

INTERACTIVE FICTION FROM INFOCOM

THE MYSTERY COLLECTION

HANDBOOK

- DEADLINE
- LURKING HORROR
- MOONMIST
- SHERLOCK
- SUSPECT
- WITNESS

Bonus Titles:

- PLANETFALL
- ZORK ZERO



ACTIVISION®

THE MYSTERY — COLLECTION —

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Welcome to the Infocom Mystery 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 Mystery Collection allows you to be an active participant in one of six mystery novels. In each, you may find that many conclusions are reasonably supported by the evidence you uncover, but only one conclusion is the best—you'll know it when you find it. We wish you many spine-tingling hours of interactive investigation!

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

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

Enjoy!

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Deadline

Preface to the Story

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

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

About the Author

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

Deadline Special Commands

- *ACCUSE (someone) OF (something) - This makes an accusation against someone.
- *ANALYZE (something) - Duffy, your assistant, will take "something" to the police lab for routine analysis, including fingerprints
- *ANALYZE (something) FOR (something specific) - If you're looking for a specific substance on or in "something," the lab will run a special analysis.
- *ARREST (someone) - If you've found enough evidence, this sentence will end the case and describe the outcome of the prosecution.
- *ASK (someone) ABOUT (someone or something) - This is an impersonal form of the sentence CHARACTER, TELL ME ABOUT (someone or something).
- *EXAMINE (something) - This allows you to look at something with an eye toward detail. You will probably use this a lot.
- *FINGERPRINT (something) - This is the same as ANALYZE (something) FOR FINGERPRINTS.
- *SEARCH (someone) FOR (something specific) - This is a search for something in particular, whether unusual or not.
- *SEARCH NEAR (something) - This allows you to look closely at the area immediate to something, possibly providing more information than simply examining it.
- *SHOW (something) TO (someone) - You may get an interesting reaction.
- *SHOW ME (something) - A request to another person to show you or lead you to something.

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

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

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

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

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

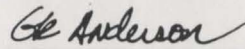
Official Memo

Lakeville, CT Police Department

July 8, 1982

RE: Evidence on File

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


G. K. Anderson

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ROBNER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANDERSON: Had he been acting less depressed since then?

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

ANDERSON: Did your husband ever talk of suicide?

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

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

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

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

INTERVIEW WITH MS. DUNBAR

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

MS. DUNBAR: Yes, sir.

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

DUNBAR: Why, yes. I brought him some tea at about 11 PM that night. On nights when he expected to work late, he would always expect tea at that hour. I brought him the tea and he asked me to leave. That's all.

ANDERSON: Did Mr. Robner seem at all upset?

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

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

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

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

DUNBAR: No, I don't remember that.

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

DUNBAR: Yes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DUNBAR: I just told you no.

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

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

INTERVIEW WITH MS. DUNBAR (cont.)

ANDERSON: Do you believe anyone might have a reason to kill Mr. Robner?

DUNBAR: No, I can't imagine

ANDERSON: Thank you Ms. Dunbar. Oh Ms. Dunbar, were you at home all night, last night I mean?

DUNBAR: Well, no, actually. I was out with a friend last night and we didn't get back until 10:30 or thereabouts.

ANDERSON: Thanks again, Ms. Dunbar.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. BAXTER

DETECTIVE ANDERSON: You were Mr. Robner's business partner, is that correct?

MR. BAXTER: That's right.

ANDERSON: How long have you and Mr. Robner been partners?

BAXTER: For about twenty-five years now. I was his partner almost from the start of the business.

ANDERSON: Mrs. Robner tells me that there have been problems lately with the business. Could you tell me what that's all about?

BAXTER: Yes, the business has its problems, some of them quite large. Marshall and I were working on a plan to solve those problems and get the company back on its feet again before we would be forced to take drastic action. I hope that I can hold things together now that Marshall is dead. He was the founder of the business and controlled many things by himself.

ANDERSON: Did Mr. Robner ever talk to you about personal problems, or how he felt?

BAXTER: No, we were business partners, not intimate friends. I don't think he really had any close friends. I know he had gotten himself very upset about the business, but that's the extent of it.

ANDERSON: When was the last time you saw Mr. Robner?

BAXTER: Yesterday afternoon, at our office in town.

ANDERSON: And where were you after work?

BAXTER: Last night was my concert night at the Hartford Symphony. I go there quite regularly. After the concert, at about 10 o'clock, I went home. I received a call from Ms. Dunbar this morning telling me of the tragedy, and I arrived here just a few minutes ago.

ANDERSON: Were you at the concert alone?

BAXTER: Quite alone.

ANDERSON: Do you know of anyone who might have wanted to harm Mr. Robner?

INTERVIEW WITH MR. BAXTER (cont.)

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

ANDERSON: Shouting matches?

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

ANDERSON: When was the last time you heard this?

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

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

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

ANDERSON: Thank you, Mr. Baxter.

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ROURKE

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

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

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

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

ANDERSON: You mean 10:30 PM.

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

ANDERSON: Could someone have gone upstairs during the night?

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

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ROURKE (cont.)

ANDERSON: Really, Mrs. Rourke, let's stick to the matter at hand. Do you keep your door closed at night when you are reading?

ROURKE: Yes, sir.

ANDERSON: So then it's possible that someone might have entered the house and gone upstairs without your knowledge.

ROURKE: No, sir. I don't believe so. Why don't you try the stairs yourself? For a new house, these stairs are the noisiest I've ever heard. My door's right beside them, too. When the Robners owned a little cat, I can remember hearing every footstep creaking up the stairs. Don't know why they don't ever fix it up. I guess it don't bother them any.

ANDERSON: But it is possible that someone might have entered after you went off to sleep.

ROURKE: Well, I suppose it might be, but not before.

ANDERSON: How long has Ms. Dunbar been living here?

ROURKE: Ever since the place was built. She does an awful lot of work for Mr. Robner, you know. I don't think he could have gotten along without her, although that's not my business to say. He was always so nervous, fretting about everything, and forgetting to do this and that. It seemed that she was always covering his tracks, if you get my meaning.

ANDERSON: Do you have any reason to suspect anyone of wanting to harm Mr. Robner?

ROURKE: Well, of course I've heard all of the screaming and fussing with George and Mr. Robner. That's been going on for years, now, so I don't make much of it anymore. No, I can't imagine anyone wanting to hurt poor Mr. Robner. He was such a sweet man.

ANDERSON: Thank you, Mrs. Rourke.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE ROBNER

DETECTIVE ANDERSON: Mr. Robner, I have been told by Mr. Baxter that you and your father had some serious arguments lately. Could you tell me what they were about?

GEORGE ROBNER: I don't think that's your business.

ANDERSON: I'm told they had to do with your habit of wasting or gambling away your father's money.

ROBNER: So?

ANDERSON: I've even been told that he threatened to disinherit you.

ROBNER: Yeah. He said he was going to. I'll bet he didn't, though. He never has.

ANDERSON: Mr. Robner, let me be frank. I'm told that you threatened violence against your father as recently as a week ago, and now he's dead.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE ROBNER (cont.)

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

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

ROBNER: Then ask someone else.

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

Lab Report

Lakeville, CT Police Department

Case: Robner, Marshall

File #: H657/SJ43.1

Officer of Record: Detective G.K. Anderson

Mat'l(s) analyzed: Porcelain teacup

Analyzed for: Fingerprints, foreign substances

Date: 7/8/82

Laboratory findings:

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





Official Memo

Lakeville, CT Police Department

File # H657/SJ43.1

G.K. Anderson, Detective 1st Class

July 8, 1982

RE: Robner Case

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

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "G.K. Anderson".

G.K. Anderson

Chief of Detectives
Edindale Police Department
Edindale, CT 06103

July 9, 1982

Dear Chief:

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

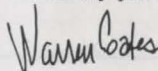
As you are no doubt aware, Mr. Marshall Robner, the industrialist and philanthropist, was found dead yesterday morning in his home. As far as I can determine, he was found dead on the floor of his library, the victim of an overdose of Ebullion, a medicine which he had been taking lately for severe bouts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

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,



Warren Coates

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

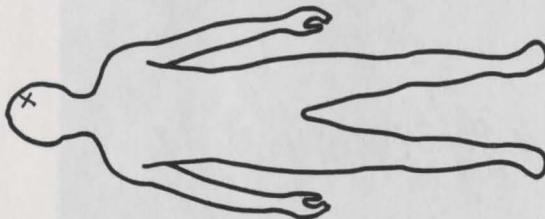


CORPUS DELICTI

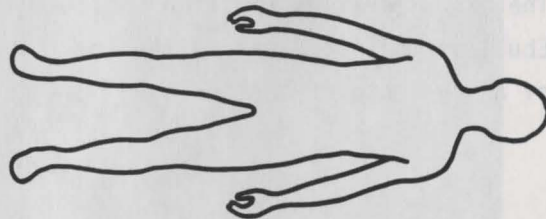
Union Memorial Hospital, Lakeville, CT

Summary of findings from Coroner's Examination

Name Robner, Marshall		File No. H657/SJ43.1		Date 7/8/82	
Sex Male	Race Caucasian	Color of Eyes Brown	Color of Hair Gray	Ht. 5'11	Wt. 192 lbs.
Distinguishing Marks None					
Apparent Cause of Death Drug overdose (Ebullion)					



Front



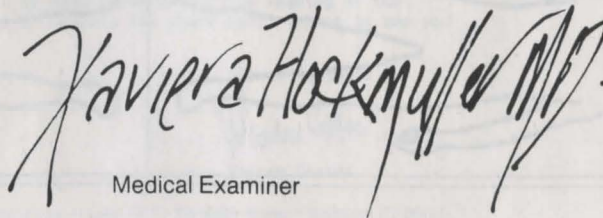
Back

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

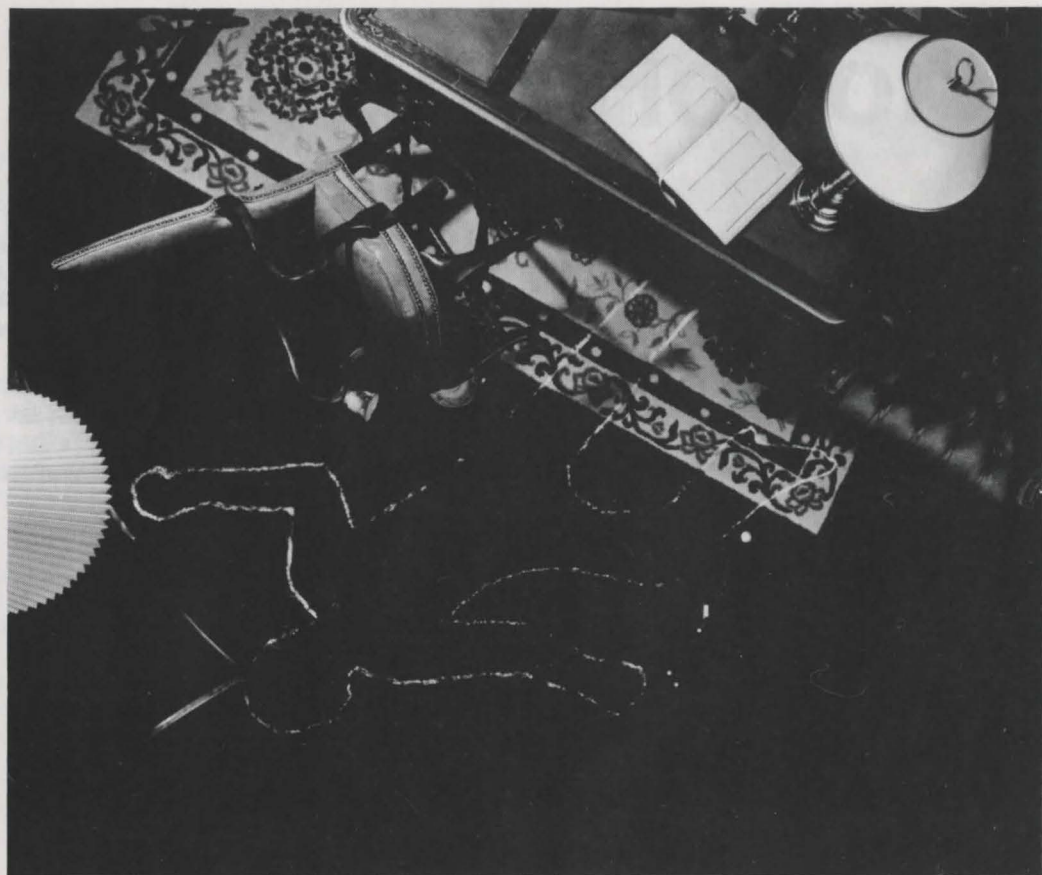
Analysis of the blood of the deceased revealed a blood level of 27mg% for Ebullion. The therapeutic range of this drug is normally 4 to 6mg%. A fatal dose, while not specified by the manufacturer, has been found to be in the 10-20mg% range. A routine analysis for other common drugs was unproductive.

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

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

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Xaviera Hockmuller MD". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, stylized "X" at the beginning and a long, sweeping underline.

Medical Examiner





Lurking Horror

Preface to the Story

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

About the Author

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

G.U.E.

WELCOME TO G.U.E.!

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

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

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

G.U.E.

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

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

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

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

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

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

G.U.E.

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

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

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

SCHOOL TRADITIONS

SLUG STOMPING

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

FOUNDER'S DAY

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

FINAL SCREAM

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

PIGEON DAY

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

STREAMER DAY

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

SOME G.U.E. TECH JARGON:

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

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

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

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

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

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

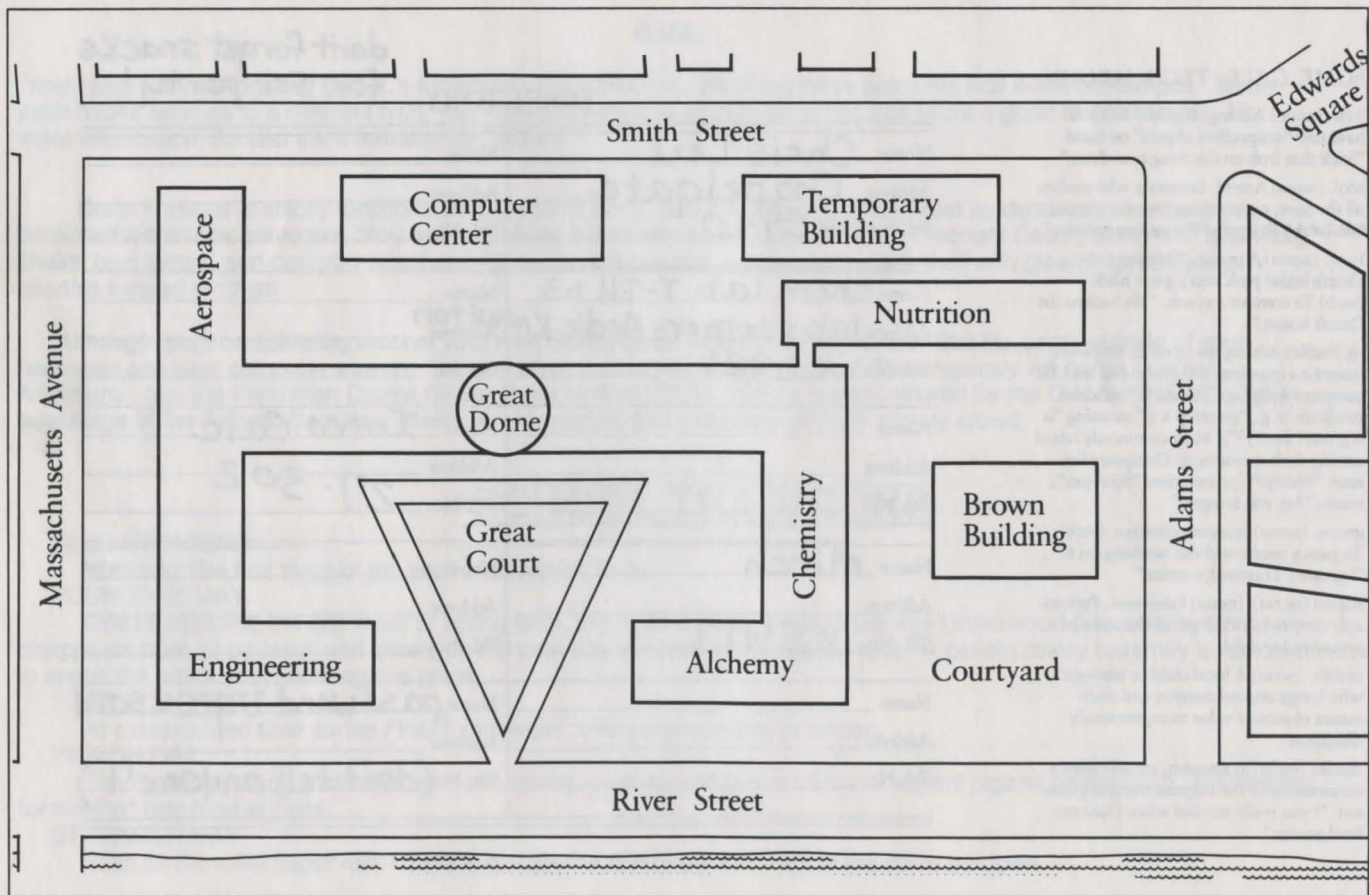
urchin. (noun) A local child or teenager who hangs around campus and often causes objects of value to mysteriously disappear.

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

DIRECTORY

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Moonmist

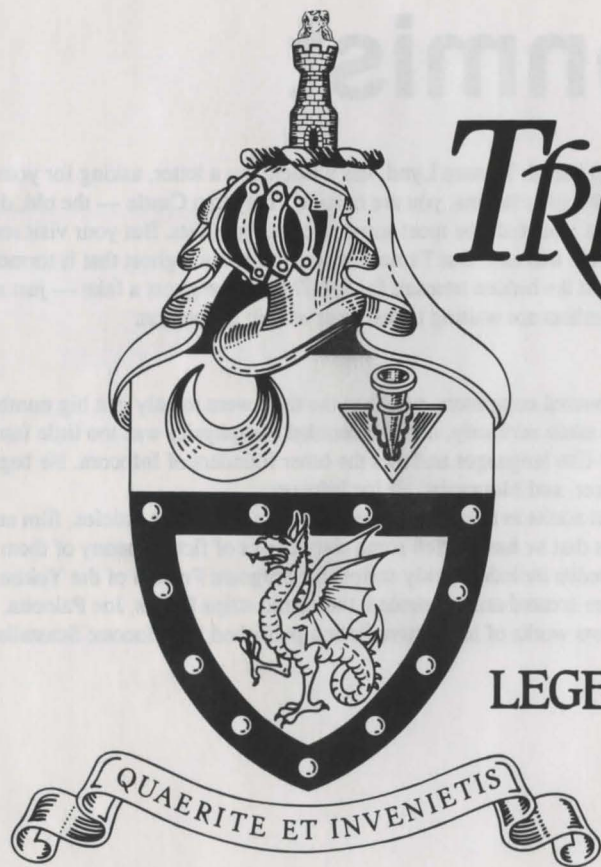
Preface to the Story

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

About the Authors

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

Jim Lawrence has written fiction extensively for both children and adults in a variety of media: books, magazine articles, film and radio scripts, and comic strips, including “decision” strips. He estimates that he has written some sixty books of fiction, many of them under pen names for series like Tom Swift Jr. and Nancy Drew. His radio credits include weekly scripts for Sergeant Preston of the Yukon, The Green Hornet, and Sky King. He has written for, and in some cases created and illustrated, the comic strips Dallas, Joe Palooka, Captain Easy, Friday Foster, and Buck Rogers. To date, he has authored two works of interactive fiction published by Infocom: Seastalker, published in 1984, and Moonmist, in 1986.



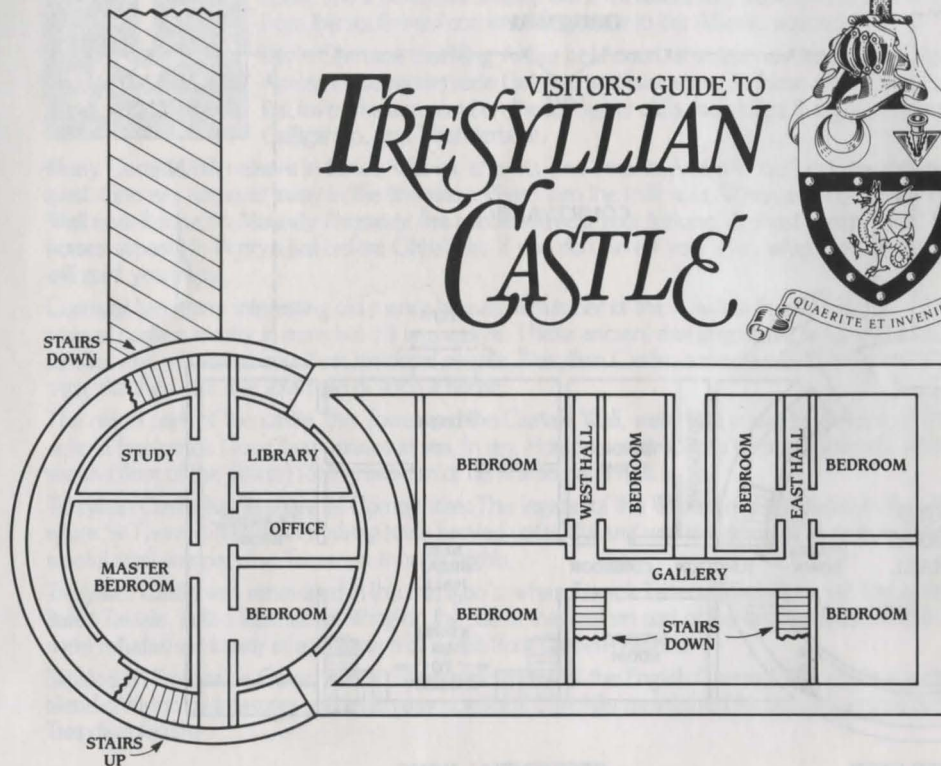
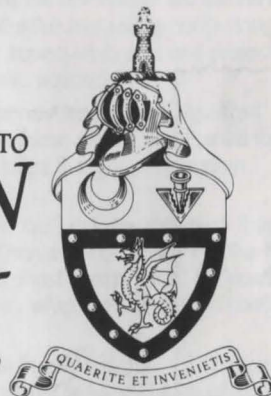
WELCOME TO
TRESSYLLIAN
CASTLE

HOME OF THE
TRESSYLLIAN FAMILY

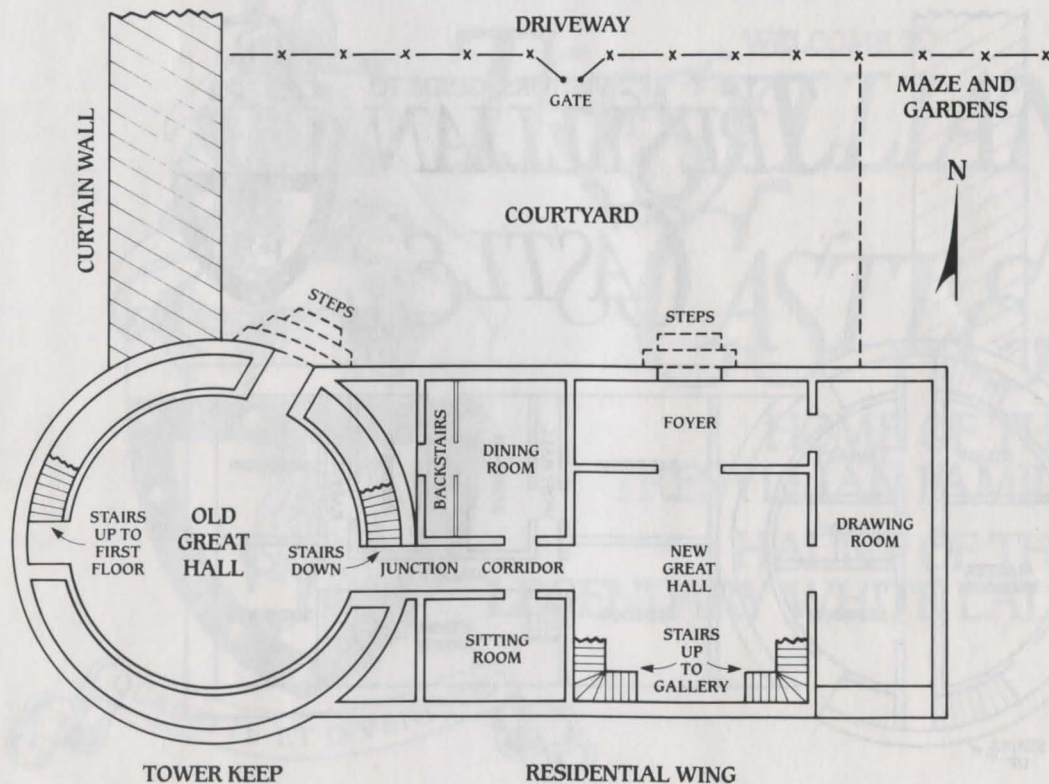
HAUNT OF THE
LEGENDARY WHITE LADY

PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR

VISITORS' GUIDE TO *TRESYLLIAN* CASTLE



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR





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

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

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

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

The oldest parts of the castle, the Tower and the Curtain Wall, were built in 1242 by Horace of Tresyllian, to defend Frobzance Cove from pirates at sea. In 1251, Horace constructed a Chapel (uniquely situated on the second floor of the Tower) for the baptism of his first son and heir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Courtyard

The stones which pave the Courtyard bear the marks of centuries of revelry, warfare, and everyday life. The crumbling Curtain Wall southwest of the gate once surrounded the castle, guarding against invaders. The Tower (also called the Keep) provided living space. During the frequent battles, mediaeval maidens huddling in barren rooms could hear the shouts of the marauders and the thud of the battering ram against the massive wooden door.

Now a luxurious Residential Wing has replaced the eastern section of the Wall, and the only sounds you hear are the surging surf in the nearby cove and the welcoming voice of your host.

The Foyer

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

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

The Drawing Room

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

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

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

The New Great Hall

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

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

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

The Gallery

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

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

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

The Sitting Room

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

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

The Dining Room

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

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

Junction

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

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

The Old Great Hall

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

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

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

❖ **An exquisite carving in Chinese jade** of a rather ape-like, pre-human skeleton, probably some ancestor of modern man.

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

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

The Hedge Maze

In 1862, the children of Jonathan Tresyllian, 21st Earl of Frobzance, pleaded with their father to let them plan a maze in the garden. The resulting hedge maze is one of the best-known in England. Today, young people (as well as old) still enjoy wandering through the clipped passages of the maze. Hidden in the centre is a beautiful salt-air garden with a stone fountain and a pond filled with shimmering goldfish.



THE HAUNTED ORCHARD OF PENZANCE

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

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

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

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

No one dares enter the house or orchard, and the apples lie rotting on the ground.

THE SILKEN SHAWL

A sea captain's wife, yearning to see the world beyond her country village, begged her husband to let her accompany him on his journeys. "My dear wife," said he, "the sea is no place for a lady." But as time went on and she pleaded all the more, he at last agreed that she might voyage with him to the Orient.

The sea was rough, and the journey long and tedious, but the captain's wife found each new day as full of adventure as the last. She loved the deep green sea dipping and swelling on the vast horizon, the clouds scudding overhead in endless variations, and the seabirds swooping low to catch the silvery fish. She loved watching the men high up on the rigging and listening to the sailors' songs at night. And she loved the twisting streets and mysterious bazaars of the Orient, where her husband purchased tea, china, and silk for the London shops.

In one such bazaar, an alleyway of rough stalls overflowing with lustrous garments, the captain bought his wife a gift, a remembrance of their journey. And what a gift it was: a splendid silken shawl, patterned with multicolored songbirds and flowering quince trees, and shot through with fine gold threads. The captain's wife had never seen anything more beautiful in her life, and from then on it was always around her shoulders.

They travelled home around the Cape of Good Hope and up the coast of Africa, braving storms and sickness. At long last they reached the waters of the North Atlantic and knew that the beloved coast of England was not far off.

But familiar channels do not always mean safety. The Captain's ship was attacked by the desperate Newlyn fishermen, who had turned to cold-blooded piracy after several seasons of poor fishing. The pirates made their blindfolded victims walk the plank into the sea to drown, sparing neither women nor children. As the Captain's wife began the slow walk to her doom, one of the blackguards snatched the silken shawl from around her shoulders. And thus was her treasure stolen from her in the last moments of her life.

The pirate took the shawl home to his wife, saying nothing of how he came by it. Dressing for church that Sunday, she put on the silken garment, turning this way and that before the mirror to admire its rich colors and patterns. Suddenly there appeared in the glass the drowned face of the Captain's wife gazing at her over her shoulder. Her wet hair streamed out from her head as though floating in the ocean depths, and her pale hand pointed to the shawl.

The pirate's wife was so horrified that she went raving mad and died shortly thereafter. No one knows what happened to the haunted shawl. It is probably sitting in the drawer of some unsuspecting soul at this very moment.



THE HAUNTING OF BRISTOL MANOR

In the early part of the eighteenth century, a family emigrated from the city of Bristol to a fertile valley in Cornwall, there to live a life of leisure. The fine home they built was called Bristol Manor.

A cottage was constructed to house the gardener, who lived with his wife and son, a full-grown lad named Erik. It was not long before Erik fell madly in love with the daughter of the manor, a winsome girl with russet hair and laughing eyes who went by the name of Lucy.

But Lucy was pledged to another, a nobleman of wealth and good family. She spurned the lad's advances, little realizing the depth of his feeling. At long last, crazed by bitterness and jealousy, Erik lured the gentle girl to the cottage loft, stealing her maidenhood and flinging her to her death from the upper window. For his crime, he was hunted down and brought to the gallows by the villagers.

From then on, the cottage of Bristol Manor was haunted by the spectres of Erik and Lucy.

The tortured soul of the hanged man preyed on those more fortunate in love than he. Married couples in particular suffered many frightening experiences. Often they awoke at night to a chill wind blowing even in the heat of summer. A feeling of dread would suffuse the room. Candles were suddenly quenched, or flew through the air, flame intact. Lovers found themselves wrenched apart by clammy unseen hands. And a tall figure cloaked in black would sometimes appear, lifting his hood to reveal a death's head.

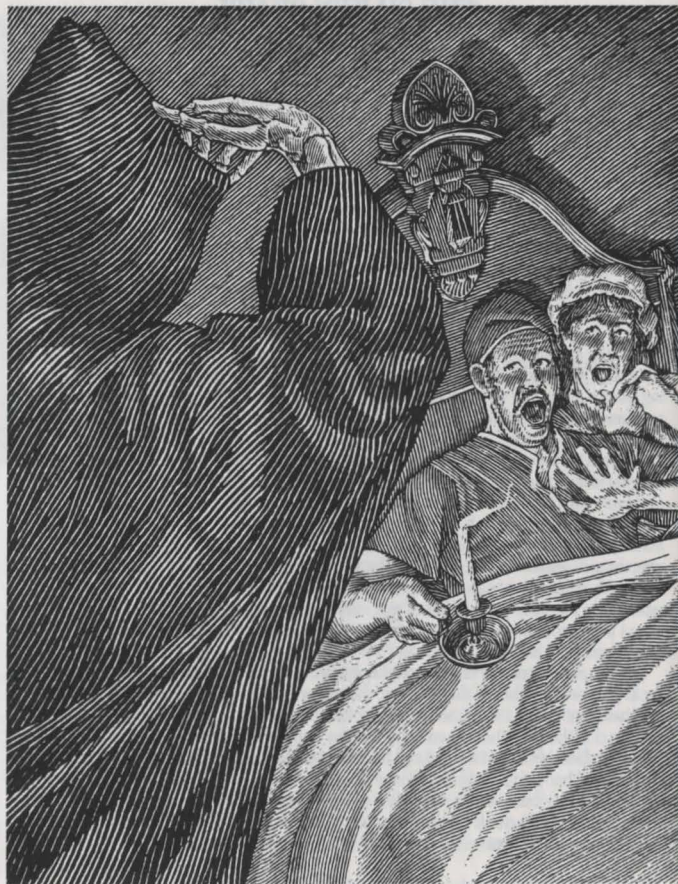
Single inhabitants of the cottage rarely were bothered, for Lucy's spirit guarded those as yet unwed.

Years passed. The manor house and its cottage fell into disrepair. They lay abandoned for half a century, until at last a nobleman and his wife came to inhabit Bristol Manor. Their youngest son, a boy named Peter, took the gardener's cottage as his playhouse. Despite warnings from the village folk that the site was haunted, he spent much time there and never found cause for distress.

Peter followed the old legends with interest. He felt a special bond with Lucy and imagined that he might have kept her from harm had he only been there on that fateful day. Often he sensed that her spirit was there beside him, as he played, read, or daydreamed in the dusty rooms of the little cottage.

The years went by, and Peter grew into manhood. Soon it was time for him to leave home for the university. He decided to tidy up his childhood refuge before departing, little knowing when he might return. Going to the cottage, he straightened out the meager pieces of furniture and swept the earthen floor. Finally he stepped back to admire his handiwork.

There, in the middle of the just-swept floor, was a delicate gold locket. He picked it up and undid the clasp. Inside was the timeworn image of a winsome girl with russet hair and laughing eyes—a girl by the name of Lucy.



THE LEGEND OF PENROSE

Ralph Penrose, on the death of his beloved wife, took his seven-year-old son Edmund to sea. Accompanying them was Ralph's best friend and cousin, William Penrose. The family estate in Sennen was left in the care of Ralph's brother John.

One winter's night, Ralph Penrose was nearing home when a gale struck, tossing his ship upon the sea 'til it crashed into the dreaded Cowloe Rock. The men launched a lifeboat, but this too foundered, flinging them all into the frigid water. Flares from the endangered ship had warned the Penrose household, but John, watching from the shore, made no effort to rescue the drowning men. None were known to survive but Edmund, Ralph's young son, heir to the estate.

John appointed himself guardian of the boy and behaved as if the property were his own. To fatten the family coffers, he built a pirate ship and manned it with a bloodthirsty captain and crew. Wild parties were held in the Great Hall at Penrose, and the village folk barred their doors at night for fear of John and his rowdy companions.

At the turn of the year, snow fell in Sennen and wolves were heard howling in the fields. John sent the household out to hunt, himself staying at home with young Edmund, the pirate captain and a bottle of brandy. When the servants returned, Edmund was nowhere in sight. His uncle and the captain, incoherent with drink, indicated that the lad had joined the hunt. A lengthy search of grounds and countryside showed no trace of the boy, and he was finally assumed to have lost his way in the blinding snow and fallen to his death from the cliffs.

The following year, on the anniversary of Edmund's disappearance, a bearded stranger appeared at Penrose Manor, begging for food and shelter. This was a common occurrence in those days, and the tramp was readily admitted and shown to a bedchamber. In the Great Hall, John Penrose and his lawless guests welcomed in the New Year. Upstairs, the stranger stood at his window, gazing out at the wintry night.

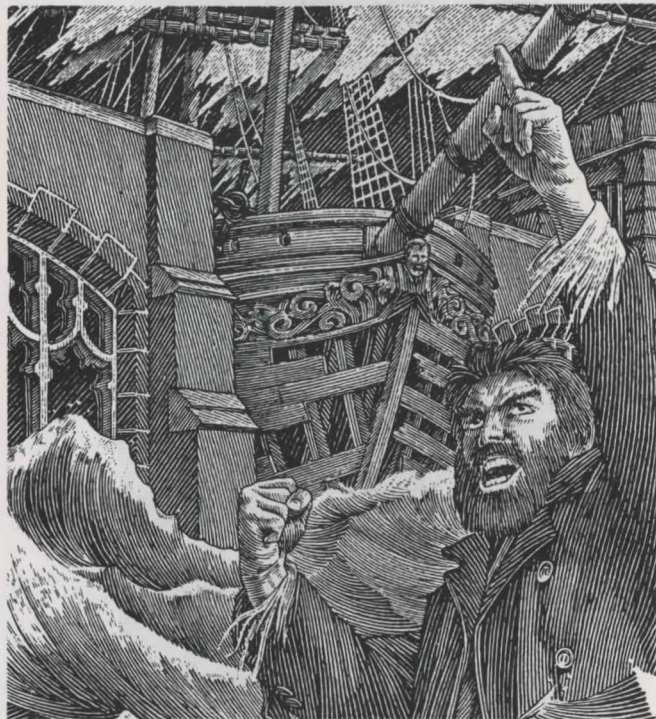
All at once, a great wall of silvery fog came rolling in from the coast. Upon the fog came a roaring sound like that of a stormy sea. The sound drew nearer and nearer, and in a moment the sea itself was spilling into the courtyard, bearing on its crest a phantom boat filled with shouting men. The boat overturned, spilling her crew who with pale faces and staring eyes tried in vain to save themselves. At last there was but one man gazing up at the window where the stranger stood and crying out, "William Penrose, arise and avenge the murder of my son!" Then the sea disappeared, the mist dissolved, and all was as it had been.

William Penrose, for indeed the stranger was he, suddenly recalled the crashing ship, the struggle through the cold waters, and the months of wandering the countryside, unknown to himself or any other man, until instinct led him back to Penrose Manor.

Turning from the window, William saw the small, pale spirit of Edmund hovering in the darkened bedchamber. The spirit whispered, "My uncle bade the captain murder me. I lie beneath the dead tree in the orchard. Dig, and you shall find me.

Dig, and place my bones in Sennen churchyard. Dig, and give me peace at last."

That night, digging under the bare limbs of an old tree in the orchard, William uncovered the bloodied remains of the little boy. Gently he carried them to Sennen churchyard, where they were given a proper burial. When William returned to Penrose Manor, the body of John Penrose was swaying from a beam in the garden shed. He had hung himself in sight of the unearthed grave under the dead apple tree.



THE REVEREND DENSHAM

In an isolated part of the Bodmin moor lies the town of Warleggan. To this remote location came the Rev. Densham, newly inducted vicar of the parish church.

It soon transpired that the Reverend was not happy with his flock. He complained about the size of the congregation, which in those lonely parts was small indeed. To increase the fold, he created a number of paperboard images, propping them up in the pews to fill the church on Sundays.

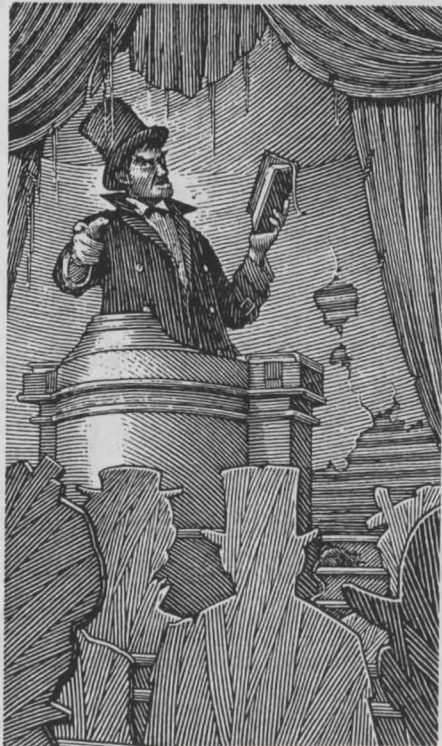
Despite his desire for a full church, Rev. Densham never went into the village or visited his parishioners. He set a large box by his gate, directing that all groceries and mail should be placed within. He surrounded his property with high fences topped with barbed wire. And as if this were not enough, he imported a half-dozen savage dogs to roam the garden, snarling and snapping at whoever might venture into the neighboring lane.

The parishioners appealed to the Bishop, but since the vicar had done nothing to offend religious law, the Church was powerless to remove him. He still conducted the service every Sunday, although by now the cutout figures were his sole congregation, and for this faithful observance he was assumed to be a man of God.

Years passed. The dogs died and the fence fell into decay. Nothing was seen of the Reverend beyond the smoke curling from the rectory chimney and the occasional glimpse of a tall figure in a black stove-pipe hat and frock coat pacing in the garden.

One day the villagers noticed an absence of smoke from the vicar's chimney. Gathering up their courage, they broke into the rectory. There they found rooms furnished with little more than sacks and packing cases, with gaping holes where the floorboards had been torn up to serve as fuel. On the stairs lay the Reverend, as lifeless as his cardboard congregation.

Never again has a vicar come to live in the rectory at Warleggan. But although the old house has found a measure of peace, the Rev. Densham has not. In the evenings, a phantom in a stove-pipe hat still paces the garden, back and forth across the ruins of the lawn, deep in melancholy thought.



THE WHITE LADY OF TRESYLLIAN CASTLE

Long ago, when pirates roamed the Cornish coast, a maiden came to Tresyllian Castle, pledged to marry Sir Thomas Tresyllian. The bride had the bloom of youth upon her, and her fair hair was worn in a girlhood braid. Her betrothed was a man much her senior in years and experience, who took what he wanted and allowed no room for error on the part of others.

The marriage was not a happy one. The bride spent many months alone in the dreary castle by the sea, awaiting the return of Sir Thomas, off fighting for the King. The parish holds no record of children gracing the household of Thomas Tresyllian, nor of noble banquets held in the Great Hall to uplift the spirits of the Lady.

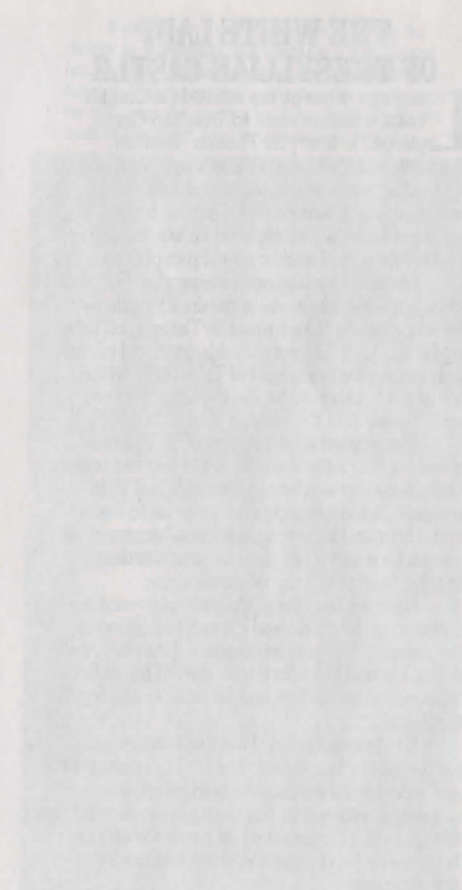
One day the elder nephew of Sir Thomas arrived at the castle. A manly lad of five and twenty, Uther Tresyllian was heir to the castle and all its contents should his uncle's marriage fail to bear fruit. Uther and his young aunt soon became close companions and could often be seen wandering together along the moor or the seashore.

Now the laughter of the Lady enlivened the corridors of the castle, and everyone was glad of the pleasant change in atmosphere. Everyone, that is, but Thomas Tresyllian, who arrived home from Scotland to find his heir and his bride embracing in the chapel.

Sir Thomas accepted not this indiscretion. He banished Uther forever from the Cornish coast and ordered that his Lady be bricked up alive within the cellar walls. The young bride perished in her agony. Sir Thomas died on the battlefields of Normandy. And the second eldest nephew inherited the estate.

Shortly thereafter, a woeful spirit was seen flitting through the dank corridors of Tresyllian Castle. Her long pale hair was loosed from its braid and a silvery-white gown clothed her slender figure. To this day, the White Lady haunts the ancient tower, seeking a final resting place for her bones and lasting peace for her soul.





Sherlock: The Riddle of the Crown Jewels

Preface to the Story

In The Riddle of the Crown Jewels, you play the role of Doctor Watson. You have received an urgent summons to the rooms of your good friend Sherlock Holmes by his landlady, Mrs. Hudson. Normally you are not up and about so early on a Saturday. But here you are, outside the Baker Street residence, and not a moment too soon; for the fog has thickened and travel without a lamp has become impossible.

Hints

The Riddle of the Crown Jewels is partly a story for you to read and partly puzzles for you to solve. If you feel stuck on any puzzle in The Riddle of the Crown Jewels, you can type HINT and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key. Then follow the instructions on your screen. Most of the hints are nudges in the right direction; the last hint in a sequence is usually a complete answer.

Special Command

WAIT UNTIL (time) - This causes time to pass until the desired time arrives. For instance, you can WAIT UNTIL 12 or WAIT UNTIL 3:35. If anything interesting happens during this time, you will have a chance to stop waiting.

Please locate the London map and Newspaper from the game box to assist you while playing Sherlock.

Suspect

Preface to the Story

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

The murderer is in your midst, laughing behind your back.

About the Author

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

Suspect Special Commands

- *ACCUSE (someone) OF (something) - This makes an accusation against someone.
- *AGAIN - SUSPECT will usually respond as if you had repeated your previous sentence. Among the cases where AGAIN will not work is if you were just talking to another character. You can abbreviate AGAIN to G.
- *ASK (someone) ABOUT (someone or something) - This is an impersonal form of the sentence CHARACTER, TELL ME ABOUT (someone or something).
- *CONTINUE - This lets you continue on to wherever it was that you were going. You can abbreviate CONTINUE to C.
- *DIAGNOSE - This will give you a brief description of your physical condition.
- *EXAMINE (something) - You will probably use this a lot.
- *EXAMINE (something) CAREFULLY - You will probably use this occasionally, when you think that spending more time will give you more results.
- *GO TO (a location) - This command starts you on your way to a specific room; it will take you there one move at a time and will tell you what rooms you're passing through and what events are happening there. Once you're on your way, you can continue on to your destination by typing CONTINUE or C at subsequent prompts.
- *SEARCH (someone or something) - This is a search for unusual items.
- *SEARCH (someone) FOR (something specific) - This is a search for something in particular, whether unusual or not.
- *SHOW (something) TO (someone) - You may get an interesting reaction.

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

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

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

*You are cordially invited to
the gala Halloween Ball*

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

Ashcroft Farm

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

Appropriate Halloween Dress

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

The Washington Representative

from the desk of

Earl Davis Jackson, Editor

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

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

Enjoy,
Earl Davis J.

MARYLAND

R A M B L E R
THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

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

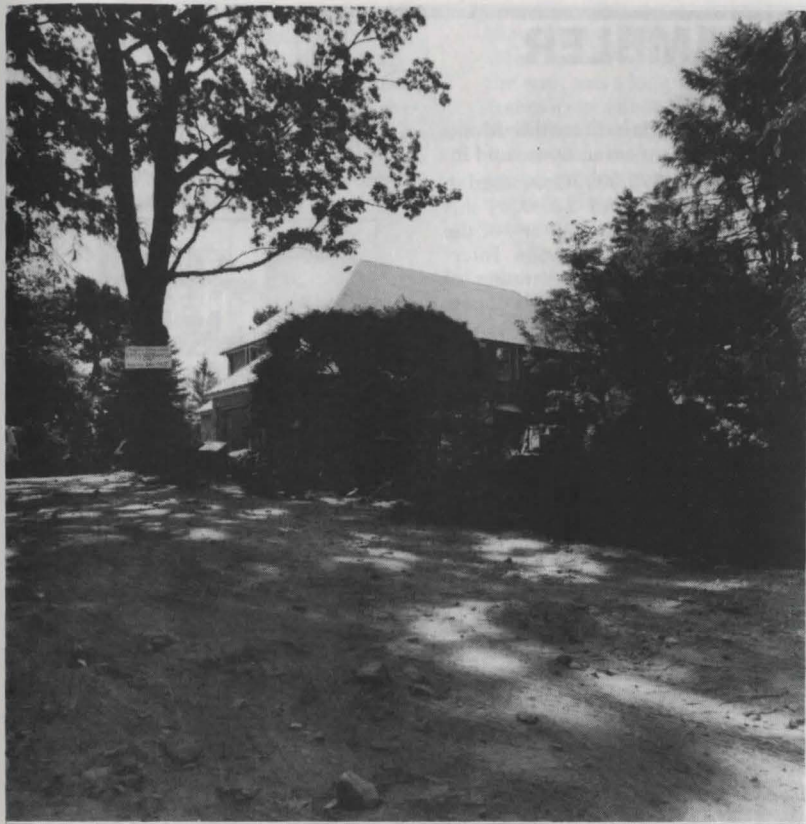
ON THE FIRST SATURDAY OF EACH month, privileged equestrians from Montgomery and neighboring counties gather at the Eaton Hills Hunt Club dressed in scarlet coats, white cravats and black velvet bowlers. At precisely 8:00 a.m., a copper horn sounds a muted but distinct tune signaling the hunters to mount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

"Very soon all this will be gone," says former Maryland Senator Daniel Horn, standing in a dewy field on a crisp Octo-

ber morning presiding over this Saturday's hunt. "Only 20 years ago, the Allison Club (a former thoroughbred farm, now defunct) bordered us to the east, and Sharp's Hill lay to the south." Horn points off to the south, and one can see the roofs of homes interspersed through groves of oak and pine; there are not a lot of homes, not inexpensive homes, but homes nonetheless.

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

BY SUE ANNE FRANK



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

PHOTO BY RALPH KING

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

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

The new money.

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

RAMBLER

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

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

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

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

The old money.

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

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

(continued on page 117)

IN THE MARYLAND TRADITION



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



KING'S POINT

R E A L T Y

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Rappanoc, Maryland 23393

THE KEYHOLE

Veronica's Bash

"What is Halloween without the pumpkins?" asked Veronica Ashcroft-Wellman as she surveyed the unloading of a thousand of the 30-pound orbs onto the front lawn of her verdant

Montgomery County estate. The jack-o-lanterns will be part of an elaborate prop for one of the country's most fabulous Halloween balls to be held next week at Ashcroft Farm, Veronica's ancestral home.

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

Guests will dine on the rare delicacies of French Nouvelle Cuisine prepared by Master Chef Louis LeClerc of Washington's Ma Maison Restau-



Veronica: Party Queen

rant. They'll be entertained by the famous Foggy Bottom Band under the direction of Vince Goodman, who, by the way, was a long-time friend of Veronica's late father Cyrus Ashcroft III. And they'll come bedecked in costumes that make Hollywood's most garish productions seem pale by comparison. To all this, add the setting of Ashcroft.

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

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

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

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



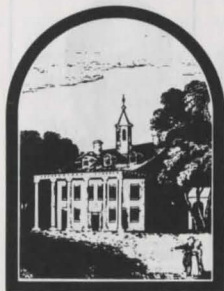
Marston: Here To Stay

"Of course land is an issue in Montgomery County these days. Veronica makes no secret of her desire to stop the influx of new residents to

the county. She sees it as being the only way of preserving her way of life.

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

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



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555-7721

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

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ROCKVILLE, MD

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NAME			
ADDRESS <i>Cash</i>			
CITY			
QUAN.	DESCRIPTION	DATE	PRICE PER DAY
①	<i>Cowboy Costume with lariat and gunbelt</i>	<i>10/29</i>	<i>\$65.00</i>
TOTAL			<i>\$65.00</i>
004216			<small>Deposit required on all rentals. Ten dollar charge for late returns.</small>

Five dollar cleaning fee for costumes returned soiled.

INTRODUCTION

Murder can rear its head in the most inappropriate places—weddings, cocktail parties, the theatre—even in your own home. Killers, it seems, have utter disdain for social convention and proper manners.

Ironically, the most unfortunate aspect of a grisly murder is not the loss of a loved one, but the burden of social responsibility and proper behavior the survivors must bear. There are questions of etiquette, accusations to make and deny, puzzlement about proper dress and ironclad alibis to fuss over. The potential for social blunder is immense. Unless, of course, you are prepared to meet the challenges with finesse and sensitivity.

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

J.D.W. October '84

CHAPTER ONE

Accepting an invitation to a murder.

The thoughtful guest.

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

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

The importance of punctuality.

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

Why a written reply?

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

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

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

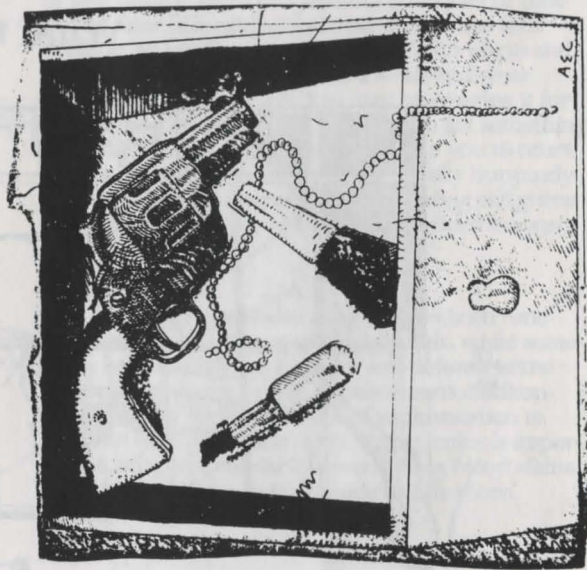
Now, had you replied with a simple telephone call, none of this would have been possible. There would be no scathing rumors, no heated court battles. No allure.

Special considerations.

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

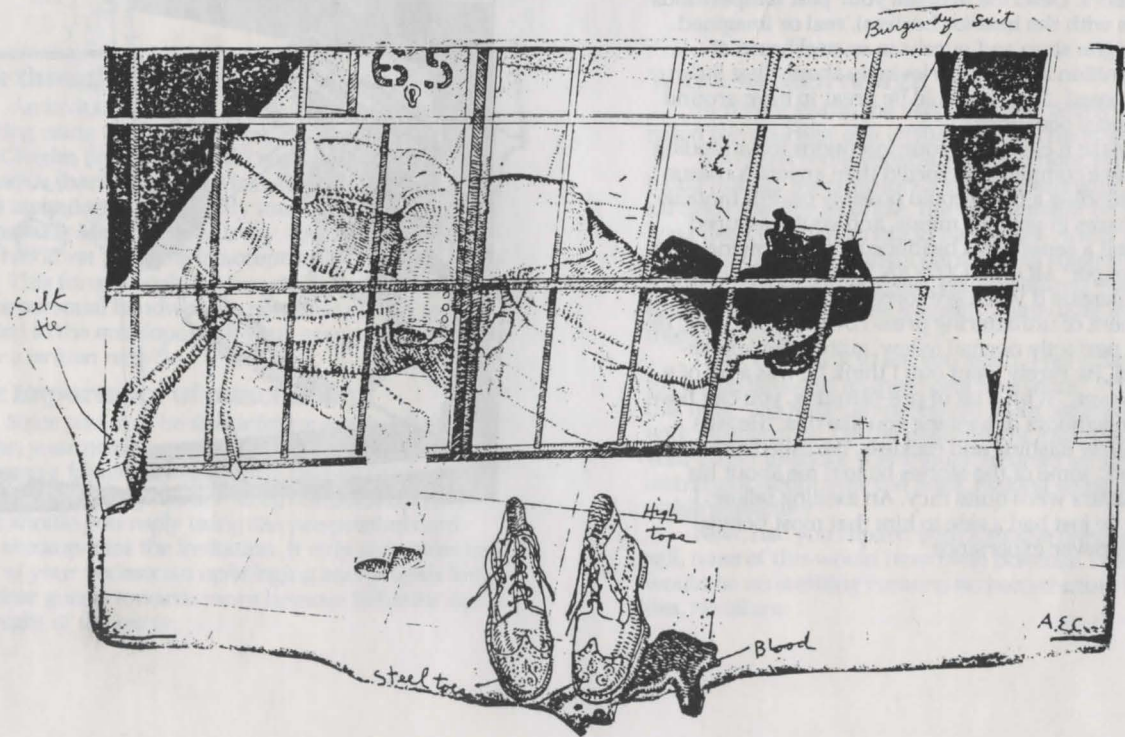
Make it clear that your intentions for attending are more complex and sordid than anyone's reason for attending a party could possibly be. Put tantalizing images in people's minds, and you've assured yourself a sensational headline in the following day's newspaper: *MODEL CITIZEN TURNS KILLER!*

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



CHAPTER TWO

What to wear (men)



Neckwear.

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

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

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

The Suit

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

Smart shoes.

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

CHAPTER THREE

What to wear (women)



The evening dress.

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

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

Jewelry.

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

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

Shoes.

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

CHAPTER FOUR

Conversation, Interrogation, Incarceration.

Opening conversational gambits.

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

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

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



Interrogation: Chatting with the police.

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

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

A proven example.

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

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

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

The magic has begun to work. Watch as the officer takes his gun from your neck, grabs it by the

barrel and cuffs you firmly across the knee cap with the finely oiled walnut grip of his beloved pistol.

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

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

Comfortable incarceration.

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

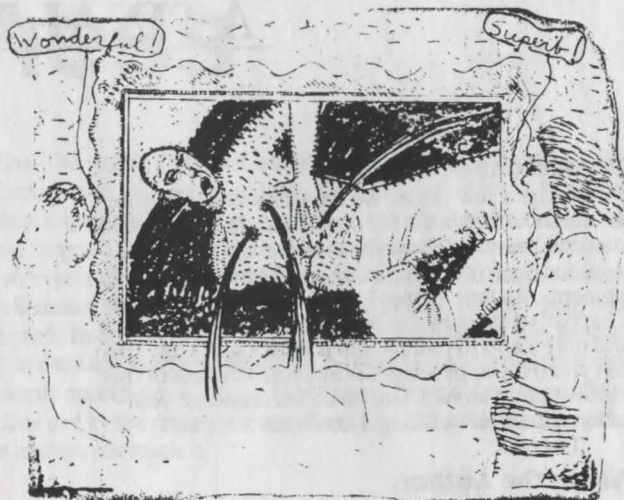
The secret of successful incarceration is connections. Upon arrival you should watch the other inmates closely. See who dominates and who submits. Then align yourself with the bullies. You'll always be assured of the best food and drink. And the best seats in the house for inter-prison boxing matches.

Prison projects.

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

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

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



A FINAL THOUGHT

Preparedness.

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

The end.

About the Author.

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

About the Illustrator

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

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

Witness

Preface to the Story

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

About the Author

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

Witness Special Commands

- ***ACCUSE** (someone) **OF** (something) - This makes an accusation against someone.
- ***ANALYZE** (something) - Duffy, your assistant, will take "something" to the police lab for routine analysis, including fingerprints.
- ***ANALYZE** (something) **FOR** (something specific) - If you're looking for a specific substance on or in "something," the lab will run a special analysis.
- ***ARREST** (someone) - If you've found enough evidence, this sentence will end the case and describe the outcome of the prosecution.
- ***ASK** (someone) **ABOUT** (someone or something) - This is an impersonal form of the sentence **CHARACTER, TELL ME ABOUT** (someone or something).
- ***CONTINUE** - This is the same as **RESTORE**.
- ***EXAMINE** (something) - You will probably use this a lot.
- ***EXAMINE** (something) **CAREFULLY** - You will probably use this occasionally, when you think that spending more time will give you more results.
- ***FINGERPRINT** (something) - This is the same as **ANALYZE** (something) **FOR FINGERPRINTS**.
- ***REVISION** - This is the same as **VERSION**.
- ***SEARCH** (someone or something) - This is a search for unusual items.
- ***SEARCH** (someone) **FOR** (something specific) - This is a search for something in particular, whether unusual or not.

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

***SUSPEND** - This is the same as **SAVE**.

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

NAT'L

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DETECTIVE

G A Z E T T E

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

DEATH THREAT!

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

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

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

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

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

TOUGH TALK AT THE TOP.

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

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

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

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

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

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

An FBI agent in Minneapolis, who demanded anonymity, detailed this exclusive story for the *Nat'l Detective Gazette*.

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

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

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

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

INVESTIGATIVE MACHINES *of the Future!*

by Raymond Klotz, D.Cr.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

National Detective Gazette

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

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

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

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

TIPS FOR GREENHORNS

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

by Capt. Jock Barnes

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L.A. gumshoes rate the watering holes.

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

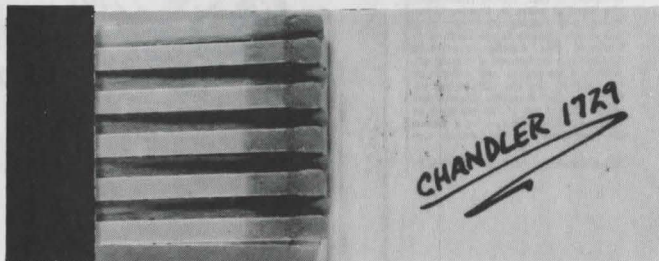
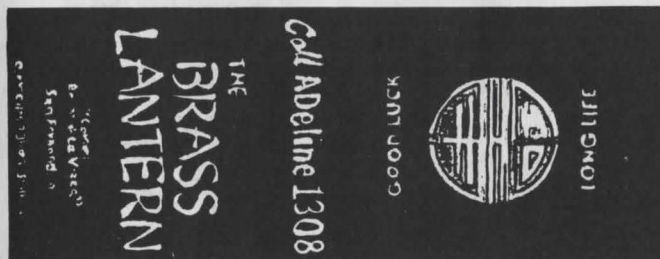
1. The Condor's Nest, 2424 Caristas Springs Blvd., L.A. Far and away the favorite, this dark and secluded haven has everything but a snooker table.

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

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

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

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



BALL GOES ON WITHOUT GUEST OF HONOR LINDER

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on Page 2, Column 8)

The Register
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1938

24
Linder, the Goodwill Ambassador of the Year, was unable to attend the Los Angeles Charity Ball on Sunday night due to the tragic shooting death of his wife on Sunday night.

LINDER ABSENT FROM AWARDS FETE

(Continued From Page 1)

Linder said that he felt closer to his adopted Asian families than he did to his own. During his extended absences his wife had served as director of the Asian-American School and Cultural Center, the largest institution of its kind in the United States. Linder started the school in 1923.

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

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

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

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

Monica Dearest—

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

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

Tell your illustrious father how deeply I regret soiling one of his precious re-
volvers.

Mother—

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SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

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PMS CHIEF DETECTIVE=

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CABEZAPLANA CA=

BELIEVE STILES ENDANGERS MY LIFE STOP URGENTLY REQUEST=

YOUR ASSISTANCE STOP PLEASE COME TO 4986 LYMAN DRIVE=

AT EIGHT THIS EVENING STOP=

FREEMAN LINDER=

CONF 4986==

RECEIVED CBPL Q
915A PST 1938

Zork Zero

Preface to the Story

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

Zork Zero is the prequel to the Zork Trilogy, one of the most popular, best-loved computer games ever written. Zork Zero takes you back to the age of the Flatheads, where you can glimpse the Great Underground Empire during its heyday, and witness its monumental fall.

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

Zork Zero Special Commands

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

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

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

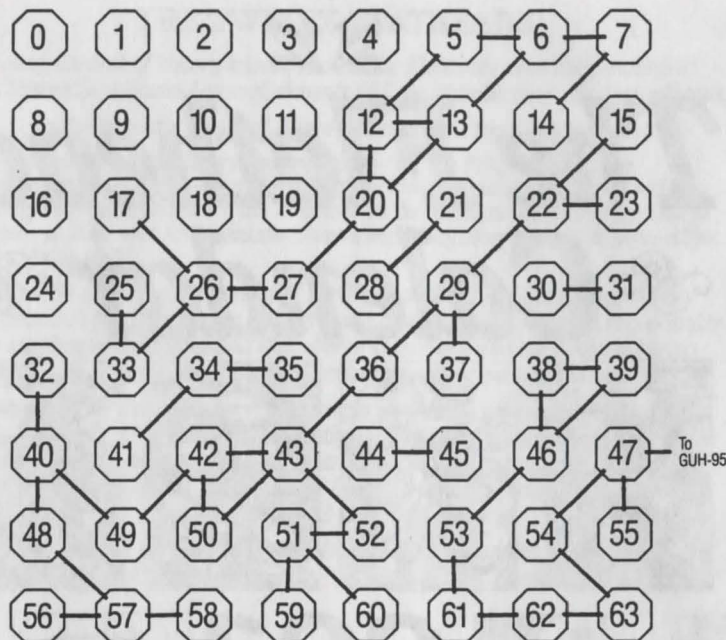
***NOTIFY** - Normally in Zork Zero, the game will notify you whenever your score changes. You can turn off this notification feature by using the NOTIFY command. Typing NOTIFY a second time turns the feature back on.

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

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

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

600802-
I LEFT MY HARDHAT
OUT IN LOT 6.
PLEASE PICK IT UP
THANKS,
QUINZED



Work still to be performed in Phase Two:

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

Frobozz Magic Construction Company 1 of 1

Rockville Estates

Phase Two, showing all work
completed through 29-Mum-880

Scale 1:1440

drawn by S. Fzortbar

The Flathead & Calendar



883



THE TWELVE FLATHEADS

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

In the immortal words of Boswell Barwell, the royal biographer:

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

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

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

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

**The thirteenth accomplishment was a decree that made Double Fanucci the National Sport of Quendor. Legends say that Double Fanucci was invented by Zilbo III, the last king of the Entharion dynasty. Double Fanucci Championships had been an annual event since 691 GUE, and Mumberthrax's Proclamation of 757 simply gave the sport official royal approval.*

***From the introduction to "The Lives of the Twelve Flatheads."*

****The originals can be seen in the gallery at Flatheadia Castle. Acknowledgement is gratefully made to Winifred Booblort of the Flatheadia Castle Preservation Society for her invaluable help.*

*****Copied right in 804 GUE by the Frobozz Magic Biography Publishing Company.*

DIMWIT FLATHEAD

Excessive Ruler of the Empire (723-789)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Dimwit was petrified of rain, which puddled embarrassingly on his level pate.

**Nowadays, these names are used interchangeably.

***The ceremony took thirteen years to plan and lasted eighteen fun-filled months.



ESTUARY 883

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

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



JOHN D. FLATHEAD

**Captain of Industry
(725-789)**

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

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

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

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

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

FROBUARY^{TR} 883

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

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

STONEWALL FLATHEAD

Military Hero (726-789)

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

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

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

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

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

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



ARCH 883

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

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



JOHANN SEBASTIAN FLATHEAD

**Musical Genius
(728–789)**

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

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

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

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

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

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

ORACLE 883

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

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J. PIERPONT FLATHEAD

Dauntless Banker and Financier

(730-789)

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

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

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

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

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

*Ice was extra.

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



MAGE 883

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

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THOMAS ALVA FLATHEAD

**Inventor Extraordinaire
(730–789)**

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

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

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

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

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

JAM 883

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

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LEONARDO FLATHEAD

Artist and Scientist
(731–789)

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

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







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

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

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



JELLY 883

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

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LUCREZIA FLATHEAD

Legendary Murderess or Innocent Widow? (735–789)

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

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

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

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

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

AUGUR 883

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

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RALPH WALDO FLATHEAD

The Poet of the Empire
(737–789)

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

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

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

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

Toward the end of his life, Ralph Waldo specialized in exploring related themes, as brilliantly demonstrated by the four sonnets found by his deathbed:

Sonnet #87,177 “Ode to a Tiny Moist Avocado Pit”

Sonnet #87,178 “Ode to Another Tiny Moist Avocado Pit”

Sonnet #87,179 “Ode to Two Tiny Moist Avocado Pits”

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

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



SUSPENDUR 883

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

Frob Dau is a traderune of the Frobozz Magic Dau Combanu.



JOHN PAUL FLATHEAD

Seaman and Explorer

(738–789)

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

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

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

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








He spent his latter days touring the Flathead Ocean, collecting curios and unusual pets from all corners of the world. Among the most interesting: a large blue toad named "Otto" who was known for his extraordinary appetite and his curmudgeonly personality.

John Paul died in 789 GUE, during a vacation in Grubbo-by-the-Sea, when his old nemesis, the great white jellyfish, finally caught up with him.

**His bathtub had to be consequently enlarged; a large inland sea resulted.*

***In his autobiography, Mumberthrax explains that when he named John Paul he "simply forgot about John D."*

OTTOBUR 883

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

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FRANK LLOYD FLATHEAD

Royal Architect
(741–789)

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

NUMBERBUR 883

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

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



BABE FLATHEAD

Athletic Superstar

(748–789)

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

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

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

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

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

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

DISMEMBUR 883

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

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

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 Gallictic Union. Ships of the Stellar Patrol (a pseudo-military wing of the Union government on Tremain) began exploring the galaxy, searching for the human civilizations that are the remnants of the Second Union. You are a native of the planet Gallium. Although it is one of the most politically powerful worlds in the Union, Gallium is no garden spot. In fact, the Gallium Chamber of Commerce brochure entitled "Ten Great Reasons to Visit Gallium" ends on page 3. The author ran out of reasons after listing just two. For five generations, your family has served in the Stellar Patrol. Your great-great-grandfather was a High Admiral and one of the founding officers of the Patrol. It was taken for granted that when you came of age you would join up. Now, more than a year after signing up, and two months after being transferred to the S.P.S. Feinstein, you are still only ranked Ensign Seventh Class. Your superior officer, Ensign First Class Blather, has been making your life miserable. You're beginning to wonder if you're really cut out for the Stellar Patrol...

About the Author

Steve Meretzky (1957-) was born and raised in Yonkers, NY, where his early hobbies included rooting for the New York Mets and against Richard Nixon. A few historians of interactive fiction think that Meretzky's first job, packing nuts and bolts for his father's hardware business, was the formative moment of his writing career. A few other people think that there's absolutely no connection. Most people don't think about it at all. Meretzky arrived at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in September of 1975 to pursue a career in architecture. MIT's Department of Architecture convinced Meretzky that he should pursue a career in Construction Management. Following his unexpected graduation, several construction 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 the 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 wywterns. 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)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jogging | <input type="checkbox"/> Thinking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traveling | <input type="checkbox"/> Thinking out loud/talking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Playing Double Fanucci | <input type="checkbox"/> to yourself |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moving mounds of dirt | <input type="checkbox"/> Filling out questionnaires |
| <input type="checkbox"/> from location to location | <input type="checkbox"/> Drooling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climbing trees | <input type="checkbox"/> Scratching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climbing walls | <input type="checkbox"/> Being miserable |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Writing manuals | <input type="checkbox"/> Apologizing |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Reading manuals |

10. In ten words or less, describe the very reason for your existence:

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE

II. 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? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> no |
| animals? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> no |
| plants? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> no |
| aliens? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> no |
| finger paints? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> 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:
- Nose
 - Eye
 - Ear
 - Mouse
 - Donut
 - Honesty
20. RAIN is to SNOW as GROUCH is to:
- Leopard
 - Hurricane
 - Amoeba
 - Cage
 - a and b, and maybe c and d
 - 3.14159
21. HULL is to SPACESHIP as SKIN is to:
- Glove
 - Cat
 - Thermonuclear fusion
 - Titanium
 - Burn
 - Muffin
22. In what year was the Intergalactic Commerce Act passed?

23. Who invented the light deceleration process known as slow glass?

24. Name the act passed in 11,205 GY to strengthen the Planetary Commerce Act. _____
25. Name the year in which Arnold Guunuf invented slow glass.

26. The Intergalactic Commerce Act, passed in 11,205 GY, strengthened what earlier act? _____
27. In 11,210, a glazier named Arnold Guunuf invented a light deceleration process. Name it. _____
28. What is the answer to this question?
29. Three couples (the Phariixes, the Boorbs, and the Keqrees) were seated at a circular table playing Partnership Fanucci. They were a cosmobiologist, a gravity engineer, a sleep technician, an ambassador, a fusion supervisor, and an editor; and they were originally from Gallium, Legllama, Granjil-6, Storvbay, Ansill, and Jaaggo. Each male sat between two females, and no one sat next to their spouse.
- From the following information, determine where each person sat, what profession each had, and what planet each came from.
- The Ansillan sat between the cosmobiologist and one of the Keqrees.
 - The female Phariix was seated across the table from the gravity engineer.
 - The male on the fusion supervisor's left sat across from the person from Granjil-6.
 - The ambassador was seated between the Jaaggoian and the editor. One of these three was the male Boorb.
 - The Storvbayite sat on the right of the Galliumian. Neither of them was a Keqree.
 - 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.
- YA3 did not understand signals transmitted in Galalinguan.
 - JP7 made no distinction between garbage and energy.
 - SEM6 made no distinction between garbage and YA3.
 - MD8 transmitted signals to YA3 only in Galalinguan.
- Submit this completed questionnaire to a Stellar Patrol re-cruiter. If you qualify for the Patrol, you will be notified within two chrons.

STELLAR PATROL OF THE THIRD GALACTIC UNION



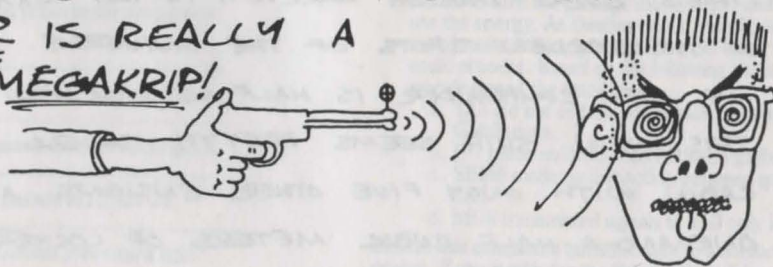
11,344 JULY 22 - TRANSFERRED FROM S.P.S. TRILOBYTE TO S.P.S. FEINSTEIN FOR THE THIRD OF MY FOUR TOURS OF DUTY. I'M TRULY GOING TO MISS MY COMMANDER, ENSIGN FIRST CLASS LIM. HE WAS A FRIEND IN EVERY RESPECT - SOMEONE YOU COULD ALWAYS ~~BE~~ GO TO WITH A PROBLEM, SOMEONE I COULD REALLY LOOK UP TO. WE WOULD 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-BIRGEN-GORDO), THEY'RE NOT OFFICIALLY PART OF THE UNION. THE RUMORS SAY THAT WE'RE PICKING UP A SPECIAL AMBASSADOR TO TAKE BACK TO TREMAIN FOR NEGOTIATIONS ON JOINING THE UNION, TOMORROW WE HAVE TO PUT ON OUR DRESS UNIFORMS FOR SOME SPECIAL WELCOMING CEREMONY.

11,344 AUGUST 2 - I CAUGHT A GIMPSE 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

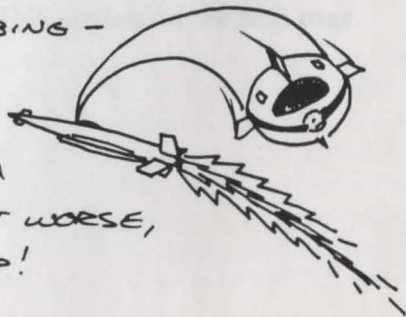
ENOUGH, SO NOT ONLY DID HE REJECT MY
ASTROPHYSICS APPLICATION, BUT HE SAYS I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE REMEDIAL SCRUBBING NEXT QUARTER. WHAT
A TROTting Krip!

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 SEPTEM 4 - WE LEFT HYPERSPACE TODAY AT
ABOUT 7600; WEREN'T SCHEDULED TO FOR ABOUT ANOTHER

TWO WEEKS. THE GRAPEVINE SAYS WE HAVE SPECIAL ORDERS TO INVESTIGATE A PLANETARY SYSTEM HERE, APPARENTLY, SOME OF THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS BACK ON VARSHON THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PART OF THE SECOND UNION. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY ANYONE WOULD SETTLE OUT HERE IN THIS REMOTE CORNER OF THE GALAXY.

11,344 SEPTEM 5 - THAT KRIP HAS DONE IT AGAIN!
I MISSED TWO LITTLE PELLETS OF TROT WHEN I WAS CLEANING OUT THE BROTH 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!



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THE MYSTERY COLLECTION



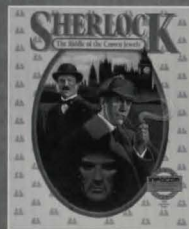
12 HOURS TO
SOLVE A MURDER!



NIGHTMARES
BEYOND YOUR
IMAGINING!



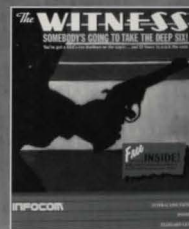
A GHOSTLY
MYSTERY.



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MOST BAFFLING
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