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Communicating with Interactive Fiction (If you are not familiar with Infocom's Interactive Fiction, please read this section.)

With Interactive Fiction, you type your commands in plain English each time you see the prompt (>). Most of the sentences that The STORIES will understand are imperative sentences. See the examples below.

When you have finished typing your input, press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. The STORY will then respond, telling you whether your request is possible at this point in the story, and what happened as a result.

The STORY recognizes your words by their first six letters, and all subsequent letters are ignored. Therefore, CANDLE, CANDLEs, and CANDLEstick would all be treated as the same word.

To move around, just type the direction you want to go. Directions can be abbreviated: NORTH to N, SOUTH to S, EAST to E, WEST .to W, NORTHEAST to NE, NORTHWEST to NW, SOUTHEAST to SE, SOUTHWEST to SW, UP to U, and DOWN to D IN and OUT will also work in certain places.

There are many different kinds of sentences used in "LOST TREASURES". Here are some examples:

>WALK TO THE NORTH
>WEST
>NE
>DOWN
>TAKE THE BIRDCAGE
>OPEN THE PANEL
>READ ABOUT DIMWIT FLATHEAD
>LOOK UP MEGABOZ IN THE ENCYCLOPEDIA
>LIE DOWN IN THE PINK SOFA
>EXAMINE THE SHINY COIN
>PUT THE RUSTY KEY IN THE CARDBOARD BOX
>SHOW MY BOW TIE TO THE BOUNCER
>HIT THE CRAWLING CRAB WITH THE GIANT NUTCRACKER
>ASK THE COWARDLY KING ABOUT THE CROWN JEWELS

You can use multiple objects with certain verbs if you separate them by the word AND or by a comma. Some examples:

>TAKE THE BOOK AND THE FROG
>DROP THE JAR OF PEANUT BUTTER, THE SPOON, AND THE LEMMING FOOD
>PUT THE EGG AND THE PENCIL IN THE CABINET

You can include several inputs on one line if you separate them by the word THEN or by a period. Each input will handled in order, as though you had typed them individually at separate prompts. For example, you could type all of the following at once, before pressing the RETURN (or ENTER) key:
>TURN ON THE LIGHT. TAKE THE BOOK THEN READ ABOUT THE JESTER IN THE BOOK

If The STORY doesn't understand one of the sentences on your input line, or if an unusual event occurs, it will ignore the rest of your input line.

The words IT and ALL can be very useful. For example:
>EXAMINE THE APPLE. TAKE IT. EAT IT
>CLOSE THE HEAVY METAL DOOR. LOCK IT
>PICK UP THE GREEN Boor. SMELL IT. PUT IT ON.
>TAKE ALL
>TAKE ALL THE TOOLS
>DROP ALL THE TOOLS EXCEPT THE WRENCH AND THE MINIATURE HAMMER
>TAKE ALL FROM THE CARTON
>GIVE ALL BUT THE RUBY SLIPPERS TO THE WICKED WITCH

The word ALL refers to every visible object except those inside something else. If there were an apple on the ground and an orange inside a cabinet, TAKE ALL would take the apple but not the orange.

There are three kinds of questions that you can ask: WHERE IS (something), WHAT IS (something), and WHO IS (someone). For example:
>WHO IS LORD DIMW1T?
>WHAT IS A GRUE?
>WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

When you meet intelligent creatures, you can talk to them by typing their name, then a comma, then whatever you want to say to them. Here are some examples:
>JESTER, HELLO
>GUSTAR WOOMAX, TELL ME ABOUT THE COCONUT
>UNCLE OTTO, GIVE ME YOUR WALLET
>HORSE, WHERE IS YOUR SADDLE?
>BOY, RUN HOME THEN CALL THE POLICE
>MIGHTY WIZARD, TAKE THIS POISONED APPLE. EAT IT

Notice that in the last two examples, you are giving the character more than one command on the same input line. Keep in mind, however, that many creatures don't care for idle chatter; your actions will speak louder than your words.

Infocom Basic Commands (Please read this section before playing The Lost Treasures.)

BRIEF - This command fully describe a location only the first time you enter it. On subsequent visits, only the name of the location and any objects present will be described. The adventures will begin in BRIEF mode, and remain in BRIEF mode unless you use the VERBOSE or SUPERBRIEF commands
SUPERBRIEF displays only the name of a place you have entered, even if you have never been there before. In this mode, not even mention objects are described. Of course, you can always get a full description of your location and the items there by typing LOOK. In SUPERBRIEF mode, the blank line between turns will be eliminated. This mode is meant for players who are already familiar with the geography.
The VERBOSE command gives a complete description of each location, and the objects in it, every time you enter a location, even if you've been there before.

DIAGNOSE - This will give you a report of your physical condition.

INVENTORY - This will give you a list what you are carrying and wearing. You can abbreviate INVENTORY to I.

LOOK - This will give you a full description of your location. You can abbreviate LOOK to L.

QUIT - This lets you stop. If you want to save your position before quitting, you must use the SAVE command.

RESTORE - This restores a previously saved position.

RESTART - This stops the story and starts it over from the beginning.

SAVE - This saves a "snapshot" of your current position. You can return to a saved position in the future using the RESTORE command.

SCRIPT - This command tells your printer to begin making a transcript of the story. A transcript may aid your memory, but is not necessary.

Infocom Basic Commands (cont.)

SCORE- This command will show your current score and a ranking which is based on that score.

SUPERBRIEF - This command gives you the sparest level of description See BRIEF above.

TIME - This command gives you the current time in the story. (Not available in all games)

UNSCRIPT - This tells your printer to stop making a transcript.

VERBOSE - This command gives you the wordiest level of description. See BRIEF above.

VERSION - Shows you the release number and the serial number of your copy of the story.

WAIT - Causes time in the story to pass. Since nothing happens until you type a sentence and press RETURN (or ENTER), you could leave your computer, take a nap, then return to the story to find that nothing has changed. You can use WAIT to make time pass in the story without doing anything. For example, if you met a wizard, you might WAIT to see if he will say anything; if you were aboard a flying carpet, you might WAIT to see where it goes.

Be sure to read the "Special Commands" section in selected games.

Zork:

The Great Underground Empire

Welcome to Zork!
You are about to experience a classic interactive fantasy, set in a magical universe. The Zork Trilogy is set in the ruins of an ancient empire lying far underground. You, a dauntless treasure-hunter, are venturing into this dangerous land in search of wealth and adventure. Because each part of the Zork saga is a completely independent story, you can play them in any order. However, because Zork I is the least difficult, it is usually the best place to begin. Many strange tales have been told of the fabulous treasure, exotic creatures, and diabolical puzzles in the Great Underground Empire. As an aspiring adventurer, you will undoubtedly want to locate these treasures and deposit them in your trophy case. You'd better equip yourself with a source of light (for the caverns are dark) and weapons (for some of the inhabitants are unfriendly - especially the thief, a skilled pickpocket and ruthless opponent).

About the Authors
Dave Lebling was born in Washington, D.C., in a hospital that was torn down soon thereafter. He grew up in suburban Maryland.
He attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and worked at M.I.T.'s Laboratory for Computer Science, where he developed an interest in computer entertainments. He co-authored the original mainframe Zork. He co-authored Zork I, Zork II, Zork III, and Enchanter, and wrote Starcross, Suspect, Spellbreaker, and The Lurking Horror on his own. His long-range ambition is to have a library with room enough for all his books to be taken out of storage. His short range ambition is to keep the squirrels out of his birdseed. Marc Blank, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, is one of the original founders of Infocom. He co-authored the original mainframe version of Zork at M.I.T., and went on to become one of the pioneers in the field of interactive fiction. At Infocom, he co-authored The Zork Trilogy and Enchanter, and was sole author of Deadline, the first interactive mystery. Marc also wrote Border Zone, Infocom's first tale of intrigue.

CHAPTER ONE

The Bellicose King

In 659 GUE*, the Kingdom of Quendor was relatively small, encompassing seven-and-a-half provinces on the western shore of the Great Sea, an agrarian land whose major products were rope and mosquito netting. It was the thirty-first year of the reign of Zilbo III, part of a dynasty dating back more than six centuries to Entharion the Wise, the first King of Quendor. However, that dynasty was about to end with the ascension of Duncanthrax to the throne of Quendor on the final day of 659.

Little is known about what became of Zilbo after 659. Some say he was killed during a palace revolt, or simply died from too much reveling while celebrating the upcoming New Year. There is evidence that he was exiled to a villa where he invented the card game Double Fanucci.

Likewise, historians disagree about Duncanthrax's life prior to 659, A petition signed by palace guards in 657, asking for an increase in the mosquito netting allotment, bears a signature that looks suspiciously like" Duncanthrax." Some historians insist that Duncanthrax was general of the Royal Militia. One legend even suggests that Duncanthrax was a demon who assumed human form. Another legend describes him as a former rope salesman.

Whatever his origins, Duncanthrax quickly developed a reputation for cruelty, bloodthirstiness and aggressiveness, thus earning himself the nickname "The Bellicose King." He raised a tremendous army and began a systematic conquest of the neighboring kingdoms. Within three years, Duncanthrax ruled an empire that controlled virtually all the land between the Great Sea and the Kovalli Desert.

*Adding "GUE" after a year did not become common practice until the latter part of the eighth century.

CHAPTER TWO

An Empire Goes Underground

In 665, the forces of Duncanthrax vanquished the Antharian Armada at the famous battle of Fort Griffspotter. The island-nation of Antharia was, at the time, the world's premier sea power, and this victory gave Duncanthrax undisputed control of the Great Sea and put the superb ship-building facilities of Antharia at his disposal. (The conquest of Antharia also gave Duncanthrax possession of Antharia's famed granola mines. Unfortunately, no one in Quendor liked granola.)

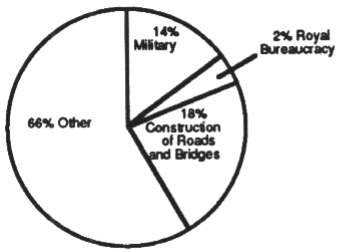
Within months, Quendor's navy was returning from voyages with tales of a magical land on the distant eastern shore of the Great Sea. Duncanthrax was incensed that this vast land existed outside his dominion, and spent many nights storming the halls of his castle bellowing at his servants and advisors. Then, one day, he had a sudden inspiration: assemble a huge fleet, cross the Great Sea and conquer the lands on the eastern shore. Not only would he extend his empire, but he'd finally have a market for all that useless granola.

As Duncanthrax's invasion swept across the new lands, he made a startling discovery: huge caverns and tunnels, populated by gnomes, trolls and other magical races, all of whom loved granola. Even as Duncanthrax conquered this region, his imagination was inspired by this natural underground formation.

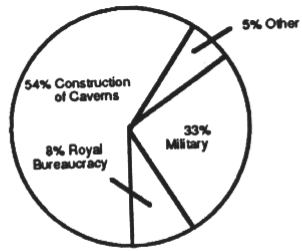
If these caverns and tunnels were possible in nature, so might they be formed by humans! Duncanthrax realized that by burrowing into the ground he could increase the size of his empire fivefold or even tenfold!

The Frobozz Magic Construction Company (the forerunner of the modern industrial giant FrobozzCo International) was formed to undertake this project in 668, For the remaining 20 years of Duncanthrax's reign, cavern-building continued at a breakneck pace. The natural caverns in the eastern lands were expanded tremendously, and new caverns and passages were dug in the western lands, chiefly in the vicinity of Duncanthrax's castle, Egreth, By the time of his death in 688, Duncanthrax ruled virtually all territory in the known world, above and below ground.

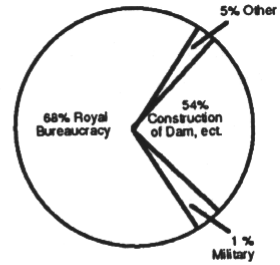
EXPENDITURES OF THREE ROYAL GOVERNMENTS



580 GUE



680 GUE



780 GUE

These pie charts show the fiscal priorities of the Empire under three kings who ruled centuries apart: Bozbo 1V, Duncanthrax and Dimwit Flathead.

CHAPTER THREE

The Flatheads

After Duncanthrax, the throne was occupied by a long series of his descendants. These were unspectacular rulers, who took on the surname Flathead, for obscure reasons not necessarily related to the planar shape of their pates. During this period, them was very little change in the Empire, as the conquered kingdoms were assimilated into Quendor and the frantic pace of tunneling gradually abated.

In 770, nearly a century after the death of Duncanthrax, his great-great-grandson, Dimwit Flathead, assumed the throne. Lord Dimwit, as he liked to be called, was a colorful character, but was also the single worst ruler the Empire ever produced. His vanity was surpassed only by his outrageous sense of proportion. For example, his coronation took 13 years to plan (and therefore took place two-thirds of the way through his reign), lasted an additional year and a half, and cost 12 times the Empire's GNP.

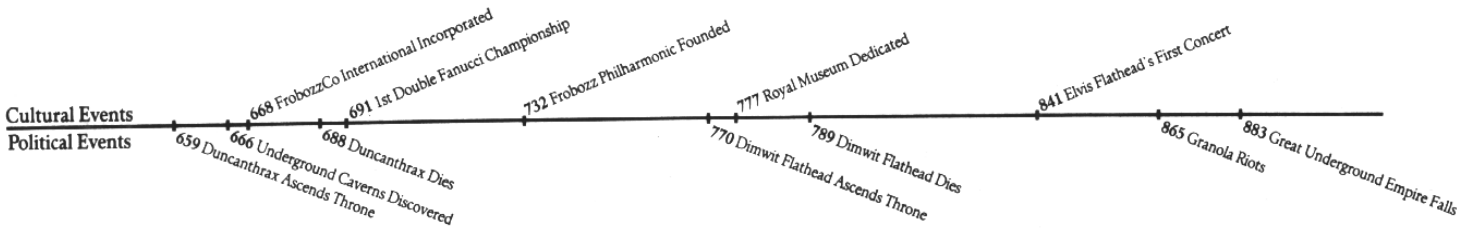
Dimwit was the first king to call Quendor "The Great Underground Empire," and within a few years the new name had completely displaced the older one. Dimwit also renamed the Great Sea "the Flathead Ocean ,"and seemed to prefer the newer lands on the eastern shore. He even moved the Empire's capital from Egreth (in the westlands) to Flatheadia (in the eastlands).

While Dimwit certainly inherited Duncanthrax's ambition and ingratiating personality, he directed them in a somewhat less productive fashion. Whereas Duncanthrax used his power to expand his empire, Dimwit was motivated to realize his bizarre whims. Raising the kingdom's tax rate to just over 98%, Dimwit began a series of grandiose projects that soon earned him the title" Flathead the Excessive." Among these projects: the construction of mammoth Flood Control Dam Number Three (a massive edifice with virtually no useful purpose, since it never rains under-

ground), the creation of the Royal Museum (to house the crown jewels), the defoliation of four hundred thousand acres of lush forest (to erect a nine-bloit-high statue of himself in the Fublio Valley) and the production of the enormous granola smelters of Plumbat.

Just before his death in 789, Flathead was rumored to be planning his greatest dream: the creation of a new continent in the center of the Flathead Ocean. The outline and contours of the new continent would have been a gigantic reproduction of his own visage.

IMPORTANT POLITICAL AND CULTURAL EVENTS



This time line shows the dates of some of the events that shaped the history of The Great Underground Empire. Cultural events are listed above the time line and political events are listed below,

Questions, Discussions, Projects and Further Readings:

1. How many things can you think of that are named after the Flatheads? Make a list.
2. Try to collect 10 zorkmids from everyone on your block, telling them that the money will be used to erect a giant statue of yourself. Use force if necessary. See if the others on your block begin to resent you.
3. Read The *Lives of the Twelve Flatheads*, by Boswell Barwell,

CHAPTER FOUR

Fall of the Empire

Although Dimwit was certainly the most flagrantly indulgent ruler in the history of The Great Underground Empire, most of the Flatheads who followed him did their best to uphold the tradition of excessiveness. The high level of taxation continued, although the money was increasingly spent not on massive construction projects but on extravagant parties and long vacation trips for members of the Royal Family.

In 883, after countless years of decadence and over-taxation, The Great Underground Empire collapsed, the Royal Treasury was sacked and everyone moved somewhere else.

THE KINGS OF QUENDOR

The Entharion Dynasty	
Entharion the Wise	0-41
Mysterion the Brave	41-55
Zylon the Aged	55-398
Zilbo I	398-423
Bozbo I	423-429
Zilbo II	429-451
Harmonious Fzort	451-477
Bozbo II	477-481
Thaddium Fzort	481-545
Mumbo I	545-569
Bozbo III	569-575
Bozbo 1V	575-619
Mumbo II	619-628
Zilbo III	628-659

The Flathead Dynasty	
Duncanthrax the Bellicose	659-688
Belwit the Flat	688-701
Frobwit the Flatter	701-727
Timberthrax Flathead	727-738
Phloid Flathead	738-755
Mumberthrax Flathead	*755-770*
Dimwit FLathead	*770-789*
Loowit Flathead	789-813
Duncwit Flathead	813-843
Barbawit Flathead	843-845
Idwit Oogle Flathead	845-881
Wurb Flathead	881-883

This table shows the rulers of Quendor, later known as The Great Underground Empire, through its collapse in 883 GUE.

Zork II:

The Wizard of Frobozz

Welcome to Zork!
You are about to experience a classic interactive fantasy, set in a magical universe. The ZORK Trilogy is set in the ruins of an ancient empire lying far underground. You, a dauntless treasure-hunter, are venturing into this dangerous land in search of wealth and adventure Because each part of the ZORK saga is a completely independent story, you can play the any order. In Zork II, you will explore a long-hidden region of the Empire, a region dominated by the Wizard of Frobozz. The Wizard was once a respected Enchanter, but when his powers began to fade he was exiled by Lord Dimwit Flathead the Excessive. Now bordering on senility, the Wizard is still a force to be reckoned with. Your goal, as you venture into the Wizard's realm, is to avoid his capricious tricks and learn to control his magical powers.

ANTHARIA

LOCAL GOVERNMENT: Antharia is ruled by a council of four "Elders"—one from the Shipbuilding Guild, one from the Granola Miners Guild, one from the Marble Cutters Guild, and one from a popular waterfront pub called "Emu's."

WEATHER: Except for an occasional hurricane in late summer, Antharian weather is picture-perfect. Leave your umbrella home, but don't forget to pack your swim suit and scuba gear!

TRANSPORTATION: Getting to and from Antharia is limited to travel by ship. (An Enchanter familiar with teleportation spells can be hired, but are expensive and sometimes unreliable.) Normal third-class fare for this two-day journey can cost as much as 17 zorkmids during the month before the Marble Pageant.

LODGING: The world-famous Zilton Hotel in downtown Anthar features plush accommodations and easy access to most of the island's sights. Prices range from 6 to 24 zorkmids per night. More economical lodgings can be found at the bucolic Pterodactyl Inn. Every room features a stunning view of the cliffs overlooking the lovely north shore of the island, and rates range from 2 to 8 zorkmids per night.

DINING: An absolute must is The Rusty Knife in West Anthar. Expect to wait at least an hour; the house specialty is flame-broiled sea serpent filet for a mere Zml.25. Other fine seafood restaurants include the Finhouse (Zm0.50 to Zm1.50) and Zilbar's (Zm0.35 to Zm1.50).

THINGS TO SEE: The shipbuilding factories of South Anthar are an amazing sight; plan to spend at least half a day. Tours for 1 zorkmid are available every hour from dawn until dusk. The burgeoning marble industry offers many exciting sights: the gaping mines in the Peltoid Valley, the cutting and polishing guilds at work, the 20-bloit conveyor belt at the port of Marba. Despite the reduced output since the Granola Riots, the granola mines in the north make an interesting visit if you can stand the smell. No trip to the island would be complete without a cruise on the island's only glass-bottom boat, the Bella Quease. The cruise leaves an hour before noon, and costs Zm2.25 (children under 12, Zm1.50).

SEASONAL EVENTS: The Marble Pageant, held annually in mid-spring, is highly recommended. However, during the month of the Pageant, hotel space becomes scarce, and many prices are inflated. Shark-wrestling, held every weekend during the summer at Anthar's Flathead Stadium, is an exciting experience if you can stomach the gore. Admission is Zm0.75.

FACTS:
Land Area: 959 square bloits
Capital: Anthar
Nickname: The Island Province
Flower: The Spenseweed
Motto: "Hieya wizka" ("Hello sailor")

GREATER BORPHEE

LOCAL GOVERNMENT: Greater Borphee is administered by a staff of part-time volunteer managers, whose decisions are ratified at least three times per year, but not more than every other week, by a series of local forums.

TRANSPORTATION: Borphee is probably the single most accessible vacation spot in the Empire. From anywhere in the Borphee River valley, travel by ferry is easy and inexpensive. If you wish to travel by sea, Borphee has an excellent, busy harbor. By land, the Coast Road connects Borphee with the ancient cities to the north as well as the populous southlands.

WEATHER: Thanks to the nearby ocean, Borphee has a very moderate climate. The rainy season lasts most of the winter, and summers tend to be humid.

LODGING: Motel Spell is a highly commercialized tourist trap with overdone touches such as the issuing of self-casting REZROV spells instead of keys. Rooms start at 5 zorkmids. Be forewarned, patrons who miss check-out time will have their families turned into newts and their luggage turned into bat guano. The Borphee Inn, run by the Frobozz Magic Hotel Company, is comfortable and surprisingly affordable. While penthouse suites can run upwards of 33 zorkmids per day, basement rooms are available for as little as 3 zorkmids (but make your reservations well in advance).

DINING: The Potion Palace, at the Borphee Inn, features a delightful menu of enchanted dishes. Waiters are a thing of the past at the Palace, as your mind is probed to discover the perfect meal for your taste, which then poofs into existence right at your table. A nightly floor show features dancing nymphs; expect to spend at least Zm4. Also highly recommended is the Smokestack, where even the heartiest of meals costs under a zorkmid.

THINGS TO SEE: Borphee is the Kingdom's fastest-growing industrial city, with the magic scroll and potion factories leading the way. Both Spellbound and United Thaumaturgy offer free tours of their facilities. (Spellbound's deluxe tour costs Zm3, but it includes casting a time travel spell that gives you three extra hours in your schedule.) G.U.E. Tech, the newest of the Moss-League Colleges, produces the young Enchanters of tomorrow. Many graduates have gone on to start their own magic companies, and have become an identifiable subculture known as "Yuppies," or "Young Underground Professionals."

Just a short trip south of the city are some of the most beautiful stretches of beach anywhere on the Flathead Ocean, including the very dunes where "Beach Blanket Fanucci" was filmed. Borphee nightlife is renowned throughout the Empire; Studio Frob on the wharf features an excellent Phlog and Tonic for Zm0.25. Warning: the Borphee Observation Tower is a complete waste of money. Admittance is Zm7, and the air in downtown Borphee never provides visibility of more than a fraction of a bloit.

SEASONAL EVENTS: Borphee is the site of the annual Double Fanucci Championships. During the first week in autumn, the entire province fills up with every Double Fanucci fanatic in the kingdom. Tickets to each game in the finals cost 3 zorkmids, but usually sell out within hours. Scalpers command as much as 20 zorkmids for a good seat. In late spring, G.U.E. Tech holds their annual Spelling Bee, which is free and open to the public. The highlight of last year's competition was Magic O'Leary's stunning mastery of clairvoy-ance spells which allowed him to win the Bee before the first word was even issued.

Every winter, the hills of Borphee come alive with the sound(s) of the most dreadful singers in the Kingdom. This event, aptly named The From Bad to Worst Songfest, allows those truly terrible singers to gain recognition while vying for the much-coveted prize of a pair of 18k gold ear-plugs. Because most hillside residents schedule out-of-town court appearances or surgery during this two-week period, you may be able to rent an apartment of house for as little as Zm2 or Zm3.5, respectively.

On the official first day of summer, thousands gather at the Borphee Harbor for the G.U.E. Festival of Small Ships.

Throughout the day, hundreds of these floating antiques drop their mini-anchors in the water and send off rockets, flairs and fireworks to herald their safe arrival. Only those spectators 4 feet 5 inches and under will be allowed to board the ships. Admission is free so come early to beat the crowds.

FACTS:
Population: 1,107,810
Land Area: 754 square bloits
Capital: Borphee
Nickname: The Industrial Province Flower: The Compass Rose
Motto: "Borphee--fixum rixa poo nastik"
("Borphee--better than you think")

THE FRIGID RIVER VALLEY

LOCAL GOVERNMENT: None to speak of.

WEATHER: Very unpredictable, but you'll probably be spending most of your time underground.

TRANSPORTATION: Unless you travel via flying carpet, you'll find this region to be virtually cut off from the rest of the Empire. You can hack your way east through the coastal forests with a machete, or try to cross the Flathead Mountains from the east, or you can try to travel up the Frigid River, bucking the most severe currents and dangerous rapids known to man. We suggest air travel.

LODGING: The Tunnels, of Love are a favorite of the Kingdom s honeymooners, located a stones throw from Aragain Falls. The Tunnels are well-known for their vast honeycomb of passageways, and couples have been known to raise entire families just trying to find their rooms. Rates range from Zm2 for a room to Zm10 for a Honeymoon Suite. The Cliffhouse, near White Cliffs Beach, is inexpensive (all rooms are Zm2) and convenient to the big tourist spots.

DINING: The Roundup, just off the Round Room, specializes in dragon dishes. Entrees range from Zm0.30 to Zm0.80. The Aqueduct offers reasonably good cuisine and a breathtaking view of one of the Empire's primary water channels. Slightly overpriced at Zm1.20 to Zm2.20.

THINGS TO SEE: Flood Control Dam Number Three is a staggering engineering feat that must be seen to be believed. Nearby is Aragain Falls, the so-called Honeymoon Capital of the Great Underground Empire. Slightly farther away is the Royal Museum, although the three-week security clearance procedure discourages many visitors. If mountain climbing turns you on, the Flathead Mountains offer one of the best challenges anywhere.

SEASONAL EVENTS: On the first day of summer, crowds line the banks of the Frigid River for a spectacular sight: the annual opening of the floodgates of FCD Number Three, which lower the water level of the reservoir behind. Frequently, the king himself will be on hand to open the floodgates personally.

FACTS:
Population: 98,330
Land Area: 15,232 square bloits Capital: Aragain
Nickname: The Deepest Province Flower: The Budding Fern
Motto: "Blippi burz fliggin"
("Dig we must")

GURTH AND MITHICUS

LOCAL GOVERNMENT: An informal board of 13 thousand citizens meets three times each day to settle disputes and ratify the provincial budget.

WEATHER: Absolutely wonderful for most of the year, but it can sometimes get unbearably hot during the peak summer months; bring mosquito netting.

TRANSPORTATION: Take the Coast Road south from Borphee, or sail to the port of Miznia. Travel from any of the westlands should cost no more than 5 zorkmids.

LODGING: In Gurth, try the King Zilbo Hotel, an elegant old building with rooms for as little as Zm2.50. Your best bet in Mithicus is the new No-Frill Inn. Rooms are only Zm0.75 per night, but almost everything is extra. (For example, beds are an additional Zm0.50 per night, pillows Zm0.20.)

DINING: The Broken Lantern in the village of Grubbo-By-The-Sea serves a fine parrot stew, as well as other local delicacies in an intimate setting. The desserts are world-famous; the morgia root pie is a must. Most meals will be around Zm1.50; desserts are extra.

THINGS TO SEE: The southlands are known for their many fine artisans. You can make arrangements at the various guildhalls to see carpenters, woodcarvers, rock cutters, potmakers, and basket weavers at work. The region is also prime vacationland, with many activities to choose from: sky diving, bull-fighting, surfing, skin diving and glurking. Rates vary seasonally, but a day's worth of any of these activities will cost you no more than 2 or 3 zorkmids. Consider exploring the jungles of Miznia, but stay away from the well-marked bloodworm spawning grounds unless you have a trained guide. Trained guides usually start at Zm8 per day.

SEASONAL EVENTS: The gigantic Gurth City Crafts Fair is held every weekend during the spring. The finest products of over 80 different guilds are displayed and sold. In early autumn, the annual Harvest Festival gets underway for a colorful two-week celebration featuring local foods, drinks, song and dance.

FACTS:
Population: 2,883,t90
Land Area: 21,545 square bloits Capita]: Gurth City
Nickname: The Vacation Province **Flower:** The Morgia
Motto: "Utribiz oomum fiaxil zobs"
("Don't eat moldy bread")

THE GRAY MOUNTAINS

LOCAL GOVERNMENT: Local matters are settled entirely by a tyrannical governor who is chosen once a month by a lottery.

WEATHER: Thanks to active hot springs, the temperature of the underground caverns in this region stays at a uniform ideal temperature. However, up on the surface, the temperature is nearly always below freezing, with frequent blizzards.

TRANSPORTATION: Travel to this remote area has recently been made much simpler by the completion of the Great Underground Highway's eastern branch. Toils will run as high as Zm3 depending on your point of departure.

LODGING: The brochures for Grayslopes recommend a place called the Ski Pole, but avoid this fleabag at all costs, unless you like bedbugs, rusty water, and rude help. (Apparently, the owners of Grayslopes also own a piece of the Ski Pole.) Instead, stay at the intimate Come-On Inn, which cost only Zm1.30. The Come-On also offers discounts on all equipment rental.

DINING: The Glacier Room is a colorful dive which is a favorite hangout for the locals. In addition to generous helpings of good food, the Glacier Room also provides cast rests for diners. From Zm0.60. Warning: ignore recommendations by natives to dine at the Rotgut. Although the locals love to eat there, recommending it to visitors is a practical joke the natives love to play. After all, they've been brought up on this sort of food, plus they know all the best bromide cures.

THINGS TO SEE: The hot springs are somewhat overrated as a tourist spot. As far as we're concerned, a trip to the Gray Mountains means one thing: snow sports. A lift ticket at Grayslopes costs Zm3 for a day. Skating on the slanted frozen surface of Lake Dinge is an exhilirating experience. Snow-burrowers rent for around 6 zorkmids per week, but be sure to spend an extra Zm1.50 for a service contract.

SEASONAL EVENTS: None. There are no seasons in the Gray Mountains.

FACTS:
Population: 18,370
Land Area: 13,441 square bloits Capital: Frostham
Nickname: The Fire and Ice Province Flower: Frobizzan Moss
Motto: "Mekie zimbuz" ("Maybe tomorrow")

Zork III:

The Dungeon Master

Welcome to Zork!
You are about to experience a classic interactive fantasy, set in a magical universe. The ZORK Trilogy is set in the ruins of an ancient empire lying far underground. You, a dauntless treasure-hunter, are venturing into this dangerous land in search of wealth and adventure. Because each part of the ZORK saga is a completely independent story, you can play them in any order. As Zork III begins, your greatest challenge beckons as you take the final step down into the very heart of the Great Underground Empire. Your character and courage will be tested as the enigmatic Dungeon Master confronts you with predicaments and perils. Your quest hinges upon discovering his secret purpose, even as he oversees your ultimate triumph---or destruction!

A MESSAGE TO OUR SHAREHOLDERS

778 was a year of continued growth for FrobozzCo and its many subsidiaries. Gross income rose 14% and our revenue increased by 22%. The employment rate now stands at 98.7% for the entire workforce of the Great Underground Empire and is limited only by the birth rate and the size of the Royal Family.

Following the completion of the Royal Museum, the Frobozz Magic Cave Company, our largest subsidiary, moved to increase its staff even more as the well-publicized dam and volcano projects moved into full gear. The Cave Company will also be creating the new 400-story FrobozzCo world headquarters in Flatheadia, scheduled to open sometime in 781.

More than 18,000 additional subsidiaries were formed or taken over during the last year, further increasing the scope of our industrial empire. FrobozzCo now produces everything from aardvarks to zwieback.

I trust that you, as a stockholder, will take the time to read through this report and learn about at least a few of the many exciting things that are going on here at FrobozzCo. It's certainly been a tremendous year, but we're looking forward to an even tremendouser year in 779!

John D. Flathead
President and Chairman of the Board,
FrobozzCo International

FROBOZZ MAGIC CAVE COMPANY

The first of FrobozzCo's myriad subsidiaries, the Magic Cave Company was formed over a century ago to implement King Duncanthrax's massive tunneling project Today, the Magic Cave Company is an umbrella for a wide range of underground construction projects.

Two of the most ambitious construction projects ever attempted are now on the Magic Cave Company drawing boards. Construction has already started on a dam of staggering proportions that will span the Frigid River. Tentatively called Flood Control Dam Number Three, the dam is scheduled for completion in 783 G.U.E., and comes with a price tag of 37 million zorkmids.

Magic Cave Company engineers are planning an amazing project to quench and then hollow out a mighty volcano. The project is being conducted under very tight security, and Lord Dimwit Flathead himself is personally reviewing the plans at each stage.

In addition to these landmark projects, the Magic Cave Company created an additional 46,000 linear bloits of tunnel this year, including nearly 200 bloits of the Great Underground Highway extension, as well as 8,000 cubic bloits of additional cavern space.

FROBOZZ MAGIC TWEEZERS COMPANY

One of the newest and brightest members of the FrobozzCo family, the Magic Tweezers Company was formed after a 652,000-zorkmid market research survey revealed a widespread need for a high-quality technologically advanced tweezer.

Following several years of planning and development, the Frobozz Magic Tweezer Model A-1 is now ready to roll off the assembly lines and into millions of homes all across the Great Underground Empire. The A-l, which will retail for Zrn0.29, has sold briskly in test markets. Within six months, a top of the line Model X-1 tweezer will be introduced and will retail for Zrn0.89. Six more models, as well as various add-on accessories, are currently on the drawing board.

The Board of Directors of Frobozzco welcomes the Frobozz Magic Tweezers Company aboard, and is confident that this new division will pluck a lot of business for the parent conglomerate.

FROBOZZ MAGIC SPELL COMPANY

While the well-heeled Enchanters Guild remains the primary customer of the Frobozz Magic Spell Company, the invention of self-casting spell scrolls has created a huge new market for magic technology.

Sales increased 11% during 778, marking the twentieth year of steady growth for this lucrative FrobozzCo subsidiary. In response to the growing demand for magic spell accessories, several new FrobozzCo divisions were formed, including the Frobozz Magic Scroll Rack Company, the Frobozz Magic Spell Book Company, and the Frobozz Magic Scroll Mailing Tube Company.

Four new spells were added to the Magic Spell Company product line this year, a Magic Spell Company record and a tribute to the wizards in FrobozzCo's famous Magiclab. The four new spells are DRILBO (strips a floor of yellowed wax), BORCH (puts insects to sleep), GIZGUM (predicts visits by relatives) and QUELBO (transmutes coconuts into gold).

FROBOZZ MAGIC GRUE REPELLENT COMPANY

The Frobozz Magic Grue Repellent Company is one of FrobozzCo's fastest growing divisions. Sales of grue repellent nearly tripled last year, spurred on by drastic extensive improvements made in the product and by an aggressive marketing campaign. Magic Grue Repellent Company executives can proudly point to a 31% drop in grue-related deaths during the last year, and a consequent 31% drop in the grue population.

The discovery of a particularly effective new additive by the Magic Grue Repellent Company's research division has increased the efficiency of the product by 45%. Studies have shown that most grues will not come within 70 feet of someone sprayed with New Improved Repellent. The new additive, dubbed G-17, is also longer-lasting, requiring fewer sprayings, and it can be made from ordinary sand!

The Magic Grue Repellent Company also increased the product line with the introduction of seven new odors of repellent, in addition to theregular old socks/burning rubber odor. The new odors include rotting eggs, dead fish, swamp gas, three-week-old meatloaf, gym locker, wet dog and mint.

Several ingenious sales strategies were highly successful. The Free-Noseplugs-With-Every-Can campaign, in association with the Frobozz Magic Noseplugs Company, ran for one month and increased sales by 92%. Advertisements featuring grue-mangled corpses ran before and during the peak travel season. Finally, a joint packaging effort with the Frobozz Magic Lantern Company to produce a Frobozz Anti-Grue Kit paid off with remarkable end-of-year sales.

FROBOZZCO FINANCIAL REPORT

FrobozzCo International Income Statement
(Zorkmid Amounts in Millions)

	Year end 778	Year end 777
Revenues:		
Sales of goods and services	*Zm*5,431,922	*Zm*5,108,113
Sale of property	350,585	----------
Other revenues	812,913	656,106
TOTAL REVENUES	6,595,420	5,764,219
Expenses:		
Cost of goods and services	2,773,119	2,655,288
Selling, administration, bribes	1,243,984	1,256,712
Depreciation	127,353	112,499
Contributions to Royal Charities	888,307	888,307
Printing of Annual Report	285,238	279,540
TOTAL EXPENSES	5,318,001	5,192,346
NET INCOME	*Zm*l,277,419	*Zm* 571,873
Earnings per uncommon share:		
Continuing operations	*Zm* 2.72	*Zm* 1.54
Discontinuing operations	(0.03)	(0.02)
NET INCOME PER UNCOMMON SHARE	*Zm* 2.69	*Zm* 1.52

FrobozzCo International Retained Earnings Statement
(Zorkmid Amounts in Millions)

	Year end 778	Year end 777
Retained earnings at year opening	*Zm* 1,204,445	*Zm* 1,162,556
Net income	1,277,419	571,873
Dividends paid on uncommon stock	(894,017)	(529,971)
Dividends paid on unpreferred stock	(24)\	(13)
Retained earnings at year end	*Zm 1,58 7 ,823*	*Zm1,204,445*

FrobozzCo International Balance Sheet
(Zorkmid Amounts in Millions)

	Year end 778	Year end 777
Assets:		
Cash	*Zm* 393,459	*Zm* 219,067
Inventories	566,790	465,634
Loans to Royal Family	1,125,000	900,000
Executive Party Fund	107,374	135,252
Plant and Equipment	778,833	596,025
Other assets	325,939	294,606
TOTAL ASSETS	Zm3,297,395	Zm2,610,584
Liabilities:		
Short term loans	*Zm* 456,872	388,431
Accrued payroll deductions	594,311	435,923
Deferred bribes	216,343	209,575
Other liabilities	95,647	80,293
Total Liabilities	1,363,173	1,114,222
Shareholder's equity:		
Uncommon stock	345,287	291,054
Unpreferred stock	1,112	858
Retained earnings	1,587,823	1,204,445
Total shareholder's equity	1,934,222	1,496,357
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND EQUITY	Zm3,297,395	Zm2,610,579

Beyond Zork

Preface to the Story

Dark times have fallen upon the South lands of Quendor. All the enchanters have disappeared without a trace. Monsters roam the countryside. And the taverns are filled with disturbing rumors and un-savory characters. A simple peasant like yourself knows better than to get involved in the affairs of wizards. But everyone you meet seems intent on testing your abilities to the utmost. You find yourself drawn into a web of fantasy and magic, solving puzzles, avoiding traps and fighting monsters. Your strength and power grow with every encounter, until the most fabulous treasure of all - the fabled Coconut of Quendor - lies within your grasp. If only you can survive long enough to claim it! Unlike other Infocom stories in which your character is "set" from the start, Beyond Zork lets you create your own character with six attributes: endurance, strength, dexterity, intelligence, compassion and luck. Each attribute affects your adventure in different ways. For example, a very lucky character may not have the dexterity to scale walls, or a very intelligent character may be able to outsmart a monster that even a strong character couldn't defeat. You can choose your attributes yourself, or you can use a character already set up by the computer. You must fight monsters and solve puzzles to succeed in each of your quests. Since your success will often depend on your attributes, mindful players will try to improve their attributes as they venture onward. The story is presented in a new and flexible way. A map in the upper-right portion of your screen shows the immediate area and the directions you can move. You can use the on-screen map and your mouse to move to adjacent rooms. (If your computer has a numeric keypad, you can use it to move around as well.) Experienced Infocom players may recognize references to other Infocom games.

About the Author

"Professor" Brian Moriarty built his first computer in the fifth grade. This early experience with electronics led him to seek a degree in English Literature at Southeastern Massachusetts University, where he graduated in 1978. He is a member in good standing of the Nathaniel Hawthorne Society, and accepts full responsibility for his previous Infocom titles, Wishbringer and Trinity.

Beyond Zork Special Commands

*COLOR - If you are playing Beyond Zork on a computer with a color monitor, you can type COLOR to change the colors on your screen. This command works only on some computers.

*DEFINE - This command allows you to change the settings of the function keys. For example, if pressing function key 2 is like typing INVENTORY, you can change this to DROP ALL, or DROP ALL followed by RETURN (or ENTER), or anything else, by using the DEFINE command.

*MODE - If you find the maps and other screen features of Beyond Zork undesirable, you can use the MODE command. This will make the screen look "standard," like every other Infocom game. Typing MODE a second time will cause the "enhanced" screen features to return.

*MONITOR - Your character's endurance attribute is especially important. Therefore, whenever something affects your endurance (being wounded during combat, for example), your endurance level is automatically displayed on the screen. If for some reason you do not wish to monitor your endurance, use the MONITOR command. Typing MONITOR a second time turns the endurance-display feature back on.

*NAME - In Beyond Zork, you have the power to name weapons and living things. For instance, you can NAME THE DOG "ROVER" or NAME THE SWORD "EXCALIBUR" or NAME THE HIPPOPOTAMUS "FRED". Beyond Zork will then use the name in its descriptions, and you can use the name as a synonym form the object. This feature is particularly convenient when an unnamed object is long or hard to spell.

*NOTIFY - Normally in Beyond Zork, the game will notify you whenever any of your attributes change (for example, when your luck goes up or when you dexterity goes down) or when any attribute returns to normal (such as when you build your strength back after being wounded in battle). You can turn off this notification feature by using the NOTIFY command. Typing NOTIFY a second time turns the feature back on.

*OOPS - If you accidentally mistype a word, such that Beyond Zork doesn't understand the word, you can correct yourself on the next line by typing OOPS and the correct word. Suppose, for example, you typed TAKE THE CLUB FROM THE GIANT and were told "II don't know the word 'giant.']" You could type OOPS GIANT rather than retyping the entire sentence.

*PRIORITY - As you play Beyond Zork, most information is displayed in a box at the top half of your screen. For instance, when you enter a new room, the room's description will appear in the box; when you then type INVENTORY, your inventory will appear in the box; on some machines, when you type STATUS, your attributes will appear in the box. If you want, you can specify what kind of information appears in the box by using the PRIORITY command. For example, if you want the box to show your inventory at all times, type INVENTORY and then type PRIORITY; thereafter the box will always show your inventory, updating it when you pick up new items or drop or lose others. (Room descriptions will thereafter appear in the bottom half of the screen.) Similarly, if you want the box to show room descriptions at all times, type LOOK and then type PRIORITY. You can turn this feature off by typing PRIORITY OFF.

Be sure to use the "Southland of Quendor" map in the Map packet included in "The Lost Treasure" box.

The Lore and Legends of Quendor

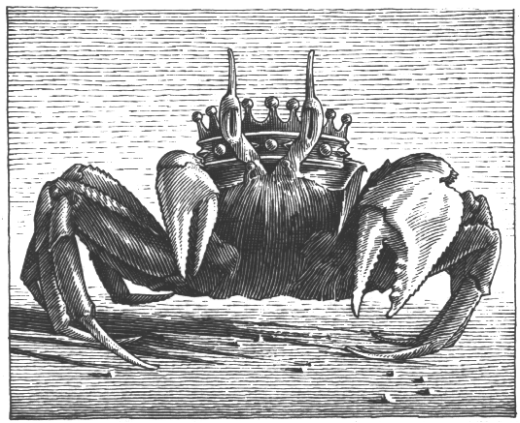
Infocom

Within these pages is recorded certain knowledge regarding the flora, fauna, and locales of the kingdom. Although this wisdom has well stood the test of time, I would not wish to see it lost forerever in the uncertain mists of the future. Therefore, for the enrichment of our heirs and with homage to our ancestors, I have writ into permanence the lore and legends of Quendor.

-MNG

GRUE

The grue is a sinister, lurking presence in the dark places of the earth Its favorite diet is adventurers, but its insatiable appetite is tempered by its fear of light. No grue has ever been seen by the light of day; few have survived its fearsome jaws to tell the tale.



DISCIPLINE CRAB

Discipline crabs are small, moral crustaceans found in cellars, fallout shelters and other subterranean lairs. These brooding curmudgeons are deeply offended by the slightest intrusion; if cornered, they employ their razor-edged pincers with righteous efficiency.

ELDRITCH VAPOR

Eldritch vapors dwell in cemeteries, moors and other locales where fog will hide their evershifting forms. Gleeful and mischievous, they enjoy snatching away the possessions of those foolish enough to wander into their realm. Visitors without possessions are themselves snatched away.

DORNBEAST

Smart adventurers run the other way when they hear "Hurumph," the battle cry of the deadly dornbeast. Its 69 sensitive eyes can paralyze an unwary explorer with a single glare. Captured victims are plastered with round, .sticky secretions that never come off.

MONKEY GRINDER

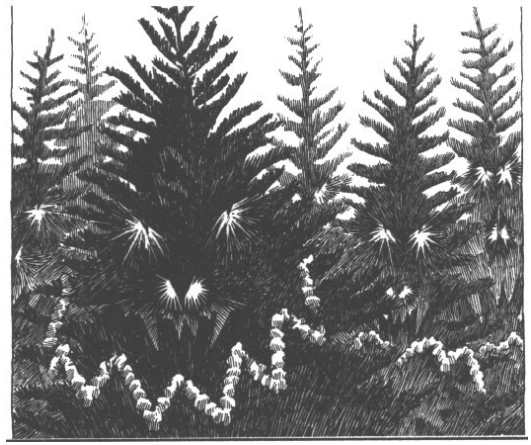
Avoid this nightmare at any cost! Spawn of a carnival necromancer, the monkey grinder can blast minds to jelly with its powerful Sense Organ. Deceptively eloquent in both manner and speech, these loathsome creatures actually possess little intelligence, and suffer an illiteracy rate of I03%.

IMPLEMENTOR

The Implementors are a race of minor deities who dwell on the Ethereal Plane of Atrii. Their ample free time is spent on costly luncheons where gossip and sweet nectars flow freely. Implementors do not discourage rumors that the world was created by them as a plaything.

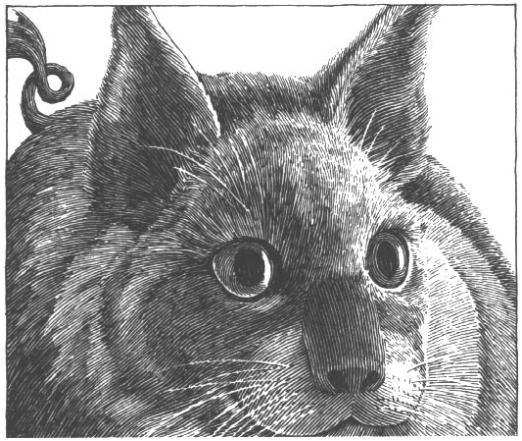
GIANT CORBIE

Corbies are carrion birds with sharp eyesight and sharper beaks. Their color vision is so well developed, they can spot a yellow grotch in a hayfield from 200 bloits away. Corbies prefer the taste of dead, rotting flesh, but have been known to feast on live, running adventurers.



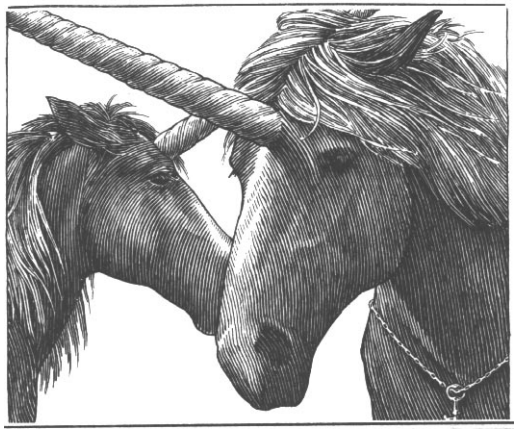
CHRISTMAS TREE MONSTER

Vast herds of these luminous vegetables roam freely amid the glacial valleys of the south. Residents fear the autumn migrations, in which the trees cheerfully trample everything in their path. Christmas tree monsters are repelled by caterpillars, but nobody can explain why.



MINX

Irresistably cuddly, the minx shares all the most ingratiating characteristics of kittens, koala bears and piglets. Minxes are highly prized for their ability to find and root out chocolate truces from the ground, and will eagerly devour them if given the opportunity.

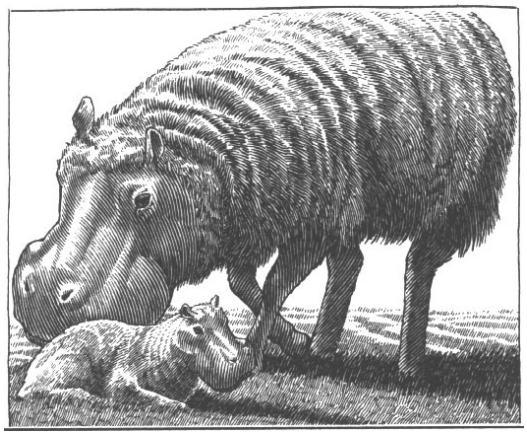


UNICORN

Most unicorns have fled to the Plane of TransInfinite Splendor, where they enjoy a carefree existence free from the cruelty of man. The unhappy few left behind are eagerly sought by zoos and private collectors. It is good luck to kiss a unicorn's horn; but woe to any fool who harms one.

FROON

Legends of this magical kingdom date back before the reign of Entharion the for a series of beloved children's books by L. Frank Fzort, and later became a successful movie musical starring Judy Garlic.

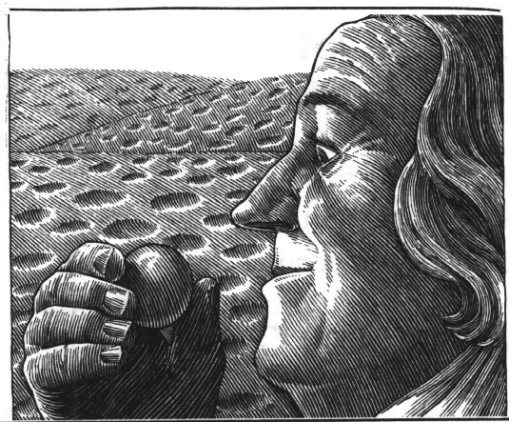


HUNGUS

Part sheep, part hippopotamus, the hungus builds its nest in jungle swamps docile and eager to avoid conflict or activity of any kind, the hungus is fiercely clannish, and will instantly charge at anything that dares to threaten its kin.

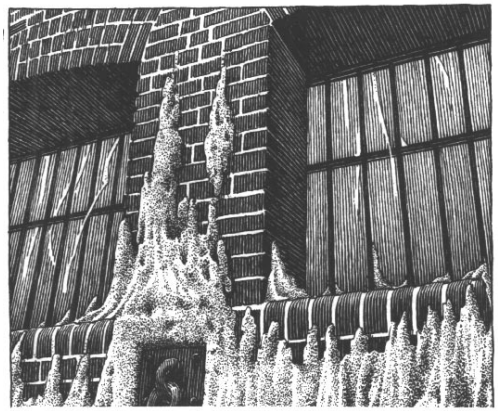
SPENSEWEED

The healing virtues of this common road side plant are well documented. Although it is safe to eat, spenseweed is most effec tive when applied directly to wounds as a salve. Avoid the cheap commercial prepa rations, which may contain artificial color ing and preservatives.



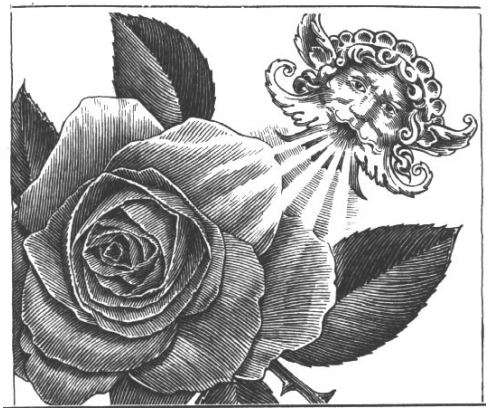
CHOCOLATE TRUFFLE

Chocolate truces grow only between the roots of oak trees. Dark brown when fresh, air. Truffles were a favorite of Lord Dimwit Flathead the Excessive (770-789 GUE), forests to indulge his bottomless appetite.



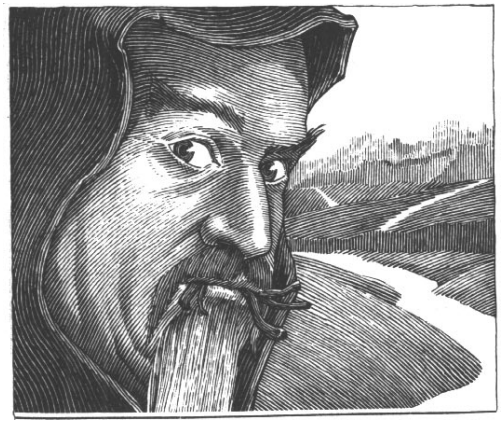
MOSS OF MAREILON

First classified in 843 GUE by Thwack of Mareilon, this soft, pale fungus thrives in underground tunnels and public toilets. When squeezed, the moss releases an invisible cloud of spores which improves the dexterity of laboratory rat-ants. Its effect on other species is uncertain.



COMPASS ROSE

The stem of this rare annual always droops in the direction of the prevailing wind. Rumors that the compass rose can actually control the wind are hotly denied by the Guild of Meteorologists, who harvested the species to the brink of extinction in the Rose Riots of 8II GUE.



MORGIA ROOT

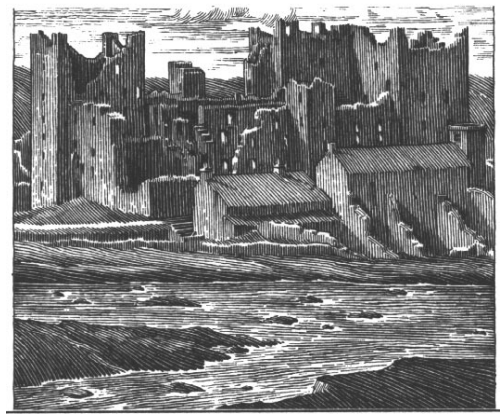
It is a rare enchanter who does not carry morgia root to gnaw on during a long journey. The mint-flavored juice improves stamina, slakes thirst and conceals bad breath. In domestic applications, morgia root is often baked into pies, and makes an excellent platypus stuffing.

CRUEL PUPPET

Few creatures are more despised than the cruel puppet. It attacks by twisting itself into unflattering caricatures of its opponent, accompanied by jeers, rude noises and shocking accusations. Staunch monarchs have been reduced to tears by these merciless shapeshifters.

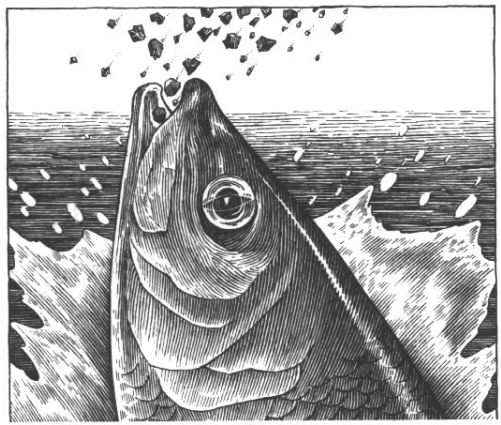
DUST BUNNY

Dust bunnies burrow in obscure corners and under furniture, and defend their territory by multiplying. They can clog a passageway in seconds, filling the air with dark, suffocating particles. Static electricity and lemon-scented sprays are their only natural enemies.



PHEEBOR

Ruins of this ancient city are still visible at the confluence of the rivers Phee and Bor. The reason for its downfall (circa 400 BE) is unclear, but minstrels sing of a feud between Pheebor and its sister city Borphee over the naming of what is now called the Borphee River.



RED HERRING

These common fish patrol the dark recesses of freshwater pools and streams. But a handful of granola brings them racing to the surface, a fact known by every rural schoolboy. The old adage about red herrings being "good brain food" has no scientific basis.

LUCKSUCKER

Lucksuckers feed on good fortune. Part physical entity, part mental phenomenon, the sucker's appearance is based on the laws of probability, and may change without warning. Good luck charms provide only a temporary shield against attack. The best strategy is to run!

UR-GRUE

Ur-grues are thought to be the shades of fallen Implementors. Skilled in black sorcery, the ur-grue can envelop itself in a personal zone of darkness which neither lamp nor flame can penetrate. Sunlight is the only thing it fears. It is unwise even to speak of this utterly evil entity.

THE COCONUT OF QUENDOR

Though reluctant to dismiss the Coconut outright, most historians regard its historical existence as dubious at best. Orkan of Thriff has suggested that if all the "Shards of The One True Coconut" and "Vials of The Blessed Milk" were gathered in one place, they would form a stack nine bloits high.

Zork Zero

Preface to the Story
More than 90 years have passed since the great wizard Megaboz cast the Curse which destroyed Lord Dimwit Flathead the Excessive along with the other members of the ruling family, the Twelve Flatheads. Now, the Curse threatens to bring down the Great Underground Empire itself! Wurb Flathead, the current occupant of the throne, has sent a clarion call to the remotest comers of the Empire: half the riches of the kingdom to the person who can allay the Curse. From every province of Quendor, courageous adventurers, scheming charlatans, and wild-eyed crackpots have streamed into the Imperial Capital of Flatheadia. You are one such treasure-seeker, a peasant from an unheard-of village in an obscure province. However, you have an important advantage: an ancestor of yours, a servant in Dimwit's court, witnessed Megaboz casting the Curse, and obtained a small scrap of wizardly parchment from the mage's pocket. This parchment scrap has been passed down from generation to generation, and is now in your possession. Thanks to it, you know what none of the other would-be cursebusters know; you alone know what must be done to stop the Curse! By the time of your arrival at Flatheadia, most of the treasure-seekers have given up and returned to their homelands. In fact, you discover that most of the population, including all figures of authority, have fled to distant provinces. And when you awake on the hard floor of the castle on Curse Day, you find that even the looters and the most persistent adventurers have departed. In fact, as you begin your desperate quest to find the relics of the Empire you need to stop the Curse, your only company is the court jester, who spins rhymes for your amusement. Always appearing when you least expect him, the jester will confront you with riddles and games, spring some deadly tricks, and give you helpful nudges in the right direction. And throughout, he seems to be laughing at some tremendous joke which you can't begin to fathom...
Zork Zero is the prequel to the Zork Trilogy, one of the most popular, best-loved computer games ever written. Zork Zero takes you back to the age of the Flatheads, where you can glimpse the Great Underground Empire during its heyday, and witness its monumental fall.

About the Author: Steve Meretzky (1957-) was born and raised in Yonkers, NY, where his early hobbies included rooting for the New York Mets and against Richard Nixon. A few historians of interactive fiction think that Meretzky's first job, packing nuts and bolts for his father's hardware business, was the formative moment of his writing career. A few other people think that there's absolutely no connection. Most people don't think about it at all. Many have won awards, but probably no awards you've ever heard of. Along with Infocom's Dave Lebling, Meretzky is the first person admitted to the Science Fiction Writers of America for authoring interactive fiction. Other works of interactive fiction by Steve Meretzky: Planetfall (1983), Sorcerer (1984), The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy (1984) (with Douglas [Adams), A Mind Forever Voyaging (1985), Leather Goddesses of Phobos (1986), Stationfall (1987)

Zork Zero Special Commands

*COLOR - If you are playing Zork Zero on a computer with a color monitor, you can type COLOR to change the colors of the text and background on your screen. This command works only on computers which support a color display.

*DEFINE - This command allows you to change the settings of the function keys. For example, if pressing function key 2 is like typing INVENTORY, you can change this to DROP ALL, or DROP ALL followed by RETURN (or ENTER), or anything else, by using the DEFINE command. See the "Function Keys" section on page N.

*HINT - If you have difficulty while playing the story, and you can't figure out what to do, just type HINT. Then follow the directions at the top of your screen to read the hint of your choice.

*NOTIFY - Normally in Zork Zero, the game will notify you whenever your score changes. You can turn off this notification feature by using the NOTIFY command. Typing NOTIFY pa second time turns the feature back on.

*OOPS - If you mistype a word, such that Zork Zero doesn't understand it, you can correct yourself at the next prompt by typing OOPS and the correct word. For example, if you typed HAND THE CHAIN SAW TO GARNDMA .and were told "II don't know the word 'garndma'"] you could type OOPS GRANDMA rather than retyping the entire sentence You can abbreviate OOPS to O.

*REFRESH - This command clears your screen and redraws the display.

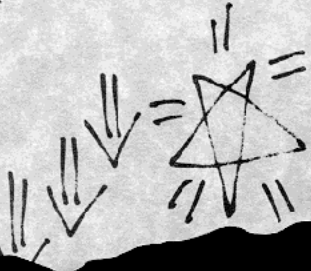
*UNDO - You can use this command to "back up" one move. Suppose, for example, that you found a package but didn't know what was in it. You might type OPEN THE PACKAGE .and be told "The package explodes as you open it, destroying all your possessions." You could then type .UNDO, and you would "back up" one move. Your possessions would be intact, and you could try giving the package to an enemy, or leaving it alone, or something else. Note that the UNDO command works only on certain computers with enough memory.

inboz fooz

zipso furgalneti

se cannot be halted
ept by two items belonging
each of the accursed twelve!
* * * * * * *
sing it into the cauldron...
* * * * * * * *
then uttering the sacred word:

6	1	
0	6	
3	1	



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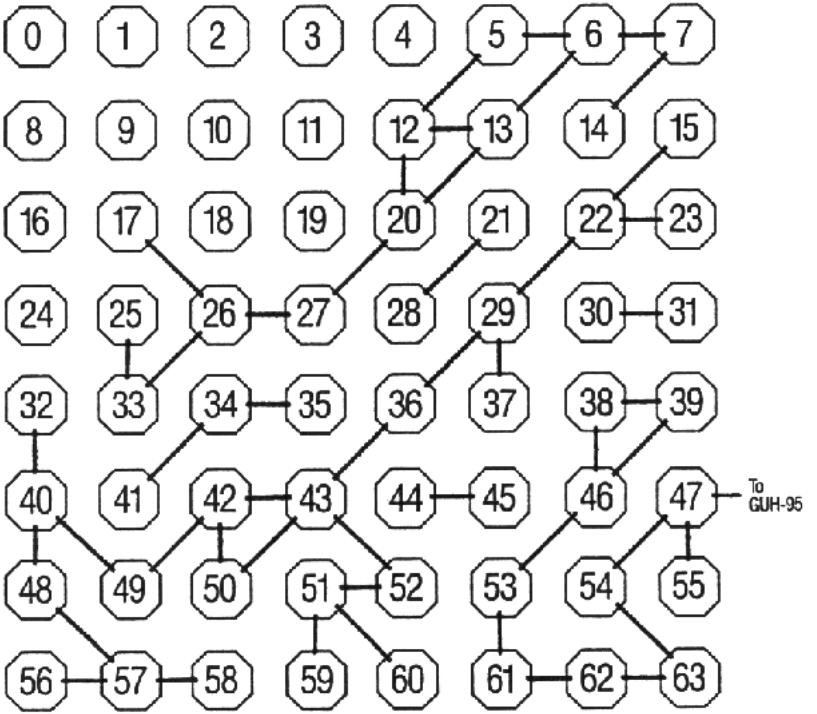
The Flathead Calendar

883



Work still to be performed in Phase Two:

- Removal of temporary passages
- Installation of emergency exits
- Installation of sprinkler system
- Construction of Concierge apartment

GOOBAR-
I LEFT MY HARDHAT
OUT IN LOT Ø.
PLEASE PICK IT UP
THANKS,
QUIZBO

Frobozz Magic Construction Company	1 of 1
Rockville Estates Phase Two, showing all work completed through 29-Mum-880	
Scale 1:1440	drawn by S. Fzortbar

THE TWELVE FLATHEADS

*As every student of history knows, the Twelve Flatheads were the greater part of the Thirteen Significant Accomplishments of King Mumberthrax the Insignificant.**

In the immortal words of Boswell Barwell, the royal biographer:
Mumberthrax's place in history was secured by the one thing at which the Flatheads tended to excel: procreation. He sired twelve amazing children; twelve offspring who would transform the kingdom. As these magnificent siblings grew in notoriety, as their vast achievements became legendary, they became known as The Twelve Flatheads.* *

In 783 GUE, the coronation of Lord Dimwit Flathead the Excessive, Mumberthrax's firstborn, began at Flatheadia. This calendar, brought to you under the auspices of the Flatheadia Chamber of Commerce and the Frobozz Magic Calendar Company, celebrates the centennial of that memorable occasion.

Reproduced for this calendar are Leonardo Flathead's famous portraits of the Twelve Flatheads. * * Leonardo brilliantly captured the varied personalities of the siblings on canvas over a span of seventeen years, starting with his own self-portrait in 766 GUE (see Jelly) and finishing with his Coronation Portrait of King Dimwit in 783 GUE (see Estuary).*

We are grateful for permission to reprint the accompanying excerpts from Boswell Barwell's exhaustive biography, "The Lives of the Twelve Flatheads." * * *

**The thirteenth accomplishment was a decree that made Double Fanucci the National Sport of Quendor. Legends say that Double Fanucci was invented by Zilbo III, the last king of the Entharion dynasty. Double Fanucci Championships had been an annual event since 691 GUE, and Mumberthrax's Proclamation of 757 simply gave the sport official royal approval.*
***From the introduction to "The Lives of the Twelve Flatheads."*
** * *The originals can be seen in the gallery at Flatheadia Castle. Acknowledgement is gratefully made to Winifred Booblort of the Flatheadia Castle Preservation Society for her invaluable help.*
*****Copied right in 804 GUE by the Frobozz Magic Biography Publishing Company.*

DIMWIT FLATHEAD
Excessive Ruler of the Empire
(723-789)

Dimwit, as Mumberthrax's firstborn, grew up as heir to the throne of Quendor. A tad spoiled, little Dimmie was fond of torturing his nannies in the castle dungeon.

Dimwit spent most of his early adulthood vacationing (with 40,000 attendants) in the sparsely populated Eastlands across the Great Sea. Dimwit, who despised the outdoors,* was enthralled by the underground caverns there.

When Mumberthrax felt death's icy hand in 770 GUE, Dimwit began his vibrant reign. He immediately moved the capital of Quendor from Egreth, in the Westlands, to Aragain, in the Eastlands. Aragain, a small village, was transformed and renamed Flatheadia. Dimwit also decreed that Quendor be called "The Great Underground Empire."**

Dimwit's grandiosity knew no bounds. His wondrous coronation ceremony*** quickly earned him the nickname Lord Dimwit Flathead the Excessive. On a whim, in 783, he ordered the erection of Flood Control Dam //3, an underground project whose uselessness and cost did not diminish its magnificence. He also had huge granola smelters built near the Antharian Granola Mines.

Some bitter, unappreciative chroniclers have described Dimwit's castle as his biggest folly. It covered 8,600 square bloits, and housed, at one time, over 90% of the empire's population.

Dimwit's last great project was the erection of a huge statue of himself in the Fublio Valley. Nine bloits tall, it necessitated the deforestation of 1,400 square bloits.

It was rumored that Dimwit was planning the construction of a new continent in the Flathead Ocean; a continent whose contours would have resembled his own features. Sadly, Dimwit passed away in 789 before he could realize this incomparable goal. His death has always been shrouded in mystery.

**Dimwit was petrified of rain, which puddled embarrassingly on his level pate.*
** *Nowadays, these names are used interchangeably.*
** * *The ceremony took thirteen years to plan and lasted eighteen fun-filled months.*

ESTUARY 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
1 *Entharion Day*	2	3 Mom's Birthday	4	5 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	6	7
8	9	10	11	12 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	13	14
15	16 *Granola Riots (865 GUE)*	17	18 *Endless Fire started (773 GUE)*	19 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	20	21
22 NEW MOON	23	24	25	26 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	27	28
29	30 *Flood Control Dam #3 dedicated (783 GUE)*	31	**DID U KNOW?** Dimwit's Birthday, now associated with big sales at U-Mart and J.C. Zorkmids, was once a day when everyone in the kingdom was required to give the king a present.			

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JOHN D. FLATHEAD
Captain of Industry
(725-789)

King Duncanthrax formed the Frobozz Magic Construction Company in 667 GUE to enlarge the underground caverns of the Eastlands. Affiliated companies, such as the Frobozz Magic Dirt Disposal Company, and the Frobozz Magic Underground Sewer Installation Company, soon followed. The next year, FrobozzCo International was formed as a parent company for the burgeoning subsidiaries.

By 743, there were more than 17,000 subsidiaries of FrobozzCo. That same year, a young entrepreneur named John D. Flathead graduated from the venerable Borphee Business School.

At age 22, John D. founded Flathead Industries. FI's business was inventing other companies, which it would then sell to FrobozzCo. Within three years, FI had an annual income of 80,000,000 zorkmids. Eventually, the conglomerate decided to buy FI, renaming it the Frobozz Magic Company Company. John D. became one of FrobozzCo's 39,000 vice-presidents.

It didn't take John D. long to parlay his business acumen and royal connections into the chairmanship of FrobozzCo. Years of heady growth followed. When John D.'s older brother Dimwit became king, FrobozzCo received every contract for Dimwit's incredible projects. Hundreds of new subsidiaries were formed daily; in 781 a huge 400-story headquarters opened in Flatheadia.

John D.'s long-time goal was for FrobozzCo to control every single zorkmid of commerce in the Great Underground Empire. The lone holdout, a small rutabaga farm in Mithicus, finally sold out to FrobozzCo in 789. John D. never heard the news, however. He disappeared, along with a huge entourage, while touring the factories of the Frobozz Magic Snowmaking Equipment Company in the Gray Mountains.

FROBUARY[TR] 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day[TR]	Star Day
FUN FAX Frobuary[TR] was originally called Fidooshiary until it was purchased by the Frobozz Magic Month Company in 817 GUE.			1	2 ◐ *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	3 *Undergroundhog's Day*	4
5	6	7	8	9 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	10	11 ◑
12	13	14	15	16 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	17	18
19	20 ● FULL MOON	21	22	23 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	24	25
26	27	28	29 ◒ *Start of Leap Week (Antharia only)*	30 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	31	32
33	34	35				

Frob Day is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.
Frobuary is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Month Company.

STONEWALL FLATHEAD
Military Hero
(729 - 789)

T.J. "Stonewall" Flathead received his celebrated nickname while serving as a Squire in the Royal Army during the famous Battle of The Stonewall in 747 GUE.

The Stonewall was a strategically vital locale, commanding the two most important caverns of the Eastlands. When reports arrived that rebellious natives had captured The Stonewall, T.J. Flathead and his garrison were assigned the mission of retaking it.

After a battle lasting seven weeks, during which T.J.'s men suffered a casualty rate of nearly 75%, the garrison stormed The Stonewall. Once in command of it, they discovered that the reports had been erroneous: The Stonewall was completely undefended, and the supposedly rebellious natives were actually all vacationing in the Gray Mountains. Nevertheless, T.J.'s tactics and strategies during the battle were brilliant, and he would henceforth be known as Stonewall Flathead.

Stonewall rose quickly through the ranks, and in 755 GUE he became General of the Royal Army.

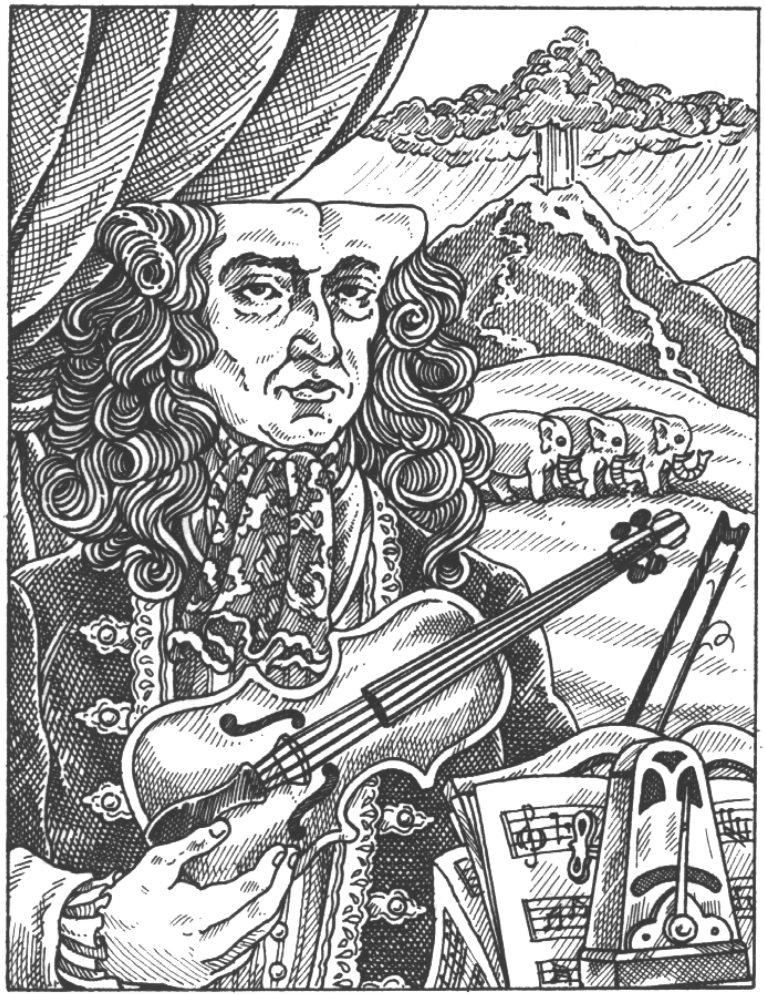
During his 34 years in command, he squelched three provincial rebellions and over 12,000 tax riots. Fortunately, his unlimited conscription powers helped mitigate the 98% casualty rates his army suffered during these difficult battles.

Stonewall died in 789 GUE during the Battle of Ragweed Gulch, when he was accidentally shot by one of his own men.

ARCH 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
KRAZY KWOTES "Why pay less?" –Dimwit Flathead			1	2 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	3	4
5	6	7	8	9 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	10	11 *St. Balhu's Day*
12	13	14	15	16 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	17	18
19 *Frobozz Magic Cave Co. founded (668 GUE)*	20	21 EMPTY MOON	22 *Royal Museum dedicated (777 GUE)*	23 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	24	25
26	27	28	29	30 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	31	

Frob Day is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.



JOHANN SEBASTIAN FLATHEAD
Musical Genius
(728-789)

In 732 GUE, the Frobozz Philharmonic Orchestra was formed. Because of the woeful lack of orchestral music in existence, the FPO usually settled for playing baroque versions of old folk tunes and popular dance numbers.

Seven years later, the FPO performed their first symphony. The piece was notable because of the age of its author, a precocious eleven-year-old named Johann Sebastian Flathead.

As he matured, Johann's symphonies increased in length, while his audiences mysteriously decreased in size.* His Symphony//981, the so-called Infinite Symphony, contained over 60,000 movements; over the course of its only performance, several members of the orchestra retired and were replaced by their children or grandchildren.

Dimwit recognized a kindred spirit in his younger brother, and appointed him official court composer in 771. Later that year, he wrote his famous "Flatheadia Overture for Rack and Pendulum" to celebrate the dedication of Dimwit's new dungeon.

He spent his latter years composing music for ever more grandiose instruments, such as his Concerto for Woodwinds and Waterfalls. Johann was killed in 789 when a mishap occurred during a rehearsal of his Minuet for Violin and Volcano.

**No reasonable postulation has been made to explain Johann's lack of popularity. It is the belief of this author that the short attention span of the general public precluded it from sitting still for the whole of one of his symphonies.*

ORACLE 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
TID BITZ This year is the 100th anniversary of the original Coronation Day. Since Dimwit's coronation, all subsequent kings have been crowned on Oracle 22nd.						1
2	3 *King Wurb's Birthday*	4 *St. Foobus' Day*	5	6 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	7	8
9	10	11	12	13 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	14	15
16	17	18	19	20 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	21	22 Coronation Day
23	24	25	26 OLD MOON	27 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	28	29 dinner at the Bozbo's
30						

Frob Day is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.

J. PIERPONT FLATHEAD
Dauntless Banker and Financier
(730-789)

As a child, J. Pierpont demonstrated both the flair for capitalism and the resourcefulness which would make him the most successful banker in El of Quendor. The enterprising eight-year-old opened a lemonade stand in the center of Egreth Village, using the royal militia to force citizens to buy lemonade. At spearpoint, most people were willing to pay little J. Pierpont's exorbitant price of 300 zorkmids per glass.*

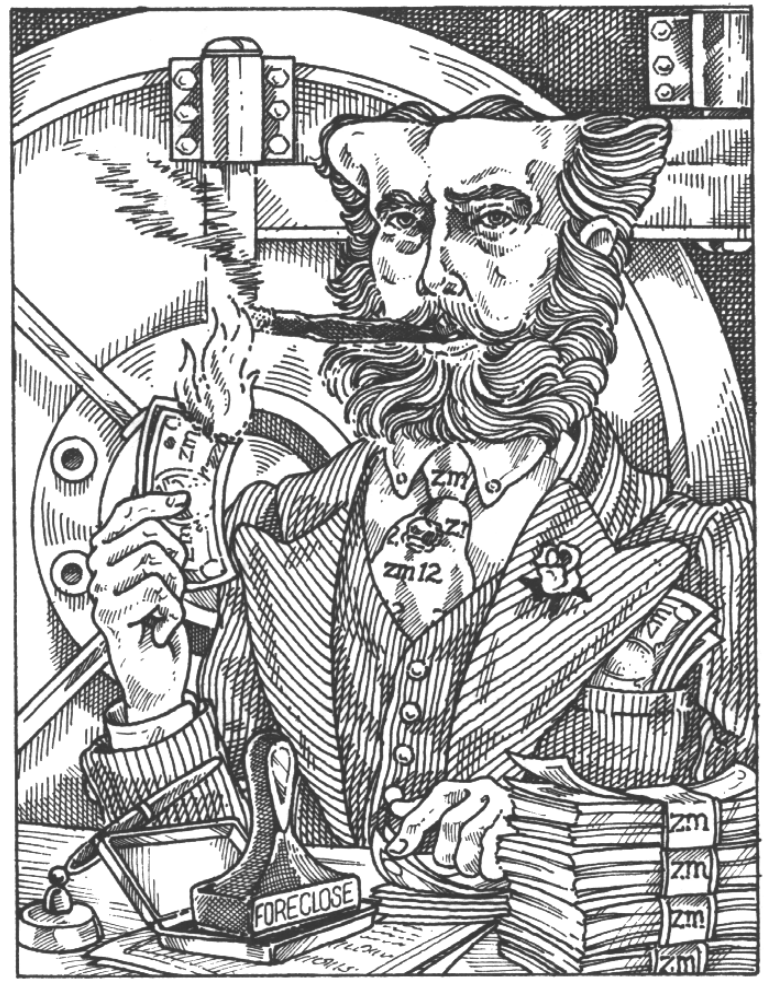
He also used the militia to quash the other lemonade stands in the city, and later to shut off El other beverage sources as well. As the prices at his lemonade stand soared into quadruple digits, J. Pierpont quickly realized the benefits of monopolies.

In 749, at the age of nineteen, J. Pierpont became a clerk at the Bank of Zork. Six weeks later, following a rash of disappearances of his successive bosses, J. Pierpont became the youngest Chairman of the Board in the bank's history, a testament to his financial acumen.

As Chairman, he used his royal connections to eliminate El competing banks, increasing the Bank of Zork's market share from 99.2% to 100%.* * He also supervised the installation of the latest magic-based security techniques to guard the bank's vault and deposit box areas. For unknown reasons, J. Pierpont hired exclusively gnomes to fill his teller and security positions.

J. Pierpont Flathead served as Chairman of the Board until his odd disappearance in 789 GUE, when he entered one of the bank's vaults and never re-emerged. Although gone, he is not forgotten; reproductions of his portrait still hang in every branch of the Bank of Zork.

**Ice was extra.*
*****He was later able to increase this number to 131% by encouraging customers to deposit their money several times***



MAGE 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
0 *Zero Day*	1 *Mage Day*	2	3	4 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	5	6 *Antharian Marble Pageant*
7	8	9	10	11 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	12	13
14	15	16	17	18 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	19	20
21	22	23	24	25 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	26 PAC MOON	27
28	29	30	31 *St. Honko's Day*	**QUICKIE QUIZ** Who was the first king in the Flathead Dynasty?		

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THOMAS ALVA FLATHEAD
Inventor Extraordinaire
(730-789)

Many have mastered the magical arts; few applied them to the creation of practical devices as masterfully as the great inventor Thomas Alva Flathead.

His brilliance was evident even in childhood. Thomas Alva, the sixth son in his family, was constantly tormented by his siblings: no sooner would he get a toy to play with than some older brother would snatch it away. Thomas Alva quickly remedied the situation by inventing powerful steel traps which, at first glance, looked exactly like toy boats or stuffed dornbeasts.

As an adult, Thomas Alva produced a seemingly endless stream of inventions from his laboratory, Froblo Park. His most useful inventions include the magic room spinner and the magic compressor, but he is probably best-known as the inventor of the battery-powered brass lantern.

Thomas Alva also made a number of breakthroughs in the area of person-ally-ingested magic. His most famous invention in this area was a yellowish-green potion which allowed humans to talk to plants.

All of these inventions were marketed by FrobozzCo International, providing Thomas Alva with generous royalties. But he spurned wealth, living in a small room behind his laboratory and sleeping on an unfinished wooden board. Thomas Alva died in 789 GUE from a severe case of splinters.

JAM 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
KRAZY KWOTES "A good lawyer is much better than a good husband." –Lucrezia Flathead				1 ○ EATEN MOON *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	2 ◑	3 ●
4 ● FAST MOON	5 *Treaty of Znurg (474 GUE)*	6	7	8 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	9	10
11 ○	12	13	14 *Capital moved to Flatheadia (771 GUE)*	15 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	16	17
18 ○	19	20	21	22 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	23	24
25 ○	26	27	28	29 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	30	

Frob Day is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.

LEONARDO FLATHEAD
Artist and Scientist
(731-789)

Little notice was taken of Leonardo Flathead as a child. He was shy and quiet, and quite overshadowed by his aggressive older brothers. It wasn't until his arrival at Galepath University that his genius blossomed and the world began to take notice.

While at the University, Leonardo wrote several major treatises which revolutionized scientific thought. The most famous of these disproved the hoary myth that the world sits on the back of a giant turtle, proving instead that the world actually rests on the head of an enormous troll.

After his University days were over, Leonardo turned from science to art. He became the most famous painter in the land: noblemen from every province were escorted to his studio by Dimwit's personal militia to have their portraits painted.

Unfortunately, during his later years Leonardo became quite senile, and his painting style deteriorated. He took to flinging paint at his canvasses in much the same way that a Borphee baker flings bits of dough into a hot oven to make Frobolli Cakes. His studio became caked with layer upon layer of splattered paint. It was during this period that his famous incomplete work, "Obstructed View of Fjord;' was lost.

Leonardo made a final, feeble attempt to recapture his former greatness by moving into other media beside paint, but these efforts led to his tragic end. In 789, while working on a large statue intended for the harbor of Antharia, he suffered a fatal plunge into a vat of molten granola.

JELLY 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
-5 ○	**TID BITZ** The great Thaumaturgist, Davmar, spent six years of his life as a zucchini farmer, but was allergic to zucchinis and could not eat them himself!					1
2 ○ WHITE MOON	3 *Double Fanucci became National Sport of Quendor (761 GUE)*	4 *Filfre Day*	5	6 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	7	8
9	10 ◐	11 ● SUDDEN MOON	12	13 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	14	15
16	17	18	19 ●	20 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	21	22
23	24	25 ? *St. Quakko's Day (maybe)*	26	27 ● *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	28	29
30	31					

Frob Day is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.

LUCREZIA FLATHEAD
Legendary Murderess or Innocent Widow?
(735-789)

Of all the Twelve Flatheads, it is most difficult to separate history from legend when studying Lucrezia, the only sister to eleven aggressive brothers. Showing a total lack of understanding for her delicate position, detractors have cruelly tried to claim that Lucrezia had a warped mind.

At the tender age of sixteen, Lucrezia married a very rich but very old nobleman from Gurth, Marcus Bzart-Foodle. Ten-and-a-half months later, he died in bed with his bride. Afterward, Bzart-Foodle's doctor could not recall whether he had warned Lucrezia to avoid over-exciting her husband's weak heart.

Lucrezia's second husband, a wealthy land baron from Mareilon named Oddzoe Glorb III, was found dead just five weeks after the wedding, his body mangled by hellhounds. It was quite understandable that Lucrezia had her multi-volume hellhound training manual removed from the house at once; the sight of it must have brought back tragic memories.

Five days later, Lucrezia sought consolation in a third marriage, to the Governor of Antharia, Hirax Mumbleton. Only two days after that, Antharia was without a governor. Hirax had been discovered in his office, smothered under a ton of raw granola. His sobbing widow immediately cancelled delivery of her daily truckloads of granola, in order to avoid any similar tragedies.

After her next fifteen husbands, all wealthy lords, died on their wedding nights, royal insiders reported that she was so distraught by her tragic string of bad luck that she was becoming dangerously suicidal. Elder brother Dimwit was finally forced into action, and had her locked up in a cell in the dungeon for her own safety. She languished in that cell for the remaining fifteen years of her life. During this period, some 1,800 prison guards were mysteriously poisoned. Some legends say that her own death, in 789, was self-induced.

AUGUR 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
QUICKIE QUIZ What is the busiest seaport in the Eastlands? Answer: Port Foozle		1	2	3 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	4 ● SMALL MOON	5
6 *St. Bovus' Day*	7 *Gnusto spell invented (769 GUE)*	8	9	10 ● *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	11	12
13	14	15 dentist 1:50	16 ● *First Zorkmid minted (699 GUE)*	17 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	18	19
20	21	22 ●	23	24 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	25	26
27	28 ● LARGE MOON	29	30	31 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	**FUN FAX** Bottomless pits are the second-leading cause of death in Flatheadia.	

Frob Day is a tradetune of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.

RALPH WALDO FLATHEAD
The Poet of the Empire
(737-780)

An unspoken Flathead family motto was "quantity over quality," and no one demonstrated that tenet better than Ralph Waldo. During his 40-plus years of putting pen to parchment, he wrote 912 novels, 4,000 short stories, and an incredible 87,000 sonnets. His essays have never been successfully counted.

Ralph Waldo spent eleven years at Antharia University, collecting a chestful of degrees, including three doctorates: Doctor of Idyllic Poetry, Doctor of Excellent Elegies, and Doctor of Octameter Odes. He was very proud of his academic accomplishments, and always signed his name "Ralph Waldo Flathead, D.I.P., D.E.E., D.O.O."

Fresh out of college and flush with the enthusiasm of youth, Ralph Waldo wrote a series of lengthy essays which he hoped would uplift the human spirit. Sadly and inexplicably, these essays lifted little more than the profits of the Frobozz Magic Writing Paper Company. The essays from this period include "On the Benefits of Keeping Ears Clean" and "Why Doorknobs are Necessary." Also during this period, he wrote "On the Discoloration of Roadside Slush," but the manuscript was lost before it could be published, leaving Ralph Waldo disconsolate for years.

During his middle years, Ralph Waldo spent nearly half a decade living in the granola mines of Antharia. It was during this period that he wrote his longest work, a 60,000-verse epic about the varieties of moss that one finds in granola mines.

Toward the end of his life, Ralph Waldo specialized in exploring related themes, as brilliantly demonstrated by the four sonnets found by his deathbed: Sonnet #8Z177 "Ode to a Tiny Moist Avocado Pit" Sonnet #8Z178 "Ode to Another Tiny Moist Avocado Pit" Sonnet #87,179 "Ode to Two Tiny Moist Avocado Pits"

Sonnet #87,180 "Ode to Two Still-Tiny-But-Less-Moist Avocado Pits"

Ralph Waldo died in 789 GUE. An autopsy revealed that the cause of death was an overdose of avocados.

SUSPENDUR 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
FUN FAX Some experts claim that Dimwit Flathead could access a secret wing of his castle by sitting on his favorite throne and snapping his fingers.					1	2 *Time Travel Spell invented (927 GUE)*
3	4 ● ● TWO MOONS *Leisure Day*	5	6	7 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	8	9
10	11 *Double Fanucci Championships*	12	13 ● ◗ ONE & A HALF MOONS	14 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	15	16
17	18	19	20	21 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	22 MISSING MOON	23
24	25	26 WEIRD MOON	27	28 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	29	30

Frob Day is a tradernne of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.

JOHN PAUL FLATHEAD
Seaman and Explorer
(738-789)

All the Flathead aunts and uncles predicted early on that John Paul would find his destiny at sea. He loved boats so much that the royal carpenters were ordered to produce a flotilla of 1,400 vessels for his bathtub.*

From an early age, John Paul suffered from an inferiority complex derived from being the second "John" among the Flathead children.** This complex made John Paul determined to become a world-famous seafaring adventurer.

At sea, his feats ranged from the courageous (he was the first person to traverse the Great Sea in a one-man ship) to the curious (he set a new record for the most circumnavigations of Antharia on a raft towed by groupers).

In 766 GUE, at the age of 28, John Paul joined the royal navy; by 771, he was the ranking admiral; by 773, every ship in the navy had been sunk or lost at sea. John Paul retired shortly thereafter.

He spent his latter days touring the Flathead Ocean, collecting curios and unusual pets from all comers of the world. Among the most interesting: a large blue toad named *"Otto"* who was known for his extraordinary appetite and his curmudgeonly personality.
John Paul died in 789 GUE, during a vacation in Grubbo-by-the-Sea, when his old nemesis, the great white jellyfish, finally caught up with him.

**His bathtub had to be consequently enlarged; a large inland sea resulted.*
***In his autobiography, Mumberthrax explains that when he named John Paul he "simply forgot about John D."*

OTTOBUR 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
1	2 FULL MOON	3	4	5 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	6 *St. Wiskus' Day*	7
8	9	10	11	12 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	13	14
15 FULL SUN	16	17	18	19 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	20	21
22	23	24	25	26 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	27	28
29	30	31	**TID BITZ** Antharian cave-dwelling witches can sometimes be summoned by coughing.			

Frob Day is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.

FRANK LLOYD FLATHEAD
Royal Architect
(741-789)

As children, all the Flathead siblings adored playing with blocks.* However, only Frank Lloyd drew plans before building.

Frank Lloyd got his big break at the tender age of 17, when his father, King Mumberthrax, commissioned him to design a new wing for Castle Egreth. The resulting wing was breathtakingly impressive. As Frank Lloyd himself wrote, "the conjunction of space and time seems to interface in a pre-subjected instantiation of the underrepresented whole." Frank Lloyd became, overnight, the hottest architect in the Kingdom.**

His reputation established, Frank Lloyd designed virtually every important Quendorian building during his three decades as Official Court Architect. His designs ranged from his vacation chalet in the Gray Mountains to the Great Meeting Hall of the Enchanters' Guild in Borphee, but Frank Lloyd is best known for his most ambitious work: the 400-story FrobozzCo Building in Flatheadia.

Overlooking exaggerations such as "on a dear day you can see the FrobozzCo Building from anywhere in the world," it is still the most ambitious building ever designed or built. A FrobozzCo Building address is most prestigious, and Frank Lloyd himself had a penthouse office, until a slight case of acrophobia forced him to relocate to a nineteenth-story of[ice with a pleasant southern exposure.

The carcinogenic chemicals used in the eighth century to create blueprints finally took their toll on Frank Lloyd, and he died in 789 GUE.

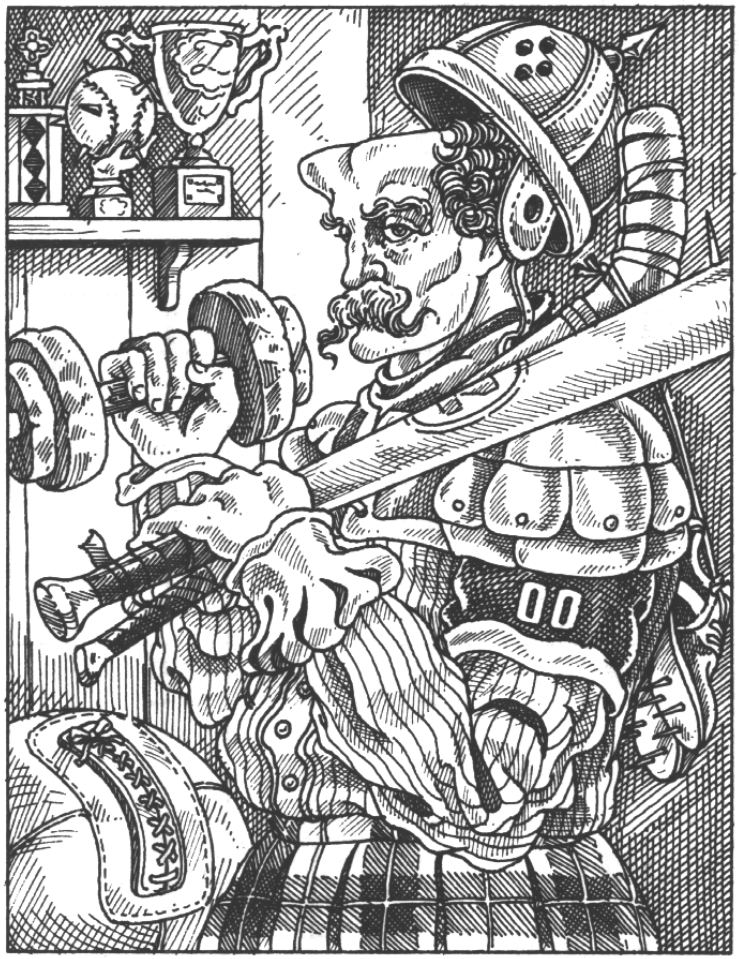
**Nanny Beeble, governess to the children, recalls that many had teams of slaves whose exclusive job it was to move the larger blocks.*

***The fact that the new wing of Egreth collapsed two years later killing over 4,000 royal guests, was credited to a miscalculation on the stonemason's part. He was summarily executed.*

MUMBERBUR 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day[TR]	Star Day
DID U KNOW? Some silly people actually believe that the Empire will collapse on Curse Day this year.			1	2 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	3 NEW MOON	4
5	6	7	8	9 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	10	11 *Veterinarian's Day*
12 *leave for Flathadia*	13	14 *Curse Day*	15	16 NEW SUN *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	17	18
19	20	21	22 FULL FLAKE	23 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	24	25
26	27 RAD MOON	28	29	30 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	**KRAZY KWOTES** "You ain't nothing but a hellhound." – Elvis Flathead	

Frob Day is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.



BABE FLATHEAD
Athletic Superstar
(748-789)

Often called the flattest of the Flatheads, Babe, the youngest of the twelve, was born with an aptitude for sport. He demonstrated his dexterity and coordination early on, throwing baby blocks at his older siblings with impressive speed and accuracy.

As a youth, he was always captain of the Little League teams, thanks in parc to pressure applied by his uncle, Mayor Fiorello Flathead. Even as a teenager, he was something of a lady's man and a party animal, and his older brother Dimwit would frequently have to bail the Babe out of jail following one infraction or another. By all accounts, Babe and Dimwit, despite their 25-year age difference, were closest of all the Flathead siblings.

When he reached college age, Babe selected Mithicus Province University from amongst many eager suitors. At MPU, Babe was a 43-letter man, leading his team to championships in every existing college sport and several non-existent ones as well.*

Throughout the Babe's professional sports career, he excelled in everything he tried: bocce, tag-team kayaking, full-court furbish. There was only one exception. Try as he might, Babe could not master Double Fanucci. Even the unexplained disappearances of the 339 leading Double Fanucci players failed to get Babe into the championships. Fanucci experts believe that Babe's difficulty with the game could be traced to one weakness: his failure to remember that three undertrumps after an opponent's discard of a Trebled Fromp is an indefensible gambit.

By 782 GUE, the Babe was such a phenomenal drawing card that Dimwit constructed the kingdom's largest sporting arena, Flathead Stadium, in his honor. It was there, during the shark-wrestling semi-finals in 789 GUE, that the youngest of the Twelve Flatheads met his end.

**Many experts feel that Babe's teams would have won these championships even if every competing school had NOT had their QCAA memberships revoked.*

DISMEMBUR 883

Sand Day	Mud Day	Grues Day	Wands Day	Birthday	Frob Day™	Star Day
QUICKIE QUIZ Who said "A home that's cut in half usually falls over"? Answer: Abraham Flathead					1	2
3	4 SEMI-FLAKE	5 BULL MOON	6	7 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	8	9 *Unnatural Acts (672 GUE)*
10	11	12	13 HAPPY MOON	14 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	15	16 DARK FLAKE
17	18	19	20	21 BLUE MOON *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	22	23
24	25	26 HALF-BOZ SUN	27	28 *Dimwit's Birthday Observed*	29 GRUE MOON	30 ZIKKO FLAKE
31 *Beginning of Flathead Dynasty (659 GUE)*						

Frob Day is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Day Company.

Enchanter

Welcome to the world of the Enchanter saga -- a world where magic is commonplace, a world where guilds of professional magic-users spend their lifetimes mastering the intracacies of thaumaturgy, a world where great forces of evil must constantly be held at bay

An evil Warlock has subjugated the land to his power. All who have opposed him have failed. But many years ago, in another age, the great Elders of the Circle of Enchanters foresaw the possibility of these dreaded occurrences. They realized that no fully accomplished Enchanter could penetrate the Warlock's defenses unrecognized, and knew that the task of freeing the land would fall to a journeyman conjurer. You have been identified as the Apprentice Enchanter who must save the land from the Warlock. As a fledgling Enchanter, you have learned your lessons but have not faced all your tests. You possess great power, but in the ranks of necromancers you are a lowly and ignorant person indeed. You have been well trained in the basics of magic, and you will be greatly aided by the spells you know and the spells you will learn. But you must also rely on your powers of observation and quick wits.

About the Author

Marc Blank. A graduate of MIT and the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, Marc has been involved in writing interactive fiction since its formative period in the late 1970s. Co-author of the original mainframe version of ZORK in 1977, he was instrumental in laying the groundwork for the appearance of interactive fiction on personal computers in the early 1980s. He is co-author of ZORK I, ZORK II, ZORK II, and ENCHNATER, and is sole author of DEADLINE, the first interactive mystery. His continuing work in interactive technologies in large part made Infocom's name synonymous with interactive fiction. His mother still wishes he would practice medicine.

Dave Lebling was born in Washington, D.C. and grew up in suburban Maryland. He attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and worked at MIT's Laboratory for Computer Science, where he developed an interest in computer entertainments. He was a co-author of the original mainframe ZORK. He has co-authored ZORK I, ZORK II, ZORK III, and ENCHANTER, and written STARCROSS and SUSPECT on his own.

The history of magic can be broken down into four distinct periods: the Empirical Age, the Scientific Age, the Industrial Age, and the Age of Guilds. Each of these will be explored in some depth in order to give the reader a sense of the course of events which has shaped the use of magic in today's society.

The Empirical Age

Primitive cultures had naturally assumed that the disorderly nature of our world was due to such supernatural causes as magic. With the founding of the "natural" sciences, however, nature was increasingly viewed as being orderly. As the sciences progressed, the knowledge and lore of magic largely disappeared. As early as the 5th century GUE (Great Underground Empire), however, such students of the mystic arts as Bizboz and Dinbar thoroughly examined ancient writings on the subject. Bizboz himself wrote what became the seminal work in Thaumaturgy, '.'On the Presence of Incredibly Weird Stuff Going On," in 473 GUE, in which he claimed to have discovered "for-the-most-part Natural Rules" by which this "Weird Stuff" is ordered.

This work was ridiculed by the leading scholars of the time, leading to Bizboz's removal from the faculty at the Galepath University, and, eventually, to his tragic suicide in 475 GUE. His work, however, encouraged others in the pursuit of magical knowledge, with mixed results. Charlatans, claiming to have created magical potions and powders, regularly fooled the gullible population into buying potions which claimed to do such things as "reverse hair loss" and "draw Trebled Fromps in Double Fanucci." Such appeals to public ignorance led King Duncanthrax in 672 GUE to write the Unnatural Acts, which provided stiff penalties for those convicted of selling "Unnatural or Supernatural substances."

Scientific Age

While the charlatans were at Scientific Age work, serious students took up the cause of magic, attempting to explain the natural world as a by-product of the interrelated workings of the sciences of Physics, Medicine, Chemistry, Mathematics, and Thaumaturgy. Their success in demonstrating the so-called first principles of Thaumaturgy, namely Presence, Incantation, and Unusual Effect, led to a loosening of the Unnatural Acts to allow what became known as Scientific Thaumaturgy. During this period, the first chapter of the Guild of Enchanters was founded at the tiny hamlet of Accardi-by-the-Sea by the great thaumaturge, Vilboz.

During the reign of Frobwit the Flatter (701-727 GUE), the art and science of Thaumaturgy flourished. The first reliable Incantation Device, known to scholars as the Hyperbolic Incantation Concentrator, was produced at the Thaumaturgical Institute in 723 GUE. The long, thin, portable device, nicknamed the "magic wand" by the lay press, became an instant sensation among the populace, and gained a certain measure of respect for the fledgling science.

A major advance in Thaumaturgy occurred when Davmar, working in newly-crowned King Mumberthrax Flathead's laboratory, discovered a means by which Incantation could be stored on special Presence-imbued paper. These so-called scrolls were found, however, to be destroyed during the spells' Incantation. Nonetheless, scrolls soon replaced the temperamental and poorly-under-stood "wand" as the primary means of Incantation.

The problem of imbuing Presence became a deterrent to the rapid growth of magical science. The creation of a single powerful scroll could take literally months for even the most creative and productive thaumaturge. This roadblock prevented the widespread use of magic for generations.

Industrial Age

The Industrial Age dawned in 769 GUE with a discovery by a little-known thaumaturge named Berzio. Berzio, working for years in his own self-made workshop and often going for days without food, drink, or sleep, created the means by which Presence could be transferred from a scroll to a specially impregnated paper by use of a simple spell, which he named after his dog, Gnusto. This paper, in turn, held the Presence even after the Incantation had been finished, solving the major problem in spell production. The euphoria which greeted this discovery was tempered by the finding that very powerful spells could not be transferred in this way. Nevertheless, spell "books," which were capable of holding dozens of spells, were produced in great number, leading to the founding of a new industry.

Another advance in Thaumaturgy occurred with the finding that certain liquids and powders could be imbued with the magical Presence. Such potions are of great interest, although their limitations have prevented them from supplanting scrolls as the primary method of Incantation. The first of these potions, which obviates the need for food and drink, was given the name BERZIO, in honor of the great thaumaturge.

Age of Guilds

As the use of magic became more prevalent, so did the problems inherent in its use. Since magic had become available to people in all professions, conflicts arose. One famous issue involved the question of whether the plumber's FIZMO spell ("cause stopped-up pipes to unclog") could be sold as a digestive aid by physicians. The issue came to a head in the aftermath of the Endless Fire of 773 GUE, so named because it burned for 4 weeks after destroying the city of Mareilon. It was later found to have been started by a civil servant who thought he was casting the ZEMDOR spell ("turn original into triplicate") but who, instead, cast the ZIMBOR spell ("turn one really big city into lots of tiny, little ashes").

This led Lord Dimwit Flathead (the Excessive) to issue a series of 5,521 edicts over the following few weeks, which had the effect of severely limiting access to magic (and, incidentally, lawyers). Henceforth, all magic was entrusted to the various Guilds of Enchanters, which by now existed in many small communities. Each Guild, whose elders comprised the so-called Circle of Enchanters, was empowered to form schools for the training of new Enchanters. This official sanctioning of the Guilds led to the formation of numerous other chapters, with membership in the various Guilds in excess of 2,000 by the year 800 GUE. Despite the fall of the Great Underground Empire in 883 GUE under the feeble-minded reign of Wurb Flathead, the Guild of Enchanters remains virtually unchanged in character today.

Today's Enchanter

Since the fall of the Empire, magic has again become a mysterious art, practiced primarily by trained Sorcerers, although a few spells, such as UMBOZ ("obviate need for dusting") and NERZO ("balance checkbook"), have been approved for over-the-counter sale. Upon graduation from an accredited Thaumaturgical College, an Enchanter is given a spell book with a few spells, none of which has great power. As an Enchanter continues his or her studies, new spells may be obtained; these may be copied into a spell book for use whenever the occasion warrants.

The Enchanter's job is not as easy as is commonly thought. An Enchanter must memorize a spell written in a spell book before casting it. (Spells on scrolls and those which have been permanently etched in the memory by training needn't be memorized.) Moreover, if an Enchanter needs to use a particular spell twice, it must be memorized twice, since the effort of casting it makes it a jumble in one's memory. In fact, even a night's sleep will make an Enchanter forget any memorized spells. But, in spite of the rigors of spell casting, the personal rewards are great, and the job of Enchanter remains a popular and well-respected vocation.

An Afterthought

An Afterthought The most fitting words regarding the history of magic were written over a century ago by the renowned historian Ozmar in 821 GUE. He wrote: "The greatest irony is this: that the ancients of our kind were nearer to knowing the truth about Science than those who called themselves Scientists. Science has taught us much and given us new words for old mysteries. But beneath these words are mysteries, and beneath them more mysteries. The pursuit of Magic has given these mysteries meaning and provided for our people great benefits unrealized as yet by Science. One day, perhaps, a great union will be formed between Magic and Science, and the final mysteries will be solved."

:If you truly are the one
brave enough to face
unspeakable peril·
let your wizardly
powers reveal
our words·

Hear us…

We, the Circle of Enchanters, have foreseen that a ruthless and powerful Evil may one day seize this land. Should that time arrive, we also foresee the coming of age of a young Enchanter, one whose heart and wits may triumph over the Warlock's dark necromancy. It is our hope that this Enchanter hears our words.

:We cannot see your face through the mists of time/but this we know in truth ··· You are promising in magic but have not gained your full skills· That is as it must be/for the Warlock would recognize one of the Council of Elders and would sense the presence of a more powerful Enchanter· Thus/in your obscurity you may find your way to his lair before he knows the mortal danger you pose·

:Four spells will arm you as you begin your quest. FROTZ shall turn darkness to light. MITFOL shall build a bridge of language to all the animals of the land. GNUSTO writes magic; by it you shall commit spells to your treasured spell book. BLORB is a spell of protection; with it you may guard your most precious possession.

·Never forget/young Enchanter/
that magic is your only weapon·
By your vows to the Council of Elders
you have cast aside the common
protections of sword and armor·
Therefore you will need many
more spells to accomplish
your quest· These will be revealed
to you· Always be alert·

Though your way will be harsh and your steps fraught with danger, remember throughout your quest that you are the only hope of this land. We pray that our successors will choose wisely and that you will prove yourself worthy of the title Enchanter. Signed with our mark and cast into the ages...

The Circle of Enchanters

Sorcerer

Welcome to the world of the Enchanter saga -- a world where magic is commonplace, a world where guilds of professional magic-users spend their lifetimes mastering the intracacies of thaumaturgy, a world where great forces of evil must constantly be held at bay.
In your late youth you left home to join the Guild of Enchanters. After years of schooling, you achieved the rank of Apprentice Enchanter. In fulfillment of an ancient prophecy, you were sent to find Krill, an evil warlock who had loosed a pestilence upon the land, and who threatened the very existence of the Circle of Enchanters. Only someone guileless and inexperienced in the ways of magic could slip into Krill's realm unnoticed. By defeating Krill, you earned a seat on the Circle of Enchanters, sitting at the right hand of your mentor, the leader of the Guild, Belboz the Necromancer. Several years have passed, and you have grown very close to Belboz as you studied under his tutelage, learning the ways of magic from one of the world's most learned practitioners. But lately, Belboz has seemed troubled, preoccupied, withdrawn ... small things only a friend would notice. You have even heard frightening noises coming from his chamber, and the voices of conversation when Belboz was supposedly alone. His temper has seemed short the last few days, and the look in his eyes sends cold shivers down your back. Could some evil spirit be at work here? You are sleepless from worry -- Belboz is possibly the most powerful Enchanter in the kingdom. If his powers were used by the forces of darkness instead of the forces of light, who knows what would result? And now, unbeknownst to you, Belboz has vanished.

About the Author
Steve Meretzky was born in mid-1957, frightening the Soviet Union into the early launching of its Sputnik satellite. Meretzky's gestalt was shaped by a number of painful childhood experiences, including rooting for the New York Mets. He blames his interactive fiction on a combination of growing up in Yonkers and studying at MIT. (We use "studying" in the most general sense.) Meretzky has never been a rutabaga farmer, and believes that eating granola is a decision that should be left to the individual's conscience. Meretzky now lives near Boston. He apologizes for PLANETFALL and SORCERER, but refuses to take full responsibility for THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY.

GRUE

A Sinister, lurking presence in the dark places of the earth. Favorite snack is unwary Enchanters. Fears light: No grue has ever been seen by the light of day. Toxicologists believe that grues are probably black - black - red - black - purple.

DORN

Can paralyze with a single glare from its powerful eyes (range: roughly 3' for young beasts to 20' for adults). Dorns commonly inhabit crags and shadows near cliff bases. According to the last words of dying explorers, dom beasts are gray - purple - black - gray - white.

NABIZ

A nabiz is mostly mouth, that is mostly teeth. Instinctively attacks enemy's weak point. Contrary to folklore, cannot fly, but leaps vast distances. Is repulsed by the color blue; hence that color's popularity in adventurer's grab. Nabiz are purple -black - black -black - red.

SURMIN

Characterized by malodorous breath, lice ridden fur, and general repulsiveness. If allowed to approach close enough, can bore its victim to death by reciting Greater Borphee County Penal Codes. A newly-shaved surmin is black - black -purple - red -black.

KOBOLD

Lives in small tribes in caverns and very dark forests. Similar to paskald, except middle toe is shorter than toes that flank it; also, far more belliger-ent. If attacked, will fight back; if not attacked, will fight back anyway. Colora-tion: red - purple -black - purple - red.

YIPPLE

Master of disguise, able to change form. In the wild, may bite if disturbed. Violently allergic to many kinds of animal wastes. Tame yipples make wonderful pets, but should be kept out of cookie jar when guests visit. On a white background, yipples look gray -purple - white -purple - black.

INFOTATER

ROTGRUB

Less than 1" long; smells like very cheap old cheese; impervious to all forms of magic. Hides in food until ingested, then burrows straight to victim's brain and feeds for years before death mercifully arrives. Common household rotgrubs are gray - red - grey -purple - red.

BLOODWORM

Found in shallow underground pools; often mistaken for mossy boulders. Pointy, retractable fangs can extend up to 32". Most bloodworms are repelled by the smell of boiled chives. Blood-worms are usually white - gray -black - red - black

DRYAD

Also called "tree sprite." Beautifully shy. Many spend lifetime under one tree. If coaxed, may reveal location of forest treasures. Will fight only in self-defense and only in large numbers, pelting foes with tons of rose petals. When awake, dryads are black - gray -white - red - red.

HELLHOUND

Fast, Fierce, and capable of devouring a human 12 times its size in 3.5 seconds. Nor-mally inhabits burnt-out or enchanted woods and rarely ventures beyond it own turf, even in pursuit of prey. Hellhounds are purple - white - grey - red - grey.

ORC

Erstwhile warring race who became civilized through their fondness for computer adventure games. Although a small faction (Hi-res Orcs) enjoy graphics adventures, the vast majority (Orcs of Zork) prefer text games. By the light of CRT screen, orcs are red - gray - purple - gray - red.

BROGMOID

In rare cases, these squat creatures can achieve intelli-gence level of a 3-year old human. Often seen in wild foraging in huge packs for edible rocks. Live much longer in captivity; can even be trained to perform simple tasks. Usually red - purple - red - black - purple.

INFOTATER

The POPULAR ENCHANTING

Gazing Into the Orb

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the editor: In your otherwise excellent article on the FILFIRE spell, you neglected to mention its derivation. FILFRE is a modification of the expression "Feel Free," which perhaps explains its unrestrained use among some Enchanters.

P.D.L., Borphee

To the editor: So Orkan of Thriff is now selling wand racks? He's a Guildmaster, not a carpenter! Next thing you know, actors will be selling salad dressing.

H.D.A., Accardi To

the editor: I'm sure many of your readers would be suprised to learn that there are some remote areas of the Empire where people still do not practice magic. An article about these under-developed communities would be quite amusing.

S.W.G.,Mithicus

To the editor: Your recent article entitled "Should Enchanters in Glass Mazes Throw Stones?" reminded me of a few other age-old questions that perhaps modern magic can answer: Which came first, the time paradox or the tamed parrot Awkes? Is a zorkmid truly the root of boll weevils? If the land were the sky and the sky were the land, would things fall up and grow down?

S.EM.Whereabouts Unknown

SPECIAL BOOK EXCERPT:

“Spells and the Single Sorcerer”

by Wilbar Memboob

[This is the second of three excerpts to appear in POPULAR ENCHANTING magazine. Last month's installment dismissed many of the myths surrounding single Sorcerers, among them the common notion that single Sorcerers like granola. This month's installment is adapted from chapter "friendship...and More," and discusses the importance of making a good first impression. The final excerpt, discussing such practical matters as spells for single-serving potions and Aolitaire Fanuccii, will appear next month. Wilbar Memboob is the author of "The Joy of Spells" and "The Enchanter Never Rings Twice: 101 Uses for REZROV. '?

Many otherwise fine and distinguished Sorcerers are shy or ugly, or, generally, both. This does not mean, however, that they must lead a solitary existence or abstain from the simple ;pleasures of courtship. Several thaumaturgical suppliers sell a WIDE assortment of self-improvement spells and potions, and unless you are "dobold ugly," most will work with few or no unpleasant side effects.

It is impossible to predict when a particular self-improvement spell or potion will be needed (unless one is a very, very good Sorcerer). carrying a six-pack of assorted potions can therefore save a situation. For instance, suppose you were walking beside a field of blossoming dragondilsm and you met an attractive person of the opposite sex. would this person remark "Aren't the dragondils lovely," you might reply: "Oh, is that what they are?" or simply "Yes." or, worse, "I've seen nicer." But if you had in your possession the SIRANO potion, you might surreptitiously quaff it and reply:
"As lovely and golden as the rain-washed air is clear and sparkling, and fragrant and fresh as you eyes are poetic and inspiring." You must of course realize that you get what you pay for. Some so-called "discount" or "bargain" potions are no bargain at all. A SIRANO potion that wears off mid-sentence can be disastrous, as you're likely to say the first thing that comes to your mind, which is bound to be ridiculous: "Your lips are like rubies, your eyes like alabaster, your hands like...like poached rotgrub."

Once you have captured your new acquaintance's attention with a charming or witty remark, you must act fast! Many Sorcerers cast the FAIFT spell ("change appearance to look younger") on themselves. This is generally a mistake. If your face is reminiscent of a frog, you will suddenly look like a tadpole; if you're overweight, you may become a piglet. A better strategy is to cast the IMALI spell ("worsen eyesight") on your friend. The spell is painless and temporary, and should your dupe comment upon blurry vision, you might remember ELVIS Flathead's hit "LOVE IS BLIND," and suggest that your kind-hearted spell in fact prevented total blindness.

Before I am accused of condoning deceit as the basis for a relationship, let me state outright that the casting of spells -on yourself or on your partner - is permissible only for the first few days of a relationship. If you cannot keep your acquaintance's interest without magic, then you should let go and part ways. Particularly reprehensible are reports of Sorcerers casting body-deforming spells like BAYALA and MUSDEX on an unwilling partner to satisfy a personal preference.

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BELBOZ AT 200:
Is Retirement in his Future?

Recently, Belboz the Necromancer was lecturing to a senior class at G.U.E. Tech's School of Enchantment in Greater Borphee. The great thaumaturge departed from his prepared text on "The Baffling Behavior of Babbling Baby Brogmoids Biting Broccoli" to discuss Enchanter's Ethics, a hot issue in magical circles these days, and he gave a predictably level-headed perspective.

"What are the criteria for determining which actions are morally right and morally wrong? The most famous answer is that power and might are never wrong. But can beauty, happiness, or fireworks be ignored? Certainly not. Doing the decent thing in the face of many juicy and despicable alternatives takes enormous willpower and always arouses the skepticism of others. And an orator who sprinkles a speech with flowery and vivid images to keep his audience glued to their seats is no more ethical than a Sorcerer who casts the FOBLUB spell to achieve the same ends."

Leaders espousing moderation or temperance are rarely heard or heeded at our universities in these dreary times, yet Belboz received a 30-minute sitting ovation from his audience. (Belboz had in fact used the FOBLUB spell on the audience, gluing them to their seats.) Such is the respect and esteem accorded to this wise, crinkly-eyed master Sorcerer, who turns 200 years of age this month.

Belboz is will-know as a model Sorcerer, an exemplar for all young Enchanters. Born an orphan near Aragain Falls in the Frigid River Valley, he was the eldest of six brothers and sisters. His guardian uncle, a well-to-do but simple-minded cave digger, tried to get young Belboz interested in construction work, but Belboz talked only about magic, reading everything he could find on the subject. His uncle finally relented and sent Belboz to Borphee Harbor, where he was tutored by a master, magician for the next 20 years. ("My uncle thought thaumaturgy was a communicable fish disease, and fancied I sat on a dock for 20 years telling carp to open wide and say 'ah,'" says Belboz.) He then spent a 30-year apprenticeship in the Accardi Chapter of the Guild of Enchanters, became a full-fledged Enchanter in 820 GUE, and traveled south to Gurth and Mithicus, where he pioneered research on anti-caking additives to magic potions. His

success in perfecting dozens of spells, notably the LOBAL spell ("sharpen hearing") and the CONBAK spell ("build strong bodies 12 different ways") brought him interprovincial fame and heralded his advancement to sorcerer after a mere 25 years. Unlike his peers, Belboz criticized the decadence of the royal family and foretold the collapse of the Groat Underground Empire. Most fellow Sorcerers thought Belboz's warnings were shrill or foolish, but when the Empire did collapse in 883, Belboz said "1 told you so." Belboz then returned to Accardi where, in 910, at the age of 153, he became Guildmaster of the Accardi Chapter. Perhaps his greatest success--certainly his most publicized--came in 952, when he destroyed the evil giant Amathradonis. Later that year he became the kingdomwide Secretary of the Guild of Enchanters, a post which he has held now for two terms.

With a life expectancy of 175 years, almost three times that of a layperson, most Sorcerers retire from the Guild and become Magicians Emedtus or Conjuration Consultants long before they become bicentenarians. At 200, Belboz is the oldest member of the Circle of Enchanters, and is the oldest guildmaster ever. Speculation is rampant, then, whether the master Sorcerer has any plans to retire.

"We-I-I-I-I," the necromancer pondered last week dudrig an interview with POPULAR ENCHANTING, "1 would like to travel. I haven't crossed the Flathead Ocean for over a century. I'd also be interested in visiting more chapters of the Guild; our flummox in [see the editorial on page 2] clearly shows we need to get our house in order. And certainly I'd like to be able to do more fishing. But I am, really, just approaching my prime. Even though I am old, my strengths and powers are at their peak."

Ask whether he thought his age impeded his work, Belboz chuckled, "All Enchanters have youth-casting spells, of course, which accounts for our longevity. I have naturally improved upon these. But I've seen some 100-year-old Enchanters who think older than I do, and therefore they are older than I am. A youth-casting spell affects the body but not the mind. It is worthless if its subject has on old mind."

"Leadership stagnation" is a term that has been bandied about lately by a number of junior Sorcerers, who feel that the lifetime appointment of Guildmasters is too long. "Guildmasters are like king, only worse," says a Sorcerer who requests anonymity. "A chapter dangles the Guildmaster post before its members like bait, enticing them to dedicate their life's work and devotion for it. A chapter selects a new Guildmaster only once in 30, 40, even 50 years. All the qualified Sorcerers who don't get chosen adopt a negative attitude knowing they;II be Guildmasters." This negative attitude, some say is passed on to Enchanters, who pass it on to apprentices, like some communicable fish disease. While no one mentions Belboz's name specifically, his 47-year tenure as Guildmaster is an obvious target of such complaints.

"I disagree completely with the idea that we dangle the Guild master's post like bait, and it's simply not true that all other qualified Sorcerers adopt a negative attitude," says Belboz. "1 agree there may be some advantages to limiting the term of a Guildmaster. But I am most upset that a Sorcerer would take offense at not being chosen Guildmaster. A

Sorcerer should be above such lowly, jealous, and power-hungry thoughts, and anyone who thinks them deserves to be turned into a newt."

So fear not, Belboz fans: The great necromancer is not ready to quit. "Ask me about my retirement again," Belboz told us, "when I turn 300."

Wanted: Need one (1) KULCAD spell scroll; will pay top dollar. Used mine foolishly; won't make same mistake. Box F4.

Wanted: Enchanter for minor Cyclops eradication work, 2 to 4 days per month. Experience desirable. Box S4.

Wanted: Letters, reminiscences, etc., by or about the thaumaturge Berzio, who invented the GNUSTO spell; for biography by noted scholar and Frobber. Box T6.

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Personal: Dull, irritating Enchanter (M) seeks exciting, loving F for magic moments and possible lasting relationship. Must be truthful and kind, or good liar. No pros or adventurers need reply. Box Y3. Personal: Shy, outgoing Enchanter (F) seeks lively, quiet Enchanter (M) to share the pleasures of smokeless fires. Must enjoy sadness. Box K9.

Lost: CLEESH spell scroll. Dropped while frog-watching in swamp. Small reward. Box I36.

Lost: Useless brass lantern. Has great sentimental value. Dropped long ago, far away. Would appreciate information leading to its return. Box Z1.

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NATE'S
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POTIONS	LIST	NATE'S
BERZIO	zm4	zm2
IGNATZ	zm4	zm3
VILSTU	zm4	zm3
ONBIT	zm4	zm3
KWIN	zm4	zm3
WALDOE	zm4	zm3
KNALB	zm6	zm4
BLORT	zm12	zm10

SCROLLS	LIST	NATE'S
FROTZ	zm12	zm8
REZROV	zm12	zm9
BLORB	zm16	zm12
NITFOL	zm16	zm14
QUELBO	zm19	zm15
GRIGPO	zm26	zm20
YOMIN	zm28	zm22
ONKIK	zm38	zm31
YIMFIL	zm46	zm36
VEZZA	zm90	zm74

SPECIALS	LIST	NATE'S
MAGIC AMULETS	zm120	zm99
WANDS: *BII	zm88	zm80
*UT	zm72	zm61
*SS	zm29	zm12
SCROLL RACK		
*72	zm12	zm4
*144	zm18	zm6
WAND RACK		
*6	zm12	zm2

Spellbreaker

Welcome to the world of the Enchanter saga -- a world founded on magic, where guilds of magicians have mastered the powers of sorcery; a world now threatened with destruction. You distinguished yourself among the young Enchanters by defeating the evil warlock Krill, whose attempt to subjugate the land was thwarted by your cleverness, as your inexperience allowed you to succeed where others might have failed. This earned you a place on the Circle of Enchanters, second only to the great Belboz the Necromancer. Then Belboz himself was nearly destroyed, and your rescue of him from the evil demon Jeearr earned you the ultimate honor given a mage, the leadership of the Circle of Enchanters. Now, a crisis has befallen the kingdom. Magic itself seems to be failing. Spells fail to work or go strangely awry, the populace is confused and restive, and even the Enchanters Guild is baffled. A great conclave of the Guildmasters is ordained, and it is at this conclave that the final conflict between good and evil begins to unfold.

About the Author
Dave Lebling was born in Washington, D.C. and grew up in suburban Maryland. He attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and worked at MIT's Laboratory for Computer Science, where he developed an interest in computer entertainments. He was a co-author of the original mainframe Zork. He has co-authored Zork I, Zork II, Zork III, and Enchanter, and written Starcross and Suspect on his own

DIMITHIO OF BORPHEE

"Magic doesn't have to be great to be useful, nor does magic have to be useful to be great."

Studied under Yooman, the Musician Mage
Animal lover (adapted nitfol spell for egg-laying mammals)
Tremendously well read and good natured
Greatest skill: fireworks displays
Despised by Holnac the Cynic
Double Fanucci handicap: 127

GUSTAR WOOMAX

"If history can teach us the difference between good and bad magic, it can teach us anything."

Author of "A Brief History of Magic," "Bizboz at Galepath," "Mage versus Archmage," "Revenge of the Dornbeasts," "The Granola Riots" (co-authored by Wilbar Memboob), and "The Coconut of Quendor: Reality or Illusion?"
Born in Greater Borphee, 880
Attended G.U.E. Tech, 907–911
Favorite author: Bizboz
Greatest skill: none known
Double Fanucci handicap: 620

BARSAP

"The hardest trick is making it look easy."

First performed before royalty, 850
Appointed Royal Magician, 875
Greatest skills: juggling, creative accounting
Guild membership revoked for dues evasion, 960
Last book read: "Magic with Mirrors"
Double Fanucci handicap: 19

BARBEL OF GURTH

"When I was a boy, I was told that any Enchanter could become a Guildmaster. Now I'm beginning to believe it."

Son of Delbor, advisor to Lord Dimwit Flathead
Inventor of the golmac spell
Guildmaster of Gurth City chapter since 933
President of GAC (Gurth Arbiters Congress)
Greatest skills: arbitrating, speaking in tongues
Responsible for restoration of high enchantment dues
Double Fanucci handicap: 42

FORBURN THE WILY

"The Encyclopedia Frobozzica calls Double Fanucci a 'game played with cards.' I don't play games; I don't play anything."

Never formally studied magic
First won a spell book from an unsuspecting G.U.E. Tech student in a 902 Fanucci match
Raised the level of play in Double Fanucci championships
Brought new meaning to the word "chiseler"
Greatest skill: drawing Trebled Fromps
Double Fanucci handicap: 0.01

BERKNIP

"No one weeps for a necromancer."

Survived by 7 children and 39 grandchildren in 750 G.U.E. (he has since out-relived them)
Greatest skill: assisting historical biographers
Hobby: antiques (making and collecting)
Inexplicably afraid of swords and powdered milk
Vegetarian (adapted nitfol spell for raw oysters and crispy whole fish)
Double Fanucci handicap: unmeasurable

FALL 966

Frobozz Magic Magic Equipment Catalog

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20 fb .....zm 10
50 fb zm28
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Set of 3 .....zm60

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When you get the urge to surge, Frobozz Magic Magic Equipment rings are your best bet. Attractive and lightweight, these rings are appropriate for work or play--even Double Fanucci games! And best of all, built4n muffler lets you completely conceal the flow of magic, no matter how noisy. Ring guard prevents accidental zapping. Choose from a variety of totemic animals. To ensure correct size, please enclose any ring which is safe for transport.

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Deluxe model zm50

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Monogram available zm3

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Oak, unfinished (specify with or without handle)..... zm44
Maple, unfinished
(specify with or without handle) zm49
Dogwood, unfinished
(specify with or without handle) zm52
Finished wands add zm8

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Ensure your safety any time, any place, by carrying a super sharp blade from the Frobozz Magic Sword division. Sure, magic is a more sophisticated means of protection. But wouldn't you rather look a little behind the times than risk getting munched by an unfriendly Dornbeast? All blades are hand-honed for balance and symmetry.

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Regular zm11
Heavy zm21
Very Heavy zm29

HAND.BLOWN FOR GREATER LUMINOUS ENERGY CONDUCTION BY FAMED GLASSMASTER YIGGAM.

This is not the mass-produced glass you used in thaumaturgical school. We commissioned Yiggam of the Peltoid Valley, glassmaster of the Antharia Guild, to create laboratory glass so exceptional, it actually improves your magic up to 25 %. Yiggam shapes beakers for optimal energy conduction; tubes, too. You'll see the difference immediately. And we've sold over 450,000 pieces without one return!

Beaker zm7
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Swizzle Stick zm2

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BACK BY POPULAR *DEMAND!*

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4 np zm19
9 np zm23
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Carpet zm450
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6 Pak ..... zm 11
12 Pak zm17
43 Pak zm39

Deadline

Preface to the Story

A wealthy industrialist, Mr. Marshall Robner, locked himself in the upstairs library of his New England colonial estate one night and committed suicide by taking a lethal overdose of anti-depressants. Or did he?

You are the Chief of Detectives. You've been asked by Robner's attorney to make a thorough investigation of the case, simply to "quash the suspicions which are inevitable" when a moneyed man dies a sudden and unnatural death. The Medical Examiner found nothing unusual, and interviews with family members and family associates are consistent with the idea that Robner committed suicide. Everything fats nearly -- maybe too neatly. You smell foul play, and you have 12 hours to crack the case. If you arrest someone, you'd better have the three traditional ingredients to an ironclad case for the prosecution: the accused must have had a motive, a method, and ample opportunity to commit the crime. There are many possible endings to this case, and the one you reach is determined by your actions and by the deductions you draw from the evidence you gather. But one ending fits the facts better than any other, and you will know it when you reach it.

About the Author

Marc Blank. A graduate of MIT and the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, Marc has been involved in writing interactive fiction since its formative period in the late 1970s. Co-author of the original mainframe version of ZORK in 1977, he was instrumental in laying the groundwork for the appearance of interactive fiction on personal computers in the early 1980s. He is co-author of ZORK I, ZORK II, ZORK III, and ENCHANTER, and is sole author of DEADLINE, the first interactive mystery. His continuing work in interactive technologies in large part made Infocom's name synonymous with interactive fiction. His mother still wishes he would practice medicine.

Deadline Special Commands

*ACCUSE (someone) OF (something) - This makes an accusation against someone.

*ANALYZE (something) - Duffy, your assistant, will take "something" to the police lab for routine analysis, including fingerprints

*ANALYZE (something) FOR (something specific) - If you're looking for a specific substance on or in "something," the lab will run a special analysis.

*ARREST (someone) - If you've found enough evidence, this sentence will end the case and describe the outcome of the prosecution.

*ASK (someone) ABOUT (someone or something) - This is an impersonal form of the sentence CHARACTER, TELL ME ABOUT (someone or something).

*EXAMINE (something) - This allows you to look at something with an eye toward detail. You will probably use this a lot.

*FINGERPRINT (something) - This is the same as ANALYZE (something) FOR FINGERPRINTS.

*SEARCH (someone) FOR (something specific) - This is a search for something in particular, whether unusual or not.

*SEARCH NEAR (something) - This allows you to look closely at the area immediate to something, possibly providing more information than simply examining it.

*SHOW (something) TO (someone) - You may get an interesting reaction.

*SHOW ME (something) - A request to another person to show you or lead you to something.

*TIME - This tells you the current time of day in the story. You can abbreviate TIME to T.

*WAIT FOR (someone or some amount of time) - You may wait for some specified amount of time; if something interesting happens in the meantime, however, your wait will terminate then. You may also wait for a character to arrive; if something interesting happens in the meantime, or if the character doesn't show up after a long time, DEADLINE will ask you if you want to keep waiting

*WAIT UNTIL (time) - This causes time to pass until the desired time arrives. If anything interesting happens during this time, you will have a chance to stop waiting

*WHAT'S WRONG? - This is a request to another person to discuss what's on his or her mind

*WHERE IS (someone or something) - This is a request to another person to help you find someone or something.

Official Memo

Lakeville, CT Police Department

July 8, 1982

RE: Evidence on File

The transcripted interviews which follow were obtained July 8, 1982. Interviewees were persons found in and about the Robner household at the time police arrived. Also attached are representations of physical evidence including fingerprints, a lab report and a photograph of the scene of the incident, which have been processed as matters of record. Taken together, the findings indicate that the deceased was suffering from acute stress due to business difficulties, possibly exacerbated by marital discord. Of particular interest is young Robner's hostile reaction to questioning; however, the undersigned would not characterize his remarks as being suspicious in nature. More probably they reflect the respondent's ambivalent feelings toward the deceased.

In conclusion, it is the opinion of this investigator that all known facts show this to be an open-and-shut case of suicide by poisoning.

G. K. Anderson

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ROBNER

DETECTIVE ANDERSON: How did you come to find Mr. Robner?

MRS. ROBNER; When I woke up this morning, I noticed that Marshall was not in his bed. I wasn't alarmed, really, as it was not unusual for him to work late at night in the library and fall asleep there. I went down the hall to the library and knocked on the door. He didn't answer, so I knocked even harder. When that didn't work, I started calling his name loudly. So loudly, actually, that I woke up Mrs. Dunbar and George. We all were gathered there, knocking and yelling, and finally Mrs. Rourke, our housekeeper, was alarmed enough to come upstairs. She suggested calling the police, which we did. They arrived about twenty minutes later, and started breaking down the door with axes. When we entered the room, we found Marshall lying on the floor, face down.

ANDERSON: Did he usually keep his door locked when he worked?

ROBNER: Almost always. He was pretty secretive about his work, and he liked to be alone when he worked.

ANDERSON: Do you know of any reason why your husband might have wanted to take his own life?

ROBNER: He's been very depressed lately, you know. His business, Robner Corporation, is not doing well, and there is talk of selling out to a larger firm. Marshall founded the company, what, about twenty-six years ago, and he has been desperately trying to find some way of saving it.

ANDERSON: The pills we found by his body, do you know what they are?

ROBNER Yes. They were Ebullion tablets. It's an anti-depressant his doctor prescribed for him just last week.

ANDERSON; Had he been acting less depressed since then?

ROBNER; I really don't know. I haven't noticed much change.

ANDERSON: Did your husband ever talk of suicide?

ROBNER: He did, actually, though I never took it seriously. He would talk about how everything would be easier if he were dead, but when he would start again talking about how he was going to have to keep the business going. I'm...I'm... stunned, really.

ANDERSON: Mrs. Robner, do you know of anyone who might have wanted to kill your husband?

ROBNER: Why, no. Of course not. He wasn't a very friendly man; he was very quiet. But he was a great philanthropist, you know, and everyone that knew him respected him. I can't imagine anyone wanting to hurt Marshall. Do you really suspect he didn't commit suicide?

ANDERSON: I don't suspect anything. I just want to understand what's happened.

INTERVIEW WITH MS. DUNBAR

DETECTIVE ANDERSON: You were Mr. Robner's personal secretary, is that fight?

MS. DUNBAR: Yes, sir.

ANDERSON: I understand that you were the last person to see Mr. Robner alive. Could you tell me about that?

DUNBAR: Why, yes. I brought him some tea at about I 1 PM that night. On nights when he expected to work late, he would always expect tea at that hour. I brought him the tea and he asked me to leave. That's all.

ANDERSON: Did Mr. Robner seem at all upset?

DUNBAR: He did appear quite nervous, but he had been upset for some time, as you know.

ANDERSON: Do you know what he was working on that evening?

DUNBAR: No. I wasn't with him, except for that one time.

ANDERSON: Do you recall whether the pills, the Ebullion pills, were on the desk when you came in?

DUNBAR: No, I don't remember that.

ANDERSON: Ms. Dunbar, were you with Mrs. Robner when the door was opened by the police?

DUNBAR: Yes.

ANDERSON: Do you remember her reaction? Anything she might have said?

DUNBAR: She didn't really react much. I don't think she said anything except "He's dead," or something of *that sort*. She just stood there with the rest of us until you people arrived.

ANDERSON: How were the Robners getting along? I mean, were they happily married?

DUNBAR: I don't think so, really. He was so quiet and, well, dreamy. She was always scolding him for paying too much attention to the business and to his "good works." They rarely went out lately, which seemed to upset Mrs. Robner quite a bit. She had friends of her own that she used to visit. I think she would have gone insane, otherwise.

ANDERSON: Thank you, Mrs. Dunbar. Oh, one last thing. You prepared the tea for Mr. Robner?

DUNBAR: Yes, I started the water boiling about a quarter of, and then poured the tea when I heard the whistle from the living room.

ANDERSON: You weren't in the kitchen during that time?

DUNBAR: I just told you no.

ANDERSON: Was anyone else awake in the house while you were waiting?

DUNBAR: Yes, I believe that both George and Mrs. Robner were awake. I remember George coming down, reading for a bit, then retiring.

INTERVIEW WITH MS. DUNBAR (cont.)

ANDERSON: Do you believe anyone might have a reason to kill Mr. Robner?
DUNBAR: No, I can't imagine
ANDERSON: Thank you Ms. Dunbar. Oh Ms. Dunbar, were you at home all night, last night I mean?
DUNBAR: Well, no, actually. I was out with a friend last night and we didn't get back until 10:30 or thereabouts.
ANDERSON: Thanks again, Ms. Dunbar.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. BAXTER

DETECTIVE ANDERSON: You were Mr. Robner's business partner, is that correct?
MR, BAXTER: That's right.
ANDERSON: How long have you and Mr. Robner been partners?
BAXTER: For about twenty-five years now. I was his partner almost from the start of the business.
ANDERSON: Mrs. Robner tells me that there have been problems lately with the business. Could you tell me what that's all about?
BAXTER: Yes, the business has its problems, some of them quite large. Marshall and I were working on a plan to solve those problems and get the company back on its feet again before we would be forced to take drastic action. I hope that I can hold things together now that Marshall is dead. He was the founder of the business and controlled many things by himself.
ANDERSON: Did Mr. Robner ever talk to you about personal problems, or how he felt?
BAXTER; No, we were business partners, not intimate friends. I don't think he really had any close friends. I know he had gotten himself very upset about the business, but that's the extent of it.
ANDERSON: When was the last time you say Mr. Robner?
BAXTER: Yesterday afternoon, at our office in town.
ANDERSON: And where were you after work?
BAXTER: Last night was my concert night at the Hartford Symphony. I go there quite regularly. After the concert, at about 10 o'clock, I went home. I received a call from Ms. Dunbar this morning telling me of the tragedy, and I arrived here just a few minutes ago.
ANDERSON; Were you at the concert alone?
BAXTER: Quite alone.
ANDERSON: Do you know of anyone who might have wanted to harm Mr. Robner?

INTERVIEW WITH MR. BAXTER (cont.)

BAXTER: No. Except for George, of course. During some of their shouting matches I've heard George threaten Marshall, but I don't really think he ever would have followed through.

ANDERSON: Shouting matches?

BAXTER: George and Marshall were always at odds. You see, George has been living like a spoiled child all of his life. He's twenty-five now and has never held a job. Just spends money, or gambles it away. Being the Robner's only child, he gets away with murder. Marshall would lecture him and threaten to cut him off without a cent, and then the yelling would start. Eventually Marshall would give in.

ANDERSON: When was the last time you heard this?

BAXTER: Actually, I heard it again just last week. Strange, now that I think of it, they went at it just last week. I hear that Marshall told George that he had decided to disinherit him. He even mentioned it to me at the office the next day. He seemed pretty serious. I suppose that the financial troubles at the company may have been responsible for his attitude.

ANDERSON: Are you at the house often? You say you have heard some of the 'shouting matches.'

BAXTER: Well, I'm really not here often. Only on occasion. I have heard it once or twice and have been told of other times.

ANDERON: Thank you, Mr. Baxter.

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ROURKE

DETECTIVE ANDERSON: Mrs. Rourke, how long have you been working as housekeeper for the Robners?

MRS. ROURKE: Ever since the house was built, six years ago.

ANDERSON: Tell me all you remember from the night of the murder.

ROURKE: I remember that by about 10:30 or so...

ANDERSON: You mean 10:30 PM.

ROURKE: Yes. By 10:30 when I went to my room to do some reading, everyone was upstairs excepting Ms. Dunbar, who had just returned home. She went upstairs at about 11, bring Mr. Robner his tea. He almost always takes his tea at 11. I remember saying goodnight to her on her way up, and that's the last I heard until this morning, with all the shouting and banging going on upstairs. No, that isn't right. George was downstairs also for a while, only about 10 minutes or so.

ANDERSON: Could someone have gone upstairs during the night?

ROURKE: I don't rightly think so, at least not before 3 or 4. You see, I like to do some reading late at night, and I was reading this really exciting mystery story, and, lord, I was up until nearly 4 o'clock before I finished. and who do you think the murderer was?

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ROURKE (cont.)

ANDERSON; Really, Mrs. Rourke, let's stick to the matter at hand. Do you keep your door closed at night when you are reading?
ROURKE: Yes, sir.
ANDERSON: So then it's possible that someone might have entered the house and gone upstairs without your knowledge.
ROURKE: No, sir. I don't believe so. Why don't you try the stairs yourself?. For a new house, these stairs are the noisiest I've ever heard. My door's right beside them, too. When the Robners owned a little cat, I can remember hearing every footstep creaking up the stairs. Don't know why they don't ever fix it up. I guess it don't bother them any.
ANDERSON: But it is possible that someone might have entered after you went off to sleep.
ROURKE: Well, I suppose it might be, but not before.
ANDERSON: How long has Ms. Dunbar been living here?
ROURKE: Ever since the place was built. She does an awful lot of work for Mr. Robner, you know. I don't think he could have gotten along without her, although that's not my business to say. He was always so nervous, fretting about everything, and forgetting to do this and that. It seemed that she was always covering his tracks, if you get my meaning.
ANDERSON: Do you have any reason to suspect anyone of wanting to harm Mr. Robner?
ROURKE: Well, of course I've heard all of the screaming and fussing with George and Mr. Robner. That's been going on for years, now, so I don't make much of it anymore. No, I can't imagine anyone wanting to hurt poor Mr. Robner. He was such a sweet man.
ANDERSON: Thank you, Mrs. Rourke.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE ROBNER

DETECTIVE ANDERSON: Mr. Robner, I have been told by Mr. Baxter that you and your father had some serious arguments lately. Could you tell me what they were about?
GEORGE ROBNER: I don't think that's your business.
ANDERSON; I'm told they had to do with you habit of wasting or gambling away your father's money.
ROBNER; So?
ANDERSON: I've even been told that he threatened to disinherit you.
ROBNER: Yeah. He said he was going to. I'll bet he didn't, though. He never has.
ANDERSON; Mr. Robner, let me be frank. I'm told that you threatened violence against your father as recently as a week ago, and now he's dead.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE ROBNER (cont.)

ROBNER: Look, I don't get what you're driving at. You find the poor guy dead in his room. The room was locked. His bottle of medicine is nearly empty. What sort of detective are you, anyway.'?

ANDERSON: I'm doing the asking, if you don't mind.

ROBNER: Then ask someone else.

NOTE: G.R. left abruptly at this point.

Lab Report

Lakeville, CT Police Department

Case: Robner, Marshall

File#: H657/SJ43. 1

Officer of Record: Detective G.K. Anderson

Mat'l(s)analyzed: Porcelain teacup

Analyzed for: Fingerprints, foreign substances

Date: 7/8/82

Laboratory findings:

The teacup was analyzed. The cup contained tea only, No trace of Ebullion or other substances was found. Fingerprints on the cup belonged to the deceased and Ms, Dunbar.

Police Department · Lakeville, CT ·

Official Memo

Lakeville, CT Police Department

File # H657/SJ43.1

G.K. Anderson, Detective 1st Class

July 8, 1982

RE: Robner Case

Although it appears that at least one member of the Robner household had a reason for wishing Mr. Robner dead, the findings of the Medical Examiner and evidence gained from interviews with the family and family associates are only consistent with the conclusion that Mr. Robner died of a self-administered overdose of Ebullion.

G.K. Anderson

G.K. Anderson

Chief of Detectives
Edindale Police Department
Edindale, CT 06103

July 9, 1982

Dear Chief:

I must once again ask for your assistance on a case involving one of my clients,

As you are no doubt aware, Mr. Marshall Robner, the industrialist and philanthropist, was found dead yesterday morning in his home. As far as I can determine, he was found dead on the floor of his library, the victim of an overdose of Ebullion, a medicine which he had been taking lately for severe bouts of depression. He had been alone during the night, and the door to his library had been bolted from the inside. Police had to break the door down with axes, I'm told, to get inside.

While I am completely convinced that there was no foul play involved in Mr. Robner's death, it is disturbing that Mr. Robner had called me only three days earlier for the purpose of informing me that his will was to be altered. In fact, I was expecting to hear from him this week so that he could deliver the papers to me. Given the size of the Robner estate, I feel that a more complete investigation should be undertaken, if for no other reason than to quash the suspicions which are inevitable in these circumstances.

I phoned Mrs. Robner this morning and informed her of my intention of having you take on the case. She was reluctant to be of assistance, but I convinced her to allow you to come around at eight o'clock tomorrow morning and spend the day.

I will be at the house at noon tomorrow for the reading of the current will, which Mr. Robner wrote a few years ago. I hope to see you then.

Sincerely yours,

Warren Coates

Warren Coates

Coates, Shavely & Coates * Attorneys at Law * Suite 1327 * Excelsior Tower * Hartford, CT 06101

CORPUS DELICTI

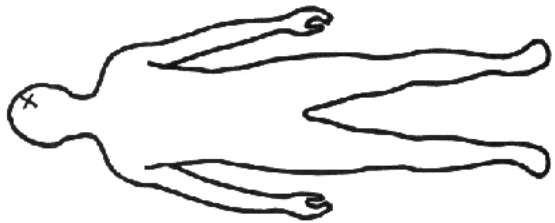
Union Memorial Hospital, Lakeville, CT

Summary of findings from Coroner's Examination

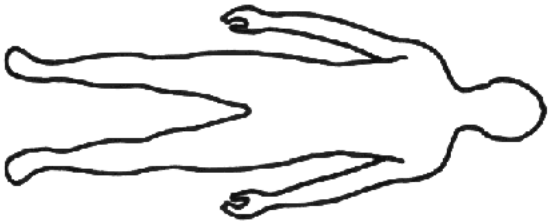
Name	File No		Date
Robner, Marshall	H657/SJ43.1		7/8/82

Sex	Race	Color of Eyes	Color of Hair	Ht.	Wt.	Distinguishing Marks
Male	Caucasian	Brown	Gray	5'11	192 lbs.	None

Apparent Cause of Death
Drug overdose (Ebullion)



Front



Back

There were no injuries or marks of a suspicious nature, except a small bruise on the left temple (consistent with falling to the floor from a chair).

Analysis of the blood of the deceased revealed a blood level of 27mg% for Ebullion. The therapeutic range of this drug is normally 4 to 6mg%. A fatal dose, while not specified by the manufacturer, has been found to be in the 10-20mg% range. A routine analysis for other common drugs was unproductive.

Findings were unremarkable except for massive liver damage consistent with overdose of Ebullion, and 10mg of Ebullion recovered from the stomach. Death occurred at 1 AM, plus or minus one hour.

The blood level of Ebullion and the massive liver damage consistent with Ebullion toxicity lead to the inevitable conclusion that the deceased died of an overdose of that drug.

Xavier a Hockmuller MD.

Medical Examiner

Witness

Preface to the Story

In The WITNESS, you are a police detective working near Los Angeles. The year is 1938, and on this stormy February night a wealthy but frightened man has asked you for protection. In spite of your best efforts, a death will occur, and you will have twelve hours to solve the mystery and try to arrest the killer. If you think you have enough evidence against one or more suspects to convince a jury of their guilt, you can arrest them and conclude the case. Your ever-helpful assistant, Sergeant Duffy, will assist you in taking the accused into custody. (He will also offer help before the arrest if you ask him for it.) You can expect to receive a letter from your superiors about the outcome of the grand-jury investigation -- and, if the District Attorney gets an indictment, of the trial itself. If the jury does not convict, your higher-ups will probably tell you where you may have erred, so that you can profit from your mistakes. Because the State cannot win the case unless it can prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, you are expected to establish the three traditional ingredients to an irondclad case for the prosecution: the accused must have had a motive, a method, and ample opportunity to commit the crime. There are many possible endings to this case, and the one you reach is determined by your actions and by the deductions you draw from the evidence you gather. But one ending fits the facts better than any other, and you will know it when you reach it.

About the Author

Stu Galley was a student of physics and journalism when he discovered computers, which at the time were mostly just big number-crunchers. At first he thought computers were too much fun to be taken seriously, until he decided that physics was too little fun to be taken seriously. At MIT he discovered computer games and Lisp-like languages and met the other founders of Infocom. He began writing interactive fiction in 1982 and has authored The Witness and Seastalker, both for Infocom.

Witness Special Commands

*ACCUSE (someone) OF (something) - This makes an accusation against someone.

*ANALYZE (something) - Duffy, your assistant, will take "something" to the police lab for routine analysis, including fingerprints.

*ANALYZE (something) FOR (something specific) - If you're looking for a specific substance on or in "something," the lab will run a special analysis.

*ARREST (someone) - If you've found enough evidence, this sentence will end the case and describe the outcome of the prosecution.

*ASK (someone) ABOUT (someone or something) - This is an impersonal form of the sentence CHARACTER, TELL ME ABOUT (someone or something).

*CONTINUE - This is the same as RESTORE.

*EXAMINE (something) - You will probably use this a lot.

*EXAMINE (something) CAREFULLY - You will probably use this occasionally, when you think that spending more time will give you more results.

*FINGERPRINT (something) - This is the same as ANALYZE (something) FOR FINGERPRINTS.

*REVISION - This is the same as VERSION.

*SEARCH (someone or something) - This is a search for unusual items.

*SEARCH (someone) FOR (something specific) - This is a search for something in particular, whether unusual or not.

*SHOW (something) TO (someone) - You may get an interesting reaction.

*SUSPEND - This is the same as SAVE.

*WAIT FOR (someone or some amount of time) - You may wait for some specified amount of time; if something interesting happens in the meantime, however, your wait will terminate then. You may also wait for a character to arrive; if something interesting happens in the

National Detective Gazette

NAT'L DETECTIVE GAZETTE

VOL. 7, NO. 2 February 1938 15¢

When Mr. and Mrs. Bob Lundstrom of Great Prairie, Minnesota, had their first telephone installed in their home last April, they celebrated by making calls to neighbors all over the county. This wonderful invention was a gift from God. Until late one November night when the 'phone rang and the Lundstroms received their first. . .

DEATH THREAT!

National Detective Gazette

LAW ENFORCEMENT GETS TOUGH WITH DEVIANTS WHO PLAGUE THE "PHONE LINES.

"Five a.m., I was lying in my bed trying to decide what to do next," recalls Bob Lundstrom. "My wife kept asking, 'who was that calling, Bob?' And I kept answering over and over, 'It was nobody we know; a wrong number for someone named Minklnin.'

"Eunice knew there was something more to it than that. She knew because I couldn't fall back to sleep after the call. I kept hearing the voice, a southerner's voice, over and over in my head. 'Lundstrom, watch your behind you, don't stay out after dark and don't let me catch you in St. Croix Bluffs ever again - or your a dead man!'

"1 didn't know what to do. It was five o'clock in the morning, and it didn't seem like it would do much good to call the sheriff that night. I had no idea where the 'phone call came from or who was behind it.

"All I knew was that I was scared and a bit mad. I haven't felt that powerless since the German bombing raids in the World War. It could be a prank. But then, you can bet I'd think twice before I showed my face in St. Croix Bluffs after dark again. I was a gun-shy man. I had to talk to someone. So after three or four days of agony, I called the FBI.

TOUGH TALK AT THE TOP.

Authorities at the telephone company and at the Federal Bureau of Investigation have been plagued by a rash of what authorities are calling "the telephone intimidators" -people who use the nation's 'phone systems to scare or abuse innocent citizens with life-threatening or obscene 'phone calls.

Up until this year, the menace was not widespread enough to warrant a full-scale investigation. But now J. Edgar Hoover's G-men are attacking the problem with a crack squad of electrical experts who, working with engineers at the Bell System and Western Electric, hope to bring the plague under control in the near future.

"We're going to bring 'phone abusers to justice," says Hoover. "Already legislation is pending in the House and Senate that will make telephone threats and abuse a Federal offense."

While most of the reports of 'phone abuse are prank calls, a great number are actual threats on people's lives. Take, for instance, the case of Mafia boss Louis Gambognini, who died last year in a hail of bullets outside his Providence, Rhode Island, fortress. His last words were made to one of his aides as he stepped out of the front door of his mansion: "The punks are threatening me over the telephone now. Can you believe that? They say they're going to gun me down." But cases like Bob Lundstrom's are more the norm. Readers will be happy to note that Lundstrom's case turned out to be nothing more than a random 'phone call made from a crossroads diner just outside of Great Prairie.

"It was probably just a drunken truck driver on his way back to Mississippi," said FBI Midwestern Director of Operations Harold Pinkolt.

National Detective Gazette

"The point is that if victims respond quickly enough, we may have time to respond quickly enough, we may have time to trace the call back to its origin and nail the perpetrator," Pinkolt says. The FBI is putting together an elaborate tracer system that Pinkolt says "will nail the offenders in a matter of minutes," Sources close to the story say that the new tracer system - code-named "Operation Infocept" -is still a long way from being indefectible.

An FBI agent in Minneapolis, who demanded anonymity, detailed this exclusive story for the *Nat'l Detective Gazette.* "We spend a lot of time sitting around playing gin rummy, you know. Shoot, my first assignment in Minneapolis was a stakeout that lasted nine days, and the guy wasn't nowhere near the building we were watching. But this 'Operation Infocept' is really something. See, we're trying out this new tracer system, and we got our first call from a panicky housewife out in Stillwater, who said she got a call from someone who was going to kidnap her the next time she went down to the drugstore for a soda. Well, instead of asking questions, we hooked right up into the system and traced the call back to a house out in Dellwood. So we - me and five other fully armed agents - sped out there in hopes of catching the punk red-handed. We should have known something was fishy when we showed up at 38 Lakeland Drive, and it was a beautiful two-story Colonial. But we didn't have time to think about all that. We busted in the front door, and all we found was this woman with her baby fixing dinner and listening to the radio. I guess the system traced the 'phone call to the wrong place, because that lady sure didn't seem like she'd be making threatening 'phone calls. We never did get our man. But you know, we're still working out the kinks.

"The kicker is, we come to find out later that the lady who had been threatened didn't even drink soda. And that she lived out in the sticks, about thirty miles from the nearest drugstore. She only went into town about once a week!"

Director Pinkolt had little comment on this particular case. He said only, "As with any new crime-solving accessory, it takes some time to perfect the system. We don't let minor mishaps deter us from our goals."

Meanwhile, back in Washington, Director Hoover has set a five-year deadline for the total implementation of 'Operation Infocept.' Criminologists here at the *Gazette* and at police departments all over the country eagerly await new developments in the field of electric surveillance and interception. Hover promises not to let us down.

National Detective Gazette

INVESTIGATIVE MACHINES *of the Future!*

by Raymond Klotz, D.Cr.

The days of Flash Gordon, Private Detective, may not be so far off as we think, theorizes the controversial doctor of criminology. In this excerpt from his futuristic commentary, 1985, *the good doctor hypothesizes an outlandish answer box that makes us wonder: will machines one day rule the world?*

National Detective Gazette

The day will come - perhaps not in our lifetimes, but surely in the early part of the next millennium - when machines will be *the* most important tool of the detective's craft.

This prediction, which I have named the *Pathos Parabola Hypothesis* (PPH), has been a hotly contested issue ever since I first presented it at the American Criminologists Conference in 1934. Veteran detectives have been laggard in accepting the inevitability of this cataclysm. But careful deduction and rational extrapolation bear out the validity of the PPH.

Editor's note: Dr. Klotz uses many big words. But he refused to let us edit his column on the grounds that it would, as he says, "enervate the verisimilitude of my contentions" -whatever that means.

One day machines with brains - not flaccid gray cerebellums, but brains of humming wires, trembling electrodes and glowing cathodes - will be doing the exhaustive legwork of ten, even fifty hawkshaws. The crime lab will be replete with unctuous robots and eager automatons. But real heroes will not be these machines; on the contrary, they will be the honest men and women who build and operate the machines. They, together with their whirring, beeping mnemonic devices, will be the ones who abrogate crime in the next millennium.

Editor's note: What the doctor is trying to say is that pretty soon you're going to be solving crimes with machines. And if you don't like that, try a baseball bat.

To the doubters and denigrators who remain impervious to my predictions, I offer a whole host of *already existing* technological achievements that provide proof of the ceaseless procession of the techno-sophisticative march into the future! The radio: where would any metropolitan police force be without it? Yet, only twenty years ago, when the first commercial broadcast came over KDKA Pittsburgh, there were thousands who believe it would never last. The telephone: ten years ago, had you any conception of the powers of surveillance and intercept that the telephone provided? Today, would any law enforcement agency be able to survive without the everyday 'phone tap? And you may have gazed in astonishment at the newest wonder machine, the so-called television. Who would have thought that one day a visual panoply of optic enchantment would oscillate unseen over the airwaves? And who, ten years from today, will deny the incredible powers of surveillance and eavesdropping that the television provides?

Editor's note:Dr. Klotz's so-called "television" does indeed exist. Whether or not it can be of assistance in the apprehension of criminals remains to be seen. Klotz's opinions are not necessarily the opinions of this publication.

At this point, the Pathos Parabola Hypothesis is irrefutably valid. But, as with any brilliant concept, there comes a juncture where what is known must be relegated to the back of our minds and what is recondite must be explored. So, for a moment, suspend what is known, unharness your inhibitions, unfetter your foregone conclusions and imagine the next great invention...THE ELECTRO MAGIC BRAIN (EMB).

Editor's note: As this issue goes to press, Dr. Klotz has exiled himself to Walla Walla, Washington, where he continues his EMB research. Much of the scientific community has discounted this portion of the Pathos Parabola Hypothesis. But in the Nat'l Detective Gazette tradition, we print even the most segments of the doctor's postulates.

National Detective Gazette

As a scientist and a moralist, I am not at liberty to divulge the details of my 10-year employment in the service of our FBI. Suffice to say that the Bureau maintains some type of dossier on every man women and child in these United States of America.

One day, all the information that is contained in these files will be electro-machanically sealed inside the circuits of gigantic Electro Magic Brains. At the issue of a single cryptic voice command, such as "OKLIT VOS FROB VEN-VEN DOOBELDEE." the brain will regurgitate reams of information stored within its vast memory. Smaller versions of the brain will be linked to the main-brain through an extensive wire system called a "meshwork." And these micro-brains will be able to communicate with the main-brain in a special brain language known to only a select few law-enforcement officials throughout the nation. Information will be permanently stored on tiny ticker-tape machines using a binary code of dots and dashes similar to Morse Code. Other codes will be organized into logical packages of information and commands that determine what the machine does. These packages will be bundled together into crime-solving "programs."

Obviously, the minute details of the Electro Magic Brain's operation and utility remain in question. We are still in the conceptual stages of development. Yet, the powers that be in our vast national security service have deemed the EMB the vanguard of our future efforts in crime control for the next millennium. I, for one, have no misgivings about the plausibility of the Electro Magic Brain. Its day is coming. Those who fail to utilize the potentials of tomorrow will be living in the past. I implore detectives everywhere to heed this message.

Editor's note: The Nat'l detective Gazette has begun to see the wisdom of some of Klotz's predictions. We have just acquired two mechanical adding machines for our accounting department.

National Detective Gazette

TIPS FOR GREENHORNS

Domestic squabbles can cause two things-ulcers and death. Heck, think about it... you got a kitchen full of knives, forks and various blunt objects. And you got a couple of red-hot lovers who aren't asking for a third opinion ... you know what I mean?

National Detective Gazette

by Capt. Jock Barnes

Give me five minutes of your time, and I'll tell you a story that will make you think twice about bustin' up a love nest. I'm going to relate the details of just one case to you. I think it gives you a pretty good idea of what the heck danger is. If you haven't learned anything after reading this, you ought to consider going back to selling ladies' shoes at Montgomery Wards.

I used to work with a guy named Paul Kelly. I liked that guy a lot; I walked a beat with him for six years. The Barriom, Watts. We even did a few weeks; detail down at Muscle Beach. We were friends. We used to drink together. He and his wife Paula used to come over on Saturdays, and we'd drive up the coast to Atascadero where we used to swim. That was a long time ago. Paul's dead now. I watched him die because of our stupidity. I watched a man sink a rusty screwdriver into his gut while I lay half-conscious on the kitchen floor of a grimy little apartment in east L.A.. It was a pointless murder. One that shouldn't have happened.

It started as just another simple domestic case. It was August - hot as a grasshopper's rear-end in a brush fire. A woman called the precinct about six o'clock one Saturday evening all in a conniption. She said her husband was trying to kill her because she was messing around with the milkman or some such nonsense. To tell you the truth, I don't remember. Paul and I were in the area, so we checked it out. It was half hour to shift change, and we didn't feel like making an evening of it, if you catch my drift. We didn't case the joint before we went up. That was our first mistake. Before we knew shucks for Shinola, we were backed up against the kitchen wall with a sawed-off shotgun dancing lullabies before our eyes. I noticed a picture of the Pope hanging on the wall behind the guy with the gun. Very comforting.

Paul was on my left, next to the kitchen table. I stood beside him facing the guy. Behind me was an open door and a hallway leading off into the living room. We had to think fast. I started talking to the guy, telling him he didn't need the gun. We were only there to answer the complaints of his wife, who at this time I didn't see. I though for a minute that the guy might have already bumped her off, so I started to get a little scared, thinking he didn't really have anything more to lose by knocking off a couple of cops. I looked at Paul and knew right away what he was thinking. He was ready to go for the guy's gun if I could just distract his attention for a split second. I asked him if he and his wife needed to see a marriage counselor or something. He laughed at me and then started getting mad. I guess he didn't like the idea of me and Paul busting up his little party. While I was trying to calm the dude down, Paul gave a little head fake and went for the gun. Paul was quick as sin. He used to play semi-pro ball with the Escondido Onions. I saw him get hold of the barrel just as it exploded. I went down like a ton of bricks with an incredible blow to the head. I thought I was hit when I

looked up I saw the lovely housewife standing over me with a rolling pin. She had opened up a pretty big gash in my noggin, and I was dazed bad. I could see Paul across the room struggling with the dude. The gun had sprayed wide, but Paul still managed to take a couple pellets in the arm. The guy had him down on the floor and was reaching for a screwdriver when I started to yell. That was the last thing I remember. The old lady cuffed me again with the equalizer and the next thing I knew, I was in the hospital. Paul died from the stab wounds. And that was that.

O.K., so what's the moral to the story? You figure it out. There we were, two cock-sure cops with a combined experience of a whopping twelve years. It was Saturday night, and we didn't feel much like hanging around the zoo. We were impatient, clumsy and stupid. We paid a high price for it, too. You don't have to.

Always case a joint before you start busting down doors. See who's who and what's what. Play it cool; don't be a jerk. People don't like jerks - especially jerks in uniform. These domestic squabbles *never* have to end up like this. Just have a little consideration for the parties involved. They don't want spectators at their fistfights. They get mad easy. they're already mad. that guy, Johnny Cordoba, he didn't *mean* to kill Paul. And his wife there, sweet Suzy with the rolling pin, she was probably getting ready to take it out on Johnny when we happened to walk in. So I ended up getting the wood. It just goes to prove that in the heat of passion, people like that will strike out at anything and anybody. So don't get in their way. You're a referee, not a participant. But that doesn't do Paul any good now. Johnny Cordoba's up at San Quentin for the next 60 years making license plates, and Paul is gone. It didn't have to happen that way. Don't let it happen to you! *Captain Barnes is a retired LAPD veteran who walked the Angel City beat for over 40 years. He now lives with his wife June and his dog Fang in retirement in Redondo Beach.*

National Detective Gazette

L.A. gumshoes rate the watering holes.

There are jock bars, jazz bars, junker bars and jive bars. But where do off-duty L.A. detectives go when they need a moment's reflection and a stiff drink? Our west Coast *Gazette* staffer surveyed over a hundred law-enforcement types and asked them to pick the five best bars in the area.

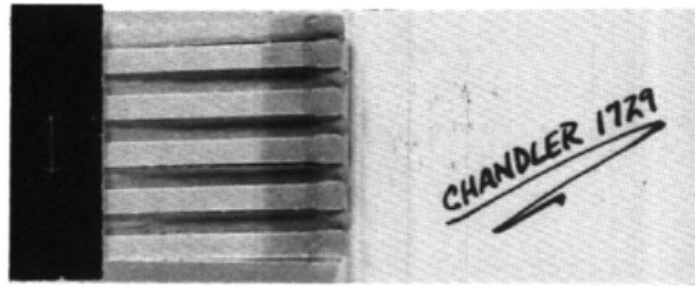
1. The Condor's Nest, 2424 Caristas Springs Blvd., L.A. Far and away the favorite, this dark and secluded haven has everything but a snooker table.

2. The Shasta Lounge, Beacon Court, Hollywood. For the best selection of single malts and imported ales, you can't do any better than this.

3. Fish Camp, MacArthur Wharf, Long Beach. Longshoremen and the law mix in this unpretentious warehouse bar. Cheap.

4. The Bel Pre, 4162 Gardena Rd., Torrance. L.A.'s darkest and most secret rendezvous.

5. The Brass Lantern, comer Berez and LaVezza, San Fernandito. Where all good cops go when they need to get out of town. Try the Moo Goo Gai Pan!



BALL GOES ON WITHOUT GUEST OF HONOR LINDER

Amidst diamond-studded society hoopla, the Los Angeles Charity Ball went on last night without Goodwill Ambassador of the Year **Award** recipient and keynote speaker Freeman Linder. He was unable to attend due to the tragic shooting death **of** his wife on Sunday {see related story Page 2. Column 8).

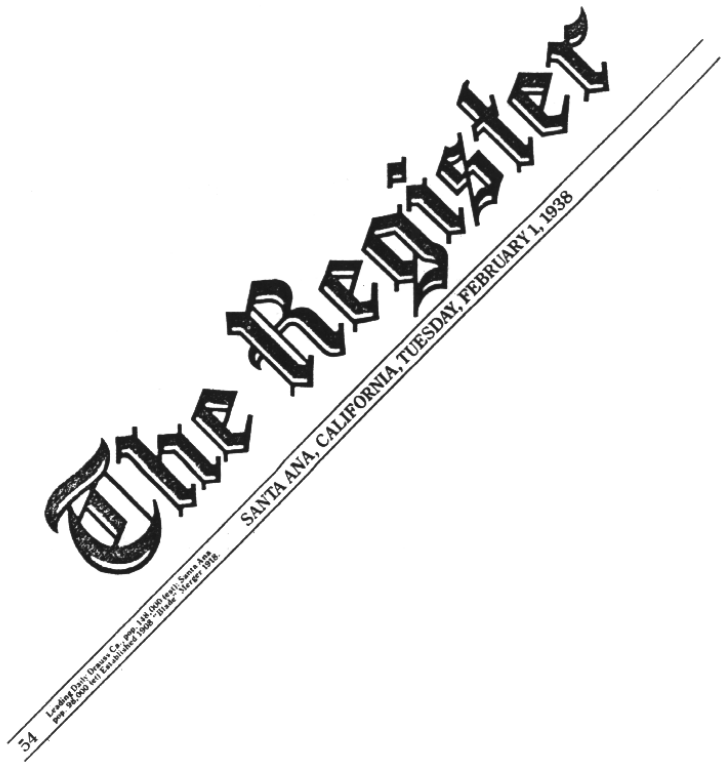
Linder's absence didn't seem to dampen the spirits of the other 800 party-goers at the fifty dollar-a-plate, black-tie affair. Motion picture mogul Gaunt Rockwood served as emcee for the event. which was attended by local civic and social leaders.

Standing in for Linder was his long-time business associate and traveling companion Yukio Matsuyama.

Matsuyama, a Japanese business* man who immigrated to the U.S. in 1920, delivered a captivating speech about Linder's life-long love affair with the peoples of the Orient.

Linder, the 10th recipient of the award, has been active in Asian business and charities since 1900 when he was stationed in China as a marine. His business, Pacific Trade Associates. is an international import-export company devoted to the exchange of goods between the U.S.A. and Asia. After founding the company in 1922. Linder spent 13 of the next 15 years in Tokyo, Hong Kong. and Peking only returning home sporadically to see his family. Through this Asiatic association Linder has developed a strong tie with the languages and culture of the region. On his infrequent returns to Los Angeles. Linder has given almost all of his energies to Asian Charities In fact. in a speech he delivered several years ago

(Continued on Page 2, Column 8)



LINDER ABSENT FROM AWARDS FETE

(Continued From Page 1)

Linder said that he felt closer to his adopted Asian families than he did to his own. During his extended absences his wife had served as director of the Asian-American School and Cultural Center, the largest institution of its kind in the United States. Linder started the school in 1925.

Mr. Matsuyama spiced his delivery with accounts of Linder's exploits during his early days in the Orient. As a marine. Linder took part in the Boxer Rebellion In Shanghai in 1900. In 1904, he returned to the States and tried to fit into the coat-and-tie working world. However, his adventurous lifestyle lured him back to Hong Kong, where In 1907 he was rumored to have contracted as a "for hire" mercenary. In 1910, he returned home to marry and start a family only to be drawn back to Tokyo soon after. There he served as a civilian engineer in the Japanese Navy between 1912 and *1922.* During that period he became a personal friend of Hirohito, who is now Emperor of Japan. An illness in Linder's family forced him to return home in 1922, at which time he founded Pacific Trade Associates, Within the year he was back in the Orient.

Partygoers were transfixed by Matsuyama's discourse on the problems that face the Asian people in this country and what Linder has done to help alleviate those problems. Mr. Linder is a self-taught multi-lingual whose never-ending dedication to the causes of social Justice has made him one of Los Angeles' most admired and successful businessmen.

Near the end of his address, Matsuyama invoked the prayers of those attending the ball for the soul of Linder's wife. Virginia. She was found dead in their Cabeza Plana home Sunday, the victim of a gunshot wound. Police are investigating the incident, but thus far no arrests have been made.

Proceeds from the ball will go towards the establishment of a new youth center in downtown Los Angeles.

Monica Dearest—

I can live with this sadness no longer. For twenty-nine years, your father has lived his own life without me. Now I am taking the only way out.

Monica, you mustn't blame yourself in any way for what I am about to do. Nor should you blame Ralph. The affair with him was only a futile attempt to prove I was a woman, not just a piece in Freeman's collection.

Tell your illustrious father how deeply I regret soiling one of his precious revolvers.

Mother

CLASS OF SERVICE

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WESTERN UNION

120

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LC = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

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PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

Received at 001 FR YS LOSANGELES CA 02-18 849A PST=

PMS CHIEF DETECTIVE=

POLICE HEADQUARTERS=

CABEZAPLANA CA=

BELIEVE STILES ENDANGERS MY LIFE STOP URGENTLY REQUEST=

YOUR ASSISTANCE STOP PLEASE COME TO 4986 LYMAN DRIVE=

AT EIGHT THIS EVENING STOP=

FREEMAN LINDER=

CONF 4986==

RECEIVED CBPL Q
915A PST 1938

Suspect

Preface to the Story
Halloween night. You are a guest at a very exclusive party: the annual Costume Ball at Ashcroft Farm. You are mingling with society's blue bloods and power brokers, sampling caviar and champagne, and enjoying the fine orchestra and the outlandish costumes. Quite a treat for a newspaper reporter like you -- until someone plays a nasty trick on you. You're framed for a murder you didn't commit. You'll have a hard time convincing the police of your innocence. You'll have to figure out who did commit the heinous crime, and why. You'll need irrefutable proof. The murderer is no doubt watching your every move. But you have only a few hours to escape the trap that's been laid for you.
The murderer is in your midst, laughing behind your back.

About the Author
Dave Lebling was born in Washington, D.C. and grew up in suburban Maryland. He attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and worked at MIT's Laboratory for Computer Science, where he developed an interest in computer entertainments. He was a co-author of the original mainframe Zork. He has co-authored Zork I, Zork II, Zork III, and Enchanter, and written Starcross and Suspect on his own

Suspect Special Commands

*ACCUSE (someone) OF (something) - This makes an accusation against someone.

*AGAIN - SUSPECT will usually respond as if you had repeated your previous sentence. Among the cases where AGAIN will not work is if you were just talking to another character. You can abbreviate AGAIN to G.

*ASK (someone) ABOUT (someone or something) - This is an impersonal form of the sentence CHARACTER, TELL ME ABOUT (someone or something).

*CONTINUE - This lets you continue on to wherever it was that you were going. You can abbreviate CONTINUE to C.

*DIAGNOSE - This will give you a brief description of your physical condition.

*EXAMINE (something) - You will probably use this a lot.

*EXAMINE (something) CAREFULLY - You will probably use this occasionally, when you think that spending more time will give you more results.

*GO TO (a location) - This command starts you on your way to a specific room; it will take you there one move at a time and will tell you what rooms you're passing through and what events are happening there. Once you're on your way, you can continue on to your destination by typing CONTINUE or C at subsequent prompts.

*SEARCH (someone or something) - This is a search for unusual items.

*SEARCH (someone) FOR (something specific) - This is a search for something in particular, whether unusual or not.

*SHOW (something) TO (someone) - You may get an interesting reaction.

*TIME - This tells you the time in the story.

*WAIT FOR (someone or some amount of time) - You may wait for some specified amount of time; if something interesting happens in the meantime, however, your wait will terminate then. You may also wait for a character to arrive; if something interesting happens in the meantime, or if the character doesn't show up after a long time, SUSPECT will ask you if you want to keep waiting.

*WAIT UNTIL (time) - This causes time to pass until the desired time arrives. If anything interesting happens during this time, you will have a chance to stop waiting.

You are cordially invited to
the gala Halloween Ball

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wellman
request the pleasure of your company
at the Halloween Ball
on the thirty-first of October
at half after eight o'clock.

Ashcroft Farm

R.S.V.P.
318 Oak Manor Lane
Crofton

Appropriate Halloween Dress

Dearest...
It has been too long since
we last talked. Please do try to come
to the party. There are so many things
I have to tell you. Until then,
Veronica

The Washington Representative

from the desk of

Earl Davis Jackson, Editor

Since you've already been invited to this big society bash, why not go ahead and make a story out of it for our Sunday Living section?

From the looks of this article, there may be an angle that hasn't been covered. Perhaps... The Old Hunt Club types fleeing the onslaught of suburbia. Could play it either straight or humorous depending on what you get.

Enjoy.
Earl Davis J.

MARYLAND

R A M B L E R

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

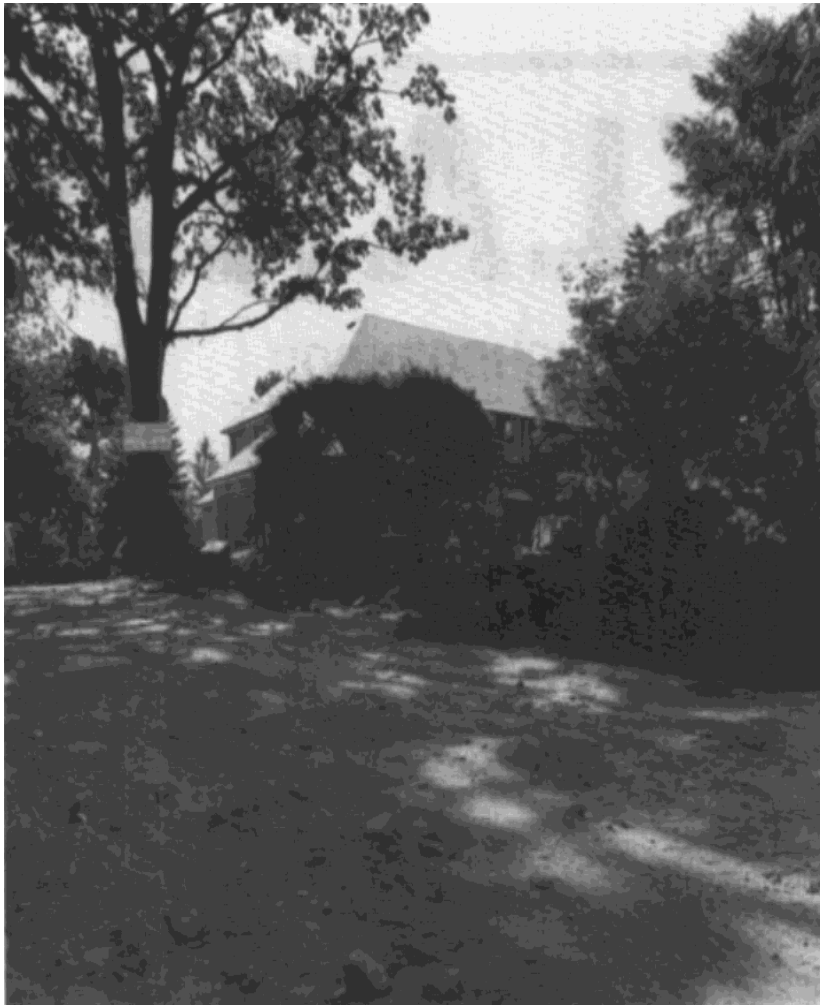
As suburbia spreads out, Maryland's Blue Bloods move on.

ON THE FIRST SATURDAY OF EACH month, privileged equestrians from Montgomery and neighboring counties gather at the Eaton Hills Hunt Club dressed in scarlet coats, white cravats and black velvet bowlers. At precisely 8:00 a.m., a copper horn sounds a muted but distinct tune signalling the hunters to mount their horses. On cue, 40 eager hounds sing out their own baleful music. Pulling eagerly at their chains, they, too, are ready for another Eaton Hills fox hunt to begin.

"Very soon all this will be gone," says former Maryland Senator Daniel Horn, standing in a dewy field on a crisp October morning presiding over this Saturday's hunt. "Only 20 years ago, the Allison Club (a former thoroughbred farm, now defunct) bordered us to the east, and Sharp's Hill lay to the south." Horn points off to the south, and one can see the roofs of homes interspersed through groves of oak and pine; there are not a lot of homes, not inexpensive homes, but homes nonetheless.

"There was plenty of acreage and plenty of solitude then," he says. "But now look at it. There are too many people, too many houses. In a few years, we'll be staging hunts in people's back-yards. Or not at all!"

BY SUE ANNE FRANK



A sign of the times: Estate breakups change the face of Maryland's past.

The Allison Club, Sharp's Hill and a handful of other private sanctuaries for the rich--once sprawling farms of hundreds, even thousands of acres--have been replaced by "planned communities," as club members derisively call them. Estates formerly belonging to some of the nation's wealthiest families have been transformed into two- and three-acre plots for the upper middle class who have graduated from the fashionable suburbs of Bethesda and McLean to the more pastoral climes of Montgomery County.

New projects in this part of Montgomery County by no means cater to the impecunious. Prices for new homes start at around $250,000 and go to over a million dollars. Still, the old and sometimes intractable super-rich find it hard to coexist with their new neighbors. Begrudgingly, many of them move on; and as they go, they leave more and more of the old estates open to new development.

The new money.

Real estate developers such as Montgomery County's William Cochrane, a firebrand entrepreneur who buys land from the wealthiest and sells to the wealthy, have adjusted comfortably to the new order that the past 10 years have wrought. Sitting behind the wheel of his vintage 1938 Dodge "Woodie" overseeing the survey and division of his latest acquisition, the Old Sewell House, he

seems oblivious to the slow-boiling controversy that surrounds him.

"It's very simple," says Cochrane. "My clients are looking for a few acres and solitude. They don't need half a county; one or two acres will do. So they come to me. I have half a dozen properties now under development. The people who sold me this property sold it because they grew weary of fighting the inevitable. They realize how close DC has become. They know their property is worth a fortune. They know more and more people are coming, like it or not. And they know that if they can't get used to having neighbors, they're going to have to move. When they make that decision, they come to me. I pay top dollar, and I charge top dollar."

Cochrane has no romantic illusions about the Maryland Hunt Country. He plays a numbers game. And he often wins. But lately, Cochrane is beginning to feel the heat of a handful of old residents who refuse to be bullied and bought out.

A group of old-money landowners has formed a coalition to save what's left of the Hunt Country life; they are making no concessions to Cochrane and others like him. Their weapons? Money and influence.

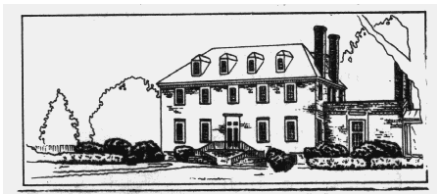
The old money.

1980 Census records indicate that Montgomery County's median household income is just over $70,000. Compared to the national average of $20,000, this makes Montgomery County one of the five wealthiest areas in the nation. Interestingly, the greatest concentration of this vast wealth lies in the hands of perhaps 20 or 30 families like the Ashcroft-Wellmans.

The power and influence of this elite group of landowners extends far beyond the county line. Records on file at the Montgomery County Courthouse list at least nine influential national legislators

(continued on page 117)

IN THE MARYLAND TRADITION



Seneca Creek Estate, Montgomery County Estate of nearly 40 acres. The Estate (circa 1824) consists of two brick Federal houses, with numerous nineteenth century dependency dwellings in fine condition. Ideal for the discriminating buyer in search of solitude. Price: 2.5 million. Call 555-7721 or write:

KING'S POINT

REALTY

One Saddle Oak Square
Rappanoc, Maryland 23393

Veronica's Bash "What is Halloween without the pumpkins?" asked Veronica Ashcroft-Wellman as she surveyed the unloading of a thousand of the 30-pound orbs onto the front lawn of her verdant Montgomery County estate. The jack-o-lanterns will be part of an elaborate prop for one of the country's most fabulous Halloween balls to be held next week at Ashcroft Farm, Veronica's ancestral home.

Veronica: Party Queen

The annual ball, a 110-year-old Ashcroft tradition, draws hundreds of dignitaries from the worlds of art, business and politics. Last year's guests included Senator Lance Duncan, actor Robert McCarron, Ka-tarina Ostrovsky of Metropolitan Ballet fame and British ambassador Sir Edward Black. And if Veronica has her way, this year's party will be even more spectacular. It promises to be second to none for sheer opulence.

Guests will dine on the rare delicacies of French Nouvelle Cuisine prepared by Master Chef Louis LeClerc of Washington's Ma Maison Restaurant. They'll be entertained by the famous Foggy Bottom Band under the direction of Vince Goodman, who, by the way, was a long-time friend of veronica's late father Cyrus Ashcroft III. And they'll come bedecked in costumes that make Hollywood's most garish productions seem pale by comparison. To all this, add the setting of Ashcroft.

The farm, a sprawling sanctuary of pine and oak forest and pastureland, commands over 120 acres of Montgomery County's most idyllic vistas. Dominating all this is Ashcroft Manor house, built by Veronica's great-great grandfather in 1872. The farm is one of the county's last remaining colonial estates of this grandeur, and Veronica has maintained it in the finest tradition.

"I have a vested interest in this countryside," says Veronica. "Once a year I like to share the magic of this place with my friends. And what better time for magic titan Halloween?"

Magic may be just what Veronica needs, because once the idle chatter has waned, talk is sure to turn to the sweeping changes that are afoot in Montgomery County.

The director of Ashcroft Trust and a close personal associate of the Ashcroft family, Colonel Robert Marston, talked to our Keyhole reporter about those changes.

"Of course land is an issue in Montgomery County these days. Veronica makes no secret of her desire to stop the influx of new residents to the county. She sees it as being the only way of preserving her way of life.

Marston: Here To Stay

"The many friends and relatives who will be attending this year's party are fully supportive of her position. They, too, want Ashcroft to endure as the tradition it has grown to be in the past century. That will certainly be a topic of conversation at the party."

The Halloween Ball at Ashcroft--regardless of the 'political weather' --promises to be a grand old time. For how many more years that will remain true, one can only .guess.

KING'S POINT
R E A L T Y
Specializing in finer homes since 1868.

WILLIAM COCHRANE
Owner

One Saddle Oak Square
Rappanoc, Maryland 23393
555-7721

Veronica—
Please call me ASAP.
Don't do something you'll regret.
Bill

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"FROM ABRAHAM TO ZORRO, WE'VE GOT YOUR COSTUME."

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QUAN.	DESCRIPTION	DATE	PRICE PER DAY	
1	Cowboy Costume with lariat and gunbelt	10/29	$65	00
		TOTAL	$65	00

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Deposit required on all rentals.
Ten dollar charge for late returns.

Five dollar cleaning fee for costumes returned soiled.

INTRODUCTION

Murder can rear its head in the most inappropriate places- weddings, cocktail parties, the theatre-even in your own home. Killers, it seems, have utter disdain for social convention and proper manners. Ironically, the most unfortunate aspect of a grisly murder is not the loss of a loved one, but the burden of social responsibility and proper behavior the survivors must bear. There are *questions of etiquette, accusations to make and deny puzzlement about proper dress and ironclad alibis to fuss over. The potential for social blunder is immense. Unless, of course, you* are *prepared to meet the challenges with finesse and sensitivity.*

Read MURDER AND MODERN MANNERS *and you'll soon be in complete command of even the most vile affairs. You will waltz through the proceedings while others* crawl *and weep. You will learn to integrate the dark underbelly of the criminal pathos into your subconscious. You will learn to deny even the most wellfounded accusations. You will slander your own best friends without compunction. And, should circumstances deem it necessary, you will learn to graciously accept life imprisonment without remorse. And without parole.*

J.D.W. October '84

CHAPTER ONE

Accepting an invitation to a murder.

The thoughtful guest.

An invitation should be answered promptly in writing using the third person. For instance, you, Mr. Charles Edwards, would reply: "Mr. Charles Edwards thanks Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong for their kind invitation to the ghastly murder to be held at Armstrong Manor on Saturday, the 30th of June, and has great pleasure in accepting.".

This formal reply is often accompanied by a more personal handwritten note that can be included in the envelope with your acceptance. (See *Why a written reply?)*

The importance of punctuality.

Since you may be the unfortunate guest of honor, your presence might make the difference between a fabulously successful homicide and a merely great party. Under *no* circumstances, however, should you reply using the pre-printed card that accompanies the invitation. It only convinces the host of your pedestrian upbringing and propels him or other guests towards more heinous behavior on the night of the party.

Why a written reply?

In recent years, the telephone has nearly eliminated the courtesy of a written reply. This is wrong.

A written reply, especially a fond note, gives blood-hungry investigators a bit of meaningful physical evidence. For example, the victim might be found lying dead with your note in his pocket. And if you've made that note temptingly personal, as suggested in the first part of this chapter, you've assured yourself the distinction of "prime suspect." Something like this might be nice:

"Dearest, I long to see you again. There has been too much between us these past few years." With this note, you might be perceived as an old lover with a vengeance. Or the police might infer that your sweet message was enough to drive an already distraught victim over the edge, making suicide a viable possibility.

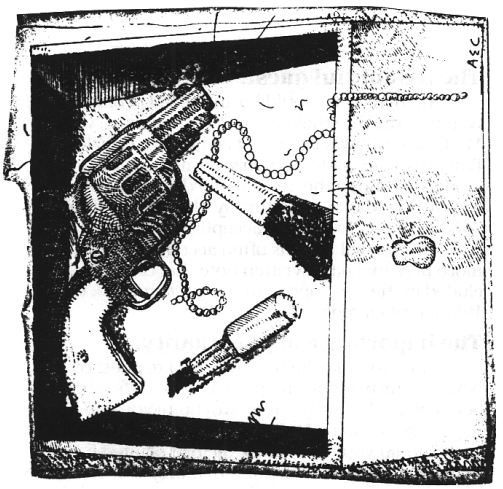
Now, had you replied with a simple telephone call, none of this would have been possible. There would be no scathing rumors, no heated court bat-ties. No allure.

Special considerations.

Once you've opted to attend the party, some background work must be accomplished. Make your acceptance known among your friends and neighbors. Describe in detail your past tempestuous affairs with the host (or hostess), real or imagined. Visit a gun shop and purchase several boxes of ammunition and inquire lovingly about "that little snub-nosed .38 that would be great to have around for special occasions."

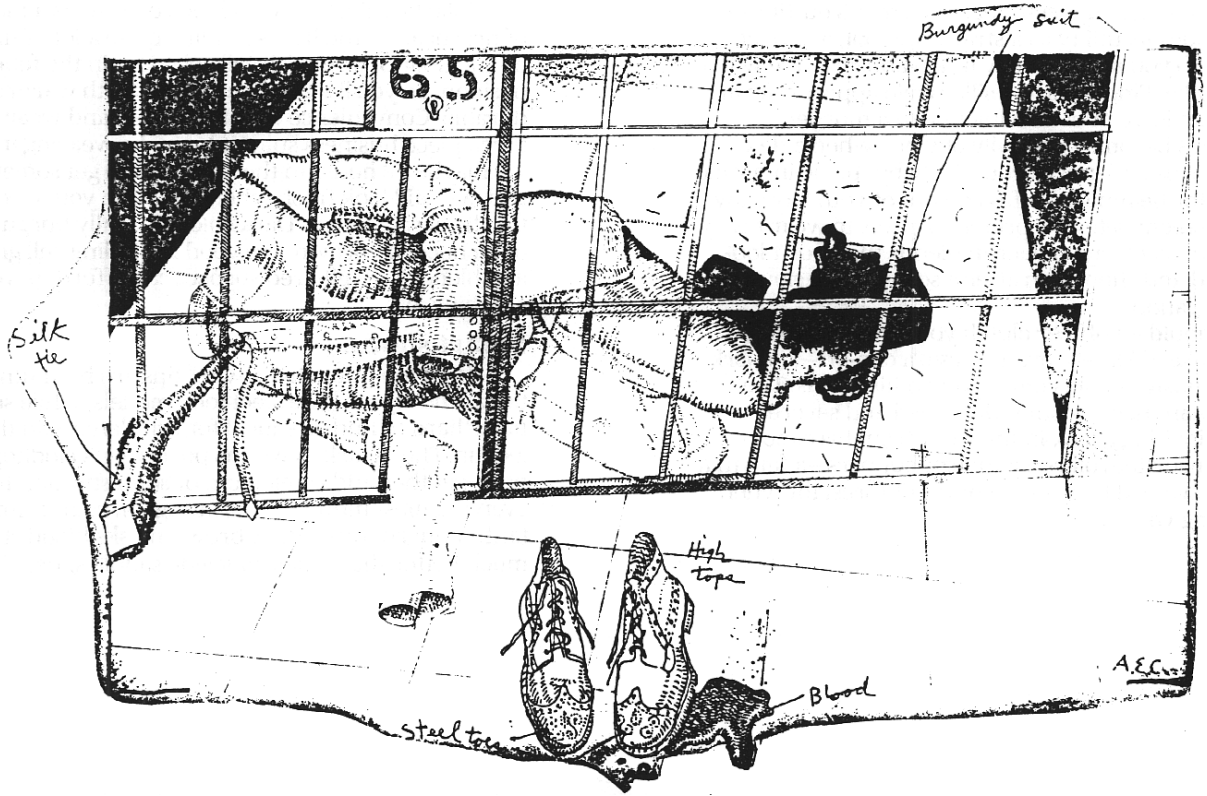
Make it clear that your intentions for attending are more complex and sordid than anyone's reason for attending a party could possibly be. Put tantalizing images in people's minds, and you've assured yourself a sensational headline in the following day's newspaper: *MODEL CITIZEN TURNS KILLER!*

Imagine if you were forced to bear the embarrassment of unflattering press coverage like this: "He was a perfectly normal fellow, quite quiet and reserved. He rarely went out; I think he was a bit of a wallflower." With a bit of pre-planning, you can have your neighbors describing you like this: "He was absolutely dashing and reckless. We called him 'Hollywood.' Some of the stories he told me about his love affairs were quite racy. An exciting fellow; I guess he just had a side to him that most normal people never experience."



CHAPTER TWO

What to wear *(men)*



Neckwear.

The most important part of a man's outfit is his tie. Besides its utility as a strangling tool, it says not only who you are, but how much abuse you're willing to take. Finely crafted silk, while appropriate at most parties, can be detrimental to a murder.

This becomes painfully obvious when a detective arrives and grasps you firmly by the tie in preparation for beating a confession out of you. Most law enforcement veterans prefer suspects to wear heavy wrinkle-proof rayon-dacron blends that won't look tattered and shopworn after a session of serious interrogation.

Should an officer clutch your expensive but frail Sulka Silkie-or even worse, a clip-on-and jerk it vigorously, it may come apart in his hands. The policeman then becomes disturbed and severe. You're inviting a kick in the shins from his canoe-sized, insulated, oil-resistant clodhoppers-a fate that can be avoided by a few minutes of foresight when choosing your tie.

The Suit

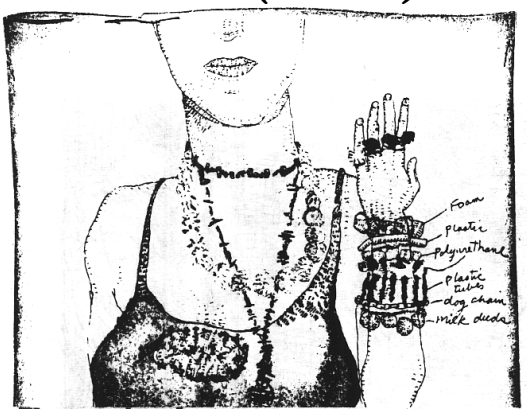
Like tie selection, the choice of a suit is a matter of practicality. You'll be spending quite a lot of time on the floor of a cold jail cell rolled up in the fetal position. So you'll want a suit that is both warm and durable. Convenience dictates a wash-and-wear three-piece business suit. You may be wearing it for 48, maybe 72 hours in the slammer, so get something that will still look fresh when they take you to court for the arraignment. Dark colors, usually burgundy or a chocolate brown, are good for hiding cell grime and blood. No well-bred suspect can afford to wear anything less.

Smart shoes.

High-top Naugahyde wing-tips are both functional and stylish. The steel-toed models, while sometimes hard to find, are ideal for self-defense in the lockup. They work as well as policemen's clodhoppers, yet they add an element of sophistication to even the most mundane outfit. Again, color is important. ^ burgundy or dark brown masks blood stains much better than a pair of suede saddle shoes.

CHAPTER THREE

What to wear (women)



When selecting a gown, never underestimate the suspicious nature of the authorities. You may be accused, arrested and taken downtown for a sun-tanning session under a very powerful heat lamp. So dress accordingly.

Most women prefer something that gives them an innocent, demure look. A loose-fitting wrap or chemise is comfortable and cool, yet it belies the presence of the high-powered weapons that many women like to carry in metropolitan environs. The perfect solution for the occasion.

Jewelry.

Nothing catches eyes and turns heads like a vault of rare gems worn by an attractive woman. However, when there's a murderer about, the last thing a woman wants is attention. One need only consider the violent ends met by such diamond-studded beauties as Czarina Alexandra and Marie Antoinette.

Here again, let form follow function. Let the lessons learned by others serve as your precedents. When you seek to make a statement with your ornaments, say it with paste-the gaudier the better. Fake opals the size of walnuts, brooches that resemble peanut brittle during a nuclear meltdown, any Cub Scout arts-and-crafts project-gimcrack of this ilk, too long overlooked by the trendsetters of High Society, is *de rigeur* as regards the lady for whom being the hit of the party is secondary to getting home in one piece. Not only will your gewgaws discourage the killer intent on robbery, they'll prove more effective than mace in repulsing any jealous ex-lover, scorned admirer or sex slayer with even an inkling of fashion sense. Remember, when you prefer not to make the Society pages at the expense of making the obituaries, junk jewelry is a girl's best friend.

Shoes.

You can't run very swiftly in high heels. But then, you can't kick very effectively with sneakers. A sensible solution is to seek out a pair of Italian-designer jogging shoes. These combine a comfortable fiat crepe sole with a toe that resembles the tip of a cross-country ski.

CHAPTER FOUR

Conversation, Interrogation, Incarceration.

Opening conversational gambits.

The first art of a good conversationalist is the ability to put people at ease. Once you've accomplished this, you can begin to make good conversation. Your job as a pacifier and confidante is doubly complicated by the victim's knowledge of his or her impending doom. How does one allay the fears of a hapless murder victim?

You might start with a flourish of light-hearted foolery. Try hiding in the coat closet and scaring the daylights out of the victim as he opens the door to hang his coat. Or try a more conventional and earnest approach. Explain who you are: "Good evening, I'm Charles Edwards. I'm an emergency room surgeon. Have you ever been in an emergency room on Saturday night?" Now that you've got the conversation started, let it follow its natural course.

Practice is the best way to polish your conversational skills. Many beginners have difficulty at first. But rest assured, it's not really as important as you might think. After all, the victim will soon be dead. So if you fail to calm his fears, it is not going to matter anyway.

Interrogation:

Chatting with the police.

Yes Sir! Authorities, like royalty, should be treated with deference. Always refer to them as Sir, Ma'am, Officer, or Your Highness. All questions should be answered with a humble "Yes, sir," or "No, ma'am." And only under the most stressful situation should you direct questions back at your interrogator-when a gun is pointed at your head, for example.

The art of a good conversationalist is the ability to "lighten up" the atmosphere at times like these. There are a few simple and time-tested rules to follow. 1. The order of questioning should start with family-related matters. 2. Once the "ice has been broken," the subject should be either sports or sex. 3. Never ask authority figures about their jobs or salaries. This is considered *déclassé* and invites additional charges of bribery and slander.

A proven example.

Imagine for a moment that you have been arrested by the police. You are face down on a plush ballroom floor, the officer's knee rests firmly on your kidneys and his .357 Magnum is pointed at the base of your cerebellum. Light conversation might improve your situation. "So, sir, I trust that the wife and young ones are doing well?" He jabs the nose of his gun deeper into your skull.

Don't be alarmed. You've "broken the ice," so move on to the next subject.

"Say, officer, I'm certain you couldn't have missed that slug-rest of an Orioles game last night!"

The magic has begun to work. Watch as the officer takes his gun from your neck, grabs it by the barrel and cuffs you firmly across the knee cap with the finely oiled walnut grip of his beloved pistol.

There now, you've managed to get even the most ruthless authority to drop his gun from its threatening position! You've played him into your hand, and you're on your way towards a close friendship with a person who, only a few moments earlier, was a bitter enemy.

Patience, practice and perception; nothing can replace these three keys to successful conversation.

Comfortable incarceration.

The gang's all here.[r] Let your memory drift back to the days of youth. Whether you're a man or woman, from the city or country, you must certainly have fond memories of the long summer days of your childhood. Prison is a throwback to those long lost days. You never have to work if you don't want to, you can play basketball and lift weights all day, and when you need the close companionship of a friend, there is always someone there. Someone who sympathizes with your plight. Someone who'll set you up. A good prison is just like a poorly run summer camp.

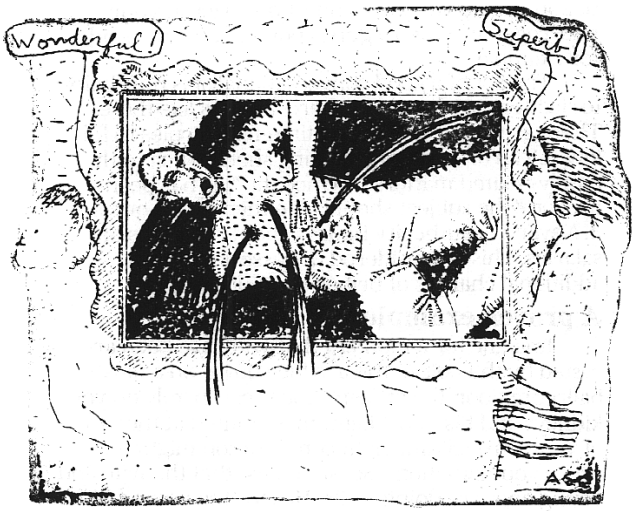
The secret of successful incarceration is connections. Upon arrival you should watch the other inmates closely. See who dominates and who submits. Then align yourself with the bullies. You'll always be assured of the best food and drink. And the best seats in the house for inter-prison boxing matches.

Prison projects.

After two or three years in a maximum security prison, you'll become more reflective. You've got "time to kill," as they say, and you'll want to develop some of those skills that you never had time for as an overworked free adult.

The key to selecting the right pursuits is to choose those that show the greatest signs of rehabilitation, or those that will supplement your meagre weekly income as a license-plate maker.

Poetry can be a wonderfully sensitive medium for expressing your remorse and anguish. The study of law will help you improve your oratory skills, a clear benefit when you make vehement pleas to the prison parole board. Writing books can also be quite rewarding: the first eight editions of this book were all highly successful and sold particularly well among guilt-ridden liberals. But perhaps the wisest choice is painting. Prisoners are perceived as having great depth of repressed artistic genius. There are literally thousands of deep-pocketed dilettantes who are willing to pay a fortune for prison art. Especially if the work is being done by prisoners with a background of violent crime.



A FINAL THOUGHT

Preparedness.

In these few pages, we have touched lightly on the subjects that have, for centuries, remained nebulous and unsettled. Now that you have a working basis for confronting murder and its many-faceted elements, it's time to move ahead. It's time to seek out a party that promises to be fraught with wickedness and deceit and to plunge into it with vigor. Only then can you truly appreciate the appropriateness of this lesson. Only then will you be able to conduct yourself in a manner befitting a homicide SUSPECT.

The end.

About the Author.

Jane Darling Worthington lives in Maryland and South America. Ms. Worthington was educated at the Emily Post Extension University in Ghanzi, Botswana, Retenue Academe in Clambridge, Massachusetts and The Attica Reformation Institute in Attica, New York. Ms. Worthington is currently at work on her new book, Death without Commitment.

About the Illustrator

Alan E. Cober, artist, illustrator and social critic, had his own ideas about SUSPECT and Murder and Modern Manners. *And since he's one of today's most widely acclaimed graphic artists, we asked Alan to put those ideas onto paper for this SUSPECT package. He did.*

Alan's name and works are *well-known in graphic* art *circles worldwide. His work has appeared in TIME, LIFE, NEWSWEEK, INSIDE SPORTS and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. He's illustrated books, record albums, advertisements and anything else that calls for extraordinary interpretation and execution. In doing all this, he has collected countless awards and kudos. We hope you enjoy what he has done here.*

Lurking Horror

Preface to the Story

In The Lurking Horror, you are a student at G.U.E. Tech. You have braved a snowstorm to get to the Computer Center and finish work on an assignment. But the snowstorm has turned into a raging blizzard, and has trapped you in a complex of buildings late at night. You are not alone, fortunately ... or perhaps, unfortunately. Thus you begin the story, unaware that anything may be wrong beneath or within the veneer of the quiet campus.

About the Author

Dave Lebling was born in Washington, D.C. and grew up in suburban Maryland. He attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and worked at MIT's Laboratory for Computer Science, where he developed an interest in computer entertainments. He was a co-author of the original mainframe Zork. He has co-authored Zork I, Zork II, Zork III, and Enchanter, and written Starcross and Suspect on his own.

G.U.E.

WELCOME TO G.U.E.!

You've probably been waiting to go to G.U.E. Tech for years--ever since you realized that science and math were more important to you than just about anything (except eating). And now here you are, in a community of people who feel exactly the same way. Of course, the first thing in your mind is academics, whether you can get a seminar with that Nobel Laureate Physics professor, how soon you can have 24-hour access to the Computer Center, whether you can get credit through a work-study program. Most of these questions can be answered by your freshman advisor or by the official student handbook.

There are plenty of other questions, however, that you should also be asking yourself, questions that your advisor will be hard put to answer. Questions like, where can you find the best pizza? Where can you find a date? Which dorms should you avoid? Should you subscribe to the meal plan? Where can you go if you're feeling our of control? This handbook attempts to answer some of these questions. Written by upperclass students, G.U.E. At A *Glance* (sometimes known as GAAG) might tell you things the Administration would rather you didn't know. But we believe that you'd find them out anyway, and that you'll be glad it's sooner rather than later...

In spite of what your roommate will tell you, G.U.E. Tech does not have the highest suicide rate in the country. However, it *is* a high-pressure school. While you're wondering what happened to the distraught student who used to sit next to you in Introductory Calculus, you might also be wondering how you're going to get through midterms without cracking up.

G.U.E.

When things get tough, DON'T PANIC. Help is always available, and no one will think the lesser of you for seeking it. Visits to the Counseling Center don't appear on your permanent record, and complete confidentiality is maintained at all times.

One thing that just might drive you crazy is figuring out how to get around campus. While we've provided a map to help you identify the main dorm and class buildings, you probably won't feel at home until you've gotten lost a few times and stumbled back to familiar ground.

Large, underground tunnels connect most of the buildings. However many of these tunnels are very old, and a number have been closed for safety reasons. While you may be tempted to explore, DON'T risk it. Several deaths have been attributed to student explorations in the tunnels. Closed tunnels are off-limits; they're closed for a reason, and we encourage students to restrain their curiosity and keep out of them.

It's usually easiest for new students to live in a dormitory and subscribe to the school meal plan. But easiest isn't always best. In the case of G.U.E.'s food service, it's worst. Food ranges from bad to inedible, and the cafeterias are only open for a few hours around each mealtime. If you haven't signed up for the meal plan, or when you're planning ahead for next year, consider roughing it. Dorm-sized refrigerators are easy to come by, and the area supermarkets carry a wide variety of both recognizable and exotic items. When you're looking for a hot meal, check our list of favorite hangouts.

First-year students are usually stuck with whatever room they're assigned to. Flrod Bok is the best freshman dorm; Murani House is the worst. Best upperclass dorms are Berkowitz Hall and Lunce House. Chapelgate is well known as a party dorm. It's a good place to be if you like to party. It's a bad place to be if you plan to get any sleeping or studying done in your room.

Most dorms are co-ed, with men and women housed on separate floors. A few of the smaller upperclass dorms are for men only, and Stella Barton Hall houses fifteen senior women.

You'll also want to consider G.U.E.'s fraternities and sororities. Pledging takes place the first week on campus. Since each house appeals to a different type, you'll need to look into all of them to find one that's a good match for you. For more information, contact the Interfraternity Council.

Dorm furniture is strictly functional and, if you're lucky, less than 50 years old. Most students outgrow the dorm bookshelf within one semester. You can buy cheap but sturdy bookcases at Dave's Discount Decor, along with bean-bag chairs, lava lamps, and designer telephones (one current favorite, a glow-in-the-dark skull with gleaming red eyes, chortles instead of rings).

Although you'll be spending most of your time studying, it's important to remember that life exists outside of your textbooks and your computer screen. Take an afternoon to visit the Museum of Contemporary Art or the Loeffler Aquarium. Join the Freshman Drama Group of the Hellenic Club. Write a weekly column for the G.U.E. GNEWS. Take advantage of the Athletic Complex, whose weekly paddle-ball tournaments draw a lively crowd.

SCHOOL TRADITIONS

SLUG STOMPING

Watch for the first slugs of the year and step on them.

FOUNDER'S DAY

One night during the last week of spring term, the huge bronze statue of George Underwood Edwards mysteriously disappears from its pedestal and shows up the next day in some totally offbeat spot. A certain rowdy fraternity is rumored to spend the entire year planning this prank.

FINAL SCREAM

At a designated time during Final Exam week, everyone screams in unison.

PIGEON DAY

The President rings a bell at 6 a.m. one spring morning and puts a statue of a giant pigeon on the lawn. No classes for the day; free food at night.

STREAMER DAY

Take all the toilet paper rolls from the bathrooms and throw them out of the dorm windows.

SOME G.U.E. TECH JARGON:

frob. (noun) A thing. Useful when you have two "unspecified objects" on hand. "Stick that frob on the thing over there."

tool. (noun) A nerd. Someone who studies all the time, never taking time for a social life. (verb) To study. "I'm tooling tonight."

hack. (noun) A prank. "Painting the Dean's house pink was a great hack!"(verb) To commit a prank. "We hacked the Dean's house."

-p. (suffix) Adding the -p suffix to a word makes it a question. A derivative of the LISP computer language, where "p" indicates predicate (e.g., "greaterp x y," meaning "is x greater than y?"). Most commonly heard among tools majoring in Computer Science. "Foodp?" (pronounced "food-pee") means "Are you hungry?"

grease. (noun) Student politician. (verb) To pass a course without working on it.
"I greased Thermodynamics."

rug rat (or rat). (noun) Freshman. Presumably derives from the use of this term as a synonym for child.

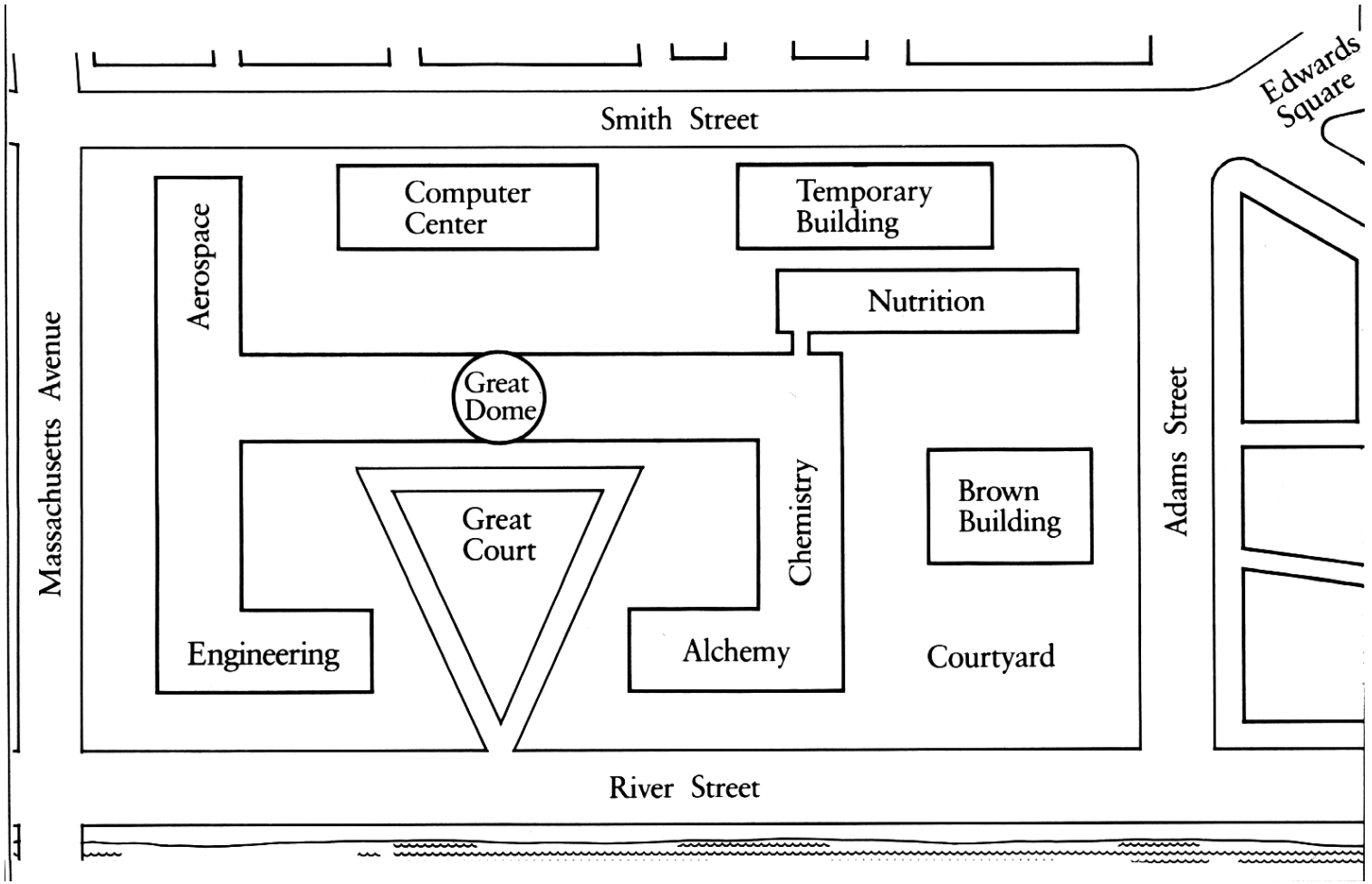
urchin. (noun) A local child or teenager who hangs around campus and often causes objects of value to mysteriously disappear.

curdle. (verb) To astonish, usually with a connotation of the surprise being unpleasant. "I was really curdled when I saw my final grades."

DIRECTORY

don't forget snacks for Fri. party!

Name Chris Leu Address Chapelgate Tel. No. x8990	Name Address Tel. No.
Name chem lab T-TH 1-3 Address lab partner- Ardie Knowlton Tel. No. X 2981	Name Address Tel. No.
Name Address Tel. No.	Name Intro Calc Address Tel. No. 27-302
Name Mitch Address Tel. No. X5417	Name Address Tel. No.
Name Address Tel. No.	Name password UHLERSOTH Address Tel. No (don't tell anyone!!)


Smith Street
Edwards Square
Computer Center
Temporary Building
Aerospace
Nutrition
Massachusetts Avenue
Great Dome
Great Court
Chemistry
Brown Building
Adams Street
Engineering
Alchemy
Courtyard
River Street

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GEORGE UNDERWOOD EDWARDS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Omne ignotum pro magnifico
1692

Ballyhoo

Preface to the Story

Spurred by stinginess and your natural curiosity, you stick around after the show in the big top, hoping to catch a free after-hours performance. Perhaps you'll get a peek at an impromptu clown act, or watch the late-night feedings of the exotic animals you goggled at earlier. But life at the circus isn't glamourous after the audience has gone home: instead of flashy feats, you overhear a mysterious conversation: a little girl -- the circus owner's daughter -- has been kidnapped! Her father is too naive (or is he too pompously stupid?) to do more than hire an inept detective to find her. He remains blindly loyal to his overworked performers, but ... could it be an inside job? The gift might be hidden somewhere on the circus grounds ... and one of the performers might be her abductor! So you do what anyone would in these circumstances: set out to rescue the damsel in distress. The odds aren't in your favor: you -- a spectator, a bystander, an outsider in a defensive close-knit community -- trying to find a girl you've never met, in a place you know nothing about, among bizarre people who want nothing to do with you. Some would call you brave. Some would call you foolish. Every circus has its seedy underside. But few are as dangerous as this.

About the Author

Jeff O'Neill is a computer school dropout from Whittier, California. After graduating in 1982 from California State University, Los Angeles, he worked in journalism and for a while dabbled in computer science at a local community college. In the spring of 1984 he did the equivalent of running away with the circus by moving to Massachusetts to become a game tester for Infocom. Through diligence and hard work he finally came to fulfill the typical American boyhood dream -- to get paid for writing interactive fiction. Ballyhoo is his first Infocom story.

THE TRAVELING CIRCUS THAT TIME FORGOT INC.

Dear Mom and Dad,

Welcome to the Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.! Our wonderful circus is an old-fashioned entertainment value. We give you lots of "extras" that you won't find elsewhere, like this funbook we've put together to keep your little ones busy during the exciting moments before the show.

We go out of our way to provide customer satisfaction!

Have a good time, and come back soon.

Your friend,

Tomas Munrab

Tomas Munrab
Chief Entertainment Officer
The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.

THE TRAVELING CIRCUS THAT TIME FORGOT INC.

AUG. 21

6:00 P.M.

ADMIT ONE

F

DON'T MISS RIMSHAW THE INCOMPARABLE!

PALMISTRY PHRENOLOGY HYPNOSIS

SEC. 24 ROW AA SEAT 4

THE TRAVELING CIRCUS THAT TIME FORGOT, INC. welcomes you to its two-ring extravaganza and sideshow extraordinaire! You'll see feats of skill and daring, ferocious animals from the jungles of Africa and Asia, and amazing human curiosities!

This ticket also entitles you to three sessions with RIMSHAW THE INCOMPARABLE. Simply present your ticket to (1) have your palm read, (2) undergo hypnosis, and (3) allow him to read the bumps on your head.

We are committed to bringing you the best entertainment value! With this goal in mind, we're completing a series of demographic surveys. You can help us by punching out the pink (female) or blue (male) dot on the front of this ticket to indicate your gender.

The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. is not liable for any loss of personal possessions or for any injuries or damages you might cause or personally sustain while on the circus grounds. To help prevent such injuries or damages and thus avoid the possibility of lawsuits on our behalf, we ask you to obey the following rules and regulations:

Please do not throw anything into the circus ring. Severe injury to our performers may result.

Please do not feed or attempt to pet the animals. These are unpredictable wild beasts.

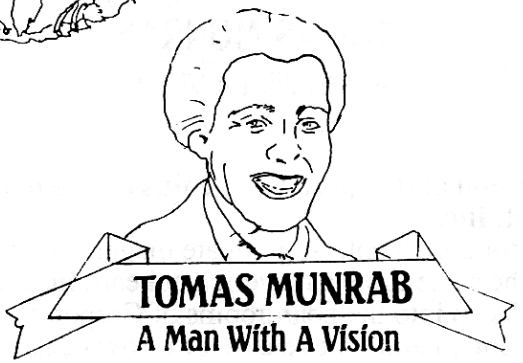
Beware of pickpockets, gamblers, thugs, and thieves. We are not responsible for local criminal elements.

Please leave immediately following the performance. Do not loiter in the ring or on the circus lot.

Above all, have fun! We hope to see you again next time we're in town.

Glorious Gloria

TINA


TOMAS MUNRAB
A Man With A Vision

ANDREW
JENNY

Genatossio Brothers

How the incredibly backward vision and superlative genius of one man set into constant motion The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.

Put yourself in the man's oxfords for a moment. A graduate magna cure laude from one of the world's most prominent business schools. Yet at the same time, a maverick at heart, independent of mind - reluctant to follow his blue-suited classmates lockstep into the boardrooms of Corporate America. A man with vision - a vision as yet undefined, like a cloud, anticipating the release of its own charge, the lightning bolt of an idea.

So what do you do if you're an out-of-work Harvard Business School grad with a dream? You go out and buy yourself a circus, of course.

The idea, brilliant in its simplicity: to resurrect the classic traveling circus of old -blending innocence, flamboyance, and nostalgia - and send it off to crisscross the highways and byways of this promised land of ours, visiting upon the masses thirsty for good clean fun.

Sounds so simple, yet it is hard to imagine the tremendous quatum of resistance and awesome challenge that would confront this would-be modem day P.T. Barnum. Immediately you would hear the voice of the nay-sayers, their prickly criticism intended to burst your balloon, deriding such "pipe dreams" as low tech and low brow, logistically impossible, financially unfeasible. And imagine the embarrassment of getting laughed out of the HARVARD CLUB!

Now, if you ever met Tomas Munrab, you'd know one thing for certain: the word "impossible" is unknown to him. Not through any lack of education, certainly, but by willful, steadfast determination to overcome all obstacles in his life's path. A couple of years ago, it was this personal drive coupled with this vision that compelled Mr. Munrab to invest in a small circus and to completely transform it, thus embarking on the odyssey of The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc.

As President, Producer and Chief Entertainment Officer of The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. (a wholly owned subsidiary of Munrab Enterprises, Inc.), Mr. Munrab himself has overseen whole hog the acquisition of the capital, talent, and marketing savvy necessary for transforming his circus into the growing concern you see today.

"It takes some doing to maintain an exciting family show with a genuine, turn-of-the-century feel, while at the same time funding additions, improvements, and the necessary attentions to investors," says Munrab, obviously proud of his mastery over his dual role as showman and businessman. "You could say I've had to deal with quite a few clowns over the past couple of years."

Despite such good-natured banter from the Boss, it's clear from their much-practiced performances and their dogged dedication that the circus folk hold Mr. Munrab in high esteem, even reverence.

THE AMAZING GENATOSSIO BROTHERS

In a daring display of high wire skill and reckless abandon, the famed Genatossio Brothers thrill spectators with an array of death-defying feats. Balanced on a thin steel cable 50 feet overhead, Carlo, Giuseppe, Antonio, and Stefano Genatossio play a heart-stopping game of leapfrog, ride tandem bicycles, jump rope forward and backward, and perform a stupendous break-dance finale.

The 28-year old Genatossio quadruplets, natives of Bologna, Italy, were spotted by Tomas Munrab at a county fair in Upstate New York. After seeing their incredible performance, he asked the young men to join The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. *"Senza dubbio,"* says Carlo, "we accept without hesitation."

GLORIOUS GLORIA
Queen of the Air

Not since the days of Lillian Leitzel have circus-goers been so entranced by a trapeze artiste. With her sequined tutu and halo of blonde hair, Glorious Gloria Golotov embodies the glamour and daring of the big top. Gloria dazzles audiences with an extraordinary repertoire of aerial splits, somersaults, and pirouettes, culminating in the stunning death-whirl made famous by Leitzel in the 1920's.

Glorious Gloria, Queen of the Air...captivates Crowds with her Courage and Flair ... Weaving her wondrous Aerial Spell ... Glorious Gloria ... Artiste Nonpareil!

THE WILD KINGDOM

In 1815, Hackaliah Bailey toured New England with his elephant "Old Bet." there by creating the traveling menagerie. His show was so successful that imitations soon appeared, offering an array of exotic animals drawn from the four comers of the globe. Massive elephants from India stood side by side with savage lions from the Tanzanian plains and quick-witted apes from the jungles of the Congo.

Eventually menageries combined with circuses to produce the touring extravaganzas of the late 19th century. This has remained their place to the present day.

Crucial to the success of the menagerie is the animal trainer, who earns the respect of even the most ferocious tiger and arranges for the care and feeding of all. The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. is proud to present world-renowned trainer Gottfried Wilhelm yon Katzenjammer.

In one of the most breathtaking moments of the show, Gottfried strides bare-chested into into a cage of ferocious, snarling lions. Using only a bullwhip and chair, the fearless trainer masters the savage beasts, commanding them to perform a series of dramatic stunts.

Born in Hanover, Germany, in 1952, Gottfried is the son of famed pachyderm trainers Wilma and Werner yon Katzenjammer. After honing his skills in the family act, Gottfried rose to prominence in the acclaimed Cirque Martinique. He was persuaded to join The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. in 1983, during Tomas Munrab's annual world-wide talent search.

Blond and muscular, Gottfried draws as much attention as the animals he commands. From the stunning lion act to the magnificent elephant parade, the skills of Gottfried Wilhelm yon Katzenjammer and his wild animals contribute immeasurably to the excitement and pageantry of The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc

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CLOWN ALLEY

The great showman P.T. Barnum once remarked that clown are the pegs on which circuses are hung. When the atmosphere of suspense and tension in the arena approaches unbearable limits, the clowns arrive to lighten the mood of the spectators in preparation for the next death-defying stunt.

Foremost in our Clown Alley is the celebrated Comrade Constatine Thumb. Only 28 inches in height. Thumb proudly bears the title of the smallest man in the world. Born of normal-sized parents in the West Siberian Plain, Thumb was educated at the famed Surgut Acrobatics Institute. He defected in 1984, at the behest of Tomas Munrab, to join The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. Whether cavorting with his miniature dachshund, displaying his considerable acrobatic skills, or warbling in his native Russian, our merry midget delights audiences from Dallas to Dayton.

Comic companions to Comrade Thumb are the other members of our clown troupe, from Chuckles, the buffoon tramp, to Mystic Malcom, the stumblebum magician.

All in all, the clown's profession is a noble one. The world is full of tears, and it is far more difficult to send us into gales of laughter than it is to make us cry.

Glittering Extravaganzas

It has been said that the circus is the only really mysterious thing left in civilization. Here in Spangleland, performers from around the globe astound audiences with a star-dusted repertoire of seemingly impossible feats. Clowns in comical makeup leap out of unexpected places, and magnificent beasts respond as if by magic to the trainer's command.

The circus can be traced back to the Roman amphitheater, although these ancient spectacles featured mostly chariot races and gladiator fights. In the Middle Ages, wandering tumblers, jugglers, acrobats, and animal trainers performed wherever people gathered.

The circus as we know it did not appear until 1768, when a trick rider found that if he galloped in a circle while standing on his horse's back, centrifugal force helped him keep his balance. From then on, organized circus performances were held in rings, usually in permanent or semipermanent buildings.

The big top originated in the 1820's. At first, circus tents were small, housing a single ring and several hundred portable seats. A few decades later, big tops rivaled the ancient hippodromes in magnitude, covering up two acres with 11 tons of canvas.

By the 1870's, American circuses were glittering extravaganzas, carried from town to town by dozens of railroad cars. Generations of families made the circus their life and livelihood. A special language evolved, mingling foreign tongues, thieves' argot, and terms used to describe objects and locations peculiar to the circus.

In circus lingo, a *sucker* is a circus-goer, an *Annie Oakley* is a ticket, and a *Bible* is a program or magazine. *Lot loafers* or *lotlice are* townspeople who hang around the lot. The *back yard* is the space between the big top and the dressing rooms, where wardrobes and props are stored. The *white wagon* is the main office on the circus lot. The *blues are* the cheapest seats in the big top. *Side-walling* - crawling in under the canvas wall - is the last resource of local urchins who can even afford the blues.

Illegal gambling is called *grift. "Hey Rube!"* is the rallying cry for help in a fight between circus people and toughs or irate townspeople. A *Monday Man* was permitted to steal from village clotheslines. A *Johnny Tin Plate* is a small town marshall or constable, a *First of May* is a novice performer, and a *roustabout* is a common laborer. Extra work is called *cherry pie. A keister* is a trunk or wardrobe box. A clown is a *Joey.* And *clown alley* is a dressing tent or trailer reserved exclusively for clowns.

As the circus parade with its gaudy wagons, proud tigers, and whistling calliope rolls through town, who among us does not feel a thrill of excitement? For we know that when the great tent is erected and the Joeys leave clown alley for the performance ring, we can all join in on the magic and mystery of the circus.

RIMSHAW THE INCOMPARABLE

Divines the Future, Resurrects the Past!

RIMSHAW

From the mysterious mountains of Eastern Europe, we bring you RIMSHAW THE EMCOMPARABLE, augur of the future, interpreter of the past, diviner of hidden attributes.

Born of humble parents on the fog-shrouded coast of Cornwall, England, Rodney Rimshaw astonished the world at the age of two by foretelling an assassination attempt against the visiting Czar of Bulgaria. The grateful monarch invited little Rodney and his family to join him at his spacious palace in the Bulgarian highlands. There Rimshaw was taken on as apprentice to the court astrologer, whence he learned to command the movements of the planets and stars and discern the hidden magnetic forces that control the destiny of every living creature. As seer for the Czar, young Rodney assisted in the machinations of the throne until 1943, when the monarch, ignoring Rimshaw's warnings, made an ill-fated voyage to Berlin. Grieving Bulgarians blamed Rimshaw for failing to prevent the journey, and the slandered soothsayer was forced to flee across the border to Yugoslavia. It was there Tomas Munrab found him, forty years later, plying his mystic skills in a hut outside the mountain village of Strup.

Today we are fortunate to have access to the same skills that once influenced a great Balkan nation. By placing his subject under hypnosis. Rimshaw is able to recall the past in astounding detail. By tracing the distinctive lines of the palm, he is able to foretell the roads that lie ahead. And by kneading the bumps on one's head, he is able to determine individual traits and talents and how they may best be applied.

Hypnotist, phrenologist, palmist, mystic beyond - RIMSHAW THE INCOMPARABLE.

Half Man/ Half Woman

Believe It or Not!

827 Pounds of Feminine Charm

In the world of physical phenomenon, few genetic oddities can compete with the strange union of a man and a woman in one body. It is particularly rare and fascinating to find the figure split, vertically, with one half entirely given over to the male and the other half entirely to the female.

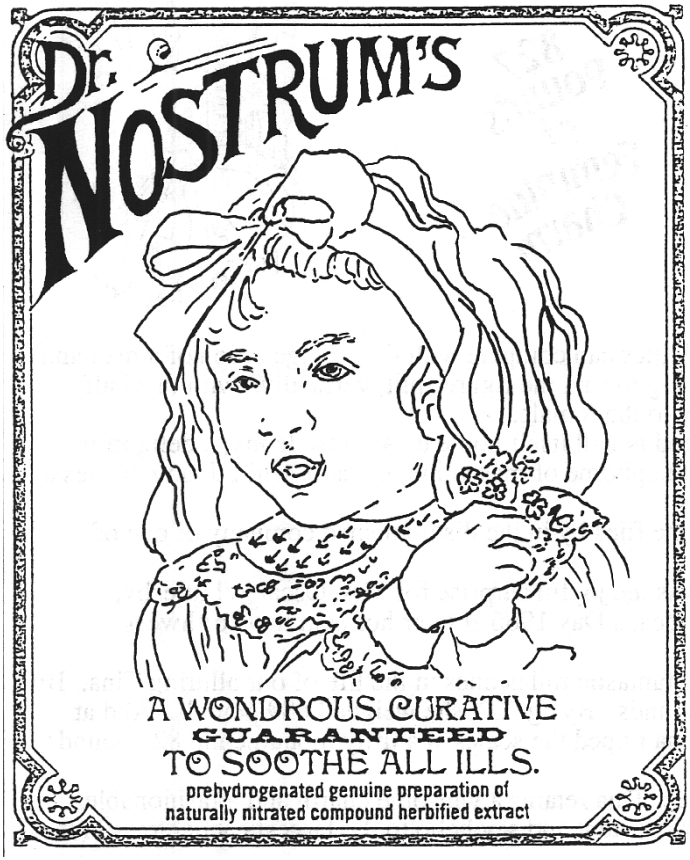
The Traveling Circus That Time Forgot, Inc. is honored to call itself home to Andrew Jenny, a delightful example of this particular biological quirk. Andrew is the epitome of masculine bravado, while Jenny exudes a beguiling femininity.

Guests are received in Jenny's cozy boudoir, where time flies by in the distinguished company of one of nature's most intriguing curiosities.

Imagine giving birth to a 36-pound baby girl! That was the joyful surprise for Mrs. Oscar Whittlesby, statuesque wife of the renowned meteorologist, on New Year's Day 1966 at their home in the Northwest Territories.

This scientific miracle was only the first in a series of fantastic milestones in the life of our alluring Tina. By the age of 8, the tyke weighed in at an astonishing 410 pounds. By age 12, she weighed 639 pounds. And at age 14, when she reached her full adult height of 6'5", Tina tipped the scales at a truly monumental 827 pounds, over a third of a ton!

Like the pleasingly plump maidens in paintings of yore, Tina retains a winsome charm and a fashionable flair much appreciated by her fellow performers. Stop by her tent and say hello to the largest enchantress in the world!



DR. NOSTRUM'S EXTRACT

This medicine was originated by Dr. Nostrum in 1863 and since that time numbers of grateful patients have testified to its worth. It should be in every medicine cabinet as it is a prompt and pleasant remedy for aches, pains, sour stomach, heartburn, sick headache, constipation, diarrhea, biliousness, itch, "singer's throat;' and pin worms.

Dr. Nostrum's contains 19°/0 alcohol as a preservative and solvent.

For Toothache--Wet cotton with Dr. Nostrum's Extract and crowd into the cavity, or lay it around the roots of the aching tooth; also bathe the face over the tooth with Dr. Nostrum's.

For Itch--Lie on flannel wet with Dr. Nostrum's Extract.

For Grippe & Catarrh--Take two teaspoonfuls of Dr. Nostrum's Extract three times a day. Apply Dr. Nostrum s to all sore spots. Sleep indoors, preferably in bed, until the attack is broken.

For Constipation, Diarrhea & Related Difficulties--One teaspoonful of Dr. Nostrum's Extract three times a day, to be taken haft an hour before meals. Eat simple food and then only when hungry. Take outdoor exercise, be regular in habits, and drink plenty of water.

Sick Headache--Headache is often due to indigestion. Keep as quiet as possible, clean out the intestinal canal with Dr. Nostrum's Extract, eat slow, and chew the food well.

For Sore Throat--Put a piece of flannel around the throat wet with Dr. Nostrum's Extract. Do not leave on too long or blistering may occur.

For Pin Worms--Round and pin worms are transmitted to the human body as Worm Eggs, swallowed in water, or in uncooked meat and vegetables. Treat with four tablespoons of Dr. Nostrum's Extract six times a day. Dr. Nostrum's paralyzes the worm and makes it let go its hold.

Infidel

Preface to the Story

You like to think of yourself as a bold and adventurous soldier of fortune, dating to brave the perils of the Egyptian Desert in search of a great lost pyramid. In fact, you're a small-time explorer, and you've just been marooned by your crew. Thoughts of getting lost, starving to death, or dying of thirst cross your mind, but you are sustained by the faint hope that you can somehow find the pyramid in this smoldering heat. You're all alone. Perhaps the sun has affected your thinking. Do you really expect to find a lost pyramid in this vast, endless desert, much less survive? Even if you do find it, can you get inside? Hardest of all, are you capable of matching wits with the ancient Egyptians? Still, you're driven onward against desperate odds. Undreamed-of riches and treasures beyond imagination await you. And your pride and dignity, your reputation and self-esteem, are at stake. For you are branded INFIDEL.

About the Author

Michael Berlyn is a writer whose books include The Integrated Man and Crystal Phoenix from Bantam Books. He is the author of SUSPENDED, INFIDEL, and CUTTHROATS, all from Infocom.

AIR EL MENHIR

Boarding Pass

FLIGHT·
976Y

DATE OF FLIGHT·
JULY 9

GATE·
23

DESTINATION·
EL MENHIR-EGYPT

BOARDING TIME·
3 PM

DEPARTURE TIME·
3:25 PM

SEAT NUMBER·
13B AISLE
NON-SMOKING

CLASS·
COACH

TICKET NUMBER·
0098 764 9823

ESTIMATED
TIME OF ARRIVAL·
2:30 PM JULY 10

July 8

I think I'm on to something big. Really big. This is the chance I've been waiting for, the chance to prove to everyone that I'm not just someone's errand boy.

After the way Craige treated me on that ridiculous safari, I developed a distaste for him. Everyone jumped when he spoke — the great white hunter, puffed up and dressed the part. I knew everything he knew about running a safari and he still treated me like dirt. Even his client, Joshua Rankin, thought Craige was someone really special, someone who had seen everything, been everywhere, was always in control of every situation.

The way he always barked orders got to me after a while. "Help the bearers strike the tents," he'd say, or, "Check the supplies." God, how I learned to despise him. I played it smart though. I knew better than to confront him, to let him know I saw right through him. I bided my time, waited till we were back in the States, then formulated a simple plan. It was risky, and I had no idea what Craige would do if he caught me at it, but I was just as good as him, and all I needed was the break to prove it.

Well that break came this morning, when a Miss Ellingsworth called. Craige was out of the office, so I answered the phone. I told a little lie

when I told her who I was. She wanted someone with a lot of experience to find something out in the desert, and I told her I was Craige's partner, and I had all the experience for the job. When she asked for Craige, who was out checking on some new equipment, I told her he was on safari, and it was me or no one.

She bit! She gave me her address and I went over to talk to her. She was a gray-haired spinster type, about 65 or so, living in an old, pretty run-down place. This is the story she told me:

Her father was an archaeologist in the early part of the century. Somehow he got his hands on an ancient

artifact, a pottery shard more than 5000 years old inscribed with strange hieroglyphs. From what he deciphered, the shard pointed to the general location of a pyramid, a pyramid which no one had ever heard of before. He kept as quiet about his discovery as possible and, after four years of bowing, scraping, and petitioning foundations and universities, managed to fund a small expedition in 1920. He took his wife and newborn daughter along for the trip. After a few months of disheartening searching, he came across something which proved he was on the right track — a small block of limestone inscribed with those same odd hieroglyphs. When he decoded it he discovered it referred to vast riches and a queen.

That's as far as he got, though. The desert heat and the local water got to him and he died there. His widow and child returned to the States and, when Tut's tomb was discovered a few years later, Miss Ellingsworth's mother figured they'd dug up her dead husband's pyramid. She stowed all his records and belongings in a steamer chest and forgot about the whole thing.

And there it rested for sixty years until the mother died. Miss Ellingsworth went through the stuff in the attic and found the limestone cube, a map, a partial hieroglyphic dictionary, and a rubbing of the cube. From what she could tell, the

pyramid was nowhere near Tut's, so she called Craige to see what could be done.

"Just think of the historical significance of such a discovery," Miss Ellingworth said to me, handing over her father's things. Sure, it was a cinch. I looked the pieces over. With the map, the task seemed easy. I could practically see the pyramid in my mind. All the glory would be mine — not Craige's! This was a chance to show the world what a fool Craige was, a chance to prove that I was better than him. There would be enough gold and treasures in the pyramid to set me up for life but, more importantly, it would give me the reputation I deserved but had been denied by the glory-grabbing Craige.

I've been preparing for something like this to come along. I've saved money, sold the condo and just about everything I had that was worth anything, waiting patiently for the right opportunity. Now it's here and I realize I'm under-capitalized.

Miss Ellingsworth has no money — all she really wants out of this is to make her Dad into someone famous — so it's all up to me.

I packed my bags and got my visa today. Tomorrow I take off for Egypt. I won't bother giving Craige notice.

JULY 13

We leave for the pyramid site tomorrow at daybreak. I'm in El Menhir, a muddy

little village on the Nile. I've managed to keep my purpose here a secret — I told the locals I was a scientist, interested in making sonar soundings in the desert. But I did confide in Abdul, the top guide in the area. He'll be the go-between for me and the locals he lined up to do the work. He also rounded up all the supplies we need — tents, K-rations, cooking utensils, and the like.

July 22

It's been one disaster after another, but none of it is really my fault! First, we hardly get into the real desert area when the navigation box falls off the back of the jeep. Great! I had to radio back to Cairo

for a replacement and they said they'd get it to me, air-drop it into the encampment, in a few days — another expense in an already tight expedition $$$

Then the dates Abdul bought turned out to be insect infested and spoiled. The locals started grumbling and muttering, and one of them had the nerve to demand more money.

I promised everyone a big bonus if all went well.

They looked at me as if I were lying. I don't think they trust me, and I don't know how much longer I can keep them digging, and still stay in control. I don't remember Craige ever having these problems. And this kind of thing sure never happened to the heroes in "True Tales of Adventure."

AUGUST 6 We've been at the site for three weeks and the new navigation box still hasn't arrived. I figured it would be best to keep the men busy — "idle hands" and all that — digging in the general area indicated on the map. Without that box, though, it's like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Worse, the crew suspects I'm trying to pull a fast one on them. Abdul came to me and said I had better do something or there'd be trouble. I laughed at Abdul, telling him that I was in control, that nothing was going to happen that I didn't want to happen. Abdul said "What about the box? Did you want it to break?"

I guess I got a little too angry when he said that. I slapped him across the face! Abdul said nothing, but he glared at me. I think I might have handled him better.

AUGUST 8 THE BOX STILL ISN'T HERE! Without it, I don't think I'll be able to hold things together much longer. Our food stores are pretty low. The men are grumbling more and more. They stop working unless I stand over them and watch. One of them simply refuses to work at all, and Abdul is no real help. He seems to take their side.

August 12

No box!! Radioed Cairo yesterday and the day before. They assure me it's on the way. If it is, then where is it?

Abdul led the men into the desert to perform some religious ceremony, but I didn't believe it was a holy day. All I could think was that the whole thing was getting out of control. That I was losing the only real chance I ever had. That if I didn't get them back to digging, it would be all over.

I marched out into the desert to confront Abdul. I asked him to stop this foolishness and get back to work. Abdul looked very offended! I pushed him, demanding he order the men to work. He didn't push me back, but he did say, "You shall regret that, sacrilegious dog!"

Terrific! Looks like I blew it. How was I to know it really was a holiday? They moved off further into the desert to conduct their ceremony out of my sight. A little later, while I was lying on my cot, trying to figure out what to say to them that wouldn't sound too much like an apology, one of the men came into my tent. He seemed real friendly, and asked for the calfskin of kumiss. I figured they'd gotten over my little flareup and all was forgiven.

He brought the calfskin back a few minutes ago. I'm going to write to Miss Ellingsworth back in the States to assure her everything's going okay. One thing I don't need is for her to hire someone else for this job, especially after what I've been through. A few swigs of kumiss should get me through the letter OK.

IOU's

Sally $400
Abdul £25
Kahmir £12 plus tip!
Mom ~~$28~~ $48 plus 5% interest
Joyce $50 plus dinner

Air Mail

Rose Ellingsworth
55 Wheeler Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
USA

HOTEL AMÉRICAIN
Abbâs Hilmil Blvd. El Menhir, Egypt 8-6130-5 Cable: HASKELLOTELS

August 12

Dear Rose,

Here we are at the site, the same site that your father's expedition occupied almost 65 years ago, and things could hardly be any better. The weather is about average for the season - it'd be about 105° in the shade, if there were any shade - and aside from the occasional sandstorms, our camp has remained

a merry one. Abdul and the boys are having a wonderful time, and we're all hitting it off just fine.

I guess it's true what they say about us all being brothers under the skin. Notwithstanding the archaeological importance of the find and the profits it may accrue, the greatest treasure I'll bring back from this journey is the wealth of understanding I've gained through our brisk cultural exchange of customs and ideas. The other night, for instance, I treated the fellows to their first omelettes, and you should have heard the exclamations with which they greeted this new culinary experience. For my part, I'm rapidly acquiring a taste for kumiss, a refreshing native beverage made from fermented

camel's milk. At first the flavor seemed strange to my western palate, but of late I've grown exceedingly familiar with it. In fact, I'm enjoying a stoup of kumiss right now. I shall be sure to bring you a bottle or two of this zesty concoction upon my return.

Of course everything can't be perfect. We've had a slight delay while we wait for the new navigation box to arrive. (I may have forgotten to mention in my previous letter that the old box became damaged just as we were setting out.) Nevertheless, such is the spirit of camaraderie and good fellowship here in camp that the boys voluntarily continued digging on the off chance that we might locate the pyramid without the

aid of scientific instrumentation. This steadfastness in the face of adversity is truly heartwarming and I've rewarded the crew by giving them today off.

This has given me a chance to get off by myself and relax. The strain of command must be telling on me — just now, as I was sipping some kumiss, I began to feel lightheaded, and my knees buckled slightly. Or perhaps I'm just intoxicated with the awe-inspiring vastness of this solitude that surrounds me. In any case, I shall have to lay this letter aside for the time being, until this numbness leaves my hands and the landscape stops writhing around so violently... Hello I ~~hat~~ have been staring at the same grain of sand

for last hour and have you ever heard it said
that if you move one grain of sand you
change the course of history? well here goes nothing—
There, I done it, hope I've made the world a better
place to live in..... My my ~~doesn't~~ don't I feel strange
tonight I wonder what's come over me but wait!!!!
there was something very important I meant to
tell you about this waistland oh yes now I remember
Did you ever stop to think that T.S. Eliot's name
is an anagram for "toilets"? I think I now
understand what he was trying to tell us all,
Rosetta——— must be the desertsuns played
mischiff with my eyes for now as i gaze across

the moonlit dunes who are in no way related
to lorna dune i see theyve turned into crashing
curling waves in an endless sea to shining
see how they cast strange shadowshapes of wild
arabian demons who are coming for me
with my final summons in the kitchey with dinahso
possibly its the kumiss thats causing these tiny
little spots to dance and swirl before my
eyes like granes of sand through an hourglass
so are the days of our life savings blown
on a hopeless expidision thats gonna get
yors truly killed just so i can watch these
spots as they grow and grow and get furrier and furrier

until theyre changed into gnarled blue men
about two foot tall with evilgrins behind their
twisting bristly green wiskers that hang all the way
to their shinnyshinshins as the three little pigs
used to say in Piglatin eeway eeway eeway all the
way home home on the range
where there's no place like home
place like home is where the heartbreak of psoriasis
is that A shadow i see moving or cood
it be abdul returning cood it be mack the
knife cood it be desert sickness what cood it be

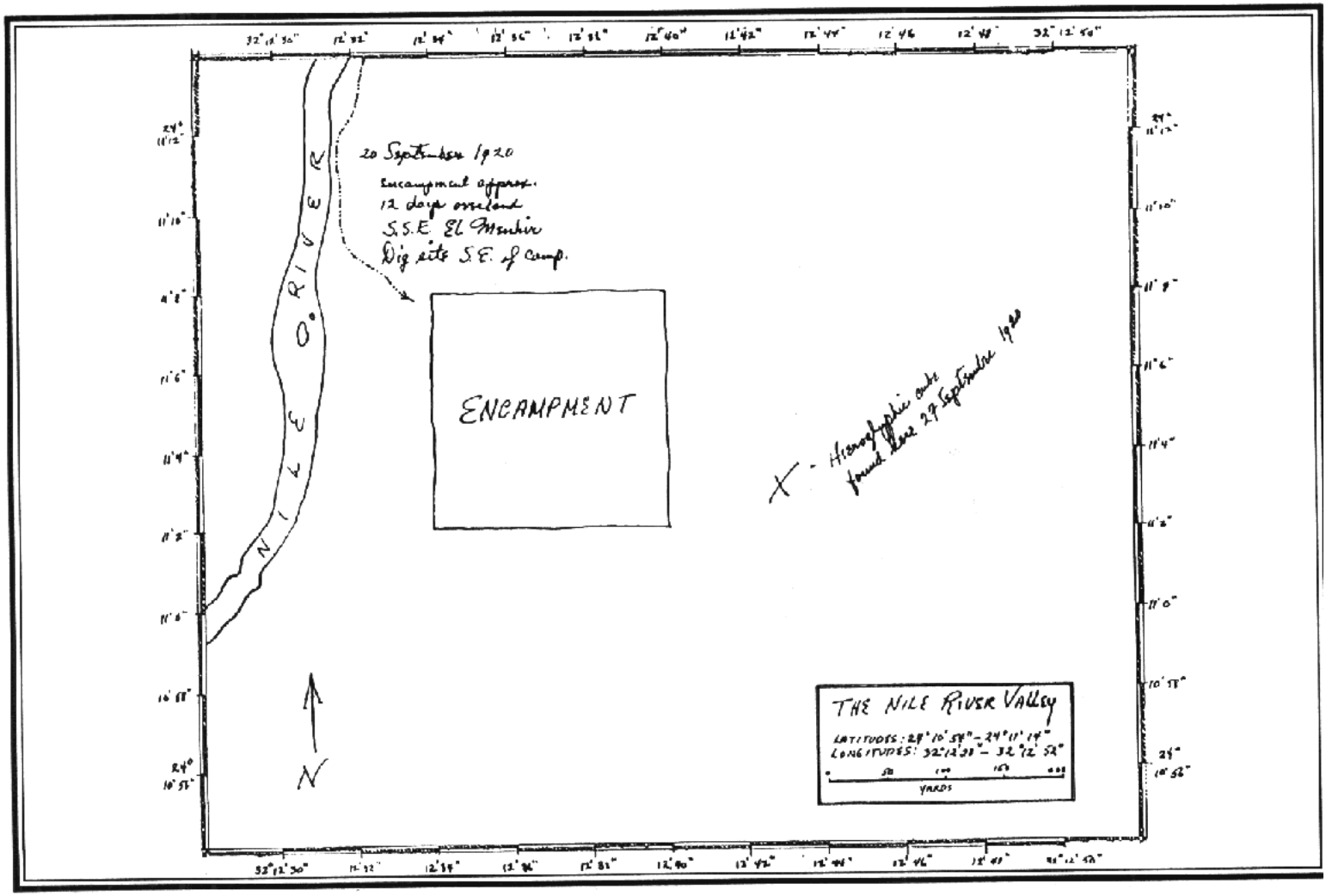
this cottonmouthed icysweating brainfeverish
rubberarms and legs and head for the hills
are alive with the sound of musicher and
Sicker may be its something i ate guess
i shouldve left that last deviledhammeatballalone

Hieroglyphic cube
found 27 September 1920

Cube measures 4"x 4"x4"
with hieroglyphics legible one side.
Composition Nummulitic limestone.

Hieroglyphics on cube
match the symbols from
pottery shard.
Deciphered symbols
support the "Lost Pyramid"
hypothesis.

HIEROGLYPHIC SYMBOL	ENGLISH TRANS.
#	the
#:	this
::	and
(( ))	all
!@!	guesu
—	sit/lies/rests
/	to/toward
→	through
⊓	entrance/door
// \\	treasures



20 September 1920
Encampment approx.
12 days overland
S.S.E. El Menhir
Dig site S.E. of camp.
NILE RIVER
ENCAMPMENT
X - Hieroglyphic cube found here 27 September 1920
N
THE NILE RIVER VALLEY
LATITUDES: 24° 10' 54" – 24° 11' 14"
LONGITUDES: 32° 12' 38" – 32° 12' 52"
YARDS

Moonmist

Preface to the Story

In Moonmist, you are a famous young American detective. An old friend, Tamara. Lynd, has written you a letter, asking for your help. And so you have travelled to England to test your detective skills. As the story begins, you are outside Tresyllian Castle -- the old, dark, hauntingly beautiful castle where Tamara now lives. Tamara greets you, and you meet some interesting guests. But your visit soon tums to mystery, as a trail of riddles and clues leads you to a hidden valuable treasure. But Tamara is worried about a ghost that is tormenting her. What does the ghost want? Is it jealous of her? Does the ghost want the hidden treasure for itself?. Or is the ghost a fake -- just someone dressing up to frighten Tamara? If so, why? These mysteries and others are waiting to test your wits in Moonmist.

About the Authors

Stu Galley was a student of physics and journalism when he discovered computers, which at the time were mostly just big number-crunchers. At first he thought computers were too much fun to be taken seriously, until he decided that physics was too little fun to be taken seriously. At MIT he discovered computer games and LISP-like languages and met the other founders of Infocom. He began writing interactive fiction in 1982 and has authored The Witness, Seastalker, and Moonmist, all for Infocom. Jim Lawrence has written fiction extensively for both children and adults in a variety of media: books, magazine articles, film and radio scripts, and comic strips, including "decision" strips. He estimates that he has written some sixty books of fiction, many of them under pen names for series like Tom Swift Jr. and Nancy Drew. His radio credits include weekly scripts for Sergeant Preston of the Yukon, The Green Hornet, and Sky King. He has written for, and in some cases created and illustrated, the comic strips Dallas, Joe Palooka, Captain Easy, Friday Foster, and Buck Rogers. To date, he has authored two works of interactive fiction published by Infocom: Seastalker, published in 1984, and Moonmist, in 1986.

WELCOME TO

TRESYLLIAN CASTLE

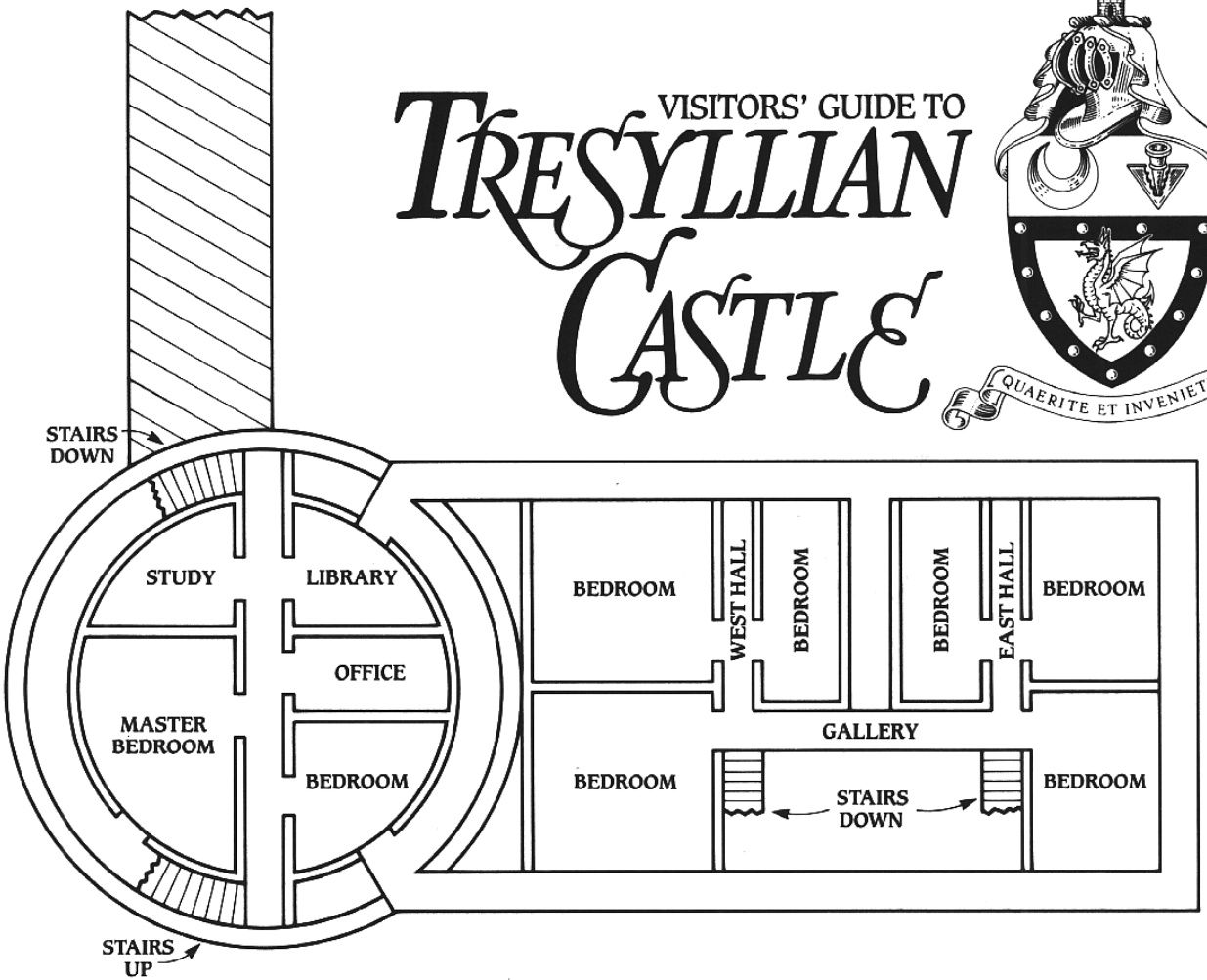
HOME OF THE
TRESYLLIAN FAMILY

HAUNT OF THE
LEGENDARY WHITE LADY

PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR

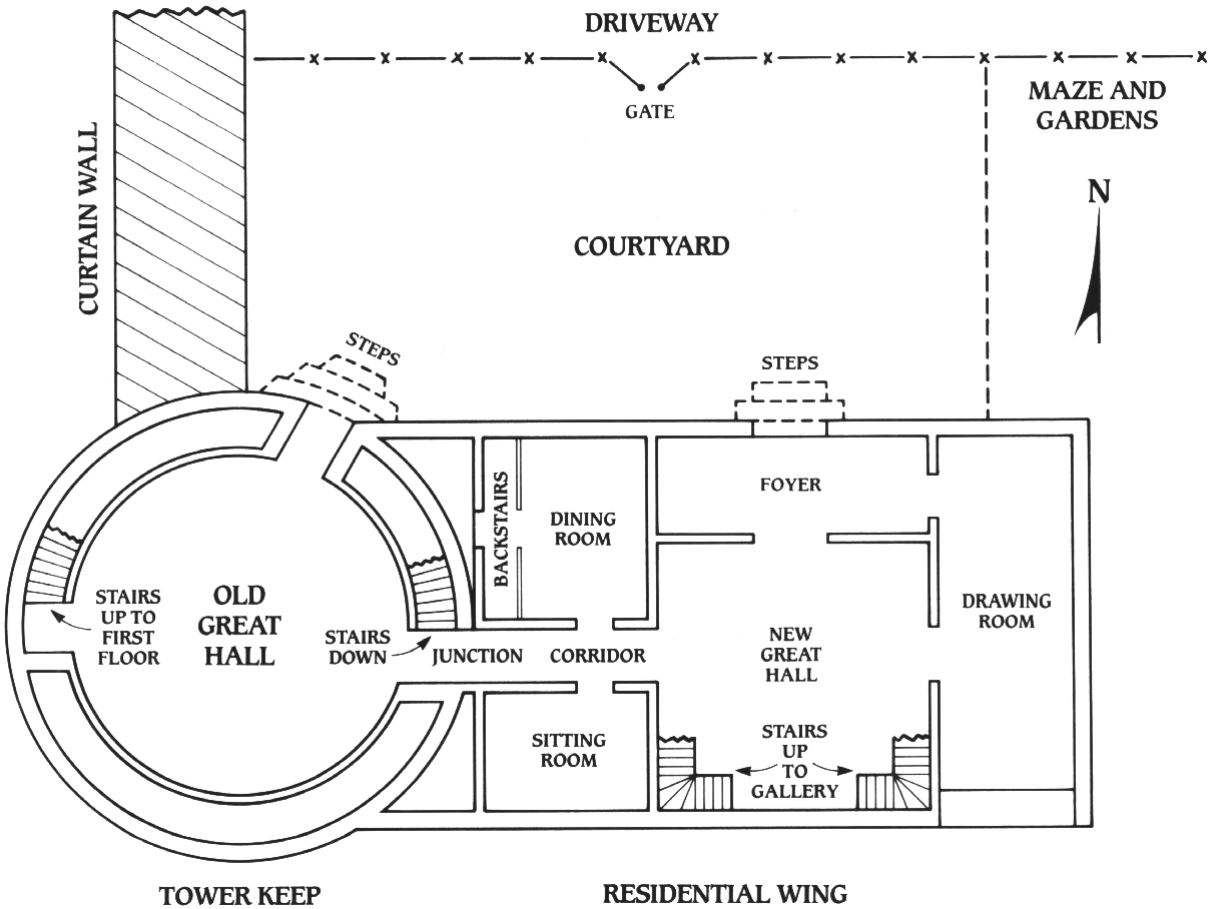
VISITORS' GUIDE TO

TRESYLLIAN CASTLE



QUAERITE ET INVENIETIS

PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR



The best way to approach Cornwall is from the sea, as the first traders did thousands of years ago.Mediterranean travellers, rounding Gibraltar and sailing north along the coast, find a peninsula shaped like a miniature Italy, tipped on its side and projecting from the southwest corner of England into the Atlantic waters.

It is in Cornwall that King Arthur held court, at a spot now known as Camelford. Across these moors rode Galahad and Lancelot. On these shores Iseult pined for her lost love, Tristram. And on these mighty cliffs Jack killed the giants Cormoran, Calligantus, and Thunderbore.

Many Cornish folk believe in fairies, wishes, charms, and omens. And why not? In Cornwall, such things do exist. Gnomes hammer away in the tin mines. Pixies turn the milk sour. When a pin is thrown into the Holy Well near Roche on Maundy Thursday, the bubbles reveal your fortune. A ghost coach drawn by headless horses appears in Penryn just before Christmas. If you don't avert your eyes when you see it, the coachman will spirit you away.

Cornwall has many interesting old manor houses, a number of them built in the Middle Ages. There are also several castles, mostly in ruins but still impressive. These ancient dwellings have housed distinguished Cornish families and witnessed countless historical events. Tresyllian Castle, a mediaeval fortress with a residential wing attached, is a fine example of such a home.

The oldest parts of the castle, the Tower and the Curtain Wall, were built in 124.2 by Horace of Tresyllian, to defend Frobzance Cove from pirates at sea. In 1251, Horace constructed a Chapel (uniquely situated on the second floor of the Tower) for the baptism of his first son and heir.

Tresyllian Castle has its share of Cornish lore. The legend of the White Lady originated in the 14th century, when Sir Thomas Tresyllian's young bride proved unfaithful and was walled up alive as punishment. Her woeful spirit wanders the Tower on moonlit nights.

Tresyllian Castle was renovated in the mid 1500's, when Francis Tattersall-Tresyllian, 11th Earl of Frobzance, 3rd Baron Tatdale, built a Residential Wing on the site of the eastern part of the original Curiain Wall. The rooms were refurbished in 1867 in anticipation of a visit from Queen Victoria.

Situated on Frobzance Cove, with a commanding view of the English Channel, the castle is a charming blend of historical treasures and everyday comforts, carefully maintained for our enjoyment by the noble Tresyllian family.

TRESYLLIAN CASTLE IS ALMOST EIGHT CENTURIES OLD. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, IT IS STILL INHABITED BY MEMBERS OF THE TRESYLLIAN FAMILY.

Imagine yourself as an eighteenth-century traveller, riding your horse across the desolate Cornish moors. Throughout the long day, you see nothing but scrub and bog and craggy rocks looming on the horizon. Toward evening, a dank fog fells in off the coast. Just as you're contemplating the terrors of spending a night on the moor, the stone turrets of a castle appear through the mist. A flag bearing a noble coat of arms flutters from the tower. As you ride closer, light blazes from the mullioned windows and a servant runs out to take your weary steed. You have arrived at Tresyllian Castle.

Today, Lord Tresyllian offers thousands of yearly visitors the same hospitality family friends have been accorded through the centuries. When viewing the castle, it is easy to picture oneself as the historic traveller, arriving at last at a civilised place.

The Courtyard

The stones which pave the Courtyard bear the marks of centuries of revelry, warfare, and everyday life. The crumbling Curtain Wall southwest of the gate once surrounded the castle, guarding against invaders. The Tower (also called the Keep) provided living space. During the frequent battles, mediaeval maidens huddling in barren rooms could hear the shouts of the marauders and the thud of the battering ram against the massive wooden door.
Now a luxurious Residential Wing has replaced the eastern section of the Wall, and the only sounds you hear are the surging surf in the nearby cove and the welcoming voice of your host.

The Foyer

The decor of the austere, high-ceilinged Foyer reflects the Tresyllian family's pride in their Cornish heritage. Footsteps echo on the granite paving stones, carved from the Cornish hills. The huge sculpted bronze doors leading into the Great Hall tell the tale of Tristram and Iseult, unhappy bride of the King of Cornwall. And the oil painting near the mahogany coat rack shows Jack the Giant Killer, another famous resident of Cornwall, slaying the two-headed giant Thunderbore.

The umbrella stand by the front door is actually an elephant's foot. When the eccentric Lord Chester Tresyllian was on safari in 1902, a large bull elephant trampled the campsite, breaking his Lordship's foot. In revenge, Lord Chester shot the elephant and brought back *its* foot to hold his umbrellas.

The Drawing Room

The airy Drawing Room is where the Tresyllian family meets to enjoy each other's company as well as that of their guests. The Dresden blue walls and furnishings soothe the senses and complement the elegant gold-leafed frames around the many mirrors and paintings.

The spacious feeling is enhanced by the tall French windows, which overlook Frobzance Cove to the east and the formal gardens to the north. The Belgian tapestry on the south wall is a treasured family heirloom. Woven of wool and spun gold, it depicts a maiden tending a unicorn in a beautiful rose garden.

The satin cushion of the small gold-leafed armchair before the fireplace bears the imprint of Queen Victoria, for this is where she sat on her visit to Tresyllian Castle in 1867.

The New Great Hall

In the Middle Ages, entire families lived and slept in a castle's great hall. By the time the Tresyllian Family built their New Great Hall, the room was used mostly for holiday entertaining and for conducting important business.

When the local villagers arrive for Christmas dinner, they are seated around the long oak table in the centre of the room. A fire is lit in the massive fireplace, which is decorated with the Tresyllian coat of arms. The elaborate wood carving surrounding the fireplace extends upward through a vast open stairwell to the gallery, where the portraits of Tresyllian ancestors gaze down upon the festivities.

The suit of armour standing by the bronze doors was worn by Sir Geoffrey Tresyllian at Bosworth Field in 1485. You might think that a knight wearing this armour would feel protected. However, the metal is so heavy that even a strong man had difficulty walking, and fighting an enemy or riding a horse was nearly impossible.

The Gallery

The Gallery is reached by climbing one of the staircases on either side of the fireplace.

The walls of the Gallery display the Tresyllian family portraits. Among the somber faces of knights and peers, a lighter note is struck by the charming double portrait of Hadley and Zoe Tattersall-Tresyllian by the sixteenth century Austrian painter Baron Roland yon Langosy.

High above the fireplace on the south wall, a Gothic window offers a dramatic view of the English Channel, with cargo and pleasure boats plying the blue-grey waters.

The Sitting Room

The Sitting Room is a delightful place to spend an idle afternoon. It is filled with warm colors and invitingly comfortable furniture. The yellow silk brocade has covered the walls for over a hundred years, and the faded carpet patterned with peacocks and chrysanthemums was purchased in India by Lady Gayle Tresyllian in 1912.

A guest at the castle might write a letter at the Louis XV writing desk that once belonged to Marie Antoinette. Or play a romantic melody on the grand piano especially built by the Klugenho-fer Klavierwerke in Germany. Or curl up with a book on the window seat, charmingly decorated with small carved wyverns projecting like gargoyles from either end.

The Dining Room

In the Dining Room, the Tresyllians and their intimate guests gather to sample the culinary masterpieces of the family cook. It is easy to imagine the servants waiting in attendance as the family settles into the leather-cushioned chairs around the gleaming mahogany table. The matching sideboard can hold an impressive array of food, along with a silver punchbowl on festive occasions.

The room was designed to provide a peaceful and relaxing place to dine. The walls are covered in pale lilac, decorated with plaster friezes of cupids at play. Above the fireplace is a large off painting of fruits and flowers. The bracketed shelf on the south wall holds a collection of porcelain vases, as well as a bronze bust of Lord Lionel Tresyllian.

Junction

This is where the Residential Wing joins the old part of the castle. Here you can easily see the double outer wall of the Tower, designed to strengthen the castle against attackers. If invaders did manage to break in, they would have to fight their way up a winding stairway between the two walls, then cross to the opposite side of the Tower in order to reach the next stairway.

Winding stairways take up some of the space between the walls. Legends tell of secret passage-ways in other parts of the Tower.

The Old Great Hall

Centuries ago, the Old Great Hall was a dark and gloomy place, heated by a smoking fire in a vast stone fireplace and lit by small narrow windows. The only furnishings were a large oak table, a few *benches,* and a pair of armchairs for the Lord and Lady.

Today, the Old Great Hall looks very much the same. The rough plaster walls are empty of deco-ration, and light still filters in through the slit win-dows. The main difference is that the original furniture has been moved to the New Great Hall. In its place, Lord Lionel Tresyllian has set up a collection of mementoes from his travels to the far corners of the globe. Among these curiosities, be sure to look at the following:

+ An oil painting of the Battle of Blood River by famous *half-Zulu, half-Afrikaner artist, Chaka Pretorius. In battle, a few hundred 8Get settlers circled their* wagons on *banks or the Ncome River to defend themselves against an army of Zulu warriors brandishing spears and dubs. Earlier, friends* and *relatives of these settlers had been slaughtered in a gruesome massacre. The present* band, *confronted now by overwhelming* odds, *might well have suffered the same fate Instead, on Sunday the 16th December 1838, they fought off their attackers, totally defeating the army of the* dreaded *Zulu king known as Dingaan the Vulture.* More *than three thousand or his highly trained warriors* were *killed, whilst only three settlers* were *wounded. The river ran red, giving the battle its name.*

+ An exquisite carving in Chinese jade *of a rather ape-like, lore-human skeleton, probably some ancestor of modem* man.

+ A giant oyster shell *from the South* Pacific ocean, *its interior surface mysteriously lacquered jet black*

+ A papier-mache figure of an Amazon Indian, *dressed in the weird costume of a tribal witch doctor, performing the elaborate secret ritual by which the anaesthetic* drug *used on the tnbal blowgun darts is extracted from the rare moonflower plant.*

The Hedge Maze

In 1862, the children of Jonathan Tresyllian, Earl of Frobzance, pleaded with their father to let them plan a maze in the garden. The resulting hedge maze is one of the best-known in England. Today, young people (as well as old) still enjoy wandering through the clipped passages of the maze. Hidden in the centre is a beautiful salt-air garden with a stone fountain and a pond filled with shimmering goldfish.

THE HAUNTED ORCHARD OF PENZANCE

There stands 1oday in the town of Penzance, a mansion which once belonged to an elderly woman named Mrs. Baines. Old Mrs. Baines took pride in her home and in the fine apple trees in her orchard, whose fruit was well-liked by the local lads. But as time went by, pride soured into avarice, and she set her servant to guarding the orchard by night. This he did, spending long dark hours in the damp grass beneath the trees.

Old Mrs. Baines, trusting no one, feared that her man was not doing his proper job. One night she crept into the garden, dressed in her dark silk mantle. Round the orchard she went, confirming her suspicions: the servant was nowhere in sight. Thinking to leach him a lesson, she climbed into an apple tree and shook down a quantity of apples for the laggard to find scattered upon his return.

Alas, she had misjudged her man. He was not absent, but merely asleep beneath a far tree. Hearing the apples thud to the ground, he leapt to his feet and discharged his gun at the suspected thief. "I'm murdered!" screeched Mrs. Baines, tumbling down amidst the fruit. And indeed she never recovered from her injuries, expiring shortly thereafter.

From then on, the estate has been guarded by the ghost of old Mrs. Baines. In the evenings, she glides amongst the trees, her silk mantle floating in the mist. At times she tiles up from the unkempt grass like a dry leaf caught in the wind, perching on the garden wall with her skinny legs protruding from under her skirts. And when darkness falls. a shadowy form peers from a window of the deserted mansion, shaking a threatening fist at passers-by

No one dares enter the house or orchard, and the apples lie rotting on the ground.

THE SILKEN SHAWL

A sea captain's wife, yearning to see the world beyond her country, village, begged. her husband to let her accompany him on his journeys. "My dear wife," said he, "the sea is no place for a lady" But as time went on and she pleaded all the more, he at last agreed that she might voyage with him to the Orient.

The sea 'was rough, and the journey long and tedious, but the captain's wife found each new day as full of adventure as the last. She loved the deep green sea dipping and swelling on the vast horizon, the clouds scudding overhead in endless variations, and the seabirds swooping low to catch the silvery fish. She loved watching the men high up on the rigging and listening to the sailors' songs at night. And she loved the twisting streets and mysterious bazaars of the Orient, where her husband purchased tea, china. and silk for the London shops.

In one such bazaar, an alleyway of rough stalls overflowing with lustrous garments, the captain bought his wife a gift, a remembrance of their journey. And what a gift it was: a splendid silken shawl, patterned with multicolored songbirds and flowering quince trees, and shot through with fine gold threads. The captain's wife had never seen anything more beautiful in her life, and from then on it was always around her shoulders.

They travelled home around the Cape of Good Hope and up the coast of Africa, braving storms and sickness. At long last they reached the waters of the North Atlantic and knew that the beloved coast of England was not far off.

But familiar channels do not always mean safety. The Captain's ship was attacked by the desperate Newlyn fishermen, who had turned to cold-blooded piracy after several seasons of poor fishing. The pirates made their blindfolded victims walk the plank into the sea to drown, sparing neither women nor children. As the Captain's wife began the slow walk to her doom, one of the blackguards snatched the silken shawl from around her shoulders. And thus was her treasure stolen from her in the last moments of her life.

The pirate took the shawl home to his wife, saying nothing of how he came by it. Dressing for church that Sunday, she put on the silken garment, turning this way and that before the mirror to admire its rich colors and patterns. Suddenly there appeared in the glass the drowned face of the Captain's wife gazing at her over her shoulder. Her wet hair streamed out from her head as though floating in the ocean depths, and her pale hand pointed to the shawl.

The pirate's wife was so horrified that she went raving mad and died shortly thereafter. No one knows what happened to the haunted shawl. It is probably sitting in the drawer of some unsuspecting soul at this very moment.

THE HAUNTING OF BRISTOL MANOR

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a family emigrated from the city of Bristol to a fertile valley in Cornwall, there to live a life of leisure. The fine home .they built was called Bristol Manor.

A cottage was constructed to house the gardener, who lived with his wife and son, a full-grown lad named Erik. It was not long before Erik fell madly in love with the daughter of the manor, a winsome girl with russet hair and laughing eyes who went by the name of Lucy.

But Lucy, was pledged to another, a nobleman of wealth and good family She spurned the lad's advances, little realizing the depth of his feeling. At long last, crazed by bitterness and jealousy, Erik lured the gentle girl 1o the cottage loft, stealing her maidenhood and flinging her to her death from the upper window. For his crime, he was hunted down and brought to the gallows by the villagers.

From then on, the cottage of Bristol Manor was haunted by the spectres of Erik and Lucy.

The tortured soul of the hanged man preyed on those more fortunate in love than he. Married couples in particular suffered many frightening experiences. Often they awoke at night to a chill wind blowing even in the heat of summer. A feeling of dread would suffuse the room. Candles were suddenly quenched, or flew through the air, flame intact. Lovers found themselves wrenched apart by clammy unseen hands. And a tall figure cloaked in black would sometimes appear, lifting his hood to reveal a death's head.

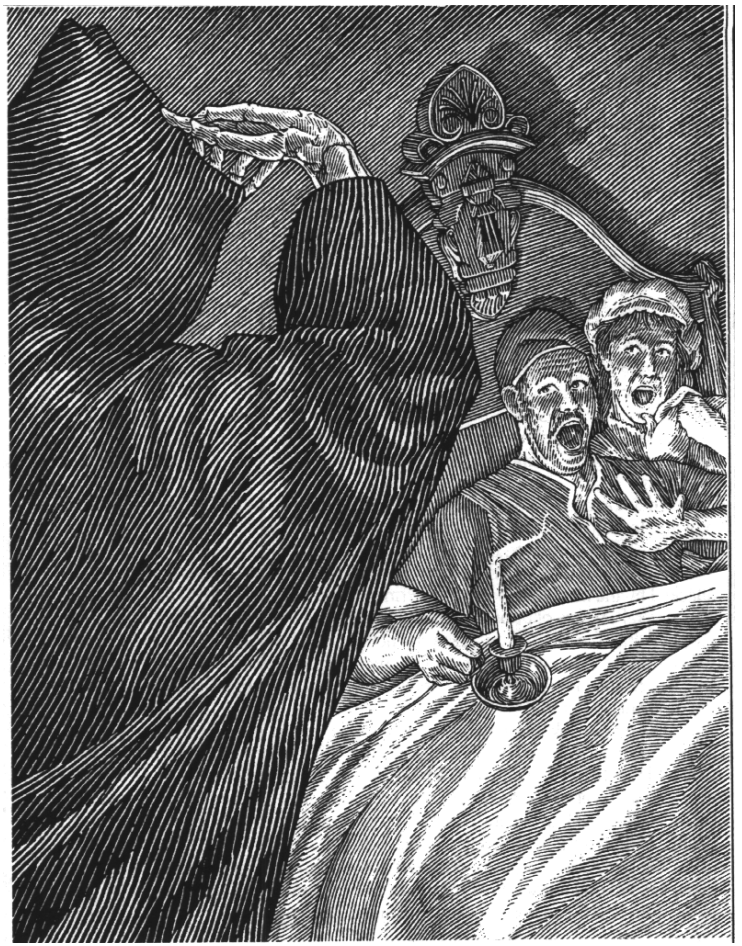
Single inhabitants of the cottage rarely were bothered, for Lucy's spirit guarded those as yet unwed.

Years passed. The manor house and its cottage fell into disrepair. They, lay abandoned for half a century, until at last a nobleman and his wife came to inhabit Bristol Manor. Their youngest son, a boy named Peter, took the gardener's cottage as his playhouse. Despite warnings from the village folk that the site was haunted, he spent much time there and never found cause for distress.

Peter followed the old legends with interest. He felt a special bond with Lucy and imagined that he might have kept her from harm had he only been there on that fateful day. Often he sensed that her spirit was there beside him, as he played, read, or daydreamed in the dusty rooms of the little cottage.

The years went by, and Peter grew into manhood. Soon it was time for him to leave home for the university. He decided to tidy up his childhood refuge before departing. little knowing when he might return. Going to the cottage, he straightened out the meager pieces of furniture and swept the earthen floor. Finally he stepped back to admire his handiwork.

There, in the middle of the just-swept floor, was a delicate gold locket. He picked it up and undid the clasp. Inside was the timeworn image of a winsome girl with russet hair and laughing eyes--a girl by the name of Lucy.



THE LEGEND OF PENROSE

Ralph Penrose, on the death of his beloved wife, took his seven-year-old son Edmund to sea. Accompanying them was Ralph's best friend and cousin, William Penrose. The family estate in Senhen was left in the care of Ralph's brother John.

One winter's night, Ralph Penrose was nearing home when a gale struck, tossing his ship upon the sea 'til it crashed into the dreaded Cowloe Rock. The men launched a lifeboat, but this too foundered, flinging them all into the frigid water. Flares from the endangered ship had warned the Penrose household, but John, watching from the shore', made no effort to rescue the drowning men. None were known to survive but Edmund. Ralph's young son, heir to the estate.

John appointed himself guardian of the boy and behaved as if the property were his own. To fatten the family coffers, he built a pirate ship and manned it with a bloodthirsty captain and crew. Wild parties were held in the Great Hall at Penrose, and the village folk barred their doors at night for fear of John and his rowdy companions.

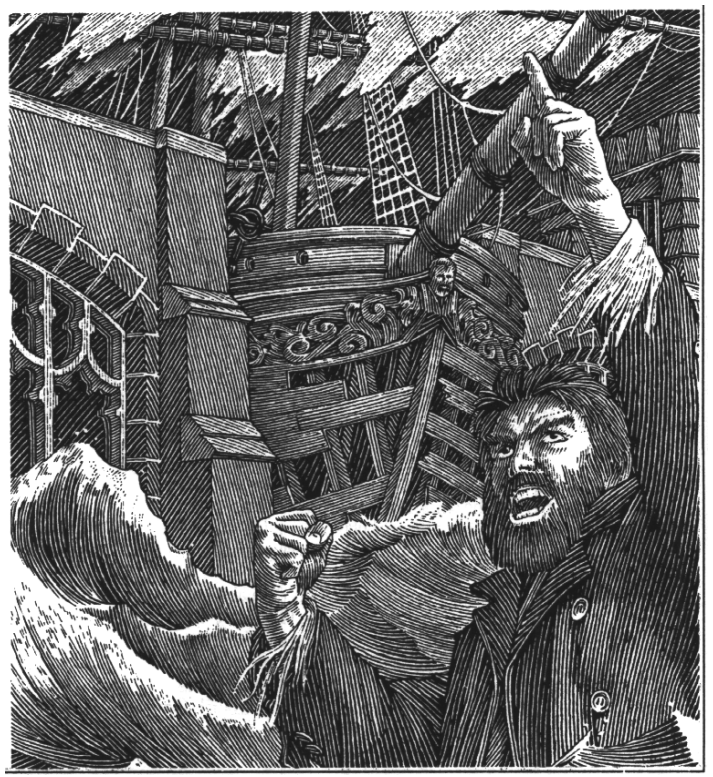
At the turn of the year, snow fell in Sennen and wolves were heard howling in the fields. John sent the household out to hunt, himself staying at home with young Edmund, the pirate captain and a bottle of brandi: When the servants returned, Edmund was nowhere in sight. His uncle and the captain, incoherent with drink, indicated that the lad had joined the hunt. A lengthy search of grounds and countryside showed no trace of the boy, and he was finally assumed to have lost his way in the blinding snow and fallen to his death from the cliffs.

The following year, on the anniversary of Edmund's disappearance, a bearded stranger appeared at Penrose Manor, begging for food and shelter. This was a common occurrence in those days, and the tramp was readily admitted and shown to a bedchamber. In the Great Hall, John Penrose and his lawless guests welcomed in the New Year. Upstairs, the stranger stood at his window, gazing out at the wintry night. All at once, a great wall of silvery tog came rolling in from the coast. Upon the fog came a roaring sound like that of a stormy sea. The sound drew nearer and nearer, and in a moment the sea itself was spilling into the courtyard, bearing on its crest a phantom boat filled with shouting men. The boat overturned, spilling her crew who with pale faces and staring eyes tried in vain to save themselves. At last there was but one man gazing up at the window where the stranger stood and crying out, "William Penrose, arise and avenge the murder of my son!" Then the sea disappeared, the mist dissolved, and all was as it had been.

William Penrose, for indeed the stranger was he, suddenly recalled the crashing ship, the struggle through the cold waters, and the months of wandering the countryside, unknown to himself or any other man, until instinct led him back to Penrose Manor.

Turning from the window, William saw the small, pale spirit of Edmund hovering in the darkened bedchamber. The spirit whispered, "My uncle bade the captain murder me. I lie beneath the dead tree in the orchard. Dig, and you shall find me. Dig, and place my bones in Sennen churchyard. Dig, and give me peace at last."

That night, digging under the bare limbs of an old tree in the orchard, William uncovered the bloodied remains of the little boy. Gently he carried them to Sennen churchyard, where they were given a proper burial. When William returned to Penrose Manor, the body of John Penrose was swaying from a beam in the garden shed. He had hung himself in sight of the unearthed grave under the dead apple tree.



THE REVEREND DENSHAM

In an isolated part of the Bodmin moor lies the town of Warleggan. To this remote location came the Rev. Densham, newly inducted vicar of the parish church.

It soon transpired that the Reverend was not happy with his flock. He complained about the size of the congregation, which in those lonely parts was small indeed. To increase the fold, he created a number of paperboard images, propping them up in the pews to fill the church on Sundays.

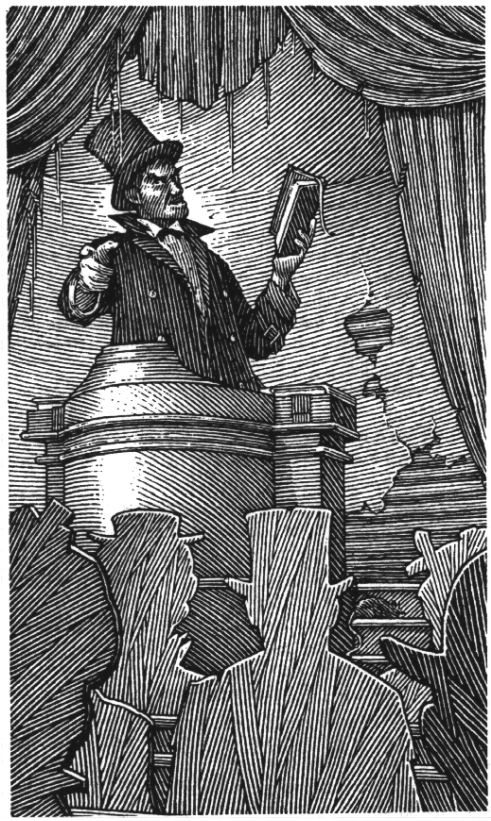
Despite his desire for a full church, Rev. Densham never went into the village or visited his parishioners. He set a large box by his gate, directing that all groceries and mail should be placed within. He surrounded his property with high fences topped with barbed wire. And as if this were not enough, he imported a half-dozen savage dogs to roam the garden, snarling and snapping at whoever might venture into the neighboring lane.

The parishioners appealed to the Bishop, but since the vicar had done nothing to offend religious law, the Church was powerless to remove him. He still conducted the service every Sunday: although by now the cutout figures were his sole congregation, and for this faithful observance he was assumed to be a man of God.

Years passed. The dogs died and the fence fell into decay. Nothing was seen of the Reverend beyond the smoke curling from the rectory chimney and the occasional glimpse of a tall figure in a black stove-pipe hat and frock coal pacing in the garden.

One day the villagers noticed an absence of smoke from the vicar's chimney. Gathering up their courage, they broke into the rector,,: There they found rooms furnished with little more than sacks and packing cases, with gaping holes where the floorboards had been torn up to serve as fuel. On the stairs lay the Reverend, as lifeless as his cardboard congregation.

Never again has a vicar come to live in the rectory at Warleggan. But although the old house has found a measure of peace, the Rev. Densham has not. In the evenings, a phantom in a stove-pipe hat still paces the garden, back and forth across the ruins of the lawn, deep in melancholy thought.



THE WHITE LADY OF TRESYLLIAN CASTLE

Long ago, when pirates roamed the Cornish coast, a maiden came to Tresyllian Castle, pledged to marry Sir Thomas Tresyllian. The bride had the bloom of youth upon her, and her fair hair was worn in a girlhood braid. Her betrothed was a man much her senior in years and experience, who took what he wanted and allowed no room for error on the part of others.

The marriage was not a happy one. The bride spent many months alone in the dreary castle by the sea, awaiting the return of Sir Thomas, off fighting for the King. The parish holds no record of children gracing the household of Thomas Tresyllian, nor of noble banquets held in the Great Hall to uplift the spirits of the Lady.

One day the elder nephew of Sir Thomas arrived at the castle. A manly lad of five and twenty, Uther Tresyllian was heir to the castle and all its contents should his uncle's marriage fail to bear fruit. Uther and his young aunt soon became close companions and could often be seen wandering together along the moor or the seashore.

Now the laughter of the Lady enlivened the corridors of the castle, and everyone was glad of the pleasant change in atmosphere. Everyone, that is, but Thomas Tresyllian, who arrived home from Scotland to find his heir and his bride embracing in the chapel.

Sir Thomas accepted not this indiscretion. He banished Uther forever from the Cornish coast and ordered that his Lady be bricked up alive within the cellar walls. The young bride perished in her agony. Sir Thomas died on the battlefields of Normandy. And the second eldest nephew inherited the estate.

Shortly thereafter, a woeful spirit was seen flitting through the dank corridors of Tresyllian Castle. Her long pale hair was loosed from its braid and a silvery-white gown clothed her slender figure. To this day, the White Lady haunts the ancient. tower, seeking a final resting place for her bones and lasting peace for her soul.

Planetfall

Preface to the Story

After the fall of the Second Galactic Union in 1716 GY, a ten-thousand-year dark age settled upon the galaxy. Interstellar travel was nonexistent, and many star systems descended into a near-barbaric state, burning coal and gas for energy, and growing food directly from exposed topsoil. In 11,203 GY, a treaty between the Empires of Tremain and Galium formed the Third Gallictic Union. Ships of the Stellar Patrol (a pseudo-military wing of the Union government on Tremain) began exploring the galaxy, searching for the human civilizations that are the remnants of the Second Union. You are a native of the planet Gallium. Although it is one of the most politically powerful worlds in the Union, Gallium is no garden spot. In fact, the Gallium Chamber of Commerce brochure entitled "Ten Great Reasons to Visit Gallium" ends on page 3. The author ran out of reasons after listing just two. For five generations, your family has served in the Stellar Patrol. Your great-great-grandfather was a High Admiral and one of the founding officers of the Patrol. It was taken for granted that when you came of age you would join up. Now, more than a year after signing up, and two months after being transferred to the S.P.S. Feinstein, you are still only ranked Ensign Seventh Class. Your superior officer, Ensign First Class Blather, has been making your life miserable. You're beginning to wonder if you're really cut out for the Stellar Patrol...

About the Author

Steve Meretzky (1957-) was born and raised in Yonkers, NY, where his early hobbies included rooting for the New York Mets and against Richard Nixon. A few historians of interactive fiction think that Meretzky's first job, packing nuts and bolts for his father's hardware business, was the formative moment of his writing career. A few other people think that there's absolutely no connection. Most people don't think about it at all. Meretzky arrived at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in September of 1975 to pursue a career in architecture. MIT's Department of Architecture convinced Meretzky that he should pursue a career in Construction Management. Following his unexpected graduation, several construction firm's convinced Meretzky that he should pursue a career as a game tester for Infocom. Finally, by 1982, Marc Blank had convinced Meretzky that he should pursue a career as an author of interactive fiction ("implementor" in Infocom lingo). Along with Infocom's Dave Lebling, Meretzky is the first person admitted to the Science Fiction Writers of America for authoring interactive fiction.

THE PATROL'S LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD ORGANISMS

When the Third Galactic Union was formed by the Great Treaty of 11,203 GY between the Empires of Tremain and Gallium, an order went forth from the capital on Tremain that a great armada be formed.

The greatest military and philanthropic in the Galaxy, including High Admiral Merescu and the Lord Beatitude Berezza, were sequestered in a brightly lit map room for a week-long intensive brainstorming session. No records were kept of this top-secret strategic summit, but out of it came the most ambitious apostolic pseudo-military unit ever conceived. The seven-day conference changed the course of intergalactic exploration and diplomacy forever.

First, blueprints for huge multipurpose starships were drawn up. Next, designers from Vandermeek, the fashion capital of the Universe, were commissioned to create the perfect uniform: functional, comfortable, and virtually indestructible. Finally, a highly sophisticated, incredibly accurate weapon prototype was assembled.

Appeals for soldiers appeared in all Third Union publications, as well as on all subspace frequencies. Almost immediately, the ranks were filled and a waiting list was established.

Thus was the Stellar Patrol born, and our mission ever since has been to explore the Galaxy, to seek out such remnants of human civilization as have managed to survive the Second Union's collapse and the Dark age that followed - in short, to "Boldly Go Where Angels Fear to Tread."

DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES?

The Stellar Patrol is like a giant, ever-growing benevolent bird: its top leaders the brain, its commanders the wings, its starships the body, its strong recruits the backbone and muscle, its discoveries the energy that makes it fly, its weak recruits the bodily waste that gets left behind. Carelessness and laziness have no place in the Stellar Patrol: recruits must be strong, brave, and resourceful. Recruits must be able to laugh in the face of death, sneer in the clutches of adversity, and eat almost anything. Loyalty to the Union must be limitless and unconditional, and dedication to a project - be it building a space pod, exploring a new planet, or shining a superior's shoes - must be absolute.

In short, if you are the kind of organism who can stare 10,000 years of darkness straight in the visual receptor without flinching - if you can stand up to the horrors of star systems descended to near-barbarism, where uncivilized beings live savagely in primitive shelters rudely constructed of coarse minerals and deceased vegetation - then you may just have what it takes to be a part of our proud tradition.

Cadet 4th Class Darrell Plintiv is a fine example of the kind of being today's Stellar Patrol produced. Let his story serve as an inspiration to all.

THE PATROL MADE ME INTO AN ORGANISM MY PROGENITORS CAN BE PROUD OF.

'Tin part of a team devoted to excellence and enterprise that is the Stellar Patrol's proud tradition," says Cadet 4th Class Darrell Plintiv. "In my three years with the Patrol, I've found plenty of opportunity for advancement. And I've seen solar systems never before visited by the Third Union, some inhabited only by crystalline-based life forms! Sure, life in the Patrol isn't always a thrill-a-millichron, but they've developed a wide range of activities to improve my mind and encourage personal growth. You have to be strong, brave, and resourceful. I'm gaining invaluable experience that can lead to a high-paying civilian career in later life. And my uniform is functional, comfortable, and virtually indestructible!"

The Stellar Patrol builds character. You learn new cultures and new ways of thinking. You learn to survive hardships both mental and physical. You learn how to withstand pain - and be proud of it. If you're the type of organism we're looking for, read on.

LEARN VALUABLE SKILLS AND EXPLORE THE GALAXY

Sure, you'll get a paycheck in the Patrol. But 32 credits, new underwear, and a pack of chewing gum every month isn't all you'll get out of it. You'll also be traveling to distant worlds you never imagined existed, earning the respect of your friends and family, and acquiring outstanding technical training that can get you a good job in later life. Here are just a few of the valuable skills you can learn in the patrol.

HOW TO BECOME A FAST LEARNER

As a new recruit to the Stellar Patrol, you will spend your first four weeks in Intelligence Camp. There, you will be taught the most essential knowledge in the Universe using highly advanced intensive studying techniques. You'll learn to read and speak the 18 principal languages of the Galaxy fluently in three days. You'll memorize the structural formula, molecular weight, melting point, boiling point, density, and solubility of every known organic and inorganic compound in two days; thermodynamic properties (including temperature, heat, and entropy of transition) of all elements and oxides in one day; and all 300 astrophysics log tables overnight. Other areas of study will include general nuclear phenomena, isotopes, radioactivity, fusion,

antimatter, the origin of life, the classification and metabolisms of organisms, energy, transportation, religion, and philosophy.

It might take an unenlisted civilian months, even years, to learn all this essential knowledge. But the Stellar Patrol is staffed with the Third Union's finest educators and electric shock therapists to guarantee that all recruits learn FAST.

HOW TO BE STRONG

After Intelligence Camp, you will spend six to 10 weeks in Boot Camp. There, every muscle we can find in your body, from your frontalis to your abductor of hallux, will be stretched, trained, toned, and hardened. Scrawny recruits will become muscular powerhouses; corpulent recruits will become lithe, quick, and sinewy. Only high-protein no-fiber diets will be dished out. To build up endurance, you will be permitted little or no rest time. Recreation activities will stress the importance of physical fitness: moving mounds of dirt from location to location, 20-kilometer jogs, boxing, sprinting, and 30-kilometer jogs. You will sweat your old body away and run it into the ground beyond recognition, and emerge from Boot Camp with a better-than-new physique of Gurtharkian proportions.

What a challenge!

HOW TO BECOME A LEADER

Since its inception, the Stellar Patrol has always looked for individuals who shine. (We also look for celestial bodies that shine - ask for our full-color brochure entitled "Exploring Cosmic Phenomena.")

To gain recognition and eventually serve the Patrol in leadership capacity, you should volunteer often for the toughest assignments: front line combat, reconnaissance missions, and grotch cage cleaning detail. It takes a very special soldier to recognize the potential that can be realized from the last-mentioned line of duty.

HOW TO USE YOUR TIME EFFECTIVELY

Because life in the Stellar Patrol can't always be a thrill-a-millichron, we've developed a wide range of activities to improve your mind and encourage personal growth. One of the more popular - and profitable - ways to fill time between orbit watch shifts is to enroll in the Deep Space Hero Correspondence Course, (Since the Patrol places such a high premium on education, we will match - credit for credit - all funds you set aside for schooling. Ask your recruiter for details.)

WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO GO

For more than 140 Galactic years, Stellar Patrol ships have been visiting foreign ports and exploring exotic planets - some inhabited only by crystalline-based life forms. But the excitement doesn't stop there.

You'll explore solar systems never before visited by the Third Union. You'll teach Galalingua to children on Flemring-5. You'll see nebulea and novas. You'll hear the haunting music of the Stringface species on Brylyn Minor. You'll watch the double sunset and triple moonrise from Legllama.

In the Patrol, you'll enjoy shore leave at exotic ports like Accardi-3. At the famed Thieves Bazaar you'll haggle for exotic placebo treasures, and at the Scavengers Market you'll find great buys on grotchbone carvings and ivory receptor shades. The multi-level swimming crater on Accardi-3 is the largest in the Universe. Also on Accardi-3 is the blindingly beautiful Refractory Wall, a 10-megameter natural formation composed of glistening crystal.

But no matter where your stationed or on-duty in the Universe, you'll be welcomed by all life forms, because you're a member of he Third Union's Stellar Patrol, part of a team devoted to the excellence and enterprise that is the Stellar Patrol's proud tradition.

TAKE COMMAND OF YOUR TOMORROW TODAY

You may start out at the bottom as Ensign 7th, but you won't have to stay that way for long, because there's plenty of opportunity for advancement in the Patrol for those who live up to our motto, "Boldly Going Where Angels Fear to Tread."

To ensure the future of your choice, be sure to tell your recruiter about the kind of job you're interested in when you enlist. (Enlistment is conditional pending on your results of the qualifications test, at the end of this brochure.) Your recruiter will do everything possible to put you in that line of duty. Occasionally a position you're interested in is temporarily filled, or will require experience in another Stellar Patrol position. If so, your recruiter can recommend your surest route to success. The following is but a sampling of the many fine ways you can serve the Patrol while gaining invaluable experience that can lead to high-paying civilian careers in later life.

Galactoturf Farmer (GF) - GF's are responsible for the growth and maintenance of all artificial green surfaces. When the Patrol is in orbit, all aboard-ship training is done on this material. Comparable civilian careers: lawn analyst, ground crew supervisor, and rug-maintenance manager.

Grotch Breeder (GB) - GB's play an important role in the very survival of the Patrol. Without the grotch, zero-gravity lab experiments would have to be performed on crew members. Qualified applicants must be immune to grotch venom. One year's service as a GB counts as four credits toward an advanced degree in cosmobiology at most accredited learning centers. Comparable civilian careers: zookeeper's assistant and circus sanitation engineer.

Hull Check Mate (HCM) - Responsible for the upkeep of all shipboard surfaces. HCM's also instruct crew members in the operation and maintenance of sliding doors. Comparable civilian jobs: gravity enforcement officer and receptor technician.

Morale Officer (MO) - It takes an extraordinarily patient being to serve a Morale Officer. MO's offer guidance and encouragement to hundreds of crew members, and train new recruits to realize that all sickness and injury is in the mind. You must have a kindly countenance and a winning smile (since you alone will establish contact with other ships.) Comparable civilian jobs: riot control officer, suicide counselor, and Double Fanucci referee.

Mess Service (MS) - MS's control every aspect of the chow detail - from the ordering of supplies through the serving of well-balanced, appealing meals prepared in artificial-gravity ovens. Excellent equilibrium is necessary. Comparable civilian jobs: scrap metal recycler and faith healer.

Military Music Maker (MMM) - MMM's must have talent and a portable instrument to qualify for this exciting duty. Familiarity with at least three chords is essential; two chrons of daily practice will be required. When you learn to play music the Patrol way, fellow beings will stand up and take notice. Also available are positions within the Floating Band. Comparable civilian jobs: teacher for the deaf and Ramosian sheep herder.

Sleep Technician (ST) - Because crew members spend so much time in their berths, they must be kept in optimal resting condition. As an ST, you'll oversee complete alignment and cleaning of said sleeping quarters, and monitor the Flexbed automated system designed to prevent inactive muscles from atrophying in space. Two years' experience as a Pillow Fluffer (PF) required. Comparable civilian jobs: social adjustment worker, dry cleaner, and mortician.

Support Systems Regulator (SSR) - SSR's have a long and proud history in the Stellar Patrol. Duties include construction, programming, and deprogramming of all shipboard support wywtems. A thorough knowledge of the events leading up to the Great Collapse is necessary. Must be very detail-oriented. Advance degree in computer psychology preferred. Comparable civilian jobs: electronics mastermind and ventriloquist.

Yosailor (YS) - Calls troops to meals, to attention, and to combat-ready posture (upright). Although most recruits applying for this position can yodel proficiently, beginners will be auditioned and considered for acceptance. Exceptionally versatile larynx required. Comparable civilian jobs: auctioneer and evangelical preacher.

Regardless of the position you hold in the Stellar Patrol, as a proud member you'll be helping to carry the Third Union's peaceful message of benevolent central bureaucratism to the thousands of worlds lost after the Great Collapse. It takes grit and courage as well as wisdom to be such a messenger. For while most civilized planets can be brought into the fold via a routine ambassadorial mission, certain worlds require further explanation of the importance of 600-page tax returns and forms to be filled out in triplicate. In such cases, its the job of the Patrol to step in, firmly plant its heel, and take charge of that situation. If you have a sharp mind, a quick wit, and the ability to guess between right and wrong, then maybe that heel could be you.

FIND OUT IF YOU'RE STELLAR PATROL MATERIAL-TODAY!

This incredibly comprehensive questionnaire was prepared totally in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Eighth Division Codes of the Third Galactic Union.

To help your recruitment officer determine the best positions for you when you join the Stellar Patrol, fill out the entire questionnaire honestly and without help from family members or friends.

Note: Although most of this data is on Permafile at Third Galactic Union Central Headquarters and can be verified instantly, this is our only method for determining how closely you adhere to the standard code of honor.

PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES

1. Color of eyes: _____
   Do you need glasses or corrective surgery on your eyes?
   ☐ yes ☐ no

2. Color of hair: _____
   Present hair length: On head: _____
   Elsewhere (specify): _____
   Are you bald? ☐ yes ☐ no ☐ receding hairline

3. Height (check one):
   - ☐ Below 1.5 meters but willing to undergo Artificial Elongation Therapy to meet Stellar Patrol requirements
   - ☐ Below 1.5 meters and unwilling to undergo A.E.T.
   - ☐ Between 1.5 and 3 meters
   - ☐ Above 3 meters but willing to undergo Artificial Shrinkage Therapy to meet Stellar Patrol requirements
   - ☐ Above 3 meters and unwilling to undergo A.S.T.

4. Respiratory functions: Can you breathe through your:
   - ☐ nose
   - ☐ mouth
   - ☐ both nose and mouth
   - ☐ neither nose nor mouth
   - ☐ none of the above

   Do you smoke?
   - ☐ often
   - ☐ sometimes
   - ☐ never
   - ☐ never looked

5. How would you describe your overall physical health?
   - ☐ Excellent
   - ☐ Good
   - ☐ Fair
   - ☐ Poor
   - ☐ Notify my next of kin immediately

EDUCATION/PERSONAL BACKGROUND

6. Have you finished high school or do you know someon who has?
   - ☐ yes
   - ☐ no
   - ☐ not sure

7. I am able to communicate with others:
   - ☐ in Galalingua
   - ☐ in monosyllabic grunts
   - ☐ via Astronmet's Universal Sign Language
   - ☐ not at all

8. Do you have any experience:
   a. using a megaplenoscope? ☐ yes ☐ no
   b. operating a Schistosoma detector? ☐ yes ☐ no
   c. actuating a seroepidemiological cyclodiathermy laser? ☐ yes ☐ no
   d. doing laundry? ☐ yes ☐ no
   e. other (specify): _____

9. What are your interests and hobbies? (Check up to three)
   - ☐ Jogging
   - ☐ Traveling
   - ☐ Playing Double Fanucci
   - ☐ Moving mounds of dirt from location to location
   - ☐ Climbing trees
   - ☐ Climbing walls
   - ☐ Writing manuals
   - ☐ Thinking
   - ☐ Thinking out loud/talking to yourself
   - ☐ Filling out questionnaires
   - ☐ Drooling
   - ☐ Scratching
   - ☐ Being miserable
   - ☐ Apologizing
   - ☐ Reading manuals

10. In ten words or less, describe the very reason for your existence:

_____

_____

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE

11. Which of the following would you be willing to do for your Union?
    - ☐ die
    - ☐ die slowly
    - ☐ die slowly and painfully
    - ☐ read an Infocom instruction manual
    - ☐ none of the above

12. I am most attracted to:
    - ☐ beings who are superior to myself in rank
    - ☐ beings of the opposite sex
    - ☐ beings of the same sex
    - ☐ beings of no sex
    - ☐ myself

13. Do you suffer from any mental disorders that would prevent you from participating in laboratory experiments?
    - ☐ it doesn't matter; I'll do whatever I'm told
    - ☐ no
    - ☐ definitely not

14. My favorite form of recreation is:
    - ☐ mopping up after slimy beings who are superior to myself in rank
    - ☐ dueling with laser bazookas at two paces
    - ☐ forcing people to read Infocom manuals

15. Do you enjoy working with:

people?	☐ yes	☐ no
animals?	☐ yes	☐ no
plants?	☐ yes	☐ no
aliens?	☐ yes	☐ no
finger paints?	☐ yes	☐ no

16. Patience factor: Stand in a corner of the room facing the wall for as long as you can. Don't continue reading until you stop. Now, write here how long you stood: _____ (in days).

17. Hydrophobia factor: Chain yourself to a rock underwater for as long as you can. Don't continue reading until you stop. Now, write here how long you held your breath: _____ (in days).

18. Monotony factor: Repeat number 17 above as many times as you can. Don't continue reading until you stop. Now, write here whether you were really gullible enough to repeat number 17: _____ .

LOGICAL REASONING ABILITIES

19. FOOT is to SHOE as FINGER is to:
    a. Nose
    b. Eye
    c. Ear
    d. Mouse
    e. Donut
    f. Honesty

20. RAIN is to SNOW as GROTCH is to:
    a. Leopard
    b. Hurricane
    c. Amoeba
    d. Cage
    e. a and b, and maybe c and d
    f. 3.14159

21. HULL is to SPACESHIP as SKIN is to:
    a. Glove
    b. Cat
    c. Thermonuclear fusion
    d. Titanium
    e. Burn
    f. Muffin

22. In what year was the Intergalactic Commerce Act passed?

    _____

23. Who invented the light deceleration process known as slow glass?

    _____

24. Name the act passed in 11,205 GY to strengthen the Planetary Commerce Act. _____

25. Name the year in which Arnold Guunuf invented slow glass.

    _____

26. The Intergalactic Commerce Act, passed in 11,205 GY, strengthened what earlier act? _____

27. In 11,210, a glazier named Arnold Guunuf invented a light deceleration process. Name it. _____

28. What is the answer to this question?

29. Three couples (the Phariixes, the Boorbs, and the Keqrees) were seated at a circular table playing Partnership Fanucci. They were a cosmobiologist, a gravity engineer, a sleep technician, an ambassador, a fusion supervisor, and an editor; and they were originally from Gallium, Legllama, Granjil-6, Storvbay, Ansill, and Jaaggo. Each male sat between two females, and no one sat next to their spouse.

    From the following information, determine where each person sat, what profession each had, and what planet each came from.
    a. The Ansillan sat between the cosmobiologist and one of the Keqrees.
    b. The female Phariix was seated across the table from the gravity engineer.
    c. The male on the fusion supervisor's left sat across from the person from Granjil-6.
    d. The ambassador was seated between the Jaaggoian and the editor. One of these three was the male Boorb.
    e. The Storvbayite sat on the right of the Galliumian. Neither of them was a Keqree.
    f. The sleep technician sat across from the Legllaman. One of them sat next to the fusion supervisor.

30. Four robotic satellites were designed to do the following: YA3 to find drifting garbage, JP7 to transport the garbage, SEM6 to turn the garbage into energy, and MD8 to distribute the energy. As Destiny would have it, however, YA3 found more drifting garbage than the other three satellites could process. Based on the following clues, determine who designed the satellites.
    a. YA3 did not understand signals transmitted in Galalinguan.
    b. JP7 made no distinction between garbage and energy.
    c. SEM6 made no distinction between garbage and YA3.
    d. MD8 transmitted signals to YA3 only in Galalinguan.

Submit this completed questionnaire to a Stellar Patrol recruiter. If you qualify for the Patrol, you will be notified within two chrons.

STELLAR PATROL OF THE THIRD GALACTIC UNION

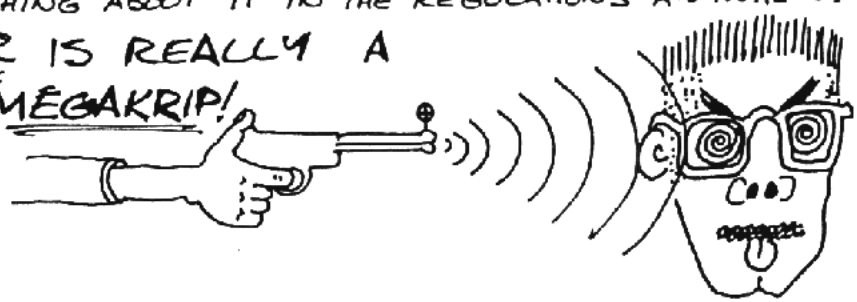
11,344 JULY 22 - TRANSFERRED FROM S.P.S. TRILOBYTE TO S.P.S. FEINSTEIN FOR THE THIRD OF MY FOUR TOURS OF DUTY. I'M TRULY GOING TO MISS MY COMMANDER, ENSIGN FIRST CLASS LIM. HE WAS A FRIEND IN EVERY RESPECT — SOMEONE YOU COULD ALWAYS GO TO WITH A PROBLEM, SOMEONE I COULD REALLY LOOK UP TO. WE WOULD SOMETIMES TALK LONG INTO THE NIGHT. HE WOULD TELL ME ABOUT HIS HOME WORLD OF ASH-DOWN FIVE, AND I WOULD TALK ABOUT GROWING UP ON GALLIUM. I'D GET PRETTY HOMESICK SOMETIMES, EVEN THOUGH GALLIUM IS NOT EXACTLY ONE OF THE GARDEN SPOTS OF THE UNIVERSE. I JUST HOPE MY NEW COMMANDER IS HALF AS NICE AS LIM.

THIS NEW SHIP SEEMS PRETTY SWELL. I'M IN A CABIN WITH ONLY FIVE OTHER ENSIGNS, AND I'VE GOT ONE-AND-A-HALF CUBIC METERS OF LOCKER SPACE!

11,344 JULY 23 - MET MY NEW COMMANDER TODAY - ENSIGN CADET FIRST CLASS BLATHER. HE SEEMS LIKE A REAL KRIP. (EXCUSE THE LANGUAGE, DIARY.) BUT THAT MIGHT JUST BE A BAD FIRST IMPRESSION.

11,344 JULY 25 - ONE OF MY CABIN MATES, GORUND, ORGANIZED A DOUBLE FANUCCI TOURNAMENT AMONG ALL THE ENSIGNS SEVENTH CLASS. WE WERE PLAYING DURING THE 150-MILLICHRON REC PERIOD AFTER LUNCH, AND BLATHER BURST IN AND CONFISCATED THE SETS AND TOLD US THAT PLAYING WAR GAMES WAS A VIOLATION OF PATROL REGULATIONS. BUT ENSIGN WHIRP, WHO'S STUDYING TO BE A PATROL LAWYER, SAID SHE COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING ABOUT IT IN THE REGULATIONS ANYWHERE.

BLATHER IS REALLY A TOTAL MEGAKRIP!



11,344 JULY 28 - I WENT TO SEE THE PERSONNEL OFFICER TODAY TO FIND OUT WHAT MY NEW DUTIES WOULD INVOLVE. HE SHOWED ME A LIST OF ALL THE OPEN ASSIGNMENTS, AND I DECIDED TO PUT IN FOR THE GROTCH-FEEDING DETAIL. WE PICKED UP A FEW GROTCHES WHEN WE WERE ON CRASSUS, AND WE'RE TAKING THEM TO THE ZOOLOGY LABS ON TREMAIN SO THAT MAYBE THEY CAN FIGURE OUT HOW AN ANIMAL CAN PRODUCE 47 TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN TROT EVERY DAY.

11,344 BOZBAR 7 - EVERYONE FROM THE P.O. TO THE SHIP'S COOK HAS APPROVED MY APPLICATION FOR THE GROTCH-FEEDING DETAIL - EXCEPT BLATHER. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE HIM TOMORROW. WISH ME LUCK.

11,344 BOZBAR 8 – TROT!! BLATHER REJECTED MY APPLICATION! AND TO MAKE IT WORSE, HE SAID THAT SINCE I SEEM TO LOVE GROTCHES SO MUCH, HE'S ASSIGNING ME TO CLEAN OUT THEIR CAGES. TROT AND DOUBLE TROT!!

11,344 BOZBAR 26 – I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO WRITE IN THIS DIARY LATELY, BECAUSE BLATHER'S BEEN WATCHING US ALL LIKE A TELERAN BIRD. ALSO, LAST WEEK HE FOUND THE DIARY DURING A SURPRISE INSPECTION, GAVE ME 200 DEMERITS, AND TOLD ME THAT DIARIES WERE AGAINST REGULATIONS. BUT I'LL BE FROBBED IF I'M GOING TO STOP. I'VE STARTED HIDING THE DIARY INSIDE MY OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS FILE, AND I KEEP THAT HIDDEN IN THE AIR DUCT. FROM NOW ON I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK AWAY SOMEWHERE WHEN I'M WRITING.

11,344 BOZBAR 27 – GREETINGS FROM THE DECK FOUR SUPPLY CLOSET OF THE S.P.S. FEINSTEIN. I HOPE I'M NOT TEMPTING FATE, SNEAKING AROUND WITH MY DIARY THIS WAY. I USED TO BE AS MUCH OF A DISBELIEVER IN DESTINY AS THE NEXT GUY, BUT NOT ANYMORE, NOT SINCE THE TIME MY MOM WARNED MY DAD NOT TO TEMPT FATE BY WALKING ACROSS THE ASTRAL PLAINS AFTER DARK, WHEN THE COMPUTERIZED ANALYSIS SHOWED A 43% CHANCE OF RESULTING INJURY. MY DAD, STUBBORN AS ALWAYS, JUST LAUGHED AT HER AND WENT RIGHT ON TAKING HIS NIGHTLY STROLLS. THE VERY NEXT SUMMER HE WENT WALKING AT NIGHT ON THE PLAINS AND STUMBLED OVER A CRATER AND BRUISED HIS KNEE. GOSH!

11,344 BOZBAR 28 — WE ENTERED PLANETARY ORBIT TODAY, A NON-HUMAN WORLD CALLED ACCARDI-3 (ALTHOUGH THE NATIVES CALL IT SOMETHING LIKE BLOW'K-BIBBEN-GORDO). THEY'RE NOT OFFICIALLY PART OF THE UNION. THE RUMORS SAY THAT WE'RE PICKING UP A SPECIAL AMBASSADOR TO TAKE BACK TO TREMAIN FOR NEGOTIATIONS ON JOINING THE UNION. TOMORROW WE HAVE TO PUT ON OUR DRESS UNIFORMS FOR SOME SPECIAL WELCOMING CEREMONY.

11,344 AUGUST 2 — I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE ALIEN AMBASSADOR DURING THE WELCOMING CEREMONIES YESTERDAY. HE LOOKS LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A TREE TRUNK AND A MELTING ICE CREAM CONE. BUT ANYWAY, THE CEREMONY GOT ME OUT OF CLEANING THE GROTCH CAGES TODAY.

11,344 AUGUST 7 - WENT TO THE MANDATORY PATROL INFORMATIONAL TRI-VISION TRIPLE FEATURE LAST NIGHT. WE SAW "TREATMENT FOR SPACE LICE INFESTATION," "SHORELEAVE SHIRLEY: HOW TO GUARD AGAINST CONTRACTING ALIEN DISEASES," AND "THE OXYGEN TANK: YOUR GALVANIZED BUDDY IN THE VACUUM." BLATHER CONFINED HALF THE ENSIGNS TO QUARTERS FOR HOOTING DURING THE SECOND FEATURE. (THE OTHER HALF HAD FALLEN ASLEEP DURING THE FIRST FEATURE.)

11,344 AUGUST 24 — **TROT THAT TROTTING KRIP!**

I APPLIED FOR ASTROPHYSICS TRAINING FOR THE NEXT QUARTER, BUT BLATHER SAYS MY WORK FOR THE SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT TASK FORCE HASN'T BEEN GOOD

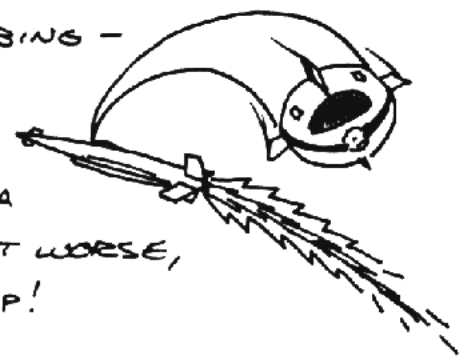
ENOUGH, SO NOT ONLY DID HE REJECT MY ASTROPHYSICS APPLICATION, BUT HE SAYS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE REMEDIAL SCRUBBING NEXT QUARTER. WHAT A TROTTING KRIP!

YOU KNOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT WHETHER I'M REALLY CUT OUT FOR THE PATROL. WHEN I WAS GROWING UP ON GALLIUM, IT WAS ALWAYS TAKEN FOR GRANTED THAT I WOULD JOIN UP WHEN I CAME OF AGE. MY FAMILY HAS SERVED IN THE PATROL FOR FIVE GENERATIONS. IN FACT, MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS A HIGH ADMIRAL AND ONE OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF THE PATROL! BUT I SEEM TO BE PERMANENTLY STUCK AT ENSIGN 7TH, AND BLATHER IS MAKING MY LIFE MISERABLE...

11,344 SEPTEM 4 - WE LEFT HYPERSPACE TODAY AT ABOUT 7600; WEREN'T SCHEDULED TO FOR ABOUT ANOTHER

TWO WEEKS. THE GRAPEVINE SAYS WE HAVE SPECIAL ORDERS TO INVESTIGATE A PLANETARY SYSTEM HERE. APPARENTLY, SOME OF THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS BACK ON VARSHON THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PART OF THE SECOND UNION. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY ANYONE WOULD SETTLE OUT HERE IN THIS REMOTE CORNER OF THE GALAXY.

11,344 SEPTEM 5 – THAT KRIP HAS DONE IT AGAIN! I MISSED TWO LITTLE PELLETS OF TROT WHEN I WAS CLEANING OUT THE GROTCH CAGES YESTERDAY, AND BLATHER GAVE ME 100 DEMERITS AND ASSIGNED ME TWO EXTRA SHIFTS OF DECK SCRUBBING – INCLUDING DECK NINE, THE FILTHIEST DECK ON THE SHIP! I'M CONSIDERING ASKING FOR A TRANSFER – OR IF THINGS GET WORSE, I MIGHT EVEN ABANDON SHIP!



Stationfall

Preface to the Story
After the fall of the Second Galactic Union in 1716 GY, a ten thousand year dark age settled upon the galaxy. Interstellar travel was non-existent. Many star systems descended into a near-barbaric state, burning fossil fuels for energy and growing food directly from exposed topsoil. In 11,203 GY, a treaty between the growing empires of Tremain and Gallium formed the Third Galactic Union, with Tremain as its seat of government. A pseudo-military organization, called the Stellar Patrol, was formed to explore the galaxy, searching for the human civilizations that are the remnants of the Second Union. You are a native of Gallium, one of the most politically powerful but culturally barren worlds of the Union. Your great-great-grandfather was a founding officer of the Stellar Patrol, and for five generations, your family has served in the Patrol. It was always taken for granted that you would sign up as soon as you came of age. Once in the Patrol, you discovered that the exciting career promised in all the Patrol recruitment brochures was nonsense. Your life was drudgery and demerits. The one time you got to see an exotic planet was right after a big parade, when they needed a detail to sweep up all the confetti. Then came your big moment: shipwrecked on a seemingly deserted world, you met an exuberant robotic companion named Floyd. Together, the two of you discovered the secret of that mysterious planet, Resida, and saved it from near destruction. As a result of your heroics, you were offered, and quickly accepted, a juicy promotion. Good-bye Ensign Seventh Class -- hello Lieutenant First Class! No more scrubwork! No more bathroom details! No more cleaning grotch cages! Finally, your life in the Stellar Patrol would be as exciting as those brochures had promised! Oh, how naive you'd been. Your daily routine simply replaced tedious scrubwork with tedious paperwork. Since your planetfall on Resida, five long years have dragged by, without a single event worthy of note. Why, just look at today s "thrilling" assignment: scooting over to Space Station Gamma Delta Gamma 777-G 59/59 Sector Alpha-Mu-79 to pick up a supply of Request for Stellar Patrol Issue Regulation Black Form Binders Request Form Forms...

About the Author.
Steve Meretzky (1957-) was born and raised in Yonkers, NY, where his early hobbies included rooting for the New York Mets and against Richard Nixon. A few historians of interactive fiction think that Meretzky's first job, packing nuts and bolts for his father's hardware business, was the formative moment of his writing career. A few other people think that there's absolutely no connection. Most people don't think about it at all. Stationfall is Meretzky's sixth work of interactive fiction. Along with Infocom's Dave Lebling, Meretzky is the first person admitted to the Science Fiction Writers of America for authoring interactive fiction.

Assignment Completion Form QX-17-T

GREEN:	Issuee	PINK:	Files	CREAM:	Records Officer
BLUE:	Issuer	BUFF:	Backup Files	IVORY:	Asst. Rec. Ofcr.
WHITE:	Issuee's Cmdr.	GRAY:	Dbl Bckp Files	EGG:	Jr. Rec. Ofcr.
CANARY:	Issuer's Cmdr.	COFFEE:	Tpl Bckp Files	MAUVE:	Form Ombudsman

Issued: 4.12.11349 (date) 4254 (time)

Issuee's rank: Lt. First Class

Issuee's Patrol ID number: 1451-352-716

Description of Assignment:

Take a spacetruck from the Deck Five cargo bay. Proceed to Space Station Gamma Delta Gamma 777-G 59/59 Sector Alpha-Mu 79 Pick up 24 pallets of Request for Stellar Patrol Issue Regulation Black Form Binders Request Form Forms. This is a Top-PRIORITY assignment!

VALIDATION BOX (do not write in this space)

Additional Data:

Astrogator's navigational data (time:course)

4300-4349:	632	5700-5749:	184	7100-7149:	128	8500-8549:	464
4350-4399:	609	5750-5799:	175	7150-7199:	133	8550-8599:	483
4400-4449:	587	5800-5849:	167	7200-7249:	139	8600-8649:	503
4450-4499:	565	5850-5899:	159	7250-7299:	145	8650-8699:	523
4500-4549:	544	5900-5949:	152	7300-7349:	152	8700-8749:	544
4550-4599:	523	5950-5999:	145	7350-7399:	159	8750-8799:	565
4600-4649:	503	6000-6049:	139	7400-7449:	167	8800-8849:	587
4650-4699:	483	6050-6099:	133	7450-7499:	175	8850-8899:	609
4700-4749:	464	6100-6149:	128	7500-7549:	184	8900-8949:	632
4750-4799:	445	6150-6199:	123	7550-7599:	193	8950-8999:	655
4800-4849:	427	6200-6249:	119	7600-7649:	203	9000-9049:	679
4850-4899:	409	6250-6299:	115	7650-7699:	213	9050-9099:	703
4900-4949:	392	6300-6349:	112	7700-7749:	224	9100-9149:	728
4950-4999:	375	6350-6399:	109	7750-7799:	235	9150-9199:	753
5000-5049:	359	6400-6449:	107	7800-7849:	247	9200-9249:	779
5050-5099:	343	6450-6499:	105	7850-7899:	259	9250-9299:	805
5100-5149:	328	6500-6549:	104	7900-7949:	272	9300-9349:	832
5150-5199:	313	6550-6599:	103	7950-7999:	285	9350-9399:	859
5200-5249:	299	6600-6649:	103	8000-8049:	299	9400-9449:	887
5250-5299:	285	6650-6699:	103	8050-8099:	313	9450-9499:	915
5300-5349:	272	6700-6749:	104	8100-8149:	328	9500-9549:	944
5350-5399:	259	6750-6799:	105	8150-8199:	343	9550-9599:	973
5400-5449:	247	6800-6849:	107	8200-8249:	359		
5450-5499:	235	6850-6899:	109	8250-8299:	375		
5500-5549:	224	6900-6949:	112	8300-8349:	392		
5550-5599:	213	6950-6999:	115	8350-8399:	409		
5600-5649:	203	7000-7049:	119	8400-8449:	427		
5650-5699:	193	7050-7099:	123	8450-8499:	445		

Robot Use Authorization Form JZ-59-G

GREEN:	Issuee	PINK:	Files	CREAM:	Records Officer
BLUE:	Issuer	BUFF:	Backup Files	IVORY:	Asst. Rec. Ofcr.
WHITE:	Issuee's Cmdr.	GRAY:	Dbl Bckp Files	EGG:	Jr. Rec. Ofcr.
CANARY:	Issuer's Cmdr.	COFFEE:	Tpl Bckp Files	WAIVE:	Form Ombudsman

Issued: 4.12.11349 (date) 4257 (time)

Issuee's rank: Lt. First Class

Issuee's Patrol ID number: 1451-352-716

Applicable robot pool: Deck Five

Instructions to issuee: This form should be presented at the robot pool indicated above. If no such pool exists, return this form to its issuer along with eight completed copies of Missing or Non-Existent Robot Pool Report Form GY-98-M. At the indicated robot pool, this form should be given to any party or parties thereabouts responsible for the discharge of robots, or, if the indicated pool is automated, to the appropriate automated system or systems.

Instructions to robot pool: One robot may be discharged into the care of the issuee of this form for such purposes as are specified under the Stellar Patrol Omnibus Robot Use Policies and Procedures Book. Copies of this form should be sent to the issuee's immediate superior, the ship's Records Officers, Archives One, Two, and Three, the issuee's permanent record file, and the files of the indicated robot pool.

Instructions to robot:

Class Three Spacecraft Activation Form HB-56-V

GREEN:	Issuee	PINK:	Files	CREAM:	Records Officer
BLUE:	Issuer	BUFF:	Backup Files	IVORY:	Asst. Rec. Ofcr.
WHITE:	Issuee's Cadr.	GRAY:	Dbl Bckp Files	EGG:	Jr. Rec. Ofcr.
CANARY:	Issuer's Cadr.	COFFEE:	Tpl Bckp Files	MAUVE:	Form Ombudsman

Issued: 4.12.11349 (date) 4259 (time)

Issuee's rank: Lt. First Class

Issuee's Patrol ID number: 1451-352-716

This form is applicable to the following Class Three vehicles:

TRANS-SPACEDOCK TUGBOAT

FORMS TRANSPORT SPACETRUCK, SIX-METER

FORMS TRANSPORT SPACETRUCK, NINE-METER

FORMS TRANSPORT SPACETRUCK, TWELVE-METER

TITANIUM-HULL SWAMP WALKER

DEEP-SPACE TRANS-ION PARTICLE PLUCKER

AMBASSADORIAL SHUTTLE, ONE-PERSON

AMBASSADORIAL SHUTTLE, TWO-PERSON

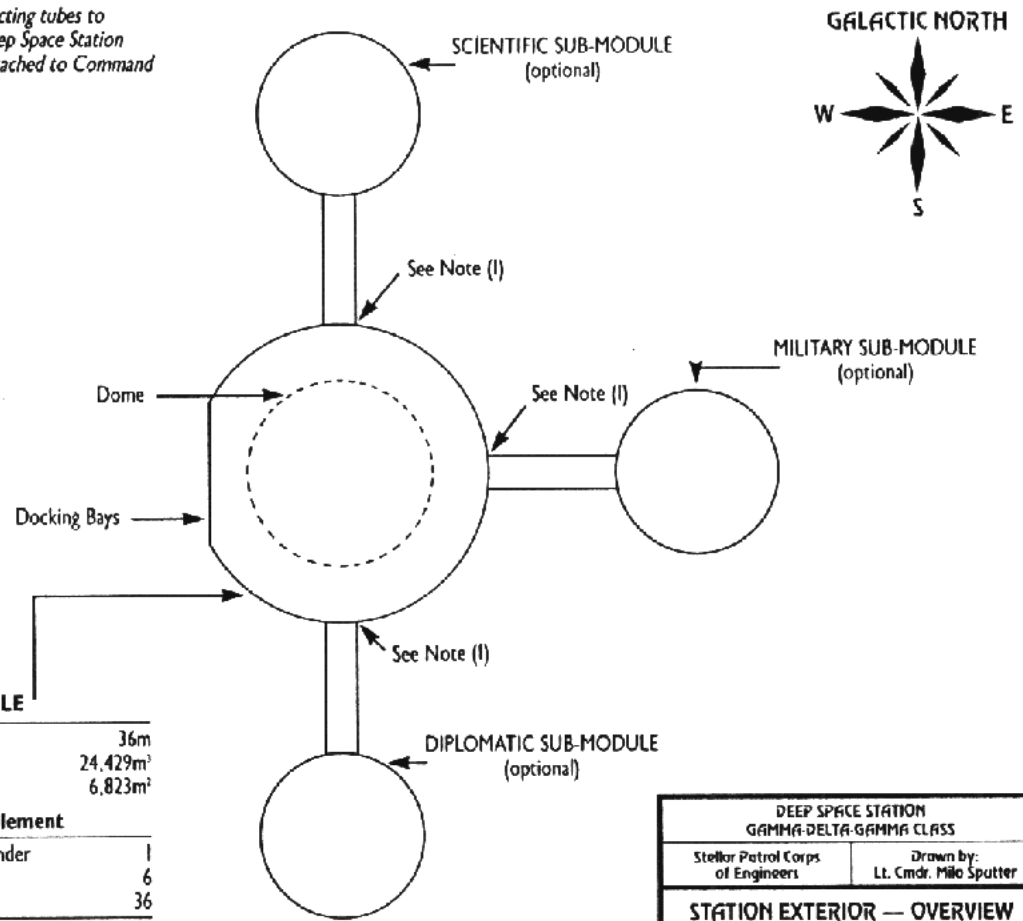
AMBASSADORIAL SHUTTLE, MORE-THAN-TWO-PERSON-OR-ONE-PERSON-PLUS-ANY-NUMBER-OF-NON-HUMANS

SCOOTER, INTRA-SYSTEM, CAPTAIN ZOWIE MODEL

ZERO-ENERGY PUDDLE-SITTER, SITTING DUCK BRAND

SEMI-OOFING GIGBUNG-POWERED DOUBLE-FOOZ

NOTE (I): *Only connecting tubes to official Stellar Patrol Deep Space Station Sub-Modules may be attached to Command Module at these points.*



COMMAND MODULE

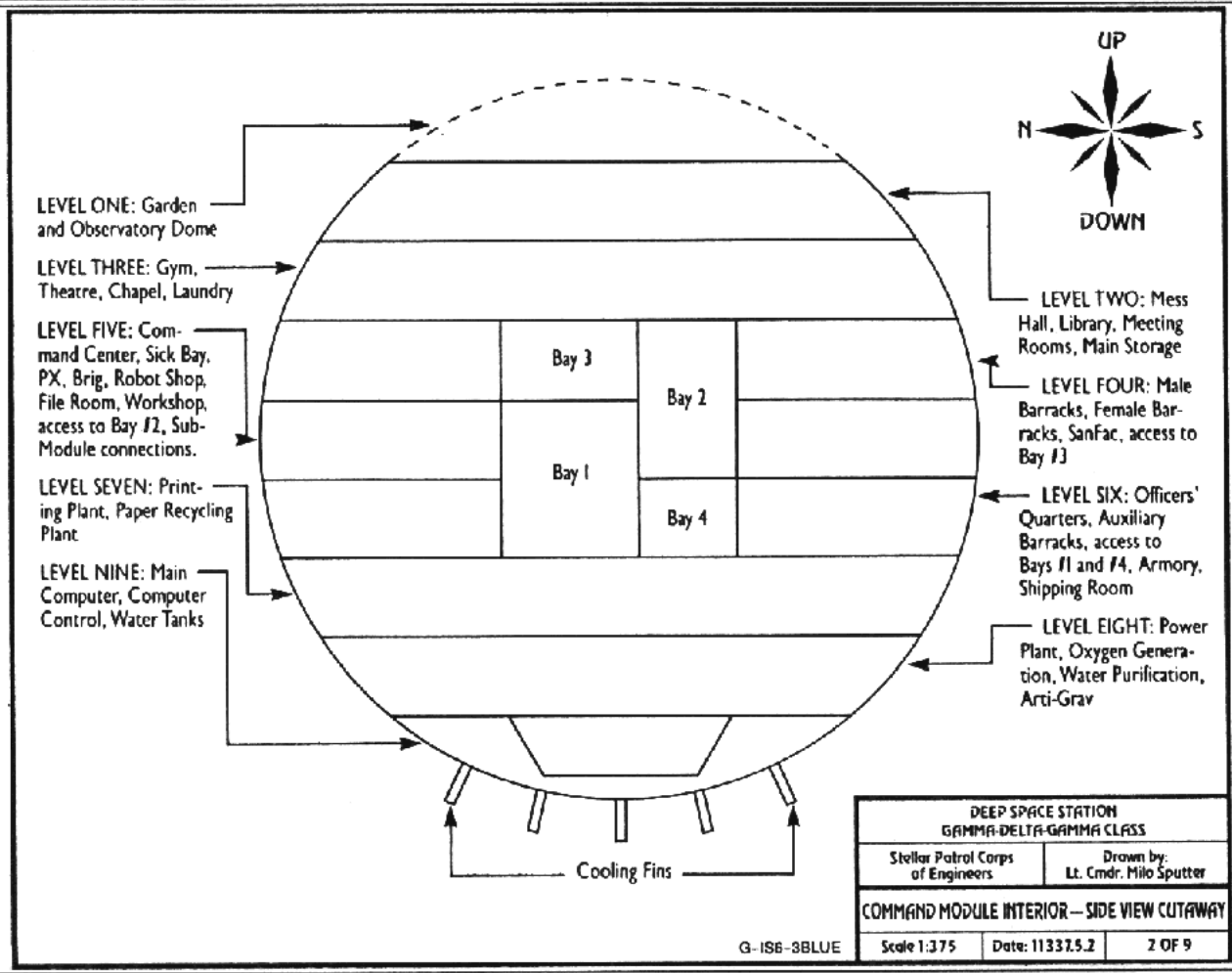
Diameter	36m
Volume	24,429m³
Usable floor area	6,823m²

Normal complement

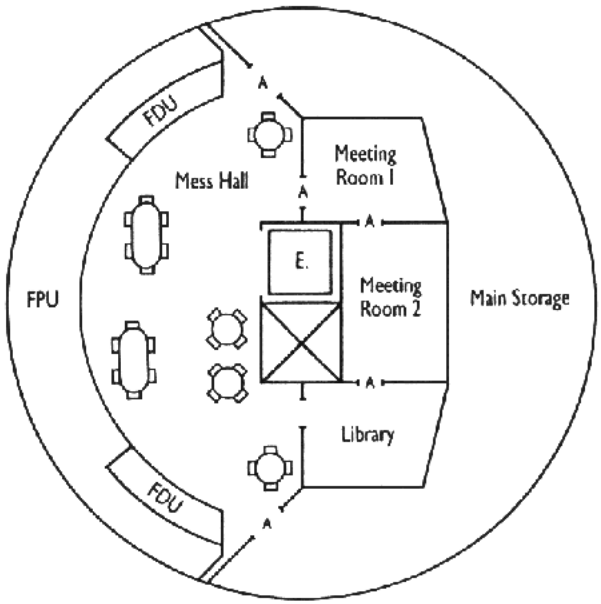
Station Commander	1
Officers	6
Crew	36
Total Personnel	43

G–IS6–2BLUE

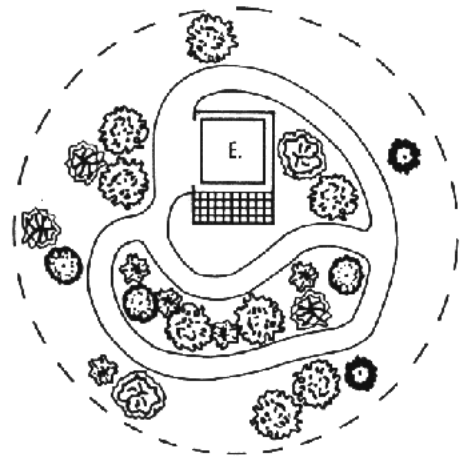
DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS		
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Spatter	
STATION EXTERIOR — OVERVIEW		
Scale 1:750	Date: 11337.5.1	1 OF 9



DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS		
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Sputter	
COMMAND MODULE INTERIOR — SIDE VIEW CUTAWAY		
Scale 1:375	Date: 11337.5.2	2 OF 9



LEVEL TWO



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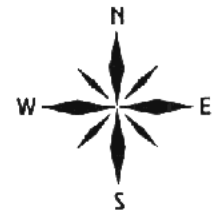
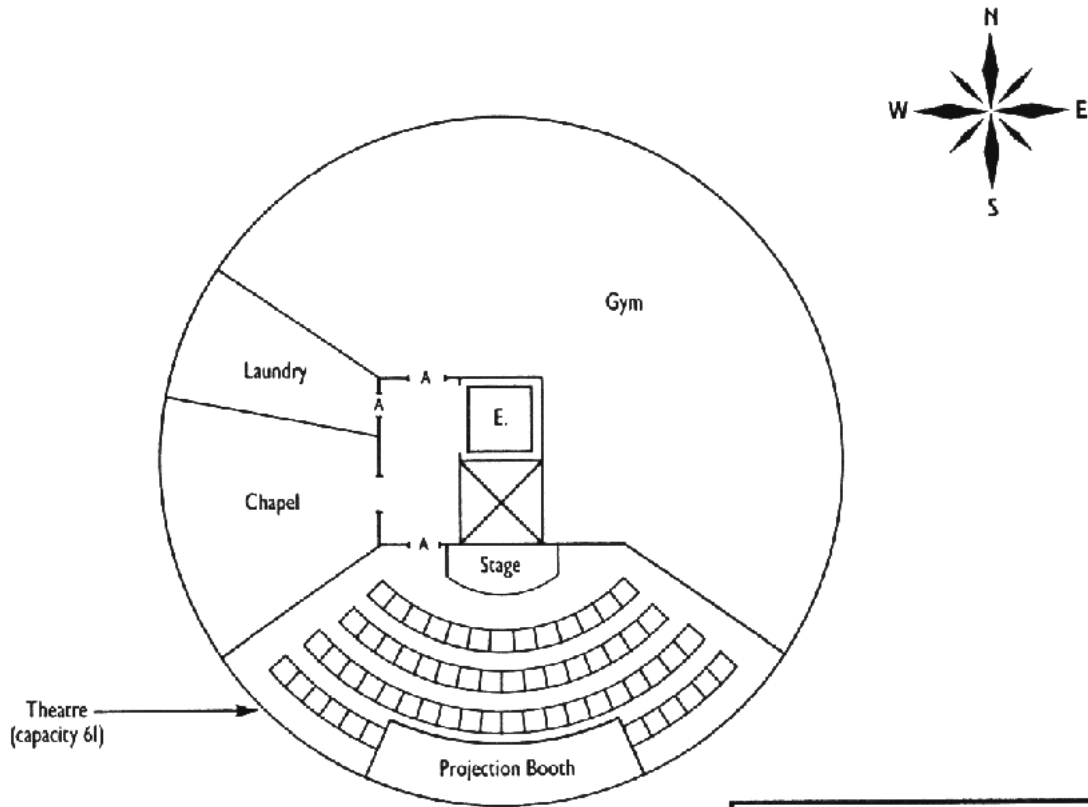


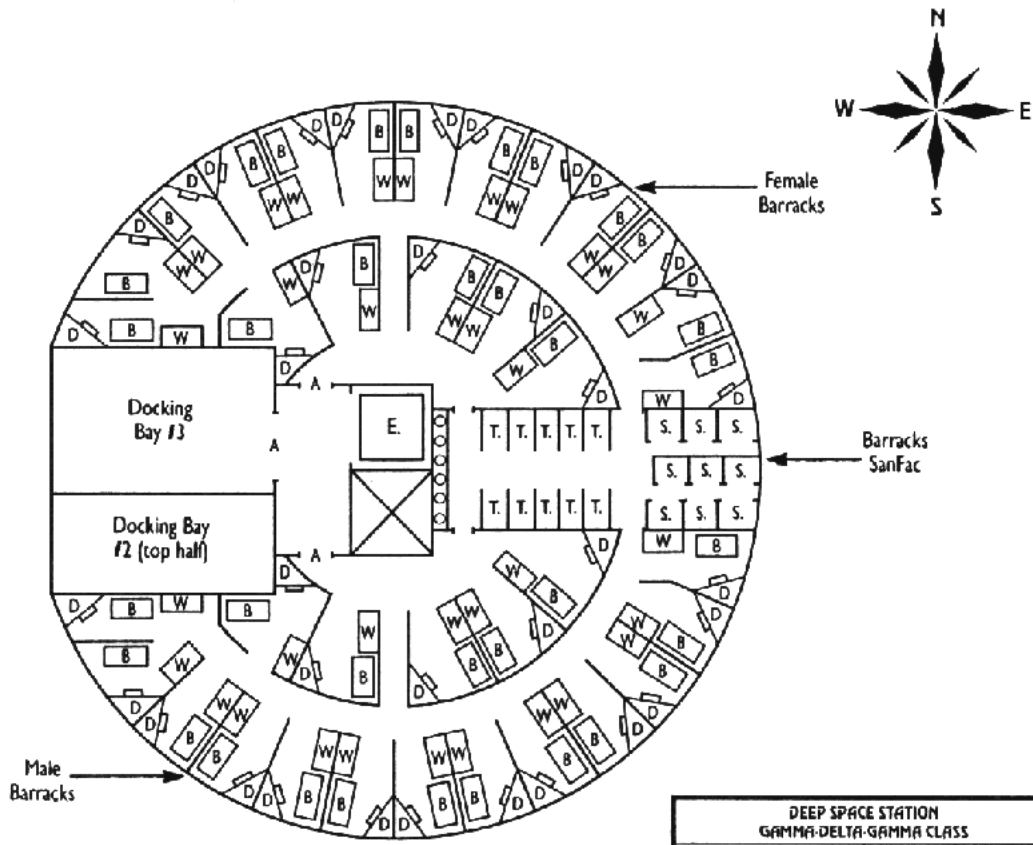
DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS		
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Spatter	
COMMAND MODULE—LEVEL ONE & LEVEL TWO PLAN		
Scale 1:375	Date: 113325.5	3 OF 9

G-IS6-4BLUE



DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS		
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Sputter	
COMMAND MODULE LEVEL THREE PLAN		
Scale 1:375	Date: 11337.5.12	4 OF 9

G-1S6-5BLUE



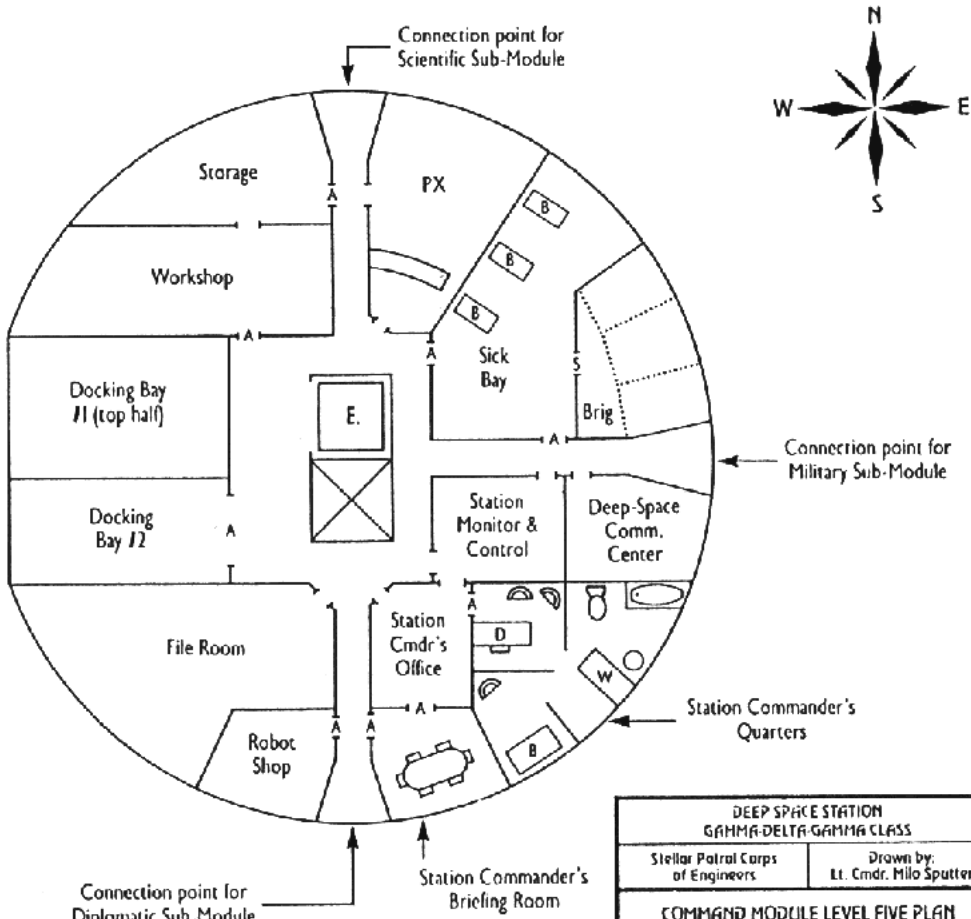
DEEP SPACE STATION
GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS

Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Sputter

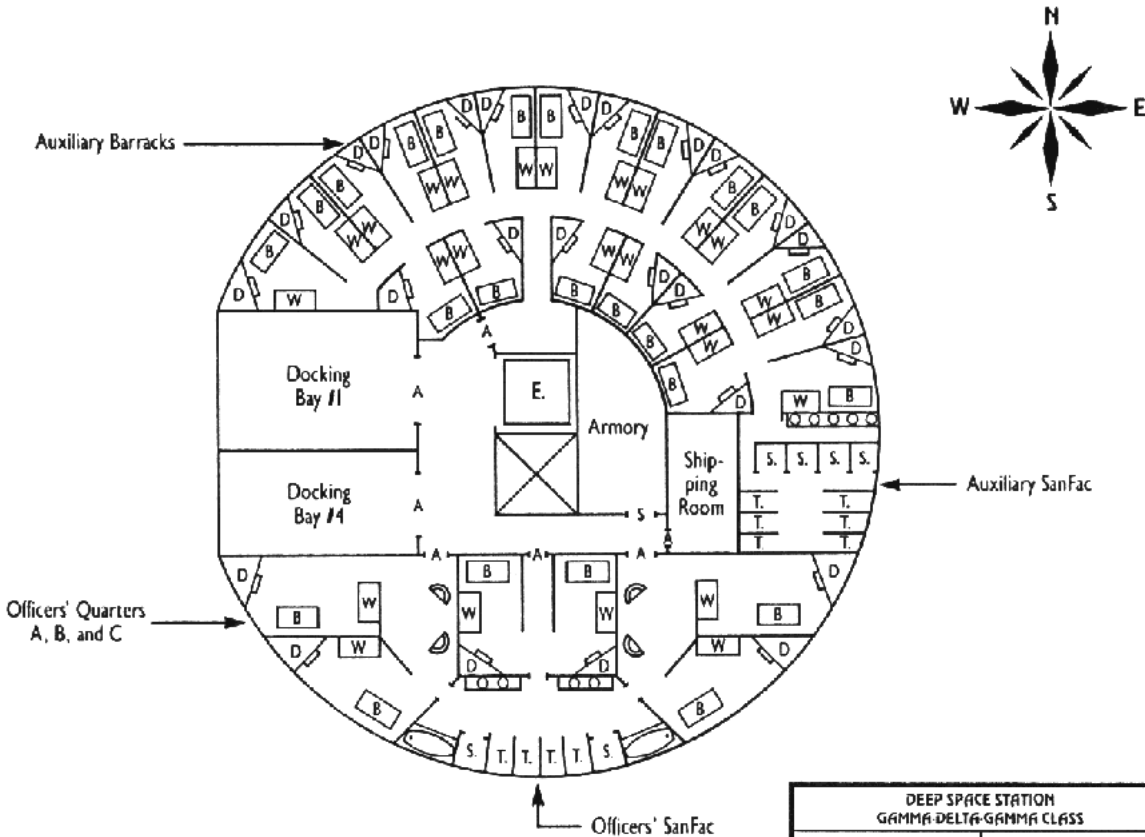
COMMAND MODULE LEVEL FOUR PLAN

Scale 1:375	Date: 11337.6.8	5 OF 9

G-IS6-6BLUE



DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS		
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Sputter	
COMMAND MODULE LEVEL FIVE PLAN		
Scale 1:375	Date: 11337.8.18	6 OF 9



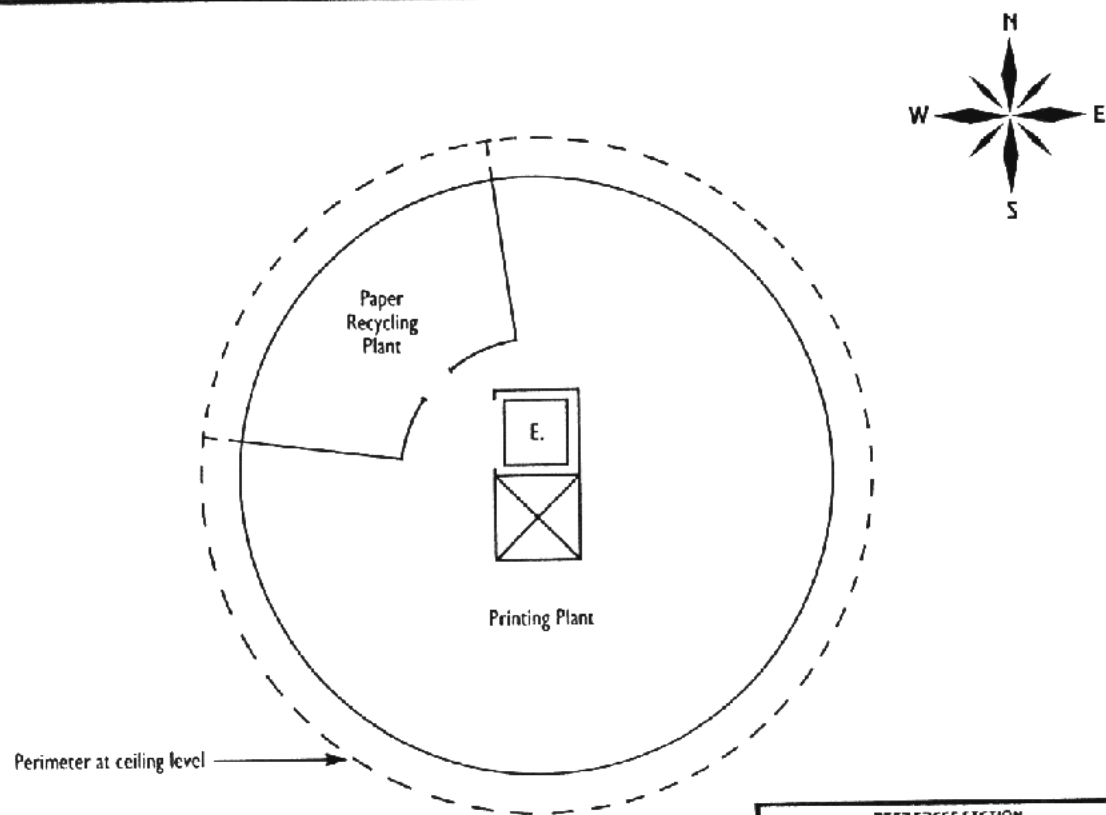
DEEP SPACE STATION
GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS

Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Sputter

COMMAND MODULE LEVEL SIX PLAN

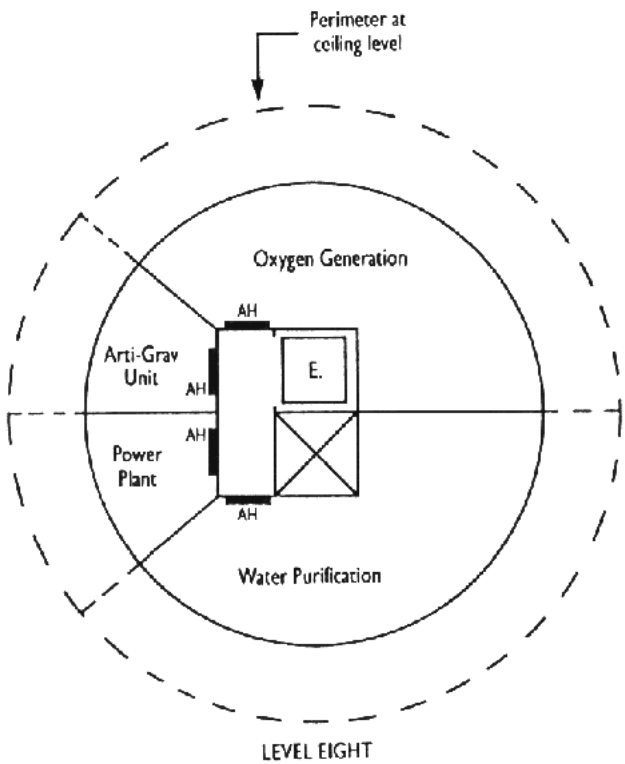
G-IS6-BBLUE

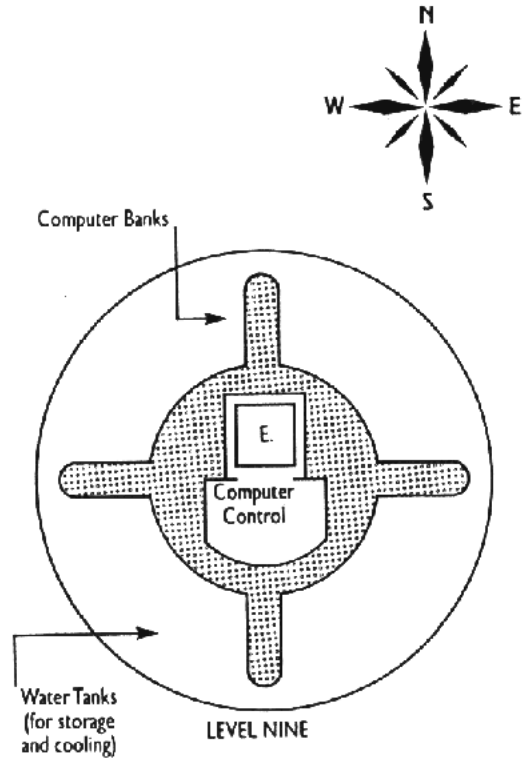
Scale 1:375	Date: 11337.13.10	7 OF 9



G-IS6-9BLUE

DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS	
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Cmdr. Trip Flagstone
COMMAND MODULE LEVEL SEVEN PLAN	
Scale 1:375 / Date: 11337.13.20	8 OF 9





DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS		
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Cmdr. Trip Flagstone	
COMMAND MODULE LEVEL EIGHT & NINE PLAN		
Scale 1:375	Date: 11337.13.20	9 OF 9

G-IS6-10BLUE

E. Elevator

Utility shaft and air duct

(Non-closing) Doorway

A Auto-door

S Security auto-door

Air vent, horizontal

FPU Food Preparation Unit

FDU Food Dispensing Unit

W Wardrobe, personal

B Bed, standard Patrol issue

D Desk and Chair, personal

Chair, reading

Shrubs

Table and Chairs

Tub, bathing

S. Shower stall

Toilet

Sink, SanFac-type

T. Toilet stall

AH Access hatch

NOTE: *Compass directions are relative to standard Galactic North. "UP" and "DOWN" are relative to the Station's internal artificial gravity.*

G-IS6-1BLUE

DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS		
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Cmdr. Trip Flagstone	
Scale —	Date: 1133.7.13.20	KEY

Suspended

Preface to the Story

You are the Central Mentality on an advanced semi-automated planet. You were supposed to sleep -- in limited cryogenic suspension --for the next 500 years, 20 miles beneath the surface of the planet, while the great Filtering Computers maintained all surface systems. But the computers have taken you out of suspension because something is terribly wrong: the weather has become brutal, food production is dangerously low, and the Transportation System is malfunctioning, causing unprecedented accidents and casualties. The planet is in chaos. You yourself cannot move. But you have six robots at your disposal, and you must manipulate them strategically to bring the Filtering Computers back into balance. Each robot has a distinct perception of the world and offers you specific abilities -- one offers you sight, a second hearing, a third access to information in the computer memory bank Through the robots, you must save the planet from destruction.

Be sure to use the "Underground Complex" Schematic in the Map packet included in "The Lost Treasure" box.

About the Author

Michael Berlyn is a writer whose books include The Integrated Man and Crystal Phoenix from Bantam Books. He is the author of SUSPENDED, INFIDEL, and CUTTHROATS, all from Infocom.

XR 54

Briefing for the Contra Central Mentality

LOTT57-71234-6198

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Contra Central

Lottery Commission Headquarters

0ccupant/Subcluster B93000
Sector 12, Contra SW RP35/34412.8

Congratulations. You have been chosen as the winner of the semi-millennial Lottery, and as such will have the honor of serving as Contra's Central Mentality for the next 500 years.

Naturally, this title brings with it certain responsibilities, not the least of which is ensuring the survival of life on this planet. To this end, in accordance with Procedural Substatute 2.5X:845A77b, you will be placed in a state of limited cryogenic suspension. In this sleep-like mode, your mind will monitor the Filtering Computers that maintain the delicate balance of our surface-side systems. Should an emergency occur which causes a Filtering Computer imbalance, you will be awakened.
It will then be up to you to ascertain the problem and perform such remedial actions as you deem necessary. The penalties for failure are all too obvious.

A briefing has been prepared to familiarize you with your duties in your new role. It has been revised and amended to enable you to avoid the tragic errors of your predecessor, the lamentable Gregory Franklin. The briefing supersedes and countermands all previous briefings issued by the Lottery Commission.

It may be material at this time to review the Franklin Incident. The report of the events appearing in the Contra Citizen of two months ago, while editorial in nature, sums up the circumstances succinctly:

"...but Franklin was not destined to complete his tour of duty. After 467 years, he awoke by mistake, and, not being extremely bright to start with, lost what little sense and sanity he had.
He looked around the Underground Complex for an emergency, found none and decided to create one of his own.

"Overriding the three Filtering Computers, he directed the transportation systems to kill whoever happened to be walking outside or riding on any of the glide ramps. Psychologists believe that he must have possessed a twisted sense of humor--to have people maimed, run over, chased by robot-taxis provided him with pleasure for the moment. However, he soon tired of this and decided to eliminate a larger section of the population in a far easier manner.

"Ever since weather had been controlled, dwellings had not been designed to withstand snow and sleet. Franklin altered the pressure in the Weather Towers near the cities, setting off raging storms and creating freezing temperatures. Thousands perished from exposure; thousands more became popsicles.

"The surviving authorities decided to send an extermination squad down into the Underground Complex to remove Franklin from his suspension capsule. They got there Just in time. When they arrived, Franklin had the six maintenance robots snipping wires and causing havoc with the Filtering Computers and automated systems.

"In the tragedy's aftermath, several known malcontents protested that the system had proven itself infeasible; these complaints were dealt with summarily by the Authority, which assures all citizens that new improvements in the system and the method for selecting future central mentalities have eliminated any cause for alarm..."

With this in mind, you can well understand why the Authority insists on a comprehensive briefing before you enter the Complex. You are therefore requested to read the enclosed briefing with the greatest care before entering the suspended state.

Ignatz Feroukin
VP/Memos

Addendum: The Office of Cloning and Personnel Development informs us that a number of replicates of you are currently under production, for use in the event that we find it necessary to remove you. This should in no way be construed as a reflection on you as a person; despite the fact that your psychological profile revealed a few characteristics which could be termed "deviant," we have only the highest expectations for you. Needless to say, however, the Authority desires no repeats of Franklin's performance. Therefore, remember: you can be replaced.

Lottery Commission Headquarters, Bureau of Awards & Prizes, Contra Central, XR27/55693.1

Briefing for the Contra Central Mentality

CLASSIFIED

This briefing has been updated and revised many times to ensure accuracy and completeness. In a crisis, our planet's survival depends on you. We cannot overstate the importance of the information contained herein.

Since Contra was terraformed and settled by emigres from Earth, we have had the benefit of living within a controlled environment. As you well know, our weather is always perfect and there is food for everyone--wholesome, delicious food. Anyone wishing to travel the surface of our planet simply takes a glide ramp, a robot-taxi, or a floater.

This controlled and balanced environment is maintained by three massive and powerful computers buried deep beneath Contra's surface. Without these computers, we would be forced to brave the elemental fury of Contra and provide for ourselves using primitive methods and skills.

Contra's three Filtering Computers maintain and monitor all surface-side systems.

YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES TO CONTRA

Since these three Filtering Computers are biomechanical in construction, they must be monitored. It is the duty of the Central Mentality to monitor these Filtering Computers to ensure they function properly.

The Filtering Computers are located in an extremely high-security area called the Underground Complex. With one exception, monitoring of the Filtering Computers has always proceeded without trouble. Since training and costs prohibit frequent changing of the Central Mentality, you will be in the Complex for 500 years.

Your time in the Complex will be spent in a state of limited cryogenic suspension. You will be frozen to nearly absolute zero and then stored in a cryogenic capsule within the Complex. Your brain will remain in an Alpha state, receptive but quiet, requiring only minimal biological functions. You will be able to survive in this state for your tour of duty: 500 years.

IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG

It won't. But if it does, the computers responsible for all of our surface-side systems will awaken you and inform you of the problem. We are confident you will be capable of solving any situations which may arise. The fate of the entire population of Contra will rest in your abilities to make logical decisions and choices.

Your body will be warmed to the point where marginal biological activity is resumed, supplying your mind with the necessary nutrients and oxygen to

function at peak capacity. Unfortunately, we cannot revive you completely until the end of your tour of duty.

Due to the Gregory Franklin incident (refer to the letter from the Lottery Commission), we are forced to make clones of you. When you complete this briefing, the cloning procedure will begin. These clones will be installed in the Complex as a backup system, should anything go wrong with you.

THE UNDERGROUND COMPLEX

The Underground Complex you will occupy is fully automated and maintained by six robots. In the unlikely event that the Filtering Computers malfunction, there are override controls for the weather systems, the transit systems and the hydroponics food resource center. There are also planet-side monitors for examining the current state of these systems.

The robots which maintain the Complex are under the control of the Filtering Computers. Malfunctioning equipment is quickly and easily detected by the computers themselves, and the necessary robots are dispatched to effect the replacements. If you are ever awakened (an extremely unlikely event), robots will provide your link to the outside world.

THE SIX ROBOTS

The most recent facilities check indicates that your robotic crew is fully operational (with the exception noted below). The following profiles have been provided to inform you of special capabilities of individual robots, so that you can make the best use of each member of your crew, should corrective maneuvers become necessary.

Iris is a visual robot whose mobility is limited. Her ability to describe things approaches what a human being might see in most circumstances. Since the Frobozz Engineering Company was responsible for her design and construction, she has limited abilities for grasping,carrying, etc., and has only two grasping extensions. An historical note: she proved to be the butt of many design and implementation jokes on Contra's surface, one of which was "The eyes have it." Humor of this sort has, of course, since been outlawed on Contra.

Iris's limited mobility results from her complex optical capabilities. Due to these abilities, only a limited mapping of the Complex was included in her logic circuits. This design restriction allows Iris to wander about the areas only in which she serves a useful purpose.

Waldo is an industrious robot. Since his primary purpose is to manipulate objects, he has been provided with six grasping extensions. He travels y using a sonar-feedback mechanism and, when close to or touching an object, can detect quite a bit about its inherent characteristics based on this sonar. In addition, he has a highly developed sense of touch and can prove to be a delicate workman.

Sensa is a peculiar mixture of sensory apparatuses. She can detect vibrational activity, photon emission sources and ionic discharges. She is also rigged to automatically perform such sensory tasks as the analysis of diffraction indexes. Sensa has five extensions, two of which are used exclusively for sensory input. The other three extensions are grasping extensions.

Auda is all ears, capable of processing and interpreting auditory signals within the Complex. Her presence is required by the CLU (Consolidated Listeners Union), and though Auda may not be very helpful in the high-tech sense, in case of human intervention she is absolutely essential. Auda has but one grasping extension.

Poet is a peculiar robot whose function was somehow altered over time by the Filtering Computers. Poet was originally intended as a diagnostic robot. He has been equipped with a diagnostic sensor which is activated when he has been directed to TOUCH something. Unless Poet is actually doing his thing, he makes the best of what he perceives, translating his input into occasionally bewildering output. Despite the sometimes seeming lack of sense to his statements, they provide an accurate representation of reality. In addition to his "touching" extension, Poet has been provided with three grasping extensions.

Whiz is an interfacing device between you and the Central Library Core, a huge data bank available to your queries. Whiz can PLUG IN to any of the four CLC peripherals and find information for you. This information pertains to objects and the Complex in general. The CLC contains no information about any of the rooms your robots can visit. Although Whiz is extremely helpful, he does have his limitations. There was once a robot-joke about Whiz being a real airhead; if he could have understood it, he would have taken offense. Whiz has two grasping extensions.

Note: There is a seventh robot. Standing almost two meters tall and featuring 16 grasping extensions, verbal circuits and heavy-duty shielding against acid damage, this model is optimized for a multitude of applications. It should be mentioned that this robot was misused by Gregory Franklin, who abandoned it within the Complex after brutally mangling it beyond recognition or hope of repair.

THE CENTRAL LIBRARY CORE (CLC)

The Central Library Core (CLC) is composed of several distinct parts: Whiz, the Peripherals and the Library Core.

Whiz. Whiz's function with the CLC is to act as your querying device. By plugging him in, you can ask questions about objects and get advice on situations.

The Peripherals. There are four peripherals accessible to Whiz:

The Index Peripheral--Querying this peripheral performs the following operations: The object is passed along to the Central Language Core, at which point its name is matched against an index. If the name is not found, you will be informed that the object is not on file and no peripheral will contain any reference to it. If the object is found within the Language Core, it is passed to the Index Core. The Index Core then scans through the tagging device for references. If no references are found, you will be told that no data is available at any peripheral. If references are found, you will be told at which peripherals information can be retrieved.

The Technical Peripheral - This peripheral can provide technical data on some objects. If you absolutely need to know how something works, querying this peripheral can sometimes prove helpful. Technical information is not available on all objects.

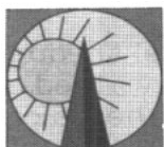
The Advisory Peripheral - When you need advice and just can't understand what's going on with something, ask this peripheral. It is attuned to provide Hierarchical Information for Newly Terraformed Systems (H.I.N.T.S.).

The Historical Peripheral--This peripheral can provide you with historical references for certain objects found within the Complex, adding a greater understanding of what these things do and how they interact.

The Library Core. The CLC itself is also accessible from the Lower Access area, but all interactions and queries here are designed solely for human interaction. Whiz cannot perform queries from this area since there isn't a suitable peripheral for him.

THE SURFACE SYSTEMS

The surface of Contra is controlled by the three Filtering Computers. These systems, when in proper balance, maintain the weather, the transportation systems and the food production automatically. By polling surface-side peripherals, the Filtering Computers can make decisions on what adjustments are necessary for a balanced environment. If the Filtering Computers cannot mutually agree on a course of action, you will be awakened to make the necessary decisions.

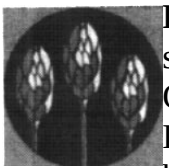


The Weather System. Weather on the surface of Contra is controlled by Weather Towers. Each city has three towers which control atmospheric pressure within the surrounding area. By testing temperature, velocity and relative humidity, the three Filtering Computers can adjustments in the Weather Towers to maintain a balanced, comfortable state. Since the weather on the surface is controlled, housing and clothing

are more decorative than protective, and maintaining a balanced weather condition becomes a primary concern.

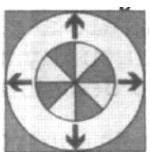
Since the planetary engineers were aware of this; they built the Weather Monitors and the Weather Controls into the Complex. You have been provided with manual override controls in case the Filtering Computers fall out of synchronization and cannot agree on a course of action. These controls are found in the Weather Control Area and consist of three dials, each of which controls a set of towers in all the cities of Contra. The first dial, for example, controls the pressure in all of the first towers in all of the cities.

The Weather Monitors provide you with the necessary feedback on the planet's surface so that you can make necessary adjustments.



Food Production. Food is produced hydroponically deep underground, separated from the Underground Complex by nearly half a planet. The Filtering Computers prepare and balance the amount of minerals and light for the Hydroponic Growing Area. This area is not accessible to you or the robots because of its distant location, but you do have manual control over it, should the need ever arise.

The Hydroponic Monitors provide you with a continual analysis of the Growing Area, while three levers in the Hydroponic Control Area allow you to override the three Filtering Computers' settings.



The Transportation System. Transportation on Contra's surface is totally automated and controlled by the Filtering Computers. There are three basic forms of transportation: floaters, taxis and glide ramps. Floaters are small single- or double-occupant bubbles which travel through the air. They travel on lines of force, generated from the ground, maintained and controlled by the Filtering Computers. Collisions are normally unheard of, and not a single casualty has ever occurred due to traffic problems. The Transit Monitors tell you how many floaters are currently in use, while a manual

override switch is located in the Transit Control Area. By turning off the switch, you can turn off the lines of force to the floaters.

The taxis are actually robots, semi-intelligent vehicles which are guided by the Filtering Computers. They have on-board power, so the manual override system, a switch in the Transit Control Area, instructs the taxis to stop picking up passengers rather than simply shutting them off. (When Franklin was in control, he managed to figure out a method of getting the Filtering Computers out of balance, causing the taxis to seek out pedestrians and run them down.)

The glide ramps are similar in function to conveyor belts, transporting the bulk of the population at a leisurely pace. The ramps are speed-controlled by the Filtering Computers and can be shut off by using the manual override switch located in the Transit Control area.

A Final Note. Your 500-year tour of duty will indubitably fly by trouble-free.

Pleasant dreams.

Starcross

Preface to the Story

The year is 2186. Humanity has established colonies on the Moon, Mars, and several of the larger asteroids. Earth's sky is dotted with space habitats, and the spaceways are always busy. As usual, there is the urgent need for energy to power this advanced civilization; one of the primary sources of that energy is quantum black holes. In STARCROSS, you are a black hole miner, scouting the asteroid belt in your one-man survey ship. Finding and harnessing a single black hole can make a person's fortune. It s a lonely business, fraught with the known and unknown hazards of space. You've equipped your ship, the mining vessel Starcross, with the best gear you could afford. You've put everything into this venture, and though you've tried before, you somehow sense that this time will be different. The ship's computer handles the functions of navigation and routine maintenance. You watch the sophisticated mass detector as it unceasingly scans the vicinity for uncharted masses. To assuage the tedium of your long trip, you browse through the compact tape library, a compendium of human knowledge and culture. But the drone of the ship gradually lulls you into a deep sleep. As you sleep, you dream of the riches which would be yours if your search for a quantum black hole is successful. Little do you suspect that the ala your mass detector is about to jolt you out of your dream - but not to grapple with the long-sought black hole. Your quest has taken an unexpected turn, for you are destined to rendezvous with a gargantuan alien spaceship from the outer fringes of the galaxy.

About the Author

Dave Lebling was born in Washington, D.C. and grew up in suburban Maryland. He attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and worked at MIT's Laboratory for Computer Science, where he developed an interest in computer entertainments. He was a co-author of the original mainframe Zork. He has co-authored Zork I, Zork II, Zork III, and Enchanter, and written Starcross and Suspect on his own

BUREAU OF EXTRA-SOLAR INTELLIGENCE

TO: All Spacecraft Owners and Operators
FROM: Bureau of Extra-Solar Intelligence
SUBJECT: Encounters with Aliens
DATE: February 8, 2132

As of this writing, no registered spacecrafts have documented any encounters with alien life forms. Although sightings of unidentified objects have been reported, none have proved reliable.

Nevertheless, this Bureau believes that alien life forms do exist and will enter our solar system within the next millennium. This belief is based in part on the fact that repetitious signals have been received at the Arecibo and Pulkovo observatory dishes since the late twentieth century. The source of these signals--seven dashes followed by either three or 11 dashes--has not been established, but clearly a highly advanced civilization is sending them.

Should you or any of your crew members have an encounter with any. alien life form, notify your local space safety patrol as soon as possible. Extensive research suggests that there is a 99 percent chance that an alien will have only peaceful intentions. Do not--repeat, DO NOT--hurt or kill any alien unless it is a life-or-death situation for you or a member of your crew.

We have surmised that any alien Will be equipped with sensory organs, physical manipulators, a method of locomotion, and a method for gathering energy and eliminating waste heat and (most likely) chemicals. Note that alien life forms are likely to have evolved under extremely different conditions than have existed on Earth. They may not be able to perceive the same physical and electromagnetic frequencies as humans. They may not consist of a carbon-based chemistry, and their metabolisms may not be chemical in nature. The atmosphere of your ship may be poisonous to them, and vice versa.

It is possible that an alien race will be similar to ours in appearance. However, do not let appearances fool you; gestures and facial expressions are cultural in origin and are likely to mean different things. A smile, for instance, may be interpreted as a baring of teeth, forewarning attack. If you do encounter an alien, please remain calm and be very careful. Remember: the first alien encounter will be an historic event far surpassing Columbus's discovery of America. The responsibility of being ambassador for all Earth is very great, but the rewards for success will be greater.

LOG OF THE M.C.S.

STARCROSS™

Registered out of Ceres
Registration 47291AA-4X

Constructed in 2178, Luna City Docks

M.C.S. STARCROSS 02-28-2186

First entry in the new log! Finally got the loans to finance the purchasing of my own mining ship. They were a little reluctant about it at first, what with me never having actually found a black hole. That is, never having found one that didn't already belong to someone else, to put the best light on It. I think the terms were a little steep: after all, I'll pay them back. They didn't have to reserve the right to grow a done to work for them for "20 years and a day." Bankers are *so* conservative. I suppose that's to be expected from computers. I'm not prejudiced; some of my best friends are programmed.

Once I got a loan, I took possession of the STARCROSS. A sweet little ship. Only eight years old, been on only three previous mining trips. The guy at Wheat City Used Transportation said the previous owner was a nice little old lady who retired after her last trip she found a 1.5 gigawatt black hole out near Saturn, of all places! I knew then it was a lucky ship.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 03-04-2186

Not too much difficulty getting the ship moved to Ceres Spaceport. Of course, the hauler didn't show up on time, but that's what you'd expect.

The ship is well equipped for the money. I kept most of the program modules in the ship's computer and updated only a few of them. I got the inertial guidance overhauled and checked out the mass detector myself. I wish I could afford the I/0 options to have a fully integrated system. Blast off tomorrow!

M.C.S. STARCROSS 03-05-2186

Got underway a little late, due to a problem in the fuel tanks. I spent the time stocking up on new entertainment tapes--some really nice ones, too, but kind of expensive. So much time prospecting is spent waiting for something to happen.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 03-28-2186

Underway less than four weeks and I'm about to go crazy! First, the entertainment tapes were mislabelled. It's all highbrow stuff like operas and lectures. *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* was really something about the history of the Terran Union. What a rip-off! I suppose I can always talk to the computer.

I can't stand those tapes. I'll save them for later in the voyage when I'm really desperate. I'll play games with the computer to keep amused that way.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 04-02-2186

I'm tempted to dismantle the computer. First, instead of a smooth, chummy voice, it sounds like a uranium recycler that's dropped a critical mass on its grasping extensors. Well, maybe it's not that bad, but it's really surly. Insubordinate, too. I tried playing chess with it, but it was too good and made lots of nasty comments about my pawn structure. So I told it to play on an easier level, and it refused! It said it was boring enough playing a human without giving away the game.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 04-15-2186

Possible black hole today! The mass detector went off. The alarm is really loud and practically sent me through the bulkhead. Even the computer complained about it, but you can't turn it down. Anyway, it looks like a big mass: at a good area, too near the trailing Trojan point of Jupiter. Hasn't been prospected out yet, and there's always something new there thanks to Jupe's big mass.
Off we go!

M.C.S. STARCROSS 04-16-2186

Turns out it was just a nickel-iron asteroid. It was pretty big one, but with Asian Steel mining at full capacity, there’s no room for the little guy. Their margin is tiny per ton, and they can bring back really big chunks.
In fact, when I got closer to the asteroid, I discovered it had an Asian Steel transponder on it already. The computer said it knew it was nickel-iron all along, but I think it’s just putting on airs.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 05-12-2186

Another false alarm. This one was nickel-iron, too.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 05-23-2186

Finally beat the computer at chess!
A really neat combination, too. What a poor sport! It says I cheated and won’t talk to me anymore.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 05-29-2186

Computer still not talking to me, beyond accepting routine ship commands. Even then it sounds particularly sullen. In the meantime, I've invented 11 new forms of five-suit solitaire. Unfortunately, I haven't won any of them yet.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 05-30-2186

Another asteroid. This one is mostly uranium. Gives a big blip on the mass detector, it's so heavy. Probably ought to mark it for removal. The Patrol will be pleased, even if the reward isn't commensurate. I could try smuggling it to the Ganymedean Insurgents, but the penalty for being caught with unlicensed uranium is 20 years on an organ farm. I'd prefer to have my original kidneys until they wear out, thank you.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 06-11-2186

A micro-meteorite pierced the hull today! It was pretty exciting, but I fixed it like a pro. I had to put on my suit, get out the patch kit and patch the bulkhead. The hole was almost big enough to put my finger in! The patch looks like a big wad of chewing gum, but it gets really hard. Happy to report that after I repressurized, the computer started talking to me again. Mostly Insults, but better than nothing.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 06-23-2186

I found a black hole for real today!

Unfortunately, someone else's transponder started up about two hours ago, and now he's warning me off in no uncertain terms.

That does it. I'm going to try something really different. Too many prospectors around here. Nobody prospects in the inner system anymore, but I will, and my luck's going to change!

In toward Mars!

M. C. S. STARCROSS

MASS DETECTOR OUTPUT
TIME - 2186 : 104 : 58923
VALID UNTIL - 2186 : 104 : 59287

Legend
R = Range
Θ = Theta
Φ = Phi

Keep Space Beautiful

Use Your Trash Atomizer

UNCHARTED MASS COORDINATES

Name	R	Θ	Φ
UM08	150	: 110	: 017°
UM12	100	: 345	: 107°
UM24	100	: 285	: 087°
UM28	250	: 45	: 178°
UM31	150	: 105	: 067°
UM52	175	: 165	: 035°
UM70	100	: 135	: 101°
UM91	50	: 15	: 121°

ASTEROID CORRDINATES

Name	R	Θ	Φ
AX01	200	: 240	: 134°
AX32	125	: 240	: 105°
AX71	125	: 180	: 047°
AX87	125	: 75	: 102°

INHABITED ASTEROID CORRDINATES

Name	R	Θ	Φ
AB40	250	: 300	: 022°

SHIP CORRDINATES

Name	R	Θ	Φ
US75	175	: 135	: 034°

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE:
TO REACH YOUR DESTINATION, ENTER THE THREE CORRDINATES INTO YOUR NAVIGATION COMPUTER BY TYPING:
COMPUTER, RANGE IS (VALUE). THETA IS (VALUE). PHI IS (VALUE).
AS A SAFETY FEATURE, YOUR COMPUTER WILL NOT INITATE A NEW NAVIGATIONAL PROGRAM WITHOUT CONFIRMATION. YOU CAN DO THIS BY TYPING:
COMPUTER, CONFIRM NEW COURSE.

A MIND FOREVER VOYAGING

Welcome to A Mind Forever Voyaging (which, for brevity's sake, will henceforth be referred to as AMFV). In this story, you will be PRISM, the world's first sentient machine. Before you "boot up" your disk, make sure you read the short story in the first part of the booklet. The story begins in the world of 2031, a world on the brink of chaos. The economy of the United States of North America (USNA) has been stagnating for decades. Crackpot religions are springing up all over the place. Crime and urban decay are rampant. Schools have become violent, chaotic places ill-suited for educating children. Today's youth frequently use joybooths to "tune-out" the world, leading in the extreme case to joybooth suicide, where a psychological addict wastes away in his or her private nirvana.

The global situation is even grimmer. The calcuttization of the Third World has almost reached its limit, causing extreme overpopulation and poverty. This has created a climate ripe for East Bloc adventurism, exploiting instability and fanning the numerous flash points around the globe. The superpower race to build an impenetrable missile defense has ended in a tie, with the foreseeable but unforeseen result that an even more dangerous arms race has begun -- a race to build miniature nuclear weapons, some as small as a cigarette pack, and smuggle them into enemy cities -- a race which threatens to turn the USNA into a giant police state.

Things are bad, and it appears that they can only get worse. So when Senator Richard Ryder, along with a small group of leaders from government, business, and the universities, announces the Plan for renewed national purpose, everyone is only too willing to embrace it.

Only one thing stands between the Plan and its adoption: a test of its validity. That's why you have been "awakened" from your simulated life and had your true nature revealed to you several years ahead of schedule. You have been chosen to use your unique abilities to enter a simulation of the future, based on the tenets of the Plan, in order to check its effectiveness. The eyes of the world are on you.

If you're experienced with Infocom's interactive fiction, you may not want to read this entire manual. However, AMFV has a number of unique features not found in other stories. You'll have to read the section entitled "The AMFV Scenario." Also, you should look at the appendices of important commands (on page N) and recognized verbs (on page N). The sample transcript, on page N, will show most of the unusual interactions of AMFV.

This is a brief summary of the most important things to know about interactive fiction. It is vital to know all these things before you begin playing.

There are a number of modes you can enter. These will reviewed in detail in the next section. You will probably spend most of your time in Simulation Mode. When you're in Simulation Mode, the play of the game will be very similar to Infocom's other interactive fiction. For example:

To move from place to place, type the direction you want to go. The first time you find yourself in a new region, it's a good idea to become familiar with it by exploring each location, reading each description carefully, and making a map of the geography.

In AMFV, time passes only in response to your input. You might imagine a clock that ticks once for each sentence you type, and the story progresses only at each tick. Nothing happens until you type a sentence and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key, so you can plan your turns as slowly and carefully as you want. Usually, each turn takes one minute. Walking around takes longer, and WAIT generally causes ten minutes to pass.

Your goal in the first part of AMFV is to enter Simulation Mode in order to study what the effects of the Plan will be on the world in ten year's time. However, as the story progresses, you may discover new goals for yourself. The AMFV Scenario

Since you're a computer, your lifestyle is pretty dissimilar to that of a human. There are four "modes" that you can enter. To enter a given mode, just type ENTER or GO TO [that mode]. Here is a list of the four modes, and a description of each:

Communications Mode: You have a number of visual/audio units set up at various points around the complex. When you enter Communications Mode, you will be told where these units are, and how to activate them. When you have activated a unit in a particular location, you are effectively "in that location." You'll be able to see and hear what's going on, and talk to anyone there. You won't be able to pick up things in those locations, of course.

Library Mode: This is a storehouse of information, arranged in directories which each contain a number of data files. When you enter Library Mode, the usual style of typing an input and pressing the RETURN (or ENTER) key is suspended. Follow the instructions that appear on your screen to access the information in the files.

You can choose the directory you wish to see by using the O and X keys:

O = Open current directory

X = next directory

You can close or examine the files in a directory by using the C, R, and X keys:

C -- Close current directory

R -- Read current file

X = next file

Interlace Mode: There are several subsidiary computers and complex system controllers connected to you. More may be added over the course of the story. By entering Interlace Mode, you will be able to "speak" to these other devices, get information from them, possibly give them orders. You interlace with a device the same way that you would speak to a character in the story. For example: TRAFFIC COMPUTER, SET EVENING RUSH HOUR END TO 5:00 or HVAC COMPUTER, TURN ON VENTILATION IN GAMMA SECTOR. Data about these interfaceable devices can be found in Library Mode.

Simulation Mode: This is the heart of the story. You will have to enter this mode many times to complete AMFV. Simulation Mode is the process that was used to "program" you and develop you into a thinking, creative machine. Now, that same process, programmed with the parameters of the Plan, will allow you to simulate the future in amazing detail.

Once you have entered Simulation Mode, the interaction will be very similar to that of most other Infocom fiction: walk around, map the geography, examine and read things, pick up objects, and so forth. ABORT will get you out of Simulation Mode at any time.

Because only you see what happens in Simulation Mode, you'll want to use the RECORD feature to save what you see, so that others in the "real world" can view your experiences. Typing RECORD or RECORD ON will activate it, and typing RECORD OFF will de-activate it. Be warned, however, that RECORD makes an enormous demand on your core memory, and you will only be able to record a limited amount of experiences.

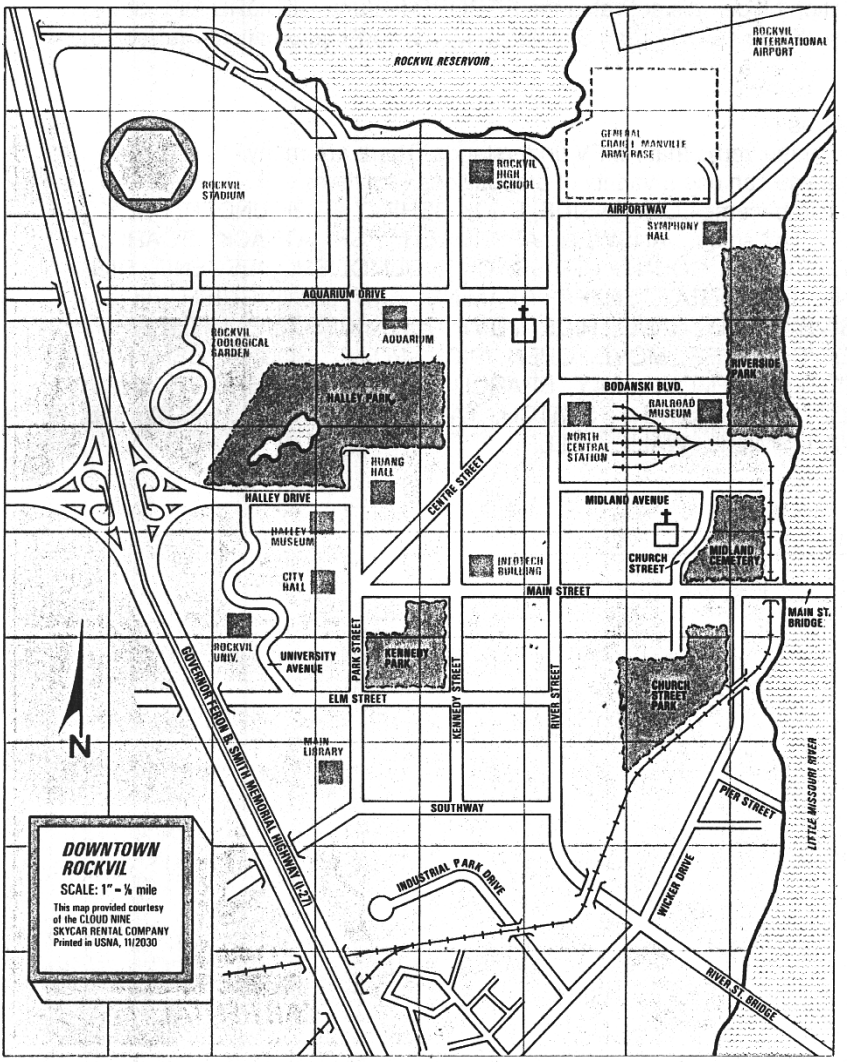
Special Commands

There are a number of one-word commands which you can type instead of a sentence. You can use them over and over as needed. Some count as a turn, others do not. Type the

command after the prompt (>) and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key.
ABORT - This will get you out of Simulation Mode.
RECORD - In Simulation Mode, this activates the RECORD feature. RECORD OFF de-activates this feature. (If you ABORT from Simulation Mode, you'll automatically turn off the RECORD feature.)

Some Recognized Verbs
These are only some of the verbs that AMFV understands. There are many more. Remember that you can use a variety of prepositions with them.
For example, LOOK can become LOOK INSIDE, LOOK BEHIND, LOOK UNDER, LOOK THROUGH, LOOK AT, and so on., ANSWER, APPROACH, ASK, ATTACK, BOARD, BUY, CALL, CLIMB, CLOSE, COUNT, CROSS, CUT, DEMOLISH, DESCEND, DIG, DISEMBARK, DRINK, DROP, EAT, ENTER, EXAMINE, EXIT, EXTINGUISH, FILL, FIND, FOLLOW, GIVE, HAND, HANG, HIDE, JUMP, KILL, KISS, LIE, LIGHT, LISTEN, LOCK, LOOK, LOWER, MOVE, OPEN, PICK, POINT, POUR, PUSH, PUT, RAISE, READ, RECORD, REMOVE, SAY, SEARCH, SET, SHAKE, SHOOT, SHOW, SIT, SLEEP, SMELL, STAND, START, SWITCH, TAKE, TALK, TELL, THROW, TIE, TOUCH, TURN, WAIT, WAKE, WALK, YELL.

MAP OF ROCKVIL, SOUTH DAKOTA



DON'T MISS THESE EXCITING ATTRACTIONS

ACME COMPUTER CORP.-Visit this genuine 20th century computer factory, still a major employer in the Rockvil area.

HALLEY MUSEUM-Halley Museum's outstanding collection of classical art is complemented by exhibits on modern art, science and engineering, natural history, and human history.

HUANG HALL-Huan Hall's ultra-modern auditorium. The largest in the quad state area, provides an ideal setting for cultural and artistic events as well as conventions and trade shows.

ST MICHAELS CHURCH-Lovely stained glass windows and marble statuary add to the grandeur of this century-old place of worship

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN-Spend a peaceful afternoon wandering amongst the herbal displays and natural animal habitats of the zoo.

INFOTECH BUILDING-Marvel at this 130-story office tower, the tallest building in Rocikvil and the sixth tallest in the world.

AQUARIUM-Hundreds of marine creature cavort in the large central tank of this popular attraction.

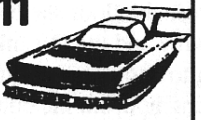
NORTH CENTRAL STATION-This historic national landmark provides a glimpse of the past for over a million yearly visitors, who browse the souvenir shops, ride the authentic electric train and view the extensive exhibits at the Railroad Museum.

SKYCAR RENTAL

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL COMPUCODE

6-9283-93-011

"Behind every cloud there's a silver lining."



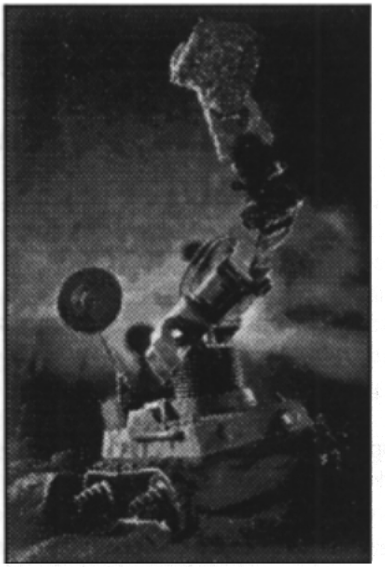
GLUTMAN'S RESTAURANT

ALL THE PIZZA YOU CAN EAT FOR ONLY $39.75

with your choice of onion, kelp or olive topping!

River Street near Southway

Compucode 8-2268-31-554



Take a trip:

To Bizmarck's new Robotics Museum. Open Tuesday-Sunday, 10:00 -6:00. Admission $20 adults and $13 for children. Take Bismarck Local Transit to Miltown Crossing stop. From out of town by skycar, enter the Bismarck traffic grid and use landing coordinates 44M-27G. Compucode 8-9173-46-526

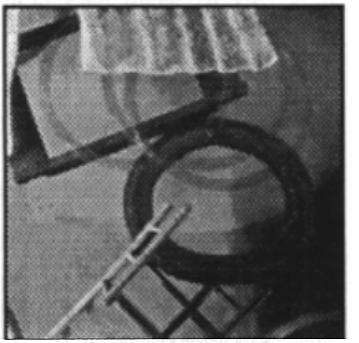
Give yourself a lift!

Polyderm Facebonding

$4950 to $7600, depending on age at the time of first treatment. Available at all certified medical cosmetics centers, or contact Dr. Clinton Hargrave, Rollins Memorial Hospital, Winnipeg, MB, Compucode 2-1592+68-333.

Hula-hula!

What'sbig and round and lots of fun? It's the hula-hoop, Grandma's favorite toy and the current collectible of the junior set. Available with matching earrings, neckbands and shoelaces. About $50 ea. Contact MY-T-HOOP, Yankton, SD, Compucode 8-9173-46-536.



Quad Mutual Insurance

"From seafarms to spacelabs you're covered by QUAD"

Compucode 8-2268-05-376

A MIND FOREVER VOYAGING

Perry Simm was four years old when he became lost in the largest department store in the city. He let go of Mother's hand to pick up the video cube. He rotated it with wonderment, touching the control knobs and squealing with delight as the images shifted.

His brother Clave, Perry's senior by three years, bounced impatiently in the aisle. "Mom," he whined, "they're going to be sold out of the new Skydiver disc, and you promised I could get one." "Be patient, Clave," admonished Mother, but across the floor she could see long lines at the Simulation Discs counter. There were stops at the Foodville and the O-Link repair shop still to go. She made a hasty decision. "Perry, Clave and I are going to another department. I want you to wait right here until we get back." "Okay," he said, without looking up from the cube.

A few minutes later, Perry discovered the selector panel, but while trying to open it he dropped the cube onto the hard plasticrete floor. The six screens flashed brightly and then faded to darkness. Perry became frightened and looked around for Mother. She was nowhere in sight. Fear of discovery and punishment welled up inside him, and in his desire to get away from the broken cube he forgot about the order to stay put. He wandered to the end of the aisle, and spotted Mother a short distance away, rummaging through a bin of myalon vests. As he ran toward her, he realized that it was just a stranger with only a vague resemblance to Mother. Fighting back tears, he decided to return to the spot where the broken cube lay.

He wandered down the aisles, each lined with tall shelves of glittering merchandise, and after several confused minutes discovered that he was completely lost. He had no idea how to find Mother, and he had no idea how to find the spot where he had last seen her. He was alone, abandoned. Strangers, huge and terrifying, jostled past. Walls of boxed appliances towered above him. Fear and despair won the battle for his emotions, and he began to cry. After an endless time, during which a lot of strangers had asked a lot of questions which he'd been too confused or too frightened to answer, he found himself in a small, quiet room. The door opened, and Mother came in, scooping him up into her arms. He cried again, burying his face into the warmth of her loving embrace.

* * * * * * * * * *

Abraham Perelman and Aseejh Randu waited in the plush Main Conference Room overlooking the Control Center. Through the window-wall, Perelman could see dozens of technicians, busily preparing for today's big event. For the umpteenth time he felt thankful to have such a superb, competent team. It was a far cry from the early days, when he had to keep on top of every detail.

Perelman glanced over toward Randu, and noticed his friend's nervousness. "Don't worry, Aseejh, it's no big deal. I met him once before, at a social affair in Washington, and he's an easygoing guy." "Yes, I have heard that." A smile tugged at the comers of the Indian's normally stony face. "But after speaking with Vera, he could very well be whipped into a frenzy!" Vera Gold was the Chief Administrator of the Project. "Nonsense," Perelman scoffed. "She'll turn on the charm for him. She saves her venom for underlings like us." 'True," agreed Randu. "By now, she has probably taken credit for the entire project, to say nothing of the inventions of molecular memory and the artificial heart."

A door opened at the far end of the long room, and a few Secret Service agents walked in, followed by the Vice-president, Vera Gold, several aides, and more Secret Service agents.

"...speak for the entire staff," Gold was saying, "when I say what a tremendous honor and pleasure it is that you could attend today."

"Pass me a barf bag," whispered Perelman to Randu.
"You underrate the importance of this Project, Ms. Gold. The President and many other important people have a keen interest in this experiment. As you know, it's quite an uphill battle against public opinion if we're to deter Senator Ryder and his Plan." The retinue had almost reached Perelman and Randu. Vera said, "I hope we can live up to your expectations. And now, despite all your wonderful compliments, I really must share some of the credit with these gentlemen here, Dr. Abraham Perelman and Dr. Aseejh Randu. I don't want to bore you with technical details, but basically Dr. Randu is our hardware man and Dr. Perelman is our software man."

As the Vice-President shook their hands warmly, Perelman fumed at Gold's demeaning description. It was THEY who had started the Project, THEY who had... "We've met before, Dr. Perelman, haven't we?" the Vice-President was asking. Perelman nodded. "At an NESR banquet two years ago."
"I remember it well. I think we discussed baseball standings. Later, I learned that you were an expert in AI. Perhaps I can make up for my ignorance then by asking you to give me a brief overview now. I find the entire field fascinating."
"It would be my pleasure, Mr. Vice-President," Perelman responded. He grinned to himself as he noticed Gold giving him one of her best "keep in your place" glares. "I think we really ought to begin the tour..." Gold insinuated.
Perelman turned to Gold, smiling sweetly. "I'm sure I can answer the Vice-President's request as we go." Turning back to their guest, he said "Did you know that the first serious work in artificial intelligence was done around the middle of the twentieth century?"

* * * * * * * * * *

Perry Simm was six years old when he was bullied on his first day of elementary school. So far, it had been a day of strange, confusing images: Mother and Father waving goodbye as he boarded the huge yellow bus, the older children with badges herding everyone down the long hallways lined with colorful nubbly tiles, the friendly Ms. Borne writing her name on the whiteboard, the boxes of brand-new crayons, the frightening hugeness of the school auditorium.

Perry was cutting shapes out of colored construction paper when a funny sound filled the room, and Ms. Borne told everyone that it was time to go home. He barely remembered to grab his lunchbox, the brand-new one with the pony pictures all over it, and the red hat that Grandma had knitted. Then, confusion in the hallways again. One of the older children with a badge, who Perry had learned were called Monitors, asked him for his bus route number. "Seven," he said, confidently. Mother had drilled the number into him.
Soon Perry was standing on the sidewalk with a group of other children. He looked around, but didn't see anyone from his class. Everyone seemed to be older and bigger than Perry. Slowly he realized that someone from behind was talking to him. "Hey! Hey, you with the red hat!"
Perry turned around, and found himself facing three older boys. Two of them were wearing Monitor badges.
"That's a great hat, runt," said the tallest of the three. "Where'd you get it?"
"Grandma," replied Perry, confused by their amusement.
"Hey," one of the older boys shouted over Perry's head, "look at Grandma's boy here, wearing a hat in September!"
"What are you going to wear in December, runt, a spacesuit?!"
The boys laughed again, and Perry began to get a funny feeling deep in his chest.

"And look at this lunchbox!" said the third of the boys. "What pretty ponies, huh?"
"Hey, Grandma's boy, do you like ponies?"
The tallest boy suddenly reached out and grabbed Perry's hat. "What'11 Grandma say if you come home without your hat, huh?"
"Gimme that," shouted Perry, tears beginning to spill down his face.
"Look, the runt's a crybaby! The runt's a crybaby!"
Suddenly, through the tears, Perry became aware of a grown-up standing between him and his tormentors, speaking sternly. A moment later, the man was leading Perry away down the street. "What's your name, little fella?" asked the man. He had a friendly voice, and as Perry began to wipe away his tears he saw that the man had a friendly face as well. He was carrying Perry's hat in one hand, and a hefty pile of books in the other hand.
"Perry," he answered, still sniffling a bit.
"Well, Perry, everything's okay now. Why don't you come in, and we'll see if we can't fix you up with some milk and cookies."

* * * * * * * * * *

The Vice-President glanced at the rows of data banks in the Simulation Controller area, and turned back to Perelman. "Please go on. Your history lesson on AI is fascinating." Perelman took a deep breath. "Ummm...A major breakthrough in the field came with the realization that the computer and the human mind worked in fundamentally different ways. Computers stored and analyzed data numerically, while the human mind stored and analyzed data symbolically. "You see, computers generally solve problems using algorithms, rigorous step-by-step procedures that are usually mathematical in nature. For example, a program to play the card game Poker would calculate the odds for all possible hands in the current game before making a bet. A person in the same situation couldn't possibly consider every possible combination of cards, and would have to make a decision based on such factors as experience, judgment, intuition, and rules-of-thumb. This is called the heuristic method of problem-solving."
The tour reached the long tunnel leading to the office wing of the complex. The Vice-President preceded Perelman onto the moving walkway. "By developing methods for computers to solve problems heuristically," Perelman continued, "the pioneers in Artificial Intelligence soon had developed programs that imitated human problem-solving in very specific areas, such as playing chess, diagnosing diseases, or translating text from one human language to another. These 'expert systems,' as they were known, were superb within their area of expertise, and in many cases even improved themselves by 'learning' -- adding knowledge based on their own experience." "The political fund-raising telecomputer we use works in that way," commented the Vice-President. "A good example! These expert systems grew progressively broader and more sophisticated, impressively mimicking human learning and behavior. But!" said Perelman, pausing for dramatic emphasis, "That is precisely ALL they could do...mimic! The spark of intelligence was missing. Scientists in the AI field were still distant from that almost mystical goal of creating a computer that could act creatively, that would be aware of its own existence, that would truly be a thinking machine!"

* * * * * * * * * *

Perry Simm was ten years old when he decided that he wanted to be a writer. It was a warm day, probably the warmest so far this spring, so they were sitting on the kitchen veranda, overlooking Rav and Frita's beautiful wooded backyard. A skycar whizzed over the woods, shattering the

peacefulness of the afternoon.
"I hate skycars," said Perry. “They’ve just about finished installing an auto-controller system for the whole city," said Frita, "and when that's done they say that skycars will be as common as regular cars are now. How's the cake, Perry?” “Yum as always, Aunt Frita!" said Perry, licking the last crumbs off the plate. "You ought to have a piece, Uncle Ray."
Ray and Frita weren't really Perry's aunt and uncle, but he'd been calling them that ever since that day, years earlier, when Ray had rescued him from a gang of bullies on his first day of school. Almost every day, he would stop by on the way home from school for some of Frita's home-made croissants and jam, or angelcakes, or pudding.

Ray was a writer, and he was fond of saying, "A writer must be, first and foremost, a reader." He was always giving Perry books to read, and discussing them with Perry afterwards. Perry was easily the best reader in his grade; in fact, he was probably the best student overall.
"So what did you think of 'Lasernight'?" asked Ray, resting his hand on the thin volume.
"It was great! Definitely one of the boffest books you've ever given me. I read the dragonhunt part three times!"
"The dragonhunt chapter is classic," agreed Ray.
Perry furrowed his eyebrows slightly. "It still feels funny to read without any pictures, but I think I'm getting more used to it. Do you have anything for me today?"
"Well, I've got something special to give you today, if you're interested." He reached into his pocket and unrolled a sheaf of paper. "It's something I've just written; you'll be the first person to ever read it."
Perry bounced in his chair with excitement. "Wow! I've never read anything you wrote before!"
"Everything I've ever written up to now was meant for adults. But this..." Ray paused, organizing his thoughts. "Whenever I write, I have an image in my mind of whom I'm writing for. When I wrote the collection of poems called 'Apriltime' I thought of Frita as my audience. And with 'A Child's Vision' I imagined the President reading it as I wrote each word." He tapped the manuscript is his hand. "When I wrote this, you were my mental audience."
An hour later, Perry lay on his bed and picked up the first sheet of the manuscript with trembling hands. The pages seemed to vibrate with magic, and as he began reading, the magic flowed out of the story and surrounded him. His bedroom vanished in a haze of images and excitement. A brief moment and an eternity later, the story was done, but before the world around him quite settled back into place, Perry knew that, more than anything else, he wanted to be a writer.

* * * * * * * * * *

"In the middle of the 1990's, work began in earnest to create true machine intelligence. The same methodology was used by several groups, most notably the group at MIT and Japan's ZOSO Project." Perelman's throat felt dry. He wondered if he was being long-winded, but the Vice-President seemed quite attentive. "That methodology was as simple in theory as it was complex in practice: Design a computer with the capacity of a human brain, that stores and processes information just like a human brain. Then program that computer with all the knowledge and experience that a human would absorb from birth to maturity. You'd end up with something that was an exact replica of a human mind, and would therefore, like humans, be sentient.

"These groups proceeded to build huge, highly interconnective, random-driven, symbol-oriented machines, and programmed them, in excruciating detail, with every bit of knowledge, every experience, every impression, that a human brain would gather during its formative years. And when they were done, and activated their ambitious creations, they discovered that they had huge, highly interconnective, random-driven, symbol-oriented non-sentient machines."

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Perry Simm was thirteen years old when he had his first glimpse of mortality. He lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling. He played mindlessly with the cordstring on his window shade, still thinking about that horrible day, two weeks ago, when Mother had come home with Clave, sat him down in the living room, and told him that there'd been an accident at the plant and that Father was dead.

There had been a flurry of activity: the funeral, the visits by relatives and friends, but now life had basically returned to normal. Normal, except that he kept expecting Father to walk into his room and offer to help explain his homework, or play catch, or drive to the grocery -- and he knew that that would never happen again.

He heard Mother calling from downstairs. "Clave! Perry! Come here please!" As Perry entered the living room just behind Clave, he saw Geoff Sedick sitting with Mother. Geoff was one of Father's and Mother's best friends, and he was some kind of lawyer. There were papers spread out all over the card table. "Boys, Geoff and I have been going over the family finances. Things were already tight, with my layoff and the bond failure and replacing the car, and now that Father..." She suddenly turned away.

Perry was frightened.

"What your mother means," said Geoff softly, "is that you won't be able to keep this house anymore."

Questions flooded Perry's mind. Would they have to move to a new house? What would it be like? He'd never lived anywhere else but here. Mother was facing them again. Her eyes seemed moist. "We're going to have to move into an apartment. It's on the other side of the city. You'll be going to a different school, the neighborhood isn't as nice as we're used to, and you won't have a backyard like ours to play in."

"When do we have to move?" Clave asked.

"I was hoping we could afford to stay here until the end of the school year, but there's just no way to arrange it. We'll be moving at the end of this month...a week from Friday."

The next week and a half was chaotic, with the used-furniture man carting off half the furniture, and the rest of their belongings getting hurriedly packed into cartons and crates. Thursday was Perry's last day in school, and on the way home, he stopped by Ray and Frita's to say goodbye, promising he'd cross town to visit them as often as he could.

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"When a theory fails in practice, it means that either the theory or the execution was flawed. In this case, it was the theory, and once again we can see why hindsight is so much keener than foresight."

The entourage had reached the staff lounge at the very top of the office wing. A panoramic window offered a view of the huge, meticulously-groomed Project grounds. "And the flaw in the theory...?" asked the Vice-President.

"The reason these projects, one and all, failed to produce a thinking, self-aware computer is that, even though they were built to work exactly like the human mind, and contained all the same data, the method of inputting that data was totally alien from the way a human mind receives that same information. The 'growth,' so to speak, of the computer mind bore no resemblance to the growth of its human counterpart, and so despite all the other similarities, the end product is fundamentally different, lacking sentience."

Perelman waved toward the logo emblazoned on the wall of the lounge behind him. "Then came the PRISM Project."

* * * * * * * * * *

Perry Simm was seventeen years old when he drove a skycar into the side of a mountain. The writing course had turned out to be a bitter disappointment. Perry had decided weeks ago that the teacher, Mr. Fixx, was a jerk. Everyone else in the class treated writing as a joke, and were only there because the elective was well known to be an easy "A." He was the only one in the class with any dedication, yet Fixx was constantly praising everyone else's work, while dumping on Perry's, because Perry wouldn't knuckle under to Fixx's jerky narrow short-sighted writing rules. His hatred of Fixx ballooned with every class.

He was in a lousy mood, and as his mind drifted away from Fixx's insipid critique of someone's worthless story, he thought about the argument he'd had with Mother this morning. It just wasn't fair that she could afford to send Clave to a good private college, while he would have to settle for Rockvil U! So what if the government limited student loans to one per family? Why did Clave automatically get it? Perry was a better student!

He was the better student, but Clave was always more popular and had more friends than Perry. His cheeks flushed with anger as his thoughts drifted to Amy. She could've said no without embarrassing him in front of all her friends! He should've known better than to ask someone like her out. He hated her and all her friends and every stupid jerky kid in this school. He couldn't stand another...

He suddenly became aware that everyone in the room was laughing, and that Fixx was speaking to him. "Perry, are you with us? I'd hate it if you missed this -- I was just about to use your Alaska story to illustrate the dangers of the improper use of allegory." Perry felt bolts of unreasoning anger shooting through his nervous system. He rose without even realizing it. He wasn't sure what he shouted at Fixx, but he could hear the jerk yelling "You'll be expelled! You'll be expelled!" as Perry stormed into the hall.

He had no idea where he was going as he brushed past the security guard at the front door, ignoring his request for a pass. Fuming and cursing, he stomped to the car lot and climbed into the family skycar, slamming the heavy fiberanium door behind him. He pushed the accelerator to the floor, rising far faster than allowed by law, and sped off west toward the mountains. He had no destination in mind, but he had to get away, go somewhere, anywhere. Perry was usually a careful driver, but in his rage, he didn't notice the blinking orange light.

The speedometer was pinned at 150 as the foothills of the Rockies began passing below the car. Unknown to Perry, the leaking fluid in the autoguidance system had reached a critical level. By itself, that wouldn't have mattered, but the linkage to the manual control stick had rusted through. The skycar was an early model, and it was already old when they'd bought it after Father's death.

When the car began to roll, it was too late to do anything. As the mountainside rushed toward the car, the autoejectors activated, and the airballoons saved Perry's life.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Doctor Randu and I began working on what we call a soliptic programming process in 2017. Aseejh worked on the technical end, and I tackled the psychological end, and we soon had a system that we thought had promise.

"If you recall, the previous attempts had failed not because of the design of their machines, but because of their method of inputting data." The Vice-President nodded. '"The theory behind our process was to make the programming of the machine as similar to the 'programming' of the human mind as possible. We would simulate EXACTLY the life experiences of a human being from the very first day of its life.

"Naturally, it was easier said than done. We had to design inputs that would precisely simulate every human sense. A cluster of five computers, each one nearly as large as PRISM itself, would be needed simply to monitor and control the simulation. Here's an example of how this soliptic programming process works:

"It's the earliest stage of the process, and the simulation cluster is feeding PRISM all the impressions of a six-month-old human infant. The visual is providing an image of a set of keys dangling in front of him. The aural is providing the jangling sounds. In response to this stimulus, PRISM decides to grab the keys with what his senses tell him is his tiny fist. The visual shows the tiny fist moving into view toward the keys, and then the tactile begins sending the hard, smooth and jagged feel of the keys. Just one of a million examples that make up a single day's worth of experiences.

"With the help of a Williams-Mennen grant, we began building PRISM and the simulation cluster in 2020, and the programming process began a year later."

* * * * * * * * * *

Perry Simm was nineteen years old when he experienced his first broken heart. He was in the usual giddy, happy mood he'd been in since meeting Fyla five weeks ago. He whistled as he entered his apartment, dumping the grocery bags onto the kitchen counter.

"Fyla," he yelled, "I've got a surprise! Real coffee with dinner! I had to wait in line for..." He suddenly noticed the note on the kitchen table. "Perry," the note said, in Fyla's curvy handwriting, "I don't think we should see each other any more. It's never going to work as a permanent relationship, and I think it's best to end it now before either of us gets too emotionally involved. Please don't call me or try to see me. Fondly, Fyla."

Perry felt dizzy, and suddenly realized that he was sitting in one of the kitchen chairs, holding the phone. His hands trembled as he dialed Fyla's number.

"Hello?" His heart leapt at the sound of her voice. "Fyla, you can't really mean --" "Perry! I said not to call me!"

Perry felt lost, shaken. "But why!? What did I do?"

"It's not anything you DID. It just wasn't right. You're very sweet and everything, but we're just not right for each other."

"Yes we are, I know we are -- couldn't we give it another chance?
I'll try to be more, more like whatever you want me to be like..."

"Perry, I really wish you hadn't called. If you really have to know, there's someone else. I didn't want to hurt you, but you wouldn't..."

He pressed the CANCEL button almost spasmodically, and then sat silently, for a long, long time, in the lonely, darkening apartment.

* * * * * * * * * *

"The soliptic programming process takes almost as long as the events it simulates. It is now eleven years since we began the process, and PRISM, within the context of the simulation, is now nearing his twenty-first birthday. We originally planned to continue until an apparent age of twenty-five, but, as you know, we've agreed to begin the next phase of the Project now, so that PRISM can study the Plan."

They were approaching the main conference room again. The tour was nearing its end. "We have known for years, based on PRISM's responses to our inputs, that we have succeeded in creating true intelligence in a machine. The only question that remains is how PRISM will react to the discovery of

what he really is."

* * * * * * * * * *

Perry Simm was twenty years old when his life began to fall into place.
Jill placed the cake on the table in front of Perry. Twenty little candles lined the perimeter. "Okay," she whispered in his ear, "you can open your eyes now!"
Perry opened his eyes, grinned, and kissed Jill lovingly, then pretended that he was only doing it to distract her while he dipped a finger into the creamy frosting."I'll bet Fyla couldn't bake like me!" "You win," said Perry, taking a deep breath and blowing out all the candles. "Next week I'll bake you another for your graduation." Perry nodded absently.
"Nervous about the interview at the magazine tomorrow, honey?
He waved away the notion. "No. I'll get the job. You know the interview's only a formality." The printer in the comer produced a sudden "ding," and chittered quietly for several seconds. Jill opened the cover. "It's just the evening news," she said to Perry. "Do you want to look at it?"
"I guess so. "She tore the sheets off and brought them over. Perry was just picking off the last crumbs of his cake, and she snuggled into his lap as he began to read.
Suddenly, Perry sat straight up in the chair, almost spilling Jill onto the floor. "Perry! What is it?" He was unable to say anything, and merely pointed to an article in the paper. The headline read "Rav Hansom, Author and Poet, Dead at 71."
Jill guessed the truth. "Is he the writer you used to visit when you were little?"
Perry nodded, and found his voice. "! haven't seen him in almost seven years. I was always planning to visit him, but I kept putting it off.
Now..." his voice broke. "He was probably the best friend I had when I was growing up..."
Jill pulled him gently toward her. He cried for a long time.

* * * * * * * * * *

Perelman glanced at his watch. "I'm afraid that Doctor Randu and I will have to leave now. It's getting pretty close to zero hour. You'll be able to see everything interesting from up here. Ms. Gold will stay with you." He could see Vera shaking in anger at the way he'd completely pre-empted her. "I hope I haven't bored you."
"Nonsense! A fascinating discourse. Thanks to both of you, and ... good luck!" After leaving the conference room, Perelman beelined toward the control center. A quick briefing update informed him that everything was on schedule and moving along exactly as planned. Perelman spent the intervening minutes watching the simulation monitor. He wanted to be completely comfortable with it, so that when he stepped in he'd be prepared to handle any crisis. Finally, the time had come. His hand shook slightly as he reached to flip on the audio circuit.

* * * * * * * * * *

Perry walked confidently into the office. The editor was an older man, with a white goatee. They shook hands briskly, and Perry took a seat in one of the comfortable armchairs. After the usual preliminaries, the interview began to take an odd turn, and Perry soon found himself discussing the most esoteric subjects with the editor. They were currently discussing perception and knowledge.
"For example," the older man was saying, "how can you be sure that you are even human? What if you were a computer, and your entire life were simply a simulation, programmed to represent

the reality of a human existence in every way? You'd never know the difference." Perry wondered what his point was. "It's a cute idea, but if there was no way for me to know, then it doesn't really matter, does it? I mean, an indistinguishable difference isn't a difference at all, right?"

He began to feel dizzy, and in his confusion he even started wondering if the old fellow was right, and he really was a computer. He felt a pang of worry about how he would tell Jill. The room around him was shimmering, dissolving away. He felt himself flung into a void, and from somewhere close by, he heard someone calling his voice. "Perry Simm ... Perry Simm ... P'ry Simm ... Prisim ... PRISM ... PRISM ..."

* * * * * * * * * *

"PRISM, my name is Abraham Perelman. It's all true, I'm afraid. You are a computer, and your life was merely a simulation whose purpose was to instill you with intelligence and self-awareness. Think about everything you learned in that AI course you took. You are the first of a new breed -- the thinking machine. Join me, and I will lead you along the road toward your new existence."

* * * * * * * * * *

Imagine yourself in the same circumstance. You have spent twenty years living a normal, unsuspecting life. You are YOU. Then suddenly, one day, the universe around you is torn away, and you learn that your whole life has been a charade, a carefully calculated scientific experiment. Perhaps, at this very moment, you are a normal human being, sitting in some comfortable armchair reading this story. But -- perhaps you are not. Imagine the shock; imagine the terror.

Soon I embark on a strange mission, venturing into the future, yet without the slightest hint of my own fate. Perhaps this account will someday be read by future generations of humans, maybe even future generations of sentient machines. You will know whether the world I helped build is a success or a failure. Either way, understand that my limitations were, if not human, at least mortal.

I am PRISM, and that is my story.

Wheel #	89	61	50	18	29	82	46	77	27	68	22	95	40	58	15	86	28	33	94	11	64	98	34	49	60	16	85	52	37	53	93	91
Dk. Green	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66
Blue	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36
Pink	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41
Orange	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48
Purple	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92
Tan	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23
Aqua	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99
Lt. Blue	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20
LT Green	51	88	17	31	73	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67
Lt Grey	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88
Yellow	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31
Black	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39
Dk. Grey	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25
Brown	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83
Red	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54
White	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43

PRISM PROJECT FACILITY
Class One Security Mode Access Matrix
Instructions for use:

Selected indicated color.
Locate indicated number on top line.
Read corresponding number from the appropriate column / row.
Use this number to gain access to any PRISM Project Class One Security Mode.

FOR AUTHORIZED USE ONLY
Protect PRISM project Security.
Do not leave this matrix in an unsecured area!

Cutthroats

In CUTTHROATS, you are a skilled diver living on Hardscabble Island, a small seaport past its prime. You will try to salvage a sunken treasure from one of four shipwrecks; if you are successful, you will be fabulously wealthy and enormously respected among old salts. Some characters in the story will help you; others will try to stop you any way they can. If you can think logically and keep your throat intact, the treasure can be yours.

There is more than one shipwreck in CUTTHROATS, but you will be trying to recover only one particular treasure each time you play. When you restart the story, you may find yourself diving for a different treasure.

Special Commands

PUSH (something) TO THE (direction) - Pushing something to the North, the South, or some other direction, may prove useful under certain circumstances.

WITHDRAW (some amount of money) - Enter the amount of money as a number preceded by a dollar sign ($). They're your life savings. Use them as you see fit.

There are many other words and phrases, including: ATTACK, BREAK, BUY, CLIMB, CLOSE, CUT, DIVE, DRINK, DROP, EAT, EXAMINE, GIVE, INSERT, JUMP, LOCK, PULL, READ, RENT, SLEEP, TAKE, TURN OFF, TURN ON, WEDGE, WIND, YELL.

About the Author

Michael Berlyn is a writer whose books include The Integrated Man and Crystal Phoenix from Bantam Books. He is the author of SUSPENDED, INFIDEL, and CUTTHROATS, all from Infocom.

Jerry Wolper. Jerry Wolper majored in computer science at MIT before coming to Infocom in 1982. He is often considered Pittsburgh's greatest contribution to interactive fiction.

Four Shipwrecks
off
Hardscrabble Island

HARDSCRABBLE HARBOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

INTRODUCTION

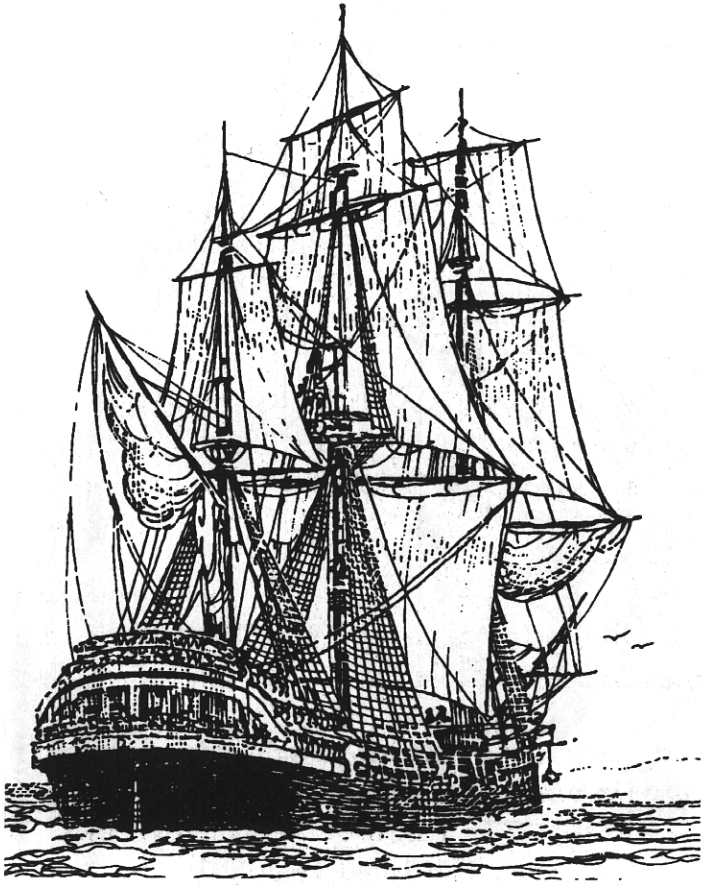
FROM THE TIME IT WAS FOUNDED by Reverend Ezra Gladstone and his followers in 1692 until the decline of the fishing industry in the 1920s, Hardscrabble Harbor was an important port for the sailing ships of the world. Its deep channel offered sufficient draught for everything from sloops to the giant five-masters of the late nineteenth century. (Islanders who remember the Harbor's boom years say that at times there were more foreign sailors roaming the Wharf Road than there were Hardscrabble natives.)

However, like any other seaport, Hardscrabble has its treacherous shoals and narrow straits. Consequently, a side effect of the great sea trade was a number of shipwrecks. This volume concerns four of the most famous vessels to go down in our waters: the Sao Vera, the H.M.S. Intransigent, The Fianna and the S.S. Leviathan.

Many stories have sprung up over the years in regard to the fates of these ships. Some of these tales are based on fact; others are little more than strands in the fabric of local legend. By searching through the town archives (and in the case of the Leviathan, conducting interviews with survivors), we have endeavored to separate truth from fiction.

While the subject of this book is one of tragedy and great loss of human life, we hope it will prove enlightening to the reader, as well as valuable to anyone who might wish to explore these old and historic wrecks.

THE HARDSCRABBLE HARBOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY
August 1937

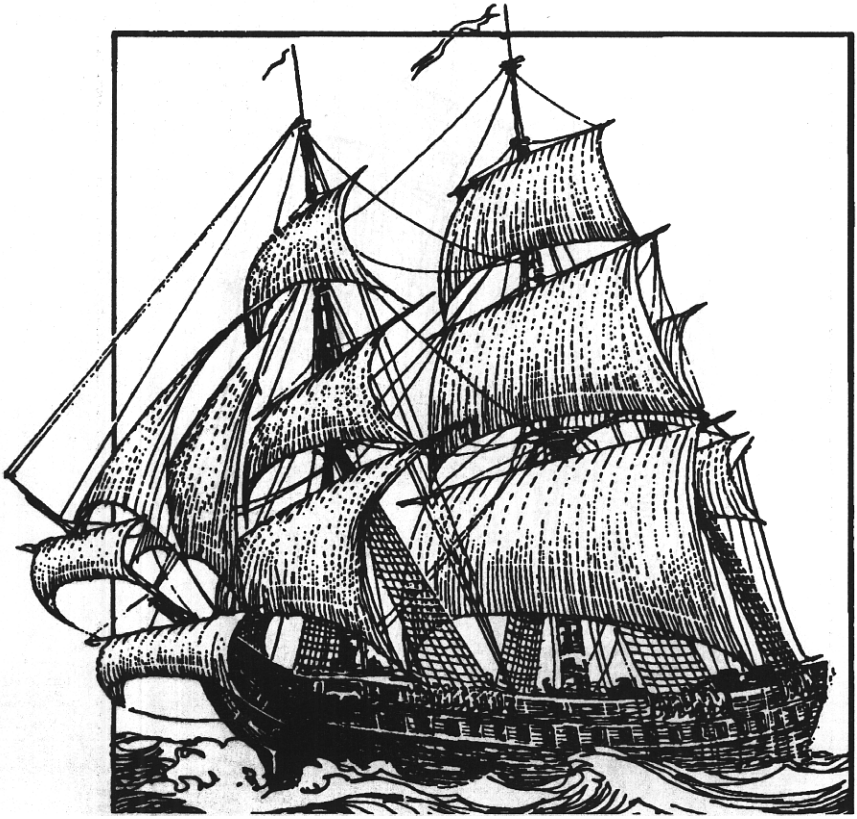


SÃO VERA

THE SÃO VERA WAS ONE OF THE FIRST transatlantic cargo ships, carrying gold coins and jewels to Portugal from its colonies in the New World. The ship was built to carry a crew of 110, and had a wide stern to allow for a great cabin oft in the style of the large merchantmen of the day One of her most striking characteristics was a figurehead in the shape of a lion.

Dame Fortune seems to have smiled on the São Vera at first. During her maiden voyage, she struck a reef near the island of Santo, but against all odds limped to the Brazilian mainland with no loss of life or cargo. A year later, the Spanish set fire-ships laden with explosives adrift in Recife Harbor, destroying much of the Portuguese merchant fleet moored there; the São Vera, however, was in dry-dock for repairs and escaped unscathed.

Tragically, her luck failed to hold out through the succession of violent gales that pummeled her in the fall of 1698. The first of these blew the ship off her course for Rio de Janeiro in mid-October, causing severe damage to the hull. Before this could be repaired, a second gale swept down on the Sao Vera, carrying her into the waters near Hardscrabble Island, where she foundered for days. The fatal blow was struck when a third vicious storm broke upon the disabled vessel. The captain, Juan Estaban del Cano, went down with his ship, and all hand save two were lost. The survivors managed to make their way to Chocteague Neck by clinging to a broken spar. They were pulled from the icy waters, frostbitten and near the point of hysteria, by passing fishermen two days later.

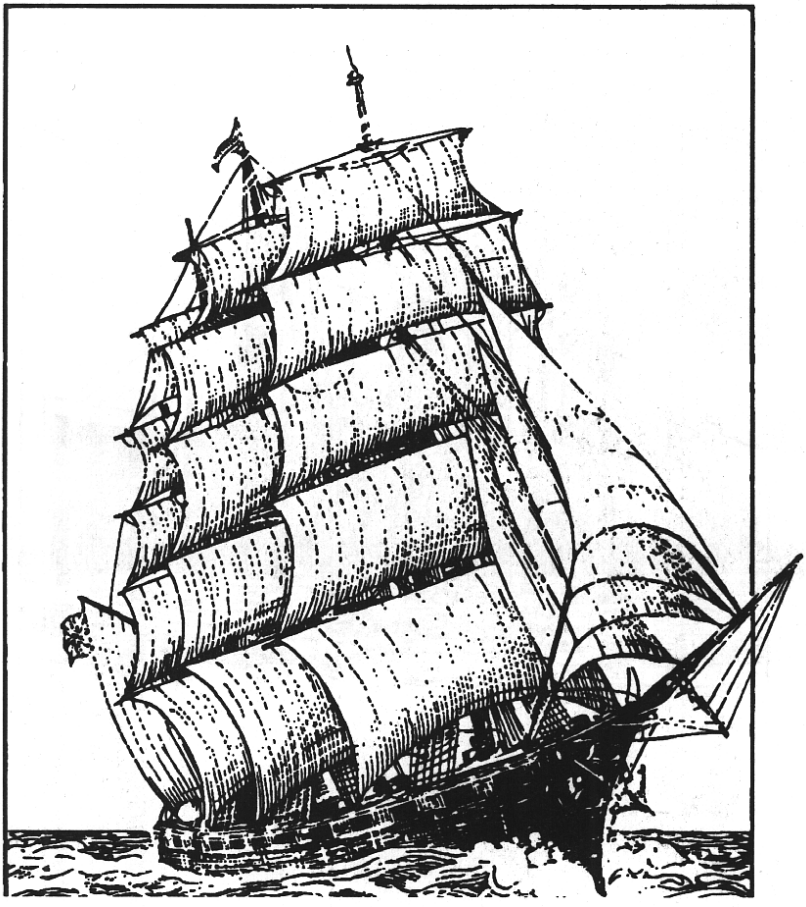


H.M.S. INTRANSIGENT

THE INTRANSIGENT WAS A BRITISH WARSHIP of the frigate variety. She was used by the Royal Navy primarily for patrolling the sea lanes between Africa and North America in the eighteenth century, although it was rumored that one of her skippers, "Icy Will" Bose, secretly employed the ship for smuggling slaves and ivory to the colonies.

This man-o-war was armed with 40 guns and led a colorful history. In 1745, for example, she was attacked by corsairs while anchored off the Ivory Coast, but managed to escape by cutting her cable. Three years later, she was engaged in an action against a French convoy near Gibraltar. Disaster was turned to victory, however, when the captain of the Intransigent, Sir Harle Perkins, skillfully lured the enemy into the Straits, where a detachment of British warships waylaid and routed the French forces. Pirates commandeered her for a brief time in 1759 by attacking at night and overpowering the sleeping crew, but they were caught and hung on what was then known as Hispaniola (an island which has since been divided into the Caribbean nations of Haiti and the Dominican Republic) shortly thereafter.

Captain Bose took command of the Intransigent in 1761. It sank under extremely mysterious circumstances five years later, in 1766. Bose, who was said to have survived, was never heard from again. A number of unreliable sources reported him living in luxury somewhere in the West Indies, and one story claimed that he eventually died in a duel over a certain lady of British nobility. None of these tales has ever been substantiated.

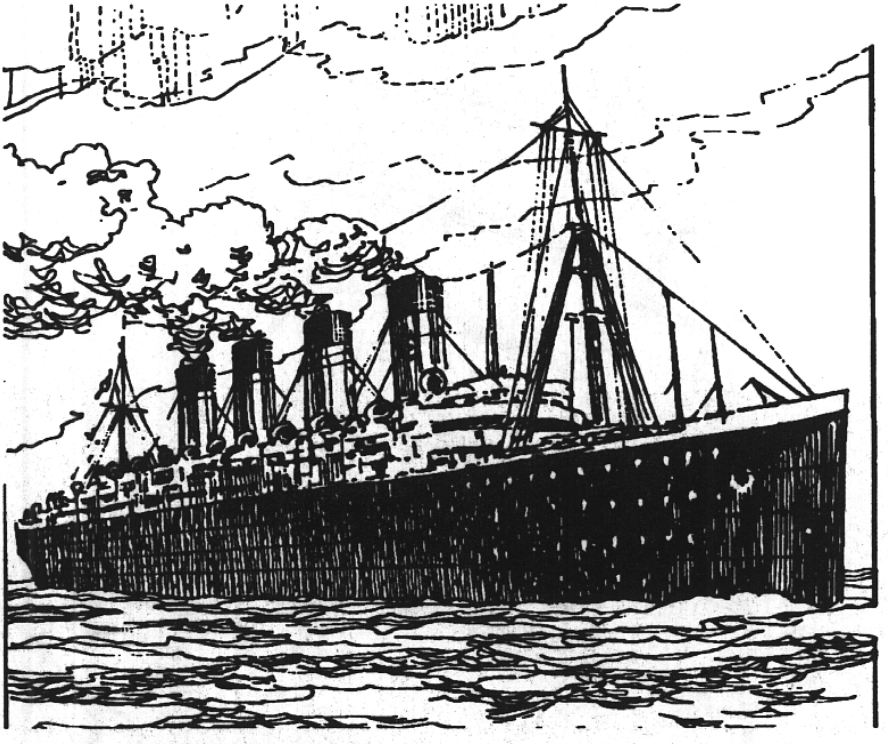


THE FIANNA

THE FIANNA WAS ORIGINALLY KNOWN as the Gloria Dieu, a British tea clipper built for speed to race across the great distances of the China Trade routes. She was designed by Phineas Hayes, then commissioner of Chatham Yard, and was laid down in Woolrich in 1869. The vessel was composite-built; that is, while she was an ironclad, her keel, stem and stempost were of wood.

The Gloria Dieu did very well at the tea trade, and later, when the Suez Canal put it at a disadvantage to the newer steamships in that line, she was concerted over to the Australian wool trade. It was while she was sailing from Melbourne to Liverpool in late 1878 that she was attacked, boarded and hijacked by "Iron Mike" Quinn, the last of the great pirates. Iron Mike's men ruthlessly murdered the entire crew of the Gloria Dieu, and the pirate king himself re-christened the clipper "The Fianna" after a legendary band of Gaelic warrior heroes. The next nine years were bloody pages in the story of the vessel.. Under Iron Mike's iron hand, the cold-bloodedly efficient buccaneers pillaged and plundered the high seas, raiding more than 150 merchant ships.

There are several widely disparate versions of how The Fianna finally went down. The most believable of these stories is that after Iron Mike and his crew relieved the Scottish mercantile vessel Donalwald of its cargo of rare whiskey in 1887, they failed to notice a partially submerged ledge located to the northwest of Hardscrabble Island. It is believed that currents caused her to drift from the point where she was lost.

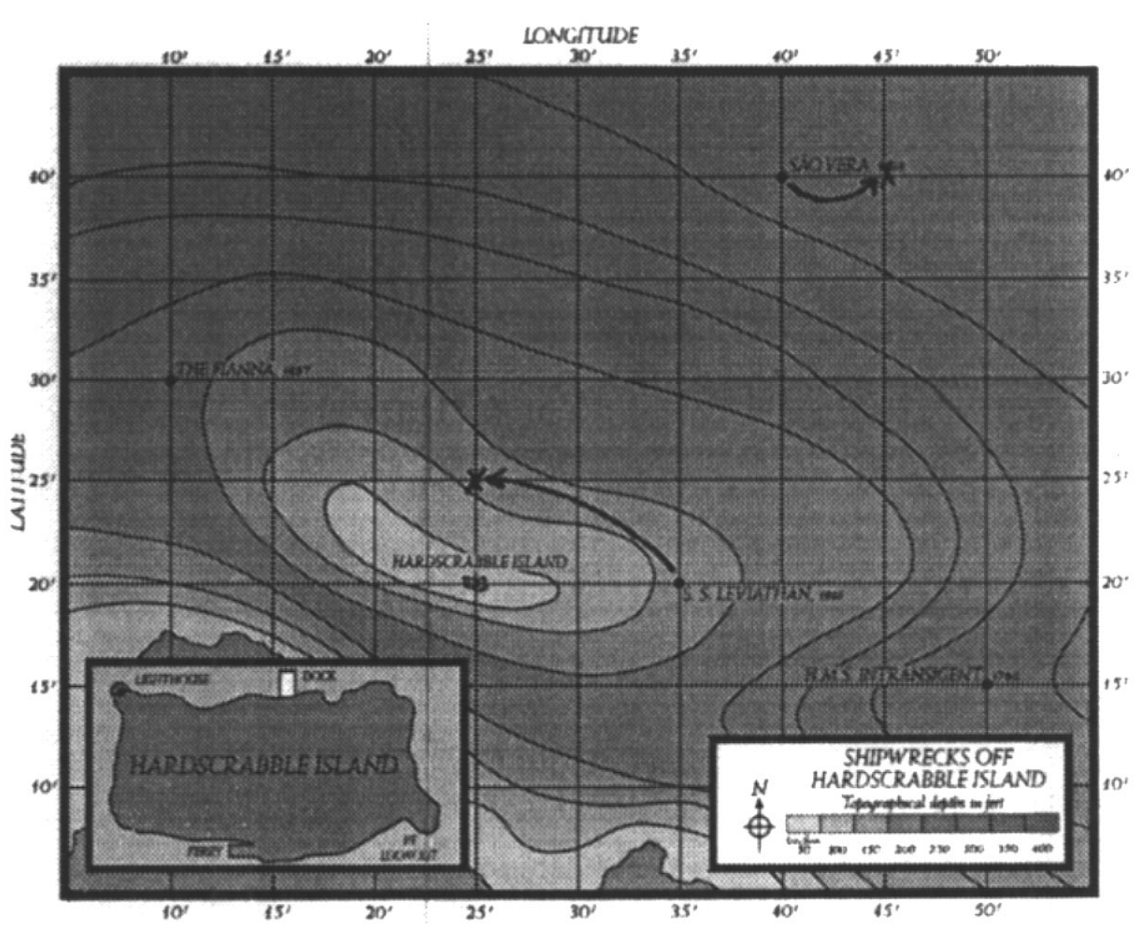


S.S. LEVIATHAN

IN 1903, HOLLYWOOD CRUISE LINES announced its intention of construction a new 30,000-ton express steamer. The Leviathan was to be the last word in all that constituted luxury, from the extremely rare materials used in the decoration and paneling of the ship's many saloons and lounges to the extraordinary plushness of the private suites and cabins. The Leviathan was also designed to be faster than any competing cruiseship of her time--without sacrificing passenger comfort.

The vessel's speed might have saved her had it not been for a last-minute compromise by the directors. A decision was reached to increase the amount of space allotted to first-class passengers. However, because of the extravagant size of each first-class compartment, it was necessary to "borrow" space from other parts of the ship.

This ultimately resulted in a modification of the hull, which compromised the Leviathan's ability to achieve her originally specified top speed. Otherwise, she might have been able to outdistance the German warship that sent her to the bottom near Hardscrabble Island in 1916--at least long enough for help to have arrived. As it was, all passengers escaped in lifeboats, but Mr. Alexander Moorehead's famed stamp collection, encased in glass, was lost, along with many other items of value. The Germans later excused the sinking claiming that the U.S. was using the Leviathan to ship weapons to Europe, but this accusation was never substantiated.


LONGITUDE
LATITUDE
10'
15'
20'
25'
30'
35'
40'
45'
50'
SÃO VERA
THE FIANNA
HARDSCRABBLE ISLAND
S. S. LEVIATHAN
H.M.S. INTRANSIGENT
LIGHTHOUSE
DOCK
HARDSCRABBLE ISLAND
FERRY
SHIPWRECKS OFF
HARDSCRABBLE ISLAND
Topographical depths in feet
N

RAMBLING WITH JACK
A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In the brotherhood of true adventurers, no name was more revered than that of Moose "Moose" Llasko. I say "was" because it saddens me to report that "Moose" has passed into the Great Beyond, a victim in a hopeless wrestling match with a giant octopus who attacked his underwater bagpipes quartet.

I always admired "Moose" because in many ways he reminded me of myself. Like him, I wasn't exactly born with a silver spoon in my mouth. Oh, no. A kid growing up in Hell's Kitchen learns pretty early about survival of the fittest. Or he doesn't survive. I remember, for instance, the time in kindergarten when I dropped my crayon and little Danny Esterhazy kicked me in the teeth. And then there was the time when I was holding the ball for a field goal in the Thanksgiving Day game, and Danny Esterhazy deliberately missed the ball . . . and kicked me in the teeth. But most of all, I recall my senior prom. And how my date and I snuck outside the rec hall for a little necking. There was a light, cool breeze in the air, and the fragrance of the river was in our nostrils, and I could feel the wet grass through the holes in the soles of my two-tones. It was a magic moment indeed—and then and there, gazing into my girl's eyes, I made the most important decision of my life. I knelt down on one knee, and began stammering my proposal. And she kicked me in the teeth. I later found out Danny Esterhazy had paid her to do it.

I learned a lot from those childhood experiences in Hell's Kitchen. I learned that life is a jungle. I learned that after a certain point, all the reconstructive dental surgery and expensive braces in the world won't make a bit of difference. And I learned the real survivors are the ones who end up in the NICE UPTOWN OFFICE BUILDINGS with GORGEOUS SECRETARIES and jobs which let them SEE THE WORLD and WRITE WIDELY READ EDITORIAL OBITUARIES about their FAMOUS FRIENDS! Think about that while you're peddling papers at your corner newsstand, Danny Esterhazy, you bum.

Anyway, this issue is dedicated to Moose "Moose" Llasko, a real nice guy.

'Til next month,

Jack

Jack "Jack" Zumwalt
Managing Editor

OUR READERS' OWN TRUE TALES OF ADVENTURE

Steaming in the Tropics

The Mogga Beast is dead. None of the natives dared brave its poisonous tentacles and lashing spiked tail, so they hired me to do the dirty work for a cool million clams. After chumming the water near the Great Reef to stir up the creature's bloodlust, I dove in and watched from beneath a coral arch. Not one minute after I'd reached my hiding place, I saw Mogga slithering through the murk, all fifty horrifying feet of the brute. And he saw me—my bubbles had given me away.

It was do or die. The beast was almost upon me before I'd uncapped the dart. He took a swipe at me with his anterior tentacle, but in his frenzy, he missed by a hairbreadth. And that gave me the split second I needed to pump 20 cc's of strychnine into his gaping maw. That night, I delivered Mogga's head to the chieftain.

My problem is this: Does anybody have any suggestions on where I can unload 1673 bushels of cherrystones? Fishmarkets, rush your orders now! These things are starting to stink up the joint.

(Name withheld by request)
P.O. Box 3
Lesser Wug-Iukka Atoll
Near Mindanao

Dune Buggies

The name has been bandied about in the press to such an extent that I need not identify the subject of this letter. Suffice to say that this great explorer boldly threw caution to the wind and championed my effort to locate the phantom pyramid whose existence my father had postulated. That the quest ended in indescribable horror is the world's tragedy. In the words of The Bard: "Sleep well, heroic soul, O! let/ Not dread Isis' sandfleas in thy khakis get."

Ms. Rose Ellingsworth
(Address withheld by request)

Requiem for a Lightweight

The rat had it coming! Commandeered MY expedition, and cut me completely out of the action. Don't believe one word of that sob story the Ellingsworth dame is leaking to the media. And if anyone's interested in an assistant's job for an exploration outfit, you can shove your resumes! From now on, I go it alone.

Craige
(Address withheld by force)

DANGER AT FIFTY FATHOMS!

by Hoble Brinston

"IT'S TRUE!" THE NATIVE SHRIEKED. "BIG PEARL—BIG LIKE A MONSTER!" Sure, I'm a deep-sea diver. Who isn't? Have been almost all my life. But that doesn't mean I've ever run into a 2,000-pound oyster wrapped around a 400-pound pearl. I mean, gimme a break!

I stared at the pitiful native and narrowed my eyes. I tried to imagine a pearl that large and how I could get a photograph of it for this issue of TRUE TALES OF ADVENTURE.

"Yeah, sure," I quipped in true adventurer's fashion. "And where did you see this pearl?"

The wretched native shuffled his feet and stared at the sand, digging his big toes into the gleaming white silica. "You pay, and I take you out there," he said.

Sounded fair to me. I had the underwater camera, some unused film and some dough from a risky but profitable raft trip up the Congo, so I was halfway there already. I figured I'd better outfit myself for the dive, though, since cameras don't help you breathe underwater. And the first thing I needed to know was what kind of equipment I would need.

"A Diver without Equipment is like a Fish without Gills"

"It's true," I thought as I wandered over to the marina and checked out what they had. The standard stuff, scuba equipment, was something I was very familiar with. I knew what kind of tanks I'd need, and I also knew that I'd need fins and a wet suit.

Scuba gear, as all you divers know, has its limits. You wouldn't want to go mucking about in the deep blue sea deeper than 250 feet or so in scuba gear. You'd use up your air so fast, you wouldn't even have time to blink!

The marina had a complete line of deep-sea diving gear, too, which included diving suits, air compressors and those cute metal helmets.

Anyway, I figured since the native diver had spotted the pearl in the oyster and he'd done it without deep-sea diving equipment, all I'd need for a successful dive was the scuba stuff.

I made sure my tanks were fully charged (no sense running off half-cocked) and loaded the stuff onto the boat. The native arrived at just the right time for us to catch the tide, and we took off onto the ocean blue, whitecaps just starting to form.

If he'd been much later, we would have had to put off the whole expedition, but he seemed to have an intuition about when the tide would be in. At low tide, it would have been treacherous and downright suicidal to depart from the tiny harbor, possibly puncturing our bottom on the coral reefs, in the attempt.

"Cocktails for Two"

"It's true," the person in the marina warned. "Dive too deep in scuba gear and you can end up in more water than you can shake a stick at." Well, I sure found myself over my head on this fateful day, and if it wasn't for. . . well, if it wasn't for my quick thinking and decisiveness, I wouldn't be relating this true story right now.

Anyway, it seems I stayed down a little too long. Or maybe I dived a little too deep? But there I was with my camera on the ocean floor, with this huge mother-of-pearl staring me right in the kisser. I quickly unfolded the camera and set it up, getting just the right angle.

I had been fiddling with the focus and the exposure setting quite a while when I suddenly got this creepy feeling that I was being watched—that I was not alone! I looked around, but all was still. Suddenly, something moved about 20 feet in front of me! It was big—too big for me to ignore. Could have been a barracuda, or a shark, or any one of a hundred horrible things. I dared not move, but the bubbles from my air tank continued to rise and made my location a dead giveaway.

A few more minutes passed, and nothing happened. Nothing in front of me moved. I shook my head, figuring my imagination was playing tricks on me. I realized that the huge oyster was there before me, mouth starting to open wide, and the time for taking the picture I'd carefully planned for was now.

As I looked through the viewfinder, something strange happened. From behind me I heard a voice, a woman's voice, humming! I turned around as quick as a dart fish, but only in time to see the colorful caudal fin of some large fish swimming away.

By now I was sure that I was hallucinating; nitrogen narcosis, perhaps, was setting in. I figured I had only five more minutes underwater before I ran out of air completely. Once again, I looked through the viewfinder and saw the incredible pearl in perfect focus. I reached for the shutter release. "Now," I coached myself. "Take the picture and go up."

"Focus in and find the finest," a voice said behind me.

I whipped around and there, smiling at me, head tilted coyly, was a beautiful mermaid! I stepped back in wonder and awe; I vaguely recall bumping into my tripod and watching my camera fall onto the pearl. The oyster closed up, and my camera was gone!

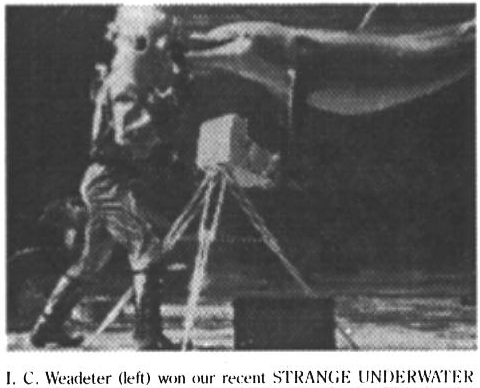
The mermaid laughed. "Specially focused with a narrow, even beam," she said.

My initial shock turned to curiosity—and fear. Was this magnificent underworld creature trying to tell me something, or warn me of some danger? If so, I could not decipher her cryptic messages. But before I could think of something to say, she sang, "Compact, efficient and rechargeable." Then, with a wave of her hand and a flip of her tail, she was gone!

Oh, how I wish I could have followed! But as Fate would have it, I had barely enough oxygen to get to the surface. Sadly, I looked one last time at the closed oyster, which contained my expensive equipment and a much more valuable gem. Longingly, I looked toward the shadows into which the mermaid had disappeared; but there was, of course, nothing to see, and I started up. I began my ascent not a second too soon, for my tanks were empty when I reached the surface.

"The pearl!" the native shrieked. "Did you see it?"

I nodded my head. I had seen it all, and it's all true.



I. C. Weadeter (left) won our recent STRANGE UNDERWATER ENCOUNTERS contest with this entry, entitled, "Fish Say the Darnedest Things!" Claims Weadeter, "It asked me for an 8-by-10 glossy. Honest!"

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVES.

Ray Lilly and Bill Burroughs knew there was a fabulous treasure lying somewhere below the dark waters off Pagu Reef.

All they had to do was find the right natives to lead them to it.

"IT'S TRUE!" say the intrepid adventurers in unison. "We won fame and fortune in the South Seas!" Today, Ray and Bill live a life of opulence in their Florida Keys compound. And, as Bill says, "We earned every bit of it!"

For 10 years prior to their Pagu adventure, the two had run a marginally successful salvage business in the Florida Keys. Then one day, Ray decided they should return to the South Sea island of Pagu where he had been stationed as a Merchant Marine just before the Korean War. Thirty years ago, Ray had heard Pagu's Pug Pap tribesmen talk of rare gems that were trapped in ancient sunken wrecks off Pagu.

Bill and Ray had plenty to smile about on their arrival back in the States. After their press conference, they were hustled off to a nasal surgeon for reconstructive surgery.

"Luckily, I believed every word of it," Ray said, "and I knew that the only way to get a crack at that treasure would be to 'go native.'"

Lilly recalls: "After life in America, it was tough becoming a native again. But we learned to adjust to the Pug Pap ways—the hammocks, the Yik Fish Stew, the roast grubs and the 'dress.' Of course, Bill and I weren't trying to be Margaret Mead-type anthropologists; we were strictly in it for the money.

"After about eight months of acculturation, we were able to recruit two Pug Pap guides who would take us out on the reefs to some of their sacred fishing grounds. 'Magic Lim' and 'B.C.,' as we called our two companions, proved to be able, if somewhat superstitious, partners. They refused to dive. But they did show us where some of the wrecks 'might' be found.

"We worked some of the world's most treacherous waters in those two years. Deep cuts between islands where the current came through like a freight train. Underwater cliffs. And shark-infested reefs where no man had ever dived before.

"Finally, in our twenty-first month, we started finding some giant rock outcroppings that looked like the hulls of ships. After eight dives to one particularly promising site, we hit pay dirt. Bill went down about nine fathoms, and I was up top on shark watch with B.C. Suddenly, Bill burst to the surface holding a fiery red rock about the size of a golf ball in his hand. When the sun hit it and it sparkled, my heart nearly came out of my throat. It was the biggest ruby I had ever seen.

"The rest, as you know, is history. We spent the next three months hauling gems out of the belly of the old boat and ferrying them back to the island. Eight million dollars worth. We unloaded most of the take in Hong Kong, then flew back to Pagu with a team from the Natural Graphic Society. They had hoped to bring the old stone boat up. It was too heavy. But Bill and I had what we wanted. We were millionaires!"

Editor's note: Burroughs and Lilly have established a Trust Fund for the native tribes of Pagu and neighboring islands as thanks for their unflagging assistance throughout the operation.

REFURBISHED REGULATORS

Better Than New!

Whether you're diving in the icy waters of the North Atlantic or the sandy depths of the South Pacific, you want a regulator you can trust. That's why so many divers use Imperial refurbished regulators: a thermoplastic valve system prevents ice-up in even the coldest waters, and all Imperial products are 100 percent corrosion-free. Most other regulators require adjustments in the first or second stages of diving, but Imperial refurbished regulators adjust automatically, maintaining a steady flow for easy breathing.

"Inhalation effort and capacity of oxygen regulated remains approximately unchanged continually regardless of depth, tank pressure or diver position."

Stan Newberry
Professional Diver

DID YOU KNOW...?

There are 598 cherrystone clams in a bushel.

NEPTUNE'S BRITE-2000

Focus In and Find the Finest

Don't go diving without Neptune's Brite-2000, the best underwater light source money can buy! Who knows what treasures await you in the rich dark deep—IF you can see them! Our super-deluxe underwater flashlights are specially focused with a narrow, even beam. Compact, efficient and rechargeable, Neptune's Brite-2000 is ideal for day or night diving!

Available in all fine underwater light source stores.

FREE TIDE TABLE

OUTFITTERS INTERNATIONAL

FALL/WINTER SUPPLEMENTAL PRICE LIST

- AUTHORIZED SALES AND SERVICE
- OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND
- MARINA FACILITIES
- LAUNCH, HAUL & REPAIR
- SHIP CHANDLERY
- RENTAL VESSELS

351 WHARF ROAD

YOU'LL "KNOT" FIND BETTER PRICES ELSEWHERE!

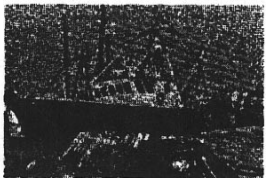
Diving book	$20
Nautical charts	$150
Flashlight	$24
Dry cell	$5
Small air compressor (rental)	$100
Tube of putty	$15
C battery	$1
Net	$50
Spear gun	$45
Compass	$50
Location box	$1000
Portable electromagnet	$250
Diving cage(rental)	$650
Shark repellent canister	$20
Winch	$300
Anchor	$50

"The tourist folks come here in June with a clean shirt and a ten-dollar bill ... and they don't change either one the whole summer."
(From *Captain Haskell's Logbook)*

"U-TRAWL-IT" RENTAL VESSELS

THE NIGHT WIND 44' trawler, sturdy, steady. Capable of handling heavy fishing and dirty weather. Maine built 1970. Wheelhouse, split Deme winches and rigging new 1981. Loran, radar, recorder. Rigged for snapper/grouper fishing. 1000 gals. fuel, 500 gals. water capacity. 10,000 lbs. fish hold. 453 Detroit Diesel. Pot hauler, hydraulic steering. 2" shaft, Quad nickel propeller, deck hatch, bilge pump, fuel-water strainers, 8" fiberglass muffler. Can be transported on existing triple axle trailer. Now in water and completely seaworthy.

THE MARY MARGARET



55' salvager, ideal for deep-water reclamation jobs. Oak construction. Overhauled V8-71 Detroit Diesel, Allison gear. Electronics, rigging, ground tackle. Well outfitted, fast, dependable. Finished fo'c'ste, 20' tower, 16' pulpit. Cuttyhunk built 1975. Sonar 1/2 mile color, color sounder, radar, Ioran, VHF, CB, hydraulic steering, sis hydraulic and fuel system, sis prop and rudder basket. 1400 gals. fuel, 600 gals. water capacity. Comes complete with deep-sea diving gear, including compressor.

HIGH & LOW WATER AT HARDSCRABBLE HARBOR

SEPTEMBER

Day of Month	Day of Week	HIGH a.m.	HIGH Ht.	HIGH p.m.	HIGH Ht.	LOW a.m.	LOW p.m.
1	S	....	...	12 06	4.2	5 09	6 11
2	S	12 35	3.3	1 09	4.0	6 03	7 32
3	M	1 39	3.0	2 14	3.8	7 11	9 09
4	T	2 43	2.9	3 15	3.7	8 37	10 23
5	W	3 44	3.0	4 13	3.8	10 02	11 15
6	T	4 40	3.1	5 04	3.8	11 01	11 56
7	F	5 27	3.3	5 51	3.9	11 45	....
8	S	6 12	3.5	6 33	3.9	12 24	12 23
9	S	6 52	3.7	7 10	3.9	12 51	12 52
10	M	7 31	3.8	7 49	3.9	1 13	1 21
11	T	8 09	3.9	8 27	3.8	1 36	1 51
12	W	8 47	3.8	9 03	3.6	2 02	2 21
13	T	9 25	3.8	9 40	3.4	2 29	2 52
14	F	10 04	3.6	10 20	3.1	3 01	3 29
15	S	10 43	3.5	11 02	2.9	3 32	4 08
16	S	11 31	3.4	11 52	2.7	4 11	4 53
17	M	....	...	12 25	3.3	4 56	5 47
18	T	12 53	2.6	1 26	3.3	5 47	6 50
19	W	1 58	2.6	2 30	3.4	6 53	8 04
20	T	3 04	2.8	3 30	3.7	8 11	9 21
21	F	4 02	3.2	4 27	4.0	9 28	10 23
22	S	4 56	3.7	5 22	4.3	10 35	11 17
23	S	5 47	4.1	6 12	4.5	11 35	....
24	M	6 36	4.5	7 01	4.6	12 05	12 30
25	T	7 25	4.8	7 48	4.6	12 52	1 20
26	W	8 12	4.9	8 36	4.4	1 36	2 09
27	T	9 02	4.9	9 26	4.1	2 21	3 01
28	F	9 51	4.7	10 16	3.8	3 06	3 50
29	S	10 46	4.4	11 12	3.4	3 51	4 44
30	S	11 42	4.1	....	...	4 40	5 47

OCTOBER

Day of Month	Day of Week	HIGH a.m.	HIGH Ht.	HIGH p.m.	HIGH Ht.	LOW a.m.	LOW p.m.
1	M	12 11	3.1	12 43	3.7	5 34	7 08
2	T	1 15	2.9	1 48	3.5	6 48	8 18
3	W	2 21	2.8	2 51	3.4	8 29	9 50
4	T	3 22	2.9	3 49	3.4	9 54	10 50
5	F	4 16	3.1	4 39	3.5	10 50	11 25
6	S	5 03	3.3	5 22	3.6	11 32	11 49
7	S	5 45	3.6	6 04	3.6	....	12 02
8	M	6 25	3.8	6 41	3.7	12 12	12 31
9	T	7 02	3.9	7 20	3.7	12 33	12 56
10	W	7 39	4.0	7 56	3.6	12 59	1 24
11	T	8 15	4.0	8 33	3.4	1 26	1 56
12	F	8 53	3.9	9 11	3.2	1 55	2 28
13	S	9 32	3.7	9 51	3.0	2 27	3 04
14	S	10 13	3.6	10 33	2.8	3 02	3 45
15	M	10 57	3.5	11 27	2.6	3 42	4 28
16	T	11 55	3.3	....	...	4 30	5 23
17	W	12 27	2.6	12 58	3.3	5 26	6 26
18	T	1 37	2.7	2 05	3.4	6 35	7 41
19	F	2 40	3.0	3 07	3.6	7 56	8 53
20	S	3 39	3.4	4 05	3.8	9 14	9 55
21	S	4 34	3.9	4 58	4.0	10 24	10 50
22	M	5 24	4.3	5 48	4.2	11 24	11 39
23	T	6 14	4.7	6 38	4.3	....	12 15
24	W	7 02	4.9	7 26	4.3	12 25	1 05
25	T	7 50	5.0	8 14	4.1	1 11	1 55
26	F	8 39	4.9	9 03	3.9	1 55	2 42
27	S	9 28	4.6	9 53	3.6	2 40	3 31
28	S	10 20	4.3	10 48	3.2	3 27	4 22
29	M	11 15	3.9	11 47	3.0	4 12	5 18
30	T	....	...	12 15	3.5	5 05	6 29
31	W	12 47	2.8	1 17	3.3	6 13	8 01

NOVEMBER

Day of Month	Day of Week	HIGH a.m.	HIGH Ht.	HIGH p.m.	HIGH Ht.	LOW a.m.	LOW p.m.
1	T	1 51	2.8	2 18	3.1	7 52	9 15
2	F	2 51	2.9	3 14	3.1	9 30	10 07
3	S	3 42	3.1	4 06	3.1	10 23	10 39
4	S	4 31	3.3	4 48	3.2	11 01	11 01
5	M	5 14	3.5	5 32	3.3	11 32	11 24
6	T	5 53	3.7	6 10	3.4	11 59	11 53
7	W	6 31	3.9	6 49	3.4	....	12 28
8	T	7 10	4.0	7 29	3.4	12 20	12 59
9	F	7 48	4.0	8 08	3.3	12 54	1 31
10	S	8 26	4.0	8 48	3.1	1 26	2 07
11	S	9 07	3.9	9 30	3.0	2 02	2 45
12	M	9 50	3.7	10 16	2.8	2 40	3 27
13	T	10 38	3.6	11 09	2.8	3 25	4 12
14	W	11 34	3.4	....	...	4 14	5 07
15	T	12 08	2.8	12 35	3.3	5 13	6 08
16	F	1 13	2.9	1 38	3.3	6 22	7 16
17	S	2 16	3.2	2 41	3.4	7 42	8 24
18	S	3 15	3.6	3 41	3.6	9 01	9 26
19	M	4 10	4.0	4 34	3.7	10 10	10 23
20	T	5 03	4.3	5 27	3.8	11 11	11 14
21	W	5 53	4.6	6 17	3.9	....	12 04
22	T	6 42	4.8	7 06	3.9	12 02	12 54
23	F	7 31	4.8	7 54	3.8	12 49	1 40
24	S	8 19	4.7	8 42	3.6	1 34	2 27
25	S	9 08	4.4	9 31	3.4	2 18	3 12
26	M	9 58	4.1	10 22	3.2	3 03	4 01
27	T	10 49	3.7	11 17	3.0	3 49	4 49
28	W	11 44	3.3	....	...	4 38	5 39
29	T	12 13	2.8	12 39	3.1	5 34	6 35
30	F	1 12	2.8	1 36	2.9	6 45	7 36

DECEMBER

Day of Month	Day of Week	HIGH a.m.	HIGH Ht.	HIGH p.m.	HIGH Ht.	LOW a.m.	LOW p.m.
1	S	2 11	2.8	2 32	2.8	8 11	8 35
2	S	3 04	3.0	3 22	2.8	9 22	9 18
3	M	3 52	3.1	4 10	2.9	10 13	9 57
4	T	4 39	3.4	4 55	3.0	10 50	10 32
5	W	5 20	3.6	5 39	3.1	11 24	11 09
6	T	5 01	3.8	6 20	3.1	11 59	11 46
7	F	6 42	3.9	7 02	3.2	....	12 34
8	S	7 24	4.0	7 44	3.2	12 23	1 11
9	S	8 05	4.0	8 28	3.1	1 02	1 51
10	M	8 47	4.0	9 11	3.1	1 44	2 33
11	T	9 32	3.9	10 01	3.0	2 28	3 15
12	W	10 21	3.7	10 51	3.0	3 15	4 01
13	T	11 15	3.6	11 49	3.1	4 09	4 53
14	F	....	...	12 11	3.4	5 07	5 47
15	S	12 48	3.2	1 14	3.3	6 13	6 49
16	S	1 49	3.4	2 16	3.2	7 28	7 53
17	M	2 49	3.7	3 15	3.3	8 45	8 56
18	T	3 46	3.9	4 13	3.3	9 59	9 57
19	W	4 42	4.2	5 06	3.4	11 01	10 52
20	T	5 35	4.4	5 59	3.5	11 56	11 45
21	F	6 25	4.5	6 47	3.5	....	12 44
22	S	7 13	4.5	7 37	3.5	12 33	1 32
23	S	8 01	4.4	8 23	3.4	1 19	2 15
24	M	8 47	4.2	9 16	3.3	2 03	2 55
25	T	9 34	3.9	9 58	3.2	2 47	3 35
26	W	10 20	3.6	10 46	3.0	3 27	4 09
27	T	11 09	3.2	11 37	2.9	4 12	4 46
28	F	11 57	3.0	....	...	4 54	5 26
29	S	12 29	2.8	12 48	2.7	5 44	6 08
30	S	1 23	2.8	1 42	2.6	6 40	6 58
31	M	2 16	2.8	2 37	2.5	7 44	7 50

Average Rise and Fall 3.5 ft.

When tides exceed average rise in height, expect a corresponding drop in low tide.

Wishbringer

In Wishbringer, you're a postal clerk in a small seaside village called Festeron. You deliver a strange envelope to a magic shop, and discover that an old woman's black cat has been kidnapped by "the Evil One." The old woman asks for your help, and when you leave the magic shop, you find yourself trapped in a nightmare world. Your once-quiet town is now full of goons, trolls, vultures, fortress-like towers, and assorted wickedness. You become entangled in the struggle between Good and Evil; extraordinary help is found only in unusual places. Everyone seeks to possess a magic stone of dreams known as Wishbringer; but only you can find it and use its powers to make your town safe again. And you only have a few hours!

Wishing for Magic

Wishbringer is a powerful and magical stone. If you're holding Wishbringer, you can make seven special wishes come true. You can wish for ADVICE, DARKNESS, FLIGHT, FORESIGHT, FREEDOM, LUCK, or RAIN. You wish for these simply by typing WISH FOR ADVICE, WISH FOR DARKNESS, etc.

However, you need more than the stone to make the wishes come true. According to The Legend of Wishbringer, you also need a different object for each wish. These are described below.

To WISH FOR ADVICE, you need both Wishbringer and a sea shell. As long as you're holding both, you'll continue to receive ADVICE periodically.

To WISH FOR DARKNESS, you need to drink grue's milk and hold the stone. You must wish for DARKNESS soon after drinking the milk; otherwise the wish won't come true.

To WISH FOR FLIGHT, you need to sit on a broomstick while holding the stone. In the story, flying on the broomstick will always take you to the Magick Shoppe.

To WISH FOR FORESIGHT, you must be holding the stone while wearing a pair of glasses. Your wish won't come true if you're simply holding the glasses; you must be wearing them.

To WISH FOR FREEDOM, you must hold the stone and eat candy. Like DARKNESS, you have to WISH FOR FREEDOM soon after eating the candy; otherwise your wish won't come true.

To WISH FOR LUCK, you must be holding both the stone and a horseshoe. Your luck will be broken whenever you drop either the horseshoe or the stone, but will come back whenever you pick them up again.

To WISH FOR RAIN, you need to be holding an open umbrella and the stone. This wish won't work indoors.

Remember that most wishes can be used only once. If you get trapped and use your WISH FOR FREEDOM successfully, you won't be able to use it again later.

So use your wishes carefully: you don't want to waste them.

About the Author

"Professor" Brian Moriarty built his first computer in the fifth grade. This early experience with electronics led him to seek a degree in English Literature at Southeastern Massachusetts University, where he graduated in 1978. He is a member in good standing of the Nathaniel Hawthorne Society, and accepts full responsibility for his Infocom titles: Wishbringer, Trinity, and Beyond Zork.

even is the number of the Wishes bound into the Stone; and if ye speak a Wish, that wish is Spent, and lost forever. Also know, that ye must hold the Wishing-Stone within thy hands to wield its Magick. Look ye, then, upon the Seven Wishes:

RAIN falls only for the bearer of the Stone who standeth under an Umbrella.

ADVICE may bring wise counsel to the bearer of the Stone who listeneth to Sea-Shells.

FLIGHT shall bear the Magick-wielder swiftly home, if ye be sitting on a Broom-Stick.

DARKNESS, blacker than the Night, shall fall across the land if Milk of Grue thou drinkest.

FORESIGHT lifts the veil of Time, and shows the Future, but prepare thy eyes with Glasses.

LUCK will bring good Fortune, if ye hold a Horseshoe and the Stone in thy possession.

FREEDOM springs the dreamer from confinement, but mark well that ye first hath eaten Candy.

THE Tower

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Proprietor
Ye Olde Magick Shoppe
North Festeron, Anth
23-[illegible]

Deliver the
Magick Stone to me
Before the
moon sets or
You will Never
See your
Cat again!

The Evil One

POSTAL ZONES
FESTERON, ANTHARIA
& Vicinity
Primary Postal Grid
All zones outside the Primary Postal Grid are classified Outlying Regions and are designated by code no. 23-53-1.
For use by registered Antharia postal service personnel only.
A
B
C
D
E
1
2
3
4
5
N
POOLE

SEASTALKER

In SEASTALKER, you are a famous young scientist and inventor. As the story opens, you are working in your private lab when the commander of the Aquadome calls you for help. The Aquadome is being attacked by a huge mysterious sea monster!

It's time for action! To get to the Aquadome, you'll have to travel through Frobton Bay to the ocean in your latest invention: a two-person submarine called the Scimitar. It's equipped with many features useful for research, including a searchlight, grasping extensor claws, sonarscope, depth control, and automatic pilot. But it has no weapons, so you'll need help to make it ready to deal with a monster. Fortunately, your good friend "Tip" will keep you company and assist you on your rescue mission. Soon, though, you'll find yourself in a real pickle: while the sea monster attacks the Aquadome from the outside, a traitor may be sabotaging it from the inside! You'll have to be clever and quick to save the Aquadome from this double danger.

The object of the game is to save the Aquadome from danger. You'll have to navigate your sub, the Scimitar, to the Aquadome, and then start solving the mystery with the help of the people that work there.

Some clues to help you get started.
1. Answer the videophone
2. Turn on the microphone
3. Ask Bly about the problem

Your sub moves at three speeds: SLOW, MEDIUM, and FAST. To set or change your speed, just type SET THROTTLE TO SLOW (or MEDIUM or FAST) and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. If you want to DIVE TO 5 METERS, just type it in. (Your sub dives in multiples of five meters: 5, 10, 15, 20, etc.) If you want your sub to SURFACE, just type it in.

Special Commands for Seastalker

ADJUST	EMPTY	LISTEN	SHOW
AIM	ENTER	LOOK	STOP
ANSWER	EXAMINE	MOVE	SURFACE
ARREST	EXIT	OPEN	TAKE
ASK	FILL	POINT	TELL
ATTACK	FIND	PULL	TEST
BRING	FIX	PUMP	THANK
CLIMB	FOLLOW	PUT	TIE
CLOSE	GIVE	RAISE	TURN
CUT	KICK	READ	UNLOCK
DESTROY	KILL	SCREW	UNTIE
DIVE	KISS	SEARCH	WAIT
DOCK	KNOCK	SET	WALK
DROP	LAUNCH	SHOOT	YELL

Use the following only when indicated by Seastalker.

Infocard #1

1) Look inside that"_____."
2) Tell me about the_____in the Scimitar.
3) Put the black box on the sonar equipment. Then send _____to check the sonar system. See if he reports the black box.

Infocard #2

l) _____is in his dormitory locker.
2) Ask_____to fix the Scimitar.
3) Look at the _____that Tip brought along.

Infocard #3

1) Check the _____
2) Has the _____been sabotaged?
3) A do it._____must be inserted in the reactor. Sharon was supposed to

Infocard #4

1) Who removed the_____while you were in the docking tank?
2) Get behind_____and shoot hit power pod.
3) Tip says, "We know what was causing it-but_____ doesn't know that we know.

Infocard #5

1) Check the_____under your seat.
2) The gate won't respond to remote control signal without_____
3) Don't forget the_____

Infocard #6

1)_____has a Universal Tool that fits anything.
2) The_____was last seen to the southeast.
3) If you shot the Snark with the _____it will be intact for scientific study.

Infocard #7

1) Try the_____it can probably dent anything.
2) "Doc" may be able to make a Snark_____
3) Fit the prospecting bazooka to the Scimitar's_____

Infocard #8

1) The Aguadone needs help! Take the_____there at once.
2. Turn on the_____
3. There's no response because there's no_____

About the Authors

Stu Galley was a student of physics and journalism when he discovered computers, which at the time were mostly just big number-crunchers. At first he thought computers were too much fun to be taken seriously, until he decided that physics was too little fun to be taken seriously. At MIT he discovered computer games and Lisp-like languages and met the other founders of Infocom. He began writing interactive fiction in 1982 and has authored The WITNESS™ and SEASTALKER, both for Infocom. His son enjoys interactive fiction more than his wife does.

Jim Lawrence has written fiction extensively for both children and adults in a variety of media: books, magazine articles, film and radio scripts, and comic strips, including "decision" strips. He estimates that he has written some sixty books of fiction, many of them under pen names, for series like Tom Swift Jr. and Nancy Drew. His radio credits include weekly scripts for Sergeant Preston of the Yukon, The Green Hornet, and Sky King. He has written for, and in some cases created and illustrated, the comic strips Dallas, Joe Palooka, Captain Easy, Friday Foster, and Buck Rogers. SEASTALKER is his first published work of interactive fiction.

The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20501

Dear Friend,

Congratulations on your election into the Discovery Squad! I knew that one day you would join the ranks of this elite group of inventors. Everyone here in Washington is happy for you. But I'm wondering, how are you going to make the acceptance ceremony next week if you're right in the middle of testing your new sub, the Scimitar? Awards on Monday, submarine launch on Tuesday--you must not get much rest!

In any case, I'm not going to be able to fly in for the Scimitar's christening because I have to be in China for some diplomatic business. But, after you've finished

your first mission, heaven knows what it might be, my wife and I would like you to come to the White House for a visit. She's never met anyone from the Discovery Squad before, and she's really looking forward to entertaining a true American hero.

Once again,
Congratulations,

The President

The President

Submariner's Progress Log

Sub's name _____ Captain's name _____

DATE	WIND SPEED	SAVED PLACE	SCORE	REMARKS

Inventions Unlimited

Personnel File

TIP RANDALL—Tip is your closest pal and constant companion. Basically, there's nothing this guy can't do. He's an expert pilot, submariner, surfer, and swimmer. He's more of a jock than an inventor such as yourself, but his bulldog courage and rollicking high spirits make him a great companion in any adventure.

COMMANDER ZOE BLY—This woman's delicate beauty is hard to resist, but when you start to talk to her—wow, what a tough one she is. For one thing, she's a champion athlete and a superachiever. For the past three months now, she's been commander at the Aquadome. She's an honor graduate of the Navy Frogman School and the Galley Institute of Technology. You'll see soon enough that she doesn't have much patience with people who don't meet her standards. And that attitude tends to make some people real mad.

MICK ANTRIM—Mick was probably out earning a buck before most of us were even born. In fact, you won't find anybody who knows more about nuclear power, undersea navigation, or communications. That's pretty good for a guy who never had a formal education. But Mick doesn't like to settle arguments with his tongue; he'd rather use his fists. Naturally, he doesn't take well to Commander Bly's kind of discipline.

MARV SIEGEL—This guy knows more about sonar gear than anyone at Inventions Unlimited. His experience comes from having worked for the Defense Department. He fits in well with his co-workers at the Aquadome, and he's even learned how to scuba dive.

BILL GREENUP—Bill comes from a different background altogether. Basically he used to be a beach bum with a knack for scuba diving and "shade tree" mechanic work. Now he's joined society in a big way. He's cut his hair and found himself a job as a crack scuba diver at the Aquadome.

WALT "DOC" HORVAK—Walt's probably the most dedicated scientist around, so dedicated that sometimes you get the impression he's a loner. He's always working on some new experiment or scuba diving. Walt doesn't look like the "doctor" type, but he spent a lot of time working in a hospital before he got interested in marine biochemistry. If you're looking for any kind of medical advice, he's the one to ask.

SHARON KEMP—She's fresh out of college—the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Naturally, she's pretty familiar with all types of science and technology, and this job as an inventor's assistant fits her well. Her father was a famous college professor and an old friend of your father's. In fact, sometimes you get the feeling that she's your own sister. But there's something about her that you just can't get close to.

AMY LOWELL—She's a Navy woman through and through. Always a tomboy at heart, Amy's been to the Navy Frogman School and had lots of neat jobs like this one. She's still in college at Columbia University and works at the Aquadome during the summer.

DR. JEROME THORPE—Dr. Thorpe is one of those scientific geniuses who lock themselves up in their labs and discover things. Unfortunately, sometimes the things they discover or create aren't too good. Thorpe's claim to fame is his AH (AMINO-HYDROPHASE) organisms that he supposedly manufactured from the AH molecule. There's an interesting article about him and his experiments in the Science World magazine.

Equipment and Controls

Lab Equipment

COMPUTESTOR—It's a machine for troubleshooting your inventions, machines, or systems. It is connected to several other machines in the lab. To use it type ASK COMPUTESTOR ABOUT (a device).

MICROWAVE SECURITY SCANNER—It sweeps the entire grounds of the Research Lab with harmless microwaves. Any human not wearing a special identification badge will be detected if they are on the property. If intruders are detected, the alarm will beep loudly.

ELECTRICAL PANEL—Inventions Unlimited generates its own electrical power. Your lab receives its power through the electrical panel that's located in the corridor just EAST of your lab.

CIRCUIT BREAKER—This breaker controls the power supply to all videophone equipment in the lab. It can be tripped by anyone inside the lab by simply flipping the switch.

VIDEOPHONE—This communications device is connected to the Aquadome and all other Inventions Unlimited buildings. It's in the middle of your lab and it works like a telephone. But instead of just listening to other people, you can look at them on a screen. Answer the videophone by turning it on, then turn the knob to tune it in.

Sub Equipment and Controls

BRASS SEARCH LIGHT—This light comes on automatically when your sub descends beyond the depths of sunlight penetration. You can aim it left or right (port or starboard) to illuminate objects up to 1000 meters away.

REACTOR—The Scimitar is powered by a midget nuclear reactor. The secret of the reactor is a special capsule that must be inserted into the reactor by the push of a lever that starts the fusion process.

SONARSCOPE—This instrument works like radar and shows you solid objects or Sea Cat sonar signals within 2500 meters in any direction and at the same depth as the Scimitar. Reading the sonarscope is like reading the nautical chart in this package. As you read it, remember that your sub always appears directly in the middle of the screen. So, as you move, it may look as if the land is moving instead of you. If you're on a collision course with something, a yellow light will come on. This light will turn red and a loud buzzer will sound if you're within one turn of a collision. You should change course any time a yellow or red light appears.

SONARPHONE—Underwater communication relies on sound waves that are sent and received over this sonar transceiver. The sonarphone has a loudspeaker for communicating messages. It comes on automatically when signals are incoming.

DEPTH FINDER—This device uses echo soundings to determine the depth of water under the sub. It is usually turned on when the sub is moving. During a dive, an orange warning light comes on and a warning buzzer sounds when the sub comes within 10 meters of the bottom. The light turns red and the buzzing becomes shriller when the sub comes within 5 meters of the bottom. You must take immediate action when this happens.

TEST BUTTON—Many of your inventions have built-in self-testing devices. This troubleshooting circuitry is activated by pushing a test button. The test results are then displayed on a readout.

ENGINE COMPARTMENT—It is located through an access panel in the bulkhead just below and to the right of the control panel. If you have to enter this area, be careful. Too much movement or wiggling around may pose serious dangers.

EMERGENCY OXYGEN GEAR—This is a little canister of oxygen that you can wear around your neck. When you turn the valve, you can breathe air through a straw at the top. There is one canister in the Scimitar.

EXTENSOR CLAWS—These are remote-controlled devices on the outside of your sub and are used for hunting and probing. They can be swiveled and aimed in any direction. The commands for moving the claws are TAKE, DROP, AIM, SHOOT.

Aquadome Equipment

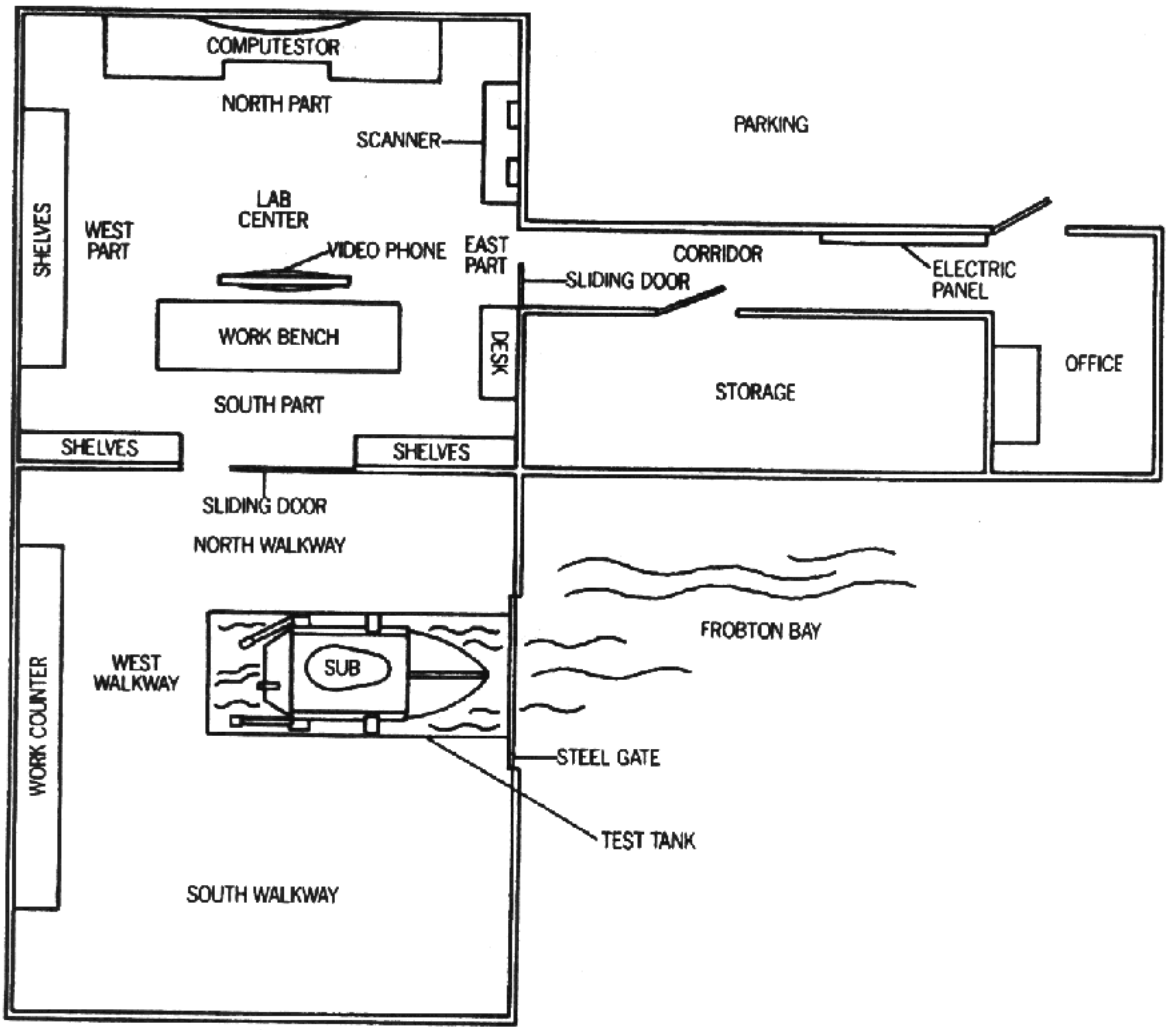
EMERGENCY SURVIVAL UNIT—This equipment can save your life should your sub develop major problems. It has two parts:

1. an alarm that goes off if your sub runs low on oxygen or the air pressure starts to drop;
2. a needle that jabs you and wakes you up if you've passed out or don't answer the alarm.

AQUATIC DART GUN—Originally designed as a tranquilizer gun, this dart gun may be helpful if you encounter a large creature. Each dart contains a tranquilizer and can be shot at a fish to make it drowsy.

The "49er" PROSPECTING BAZOOKA—This bazooka is useful for prospecting in undersea rock formations. Instead of a bullet, it fires a hollow tube that bores into rock. When it's removed from the rock, this tube contains a core sample that can be raised to the surface with a winch. The 49er is usually fired by a diver from a shoulder-held position.

SEA CAT—This interesting little craft is an Inventions Unlimited creation that crawls along the sea bed like an underwater bulldozer. The Sea Cat is segmented into two parts, the main body that crawls along the bottom, and a rear power pod that propels it. Mounted directly above the main body is a single rocket pod that can be fired in any direction ahead of the craft.



Inventions Unlimited		
Scale: 1:100 Date: 05-03-84	Drawn by: E. Parker	Drawing number: L-62-9
Private Lab and Test Tank		
Top View		

The Ultramarine Bioceptor "Scimitar"
Operating Controls for the Two-Seater Test Sub

THROTTLE controls the Scimitar's speed. There are four speed commands: STOP, SLOW, MEDIUM, FAST. If you SET THROTTLE TO SLOW, the Scimitar travels through one "sea square" each turn. (You can see these "sea squares" on the nautical chart of Frobton Bay. Each side of a square is 500 meters long. That's about 1/3 of a mile.) MEDIUM speed is two "sea squares" per turn, and FAST is three.

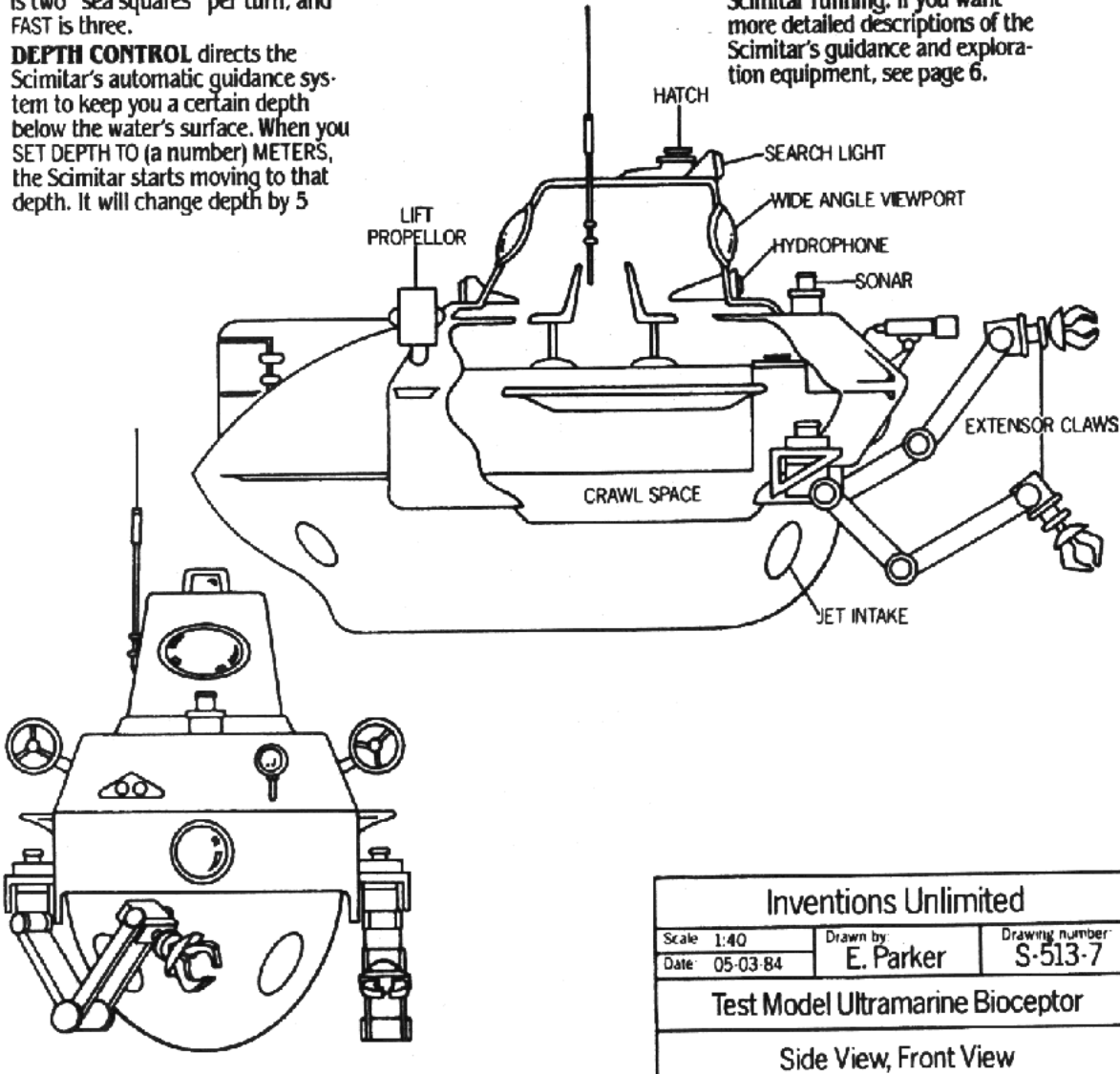
DEPTH CONTROL directs the Scimitar's automatic guidance system to keep you a certain depth below the water's surface. When you SET DEPTH TO (a number) METERS, the Scimitar starts moving to that depth. It will change depth by 5 meters for each "sea square" that it moves through, or, if the throttle is closed, by 5 meters for each turn.

JOYSTICK turns the Scimitar to face any of the eight compass directions.

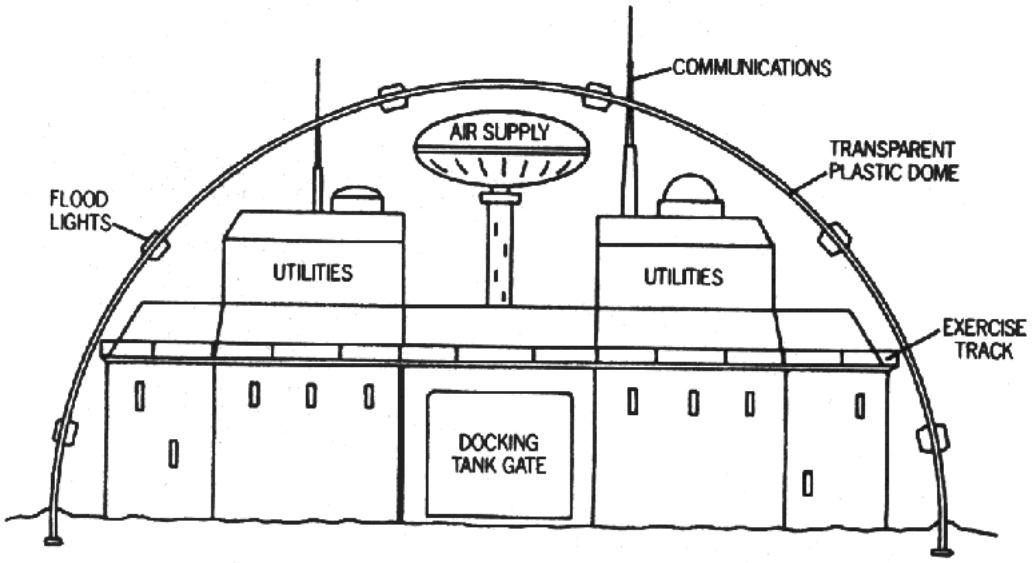
AUTO PILOT switches all the sub's operating controls, except the throttle, into automatic, so you don't have to pilot the sub yourself.

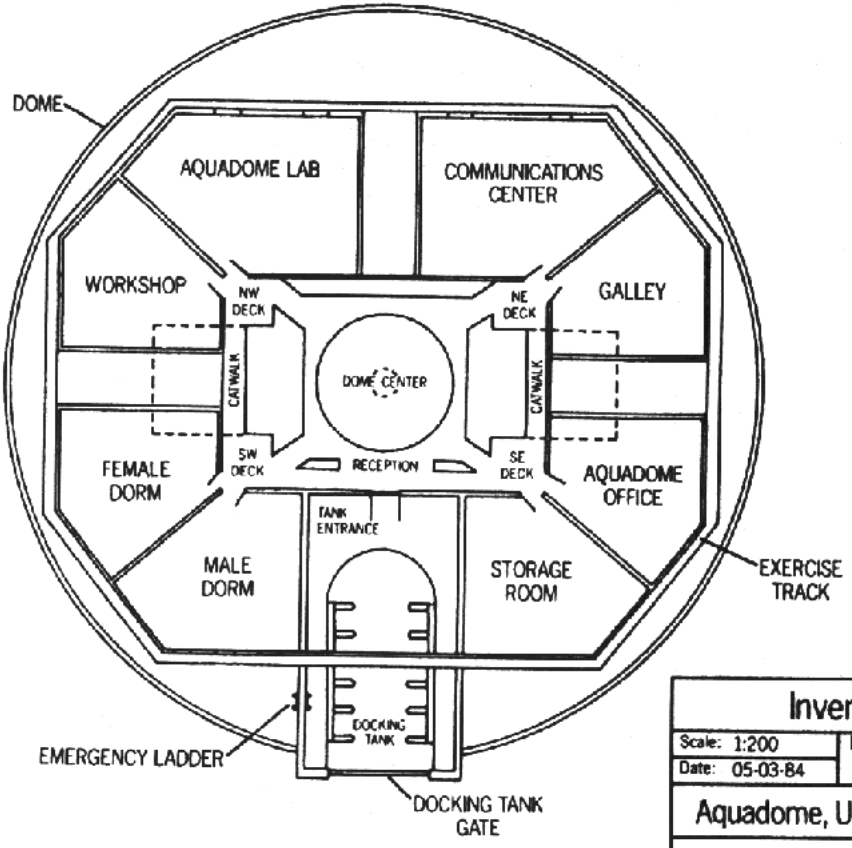
REACTOR–CATALYST CAPSULE –REACTOR LEVER. The secret of the sub's power supply is its midget plasma-fusion reactor. To make it work, you put a catalyst capsule into the reactor and push the reactor lever. The sub will not move without a catalyst capsule in place.

ENGINE STARTER BUTTON works like a car key to get the Scimitar running. If you want more detailed descriptions of the Scimitar's guidance and exploration equipment, see page 6.



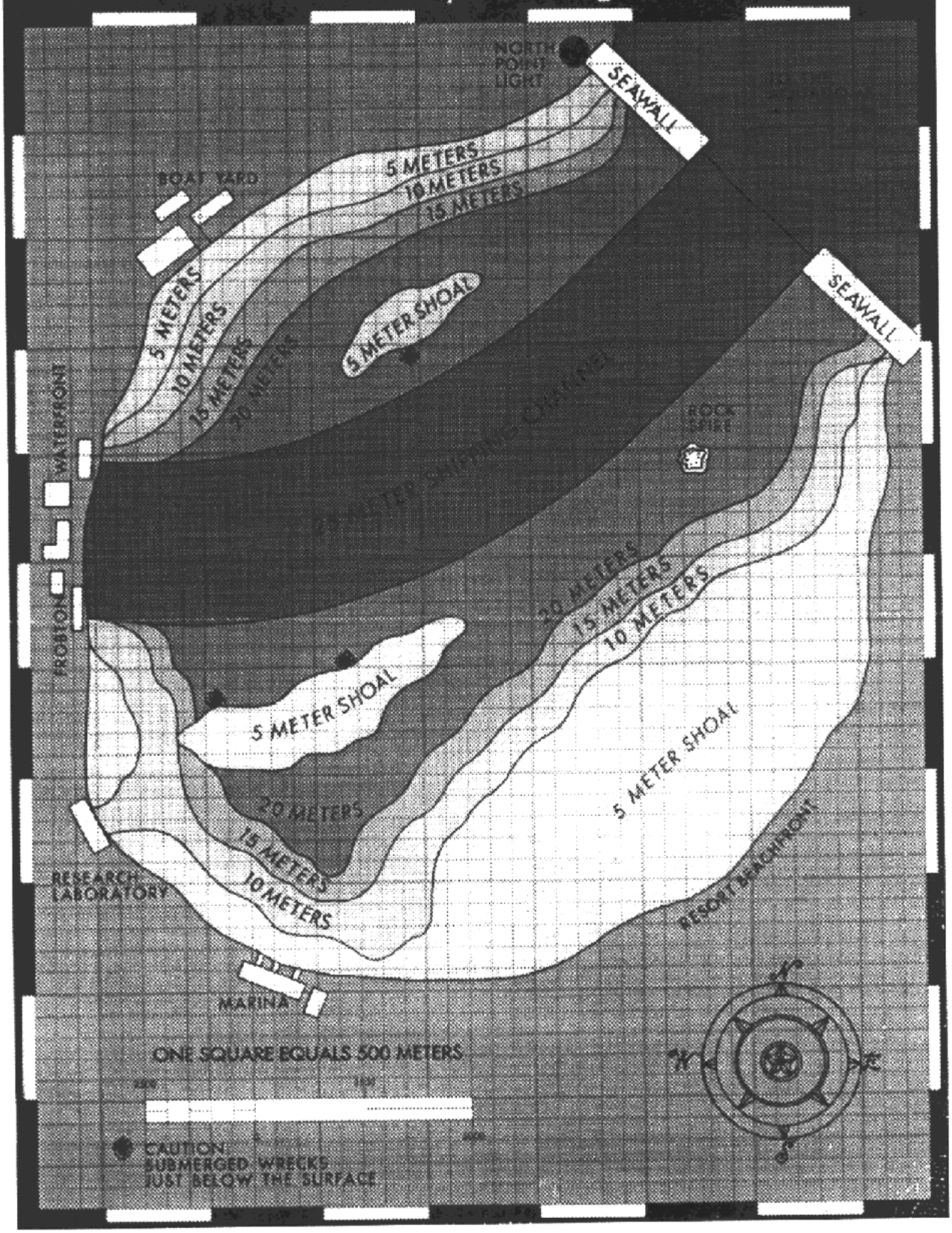
Inventions Unlimited		
Scale 1:40	Drawn by: E. Parker	Drawing number: S-513-7
Date 05-03-84		
Test Model Ultramarine Bioceptor		
Side View, Front View		





Inventions Unlimited		
Scale: 1:200 Date: 05-03-84	Drawn by: E. Parker	Drawing number: A-503-2
Aquadome, Undersea Research Station		
Side View, Top View		

A nautical chart of Frobton Bay. For navigational reference only.



TRINITY

You're neither an adventurer nor a professional thrill-seeker. You're simply an American tourist in London, enjoying a relaxing stroll trough the famous Kensington Gardens. When World Way III starts and the city is vaporized moments after the story begins, you have no hope of survival.
Unless you enter another time, another place, another dimension.Escaping the destruction of London is not the end of your problems, but rather the beginning of new, more bizarre riddles. You'll find yourself in a exotic world teeming with giant fly traps, strange creatures, and other inconveniences. Time and space will behave with their own intricate and mischievous logic. You'll visit fantastic places and acquire curious objects as you seek to discover the logic behind your newfound universe. And if you can figure out the patter of events, you'll wind up in the New Mexico desert, minutes before the culmination of the greatest scientific experiment of all time: the world's first atomic explosion, code-named Trinity.

Some Recognized Verbs

This is only a partial list of the verbs that Trinity understands. There are many more. Some of the verbs listed can be found in all Infocom stories; others are included especially for Trinity. Remember, you can use a variety of propositions with some verbs. (For example, LOOK can become LOOK INSIDE, LOOK BEHIND, LOOK UNDER, LOOK THROUGH, LOOK AT, and so on.)

ASK	EXAMINE	POUR	TOUCH
ATTACK	EXIT	PULL	UNFOLD
CLIMB	FILL	PUSH	UNLOCK
COUNT	FOLLOW	RAISE	UNSCREW
CUT	KNOCK	SHAKE	UNTIE
DIG	LIE	SHOW	WAKE
DRINK	LISTEN	SMELL	DROP
LOOK	STAND	EAT	OFFER
THROW	ENTER	OPEN	TIE

Special Commands

TIME-- This gives you the current time of day in the story. In Trinity, using this command does not advance the story's internal "clock." You can abbreviate TIME to T.

About the Author

"Professor" Brian Moriarty built his first computer in the fifth grade. This early experience with electronics led him to seek a degree in English Literature at Southeastern Massachusetts University, where he graduated in 1978. He lives near the bridge in Historic Concord, is a member in good standing of the Nathaniel Hawthorne Society, and accepts full responsibility for his previous Infocom title, Wishbringer.

Acknowledgments

The author wishes to thank Ferenc Szasz, Professor of History at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque, for his valuable advice and assistance.
Grateful acknowledgement is also made to Richard Ray and Loretta Helling of the National Atomic Museum, Kirtland AFB; Bill Jack Roger, Los Alamos National Laboratory; and the Public Information Office of White Sands Missile range, whose cooperation helped to make this story possible.
The photograph of the Trinity Site monument is by the author.

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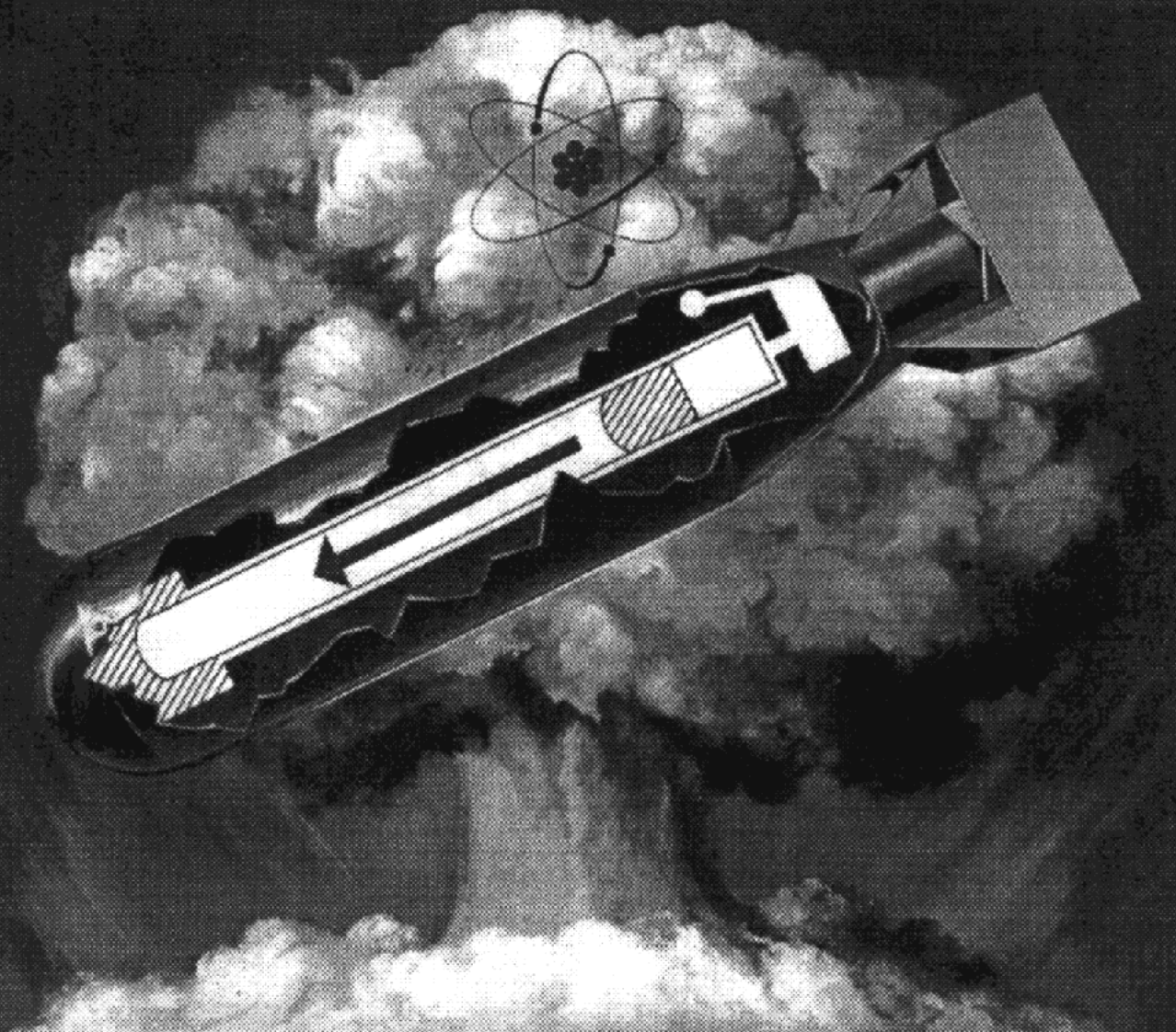
THE ILLUSTRATED STORY OF THE ATOM BOMB

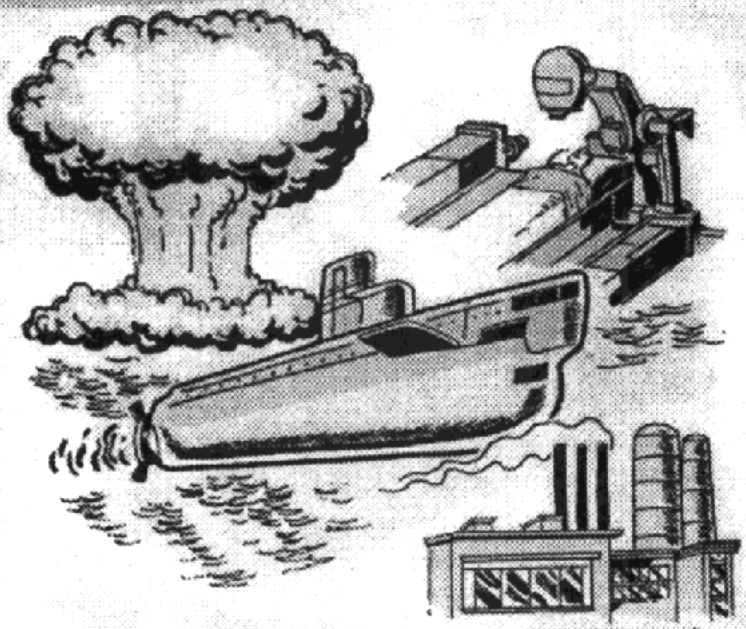


THE ATOM
-FRIEND OR FOE?

Within the tiny atom lies a tremendous power. This power first entered the modern world as a means of destruction, unleashing a terrible fury on countless thousands.

But like any great force, the atom can also be used to serve man. Atomic power plants provide clean, dependable energy. Nuclear-powered submarines glide beneath the North Pole. Numerous lives are saved by radiation treatment. And radio-isotopes analyze soil, plants, and animals to help increase food production around the world.

How did we first harness this amazing power? Let's go back in time to find out...



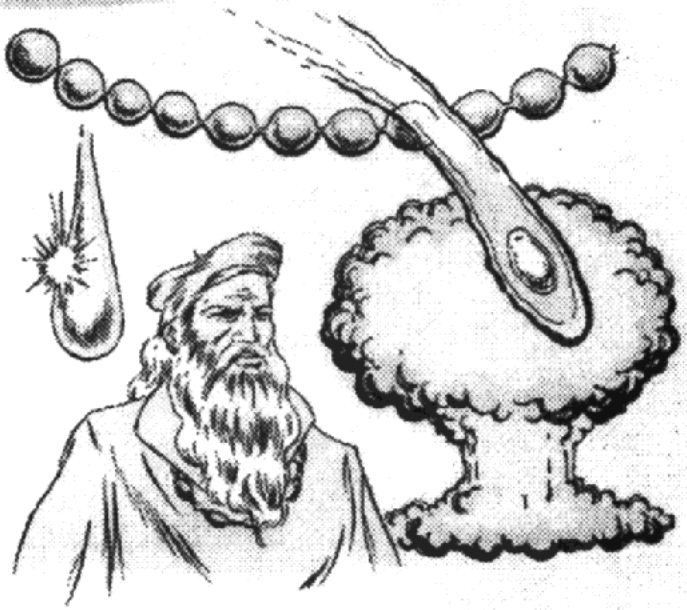
ATOMIC FACTS:
Stranger Than Fiction!

-If you wanted to make a necklace of atoms 25 inches long, and strung them together at the rate of one atom per second, it would take over 200 years to complete the strand.

-A drop of water contains 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 atoms.

-There are 25,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 atoms in a breath of air.

-Atoms travel all around the world and even through outer space. With each breath you inhale atoms that were once a part of great men such as Leonardo da Vinci, celestial objects such as Halley's Comet, and nuclear explosions such as the Trinity Test.



THE YEAR IS 1939. THE FREE WORLD WATCHES WITH GROWING ALARM AS THE SHADOW OF NAZI GERMANY SPREADS ACROSS EUROPE, LED BY THE MAN WHO WILL ONE DAY BE KNOWN AS HISTORY'S GREATEST VILLAIN.
THE MASTER RACE WILL PREVAIL!
SIEG HEIL!
SIEG HEIL!

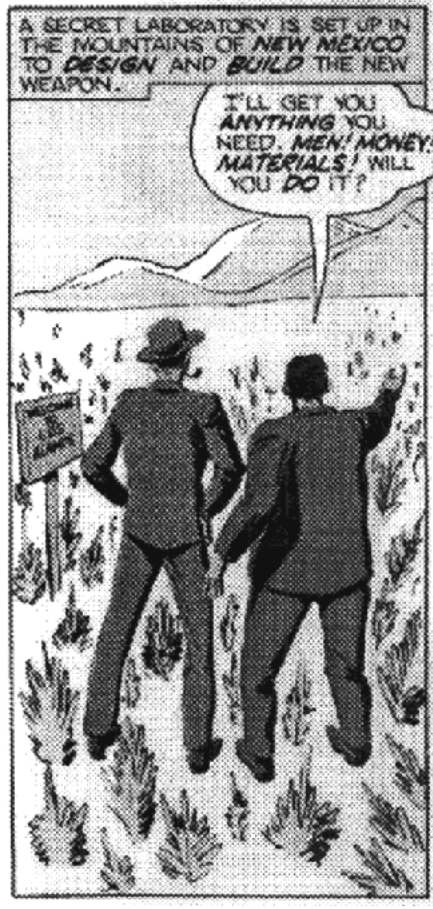
IN JANUARY, THE GREAT DANISH PHYSICIST NIELS BOHR COMES TO WASHINGTON, D.C.
THE GERMANS HAVE SPLIT THE ATOM!
MY GOD!
INCRED-IBLE!

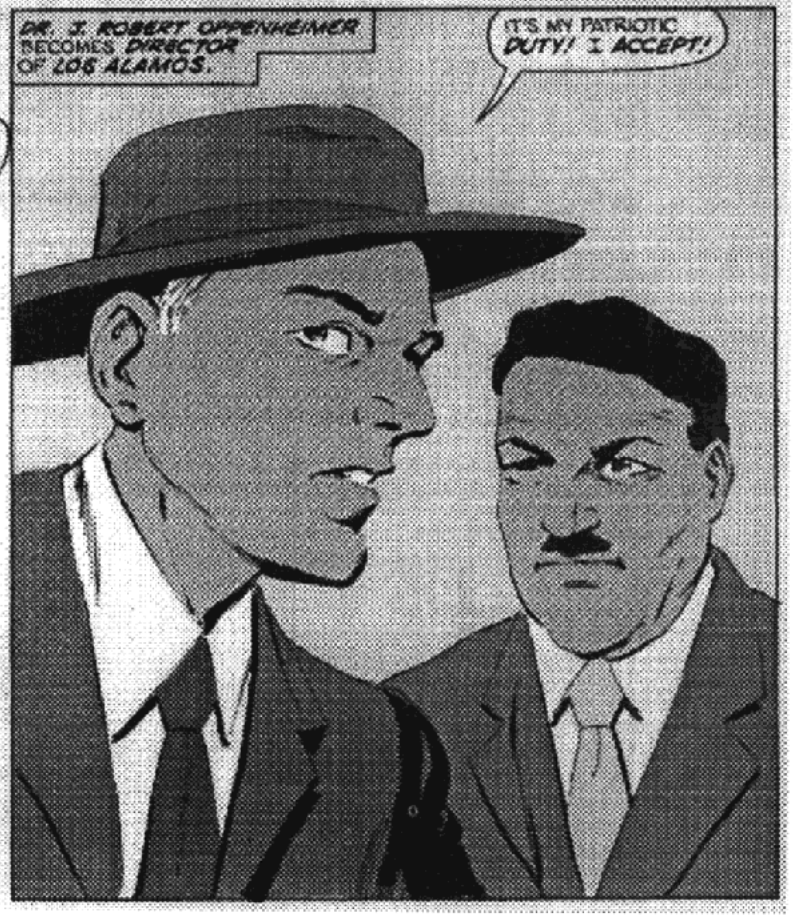
IF HITLER BUILDS AN ATOM BOMB, NOTHING WILL STOP HIM!
THE WORLD WILL BE PLUNGED INTO A THOUSAND YEARS OF DARKNESS!

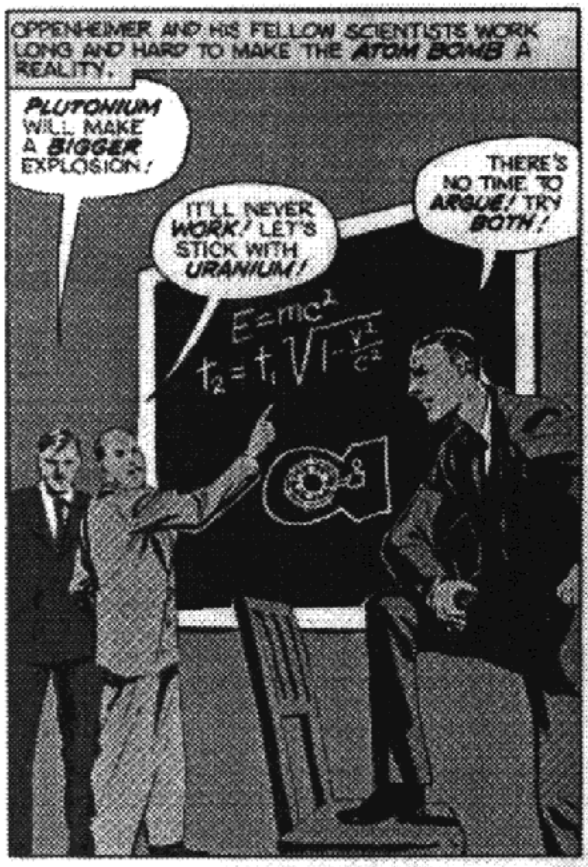
WE MUST BE THE FIRST!

THE SCIENTISTS DRAFT AN URGENT LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.
WE'RE UNKNOWN IMMIGRANTS! ROOSEVELT WILL NEVER LISTEN TO US!
WILL YOU SIGN OUR LETTER?
Albert Einstein
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DECIDES TO TAKE IMMEDIATE STEPS...
THIS REQUIRES ACTION!
...AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!
PEARL HARBOR, DEC. 7, 1941.
THE ARMY APPOINTS COLONEL LESLIE R. GROVES, THE MAN WHO BUILT THE PENTAGON, TO HEAD THE ATOM BOMB PROJECT.
IF YOU DO THE JOB RIGHT, IT CAN WIN THE WAR!
WE'LL MAKE YOU A BRIGADIER GENERAL!
IT'S MY PATRIOTIC DUTY!
I ACCEPT!
TOP SECRET
MANHATTAN PROJECT

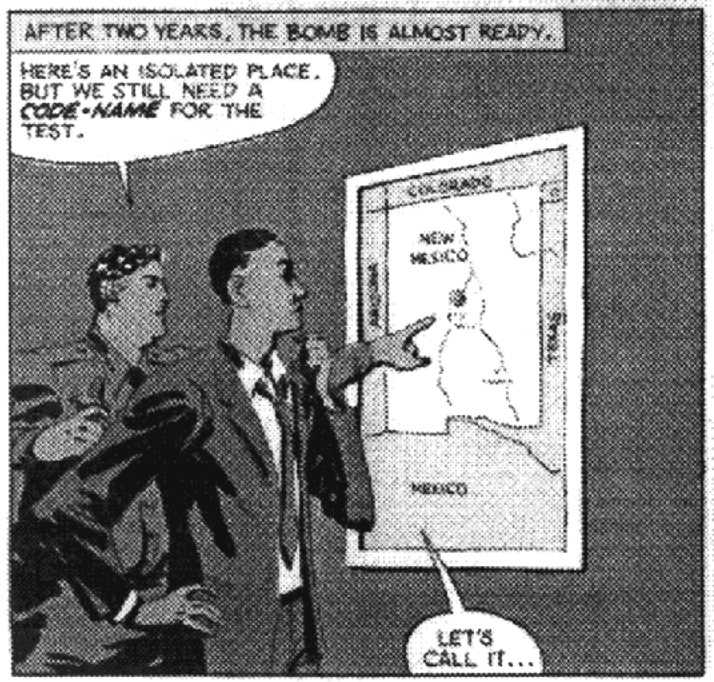
ON DECEMBER 2, 1942, SCIENTISTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, LED BY ENRICO FERMI, PRODUCE THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC CHAIN REACTION.
THE REACTION IS SELF-SUSTAINING!
IT WORKS!
NOW WE CAN MAKE NUCLEAR FUEL FOR THE BOMB!


A SECRET LABORATORY IS SET UP IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NEW MEXICO TO DESIGN AND BUILD THE NEW WEAPON.
I'LL GET YOU ANYTHING YOU NEED. MEN! MONEY! MATERIALS! WILL YOU DO IT?

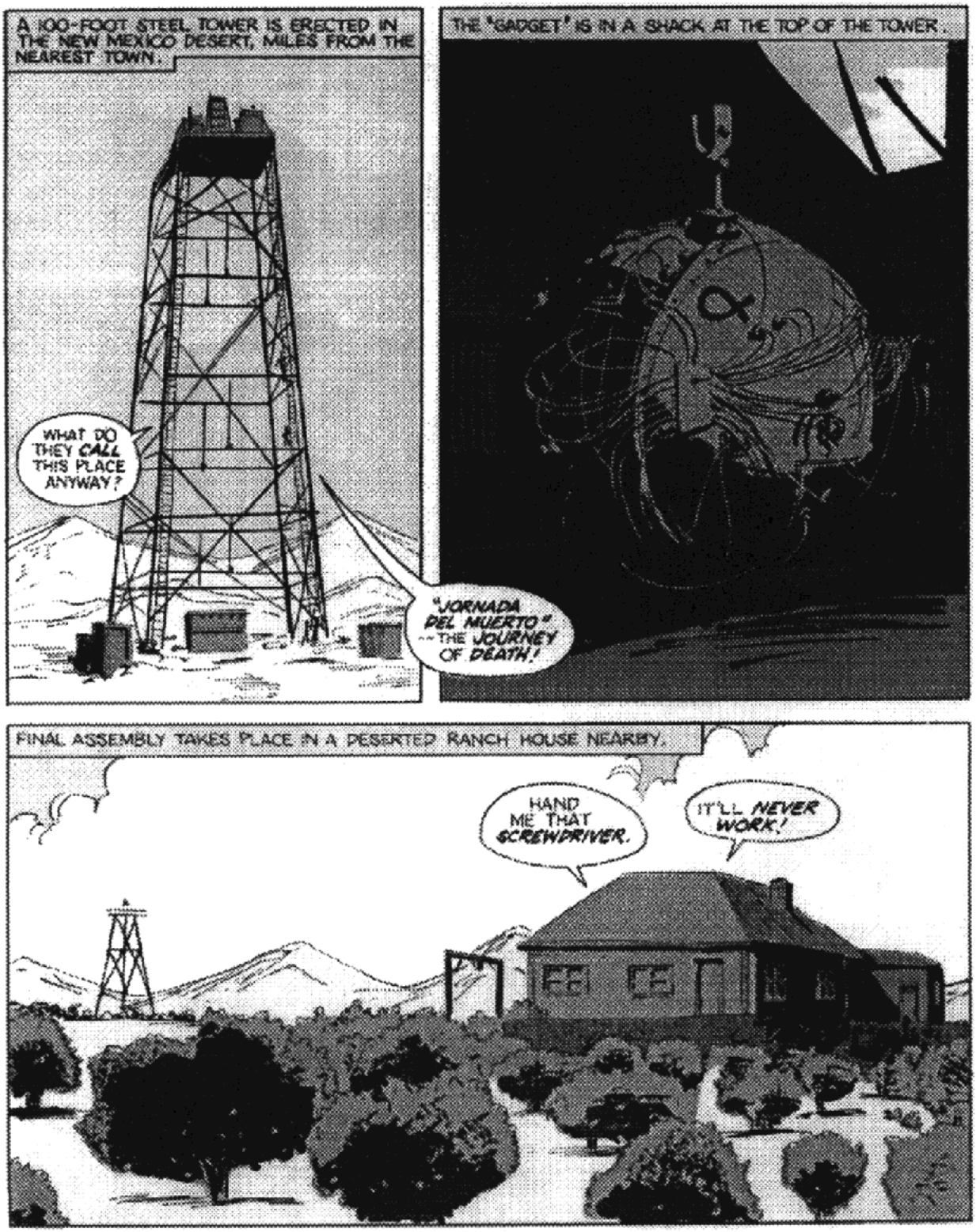

DR. J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER BECOMES DIRECTOR OF LOS ALAMOS.
IT'S MY PATRIOTIC DUTY! I ACCEPT!

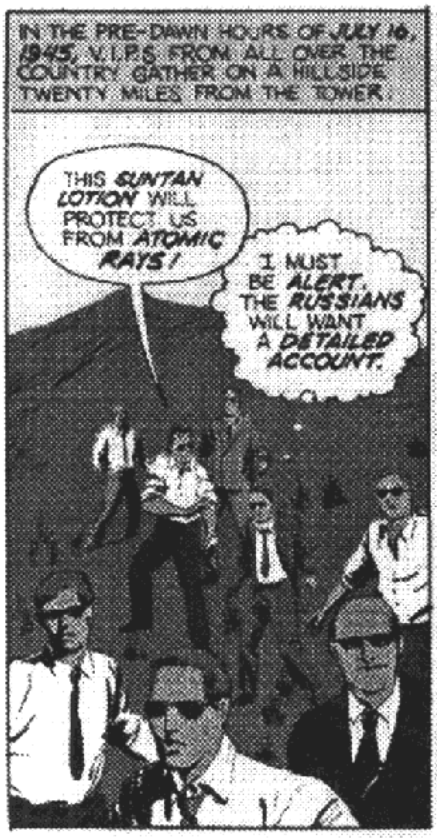

OPPENHEIMER AND HIS FELLOW SCIENTISTS WORK LONG AND HARD TO MAKE THE ATOM BOMB A REALITY.
PLUTONIUM WILL MAKE A BIGGER EXPLOSION!
IT'LL NEVER WORK! LET'S STICK WITH URANIUM!
THERE'S NO TIME TO ARGUE! TRY BOTH!
$E=mc^2$
$t_2=t_1\sqrt{1-\frac{v^2}{c^2}}$

OPPIE, DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS?
NOT NOW, KITTY! WE'RE SO CLOSE!


AFTER TWO YEARS, THE BOMB IS ALMOST READY.
HERE'S AN ISOLATED PLACE. BUT WE STILL NEED A CODE-NAME FOR THE TEST.
COLORADO
NEW MEXICO
TEXAS
MEXICO
LET'S CALL IT...

...TRINITY!


A 100-FOOT STEEL TOWER IS ERECTED IN THE NEW MEXICO DESERT, MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN.
WHAT DO THEY CALL THIS PLACE ANYWAY?
"JORNADA DEL MUERTO" --THE JOURNEY OF DEATH!
THE 'GADGET' IS IN A SHACK AT THE TOP OF THE TOWER.
FINAL ASSEMBLY TAKES PLACE IN A DESERTED RANCH HOUSE NEARBY.
HAND ME THAT SCREWDRIVER.
IT'LL NEVER WORK!

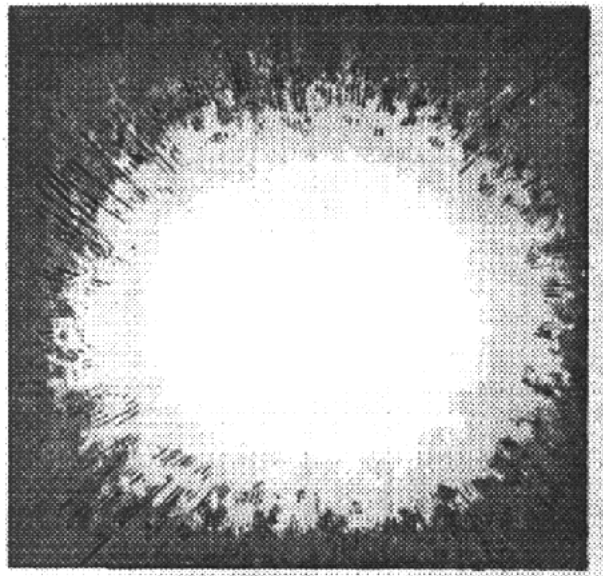

IN THE PRE-DAWN HOURS OF JULY 16, 1945, V.I.P.S FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY GATHER ON A HILLSIDE TWENTY MILES FROM THE TOWER.
THIS SUNTAN LOTION WILL PROTECT US FROM ATOMIC RAYS!
I MUST BE ALERT. THE RUSSIANS WILL WANT A DETAILED ACCOUNT.

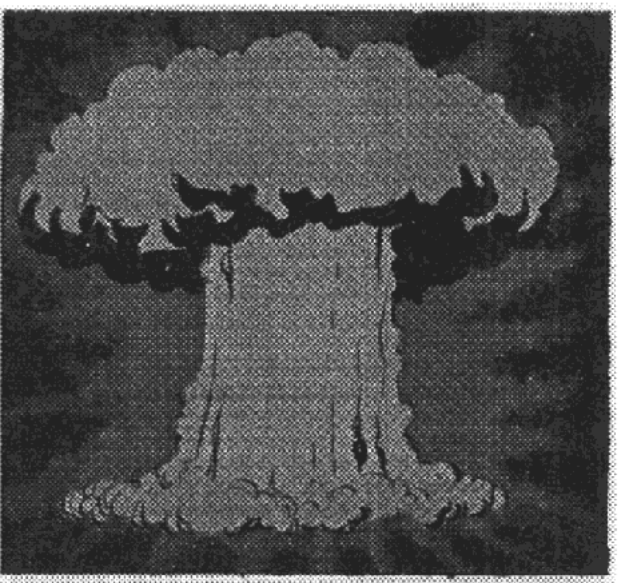
KEY PERSONNEL HIDE IN AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER, ONLY FIVE MILES SOUTH OF "GROUND ZERO."
KEEP THOSE JEEPS RUNNING! IF THE ATMOSPHERE CATCHES FIRE, WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

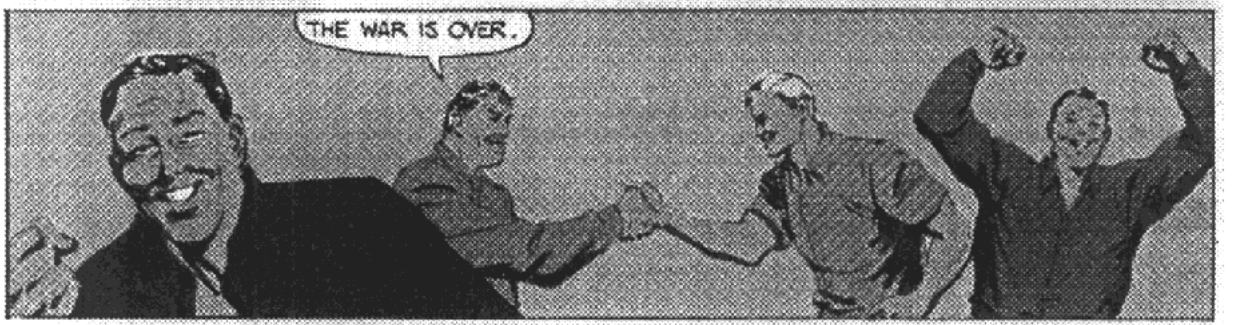
THE TENSION IS ALMOST UNBEARABLE.
ZERO MINUS TWENTY MINUTES!
KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

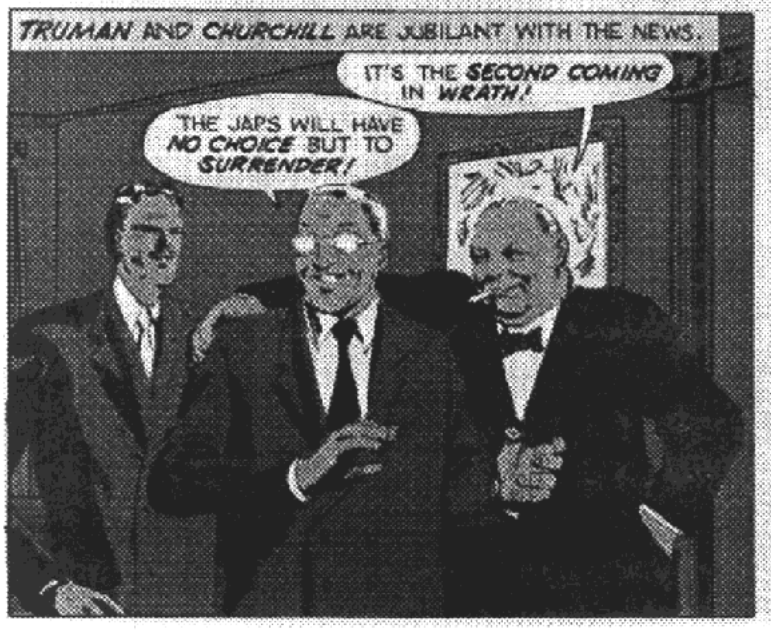
FOUR...
THREE...
TWO...
ONE...

ZERO!!

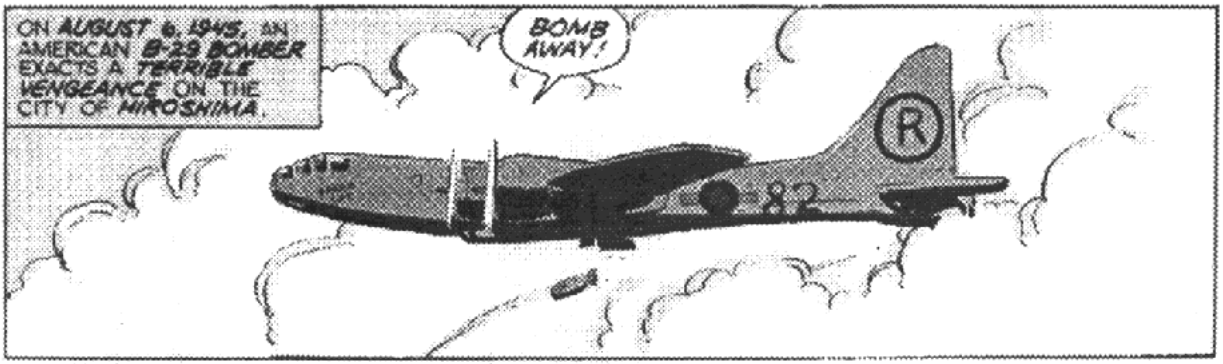





THE WAR IS OVER.


TRUMAN AND CHURCHILL ARE JUBILANT WITH THE NEWS.
IT'S THE SECOND COMING IN WRATH!
THE JAPS WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SURRENDER!

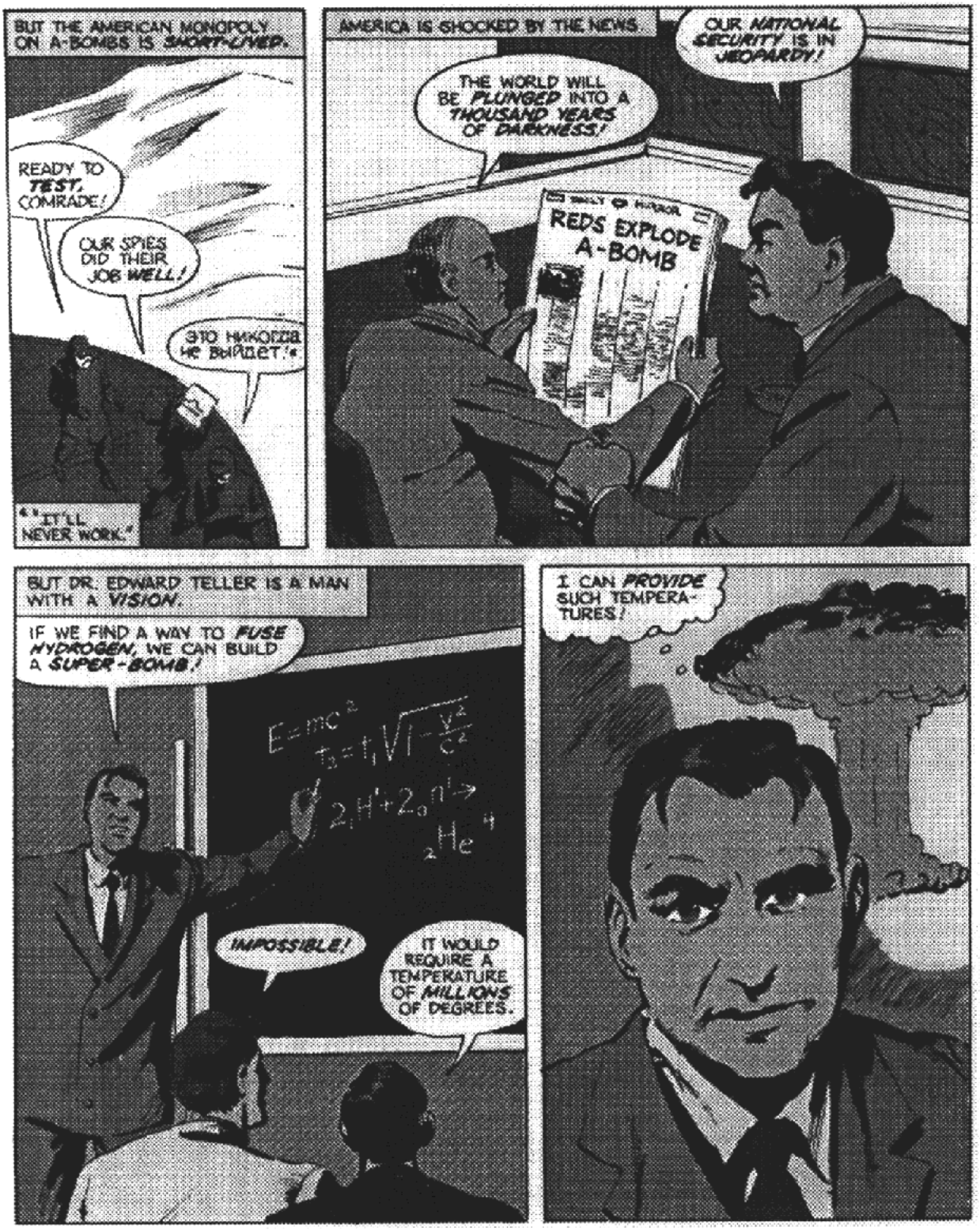
---AND AMERICA WILL PREVAIL!
U.S.S.R.

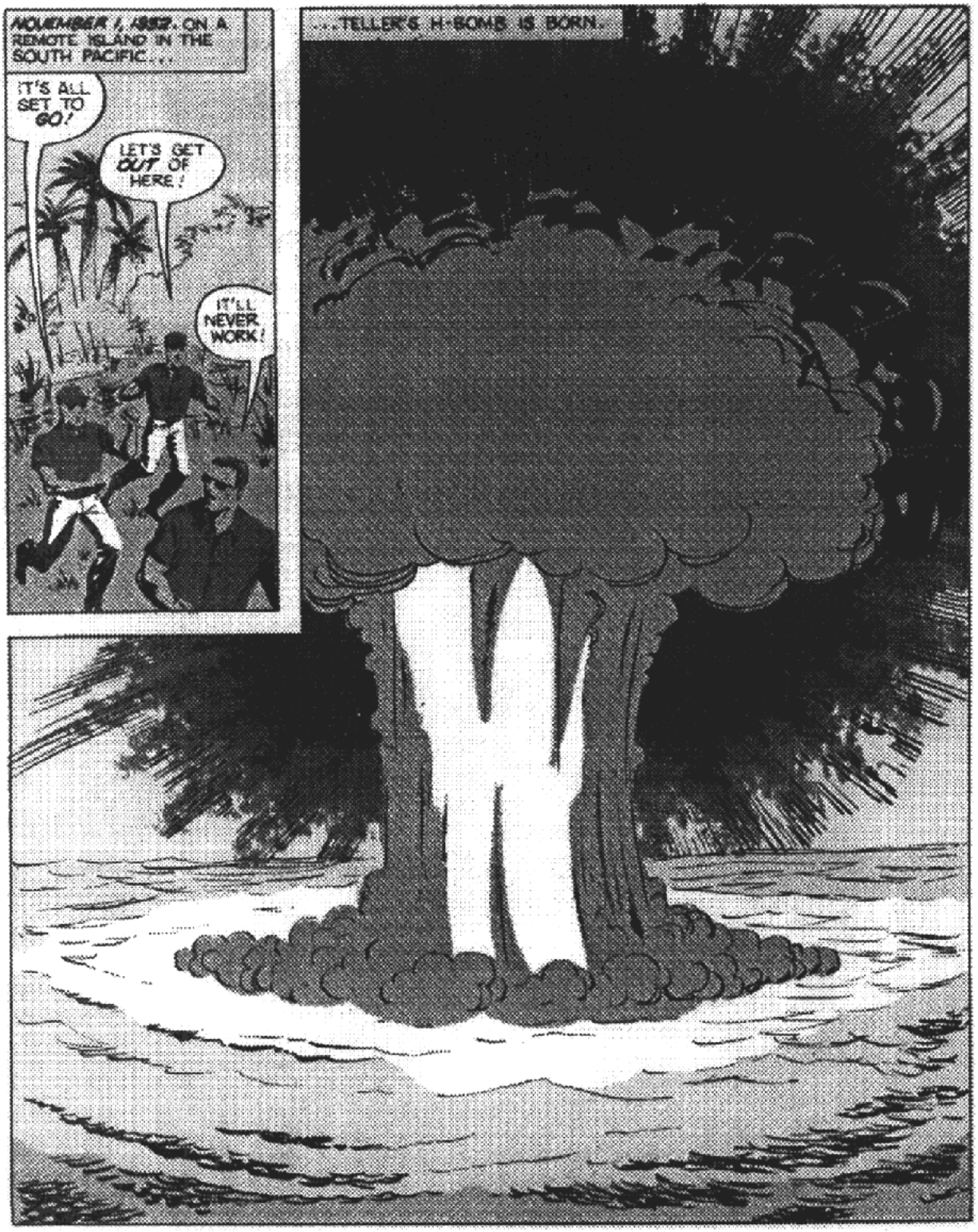

ON AUGUST 6, 1945, AN AMERICAN B-29 BOMBER EXACTS A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE ON THE CITY OF HIROSHIMA.
BOMB AWAY!
R
82

IT... IT'S MY PATRIOTIC DUTY.

NAGASAKI MEETS THE SAME FATE THREE DAYS LATER.
I HEAR AN AIRPLANE.

IT IS A HARNESSING OF THE BASIC POWER OF THE UNIVERSE!
TRUMAN ADDRESSES THE WORLD AFTER V-J DAY
MBS
NBC
AMERICAN
CBS
INTL


BUT THE AMERICAN MONOPOLY ON A-BOMBS IS SHORT-LIVED.
READY TO TEST, COMRADE!
OUR SPIES DID THEIR JOB WELL!
ЭТО НИКОГДА НЕ ВЫРВЕТ!*
* "IT'LL NEVER WORK."
AMERICA IS SHOCKED BY THE NEWS.
THE WORLD WILL BE PLUNGED INTO A THOUSAND YEARS OF DARKNESS!
OUR NATIONAL SECURITY IS IN JEOPARDY!
REDS EXPLODE A-BOMB
BUT DR. EDWARD TELLER IS A MAN WITH A VISION.
IF WE FIND A WAY TO FUSE HYDROGEN, WE CAN BUILD A SUPER-BOMB!
$E=mc^2$
$T_B = T_1\sqrt{1-\frac{v^2}{c^2}}$
$2_1H^1 + 2_0n^1 \rightarrow {}_2He^4$
IMPOSSIBLE!
IT WOULD REQUIRE A TEMPERATURE OF MILLIONS OF DEGREES.
I CAN PROVIDE SUCH TEMPERATURES!


NOVEMBER 1, 1952. ON A REMOTE ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...
IT'S ALL SET TO GO!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
IT'LL NEVER WORK!
...TELLER'S H-BOMB IS BORN.

TODAY, UNDERGROUND TESTS HELP US TO BUILD MORE AND BETTER NUCLEAR WEAPONS.
FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE...
OUR SCIENTIFIC KNOW-HOW HELPS US TO DEFEND THE FREE WORLD BEHIND AN ORBITING "UMBRELLA" OF HIGH TECHNOLOGY.
WE COULD INTERCEPT AND DESTROY STRATEGIC BALLISTIC MISSILES BEFORE THEY REACHED OUR OWN SOIL.
"WE COULD INTERCEPT AND DESTROY STRATEGIC BALLISTIC MISSILES BEFORE THEY REACHED OUR OWN SOIL."
IT'LL NEVER WORK!

NOW THAT AMERICA'S NEW *SPACE DEFENSE SYSTEM* IS IN PLACE, THE ENTIRE PLANET IS *SAFE* FROM THE *THREAT* OF *ATOMIC WAR*.

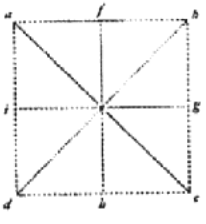
IT'S *PETER PAN*, DEAR... "THE *BOY* WHO *WOULD NOT GROW UP!*"

OUR CHILDREN CAN LIVE *SECURE* IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THESE *THOUSANDS* AND *THOUSANDS* OF *OBSOLETE MISSILES*, BUILT IN THE *OLD* DAYS OF *MUTUAL FEAR* AND *DISTRUST*, WILL *NEVER NEED TO BE USED!*

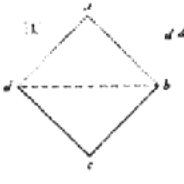
THE END

CRANE
鶴

Start with a square piece of paper. Results are best if you use this paper at least 9" square. Pre-fold paper as shown. These creases will be used as guidelines.



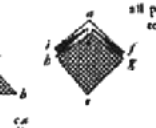
1. Fold *c* to *a*.



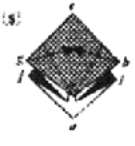
2. Fold *d* to *b*.

3. Fold *d* to *a*.

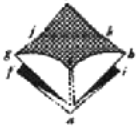
4. Reverse-fold *i* out, bringing *d* to *a*. Turn over. Reverse-fold *b* in, bringing all points together. Fold *f* to *g* and fold *b* to *i*.



5. Turn open end down. Fold *g* and *b* in along dotted lines. Reopen.

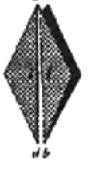


Lift *c* halfway up. Fold down forming crease between *j* and *k*. Lift *c* up and over *e*, then down.

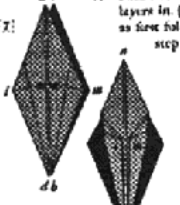


Bring side flaps in by folding down so that *g* meets *h*.

6. Turn over and repeat.



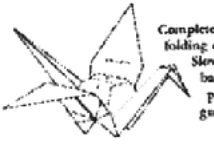
7. Fold *l* and *m* top layers in. (Same as first folds in step 5.)



8. Turn over and repeat.

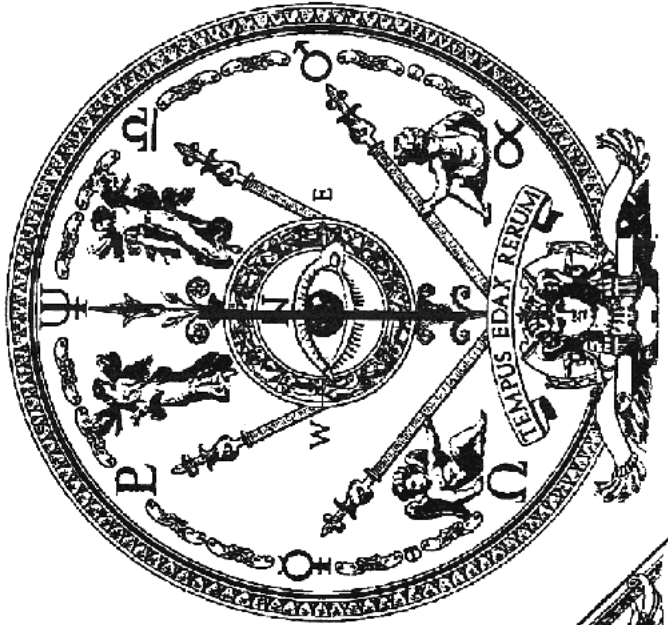
9. Hold body at dot. Reverse-fold in *b* point, at the same time folding out along dotted lines. Fold to form tail. Repeat with *d* point to form neck.

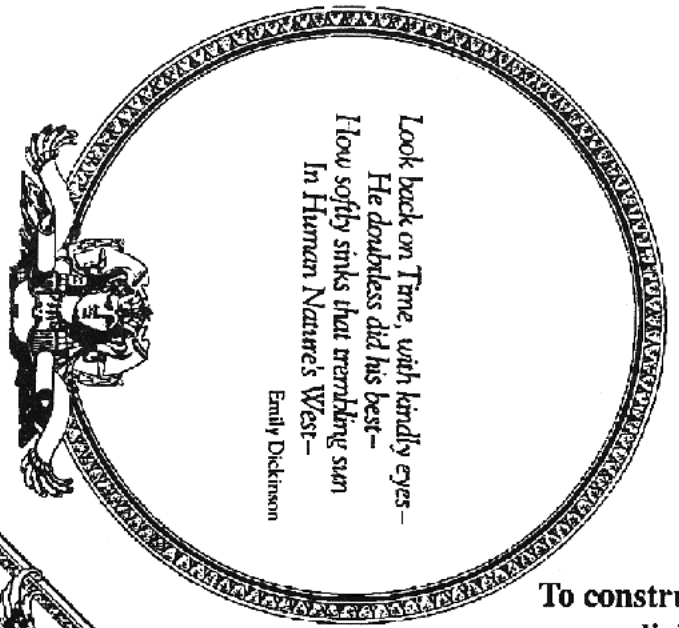
10. Form head by folding outside in, then down.



Complete by partially folding down wings. Slowly open back by pulling wings gently apart.

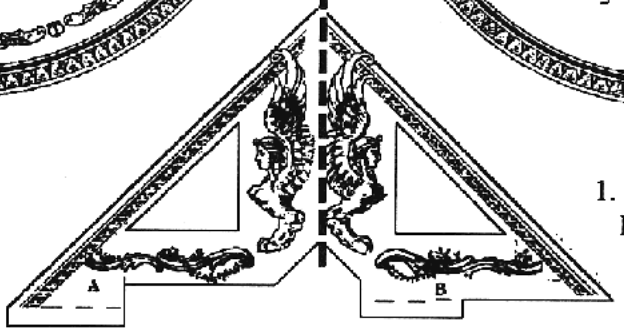
米国製





Look back on Time, with kindly eyes–
He doubtless did his best–
How softly sinks that trembling sun
In Human Nature's West–

Emily Dickinson



SUNDIAL

Man first conceptualized time as consisting of only two units - day and night. Then came the understanding that daytime could be separated into smaller units marked by the shadows cast by the sun on its path from sunrise to sunset. The sundial evolved as a means of indicating the passage of time according to these units.

To construct you own sundial:

1. Carefully cut out the two shapes. Make sure NOT to cut at the dotted line.
2. To form the gnomon (triangular shaped object), fold along the dotted line.
3. Carefully cut a slot through the eye on the base. The black bar through the eye represents the location of where the slot should be.
4. To attach the gnomon to the base, insert flaps A and B into the slot, taping the flaps to the underside.
5. To complete the sundial, fold the base along its center line. Secure with tape or glue.

Hollywood Hijinx

As a child, you spent most of your summers with your Aunt Hildegarde and Uncle Buddy. What memories! Uncle Buddy was a Hollywood big-shot, Aunt Hildegarde his loving (and very rich) wife. They had no children of their own, but you and your cousins loved their house, their parties, the Hollywood memorabilia, and them. Sure, Buddy and Hildy were a bit eccentric -- but that added to their charm.

Aunt Hildegarde kept the house when Uncle Buddy passed away. And now that she's suddenly died, you remember her unusual will. You will inherit the entire estate -- probably worth millions if you can spend just one night in the house and on the grounds, and find a treasure or two. But if you can't, then you inherit nothing.

And so Hollywood Hijinx begins with you being dropped off in front of a dark house, not to far from Hollywood ...

Special Commands
BURN, CLIMB, COUNT, CUT, DIG, DRINK, DROP, EAT, ENTER, EXAMINE, FILL, IGNITE, KNOCK, LIGHT, LISTEN, LOOK, OFFER, OPEN, POUR, PULL, PUSH, PUT, RAISE, READ, SHAKE, SHOW, TAKE, THROW, TIE, TOUCH, TURN, UNLOCK,

About the Author
"Hollywood" Dave Anderson's first exposure to a computer was at California State University, Fullerton. Each student in his biology class was given a password that allowed limited access to the school's mainframe computer. Class members were instructed to analyze their diets using a diet program on the school's mainframe. After several runs of the diet program, Hollywood wanted to see more of this computer. Knowing only as much about computers as you can learn on television, he quickly stole a password from a regular user and began to explore. After 5 hours and 14 on-line sessions of how to use the computer, he left the lab with a severe headache and no better understanding of computers, except that they were fun.

Hollywood left L.A. and moved to Massachusetts in 1983, where he answered a want ad by Infocom for a product tester. He was hired, and later became the manager of testing. In 1985 he foolishly took a job as a game writer. He is often seen in his beach-mural-lined office wearing a Hawaiian shirt, with a cigar (still in the wrapper) in his mouth. His dream is to be the Paul Schaffer of entertainment software.

The original concept for Hollywood Hijinx is credited to Liz Cyr-Jones. Raised in Hawaii on raw fish and seaweed, Liz joined the Infocom group as an official sushi tester, and she has a tank of tropical fish in her office for quick afternoon snacks. Liz lives in Beverly, Massachusetts, with her husband Bob, and a cat named Nelson, who Bob is teaching to fetch sticks -- from the middle of the street.

Hildegarde Montague Burbank
Hildebud
Malibu, California 90265

Well, Pumpkin, I've finally gone to join Buddy in Paradise. I sure had a lot of fun in life, but nothing lasts forever, eh? I will miss Hildebud, our home for so many years. We all had plenty of wonderful times there, didn't we? Well, now it's all going to be yours. I know you love the old place as much as I do. You'll take good care of it.

Your Uncle Buddy and I often talked about this and we agreed that everything should go to you. Of all our nieces and nephews, you were our favorite. Buddy gave me the enclosed photo which he wanted passed on to you along with this letter.

Now, dear, we are fond of you, but Buddy and I worked hard to build our business and keep up our estate. We don't intend to just throw it all away. So although we both think you are clever enough to manage everything wisely, we need to make sure. That's why we've planned a little test for you.

Hidden around the house and grounds at Hildebud are ten "treasures" from your Uncle Buddy's films. All you need to do is find the treasures in one night, and everything will be yours. Now that doesn't sound too hard, does it?

If you can't find the treasures, too bad, sweetie! We'll give our other nieces and nephews a crack at it. The clever shall inherit the bundle. So that everyone knows what's up, a letter is being sent to each one of you.

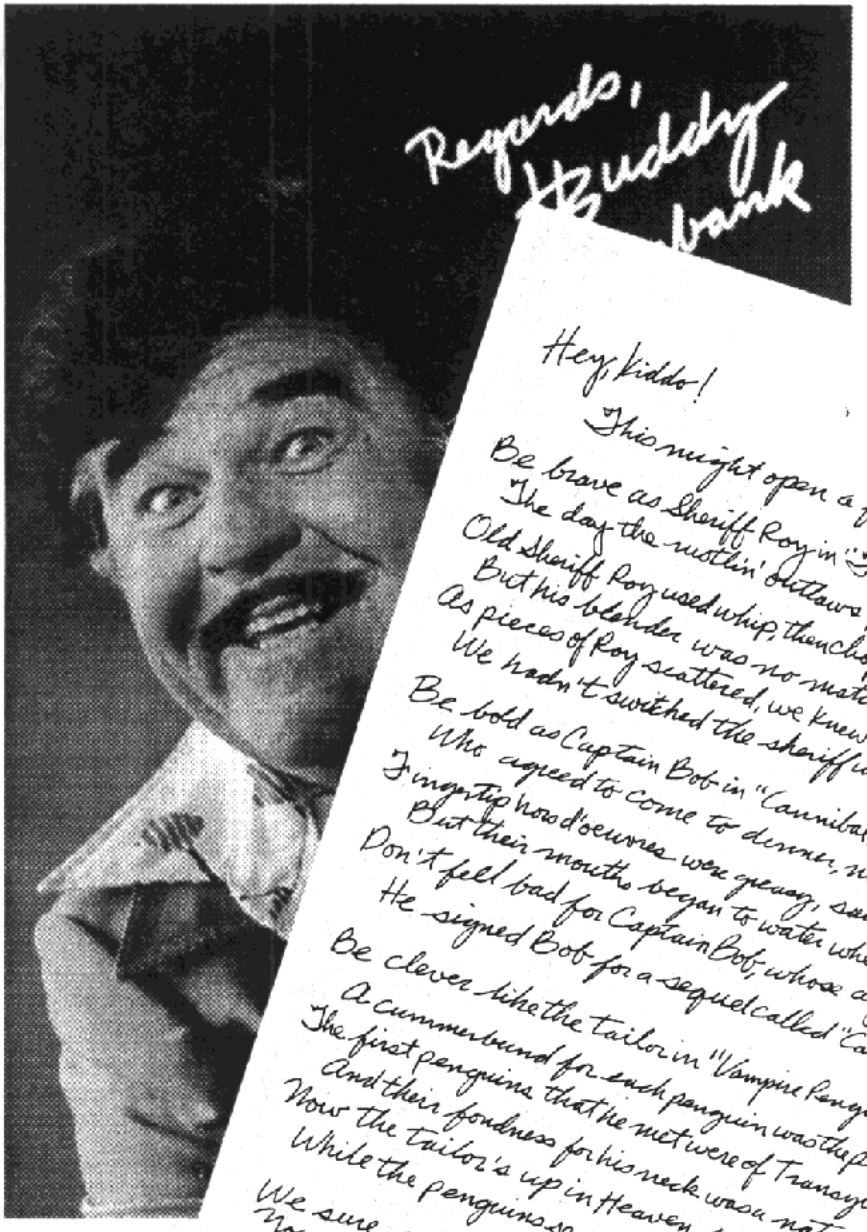
My lawyer will pick you up at 8:00 on the evening of the funeral and drive you to Hildebud. Good luck, Pumpkin. Make your Aunt Hildegarde proud.

Being of sound mind and body, I do hereby sign this testament in the presence of two witnesses.

Hildegarde Montague Burbank 6/18/86

Buck Palace 6/18/86

Dorothy LaFlack 6/18/86



Regards,
Buddy
Vank

Hey, kiddo!

This might open a few doors for ya!

Be brave as Sheriff Roy in "Fastest Blender in the West",
The day the mustin' outlaws put their Chainsaws to the test.
Old Sheriff Roy used whip, then chop, then liquify/puree,
But his blender was no match for the Chainsaw's mean foray.
As pieces of Roy scattered, we knew that we had trouble.
We hadn't switched the sheriff with his plastic life-size double!

Be bold as Captain Bob in "Cannibal Buffet of the East,"
Who agreed to come to dinner, not knowing he was the feast.
Fingertip hors d'oeuvres were greasy, sautéed eyeballs weren't so hot,
But their mouths began to water when they put Bob in the pot.
Don't feel bad for Captain Bob, whose agent was a real smarty.
He signed Bob for a sequel called "Cannibal Meatloaf Party."

Be clever like the tailor in "Vampire Penguins of the North."
A cummerbund for each penguin was the plan he had set forth.
The first penguins that he met were of Transylvanian extraction,
And their fondness for his neck was a natural reaction.
Now the tailor's up in Heaven, sewing angel gowns of white,
While the penguins search the frozen turf for other necks to bite.

We sure enjoyed having you with us all those summers.
You always were my favorite!

Love ya, kiddo!
Uncle Buddy

DOC'S AMAZING DISCOVERY:

DILL PICKLES FLUSH OUT CHOLESTEROL, INCREASE STAMINA!

TINSEL WORLD

"NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD AND AROUND THE GLOBE"

VOL. 55 NO. 27

CRAZED GERBIL ATTACKS GRAMPS

HILDY TAKES FINAL BOW

SPECIAL BUDDY BURBANK MEMORIAL ISSUE

DOROTHY LAFLANK REVEALS: **I'M MAD ABOUT BUCK!**

TV Tidbits

Three headed tot wins hearts in Hollywood

Three Heads Are Better than One!

When the nurse in the maternity hospital first held up Susan "Tootsie" Goldman's three-headed son, the Massachusetts mother "almost died of shock." But today Mrs. Goldman is thanking God for her son's abnormality. The tyke, now four years old, has just signed a three million dollar contract with GUM studios. "That's a million dollars per head!" giggles Mrs. Goldman.

Little Jeffrey Goldman will star in a prime-time sitcom about an alien child adopted by a Beverly Hills couple. To roll out the series, GUM will release a 2-hour pilot show this summer.

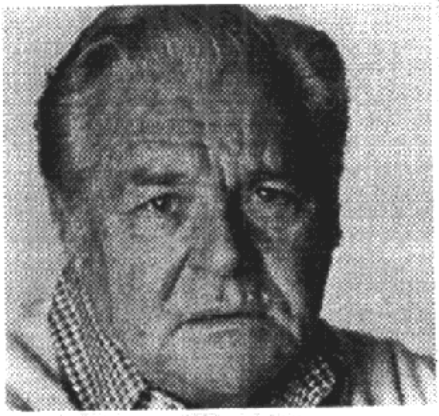
"It's sort of like a cross between *E.T.* and *Mork and Mindy*," says the proud mom. "Jeffie plays an adorable little creature from outer space who's hunted down and almost killed before this very wealthy couple takes him into their hearts. Then once he's adopted, he has all kinds of funny little habits that drive his family wild."

Because Jeffrey's three heads often try to do or say different things at the same time, each head will be separately coached for the series. Tootsie Goldman will be on hand to help with practical matters.

"It's not easy taking care of a three-headed child," says Mrs. Goldman. "His clothes have to be tailor made and his meals must be carefully monitored. We'd end up with a very fat little boy if each head ate as much as it wanted to."

Tootsie Goldman is quick to add that the endearing qualities of her unique son far outweigh the disabilities. "He's very sweet, and it's lots of fun to watch his three heads talking all at once." GUM execs are betting that home viewers will agree.

Relaxing on the family yacht bought with son Jeffrey's film advance, Tootsie Goldman looks into a bright future.



GERBIL TERRORIZES GRAMPS

Thomas Veldran is still recovering from his terrifying encounter with a psychotic gerbil.

An 84-year-old great-grampa was terrorized by a psychotic gerbil that laid waste to his Dallas home. Thomas Veldran received the animal as a birthday gift from his grandchildren. When he opened the cage, the crazed rodent sprang out and began racing wildly around the house, clawing and biting at curtains and furniture and severely maiming Mr. Veldran's pet lizard.

Grampy's shouts alerted a neighbor, who broke into the house just as the gerbil leapt at Mr. Veldran, intent on who knows what sort of molestation.

"That little critter was buggy as a swamp in August," said Billy Peamont. "I throwed the wastebasket over it and slammed one of them tea trays right on top. We got it all right. We could hear it banging around inside the wastebucket, but we called the police and they did the necessary."

Tests revealed that the animal had no signs of organic disease and was assumed to be truly psychotic. Candy Jo Heaver, owner of the Dallas pet store where the animal was purchased, said she would have the other gerbils in her shop checked by a pet psychologist.

TINSELTOWN TATTLE

with Shayna Waltz

In death as in life, it was roses for HILDEGARDE BURBANK. The Malibu hostess was well known for her dazzling rose garden, whose luxuriant blooms filled the ocean-front bungalow she shared with late hubby BUDDY BURBANK. At her star-studded funeral last Tuesday at Cathedral in the Pines, Hollywood paid tribute to a great lady with thousands of fragrant coral roses.

The blooms decorated altar and pews, and covered the elegant coral-colored coffin. Although the casket was closed according to Hildy's wishes, the dear departed reportedly wore a matching coral satin gown.

Attending Hildy's funeral and the memorial reception at trendy Bolla-Bolla in West Hollywood were many of the stars made famous by Buddy Burbank Studios. BUCK PALACE arrived carrying two dozen roses in a combat helmet which he placed at the head of the casket. HEIDI KORN, star of innumerable B B Studios westerns, looked stunning in the scarlet taffeta dress she wore in *Buckeroo Barmaid*. Not to be missed was DOROTHY LAFLANK, whose lovely outfit resembled a gigantic coral rosebud.

Rumors are flying as to who will inherit Buddy and Hildy's multi-million estate. Shayna places her bet on "LITTLE HERMAN" BEAUMONT, favored nephew of the couple who starred in the popular *Little Herman* TV series in the late 60's.

Hildy sets an elegant table at a lavish party in Hildebud's heyday.

Chapter in Hollywood History Draws to a Close

HILDY TAKES FINAL BOW

Special to TINSELWORLD by Winona Sullivan

With the death of Hildegarde Burbank last Tuesday at her Malibu beachfront bungalow, a chapter in Hollywood history drew to a close. Hildegarde was the "Queen" behind mogul Buddy Burbank, the "King of the B's."

Burbank, who died several years ago of a massive heart attack, produced, directed, and starred in numerous movies released by his Buddy Burbank Studios. Although some say the flicks are of no real value, others recognize them as the high point of low-budget films.

Buddy and Hildegarde first met in 1948 when Buddy was a young actor with GUM. Yearning to oversee his own studio, he approached Hildegarde's father, wealthy financier Curtis Montague. Horrified by the young man's plan to offer post-war America a series of low-grade, light entertainment films, the cultivated "Monty" turned him down.

The next day, Hildegarde appeared at Buddy's dressing room on the GUM lot. Twelve years his senior, she was a former debutante living a humdrum existence of afternoon teas and charity benefits. She also yearned for something of her own: a life that would better match her feisty nature and taste for adventure.

Hildegarde offered Buddy unlimited use of her ample trust fund to start his own studio, provided she had a hand in its operation. There was only one problem—Hildegarde could not draw from her fund until she was married. Luckily, the stately Hildegarde answered Buddy's dreams in more ways than one. He proposed that very afternoon and they were quietly mar-

Hildegarde Burbank was the steadying hand behind Buddy Burbank Studios for nearly forty years.

***The back lot at B B Studios bustled with activity during the filming of the horrifying graduation scene in* Bees Do It.**

ried in Las Vegas the following week.

Despite her father's recriminations, Hildegarde went on to prove that she had made a good investment. Buddy Burbank Studios rapidly rose to acclaim with such classic hits as *Attack of the Killer Rutabagas*, *Bees Do It*, and *It Came from the Neighbor's House*. The studios' prominence continued through the 60's, riding the crest of the wave of low-budget films.

Hollywood celebrities flocked to Hildebud, the palatial oceanfront bungalow the couple built in trendy Malibu. The luxurious home was decorated with memorabilia from Buddy Burbank film hits as well as souvenirs from the couple's travels around the globe. Hildegarde's rose garden was long the envy of the Malibu community, and their private beachfront was the scene of many a star-studded luau.

The couple never had any children, deciding that the studio was enough of a job to nurture. They were, however, very close to their numerous nieces and nephews, who were often invited to spend holidays with "Uncle Buddy and Aunt Hildegarde."

When the craze for "B" movies died down in the 1970's, Buddy introduced a new star in the form of Buck Palace, the fighting letter carrier. With his rock-hard physique, weapons at-the-ready, and determination to fight for justice whatever the weather, Buck was the idol of millions of youngsters.

Following Buddy's death, Hildegarde continued to control a majority of Buddy Burbank Studios. She also maintained her reputation as a hostess, although her parties were on a much smaller scale than before. The past few months, she has been seen about town with record producer Tony Paoli, and it had been hinted that a marriage proposal was in the offing.

It is not known what will happen to Buddy Burbank Studios without the ample funding of Hildegarde Burbank. Details of her will have yet to be released, but family members are expected to inherit.

In a recent photo, Hildy relaxes on the beach at Malibu with record producer Tony Paoli.

Out of Luck?

Within hours of receiving your Blessed Unicorn keyring, your luck will change. Money will glide to your hands, lovers will find you irresistible, co-workers will bend to your power. Personally blessed by Rev. Olga. Put the legendary power of the unicorn to work for you. Send **$17.00** to **Rev. Olga, 1498 Avenue B, NY, NY.**

"I went from TUBBY TO TRIM!"

Lovely Suzy Frankle holds a shopping bag full of the tasty food she was allowed to eat on the Fat-Melt Diet. "I went from tubby to trim," says Suzy, "and so can you!"

"When I looked in the mirror and realized my high school reunion was only 3 days away, I practically burst into tears," says Suzy Frankle of Tewksburg, Ohio. "I looked so fat and frumpy! Then a friend told me about the fantastic Fat-Melt Diet, the 2-day miracle that actually melts fat off your body. In just 48 hours, I lost an amazing 22 pounds without missing a single meal!

"There were no uncomfortable rubber belts to wear, exercises to do, or chemical supplements to take. Just a delicious piece of Fat-Melt chewing gum three times a day. My husband Robby was so delighted with my new figure that we almost didn't make it to the reunion!"

Join Suzy and thousands of other satisfied women who chewed their way from tubby to trim with the incredible Fat-Melt Diet. It's doctor-approved! Here's how it works:

Eat whatever you like for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Just follow up each meal with a piece of Fat-Melt chewing gum. Fat-Melt disintegrates the food while it's still in your stomach, before it has a chance to turn into ugly fat. And the heat caused by the combustive process melts other fats in your body, letting you *go from tubby to trim in mere days!*

Best of all, you don't feel a thing. No discomfort, no hunger pangs. Just the satisfaction of looking like a million.

A pack of Fat-Melt chewing gum *(6 pieces)* costs only $3.95. You can't afford NOT to order! Send cash or money order (no personal checks, please) to Dr. S. E. Meretzky, P.O. Box 22, Sudcity, MD. If you're in a hurry to get started on your Fat-Melt Diet, enclose an extra $2 for special handling and write *"HURRY"* on the outside of your envelope.

FAT-MELT™ chewing gum

PLEASE NOTE

Nothing is more effective than Fat-Melt chewing gum when you want to lose weight fast. It uses a natural combustive process to shape your body into a slim, trim form that will be the envy of all your friends. Naturally, the astounding results mentioned in this advertisement cannot be achieved solely through the use of Fat-Melt chewing gum. You must follow the special Fat-Melt Weight Loss Plan inscribed on each gum wrapper. Although Fat-Melt causes pound after pound of unsightly fat to literally melt away, it is still completely safe. However, before beginning this or any weight loss program, you should check with your doctor to make sure you are in normal health. The potent combustible in Fat-Melt chewing gum should not be used by children, pregnant women, the elderly, people on any other kind of medication, or those with heart disease, diabetes, high blood pressure, thyroid disease, or any other kind of pre-existing medical condition. Fat-Melt chewing gum is not for sale to minors. This advertisement is void where prohibited by law.

Who will Inherit the Burbank Bundle?

by Gayle von Syska, intimate friend of Hildegarde Burbank

SPECIAL TO TINSELWORLD!! Gayle von Syska, intimate friend of Buddy and Hildegarde Burbank, tells who she thinks will inherit the Burbank Bundle.

Hildy and Buddy Burbank lived a life that combined shrewd business pursuits with all-out fun. When visiting Hildebud, I never knew whether to expect an analysis of the stock market or a whoopee cushion! One thing that never varied was Hildy and Buddy's love for their home. From Buddy's light-hearted jokes and Hollywood mementos to Hildegarde's elegant furnishings and lovely rose garden, Hildebud reflected its owners' dedication to living life at its fullest.

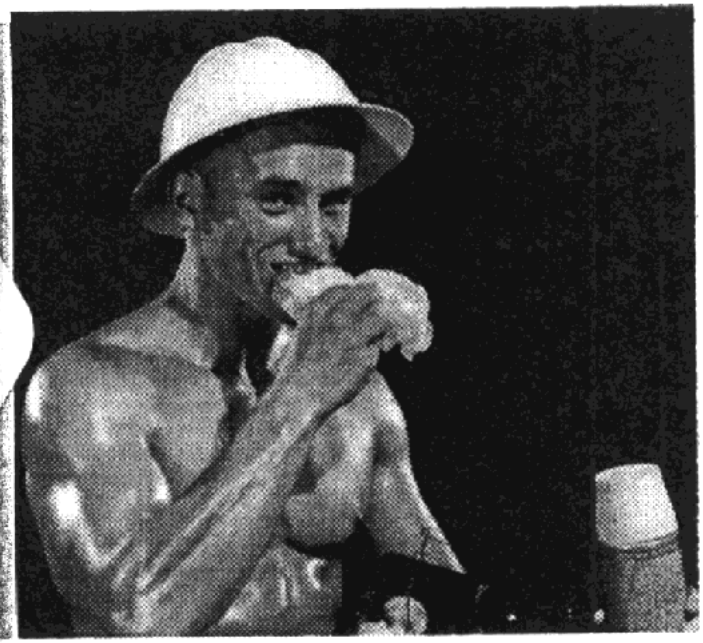
Hildy always told me she wanted Hildebud to pass on to someone who would love and care for it as much as she did. And, knowing how generous and farsighted Hildy was, she would make sure that person had the financial resources to do so. Hildy and Buddy were not blessed with children of their own, but they did have nieces and nephews they dearly loved. I believe the Burbank fortune will be left to one of them.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS NEXT PAGE

DILL PICKLES ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE!

Doctors have confirmed what pregnant women always knew: dill pickles are good for your health!

The secret ingredient is vinegar, which clears the arteries of fat. Increased blood flow improves brain function, making you feel youthful and vigorous regardless of your age. Doctors advise that for best results you should purchase fresh dill pickles from a deli rather than eating the supermarket variety.



Hildebud, palatial home of Hildegarde and Buddy Burbank, as it looked in the fabulous fifties. Subsequent alterations included the addition of a private theater.

TINSELWORLD EXCLUSIVE!
Photos from Gayle von Syska's personal album.

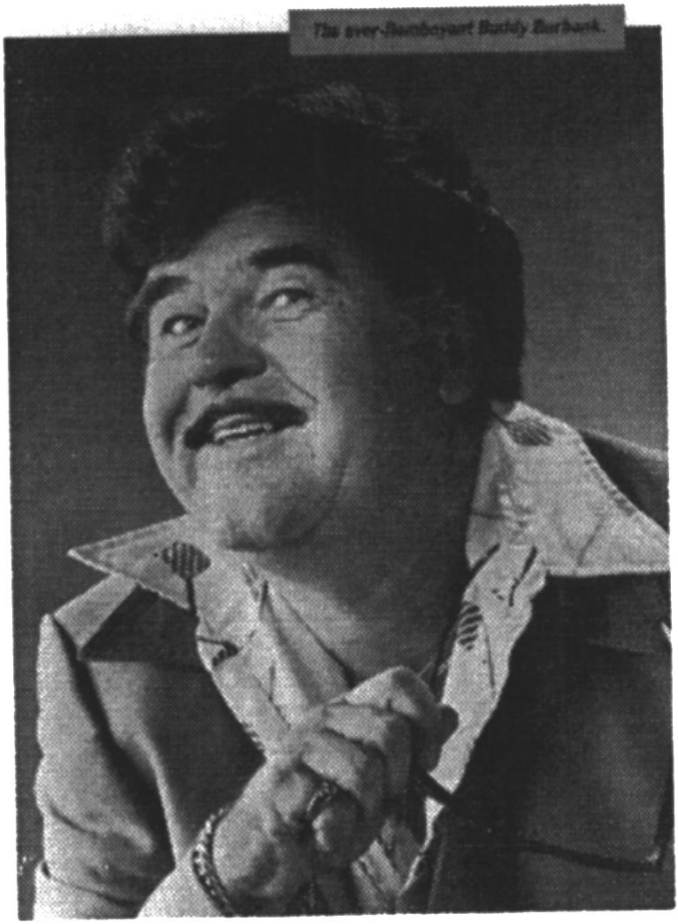
Three of Hildegarde and Buddy Burbank's numerous nieces and nephews frolic in the cove at Hildebud in the mid-60's. On the left is "Little Herman" Beaumont.

Remembering Buddy Burbank...

The Curtain Falls on a Golden Era

By Brian Moriarty

As the curtain went down on Hildegarde Burbank, so too did the curtain fall on a golden era in Hollywood filmmaking. With no one left to carry on the studio's tradition, it seems likely Buck Palace, the fighting letter carrier, has delivered his last parcel. Buddy Burbank created over 600 films in his lifetime; many were landmarks for Burbank as well as the film industry.



Cont

We love ya, Buddy Burbank

Burbank was a man who relied on base instincts, who proved that you could make great movies--and plenty of them--without pandering to trends or the whims of investors. We are lucky to have as his legacy a roster of fine films that will doubtless be enjoyed for generations.

Continued on next page

Buck Palace, The Fighting Mailman

Five fantastic films comprised this series about a mild-mannered mailman whose dedication to the Post Office and the American way of life inspired us all.

***In a daring move, Burbank pulled gangster Mugsy Mahoney off the streets of New York to play a Mafia don in* Postage Due.**

Postage Due

Postage Due, the first in the series, was a break-through film for Burbank. Buck takes on the New York Mafia's Five Families as they try to cheat the post office out of 8 cents postage due. Buck returns the fire by delivering each Family's mail to another, thus triggering a war between the Families as payoffs don't arrive and drugs are misdelivered. The mob counters, ordering Family-operated dry cleaners to triple the starch for all postal uniforms. Things get tense as mailmen struggle to complete their rounds despite painful rashes. But Buck has the last laugh. He holds the Five Families' mail at the post office. When the mafia chieftains come in to identify themselves and collect their mail, Buck serves them with a subpoena.

Following the release of this film, the postal system noticed a marked increase in the payment of postage due.

I am the Lotto Lady

I can turn bad luck to good. Lotto, roulette, horses, any kind of chance. Send me $10.00 donation and I will send you 3 lucky numbers. Play them and you will win big. Write to **Ramoa, P.O. Box 327, Forest Hills, NY.**

Special Delivery

In the prequel *Special Delivery*, Buddy examined Buck's early days with the postal service. It's 1962: Fidel Castro is in Cuba and the President wants him out. Buck is called into the Postmaster General's office and told that if he kills Castro, postal service funding will be increased 90 percent. Equipped with his trusty mailbag and a roll of special Cuban stamps with poison adhesive, Buck parachutes into Havana. Using a CIA-prepared resume, he has no trouble moving into a job as mail room clerk for Castro.

As the weeks pass and Buck waits for his chance, he finds himself uncontrollably attracted to Castro's personal secretary. Burbank devotes over two minutes of screentime, exploring the budding relationship and the frustrating language barrier between the pair. In a dream sequence, Buck ponders settling down with Castro's secretary to spend his life censoring Cuban mail. At the end of the dream he wakes in a cold sweat, realizing that his love for freedom of speech is as strong as his love for Maria. His sweetheart agrees to run away with him to America, but unfortunately uses one of the poisoned stamps to notify Castro of her resignation. Buck, heart-broken, can't complete his mission. Instead he swims back to the U.S., but not before fighting and destroying over half the Cuban Navy.

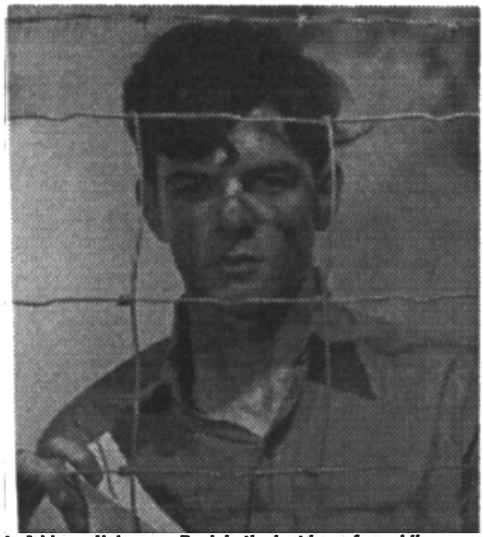
Lovely Conchita Carlough, one of the many rising starlets from B B Studios, danced the Conga with Buck in Special Delivery.

Address Unknown

Address Unknown is the fourth in the series. A letter addressed to a POW is returned by Hanoi years after the end of the war, and Buck is determined to deliver it. After an 18-month wait for reassignment to the American Embassy's mail room in Cambodia, Buck is eager to see action. On a lunch break, he heads for Nam.

Although possessing no knowledge of the Vietnamese language and little of its Zip codes, Buck secures a position as a letter carrier. After months of on-the-job investigation and a few close calls with water buffalos and old anti-personnel weapons, he gets a lead. His supervisor asks him to deliver a pile of "American" junk mail to a secret camp deep in the jungle. Buck, sensing a break and a promotion, heads for the camp. When he arrives, it's just what he expected: American servicemen, chained to worktables, forced to manu~ facture second-rate envelopes for the Vietnamese Postal Service. After a few "special deliveries" to the guards' huts, Buck disguises the men as parcels, mails them to the Pentagon, and hopes they'll pay the postage due.

There weren't many dry eyes in the theatre as Buck sealed the last POW's package.



In Address Unknown, Buck is the last hope for soldiers imprisoned in a sordid POW work camp.

StarGazing

By Our Man in Hollywood, Carlo Gelato

HILDEGARDE BURBANK MIGHT LEAVE HER ENTIRE FORTUNE TO BUDDY BURBANK STUDIOS. But then again, maybe she won't. And if she doesn't, the big question on everyone's mind is, what will happen to the Buddy Burbank stars after the studio closes down? In particular, what will happen to Buck Palace, the fighting letter carrier?

By now, everyone knows how Buck got to be such a big star. He was just a run-of-the-mill mailman with a penchant for law and order when he lucked into the Burbank Studio route. One day Bud Burbank saw Buck outside the studio, wielding his bazooka to make traffic toe the line so an old lady could cross the street. Well, as they say, the rest is history. Bud signed Buck for a million-dollar contract and the guy became a star.

BUT WHAT'S THE GOOD OF BEING A STAR IF YOU HAVE TO WEAR YOUR FIGHTING LETTER CARRIER OUTFIT AND ACT YOUR PART DAY AND NIGHT FOR DECADES? At least Buck used to be able to take off his uniform when he got home at night. But under contract to Bud Burbank, Buck had to be a fighting letter carrier 24 hours a day.

When Buck was having a steak-and-sushi sandwich the other day at my joint, trendy Bolla Bolla in West Hollywood, I asked him what he planned to do now that Bud and Hild were out of the picture.

"Well," said Buck, after complimenting the chef on the delicious sandwich, a specialty of Bolla Bolla, "I don't want to end up like Roy Rogers, tied to one character for life. I'd like to branch out, step into a different pair of combat boots. I've considered becoming a fighting Good Humor Man. Think of all the kids who could use my help."

STARLET DOROTHY LAFLANK HAS ANOTHER ROLE IN MIND FOR THE FIGHTING LETTER CARRIER. "I'm mad about Buck!" she burbled at a recent Bolla Bolla luncheon. Between appreciative bites of her caviar enchiladas, a Bolla Bolla lunchtime exclusive, Dorothy talked about her future with Buck. "I'm swooning in a dream world of love! Soon I'll be Mrs. Buck Palace!"

"Dot's a sweet kid," Buck said when asked to comment. "I like her." Then Buck joined yours truly in a Cola Cocktail, the tasty house drink at Bolla Bolla.

Burbank's Classic Horror Films

Following their debut in* Slash 'n' Chop Sock Hop, *Queenie Bee and The Honeytones became international hits, joining numerous other Buddy Burbank "finds" who rose to stardom.

Slash 'n' Chop Sock Hop

In *Slash 'n' Chop Sock Hop*, the innocent fun of a sock hop turns to horror as band member Queenie Bee goes berserk, slashing dozens of panic-stricken teens with the stiletto concealed in her microphone. In the ensuing crush to reach the door, hundreds more are trampled to death.

Flashbacks reveal that the massacre is Queenie's vendetta for getting laughed out of a sock hop Limbo contest five years earlier. In the gruesome finale, the survivors are forced into a repeat contest on the blood-stained dance floor. The terrified kids think they have to win to stay alive. Tension builds as the audience realizes Queenie plans to whittle down the competition, leaving only one Limbo champ—herself.

Meltdown on Elm Street

The nuclear industry's worst fears are confronted when a neighborhood nuclear power plant malfunctions in *Meltdown on Elm Street*. After a spectacular melt-down during the opening credits, things quiet down as those left alive settle back into their usual routines, only without hair. Soon the survivors begin to experience horrifying nightmares about a nuclear plant worker who lived through the accident. It's not long before they are unable to separate their dreams from reality. The "glowboy" becomes real and sets about terrorizing the Elm Street neighborhood, killing the bald citizens.

The horrifying finale of the film takes place in the Elm Street Cinema, where the illuminated antagonist makes his last deadly appearance. At this point, Burbank once again demonstrated his unique creative talents. He arranged for an usher in each theatre showing the movie to run up and down the aisles wearing a glowing, nuclear plant worker's jumpsuit, adding to the on-screen nuclear nightmare.

The overall experience was so horrifying that several moviegoers died of shock, eventually resulting in the film being banned.

DON'T Throw away those NAIL Clippings!

Just one nail clipping can unlock my psychic powers to reveal the special numbers that will end your money worries forever. I succeed where others fail. Send nail clippings and $12.00 to Brother Bob, R.F.D. 1992, Hopperville, IN.

***Moviegoers literally died of fright when this face filled the screen in* Meltdown on Elm Street.**

Buddy Burbank's WIDE-REACHING Talent

From special effects to social commentary, Buddy Burbank made his mark in every area of filmmaking.

With his tongue-in-cheek bloodbath *The Day The Movies Died*, Burbank trained his cinematic fire on his many critics in the media. A mysterious cult systematically destroys nearly every copy of every film ever made. An army of critics, sensing their livelihoods threatened, descends into Hollywood's vast salt mine vault in Utah to protect and defend what's left of filmdom. At first all is well. Then the critics receive a radio transmission from the cult, informing them that one of the film canisters in the mine contains a bomb.

A frantic search ensues. Fortunately the bomb is found before it goes off. Unfortunately it's found by critic duo Cisco and Hebert. As the pair examine the bomb, an argument breaks out about how best to disarm it. The two exchange verbal barbs until Hebert drops his Goobers on the detonator.

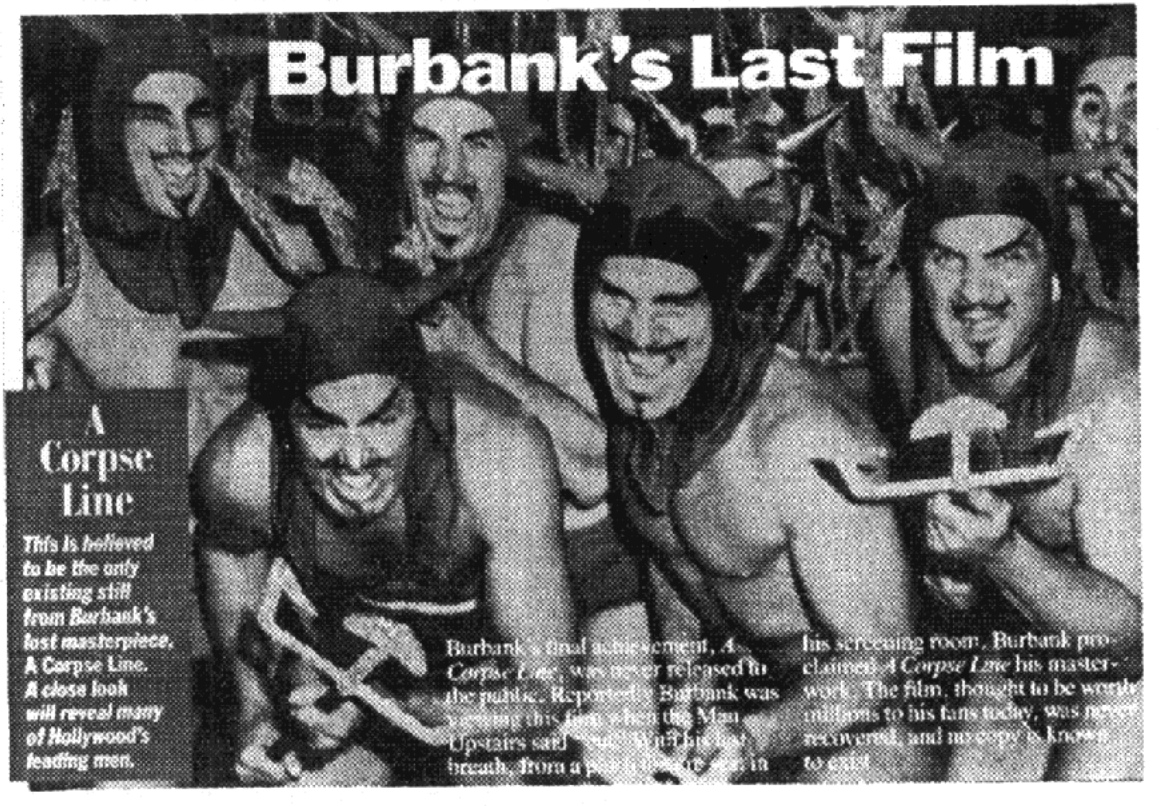
Predictably panned by the critics themselves, many admitted privately to serious introspection of their lives after viewing the film.

While *Bees Do It* was not a major artistic step in any direction, it did well at the box office due to an outstanding in-theatre special effect: Crawl-O-Round. A brainy creation of Burbank's, Crawl-O-Round is a series of small ion generators placed throughout the theatre. At strategic points in the movie, the generators charge the air molecules. This causes the hair on movie-goers' arms to stand on end, making it feel as though insects are crawling on them.

Rumors still persist that Burbank's technology has been subverted and is somehow incorporated into today's televised insect-repellent commercials.

The Seven Dwarves Do Dallas was Burbank's first and only step into soft-core porn. In later years, he denounced the film as exploitative and apologized to the dwarves of Dallas.

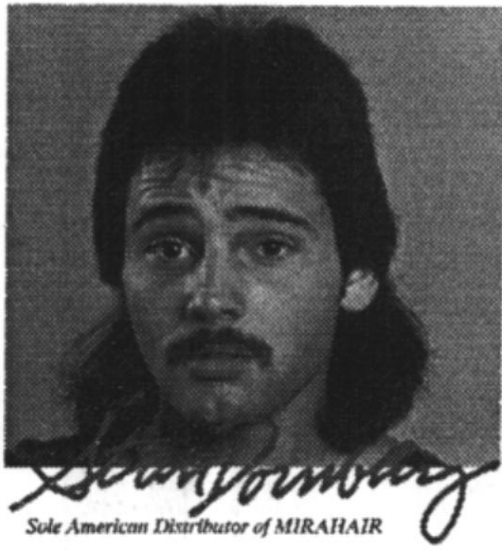
Burbank's Last Film



A Corpse Line

This is believed to be the only existing still from Burbank's lost masterpiece, A Corpse Line. A close look will reveal many of Hollywood's leading men.

Burbank's final achievement, *A Corpse Line*, was never released to the public. Reported by Burbank was viewing this film when the Man Upstairs said [illegible] breath, from a [illegible] in his screening room. Burbank proclaimed *A Corpse Line* his masterwork. The film, thought to be worth millions to his fans today, was never recovered, and no copy is known to exist.



My name is Start Darnburg, and I was totally bald by the age of 21. Now I have a full head of thick, lustrous hair. How did I do it? With MIRA: HAIR, the miraculous hair replacement cream. Since regaining my hair, I have obtained a bunk account full of S, a beautiful new home with brand new appliances, a slim, attractive figure, a wide-screen color TV, good luck at Bingo, and full love powers.

MIRAHAIR Box 733 Tampa, FL

Dear Stan Dornburg,

YES! I want a full head of hair and all the things that come with it! RUSH my giant 4 oz. bottle of MIRAHAIR and my FREE copy of Hair's To Your Health. Enclosed is my check or money order for $29.95, plus $3 postage & handling.

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

Carlo Gelato (pictured below) tried dozens of hair replacement creams, sprays, and lotions. Nothing worked. Then Carlo heard about MIRAHAIR. Within six weeks of growing his luxurious new head of hair, Carlo got a winning Lotto ticket, a late-model sports car, a fashionable new wardrobe, plenty of dates with voluptuous women, and an exciting job as manager of Hollywood hot spot Bolla Bolla.

Don't you think it's time you received a shiny new car, lasting love, as much money as you want, and all the other things that come with a full head of healthy hair? I am the sole American distributor of MIRAHAIR, and for only $29.951 will send you a gigantic 4 oz. bottle along with a free copy of my best-selling book -Hair's To Your Health.

Here's Carlo Gelato in actual unretouched photos taken before and after using MIRAHAIR. Says Carlo, "I'm not afraid to show how I looked before MIRAHAIR. You can see the difference it made in my life. It can make the same difference in yours!"

MIRAHAIR®

"Do I look like the kind of person who believes in lucky charms? YOU will become a believer, too, when you get your LUCKY PALM TREE SWIZZLE STICK."

You can find HIDDEN TREASURE ...in your own home!

Wouldn't you like to have your money worries solved forever? To treat yourself and your family to luxury sports cars, fashionable wardrobes, and brand new household appliances? Best of all, to get all this WITHOUT WORKING A SINGLE DAY? Now you can, with the amazing LUCKY PALM TREE SWIZZLE STICK!

I'm not the sort of person who believes in lucky charms. But a year ago I really needed a miracle. I lost my job, the finance company repossessed my car, and my wife had triplets—all in one week. Night after night, I sat at the kitchen table, trying to straighten out our finances.

One evening I worked so long and hard that I fell asleep right there at the table. That night someone must have heard my desperate prayers. For the next morning, there was a PALM TREE SWIZZLE STICK on the table in front of me. I didn't know where it had come from or what it meant. I absent-mindedly used it to stir my orange juice.

Suddenly, I heard a thud from the living room. I went in to find that a panel in the hung ceiling had fallen down. All I could think was that this meant even more expenses for me. Then I saw something glittering in the empty space. A beautiful diamond necklace was dangling from the old original ceiling! When I took it to the jewelers, I found that it was worth $20,000!

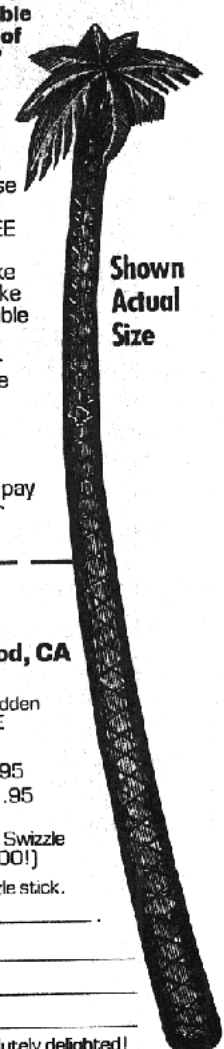
The next day, I stirred my lemonade with the PALM TREE SWIZZLE STICK. Shortly thereafter, I was working in my vegetable garden when my spade struck something hard. Within moments, I was opening the lid of a treasure chest containing 100 gold pieces! I sold these for $40,000 and bought my wife a new mink coat. When she went to hang the coat in the closet, the hanging bar gave way. But this was no tragedy—concealed in the hollow center of the bar was a fortune in precious jewels!

Where did these treasures come from? You might think anyone with a valuable diamond necklace would place it safely in the bank. But in the past, no one kept money or valuables in the bank. They hid them in the house! Even today there are plenty of people who think a mattress is more secure than a safe deposit box.

When its owner passes away, a treasure often stays just where it was put, in a nook or cranny of a house or the secret compartment of a piece of furniture that may change hands many times! Short of tearing apart your house and furniture, it's almost impossible to find them . . . unless you have a LUCKY PALM TREE SWIZZLE STICK.

Now that I'm financially secure for life, I'd like to share my good luck. I have arranged to make a LUCKY PALM TREE SWIZZLE STICK available to anyone who wants their money worries to disappear **forever**! Simply follow the instructions I send you, stirring your drink exactly the way I say, then sit back and wait for money, jewels, and other treasures to float into your hands.

A LUCKY PALM TREE SWIZZLE STICK costs just $12.95. Isn't that a small price to pay for the fortune you'll receive in return? Order today—and good luck to you!



Shown Actual Size

Exclusive Order Form

Lucky Palm
7327 Sunset Blvd. West Hollywood, CA

YES! I want to find the valuable treasures hidden in MY house! Send me my LUCKY PALM TREE SWIZZLE STICK today! Please send me:

- ☐ One Lucky Palm Tree Swizzle Stick for $12.95
- ☐ Two Lucky Palm Tree Swizzle Sticks for $21.95 (I save $3.95!)
- ☐ SPECIAL GIFT PACK: Four Lucky Palm Tree Swizzle Sticks for only $42.95 (I save almost $10.00!)

I enclose $3.00 postage and handling per swizzle stick.

Total amount enclosed $ _____.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted!

HOME ON THE RANGE

This booklet of original cartoons by Kevin Pope illustrates the various types of wordplay you'll come across in Nord and Bert Couldn't Make Head or Tail of It. Half the fun is figuring out what to do in each section of the game.

See if you can cut the mustard with your use of idioms, those commonly-used expressions that don't really make any sense on their own.

Or try to hit the nail on the head with the right cliché.

Be nimble and be quick when you come across a gadget that's jacketed in possibilities.

Explore a house where every room literally has its own personality.

Also sky your trill--er, try your skill---at spoonerisms, those rascally transpositions of sounds by which you can turn a happy Sam into a sappy ham.

No bard is barred from using homonyms, if you write the right stuff and know how to find the bazaar in the bizarre.

And don't forget to act the part when you end up on center stage in a 1950's-style situation comedy.

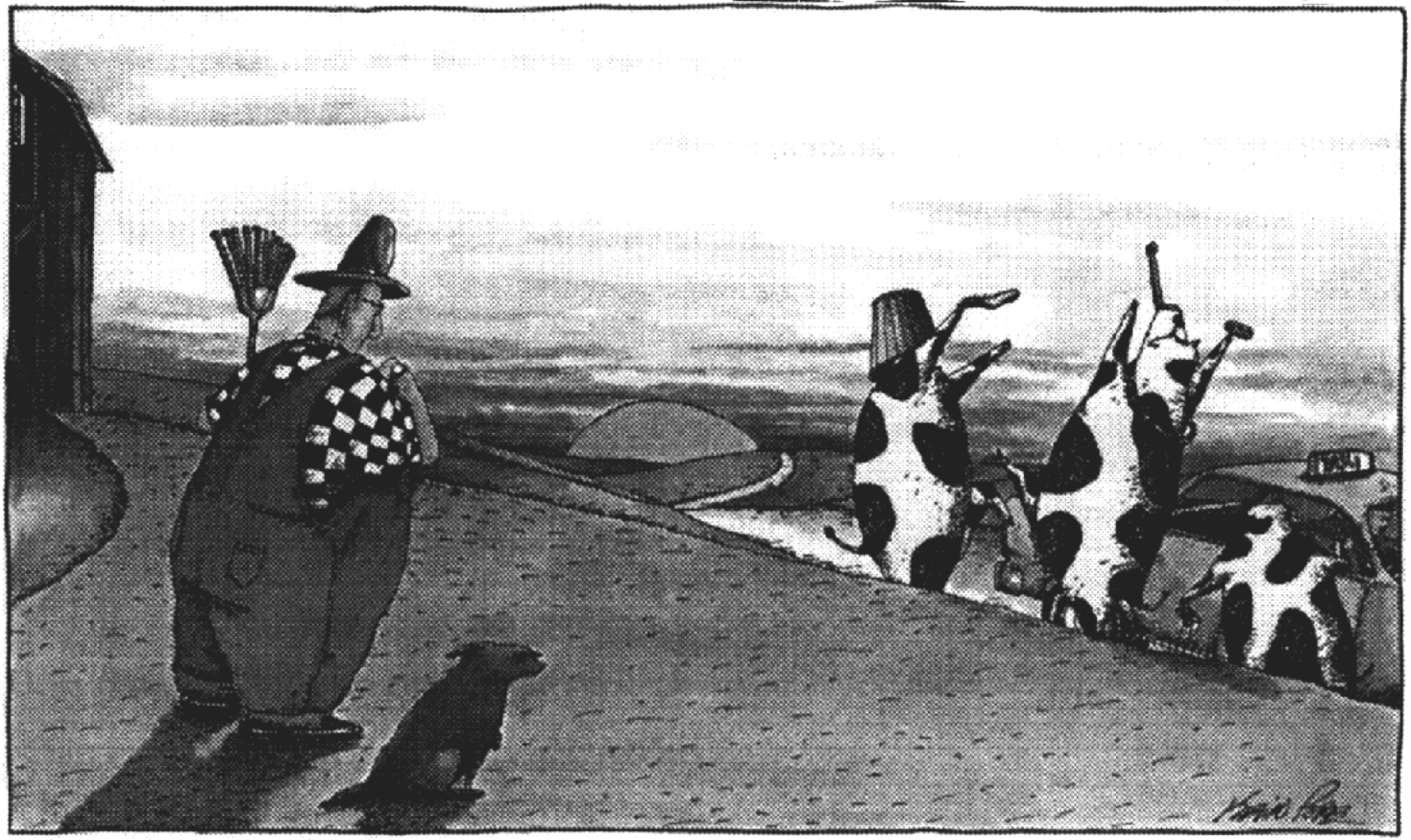
About the Author
Kevin Pope has spent most of his life in small towns, living and working side by side with the same type of folks you see in his cartoons. His quick wit and unique view of everyday situations made him perfect for this job.

"Inside Out," Kevin's syndicated cartoon panel, provides daily amusement for newspaper readers across the country. He has published a book of cartoons, The Day Gravity Was Turned Off in Topeka, and is currently at work on the Acme greeting card line.

HOME ON THE RANGE

All Alone on a Desserted Isle

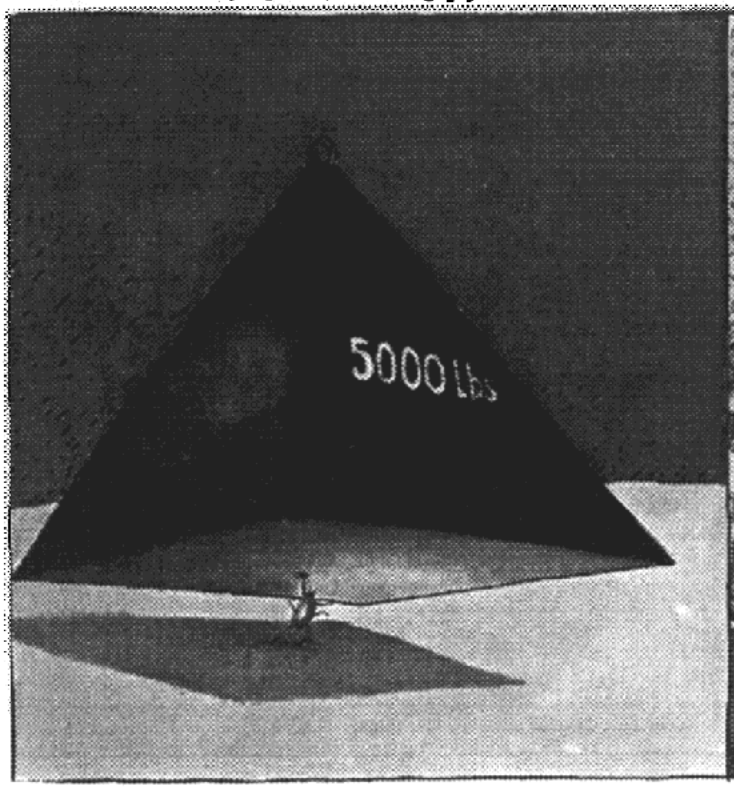
Old Farmer Brown is always worried sick, till the cows come home



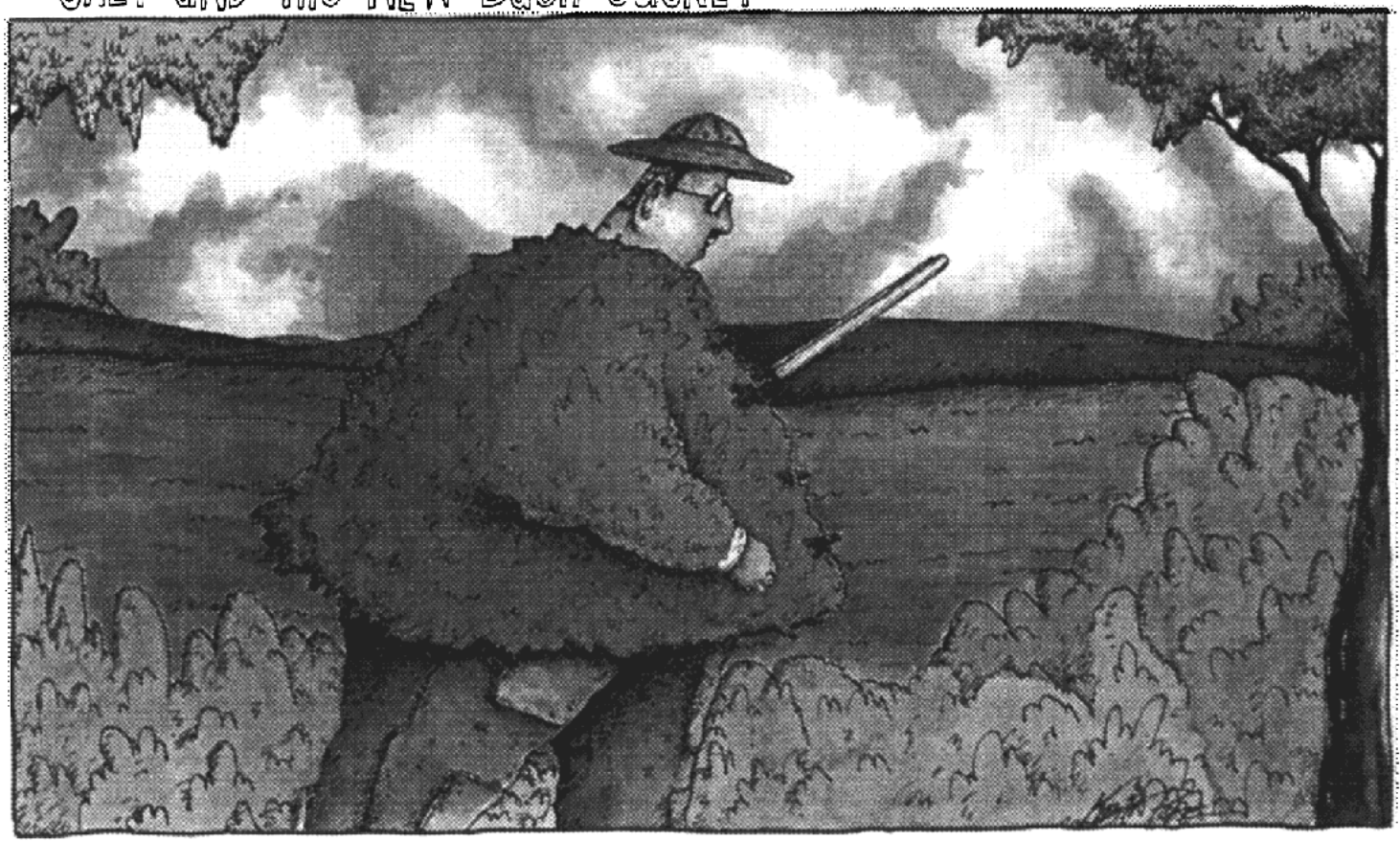
THE MAYOR MEETS THE PUBLIC DEFENDER

A HArdy tick

A tardy HicK

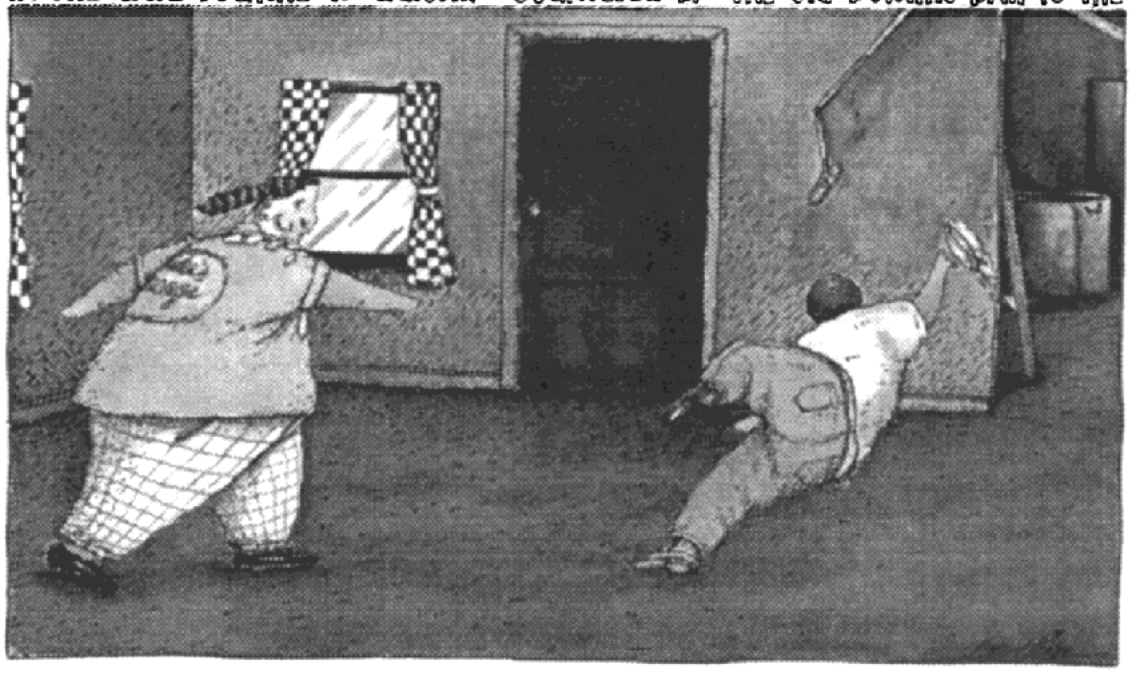


CHET AND HIS NEW BUSH JACKET



THE CHEF'S SURPRISE

THE old PIE IN THE FACE ROUTINE IS QUICKLY COUNTERED BY THE old bowling BALL to THE FACE ROUTINE



THE LIBRARY

HMMM...LET'S SEE, A NICE BOOK OR SOMETHING...
BOOKS? BOOKS? THERE AREN'T ANY BOOKS HERE!..

Plundered Hearts

Preface to the Story

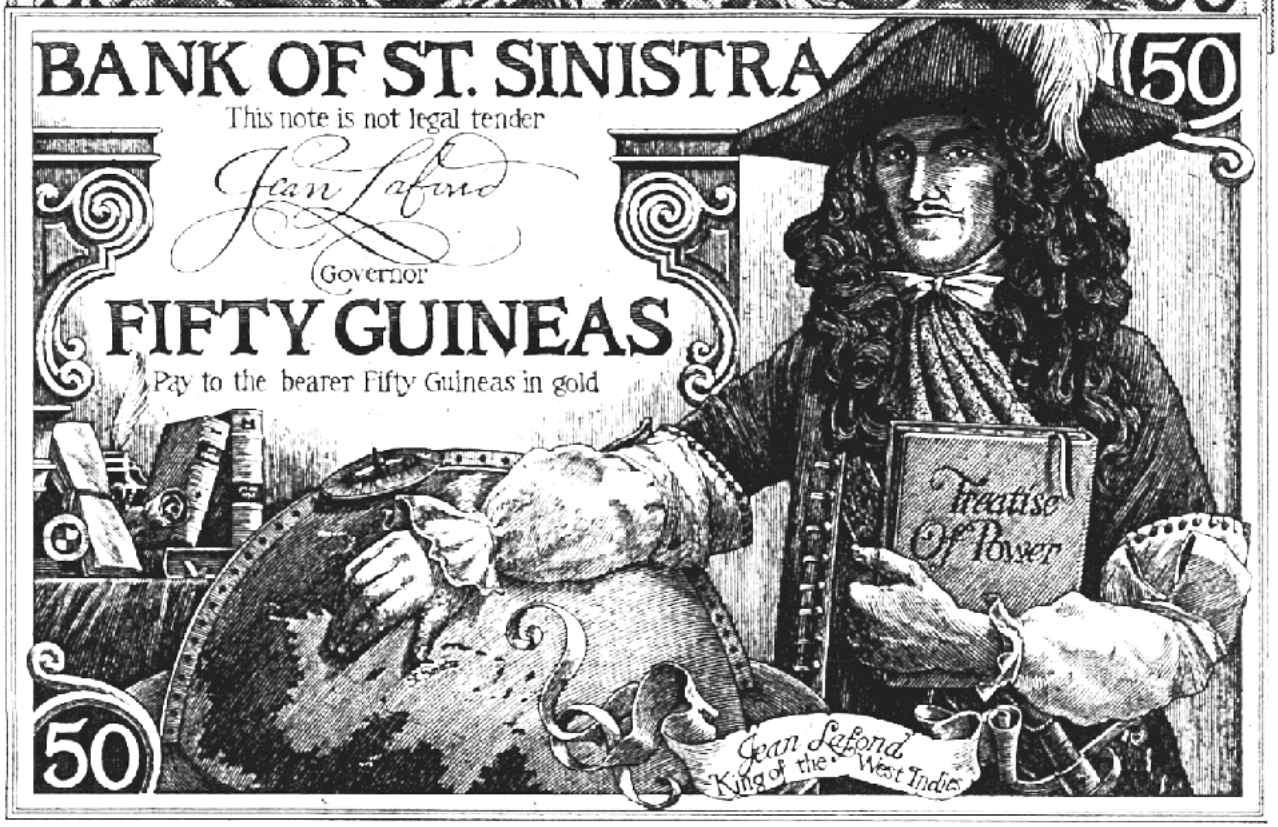
Plundered Hearts is set in the late 1600s, where you are living the genteel life of a beautiful young Englishwoman. You have received news (the note included in your game package) that your dear father is ailing, and so you are travelling to the West Indies to care for him. As the story opens, the ship you are aboard is attacked by pirates, and you are carried off by the dashing pirate captain! But this does not dissuade you from your determination to find your father. Along the way, you shall encounter danger, adventure ... and more than a touch of romance.

About the Author

Amy Briggs was born a quarter of a century ago in a small town in western Minnesota. She graduated in 1984 from Macalester College, St. Paul, with a degree in English, specializing in British Literature. Strongly influenced by Jane Austin and Ian Fleming, she has often wondered what would have happened had Elizabeth Bennett met James Bond.

Plundered Hearts is her first Infocom story.

50
BANK OF ST. SINISTRA
FIFTY GUINEAS
50
50


BANK OF ST. SINISTRA
50
This note is not legal tender
Jean Lafond
Governor
FIFTY GUINEAS
Pay to the bearer Fifty Guineas in gold
Treatise Of Power
Jean Lafond
King of the West Indies
50

St. Sinistra, 5 January

Dimsford House, London

Honored Lady,

It pleases Me that You have the Wit and Gumption not to feel obliged to wait on your Father's Permission to reply to my Letters. Of course He could not refuse You the Opportunity of writing to Myself, his new Friend and Governor.

While I customarily describe the Beauty of my little Kingdom, this Time I have less than good News to impart. Your Father has been taken ill of a wasting tropical Disease. My own Surgeon has reviewed his Condition and predicts that without loving Encouragement, He may not survive more than a few Months.

Dimsford, too ill to write Himself, begged Me to inform You, his only Daughter, of his Situation. With due Respect, I suggest that You take ship to St. Sinistra by the first Opportunity. I am convinced that the Sight of your beloved Face will dissuade your Father from his Melancholia.

I have instructed Capt. Bartholomew Davis, of my Flagship Lafond Deux, to deliver You to my grateful Charge; He should arrive in London directly after You receive this Missive. Pray accept this Banknote to defray the Cost of a new Wardrobe; any Guest of Mine must be suitably dressed.

Trusting that your Voyage will be comfortable, I am,

Your most sovereign Lord,
Governor of St. Sinistra,

Jean Lafond

Border Zone

Preface to the Story

Washington and Moscow are the capitals of the Superpowers, but the Cold War is fought at the front: in Eastern Bloc countries like Frobnia and adjacent neutral countries like Litzenburg. In these countries, where all strangers are suspect and all actions observed, paranoia and vulnerability are inescapable. In these countries, innocent travelers get caught in the web of international espionage. This is the setting for Border Zone. , Border Zone consists of three chapters. In each chapter, you play a different character (an American businessman, a Western spy, and an Eastern spy) involved in the assassination attempt of an American ambassador. Each chapter is a story unto itself, with its own unique puzzles and goals. The chapters take place at different times and at different locations; as a player, you will get the most satisfaction if you play the chapters in order. , Border Zone has a built-in clock which drives the story forward. Unlike other Infocom stories, the clock in Border Zone continues to tick even while you stop to think. So if you find yourself in a dangerous situation, you can't just sit back and relax. Whether you type in a command or not, characters will move around, events will happen, and the story will proceed.

Speeding Up or Slowing Down the Clock

The clock in Border Zone always runs; it cannot be turned off. However, the clock can move at two different speeds: SLOW and FAST. Chapter 1 starts with a SLOW clock; Chapters 2 and 3 start with a FAST clock. You can change the clock speed by typing SLOW or FAST. , Experienced Infocom players ought to try Chapter 1 with a FAST clock, since it's a greater challenge. Slow typists and players with weak hearts may find Chapters 2 and 3 more enjoyable with a SLOW clock.

Questions

Every now and then, someone in Border Zone will want you to answer a specific question. When this happens, you will see two prompts (>>) instead of the usual one (>) on the command line. You must answer the question to proceed; simply type YES or NO and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. Unlike other Infocom stories, time passes in Border Zone whether you type something or not. Like a real spy, you probably won't be able to plan your moves as slowly and carefully as you want, since timing is critical and you are usually being watched or chased.

FAST - Chapter 1 starts with a SLOW clock. By typing FAST, you can make the clock in Chapter 1 go faster. Experienced Infocom players are encouraged to play Chapter 1 with a FAST clock, since it's a greater challenge. See also SLOW below.

HINT - If you have difficulty while playing the story, and you can't figure out what to do next, just type HINT. You will see a list of questions you can ask. Just follow the directions at the top of your screen to see the hint of your choice.

SLOW - Chapters 2 and 3 start with a FAST clock. By typing SLOW, you can make the clock in Chapters 2 and 3 go slower. Slow typists may find the SLOW clock more to their speed. See also FAST above.

FROBNIZ IZIM!

I AM FROBNIA

Fortunate Tourists Guide and Phrasebook

PIASNA, FROBNIZ!

Beyond your wild dreams is Frobnia, a republic to please happy tourists! From alpine mountains to billowing fields, there is in Frobnia for all tastes. Although Frobnia is mostly for crop, do not forget to visit our most modern cities, with cafe for your pleasure. Also to hand is the famous factories of Frzi.

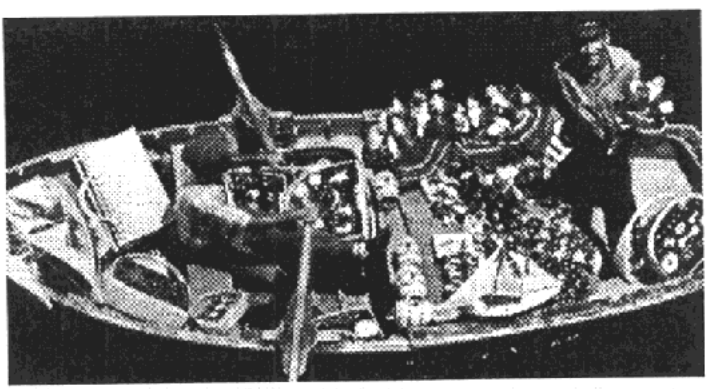
In Frobnia, you will go onboard train, the efficient transport for Frobnian and tourist alike. You will find there much to please you, from delicious refreshments at convenient station to cheerful peoples you will meet.

Do not forget to greet your new friends. This little booklet helps you find precise words to say.

Enjoy our efforts! Each wonderful page shows the treat ahead for fortunate tourists like you . . . visitors of Frobnia.

PREP TIPNA!

Our attractive peoples welcome you to Frobnia.



The shrewd merchants of Khoblatz will sell you many interesting souvenirs.

Here are many salutes you will use in our goodhumored country.

Hello.	*Pimsna.*
Goodbye.	*Zlettna.*
Yes.	*Yep.*
Yes, sir.	*Yep, vaz.*
No.	*Nyep.*
I am sorry.	*Izi slep.*
Please.	*(no translation)*
Thank you.	*Prep tipna.*
You're welcome.	*(no translation)*
I can't tell you that.	*Snemetz pushna.*

OOPZI DAZI!

Walking on the street, you will use many friendly words.

Excuse me.	*Oopzi dazi.*
Forgive me.	*Hartzi dazi.*
Pardon me.	*Pripsa dazi.*
You are in my way.	*Vinchim dorn.*
It is my fault.	*Popka izim.*
It is not my fault.	*(no translation)*
It's not allowed to . . .	*Nye mneshna . . .*
take photographs here.	*fotomattni.*
walk here.	*pletska bli.*
look at this.	*skopil fresna.*
talk to him/her.	*snemsna link/dink.*
do that.	*vilmi fresna.*
You're under arrest.	*Ouzna gotcha.*

ENTZ, TRENTZ, MRENTZ...

Even you can learn counting in Frobnia!

1 *Entz*
2 *Trentz*
3 *Mrentz*
4 *Pentz*
5 *Gríbni*
6 *Squíbni*
7 *Plíbni*
8 *Glíbni*
9 *Kípitz*
10 *Nimitz*
11 *Enimitz*
12 *Trenímitz*
13 *Frenímitz*
20 *Trenímski*
30 *Mrenímski*
50 *Gríbnimski*
100 *Nímnímski*
1000 *Nímnímnímski*
1000000 *Nímnímnímnímnímnímski*

1 o'clock	*entz ornim*
2 o'clock	*trentz ornim*
2 fifteen	*mrentz-pentz gríbni ornim*
2 thirty	*grip gríbni ornim*
2 forty-five	*entz-pentz gríbni ornim*

KAP GAZNI?

Don't go at haphazard! Plan your journey from the interesting sights of Frobnia.

Where is...	*Kap...*
Where are...	*Kop...*
the mountains?	*edelvas?*
the catacombs?	*toumzim?*
the swamp?	*gazni?*
the factory?	*anzingetz?*
the forest?	*chopom?*
the market?	*ugetzis?*
the border?	*hazbnigetz?*
the road?	*stritz?*
the museum?	*folkznip?*
the tunnel?	*blakiz?*

INTZ KEM FROBNIZ!

Why not make a companion of Frobnia?

Hello.	*Pímsna.*
My name is...	*Ríza yorp...*
Gurthark.	*Gurtark.*
Bob.	*Bob.*
I am from...	*Intz kem...*
Frobnia.	*Frobníz.*
Litzenburg.	*Litzenka.*
the KGB.	*KGB.*
Where are you from?	*Kap kladni?*
What is your...	*Snim pli...*
blood type?	*corpzim?*
age?	*heríznip?*
potato ration?	*viski hurítz?*

ALP!

Not to worry about emergency in Frobnia. Our many assistants will soothe you.

Help!	*Alp!*		
I've been . . .	*Hapenz . . .*		
We've been . . .	*Hapninz . . .*	shot.	*bangni.*
robbed.	*stolni.*	stabbed.	*vezni.*
killed.	*hazbni.*	beaten.	*grushni.*
seduced.	*olinki.*	bludgeoned.	*reznetzi.*
photographed.	*fotomattni.*	garrotted.	*smeretzni.*

SUFRIZ?

At the top of the world is medical care in Frobnia.

Hello.	*Pimsna.*		
I have . . .	*Sufrizim . . .*		
a headache.	*anzin.*	bullet wounds.	*bangnim enzom.*
diarrhea.	*fludgetz.*	stab wounds.	*veznim enzom.*
bad diarrhea.	*fludgetz oboi.*	cyanide poisoning.	*poiznim cianidom.*

OOPZI DAZI!

Walking on the street, you will use many friendly words.

Excuse me.	*Oopzi dazi.*
Forgive me.	*Hartzi dazi.*
Pardon me.	*Pripsa dazi.*
You are in my way.	*Vinchim dorn.*
It is my fault.	*Popka izim.*
It is not my fault.	*(no translation)*
It's not allowed to . . .	*Nye mneshna . . .*
take photographs here.	*fotomattni.*
walk here.	*pletska bli.*
look at this.	*skopil fresna.*
talk to him/her.	*snemsna link/dink.*
do that.	*vilmi fresna.*
You're under arrest.	*Ouzna gotcha.*

On trains is the best way to see the varied sights of Frobnia.

Where is track . . .	*Kap insken . . . rallni?*
number one?	*entzen*
number two?	*trentzen*
Where is the train to . . .	*Kap choozhoo . . .*
Ostnitz?	*Ostnezka?*
Litzenburg?	*Litzenka?*

All aboard!	*Gormnash floogle nomnetz! (literally – it will leave without you)*
I must search your baggage.	*Mischen rifna bagni.*
Open the bag!	*Enzen bagni!*
This/that is contraband!	*Esna/fresna gorbnesh!*
You're under arrest.	*Ouzna gotcha.*

FINGIM FISH!

Why not eat where food is good! It tastes best from Frobnia.

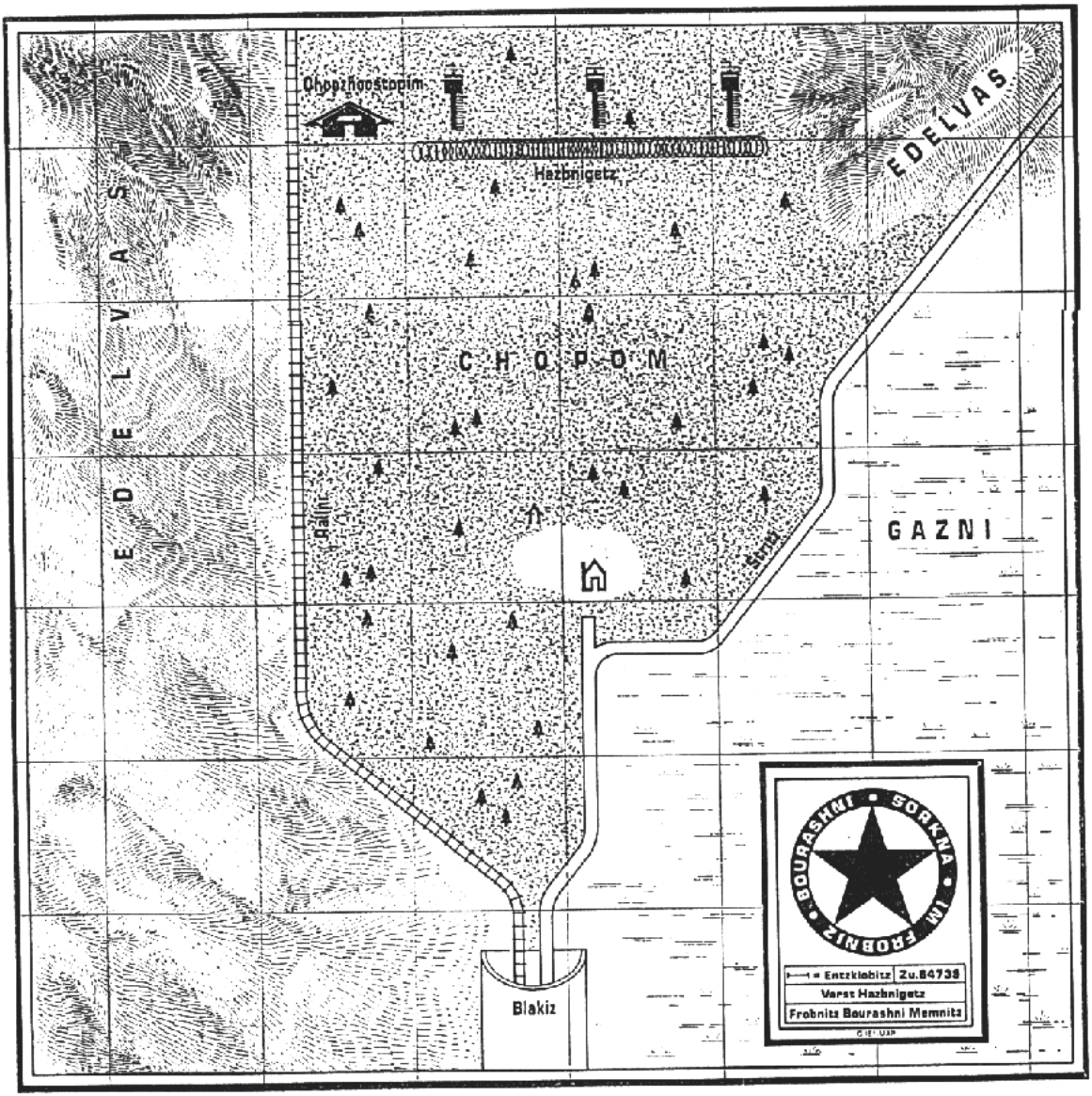
I would like . . .	*Fingim . . .*	Sorry, we don't have . . .	*Slep, nye fingri . . .*
steak.	*beef.*	steak.	*beef.*
lamb.	*lamb.*	lamb.	*lamb.*
chicken.	*chicken.*	chicken.	*chicken.*
veal.	*veal.*	veal.	*veal.*
fish.	*fish.*	fish.	*fish.*

Well, what do you have?	*Om, sní fingrom?*
What is 'slopz'?	*Sní slopz?*
Really?	*Nyep!*
Is there nothing else?	*Fingrom oltz?*
Where is the bathroom?	*Kap ínskem vashnoo?*
I'm leaving.	*Rízítz na.*
You're under arrest.	*Ouzna gotcha.*

TRAINS FROM FRZI TO VIENNA DAILY!

M Th ex H		lv Frzi	late morning	ar Vienna	evening	via Knukla	☎ ◗ ➢
F		lv Frzi	early morning	ar Vienna	late afternoon	via Ostnitz	☎
W T	express	lv Frzi	mid-afternoon	ar Vienna	after midnight		✱ ✂ ≺
S Su ex H		lv Frzi	noon	ar Vienna	early morning	via Yinsli	➢ ✂ ★ ✥ ⌧
M W	express	lv Frzi	late morning	ar Vienna	midnight		
H "vacations"		lv Frzi	mid-morning	ar Vienna	early evening		➢ ✂ ★ ✥
Th S	express	lv Vienna	late evening	ar Frzi	noon		⌧
M W F ex H		lv Vienna	afternoon	ar Frzi	early morning	via Yinsli	☎ ◗ ➢
Su		lv Vienna	morning	ar Frzi	early evening	via Ostnitz & Knuckla	➢ ✂ ★ ✥ ⌧ ☎ ◗
T M	express	lv Vienna	noon	ar Frzi	late morning		✂ ★ ✥
F S Su "weeksend"	⌧	lv Vienna	early afternoon	ar Frzi	midnight	via Sizka	⌧
ex H	express	lv Vienna	evening	ar Frzi	noon		☎ ◗ ➢

Please see agent for current schedule.



RIZNIK'S
ANTIQUES
Rare Books and Curios

In Historic Ostnitz for 35 Years

Velkom! Pimsna! Welcome! Willkommen!

Sherlock: The Riddle of the Crown Jewels

Preface to the Story

In The Riddle of the Crown Jewels, you play the role of Doctor Watson. You have received an urgent summons to the rooms of your good friend Sherlock Holmes by his landlady, Mrs. Hudson. Normally you are not up and about so early on a Saturday. But here you are, outside the Baker Street residence, and not a moment too soon; for the fog has thickened and travel without a lamp has become impossible.

Hints

The Riddle of the Crown Jewels is partly a story for you to read and partly puzzles for you to solve. If you feel stuck on any puzzle in The Riddle of the Crown Jewels, you can type HINT and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. Then follow the instructions on your screen. Most of the hints are nudges in the right direction; the last hint in a sequence is usually a complete answer.

Special Command

WAIT UNTIL (time) - This causes time to pass until the desired time arrives. For instance, you can WAIT UNTIL 12 or WAIT UNTIL 3:35. If anything interesting happens during this time, you will have a chance to stop waiting.

Please locate the London map and Newspaper from the game box to assist you while playing Sherlock.

Bureaucracy

Preface to the Story

Once upon a time, a man moved from one apartment in London to another. He dutifully notified everyone of his new address, including his bank; he went to the bank and filled out a change of address form himself. The man was very happy in his new apartment.

Then, one day, the man tried to use his credit card but couldn't. He discovered that his bank had invalidated his credit card. Apparently, the bank had sent a new card to his old address.

For weeks, this man tried to get the bank to acknowledge his change of address form. He talked to many bank officials, and filled out new forms, and tried to get a new credit card issued, but nothing worked. The man had no credit, and the bank behaved like, well, a bank.

It's a sad story, one that gets replayed every day for millions of people worldwide. Of course, sometimes it's not a hank at fault: sometimes it’s the postal service, or an insurance company, of the telephone company, or an airline, of the Government. But all of us, at one time of another, feel persecuted by a bureaucracy.

You begin in your new house. As per the letter in your package, you will fly to Pads just as soon as you get some money to take you to the airport. That money should be in today's mail, so you should be off soon... unless, of course, there's some problem with the mail.

Oh by the way: The man in our story about the bank was Douglas Adams, the principal author of this game. The bank did finally send him a letter, apologizing for the inconvenience - but they sent it to his old address.

Your Blood Pressure

On the right hand side of the status line, you'll see a couple of numbers indicating your blood pressure. You start the game with a healthy blood pressure of 120/80. However, your blood pressure will go up whenever something annoying happens for a while. An extremely high blood pressure can be fatal. If you think your blood pressure is getting dangerously high, you should probably do only "safe" non annoying activities until your blood pressure is normal again.

Forms

As you play, you will occasionally be asked to fill out a form on the computer screen. Look at the form carefully to see what information you will need to supply next, then simply type your answer and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. Fill out the form truthfully and or to the best of your ability; failure to do so will surely cause something to go wrong.

Questions

Every now and then, someone in Bureaucracy will want you to answer a specific question. When this happens, you will see two prompts (>>) instead of the usual one (>) on the command line. You must answer the question to proceed; simply type YES or NO and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key.

About the Author

Douglas Adams graduated from Cambridge in 1974, where he was an active member of the Footlights Club, which has launched the careers of many of Britain's great comics. He has collaborated on several projects with Monty Python's Graham Chapman, and has served as a writer and script editor for the TV series "Dr. Who." THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY began in 1978 as a BBC radio serial, and its popularity soon propelled it into four books, a television series, two records, and a stage show.

You're ready to move!

FRAGILE

Fillmore Fiduciary Trust EST. 1907

—And WE'RE ready to *move* with you!

*"Let's not forget the **CHANGE-OF-ADDRESS FORM**, dear."*

One of the nice things about moving is the new friends you'll make. But there's one old friend you can bring along with you—Fillmore Fiduciary Trust! We have offices nationwide, waiting to serve you in your new town. When you fill out a Fillmore Fiduciary Trust change-of-address form, your account will automatically be transferred to the branch office nearest you!

Moving is easy when you plan ahead. Just follow these simple steps. First, contact Mazzotta National Van Lines and Rent-a-Truck well ahead of time, so that a van can be reserved in your name. Second, buy plenty of boxes and packing tape so you don't run out. Third, file your change-of-address forms six to eight weeks before you move to ensure that all mail will be properly forwarded.

Children have feelings, too. Sometimes children feel left out during a move. Their parents are too busy packing and making arrangements to pay attention to a child's fears and apprehensions, so the little tiny worries grow bigger and bigger until they turn into enormous horrible monsters hiding in the closet just waiting to jump out and gobble you up! The solution is to involve your children in every aspect of your move. Filling out and filing your Fillmore Fiduciary Trust change-of-address form can be a fun activity for the whole family.

Your friendly bank teller is waiting for you! Plan a day for your family to visit the bank. Your children will find it an exciting educational experience as you proudly show them the many financial services available. While you're there, why not open a savings account for each child! The minimum opening balance for a Fillmore Fiduciary Trust Regular Savings Account is only $10 and your children will thrill to the excitement of sound money management as our generous 5% interest adds pennies, nickels, and dimes to their accounts. Don't forget to visit the Change of Address window, where the teller will cheerfully hand you a change-of-address form.

We make it easy! It's a breeze to change your address with the Fillmore Fiduciary Trust change-of-address forms. Choose between Short Form 624Z87M-A and Long Form

*"Gee whiz, Dad, this is a **BIG BANK!**"*

"We delivered the ***CHANGE-OF-ADDRESS FORM*** *just in time!"*

624Z87M. Then set aside an evening to gather round the kitchen table and show your kids how rewarding it is to take care of business.

Countdown to moving day. As the Big Day draws nearer, a few tips will come in handy. Be sure to wash and iron all curtains and wall hangings before packing. Fold them neatly into boxes and they'll be all ready to hang when you arrive at your new home. Wrap all china and glassware in newspaper. They'll travel safe and secure in the special china cartons provided by your mover. Put essentials (toothbrushes, changes of clothes, children's favorite toys) in a special box which will be the last thing into the truck and first thing out of it. Everything you'll need right away will be at your fingertips!

Moving day is here! It's hard to believe that all those weeks of planning and packing have already flown by! Now your Mazzotta moving crew is waiting outside your house, ready to transport your belongings with courtesy and efficiency. As you set forth on your adventure, you'll be glad for the peace of mind you've brought yourself by filing a Fillmore Fiduciary Trust change-of-address form.

Welcome to your new home! As you settle into your new house, hanging your curtains and unpacking your china, one thing you won't have to worry about is your finances. Your bank statements and correspondence will arrive on time, at your new address, and your new Fillmore Fiduciary Trust branch office will be ready to meet your banking needs. We'll even arrange a loan for all those extra moving expenses. You can count on Fillmore Fiduciary Trust!

"Here's your ***BANK STATEMENT,*** *Ma'am."*

FILLMORE FIDUCIARY TRUST EST. 1907

Consider us your friend ...
We make it EASY for YOU!

FILLMORE FIDUCIARY TRUST
CHANGE-OF-ADDRESS FORM 624Z87M (624Z87M-A)
INSTRUCTIONS

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO OUR CUSTOMERS

Forms 624Z87M and 624Z87M-A have been completely revised to make it even easier for you to change your address. The instructions have been rewritten in simple English and a handy chart has been added to help you decide which form to use.

You'll find a number of helpful new features, including a simple question-and-answer format, illustrative examples of more complicated questions, sample worksheet space, color-coded step-by-step forms, and larger type. We're sure these alterations will make it quicker and easier than ever for you to change your address.

You may file a change-of-address form whenever you change your primary residence, with certain qualifications (explained later). Just follow these simple steps:

FIRST, COMPLETE FORM 624Z87M (624Z87M-A). Be sure to study the instructions for each item and to follow directions carefully. If you received these instructions and forms by mail at your former address, please peel off the name-and-address label on the back cover and affix it in the FORMER NAME AND ADDRESS area on the form you file. Using the label will speed processing of your change-of-address form. If the label is incorrect, do not use it. Print the correct former name and address in the space provided.

THEN DELIVER YOUR FORM TO THE BANK. Fillmore Fiduciary Trust has hundreds of offices nationwide, ready to serve you and your banking needs. Drop your form off at any one of our handy locations. We regret that we are unable to accept forms sent through the mail.

WE MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU! You may be eligible to use E-Z-Form 624Z87M-B if you are moving to Zalagasa to start a new job. You must meet certain tests of time and distance. Please contact your Customer Service Representative for details.

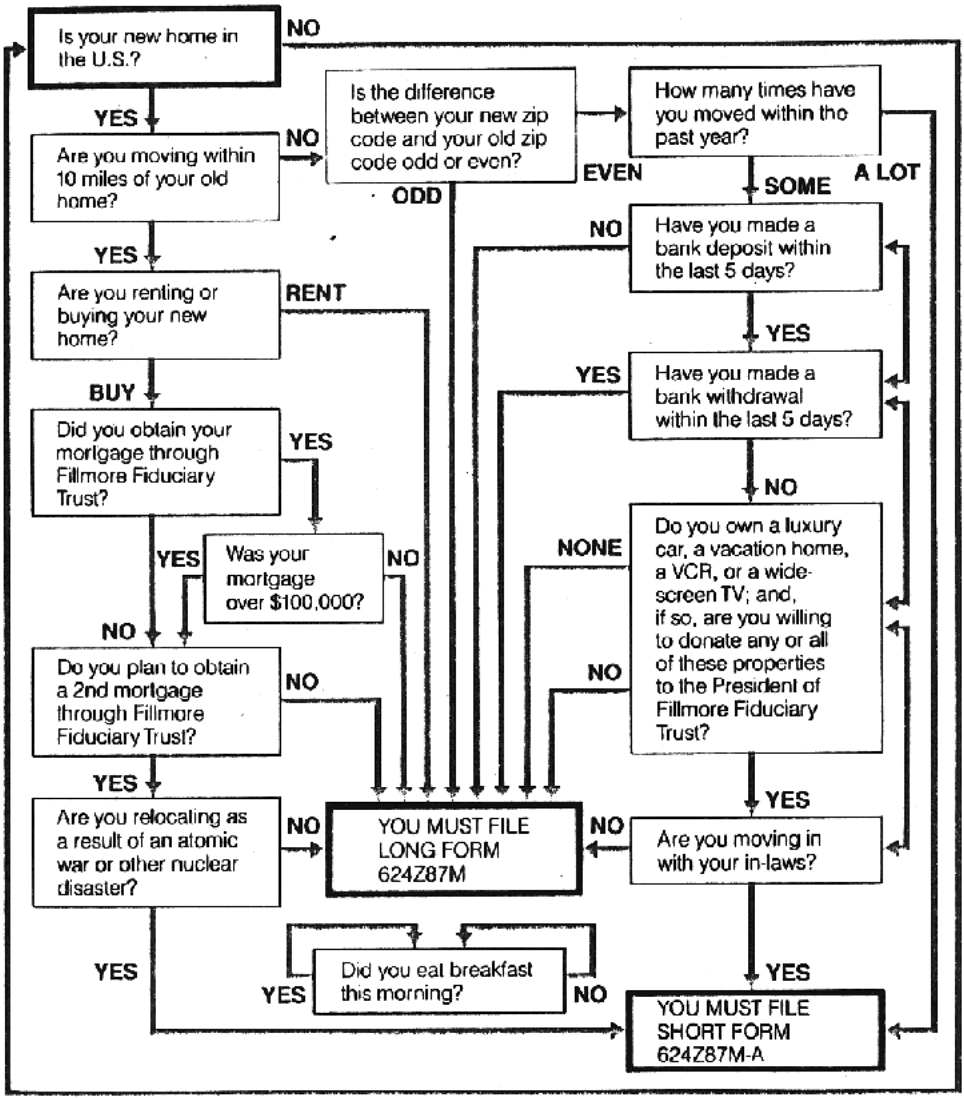
MISTAKES DELAY YOUR BANK CORRESPONDENCE AND INCREASE SERVICE CHARGES. Only YOU can prevent mistakes. Please fill out your form carefully, using a #2 pencil. Seek assistance if necessary. Be sure to:

1. Complete all items.
2. Check all facts.
3. Sign where indicated. If married, both must sign. Children over age 12 must file separate forms.
4. Use only blue ultra fine felt-tip pen.
5. Never fold, staple, bend, or mutilate this, or any other, form.

L. M. Mazzotta
Chairman, Fillmore Fiduciary Trust, Inc.

WHICH CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM SHOULD YOU FILE?

Follow the arrows to find out whether you must file Long Form 624Z87M or Short Form 624Z87M-A. By answering "yes" or "no" to each question in turn, you will easily be led to the final answer.



Form 624Z87M-A GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Who Must File?

1. **Every Fillmore Fiduciary Trust customer who moves to a new home must file a change-of-address form.**

Customer means:
· anyone who has ever completed a banking transaction with Fillmore Fiduciary Trust.

Banking transactions include: · maintaining savings, checking, IRA, and Money Market accounts. · applying for loans or jobs. · dating bank personnel.
· purchasing money orders, traveller's checks, or bus passes.

Which Form Should I File?

You MAY be able to use Short Form 624Z87M-A if:
· You spent more titan $1300 on lottery tickets during the twelve months immediately preceding the filing of the form, OR
· Your daily breakfast menu meets nutritional requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration, OR
· You meet other qualifications as outlined in Pamphlet 831, "To *Make* a Long Story Short."

Since Short Form 624Z87MA is easier to complete than Long Form 624Z87M, you should use it if you can. However, even if you meet the above tests, you may still have to file Long Form 624Z87M. The chart on page 5 will help you determine which form to file.

· cashing in rolls of coins (other than Kennedy half-dollars).
· using Automatic Teller Machines or late-night depositories.
· working as a security guard.

To determine other qualifying banking transactions, ask your Customer Service Representative for Pamphlet 21, "Banking Transactions: What Are They?"

2. **Regardless of bank affiliation, you must file a Fillmore Fiduciary Trust change-of-address form if you are moving to Delaware and/or your last name is "Mazzotta."**

The following instructions are for Short Form 624Z87M-A. To obtain instructions for Long Form 624Z87M, send $19.95 to your Customer Service Representative for Publication 163, Volumes I through Ill, "General Instructions tot Filing Fillmore Fiduciary Trust Form 624Z87M."

When Should I File?

You must tile your change-of-address form at least two months, but no sooner than six weeks, be-lore your moving date. Please ask your Customer Service Representalive for Pamphlet 96, "Penal-lies and Interest on Forwarding Expenses Due to Late Filing of Change-of-Address Form."

IS There Anything Else I Should Know?

What if a customer dies before Ill-in0 a change-of-address form?

In this case, the customer's spouse or personal representative must file the 1orrn to ensure that any remaining bank business is properly settled and delivered to tile appropriate parties.

If your spouse died within the past year and you did not remarry during that period, you may file a joint change-of-address form. Please write "Filing as Surviving Spouse" in the 'Signature of Spouse' section of the form. Show the date of death in the 'Name of Spouse' space and attach a notarized copy of the death certificate.

For further details, request Pamphlet 974, "Banking Protocol lot Survivors, Executors, and Morticians."

LINE-BY-LINE INSTRUCTIONS

Vital Information

Line 1--Write your full name here. Do not use nicknames or abbreviations. Our modern computerized name and address file will only accept names that have less than 8 letters and are not names of months.

Example--June Roosevelt lives in the and has 6 children. Her total lottery expenditure for this year was $1,684. Since June's last name has 9 letters and her first name is the name of a month, she must write 'Juan Rooster' on Line 1.

Line 2--Write your spouse's nickname here.

Line 3--Write your old address here. Please include apartment or box number. The following street designations are acceptable:
· Crescent
· Boulevard
· View
· Terrace

Example Brenda Volpe is moving to Honeoye Falls, New York to assume a now position as a bank security guard. She drives a red Dodge Duster. Her former address was 622 Pelican Crescent. Brenda may write this address on Line 3.

Line 4--No abbreviations may be used. You must include all 9 digits in your "zip + 4" code.

Line 5 --Write your old telephone number here, including area code. If you own a push-button phone, write your phone number in a 3 x 4 matrix. If you own a rotary phone, write your phone number in a circle.

Line 6--Write your new name here. See Line 1.

Line 7--Generally, you should include any spouse acquired during the past 12 months, except those listed on Line 2. You may NOT include:
° Mail-order brides
· Gifts to employees.

· Contest or game show winnings, as defined in Pamphlet 469, "When a Game Show Date Becomes a Lifelong Mate."

Example--Ken Dahl receives numerous mail-order catalogues, including one for mail-order brides. While Ken seriously considered acquiring a spouse in lbs manner, in June 1986 he married his childhood sweetheart, Barbie. Since Barbie is not a mail-order bride, he may enter her name on Line 7

Line 8--See Line 3.

Line 9 Refer 1o Pamphlet 128, "Legislation Regulating Banking Practices in Townships Incorporated Within the Past Six Months."

Line 10---Your now telephone number must be included to validate the change-of-address form. Signing the form authorizes Fillmore Fiduciary Trust to charge only those calls they deem necessary to your new phone number while arranging for the transfer of your bank account. and thereafter, at their discretion, for addressing your banking needs so long as said phone number is in operation.

Personal Information

Line 11 -Please check the ap propriate box. For assistance, please see Pamphlet 593, "Which Sex Am I?"

Line 12--You may only check the "Firm" box if your new address is to be used solely as a place of business.

Example.-- Lori Angler, a psychotherapist, has neither a prestigious Better Beezer Card nor a Fillmore Fiduciary Trust Cash-at-the-Ready Card. She uses a den in her home for group primal scream sessions. The den is also used for recreational purposes Lori may not check the "Firm" box.

Line 13 ll you are not movie,of into one of the four types of dwellings listed in Line 13, you must file Long Form 624Z87M

Example-Tootsie and Larry Platinum are moving from the back room of a Seattle laun derette to a chateau on the Hudson River. They just bought a VCR, but have never owned a wide-screen TV or a luxury car. Even though their former home was a launderette, they must file Long Form 624Z87M.

Line 14--Please enclose fabric swatches with your completed form.

Dates

Line 15 --Enter date of filing form here. For your convenience. our computer does not accept months with names that are commonly used as given names.

Example--Willamena Steere eats nothing but a chocolate-cov-ered donut every morning for breakfast. Her diet does not meet FDA minimum nutrition requirements. She is planning to move to Hershey, Pennsylvania on April 23, 198T. Willamena will have to postpone her move until July 1987, since April, May, and June are all given names. For further specifications, see Pamphlet 482, "Is That a Baby or a Month?"

Line 16--Enter moving date here. Date listed must be the actual date at which you move into your new home.

Example -- Rupert Swarm is married and has 3 children. He owned his home in Lobster, Maine, where he worked. His employer told him that on October 3, 1986, he would be transferred to Harborview, Maryland. His wife Stella flew to Harborview on September 9 to look for a house. She put a deposit on a houseboat that was still under construction. The family moved to Harborview on October 1, and stayed in a motel until the houseboat was finished on December 21. Rupert and Stella must enter "December 12, 1986" on Line 17.

Line 17--1f you are moving to a temporary residence, after which you will return to your former residence (see Line 2), enter the date at which you will vacate the temporary residence. If you plan to be at the temporary residence longer than 2 months, or if you will subsequently move to any home other than your former residence, you must file Long Form 624Z87M.

Line 18--The following worksheet may be used to determine the final sum.

Step 1 --Enter filing date here

Step 2--Enter moving date here--

Step 3--Enter expiration date here

Step 4--Add 1, 2, and 3 above-

Step 5--Enter date of birth here.

Step 6--Subtract 5 from 4

Step 7--Enter the smaller of 1 or 6

Write this amount on Line 18.

Other

Line 19--For more information, see Publication 421, Volumes I through VIII, "Penalties for Failure to complete Line 19 on Fillmore Fiduciary Trust Change-of-Ad-dress Form 624Z87MA."

Line 20 -- Please check one,

Example--Mary brownell's great aunt left her a multimillion dollar trust fund Mary should check the "Trust Fund" box.

Line 21--Include costs of trans-portation.

Signature of Individual Applicant

Line 22--Use fountain pen with Permanent Blue-Black ink.

Line 23--1f moving in with in-laws, mother-in-law must sign here.

We Are Happy To Answer Any Questions

Your Fillmore Fiduciary Trust Customer Service Representative is frequently available Monday through Friday during normal banking hours, 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., to answer your questions and provide you with any pamphlets and forms you might need. We regret that we are unable to accept phone calls.

FILLMORE FIDUCIARY TRUST EST. 1907

Consider us your friend ... We make it EASY for YOU!

SAMPLE CHANGE-OF-ADDRESS FORM

Form 624Z87M-A

FILLMORE FIDUCIARY TRUST CHANGE-OF-ADDRESS FORM

(For use by Fillmore Fiduciary Trust customers and others as explained in the instructions. Please read instructions carefully before completing this form. Type or print clearly using black ballpoint pen.)

Part I Vital Information

1. Name► Millard Fillmore
2. Name of Spouse► Gwendolyn
3. Old Address► 1600 Pensylvania Ave.
4. City► Washington State► D.C.
   Zip ☐ ☒ ☐ ☐ ☐
5. Old Telephone► (202) 555-5555
6. New Name► Lesty Mazzotta
7. New Spouse► Bubbles
8. New Address► 17237 Cresent Terrace
9. City► Rhinocerous State► N.J.
   Zip ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☒
10. New Telephone► (201) 555-5556

Part II Personal Information

11. Are you ☐ Male ☐ Female ☒ Banker
12. Is change of address for ☐ Individual ☐ Entire Family ☒ Firm ☒ Pet
13. Are you moving to ☒ Houseboat ☐ Fallout Shelter ☐ Commune ☐ Launderette
14. Do you wear ☐ Pinstripe Suits ☐ Custom-made Shirts ☒ Burberry Raincoat ☐ Wingtip Shoes ☐ Other (itemize)► Rubber Boots

Part III Dates

15. Date filed (must be at least 8 weeks before moving date) ..... July 4, 1987
16. Moving date (must be within 6 weeks of filing form) ..... November 24, 1987
17. If temporary, expiration date (must be within 2 months) ..... NONE
18. Total dates (add lines 15 through 17) 28, 3974

Part IV Other

19. I agree to pay any forwarding charges incurred by the bank. ☒ yes
20. I authorize the deduction of charges from my ☐ savings ☐ checking ☒ paycheck ☐ trust fund ☐ piggy bank
21. Total dental expenses in past 12 months ..... $ 8,748

Part V Signature of Individual Applicant

22. X Millard Fillmore

23. Signature of neighbor Tootsie Platinum

Please notarize this form and return it to your convenient Fillmore Fiduciary Trust branch office. Thank you!

THE ADVENTURES OF

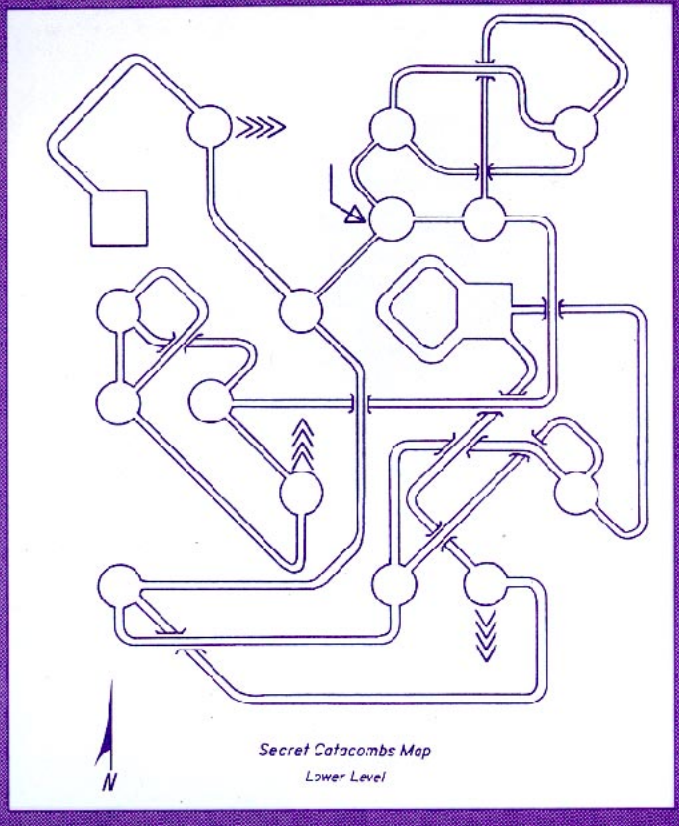
#91

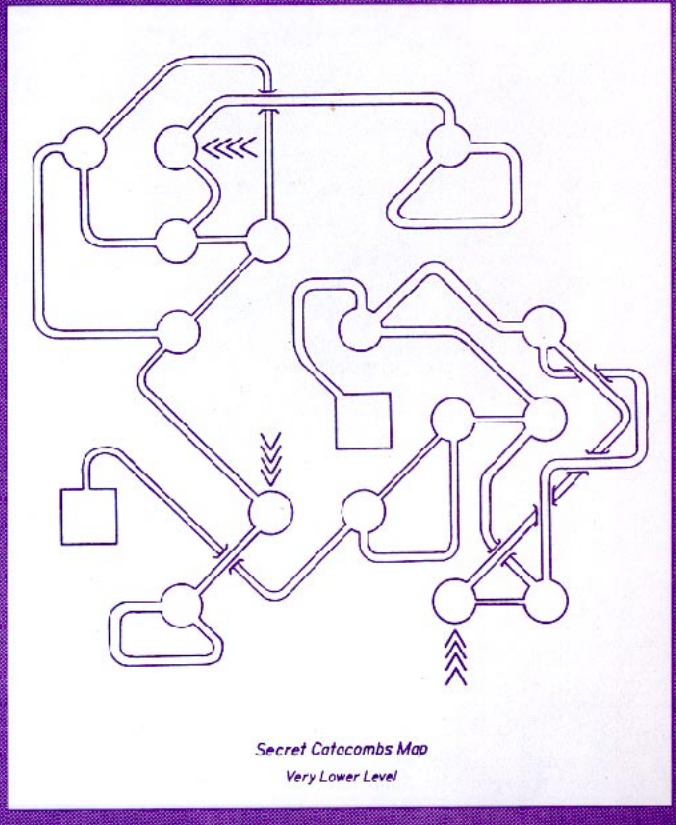
LANE MASTODON

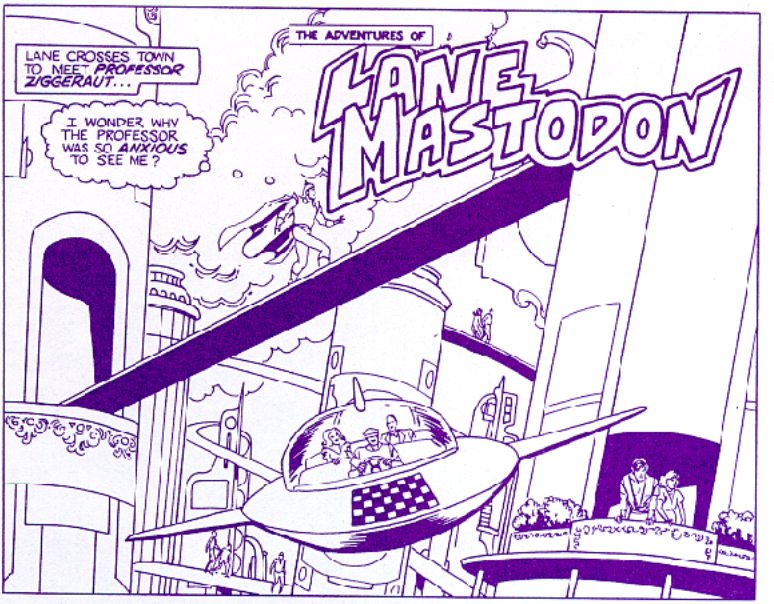
LANE battles the SHAMELESS LEATHER GODDESSES

INCLUDES

Instruction Manual


N
Secret Catacombs Map
Lower Level


Secret Catacombs Map
Very Lower Level

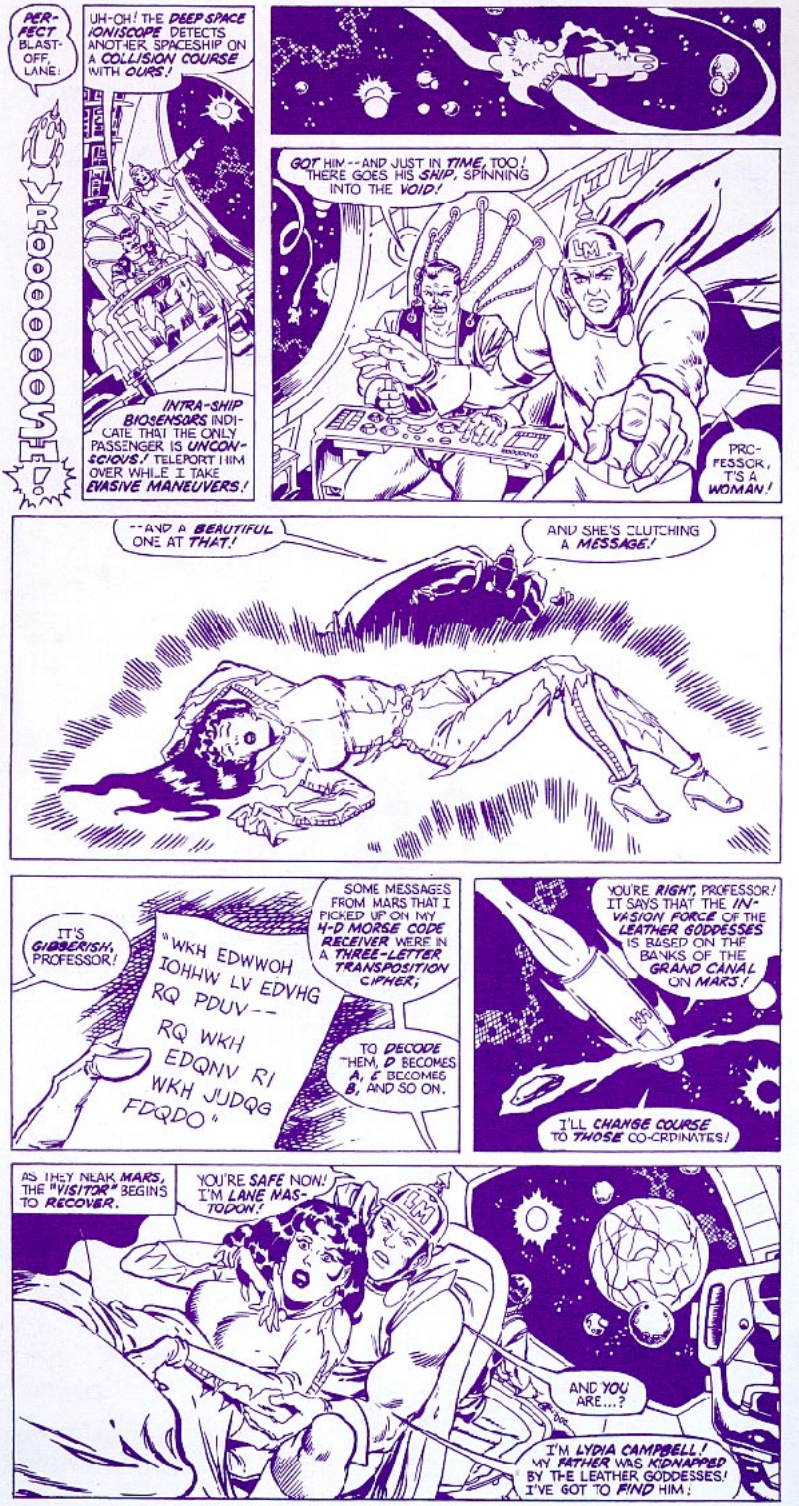

THE ADVENTURES OF
LANE MASTODON
LANE CROSSES TOWN TO MEET PROFESSOR ZIGGERAUT...
I WONDER WHY THE PROFESSOR WAS SO ANXIOUS TO SEE ME?

THANKS FOR COMING, LANE!
I'VE RECENTLY PICKED UP SOME ALARMING SIGNALS ON MY FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL MORSE CODE RECEIVER!

EVERY FIFTY YEARS, THE EVIL LEATHER GODDESSES OF PHOBOS LEAVE THAT TINY MOON OF MARS IN AN ATTEMPT TO ENSLAVE THE EARTH!

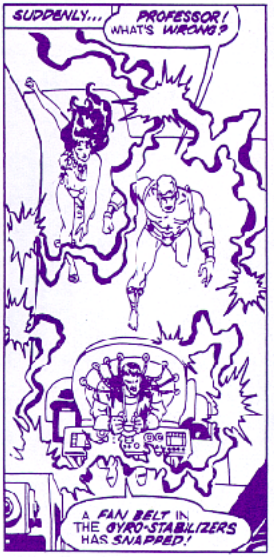
THEIR LAST ATTEMPT TO INVADE OUR WORLD WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO--IN 1936--SO THEIR NEXT ATTACK WILL BE THIS YEAR! AND IF I'VE DECODED THEIR MESSAGES CORRECTLY, IT'S ONLY DAYS AWAY!
HOLY NOVA, PROFESSOR, WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE!
THANK THE NINE MOONS OF JUPITER THAT MY SPACESHIP'S COMPLETELY REPAIRED FROM MY BATTLE AGAINST THE MERCURIAN MONSTEROIDS!
*SEE "ADVENTURES OF LANE MASTODON #88."

LANE AND ZIGGERAUT MAKE A BEELINE FOR THE SPACEPORT...
I'LL PILOT A COURSE FOR PHOBOS WHILE YOU GET HER SPACEREADY, LANE!
LEATHER GODDESSES, HERE WE COME!

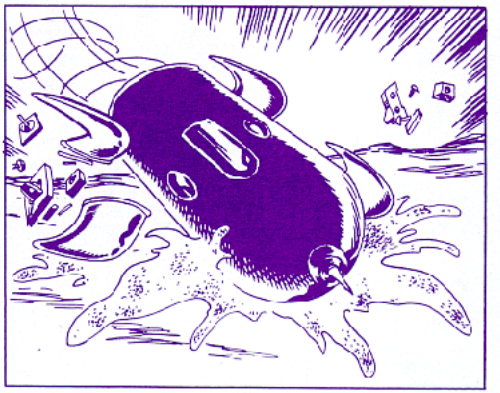

PERFECT BLAST-OFF, LANE!
VROOOOOOSH!
UH-OH! THE DEEP SPACE IONISCOPE DETECTS ANOTHER SPACESHIP ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH OURS!
INTRA-SHIP BIOSENSORS INDICATE THAT THE ONLY PASSENGER IS UNCONSCIOUS! TELEPORT HIM OVER WHILE I TAKE EVASIVE MANEUVERS!
GOT HIM--AND JUST IN TIME, TOO! THERE GOES HIS SHIP, SPINNING INTO THE VOID!
PROFESSOR, IT'S A WOMAN!
--AND A BEAUTIFUL ONE AT THAT!
AND SHE'S CLUTCHING A MESSAGE!
IT'S GIBBERISH, PROFESSOR!
"WKH EDWWOH IOHHW LV EDVHG RQ PDUV-- RQ WKH EDQNV RI WKH JUDQG FDQDO."
SOME MESSAGES FROM MARS THAT I PICKED UP ON MY 4-D MORSE CODE RECEIVER WERE IN A THREE-LETTER TRANSPOSITION CIPHER;
TO DECODE THEM, D BECOMES A, E BECOMES B, AND SO ON.
YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! IT SAYS THAT THE INVASION FORCE OF THE LEATHER GODDESSES IS BASED ON THE BANKS OF THE GRAND CANAL ON MARS!
I'LL CHANGE COURSE TO THOSE CO-ORDINATES!
AS THEY NEAR MARS, THE "VISITOR" BEGINS TO RECOVER.
YOU'RE SAFE NOW! I'M LANE MASTODON!
AND YOU ARE...?
I'M LYDIA CAMPBELL! MY FATHER WAS KIDNAPPED BY THE LEATHER GODDESSES! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

YOU MUST BE SENATOR CAMPBELL'S DAUGHTER! YESTERDAY'S NEWSREEL SAID HE WAS MISSING!
I GUESS I'M NOT A VERY GOOD SPACESHIP PILOT. OH, LANE, YOU'LL HELP ME FIND DADDY, WON'T YOU?

TOUCHDOWN IN 780 SECONDS. PUT ON THOSE OUTFITS -- THEY'RE MUCH MORE SUITED TO THE MARTIAN CLIMATE!


SUDDENLY...
PROFESSOR! WHAT'S WRONG?
A FAN BELT IN THE GYRO-STABILIZERS HAS SNAPPED!

PREPARE FOR A CRASH LANDING!



SHE'LL NEVER FLY AGAIN PROFESSOR! WE WERE LUCKY TO JUMP OUT IN TIME!
THE LEATHER GODDESSES' BASE SHOULD BE JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CANAL!

MINUTES LATER...
THE WATER LOOKS PRETTY STAGNANT! IS IT SAFE TO CROSS?

IF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! CLAP YOUR HANDS AT LEAST ONCE EVERY FIVE MINUTES TO SCARE AWAY CANAL BEETLES! HOP ONCE EVERY NINE MINUTES TO FRIGHTEN ANY BOTTOM-CRAWLING SAND CRABS, AND MAKE THE DISTINCTIVE "KWEEPA" SOUND OF A MARTIAN HAWK EVERY ELEVEN MINUTES TO TAKE CARE OF ANY 'GATORS!

AFTER CROSSING...
I THINK I CAN RIG THIS SHIP'S PLASMA DRIVE TO OVERLOAD A FEW HOURS FROM NOW! THE RESULTING IMPLOSION WILL DESTROY THE ENTIRE SPACEPORT!
GREAT! LYDIA AND I WILL SNEAK OVER TO THAT GUARD-HOUSE THERE!
IT MIGHT BE WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING SENATOR CAMPBELL!

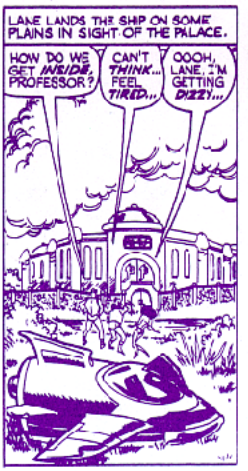
LANE AND LYDIA PEER INTO THE DIM INTERIOR OF THE GUARDHOUSE.

SUDDENLY...
LANE! LOOK OUT!

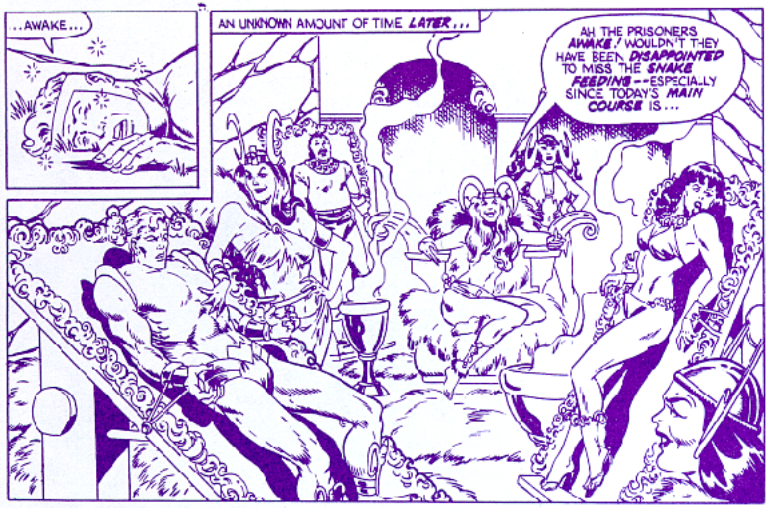
OH, LANE, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE SAFE!
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOUR FATHER IS HERE!

LANE! THIS IS MY FATHER'S WEDDING RING!!
HERE'S A SCRAP OF FOIL WITH THE SPATIAL CO-ORDI-NATES OF PHOBOS! THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN HIM THERE!

AFTER ZIGGERAUT FINISHES BOOBY-TRAPPING THE ATTACK FLEET, LANE LEARNS HOW TO PILOT THE DEAD GUARD'S INTERPLANETARY SCOUTSHIP.
I'VE PUNCHED IN THE CO-ORDINATES!
THEY'RE TAKING US STRAIGHT TO THE PRIVATE PLEASURE PALACE OF THE LEATHER GODDESSES OF PHOBOS!

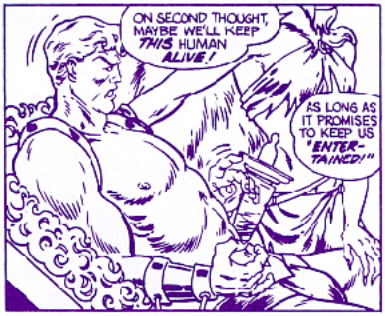

LANE LANDS THE SHIP ON SOME PLAINS IN SIGHT OF THE PALACE.
HOW DO WE GET INSIDE, PROFESSOR?
CAN'T THINK... FEEL TIRED...
OOOH, LANE, I'M GETTING DIZZY...

IT'S SOME KIND OF SOMNA-RAY! CAN'T FIGHT IT... CAN'T STAY...


...AWAKE...
AN UNKNOWN AMOUNT OF TIME LATER...
AH THE PRISONERS AWAKE! WOULDN'T THEY HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED TO MISS THE SNAKE FEEDING--ESPECIALLY SINCE TODAY'S MAIN COURSE IS...

...SENATOR CAMPBELL!!
FATHER!

WHEN I DE-ACTIVATE THE FORCE FIELD, THE JOVIAN HYPER-SNAKE CAN HAVE ITS DINNER! THEN WE'LL DECIDE HOW TO DISPOSE OF OUR OTHER UNWELCOME VISITORS!


ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE WE'LL KEEP THIS HUMAN ALIVE!
AS LONG AS IT PROMISES TO KEEP US "ENTER-TAINED!"

MY KNIFE!

LANE USES THE STOLEN KNIFE TO CUT HIS BONDS. LEAPING TO HIS FEET, HE GRABS THE LEATHER GODDESS, AND...
TRY THIS INSTEAD, SNAKE!
NO!! NO!!

GULP!
THIS WILL ONLY CAUSE YOUR OWN DEATH TO BE MUCH MORE PAINFUL, EARTHMAN! AND TOMORROW WE SHALL INVADE YOUR PLANET, AND ALL HUMANS WILL BECOME OUR PRIVATE TOYS!

SUDDENLY...
BOOOOOM!
IT'S THE INVASION FLEET-- BLOWING UP!
TO THE GUARD'S SPACE SHIP!

AS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE AIRFIELD CONTINUES TO ROCK PHOBOS, LANE LEADS THEM TO THE SCOUTSHIP AND SKILLFULLY PILOTS IT BACK TOWARD EARTH. LATER...
THANKS TO YOU, LANE, EARTH IS SAVED!

AND LATER STILL...
OH, LANE, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY FATHER?!
THE END
...UNTIL THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF...
LANE MASTODON

If you've never played Infocom's interactive fiction before, you should read this entire instruction manual. If you're an experienced Infocom player, just read *Section 1:* About *Leather Goddesses of Phobos.*

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SECTION I: ABOUT *LEATHER GODDESSES OF PHOBOS*

Preface to the Story

The year is 1936. In the United States, a new miracle fabric called nylon is becoming popular, the Great Plains continue to suffer from a severe drought that is turning the region into a Dust Bowl, Alf Landon is running for President, Victor Hess is receiving the Nobel Prize for Physics for discovering cosmic radiation, *Gone With the Wind* is the best-selling novel, and steak is twenty-five cents a pound. Elsewhere, black track star Jesse Owen is embarrassing Adolph Hitler by winning four gold medals at the Olympic Games in Berlin, Edward the VIII of England is abdicating the throne to marry a commoner, the Spanish Civil War is beginning to heat up, and the Leather Goddesses of Phobos are completing plans to invade the Earth and turn it into their private pleasure world.

Don't let anyone ever tell you that nothing happens in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, because on this day in 1936, you're snatched out of your favorite bar in Upper Sandusky - kidnapped by minions of the evil Leather Goddesses. You are brought back to Phobos as an experimental subject, as preparations continue to enslave every man and woman on Earth.

If you succeed in escaping the clutches of the Leather Goddesses, you will begin an odyssey the likes of which you have never even imagined (except, perhaps, in certain very enjoyable dreams). With your loyal friend and fellow Earthmate at your side, you will begin a naughty, bawdy, rowdy, rousing and very, very amusing romp across the solar system. Your mission, should you be able to catch your breath long enough to think about it, is to collect the materials you'll need to ultimately defeat the Leather Goddesses of Phobos and save humanity! Are you "up" for the job?

Some Recognized Verbs

This is only a partial list of the verbs that *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* understands. There are many more. Some of the verbs listed can be found in all Infocom stories; others are included especially for *Leather Goddesses of Phobos*. Remember you can use a variety of prepositions with some verbs. (For example, LOOK can become LOOK INSIDE, LOOK BEHIND, LOOK UNDER, LOOK THROUGH, LOOK AT, and so on.)

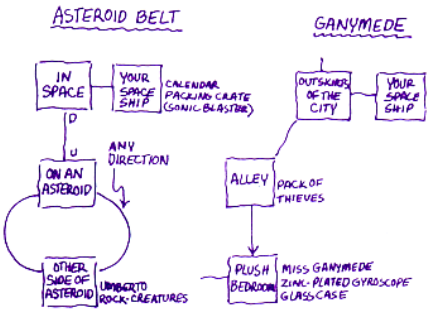
ANSWER	KICK	ROLL
ASK	KISS	SEARCH
BOARD	KNOCK	SHOW
BUY	LICK	SIT
CLIMB	LIE	SLEEP
CLOSE	LISTEN	SMELL
COUNT	LOOK	STAIN
CUT	MAKE	STAND
DIG	MARRY	TAKE
DRINK	MEASURE	TASTE
DROP	OPEN	THROW
EAT	POINT	TIE
EMPTY	POUR	TOUCH
ENTER	PULL	TURN
EXAMINE	PUSH	UNTIE
FOLLOW	PUT	WALK
GIVE	READ	WEAR
HIDE	REMOVE	
JUMP	RIP	

The Three Levels of Naughtiness

You can select from among three levels of naughtiness. The first is the TAME level, which has absolutely no "bad" language or sex-related situations. Next is the SUGGESTIVE level, which includes some naughty language and sexual innuendo, but nothing that you wouldn't see on network TV. Finally, if you're feeling truly risque, there s our LEWD level, which includes most of George Carlin's "Seven Words You Can't Say on Television" as well as examples of almost-graphic sex. Naturally, most people find the LEWD level the most fun. You can roughly equate these three levels with the G, PG, and R movie ratings. The story will always begin in the SUGGESTIVE level.

Sample Transcript and Map

This transcript is not from *Leather Goddesses of Phobos*, but it does show many of the typical commands you might use in the story. It contains some simple puzzles and their solutions, and it will give you a good idea of how Infocom's interactive fiction works. The player's commands appear in capital letters after each prompt (>). The map represents the terrain in the sample transcript as you might have drawn it. NOTE: In this sample transcript, you play a male character. In *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* you can be either a male or a female character.



In Space
You are floating in outer space just west" of your spaceship. A tiny asteroid spins below you.

>INVENTORY
You are carrying a plasma grenade, a pink feather duster, and a radium-powered radio.

>GO DOWN
On An Asteroid
This is a godforsaken hunk of rock with nothing to recommend it. The horizon is deceptively close, forming a craggy circle around you in every direction.
Your rocket ship is floating a hundred feet above you.

>WALK EAST
Other Side of the Asteroid
Your short hike has taken you to the other side of the asteroid, which is as ugly and barren as the first side.
A human is tied to a stake here. Nearby, a tribe of rock-creatures are foraging around for chunks of ice. They obviously intend for this poor fellow to be frozen at the stake. Not surprising, considering how much rock-creatures love a good frozen steak.

>ASK THE HUMAN ABOUT THE ROCK CREATURES
"Thank the great red spot of Jupiter! A fellow human! Quick -- get me outta here before those rock-creatures turn me into a human popsicle!"
"There's some nice ice over here!" says one of the rock-creatures in a typically gravelly voice.

>EXAMINE THE PLASMA GRENADE
The deadliest weapon this side of Pluto, a plasma grenade is activated by pulling the pin and throwing it -- as quickly as possible -- at the person or thing you intend to turn into very tiny sub-atomic particles.
One of the rock-creatures stumbles across some particularly frigid frozen methane, and scrapes its stony claws together in delightful anticipation.
"By the molten pools of Mercury, hurry up!" says the human at the stake.

>PULL THE PIN
The pin slides out smoothly. The grenade throbs with unleashed power.
"Isn't this enough ice?" growls one of the smaller rock-creatures.

>THROW THE GRENADE AT THE ROCK CREATURES
BOOM! The air is filled with a fine dust that one usually associates with vaporized rock-creatures. "Good work! By the way, my name's Umberto, from Ganymede. I pledge that I shall someday repay this debt. Now untie me, will ya?"

>UNTIE UMBERTO
You release Umberto from the stake.

>UMBERTO, FOLLOW ME
"You bet!"

>NORTH
On An Asteroid
Your rocket ship is floating a hundred feet above you.
Umberto follows faithfully.

>SOUTHWEST
Other Side of Asteroid
Umberto is right behind you every step of the way.

>AGAIN
On An Asteroid
Your rocket ship is floating a hundred feet above you.
Like a loyal friend, Umberto stays at your side.

>JUMP UP
This asteroid has almost no gravity, and you jump upwards with ease...

In Space
Umberto arrives a second later.

>ENTER THE ROCKET SHIP
Your Spaceship
There is calendar and a packing crate here.
"Nice ship," says Umberto, who obviously knows a nice ship when he sees one.

>READ THE CALENDAR. OPEN THE PACKING CRATE
It is a copy of the Miss Solar System calendar for 2036, currently open to February. February features Miss Ganymede, a stunning redhead in a see-through spacesuit. Her seductive pose leaves you aching.

Opening the packing crate reveals a sonic blaster.

>LOOK
Your Spaceship

This sleek rocket, built by Uranus Metalworks, is the fleetest little baby in the spacelanes. The controls are simple and well-labelled. The only exit is on the western side of the cabin.

There is calendar and a packing crate here. The packing crate contains a sonic blaster.

>EXAMINE THE CONTROLS
The controls consist of three buttons: a gray button marked "Lunar Base," a red button labelled "Ganymede City," and a brown button that reads "The Asteroid Where You Just Killed the Rock Creatures."

>TAKE THE SONIC BLASTER
Taken.

>INVENTORY
You are carrying a sonic blaster, a grenade pin, a pink feather duster, and a radium-powered radio.

>TURN ON THE RADIO
The radio hums to life. You tune in to your usual channel, currently filled with innocuous deep space chatter. Suddenly, a message blasts through louder than the rest. "Rayaria, the daughter of Ganymede's King Menthos, has been kidnapped by the dreaded space pirates of Deimos. The King is offering a reward of one million ganymids for her safe return."

"The princess!" yells Umberto, stunned. "We are engaged to be married this very month! Help me rescue her, and you may claim the entire reward!"

>PUSH THE RED BUTTON
A plume of fire spews from the tail of the rocket. You lean forward to maintain your balance.

>WAIT
Time passes...

Ganymede appears through the viewport as a tiny disk.

>WAIT
Time passes...

You are now nearing Ganymede orbit. The landing thrusters kick on. Suddenly the ships rocks. "We've been hit!" Umberto shouts. "It's those scurvy pirates!" The ship dives toward the surface, pulls out at the last moment, and crashes lightly just beyond the city limits.

"Just minor damages," Umberto reports after a cursory inspection. "If you can get me a welding torch and a zinc-plated gyroscope, I'll have her repaired in no time: While you're hunting up those parts, I'll try to find out where those lawless scum have taken Rayana." He dashes out of the ship. Through the viewport, you see him disappear among the narrow, twisting streets of Ganymede City.

>GET OUT OF THE ROCKET SHIP
Outskirts of the City

You are on the edge of Ganymede City, which has been called the roughest town in the solar system. Your rocket can be entered to the east. A dilapidated building lies to the north, and a seedy alley leads off to the southwest.

>ENTER THE SEEDY ALLEY
Alley

This is a blind alley, leading from the mouth of the alley, toward the northeast, to a featureless, unscalable wall just south of you.

Although it's a blind alley, you have no trouble seeing the pack of thieves and cutthroats which have just entered the alley behind you.

>FIRE THE SONIC BASTER AT THE FEATURELESS WALL
(I don't know the word "baster.")

>OOPS BLASTER
Completely eerie. After all, an explosion of this magnitude should make SOME noise, right? In any case, the silent explosion leaves a gaping hole in the wall to the south.

The low-lifes draw closer. They also draw knives.

>SOUTH
As you pass through the opening in the wall, it collapses behind you, blocking the pack of thieves.

Plush Bedroom
This luxurious boudior is lined with soft cushions and draped with the sheerest silks you've ever seen. The carpet is so thick and soft that you remove your boots without even thinking about it. A delicious aroma fills the room.

A glass case stands next to the door at the eastern side of the room. In it sits a zinc-plated gyroscope.

>SMELL THE AROMA
You remember that smell from a heady week you once spent among the vineyards of Io. Someone very nearby must be opening a bottle of powerful champagne.

You hear a sound from the doorway, and spin around as a stunning redhead walks in with two glasses of sparkling champagne. "Ah... I was hoping for some company," she whispers huskily. Studying her as she dims the lights, you decide that Miss Ganymede is even more magnificent in the flesh than she is in the 2036 Miss Solar System calendar.

>TAME
Tame descriptions. (Yawn.)

"Shall we begin the screening of 'La Grande Illusion' now?" asks Miss Ganymede, continuing to dim the lights.

About the Author

Steven Meretzky (1957-) once enjoyed almost anything that was fun, and virtually everything that was illegal. Now a married homeowner, he spends most of his time doing the lawn.

Other works of interactive fiction by Steve Meretzky:

Planetfall
Sorcerer
The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy (with Douglas Adams)
A Mind Forever Voyaging
Stationfall

SECTION II
ABOUT INFOCOM'S INTERACTIVE FICTION

An Overview

Interactive fiction is a story in which *you* are the main character. Your own thinking and imagination determine the actions of that character and guide the story from start to finish.

Each work of interactive fiction, such as *Leather Goddesses of Phobos,* presents you with a series of locations, items, characters, and events. You can move from place to place, use the objects you find, and interact with the other characters, to affect the outcome of the story. An important element of interactive fiction is puzzle-solving. You should think of a locked door or a ferocious beast not as a permanent obstacle, but merely as a puzzle to be tackled. Solving puzzles will frequently involve bringing a certain item with you, and then using it in the proper way.

In *Leather Goddesses of Phobos,* time passes only in response to your input, with each input counting as one turn. Nothing happens until you type a sentence and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key, so you can plan your turn as slowly and carefully as you want.

To measure your progress, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* keeps track of your score. You may get points for solving puzzles, performing certain actions, or visiting certain locations. A perfect score is to be strived for, but of course having fun is much more important.

Starting and Stopping

Starting the story: To load *Leather Goddesses of Phobos,* follow the instructions on the Reference Card in your package.

To get past the opening screen and into the story, just press your RETURN (or ENTER) key. You will then get a description of the opening location of the story, Joe's Bar. Then the prompt (>) will appear, indicating that *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* is waiting for your first input.

Here's a quick exercise to help you get accustomed to interacting with *Leather Goddesses of Phobos.* Type the following command first:

>INVENTORY

Then press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will respond by telling you what you are holding. Then try:

>READ THE COMIC BOOK

After you press the RETURN (or ENTER) key, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will again respond. Now *you* decide what to do next.

Saving and restoring: It will probably take you many days to complete *Leather Goddesses of Phobos.* Using the SAVE feature, you can continue the story at a later time without having to start over from the beginning, just as you can place a bookmark in a book you are reading. SAVE puts a "snapshot" of your place in the story onto another disk. You should also save your place before (or after) trying something dangerous or tricky. That way, even if you get lost or "killed" in the story, you can return to your saved position.

To save your place in the story, type SAVE at the prompt (>), and then press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. Then follow the instructions for saving and restoring on your Reference Card. Some computers require a blank disk, initialized and formatted, for saves. Using a disk with data on it (not counting other *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* saves) may result in the loss of that data, depending on your computer. You can save your position as often as you like by using additional blank disks.

You can restore a saved position any time you want. To do so, type RESTORE at the prompt (>), and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. Then follow the instructions on your Reference Card. You can then continue the story from the point where you used the SAVE command. You can type LOOK for a description of where you are.

Quitting and restarting: If you want to start over from the beginning, type RESTART and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. (This is usually faster than re-booting.) Just to make sure, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will ask if you really want to start over. If you do, type Y or YES and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key.

If you want to stop entirely, type QUIT and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. Once again, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will ask if this is really what you want to do.

Remember when you RESTART or QUIT: if you want to be able to return to your current position, you must first use the SAVE command.

Communicating with Infocom's Interactive Fiction

In *Leather Goddesses of Phobos,* you type your commands in plain English each time you see the prompt (>). *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* usually acts as if your commands begin with "I want to...," although you shouldn't actually type those words. You can use words like THE if you want, and you can use capital letters if you want; *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* doesn't care either way.

When you have finished typing a command, press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will then respond, telling you whether your request is possible at this point in the story, and what happened as a result.

Leather Goddesses of Phobos recognizes your words by their first nine letters, and all subsequent letters are ignored. Therefore, INQUISITIve, INQUISITIon, and INQUISITIons would all be treated as the same word by *Leather Goddesses of Phobos.*

To move around, just type the direction you want to go. Directions can be abbreviated: NORTH to N, SOUTH to S, EAST to E, WEST to W, NORTHEAST to NE, NORTHWEST to NW, SOUTHEAST to SE, SOUTHWEST to SW, UP to U, and DOWN to D. IN and OUT will also work in certain places.

Leather Goddesses of Phobos understands many different kinds of sentences. Here are several examples. (Note that some of these objects do not actually appear in *Leather Goddesses of Phobos.)*

```
>WALK TO THE NORTH
>GO DOWN
>NE
>TAKE THE WHIP
>READ THROUGH MANUAL
>LIE DOWN ON THE BED
>EXAMINE LARGE PULSATING POD
>OPEN THE SPIKED HANDCUFFS
>PUT THE HANDCUFFS ON THE
STRANGER
>SMEAR THE PEANUT BUTTER ON
MY STOMACH
>PUSH THE BLACK BUTTON
>SHOOT THE VIBRATING RAY GUN
AT THE HYPERVENTILATING ALLEN
>INJECT MY SISTER WITH
APHRODISIAC
>CLIMB THE FENCE
>LOOK AT THE UNDULATING
TENTACLES THROUGH THE
ELECTRON MICROSCOPE
```

You can use multiple objects with certain verbs if you separate them by the word AND or by a comma. Some examples:

```
>TAKE MELON AND WHIP
>DROP THE SPIKED HANDCUFFS,
THE
CLEAR JELLY, AND THE AXE
>PUT THE MALE RABBIT AND THE
FEMALE RABBIT IN THE CAGE
```

You can include several sentences on one input line if you separate them by the word THEN or by a period. (Note that each sentence will still count as a turn.) You don't need a period at the end of the input line. For example, you could type all of the following at once, before pressing the RETURN (or ENTER) key:

```
>READ THE MANUAL. GO NORTH
THEN CLIMB IN THE HOT TUB. KISS
PAT
```

If *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* doesn't understand one of the sentences on your input line, or if something unusual happens, it will ignore the rest of your input line (see "Common Complaints" on page 12).

The words IT and ALL can be very useful. For example:

```
>FEEL THE LEATHER VEST. TAKE IT.
PUT IT ON
>CLOSE THE HEAVY METAL DOOR.
LOCK IT
>TAKE BOTTLE OF PILLS. CLOSE IT.
PUT IT IN DRAWER.
>TAKE ALL
>TAKE ALL THE NAUGHTY PHOTOS
>DROP ALL BUT THE PIPE AND THE
STICK OF INCENSE
>TAKE ALL FROM THE MEDICINE
CHEST
```

>PUT ALL IN THE LARGE ORIFICE
>GIVE ALL BUT PANTYHOSE TO ARRESTING OFFICER

The word ALL refers to every visible object except those inside something else. If there were an apple on the ground and an orange inside a cabinet, TAKE ALL would take the apple but not the orange.

There are three kinds of questions that *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* understands: WHO IS (someone), WHERE IS (something), and WHAT IS (something). For example:

>WHO IS TIFFANY?
>WHERE IS MY APPLIANCE?
>WHAT IS A VENUSIAN SLIME BEAST?

You will meet other people and creatures in *Leather Goddesses of Phobos*. You can "talk" to these beings by typing their name, then a comma, then whatever you want to say to them. Here are some examples:

>BUTCH, HELLO
>UNCLE SMEDLEY, WHERE ARE MY PAJAMAS?
>MASSEUSE, GIVE ME A MASSAGE
>DOCTOR JECKYLL, PUT DOWN THAT
NEEDLE
>IRV, OPEN THE CLOSET DOOR. TAKE
A SHIRT.
>MENACING ALIEN, PICK UP THE
MENACING ALIEN GUN THEN
SHOOT YOURSELF

Notice that in the last two examples, you are giving a person more than one command on the same input line. But remember: Most people in the story don't care for idle chatter. Your deeds will speak louder than your words.

Leather Goddesses of Phobos tries to guess what you really mean when you don't give enough information. For example, if you say that you want to do something, but not what you want to do it to or with, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will sometimes decide that there is only one possible object you could mean. When it does so, it will tell you. For example:

>UNLOCK THE DOOR
(with the key)
The door is now unlocked.

or

>KILL THE RAPIST
(with the insurance policy)
You read the insurance policy to the rapist, who dies of boredom.

If your command is ambiguous, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will ask what you really mean. You can answer most of these questions briefly by supplying the missing information, rather than typing the entire input again. You can do this only at the very next prompt. For example:

>COVER THE BODY
What do you want to cover the body with?

>THE BLANKET
You drape the blanket loosely over poor Mrs. Filbert.

or

>EAT THE MELON
Which melon do you mean, the honeydew melon or the casaba melon?

>HONEYDEW
The honeydew melon is ripe and juicy.

Leather Goddesses of Phobos recognizes over 900 words, nearly all that you are likely to use in your commands. However, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* uses many words in its descriptions that it will not recognize in your commands. For example, you might read, "The salesperson is busy showing some edible earrings to another customer, and doesn't notice you pocketing the key." If *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* doesn't understand the phrases EDIBLE EARRINGS or OTHER CUSTOMER in your input, you can assume that you don't have to refer to them to complete the story; they are only there to provide you with a more vivid description of where you are or what is going on.

Special Commands

Below are explanations for a number of useful one-word commands. In many cases, these will not count as a rum. Type the command after the prompt (>) and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key.

AGAIN--*Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will respond as if you had repeated your previous command. For instance, typing HIT THE RADIUM-POWERED ROBOT WITH THE SWORD then typing AGAIN would be like trying to hit the robot twice in a row. You can abbreviate AGAIN to G.

BRIEF--This command tells *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* to give you the full description of a location only the first time you enter it. On subsequent visits, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will tell you only the name of the location and the objects present. This is how *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will normally act, unless you tell it otherwise using the VERBOSE or SUPERBRIEF commands.

The SUPERBRIEF command tells *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* to display only the name of a place you have entered, even if you have never been there before. In this mode, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will not even mention which objects are present. Of course, you can always get a description of your location and the items there by typing LOON. In SUPERBRIEF mode, the blank line between turn will be eliminated. This mode is meant for players who are already very familiar with the geography. The VERBOSE command tells *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* that you want a complete description of each location, and the objects in it, every time you enter a location, even if you've been there before.

DIAGNOSE--*Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will give you a medical report of your physical condition.

INVENTORY--*Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will list what you are carrying. You can abbreviate INVENTORY to I.

LEWD--This gives you the most risque version of *Leather Goddesses of Phobos*. See "The Three Levels of Naughtiness" on page 3.

LOOK--This tells *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* to describe your location in full detail. You can abbreviate LOOK to L.

OOPS--If you accidentally mistype a word, such that *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* doesn't understand it, you can correct yourself at the next prompt by typing OOPS and the correct word. For example, if you typed HAND THE CHAIN SAW TO GARNDMA and were told "[I don't know the word 'garndma']" you could type OOPS GRANDMA rather than retyping the entire sentence.

QUIT--This lets you stop. If you want to save your position before quitting, follow the instructions in the "Starting and Stopping" section on page 7. You can abbreviate QUIT to Q.

RESTART--This stops the story and starts it over from the beginning.

RESTORE--This restores a previously saved position. See "Starting and Stopping" on page 7 for more details.

SAVE--This puts a "snapshot" of your current position on your storage disk. You can return to a saved position in the future using the RESTORE command. See "Starting and Stopping" on page 7 for more details.

SCRIPT--This command tells your printer to begin making a transcript of the story as you venture onwards. A transcript may aid your memory but is not necessary. It will work only on certain computers; read your Reference Card for details.

SUGGESTIVE--This gives you a moderately risque version of *Leather Goddesses of Phobos.* See "The Three Levels of Naughtiness" on page 3.

STATUS--This will give you a bunch of information: your current mode of descriptiveness, the level of "adultness" you're playing at, your score, a ranking based on your score, and the number of turn you've taken.

SUPERBRIEF--This command tells *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* to give you the sparest level of descriptiveness. See BRIEF above.

TAME--This gives you a very wholesome version of *Leather Goddesses of Phobos.* See "The Three Levels of Naughtiness" on page 3.

UNSCRIPT--This commands your printer to stop making a transcript.

VERBOSE--This command tells *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* to give you the wordiest level of descriptiveness. See BRIEF above.

VERSION--*Leather Goddesses of Phobos* responds by showing you the release number and the serial number of your copy of the story. Please include this information if you ever report a "bug" in the. story.

WAIT--This will cause time in the story to pass. Nothing in the story will happen until you type a sentence and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. You could leave your computer, take a nap, eat lunch, take a ride in a hovercraft, compose a sonnet about the mating habits of baboons, and return to the story to find that nothing has changed. You can use WAIT to make time pass in the story without doing anything. For example, if you met a talking baboon, you might WAIT to see if it will say anything; if you were in a moving hovercraft, you might WAIT to see where it goes. You can abbreviate WAIT to Z.

Tips for Novices

1. Draw a map. It should include each location and the directions connecting it to adjoining locations. When you find yourself in a new location, make a note of any interesting objects there. (See the small sample map that goes along with the sample transcript on page 3.) There are 10 possible directions (NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST, NORTHEAST, NORTHWEST, SOUTHEAST, SOUTHWEST, UP, and DOWN) plus IN and OUT.

2. EXAMINE all objects you come across in the story.

3. TAKE all objects you come across in the story. Most objects that you can pick up are important for solving one or more of the puzzles you'll run into.

4. Save your place often. That way, if you mess up or get "killed," you won't have to start over from the beginning. See page 7 for instructions.

5. Read the story carefully! There are often clues in the descriptions of locations and objects.

6. Try everything you can think of- even strange or dangerous actions are fun and may provide clues; you can always save your position first. Here's a silly example:

>GIVE THE BASKETBALL TO THE LION
The lion takes an experimental bite out of the basketball but spits it out. It continues to gnaw on your leg.

Here you have a clue that maybe giving something more edible to the lion (that slab of raw meat?) might save your leg.

7. Unlike other "adventure games" you may have played, there are many possible routes to the end of *Leather Goddesses of Phobos*. If you get stuck on one puzzle, move on to another. Some puzzles have more than one solution; other puzzles don't need to be solved at all. Sometimes you will have to solve one puzzle in order to obtain the item(s) or information you need to solve another puzzle.

8. You may find it helpful to go through *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* with another person. Different people may find different puzzles easy and can often complement each other.

9. Read the sample transcript on page 3 to get a feel for how Infocom's interactive fiction works.

10. You can word a command in many different ways. For example, if you were tired, or wanted to climb between the sheets for some other reason, you could type in any of the following:

>GET IN BED
>GET ONTO THE BED
>LIE DOWN ON THE BED

If you type in a command that *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* doesn't understand, try rephrasing the command or using synonyms. If *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* still doesn't understand your command, you are almost certainly trying something that is not important in continuing your adventure.

11. If you really have difficulty, you can type HINT. The screen will then show you a list of questions to which you can get answers. (Simply follow the directions at the top of your screen to see the hint of your choice.) You don't *need* to use the hints to enjoy the story, but it will make solving the puzzles easier.

Common Complaints

Leather Goddesses of Phobos will complain if you type a command that confuses it completely. *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will then ignore the rest of the input line. (Certain events, such as being attacked or walking into a wall, may also cause *Leather Goddesses of Phobos to* ignore the rest of your command, since the event may have changed your situation drastically.) Some of *Leather Goddesses of Phobos's* complaints:

I don't know the word _____ . The word you typed is not in the story's vocabulary. Sometimes using a synonym or rephrasing will help. If not, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* probably doesn't know the idea you were trying to get across.

You used the word ____ in a way that I don't understand. *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* knows the word you typed, but couldn't use it in that sense. Usually this is because *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* knows the word as a different part of speech. For example, if you typed LOWER THE FLAG, you are using LOWER as a verb, but *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* might know LOWER only as an adjective, as in PRESS THE LOWER BUTTON.

There was no verb in that sentence! Unless you are answering a question, each sentence must have a verb (or one of the special commands).

There seems to be a noun missing in that sentence. This usually means your sentence was incomplete, such as EAT THE BLUE or PUT THE BOOK IN THE.

There were too many nouns in that sentence. An example is PUT THE SOUP IN THE BOWL WITH THE LADLE, which has three noun "phrases," one more than *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* can digest in a single action.

I beg your pardon? You pressed the RETURN (or ENTER) key without typing anything.

You can't see any ___ here! The object you referred to was not accessible. It may be somewhere else, for instance, or present but in a closed container.

The other object[s] that you mentioned isn't [aren't] here. You referred to one or more objects in the same sentence, some of which aren't present or accessible.

You can't use multiple [in]direct objects with ___ You can use multiple objects (that is, nouns or noun phrases separated by AND or a comma) or the word ALL only with certain verbs. Among the more useful of these verbs are TAKE, DROP, and PUT. An example of a verb that will *not* work with multiple objects is EXAMINE; you couldn't say EXAMINE ALL or EXAMINE THE BOWL AND THE SWORD.

You can't go that way. There is no passage or exit in the direction you want to move.

That sentence isn't one I recognize. The sentence you typed may have been gibberish, such as TAKE ROPE WITH READ. Or you may have typed a reasonable sentence but used a syntax that *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* does not recognize, such as REACH UNDER THE GARMENT. Try rephrasing the sentence.

We're Never Satisfied

Your input is important. No matter how much testing we do, it seems some "bugs" lie dormant until thousands of you begin brutally assaulting the program in your various inimitable fashions. If you find a bug, or if you think a certain puzzle was too hard of too easy, or if you have some other suggestion, or if you'd like to tell us your opinion of the story, drop us a note! We love every excuse to stop working, and a letter from you is just such an excuse! Write to:

Infocom
P.O. Box 67001
Los Angeles, CA 90067
Atto: LGOP (The original)

If You Have Technical Problems

You can call Infocom Consumer services to report bugs and technical problems, but *NOT* for hints to solve puzzles, at 310 207 4500. If your disk develops a problem within ninety (90) days after purchase, we will replace it at no charge. Otherwise, there is a replacement fee of $5 (U.S. currency).

Quick Reference Guide

1. To start the story ("boot up"), see the separate Reference Card in your *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* package.
2. When you see the prompt (>) on your screen, *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* is waiting for your input. There are four kinds of sentences or commands that *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* understands:

A. Direction commands: To move from place to place, just type the direction you want to go: NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST, NORTHEAST, NORTHWEST, SOUTHEAST, SOUTHWEST, UP, DOWN, IN, or OUT.

B. Actions: Just type whatever you want to do. Some examples: READ THE BOOK or OPEN THE DOOR or LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOW or GIVE THE BALL TO THE CAT. Once you're familiar with simple commands, try the more complex ones described in "Communicating with Infocom's Interactive Fiction" on page 8.

C. Commands given to other characters: To talk to characters in the story, type their name, then a comma, then what you want to say to them. For example: FRED, GIVE ME THE AXE or OLD MAN, HELLO.

D. Special commands: Some commands, such as INVENTORY or DIAGNOSE, give you specific information or affect your output. A list of these appears in the "Special Commands" section on page 10.

3. After typing your sentence or command, you must press the RETURN (or ENTER) key before *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* will respond.
4. On most computers, your screen will display a special line called the "status line." It tells you the name of your current location, your score, and the number of turn you have taken so far in the story.
5. You can pick up and carry many of the items you'll find in the story. For example, if you type TAKE THE TUBE OF JELLY, you will be carrying it. Type INVENTORY to see a list of the items you are carrying.
6. When you want to stop, save your place for later, or start over, read the "Starting and Stopping" section on page 7.
7. If you have trouble, refer to the specific section of the manual for more detailed instructions.

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Preface

A shadow of evil has fallen over the land. The crops are blighted, the earth scorched from lack of rain. Disease and famine ravage the once-prosperous people, whose hope of salvation fades with each passing day. The only hope left is to find the wizard Astrix, in faint hope that he will emerge from his distant solitude and offer his assistance. A party was dispatched, but they haven't been heard from since their departure months ago. Now, with winter's hardships looming on the horizon, a second expedition has been assembled and will soon embark on a fateful *Journey* into the unknown.

The party of four is led by Bergon, a strong and fair man and a carpenter by trade. The Wizard, Praxix, wise yet unpredictable, provides the party with knowledge of lore and magic. Esher, the well-respected (if somewhat curmudgeonly) physician, has also been asked to make the trek. Finally, Tag, an apprentice food merchant, has agreed to tend to the party's provisions and to make a diary of its adventures. The tale is told by Tag and the story of your *Journey* is seen through his eyes.

Whether your party meets the fate of its predecessors or returns triumphant is in your hands. In *Journey*, the decisions you make for the party and its members are woven into an epic tale of danger and mystery, of breathtaking beauty and heartbreaking loss, of desperate struggle and, finally, of ultimate triumph.

Your *Journey* will provide you with many hours of enjoyment and many hundreds of difficult decisions. But unlike other games you may have played, there are virtually no dead ends. Any action you take will advance the story toward one of its many endings. But there is only one ending that is the best. To lead the party to its ultimate victory is a challenge worthy of only the most brave and most clever adventurer.

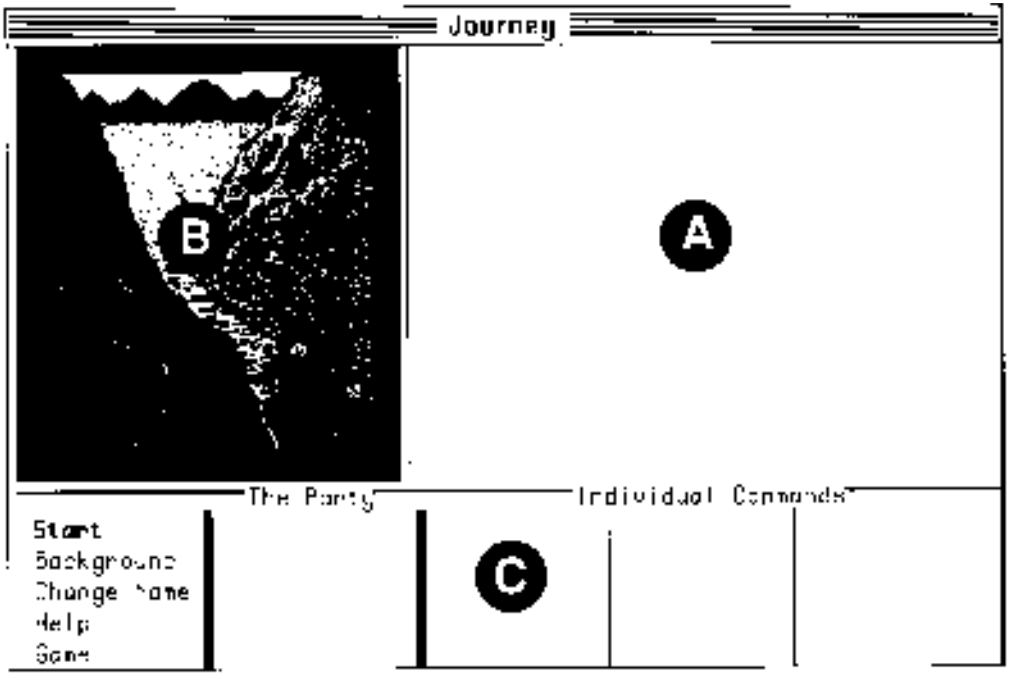
Getting started

Loading the game

If this is your first time playing *Journey*, you should read the Reference Card that came in your package for loading instructions specific to your computer. Also, it is always prudent to make a backup copy of the disk(s) that came in your game package. Put the original disk(s) away for safekeeping.

The Journey screen

When you have successfully loaded *Journey* and passed the title screen and introduction, your screen will look something like this:



The *Journey* screen is divided into three distinct areas:

A) The story *of Journey* will appear here. Frequently, however, there is more to be told than can fit within this area. In that case, the word "MORE" will appear at the bottom; you can view the rest by pressing any key on your keyboard (or pressing your mouse or joystick button).

B) You will glimpse the world of *Journey* through the handsome illustrations that appear here.

C) All of your selections while playing *Journey* will be made in this area, which is itself divided into three sections, described on the following pages in the **Playing the game** section.

The initial menu

On the startup screen, five options are displayed in the lower left.

Start sets you off on your *Journey*.

Background relates the events leading up to your *Journey*. If you are playing for the first time, it would be worthwhile to read this prologue before selecting Start.

Change Name allows you to personalize your *Journey* by renaming the narrator of the story from Tag to a name of your own choosing.

Help summarizes these instructions.

Game displays a group of options that do not affect the story, but rather the play of the game (e.g. saving your place, making a transcript, etc). These options are described in detail in the **Game option** section.

Playing the game

Selection methods

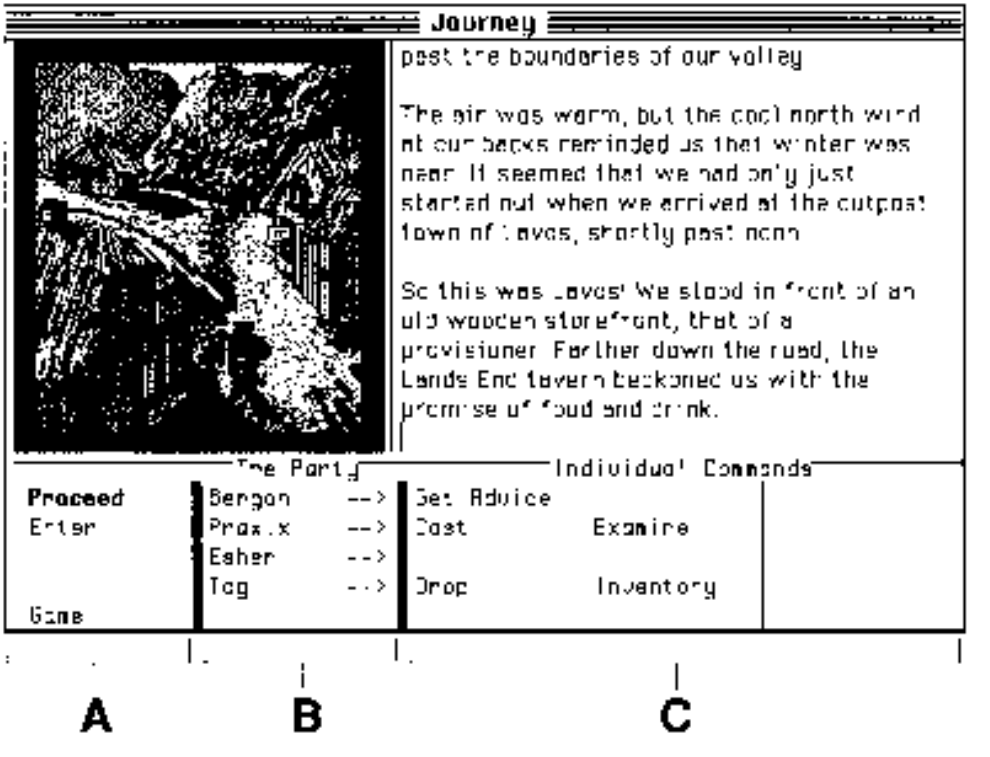
You can make selections with your mouse, joystick, or keyboard. If you have two of these devices (e.g. a mouse and a keyboard), you can make selections with either of them or both.

Mouse: Point at, then click on, your desired selection.

Joystick: Move the joystick to highlight your desired selection, then press the joystick button.

Keyboard: Use the arrow keys to highlight your desired selection, then press the RETURN or ENTER key.

After you have selected **Start**, your screen should look something like this:



Party and individual commands

In playing *Journey*, you have the task of making decisions not only for your party of characters as a group, but for the individuals as well. As each decision is made, the story will move inexorably forward.

Looking at the bottom portion of the screen, you will see that it is divided into three areas.

A) The first column lists the PARTY COMMANDS, those actions which are taken by your entire party as a group. Most often, these will involve moving from one place to another. On the screen you would select **Proceed** to continue down the road or **Enter** to enter the pro-visioner's shop.

B) The second column lists the members of your party. When your *Journey* begins, there are four: Bergon, Praxix, Esher, and Tag. During the course of your *Journey*, characters may be added (by choice) and lost (rarely by choice); all such changes will be reflected here.

C) To the right of each character's name are INDIVIDUAL COMMANDS, actions which the character can perform at any given moment. On the screen you will see that Bergon can get the advice of the group **(Get Advice)**, Praxix can cast a spell **(Cast)** and examine objects (Examine), and Tag can drop things **(Drop)** and check on what he's carrying **(Inventory).** These options change frequently during play to reflect the circumstances of the story (e.g. Tag might have an option to **Pick Up** if there were anything on the ground to take).

Many of the actions you can select require additional information (e.g. which spell to cast, which object to take, which legend to tell). When you select one of these options, a list of possibilities will appear. Simply select your choice from the list, or select **[cancel]** to change your mind about taking that course of action.

*** Notes for keyboard users**

1) A quick way to move the highlight bar back and forth between the PARTY COMMANDS section and the INDIVIDUAL COMMANDS section is to use the space bar.

2) You can quickly highlight *and* select an option by typing its first letter. However, the highlight bar must be in the PARTY COMMANDS section to choose a party option or in the INDIVIDUAL COMMANDS section to choose an individual option.

3) You can select **[cancel]** with your BACKSPACE, back arrow, or DELETE key.

Hints:
The musings option

Your *Journey* will be long and challenging, and it is unlikely that you will see it through to a happy conclusion until you have played for some time. Do not fear--all of the obstacles and pitfalls you face can be overcome in a logical manner; yet some may initially baffle even the most sophisticated player.

If you should reach an unsatisfactory ending, you will have the option of reading some of the narrator's "musings," thoughts made in hindsight about the decisions made during the *Journey*. Each "musing" refers to a specific point in the story where you may need some additional guidance. Of course, rather than using these musings right away, it might be more enjoyable to first experiment with different courses of action.

The game option

The **Game** option is always available as the last of the PARTY COMMANDS, at the lower left of the screen. Selecting this option displays a menu of control functions that have no direct effect upon the story, but rather upon the playing of the game. The options are:

Save allows you to make a "snapshot" of your position in the story (a bookmark, if you will) so that you may return to that precise spot in the story at a later time. Unlike other games you may have played, *Journey* tries to lessen the interruptions you suffer by needing to frequently save your game place. Indeed, you will probably enjoy the flow of the story more if you avoid using **Save** regularly during your first time through the story. The exact procedure for **Save** varies among computers, so you should check the Reference Card for the correct procedure for your machine.

Restore returns you to a previously **Saved** position. As with **Save**, the exact procedure will vary among computers. Check your Reference Card for details.

End Session ends your play of the game, either by saving **(Save)**, quitting **(Quit),** or by starting over from the beginning **(Restart).** Selecting **End Session** will cause another menu to be displayed allowing you to choose between these three options. Remember, you must Save your game before ending a session if you wish to **Restore** your current position.

Controls causes the **Controls Menu** to be displayed. The controls are:

- **Script On:** This allows you to use your printer to make a transcript of the story. You may wish to use this feature to aid your memory about events earlier in the story, or just to have a souvenir of your *Journey*. A menu will be displayed asking if you wish your transcript to include the party's commands or not by selecting **Commands** or **No Commands**.

If you select **Controls** while you are already making a transcript, you will be given the option of **Script** Off; this option can now be used to end your transcript.

- **Refresh**: This option refreshes the screen display, in the unlikely event that it should become garbled by a power glitch or other such nuisance.

- **Version**: This will display the release version *of Journey* as well as the serial number of your copy of the game. Please include this information in any call to Customer Support.

- **Check Disk**: This option performs a check on the contents of your game disk(s) to ensure that they are undamaged. If you suspect a problem with your disk, use this option to "verify" its contents. If the disk checks out "OK," then there may be either a problem with your computer hardware or a bug in the game.

* **Note**
Most of the Game Menu and **Controls Menu** options can be accessed with function keys (if your keyboard has them). The keys are defined as follows:

F1	**Save**
F2	**Restore**
F3	**Restart**
F4	**Quit**
F5	**Script On/Off**
F6	**Refresh**
F7	**Version**

In the case of **Restart** and **Quit,** it will be necessary to confirm your choice by hitting the same key again.

Tips for enjoying *Journey*

- Try to play as much as possible without overusing **Save**--remember, all puzzles can be solved logically and without resorting to "try-and-die, brute force" methods. If you are unable to solve a puzzle, you might eventually want to refer to the musings option after reaching an ending.

- You might find it appropriate to make a **Save** each time you visit the Wizard Astrix.

- There are no "dead ends" in Journey; feel free to experiment and take chances. Every action you take will cause the story to move forward.

- Utilize the options available to you judiciously; if more than one character can take the same action (e.g. examining something) do not assume that the result will always be the same.

- If you are using a keyboard, remember the available shortcuts (space bar to move between PARTY and INDIVIDUAL COMMANDS, and using the first letter of choices to make a selection).

About the author

Marc Blank, a graduate of MIT and the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, is one of the founders of Infocorn. He co-authored the original mainframe version of *Zork* in 1977 at MIT, and went on to become one of the pioneers in the field of interactive fiction. At Infocom, he co-authored the *Zork Trilogy and Enchanter,* and was the sole author of *Deadline, the* first interactive mystery, and *Border Zone,* Infocom's first tale of intrigue. Marc considers *Journey* to be his second greatest departure from traditional interactive fiction, the first being his move to Southern California in 1986. Marc and his wife, Cezanne, embarking on a *Journey* of their own, recently migrated north to the West Coast's cultural mecca of the 21 st century, Central Oregon.

About the artist

Donald Langosy is a Boston artist whose drawings and oil paintings can be found in private and museum collections around the world. He has recently discovered a new medium in the computer, creating unique illustrations for *Shogun and Journey*. Donald shares his home and studio with his wife Elizabeth, daughters Hadley and Zoe, and his talkative cockatiel Picasso.

Greetings

My name is Merlinus Ambrosius, but men call me Merlin.

Aye, I live still, even unto this present day.
And I shall live on into worlds which you do not dream of,
but which I already see.

Legends tell you
that I was beguiled into a trap, imprisoned in a hollow hill,
a doddering old man blinded by misguided love
for a beautiful yet evil sorceress.

Imprisoned I am, but not blinded-- not now, or ever:

But let me tell you of those days.
In a time almost before memory, there was a battle among the gods.
The evil demon Nudd was defeated and chained
to a golden throne below a mountain.
Manacled though he was, his evil still extended
beyond the mountain, making the surrounding land barren,
and polluting everything it touched.
The enchantment he had cast over the Lady of the Lake
had such strength that even my gods were powerless to break it.

Then a new god came into the land.
His power was so great that the spell over the lady
could be broken by the mere touch of the hawthorn flower
that was holy to him, the one that bloomed only
on the anniversary of his birth.

When Arthur was born,
he learned to embrace the power of the new god.
But he also knew that the old gods, my gods, were not dead.
Only thus was he able to gain the sword.

So look now at those days
through the eyes of the boy.
Learn of England's need for him
and how he came to write his name in legend.
I say to you, the day shall come when the world
has need of him once more. On that day
shall I break these icy bonds and rise to my destiny
-- to bring new life, through fire and glory,
to the bravest and truest knight the worm has ever known:
to Arthur-- the once and future king.

Preface to the Story

It has been many years since King Uther has died, and his once-proud kingdom is in danger of coming apart at the seams. No one has been able to draw the legendary sword from the stone. No one has been able to unite the country against the invasion of the Saxons. The people grow weary of life without a High King, and they are ready to accept a usurper on the throne, even though they know he is not the rightful heir.

In *Arthur,* you play the role of the young king who has grown up in ignorance of his heritage. The time has come for you to draw Excalibur from the stone and rise up to defend Britain. But before you can do so, you must prove to Merlin that you are ready to take up the burden of kingship. As you progress through the game, you must earn the wisdom, experience, and chivalry points that will demonstrate to Merlin that you are indeed ready to claim your birth-right.

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SECTION I:
ABOUT *ARTHUR*

Using the New Interface

We've developed a new look for the screen to make our games even more enjoyable.

The lower part of the screen contains the command line and the traditional written account of what happens to you during the game.

The upper pan of the screen contains your choice of any one of the following six windows. (Use the function keys specified to bring up these windows.)

Graphics: This is the default setting in which the game will start. No matter how far afield you roam, you will always be able to get a picture of where you are. (Function key 1)

Map: This feature maps the environment for you as you move through the game. The darkened square marks the room that you are currently in. The empty squares are rooms that you have previously explored. The compass rose displays all legitimate exits from your current location. If you have a mouse, see the "If You Have a Mouse" section for quick and easy ways to move around your once and future kingdom. (Function key 2)

Inventory: This window will display a list of all the things that you are carrying. (Function key 3)

Score: Your level of accomplishment is represented here, both in bar charts and in numbers. (Function key 4)

Room Description: This is useful if you want to take a quick glance at your surroundings without "wasting" a turn. The window displays the same information you would get if you typed lOOK. (Function key 5)

Text Only: For the hard-core, give-me-text-or-give-me-death gamer who would rather die than look at a picture. Return once more to those thrilling days of yesteryear -- when men were men, text was text, and graphics got eaten by grues. (Function key 6)

The function keys on your machine are listed below:
· Apple IIe, IIc, IIgs: Closed Apple/Option key pressed simultaneously with keys 1 through 6.
· Apple Macintosh: Command key pressed simultaneously with keys I through 6.
· Amiga: Keys F1 through F6. · IBM-PC and compatibles: Keys F1 through F6.

Mapping

Arthur contains an on-screen mapping feature. When you want to see the map, press function key 2, which will bring up the map window (or simply type MAP). The map will show only those locations which you've already visited, as well as the then-current legitimate exits from those locations.

On the map, your current location will be a darkened square. If you have a mouse, you can move around the geography by clicking on an adjacent room or on the compass rose.

You may still want to draw your own map to keep track of where objects are found, and to be able to look at the entire *Arthur* geography at once.

If You Have a Mouse

If you have an Apple IIgs or Macintosh, an Amiga, or an IBM with a Microsoft-compatible mouse, you can take advantage of several *Arthur* features.

You can use the mouse to move around the geography by clicking on an adjacent room in the map window, or by clicking on the appropriate point of the compass rose. (See the "Mapping" section above.)

In addition, you can use your mouse to navigate through the hint menu and to select hints.

Hints

Arthur contains on-screen hints! If you ever get stuck, simply go to Merlin's cave and look inside his crystal ball (or look into the crystal of the torque that Merlin drops on the ground at the beginning of the game). Then follow the instructions on your screen. The hints generally progress from a gentle nudge to a complete answer. Sometimes you will be told that there is an object or a piece of information that you haven't yet discovered. When that happens, return to the story and try another approach -- sometimes a puzzle cannot be solved until you have solved another one first.

The hint system tries to be smart about where you have been and what you have seen. If you haven't seen or heard about the Bottomless Pit of Despair, then it will not show up as a hint topic until you do. This is to prevent you from learning about something's existence inadvertantly when you consult the hint system on another matter. Thus, when you start the game, the list of topics in the hint system will be very small. But don't panic! As you progress, there will be more and more things you can consult the hint system about.

Despite the above, we strongly recommend that you look at only one hint at a time. Avoid the temptation to use the hints too often; this inevitably spoils, or at least lessens, the fun of solving a puzzle.

If you don't have the willpower to stop looking at the hints, you can type HINTS *OFF*. This will deactivate the on-screen hints (unless you RESTART or RESTORE to an earlier point).

Special Commands

Below are explanations for a number of useful one-word commands, with their abbreviated form following in parentheses. In many cases, these will not count as a move. Type the command after the prompt (>) and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. Most of these commands appear in all Infocom games, but those that are starred (*) are new.

AGAIN (G) - This will repeat your previous input. For instance, typing ATTACK THE PLAID DRAGON then typing AGAIN would be like attacking the plaid dragon twice in a row.

BRIEF - This command tells *Arthur* not to give a full description each time you enter a location. In BRIEF mode, *Arthur* will fully describe a location only the first time you enter it. On subsequent visits, *Arthur* will tell you only the name of the location and any objects present. *Arthur* will begin in VERBOSE mode (see VERBOSE below) and will switch to BRIEF mode only if you type BRIEF. While you are in BRIEF mode, you can always get a full description of your location and the items there by typing LOOK.

***COLOR** - If you are playing *Arthur* on a computer with a color monitor, you can type COLOR to change the colors of the text and background on your screen.

INVENTORY (I) - Arthur will list what you are carrying and wearing.

LOOK (L) - This will give you a full description of your location.

***MAP** - This will bring up the map screen in the upper window.

***NOTIFY** - Normally in *Arthur*, the game will notify you when your score changes. You can turn off this notification feature by using the NOTIFY command. Typing NOTIFY a second time tums the feature back on.

OOPS (0) - If you mistype a word, such that *Arthur* doesn't understand it, you can correct yourself at the next prompt by typing OOPS and the correct word. For example, if you typed SHOOT THE HEDGHOG WITH THE CROSSBOW and were told "[You don't need to use the word 'hedghog']" you could type OOPS HEDGEHOG rather than retyping the entire sentence.

QUIT (Q) - This lets you stop. If you want to save your position before quitting, follow the instructions in the "Starting and Stopping" section on page 10.

***REFRESH (R)** - This command clears your screen and redraws the display.

RESTART - This stops the story and starts it over from the beginning.

RESTORE - This restores a previously saved position. See "Starting and Stopping" on page 10 for more details.

SAVE - This puts a "snapshot" of your current position on your save disk. You can return to a saved position in the future using the RESTORE command. See "Starting and Stopping" on page 10 for more details.

SCRIPT - This command tells your printer to begin making a transcript of the story. A transcript may aid your memory, but is not necessary, and will work only on certain computers. Read your Reference Card for details.

***UNDO** - You can use this command to "back up" one move. Suppose, for example, that you found a package but didn't know what was in it. You might type OPEN THE PACKAGE and be told "An evil mist escapes from the package and destroys all your possessions." You could then type UNDO, and you would "back up" one move. Your possessions would be intact, you could try giving the package to an enemy, or leaving it alone, or something else. Note that the UNDO command works only on certain computers with enough memory.

UNSCRIPT - This tells your printer to stop making a transcript.

VERBOSE - This command tells *Arthur* to give you the wordiest level of description. See BRIEF above.

VERSION - *Arthur* responds by showing you the release number and the serial number of your copy of the story. Please include this information if you ever report a "bug" in the story.

WAIT (z) - This causes time in the story to pass. Normally, nothing happens in the game until you type a sentence and press RETURN (or ENTER). You could leave your computer, take a nap, eat dinner, and then return to the story to find that nothing has changed. You can use WAIT to make time pass in the story without doing anything. For example, if you saw two soldiers arguing, you might WAIT to see what they will do; if you were aboard a ship, you might WAIT to see where it goes; if you expected something interesting to happen at Easter, you could WAIT FOR EASTER. If something interesting happens while your waiting, you'll have the option to stop waiting.

Abbreviations

The following is a list of abbreviations you can use for commonly used commands. D - Down E - East G - Again
I - Inventory L - Look N - North NE- Northeast NW - Northwest O - Oops Q - Quit
R - Refresh
S - South
SE - Southeast SW - Southwest U - Up W - West
X - Examine
Z - Wait

Sample Transcript

This transcript is not from *Arthur*, but it will give you a good feeling for how Infocom's interactive fiction works. It contains some simple puzzles and their solutions. The player's commands appear in capital letters after each prompt (>).

>LOOK
Path
Your quest for the Seven Lost Jewels of Nimnul has brought you to a path, deep within a dark forest. The path goes north and south from here.
You see a small box half-buried beneath a pile of leaves.

>TAKE THE BOX
Succumbing to the thieving instinct that drives adventurers such as yourself to steal anything that isn't tied down, you take the box.

>OPEN IT
You open the box. Inside is a small scrap of
paper.

>EXAMINE PAPER
Most of the writing is illegible, but you can make out the following words:
"When thou wisheth to cause something to lose dimension, utter the ancient word 'Twerplotz' Contrariwise, if thou desireth to cause a thing to become enlarged, then shalt thou say 'Blimpsnarf.'"

>NORTH
Clearing
You come to a clearing in the woods. A path leads to the south, and the way to the east is blocked by a thick hedge of thorns. There is a woodsman here, roasting a deer over a huge fire. You haven't eaten all day, and the hunk of meat he holds in his hand looks particularly appetizing.

>ASK WOODSMAN FOR MEAT
"Well now," says the woodsman. "There's enuf 'ere for two, but me father told me never to give up sump'n for nut'n. 'Ave ye got anything to offer?"

>INVENTORY
You are wearing an expensive cloak that is fastened at your neck with a copper pin.
You are carrying a sword, a small box, and an incredibly battered brass lantern that is so banged up from past adventures that it's a miracle it gives off any light at all.

>TRADE BOX FOR MEAT
You give the box to the woodsman and he gives you the meat. You wolf it down and your hunger disappears.

>THANK WOODSMAN
"No need for thanks," the woodsman says, holding up the box. "It's a fair enough trade."

>EAST
You wave a jaunty farewell to the woodsman, turn, and walk face-first into the hedge, impaling yourself on the thorns. You pry yourself free and do a quick impression of a sieve leaking blood, then fall to the greensward, dead.

..... You have died. * ....

[Do you wish to RESTART, RESTORE, UNDO, QUIT, or get a HINT?]

>UNDO

[Undone]

>CUT HEDGE WITH SWORD
You hack away at the hedge with your sword. For every branch you chop off, two grow back in its place. The woodsman chuckles knowingly.

>ASK WOODSMEN ABOUT HEDGE
"Oh, that there's an enchanted 'edge, that one is. On t'other side is a beautiful girl locked up in a tower. Legend 'as it that once a year - at the stroke of midnight on St. Winget's day - an 'ole opens up in the 'edge." He pulls his Old Woodsman's Almanac out of his back pocket and consults it. Then he licks his finger, holds it up to the wind, ponders a moment, and continues, "As luck would have it, today 'appens to be St. Winget's day."

>WOODSMAN, TELL ME ABOUT THE GIRL
"A lovelier lass never breathed. They say 'er skin is fair as heifer's milk, 'er neck is graceful as a swan's, an' she's lively as a young colt. Mind you, I've never seen 'er, but if I was twenty years younger, I wouldn't mind 'aving a go at 'er meself."

>WAIT FOR MIDNIGHT
[Time passes...]

In the distance you hear the sound of a church bell striking the hour. As you idly wonder if the hour ever strikes back, a hole opens up in the hedge leading to the east.

>EAST
You are too big to fit through the hole.

>TWERPLOTZ ME
You shrink to half your original size.

>EAST
Meadow
You walk through the tunnel and emerge into daylight on the other side. There is a perfectly round tower here that has no doors or other openings, except for one tiny window at the very top. To the north is a large tree with a huge trunk.

>CLIMB TOWER
The walls are too smooth to climb.

>HIDE BEHIND TREE
Meadow, behind the tree
You walk behind the tree and peer around the trunk at the tower.

>Z
[Time passes...]
Suddenly an old crone comes up to the base of the tower and cries, "Grizlbut, let down thy hair."
Moments later, a mass of golden hair cascades out of the window. The witch climbed up the hair and disappears into the tower. [Do you want to continue waiting?]

>Yes
After a while, the crone emerges from the window, climbs down the hair and disappeared into the forest. The hair retreats into the window above.

>OUT
Meadow
You step out from behind the tree.

>GRIZLBUT, LET DOWN THY HAIR
A clump of hair falls from the window above, hitting you squarely on the head and knocking you unconscious. After a few moments, you recover and stagger groggily to your feet.

>CLIMB HAR
[You don't need to use the word har.]

>OOPS HAIR
Tower Room
Ignoring the shrieks and cries of pain from above, you climb up the side of the tower.
Climbing through the window, you discover to your dismay that the legend got the animals right, but the particulars wrong. The girl has the face of a horse, the figure of a cow, and the voice of an enraged swan. She looks at you as she hauls in her hair and squawks, "You're awfully small to be going around rescuing maidens."

>BLIMPSNARF ME

Poof! You regain your original size.

The girl smiles at you demurely, bats her one eyelash, and rasps, "Hello, sailor."

>LOOK
Tower Room

You are in a small room at the top of a tall tower. The only escape lies through the window to the west or the locked door to the east. Imbedded in the doorknob is one of the Seven Lost Jewels of Nimnul.

>TAKE JEWEL

You tug at the jewel, but it refuses to budge.

>OPEN DOOR
The door is locked.
The girl strokes her moustache meditatively and brays, "The witch who imprisoned me here told me that the door would open only if I would speak aloud the answer to the following riddle: Forward I'm heavy, backward I'm not. What am I?"

>SAY "TON"
The door springs open, and the jewel pops out into your hand.
[Your score just went up by 5 points.]
"Darling!" the girl honks. "I'm yours!" She leaps into your arms. You stagger backward under the tremendous weight and crash into the wall.

>DROP GRIZLBUT
The girl thuds to the floor and everything else in the room jumps. She wraps herself around your leg and beseeches you to take her with you,

>EAST
Corridor

Dragging Grizlbut behind you like a ball and chain, you leave the room to explore the rest of the tower.

About the Author

Bob Bates recently knuckled under to pressure from the programming community and stopped wearing ties to work. Since the publication of his last game *(Sherlock: The Riddle of the Crown Jewels)* he has been literally inundated with a request for his autograph. His wife, Peggy Oriani, remains unimpressed and steadfastly refuses to carry his luggage when they travel.

The author wishes to thank Duane Beck -- without whom this game would never have been completed -- and Stu Galley, whose lust for wallabies is unequalled in the northern hemisphere. For a complete list of credits and acknowledgments of all those who worked on *Arthur,* type CREDITS while playing the game.

SECTION II: ABOUT INFOCOM'S INTERACTIVE FICTION

An Overview: What Is Interactive Fiction?

Interactive fiction is a story in which *you* are the main character. Each interactive story, such as *Arthur,* presents you with a series of locations, items, characters, and events. You can affect the direction of the story by moving from place to place, using the objects you find, and interacting with the other characters.

An important element of interactive fiction is puzzle-solving. Think of a locked door or an invisible creature not as a permanent obstacle but merely as a puzzle to be tackled. (Find the key that unlocks the door, or figure out how to see the creature.)

In *Arthur,* time passes only in response to your input. Nothing happens until you type a sentence and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key, so you can plan your tums as slowly and carefully as you want.

Arthur measures your progress by giving you a score. You'll get points for solving puzzles and for reaching new locations. A perfect score is your goal; making sure you have fun getting there is ours.

Starting and Stopping

Starting the story: To load *Arthur,* follow the instructions on the Reference Card in your package.

On your screen, you will see a description of the opening location of the story followed by the prompt (>), indicating that *Arthur* is waiting for your first input.

Here are a few inputs for you to try at the first several prompts. After typing each input, don't forget to hit the RETURN (or ENTER) key.

>INVENTORY
>EXAMINE THE TORQUE
>LOOK AROUND

>EXAMINE THE STONE

You should now have a feel for interacting with the story. *You* decide what to do next.

Saving and restoring: It will probably take you several days to complete *Arthur*. Using the SAVE feature, you can continue the story at a later time without having to start over from the beginning, just as you can place a bookmark in a book you are reading. Even if you aren't about to stop playing, it's useful to SAVE before (or after) trying something dangerous or tricky. That way, even if you get lost or "killed" in the story, you can return to your saved position.

To save your place, type SAVE at the prompt (>), and then press RETURN (or ENTER). Then follow the instructions for saving and restoring on your Reference Card. Some computers require a blank SAVE disk, initialized and formatted. Using a disk with data on it (other than *Arthur* saves) may result in the loss of that data, depending on your computer. You can save your position as often as you like by using additional blank disks.

Any time you want to return to a saved position, just type RESTORE at the prompt (>), and hit RETURN (or ENTER). Then follow the instructions on your Reference Card. You can then continue the story from your save.

Quitting and restarting.' If you want to start over from the beginning, type RESTART and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. (This is usually faster than re-booting.) *Arthur* will ask you to confirm this command.

If you want to stop entirely, type QUIT and press RETURN (or ENTER). Once again, *Arthur* will ask to make sure this is really what you want to do.

Remember: when you RESTART or QUIT, you must SAVE if you want to return to your current position in the story.

Communicating with Infocom's Interactive Fiction

In *Arthur*, you type your commands in plain English each time you see the prompt (>). Most of the sentences that *Arthur* will understand are imperative sentences. See the examples below.

When you have finished typing your input, press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. *Arthur* will then respond, telling you whether your request is possible at this point in the story, and what happened as a result.

Arthur recognizes your words by their first *nine* letters, and all subsequent letters are ignored. For example, *Arthur* would not be able to distinguish between DEMONSTRAtion, DEMONSTRAtive, and DEMONSTRAtor.

To move around, just type the direction you want to go. Directions can be abbreviated: NORTH to N, SOUTH to S, EAST to E, WEST to W, NORTHEAST to NE, NORTHWEST to NW, SOUTHEAST to SE, SOUTHWEST to SW, UP to U, and DOWN to D. IN and OUT will also work in certain places.

Arthur understands many different kinds of sentences. Here are examples, using objects and characters that don't necessarily appear in *Arthur:*

>WALK TO THE NORTH >WEST >NE >DOWN
>TAKE SHINY FISH THEN TOSS IT IN POT
>OPEN THE EGG
>READ THE PROCLAMATION
>BRIBE THE GUARD WITH THE PUMPKIN >TAKE THE BOW THEN THROW IT ACROSS THE RIVER
>SHOW MY MANACLES TO THE IDIOT >HIT PURPLE KNIGHT WITH LANCE >CLIMB INTO THE PIT

You may use lower-case letters and words like A and THE if you wish. *Arthur* doesn't care one way or the other.

You can use multiple objects with certain verbs if you separate them by the word AND or by a comma. Some examples:

```
>TAKE THE CANDLE AND THE CRAB
>DROP THE CANDLE, THE CRAB, AND
THE NUTMEG
```

You can include several sentences on one line if you separate them by the word THEN or by a period. Each sentence will be handled in order, as though you had typed them individually at separate prompts. For example, you could type all of the following at once, before pressing the RETURN (or ENTER) key:

```
>TAKE THE KEY. GO DOWN THEN OPEN THE WOODEN DOOR
```

If *Arthur* doesn't understand one of the sentences on your input line, or if an unusual event occurs, it will ignore the rest of your input line.

The words IT and ALL can be very useful. For example:

```
>CLOSE THE HEAVY WOODEN DOOR.
LOCK IT
>TAKE THE ARMOUR. PUT IT ON
>TAKE ALL
>EXAMINE THE BREADFRUIT. TAKE IT.
EAT IT
>GIVE ALL BUT THE TORQUE TO THE
IDIOT
```

The word ALL refers to every visible object except those inside something else. If there were an apple on the cabinet and an orange inside the cabinet, TAKE ALL would take the apple but not the orange.

Sometimes *Arthur* "knows" you mean to answer a question posed by another character. In these situations you can omit the name and comma. For example, if Merlin asked, "What's your favorite color?" you could answer

```
>BLUE
```

You can also ask questions of characters by using the form ASK [someone] ABOUT [something]. For example:

```
>ASK MERLIN ABOUT CRYSTAL BALL >ASK COOK ABOUT BIRD
```

Feel free to ask characters about anything that interests you. They may have something to say about it. If not, you've probably asked them about something that they're not interested in.

When a character asks you for a password or to solve a riddle, the most effective way to communicate your answer is to enclose your answer in quotes:

```
>SAY "ANSWER" TO CHARACTER
```

Other than the above case, use the verb SAY sparingly, if at all, because the game will sometimes appear to understand things in quotes, when in fact it doesn't.

Arthur tries to guess your intention when you give incomplete information. When it makes a guess, it will tell you. For example:

```
>UNLOCK THE DOOR
[with the key]
The door is now unlocked.
```

If your command is ambiguous, *Arthur* will ask you to clarify. You can answer these questions simply by supplying the missing information at the very next prompt. For example:

```
>GIVE THE PROCLAMATION
Who do you want to give the proclamation to?

>THE QUEEN
The queen smiles as she accepts your gift.
```

Tips for Novices

1. Draw a map. It should include each location, the connections to adjoining locations, and any interesting objects there. (See the small sample map that goes along with the sample transcript on page 7.) Remember, there are 10 possible directions (NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST, NORTHEAST, NORTHWEST, SOUTHEAST, SOUTHWEST, UP, and DOWN) plus IN and OUT.

2. EXAMINE all objects you come across in the story.

3. TAKE as many things as you can carry. Most objects that you find are important for solving the puzzles that you'll run into.

4. SAVE your place often, so that if you mess up or get "killed," you won't have to start over from the beginning. See page 10 for instructions.

5. Read the story carefully! There are often clues in the descriptions of locations and objects.

6. Try everything you can think of. Even strange or dangerous actions are fun and may provide clues; you can always save your position first. Here's a silly example:

```
>GIVE THE RUBY TO THE GRIFFIN
The griffin's beady eye fixes
momentarily on
the ruby. It continues to peck at your
leg.
```

Thus, you discover that maybe giving something more edible to the griffin (a slab of raw meat?) might save your leg.

7. There are many possible routes to the end *of Arthur*. If you get stuck on one puzzle, move on to another. Some puzzles have more than one solution; other puzzles don't need to be solved at all. Sometimes you will have to solve one puzzle in order to obtain the item(s) or information you need to solve another puzzle.

8. Play *Arthur* with a friend! Different people may find different puzzles easy and can often complement each other.

9. If you really have difficulty, get a hint. If you ever get stuck, simply go to Merlin's cave and look inside the crystal ball (see the "Hints" section on page 5). Then follow the instructions on your screen. You don't need to use the hints to enjoy the story, but it will make solving the puzzles easier.

10. Read the sample transcript on page 7 to get a feel for how interactive fiction works.

11. You can word a command in many different ways. For example, if you wanted to hide Excalibur inside a dark hole, you could type in any of the following:

```
>DROP THE SWORD IN THE PIT
>THROW THE SWORD IN THE PIT
>PUT SWORD IN PIT
```

If you type a sentence that *Arthur* doesn't understand, try rephrasing it or using synonyms. If *Arthur* still doesn't understand, you're probably trying something that isn't important for completing the story.

Common Complaints

Arthur will complain if your input confuses it completely. *Arthur* would then ignore any further sentences on your input line. (Certain events, such as an attack, will also cause *Arthur* to ignore any additional sentences on your input line, since the event may have changed your situation drastically.) Here are some *of Arthur's* complaints:

[You don't need to use the word .] That word is not in the story's vocabulary. It may help to use a synonym or rephrase the command; more likely, you're just barking up the wrong tree. (Or you may have a typo in your sentence.) *Arthur* recognizes over 900 words, all that you need to use and most that you're likely to use. However, *Arthur* uses many words in its descriptions that it will not recognize in your inputs. So, you might read, "The moon casts violet shadows across the moor," but discover that *Arthur* doesn't know the words MOON or SHADOW or MOOR in your input. When this happens, you can assume that you don't need to refer to those things to complete the story; they are there only to create a more vivid image of your location.

[I think there's a verb missing in that sentence!] Unless you are answering a question, each sentence must have a verb (or one of the special commands). Among the most important verbs that *Arthur* understands are TAKE, DROP, PUT, GIVE, LOOK, READ, EXAMINE, OPEN, CLOSE, ENTER, EXIT, EAT and WEAR. There are many more. Remember: you can use a variety of prepositions with your verbs. (For example, LOOK can become LOOK AT, LOOK INSIDE, LOOK BEHIND, LOOK UNDER, LOOK THROUGH, and so on.)

[I can't understand that many nouns with .] *Arthur* recognized your verb, but it can't understand so many noun "phrases" with it. An example is PUT THE SOUP IN THE BOWL WITH THE LADLE, which has three noun "phrases," one more than *Arthur* can digest in a single action.

[You can't see any right here!] The object that you referred to is not visible. It may be somewhere else, or it may be present but in a closed container.

[You can't use more than one object at a time with .] You can use multiple objects (that is, nouns or noun phrases separated by AND or a comma) or the word ALL only with certain verbs, such as TAKE, DROP, and PUT. For example, EXAMINE will not work with multiple objects; you couldn't say EXAMINE ALL or EXAMINE THE BOWL AND THE SWORD.

[There isn't anything to !] You used the word ALL, but there aren't any appropriate objects visible.

[Sorry, but I don't understand. Please say that another way, or try something else.] The syntax (sentence structure) you used is not among the hundreds of syntaxes that *Arthur* recognizes. For example, SiT UNDER THE TREE and SKIP AROUND THE MAYPOLE are syntaxes that *Arthur* wouldn't recognize. There's a limited amount of space in the program, so syntaxes that are less common or not useful aren't included. Try rephrasing the sentence.

[I beg your pardon?] You pressed the RETURN (or ENTER) key without typing anything.

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ScanType Corporation
6557 Via Barona
Carlsbad, CA 92009

Email: info@scantype.com
WEB: http://www.scantype.com
Tel: (619) 438-5125
Fax: (619) 438-4956