

The adventures of Captain Kirk "special dragons" P2

Batman and Spiderman gave the eggs to Edgard who stored them in the aircraft. They report to the Professor before he leaves.

-All the eggs are on board, Professor, in the neutron incubator as planned.

-Well, I'm happy with your work, but what do you have, Batman, do you look weird?

-I have trouble digesting eggs Professor

-Eggs, which eggs?

-Dragon eggs.

-But you're crazy, you can't eat it. We must consult urgently or you will explode.

-Tell me Edgard, what happened to the box that was blinking and that I put next to Batman's stuff?

-It was stolen from me, Professor, during the Stonestok Festival.

-Good! Hmm. Well, you've set the temperature of the neutron incubator correctly, haven't you?

-Yes, Professor, as you told me.

-Hum! -Hum! Well, it's all right then.

-We're coming Edgard, I hope that fool Batman's gone for treatment. You who know about all of Edgard, do you know how many he ate?

- Yes, teacher, 3.

-Um! 3 is a lot.

-Fortunately, he didn't eat any more, but there are still 750.

-How about 750! 750 dragon eggs?

-Yes, Professor, 750 dragon eggs is our cargo.

-But you've all gone crazy, I said a few eggs, not 750. Be careful Edgard when you land, don't let us crash, it would be a disaster.

-Especially Edgard, don't talk about this shipment, you understood me!

Yes, Professor.



--Oh, great Anubis, in this can of tuna, here are the remains of the late Captain Kirk, and a dragon's egg as you asked me, to bring him back to life.

- Good! Good! Professor, why don't you give my cat the can of tuna and give me the dragon's egg?

-How does that work in a cat?

-Yes, in cats, cats like fish. What the hell is going on? What's all the noise?



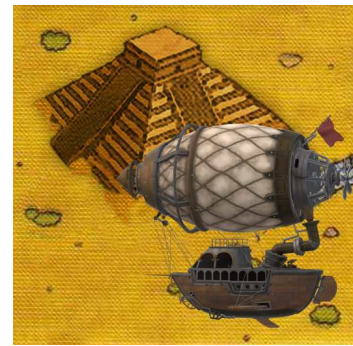
-Oh great master Anubis, hundreds of dragons surround the palace, we must flee, quickly.

-Good! If we can get the ship to take off for Orion, we'll stay there for a while.

-Edgard, what happened?

-The dragons all came out of the incubator, Professor, yet I set it to 30 degrees as you asked.

- Not at 30°, but at minus 30°, you idiot. What a misfortune and me who left the can of tuna to this awful cat who must already have devoured Kirk's remains, what a misfortune



-Oh, great Anubis, we took off without any problems, and soon we will go into hyperspace. Carcassonne's sidereal worlds will soon be reached.

-Good! Kitty, kitty, kitty? Kitty kitty? Where is Belphegor?



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