

#5

**103
PAGES**

The Oh Force: The Ire Chronicles

IRE TATOR AND THE ISLAND OF DOOM!



**Now with
More boat stuff!**

A less than Graphic Novella

By Antony and Ezra King

Written by Antony and Ezra King

Illustrated by Michael Hong

Edited by Krysti Sanders



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Previously on The Oh Force!
-By The Captain

My Dearest Digital Diary,

The other day I whooped Kirby's butt at video games. It was hilarious! So, the Mime... Jason? He was beating her first and then he left with my sidekick to go do something that I don't know what they were doing, but Andy came back with a bad case of the tummy aches.

Oh yeah! Before that I hired a new employee, and boy did he screw up. Not only did he do what I told him to do, but he did a bunch of stuff I didn't tell him to do too! And that's how I found out that we have a prison.

After he graffitied our headquarters, and somehow lost his pants, he moaned and whined about losing them. But I think it was his own fault, he took them off himself from what I saw on the TV show. So, then we tried to give him some pants because he wouldn't shut up about it, but he wouldn't put 'em on! It took three of us to get that squirmy little bugger into some pants. They weren't his original pants, so maybe that's why he was so mad.

After that I left my old sidekick to meet up with my new sidekick on this fancy, not quite finished, airplane thing. He was moping around all hungry and stuff, so I got us a bunch of snacks. The End!

Oh wait, not the end. Libby also yelled at us. Well not us, cause she didn't mention me, and she *really* didn't mention Kirby, but Andy and Jason got it good. Now the end, for reals!

**AND NOW FOR SOMETHING
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT**

“AAAAAAaaaaah!!!!” Although still shrill and piercing, Íre’s screams now show signs of wear. His hours-long tantrum has taken its toll on his vocal cords. While his voice is cracking at the seams, the volume is still far past eleven. It’s almost as if he doesn’t need to breathe, or maybe he’s discovered a way to make the same sound while inhaling.

Cubicles does not look pleased as he dangles the diminutive detainee out in front of him like a petulant puppet on a pole. He shakes his head in contempt. “I cannot believe you forgot the duct tape, Kirby.”

“AAAAAaaaaah!!!!”

“How is that my responsibility?” Kirby defiantly throws her hands up in bewilderment.

Cubicles walks up the ramp and onto a boat. The boat looks like a well-maintained fishing vessel of a decent size. Its white wooded exterior has some class, bearing the name *SS Sprat* scrawled across the stern. Cubicles has never appreciated the name, not because of the cheeky nod to an old TV show, but rather the fact that this boat is definitely not a steam ship.

Andy is like a kid in a candy store as he races past them and onto the boat, singing “♪I’m on a boat, and, it’s going fast, and–♪”

“AAaaaaah!!!!”

Cubicles ignores Andy, who, since no one has yet to tell him not to, proceeds to touch everything he can.

Cubicles glares at Kirby, “You made it your responsibility by pulling the tape off his mouth in the first place.”

Kirby points a finger at Captain Ohblivious. “*Rupert* did it.” Kirby shudders, trying to shake off the unpleasant feeling of The Captain’s first name rolling off her tongue, “Nope.”

“You told me I could,” Ohblivious sits in front of a wagon full of snacks, munching away.

Kirby’s eyes rise as if she’s trying to peek into her own mind, “Nope?”

“You nodded and everything!” Captain Ohblivious stands up, grabbing his wagon and rolling away with a, “harumph.”

“Regardless,” Cubicles flops the still screaming Íre to the ground without taking his eyes off Kirby, “You did not stop him, Kirby.”

“AAaaaaah!!!!”

Kirby’s posturing goes from pretty peeved to a half-hearted reflection as if asking herself, could I have stopped him?

“Well, Cubicles’s got you there,” Jason chimes in as he walks by.

Kirby begrudgingly bobs her head in acceptance. It's not that she's acknowledging fault, it's more that there's nothing to be gained in arguing with Cubicles.

"Aaaah—" The ruckus from Íre begins to die down as his usually pale face turns an unhealthy shade of purple. His eyelids droop, shutting as he passes out from exertion.

"Finally," Cubicles lifts his head with his eyes closed, taking in a deep, satisfying breath. "Some peace and qui—"

His reprieve is interrupted by a couple loud whumps from the boat's horn. Íre stirs, but luckily does not wake up. Cubicles stomps towards the front of the boat, finding Andy in the wheelhouse with a huge grin on his face.

Andy rests his hand on the boat captain's shoulder. "Thank you so much, skipper! That was amazing!"

The boat captain, Cecil Baja, gives him a nod of approval. Cecil is an older gentleman that looks like the exact person you would expect to captain a boat, just not this one. His appearance is more suited to a person that owns a small yacht but won't shut up about it. Basically, he's Cliff Calvin wearing a smoking jacket, aviators, an ascot, and a white captain's hat.

"No problem!" Cecil says with a cheery thumbs up.

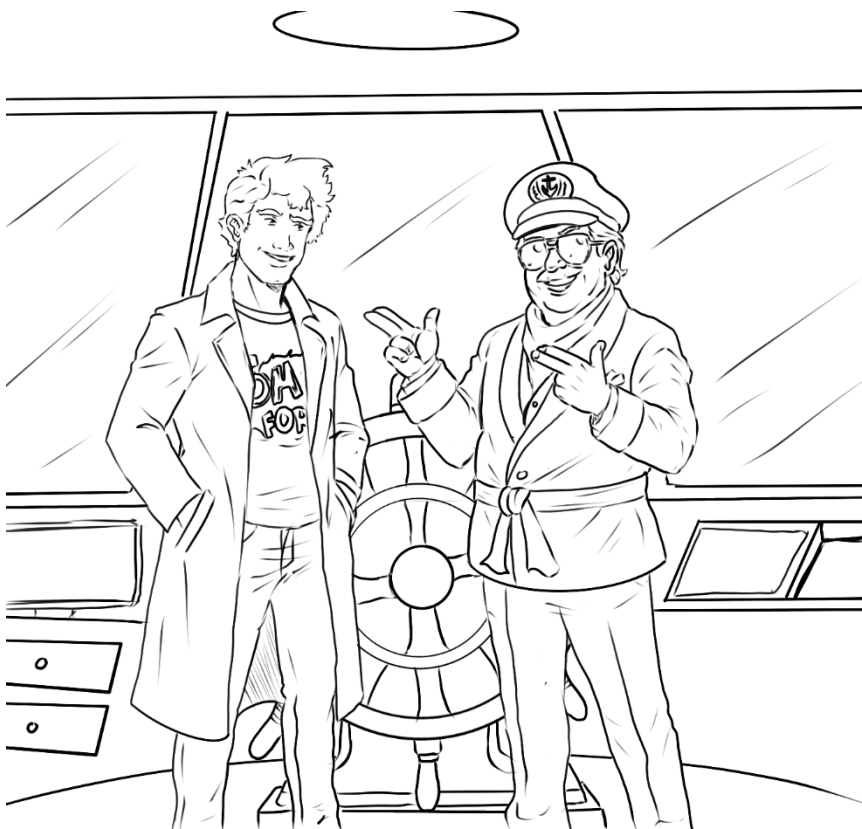
Andy and Cecil freeze as they are pushed aside. Cubicles points a stern finger at the horn. "I do not want to hear that again until we reach the island. Is that clear?"

As the pair nod their understanding, Cubicles turns to leave. He stops just short of the threshold, spinning back with military precision to glare at them once more.

Cubicles holds up a single index finger. “And only *one* application.”

“You got it boss! Only one toot of the ol’ horn.” Cecil shoots finger guns at the door as Cubicles closes it behind him. With his finger still up in the air, Cecil turns his gesture on Andy and winks. “We’ll make it a long one.”

Andy grins conspiratorially.



**BOTHERED AND BEEFING
AT BUNKER'S BEAN BARN**

Libby sits at her usual table in Bunker's Bean Barn. She has paired her COMM to the digital display that takes up the entirety of the tabletop. Spreadsheets, documents, and images for her LiberTeen fashion brand clutter the display like some kind of digital minefield. The clutter expands into the real world, where the digital litter is littered with literal litter. She has a plate with a half-eaten sandwich and several drinks in various stages of completion covering many parts of the screen. Whereas Kirby's chaos is projected in her outward appearance and demeanor, Libby's tends to build up around her. In other words, she's just as messy as Kirby, she's just used to having people clean up after her.

Searching for the Bean Barn app to add another drink to her collection, she flings windows aside with little regard for finding them later. Beneath the pile, she finds what she's looking for and orders a bottle of water. With a swipe of her arms, she scoops all the windows back into a hasty heap in front of her. She huffs with visible frustration as she realizes she now needs to 'reorganize' the mess of her own making. A moment later, Charlotte walks up to the table and freezes.

"Uh..." Charlotte looks down at the table and then back to the drink in her hand. "Do you want me to clean any of this off?"

Libby's eyes flash from one app to another without even looking up. "Nope. Just put it anywhere"

Charlotte hesitates, not enjoying having to decide which window to cover. She watches Libby's eyes, trying to figure out the best place for the cardboard coaster in her hand. She strikes out, unintentionally placing the perspiring bottle of water right in Libby's line of sight just as it shifts. Libby rubs her fingers over her eyes, pinching the bridge of her nose.

Charlotte looks Libby over and notices that she is not quite as polished as usual, wearing yoga pants and an old, less than pristine, George Brown College sweatshirt. "Can I get you anything else?"

"I'm good," Libby sighs without opening her eyes.

"But are you though?" Charlotte responds without thinking.

This gets Libby's attention, but not necessarily in a good way. Her eyes lock onto Charlotte's, scrutinizing what she could have possibly intended other than insult. "What?!"

Charlotte decides to choose her next words much more carefully. "You seem a bit off today. Need someone to listen?"

Libby parts her lips, preparing to end the conversation, but pauses, deciding to give the offer more consideration. She cocks her head to one side before throwing her hands up. "You know what, YES. I would love that!"

Libby motions with her hand for Charlotte to sit down across from her. Charlotte begins to sit down as Libby

animatedly airs her grievances in what could only be described as ‘word vomit’.

“I’m feeling under appreciated. I’ve done nothing but help. I helped manage the money. I helped them get and keep everything organized.”

Charlotte’s eyes flicker down to the table and back to Libby, trying not to express her skepticism.

“I helped them get jobs, supplies, setup a business and what do I get in return? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. No ‘This is really amazing we appreciate you.’ Not even a thank you.”

Charlotte nods along, actively listening to Libby’s rant, completely ignoring a buzz from her COMM alerting her to a new order ready for delivery.

“When I left them unattended, they went out and spent all their money on T-shirts and stickers for their *branding*. Who did they not consult?”

Libby jabs herself in the chest with a finger, forcefully enough to cause Charlotte to cringe. Charlotte’s COMM buzzes twice more in quick succession.

“THE PERSON WHO DOES BRANDING FOR A LIVING!” Libby’s voice doubles in decibels. She notices that others are staring and returns to her inside voice. “I would have told them, ‘Don’t spend all your money on merch without a clear plan for ROI’. You need an audience, a launch idea, and a rollout plan. Can you guess all the things that they don’t have? All of them! They never listen to me.”

Charlotte's COMM lets off three more persistent buzzes in annoyance. She squirms in her seat, tapping the device that hangs on a pendant around her neck. She starts to realize that this conversation is well above her pay grade and begins planning her exit strategy.

“What happens when you make an investment without doing your research? One little thing goes wrong, you lose it all. And what happened? They lost it all! And, somehow, I'm the bad guy for wanting a coffee in the morning. That's probably why they ran off on this mission without me. Not a phone call, no text, not even so much as a simple note. Seems like I was the last person in the building to even find out that they flew off on an untested, experimental tank-plane to British Drumfing Columbia.”

While mulling over the concept of a tank-plane, Charlotte glances over at the counter where a few cups have begun to pile up. Her eyes trace back to Libby's, catching looks from other paying patrons who are pivoting from patient to perturbed.

“And they took my VIC!” Libby's voice goes up an octave with this travesty. “I negotiated that in *my* contract. Apparently, I missed an addendum that I need to schedule *my* time in *my* VIC!”

Charlotte is very confused. She's only been half-listening due to the worrisome number of orders piling up. The other half of her brain power is occupied trying to figure out who or what a VIC is. As her mind travels further and further

from the actual acronym of Virtual Immersion Cubicle, her slate lets out a loud sustained beep from within her pocket.

Automaton's voice emanates from the device. "It's time to get back to work! I can see that you have been sitting at that table with the customer for far too long! Although Bunker's loves customer service, there are other customers that *need* your service! Are you having a hard time finding a way out of this conversation?! I can help! Tap once on your COMM for suggestions! Blink twice if this is a hostage situation!"

Charlotte sees this as an opportunity to 'nope' out of the conversation. "That sounds so frustrating, I can't *even* imagine." She glances quickly over to the counter. "I'd really love to keep listening, but I should get back to work or they'll dock me."

"I can confirm that! Charlotte has less than one minute to return to work before we deduct this conversation from her hours!" Automaton helpfully adds.

Charlotte stands up from her chair and begins moving away before turning back to Libby. "Have you ever thought about therapy?"

"You're right," Libby's eyes bore into Charlotte. Although she feels marginally better after venting her frustrations, she feels a little slighted by the question. "You *should* get back to work."

Charlotte stares back at Libby for a moment. "I'm not getting that selfie today, am I?"

Libby just shakes her head.

“Ten! Nine! Eight!” Automaton chimes in as Charlotte rushes over to the counter. “Way to go! You *DO* know how to do your job!”



LAND HO!

Andy hums the all-too-catchy elevator tune, while moving a little boat on a stick across a holographic map. The nautical projection comes from within the hourglass shaped pedestal that is bolted to the deck of the wheelhouse. He zig-zags the small ship that resembles its larger counterpart, the SS Sprat, through the shifting waves and across the gap between the mainland and Vancouver Island.

Captain Ohblivious tugs at Andy's shirt expectantly. "When do I get a turn to play with the toy boat? Remember, sidekick, sharing is caring!"

Andy looks down his nose at The Captain. "It's not a toy boat. It's a miniature. Because we're adults."

"You're a dolt! And you're playing with it, so that makes it a toy. Anything's a toy if you play with it." Ohblivious giggles at his unintentional innuendo.

"Land Ho!" Cecil yells as he grabs Andy's shoulder and points at the faded landmass on the horizon.

"What'd you call me?!" Captain Ohblivious purses his lips and folds his arms over his chest. "What're you incinerating? Don't you dare soil my good name you less than good sir." He mopes over to the seats, sitting down to pout.

Cecil ignores The Captain. Much like the rest of his current crew, he's learned not to engage with the buffoonery unless absolutely necessary. Andy gets excited by the old timey sailing phrase, but his glee quickly loses its luster when he glances up at the clock.

"See, I told you I'd say it." Cecil looks to Andy for approval. His expression turns to confusion when he sees Andy's less than enthusiastic demeanor. "What's wrong?"

"We're already here?" Andy shoves the little boat across the map, unceremoniously plopping it onto the sandy beach of the island. He looks at his watch for a second opinion before meeting the gaze of Cecil. "I thought it was going to be 3 hours."

Cecil now realizes the cause of Andy's disappointment. "Oh, that was for the entire trip."

Andy stares at Cecil quizzically. "But wait...it's been an hour. How can it take more time on the way back?"

"It actually takes less time because we're going to be lighter without the load. It's three hours for the whole trip." As if playing a game of charades, Cecil gestures out the steps in their journey, "There, unload, and head on back."

Andy hangs his head. He breathes out just a single word under his breath. "Bush..."

Cecil notices that Andy's mood is in a downward spiral and decides to change the subject. "Hey, I just remembered I don't have my executive officer aboard. I'm going to need

someone to assemble the crew on the pier when we get to the island. Do you think you can fill that vacancy?"

Both Andy and Captain Ohblivious instantly perk up. "Of course I can!" They answer in unison.

Andy realizes that he needs to act quickly to distract Ohblivious before he loses this opportunity. His fingers tap on the table as he ponders his next move. Seeing the miniature model, he picks it up, extending to it out to The Captain. "Here, why be an executive officer when you can be a Captain?"

"Ooh!" Captain Ohblivious greedily snatches the about-to-be-a-toy boat. He begins swiping his newly obtained vessel through the hologram, causing the map to randomly change directions. "Sorry boat captain man, I got my own ship to tend to!"

Andy breathes a sigh of relief before setting his face into a passive, more stern expression. "I have a serious question for you."

Cecil, who was just feeling cheery a second ago, is now providing Andy his full undivided attention. "What's that?"

Andy responds, in a tone that is over the top serious. "Do I get a hat?"

"No! I get a hat. I'm the Captain." In quick succession, Ohblivious pulls a chef's hat out of his neck pocket, gives it a quick flick, and pops it onto his head. "You can now call me *Captain Oh*! Wait, no. Captain Oh Captain? No. Captain Rupert. Cause I'm just a regular man of the sea with my little

fishy boat. Wait! My little boat needs a name. I'm gonna name you...hmm" The Captain begins pacing around the room, his hum slowly morphing into the sound of a motorboat.

Cecil scoops up a hat from one of his hooks and tosses it to Andy with a smile. "Anything else?"

Andy starts to shake his head and then realizes there might be something else. "Does the island have a name?"

"Nope." Cecil shakes his head.

Andy's passive face slowly pulls itself up into a gleeful grin. Any trepidations have vanished as he ponders all the potential possibilities. "Sweeeeeeet..."

Captain Rupert throws his hands up in the air, holding the boat on a stick as he proclaims, "The Flying Flounder! Cause it can fly!" He begins singing something reminiscent of a sea-shanty.



*She's a spaaaceship. Any space'll do.
Land-space, water-space, air-space, and even space-space too!*

*She's the savior of the fooour spaces
Beating up some piiirate faces*

*And when she comes to dock
Everyone turns to loook...
At the Flying Flounder savior of our four spaaaces!*

*She's a spaaaceship. Any space'll do.
Land-space, water-space, air-space, and even space-space too!*



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