**PETER (CALGON)** (***Drip Drip Drip Of Dank Walls And Evil Atmosphere***) I shall have vengeance for the pain that infernal Captain Morningstar heaped upon my army.

**ABIGAIL (SOLDIER)** Oh, mighty Calgon, Boss of Badness, how shall we push back against the stubborn Earthling?

**PETER (CALGON)** Pish, Soldier Carfartangle. Our defeat at BlicNox Minor was a simple fluke.

**ABIGAIL (SOLDIER)** Indeed, oh Master of Malevolence. As was our defeat at the Diamond Star constellation. And the crushing wounds of the Blindfold Binary Black Hole. Not to mention the stubbed toe of agony at the Warp Way of The Whispering Asteroid.

**PETER (SOLDIER)** Yes, alright, alright, Carfartangle. Morningstar has been particularly lucky. But the luck of the frustrating human and his plucky crew shall be short lived. No longer will we sculk in the shadows. We must strike back. And with our new super weapon, we will strike then down. Yes, yes, yes! We shall fire the Cataclysm Electron Cannon deep into the heart of the Human Empire!

**ABIGAIL (SOLDIER)** But, your Evil Excellency, where shall be set up our new and more terrifying base?

**PETER (CALGON)** I must strike from the last place they would think to search. The one place in the galaxy that is so sickeningly peaceful, so full of goodwill and eternal cheer. We shall make haste for Hetmarona IV! Mwahahaaaaa!