contra was hit. The attack had no discernable effect. The vessel kept moving. The pirates watched. Suddenly, all at once, each of them realized his impending doom.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

Aboard the Iron Contra:

“Captain Schmidt, we’ve just run over something.”

“Again! Tell Sulu he’d better get his act together.”

“Yes, sir.”

The BPOYV were badly shaken by their defeat and the loss of their beloved vessel, but Joe Shmoe was not about to give up. He tried to express his emotions to the team.

“Well guys. Well, bummer. That was a rough one. Still! They may have won the war, but we’ll win the battle! I mean, wait, I mean... Nevermind! I think we all learned something from that that we can apply to our next attempt. Because we’re not giving up! We just need a better battle plan. Any ideas?”

“We just need, like, bigger guns, right? I mean, bigger stagecoach, bigger guns, right?”

“John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt, I *like* the way you think!”

After a bit of research, the BPOYV found their bigger gun.

“We’re going to capture and use the Bismarck, largest ship in the Queen’s Navy!”
Joe declared boldly.

Therefore, the BPOYV found and captured the Bismarck. While John Doe lured the entire crew off the ship with a trail of cookie crumbs, Joe Shmoe snuck on board and took her over.

Again, the BPOYV pulled in front of the Iron Contra.

“This is Captain Joe Shmoe, hailing the Iron Contra.”

“Captain Shmoe? My name is John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt.”

“His name is my name too!” said John.

“Alright, Captain Schmidt. As you can see, I’m aiming all my turbolasers at the bridge of your ship. Now, gimme all your money!”

“What?! Do you have a license for this? I want to see your credentials!”

“Do I have a what? My credentials? Hang on a sec’.” He clicked off the radio.

“Doe?”

Doe shrugged. “I don’t know, boss.”

Joe sighed. “Alright, Captain Schmidt, I’ve got my official robbery license right here.”

“You do? Really? Let me see it.”

“Look out the window; I’m holding it up.”

John Doe looked at the card. “Sir, that’s your driver’s..”

“Sh!”

Captain Schmidt squinted out the window. “Wow, he really does have a license. I didn’t even know there was such a thing.” He turned on the radio. “Okay, I’ve got all the money right here.”

“Joe Shmoe grinned with pride. “Scotty beam it over.”

“Aye, sir.”

And so the Bombastic Pirates of Yammssabor V became very rich and moved to Hawaii.