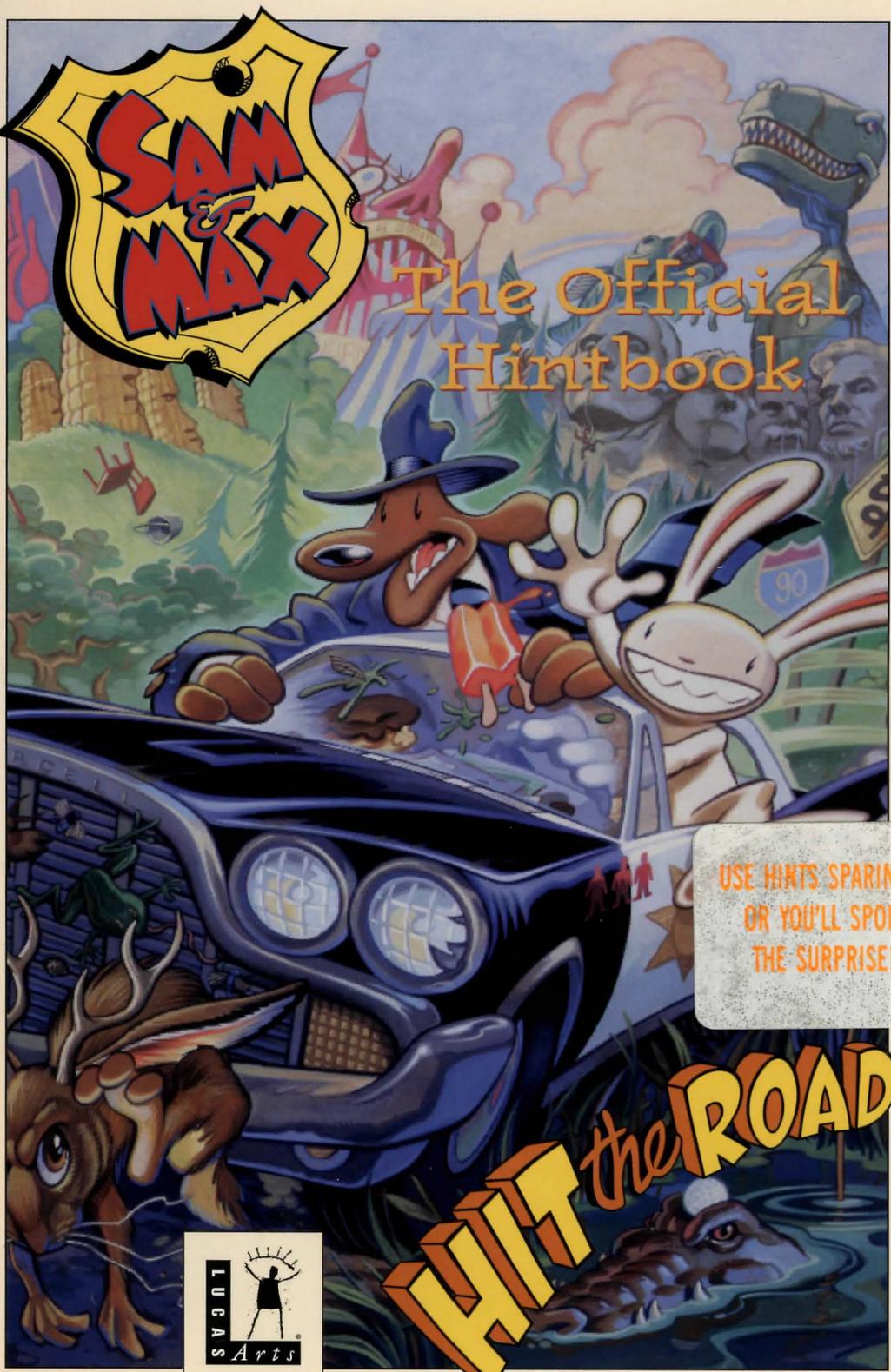




The Official Hintbook

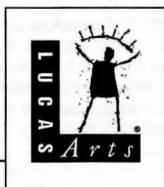


USE HINTS SPARINGLY
OR YOU'LL SPOIL
THE SURPRISE!

HIT the ROAD™



THE OFFICIAL
Sam & Max
Hit the Road
HINTBOOK



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INTRODUCTION

You hold in your eager hands the hint book for *Sam & Max Hit the Road*.™ Welcome to the exciting and unconventional world of anthropomorphic animal law enforcement. Here is what you may expect to find within these pages:

Hints Section—Sam & Max's Used Clue Sale This is the place to go if you are stymied and can't get past a particular puzzle. There are short sections here for each of the major locations in the game that cover the particular puzzles associated with those locations. Look through the appropriate section until you find the question that seems to state your particular problem, then use a piece of paper to cover the hints beneath the top one. Usually the first hint is a general nudge in the right direction, and succeeding hints give more and more information. You'll want to continue using the piece of paper to avoid seeing hints before you're ready for them.

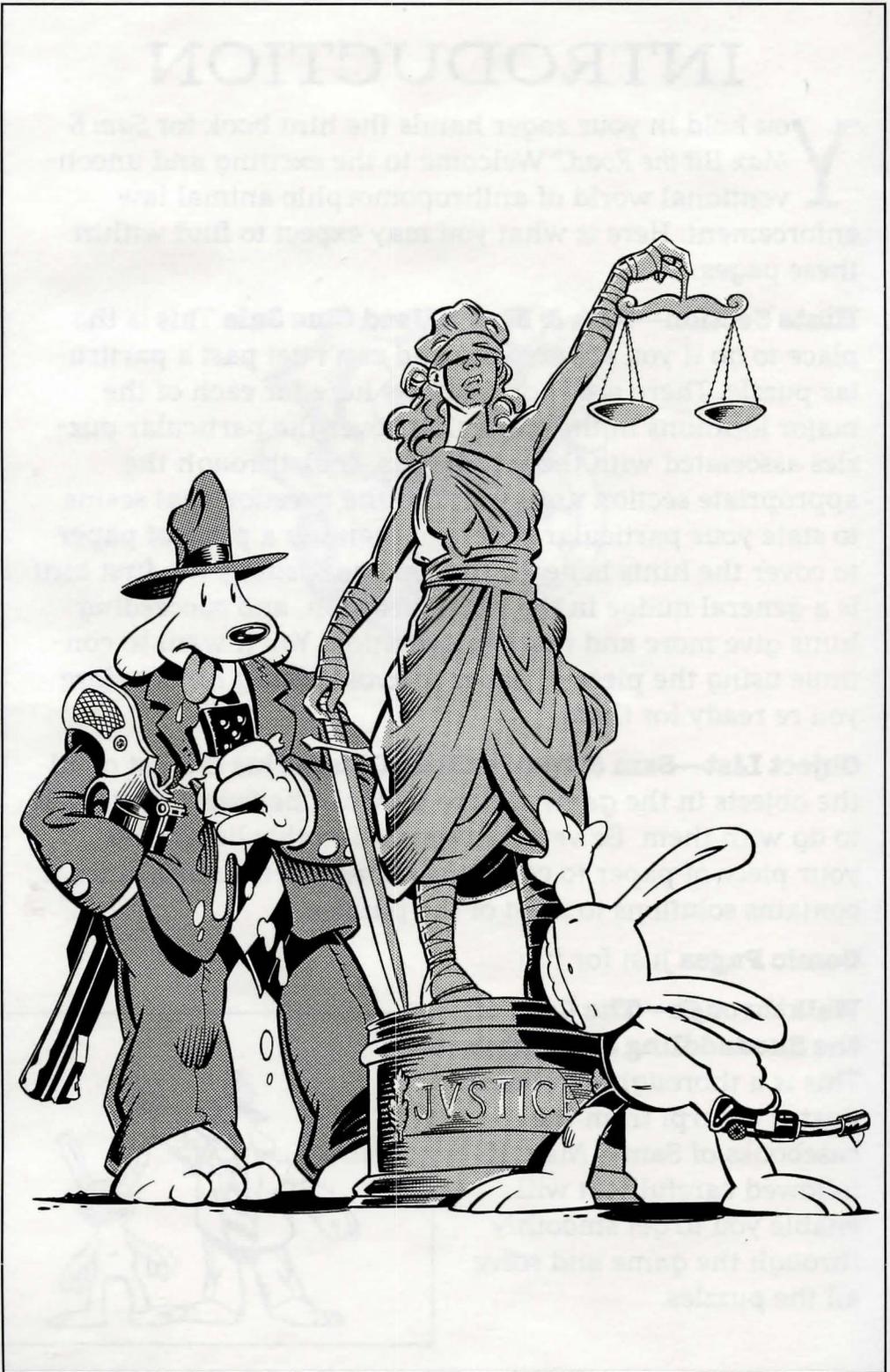
Object List—Sam & Max's Clues Closet This is a list of all the objects in the game, where they can be found, and what to do with them. Be very cautious using this list (or use your piece of paper to cover the rightmost column), since it contains solutions to most of the puzzles.

Comic Pages Just for fun

Walkthrough—The Case of the Skedaddling Sasquatch

This is a thoroughly authenticated excerpt from the casebooks of Sam & Max. If followed carefully, it will enable you to get smoothly through the game and solve all the puzzles.





SAM & MAX'S USED CLUE SALE

Leftover hints to help you get through
Sam & Max Hit the Road™

OPENING THE CASE

How do I pick up the rats in the office?

You can't. Why would you want to?

The roaches stole my sandwich.

That's okay, it was moldy anyway.
Besides, you don't need it in the game.

I can't get anything on the TV

Sam & Max don't have cable.

Besides, they don't have time for TV.

If you really want to watch TV, you can tweak the antenna,
but they have to find their contact from the Commissioner.

Who's the guy in the hall?

A client of Flint Paper's.

Actually, a former client.

He's just there to add hard-
boiled atmosphere to the hall.

Where's my contact from the
Commissioner?

Out on the street.

Talk to the kitten.

Use Max with the kitten.



How do I get to the carnival?

It's too far to walk.

Spot any likely transportation?

Use the police car on the street.

Where can I get money to buy stuff?

Maybe you could sell the rats to a laboratory.

Or maybe the rats have been stashing something you could sell.

Pick it up from the mousehole in Sam & Max's office.

AT THE CARNIVAL — *Bad food, dangerous rides, freaks of nature: what more could a kid want?*

Who were those two guys?

You mean one tall guy and one short guy with smart talk and rude manners?

Sam & Max would be suspicious of anyone answering that description.

Maybe you can find out more in the carnival.

How do I get into the carnival?

You can't get past the fire-eater.

You need to give him a good reason for Sam & Max to be there.

Give Flambé the Fire-eater your orders from the Commissioner.

Help! I've lost my inventory.

Where did you see it last?

Could it have fallen out of your pockets?

Talk to the Cone Of Tragedy operator about your inventory. He'll give Sam a claim check to take to the Lost & Found tent (to the right of Flambé, the Fire-eater).

Do I have to win Wak-a-Rat?

No, but you don't *have* to finish this game, either.

You might *want* to win Wak-a-Rat.

Yes. You need the prize.

Do I have to ride the Cone Of Tragedy?

No, but Sam & Max do.

Yes. You must experience loss.

It's an essential part of the game. Honest.

How can I get Sam & Max a ride on the Cone Of Tragedy?

Just walking to the ride won't do it.

Maybe there's someone who can help.

Talk to the attendant about the ride or give him the all-day pass.

How do I get into Trixie's trailer?

Trixie was a beautiful woman. Sam & Max need to investigate the romantic angle.

What's the most romantic place in the carnival?

You'll need to find the secret cave within the Tunnel of Love.

I don't see anything special about the Tunnel of Love.

It's hard to see anything in the Tunnel of Love.

You need a light source for the Tunnel.

Like the flashlight you won at Wak-a-Rat.



Where do I get a bulb for my flashlight?

It may mean a trip back to the office for Sam & Max.

Where do people usually keep light bulbs?

Use the black light from the closet in the office with the flashlight.

What's supposed to happen in the Tunnel of Love?

Sam & Max get to know each other a lot better and sparks fly.

They wish that time (or at least the ride) would stop.

Use the flashlight (with black light installed) to see in the tunnel.
Look at the second wall and notice the sparks.

Use Max with fuse box.

What's so great about Henry the VIII?

If you were married to him, not a lot.

He had a great beard, though.

Use his beard.

What can I learn from Doug, the Mole Man?

Plenty. He has lots of stories to tell.

He's an old friend of Bruno, the missing Sasquatch.

He'd be a lot more informative if you gave him
the pecan treats from Snuckey's.



A new icon just appeared on my map. What does this mean?

It's a new service for our customers. We constantly update their maps.

How do Sam & Max use the map?

It's a new place Sam & Max can drive to when they leave the carnival.

How do I get out of this tunnel?

Doug knows all and controls all around the carnival.

All the wiring runs through his room.

Use the switch on the left wall of Doug's room.

Now that I have what I need from Doug, how do I get into the trailer?

Remember what Doug said.

Remember what Doug did after you fed him.

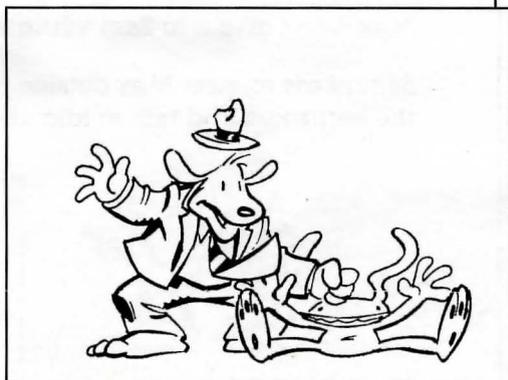
Use the "key" with the lock on the door.

Is there anything useful in Trixie's trailer?

Other than the bed, you mean.

Detectives are supposed to poke around and investigate everything.

Get the stilt-walker's suit from the blue box with the star,
and the Gator Golf scorecard from the pink wardrobe cabinet



SNUCKEY'S

When you think of nuts, think of Snuckey's...

Where can I throw away this GIANT plastic cup?

There aren't any trashcans around.

Or anyone who'd take it.

Don't throw it away. Hang onto it. It'll be useful later.

Is there anything different about the different Snuckey's?

Different tacky statues out front.

Different personnel. (But they all look similar)

Different customers. (But they all look similar)

Different games on the spin rack.

See your manual for descriptions and instructions.

How can I get the bathroom open for Max?

You don't know where it is, so you can't break in.

It might be locked, so you might have to get the key.

Ask the clerk about using the bathroom.

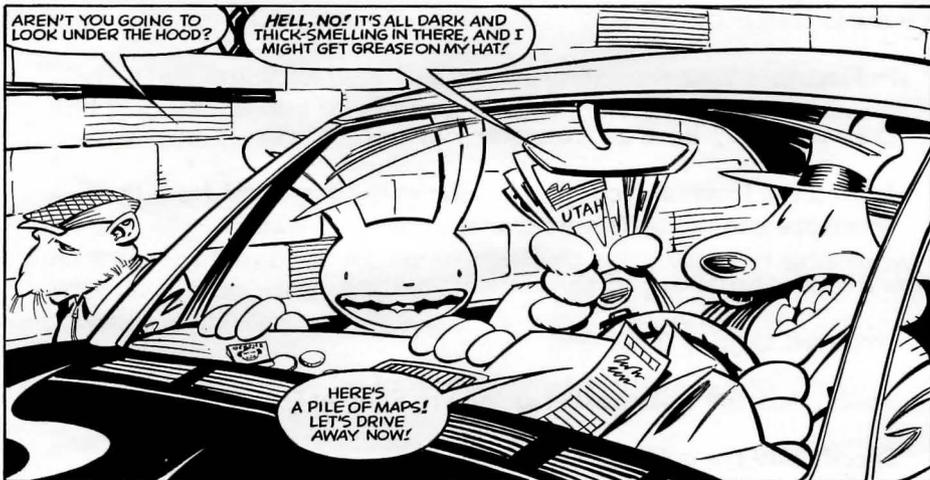
How can I keep the key?

Either the clerk or Max have the key.

The clerk won't give it to Sam.

Max won't give it to Sam while the clerk is watching.

Sam needs to meet Max outside when Max is returning from the bathroom and talk to him about the key.



GIANT BALL OF TWINE

Let's knot get tied up here

What's in the giant ball of twine?

Other than string, you mean.

Tourists are always losing things inside.

Doug the Mole Man's Uncle Shuv-Oohl could tell you.

Where's Shuv-Oohl?

Someplace you may not know about yet.

Someplace you may not know how to get to yet.

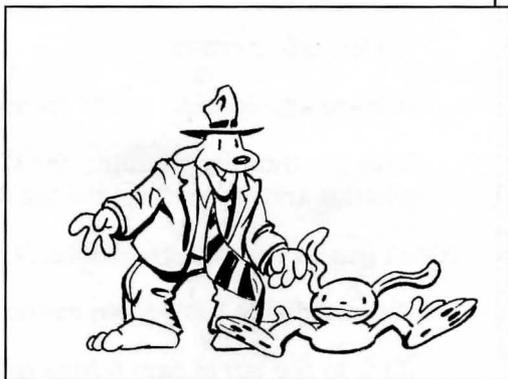
At the Mystery Vortex.

How do I get to Shuv-Oohl?

You need to get the proper icon, then drive there.

You don't get the proper icon at the Ball of Twine.

You need to play Gator Golf.



Where is Gator Golf?

In Florida, where the gators are.

Does your map have an icon near Florida?

To find the location, you need to look at the scorecard from the wardrobe cabinet in Trixie's trailer at the carnival.

How do I get stuff out of the Ball of Twine?

You need to go to Gator Golf.

Specifically the wastebasket at the Pro Shop at Gator Golf.

Specifically the golf ball retriever.

But the golf ball retriever is broken.

Now you need something to attract the metal ring.

Like the fish magnet from the Lost & Found tent at the carnival.

And something good at grabbing that will attach to the broken retriever to hold the magnet.

Use the golf ball retriever (with Jesse James' hand from the Hall of Oddities tent and the fish magnet) with the twine in the museum.

How do I open the jar so I can use what's inside?

You need a jar expert.

Someone trained in the art of opening jars.

Like the clerk at Snuckey's.

How do I get to the top of the Ball of Twine?

It's too tall to climb.

Is there any form of public transportation?

Take the tram by climbing the stairs, waiting for the tram, and when it arrives, waiting till the door opens and then walking inside.

O.K., I got to the top. Now what?

You could ride back down again. Or...

Click to the left of Sam & Max on the "hub"

How do I fix the binoculars?

There's two problems here: You need to focus the view from the lens and you need to find some power that will control the movement of the restaurant.

So you need an optical tool and some power.

First use the lens from the Wak-a-Rat tent at the carnival to improve your view. Then attach the wires in the restaurant floor to the binoculars. Check your manual for binocular operation.

What am I supposed to be looking for with these binoculars?

There's a particular landmark.

Surrounded by other landmarks.

Frog Rock. If you don't know what that is, talk to Shuv Oohl—he'll tell you more.

Who's the dweeb in the turban?

Have you checked out his act?

Try talking to him.

He's a psychic. He bends tools.

What good is he?

He might improve Sam & Max's vocabulary.

Or their inventory.

If they showed an interest.

Talk to him about tools. He'll give you one.

How do I get to the other side of the deck?

They seem to have already hired a chef.

And the only other things on that side of the deck are fish.



You need to disguise yourself as a fish. Really.
Check out the World Of Fish for clues.

So I made it to the other side of the deck.
How do I get that loose end?

Even if you could pick it up, you can't fit all that twine
into your inventory.

You might be able to cut some string if you had a sharp cutting tool...

Oops, the chef took his knife inside. You'll have to improvise.

Use Max with loose end.

GATOR GOLF

Where they take the term "water hazard" seriously

What can I get from the guy at the Pro Shop?

Some limited information.

You could get a stock tip. But he threw it away.

Actually, nothing. But try exploring his wastebasket.

How can I get to Max?

You could hit the target with a golf ball.
That would probably get to him.

Oh, you mean walk to him. Well, Sam doesn't like getting his feet wet.

Where can we find him some alligator shoes?

You need to line up the alligators so Sam can walk
across to Max's island.

What motivates alligators?

They're simple, basic creatures.

Hunger is probably the only simple, basic alligator motivation you
want to deal with.

What do alligators eat?



Fish. Get the bucket of fish from the World-Of-Fish, then put them where the bucket of balls is. Now hit the fish where you want the alligators to swim until they're lined up properly.

How do I free Max?

That glass door doesn't have a key.

Simple brute force is always an option.

Open the door on the dunk tank.

How do I find out about the Mystery Vortex?

You'll need an object.

One you can find on the dunk tank island.

Pick up the snow globe by the door in the base of the dunk tank.



SAM & MAX DEEP DEEP THINKERS IN: PONDERINGS OF THE AGES

RIDDLES OF NATURE

I READ ABOUT THIS ONCE! WHAT'S MORE HORRIBLE THAN A CATFISH THAT CAN BREATHE AIR AND WALK THE EARTH ON ITS HIDEOUS LITTLE FINS?

I KNOW! AND I'LL BE ANSWERING IN THE FORM OF A TONGUE TWISTER--HOW 'BOUT--SWAMP ROAD FISHGUTS SLICKS?

TRY THIS!

IF I THINK I'M INSANE DOES THAT MEAN I'M NOT, BECAUSE A REALLY INSANE PERSON WOULDN'T KNOW THEY WERE?

NO-- YOU ARE!

THE HAIR. I CAN'T STOP LOOKING AT THE HAIR.

WE HAD ONE OF THESE GUYS! BUT OURS WAS CALLED ROGER COLTON.

HERE'S A THICKER VERSION OF DEBBIE BUTLER!

The Binnacle
GOOD HIGH SCHOOL

SOMETHING TO BUG THE LADIES

YOU KNOW, MAX, AS MEN, WE WILL PROBABLY NEVER FULLY APPRECIATE THE HUMAN BIRTH PROCESS.

RIGHT, SAM. GUYS REGARD IT AS SOMETHING OF AN ATROCITY OF NATURE!

THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE CRITTER WE BUY SQUEEZY TOYS FOR BASICALLY STARTS OUT AS A PARASITE!

I'M A PARASITE! I'M A PARASITE!

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR HARE TURN WHITE! GET IT? BAH HAH HAAA!
IDIOT.

WORLD OF FISH

Don't carp, it's just a short drive down the 'pike.

How can I catch a ride on the helicopter?

The helicopter is only interested in one thing.

You'd have to look like a fish.

Or be inside a fish—like the big one in the river.

How can I use the big fiberglass fish in the river?

You can't—not while it's attached to that pole.

You'd need a tool to get it loose.

Use the bent tool you get from the psychic in the Ball of Twine restaurant with the joint that connects the pole to the fiberglass fish. Then have Sam use the fish and use Max with the fish.

THE MYSTERY VORTEX

Where gravity goes wild (from 8-5, except on holidays)

Where's Shuv-Oohl?

Mole people tend to be reclusive.

You rarely find them out in the open.

He's behind one of the doors.

How do I open the doors?

The problem is one of proportion.

You may have noticed the problem is one of height.

You have to be the right size.



How can I adjust my height?

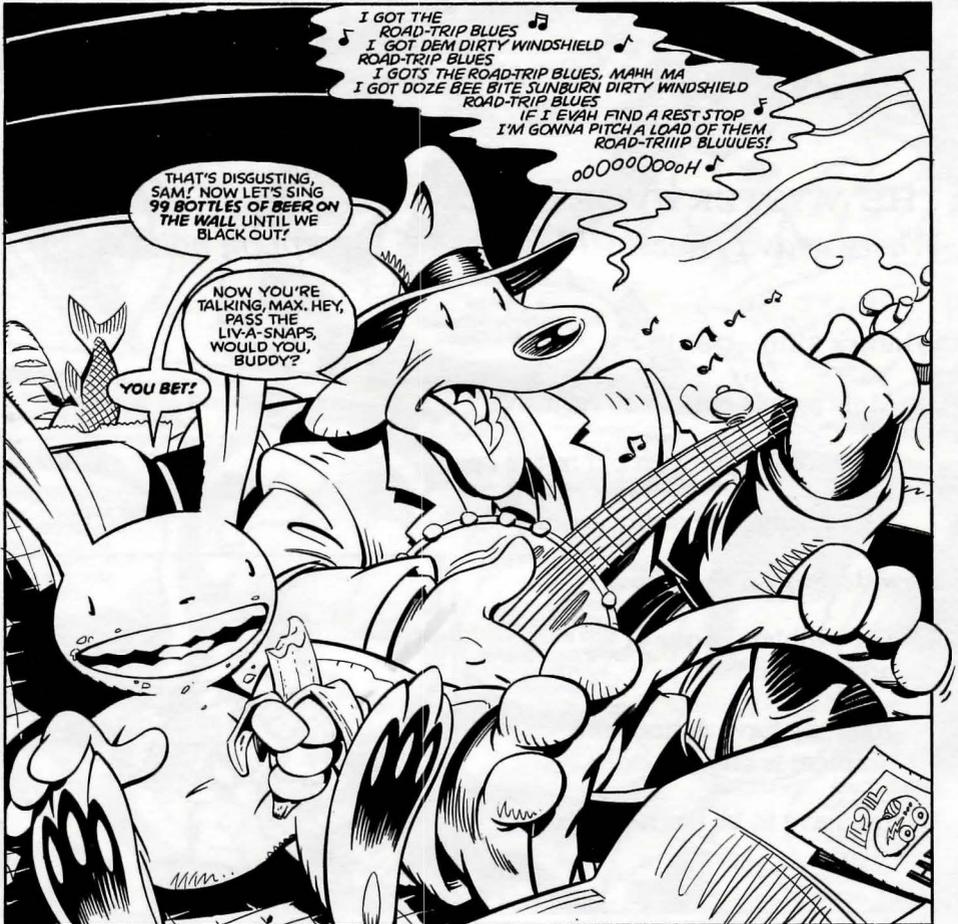
In the crazy world of the Mystery Vortex, height and color are intimately interrelated.

Sam & Max need to attune themselves to the right color frequency.

In order to do this, they first need to take a good look at themselves.

Like, in the mirror.

First, notice the color of the door you want to enter. Then use the mirror. Now use the magnets to produce the right color, by turning on and off the appropriate combinations of red, blue, and yellow.



What are the color combinations?

Red + Blue = Purple

Blue + Yellow = Green

Red + Yellow = Orange

Red + Yellow + Blue = White

Where is the mood ring?

Someplace Shuv-Oohl has been.

Where had Doug seen Shuv-Oohl?

In the Ball-Of-Twine.

How can I find Frog Rock?

You need to be able to check out a bunch of landmarks at once.

Probably from a high place.

Use the binoculars in the restaurant at the top of the Ball-Of-Twine.

Is there anything useful in the upside-down room?

Usually, if you can't pick something up, it isn't useful.

What's the only thing Sam can pick up in this room?

Just the Sasquatch hair.



FROG ROCK

The world's most boring tourist attraction—or is it?

What is it I'm supposed to do here?

First, you're supposed to go back to Shuv-Oohl and return his mood ring.

What did he tell you to do here?

You're supposed to use the three pieces of Sasquatch hair (one from the carnival, one from Gator Golf, one from the Mystery Vortex) with the magic potion on the rock.

BUMPUSVILLE – *Home of America's favorite country and western singing star, Conroy "Roadkill" Bumpus*

How does the wishing well work?

Just like Conroy—throw some cash at it.

What's with the little cleaning robot?

It cleans up everywhere (except in the menagerie).

You want to learn how to fix it.

There's a book around the mansion somewhere.

How can I free Bruno & Trixie?

You need to disable the alarm system.

The alarm system is connected to the virtual reality game.

The first step would be to find some way to distract Lee-Harvey.

How do I play virtual reality?

It's user-friendly—just use the helmet.

But Lee-Harvey won't let you.

Get Lee-Harvey out of the room, then walk Sam onto the platform and have him use the helmet.

Lee-Harvey seems pretty absorbed in his book.

He'd leave if he thought the prisoners were escaping.

Or if someone set off the alarm, making him *think* they were escaping.

The cleaning robot could set off the alarm, if programmed correctly.

The robot won't listen to me, either.

The robot isn't programmed to listen.

You need to learn how to change its programming.

You need the robot repair book over Conroy's bedroom door.

You can reach it from the bed with the golf ball retriever.

That last hint didn't work! The robot still won't listen.

You can't use the Force™ or verbal commands on this robot—
it's too low tech.

A hands-on approach is recommended.

Use the robot. When you have access to the robot brain, click on the
wire leading to the leftmost room in the mansion map, so that it
changes from red to green.

What about Bruno & Trixie?

They'd want you to enjoy yourself.

Relax, and indulge in electronic entertainment.

When you've "won" at virtual reality, you'll have the key to
unlock the Menagerie alarm system.

Help! I've been eaten by a large
mythical beast.

No, you haven't! It's just a
virtual reality adventure game.

And you can always play a
game over again—if you
reprogram the robot.

Next time, after Sam draws the
sword, aim for the dragon's body.



That darned alarm in the bedroom won't let me get what I need.

The alarm is triggered by weight, just like in the opening sequence of that Indianapolis Jones movie, *Walters for the Last Orc*.

If you had something the same size and shape as Conroy's head, you could substitute it.

Like, for instance, an eggplant from the Celebrity Vegetable Museum.

EVELYN MORRISON'S SAVAGE JUNGLE INN

Featuring the savage Evelyn Morrison

The Bigfoot bouncer won't let me into the party.

He might let you in if you were his friend.

But all his friends are Sasquatches.

He might let you in if he liked you and you looked like a Sasquatch.

I don't think he likes me.

He might like you if you did him a good deed.

Like giving him something to get rid of his corns and calluses, like a nail file.



Or like the rasp attached to the keys to Snuckey's bathroom.

Maybe Evelyn likes me.

Not likely—but talk to her anyway.

She'll give you some brochures.

The new locations will help in your search for a Sasquatch suit.

But Sam doesn't look like a Sasquatch...not a whole lot, anyway...

His feet are OK, but otherwise, not much.

If Max sat on his shoulders, they'd be tall enough.

And there's that stiltwalker's suit from the blue box in Trixie's trailer...

There seems to be something missing from my party outfit.

What's the distinguishing characteristic of Bigfoots...er, Bigfeet?
Other than their big feet, of course.

That's right, hair! Lots of hair!

Have you looked at the pamphlets yet? Well, of course, hair naturally makes you think of the Mt. Rushmore National Tarpit.

The Sasquatch guard doesn't seem to like Max's looks.

Probably need to cover Max's head.

With something hairy.

Like a wig.

Like Conroy's wig from his bedroom.

O.K., I finally made it to the party, but I can't get to the hot tubs.

There's a secret back door.

In the kitchen.

Right behind (to the right of) the bandstand.



Help! I'm the prisoner of a ham with a bad rug (initials C.B.)

How did you get into this mess?

By using the Sasquatch suit, right?

Un-use it. (Use it again).

OK, I look different, but I'm still a prisoner! Now what?

See the bad guys in the freezer?

See Max behind the door?

Use Max with the door.

THE MT. RUSHMORE NATIONAL TARPIT AND BUNGEE JUMPING MEMORIAL PARK

Fun for the whole family, and educational, too?

You bet Jurassic!

So where can I find some hair here?

Well, not on the dinosaurs—they're reptiles.

What's prehistoric and hairy?

Right, the woolly mammoth next to the T Rex.

How can I get it in my inventory?

Use Max with the mammoth.

My suit isn't sticky enough.

Not an ordinary complaint, but you probably want something organic.

A sticky substance with a history.

Like tar from the tarpit.

They won't let me on the slide. How can I get closer to the pit?

The slide is for little kids. Sam & Max are interested in adult entertainment.



No, not that kind (Well, not right now, anyway. They're on a case). I meant bungee jumping.

Get on the elevator. Use the changing screen. Use the bungee cord.

I'm still not close enough.

What have you used all through this game to extend your reach?

The golf ball retrievers will help you.

Along with the cup from Snuckey's. Use the retrievers (with cup) with the tar.

THE CELEBRITY VEGETABLE MUSEUM

It's kinda corny, but you can't beet the prices

So, if I wanted a vegetable likeness of my favorite country and western singing star?

At this point, it's unlikely that Conroy would give Sam & Max an autographed glossy 8 x 10.

But he *is* a celebrity, and maybe the vegetable lady already knows what he looks like.

Get the eggplant that looks like Conroy from the crate on the right of the vegetable lady.



But if I wanted a likeness of anybody else?

Like a certain bearded
naturalist?

You'd need a picture of him.

Give her the picture
of John Muir.

THE FOUR TOTEM POLES

This better not be another Pole-ish joke

Let's take these in order, from left to right.

Pole No. 1

What does it look like?

The mighty hand of Whoosh, the Yeti god of winds.

A disastrous palm reading.

A hand-held wind storm.

Where could I find one?

You'd need something small.

Where you could shake up a real storm.

Like the snow globe from the island in Gator Golf.

But it needs to be fixed.

Right, there's a hole in the bottom.

It needs a stopper.

Like the cork in the bottle from the table at the Sasquatch party.

I can't find an opener.

You need a tool made out of metal with a sturdy handle.

The kind of tool you might find in the kitchen.

Like the icepick.

Are you *sure* that's the right tool?

Maybe you need a different slant on the problem.

Or a different twist in your logic.

Or a different bend in your icepick, making it a corkscrew.

So where can I get my tool bent?

You need to find a tool-bender.

One you've met before.

Give your icepick to the guy in the restaurant at the Ball of Twine.

The snow globe still doesn't look like a miniature tornado.

Where could you find a tornado?

Another word for tornado is vortex.

Go on the vortex ride at the Mystery Vortex,
then use the snow globe with the vortex.

Pole No. 2

What does it look like?

Tyrannosaurus vs. Velocipliers

Paleolithic dentistry

Removal of a dinosaur tooth.

Where could I find one?

First find a dinosaur.

Then get him to open his mouth.

Use the voicebox on the
Tyrannosaurus at Mt. Rushmore.



Can't get what I want from that big critter.

You need some amateur dentistry.

Remember the old string-and-doorknob trick?

Pick up the twine from the Ball of Twine. Use the voicebox, and, while the mouth is open, right click to get to the twine. Use twine with dinosaur mouth. Use Max with twine and throw him to police car.

Pole No. 3

What does it look like?

Some old hairy camper about to get bonked by squashes from the stars.

A nature guru in vegetarian heaven.

Some combination of John Muir and the Vegetable Museum.

Where could I find it?

You know where to find the Vegetable Museum.

You probably don't need the *real* John Muir (and it's a good thing, since he hasn't been around in quite a while), just a picture.

Give the picture of John Muir from Bumpusville to the lady at the Vegetable Museum, then come back after a while and ask about John Muir.



Pole No. 4

What does it look like?

A bald guy and his date in a zero gravity chamber.

A hippie after a Marine haircut.

A formula for magic hair growth.

Where could I find it?

Who could use such a formula?

Where does he live?

Where does he sleep?

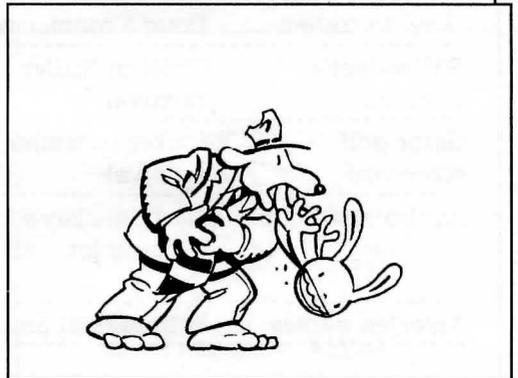
Get the pillow from Conroy's bedroom at Bumpusville.

What do I do with all this stuff?

The Yeti elder needs it.

Where'd he say he was going?

Take the objects to the hot tub and throw them in.



SAM & MAX'S CLUES CLOSET

Useful stuff and where to get it

Object	Location	Use
Money	Mousehole in office	Buy stuff in game
Blacklight	Closet in office	Use with flashlight in Tunnel of Love at carnival
Orders	Inside kitty on street	Get into carnival
All day pass	Hall of Oddities, carnival	Use rides at carnival
Sasquatch fur I	Hall of Oddities, carnival	Use with other fur and Magic Potion at Frog Rock
Jesse James' hand	Hall of Oddities, carnival	Use with golf ball retriever and fish magnet to get mood ring in Ball of Twine
Flashlight	Wak-a-Rat, carnival	Use with blacklight in Tunnel of Love at carnival
Magnifying Lens	Near Wak-a-Rat, carnival	Use with binoculars in Twine Peaks restaurant on Ball of Twine to help activate Frog Rock
Claim check	Cone-Of-Tragedy, carnival	Pick up lost objects at carnival Lost & Found tent
Fish magnet	Lost & Found tent, carnival	Use with golfball retriever & Jesse James' hand to get mood ring in Ball of Twine
"Key" to trailer	Doug's room, carnival	Get into trailer
Stiltwalker's costume	Chest in trailer, carnival	Use to make Sasquatch costume
Gator golf scorecard	Locker in trailer, carnival	Activate Gator Golf icon on map
Jumbo-sized cup	First Snuckey's parking lot	Use with Gator Grabbers to get tar at Mt. Rushmore Bungee Jump
Assorted games	Spin rack at Snuckey's	Stress reduction

Object	Location	Use
Pecan-flavored candy	Snuckey's	Give to Doug to activate Ball of Twine icon on map
Rest room key (rasp)	Snuckey's	Give to Sasquatch at Jungle Inn for his corns & calluses to get into Sasquatch party.
Bucket of fish	World of Fish	Use fish to play Gator Golf
Broken golf ball retriever	Wastebasket at Gator Golf	Use with Jesse James' hand & fish magnet to get mood ring in Ball of Twine. Use with J.J.'s hand to get robot repair manual at Bumpusville. Use with Snuckey's cup to get tar at Mt. Rushmore.
Sasquatch fur II	Dunk the Beast, Gator Golf	Use with other fur and Magic Potion on Frog Rock
Snow Globe	Dunk the Beast, Gator Golf	Activate Mystery Vortex icon on map
9l yds. of twine	Ball of Twine	Use with dinosaur mouth and Max at Mt. Rushmore to pull tooth
Mood ring	Ball of Twine	Give to Shuv-Oohl at Mystery Vortex to get Magic Potion and location of Frog Rock
Wires	Floor, Restaurant, Ball of Twine	Use with binoculars to help activate Frog Rock



Object	Location	Use
Magic potion	Shuv-Oohl's room, Mystery Vortex	Use with fur on Frog Rock
Sasquatch hair III	Mystery Vortex	Use with other fur and Magic Potion on Frog Rock
John Muir portrait	Portrait hall, Bumpusville	Give to lady at Vegetable Museum to get vegetable version of Muir
Robot repair manual	Bedroom, Bumpusville	Enables access to cleaning robot.
Cleaning robot	Bumpusville	When programmed, sets off alarm as distraction.
Virtual Reality unit	Bumpusville	Use to get key for alarm system.
Key	Bumpusville	Disables alarm system in Menagerie
Brochures	Jungle Inn	Activate Vegetable Museum and Mt. Rushmore icons.
Mammoth hair	Mt. Rushmore	Use with tar and stiltwalker suit to make Sasquatch suit



Object	Location	Use
Tar	Mt. Rushmore	Use with mammoth fur and stiltwalker suit to make Sasquatch suit
Bumpus-shaped eggplant	Vegetable Museum	Use to get Bumpus' wig from bedroom
Bumpus wig	Bedroom, Bumpusville	Use to complete Sasquatch suit
Sasquatch Suit	Jungle Inn	Use to get into Sasquatch party.
Ice pick	Kitchen, Jungle Inn	Open wine bottle after bent into corkscrew at World Of Fish restaurant
Wine bottle and cork	Sasquatch party	Use with snow globe to solve totem 1
Dinosaur tooth	Mt. Rushmore	Use to solve totem 2
Muir-shaped gourd	Vegetable Museum	Use to solve totem 3
Hair tonic-soaked pillow	Bedroom, Bumpusville	Use to solve totem 4





HEY, SAM! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO GOOD AT THIS!

I'VE BEEN *HIGHWAY SURFING* MOST OF MY LIFE, LITTLE PAL. IT'S AN EXCELLENT WAY TO CAP OFF A SUCCESSFUL ROAD TRIP!

AND IT SEEMS TO BRING JOY TO THE HEARTS OF PASSING BUS LOADS OF SWEATING TOURISTS.

YOU BUST ME UP, MAX!

THE CASE OF THE SKEDADDLING SASQUATCH

A Walkthrough for *Sam & Max Hit the Road™*

Chapter 1

The Proverbial Puzzling Prologue

It was a sunny day in Brooklyn. The golden rays poured down on the dusty tenements like maple syrup on flapjacks. My insouciant partner Max and I had just returned to our office, having just administered a satisfactory beheading to a nefarious mad scientist, when a call came through from the Commissioner.

The telephone bell split the air like the aftermath of bad chili. I dived for it. Had I known the aggravation I was letting myself in for, I would have grabbed Max and hopped the first train to Palookaville (a charming backwater where the food is cheap and the natives ignore the sound of gunfire). As it was, I took my orders like a good soldier. It was obvious that this would be the kind of case that required capital, so I dipped into our stash in the mousehole. Max thought this would be the kind of case that required ultra-violet illumination, so I picked up his black light from the closet.

We headed down to the street to meet our contact from the Commissioner. On the way, we encountered our neighbor, Flint Paper, engaged in a negotiating session with one of his clients. As a fellow law enforce-

ment professional, I've always admired his hands-on approach to business.

Outside, the street was remarkably empty for a weekday afternoon. Maybe that's because it was Saturday morning. The only sign of life (and a pretty scrawny sign it was) was a mangy looking kitten. Knowing the Commissioner's love for trickery (and Keane paintings), I was sure this was our contact. But



the kitten was playing it sick. I had to use Max to get him to cough up the info. I wasn't surprised to learn there was something shady going on at the Carnival. I just hoped once we got there, I wouldn't be taken for a ride. Granted, I don't look like a ride, but I hate disappointing little kids.

Chapter 2

The Curse of the Kushman Carnival

It was the kind of carnival I'd hated all my life—brightly colored tents, cheerful music, and the smell of popcorn and cotton candy in the air. I prefer the kind that looks like it should be filmed in black and white, with ghostly calliope music and old handbills blowing along the surreally dangerous Midway—but this case wasn't about what I wanted. It was about earning enough money to keep me in puppy biscuits.

My mood didn't improve any when we encountered those two misanthropes—a short, mean Brit with bad hair, and his southern-fried hyperthyroid gungel. They were exactly the kind of thugs you always meet early in a case that you know will turn up again when you least want to see them. Some sort of bizarre law of detective physics.

Then the fire-eater decided to get cute on us and not let us in.

I've seen this before. They get a little fire in the belly and they think they're so keen. I gave him what for. I gave him our credentials. He let us in.

The Hall of Oddities reminded me of my old neighborhood—a group of cruelly distorted social outcasts with noplacel else to go. The only difference was we charged to get out instead of to get in. The Kushman Bros. gave us the lowdown on the case—all about Bruno the missing Sasquatch kidnapping Trixie the missing Giraffe-Necked Girl—but somehow I felt there was more to it than they were telling, so I decided we should stick around. I picked up the sample of Sasquatch hair at the base of the melted ice, and headed for the Midway through the back of the tent.

We passed the Tunnel of Love and the Cone Of Tragedy, but I wanted to check out Trixie's trailer first. Turns out it was locked, with no key under the doormat—not even a doormat. I was getting frustrated already, so I decided to take out my anger on a small furry rodent. I realized Max might come in handy later on, so I settled for Wak-a-Rat. With a little practice, I easily clobbered 20 of the little cheesivores and won myself a flashlight—just what a courageous crimefighter like me needs to explore dark scary places like the Tunnel of Love. Only problem was, it was minus a bulb. I quickly inserted the black light, and after fifteen minutes of Max saying "I told you so", we headed for the Tunnel.

I used the flashlight as soon as we got in, and somehow its magical ultra-violet powers were able to reveal several secrets of this cheesy ride—including a fuse box. I thought about how I hated people who said "I told you so" and I thought "Max should get a charge

out of this," so I used Max with the fuse box. When the ride stopped, I got the chance to investigate the Henry the VIII diorama.

It's always been a secret fantasy of mine to pull a sixteenth-century Tudor monarch's beard, and it's a good thing, because this gained us access to the lair of Doug, the Mole Man, a squinty-eyed ne'er-do-well who would rat on his Sasquatch friends for the price of a box of pecan treats. Fortunately we had passed a roadside store on the way to the carnival, so I flipped the switch to get the ride going again and we hightailed it down the turnpike to the nearest Snuckey's.

Chapter 3
**The Puzzle of the
Praline Purveyor**

If you've wandered up and down the backroads and interstates of this great republic as much as I have, you know about Snuckey's—a roadside infestation for fifty years where American families can buy tacky postcards, consume carbohydrates, and (most importantly) enjoy sanitary facilities far cleaner and commodious than those they are used to.

This was a typical example of the breed, with the exception of a cup left behind by a litterbug. I gathered it up as potential evidence and sauntered inside, only to be assaulted by the kind of Muzak that makes you leave an elevator in mid-descent. And then I saw him—the kind of nonplussed nondescript nonentity who saves up all year so

he can go to a science fiction convention dressed as Kilgore Trout: in short, a dweeb's dweeb. I picked up the pecan treats and negotiated the sale. Since Max was bugging me about going to the bathroom and since I hated sweeping rabbit pellets out of the car, I got Max the key as well. I noticed there was something suspicious about the rasp file attached to it, so I quickly terminated the conversation and intercepted Max outside. I talked him into keeping the key, and we sped back to the carnival.

Chapter 4
**The Talisman in
Trixie's Trailer**

When Doug spilled the beans, he really spilled the beans. Fortunately there was already a foot-deep layer of empty cereal boxes and Chinese take-out cartons on the floor, so the beans didn't do much damage. Then he began to talk... and what a story he had to tell. It seems Trixie had not been kidnapped after all, but left of her own volition. In fact she was in love with Bruno, and arranged his getaway. *Çaçon à son*



goo, which is French for "to each his ointment." Funny people, the French.

Anyway, Doug forked over Trixie's key (which looked remarkably like a crowbar), and also mentioned that his Uncle Shuv-Oohl might know where to find Bruno. Unfortunately, Doug didn't know where to find his uncle, but did mention he had last been seen at the Giant Ball of Twine. I jotted down the location on my map, and then Sam and I beat it before the little stool pigeon felt moved to disgorge more exposition.

Trixie's trailer proved to be largely a disappointment. Max did manage to get in some exercise, and I did find an awesome stilt-walker suit in her blue prop box, but the only real clue was in her shocking pink wardrobe closet—a scorecard for the Gator Golf Emporium in Florida—another place to check out on the map.

Still, we had made some progress, and I felt we could allow ourselves the time for one ride on the Cone Of Tragedy. I informed the operator we wanted a spin, and we were soon strapped in and whirling around faster than a gerbil in a blender. The Cone certainly performed as advertised, because afterwards I was seized by a crushing sense of loss. No wonder, because when I looked into my box of junk, every clue I'd accumulated was gone. I cornered the operator, and gave him no peace until he produced a claim check which he claimed we could redeem at the Lost & Found tent. Unfortunately, the man was as good as his word (I'd been looking forward to pound-

ing him into the shape of a decorative hassock).

The unbelievably ugly person of indeterminate gender in the Lost & Found tent not only returned all my junk, but also threw in a fish magnet from the famous World of Fish. When I looked closely at it, I was able to get another location for my map, but first we had to track down Shuv-Oohl.

Chapter 5

The Swami Who Swore Like a Sailor

The World's Largest Ball of Twine, located near Marutilamoooh,* Minnesota, is a lucrative monument to obsessive thrift. There is a rotating fish restaurant at its peak, which is world famous for its candied lutefish in chocolate sauce.

Enough with the travelogue. Having arrived at the Ball, we got little satisfaction from the custodian of the museum at its base, so we decided to check out the restaurant.

Outside the eating facilities we could observe the fish delivery deck, where a knife-happy chef was happily butchering the day's catch. Since access from our side of the deck was impossible, I wondered how they delivered fresh fish. I also wondered if it would be possible to borrow some of the twine, in case we needed to restrain a suspect for an hour or two (or six) of wholesome interrogation.

*A Native American term expressing dissatisfaction with the treaty policies of a nineteenth century U.S. President. It means, literally, "Ooooooh, Mr. Grant!"

We didn't have much better luck inside the restaurant. Once we figured out how to use the elevator in the hub, we found a largely deserted restaurant with an apparently broken pair of binoculars. Since it was noon, I assumed the restaurant staff was out to lunch. Speaking of out to lunch, there was one other inhabitant of the restaurant—some kind of Midwestern mechanic-turned-psyhic. He was into personal growth, if you judged by the stubble on his jaw. Judging by his language, his favorite mantra was unprintable. I questioned him about his hobby—bending crescent wrenches by mental force. He ended up giving me one. Perhaps he was merely a colorful character instead of the surly lout he appeared to be. In this business, it's so hard to tell.

Chapter 6

The Peril of the Piscatorial Paradise

Since everything else in this case was starting to smell fishy, it seemed only logical to check out the World of Fish. The fish in the bucket seemed somehow familiar, and I was going to appropriate some, when a helicopter showed up to haul away a netful. I still confiscated the bucket as evidence, but by checking with a local angler, I confirmed that this was the source for the Ball of Twine restaurant's fish dinners. It occurred to my keen detective wits that if I wanted to get that twine (and getting that twine was becoming an obsession—I've

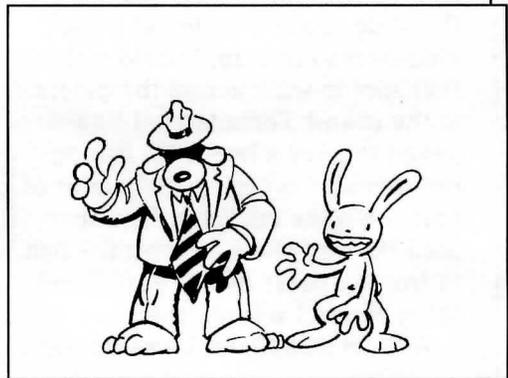
always been fascinated by twine), it would help if I looked like a fish. So I hatched a plan—and I didn't have to swim upstream to do it.

I used the bent tool on the large fiberglass fish in the river to loosen it up. Then I used the fish as a disguise and encouraged Max to use the fish as well. We ended up on the deck on top of the restaurant, where it was an easy task to use Max's sharp little rodenty teeth to get the twine—a healthy 91 yards of it. It seemed after all this exercise with no sign of Bruno or Shuv-Oohl, a little vacation was in order, so we headed for Gator Golf in Florida.

Chapter 7

Gator Golf—Grief in the 'Glades

When I got to Gator Golf, I had to congratulate the owner. Even though I found the contents of his wastebasket (a broken set of golf ball retrievers) more interesting than his conversation, I still felt combining alligators and miniature golf was an inspired recreational notion. It made far more sense to a



mug like me than those inane computerized adventure games, where goofy characters shlep impossibly large inventories from location to location trying to solve pointlessly obscure puzzles in pursuit of elusive goals and a highly improbable ending. Gator Golf is a real man's game.

Unfortunately two real men had beat us to it—or one-and-a-half real men anyway. It was those two misanthropes from the Carnival: Conroy Bumpus, the diminutive country and western singer with the toupee taller than he was, and his bestial bodyguard, Lee-Harvey. Max couldn't resist the opportunity for verbal abuse—he wouldn't be Max if he could. A brouhaha ensued, that ended with Max in the Dunk the Beast tank, on the wrong side of an alligator-infested swamp adorned with clown heads and windmills. I had to get to that island and rescue my partner. He may be maniacal, he may be homicidal, he may torture animals smaller than himself, but he's still my partner.

It is a fact little known outside the detective community, but there is a small spot on an alligator's back where he will allow you to step without bothering you. I knew if I could find a way to get those alligators to line up, I could utilize that spot to walk across the gators to the island. Fortunately I happened to have a bucket of fish on my person. I replaced the bucket of balls with the bucket of fish, then used the golf clubs to drive the fish in front of those gators until I had them where I wanted them.

A short stroll later I was on the

island, freeing Max by opening the cage door. He wasn't very grateful, but at least he wasn't dead. He also had another Sasquatch hair sample. Further investigation of the dunk tank turned up a snow globe of the famous Mystery Vortex, with a personal inscription from, of all people, Doug's uncle Shuv-Oohl. A real lead at last! Look out, Mystery Vortex, here we come!

Chapter 8

Vanishing Varmints in the Vortex

You'd think a detective would feel at home someplace called the Mystery Vortex. You'd think it would appeal to his sense of adventure and sharpen his deductive powers. Well, you'd be dead wrong. To me it was just a garishly decorated cave where you pay money to lose your lunch.

We were pretty sure that Shuv-Oohl was hiding out somewhere in this joint, but all we could find at first was evidence of yet another missing Bigfoot in the gift shop to the rear of the cave. Since it was getting to be a habit, I picked up yet another Sasquatch fur sample.

I figured since Max and I were going around in circles anyway, we might as well ride the Mini-Vortex. It must have shaken something loose, because I suddenly intuited the working principles of the whole Vortex. It all had to do with the Unified Field Theory, wherein electromagnetic energy is intimately related to spectral deviation and relative altitude. In other words,

size equals color divided by magnetism. Elementary, my dear Max.

Obviously, to gain access to the inner workings of the Vortex, I needed a prismatic reflective surface. The mirror at the top of the stairs would have to do. Inside, just as I suspected, I found huge color magnets. I turned them successively on and off until I found just the right combination to match each of the door colors. I was able to try each door this way until I found Shuv-Oohl.

About then the profound understanding of physics seemed to wear off. Must have been a temporary phenomenon due to residual dizziness. Happens to me all the time.

Shuv-Oohl was your standard hippy burnout mole man. He was able to give us generalized directions to Frog Rock, and intimated he could tell us more if we could get his mood ring out of the Ball of Twine. Sometimes in order to solve a case, a man's got to get string between his fingers. We headed back to Minnesota.

Chapter 9

Fantastic Phenomena at Frog Rock

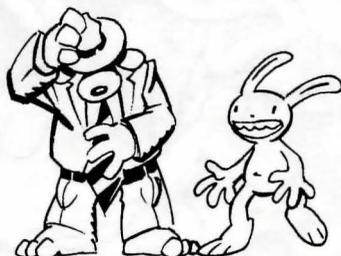
There didn't seem to be any way I could unravel this case quickly, and it would take even longer to unravel the Ball of Twine. I needed some way to reach in to the center, and then some way to find the ring and get it out. I had the retriever, which could extend my reach, and I had the fish magnet, to pull the ring out, but I needed some kind of grip-

per to connect the two. It seemed to me that Jesse James' hand from the Hall of Oddities at the Carnival might do the trick, so we sped back to see the Kushman Bros. and pick up the jar with the hand. While I was there, I remembered seeing a lens in the Wak-a-Rat tent that might help me locate Frog Rock through the binoculars, so I picked that up too.

Now I had the retriever, the magnet, the lens, and the hand in a jar. Wait a minute... I couldn't get the blasted hand out of the jar. I needed an expert at food container extraction. I headed, albeit reluctantly, for Snuckey's, where the clerk was able to give me a hand with the hand.

I returned to the Ball of Twine with a strong sense of *deja vu*, or *deja string*. I attached the hand to the retriever, and the magnet to both. Then I used the retriever with the Ball of Twine in the Museum, and the mood ring was ours.

I thought I should check out the binoculars while I was here. Carefully avoiding the turbanned telekinetic, I used the lens with the binoculars. But I still had that spinning problem. Maybe if I attached the wires from the restaurant motor



Sam & Max
PRESENT:

OUR BEWILDERING UNIVERSE

A NEEDLESS OVERVIEW OF OUR SURROUNDINGS TO PROVOKE EXCHANGES OF IDEAS AND GUNFIRE!

BAFFLING ANIMAL WONDERS

LOOK AT THAT. ISN'T IT RIDICULOUS?

MAYBE IT WILL LEAVE IF WE ALL LAUGH AT IT.



MAX'S WORLD OF DISCOVERY

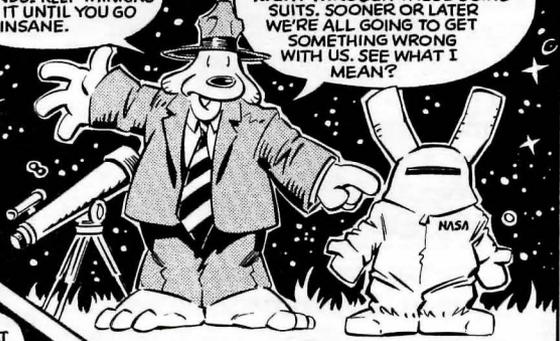
HERE'S AN EXPERIMENT YOU CAN DO! LEAVE A BAG OF BREAD ON TOP OF THE REFRIGERATOR FOR A LONG TIME. IT WILL EVENTUALLY TURN GREY AND TASTE BAD. NOW THROW IT INTO THE STREET.



SEAMONKEYS ARE NOT PRIMATES!

TRY IMAGINING HOW FAR THE UNIVERSE EXTENDS! KEEP THINKING ABOUT IT UNTIL YOU GO INSANE.

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE EARTH IS CONSTANTLY BEING BOMBARDED BY COSMIC RAYS? AND THEY GO RIGHT THROUGH THESE DUMB SUITS. SOONER OR LATER WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET SOMETHING WRONG WITH US. SEE WHAT I MEAN?



WHO KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ALL AT ONCE THEY OPENED ALL THE LOCKS IN THE PANAMA CANAL? I DON'T!

ME NEITHER, BUT IT WOULD PROBABLY BE HORRIBLE!



AMAZING PRODUCE

WHICH FRUIT OR VEGETABLE IS MOST RESILIENT WHEN YOU THROW HAMMERS AT IT? HOW CAN WE FIND OUT?



to the binoculars, I could get some control. It seemed to work. I moved the needle slightly to the left of center until I saw one of the landmarks Shuv-Oohl had mentioned, then, as soon as I saw the rock, moved the needle dead center to stop the rotation, and there it was. I noted the location and we headed back to Shuv-Oohl.

At first I thought the little Summer of Love relic had been nibbling too many of the wrong kind of mushrooms when he gave me a "Magic Powder" and said I should use it with my three fur samples on Frog Rock, but the rest of this case had been so daffy, I decided what the heck, off to Frog Rock I go.

It wasn't much as tourist attractions go. As Max so astutely remarked, it didn't even look like a frog. Of course, neither did Max.

I carefully deposited each of the fur samples on the Rock, and then sprinkled the Powder over them. Then everything got dark. I'm not sure about what happened next*, but I had this strange urge to go to Bumpusville.

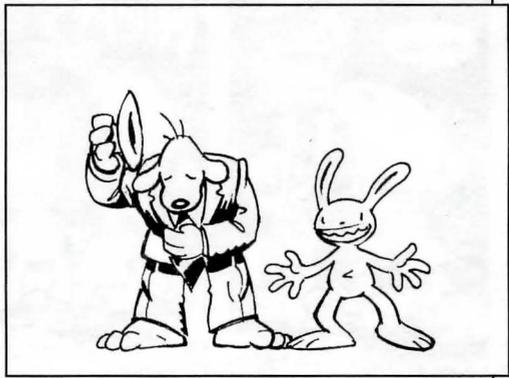
*Actually I know exactly what happened, but Flying Saucer Mole Men from Outer Space and celestial phenomena have no place in a narrative of criminal investigation. They'd kick me out of the union.

Chapter 10

Bucolic Blunderings at Bumpusville

When it came to high-tech gadgets and fancy electronic paraphernalia, nobody could hold a candle to Conroy Bumpus. But when it came to tasteful decoration of his home and tourist museum, Bumpus would be the only man that *Liberace* would have called tacky. Of course, when I first saw his overblown, neon-illuminated version of Tara, I had no idea that Bumpus was also #1 on the SPCA hit list.

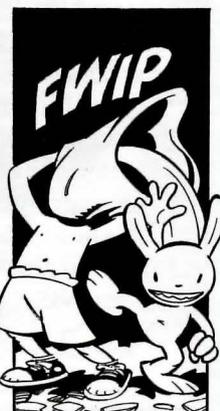
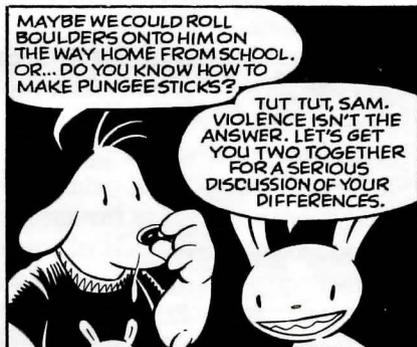
It was clear even when we walked through the front door that C.B. had put a lot of money into the place. That life-sized portrait alone must have cost at least \$199.95. Max and I hung a left at the portrait and kept going until we found ourselves in Conroy's "Menagerie" and concert hall. We weren't surprised to find him singing his own praises. We were surprised to find Bruno and Trixie in his backup band. Surprised, that is, until we noticed that the instruments were acoustic, but the musicians were electrified—by random jolts of several hundred volts.





TERROR ON THE TANBARK

Starring
SAM & MAX
AS SOFT, MARKETABLE BABY VERSIONS OF THEMSELVES.



We had to get them out of there, but standing in our way was a high-tech alarm system with an electric eye. I needed a good idea to get out of this one. I thought perhaps the portrait in the next room of John Muir, the famous naturalist, might give us some inspiration, but Max kept babbling about talking dead animal heads. Max always gets weird(er) when he's been on the road for awhile, but this was a new direction even for him.

The rest of the house consisted primarily of the virtual reality room, where Lee-Harvey was camped out, and Bumpus's bedroom, complete with Monster Truck bed and alarm-rigged wigstand. This was all very fascinating, but I kept noticing the little cleaning robot. I thought if I could figure out how to move the droid around, I might be able to promote a hubbub that would get Trixie and Bruno out of the mansion.

Then I saw it over the door of the bedroom—a robot repair manual. I scooted up the escalator onto the bed, grabbed the pillow just to irritate Conroy, then used the golf ball retriever to get the book. Unfortunately Max was underneath, but with uncharacteristic politeness, he laid still until I finished the book.

I hunted down the little robot and proceeded to use him. Specifically, use the wiring on his brain in connection with the mansion floor plan to make sure he'd go into the Menagerie and break that alarm beam. This sent good ol' Lee-Harvey into the Menagerie so that I could check out the virtual reality system.

See, Lee-Harvey had just happened to blab that the security sys-

tem was somehow tied into the virtual reality system. If I was ever going to really disable the alarm, the key might lay in the polygonic world of virtual reality. And so it did, after I figured out that the dragon in the medieval fantasy was obsessed with de-tails, especially when it came to his end.

I used that key in the alarm system in the Menagerie, but Max scared Bruno and Trixie away with talk of returning them to the Carnival. They didn't leave without a forwarding address, though, since they mentioned something about a Sasquatch party at Evelyn Morrison's Savage Jungle Inn.

Chapter 11

Jivin' the Geriatric Jezebel at the Jungle Inn

When you're driving at dangerous speeds with a hyperkinetic rabbit in the car, you don't have a lot of time to think, so it wasn't until we were actually inside that I realized Bruno & Trixie weren't completely stupid in giving away their getaway. Right in front of the door





to the party was the biggest Sasquatch I'd ever seen. O.K., so Bruno was the only other Sasquatch I'd ever seen, but this one was bigger than Bruno. And he was mean, too, probably because of the corns and calluses that covered his feet.

Remembering childhood stories about lions with thorns in their paws, I did what I could to help out by giving him the rasp from Snuckey's to deal with those painful growths. He did seem more kindly disposed, but still insisted that only Sasquatches ("and their dates") could enter.

I had some ideas about that, too, but I couldn't leave the Savage Jungle Inn without talking to the fabulous Evelyn Morrison, "B" movie queen of the silver screen in my youth. She was kind enough to autograph some travel brochures for the Mount Rushmore Dinosaur Tarpit and Bungee Jumping National Park and the Celebrity Vegetable Museum. I could see where those might prove useful.

The astute reader will have figured out by now that we had to get a Sasquatch suit. The stiltwalker suit was a good start—it would accommodate both Max and me, but we needed a lot more hair if we were going to pass as a Bigfoot, and

something to stick it to the suit. I thought it was time for Max and me to go Bungee jumping.

Chapter 12

Plummeting from the Presidential Proboscis

I've always had a soft spot in my heart for Mt. Rushmore. Maybe the name appeals to a speedy guy like myself, or maybe it was that Hitchcock movie, but for me, the Fab Four always means South Dakota rather than Liverpool. I didn't so much mind when they added Bungee jumping, but the dinosaur thing was such a blatant attempt to cash in on that mid-90's cinematic spectacle—and John Goodman doesn't look that much like Fred Flintstone anyway.

Once I got a chance to look at the dinosaur models, I was even less impressed. The mammoth looked like it was covered with bad Sasquatch hair—whoa, Nellie! And here was Max with a full set of razor-sharp choppers! I set him to work, and we shortly had enough hair to clog a Municipal drain. We still needed sticky stuff, though, I thought as I walked past the tar pit

toward the elevator to the Bungee jump.

And then, as I left the elevator, I saw her. She came into my life wearing a U.S. Parks Service T-shirt and shorts. I could tell she noticed me, too—it isn't every day that a six-foot talking dog wearing a blue suit and hat walks into George Washington's nostril with Bungee jumping on his mind. She told me to go behind the screen and change my clothes. I wondered what she had in mind until I saw the crash helmet and Bungee harness. Then I knew. This doll wanted me to take the Big Fall. Problem was, I was ready to fall for her already.

I wanted to show her I could take it, so I used the bungee, picked up Max, and...Sweet Mother of Mercy! This wasn't fun, this was suicidal. I was hurtling to my doom in a giant vat of sticky tar... [Sproing!] Hang on a minute, did I say sticky tar? If only Max could reach it...[Sproing!] Maybe if we used the golf ball retrievers, along with that cup from Snuckey's to pick up the tar...[Sproing!] Good work, Max. Now how do we get off of this thing?

I eventually made it back to the platform and the past tense. And she was there waiting for me, smiling her enigmatic smile and popping her sugar-free gum as I changed back to my civvies. I promised I'd write, and headed back to earth where I belonged.

Back at the Jungle Inn, the tar and the hair worked just fine with the stiltwalker suit, but when we used the suit, the bouncer felt there was still something wrong with Max's head. I've thought this for years, but I think he meant Max is

fuzzy instead of furry.

We needed one more piece of hair, or hairpiece, and I knew where to get it, but first I felt we needed a detour by the Celebrity Vegetable Museum.

Chapter 13
**Zoomin' the
Zucchini Zone**

Actually, this was a sentimental journey for me. I wanted to look up Violet, an old flame, who ran the place. She'd married a wealthy but cheapskate dentist who was always fixing his own teeth. There was a messy accident with a high speed drill, and now he was a vegetable. I think that's what interested her in her current line of work...

She did vegetable versions of famous celebrities, and I knew she'd have to have a Bumpus somewhere around the place. Sure enough, there was a remaindered eggplant by the counter just the right size. I pocketed it, wished her well, told her she was still a hot tomato, and put the pedal to the metal on the road to Bumpusville.

The alarm system on the wig-



stand reminded me of an adventure movie I had seen on TV, where the hero substituted an object of equal weight for an ugly idol. Well, Conroy was about as close as you could come to an ugly idol, so I thought using the eggplant with the wig-stand might work. It did indeed (if you don't count the arrows).

We returned triumphantly to the Jungle Inn, attached the wig to the suit, put it on, and emerged as the true party animal. But as we walked through the door, I still felt that Fate had a few whoopie cushions up her sleeve.

Chapter 14

Boogeyman at the Bigfoot Ball

I like Bigfeet. Bigfoots. Whatever. But when it comes to parties, I've seen livelier funerals. The food was OK, if you don't mind vegetarian—there were some cute imitation turkey legs made out of tofu, but the music was like Lawrence Welk meets Winsome Hill, and no one seemed to get off on it any more than I did. It wasn't what you'd call a hip crowd.

I made my way back to the kitchen to check out the exits in case I had to make a quick getaway. There was a nasty surprise waiting outside the back door. It seemed Conroy and Lee-Harvey were crashing the party with a pocket taser, and Conroy thought I was his next exhibit. I waited until Lee-Harvey split, then showed Conroy the error of his ways in the most forceful way possible—I took off my Sasquatch suit.

But this didn't stop the two miscreants. Now C.B. wanted to pop into the freezer with Lee-Harvey and the suit, so he could infiltrate the Sasquatch community and capture them all. I don't know who Bigfoots pray to (Smoky the Bear and Hooty the Owl come to mind), but they were obviously watching over us, since Max was able to sneak behind the freezer door and shut it on them.

We might have done a self-congratulatory dance of joy at this point, but the Bigfoot elder arrived and, when he heard the news, made us Bigfoot elders too. All this really meant was we had a new mystery to solve.

Chapter 15

The Tantalizing Totem Tetology

It was this way. There were these four totems, and they represented the salvation of the Bigfoot race. The only problem was that no Bigfoot could figure them out. I didn't see any problem except for the legwork involved.

The first totem looked like a tornado in the palm of a hand. That would take the most work, so I decided to save it for last. The second one was particularly ugly, but seemed to be dino dentistry. Uh huh. That wouldn't take too much time. The third one was some type of patriarch being showered with vegetables. Possibly the hardest to solve, but one of the easiest in terms of legwork. And the fourth totem depicted a bald head and a

hairy one—that one I could fix without leaving the pool area.

It was obvious that the fourth totem was about miraculous hair growth, and on my person I happened to have Conroy's pillowcase soaked in wonder hair-grower. I gave it to the elder by the hot tub, he wrung it out, and one totem pole was instant sawdust. Weird.

To take care of the rest, we'd have to Hit the Road.™ As I passed through the kitchen, Max suggested I pick up the icepick, so I humored him. He's been taking icepicks to bed with him lately. I think he watches too many politically incorrect movies. I was more in the mood to pick up the bottle from the table at the party.

I dropped off the portrait of John Muir with Violet at the Vegetable Museum, and she said she'd have a zucchini for me shortly. So much for totem #3.

I then went straight to Mt. Rushmore and used my 91 yards of twine on the T Rex's tooth while his mouth was open. Then I picked up Max, tied the rope to him, and threw him to my squad car (specifically the door of my police car) and presto! One dinosaur tooth. We can retire totem #2.

Now for #1. First I went to the Ball of Twine restaurant and talked the salty swami into bending the icepick. Then I used the pseudo-corkscrew in the bottle and popped the cork, which I used in the snow globe. A quick trip to the Mini-Vortex at the Mystery Vortex gave me a hand-held vortex, and all the totems could come tumbling down.

I picked up the John Muir zucchini on my way back to the Jungle

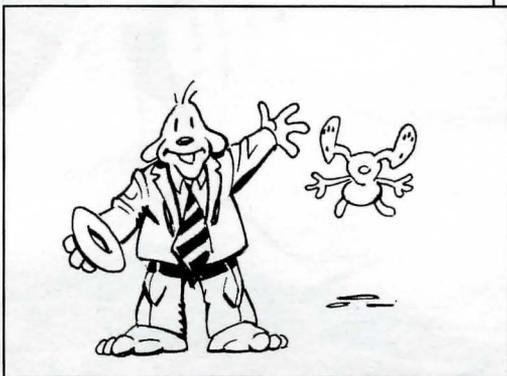
Inn, and gave all three objects to the elder. He put them into the hot tub with appropriate gestures, and Max and I gritted our teeth for the inevitable (but flashy) happy ending. It goes with the job.

Chapter 16

The Environmentally Evergreen Epilogue

We couldn't be so inhumane as to leave Conroy in the freezer; besides we had to pick up a paycheck at the Carnival. So the Sasquatches are happy, the Kushmans are learning to live with a new star attraction, everybody's breathing easier. As for my partner and me, our lives are the same old round of existential angst and mindless violence. We wouldn't have it any other way.

He's a bunny. I'm a dog. We're dangerous, but we work cheap. We're the Freelance Police. Give us a call.

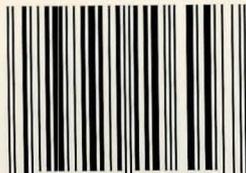




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