

Nobear descended the steps into his mother's basement, where his computer vessel resides. Seating himself in front of his 19" widescreen LCD ship, he placed his hands on the tiller, his keyboard. Navigating the vast waves of the internet to the pirate bay with a few keystrokes, Nobear docked to search for some outlaw programs, games and music, to recruit to his already massive crew. Nobear glanced at his digital sundial and immediately leapt from his chair, leaving his vessel running so his newest recruits could load their cargo onto the hard drive while he was out pillaging an education.

Nobear grabbed his bag, already filled with all sorts of educative booty, and boarded a big yellow vessel sailing to a building ripe with loot. Everyday hundreds of students from about fourteen to nineteen years old, all ignorant of Nobear's true vocation, congregate in order to merely receive an education. This was not true of Nobear. He knew you can't just receive an education, like many things in life, it must be plundered. Nobear still had over three years left in this secondary institution, and he planned on looting as much knowledge as he could.

Nobear moved from room to room, pillaging everything from history to mathematics, keeping a constant stream of booty transporting into his brain. For Eight hours Nobear read and wrote and thought, transferring every hour to a new captain. Finally, after being given leave by his final captain, Nobear once again boarded the yellow ship, where he promptly shut his eyes. After far too long on the uncomfortable vessel, it docked allowing Nobear to drowsily exit. Upon hitting solid earth, he dashed into the two-story port containing his vessel. After a quick search around, Nobear discovered his port-mistress, "mother" to the common folk, was out - probably pillaging some vittles from the store.

Nobear descended the basement steps so he could board his beautiful vessel. Unfurling the sails with a quick click of the tiller, Nobear immediately checked on the status of his new crew. They seemed to be nearly done loading their equipment, but his hold was running out of space. Nobear decided he was going to have to invest in a larger hold, approximately 1.5 to 2 terabytes (1500 to 2000 gigabytes) depending on the cost. Nobear rode the internet in search of cargo space prices while he

waited for the last of his crew to load their gear. Several hours later his crew was beeping at him, alerting him that they were finished. Nobeard marveled at his beautiful vessel. After going through so many *torrents*, a lesser vessel would have sunk, or at least taken a lot longer, dependant on internet speed.

Suddenly Nobeard's stomach growled angrily at him. Realizing he hadn't eaten in hours, he decided to visit his galley and rustle up some grub. Upon arriving upstairs, Nobeard opened the pantry and found it newly stocked with Mountain Dew, popcorn, and microwavable burritos, a young pirates dream.

Out of nowhere the port-mistress appeared, her blue eyes and blonde hair glittering in the light, much like Nobeard's matching features. She assailed Nobeard with a plethora of irritating questions, such as "How was your day?", "What have you been up to?", and "Did you do your chores like I asked?". Nobeard responded to each question in a barely intelligible mutter of something along the lines of "Fine.", "Nothing.", and "No."

After being forced into eating an actual meal with the port-mistress, Nobeard returned to his ship to search for more programs to recruit, only to find his internet connection severed. After checking the rigging, rudder, and anything else he could think of, he was sure the problem was not on his end. Nobeard, red in the face and shaking, snatched up the phone and pounded the phone number of his internet service provider.

Hours passed of Nobeard vehemently denying partaking in any less-than-legal activities, insisting someone had hold of their wireless password, and yelling as many pirate slurs as he could think up, before he was informed the only way to regain the connection would be to have his port-mistress call. Nobeard marched back up the stairs, only to find the port-mistress had left him a note. "Went to work. Will be back late. Be in bed by ten. Love you"

Nobeard sat for hours impatiently awaiting the return of the port-mistress, so she might provide the correct instrument to hoist the anchor holding his precious ship. Fed up with waiting, Nobeard decided to slumber, the moon standing highest in the sky. He hastily scrawled a note for his mom to see when she got home, "internet shut down, call internet provider. Tell them someone got hold of our wireless password." Lying in bed, Nobeard vowed that when he woke in the morning, if his vessel was not unanchored, his internet provider would have Hell to pay.