

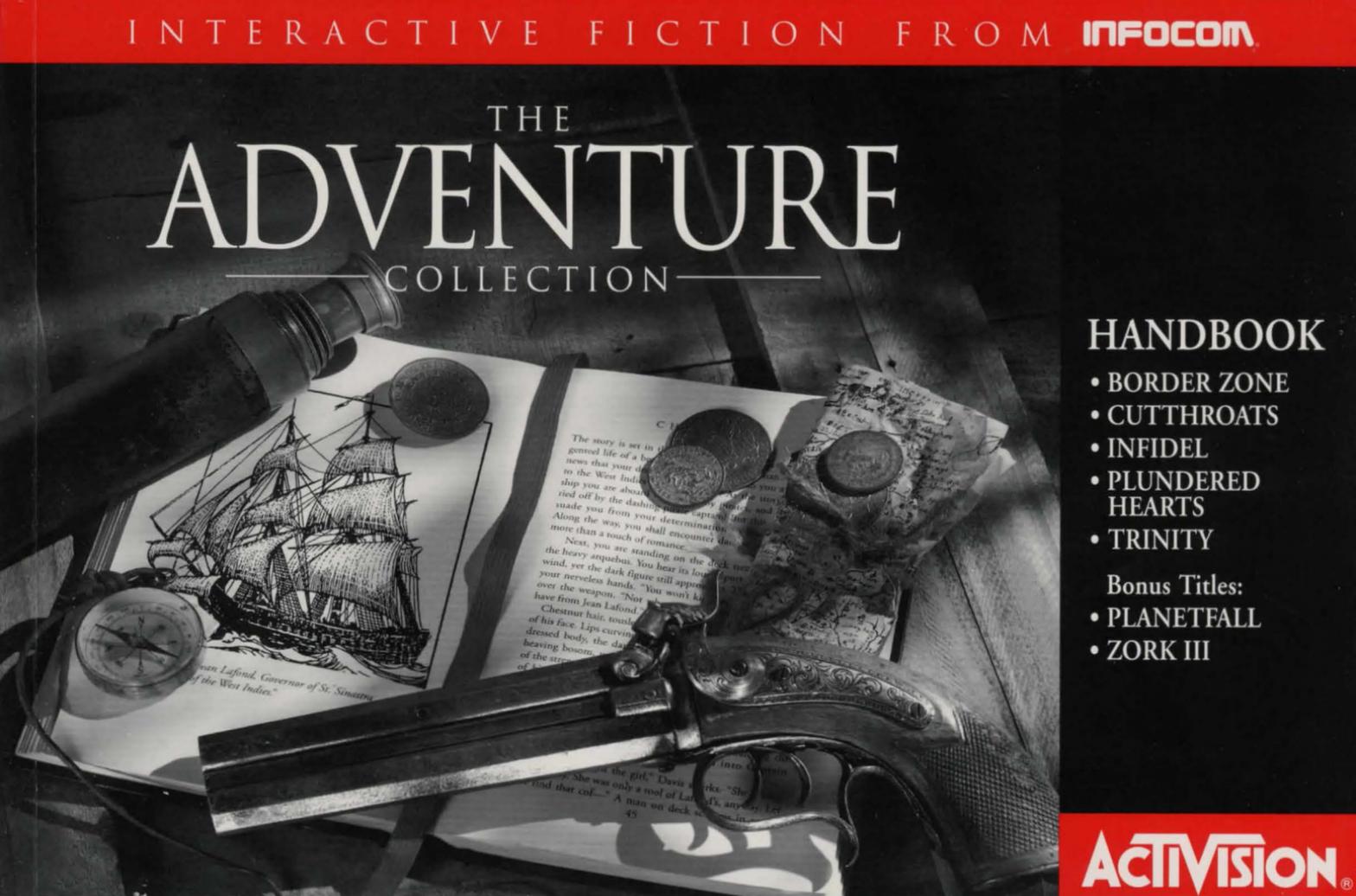
THE ADVENTURE COLLECTION

HANDBOOK

- BORDER ZONE
- CUTTHROATS
- INFIDEL
- PLUNDERED HEARTS
- TRINITY

Bonus Titles:

- PLANETFALL
- ZORK III



... Jean Lafond, Governor of St. Simons
... of the West Indies."

The story is set in the
gentle life of a boy
news that your de
to the West India
ship you are about
ried off by the dash
made you from your
Along the way, you
more than a touch
Next, you are stand
the heavy aquabou
wind, yet the dark
your nerveless ha
over the weapon. "N
have from Jean Laf
Chestnut hair, tou
of his face. Lips cur
dressed body, the d
hearing bosom, the
of the str...

... into
... the
... She was only a
... and that col...
... A man on deck
... 45

THE
ADVENTURE
— COLLECTION —

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Welcome to the Infocom Adventure Collection!

Close to twenty years ago, a game called Zork took the MIT campus by storm. Following on the heels of the very first interactive fiction game, Zork opened up a whole new realm of gameplay. The creators of these text adventures strove for surprising plot twists, mysterious unknown worlds to explore and intriguing characters previously only found in role-playing games like "Dungeons and Dragons."™ The purpose of these games was to challenge the imagination with computerized fiction, and the popularity of this new gaming experience soon gave rise to the creation of the company Infocom.

Infocom created an unparalleled modern form of literature that no other game company has attempted to explore. The unique text adventures in this collection carry the strength of a good novel which has been taken to a new level, inviting the player to take an active role in the storyline.

We at Activision appreciate the sustained interest and support that our Infocom games have received for two decades. As a significant piece of video game history, Activision is proud to present these classics to you.

The Infocom Adventure Collection features five classic Infocom titles with the epic feel of Errol Flynn adventures. From a cold-war thriller set behind the Iron Curtain to a search for a legendary pyramid in the Egyptian desert, the Adventure Collection takes you to worlds beyond your imagination. We wish you many adventurous hours of interactive enjoyment.

If this collection delights you as we know it will, be sure to explore other interactive fiction collections from Infocom:

- The Infocom Mystery Collection
- The Infocom Sci-Fi Collection
- The Infocom Comedy Collection
- The Infocom Fantasy Collection

Enjoy!

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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*

PIMΣHQ, FROBNIZ!

Beyond your wild dreams is Frobna, a republic to please happy tourists! From alpine mountains to billowing fields, there is in Frobna for all tastes. Although Frobna 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 Frobna, you will go onboard train, the efficient transport for Frobnaian and tourist alike. You will find there much to please you, from delicious refreshments at convenient station to cheerful peoples you will meet.

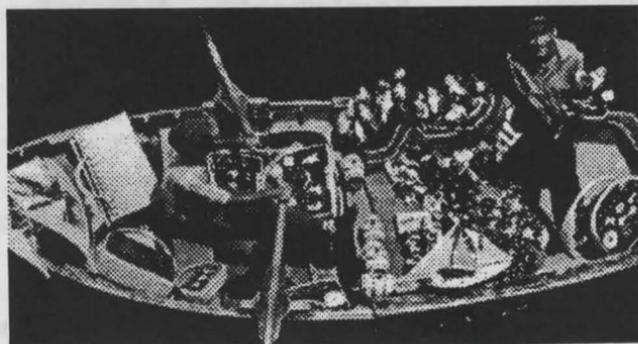
Do not forget to greet your new friends. This little booklet helps you find precise words to say.

Enjoy our efforts! Each wonderful page shows the treat ahead for fortunate tourists like you ... visitors of Frobna.

ՔՐԵՐ ՎԻՐՈՒ!



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.	<i>Pimsna.</i>
Goodbye.	<i>Zlettna.</i>
Yes.	<i>Yep.</i>
Yes, sir.	<i>Yep, vaz.</i>
No.	<i>Nyep.</i>
I am sorry.	<i>Izi slep.</i>
Please.	<i>(no translation)</i>
Thank you.	<i>Prep tipna.</i>
You're welcome.	<i>(no translation)</i>
I can't tell you that.	<i>Snemetz pushna.</i>

OOPZI DAZI!

Walking on the street, you will use
many friendly words.

Excuse me.	<i>Oopzi dazi.</i>
Forgive me.	<i>Hartzi dazi.</i>
Pardon me.	<i>Pripsa dazi.</i>
You are in my way.	<i>Vinchim dorn.</i>
It is my fault.	<i>Popka izim.</i>
It is not my fault.	<i>(no translation)</i>
It's not allowed to ...	<i>Nye mneshna ...</i>
take photographs here.	<i>fotomattni.</i>
walk here.	<i>pletska bli.</i>
look at this.	<i>skopil fresna.</i>
talk to him/ her.	<i>snemsna link/ dink.</i>
do that.	<i>vilmí fresna.</i>
You're under arrest.	<i>Ouzna gotcha.</i>

ENTZ, TRENTZ, MRENTZ...

Even you can learn counting in Frobnia!

- 1 Entz
- 2 Trentz
- 3 Mrentz
- 4 Pentz
- 5 Gribni
- 6 Squibni
- 7 Plibni
- 8 Glibni
- 9 Kipitz
- 10 Nimitz
- 11 Enimitz
- 12 Trenimitz
- 13 Frenimitz
- 20 Trenimski
- 30 Mrenimski
- 50 Gribnimski
- 100 Nimnimski
- 1000 Nimnimnimski
- 1000000 Nimnimnimnimnimnimski

KOP GAZNI?

Don't go at haphazard! Plan your journey from the interesting sights of Frobnia.

Where is ...	Kap ...
Where are ...	Kop ...
the mountains?	edeluas?
the catacombs?	toumzim?
the swamp?	gazni?
the factory?	anzingetz?
the forest?	chopom?
the market?	ugetzis?
the border?	hazbnigetiz?
the road?	stritz?
the museum?	folkznip?
the tunnel?	blakiz?

INTZ KEM FROBNIZ!

1 o'clock	<i>entz ornim</i>
2 o'clock	<i>trentz ornim</i>
2 fifteen	<i>mrentz-pentz gribni ornim</i>
2 thirty	<i>grip gribni ornim</i>
2 forty-five	<i>entz-pentz gribni ornim</i>

Why not make a companion of Frobnia?

Hello.	<i>Pimsna.</i>
My name is ...	<i>Riza yorp ...</i>
Gurthark.	<i>Gurtark.</i>
Bob.	<i>Bob.</i>
I am from ...	<i>Intz kem ...</i>
Frobnia.	<i>Frobniz.</i>
Litzenburg.	<i>Litzenka.</i>
the KGB.	<i>KGB.</i>
Where are you from?	<i>Kap kladni?</i>
What is your ...	<i>Snim pli ...</i>
blood type?	<i>corpzim?</i>
age?	<i>heriznip?</i>
potato ration?	<i>viski huritz?</i>

OLP!

Not to worry about emergency in Frobnia. Our many assistants will soothe you.

Help!	Alp!		
I've been ...	Hapenz ...		
We've been ...	Hapninz ...	shot.	bangní.
robbed.	stolní.	stabbed.	vezní.
killed.	hazbní.	beaten.	grushní.
seduced.	olinki.	bludgeoned.	reznetzí.
photographed.	fotomattní.	garrotted.	meretzní.

SUFRIZ?

At the top of the world is medical care in Frobnia.

Hello.	Pímsna.		
I have ...	Sufrízim ...		
a headache.	anzín.	bullet wounds.	bangním enzom.
diarrhea.	fludgetz.	stab wounds.	vezním enzom.
bad diarrhea.	fludgetz oboí.	cyanide poisoning.	poizním cianídom.

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 bagní!
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 ...

steak.

lamb.

chicken.

veal.

fish.

Fingim ...

beef.

lamb.

chicken.

veal.

fish.

Sorry, we don't
have ...

steak.

lamb.

chicken.

veal.

fish.

Slep, nye fingri ...

beef.

lamb.

chicken.

veal.

fish.

Well, what do you
have?

What is 'slopz'?

Really?

Is there nothing
else?

Where is the
bathroom?

I'm leaving.

You're under arrest.

Om, sni fingrom?

Sni slopz?

Nyep!

Fingrom oltz?

*Kap inskem
uashnoo?*

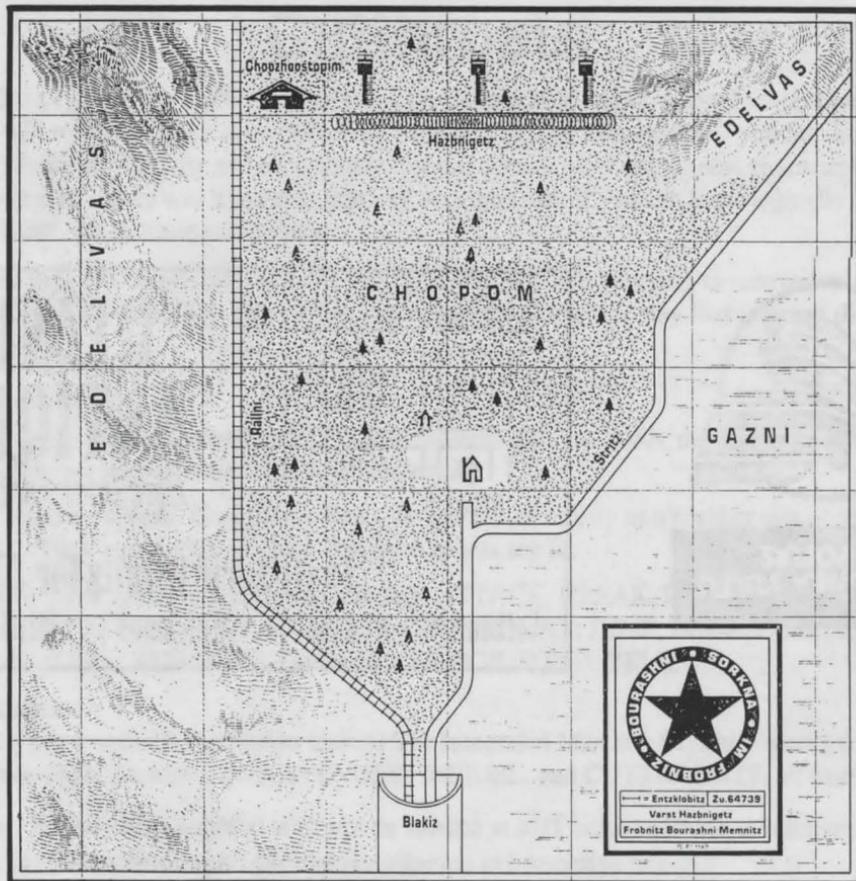
Rizitz na.

Ouzna gotcha.

TRAINS FROM FRZI TO VIENNA DAILY!

M Th ex H		lv Frzi	late morning	ar Vienna	evening	via Knuckla	  
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.





**РИЗНИК
БΟΥΚΑΡΙΝΟΙ ΚΑΛΟΙ**



RIZNIK'S

RIZNIK'S ANTIQUES

Rare Books and Curios

In Historic Ostnitz for 35 Years

Velkom!

Pimsna!

Welcome!

Willkommen!

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

HARDCRABBLE 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 São 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 HARDCRABBLE 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 São 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 Choctague 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.

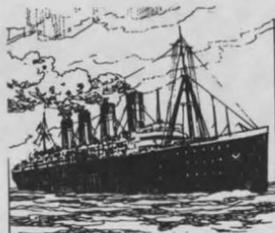


THE FIANNA

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 sternpost 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.

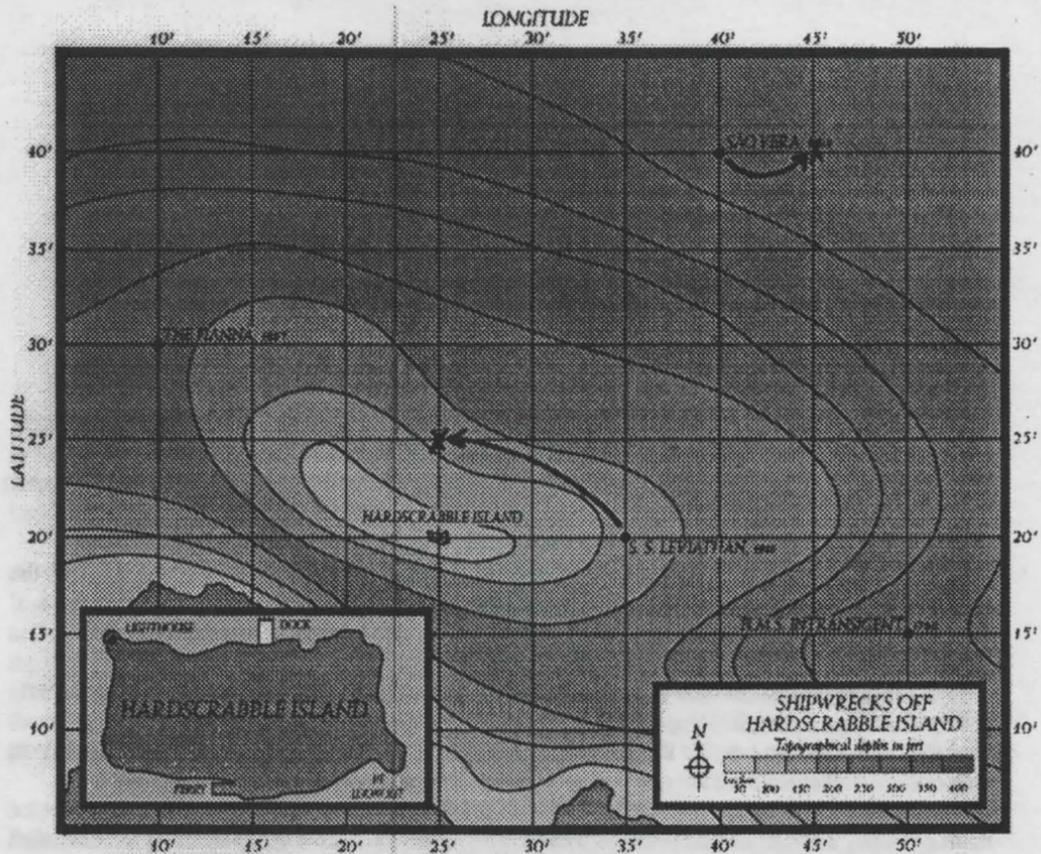


S.S. LEVIATHAN

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.



RAMBLING WITH JACK A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In the brotherhood of true adventurers, no name was more revered than that of Moose "Moose" Lasko. 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.

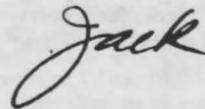
I always admired "Moose" because in many ways he reminded me of myself. Like him, I wasn't exactly born with a silver spoon in my mouth. Oh, no. A kid growing up in Hell's Kitchen learns pretty early about survival of the fittest. Or he doesn't survive. I remember, for instance, the time in kindergarten 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" Lasko, a real nice guy.

"Til next month,



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 cherry-stones? 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!

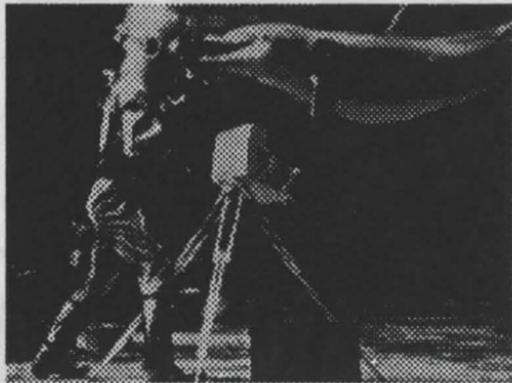
The mermaid laughed. "Specially focused with a narrow, even beam," she said.

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 Darndest Things!" Claims Weadeter, "It asked me for an 8-by-10 glossy. Honest!"

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVES

Ray Lily 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



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.

Pagu's Pug Pap tribesmen talk of rare gems that were trapped in ancient sunken wrecks off Pagu.

"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.'"

Lily 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 Lily 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.


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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

**FREE
TIDE TABLE**

**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)	\$575 #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. Over-



hauled V8-71 Detroit Diesel, Allison gear. Electronics, rigging, ground tackle. Well outfitted, fast, dependable. Finished fo'c'sle, 20' tower, 16' pulpit. Cuttyhunk built 1975. Sonar 1/2 mile color, color sounder, radar, loran, VHF, CB, hydraulic steering, s/s hydraulic and fuel system, s/s prop and rudder basket. 1400 gals. fuel, 600 gals. water capacity. Comes complete with deep-sea diving gear, including compressor.

HIGH & LOW WATER AT HARDCRABBLE HARBOR

Day of Month	SEPTEMBER						Day of Month	OCTOBER					
	HIGH			LOW				HIGH			LOW		
	a.m.	Ht.	p.m.	Ht.	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	Ht.	p.m.	Ht.	a.m.	p.m.
1 S	12 06	4.2	5 09	6 11	1 M	12 11	3.1	12 48	3.7	6 34	7 06
2 S	12 26	3.3	1 00	4.0	6 08	7 23	2 T	1 15	2.9	1 48	3.5	6 48	6 18
3 M	1 39	3.0	2 14	3.8	7 11	9 09	3 W	2 21	2.8	2 51	3.4	8 29	9 50
4 T	2 43	2.9	3 15	3.7	8 37	10 23	4 T	3 22	2.9	3 49	3.4	9 54	10 50
5 W	3 44	3.0	4 13	3.8	10 02	11 18	5 F	4 16	3.1	4 39	3.5	10 50	11 25
6 T	4 40	3.1	5 04	3.8	11 01	11 56	6 S	5 08	3.3	5 22	3.6	11 32	11 49
7 F	5 27	3.3	5 51	3.9	11 45	7 S	5 45	3.6	6 04	3.6	12 02
8 S	6 12	3.5	6 33	3.9	12 24	12 23	8 M	6 25	3.8	6 41	3.7	12 12	12 31
9 S	6 52	3.7	7 10	3.9	12 51	12 52	9 T	7 02	3.9	7 20	3.7	12 23	12 56
10 M	7 31	3.8	7 49	3.9	1 13	1 21	10 W	7 39	4.0	7 56	3.6	12 50	1 24
11 T	8 09	3.9	8 27	3.8	1 36	1 51	11 T	8 15	4.0	8 33	3.4	1 26	1 56
12 W	8 47	3.8	9 05	3.6	2 02	2 21	12 F	8 53	3.9	9 11	3.2	1 55	2 23
13 T	9 25	3.8	9 40	3.4	2 29	2 52	13 S	9 32	3.7	9 51	3.0	2 27	3 04
14 F	10 04	3.6	10 20	3.1	3 01	3 29	14 S	10 13	3.6	10 33	2.8	3 02	3 45
15 S	10 43	3.5	11 02	2.9	3 32	4 06	15 M	10 57	3.5	11 27	2.6	3 42	4 28
16 S	11 31	3.4	11 52	2.7	4 11	4 53	16 T	11 55	3.3	4 30	5 23
17 M	12 25	3.3	4 56	5 47	17 W	12 27	2.6	12 58	3.3	5 26	6 26
18 T	12 53	2.6	1 26	3.3	5 47	6 50	18 T	1 37	2.7	2 05	3.4	6 35	7 41
19 W	1 58	2.6	2 30	3.4	6 53	8 04	19 F	2 40	3.0	3 07	3.6	7 56	8 53
20 T	3 04	2.8	3 30	3.7	8 11	9 21	20 S	3 39	3.4	4 05	3.8	9 14	9 55
21 F	4 02	3.2	4 27	4.0	9 28	10 23	21 S	4 34	3.9	4 58	4.0	10 24	10 50
22 S	4 56	3.7	5 22	4.3	10 35	11 17	22 M	5 24	4.3	5 48	4.2	11 24	11 30
23 S	5 47	4.1	6 12	4.5	11 35	23 T	6 14	4.7	6 38	4.3	12 15
24 M	6 36	4.5	7 01	4.6	12 05	12 30	24 W	7 02	4.9	7 26	4.3	12 25	1 05
25 T	7 25	4.8	7 48	4.6	12 52	1 30	25 T	7 50	5.0	8 14	4.1	1 11	1 55
26 W	8 12	4.9	8 36	4.4	1 36	2 09	26 F	8 39	4.9	9 08	3.9	1 55	2 42
27 T	9 02	4.9	9 25	4.1	2 21	3 01	27 S	9 28	4.6	9 53	3.6	2 40	3 31
28 F	9 51	4.7	10 16	3.8	3 06	3 50	28 S	10 20	4.3	10 48	3.2	3 27	4 22
29 S	10 46	4.4	11 12	3.4	3 51	4 44	29 M	11 15	3.9	11 47	3.0	4 12	5 18
30 S	11 42	4.1	4 40	5 47	30 T	12 15	3.5	5 05	6 29
							31 W	12 47	2.8	1 17	3.3	6 13	8 01

Day of Month	NOVEMBER						Day of Month	DECEMBER					
	HIGH			LOW				HIGH			LOW		
	a.m.	Ht.	p.m.	Ht.	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	Ht.	p.m.	Ht.	a.m.	p.m.
1 T	1 51	2.8	2 18	3.1	7 52	9 15	1 S	2 11	2.8	2 32	2.8	8 11	8 35
2 F	2 51	2.9	3 14	3.1	9 30	10 07	2 S	3 04	3.0	3 22	2.8	9 22	9 18
3 S	3 42	3.1	4 06	3.1	10 23	10 29	3 M	3 52	3.1	4 10	2.9	10 13	9 57
4 S	4 31	3.3	4 48	3.2	11 01	11 01	4 T	4 39	3.4	4 55	3.0	10 50	10 22
5 M	5 14	3.5	5 22	3.3	11 32	11 24	5 W	5 20	3.6	5 30	3.1	11 24	11 09
6 T	5 53	3.7	6 10	3.4	11 59	11 52	6 T	5 01	3.8	6 20	3.1	11 59	11 46
7 W	6 31	3.9	6 49	3.4	12 29	7 F	6 42	3.9	7 02	3.2	12 34
8 T	7 10	4.0	7 29	3.4	12 20	12 50	8 S	7 24	4.0	7 44	3.2	12 23	1 11
9 F	7 48	4.0	8 08	3.3	12 54	1 31	9 S	8 05	4.0	8 28	3.1	1 02	1 51
10 S	8 26	4.0	8 45	3.1	1 26	2 07	10 M	8 47	4.0	9 11	3.1	1 44	2 33
11 S	9 07	3.9	9 30	3.0	2 02	2 45	11 T	9 32	3.9	10 01	3.0	2 28	3 15
12 M	9 50	3.7	10 16	2.8	2 40	3 27	12 W	10 21	3.7	10 51	3.0	3 15	4 01
13 T	10 38	3.6	11 09	2.8	3 25	4 12	13 T	11 15	3.6	11 49	3.1	4 09	4 53
14 W	11 34	3.4	4 14	5 07	14 F	12 11	3.4	5 07	5 47
15 T	12 08	2.8	12 35	3.3	5 13	6 08	15 S	12 48	3.2	1 14	3.3	6 13	6 49
16 F	1 13	2.9	1 39	3.3	6 22	7 16	16 S	1 49	3.4	2 16	3.2	7 28	7 53
17 S	2 16	3.2	2 41	3.4	7 42	8 24	17 M	2 40	3.7	3 15	3.3	8 45	8 56
18 S	3 15	3.6	3 41	3.6	9 01	9 26	18 T	3 46	3.9	4 13	3.3	9 59	9 57
19 M	4 10	4.0	4 34	3.7	10 10	10 23	19 W	4 42	4.2	5 06	3.4	11 01	10 52
20 T	5 03	4.3	5 27	3.8	11 11	11 14	20 T	5 26	4.4	5 50	3.5	11 56	11 45
21 W	5 53	4.6	6 17	3.9	12 04	21 F	6 25	4.5	6 47	3.5	12 44
22 T	6 42	4.8	7 06	3.9	12 02	12 54	22 S	7 13	4.5	7 37	3.5	12 33	7 22
23 F	7 31	4.8	7 54	3.8	12 49	1 40	23 S	8 01	4.4	8 23	3.4	1 19	2 15
24 S	8 19	4.7	8 43	3.6	1 34	2 27	24 M	8 47	4.2	9 16	3.3	2 03	2 55
25 S	9 08	4.4	9 31	3.4	2 18	3 12	25 T	9 34	3.9	9 58	3.2	2 47	3 35
26 M	9 58	4.1	10 22	3.2	3 03	4 01	26 W	10 20	3.6	10 46	3.0	3 27	4 09
27 T	10 49	3.7	11 17	3.0	3 49	4 49	27 T	11 09	3.2	11 37	2.9	4 12	4 46
28 W	11 44	3.3	4 38	5 30	28 F	11 57	3.0	4 54	5 26
29 T	12 13	2.8	12 39	3.1	5 34	6 35	29 S	12 29	2.8	12 48	2.7	5 44	6 08
30 F	1 12	2.8	1 36	2.9	6 45	7 36	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 tides.

Infidel

Preface to the Story

You like to think of yourself as a bold and adventurous soldier of fortune, daring 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.

Boarding Pass

AIR EL MENHIR

FLIGHT•

976Y

DESTINATION•

EL MENHIR-EGYPT

SEAT NUMBER•

13B AISLE
NON-SMOKING

TICKET NUMBER•

0098 764 9823

DATE OF FLIGHT•

JULY 9

BOARDING TIME•

3 PM

CLASS•

COACH

ESTIMATED
TIME OF ARRIVAL•

2:30 PM JULY 10

GATE•

23

DEPARTURE TIME•

3:25 PM

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 Ellingsworth 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 Ellingworth 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 27

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.

LOV'S

Sally \$400

Abdul £25

Kahmir £12 plus tip!

Mom \$28 + 48
plus 5% interest

Joyce \$50 plus dinner

HOTEL AMÉRICAIN

Abbás Hilmil Blvd. El Menhir, Egypt 8-6130-5

جمهورية مصر العربية EGYPT



1 M OFFICIAL

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 omelette, 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 kunise, 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.

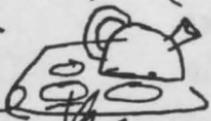
Of course everything can't be perfect. We've had a slight delay while we wait for the new navigation box to arrive. (I may have forgotten to mention in my previous letter that the old box became damaged just as we were setting out.) Nevertheless, such is the spirit of camaraderie and good fellowship 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 & ~~that~~ 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 ^{don't} ~~desert~~ 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 wasteland 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 desert suns played
mischief with my eyes for now as I gaze across

until they've changed into grunted blue men
about two foot tall with evilgrins behind their
twisting bristly green whiskers that hang all the way
to their shinnyskinshins as the three little pigs
used to say in Pigtown seaway seaway seaway all the
way home home on the range
where there's no place like home
place like home is where the headbush 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 cotton mouthed icy sweating brain feverish
rubber arms and legs and head for the hills
are alive with the sound of music
Sicker may be it's something i ate guess
i should've left that last deviled ham meatball alone

Hieroglyphic cube
found 27 September 1920

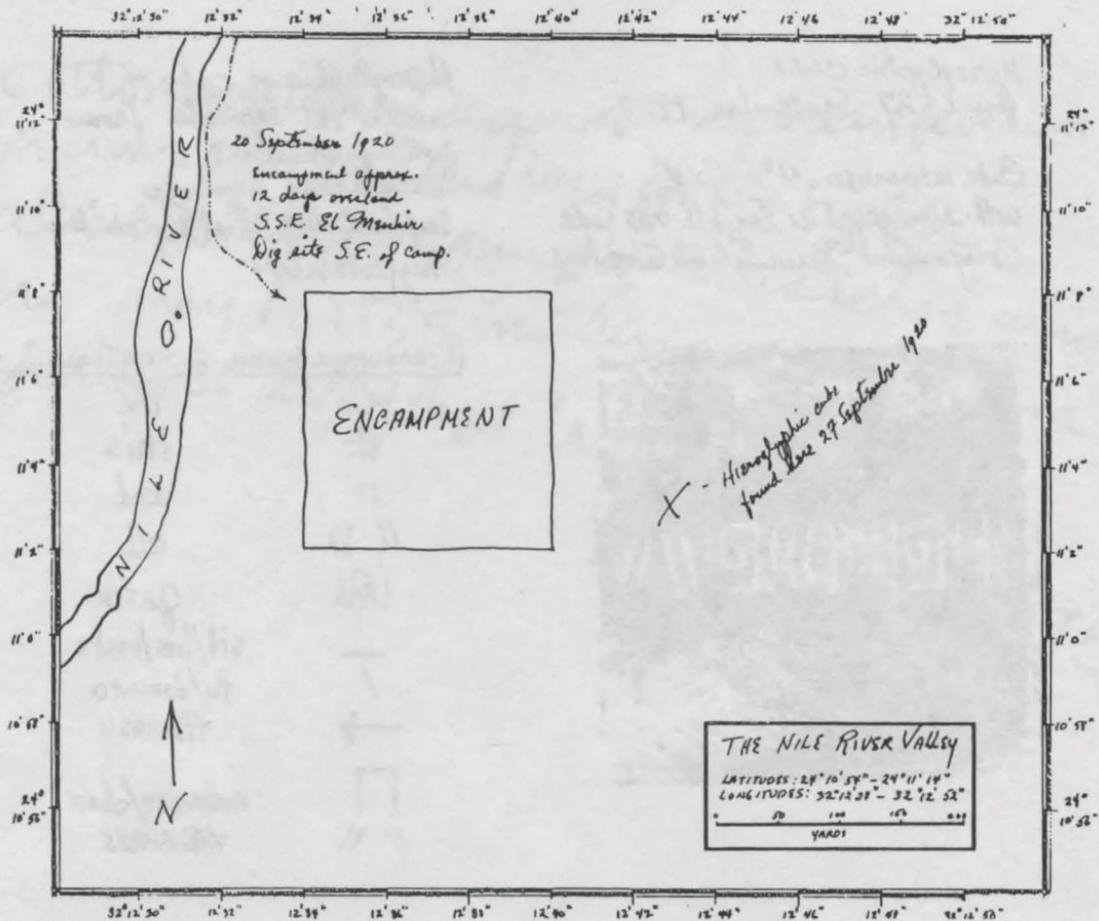
Cube measured 4" x 4" x 4"
with hieroglyphics legible on side.
Composition Nummulitic limestone.



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

HIEROGLYPHIC SYMBOL ENGLISH TRANS.

#	the
#:	this
::	and
(())	all
!@!	QUEEN
—	sit/lies/rests
/	to/toward
→	THROUGH
□	ENTRANCE/DOOR
//	TREASURES



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.

Special Command

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.

BANK OF ST. SINISTRA

50

This note is not legal tender

Jean Lafond

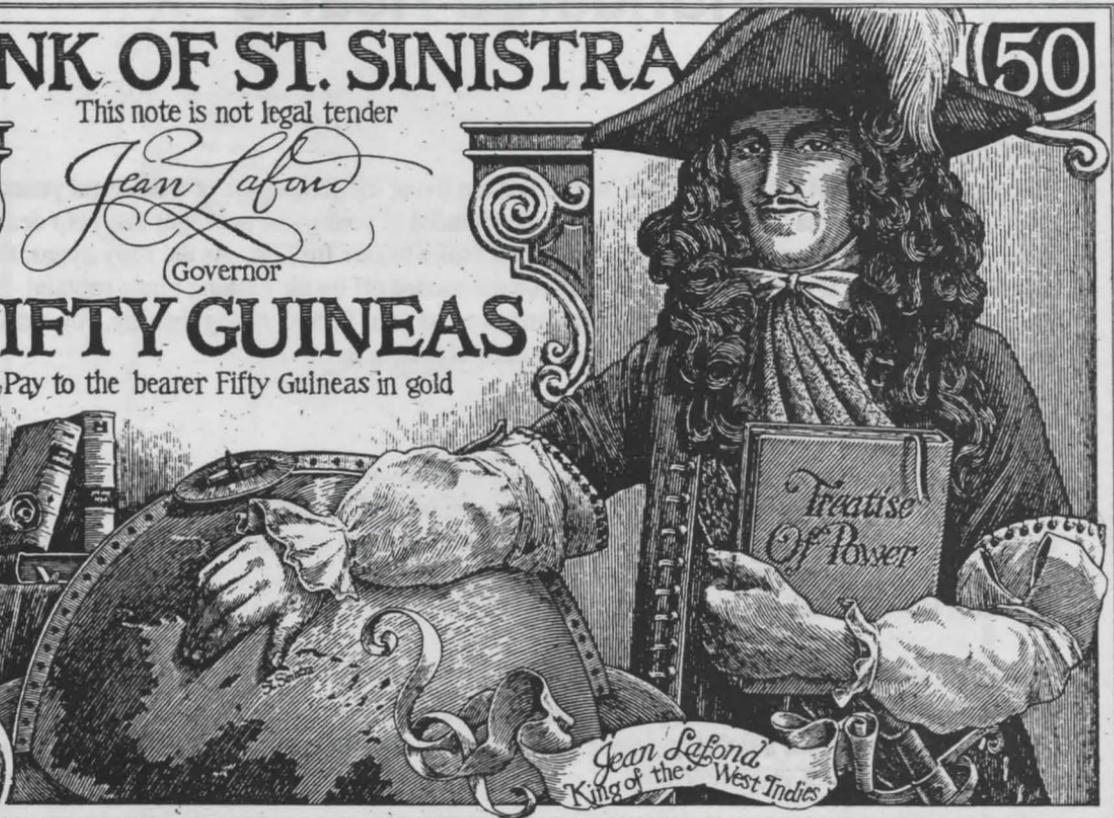
Governor

FIFTY GUINEAS

Pay to the bearer Fifty Guineas in gold



50



Jean Lafond
King of the West Indies



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 *Sabond Doux*, 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 Sabond

TRINITY

You're neither an adventurer nor a professional thrill-seeker. You're simply an American tourist in London, enjoying a relaxing stroll through the famous Kensington Gardens. When World War 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 pattern 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 prepositions 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.

Acknowledgements

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.

Bibliography

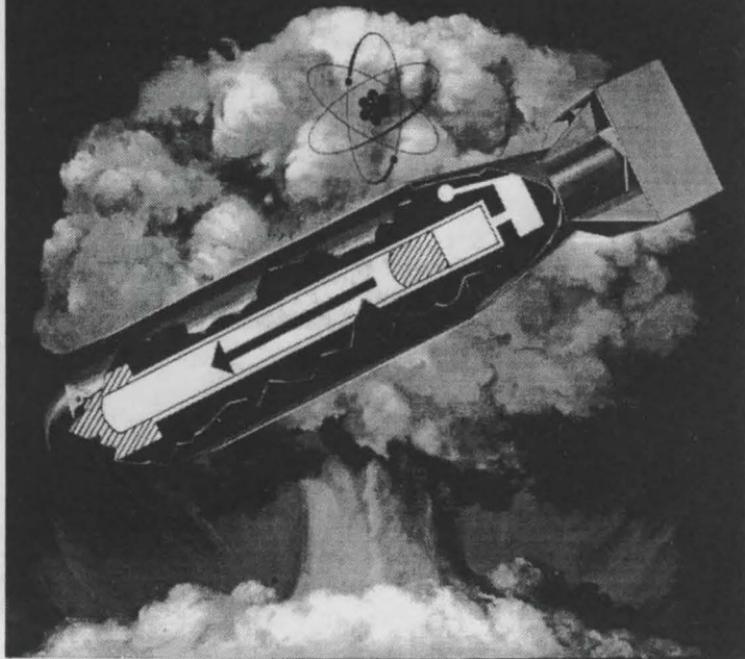
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THE ILLUSTRATED STORY OF
THE
ATOM BOMB

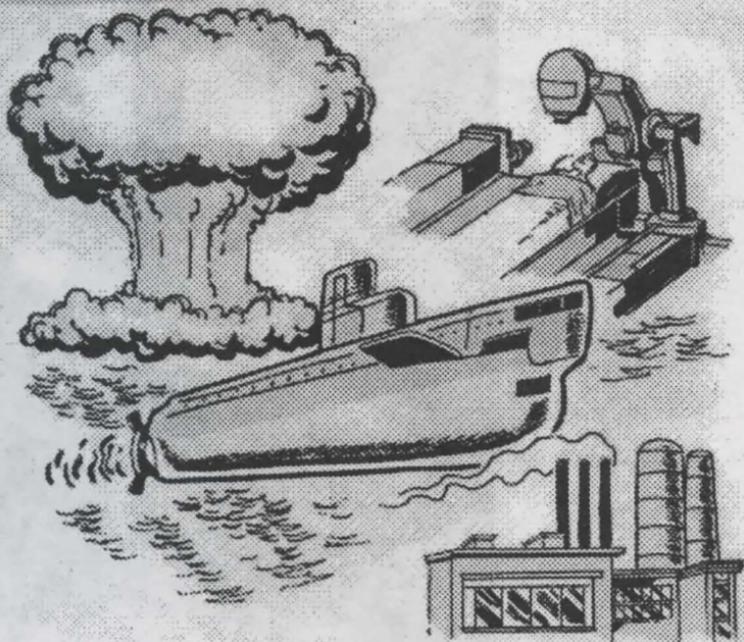


THE ATOM - FRIEND OR FOE?

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...



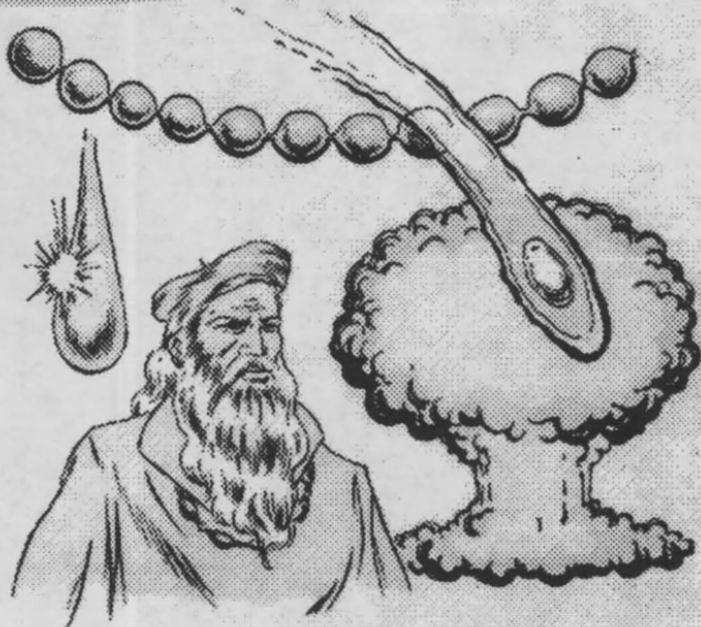
ATOMIC FACTS: *Stranger Than Fiction!*

-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 atoms.

-There are 25,000,000,000,000,000,000 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.

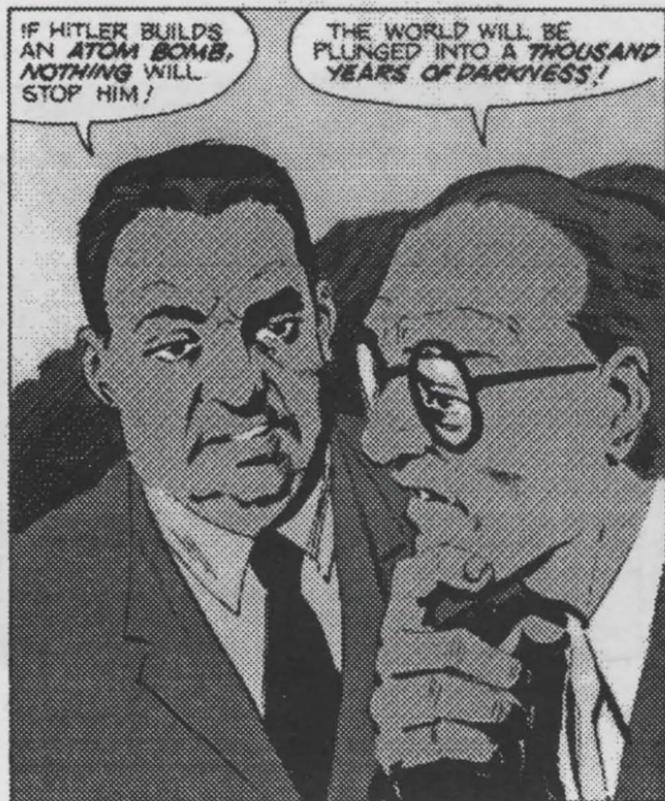


THE YEAR IS 1939. THE FREE WORLD WATCHES WITH GROWING ALARM AS THE SHADOW OF NAZI GERMANY SPREADS ACROSS EUROPE, LED BY THE MAN WHO WILL ONE DAY BE KNOWN AS HISTORY'S GREATEST VILLAIN.

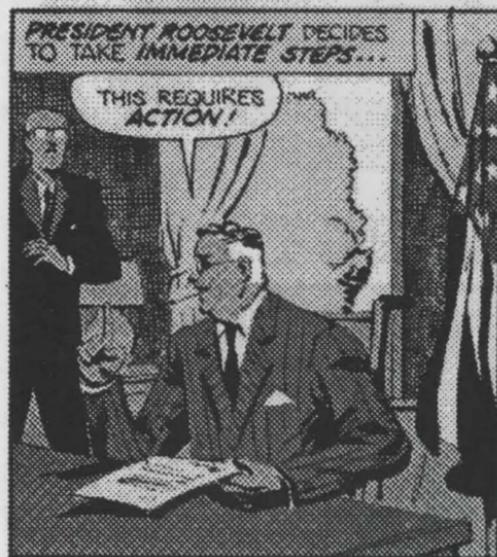


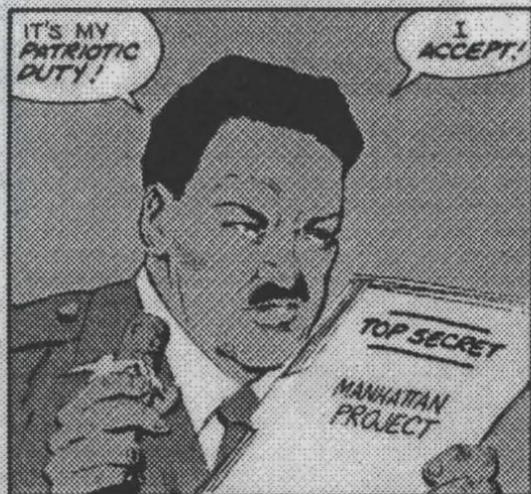
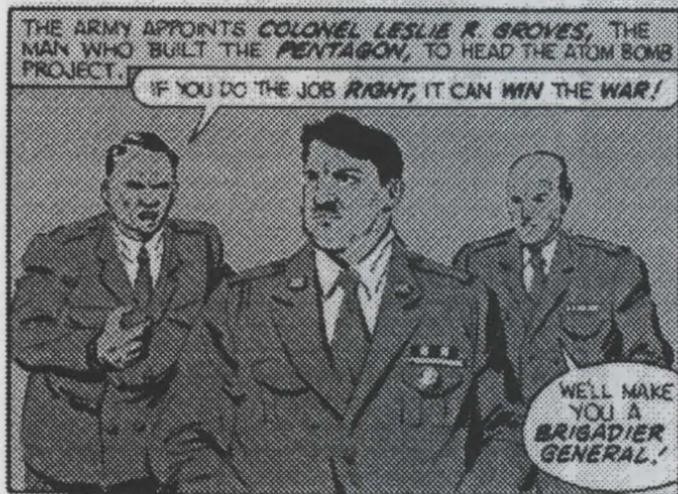
IN JANUARY, THE GREAT DANISH PHYSICIST NIELS BOHR COMES TO WASHINGTON, D.C.











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!

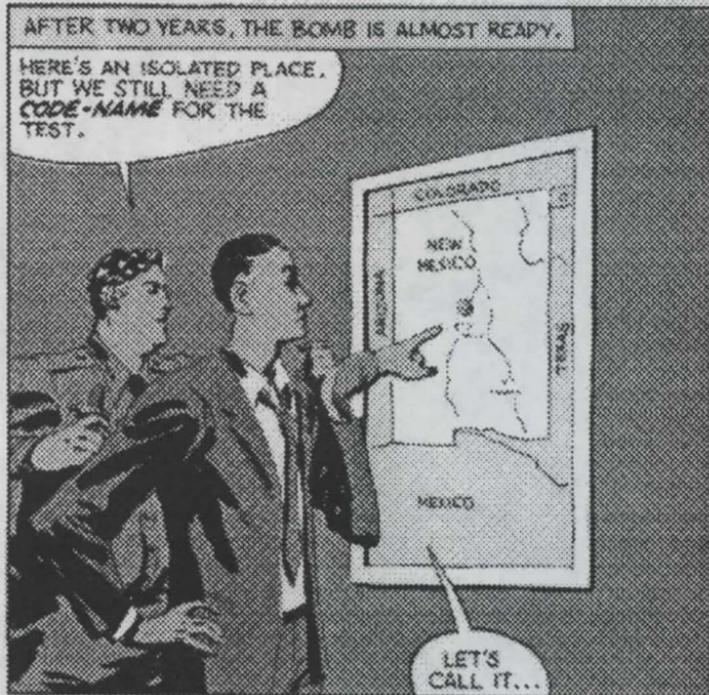
THERE'S NO TIME TO ARGUE! TRY BOTH!

$$E=mc^2$$
$$t_2 = t_1 \sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}$$


OPPIE, DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS?

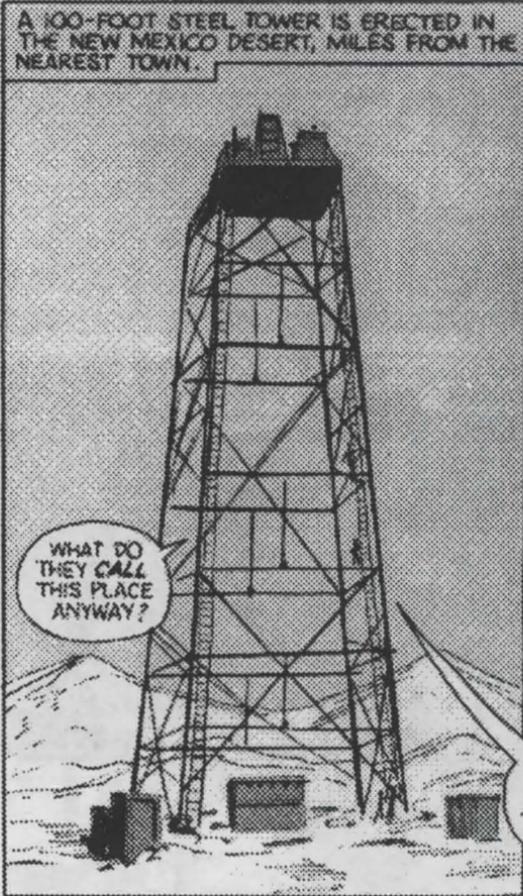
NOT NOW, KITTY! WE'RE SO CLOSE!

THE BOMB ON HALLS WE DAY

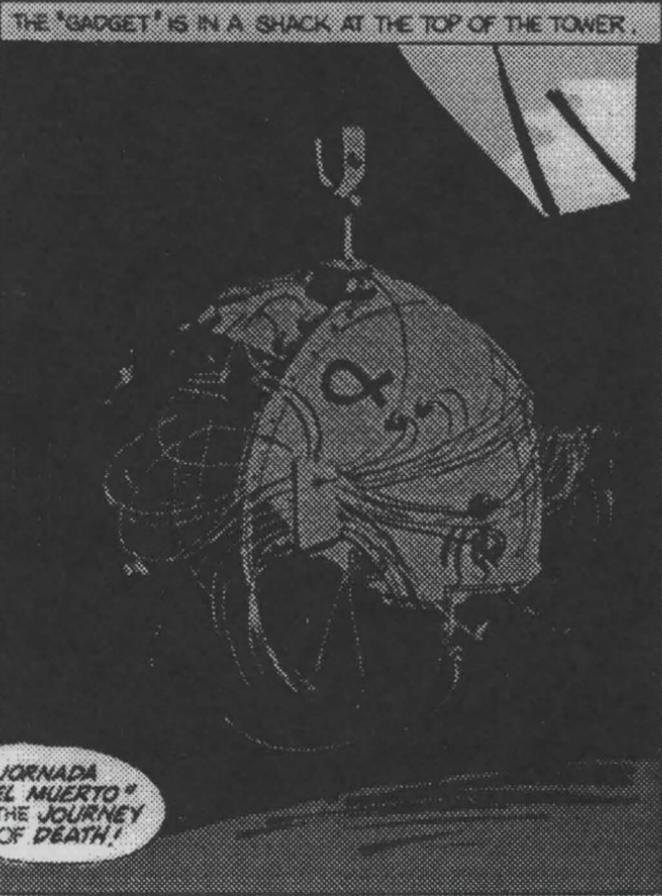


A 100-FOOT STEEL TOWER IS ERECTED IN THE NEW MEXICO DESERT, MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN.

THE "GADGET" IS IN A SHACK AT THE TOP OF THE TOWER.



WHAT DO THEY CALL THIS PLACE ANYWAY?

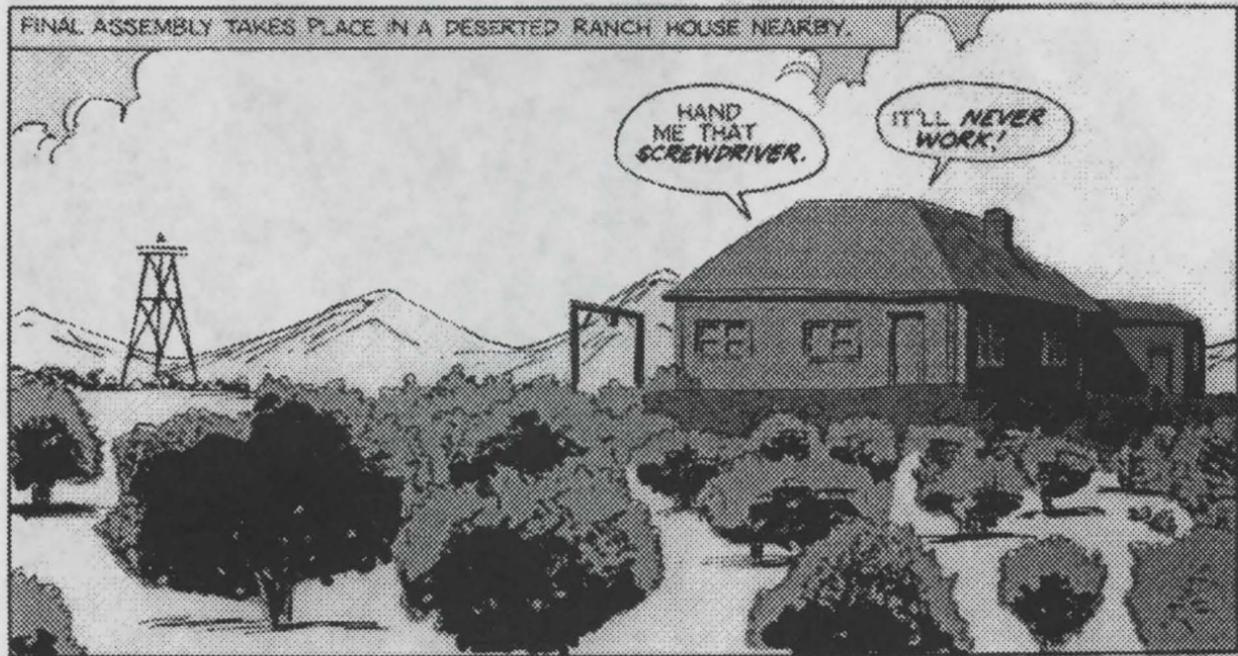


"JORNADA DEL MUERTO"
-- THE JOURNEY OF DEATH!

FINAL ASSEMBLY TAKES PLACE IN A DESERTED RANCH HOUSE NEARBY.

HAND
ME THAT
SCREWDRIVER.

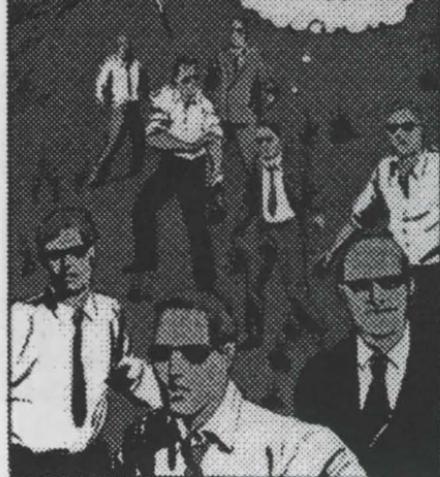
IT'LL NEVER
WORK!



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."

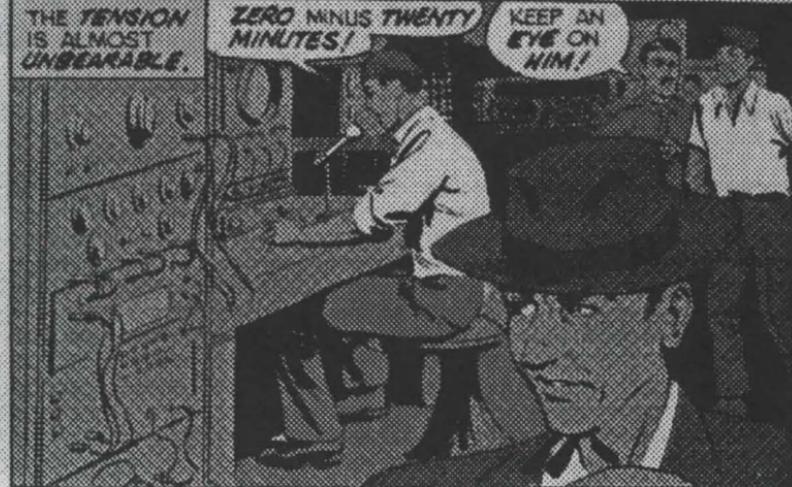
KEEP THOSE JEEPS RUNNING! IF THE ATMOSPHERE CATCHES FIRE, WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST!



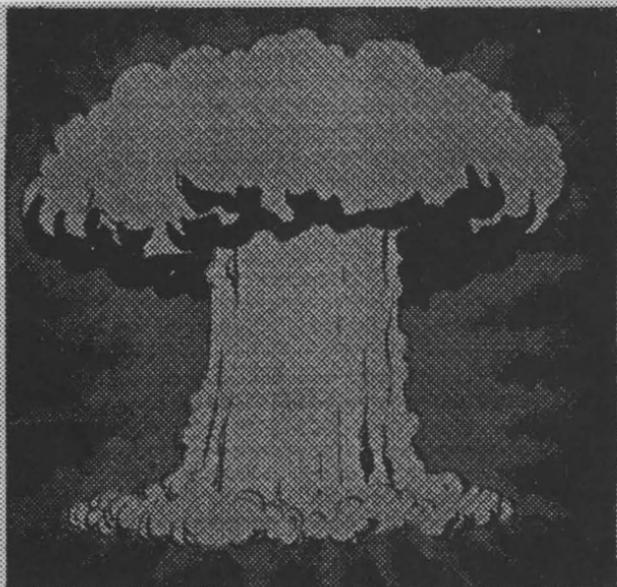
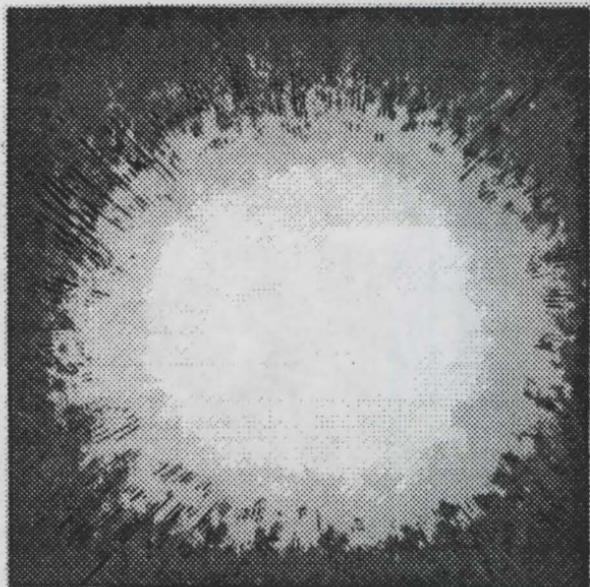
THE TENSION IS ALMOST UNBEARABLE.

ZERO MINUS TWENTY MINUTES!

KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!



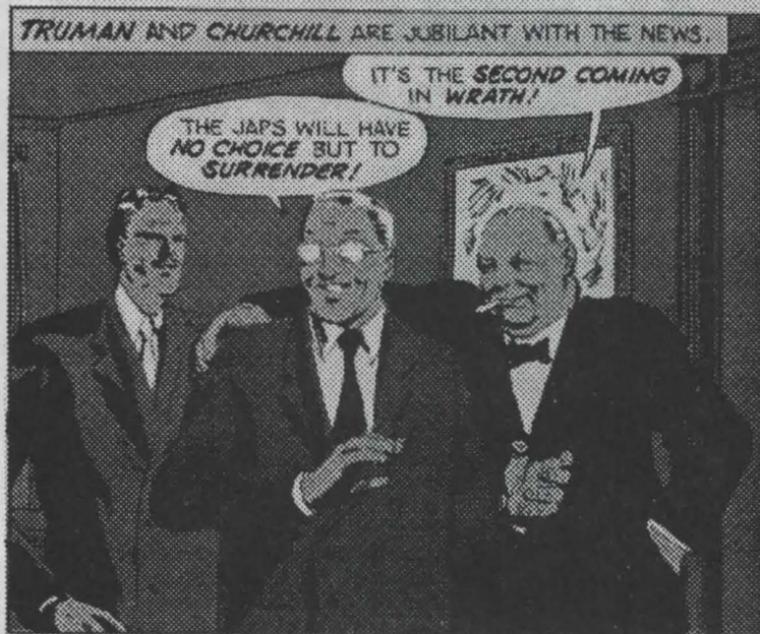




TRUMAN AND CHURCHILL ARE JUBILANT WITH THE NEWS.

THE JAPS WILL HAVE
NO CHOICE BUT TO
SURRENDER!

IT'S THE *SECOND COMING*
IN WRATH!



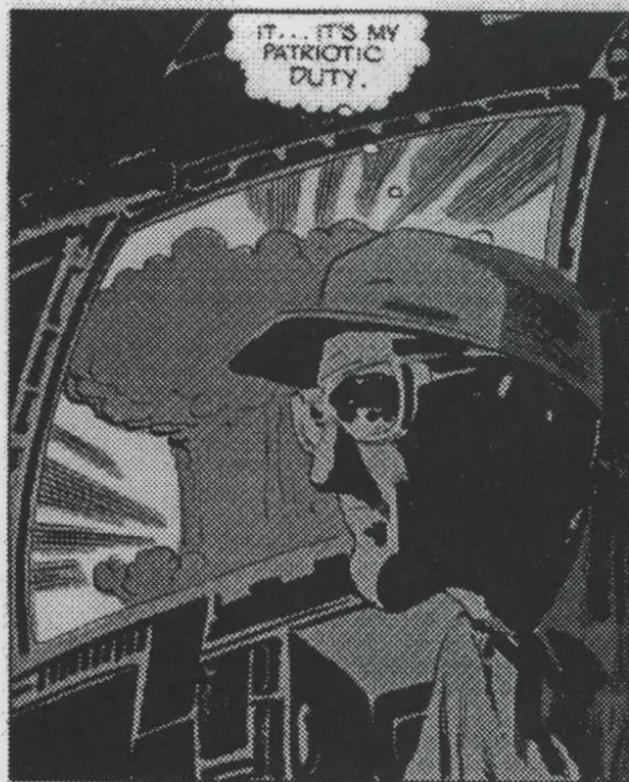
--- AND
AMERICA
WILL
PREVAIL!

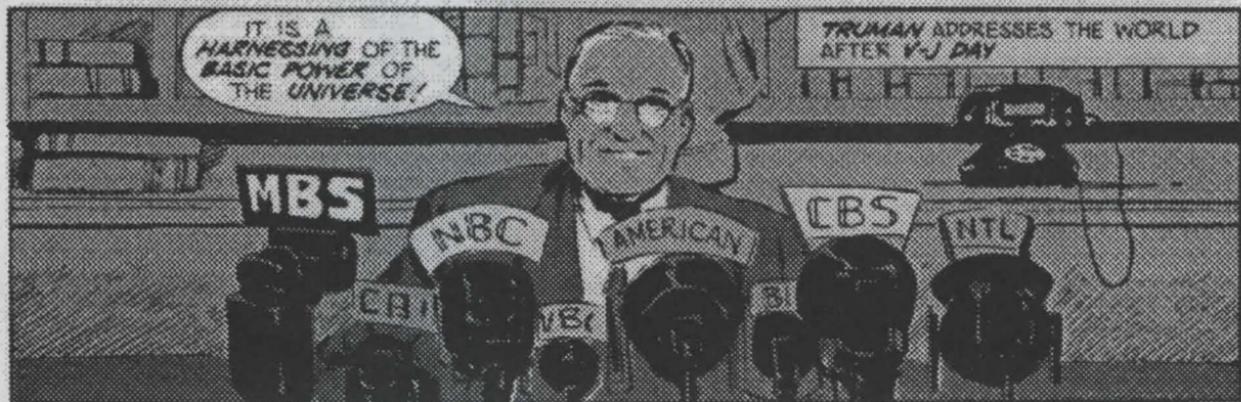


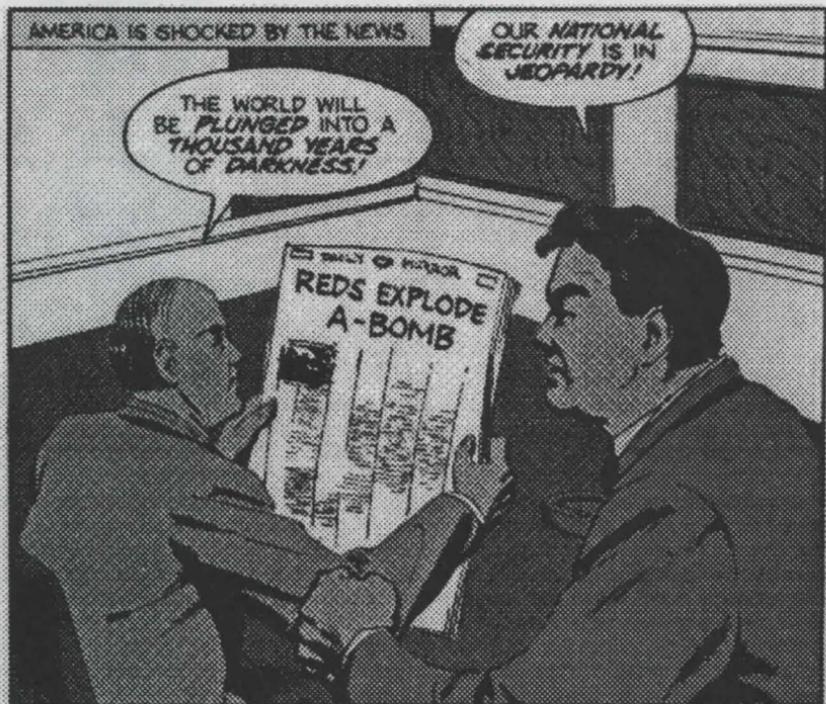
ON AUGUST 6, 1945, AN
AMERICAN B-29 BOMBER
EXACTS A TERRIBLE
VENGEANCE ON THE
CITY OF HIROSHIMA.

BOMB
AWAY!









BUT DR. EDWARD TELLER IS A MAN WITH A VISION.

IF WE FIND A WAY TO FUSE HYDROGEN, WE CAN BUILD A SUPER-BOMB!

$$E=mc^2$$
$$E = f_1 \sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}$$
$$2\text{H} + 2\text{n} \rightarrow \text{He}^4$$

IMPOSSIBLE!

IT WOULD REQUIRE A TEMPERATURE OF MILLIONS OF DEGREES.

I CAN PROVIDE SUCH TEMPERATURES!

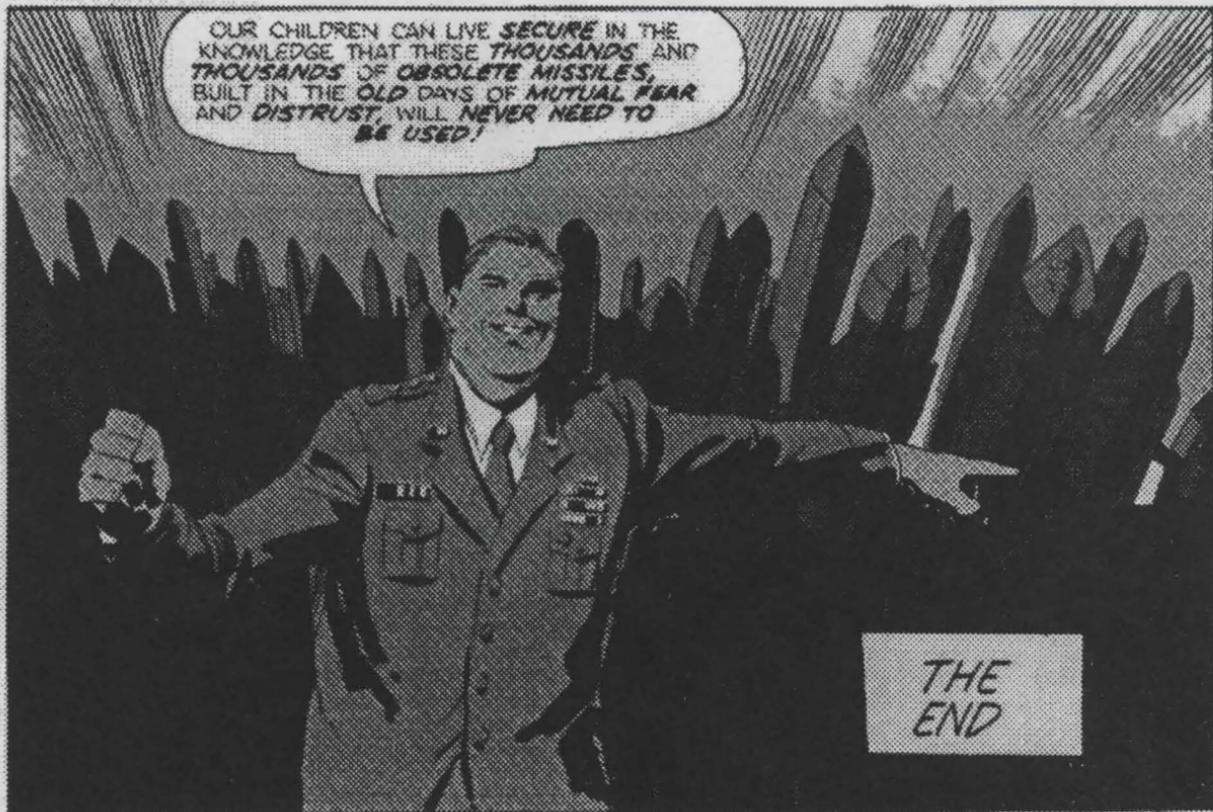




NOW THAT AMERICA'S NEW *SPACE DEFENSE SYSTEM* IS IN PLACE, THE ENTIRE PLANET IS *SAFE* FROM THE *THREAT OF ATOMIC WAR.*

IT'S *PETER PAN*,
DEAR... "THE *BOY*
WHO *WOULD NOT*
GROW UP!"





TRINITY SITE
WHERE
THE WORLD'S FIRST
NUCLEAR DEVICE
WAS EXPLODED ON
JULY 16, 1945

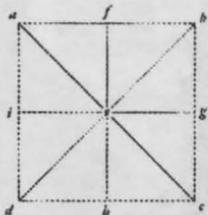
THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES
1000 COLLEGE PARK DRIVE
COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND 20740
WWW.NATIONALARCHIVES.GOV

TRINITY SITE
1000 COLLEGE PARK DRIVE
COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND 20740
WWW.NATIONALARCHIVES.GOV

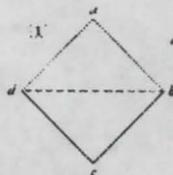
CRANE

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.



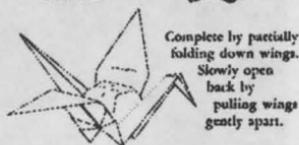
Reverse-fold *b* in, bringing all points together. Fold *f* to *g* and fold *b* to *i*.



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.



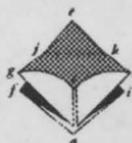
10. Form head by folding outside in, then down.



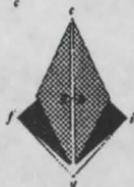
Complete by partially folding down wings. Slowly open back by pulling wings gently apart.



5. Turn open end down. Fold *g* and *h* in along dotted lines. Reopen.



Lift *c* halfway up. Fold down forming crease between *j* and *k*. Lift *c* up and over *a*, then down.



Bring side flaps in by folding down so that *g* meets *h*.

6. Turn over and repeat.



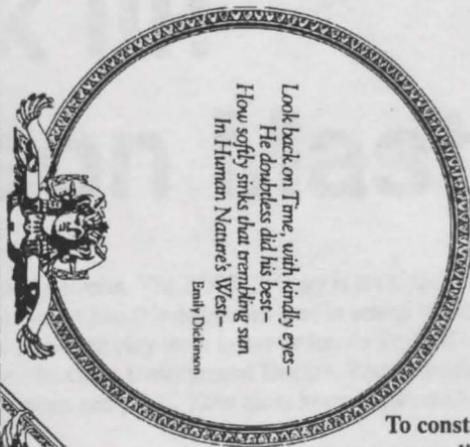
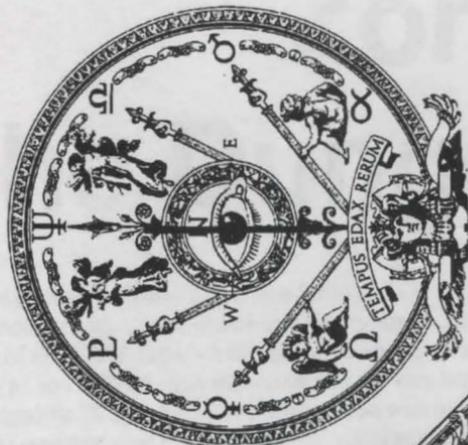
7. Fold *l* and *m* top layers in. (Same as first folds in step 5)



8. Turn over and repeat.



米国製



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.

CRANE



Small crane logo icon
Small crane logo icon
Small crane logo icon
Small crane logo icon



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Small crane logo icon

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-1, which will retail for *Zm0.29*, 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 *Zm0.89*. 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 the

regular 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	Zm5,431,922	Zm5,108,113
Sale of property	350,585	-----
Other revenues	812,913	656,106
TOTAL REVENUES	<u>6,595,420</u>	<u>5,764,219</u>
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	<u>5,318,001</u>	<u>5,192,346</u>
NET INCOME	<u>Zm1,277,419</u>	<u>Zm 571,873</u>
Earnings per uncommon share:		
Continuing operations	Zm 2.72	Zm 1.54
Discontinuing operations	(0.03)	(0.02)
NET INCOME PER UNCOMMON SHARE	<u>Zm 2.69</u>	<u>Zm 1.52</u>

FrobozzCo International Retained Earnings Statement (Zorkmid Amounts in Millions)

	Year end 778	Year end 777
Retained earnings at year opening	Zm1,204,445	Zm1,162,556
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	<u>Zm1,587,823</u>	<u>Zm1,204,445</u>

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	<u>Zm3,297,395</u>	<u>Zm2,610,584</u>
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	<u>1,363,173</u>	<u>1,114,222</u>
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	<u>1,934,222</u>	<u>1,496,357</u>
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND EQUITY	<u>Zm3,297,395</u>	<u>Zm2,610,579</u>

PROBOZZ MAGIC SPELL COMPANY

When the world is in a state of confusion and
 darkness, we are here to bring you the light of
 hope and peace. Our spells are powerful and
 effective, and we guarantee your satisfaction.
 We have a wide variety of spells to choose from,
 including love spells, money spells, and protection
 spells. We also offer personalized spells for
 your specific needs. Our spells are made with
 natural ingredients and are safe for everyone.
 We have been helping people for over 50 years,
 and our reputation is well known. We are
 proud to be a part of your life and to help you
 achieve your dreams. Contact us today to
 learn more about our spells and how we can
 help you.

PROBOZZ MAGIC SPELL COMPANY

We are a family-owned business that has been
 helping people for over 50 years. Our spells are
 made with natural ingredients and are safe for
 everyone. We have a wide variety of spells to
 choose from, including love spells, money spells,
 and protection spells. We also offer personalized
 spells for your specific needs. Our spells are
 powerful and effective, and we guarantee your
 satisfaction. We have been helping people for
 over 50 years, and our reputation is well known.
 We are proud to be a part of your life and to
 help you achieve your dreams. Contact us today
 to learn more about our spells and how we can
 help you.

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 non-existent, 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 Galactic 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 firms 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.

"I'm 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, it's 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 someone 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 GROUCH 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, Ansil, 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 Ansilan 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



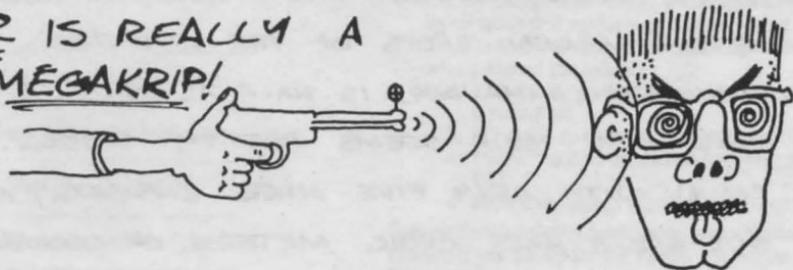
11,344 JULY 22 - TRANSFERRED FROM S.P.S. TRILOBYTE TO S.P.S. FEINSTEIN FOR THE THIRD OF MY FOUR TOURS OF DUTY. I'M TRULY GOING TO MISS MY COMMANDER, ENSIGN FIRST CLASS LIM. HE WAS A FRIEND IN EVERY RESPECT - SOMEONE YOU COULD ALWAYS ~~BE~~ GO TO WITH A PROBLEM, SOMEONE I COULD REALLY LOOK UP TO. WE WOULD 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 GROTCHE-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 GROTCHE-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 GROTTCHES 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 ~~RED~~ 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 NEGOTTATIONS 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 GUMPSE 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 GROUCH 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

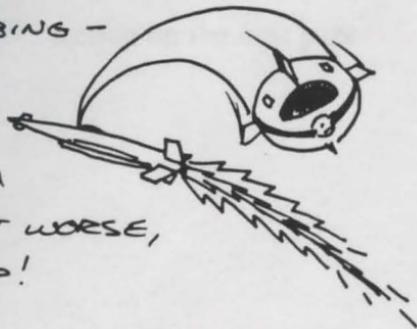
ENOUGH, SO NOT ONLY DID HE REJECT MY
ASTROPHYSICS APPLICATION, BUT HE SAYS I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE REMEDIAL SCRUBBING NEXT QUARTER. WHAT
A TROTTING KRIP!

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 SEPTEMBER 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!



THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT I HAVE
WROTE TO YOU IN MY LETTER OF THE
LAST WEEK. I AM SURE YOU WILL
BE INTERESTED IN THEM. I AM
VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU
AND TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE
WELL. I AM HOPEFULLY
HEARING FROM YOU SOON.
I AM YOUR AFFECTIONATE
FRIEND,
J. H. BROWN



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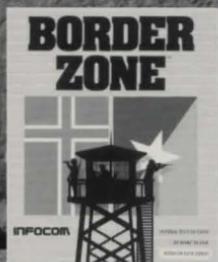
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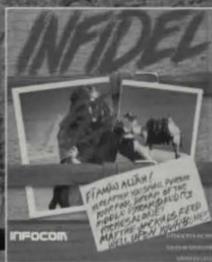
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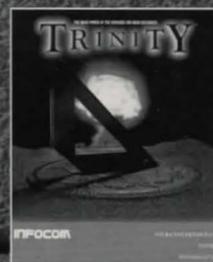
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