



THE OFFICIAL BOOK OF

LEISURE SUIT LARRY

Covers *Larry* 1, 2, and 3.

Includes information found
nowhere else.

Packed full of hints, maps,
and tidbits.

RALPH ROBERTS

WITH HELP FROM

AL LOWE Creator and designer
of *Leisure Suit Larry*

COMPUTE! Books

The Official Book of **Leisure Suit Larry**TM



Ralph Roberts
with help from Al Lowe

COMPUTE! Books
Radnor, Pennsylvania

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Cover photos courtesy Sierra On-Line

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Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Lowe, Al.

The official book of Leisure Suit Larry / by Al Lowe and Ralph Roberts.

p. cm.

ISBN 0-87455-215-X

1. Leisure Suit Larry (Computer program) I. Roberts, Ralph.

II. Title.

GV1469.25.L45L69 1990

794.8'1536—dc20

89-78374

CIP

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Preface

“Hi. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer.”

So begins the opening line from one of this century’s greatest lovers. Well, at least in the mind of one Larry Laffer, it does.

Who would have thought that such an antihero as our beloved Leisure Suit Larry would have captured the hearts of so many thousands of people? After all, we are talking about a guy here who, as the nineties dawn, is so firmly entrenched in the seventies that he still proudly wears a white polyester leisure suit!

We are talking about a guy who believes “Women’s Lib” is some male striptease joint in East Fresno. In fact, he’s looking for the address so he can send them his resume.

“Nothing but the bare facts, ma’am.” (Shut up, Larry and let us get you introduced).

Yet we all love this hilarious loser. There’s a little Leisure Suit Larry, so it seems, in all of us—be we male or be we female.

So, where’s medical science when they’re really needed?

It all started in 1987 with the release of the first Larry game, *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*.

The game was an almost instant cult hit. The first cult hit, of course, was recorded by Hairy Krishna (a former high school classmate of Al Lowe) in 1968.

Unlike Krishna—who has since sunk into obscurity except for a few yellow-robed fans living in airports and humming pathetic medleys of Hairy’s lesser known works (for which they collect performance royalties in tin cups)—Larry Laffer’s fame continues to grow. He’s been featured



□ Preface

on *Entertainment Tonight*, written up in the *Wall Street Journal*, selected as *Rolling Stones*'s "Hot Game," and brought to life in thousands of personal, business, academic, and, yes, government computers.

We're not saying Vice President Dan Quayle (who?) plays Leisure Suit Larry. We're not even saying the Vice President can play Leisure Suit Larry. In fact, forget we mentioned him at all.

However, we must point out that many of the personal computers used in the Halls of Government (not to mention offices and other rooms) are able to run all three of the Leisure Suit Larry games. We also would like to say that this book is in the Library of Congress (see the copyright page for the proof of this statement).

You may draw your own conclusions.

Ours is that everyone loves Larry, whether they understand him or not. Everyone, that is, who is not offended by a bit of pixelated nudity. In other words, all us guys who, as Larry just said, are "broadminded," and all gals who like guys who like gals.

Yeah, we talk to Larry and this is Larry's book. Who better to help you understand Larry Laffer than his long-time mentor, Al Lowe! Some would say *creator*, but isn't Leisure Suit Larry a real person? Surely you don't believe a mere computer program—even that most hallowed of glories, a Sierra On-Line game—could bring to life such a full-bodied personification of American manhood; that same glorious bod yearned for by American womanhood. A steely-eyed fighter for Truth, Justice, and the . . .

(Please excuse us while we drag Larry away from the keyboard).

Later in this book we'll let Larry talk for himself, but for right now we sent him out to get his leisure suit pressed. We know, we know! Polyester *melts* if you try to press it, but that'll keep him busy until we can get this Preface finished.

Where were we?

Dum de dum, de dum...

Oh, yeah!

This book is about Leisure Suit Larry. How he came to be, why he came to be, and the interesting stories of the

people behind him and all the nice folk involved in the three games, and more generally Sierra On-Line itself.

Here, in your hands, is also the ultimate hint book for all three games: *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, and *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*. Written by Al Lowe (with a little help on spelling and grammar by Larry's fourth cousin, Ralph Roberts), what better source of information could you ever hope to find?

Not only does this book come directly from the creator, programmer, producer, and chief cook and bottle washer of the Larry games, one Al (that's me) Lowe, but it also features frequent guest appearances from the world's greatest lover and. . .

(Sorry, Larry's back. . . Sit on him, Ralph, while I finish this).

. . .er. . . Oh, yeah. We'll have insights from what's his name, yeah, Larry, too.

So, we promise you an entertaining book with exclusive, interesting, and exciting information about Leisure Suit Larry and his fascinating adventures. We'll give you Larry's background, foreground, snide. . .oops. . .side views, and a whole lot more. It'll be more fun than a whole pile of greased Feral Pigs in a Nontoonyt Island jungle clearing.

Trust us.

Take the book up to the clerk and pay for it now.

Thank you.

—Ralph Roberts, Al Lowe, and Larry Laffer

Acknowledgments

I didn't know why, I just knew I needed one.

Perhaps it was the ad campaign. Perhaps it was because I've always been gadget crazy. Perhaps it was simply in the stars. The question was: How could I convince my fiscally-conservative wife to drop well over a month's salary on a little beige box with a rainbow-colored fruit on it? Especially when I could give no good reason. I convinced her somehow I would make it pay for itself. Thank God—she agreed. Thank God—it has!

So, for believing in me when she had no right to, I want to dedicate this, my first book, to my wife Margaret and acknowledge the support she has given me over these many years. It's a big step to change careers; it's a bigger step still to go from the total security of the educational establishment to the vaporous world of entertainment software. She stuck by me every step of the way, freely sacrificing her time to assure me of sufficient solitude to "get this product shipping," and I appreciate it! I love her very much.

Roberta and Ken Williams have been my inspiration for years, Roberta in game design and Ken in programming. Roberta has a wonderful way of harassing her programmers to do the impossible, beginning with Ken and continuing through Jeff Stephenson, Bob Heitman, and the rest of us, always "pushing the envelope" and insisting that it has to be done bigger and better. When we can't find a way, she just sics Ken on us. Ken, of course, shows us how obvious the solution is, then quickly steps away and watches us flounder. When I grow up, I'd like to program like Ken (I have no hope of ever catching up with Roberta).

Bob Heitman is a master programmer who writes tight, practical, pragmatic code and does it quickly. Yet he's never too busy to try and cram yet another obtuse point through my thick skull. Sometimes, he even succeeds. He creates tools that make guys like me look good. What more could I ask? How about a superb friendship!

Jeff Stephenson owns the shoulders upon which I balance. He created the languages, compilers, and tools Sierra uses to make all its games. He led me, kicking and biting, into Object Oriented Programming when other programmers were first discovering it.

What about a "Thank you" to the rest of the Sierra gang, you ask? How about Rick Cavin, Ed Heinbockle, John Williams, Bill Skirvin, Mark Crowe, Roger Hardy? How about Dennis Jonathan, Robin Bradley, Dale Carlson, and the legions of Quality Assurance testers who never gave me any peace? What about remembering the little people when you're on the way up?—

"Nah, screw 'em!"

Larry, get away from that keyboard!

. . . resuming control. . .

—Their help is forever appreciated!

Art Serabian was my computer mentor. He handed me a book on BASIC and watched me as I learned to walk, held my hand when I needed it, steadied my shaky legs, and convinced me there was no "mysterious entity" behind the keyboard, just logic, clean thinking, and organized thought. He was, of course, wrong. Larry Laffer was in there, just waiting for me to find him!

Of course, I must mention my son Brian and my daughter Megan, who must have wondered throughout their formative years why their father sat around the house all day and night playing computer games.

Most directly, I must thank Ralph ("Hi, my name is Ralph; Ralph Roberts") for turning my thoughts into words, my ideas into ink, and my life into a living hell until we "got this turkey shipping!" Writing a book while programming full-time is a bad idea, unless you let Larry Laffer and Ralph Roberts do it for you!

Finally and most importantly, I must thank you, the all-American, red-blooded, computer game-buying public for proving that a little sex isn't all bad, and that a computer game can be funny and fun at the same time.

—Al Lowe

PART I

The Story of Leisure Suit Larry



1

Introducing Leisure Suit Larry and Al Lowe!

by Ralph Roberts

We decided (well, actually Al and Larry decided) that I should write the introductory chapter. This way, wonderfully glowing things can be said about both guys without their being embarrassed. What they don't realize is that this also gives me the freedom to embarrass them.

Heh, heh, heh.

However, every man has his price and since Larry has promised me a few choice pages from his little black book, well...

So, while we're waiting for Al's bribe, please let me introduce Leisure Suit Larry—lover, adventurer, and all them other good things!

Who Is Leisure Suit Larry?

In the next chapter, we'll have Al Lowe's insights into the creation of Larry and, later on, some words from Larry himself. However, for now, let's look at Larry's "official" biography, as put out by the studio publicity people at Sierra On-Line in the manuals that came with the first two Leisure Suit Larry adventures. We've dug up a few more facts to go with their offerings as well.

The following will bring you up-to-date on Larry's life from his birth to the start of his first documented adventure. Here is the never before published scoop on Larry Laffer's early life. Eat yer heart out, *National Enquirer!*

Larry Laffer at the time of his first adventure, *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, is 38 years old. He has been living with his mother for some years and, to all appearances, has been nothing more than a mild-mannered nerd. His favorite reading material (other than the magazines he kept hidden under the mattress) are books like *Probing Your Parallel Port*, *Compute!'s Using*

□ Chapter 1

Turbo Basic, and *UNIX Database Structures Explained*. The one on *Turbo Basic* was his favorite.

He was a confirmed bachelor and basically terrified of women. Asking a good-looking lady for a date was as far beyond his courage as walking to the moon in nothing but a pair of Reboks. So he would hole up in his room on Friday and Saturday nights, play with his personal computer, and listen to his extensive collection of Barry Manilow, Air Supply, and Boxcar Willie records. He's torn between declaring Manilow or Slim Whitman as the greatest singer of all time, though there's also a soft spot in his heart for Elvis. Something about those white suits the King wore really appeals to ol' Lar.

In personal appearance, Larry is five feet, ten inches (average height). His hairline is beginning to recede and his stomach, at that time, was starting to win the race by pulling ahead of his chest. He typically wore cardigan sweaters to work, and had a different pocket protector for each day of the week.

Every morning, he would carefully put three felt-tip pens (red, green, and black) in the pocket protector, along with a ball-point pen (blue), a mechanical pencil (messy black lead), and one of those little metal rulers with inches on one side and centimeters on the other. He never used any of these items but felt naked without them.

Larry had followed much the same sort of schedule during his school years. He'd attended a local college, majoring in computer science (natch), and lived at home, commuting to and from class. It was cheap, but he did miss out on all the swinging dorm life. "Coed" was not a word Larry understood too well. He wasn't even sure how many syllables it has. One or two, right?

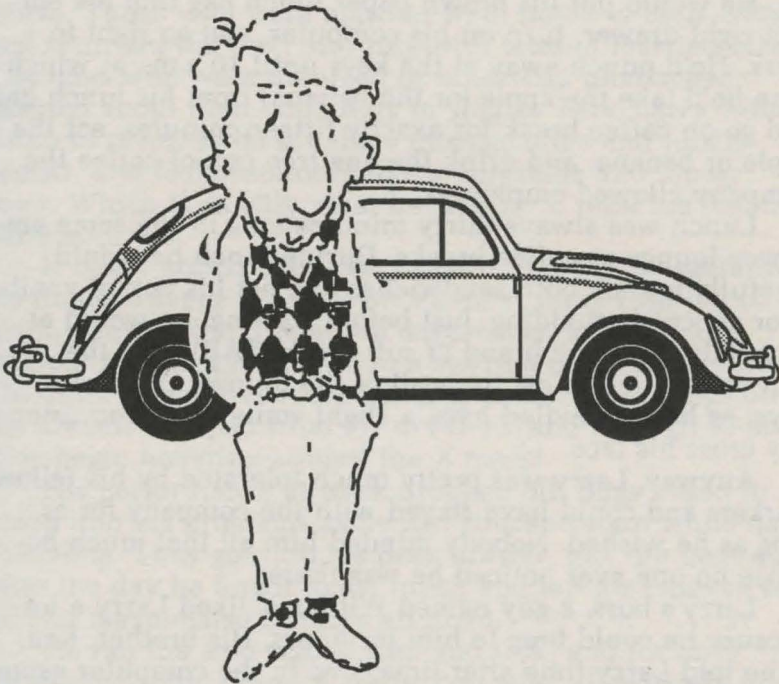
His mother always fixed him the same type of lunch. Two sandwiches, an apple or banana (but never both), and a small cup of pudding (alternating between chocolate and vanilla). Thursdays were Larry's favorite because she fixed him deviled ham on that day and, perhaps, this was a minor indication of Larry's later blossoming.

He would pick up the brown paper bag with his lunch, walk out to his little red 1970 Volkswagen "Beetle," and putt-putt his way to work. Every morning was exactly the same series of actions. He never varied his route to work,

Introducing Leisure Suit Larry and AI Lowe! □

and he *always* stopped at the stop sign where Elm Street intersected Oak, even though you could see for six miles in either direction and there was never any traffic.

Before setting out on his now legendary adventuring, Larry worked for a small, high tech start-up company that was developing a line of artificially-intelligent machine controls. Larry's supervisors, when recently interviewed, all stated that they wished they could have given *Larry* some artificial intelligence.



However, everyone we talked to agreed that Larry was conscientious (a "plodder" was how it was most often put) and would keep plugging away until he succeeded with an assigned task. Whether devising database structures or making points in adventure games, this seems to be an admirable trait.

Larry would arrive at work every morning at exactly the same time, never early and never late. He'd walk through the door to the programmers' office at precisely 8 a.m., and stroll back to his very own cubicle. You've seen how funny Larry walks in the games? Well, the people he worked with noticed the same thing. Every morning, as he walked cattywompus into his cubicle (for a definition of "cattywompus," a good old Missouri word, use the PgUp, PgDn, Home, or End keys on your keyboard as Larry walks across the screen, then just think how that looked at his place of work).

He would put his brown paper lunch bag into his bottom right drawer, turn on his computer, and go right to work. He'd punch away at the keys until 10 a.m., at which time he'd take the apple (or the banana) from his lunch bag and go on coffee break for exactly fifteen minutes, eat the apple or banana, and drink the one free cup of coffee the company allowed employees.

Lunch was always thirty minutes long in the same employee lounge as coffee breaks. During lunch he would carefully munch both sandwiches and eat his cup of vanilla or chocolate pudding. Just before starting, he would always buy the same brand of soft drink (TAB) from the same machine against the wall of the lounge. On Thursdays, as he ate deviled ham, a slight smile would occasionally cross his face.

Anyway, Larry was pretty much tolerated by his fellow workers and could have stayed with the company for as long as he wished. Nobody minded him all that much because no one ever noticed he was there.

Larry's boss, a guy named Williams, liked Larry a lot because he could brag to him for hours. His brother, Ken, as he told Larry time after time, was in the computer game biz and pulling down big bucks.

Larry would just nod, do his job, and eat his lunch on time. He never changed and he never varied.

In other words, he was boring.

Even Larry recognized that! He realized his life was going nowhere. Just meandering along. No fun at all. Besides, he wasn't getting any.

Mid-Life Crisis

Other than hints in the sleazy magazines he hid in his room and read late at night, Larry wasn't even sure *what* he was missing. All he knew was that the sexual revolution must have happened without him—he hadn't even noticed the recruiting offices. Larry was no draft dodger, he'd have been *glad* to have signed up for the duration.

Sex? Love? Were they the same? Were they different? Could you have one without the other? These were all questions Larry was desperately asking himself.

Watching his fellow workers only made him feel worse. Those who were married went home to their wives and returned the next morning with tales of married bliss. The ones who were divorced or otherwise unattached bragged about their conquests in singles' bars. Larry would listen to them, as he sat alone during coffee and lunch breaks, and feel absolutely like a miserable and lonely loser. Which is exactly what he was, so at least his feelings were accurate.

It never occurred to Larry that they were exaggerating. He thought every time out on a singles foray resulted in (pant, pant) *action*. His erotic daydreams, for a change, started including *him*. And in a starring role, too—no more character gigs or even just being an extra. The ratings on his dreams dropped from PG to PG-13, and through R. Soon they begin hovering around the X mark!

His performance at work dropped off. Bugs began to creep into his programs as he lost concentration while daydreaming. They got into his desk drawer, too, the next day after the day he forgot to eat lunch and left his chicken salad and mayonnaise in there all night.

He ran the stop sign at Elm and Oak, and for once there was traffic there! A traffic cop who, after barely missing Larry's red Volkswagen, happily proceeded to write him a ticket for unsafe movement (which brings us back to the way Larry walks in the Leisure Suit Larry games).

Larry found himself watching the girls at work and going down to the mall on Saturday afternoons. All of womankind goes to the mall Saturdays, and he could watch them bounce, trounce, and jiggle by and dream his dreams. In there, all these gorgeous chicks couldn't keep their hands off him. It was great!

But, in the real world—the mall—he never tried to talk to any of them.

And his life just kept on getting more miserable.

Larry would sob into his pillow at night, and pound it with his fist in quiet desperation. “I’m hornier than hell,” he would whisper.

It wasn’t much fun. That was for sure. He was so dispirited that he didn’t even order the six-record set of Wayne Newton’s greatest hits offered on cable TV. He no longer stopped by the record store to see if there was a new Barry Manilow album or 8-track tape out. (Larry’s Volkswagen still had an 8-track and he was waiting to see if cassettes were going to make it before switching over.) Besides, most of the Manilow stuff he *really* liked was still just on 8-track.

Larry’s mom was the first and, alas, the only one to notice the change in him. She just did not know what to do about it, though. Larry had never been an easy child anyway. She had given birth to him, nurtured him through his childhood, into adulthood, and now into what was evidently his second childhood. Or maybe “second puberty” would be more accurate.

All she knew for sure was that Larry was moping around like a moonstruck calf—lying in his room with the door closed and the stereo blaring that God-awful seventies music. Why couldn’t he be into heavy metal like any other decent kid (like *she* was)? That and the fact that she kept finding magazines like *National Geographic* under his bed (the ones with the topless native girls at least) was all very perplexing.

It was frustrating for Larry’s mom. She’d had just about enough of him anyway. After all these sacrifices, what with his dad leaving all those years ago, the time had come for her to live a little. She could still swing, by golly.

His performance had dropped off so dramatically of late that the company could no longer justify his employment. So, by tragic coincidence, Larry had been fired from his job the very same day he moped his way home to find the house had been sold and a note from his mom. The note brusquely wished him luck and explained that she had bought herself a singles condo down in South Florida.

“Gonna shake my booties while they can still shake,” she concluded. There was no address given.

“You wanna get this junk outa here, like now,” the real estate agent said, jerking Larry back to reality.

He looked at her blankly for a moment as she stood leaning against her snazzy red sports car. She sighed and handed him her card. It read “Eve Williams, Real Estate Agent.” Down at the bottom, in smaller type, were also the words, “Sierra On-Line Regional Sales Manager.”

Larry nodded sagely (at least he imagined it was “sage-ly”). His so recently former boss, the one with the brother making it big in the computer game biz, he’d said once that he had a sister here.

“You don’t live here any more” Ms. Williams explained gently. “So get your stuff and get out.”

It was, indeed, a dark and tragic moment in the life of Larry Laffer.

New Threads for a New Man

There comes a time in the affairs of men when they decide its time to have some affairs. This was that time for Larry Laffer. His mother had not only run away from home, she had sold that home right out from under him! He had no job and no prospects for one. The heck with it, he decided. He would start afresh and go for the babes. Do all the things he hadn’t done yet in life. No problem. He’d go to, YEAH, out to Lost Wages, the sin capital of the West. Darn right!

Larry, under the watchful eye of the real estate lady, gathered his few meager possessions and packed them in the Volkswagen. There wasn’t that much left really. His mother had already hocked the valuable stuff like the stereo and his computer. He had a few computer books and some sleazy magazines left. And, of course, his Barry Manilow collection.

With a sad but determined sigh, he drove away from the now-empty house and down Elm toward the center of the city. It was time for that new beginning and he was just the swinging dude who could pull it off. Too cool for school and the man the chicks dug.

He nodded. Yeah, that sounded hip. After all, how much could slang and stuff have changed since he was in

college 20 years ago? Much? Nah. Why, he bet the Beatles were still together. All he needed was some boss threads to show how cool he was and the girls would throw themselves at him. He smiled confidently as he parked in front of the Williams Pawn Shop, Delicatessen, and Night Fever Polyester Plaza.

He didn't know the owner personally, but the man was a brother of Larry's former boss and, so he supposed, the real estate lady as well. He'd often heard the story about their other brother who had made big bucks in the computer game biz. Maybe that's where the money for this place had come from, and maybe that money should go back. The joint looked like a wasted investment, even to him.

Larry entered the shop and put all his worldly possessions on the counter.

"You got to be kiddin' me, bub," Mr. Williams said, rolling his stub of an unlit cigar to one side of his mouth and distastefully thumbing through the stack of records.

"Good stuff there," Larry said confidently. "We're talking the latest rage in music. It's Manilow fer gawd's sake. Hot, man, hot."

Know what kind of clothes you can get for an extensive Barry Manilow collection? Well, the shop owner was only all too glad to make an even trade for a white polyester leisure suit he'd had hanging there since 1973. Feeling just the least bit guilty, he tossed in a pile of genuine cheap imitation gold lacquered chains and a gift certificate for the Disco On Fire Health Club and Dance Spa (which he got free anyway from his sister-in-law, Roberta), and a pair of "steppin' out" elevator shoes.

Larry changed in the restroom and walked out of that shop a new man! No longer was he Larry Laffer, pathetic loser. Now he was that swinging single kind of guy, the great, the one, the only, Leisure Suit Larry! Another 15 minutes at the health club just down the street, a quick visit to the barber shop for a "Saturday Night Fever" bouffant haircut ("guaranteed to get the chicks—by the truckloads"), and he was ready.

"Look out, you foxy chicks," Larry said, as he walked down the sidewalk to his car.

Introducing Leisure Suit Larry and Al Lowe!

There were no chicks around, foxy or otherwise, but that didn't keep Larry from trying out some cool moves, just like John Travolta in Larry's favorite disco movie. After all, Travolta wore a white suit, didn't he? And how about ol' Elvis, the King! Yeah, he'd be like a combination of those two hep cats—a dancer who could sing.



The new Larry.

"Stayin' alive, stayin' alive,"

Larry sang as he did a 360-degree twirl right next to his Volkswagen. The fact that young people today might not know who Travolta or even Elvis was did not occur to Larry. After all, these two were near-legends. Almost up there in the annals of all time greats like Barry Manilow and Slim Whitman.

Not to mention Perry Como!

A young lady jogged by then, studiously ignoring Larry after one startled and incredulous glance at his leisure suit.

"Thank you," Larry said in his best Elvis imitation (which was none too good). "Thank you very much." He wished he had a sweat-soaked handkerchief or something to throw at her. That had worked wonders for Elvis. He'd have to learn how to sweat like Elvis. Yeah. No shortcuts!

He got in the Volkswagen and drove away. Next stop—

Lost Wages! Look out beautiful babes of the world, Leisure Suit Larry was on the prowl! Please take a number and wait. Thank you. Thank you very much.

"Stayin' alive, stayin' alive," Larry sang as he gripped the Beetle's steering wheel and aimed it in the general direction of Lost Wages.

The Lights of Lost Wages

Lost Wages, Nevada at night looks like a huge neon dinosaur making it with 6,000 acres of electrified sequins. That's what struck Larry Laffer's eyes as his wheezing Volkswagen topped a rise and the desert city was laid out before him.

This city, unlike its nearby neighbor, Las Vegas, did not even bother with such niceties as a Chamber of Commerce. The place existed for one reason, to afford a convenient grouping for businesses out to fleece suckers.

"There's a sucker born every minute," P.T. Barnum said in the last century.

"Larry took three times longer than any normal kid to be born, the dirty little sucker!" his mother had often said to her sympathetic friends in this century.

"Welcome to Lost Wages!" the city limits sign read, as Larry's Beetle buzzed by.

A lot of people had come into Lost Wages in \$10,000 cars, Larry knew, and had left in \$100,000 buses. However, or so he thought, they were fools! They had come here to gamble. He was a lot smarter, he'd just come for the chicks. Yeah. No wasting time on slot machines or at the blackjack tables for him. No sir.

Well. . . Maybe just a little. He was kind of short on cash. In fact, he'd spent his last ten bucks on gas and a can of breath spray a hundred miles back. He was flat broke and his credit card had just expired. A little flash money to impress the ladies would be nice.

The first order of business then, Larry concluded as he entered the outskirts of the city, was to generate a more positive cash flow. Just a little, though. That's all. No sense being greedy.

He passed another sign. This one touted the great taxi service in downtown Lost Wages. "No need to walk, use our cheap, clean, luxurious cabs!"

There was a picture of a friendly, smiling cabbie, waving from the window of his late-model, shiny cab. P.T. Barnum would have loved *that* ad. "This way to the Egress, indeed," he would have chuckled.

Subtleties, however, were lost on Larry. He thought "nuance" was either some kind of perfume or a word applied to drunks (as in, "she made a public nuance of her-

self"). So he just accepted the sign at face value and figured that was the solution to his transportation problems.

A used car lot caught Larry's eye. It was a seedy, unprosperous-looking place, but at least the "Open" sign was still propped in the window of the rusty little house trailer that served as an office. "Williams A-1 Used Cars." Now where had he seen that name before?

Well, no matter. Since Lost Wages had this fantastic cab service, he had no more need for the car. He'd sell it and use the money as table stakes to build up a real bank roll. No problem!

He turned in at the lot's entrance, and parked next to the office. He pushed the creaking door open and entered to find a man, feet propped on a dusty desk, staring back at him with no great indication of interest.

"Business kind of slow, huh?" Larry said.

"What do I care," the man said, "my brother's pulling in big bucks in the computer game biz. I can always touch him up for a loan." He reluctantly got to his feet and came around the desk to offer a hand to Larry. "Name's Williams, this here's my lot. What can I do for you?"

Larry scratched his head. He'd heard about the computer game biz before. "Just how many brothers does this computer game guy have?" he wondered, then shook it off and got down to business.

"I've got this great automobile, a real collector's item—" Larry began.

Williams pushed past him and looked out the window.

"Where? All I see is that ratty-looking Volkswagen. Nice, though, how the rust blends in with that red paint job. Har, har."

"It's a classic," Larry said, desperately trying to remember all the used car jargon he could. "A real cream-puff. Hardly used. Pristine condition. Why, just look at—"

"Yeah, yeah," Williams said, unimpressed. Looks like she's a '70 or '71, eh? Okay, the money ain't mine anyway, so I'll buy it." He shook his head in disgust. "We must be on the wrong side of Lost Wages here. Har. Har. Everybody wants to sell, nobody ever buys."

"So," Larry said, already visualizing the several hundred big ones he'd soon have in his pocket, "how do you stay in business?"

"My brother takes them off my hands wholesale," Williams said. "Uses them junkers in games like *Police Quest*. Even at VGA graphics, you can make a real heap appear good. Saves a lot of production money. Har. Har."

Larry sighed. That stupid laugh was beginning to get to him. Why did he have the feeling he'd be hearing it a lot while here in Lost Wages?

"Yeah, well how much for my fine, vintage Volkswagen Beetle?" he asked.

"Ninety-four dollars," Williams said. "Take it or leave it, and I'll throw in a free ride downtown."

Well, Larry haggled but Williams was not budging. So he finally accepted it and Williams drove him downtown.

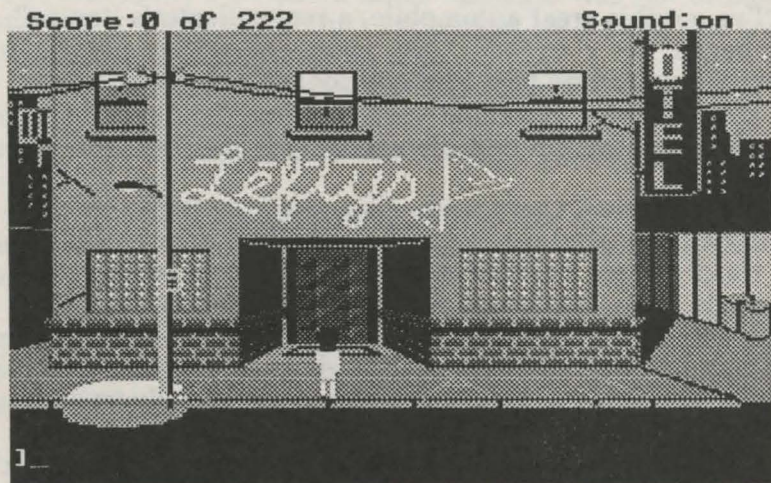
It was a seedy looking part of town they were in. Trash littered the streets, and dogs seemed to run wild, marking their territories with merry abandon.

"What're ya looking for?" Williams asked.

"Women, babes, chicks—"

"Right, got ya." He pulled into the curb. "Well, here's the right place for that—har, har. I come here pretty often myself. You might want to stay out of that dark alley over there."

"Thanks," Larry said, and got out of the car. He looked at the dive in front of him. It was a bar. "Lefty's," the sign above the door read.



Introducing Leisure Suit Larry and Al Lowe!

As Williams drove away, Larry took inventory of what he had on him. A worn wallet with ninety-four dollars in it, an as yet unused can of breath spray, some pocket lint, and a wrist watch. That was it. Except for his fantastic leisure suit—a major chick-getting necessity!

“Stayin’ alive, stayin’ alive,” he sang. Then, seeing that little dog approaching with firm resolve in its eyes, he decided to enter the bar and begin his adventure.

“Hey, get away from me,” he said, as the dog came even closer. He picked up speed and jerked open the door to the bar (how else would you expect a jerk to open a door?).

The rest, as they say, is legend.

But What About Al Lowe?

Who?

Oh, yeah. Him.

(There is the crinkle of mint-fresh \$20 bills changing hands).

Hmmm. I’m having a little trouble deciphering the handwritten notes Al gave me about himself. I’m not sure about this part here. As best I can make out, it reads something like:

“... a tall, golden-skinned Adonis with massive steely muscles. Whose pulsating pectorals...”

That’s funny. It’s under “physical description,” too. Well, I’ll just have to go with the photograph of Al which appears both in the manual included with *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* (Larry 3) and also in the Autumn ‘89 issue of the *Sierra News Magazine*. The one of Al driving a fork lift (and what this has to do with computer games is too heavy for me). This photo shows a balding, bearded gentleman of not insubstantial stature. His age is currently 43, which by an amazing coincidence is the same age as Larry Laffer!

Since the same physical description as above, minus only the beard, could be applied to me, I think we’ll just go with the “tall, golden-skinned Adonis with massively pulsating pectorals” description for both Al and myself. Sounds close enough.

Seriously, folks, Al Lowe is more than just another pretty face. Which is why I wrote this chapter by myself

and am hence able to say some very deservedly nice things about him. Besides it let me get off that "Lost Wages, Nevada at night looks like a huge neon dinosaur making it with 6,000 acres of electrified sequins" line earlier. Now that's great writing. But I digress.

Al Lowe is the creative force behind the Leisure Suit Larry games. Sure, it might look funny to see such multiple credit lines as "Written and designed by Al Lowe, Programming Al Lowe, Executive Producer Al Lowe, and Music composed and performed by Al Lowe" [as in *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*]. Actually, it is both funny and true.

Al Lowe did all those things and, as has been proved by the overwhelming success of the Leisure Suit Larry games, he has done them very well. Not alone, as Al hastens to point out. Like a good symphony orchestra, there are a lot of talented people who back Al up. People such as Mark Crowe, Bill Skirvin, Bonnie Borucki, Roger Hardy, and Douglas Herring on graphics and animation, with the game development system robustly provided by Jeff Stephenson, Robert Heitman, Pablo Ghenis, and Stuart Goldstein. There is also the creative encouragement provided by Sierra On-Line itself, including Ken and Roberta Williams, and John Williams.

Lots of other people contribute as well, and we'll mention more of them later. Yet, like any good collective endeavor, there is a leader, a guiding force, a creative genius who ties it all together.

Yeah, that's you, Al!

Let's face it. A quick surface glance at the Leisure Suit Larry concept can leave you very perplexed. A jerk out looking for "action"? This is not exactly a formula for great literature.

"Gimme a break," some said when the first Larry game came out. "This turkey is going nowhere."

Guess what! We now have three best-selling Leisure Suit Larry games, and all across America—indeed, the world—Larry's fans are eagerly awaiting his next adventure.

What turned a seemingly losing formula into such astounding success?

Al Lowe, that's who.

Introducing Leisure Suit Larry and Al Lowe!

The reason the Larry games work is very simple. It's not the graphics—as good as they are, other games have better. It's not the music, or even the plots by themselves. Other games are better written from a literary point of view, have a better story line, and move more smoothly to their climax. There is greater character development elsewhere, and even premises with more lasting value. And there are certainly games out there a lot more raunchy than Leisure Suit Larry games.

So why are the Larry games runaway hits? Why do so many of us zip right down to the computer store and buy them as fast as they are released?

The humor of Al Lowe, that's why!

Leisure Suit Larry games are a string of one hilarious joke after another. Whatever witticism you least expect tends to pop up at just the right moment. Larry games are more than games, they are pure, out and out entertainment!

Maybe there are deeper meanings in the games, subtle concepts about world peace and ending hunger, deep philosophical discussions about the meaning of life, and. . .

Nah.

However, the games are well worth the money. They are complex enough to provide many, many hours of entertainment, and you can always go back through to see what was missed the first time, or the second, or the third. There always seems to be some new joke, some little tidbit to be found.

An Educational and Musical Sort of Guy

Al Lowe spent much of his earlier career as a high school band teacher and a school district administrator. During the 16 years he served as an educator, Al probably learned something he may not even realize he has, the ability to communicate.

Teachers develop ways of reaching into their students lives and of getting messages to them on more than just the surface superficial level. Humor, certainly, is one of the greatest tools a teacher can have. Only the good teachers achieve this, the most wonderful type of communication.

Al Lowe must have been one hell of a teacher!

Music has always been a very important part of Al's

life. Now in his forties (sorry, Al, but you didn't pay me enough not to blab that), he has played professionally as a jazz musician since he was 13. He still plays clubs professionally. A lot of the material in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, as we will see shortly, was inspired by his experiences playing some of the sleazier clubs.

Anyway, being both an educator and a musician is an awesome combination when you think about it. Educators can communicate, and all musicians (having been one myself, I can say this) are crazy! A crazy, wild, mad educator?

Yeah! No wonder we all love the Larry games so much.

In fact, the educational side of his life is what got Al into the computer game creating and writing business. As part of his duties with the school district, he had become involved with computers. He attended a convention and the amateurish, kludgy software he saw featured there led him to that amazing revelation that hits all us creative people:

"Hey, man! That stuff is crud! I can write better!"

When Ken and Roberta Williams of Sierra On-Line saw the programs Al Lowe had written, they talked him into coming to work at Sierra. His first assignments were to design educational games for them.

So, in the case of Al Lowe, he was right. He could write better stuff! His educational programs were soon so successful that he found himself working also for the Walt Disney company, doing programs for them. You've heard people say they worked for a real "Mickey Mouse" outfit? Well, Al really did. He designed computer games for the world's largest home entertainment company.

Ken and Roberta Williams, and the other people at Sierra On-line, soon came to the realization that Al Lowe was a) extremely talented and b) crazy. They decided, wisely, to humor him. He quickly became what you might say is their "Good Humor" man. The result has been very profitable for them as well as Al.

Al and his family just moved into a new house, so he is doing well because of Larry, and deservedly so. There is no shame in doing something you love so well that—even

Introducing Leisure Suit Larry and Al Lowe!

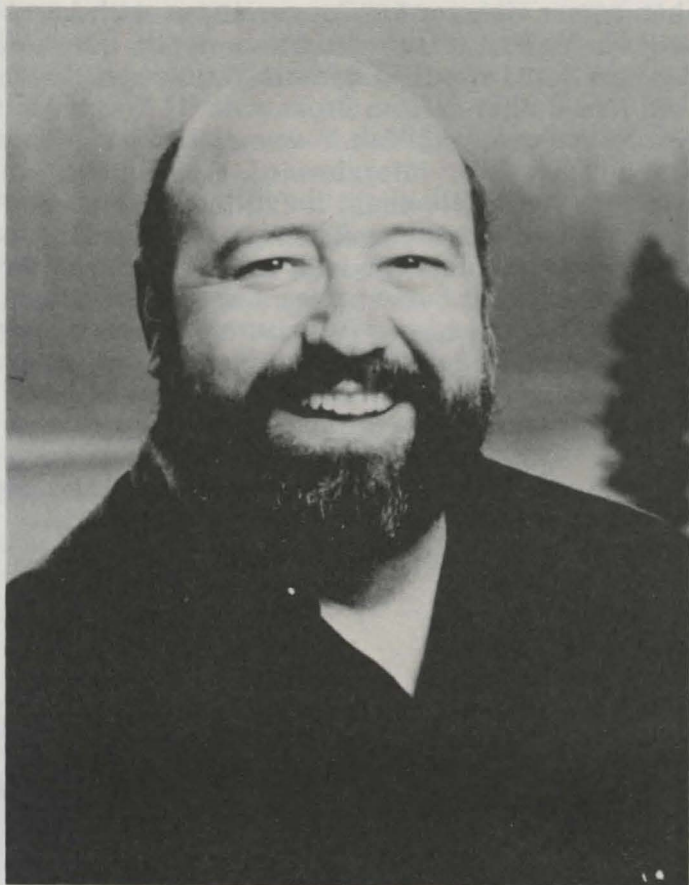
though you would gladly do it for free—people pay you good money to do it. That's Al and his computer games. That's Al and Leisure Suit Larry.

Of course, the new house is still in Fresno.

Fresno is not the end of the earth (that's somewhere near Bakersfield), but it's not the number one place to live as listed in *Places Rated Almanac*, either. I guess we can thank our lucky stars for that. If Al lived in a more interesting place, he might spend less time creating Larry games for those of us so totally addicted.

(Why do I have the feeling now that I'll get lynched if I ever go to Fresno or Bakersfield?)

What can we say, except "Thanks, Al."



Al Lowe

Courtesy Sierra On-Line

Good Stuff Coming!

Now that you've been brought up to date on how Larry got to his first adventure and been introduced to that wild and crazy guy, Al Lowe, it's time to get down to details. I'm turning this book back over to Al and Larry. Is that wise? Nah, but what the hell?

So, in the next chapter, Al is going to tell us the story behind Leisure Suit Larry. Then, in the next chapter, how the games were made and other dazzling technical goodies. The chapter following those two describes Sierra On-Line, the company that publishes the Leisure Suit Larry games. This company is far more significant and fascinating than just for Leisure Suit Larry (although *that*, as Larry says, is pretty darn significant as far as he's concerned).

Then comes Chapter 5, "Conversations with Larry." This will be the first feature-length, in-depth, interview with Leisure Suit Larry. Did Barbara Walters get this for you? Did Dan Rather or Tom Brokaw do it? Was it Morton Downey, Jr. or Pat Sajak? Nah, it was Al Lowe who finally got Larry to agree to an interview.

After that, we'll talk about the different versions of the games for various computers. The rest of the book, assuming we survive the interview with Larry, will be specific to the three Leisure Suit Larry games: *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, and *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*.

Again, this book is the ultimate Leisure Suit Larry hint book.

Okay, so now take the book up to the clerk and pay for it, huh?

2

The Story Behind Leisure Suit Larry

People are always asking where Leisure Suit Larry came from. Let's see if I can tell you without Larry interrupting too much.

If you're gonna hang around, Larry, make yourself useful—go get me a brewski, man.

It all started at a very young age—birth. Larry was born a poor white kid in a small log cabin outside Gumbo, Missouri. His family was so broke they could barely afford a tattered piece of polyester to wrap the child against the cold.

“Sounds more like Abe Lincoln or Davey Crewcut to me. Here's your beer, Great One.”

Thanks, Larry, and that's *Davey Crockett*. It's about time you showed me some respect. Stop that silly smirking.

Oh, okay. Here's the straight story.

Larry! Put a napkin under that beer if you're gonna set it on the coffee table. What were you, raised in barn?

“Nah, a computer.”



Larry's Forerunner

Well, first let's talk about the forerunner to the Larry games. Or is that the foreplay?

"Definitely foreplay."

Shut up, Larry. Anyway, in the early Paleolithic period of computers there was a game called *Softporn*. *Softporn* was famous because the cover featured young ladies naked in a hot tub. Actually, we probably shouldn't mention this, but it was in *Time Magazine* and the game, for that reason alone, is a legitimate collector's item now.

"Yeah, I got mine framed; it's right next to my painting of Elvis on black velvet and the centerfold of *Miss November*, 1975."

Where was I? Yeah. Roberta and a couple of secretaries—because Sierra On-Line was just a few people then—got a guy with a camera. He shot a picture of a waiter with an Apple II computer on a silver tray, and the girls were all in the hot tub with champagne glasses.

That was the best part of the game; the rest of it wasn't nearly as good. The game itself was a text adventure written in AppleSoft Basic. It was by a guy who had done some programming and wanted to see if an Apple could be a means of doing database programs. So he wrote a little database handler in the form of an adventure game, and that's how *Softporn* came about. The man's name was Chuck Benton—still is, I guess. He's back now in the Boston area and still writing database products.

"Lots of nice chicks in the Boston area."

Right, Lar. Well, Chuck has written some other games since. These include *Donald Duck's Playground* for the Commodore 64 that Sierra published for Disney, and several more really good games. But *Softporn* was his first try.

It was really a pretty silly story. *Softporn* was about a guy who tried to pick up three girls. There wasn't a lot more to it than that, not much character development or plot. The guy in the game didn't even have a name—just "you." The goal was to pick up three chicks and that was about it.

"Sounds okay to me."

This was about 1980 or '81 when the *Softporn* game hit the market. At one time Ken Williams figured he had sold

a copy of it to 20 percent of all the Apple owners in the world. Apple said they had sold 100,000 Apple II computers and Ken had already sold 20,000 copies of this game, so you can figure just about everybody had a copy of it in one way or another. It was a real hot title, but it was a text-only game and silly to the point of dorkiness. It had a brief burst, then faded and died.

"An experience not wholly unfamiliar to many men."

Larry, *this* is a family-oriented book!

"You sure?"

No.

"Thought so."

Get me another beer. This is gonna be one long night. Break out a bag of munchies, too. I think we got some Granny Goose chips in the cupboard over the sink.

"Granny Goose? Is that a real brand?"

Yeah, and they're good. Get 'em.

"Well, goose my granny, Big Guy."

Larry!

"I'm moving, man, I'm moving. You want Granny Goose chips you got them. But real programmers eat Fritos."

Larry, just get the chips, huh?

Graphics and Animation Come Along

Let's see. Yeah. Meanwhile, along came graphics and along came animation and 3-D, and *King's Quest* and *King's Quest II*. I did *Black Cauldron*, and *Donald Duck*, and programmed on *King's Quest III*. Anyway, we had progressed quite a way.

"Computer games are always on the leading edge of technology."

Hmmm, for once you're correct, Larry. I think games are right now in their infancy. I've visited Phillips and seen the forthcoming CDI (Compact Disk-Interactive) machines and think they're the way of the future. I expect games to get bigger and bigger, and more and more realistic, until we're at the point of *real* movies. Eight years ago, I envisioned sitting in front of a camera, digitizing your body, Larry, and inserting your own image into the software. We're getting ready for lots better things, but we won't be to that point for a few more years. I'm looking forward to it.

Of course, movies are a linear medium, and games are not. We want that freedom to move around, explore where we want to, and do things in the order we wish. Movies don't let you do that! I think we're at the 1925 period of Walt Disney—we've seen the medium, but we just don't have the tools yet (color, sound cartoons) to express ourselves fully.

It would be nice today to have 256 colors; there's no reason we couldn't. It just limits the audience for the games to those with MCGA, VGA and above. We must determine when the market is ready to support 1.2 meg floppies, hard-disk-only games, with VGA-required graphics, and so on. Lots of people still play these games on CGA, as hard as that might be to believe for those of us accustomed to EGA and VGA.

I think CDIs will be wonderful, if and when a critical mass of users have them. We have to spend tons of money to develop a game; there must be a potential market for it before we can afford to develop.

The enhanced music in the present Larry games is a real expense, but I think anyone who hears it will think seriously about a music card. They are wonderful!

Anyway, as computer games went back then, it had now become possible to do something more than a mere text game. I was starting to get excited about the possibilities, and so were game players out there. The market existed, we just had to figure out what it was and fill it.

One day at Sierra we were talking about the various niches that weren't being filled in computer games. One of them was Space—science fiction things. Since then, Scott Murphy and Mark Crowe have filled that vacuum nicely with *Space Quest*.

"Filled the vacuum? Har, har."

Quiet, Larry. Another niche was fantasy role-playing games, and Ken had a hard time finding someone who could do one until *Hero's Quest*, which was just recently published. The other niche, the one I was interested in, was humor and something more adult.

"Real men don't eat niches."

I think you mean quiches, Larry.

"Them, too."

Right, well, I think there are some beer nuts on the kitchen counter—fetch them in here.

“Is that a medical condition or something?”

What? Oh. Watch it, Larry. Just get ‘em, huh?

Leather Goddesses

All this was happening about the time *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* was being written. It was a really big hit, and no one seemed to mind that it was a little dirty. So we said, ‘You know, maybe we should do an updated version of *Softporn*.’

“Yeah, leather! Reminds me of this chick in South Fresno who—”

Not now, Larry. Well, I looked the game over and I said, “Ken, I can’t do a literal translation of this game. It’s about a guy trying to pick up three girls. I can’t do a game stuck in the seventies like that.”

“Why not? I don’t see anything outdated about it.”

What do you know about dating? Stop interrupting me, Larry! So then Ken said, “Well, work it into something better.”

What we did was to save the puzzles from the game, and the premise about the three girls. We also kept the map and the geography of the game. Everything else we threw away, including all the text.

“Three girls are not enough. Now four, maybe.”

Instead of a vaguely defined ‘you,’ we made the person a character. We had another brainstorming session where we talked about what kind of guy this would be and what kind of motivation he would have.

“And it ain’t becoming a nuclear physicist, that’s for sure. Say, can I play with your computer?”

No, but you can get some more chips out of the kitchen. I’m going to need nourishment to survive this.

“Yeah, well there ain’t no more Granny Goose. You’ll have to eat Fritos and like them.”

That’s good, because I do. And bring in a six-pack of Cokes. We’ll eat traditional programmer soul food.

“Now you’re talking, Big Al!”

The Real Birth of Larry

So now we come to the real birth of Leisure Suit Larry. What we decided was that this guy was really pretty lame. He was out of touch and stuck in the seventies. Somebody said, "Well, he's the kind of guy who would wear a leisure suit in the eighties." Everyone laughed and thought that was pretty funny because leisure suits are so dated.

"What's wrong with leisure suits. I think they're cool."

Put down the chips and be like the government—don't tax yourself, Larry.

Anyway, I had this friend who most of the others at Sierra knew, too (name deleted to protect all of us). Somebody said, "Yeah, this character's like him, always talking about picking up girls but probably never gets any."

So somebody else said he's like a Leisure Suit Jerry (oops!). And then somebody else said, "No, we have to change the name, he's like a Leisure Suit Larry." That's how it came up, all from five or six people brainstorming. I think it was John Williams who came up with the Leisure Suit Larry name.

The *Land of the Lounge Lizards* business happened because I'm a jazz musician, too—I play a lot of clubs professionally. Have since I was 13. So I've worked a lot of lounges and stuff, and I said Larry's the sort of guy who would hang out in lounges. So I contributed that part for *The Land of the Lounge Lizards* because that's what men who hung out in lounges were called.

"Should I be insulted?"

You want to score with chicks in the next Leisure Suit Larry game?

"I'm not insulted, I'm not insulted!"

That's what I thought you'd say.

Well, for a long time Larry's last name in the game was the same as my friend's. Then, just as we were ready to ship the game, John Williams called me and said that I had to take his name out of the game and make it something fictional instead.

I pulled out the L volume of my *Encyclopedia Britannica*. I grabbed the L book because everything else in the title started with L and thought it would be nice to keep the alliteration. The first name I came to was "Arthur Laffer," and I just cracked up when I read it. The game was

The Story Behind Leisure Suit Larry

a funny game and to make his last name Laffer got a pun in, so that's how the name came about.

"Is this the set of encyclopedia?"

Lemme see. Yeah, that's it, Larry. I just got the one set.

"Well, Roberts told me he had four. He collects them. Ambushes encyclopedia salespeople with them."

I guess living up in the mountains like he does, simple pleasures are best.

"Yeah, so does that mean Arthur Laffer is my father?"

No, I am your— Oh, my God! What am I saying! Larry, you're just a fictional character in a computer game!

"Wanna bet?"

Yeah, and it was just coincidental that I picked Laffer's name.

"Maybe so, but now everybody's gonna want to know who he is. Let's see here. . .hmmm. . .

"Yeah, he's a cool dude. One of the founders of Supply-Side Economics. Arthur B. Laffer, born Youngstown, Ohio, August 14, 1940. He's most famous for his *Laffer Curve*. I've pretty fond of curves, myself."

Right, Larry, but his is an economic hypothesis using a mathematical model to show that raising tax rates will actually result in less government revenues. He also says that government revenues will rise if the present tax rates were lowered. He served on Reagan's Economic Policy Advisory board and was professor of finance and business economics at the University of Southern California from 1976 to 1984. He ran for the U.S. Senate from California in 1986.

"No kidding. He get many chicks?"

I don't know, Larry. Call him and ask!

"Well, maybe I'll try being a politician next. How's this for an opening line, Big Al? 'Hi. My name is Larry; Governor Larry Laffer. Let's me and you go balance the budget, babe.'"

Hmmm. You could work with some female lobbyists, I suppose. And, Lord knows, plenty of dorks like you do seem to get elected on a regular basis.

"You got it, man! I call it Proposition 13."

Okay, okay. People are waiting on us. Let me get back to talking about the birth of Leisure Suit Larry.

“Or how’s about, President Larry Laffer. ‘Hey, good-looking! Waddaya say I show you what Secret Service really means?’ Wouldn’t have no trouble in bars if I was the president.”

What have I done? What have I created?

“The greatest lover since Dobie Gillis. I am without a doubt the—”

Go get me some antacid tablets out of the medicine cabinet, the extra strength ones. We got to get on with this.

Larry’s Character (Larry’s What?) and Its Development

Larry became, as the Sierra On-Line copywriters described him, “just a polyester kind of guy.” He’s a nerd turned adventurer.

“A what!”

A nerd turned adventurer. Sort of like Pee Wee Herman standing in for Harrison Ford in an *Indiana Jones* movie. Like “Pee Wee Herman in the Temple of Doom.”

“I’m hurt. Besides, man, that Pee Wee is one cool dude. You ever notice those boss threads he wears? Anyway, you made those games downright dangerous for me.”

So stay out of dark alleys. Anyway, in the first game—*Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*—Larry is this laughable loser. As players of the game, we live one night in the life of Larry Laffer. Larry is looking for the ultimate thrill of his formerly sheltered life. Of course, he might not survive long enough to enjoy it.

“Did you really have to put in that dark alley? And whose idea was the little dog?”

That little dog likes you, Lar.

“Yeah, well he must love fire hydrants then.”

You got that right. In the second game, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, we went more to humor and developed Larry’s character more. He wins a million bucks and the dream vacation of his life.

“And get my fingernails yanked out by the KGB, drowned in quicksand, and we won’t even talk about the helicopter ride.”

You can’t say I don’t pay you well, Larry. A million bucks is a million bucks.

“Yeah, but inflation is hell. And all those hundred-buck haircuts eat into a fellow’s bankroll.”

In that game, Larry 2, our ol' buddy Lar winds up on a strange tropical island. He gets to meet such interesting people as sinister spies, a mad scientist, and assorted tropical island beauties.

"And winds up smack dab in the middle of a volcano ready to erupt."

Nobody said it had to be easy on you, Larry. But he's right, it isn't easy. Especially when you're trying to win the girl of your dreams, right Lar?

"Well, it does have its moments, I suppose. The dark alley was a lot safer, though."

Then there remains the burning question in Larry 2—will he get off the island alive? Will he notice the piano player? Will he—

"I thought the volcano was the burning question?"

Calm down, Larry. Now in Larry 3, or *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, we get to do a little role reversal. I thought it would be fun to play the game from the perspective of a woman. That's how I came up with *Passionate Patti*.

"So how come she gets more on-camera time than I do?"

Because she deserves it, Larry. Not to mention she looks a lot better than you do.

"Patti is all woman, that's for sure."

Anyway, the game takes place from the seamy strip clubs of Nontoonyt Island to a steamy jungle ruled by lesbian Amazon cannibal women. It is, and I'm proud of this, the first Sierra adventure ever to allow players to switch roles in mid-game and see the story from someone else's point of view.

"Hard to make it with them lesbian cannibals, that's for sure. They pop you in the pot before you can get your best line out."

What is your best line, Larry?

"Hi, babe. I'm richer than Donald Trump."

Not bad. Does it work?

"Yeah, unless they ask you to pay for the drinks."

Humor

Leisure Suit Larry games are funny, and meant to be funny.

The humor in the first Leisure Suit Larry game came about because we were just ready for it. I've always been a funny guy, always cracked jokes and puns, so when they said, "You can do what you want to with the game, just take it and run," I started putting more and more funny things in.

The business about the underground room in Larry 1 is interesting. Rick Cavin was and still is the general manager of the company, and has been for about eight years now. He's the guy who works in the underground room putting new brains on top of Larrys. When you die and get sent downstairs, that's really Rick who comes out, and all those characters around down there are from the other games. Sir Graham is one of them, and the dragon from *King's Quest II*, I think, and Roberta Williams is one of the people in the white coats.

The general premise and format of the Larry games lets me essentially run wild. I've been told one reason they're both so popular and so funny is because the unexpected is always popping up.

I'm not claiming any great genius here. If you knew me (and probably after this book you will only too well), you'd know that I've finally sunk to my highest possible level. I'm not good enough to write a real adventure game, so I think I'll just stick to these silly little escapes. I would like to do something besides Larry, but I'm sure I'll always try to be funny (assuming people continue to enjoy them).

"What's funny about me trying to get chicks?"

Everything, Larry. Everything.

"Huh?"

Never mind, sit down and be quiet. So, because of the freedom Sierra gave me in the Larry games, I got to put in lots of silly things. Like the toilet paper stuck to Larry's shoe, the dog peeing, and a lot of those little things that really make the game fun.

"I could do without the dog, Al. Believe me, I could do without the dog."

The Story Behind Leisure Suit Larry

Seriously, folks; I do intend to write the Great American Game, as soon as I can make enough money at this sideline to get new shoes for my 386! I have worked on *Police Quest*, *King's Quest III*, and *King's Quest IV*, you know. I think those are serious enough for me.

As to the Larry games, I thought I could make a sincere contribution to mankind (and womankind).

"Hey! Really?"

Nah! I was just pulling your leg, Larry. It's the promise of all those fancy cars and new homes that Ken Williams keeps telling me about. When do those start coming, Ken? Seriously, I tried to make a game that was slightly adult, and a lot funny, because that's the kind of person I am (slightly adult and a lot funny).

Although a few women have mentioned to me that I must be a real male chauvinist pig, I feel they have just missed the point of Larry. It's really satire *against* that kind of thinking! I'm an ERA-er from way back (being honest now). Apparently some of the ladies have missed the humor in the Larry games.

"They're not the only ones missing stuff. I'm the one Ken should be giving cars to—without me, you ain't got a game to stand on, Al."

Oh, pipe down, Larry.

"You don't appreciate me."

Here, use the napkin to wipe your eyes. Blow your nose. I do, *too*, appreciate you, Larry.

"Then why did you put that dark alley in Larry 1 with the mugger in it? How come all that KGB fingernail-pulling stuff in Larry 2, and that damn helicopter ride? And what about all those cliffs to fall off of and the lagoon in Larry 3? Your games just aren't *safe* for a fellow like me!"

Well, other than that, what's your problem? You *do* want to make it to Larry 4, don't you?

"Is that a threat? . . . Al? . . . Al? . . . Why are you grinning like that? Is that what they call a 'wolfish grin'?"

You know, Larry, it's a little scary when you think what I can do just by warping a little code here, skewing a graphic there. It's in my power, old buddy, to really make you look bad.

"Ha! People won't pay to see you make me look dorky."

Oh? You think not?

“Er. . . Why don’t you go ahead talking to the nice people, Great One. Your servant but lives to obey.”

Right. Thanks, Larry. Another brew, please. Domestic is okay.

To continue: *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* was based on my last three vacations, but that was just so I could write them off on my IRS forms. Just kidding, just kidding (in case the IRS is reading this).

Seriously, about the time I was designing Larry 2, my family and I took a vacation to Mexico, and some of the things that happened went into the game. There was the mad rush to the airline ticket counter, and a really terrible plane ride. The resort that was so heavily landscaped that we kept getting lost. All that found its way into the game. Art sometimes imitates life.

“Art who? Is that another one of Ken’s brothers?”

How “Racy” Is Racy?

Using the word *racy*, as some have in describing the Larry games, is really more of a compliment than anything else. If you look it up in the dictionary, one of the definitions is “full of zest; spirited; often piquant, pungent, brisk, etc.”

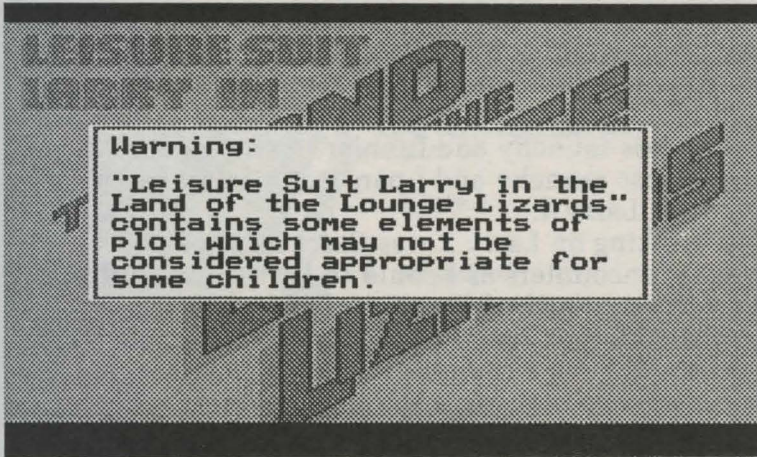
“No kidding?”

Exactly, Larry. In fact, I left out a few words that were in the beta version; refer to George Carlin for those. There are no scenes removed; I’m just not dirty enough to think of anything really naughty.

“Sure you aren’t. It’s not the language, but the sex they complain about, ain’t it, Al?”

Yes. Ken Williams, our publisher (and noted village chieftain) is very wary of bad publicity. He wanted to be sure that anyone who played the first Larry game was at least screened a little, so he insisted on the quiz at the start of the game.

It turned out to be a fun thing to do, so all was okay and we’ve done it in two of the games to date. Larry 2, instead, has the “filth level” controller and that’s our “out” there; if someone wants it to be filthy, it’s only filthy because they’ve cranked it over.



The Leisure Suit Larry games deal with adult situations. This warning at the beginning of Larry 1 is to keep out anyone who perhaps should not be playing the game. You must also pass a short quiz before the game will allow itself to be played.

We start out clean and you change it. Now, as to if it's really dirty or not, who knows? I don't think it is; most people think it bland. Most comments are that it isn't really that dirty. My goal was to write a funny game, not a dirty one.

Yet, my sense of humor is an adult one, and if people can't take a joke, _____'em <grin>!

Nah, just kidding! Larry 2 is silly, but it's not very dirty. If you think *National Geographic* is dirty, then you won't like Larry 2.

"Well, my favorite is 'Women of Bali.' Now they don't wear no tops and—"

Ol' Nat Geo has educated a lot of us, Larry.

"The bare facts, ma'am, just the bare facts."

Isn't that from the TV show, *Dragnet*?

"Huh? Nah, these chicks let the men do all the fishing. I still got my copy at home if you'd like to—"

That's all right, Larry. I'll pass for now.

When Larry 1 shipped, and when it finally started selling and doing pretty well, we said, "Hey, we need to do a

sequel to this game.” But we had heard a lot of flack about the sex, and we had gotten some bad reviews. In fact, *MacWorld* just ate me alive. They hated it.

So I thought we needed to tone it down a little and do something less raunchy and funnier. Well, that’s what I did. It was less raunchy and I personally think Larry 2 was funnier than Larry 1.

My thinking on Larry 2 was that I had done as much silly sexual encounters as I could in Larry 1, so in this game I wanted to make him go out looking for true love—an idealistic kind of quest. And also make the game linear so that I could have a little bit more plot development along the way. So that was a big consideration.

“What’s funny about my trying to find true love?”

Everything, Larry. Everything. Trust me.

Fill the chip bowl up again, and watch the crumbs. Margaret will kill me if this place is a pig sty.

“Where is your lovely wife?”

Beats me, she tends to disappear when you’re around. Something to do with good taste, I think.

“Well, what does she want? Good graphics or good taste?”

Good taste, I think.

“And where are the kids?”

Probably hiding with their mother—er. . .not here right now.

“How are they?”

Well, Brian’s 14 now and Megan’s 6. They’re doing great.

“Brian, yeah, is he the one always on the phone when I try to call you about renegotiating my contract?”

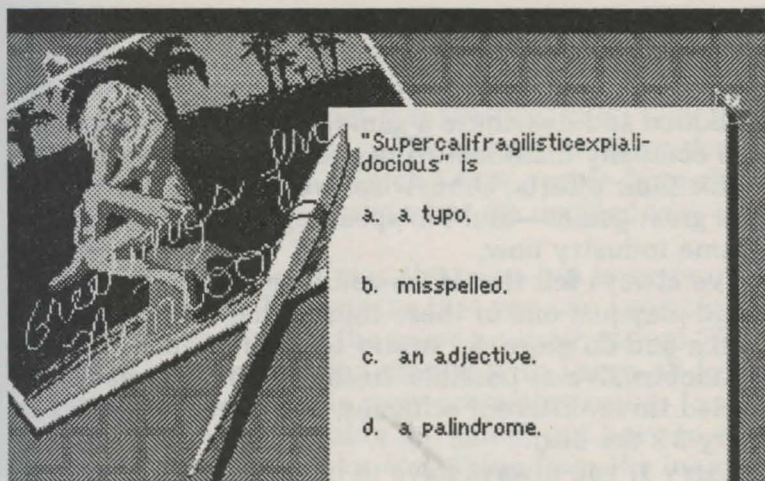
Never mind, in that instance I forgive. Let’s get on with this. So Larry 2 got out on the market and everyone screamed, “Hey, this game ain’t dirty enough!”

Everybody was disappointed. Which convinced us that with Larry 3 we should go back where we were.

“Sax and violets?”

No violence, Larry—just the sex.

The Story Behind Leisure Suit Larry



As a protective measure, you must answer a quiz at the start of Larry 3.



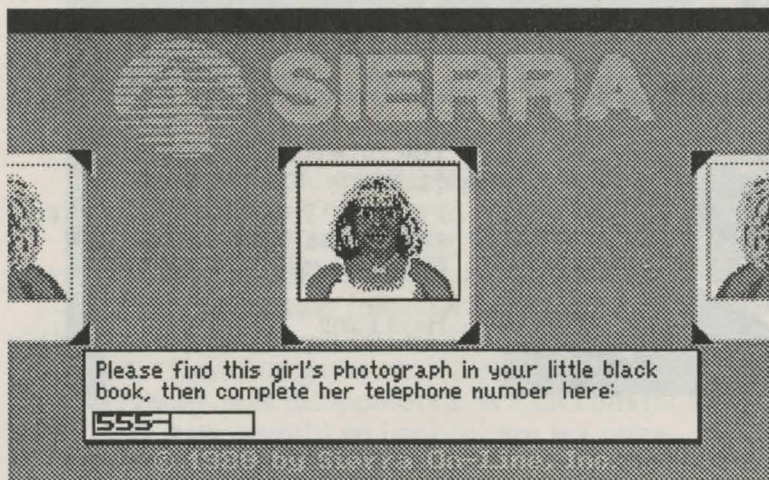
Copy Protection

I guess most people don't like copy protection, but we have to have it for some very good reasons. It costs a lot of money to produce and distribute a game. If it becomes popular, both the company manufacturing and the authors deserve reward for their efforts. Otherwise, we just won't bring out all these great games—and I'm speaking of the whole computer game industry now.

We've always felt that if we could get people to sit down and play just one of these things, that they would come back and do more. So we try to keep the copy protection as unobtrusive as possible. In the three Larry games, we've tried three different schemes, and everyone seems to like Larry 3's the best.

In Larry 1, you always have to have the original distribution disk to start the game. Anything that can be lost, will be lost. That's a fact of life. And if you lost the disk, you would have to order another one.

So in Larry 2 we tried something a little different. We included the pictures of girls from Larry's "little black book." The game shows you one when it starts up, and you



The copy protection scheme used in Larry 2 requires you to look up a phone number in the manual that comes with the game.

enable play by completing her “phone number.” The pictures, by the way, are intentionally bad in the book so that they can’t be photocopied easily.

This worked okay, but it meant you can’t play the game at all unless you have the manual to enter the phone number and start it up. Which keeps people from ripping off free copies, but also kills what we decided was a very important benefit to us.

In Larry 3, you can play the game (up to certain points) without the book. This means that you can copy the distribution disks and install the game on their system. You can spend lots of time messing around with Larry, all for free.

Of course, where the copy protection comes in is to progress on toward winning the game; you have to occasionally enter a number or something from the manual included with the game. The manual in Larry 3 is also very important as a provider of hints.

Overall, we’ve found this sort of copy protection is good in that it gets people hooked on the game, and they go out and buy a legal copy to get the manual. Also, people give their friends copies, and these friends get hooked and go out and buy the game to get the book.

“A fellow’s got to eat.”

Right, Larry. And that’s why we have copy protection—to get an honest return for our effort. That way, we can keep the price of the games down, too. Not to mention investing in adding new techniques and new effects that will make future games even more fun to play.

Copy protection may not be all that popular, but it makes the system work. It isn’t a perfect system, but it’s all we’ve got.

Conclusion

If you think I like Larry, and that I’m proud of the Larry games, you’re right. Probably the greatest joy in the world is to do what I love doing, which I would do for free, and to get paid for it. And not only that, but to know I’m also bringing some good laughs and a few hours of fun into many people’s lives.

What can I say? Thanks.

“You do like me!”

Chapter 2

Don't press it, Larry! Go get us some more refreshments. We have to get into "The Making of Leisure Suit Larry" in the next chapter.

"Are you going to describe my conquests?"

No, Larry, that wouldn't fill up enough space.

"Yeah, well, can we get a chick in here to like do the 'making' of me?"

Be quiet, Larry, and get back out to the kitchen. Whip us up some sandwiches. And make a pot of coffee. At the rate you interrupt me, we'll to be here for another two or three hundred pages.

By the way folks, if you haven't taken this book up to the clerk yet, do it now before the store closes.

Thanks.

3

The Making of Leisure Suit Larry

Okay, Larry, if you'll sit down and quit wearing out my carpet, we're going to tell the kind folks out there about the making of the Larry games.

"Rats. Then this has nothing with chicks?"

Sit down, Larry, just sit down.

Sorry, people, Larry is like the Circuit Court, he's trying at times.

"Now speaking of courtship, that Judge Wapner could take some tips from me. Can you imagine how cool the dude would look in a snow-white leisure suit with a few gold chains around his neck. Now that's—"

Shut up, Larry. I'm sure the Judge doesn't need your help in his love life.

"How do you know, man? Let's call him."

No, no, Lar. Here's the best advice I can give you. Three things everyone should know. Never spit in the wind, never try to punch out Hulk Hogan, and never call Judge Wapner at three in the morning with some silly advice about leisure suits.

"I bet Hogan gets a lot of chicks."

Forget it, Larry. But I tell you, starting a fight with the Hulkster is one heck of a lot safer than getting Wapner out of bed.

"Say! I bet my main man Wapner gets a lot of chicks, too—being a judge and all. How's about *Leisure Suit Larry on the Supreme Court*? I could make rulings during the day and chicks at night."

Er, I don't think the Supreme Court is the place for you, Larry, and probably, neither do they.

Now. Where was I before a certain character so rudely interrupted?

"Fresno?"

Chapter 3

I remember, I remember—some of the design considerations behind the Larry games. Listen up, Lar. You might learn something about program design here.

“Uh huh? Sure I will.”

Find us a six-pack of Classic Coke and shut up, Larry. Fill the bowl with nachos, too. There should be an emergency bag of 'em stashed under the sink.

Design of Larry 1

None of the games, of course, were a one-man project. I had a lot of good help.

Mark Crowe's contributions to Larry 1, for example, were in the graphics areas. He came up with the actual look of the game and how the rooms interconnected and so forth, but he didn't write any of the text or do any of the puzzles.

“He did make me into the handsome, debonair stud that I am.”

Er, yes, Larry. But aren't studs something carpenters put into the walls of houses?

“Hmpf. So, other than credits on the packages, how else have you acknowledged the people that helped ya?”

Well, remember knocking on the doors in the hotel and all those messages you got?

“Yeah, how could I forget. You go through the casino and around to the elevator. Enter and type 'Press Two.' When you get to the second floor, just start knocking on doors and work your way up through the hotel.”

Right, Larry. A lot of the messages mean something. The one that says, “Oh, Jeff. You really know how to hurt a guy,” refers to Jeff Stephenson. Jeff is responsible for Sierra's Creative Interpreter, and we'll give him some more well-deserved good words later. The “Hey, Scott, the girls are here,” is in honor of Scott Murphy. “Bobbit, is that you?” refers to Bob Heitman, and so forth. You can usually figure out who's who by looking at the credits on the games. There's a lot of neat hidden stuff like that in all the Larry games.

“Yeah, those are fine. But what about the 'Not now; I've got wessonality,' message?”

You were knocking on the wrong door, Larry. It can be a pretty slippery game at times, eh?

"Har, har."

Heh, heh. Anyway, the slot machine-playing sequence in the game actually came rather easily. I tried calling Scott Murphy, because he had just done one for the *Space Quest* game. He was busy and promised to call me back. So I started programming on it, and by the time he returned my phone call, I had finished the slot machine. It was really trivial to do, but it adds a lot to the whole game.

"So how come you limited the amount I could win? Seems like a pretty cheap casino to me."

We were on a limited budget, then, Lar. Sorry.

"Oh, come on, Big Al. That ain't it. I'm asking a serious question here."

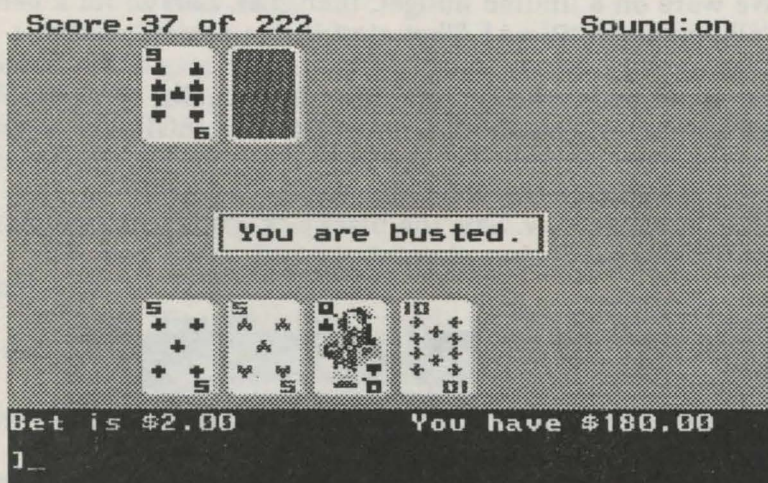
An experience wholly unfamiliar to you. Oh, all right. As a programmer, you should appreciate this. AGI only used a one-byte variable. So, the largest number available was only 255. Hence the 250 dollar limit.

"Makes sense now. Say, the blackjack game was pretty neat."



The slot machine sequence in *Larry 1* is very realistic, but a one-byte variable limits winnings to \$250.

Thanks. I worked a lot on that blackjack sequence. Ken Williams wrote some of the code in it. In a burst of programming fervor, he wrote most of the game in one eight or ten hour shift. Then I spent a week trying to get it to work. Unfortunately, he just wrote this one thing so fast that it was a little buggy. Took me a week to get rid of the bugs. But it's a pretty good achievement when you can create a week's worth of work in eight hours, like he made for me. It adds a lot to the game and I can't say enough good about Ken. He's a great programmer.



The blackjack sequence in *Larry 1* featured cameo coding by Ken Williams, president of Sierra On-Line. This game within a game allows you to do the same thing as expensive video blackjack games.

“Is there a market for that kind of makework talent?”

If there is, you can bet Ken will find it.

“Or one of his brothers, anyway. Maybe they could sell it to the government or something.”

It was a good blackjack game. In fact, the more I've played the video ones over in Vegas and other places, the more realistic it seems. I don't know if people are aware, but you can split and double down, have insurance, and do all that stuff that the real video casino games have.

"Except pick up the chick serving those free drinks."
Ever try that in a real casino, Larry? Doesn't work there either.

"Haven't tried it yet, you never let me go anywhere that's not in a computer. How about letting me get out and make some personal appearances. Book me on the Carson show, or something. How about Geraldo? It's about time he did a segment on the sex lives of computer game heroes."

Hmmm. You're probably funky enough for him after that bikini gig in Larry 2. I can see it now. "Computer Game Heroes Who Are Cross Dressers."

"Nah, that wouldn't impress the babes. But I did look kinda cute, didn't I?"

No, Larry. Computer graphics are good, but they aren't that good yet, and most likely never will be.

"Hmpf."

Back to work, here. The biggest design consideration we made in Larry 1 was that along the way we decided it had to be funny. And it had to be silly. Then we started looking for places to flesh out our thin shell of a design. So I started hanging stuff on the shell. Nobody was rushing me. I had plenty of time and they didn't care how soon it came out as long as it did. So there was no specific week as a deadline. For once, I had plenty of time to put in little embellishments.

Like if you look inside the barrel of the guy peddling apples, and you ask him his name, and then you ask him his last name. Stuff like that. There are little hidden Easter eggs all over Larry 1, and that part was fun to do.

"Well, the first name is 'Steve'."

Don't give it all away, Larry. Let the kind people out there find out for themselves.

"What kind of people?"

The best kind, the kind that like Leisure Suit Larry.

"Yeah, and I like them, too."

Right. You should. If they don't play the Larry games, you don't exist.

"What!"

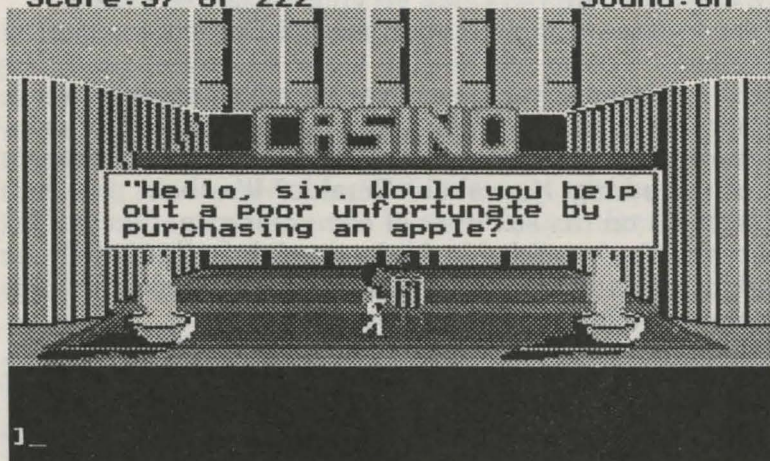
Anyway, you'll see the guy in the barrel after you come out of the casino with the disco card.

"And where do they find that?"

Later, Larry, later.

Score: 37 of 222

Sound: on



Score: 37 of 222

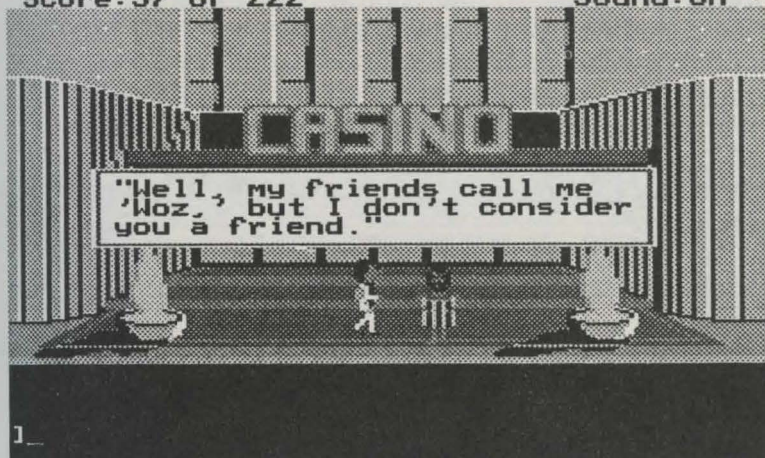
Sound: on



Type in "Ask the man his first name," and you get the answer above.

Score: 37 of 222

Sound: on



Ask him his last name, and the answer tells you why the guy is selling "apples." Anyone out there who doesn't know who the Woz is, please raise your hand.

Brøderbund Buddies

"Hey, Big Al. Tell them about that reference to a certain other game company, huh?"

Okay, Larry. Well, Sierra has always been a very close company to Brøderbund. Ken and Doug Carlson are good friends. Back in the old days we used to go whitewater rafting together, and we saw a lot of each other, with all sorts of trips and parties together.

We've always been friendly competitors. Sierra and Brøderbund are about the only game companies surviving from those early pioneer days in the industry. Like us, they were in on the first days of this industry.

So, when Larry 1 was under development, Brøderbund was considering going public with a stock offering. Larry 1 was released just as this offering was scheduled to hit the brokers. So I put a line in the game about that. I think you give the drunk a dollar bill and the drunk says, "Oh, great. Now I can go buy some Brøderbund stock."

But the people at Sierra made me take it out right before the game shipped. I didn't mean it that way, but they were afraid people would interpret it to mean that Brøderbund's stock had dropped in value. I was just trying to poke a little fun at our friends.

Chapter 3

However, I've heard that it didn't get taken out, so that might be something you ought to check.

"Me? Why should I have to?"

I meant the readers, Larry!

"Well, okay, then. However, Al, I have checked. It's still in there—at least as late as the version dated 6-01-87. That's the one I got on my mean machine back in the palatial Larry-pad."

You mean that room you're renting over Lefty's Bar?

"Yeah. You try to find better accommodations in an Al Lowe game."

Plenty of them. The casino in Larry 1, the resort in Larry 2, the casino on Nontoonyt Island in Larry 3.

"Sure. Nice places. But, other than the room in the resort in Larry 2, just try to get into any of them. And I ain't too keen on Carlos in that room. Have you ever seen him? He's got a bad disposition in the game. So I stay over Lefty's until you let me out of the computer. Then it's the Holiday Inn for me."

What happens there?

"Heh, heh."

Never mind. Anyway, Carlos is in honor of Carlos Escobar. He translated Larry 1 for the Apple II and did a lot of good work on *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*. But what does the drunk say about Brøderbund exactly?

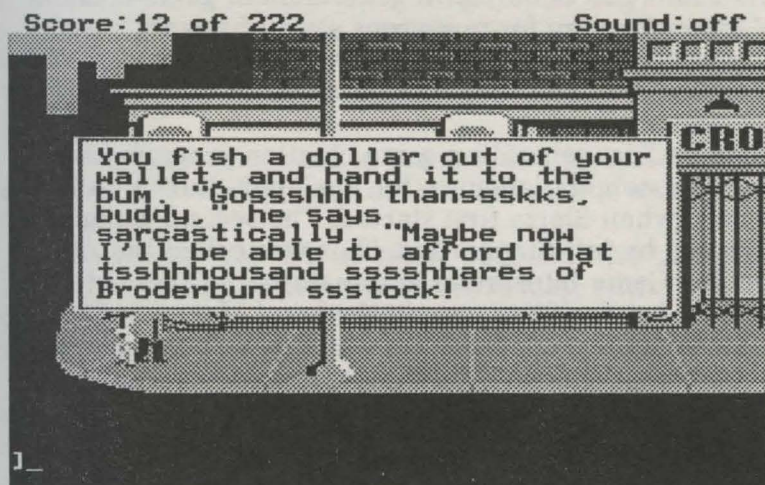
"The screen reads: You fish a dollar out of your wallet and hand it to the bum. 'Gosshhh thansskks, buddy,' he says, 'Maybe now I'll be able to afford that tsshhsousand sssshares of Brøderbund ssstock!'"

Hmmm. It would be worth a lot more than that. Not a bad investment. Like I said earlier, they're friends of ours and it was all meant in fun. But the real joke wound up being on me—you see, they never went public.

"Har, har. Well, if they ever do and take computer money, I'll buy some. Got a lot of that lottery winnings left over from Larry 2—despite all those hundred buck haircuts. Does Ken have a brother who's a barber or something? Is that why you put them inflated prices in?"

Never mind, Larry. I promised not to divulge that. Anyway, folks, if you want to check to see if the

Brøderbund gag is in your version of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, just take the taxi to the store. When the bum walks up, get close to him and type 'give the bum a dollar.' See what he says.



The Brøderbund stock joke.

And, by the way, Sierra On-Line is a public company now.

"Yep, I've always told the chicks, 'You can take stock in Leisure Suit Larry.'"

Speaking of stock, Larry—see if there are any cookies left in the pantry.

Design of Larry 2

Bill Skirvin designed the art for both Larry 2 and Larry 3. He's responsible for the look, and for all the background scenes.

"I liked it."

In *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, I was really concerned because it was the first game I had done in the new language, which is called SCI, or Sierra's Creative Interpreter. SCI, which is a third generation adventure game language, was known to be slower, because we had more dots and pixels on the

screen. It took longer to animate, update, and draw pictures on the screen. The pictures also were all bigger. The views and animation were also larger; so it took real consideration on the length of time it would take to change screens.

As I said, SCI is our third generation of game-creation tools. It's interesting for numerous state-of-the-art reasons, not the least of which is that it is written mostly in *itself*. In other words, we used the language to write the language. Really neat stuff.

Sierra's first generation game creation program was written in assembly language for the Apple II back in the early 80's, when Sierra first started. The second generation was written by Jeff Stephenson. This was called the AGI or Adventure Game Interpreter and featured 3-D animated characters. *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* is written in AGI, although we're now in the process of converting it over to SCI for a rerelease.

"Wow! Ol' Lost Wages still has some life left in it, huh?"

Yep. How did Roberts describe it in Chapter One? "It looks like a huge neon dinosaur making it with six thousand acres of electrified sequins."

"The boy does have a way with words, but did you ever try to borrow money from him?"

Maybe he gives you all the credit you're due, Larry. Heh, heh.

"Hmpf."

SCI originally stood for Script Compiler Interpreter. However, when Sierra went public, the people doing the stock prospectus wanted us to come up with a little better name to reflect the proprietary nature of it—hence, Sierra's Creative Interpreter.

"That's a better name than Marvin or Frogwhompus, I guess."

Where was I? Oh, yeah. Well, Larry 2 was designed so that it could be played on a floppy disk-based machine with a minimum of disk changing. In other words, the breaks come at places where the next segment is to be loaded in, which lets you do a lot of things without needing the resources on the previous disk.

Disk swapping was a problem with *King's Quest IV*, and I wanted to make sure Larry 2 didn't have that problem. So what I did was design the game by what would fit onto a disk. That's why the game is so area intensive.

"I'm an area intensive sort of guy. Ask any chick."

Larry! Anyway, Larry 1 was a very "round" game. You could go almost everywhere and see almost everything within the first five minutes. So I wanted to make Larry 2 linear.

I also tried very hard to break it so that it would fit on disks easily. I worked hard at that, because it was important.

The reason was that so many people at the time still had only two-floppy disk machines. Today, with hard disk prices dropping so dramatically, this is not quite as strong a requirement as we saw it at the time.

I strung the six areas in the game along like beads on a string. There's Los Angeles, the Cruise Ship, the Resort, the Airport, the airplane, and Nontoonyt Island. I did that purposely so that people with floppy-based computers could still play the game and not go crazy with disk swapping.

"You did a lot of weird stuff in Larry 2, Big Al. What about all those people who have noticed how my hair changes back from blonde to black in the barbershop. What about that, big guy. Was that a mistake, or what? Huh?"

No, no. It's really simple. I just didn't want to fool around with a "funny" view of Larry for the rest of the game. So I invented the airport barber. This lets Larry return to his usual handsome self. Then, I had to figure out a way to keep him out of the rest of the airport while his hair was blond. So, *voila* and presto, the passport and the agent, where Larry shows all to the agent.

"Yeah, yeah, I remember all that. But how did my hair turn back to black?"

Oh, that's easy. We used our graphics editor. You make up your own solution. I had enough fun just putting Princess Rosella from *King's Quest IV* in the barber shop and getting it past Roberta.

"I thought she looked familiar. I met her at the Sierra On-Line Christmas party."

Roberta?

"Nah, she won't speak to me. *Rosella*."

Don't blame her. By the way, I wonder if anyone has noticed the unusual graphics in the jungle? Speaking of little Easter eggs. Anyone interested?

"Probably not, Al. I assume you're speaking of the statue?"

Yeah, the statue. Bet a lot of people can't guess whose face that is.

"Sure they can, Big Al. All they got to do is look at your picture in this book and compare. Or maybe the one in the post office."

Larry! I'm not a wanted man.

"Boy, that's for sure."

Larry. . .

"I just love it when you fume like that, Big Al. Er. . . You wouldn't hold that against me when you're coding Larry 4, would you? Al? . . . Al? . . . Don't grin so nasty like that, Al. Say something."

Just watch it, Larry. Say, this drink tastes funny. Are you mixing the Diet Coke and the Tab again?

"I like it. Try stirring some Fritos in too—they're great all wet and soggy."

Ugh. Anyway, peoples, if you want to look at the statue in Larry 2, watch for it after you first parachute onto the island. It's in the jungle there. Also you might look for a second head—that's Bill Skirvin's likeness.

"And that isn't all they'll see around there, hidden in the jungle in the next three or four scenes."

Er, yes. Also look around in both Larry 2 and Larry 3. There are all sorts of interesting graphics that are not readily apparent without a little searching.

"Funky stuff?"

Let the folks make up their own minds, Larry. And bop out to the kitchen and check on the jelly doughnut situation. We got to keep our strength up here.

You're certainly becoming an imposing figure of a man, Big Al.

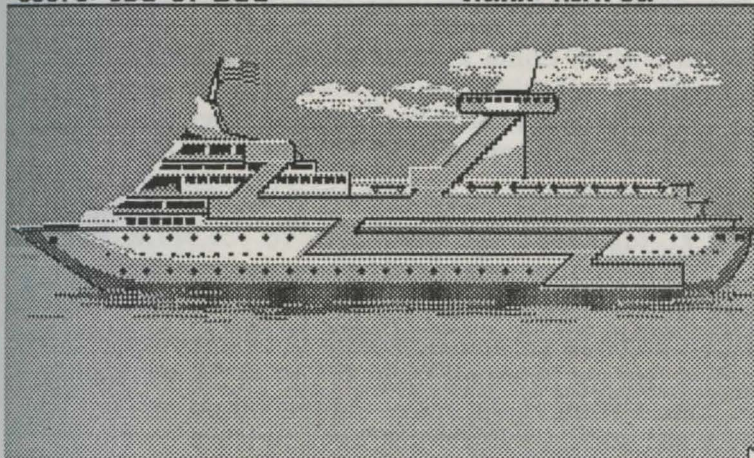
Watch it, Lar.

"I just mean you think weighty thoughts, O Great One."

Hmpf.

Score: 130 of 500

Rank: Nimrod



Larry 2 has “areas” strung out like beads on a string. This is the second one you reach, the Cruise Ship. Be sure to remember the hot tropical sun and take precautions.

Larry 3 Design Considerations

By the time Larry 3 or *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* came around, we were at the point that we just assumed everyone has hard disks. We don't see how anyone could really play the game by swapping disks. So floppy-based computers were less of a consideration.

“I still think my name should have been in the title!”

Oh fer—Larry, look at the box. Your name is up top and it's a lot bigger than the title. Also, your picture is on the front in glorious living expensive four-color printing. What more could you want?

“My name in the title, big guy.”

Hmmm. Think you could convince Patti to agree to that? Here, hand me the phone and I'll call her right now.

“Er. . .Wait! No, I guess it's okay.”

Thought you'd say that. Patti's about the only woman I ever met who could control you.

“Hmpf. I'm just smart enough to always be nice to her. Besides, that doggone Roberta has done told Patti all my little secrets. I don't dare try any tricks with her.”

Heh, heh. The ladies do tend to give each other good intelligence info about men.

“What is this? Some kind of armed conflict or something?”

Larry, ol’ buddy, in the war between the sexes, sometimes you win by losing.

“Huh?”

Never mind. I think it’s going to be five or six more games before you start catching on.

“Yeah? Well, speaking of Patti, tell them about the bug in Larry 3.”

Right. You can get the tips more than once—yes, that’s a bug. You can get them all night if you’re patient enough. Which means you can get more than 4,000 points, but that will be fixed soon, so you’ll just have to try your version and see if that bug is there.

“Tell them where.”

When you’re playing as Patti, go into the piano bar and look at the tips, then get the tips. As long as you look first, then get the tips, you can do it over and over, racking up more points each time. If you try to pick up the tips without looking first, the game will just tell you that you already have them.

Getting back to design considerations, and the floppy disk/hard disk situation. In fact, you could play the game and see how many times you’d have to change the disks, if you wanted to. Type “LSL3 -r” and that tells you when people without the benefit of hard disks have to change disks. You’ll get some sort of message like “Need resource off of Disk 2,” or something like that. This is how we test games now instead of having to actually play them on floppy.

Jeff Stephenson is one programmer responsible in large part for some of the neat tricks we do to make the games a bit more manageable for you. Bob Heitman has also worked on this. For example, *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* consists of:

2,160,222 bytes of source code, which compiles down to
527,103 bytes of object code,
1,394,301 bytes of animation,
339,162 bytes of background pictures,
764,337 bytes of sound effects and music, and
159,356 bytes of programs, drivers, and interpreter
for a total of 5,344,481 bytes.

Now, 5,344,481 bytes or over five megabytes is a lot to ask you to put on your hard disk, and we don't. Using Bob Heitman's techniques, data totaling 3,326,903 bytes were compressed by a proprietary program down to the 2,242,446 bytes of resources on your disks.

SCI, Sierra's Creative Interpreter, is an in-house, third-generation, adventure game language that includes everything necessary to produce games like *King's Quest* and *Leisure Suit Larry*. Largely through the work of Jeff Stephenson, Bob Heitman, and other master programmers, it allows specialists like artists, musicians, designers, and high-level programmers to create every aspect of three-dimensional, animated, graphic adventure games. Background scene, animation, sound effects, font and cursor editors, graphics card drivers, MIDI device drivers, compilers, interpreters, and literally dozens of utilities are the result of millions of dollars of software development.

"Well, I'm just glad they didn't try it in Cobol. The game would be bigger than Fresno and just about as interesting."

Watch the Fresno cracks, Larry. I got to live here. Preferably in one piece.

By the way, here's my favorite tip for Larry 3. I saw it on one of the computer networks. It goes something like, "You'll find the nectarine song initially disappointing at first, but later a capital idea.

"Say what? That don't make sense."

It will later, Larry. Trust me. It will.

General Game Design

Now, let's throw in some general tidbits of interesting information. We'll cover here how Sierra On-Lines games are built from the ground up.

"Different process for different brands of computers, huh?"

Not really as much as you'd expect, Larry. We use graphics routines similar to the ones on the other machines—that is, for Apple, Mac, IBM, Atari, and Amiga. Everything is a bitmapped image, same on the Amiga as on the IBM, Mac, and so forth.

Thank goodness I don't have to deal in the bits and bytes of the language. I'm involved more in the creative and high-level end of the language. Bob Heitman and Jeff Stephenson are the graphics guys, and they could bury you in details.

By the way, that's one of the nice things about working in SCI (Sierra's Creative Interpreter). I deal in plot, dialogue, and characters instead of in the details of making this stuff happen.

"Yeah, well I ain't forgot all them sand crabs and the polluted lagoon, buddy. Thanks a heap."

Don't mention it, Lar. Anyway, the writer comes up with what the room will look like, and also what animated characters can appear in it. Like your beach, for example. It includes several characters at different times—Tawni, Larry, the various souvenir peddlers, and (later on in the game) Passionate Patti. All this data goes to the programmers and artists at Sierra. They use a number of programming tools that were developed in-house there.

"It's nice that they get to work in the house instead of out in the parking lot. Ken have a brother who's a real estate agent or somethin'?"

One of these tools is the View Editor. It's used to draw moving characters like our friend, Larry, and the others in the game.

Another tool, the Picture Editor, is employed in devising all the background. This allows the artist to use dithers, brush strokes, and lines to make up a background that appears to be three dimensional.

"That's okay, as long as we don't have to wear those funky 3-D glasses, Al."

Not to worry, Larry. We aren't to that point yet. Where was I? Yeah. Backgrounds are not just drawn, polished, and stored—that would take up too much space, even on a hard disk. What we do is convert them into coordinates and vectors. That simply means they're turned into lines instead of a collection of maybe thousands of dots, or pixels.

"You do what?"

It's like this Larry. Vectors tell a computer how to draw a picture without the need of having the whole thing on disk, like a bitmapped graphics picture would. The program works similar to the way CAD drawings are done. You tell it to draw a line from Point A to Point B, without a copy of that line actually being in the computer—just its starting and ending points, and such attributes as color, curvature, and so forth. Take a look sometime at the same artwork in, say, a Publisher's Paintbrush .PCX format as compared to an encapsulated PostScript or .EPS file. The PostScript file, being a vector file, is usually smaller. Saving space is important so that we can put a lot more scenes and so forth into the game.

"If you say so, Great One. How is this done?"

The actual artistic process is done on a standard IBM-compatible computer. The programs have pull-down menus and windows like AutoCAD and other commercial computer-aided drafting programs. A mouse and a graphics tablet is used to do most of the drawing.

"Do mice work cheap or something? Or hold ink better than brushes? And washing up afterwards, do you get them squeaky clean?"

Larry! You know what I mean.

"Wanna bet?"

Right. I sit corrected. Bring some more Classic Coke, and more ice cubes, and maybe some Doritos. Now, here's where we get sophisticated.

"What's sophisticated about hacker soul food?"

No, I mean in the graphics for Sierra On-Line games. To make sure we get the proper 3-D effect, all the things on the screen have a relationship to other objects.

"Yeah, love them relationships."

I'm talking about both inanimate and animate objects here, Larry. Trees, rocks, people, everything. This is why you bump into stuff so much. Pay attention.

The screen is divided into sixteen zones or bands. You can't see them when you play the finished game, but the artist who draws in the scene uses them as a horizontal grid in placing things. He or she first does a pencil sketch on paper with sixteen lines. These lines or bands serve as control lines determining the depth of field of the view.

When the view is set up in the computer, such things as rocks and trees are lined up with one of these lines. For example, the roots of a tree will be on a line.

This determines, in the end result, where you can walk on the screen. Solid areas, like walls and trees and stuff, are set up in this way. Otherwise, you could just walk through a wall and into the next room.

"Ha! No problem on that."

Larry, watch it!

Thump! "Ouch."

That'll teach you, Larry. Straighten that picture back. How's your nose?

"It hurts! Waddaya think? So, does that mean you have priority bands in this room?"

Nah. Just rugs and furniture and stuff. Anyway, that's how we control the three dimensions in the games. The play testers, both Sierra staff and the others who check our games, spend a lot of time trying to find places where the character can do something that's wrong, like actually walk through a bush or a wall. Those places get fixed by moving objects around, or maybe adding something to keep the character from falling off the screen.

"Hey! I know a place you missed. That cave in Larry 3 where you can fall over the cliff and down to the beach, flattening yourself in the process."

Nope. That one's there by intent. Teach you to be careful when looking at flowers, eh?

"Hmpf."

The computer is checking all the pixels of the view on the screen about 10 times a second. If a higher priority pixel is there, it won't draw over it.

Here's an interesting and very useful concept we have. We can actually paint invisible areas on the screen. For example, we put an invisible door mat in front of doors. If you're standing on the mat, you can open the door. Otherwise, you get a message saying you're not close enough.

On the beach in Larry 3, Bill Skirvin painted the water with a control code and an invisible band along the beach that serves as a warning track. If you step on the warning track, you get that message about how you don't want to swim in such a polluted lagoon. If you go on anyway and touch the water, you drown.

"Glub, glub."

Larry, quit making funny noises with your Coke.

In Larry 3, William Skirvin drew all of the pictures and a lot of the animation. Roger Hardy, Jr. did the rest. They did a great job, and I can't compliment them enough.

Getting Characters to Shake Their Booties

Okay, the backgrounds are vector graphics. However, the characters that move are bitmapped graphics, that is, we store the actual pixels. They're done—and this fits you so well, Lar—in boxes made up of little squares of eight or ten or fifteen pixels. We call these boxes *cells*, just like in animated cartoons.

"Are you saying I'm a—"

Yes, I am. By the way, the term *cells* came about because the original film cartoons were drawn on celluloid.

Now, by changing the color of these squares, we can achieve all sorts of animation effects. Even make some invisible so that the background shows through when appropriate, like if there's something supposed to be between a part of the character and the foreground. A cell can consist of anywhere from two hundred to over a thousand pixels.

"Huh?"

This is what animates you, Larry.

"Nah, chicks animate me. Just sit me down next to one in a bar and I'll show ya."

Um. Right. Well, a cell has sixteen colors in it. We assign one of these to be transparent so that the background shows through. This means, for example, that if you are walking, Larry, the space between your legs is invisible.

"I beg your pardon! I'll have you know that the space between—"

Drop it, Larry.

"I can bring notes from chicks that have—"

Forget it, Larry. Besides, those would be short notes.

"Har, har, har. I'm insulted."

Does that mean you'll be quiet for a while?

"Nah."

What I was afraid of. Anyway, we take various cells—remember these are made up of hundreds of pixels—and tie them together into loops of animation. That way, we have walking sequences for the character, sitting sequences, and so on.

"Yeah, well how come I walk so funny if your animation is so darn great?"

Because that's the way you walk in real life, Larry.

"Do not!"

Okay, you don't. So scamper sideways out to the kitchen and see if we got any Twinkies in the cupboard.

"And you talk about me being locked in the seventies."

Some things are immortal and undatable, Larry. The latter including most of the girls you know.

"Hmpf."

Well put, Lar, well put. Now, so we've got these collections of pixels. The actual animation is achieved by rapidly showing these cells, one after the other. Just like in film cartoons. It might take 40 or 50 to get a character to walk, and 20 or 30 more to show him talking. If he's using a tool or a weapon, then even more are required. For the main character, the "Ego" of the game, it usually takes over a thousand to cover all possibilities.

"No wonder you need a hard disk."

Right, Larry, but look at the freedom it gives the game designer, and the enjoyment it adds for the player. Between the backgrounds and the animation sequences, there is one heck of a lot of work that goes into the game, and that's only the start.

"Yeah, somebody has to put all this together. It must take a fortune in junk food just to keep the programmers fueled up."

You got it, Lar. By the way, the word "Ego" is a very special word to us in the computer game industry. The central character, whether male or female, is always called "Ego" by us. That's the character that the person playing the game can move.

"You mean, ego here and ego there and ego to the next scene?"

Har, har, Larry.

The SCI or Sierra's Creative Interpreter

No matter how wonderful the support tools may be, someone does have to put it all together. At Sierra we use Sierra's own proprietary software, the SCI or Sierra's Creative Interpreter. In Larry 3, Carlos Escobar and I did the programming. Way to go, Carlos!

"An elegant piece of programming for sure. Despite the demands of your design, he made the sucker work."

You got it, Lar. While the more techie computer magazines like *Computer Language* just now have articles "discovering" *object-oriented* computer languages, at Sierra we've actually been using one for a couple of years! SCI has some of the characteristics of LISP. It's written in a combination of C and assembly language, but mostly in itself, as we've mentioned earlier.

"I just love it when you talk techie!"

At ease, Larry. Now, using SCI, the programmer can set up various *classes* of objects. First, in ascending order of priority, is the *Views Class*, which lets us set up how nonanimated objects are shown.

"Like something I'm supposed to pick up but you don't bother to tell me about it until eighty-four scenes later."

Yeah. Save early and often, Larry. Save early and often.

"Hmpf."

Then we have the *Props Class*, which contains things that move but don't leave a fixed place. Smoke is one example of something in this class. Then we have things that move, such as all the people and moving objects. These are put into the *Actor Class*. Finally, we have the *Ego* or special actor—the one the player can move. This way, all the animation loops, made up of cells, can be properly controlled.

The programmer putting together a game in SCI has the ability to write scripts that describe to the computer how various objects interact with each other.

"That all seems pretty easy, so why does it take months to get a game to market?"

Details, Larry, details. And I'm not just making a flip answer here. It's attention to detail and all the many possibilities in the games that make Sierra games stand out from their competitors.

"Not to mention **ahem** handsome leading men such as Larry 'the Stud' Laffer."

I'm glad you can be so modest about it, Larry. Oh, quit preening yourself and fill up that chip bowl again. Explaining stuff is hard work, I'd much rather be programming on Larry 4.

"Yeah? Hey! What fantastic adventure am I gonna have in Larry 4? What gorgeous new chicks will come my way? What..."

In due course, Larry. Right now I'm still in the creative process.

"What does that mean?"

Whatever I can get Margaret to believe it means, when I'm lounging around the house between projects.

"Sounds like goofing off to me. Get to work, Big Al. Time's a wasting. You got kids and computers to support."

Right. Anyway, getting back to SCI. Jeff Stephenson wrote the language, creating its syntax and so forth. He defined how it handles the classes we've already talked about above.

Bob Heitman created the tools that let us draw pictures, create animation, build the disks, and compress the data onto them. He also set up a way for the animation interpreter to decompress the data back out when the player needs it during the course of the game. He even created the tool we use to build the fonts used in the game. We create all our own fonts.

"What's a font, Big Al?"

Letters and numbers, Larry. Pablo Ghenis wrote the parser and grammar handler. He set up the way the vocabulary parts work and the stuff to do with words.

"What about Stuart?"

Oh, yeah. Thanks. Stuart Goldstein created the tools that let us have music and sound effects. He wrote the drivers for the various music boards our games support.

Some Notes of Note

Speaking of sound, Larry, the recent Sierra games, including the Larry ones, all allow you to add stereo sound. We can give you music effects that will curl your toes.

"An experience not wholly unfamiliar to many of my dates."

What? Listening to music? Now pay attention, Larry. The folks out there will find this interesting. Sierra's new

entertainment software—that's us, ol' buddy—currently supports several major sound cards for your personal computer.

"Sounds interesting."

Quit trying to make puns and take notes.

"Har, har. Now who's concocting musical puns."

Not me. Let's get Bach to work here. The Ad Lib Musical Synthesizer Card (ALMSC), for example, is an 11-voice music synthesizer that works with IBM PCs and compatibles. You'll find more detail on it in the information packed with *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*.

"She can sure catch mine any time."

We all have minor lapses in taste, Larry. Even Patti.

"Huh?"

Never mind. Also supported for the IBM PC and compatibles is the Roland MT-32 Sound Module. That baby is a 32-voice synthesizer which is actually eight individual synthesizers and a percussion sound module. The rhythm section has 30 different preset drum and percussions sounds.

"You sound excited about all these."

I am. As a professional musician most of my life, I'm awed by the advances in synthesizer technology and the incredible enhancement good music and sound effects add to computer games. Even the ones you're in, Larry.

"Thanks a heap, Big Al."

Don't mention it, ol' buddy. Now a little less expensive is the IBM PC Music Feature, which is an eight-voice music card. This is a full-size music card that offers 240 preset voices and can store an additional 96 user-programmed voices. It provides a MIDI port that allows you to connect devices that comply with MIDI Specification 1.0.

"I guess you're gonna tell folks they can order some of these directly from Sierra On-Line, right?"

Well, as a matter of fact, they can. The prices range from \$550 on the high end, for the Roland MT-32, to \$129 for the new Game Blaster. Details are packed with the games.

Some of the other boards supported include the Casio CSM-1, CT-460, and MT-540; the Roland CM-32L, CM-64, LAPC-1, and MT-100; and the Yamaha FB01.

"Okay, but what do they sound like?"

We got that covered too, Larry. If you look at the sound brochure packed in Larry 3, you'll see how to get a free demonstration cassette. Believe me, these effects will blow you away. I love them.

"I once knew a musician who played everything by ear. He had a cauliflower ear like you wouldn't believe. Kinda deaf, too."

Really? What did he play?

"Drums."

Larry!

"It's the truth, ever try to play drums by ear?"

I imagine it would hurt.

"And speaking of hurting, how come those boards above just support IBM? What about other kindsa computers? Huh? Huh?"

Games on the Atari computers already take advantage of the built-in three-voice synthesizer. Plus, the Roland MT-32 I mentioned above is supported, because the Atari comes with a MIDI interface. If you do buy an MT-32 for your Atari, be sure just to get the unit and the cable—you won't need to spend for the interface they sell with it.

Also, both Amiga and Macintosh owners got good news coming. Sierra considers the sound on these two machines to be so superior that there's no need to support any kind of enhanced synthesizers at this time.

There are lots of other things you can do with these boards, too. These range from adding soundtracks to your home videos, to composing and performing original music compositions. Look into synthesizer boards, they add a new dimension to computer game playing.

"That sounds like a commercial, Al."

Just enthusiasm, Larry. These things are great.

Viruses

Now, let's talk about viruses for a minute.

"Hey! I'm careful!"

No, I meant computer viruses. Although, in your case, Larry, I guess you gotta watch out for those too. But, seri-

ously, what we're talking about here are pirated copies of Leisure Suit Larry 1, plus games from a lot of other companies as well. Sometimes crime does not pay, and making copies of copyrighted computer games is a crime. Period.

Some of these pirated copies are infected with computer viruses. For example, the London, England, *Financial Times* reported in its November 30th, 1988, edition that a number of banks and trading houses in London's financial district were hit by a virus contained in illicit copies of Larry 1.

"It's despicable that someone would do that to one of my games."

No kidding, but there are some sickies out there. They also had problems in the Netherlands—evidently Dutch civil servants love to play Leisure Suit Larry—and in Austria. Also infected pirated disks showed up in Germany and the U.S. However, none of the legitimate copies of Larry 1 were ever infected. Like I said, crime does not pay. None of these people would have had any problems if they had just bought original copies of the game.

"Damn right. No need to take chances."

You got it, Lar. I always like to compare shrinkwrap on commercial computer programs to condoms—both offer a measure of safety.

"So I found out in Larry 1, and that's for sure."

If you want to know more about computer viruses, I suggest you get a copy of *Compute!'s Computer Viruses* by Ralph Roberts. I got an autographed copy right over there in my bookcase.

"I done got it practically memorized. My kinda book. Just love them Compute! books. Roberts will be pleased you mentioned him."

He should be. Anyway, just go to the store and buy legitimate copies of the Leisure Suit Larry games. Then you'll have a lot of safe fun with no virus infection worries.

Moving Right Along

Okay, that's enough on design and stuff for now. We'll throw in some more information in the chapters on the specific games. Next, however, let's take a look at Sierra

Chapter 3

On-Line. It's a fascinating group of people who have certainly changed my life.

"Mine, too. I just wish Roberta would speak to me occasionally."

She's a pretty smart lady, Lar.

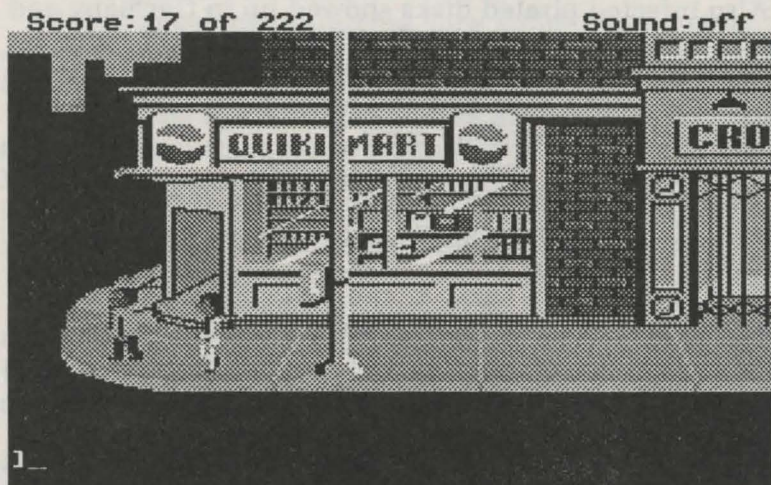
"Yeah, well, does she know what she's missing?"

Probably, Larry, probably. Like I said, she's no slouch in the brains department.

"Looks and brains, an awesome combination for sure. I try to stay away from it."

I think you succeed, ol' buddy—on both counts—but let's move along now. See if there's any Hires Root Beer left in the fridge.

"If I can't find any, will you take CGA?"



After you give the bum a dollar for the Brøderbund joke, don't let him get away! You still have to give him something else or you won't be able to finish the game. We suggest you buy a bottle of something the bum would like inside the store first. Also, Uncle Al reminds you to save early and often.

Sierra On-Line

All of the Larry games and the other wonders from Sierra On-Line are descended from Roberta Williams' revolutionary idea and Ken Williams' innovative programming, beginning way back in 1980.

Roberta wanted a game similar to the mainframe game *Adventure* that would also display graphics on their Apple II home computer. Ken wrote a picture editor and interpreter entirely in Assembler, since no higher level languages except BASIC existed for the Apple then. Roberta wrote the story, and she drew the pictures on one of Apple's first graphics tablets. Thus was born *Mystery House* and a new genre of computer games.

Roberta demanded color, so their next game, *The Wizard and the Princess*, had the first color-filled pictures. Later, the first *King's Quest* added three-dimensionality, sound, and animation in AGI, the second-generation *Adventure Game Interpreter*.

Always the games provided more. First pictures, then more pictures per disk, then the first color-filled pictures, more colors, the first three-dimensional graphics, more animation, the first humorous adult game, more music, the first MIDI sounds, the first Hollywood sound track—the list goes on. Still Sierra presses forward: expect the future to hold CD-ROM games, with photographic-quality pictures, real-time television animation, CD-quality music, speech, and . . . well, who knows yet. It's all very exciting.

"Wow! I'll say so."

But first, a little history. Let me set the scene for you.

Fresno

Somebody once asked me to say something good about Fresno and the surrounding areas. All I could think of on the spur of the moment was: "It's not in Bakersfield."

"Very dry wit, Big Al. Maybe you should move to the desert."

Chapter 4

Nah, Lar, but to get serious, an experience wholly unfamiliar to me, there are lots of good things that can be said about Fresno; like, it's the raisin capital of the world. Grapes, dried in the sun, all shriveled and—

“Yeah, speaking of an experience not wholly unfamiliar—”

Larry! Don't carry that one any further. Let's chop it off right now.

“Urk!”

Anyway, Fresno is significant for several reasons. It's the main marketing and shopping center for the fertile San Joaquin Valley of central California. It's also in the midst of much scenic beauty. Nearby national parks are Yosemite, Sequoia, and Kings Canyon. These areas are all in the towering Sierra Nevada mountain range behind Fresno. In fact, Fresno is the only place in the country that is less than 90 minutes travel time from *three* national parks.

“So? What are you, the chamber of commerce? There are lots of figs grown around here, too. All of which don't mean the people out there give a fig. What does this have to do with computer games?”

Computer Games and Raisins

I'm getting to that, Larry. It's quite significant and has a direct bearing on the Larry games and computers gaming in general. But let me finish throwing in a little background first.

The word “Fresno” means *white ash* in Spanish. This area acquired that name from Mexican soldiers who passed through in the 1830s.

“White ashes! We don't need no stinkin' white ashes.”

You watch too many Humphrey Bogart movies, Lar. And that was the Sierra Madre, not the Sierra Nevada mountains like up here. Anyway, they came up with the name because of the many groves of white ash trees that were in the valley. A few years later, during the California gold rush days and beginning with the forty-niners, a lot of small towns sprung up in this valley.

“Joe Montana was here? Wow!”

No, Larry. The original forty-niners, back in 1849.

“Never heard of them, musta been in the USFL.”

Argh. Anyway, towns like Texas Flat, Grub Gulch,

Fresno Flat, Casady's Bar and, my absolute favorite, Coarse Gold Gulch sprang up.

"I've heard that last name somewheres before."

Of course, in 1872 the Central Pacific Railroad built the town of Fresno Station, which evolved into the city of Fresno.

"We all make mistakes. So where's the computer games?"

Okay, here we come. Well, obviously raisins and figs aren't all that exciting and, by themselves, would probably not put Fresno on the map, at least in the wonderful world of computing.

"I got it. It's because Fresno is not in Bakersfield, right?"

No, Larry.

"Death Valley?"

No.

"Not in Cleveland?"

Larry! We're talking computer industry!

"Ah ha! Is it because Al Lowe lives here?"

Why, thanks, Larry. But, no, that's not the reason, although I like to think I've contributed a little. If you go up Route 41 from Fresno about 40 miles, at the foot of Deadwood Mountain, you'll find it—the gem called Coarsegold, the most precious stone in the crown of the computer gaming industry. Coarsegold and the nearby town of Oakhurst have seen some massive hacking in the last ten years. Some of the finest computer games ever to have been coded were born in that most unlikely of places, the backwoods of Fresno.

"Hey! Does Ken have a brother who's a publicity consultant or something? Is this a commercial?"

No, not really a commercial, but Sierra On-Line has played such an important part in computer gaming that we need to mention it in this book. They've been largely responsible for creating a multimillion dollar market that simply didn't exist eleven or twelve years ago. Not something you'd normally expect to come out of a wide place in the road like the Oakhurst/Coarsegold megalopolis.

"You mean the selling of computer games?"

Right, Larry. And it's a fascinating story.

Hacking Out Virgin Territory

Most people didn't notice it at the time, but there was a revolution in the United States during the late seventies. A couple of California kids, Steven Jobs and Steve Wozniak, had started a little company called Apple Computer.

"Yeah, the Woz, my main man! But that happened over in Silicon Valley, not here, Big Al."

True, but it set the stage to put us on the world map.

"I thought that was a flyspeck? Or maybe a raisin pit."

Raisins don't have pits, Larry. What the Apple computer did was to put an affordable, easy-to-use computer in the hands of thousands of people. For the first time in history, a wide segment of the population now had personal computers.

"Wow! Now this is getting interesting, guy. And they wanted to use them to pick up chicks with, right?"

Er. . . Well, they wanted to use them for something, all right. Entertainment was a big part of it. So computer games started becoming more and more popular. People were fascinated by the ways in which computers could *interactively* put you in a game environment.

Up until this time, computer games were done by hackers just for their own enjoyment and for love of the elegant programming techniques involved. No one had thought to *sell* these games.

"Is that good?"

Sure it is. Having games and other programs become commercially available at reasonable, mass market prices made them accessible to nonprogrammers. In other words, now everyone could have the power of computers in their own home, because the real power is not the machines, but the *software*. A fancy computer without any programs to run in it is just an expensive boat anchor.

"And not even a good anchor. Too light. And some of those cheap plastic cases probably float."

Uh huh, Larry. Well, our story of Sierra On-Line really starts in the late seventies. Ken and Roberta Williams were a young couple living in the Los Angeles area. They'd been high school sweethearts, and their marriage was so far pretty much like that of a million other young couples. Ken went to work, and Roberta stayed home and took care of their two kids.

"Doesn't sound real exciting."

It has its compensations, Larry. Ken worked with mainframe computers, and he was very good at it. He went through a succession of jobs, each job being higher paying than the last. He had an affinity for computers, discovered while taking a FORTRAN course in college. He could make those big mainframes sing, and employers loved him.

"If you can't carry it, it's too damn big."

That's all there were back in the pre-Apple days, Larry. Just monstrous machines that crouched in special rooms over hollow floors full of cables. They crunched punch cards and growled at you a lot.

"Urk. Those big suckers would fold, spindle, and mutilate you just for looking at them."

Right, the big machines were very mysterious and frightening to most people, including company managers. So programmers like Ken who could tame these brutes were at a premium. If you'd like to know more about Ken's early career, we recommend the book *Hackers* by Steven Levy (Dell, 1984). It's still in print and is a fascinating history of the people who made personal computing possible, hackers.

"I love them all. Good book. I read it in one sitting. Several chapters about Sierra On-Line. Not to mention lots of info about Brøderbund and the other pioneers in our field."

Right, Lar. A lot more than we have room for here, and well worth the read.

An Apple Falls to the Ground

"So, how did my man Ken come to give up the big bucks and take a chance on computer games?"

You're gonna love this, Larry—it was Ken's brother who introduced him to microcomputers.

"I shoulda known! Is this the one I bought my first leisure suit from, or the one who sells used cars just outside of Lost Wages?"

Nah, neither of them. His brother, Larry.

"Yeah, you said it was his brother. So what's his name."

Larry!

"What?"

No, no! That's Ken's brother's name. His name is "Larry," too.

Really? Wow! Does he get a lot of chicks.

I don't know, ask him. Anyway, Larry Williams brought a little thing in a beige plastic case into Ken's office one day in the late seventies. It had a keyboard and Larry told him it was a computer. Well, Ken wasn't too impressed at first. This small box a computer? Hell, he had printouts bigger than it was.

Ken later said that he thought it was a toy and a piece of junk.

"Whoa, them's fighting words. Did my main man, the Woz, come beat him up?"

Nope, they didn't meet until later, and by then Ken and the Wozman were seeing things more or less the same way.

"Way to go!"

Well, Ken's initial scoffing at the Apple computer didn't last long. He got to thinking about it. The machine, compared to a terminal on a mainframe, was respectably fast. The mainframe, with maybe several hundred users on it at once, slowed down for each individual user as the demands on its CPU time increased. Best of all, the Apple was a personally owned computer that he could control totally and do anything at all he wanted with it. The computer would always be there at home, just waiting for his every command.

"Yep, that romance with the personal computer has gotten a lot of us into computer ownership."

Ken Williams was no exception. In January of 1980, according to what he said in Steven Levy's book, he scraped together, as he later said, "every cent I had," and purchased an Apple II computer. They weren't cheap then.

"Nor today, for that matter. So Ken immediately started hacking out games, huh?"

Nope. You see, as he later admitted, Ken still didn't see the potential there. He figured that everyone who owned a personal computer was just like him—technicians, engineers, or "real" programmers just playing. He hadn't thought of it yet as a key that would unlock the door of personal computing for millions of nontechnically oriented people.

"Holy microchip, Fatman."

Larry! If I'm the Fatman, you gotta be the Boy Blunder!

"Oops, sorry big guy. . .er. . ."

Drop it, Larry. Just fill the chip bowl and check behind the washer in the laundry room. I've got an emergency case of Classic Coke stashed there. Bring some more ice, too.

"Programmers have to be like boy scouts, always prepared. When the chips are down, the diagnostics get going."

Groan. You just get going.

Roberta the Revolutionary

About time you got back, Larry. Gimme one of those drinks. Okay, on with the story. Where was I?

"Ken couldn't see his nose in front of his Apple."

Larry! I don't dare say that in print.

"You didn't, I did."

Well, you explain it to Ken, then. Anyway, Ken had this great little personal computer now and was looking for something to do with it to make money. He decided to write a version of FORTRAN that would run on the Apple II computer.

"Just what the world was waiting for with bated breath."

Er. . .Right. However, right there in the sanctity of his own suburban home, a revolution was happening. His wife—the wonderful Roberta we all now know and love—was about to shake off her traditional domestic role and kick some computer butt!

"Yeah, she tried to kick mine the last time I was up in Coarsegold. What's she got against me?"

Nothing, Larry. I'm sure she'll never get that close to you.

"Hmpf. So, what did she do, anyway?"

About the same time as the Apple computer had come into their lives, Ken had brought home a terminal and hooked it up to the mainframe he was working on via a modem and the phone line. One of Ken's specialities, by the way, was telecommunications. He showed her how to work it, but Roberta wasn't too excited at first—after all, computers were boring, or so she thought then.

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Finally Ken demonstrated a computer game to her. He got Roberta to sit in front of the terminal and watch as these words scrolled onto the screen:

YOU ARE STANDING AT THE END OF A ROAD BEFORE A SMALL BRICK BUILDING. AROUND YOU IS A FOREST. A SMALL STREAM FLOWS OUT OF THE BUILDING AND DOWN A GULLY.

“Hey! All right! That’s from *Adventure* by Don Woods! I’ve played it for hours.”

You got it, Lar. *Adventure* was written in the seventies by Woods while he was at the Stanford AI lab, and it was one of the first of the fantasy-based games. If you remember during the seventies—

“I remember everything about the seventies.”

Yeah, and little else. But, as I was saying, one of the most popular fantasy stories during the early seventies was the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy by J.R.R. Tolkien and its prequel, *The Hobbit*.

“I wonder if Bilbo Baggins got many chicks? What with them hairy toes and all?”

Beats me, Larry. Call him and ask. So, anyway, *Adventure* was a text computer game similar to the Tolkien story. The object was to figure out a way to reach Witt’s End, and Roberta was hooked. She’d sometimes stay up to four in the morning trying to figure a way to kill the snake, or open the clam, or solve one of the other puzzles in the game.

Roberta, like many of us in the game industry, has a streak of romanticism way down underneath. This game appealed to her hidden nature and flamed the fires of her imagination.

“My kind of woman, for sure! I love them flames.”

Er, they’re not that kind, Larry. Stay away from Roberta or she’ll rip your lips off. You’re not her favorite person right now. Tact, my boy, try a little tact.

“Carpet tacks? Thumb tacks? I don’t get the point? What’s that got to do with it?”

Never mind. Anyway, Ken played *Adventure* some at first, but he soon lost interest. It was a pretty primitive text adventure and, besides, he was more intrigued by his

project to write a FORTRAN compiler for the Apple II. He figured it would sell like hot cakes to technicians and engineers who wanted a high level programming language to justify their Apples. He hired some parttime programming help and forged ahead on the project.

Roberta, in the meantime, was not too thrilled about the several thousand Ken had spent for the little Apple computer. However, when she had finally solved *Adventure*, she was excited about finding similar games to play.

Now, here's when the revolution really gets popping. Somebody told Roberta that there were adventure games for the Apple III! She immediately went to a nearby computer store and purchased some.

She Said, "I Can Do It Better," and She Could

The games Roberta Williams bought and played on the Apple way back there in 1980 were very disappointing. They were easily solved and boring. Roberta wanted her newly-awaked imagination fed by much more than these dorky text-based games. She then uttered those fateful words: "Hey, I can do this better!"

"And, boy, can she ever. I'll raise my Tab in toast to that. Now, if she would only speak to me."

Er, I hope there are one or two soft drinks left, Larry. Well, anyway, sure enough, suiting actions to words, Roberta began writing her own computer adventure game. I really mean she wrote it, too—not knowing anything about programming yet, it was all done on paper.

If you want this story in all its considerable detail, again we recommend *Hackers* by Steven Levy. But here's the gist.

Roberta liked Agatha Christie mysteries, so the game was inspired by that type of situation and was entitled *Mystery House*. She used some elements of the popular Parker Brothers board game, *Clue*, also. Instead of looking for treasures like in *Adventure*, you were a detective who had to solve puzzles to advance through the game.

"I wonder if Colonel Mustard ever got any chicks?"

Haven't you ever heard waitresses in restaurants yelling "hold the Mustard," Larry?

"Wow! He must have some spicy love life. Makes you wonder about the name 'French's,' huh?"

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Er. . . If you say so, Lar. Well, after two or three weeks, Roberta had this sizable stack of paper. It contained plot elements, puzzles, maps—everything needed to start turning *Mystery House* from a concept into a real, honest-to-goodness computer game! Everything, that is, except the minor matter of coding it into the Apple II.

She laid the stack of papers before Ken.

“And he was bowled over, right? History was born in that moment, huh?”

Nope, he was less than impressed, Larry. He told her that computers were for engineers to solve problems with—you know, find things like the solutions to exponential equations and the like. They were not toys, not even the Apple II.

“Boy, was he wrong.”

Well, not really for long. Soon after that, over dinner at a local steakhouse, Roberta got to expounding on the game. She told Ken about a secret passage in the spooky old Victorian house, people getting mysteriously bumped off one by one, and the problems you (the “Ego” of the game) faced in surviving and solving it.

“I bet Ken could suddenly smell more than just his medium rare ribeye with Tabasco sauce on it then.”

Ah, I don’t think even Ken puts Tabasco sauce on steak.

“Well, I do.”

No doubt, Larry. But, yes, Ken suddenly saw a pony in there.

“Huh? Did the restaurant serve horsemeat?”

No, no. It’s an old expression meaning that he sensed a profit to be made on the game. A reward to be gained, in other words. Like maybe they could sell enough to get a new TV or refurnish the living room.

It might work after all, he agreed, but only if she had some sort of angle that would sell the game. Triumphantly Roberta hit him with the clincher—the game would have graphics. It would not be just another text adventure.

“That’s one smart lady, all right!”

Yes, the idea was exciting, Larry, but she had no idea if you could even get a picture into a computer. Ken was not all that sure either, but the challenge appealed to him and he decided to try it.

“Ain’t creativity wonderful?”

Darn right, Lar. As it turned out, a device for the Apple II called the VersaWriter had just been released for sale. It was a graphics tablet that you drew on, and the drawings then went into the Apple for display. The thing was pretty crude, cost \$200, and the black and white drawings you got from it looked pretty primitive by today’s standards. They decided to spring for it anyway. Then, on top of everything else, Ken had to reprogram the VersaWriter before Roberta could get it to do what she had in mind.

Roberta did her graphics for the game—they were little better than stick figures really. Ken programmed the logic for the game and figured a way to condense 70 pictures onto one disk. That in itself was some pretty awesome hacking at the time.

She described those days in an interview conducted by Nancy Smithe and published in the Autumn, 1989, issue of the *Sierra News Magazine*.

“At the time,” Roberta said, “we did not even know what was going to happen. It was sort of a thing we were doing as a hobby almost. But when it looked like it was going to turn into something bigger, possibly a company, we did have to decide who has what role. . . Right off the bat, I knew I did not want to run the company. Just let me write games, that’s all I wanted to do. . .”

Here’s an aside about Ken and Roberta that not everyone knows—they are very avid movie fans. I mean they watch a *lot* of movies. Perhaps, in a way, Roberta dreamed of being a movie maker. I think that may have had a lot to do with the way the computer games evolved.

“Hey! Big Al. Did you know that there is more music in *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* than in most feature films?”

Yes, of course. Fifty-five minutes, as a matter of fact, and that’s just one of the many ways in which Sierra’s games today and movies are similar.

“You got any microwave popcorn, Big Guy?”

Look and see, Lar. I think there is.

Anyway, after about a month, *Mystery House* was finished. What they had was definitely something different. It was like what that Englishman said about the talking dog last century—

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“What dog? The one in Larry 1?”

No, any talking dog, Larry. He said the amazing thing is not how well the dog talks, but that it can *talk at all*.

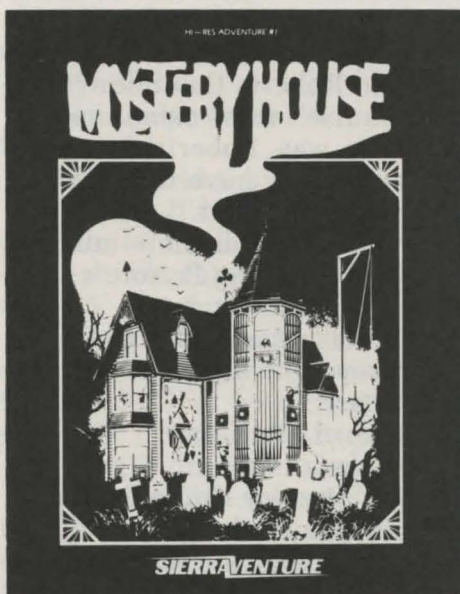
“Huh?”

So the amazing thing was not how good the graphics in *Mystery House* were, but the fact that they were there at all! Ken figured they had something worthwhile, so he took some time off from his Fortran project to try peddling the game.

He went to one of the largest distributors of Apple software at the time. They loved the game—it was a good Adventure-type game and it had graphics. They offered Ken a great deal—a twenty-five percent royalty on a wholesale price of twelve bucks. They estimated that he and Roberta would pull in about nine thousand dollars in the course of six months. Not bad money in the early eighties.

“Ain’t too shabby in the early nineties either. Say, could I borrow ten bucks ‘til payday?”

No, Larry. Well, Ken thought that was a pretty good deal but he decided to try selling it himself first. After all, if that didn’t work out, they could always go back to the distributor later.



Courtesy Sierra On-Line

The Birth of Sierra On-Line

So Roberta and Ken copied the disks themselves, did some artwork, packed up some games in *baggies* of all things, and starting making the rounds of the local computer stores. They were very well received! All people had to see was the great graphic of the old house on the opening screen of the game and they were hooked. Things went so well locally, that Ken and Roberta decided to advertise the game in the computer magazines of the time.

For a company name, they used On-Line Systems, which was a name Ken already had for his computer consulting and other telecommunications work. They priced the game at \$24.95 and sent in their ad copy. The first ad was in the May, 1980 issue of *Micro*.

That first ad, by the way, they produced themselves. There was no desktop publishing in those days, so they cut out letters from magazines and pasted them down on a piece of paper to form their ad.

"You mean like a ransom note?"

Yep. Like, "If you want to see this game alive, send \$29.95." Heh, heh.

One day soon after the ad appeared, their phone rang. And rang again. And again. That first month, as reported in *Hackers*, they made eleven thousand dollars. The next month, June, brought twenty thousand, and July hit thirty thousand.

"Wow! Maybe Ken will let me borrow ten bucks. Hard to pick up chicks if you can't buy them a drink."

Don't count on it, Larry. Ken gives you all the credit you deserve, too. But, yes, things were going very, very well for Ken and Roberta Williams. So much so that it quickly became obvious to Ken that he should quit his regular job and do the games fulltime with Roberta. After all, they were setting new records every month with *Mystery House*, and Roberta was already working on a new adventure game.

They discussed it and decided that it was not only a great idea, but the chance to realize a long-held dream. Ken and Roberta wanted to get out of the Los Angeles area and up into the clean, fresh, green woods of Northern California. This dream is shared by millions of crowded, coughing, choking people living in the L.A. smog. But the

Williams family could now *do it!* After all, software could be done anywhere—there was no need to stay in the big city.

So, they bought a house on Mudge Ranch road just outside of Coarsegold, California—right up against the Sierra Nevada mountains. Having vacationed at a nearby lake, they were already familiar with the area. It was the birth of Sierra On-Line (although the Sierra would not be added to the name On-Line Systems for several years yet).

Ken Williams was just twenty-five years old then, and Apple Computers was supplying the little beige-colored machine that was making him and Roberta into millionaires.

“It’s the Woz, man. Everything the Woz touches turns to gold.”

Hmmm. Well, you got to give Steve Jobs a little credit for Apple, too.

“Nah, you never know what Jobs will do NeXT.”

Har, har, Larry.

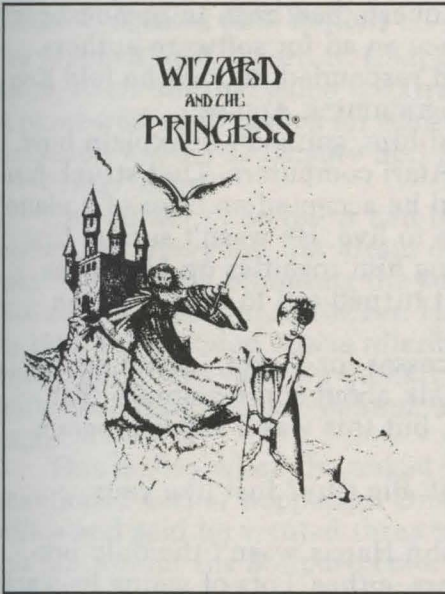
The Fun Years

Even in its new backwoods location, Ken and Roberta continued to do well. It was a classic success story. Two people had seen a great opportunity and moved in quickly and professionally to fill it. The rewards, as I told you above, were immediate.

But the fledgling company didn’t rest on its laurels, no sir. Roberta’s second game was finished, and they titled it *Wizard and the Princess*. Ken had come up with several improvements, such as the first generation of the Sierra game writing environment, which he called ADL, or Adventure Development Language. It ran twice as fast as the previous game, and the graphics were better, too.

Ken had developed tools that allowed Roberta to draw her scenes into the computer better and *in color*. He incorporated a dithering technique that took the Apple II’s six colors and mixed them pixel by pixel to give twenty-one! Even the Woz was impressed by that trick.

Wizard and the Princess sold for \$32.95 and was an immediate hit. By December of 1980, Ken and Roberta had expanded On-Line Systems out of their house and into rental space in nearby Oakhurst (seven miles from Coarsegold). They soon hired their first employee—the



Courtesy Sierra On-Line

packing and shipping of the games was just getting too much to handle by themselves. Other employees, including programmers, quickly followed as the business grew by leaps and bounds.

“Before my time.”

Yes it was, Larry. But you’d be along soon enough. Too soon, for some.

“Yeah, like who?”

There’s not enough time to start down that list, Larry. Anyway, while Sierra was bringing out innovative game after game for the Apple II, there were those who hated the little Apple. They preferred computers like the Commodore PET and the brand-new Atari 400 and 800 machines that were just being released.

“Roberts told me the best computer of that era was the Smoke Signal Broadcasting Chieftain. He said his still works. Has a 6800 chip, the 8-bit granddaddy of the 68000.”

Gee, with a snappy name like that, you wonder why they’re not still in business. Anyway, an eighteen-year-old young man by the name of John Harris was about to come into Ken and Roberta’s life. John had recently bought an Atari 800 and was starting to do some awesome things with it. He loved the Atari and sneered at Apples. He considered the Apple machine to be brain dead.

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Meanwhile, Ken and Roberta had been in business for a year. They decided to place an ad for software authors. John Harris saw this ad and responded, though he told Ken he knew nothing about programming Apples.

"No problem," Ken told him, going on to explain how he wanted to expand into Atari computers. That struck just the right chord in John, and he accepted an offer of a plane ticket to Fresno and a place to live. He wasn't sure at first about accepting a deal giving him royalties on his games and less up front pay, but it turned out to be one of the best decisions he ever made.

Harris had several successes for Sierra, including the really hot game, *Frogger*. Talk about some graphics that really blew people's minds, but this was a super program for its time.

"A quantum leap. Right, Big Guy? Just like your games."

Er. . . Okay. Anyway, John Harris wasn't the only programmer in these early years, either. Lots of young hackers came to the California hills to live, party, and hack game code into the wee small hours. They prospered and On-Line Systems prospered—but it had become more like Camp Lackaorganization for Boys than a business. The company was just getting too big, too fast.

It's right at this time when Jeff Stephenson, who we talked about earlier, came on board. One of Jeff's first jobs was to try to pull everything together, standardize programming procedures, and cut down on duplication of effort. It was a hell of an awesome task, but it says something about Jeff that he's still with Sierra and going great here in 1990.

"Yeah, Jeff's great. Think I'll call him up right now and tell him so. Bet he'll loan me ten bucks?"

I doubt it, Larry. Too late to call him now. Get us some Mounds bars out of the kitchen.

"I'd rather have Almond Joy."

You're nuts, Larry, but make mine the same.

Softporn: Opening New Territory

We touched on *Softporn* in Chapter 2; now let's say a little more. After all, that game is extremely important because it pioneered adult games for Sierra and made a certain phenomenon known as Leisure Suit Larry possible.

"Hear, hear!"

The author of *Softporn* had tried to market it several places, but everyone was afraid of it. They didn't want to take a chance on offending the computer-buying public. Not so Ken Williams, however. He took a look at it one day in 1981 and decided it was hilarious. The idea of controversy didn't faze him. He quickly negotiated a contract with the author, Chuck Benton, and agreed to publish the game.

This is also when the naked picture of Roberta that we mentioned earlier happened. One day Ken came into the office and said he wanted three women to pose topless in his hot tub for the *Softporn* color ad. Roberta, the company bookkeeper, and the wife of Ken's assistant agreed to do so.

The picture showed the three ladies in the hot tub with the water discreetly covering their nipples. They were holding wine glasses. A waiter (clothed) stood nearby with a tray that had more glasses on it, and an Apple II was over in the corner by itself.

That picture caused controversy, sure enough. Sierra started getting hate mail in which the writer would quote scripture and define in glowing terms just where all of the people there would wind up. On the other hand, the photograph ran in *Time* and made the UPI wire.

Ken figured later that *Softporn* actually doubled Sierra's revenues for quite some time. It was notorious and everyone wanted it. However, there was a nice spinoff effect, too. No computer store manager wanted to be perceived as just ordering *Softporn*, so he would order a *sampling* of the whole line.

"And you don't think that happens with the Larry games today?"

Maybe some, Lar, but you and I both owe a lot of thanks to *Softporn*. It broke new ground and made people a little bit less uptight about computer games.

"Thanks, Chuck. Thanks, Ken. Now can I go out and pick up some chicks?"

Not yet, Larry. We gotta get this book finished, or else. Now, for the name change. When On-Line Systems went public, the lawyers checked and found a company with a similar name already, so they asked Ken and Roberta to modify the name. So, the official name of the company became Sierra On-Line, Inc. and the "systems" part was dropped.

Sierra Today

Sierra has marched on, staying at the forefront in the computer game industry. Roberta Williams is the major reason for this, and she deserves a lot of credit for the many technical improvements that make computer gaming so much fun today. She has always pushed Ken and the other programmers to do things bigger and better with each new game.

Black and white stick figures were not enough, so she demanded color-filled characters. Then animation. Six colors were insufficient, so she encouraged Ken to come up with his early technique of achieving twenty-one colors on the Apple II.

"I think of the new stuff," she once said, "and the programmers sit down and do it."

I can't say enough about how her creativity has enhanced computer games.

"Don't guess she'd loan me ten bucks, huh?"

Forget it, Lar.

Today, in addition to the Leisure Suit Larry games, the company has many other best sellers. These include the King's Quest series, *Hero's Quest*, *Police Quest*, *Space Quest*—

"Hey! Al! I got a QUEST-ion. Don't they name games anything but Quest this and Quest that?"

Sure they do, Larry. There's *Gold Rush!*, *Manhunter - New York*, *Colonel's Bequest*, *The Black Cauldron*, *Thexter*, *Silpheed*, and lots more.

"Be-QUEST, ah ha!"

Well, there is a bit of a joke behind that one, Lar. I was sitting around at Sierra one day when Roberta and one of the programmers were trying to come up with a name for the game. Because we had so many other "quest" games,

for a lark I suggested "Colonel's BE-quest," and they took me seriously. Heh, heh. But it is a good game.

By the way, anyone out there who would like a free catalog of Sierra's games can order one from Sierra On-Line at P.O. Box 485, Coarsegold CA 93614. Tell them you read about it in Compute!'s *The Official Book of Leisure Suit Larry*.

"Darn good book."

Larry! We're writing the book. It behooves us to be modest.

"Why? It's good, ain't it?"

Er. . . Well. . . Yes. It's going okay so far.

"Har, har. You're blushing, Big Al."

Am not! Get out in the kitchen. Sandwich time!

"All right, peanut butter and mayonnaise. My favorite."

On second thought, I'll fix the sandwiches and you compose yourself for the next chapter.

"Yeah, okay. What is it?"

"Conversations with Larry." That's where you get to speak your mind, such as it is, on all sorts of topics.

"No kidding? Well, I thought that's what I've been doing."

Negative, Larry. You've been interrupting a lot, but next chapter we switch roles.

"How's zat, Big Al?"

Heh, heh! I get to interrupt you.

5

Conversations with Larry

"Okay, Big Al. You said this was gonna be my chapter. So, let's get cooking. What's that contraption you got there?"

It's a tape recorder, Larry. First off, I've been asked to interview you for the *Sierra News Magazine*. They even sent a list of questions. So I'll record you and we'll edit out some for the magazine, but include a transcript of the whole tape in the book.

"What if I stutter? Or cough?"

Oh, I'll edit those out. Pull your chair up closer to the mike here.

"All right, but you said I'd get to say whatever I wanted to in this chapter."

Yeah, and I also said that I would interrupt you, heh, heh.

"Hmpf."

Oh, don't mope, Lar. After the interview, you can include your treatise on how to pick up chicks.

"All right, my man, Al! Now that's Pulitzer Prize stuff for sure. Turn on that recorder. This the microphone? Tasting, tasting. One. Two. Four."

Er, that should be testing, Larry.

"You're telling me. You should have tested it before I tasted it. Tastes like plastic. Lemme get a swig of Tab here and you can start."

Okay, I'll just turn it on now. Try to be serious now; no telling who will be hearing this tape.

Click.

The World's First Interview of Leisure Suit Larry

Al Lowe: Larry, let me begin by introducing you. We know you're the star of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, and *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*. You've been featured on the television show *Entertainment Tonight*, written

□ Chapter 5

up in the *Wall Street Journal*, selected as the *Rolling Stones*' "Hot Game," and are brought to life in tens of thousands of computers. How has success affected you?

Larry: I thought Barbara Walters was supposed to do this interview? How come I gotta settle for you?

Al Lowe: Because I created you Larry and—

Larry: You? Then how come you still live in Fresno? I'm traveling all around the world, myself. Impressing chicks and having a good time. Pulling in big bucks, too.

Al Lowe: It's true, Larry. With a lot of help, I'm responsible for the Larry games. Besides, I thought you were trying to borrow ten dollars a chapter or two ago?

Larry: Make that twenty, Big Al. To impress chicks, you got to keep up a front. As to you creating me, well, I've taken on a life of my own now. However, since you did start things off, I wanna talk to you about the dark alley in Larry 1. And whose idea was that stupid little dog anyway? Not to mention all the pitfalls in the later games. These things are dangerous! They hurt!

Al Lowe: That little dog likes you, Larry. He likes you a lot.

Larry: Then he must love fire hydrants.

Al Lowe: It pays to keep moving in Larry 1, old boy. All that aside, I've got a list of questions here to ask you. Larry, you're such a hip guy and all, what advice can you give our single male readers?

Larry: Play my games a lot.

Al Lowe: How will that help? Shouldn't they be out meeting young ladies instead?

Larry: Nah. They gotta study the example of the master, man. See how I do it. Get some boss threads like my white leisure suit. A little gold jewelry. Some snappy opening lines like, "Come on, babe, let's you and me get it on," or "Hey, good-looking, what say we ditch the preliminaries and head for your pad?"

Al Lowe: Hmmm. Well, that cuts out a lot of small talk about the weather and astrological signs and stuff.

Larry: You better believe it.

Al Lowe: You say clothes are important. Where do you get your leisure suits? I thought those had not been around since the seventies?

Larry: Lots of good places still left to get good leisure suits. Salvation Army, Goodwill Industries. Can't understand why people give them away. But they're cheap.

Al Lowe: Tell me about your mother.

Larry: She threw me out of the house.

Al Lowe: That's it?

Larry: Ain't that enough? Old broad's living in some swinging singles condo down in south Florida now. Hit me up for a loan the other day.

Al Lowe: I see. And what were you like as a child?

Larry: About the same. Well, shorter.

Al Lowe: Uh huh. What about hobbies? What do you do for recreation?

Larry: Chase chicks.

Al Lowe: I should've guessed. Any other hobbies?

Larry: Leisure suit refurbishing. It's a lost art—

Al Lowe: Judging by that cigarette burn on your left sleeve, I'd say so. Now, where did you go to college?

Larry: Well, on campus, like most other people. But I lived at home. Majored in computer science.

Al Lowe: Did you have a college sweetheart? . . . Larry? . . . Larry?

Larry: Er. . . ah. . . I lived at home, you see. Missed all the dorm life and stuff.

Al Lowe: Are you saying you were a dork?

Larry: No, but I believe you're saying it.

Al Lowe: And do you have any friends?

Larry: I probably did until they read this interview.

Al Lowe: What are your interests now?

Larry: Chicks. Babes. Broads.

Al Lowe: Ummm. Shouldn't you be a little more sensitive in referring to the ladies? There has been some talk about you being a male chauvinist.

Larry: Well, that's just not true. I did almost become a Presbyterian once, though. And, yeah, sensitivity counts. Like wait until a chick puts down her drink before putting the make on her.

Al Lowe: Er. . .right. What if she doesn't put it down?

Larry: Don't order her another one. Sooner or later, she's got to put it down. Or carry it to the restroom with her. Or order another one herself, which at least saves you a couple of bucks.

Al Lowe: You go to singles bars a lot, then?

Larry: Those that are still open. Some of my favorite ones have had to shut down.

Al Lowe: Why?

Larry: Something about the ladies' restroom being full of glasses. I don't know.

Al Lowe: Well, Larry, how do you see your life up to date? Are you achieving success?

Larry: Are you kidding? Haven't you heard? They're writing a book about me! *The Official Book of Leisure Suit Larry*. You get that, Big Al? *The official book!*

Al Lowe: Yeah, well, I needed the money and it's a good gig. Tell us, Larry—what's in store for the future? Will we see a Larry 4 any time soon?

Larry: You're asking me?

Al Lowe: Yeah.

Larry: Beats the hell out of me. Ken Williams won't return my calls any more, and Roberta never did.

Al Lowe: I'll talk to him.

Larry: Okay, but if we go with another one, drop the damn dog, huh? I want *that* in my contract.



Leisure Suit Larry, Computer Game Star

Al Lowe: We'll talk about it, Lar. Now, in the previous chapters we've discussed a lot about how the Larry games came about, and how they were designed. Tell the folks what it's like being a star in one of these games, and how they're made.

Larry: It's not easy, I wanna tell you! Those scripts you write are murder—especially for those of us who do our own stunts.

Al Lowe: Do you know what a good stunt man costs? Believe me, we can't afford them, so your game characters will just have to help out. Go on, tell us what your schedule is like when a game is in production.

Larry: When we're filming, I gotta get up at 4 a.m. and be on the set over at Coarsegold by 5 a.m. Then you take a scene like that one where I drown in the polluted lagoon in Larry 3. If the programmers aren't up to speed (and who is at five in the morning?), we might do twenty-five or thirty takes before they get it right. Meanwhile, I hope I never see another glass of water in my life. Why do you think I drink so much Tab?

Al Lowe: Er. . .Because you're thirsty?

Larry: No, no! To help me forget. It's a rough life, being a computer game superstar. I wanna tell you that, for sure.

Al Lowe: Larry, aren't you exaggerating just a little?

Larry: Yeah, okay. So I don't really get up until 4:45 and drive like hell to get there on time. Say, I hear some of them big Hollywood stars get RV's to relax in on the sets. How about one for me? I bet Ken's got a brother somewheres who sells Winnebagos or somethin'.

Al Lowe: I'll mention it, Lar. Don't count on it though. We have to keep costs down on these things. Now, we already know you do all your own stunts, tell the folks about that. Some of that stuff is faked, right? I mean, you don't really fall off cliffs, or drown, or have alto saxophone reeds pushed under your fingernails by KGB agents, do you?

Larry: Nothing is faked, Big Al. You know that, I see you hanging around the set all the time. Gloating! Even that little dog in Larry 1 is not faked. And don't think I missed you always filling up its water dish either.

Al Lowe: Er, well, several takes were required and the poor little mutt was thirsty. But, never mind that. Tell us about the love scenes. Now you can't deny that I haven't put in plenty of those for you.

Love Scenes

Larry: One of the greatest things in the world, if I can get serious for a moment, is the relationship between men and women, guys and chicks, gents and ladies, dudes and babes, studs and studettes—

Al Lowe: All right, already. We get the message. Go on.

Larry: Well, yeah. The Leisure Suit Larry games are *adult* adventure games. They might be adventures, but they also feature the interplay of human sexuality.

Al Lowe: Larry! Quit reading stuff off your sleeve!

Larry: Hmpf. I just wanted to be prepared for this interview. But that is right, you know. The games feature me in adult situations with the opposite sex. That's part of their appeal.

Al Lowe: And here I thought it was the humor, Lar.

Larry: The humor? Very funny.

Al Lowe: Exactly.

Larry: Huh?

Al Lowe: Never mind. Go on. You were telling us about the interplay of human sexuality.

Larry: Yeah, like in the first game, *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, I'm always trying to get it on with these chicks, see?



Al Lowe: I vaguely remember something like that being part of the game, yes.

Larry: You got to remember, at the start of Larry 1, I had just arrived in Lost Wages. Thanks to Roberts blabbing my life story in Chapter 1, everyone in the world now knows that I was somewhat inexperienced with women at that time.

Al Lowe: In other words, a virgin at 33.

Larry: Arrrgh! Is nothing sacred? Erase that from the tape, Al! Besides, I was 39.

Al Lowe: Don't worry, Larry. I will. Heh, heh.

Larry: Well, uh, oh yeah. I guess my first love scene was with the hooker over Lefty's Bar in Larry 1. It was a sleazy, disgusting affair.

Al Lowe: Is that why you kept asking for retakes?

Larry: Er. . . Anyway, one interesting thing about that scene is, if you'll recall, I never had to pay and I got a box of candy out of it, too.

Al Lowe: We couldn't figure a way to get IBM, Atari, and Apple computers to take MasterCard, so you got the professional services of the lady for free just by figuring out how to use the TV remote control you got from the drunk on the pimp's TV downstairs.

Larry: What a pinbrain he was.

Al Lowe: Right, but did you know you can pay him a hundred bucks and he'll let you go up the stairs?

Larry: Really? Of course I'd have to go back to the casino and play slots or roulette to raise that kind of bucks. Anyway, with the TV remote control, I got it for free and worth every cent of it, too. Say, I never did figure what that sign near her bed meant.

Al Lowe: You mean: "Substantial penalties for early withdrawals?"

Larry: Yeah, that's the one. She work parttime in a bank or something?

Al Lowe: Er, we'll discuss it after I've shut off the tape. Go on.

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Larry: My next love scene—which was my wedding night with Fawn in Larry 1—was a disaster. Not only didn't I get any, but I wound up tied to the bed and robbed. No wonder I haven't been married too much since. All my marriages wind up "on the ropes."

Al Lowe: How about the hot tub in Larry 1? Now that was a climatic love scene.

Larry: Several times. Eve was something else. I definitely saw fireworks after that.

Al Lowe: See, I do treat you well, Lar.

Larry: Occasionally, Al. Just occasionally. Now you and Ken were trying for a better rating on *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, so I don't get as many love scenes. There's another tie-down scene on the Cruise Ship—only she uses mink-lined handcuffs. What is it with you and restraining devices, Al? And there's the resort room scene, which is ended by Carlos who has many bullets that he likes firing. Both those scenes are traps. Not to mention the helicopter girls on the Cruise Ship, on the nude beach, and at the Airport. Take a ride with one of them babes and you wind up shackled to a water bed, get something really funky done to you with a laser, then plop into a hydrochloric acid bath.

Al Lowe: That's *hydrofluoric* acid, Lar.

Larry: I don't know, it eats the hell out of me.

Al Lowe: Does teach you to save the game often, though. Right?

Larry: Yeah, that's for sure.

Al Lowe: But you do have one great love scene in Larry 2. At the end when you marry Kalalau. That's really energetic what you and her do behind the bushes.

Larry: Okay, *that* one's not bad. But what's this I hear about you having a copy of that scene *without* the bushes. Can't a guy have no privacy, huh? Ken Williams said you showed it to him. All I need is to have Ken snickering at me.

Al Lowe: Don't worry Larry, I've only shown it to a few dozen close friends. Forget that and go on. What about love scenes in Larry 3?

Larry: Now *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* is much, much, much better! You guys are back into a more adult game and I get a lot of love scenes. In fact, you can just say I get a lot. Part of the game is that I have to score with various chicks to proceed. There's Tawni the tourist, Cherri the showgirl, Suzi the lawyer, Bambi the aerobics instructor, and the fantastic *Passionate Patti* herself. All luscious-bodied, gorgeous babes! It's a tough role, but somebody had to play it.

Al Lowe: Tom Cruise was busy.

Larry: There's one thing all the ladies in my love scenes from all three games have in common.

Al Lowe: Oh?

Larry: Yep, and that's satisfaction. Satisfaction guaranteed and happy to be of service to ya, ma'am.

Al Lowe: Er. . . Yeah. However, Larry, in fairness to the folks out there, I must point out that you never get to finish with any of those ladies. The souvenir peddlers keep interrupting you and Tawni, the show starting up happens while you're with Cherri Tart backstage, Suzi's phone keeps ringing, and the tanning booth falls down on you and Bambi.

Larry: Well, I came close!

Al Lowe: Er, I don't think I'll touch that line. But your comment about the girls gives me an idea. Earlier I've taped comments from most of your various love partners. I'll splice them onto the end this transcript so folks can get the other side of the story, too.

Larry: Hey, that's not fair. I wanna edit those first!

Al Lowe: Sorry, Larry. You'll have to wait and read the book. Now, hand me that little suction cup thing over there.

Larry: Hmpf. Here. What is it?

Al Lowe: Hooks the recorder into the phone. Who knows, maybe someone interesting will call.

Larry: Are you kidding? We've been at this most of the night now. What is it? Three in the morning? Nobody's gonna call now.

Ring, ring!

Al Lowe: Get that, would you, Lar?

Larry: I smell a setup here. Are you doing this interview for a supermarket rag like the *National Enquirer* or for a great publishing house like COMPUTE! Books? Did they tell you to embarrass me, or what?

Ring, ring!

Al Lowe: Nah, Larry. Stephen and all the other editors there love you. Heh, heh. Answer the phone.

Ring, ring!

Passionate Patti

Larry: Oh, all right. Hello?

Passionate Patti: It's Patti, Lar.

Larry: Hi, Patti-cakes! How's my babe?

Patti: I'm fine, Larry, but I just want to administer a little intelligence test on you.

Larry: Huh?

Patti: Do you find me attractive?

Larry: Why. . .yeah. Of all the chicks I've ever—

Patti: Right. And since the end of *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* we've been living together in this little cabin on the mountain lake above Coarsegold. Correct?

Larry: Er. . .Sure, babe. That was in the last scene of the game. Everybody knows that you and—

Patti: And you're enjoying living with me, is that true?

Larry: You better believe it. Why, I—

Patti: And it's now after three in the morning. Do you have a watch? Can you verify this?



Larry: Er. . .right. Three a.m. Sure enough. I don't get it.
What kind of test is this? Multiple choice?

Patti: Intelligence, Larry, intelligence. Something wholly unfamiliar to you.

Larry: Huh?

Patti: Larry, you *lizard*, it's bad enough that you still go to bars and try to score chicks!

Larry: Do not!

Patti: Yes, you do. I hear the jokes. The girls say all they have to do to foil you is to never put their drinks down. Just carry them to the ladies room when they go. An experience not wholly unfamiliar to me.

Larry: I don't know about that. Say, did you hear they closed the Velvet Slipper? Something about the ladies room there, too.

Patti: Full of glasses, Larry. Your making a fool of yourself in singles bars is bad enough. This is too much!

Larry: What? What's too much, babe? I swear I never touched her. She was—

Patti: Now for the final question in our little test, Larry.
Ready?

Larry: Er. . .Yes.

Patti: You promised me faithfully you'd be home by eleven tonight. Bad enough to lose track of time in a singles bar, but here it is three in the morning and *who* are you wasting your time with when you could be here with me?

Larry: Ah. . .Al Lowe? But, babe, we got this book to do and—

Patti: Al can finish up tonight without you and so can I!
Get your butt home. Now.

Larry: Uh. Okay. Sure babe. On my way even as we speak.
Heh, heh. Keep things warm for me.

Patti: Don't count on it, dork-brain. Get moving.

Larry: Right. Don't worry, babe, I—

Click!

Conclusion of the Interview

Larry: Er, I gotta go, Big Al. Patti wants my bod something terrible.

Al Lowe: Yeah, she did tell me the other day that your body was something terrible. But we are about through for tonight. It's late and the Doritos have run out.

Larry: So much for what ol' Jay says on TV, huh? "Don't worry, crunch all you want, we'll make more."

Al Lowe: He expects you to go to the store and buy more when you run out. Anyway, Lar, be back here tomorrow afternoon with your essay on how to pick up chicks, so I can finish this chapter. Meanwhile, after you leave, I'll add in those comments from your lady friends.

Larry: Ohmigawd. Well, no time to argue with you now. I got to get home before Patti feeds me my computer, one chip at a time. . .Hey! That damn tape's still on!

Al Lowe: Right. Let's conclude the interview. Now, before we go, how about one rendition of your best known line for the folks.

Larry: Sure. Hi, my name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

Al Lowe: Thanks and goodbye, Larry. From beautiful downtown Fresno, this is Al Lowe reporting. . .Oops, sorry about the dog, Larry. Must be the neighbor's. I have no idea how he got in, but that little dog sure does like you.

Larry: The contract, Al. It's gonna be in the contract this time! No more dogs. How am I going to explain *this* to Patti?

Al Lowe: Good night, Lar. I'm sure you and the little dog can show yourselves out.

Larry's Women Speak

Well, here it is in the wee small hours. Larry's gone and it's just me and you guys, the three million readers of this book. Okay, I'll settle for two million.

Anyway, this might be kind of mean, but I'm going to really put in these comments from Larry's various girlfriends in all three games. Then Larry is going to finish out this chapter with his wit and wisdom on how to pick up chicks (which shouldn't take long at all).

So, what follows are the true feelings about Larry from the ladies who have known him best. We have taken the liberty of editing out the profanity that usually resulted when Larry's name was first mentioned to each lady. We present this in fairness to provide women everywhere their equal time in rebutting some of Larry's beliefs about chicks. . .er, women, I mean.

These are the edited excerpts from my taped interviews of these young ladies.

The Hooker from Larry 1. Well, you know, like he forgot to pay. I mean, you know, honey, I'm a professional. It ain't for free, you know. You go into a grocery store and pick up a head of lettuce, you don't get it for free, you know.

Al Lowe: Yes, we understand. You're a professional small business person. But how about Larry Laffer as a man? Surely you found something appealing about him.

Ms. Hooker: Honey, I gave up, like, noticing things about men years ago. This is like, you know, being a banker. You take the order and deliver. It's like, you know, work. You don't like, read each deposit slip. All I remember about this Leisure Suit—what's his name?—is that he was quick. So quick he like forgot to, you know, like pay. And he, like, took my box of chocolates, too.



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Al Lowe: Ah, ha. Then that sign by your bed that reads “Substantial penalty for early withdrawals” does relate to the banking business.

Ms. Hooker: Are you, like, third cousins with this, like, leisure suit guy or something?

Al Lowe: Er, no. I hope not. Now, as to the sociological and economic implications of Mr. Laffer’s scene with you, how—

Ms. Hooker: Are you, like, just looking, honey? I got paying clients who are like waiting, you know?

* * *

Al Lowe: Here we have Eve, who lives in the casino penthouse in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*. At the end of the game, Eve and Larry get together and form a relationship. Eve, surely you have some good memories of *Leisure Suit Larry*?

Eve: Who? Oh, you mean the bum I got saddled with in *Lost Wages*? Yeah, we were a number for a night, but I ditched him before I went back to Los Angeles. Do you know that nerd thought one night gave him the right to move into my house with me? I threw his stuff out real quick, I can tell you that. I think they made a computer game about it.

Al Lowe: Right. That’s the start of the second *Leisure Suit Larry* game. You lock him out and he goes looking for love in several wrong places.

Eve: You got it, pal. Say, you’re kind of cute.

Al Lowe: Er, I’m married. Sorry. But tell us, how was Larry?

Eve: How was he what?

Al Lowe: Well, as a lover, for example?

Eve: Beats me.

Al Lowe: He did what?

Eve: Oh. No, I mean I don’t remember. He was okay, I guess. I let him spend the night with me. Good enough until someone better came along. Know what I mean?

Al Lowe: Not quite. Like who would be better?

Eve: Almost anyone. Now do you understand?

Al Lowe: I think so. Yes. Tell me Eve, you seem to live well. You have that big house on Ascot Place in L.A. and you could afford the penthouse suite at the casino in Lost Wages. What do you do for a living?

Eve: I produce self-help audio tapes. Lots of bucks in those.

Al Lowe: Oh, you mean like how to quit smoking or be more assertive or learn German or something.

Eve: Oh no. More useful than those. Here's my latest, "The Ins and Outs of Marital Appliances." Like to buy a copy, only \$19.95? Very vibrant, if you know what I mean.

Al Lowe: Er, no. . . Well. . . If you want to give me a complimentary copy, I'll review it and maybe give you a mention in my next computer game.

Eve: Why not? Here. Say, you really are cute. I just adore pudgy men with receding hairlines.

Al Lowe: Ah, yes. Well, gotta run now. Margaret's waiting out in the car.

* * *

(From a telephone call transcript.)

Kalalau: 'allo. Who is 'dis?

Al Lowe: You don't know me, Kalalau. My name is Al Lowe and I'm a friend of your former husband. You were married to him at the end of *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* and tossed him out at the beginning of *Larry 3*.

Kalalau: That creep! What was 'is name. I forget 'dis unpleasant interlude.

Al Lowe: Er, his name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

Kalalau: Oh, but yes. I now remember. Such a, how you say it, *dork*? Where are you calling from, is very much static?

Al Lowe: Fresno, California. You wouldn't believe the time I had getting the operator to accept the fact that there really is a Nontoonyt Island. She thought I was some kind of pervert making a joke.

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Kalalau: The joke was what do you call him, Larry. He was not man enough for me, but then no man is. It 'as been nice talking to you. Good night.

Al Lowe: No, wait. Please. Give me your impression of Larry Laffer.

Kalalau: 'allo, my name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

Al Lowe: Er, no. I meant your impression of his actions and your feelings about him.

Kalalau: My impression of Larry Laffer is to lie flat in the bed and do nothing that is satisfying. I can do this impression better than how do you call him, Rich Little? He is very good and should change his name to Rich Lot, yes? We watch him on the American TV satellite here on Nontoonyt very much.

Al Lowe: I see. So your marriage to Larry was not rewarding?

Kalalau: I dumped him for a Harley-riding Amazonian lesbian slot machine repairwoman. Does this not tell you how I found 'im?

Al Lowe: Er. . .Not so good, huh?

Kalalau: You are not the Dixie tune whistling, big boy. Don't bother calling again. I'll be, how do you say, busy.

Click.

* * *

(From another call to Nontoonyt Island.)

Roger: Dewey, Cheatem, and Howe—Attorneys at Law.

Al Lowe: Hello. Ms. Suzi Cheatem, please.

Roger: And who may I say is calling?

Al Lowe: This is Al Lowe. Tell her it's in relation to Larry; Larry Laffer.

Roger: Certainly, sir. I'll just put you on hold and let you listen to this wonderful, toe-tapping elevator music for fifteen or twenty minutes. *Click.*

Al Lowe: Yuck. Well, while I'm waiting I'll just talk to myself and do a little research. Now, if I can just drag the phone over to the computer. . .Yes, good. Now I'll bring

up Larry 3 and reload the scene I saved from the lawyer's office. I'm glad I listen to me and saved early and often. . . I hope the folks got the joke in the law firm's name. Dewey, Cheatem, and Howe—'do we cheat them and how.' Heh, heh.

Roger: Okay, sir. Now that we've dosed you with enough elevator music to get you talking to yourself, I'll connect you with Ms. Cheatem. *Click.*

Al Lowe: Er, hello? Suzi the Lawyer?

Suzi: Yes, sir. How may I help you? My firm specializes in divorce and real estate transactions.

Al Lowe: My name is Al Lowe. I'm a friend of Larry; Larry Laffer.

Suzi: Are you an attorney representing Mr. Laffer, sir?

Al Lowe: Er, no. I thought you were?

Suzi: This firm did do a minor transaction for Mr. Laffer in the past. Now, however, we have been retained by Natives, Inc. to litigate against Mr. Laffer in view of his mismanagement while employed with that company. They are invoking a nonperformance clause.

Al Lowe: I see. But my interest in him is more personal. For example, you and he made love in your office. How was he?

Suzi: I am invoking the nonperformance clause here as well. Thank you for calling, but I have to go now. Bigger name on the other line. Good day.

Click.

* * *

(Running the phone bill on up past the moon.)

Al Lowe: Cherri Tart? Cherri the Showgirl? Hello? Are you there?

Cherri: Hello, Mr. Lowe. Even out here in the rural backwoods of Nontoonyt Island I've heard of you. Sorry for the scratchy line. Repairpersons have a hard time keeping them up because of all the lesbian Amazonian cannibal activity out here. The girls keep pulling them

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down for some reason. Probably psychological. Some kind of aversion to large, vertical, cylindrical objects.

Al Lowe: You've heard of me? Well, I'm flattered.

Cherri: Just because I'm out of show biz and into farming now doesn't mean I still don't read the trade rags—like *Variety*, *Billboard*, *Hollywood Reporter*, and the *Sierra News Magazine*. I think you were featured in one of them recently. I forget which.

Al Lowe: Thank you. Now, I'm interviewing Larry Laffer's former lovers. I believe you and he had a thing going backstage at the Nontoonyt Casino once?

Cherri: To give Larry credit, he did make it possible for me to achieve my dream of a little place in the quiet out-back. But as for Larry himself, he's very funky, you know.

Al Lowe: How so?

Cherri: He's a cross-dresser. You'll never believe what he did with my show outfit.

Al Lowe: Yes, I would. But how was he as a lover?

Cherri: I dunno. It was dark back there. Okay I guess. Frankly, I was thinking of the land, not the dirty deed.

* * *

(And one final call to Nontoonyt Island).

Bambi: (puff, puff) Hello (puff). Bambi the aerobics instructor here. Sorry, you caught me in the middle of a workout.

Al Lowe: Sorry. My name is Al Lowe. I'm calling from Fresno.

Bambi: Oh, Eastern Europe! How nice that you small countries are throwing off your Communist dictatorships.

Al Lowe: What? No, that's Fresno. The city in California.

Bambi: Oh, that one. I'm so sorry. Couldn't you move or something?

Al Lowe: Er, never mind that. I'm calling about Larry; Larry Laffer. I understand you and he had an encounter there in the Fat City Health Spa on Nontoonyt Island?

Bambi: Laffer? Yeah, I remember him. We got it on in the tanning booth. A very shocking experience.

Al Lowe: So you don't mind talking about your sexual experiences?

Bambi: Are you kidding? The only thing I love more than talking about loving is loving while talking.

Al Lowe: Wow! You're one hot lady.

Bambi: I've been exercising. You don't mind women who sweat do you? Perspiration gleaming on satin skin as you lovingly rub—

Al Lowe: Gulp. I see you really do like to talk about it. But what about Larry?

Bambi: He wasn't too articulate.

Al Lowe: I mean, what were your impressions of him?

Bambi: Oh, he was all right, I guess. He made one suggestion that's pulled me in some big bucks—doing a video exercise tape using sexual positions. We're outselling Jane Fonda now, and the royalties are like you wouldn't believe.

Al Lowe: That's great, Bambi. But how was Larry as a lover.

Bambi: Adequate, I guess. I really don't remember. Do you have one of my new tapes?

Al Lowe: Ah, no. My wife would kill me. And I'm afraid my TV would melt down anyway.

Bambi: We do get a lot of those complaints. You'd think the Japanese could make a stronger set.

Al Lowe: Cultural differences, I'm sure. Thank you.

Bambi: Bye now.

* * *

(Now, to put the phone company into the black for the next six years, a call to the Kingdom of Daventry—that's *real* long distance).

Al Lowe: Hello? . . . Royal Summer Palace? . . . Princess Rosella, please. . . I'm calling from Fresno, California, USA, Earth. . . Thank you for your sympathy. . . No, I don't want to move. Could you just call her to the phone, please?

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Rosella: Hello?

Al Lowe: Princess Rosella, this is Al Lowe.

Rosella: I'm sorry, my father doesn't like me talking to commoners, Al the Low. No dating them either.

Al Lowe: Er, no, that's just a name. Not my station in life. I'm really a . . . well, a sort of wizard. I'm a programmer and I know UNIX and—

Rosella: I've always pitied eunuchs, but they are a nice safe date. If you are a eunuch, you may take me to the drive-in jousting show next Michaelmas. My father may demand proof, however.

Al Lowe: Er, yes. My question, Your Highness, is about Larry; Larry Laffer.

Rosella: Who?

Al Lowe: Leisure Suit Larry. You've made guest appearances in his last two games.

Rosella: So?

Al Lowe: What do you *think* of him?

Rosella: Who?

Al Lowe: Sigh. Leisure Suit Larry.

Rosella: You're not from around here, are you?

Al Lowe: Er, no. I live in Fresno.

Rosella: I'm so sorry. Maybe you could move. Maybe Bakersfield or Cleveland. Well, about this Larry creep. May I tell you the same thing Roberta Williams suggested I tell Larry if he ever calls?

Al Lowe: Well, yes. Thank you. What is it?

Click.

Al Lowe: Hello? Hello?

* * *

Hmmm. I think we now have enough comments to give us a reasonably accurate picture of Larry's true luck with the ladies. It's pretty much a cinch that he'll never be asked to costar in a *King's Quest* game with Rosella, or to move back in with either Eve or Kalalau. The professional lady we met first will probably not extend him a line of

credit if he visits her again. Bambi, while she profited by knowing Larry, is not interested in him. Suzi Cheatem is really the only who does want to see him again—but only in court.

On the other hand, sometimes theorists are not good practitioners. Many great teachers in medical schools are there because they couldn't cut the mustard, or anything else. A lot of generals could plan victorious battles but were not sure from which end of the gun you shot the bullet. Could this be true about Larry Laffer? Could the following learned words of Mr. Laffer really be useful?

This might change social mores and courtship habits for all time. Could the words of Leisure Suit Larry forever sway the course of male/female relationships?

Nah.

But here they are anyway. We promised him and, besides, he works cheap.

How to Pick Up Chicks A Hands On Tutorial by Larry Laffer

Hi. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I'm writing this short treatise as my contribution to history—the history of love.

Guys come up to me all the time and say, "Larry, how do you get so many women? What's your secret?"

Chicks are constantly approaching me in bars and other public places and saying, "Larry, you absolute cutie, why do I want to rip off my clothes, then your clothes, and make mad, passionate love to you—and not necessarily in that order? What is this magnetism you have that makes me melt inside and want to clasp you to my steamy, naked body? Forget those questions, Larry. Just take me, you stud you!"

Of course, it can be embarrassing when you're in a museum or a library or something, but such is the cross I bare, heh, heh. I could tell you that picking up chicks is some sort of innate talent you either have or you don't, but that's not true. Good lovers are made,

not born. If they're really good, they can be made more than once a night. However, as one of Princess Rosella's friends told me a couple of weeks ago, "Once a king, always a king, but once a night's enough."

Approach is everything. You've got to be confident. This requires some preparation. It is not by accident that you always see me dressed in a gleaming white leisure suit. A guy's gotta have a trademark.

Now, I don't expect everyone to rush out and buy leisure suits—after all, they are hard to find these days. Look into Nehru jackets, pinstripe suits, bell-bottom bluejeans, and the like. There's a lot of good stuff at Goodwill Industries and Salvation Army stores. Browse their racks and you'll come up with your own distinctive look.

Invest in some gold chains. Chicks think gold chains are cool. However, remember you get more width by buying goldplated instead of real gold. It's dark in bars and chicks can't tell the diff. Save money and go for more effect, too.

Be sure to wear your gold chains with an open-neck shirt so the babes can see the glint of gold on your hairy chest. Exercise some care when gluing the hair in place. Nothing gives away things like sloppy dobs of excess rubber cement.

Get a haircut, assuming you have hair on your head. Otherwise, see the paragraph above, and be careful with the rubber cement. (No offense, Al and Ralph—billiard balls are one of my favorite shapes).

Buy a pocketknife to clean the grime from under your fingernails. Breath spray is cheap; apply it liberally. Take a shower every week or so.

I know all of the above sounds like a lot of trouble, and it is, but chicks appreciate your efforts at hygiene. If you expect a chick to throw herself at you, it's only fair that you provide her with a nice clean place to land.

Now, when you walk through the door of that singles bar, *do not show fear*. Chicks can smell fear a mile away. A lone male who's afraid is easy prey for packs of predator females, and could start a danger-

ous stampede. Confident. That's the keyword, always be confident.

Scout the bar. If you see an empty chair next to a good-looking chick, stroll over and sit down. If she says that seat's taken, that her boyfriend's just gone to the restroom, ignore her. Chicks use this device to see if you are confident enough to stay in place. If you are, they may throw themselves at you right then. Chicks like confident guys. You should always, by the way, wear clothes that are easy to be ripped off. Chicks appreciate such thoughtfulness on your part. Nothing slows a relationship more than buttons that are hard to undo.

The downside of such confidence is that she may actually be telling you the truth. In such a case, you may get bounced around a little by the boyfriend when he comes back from the restroom. Stay away from chicks like this—they usually date wrestlers, truck drivers, or Cobol programmers. Those guys are used to moving big stuff around.

Your opening line is important. A snappy opening shows the chick that you are cool and worthy of them throwing themselves on you and ripping off your clothes. Here are some opening lines you might want to try out:

"Hi, my name is Vice; Vice President Dan Quayle."



Er, no. Scratch that one. We want to be believable and confident here.

"Hi, my name is Donald; Donald Trump. Spend the night with me and I'll give you Rhode Island."

Chapter 5

"Hi, good-looking. My bet is that you've never made it with an astronaut before. Well, baby, tonight is your night to ride, Sally, ride."

"Hi, I'm captain of the Olympic lovemaking team and we're holding tryouts tonight. You owe it to your country. U-S-A! U-S-A!"

"Hi. I am required by law to ask first if you have a weak heart or are allergic to total, unrestrained pleasure?" [Editor's note: Hmmm, this one might actually work.]

"Hi. I'm not from Fresno." (To be used if she's from California, the continental U.S., or Western Europe.)

"Hi. I'm from Fresno." (To be used only if you know she's from out of the country, like from Brazil or Katmandu or most Third World nations.)

"Hi, I'm from Bakersfield." (To be used if she's from out of the solar system.)

"Hi, I'm Tarzan. Wanna swing? I guarantee you'll go ape over me."

"Hi. My name is Al Lowe. How would you like to star in my next computer game?" (This approach may get you beat up if Al Lowe catches you).

"Hi. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer." (This one will get you beat up by me, but it works!)

Never lie to a chick.
Unless, of course, it
seems to be working.



Well, those are a sampling. A good line will have chicks ripping off your clothes before you're half-way through it. Practice delivering it confidently.

One warning: Sometimes the opening line does not do the complete job and you will be expected to actually *talk* afterwards. Don't panic. Simply pick a subject of great interest to the chick, like you, and proceed from there.

That should be enough to get you started. Being a great lover might take you another week or two, but picking up chicks is the easy part.

Back to Big Al

Er, thanks, Lar. I'm sure the guys out there will take your advice to heart and that the ladies who've read it will quit laughing by next Easter.

"Huh?"

Never mind. Now it's time to move on. You've had your say (and how). Next we're going to look at "The Many Faces of Leisure Suit Larry."

"Is Rich Little doing impressions of me again?"

No, no, Larry. I'm talking about the different computers that you can play Leisure Suit Larry on.

"Oh."

The Many Faces of Leisure Suit Larry

The Sierra On-Line games in general, and the *Leisure Suit Larry* games in specific, are available for several different types of computers. These are IBM PCs and compatibles, Ataris, Amigas, Macintoshes, and the Apple II and Apple IIGS series.

“Love them Apples. The Wozman is my main man!”

Yes, Lar, the Woz is a hero to a lot of us. Steve Wozniak and his pal, Steven Jobs, made a major contribution to the furtherance of the human race back in the late seventies. Their Apple II series of personal computers has been around for over a decade now. It's changed many lives and made a few fortunes for people who've adapted to and used this great little Information Age tool.

“Yeah, like Ken and Roberta Williams—just to name two.”

You got it, Larry. The Apple II even made Larry Laffer possible. If it hadn't been for the Apple II and the popularity of *Softporn*, there would not have been a *Leisure Suit Larry*.

“And a lot of chicks would be crying in their beer and never knowing why.”

Er, maybe. Anyway, this chapter will give our friends, the readers, some information about the different systems the *Larry* games run on. Wave to the folks, Lar.

That's enough, Larry, you ham. Now go break open that case of Classic Coke I picked up this morning, fill the ice bucket, and we'll get the day's work started.

IBM and the “Real” World

The Apple II series had a good run, but realistically—like it or not—the dominant computer is the IBM PC and the scores of different brands of compatibles and clones. Jobs and the Woz have moved on from Apple to other endeavors now, and people who sell software look at the IBM world first.

□ Chapter 6

Sierra On-Line is no fool in the marketing department. Games are usually developed first on IBM-compatible machines (also referred to as MS-DOS, or *Microsoft Disk Operating System* computers). They are released first into the huge MS-DOS marketplace. This is the way it is right now, and companies who do not realize that disappear, or at least rock along with much fewer sales. By continuing to stay abreast of such realities, Sierra does well and is able to reinvest profits in yet better games for all of us, no matter which system we may own.

"Yeah, like in a new Larry 4, man!"

Ah. . . We'll see. Anyway, this does not mean that compatibles are better machines. Certainly Ataris and Amigas both come with better sound and graphics, and Macintoshes are a lot more user friendly. However, there are considerably more compatibles sold and in use, so they get first service.

The way Sierra does their games using Sierra's Creative Interpreter, translating or (to use the correct term) porting a game to another system is relatively easy, and releases for other systems come out reasonably quickly after the initial release of the IBM version. We'll talk more about porting in the sections on each specific type of computer.

"So, when will Larry 3 be available for my Radio Shack TRS-80 Model I."

Approximately never, Larry. Boy, you really are still stuck in the seventies, aren't you?

"I resemble that remark, Big Al! What's wrong with the Model I? I've even got CP/M running on it!"

In 1978 and 1979, there was nothing at all wrong with it, Lar, or with CP/M as an operating system. They were both state of the art, and together they turned the early personal computers into 8-bit honkers that astounded and amazed many thousands of their owners. Radio Shack was the leading seller of personal computers, and it looked like they would dominate this explosively emerging marketplace for decades to come.

"So, why did they lose it?"

Three little letters, Larry. I . . . B . . . M. IBM finally got into the market, starting in 1981 with the 8088 16-bit "Personal Computer," and it's been Katie bar the door ever since.

“Talk about me being stuck in the seventies. Where’s that cliché from, the 1870’s?”

Beats me, but I always wanted to use it in a book.

“Okay, Big Al, your life is now complete. You can sell your clothes and go to heaven, huh?”

Er, not quite, Larry. There are a few other things I’d like to do first.

“Well, just make sure one of them is Larry 4.”

Let’s get back on track here, Larry. To sum it up—the *Leisure Suit Larry* games come out first for MS-DOS machines but are then ported over as quickly as possible to Atari, Amiga, Macintosh, and where possible, the Apple series.

Alas, those Apple II series machines use old technology, and the new games generated on Sierra’s Creative Interpreter make too many demands for system resources. Thus the old-style Apples just run too slowly to be acceptable. Also, even on the AGI games, we have to crop the view some to get them to work, so you don’t get all the graphics you do on the newer type machines such as the IBMs, Macs, Ataris, and Amigas.

“Oh, well, onward and upward, Big Al. I won’t tell the Wozman if you don’t.”

I’m sure the Woz is working on something better right now, anyway. Never count the Woz out—he’s King Hacker as far as most of us are concerned. Let’s look at some tips for the individual systems. And pour me another Coke, Lar.

“Hey! Forget these wimp drinks and let’s get some hacker-elixir—TAB! Say, what about all the readers out there? How’s about asking them if they like want a Tab and some Fritos to dunk in it?”

Larry! I love these folks a lot but I am *not* buying three million cases of Tab! And while you are in my house, you’ll drink what I drink and like it.

“Does this mean I should sell my soft drink company stock?”

Huh? I didn’t know you had any.

“Oh, sure. Since Brøderbund didn’t go public, I had to invest in something else programmers use a lot of, like the company that cans and bottles Tab. Now that’s pure nectarine juice to us hackers.”

I see. Well, if you want to invest in a going concern, buy some Sierra stock. They're publicly traded, y'know.

"Say! Good idea! I'll call John Williams, or maybe Ken, and see how much they'll loan me."

Ummm. Well, good luck. Now may I continue? People are waiting.

"Oh, yeah. Go for it, Big Guy. Don't let me stand in your way."

Move over by the television, then. You're in my light. Lemme see my notes here. Oh, yeah.

MS-DOS Machines

The instruction book with your game gives you exact installation procedures. You should follow them closely, since proper installation of the game enhances the pleasure it gives you. Besides, it probably won't work otherwise.

One important consideration is hard disk space. For Larry 2 and Larry 3 especially, you need a respectable amount of free space. Larry 3, *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, takes up approximately three megabytes, and that's after all the fantastic data compression techniques that we've employed to keep disk usage to a minimum. Larry 2 is a little over two megabytes.

Hard disk maintenance is important. Unnecessary files tend to proliferate far faster than you might realize. It's a good idea to periodically look through the various directories and delete files no longer needed. That way, you can keep much more usable space on your hard disk.

"What happens if the player is smart and saves games, Al?"

All our players are smart, Lar, but that's a good point. Not only do you need to save early and often, but you also should take into account the extra space this will require. In Larry 1, it's minimal. You can have up to 20 games saved, and the total space will be just a tad over 50K.

Larry 2 and Larry 3—being in the new Sierra's Creative Interpreter or SCI—require more resources but, of course, give you a lot more "bang" for your buck. Again, you can have up to 20 games saved, but these require between 40 and 50 kilobytes per game. That means 20 games require a bit (or even a byte) over 800K.

"Almost another full megabyte, huh?"

Yep, but worth it. Having your play saved at different levels is invaluable, and I can't emphasize that enough. If you forgot to pick up something you need halfway through the game, it's a lot better to be able to go back to that halfway point than having to start the game over from scratch.

"And with the traps you set for a poor guy, like falling off ledges and stuff, saving often is the *only* way to succeed."

Heh, heh.

"Very funny, Al, but try falling off a ledge a few times because a certain game designer suggests you get a little closer to the edge in order to pick the flowers."

So true, little buddy, so true. That, by the way, happens in Larry 3 when you are in the cave. There are orchids growing near an opening that's high above the beach. One little slip and it's the runaway down elevator into eternity.

"Urk!"

But you do need flowers to weave into a lei in order to make it with Passionate Patti, and there are no florist shops around. This way is less expensive, anyway.

"Yeah, there's nothing like a cheap lei, huh?"

I believe I said that in the game, Larry.

"So, if you sue me for not being original, I'm gonna sue you for creating a dangerous work environment. With all the people playing *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* now, I bet I've fallen off that damned ledge a zillion times."

Yes, I do realize the gravity of the situation, Lar.

"Groan."

But away from such weighty subjects and back to MS-DOS machines. There's an easy way around the twenty-saved-game limitation. You can have as many games saved as you want by simply changing directories—with, of course, each directory being limited to twenty games.

When you press the F5 function key to save a game—or the ESC key, then choosing the save game feature from the pull-down menus—you'll be offered a chance at that time to change directories. Just type in a new path, and you can save twenty new games. And so on and so on.

"Until you run out of disk space."

Er, right. Remember, each twenty new games saved in both Larry 2 and Larry 3 will require a little over 800K each.

“Better dump the unnecessary space-wasting stuff, like Lotus 1-2-3 and WordPerfect.”

When installing a game, be sure to follow the instructions in the manual and answer all questions carefully.

If, for example, you have an EGA or VGA graphics adapter, you certainly don't want to accidentally set up the game as seeing only a CGA adapter. You would lose all the richness of the EGA screens. You'll see a lot more detail with EGA or VGA, naturally.

“Ut oh, I think I see the ole ‘new technology is the best technology’ pitch coming.”

Not all of us still run Radio Shack Model I's, Lar.

“It's a good machine!”

In 1979, Lar, it was a fantastic machine. Look at the calendar.

“The what?”

Exactly! You forgot to set yours sometime around when Jimmy Carter was elected president. I rest my case.

“Why? Is it heavy? Now my Model I is pretty light and—”

Enough, Larry! But seriously, folks, it's the nineties now. The advances in computer games are rolling hot. Larry 2 and Larry 3 push your computer to the limit, as will the updated SCI version of Larry 1. Obviously a hard disk and an Enhanced Graphics Adapter, not to mention fast processor speed, are all a good idea. Luckily for those of us with limited budgets, hardware prices continue to come down.

The point I want to make here is you haven't seen anything yet in game technology. If the present games from Sierra and other companies push your machine to the ragged edge, imagine what Larry 4 and the other new games to come will do. Put away a few bucks as you can to upgrade your system—the rewards in enjoyment and productivity will be well worth it.

Upgrading can be very inexpensive in some aspects, too. Take video displays. If you have CGA and a color

monitor, you can upgrade to EGA just by purchasing the EGA video card. The prices on that now have dropped to under \$100 from several of the mail order places.

“That’s great, Big Al, but what if I don’t have a MS-DOS machine and I want to play *Leisure Suit Larry*? What if I got, like, an Atari, man?”

Atari

Okay, we’ll cover the Atari next, specifically the Atari ST. Porting or transferring an SCI-generated game over the Atari environment is pretty much a piece of cake, so you’ll usually see Atari versions of Sierra games soon after the MS-DOS version is released. There are two flavors of Atari releases involved here—the single-sided disk and the double-sided disk.

“How can anything have just one side?”

Ever seen a Mobius strip, Larry? Take a strip of paper. Hold one end steady and twist the other end over a half turn. Tape both ends together. Now, take a pencil and draw a line all the way along the strip until you come to where you started the line. You’ll find that the Mobius strip has just one side. This is a rudimentary exercise in the science of topology.

“Yeah, but can an Atari ST read it?”

No, but it can read single-sided disks which, to satisfy Larry, really do have two sides—the back side is just not used. All three of the Larry games—*Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, and *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*—are available for the Atari ST in this configuration. The price, according to Sierra’s *Tenth Anniversary* catalog (1990) is \$49.95 for Larry 1 and \$69.95 each for the remaining two games. Your Atari ST should have a minimum of 512K to run these games.

Only Larry 2 and Larry 3 are available in the double-sided format. However, the good news is that the price is actually less, being only \$59.95 each. I probably shouldn’t mention here that you can buy these games for less than the list price via many mail order companies, and even through a number of retail stores.

“Then don’t mention it.”

On the other hand, you did buy our book and thus deserve a break.

"So you'll say it, then?"

Already did, Lar, already did. The reason for the two disk formats, by the way, is simple. The Atari 520ST was first offered in the U.S. market. It featured a 3.5 inch 720K drive. Now, however, the newer Atari 1040 MegaST is the hottest selling Atari machine, and it uses a 1.44 megabyte 3.5" drive. By being able to put their games on the newer, larger-capacity disks, software publishers can save a lot of money. Naturally, you would only buy the double-sided disk games if you have a one of the new computers.

Now, there are certain things you have to do to play Sierra games on an Atari ST, and this applies to all of them—not just the Larry games. You'll see detailed instructions for all this in the manual that comes with each game, such as the *Nontoonyt Tonite* in Larry 3.

Anyway, to sum up, Ataris are a great machine with excellent graphics and sound. Sierra games port over to them easily and run well. You'll have hours and hours of Sierra and Larry-fun on your Atari ST.

"Larry-fun. Hey, I like that. You have a way with words, big guy."

You better believe it, Larry. Of course my deathless prose would be a lot more deathless if you quit diluting it, like I think you did this last Coke.

"Uh, I did put a little water in it. Do you drink them straight?"

A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. Pop me another, Lar. And excuse me while I run down the hall a minute.

"Sure. A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. Especially after a six-pack of Classic Coke. Har, har."

Amiga Amigos

Okay, now I can concentrate. Where was I?

"Contradicting yourself on the same line."

Amigas, that's where. The Commodore Amiga is another great computer system, one with legions of loyal fans. Naturally, Sierra supports the Amiga user with a host of Sierra games. *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* is \$39.95 for the Amiga, and *Leisure Suit Larry Goes*

Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places) is \$49.95. Larry 3 should be available soon.

Despite the jerky animation and blocky graphics of the first Larry game on the Amiga, it was still a best-seller. Amiga owners fell in love with Larry and really supported him.

“Thanks, troops.”

This was one of the factors that encouraged Sierra to port SCI games over to the Amiga. Beginning with Larry 2, Amiga owners were treated to a cleaner, much improved look. Not to mention the great sound.

“Aw, go ahead, Al. Mention it.”

At ease, Larry. Smoke them if you got them.

“Gee whiz, Al. I don’t smoke. You ever try to flick a Bic inside a computer? It just don’t work. And what’s with this ‘at ease’ stuff? This ain’t the Fresno Air National Guard, you know.”

I just figure you should be at ease, Larry, because I can never seem to get you to pay attention.

“Ha! I’m insulted. I *always* pay attention to you, Great One. I bask in the glow of your words like the sun worshipers on the beaches of Nontoonyt Island bask in the gentle tropic light as their tans gradually darken. Er, what were you talking about, anyway?”

The Commodore Amiga computer, but since you bring up the beaches of Nontoonyt Island, here’s a tip for the folks playing Larry 3. Just remember, one of the main things you do at a tropical resort is get a tan. Don’t miss out on points by not getting one. You’ll need to be on the beach, of course, and you’ll need a towel. Tawni has a towel, so you might want to check back after she’s gone. Who knows. She might have left it.

“Yeah, but don’t sunbathe too long or you’ll burn to a crisp. Al Lowe is good about leaving little traps like that for a guy. I get fried more than cheap hamburgers at lunchtime.”

Yep. Stay alert. You’ll get a hint when enough’s enough. You’ll get a hint when enough’s enough. Seriously, though, everything you need to start playing Larry on your Amiga is detailed in the game manual.

“Sounds easy enough.”

It is, Lar. The Amiga is a nice, user-friendly system. It has very powerful graphics and sound. Playing Leisure Suit Larry on the Commodore Amiga is fantastic.

"Playing Leisure Suit Larry on anything is fantastic. I can't wait for the IBM mainframe version of Larry 3!"

Er, I think we'll do the Cray and DEC versions before that one, Larry.

"Say, you remember HAL in the movie *2001*?"

No, Larry. I mean I remember, but there is no way I'm gonna code a version for HAL. Open me another can of Coke and fill my glass, huh? This is thirsty work.

"I'm . . .sor-ry. . .Al . . .but . . .I . . .can . . .not . . .do . . .that."

Nice imitation, Larry. Now pop a top and pour or I'll throw you out the airlock.

"Yes. . .Great. . .One."

Larry!

"I'm pouring, I'm pouring."

The Macintosh

Macintosh users have high standards for their games, not to mention other programs. They expect games to take advantage of the Mac's superior resolution and sound qualities. Owners of Mac IIs are also interested in color.

"Darn right. The Apple Macintosh is one fast-operating, mean-to-the-max machine. Say! Since John Sculley is over at Apple now and doing so well, I wonder if he'd loan me ten bucks. Just until next Christmas."

Hmm. I doubt it, Lar. He strikes me as being pretty smart.

"And I guess I shouldn't ask him if he has any Jobs available either. Har, har, har."

Definitely not that, Larry. Not since Steven Jobs and the Woz are gone from Apple.

"Yeah. Too bad. The company will never be the same, huh?"

Er, I'd rather not touch that subject, Larry. Back to the Macintosh. *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* is \$39.95 for the Mac, and *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* is scheduled for first quarter 1990 release and will be \$59.95.

A goodly number of other Sierra games are also available on the Mac. You might want to check out the hot new Japanese arcade game, *Silpheed*. Sierra is importing it in connection with Game Arts of Japan.

“Arcade games, urk! Patti told me—at length, I might add—about the arcade sequence you put her through on the river in *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*. All those gnarly logs and stuff.”

Right. The logs and rocks on the raging river. Heh, heh. As the game says, Lar, it was an experience not wholly unfamiliar to her.

“So, when will that one be available for Mac owners?”

It won't be too long, Larry. However, porting games from IBM over to Macintosh does take a little longer than to, for example, Atari. And Sierra is very careful to do a good job of taking full advantage of the Mac's capabilities. Believe me, it'll be worth the wait.

Our Longtime Friend, the Apple II

The various Apple II series will always have a warm place in our hearts at Sierra. Thanks to the Apple II, Ken and Roberta started Sierra On-Line and, in a very significant role, the computer game industry in general. The Apple II did yeoman work in opening up a marketplace for personal computers. And Apple is still selling an oft-modified version of the Apple II over a decade after it was first introduced.

“Probably the longest-running personal computer model, huh?”

Definitely, Larry. A good solid place in history but, alas and alack and all those other types of sayings, it's a bit long in the tooth now.

“In other words?”

Only *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* is available for either the Apple II or IIGS series. The price for both is \$39.95. The newer Sierra games, those done under Sierra's Creative Interpreter, just demand too much of the Apple II. It tries but it can't deliver like the newer generation machines.

“Sad to see the passing of a legend, but at least Apple II owners can still enjoy Larry 1 and all those wonderful early games that Sierra and other companies did.”

Yep. I guess this is our chance in print to acknowledge how great a role the Apple II played in getting personal computing off the ground and, sadly, to say “goodbye, old friend.”

“Well, *that* should get us a flood of letters from them wot says it ain’t so, huh?”

I wouldn’t be surprised. And I think you can hang up borrowing ten bucks from John Sculley.

“Way it goes. Guess I’ll have to hit up Bill Gates over at Microsoft then. I hear ole Bill is doing right well up there in Redmond, Washington. Wonder if he gets a lot of chicks. They ought to be impressed ‘cause he done made such a success out of MS-DOS.”

Let’s hope they haven’t heard of OS/2, Lar. Heh, heh. No, I have no knowledge of Bill’s personal life. You’ll have to call and ask him.

Sierra Games Run Well on All Computers

If Sierra releases a game for a certain type of computer, you can be sure it will work *well* on that machine. Be it MS-DOS, Atari ST, Macintosh, Amiga, or the Apple II series—if that game is available for that machine, it works without compromise or it doesn’t get released in the first place.

Anyone can order a catalog from Sierra On-Line at P.O. Box 485, Coarsegold CA 93614. Tell them you read about it in *Compute!’s The Official Book of Leisure Suit Larry*.

Okay, Larry, if you’ll carry those empty soft drink cans out to the garbage, I’ll make us a stack of sandwiches each. We need to fortify ourselves for the next chapter.

“Which is?”

General hints useful in playing the Larry games. Pay attention, folks, we might not always be totally explicit, but that’s half the fun of figuring out a hint, right?

“Just save early and save often, right Al?”

Right Larry.

Oh! And you readers out there. If you’ve read this far and *still* haven’t taken this book up to the clerk and paid for it, aren’t your feet hurting? Take our word, it’s worth the money, and how!

The Many Faces of Leisure Suit Larry

“So buy it, huh? If Al makes a buck or two, maybe he’ll loan me some bread.”

Bread? Yeah. You want rye or pumpernickel in those sandwiches, Larry?

“Pumpernickel. And lots of mayo, mustard, ketchup, Heinz 57, and a dab or three of Tabasco sauce. Dice in some jalapeño peppers if you have them.”

Larry! They’re tuna fish sandwiches.

“You can’t tune a fish, not even flatfish. Wrong scales. Har, har, har.”



PART II

Game Hints



General Hints

Larry! There's a glob of tuna fish on the front of your leisure suit! I can't take you anywhere, you slob.

"Well, excuse me, Big Al. Here, I'll eat it. Better? Besides, you never do take me anywhere. How come you never introduce me to your friends?"

Because I like them. They're my friends.

"Huh?"

Never mind, Lar. Here's a napkin. Want another sandwich?

"No thanks, Al. Five of your sandwiches are enough. Now I'm ready to go to work. I need to leave early today, by the way. They've cleaned the empty drink glasses out of the women's john down at the Velvet Slipper, built lots of shelves, and doubled its size. Today is the grand reopening. It's ladies night, and the chicks will be out in force!"

Larry, I thought after Patti chewed you out last night that you'd learned your lesson. Are you sure you should be chasing other women? Is that wise? Besides, they'll just carry their drinks into the ladies room again to get away from you.

"No, it ain't wise and it ain't safe neither. But a guy's gotta have a hobby, right? Some guys climb mountains and stuff, I chase chicks."

Hmmm. I remember you had to climb a mountain at the end of *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*.

"Yeah, and an active volcano no less. But I did it for a chick, even if Kalalau did wind up divorcing me for a Harley-riding, lesbian Amazonian-slot machine repairwoman at the start of Larry 3. Other than that, she was an okay lady."

I would consider that a pretty major deficiency, but we all have have our minor setbacks in relationships, Larry. How about you and Passionate Patti, now that you guys are living together? Can we give our readers here a scoop? Are there wedding bells in the future for the man of leisure and a certain piano-playing beauty?

Chapter 7

“Huh?”

Are you and Patti going to get married?

“I dunno. Have to wait until she starts talking to me again, I guess.”

I see. Well, let's get going on this chapter. We're going to talk here about some general hints in playing the Larry games.

“Like if a chick picks you up, expect alto saxophone reeds under the fingernails.”

Nah, not always, Larry. Just in Larry 2.

The Easy Stuff

All three of the Leisure Suit Larry games (and the fourth one, if and when it comes) are three dimensional, animated adventure games. They're like an interactive movie where you become the main character. In these games, of course, you become “Leisure Suit” Larry Laffer—that lovable loser. That would-be man about town with a receding hairline and no redeeming social values.

“Hey! You're talking about me! I resemble that remark very much.”

Yes, you do, Lar. To an alarming degree, in fact.

“Huh?”

Interacting with the game means that you *become* the character for those enjoyable hours it takes you to solve the game. Nor is the fun over then. You'll find new goodies the second and third times through, lots of little hidden “Easter eggs,” and so forth, and so forth.

“You write these games in Forth? I thought you used something cool, like Cobol or Fortran?”

You are stuck in the seventies, aren't you, Larry? Now be quiet for a minute and let me finishing telling the kind reader-folks about how you work.

“Work? You never said I *had* to work.”

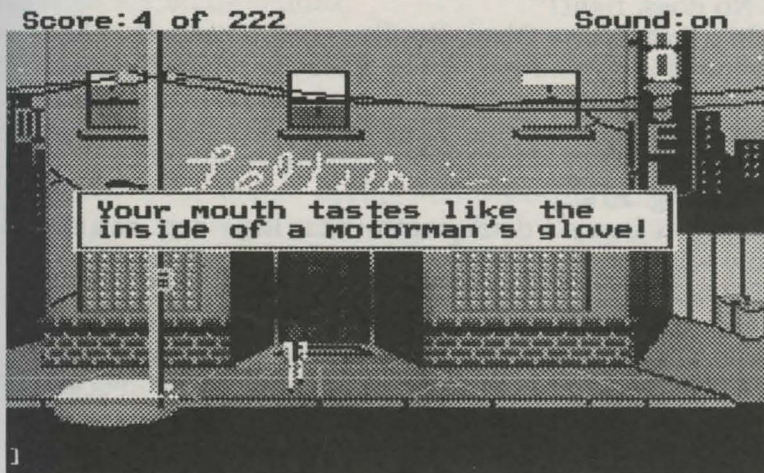
Let me rephrase that. I mean how the player interacts with you, the protagonist.

“Hey, watch what you call me!”

No, the protagonist—or *Ego* as we call him or her in the computer game biz—is the character on the screen the player identifies with and whose actions can be controlled.

“You mean, I gotta let all these thousands upon thousands of people who play Leisure Suit Larry into my head?”

Yes, but don't worry, Lar. There's plenty of room there. Har, har.



“I got a headache, Big Al.”

Sit over there and relax, Larry, and let me get on with this. Now, as the player it's easy enough to identify your character. He's the balding nerd in the white leisure suit. You can move him around the screen with a joystick (if your computer has one), a mouse, the numeric keypad, or the direction (arrow) keys. The reference card and manual that come with each game give full details.

Should Larry run into anything—an experience not wholly unfamiliar to him—he will stop. The object can be a tree, a barstool, a little dog, a girl, or anything else. If there's room, you'll have to move him around the object.

“I wanna complain about that dog!”

You already have several times, Larry. That little dog likes you, he likes you a lot.

“Yeah, well, he was bad enough in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, but have you ever noticed Eve's 'attack dog' in the opening scenes of *Leisure*

Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)? It's the same darn dog! And it does the same thing! Do you know how hard stains are to get out of a white leisure suit? No more dogs, huh, Al?"

Hmmm. Let me check my notes here. Oh, yeah.

"Al? You didn't answer me. Al, whaddaya say, pal? Huh? No dogs, right?"

Ah, here we are. Okay, we discussed objects that have to be moved around. Now, where Larry reaches the edges of the screen, either he'll be able to go no farther in that direction, or a new scene will be loaded from your floppy or hard disk.

"The dog, Al?"

Get off it Larry. I don't control that little dog. You never know when it might wander onto a game set.

"Oh, sure."

Talking to the game and "listening" to—reading—what it tells you is very important. All during your adventure, the game will tell you more about the situation and scene than appears on the screen. This text pops up in a message window on your computer's screen. Once it's read, you can clear the message from the screen by hitting the Enter key or by clicking the mouse or joystick.

Of course, you must "talk" to the game, too, to have Larry do things that will aid in solving the game. Or to get him in deeper trouble. Heh, heh.

"Hmpf."

When you want to do something such as "talk to the girl" or "get the rope," you instruct the game to do so by typing simple English sentences.

"An experience not wholly unfamiliar to you."

Larry, mellow out, buddy. I'm sorry you don't like that little dog, but ya gotta admit it's funny.

"Only if you put alto saxophone reeds under my fingernails."

Er, yes. Anyway, in Larry 2 and Larry 3, a dialog box will appear when you start to type. In Larry 1, a command line is used at the bottom of the screen (although this will change in the SCI version of Larry 1 that will be coming out before long). Just press Enter when you've finished, and the game either will act on your instructions or tell you in some way that it didn't understand.

“Some smart aleck way, usually.”

Nah, just humorous, Lar. The technique the computer employs is called *parsing*. It takes the words you’ve typed in and compares them to the vocabulary programmed into the game. When there’s a close enough match, the computer “understands” your instructions and performs the requested action or actions.

There is also a series of pull-down menus available to help you do various functions and options. On most machines, use the escape key (Esc), the direction (arrow) keys, the mouse, or the joystick, if you have one or the other. Most of these items are pretty obvious—such as setting preferences for sound, saving and restoring games, and pausing or leaving a game in progress.

“Save early and often, right Big Al?”

You got that one, little buddy. In fact, it deserves a section of its own, so here goes.

Saving Early and Often

You’ll read this in the manuals, you hear it in this book (often), and you get it with the new Autosave™ feature in *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*—**SAVE EARLY AND SAVE OFTEN.**

“Ow! Do you have to shout, Big Guy?”

Just wanted to make sure everyone was awake, Lar. Every Sierra game product, the Larry games included, has a special save and restore game feature. As the manuals point out, it’s like putting a bookmark in a book. Saving a game saves your position, location, possessions, and your point score to date. This is recorded to disk so you can restore the game and start from that point again.

Saving the game allows you to take a break from it or to do something that might be dangerous. Should you screw up, then simply restore the game and try it again.

“Takes and retakes—they’re all rough on a guy you know. I get alto saxophone reeds shoved up under my fingernails a million times a day, and you wonder why I get in a bad mood sometimes? Gimme me a break, Big Al.”

Say, that’s an idea for the next game. Any preferences? Left leg or right leg?

“Arrrgh!”

To continue, as the manuals point out, a wise adventurer saves his game often. The world of Leisure Suit Larry is filled with potentially lethal situations. Whenever you get killed, locked up in prison for life, or otherwise stopped in your quest, you can restore your game to a past “bookmarked” point and proceed in the adventure again.

“Big Al, I wanna raise!”

Later, Lar. So, folks, save early and often. It can’t be stressed enough. You’ll find more information on save and restore functions on your reference card that comes with the game.

Here, however, is a tip concerning *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*. During the latter part of the game—when you’re Passionate Patti instead of Larry—to get down the jungle river on the log, you have to play it like an arcade game.

“So give everybody a quarter, Al.”

No, I mean you have to maneuver the log to miss the rocks and snags in the fast current. It’s not easy. The best way is to do a “leapfrog” kind of saving. You have to save files—maybe call them “log1” and “log2.”

The procedure is to get past two or three rocks and save “log1.” Maneuver past two or three more, and save “log2.” Get around some more, and save as “log1” again.

The reason for this is simple. You will crash and drown a lot. You need to be able to restore from the closest point on the river, and it’s a long river. But what if you saved the game at a point where it’s impossible to miss the next rock? That’s the reason for “leapfrogging” with “log1” and “log2.” Doing so will give you at least one viable restore point, and could literally save you hours in progressing through this part of the game.

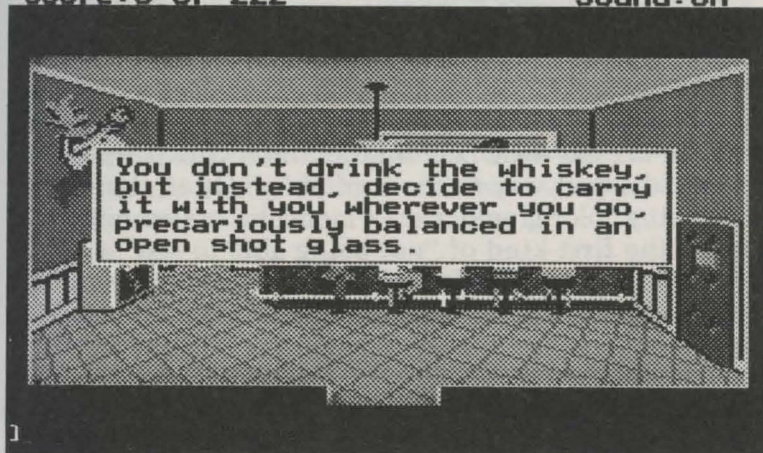
“Yeah, Patti tells me she’s still pulling aquatic weeds out of her hair. I gotta admit one thing, Big Al. You treat all your game stars equal. Har, har.”

Well, what can I say, Lar?

“Save early and save often, Al. Believe me, that’s what ya gotta do!”

Score: 3 of 222

Sound: on



Look, Talk, and Listen

Okay, now some “philosophy of play” tips. The best advice I can give in any Al Lowe game is *look, talk, and listen*. These words of wisdom can be applied also to the other Sierra adventure games.

In designing my games, I use a tree approach—

“What, you go out and sit under one?”

No, Larry. I’m talking about logic here, the use of which is an experience wholly unfamiliar to you.

“Er, what does that mean? I don’t understand.”

Right, Larry, right.

“Huh?”

I’ll explain later, let’s get on with it for the folks here. Logic trees simply mean that you can work your way through a scene like following the branches of a tree’s trunk. You’ll be able to find *everything* needed, even if you can’t see it.

“Yeah, I watched Roberts playing Larry 1 on his laptop the other day. It was hard to figure out what was going on with that little liquid crystal screen.”

It’s sort of hard to figure out what’s going on with Roberts any time. I just hope he doesn’t get carried away editing these tapes. But that is actually a good point you made, Lar.

“What? That he has a laptop? Most people do now. It keeps their chair from coming up through their front. Har, har, har.”

Huh? Oh, I get it. But back to biz. There are two kinds of “not being able to see” in an adventure game. One is because of the display—CGA emulation on a cheap laptop is not the world’s best way to view graphics. Often there are problems using color graphics on a monochrome monitor, too.

This is the first kind of “not being able to see” a needed object. However, it’s really no problem, because everything you need will be mentioned sooner or later in the text, or in conversation if there’s someone there who will talk to you.

The other kind of not being able to see an object is when it’s hidden from your view. Again, it will be mentioned in text descriptions or by characters you talk to in the scene.

“Hey! I understand the reason for the heading now. Look, talk, and listen.”

You’re really not so dumb after all, Lar. Sometimes I don’t give you the credit you deserve.

“Er, do I deserve ten bucks worth of credit? They got this five buck minimum down at the Velvet Slipper now to help cover glasses that chicks take with them when they leave.”

No, you don’t, Larry. And Corning Glass must love you.

“I never heard of that chick, but I’m sure she does. Why wouldn’t she? But how’s about an example of how to work a scene so’s you don’t miss nothing? That’s always been my big problem. I get halfway to Nontoonyt Island or something, and find out I done forgot an object that I gotta have.”

Okay, here’s an example from Lefty’s Bar in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*. After you’ve been at the bar a while, you wander into the back. You enter a hallway. The first thing you do is type “look around.”

"Yeah, and it ain't no ritzy place, that's for sure. Right, Lar. What you see on the screen is:

You are in a dimly lit hallway. The paint peeling off the walls gives the cockroaches something to watch. An old table is pushed against the west wall. A filthy drunk sits on the filthy floor, leaning against the filthy wall.

"You do have a way with words, Big Guy."

Thanks, and pour me another fizzler, if you would.

"Fizzler?"

Classic Coke. Put your ear up close and listen to it right after you pour.

"Hey! My ear's wet now."

Gotcha, Lar! Some people will fall for anything. Aw, don't mope, I'm sorry. Here, sit down on the couch and I'll tell you how to solve the hallway at Lefty's.

Now, reading the message above, you know that you have to examine things closer. When you do, you'll either get some of my humor—

"And it's a fizzler, for sure! Gets you in the ear every time. Har, har."

If something's not a joke, it could be another clue. So type "look at the table" and you'll be told there's a rose on it. Walk over and pick up the flower. A guy never knows when a rose might come in handy.

"Could solve an otherwise thorny problem, all right."

That's one "branch" of the logic tree in the scene, and you've followed it all the way. On an EGA display, you can see the beautiful rose in this most incongruous of settings. Even if you can't see the rose on your display, you know it's there and you can get it.

"Watch yer language, Al! Margaret don't allow no incongruing around here."

I meant, it's a long-stemmed beauty that shouldn't be there, Larry.

"Uh huh."

Never mind, Larry, you probably think vocabulary is something dirty, anyway.

"Well, no, but I try to never suggest that to a chick right off. You gotta talk to them a little bit first. So, getting you back on track, what does the player do next in the hallway scene? Look at the cockroaches?"

No, the game doesn't recognize that input. Once you have the rose, and have looked at the drunk, it's time for the second part of our look, talk, and listen general hint.

"I've tried talking to the drunk, but all he does is ask for a drink."

Hmmm. That *could* be a hint, Larry. You might try going back to the bar and buying a drink. Sit on the stool in Lefty's Bar and the bartender will ask you if you want beer, wine, or whiskey.

"Yeah, I tried that. Ordering beer or wine just gets you drunk and you bounce around all over the place. Besides, if you order wine, the bartender starts looking at you with mooneyes. I ain't into *that*. Ask any chick you happen to meet."

But, Larry, if you order a whiskey, the game will tell you that you decide to carry it with you instead of drinking it. What does this tell us?

"I'm not thirsty at the moment?"

No, Larry. The drunk, you want to take it back to the drunk.

"Why would I want to do that? He's already drunk?"

The third part of our hint, Lar—*listen*. The drunk asks you for a drink. So maybe if you bring him one, he'll give you something in return. Like the rose, it could be something you really need later, like maybe a TV remote control.

"Now what would a drunk in the back hallway of Lefty's Bar be doing with a TV remote control?"

Waiting to give it to you, if you're smart enough to listen to him and bring him what he asks for, Larry.

"Oh."

Of course, once you do have the control, the drunk will keep on asking you for drinks. Each one costs \$3 and you'd soon be broke if you keep buying for him. If you're broke, you can't take the taxi anywhere else in Lost Wages and you've lost the game.

"He won't give you anything else, like hints maybe?"

No, Larry. But always talk to people who *will* talk to you enough to make sure you've gotten all the hints. Now,

past the drunk is the door to the john. It's an even more disgusting place than the hallway, but you need to check it out.

"Especially after those beers."

So, what's the first thing you do when you get inside the restroom, Larry.

"Unzip?"

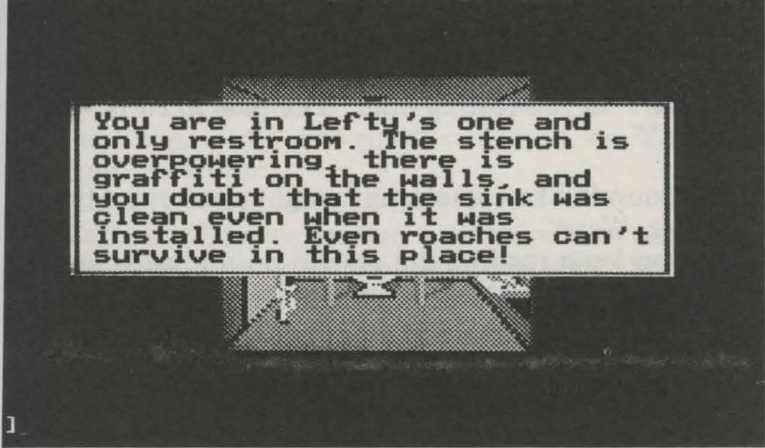
NO! Pay attention. You *look*.

"Oh. Right. So what do I see?"

Okay, you're in the john of Lefty's Bar and you type "look around." Here's what appears on the screen:

Score: 1 of 222

Sound: on



You are in Lefty's one and only restroom. The stench is overpowering, there is graffiti on the walls, and you doubt that the sink was clean even when it was installed. Even roaches can't survive in this place!

"Urk! If you're ever a character in an Al Lowe game, you can expect such luxuries."

That's not fair, Larry. You get to go some nice places, too. But, even if this place is not the best in the world, you still have to find something in here *and* a certain piece of information to get anywhere in the game.

"Info? Is there like something to read?"

More than one thing, Larry. But, back to the logic tree concept. There are hints in the message you got—two, in fact. The graffiti on the walls is mentioned, as is the sink. So, what ya gonna do, buddy?"

"Read the graffiti, I guess. Is it American Graffiti—har, har, har."

□ Chapter 7

Calm down, Lar. We'll try to help the kind folks reading this now. Okay, you type something like "read the walls," and you get:

You see many messages. One is: "Scott me up, Beamie!"

"I canna hold her, Jim, th' dilithium crystals are cracked. Har, har."

Not bad, Larry, but that message is not too informative, huh? Yet, there is another clue. It says: "You see many messages." So there's still a way to go out this logic branch. You type "read the walls" again, and get another message. And again, and again—until you get one that makes sense.

"Which would be?"

Oh, I don't know. Maybe something like:

Say, here's an interesting one: "The password is: 'Ken sent me.'"

"Yeah, sounds like something I might need right there in Lefty's bar. Wow!"

Okay, you keep reading the graffiti on the walls and the messages start repeating. This tells you that this particular branch is exhausted. So you look at the next clue, which was a mention of the sink. Examine the sink and see if anything there rings a chime as being something you should pick up.

"Rings a . . . Oh. Har, har. I get it! Good one, Big Guy. Then I leave, right?"

Gee, Larry, you're in a restroom. Think about what one normally does in a restroom, and you might find a way to get a point or two, plus something else to read.

"I generally do more than just think about it. Oh, I get your drift. Something to do with utilizing the facilities provided?"

Exactly, just be sure you don't become flush with success and make a blunder that could drown you in failure.

"Huh?"

Save early and often.

"Oh, yeah."

So, to sum up this section and its examples—you can work your way through most scenes using the *look, talk,*

and listen rules. It's not necessary to be able to actually see things you need, since they'll all be referenced in the text somewhere.

"Wow. Like a tree! It's like a tree."

Er, yes, Lar. I think everyone else got that about three hundred words or so ago, but you're getting better.

"Thanks, Al. Just for saying something nice to me, I'll share this candy bar with you. I don't think I should keep it any longer, anyhow."

Ah. . . Why not?

"Well, this chick in a bar last week asked me to run over to the convenience store next door and buy her a Baby Ruth. Said she wasn't like cutting out of that place with me until I did."

Ummm. I see. So, why do you still have the candy bar?

"She was gone when I got back. Can you imagine that?"

Yes, I can. Okay, give me the big half. I'm doing more than half the work.

"Sure, Al. Here. What's next?"

Well, Larry, there are some places where people can get even more help with the Larry and other Sierra games. So, let's look at a few additional sources of hints.

Help! Help!

Need a hint? If you find yourself "a little stuck" while playing a Sierra game, try the following ideas:

1. Read this book again. It's the ultimate Leisure Suit Larry hint book.
2. Many commercial telecommunication services and bulletin boards provide hints. The ones listed below usually will have a local access number in your town:

Delphi. From the MAIN prompt type "groups games." This will take you to Scorpio's GAMESIG. Delphi is a very friendly computer network. Be sure to tell Scorpie that Al Lowe and Larry Laffer sent you and, while on Delphi, pop over to the WRITERS GROUP and say "howdy" to AUTHOR, Ralph Roberts. Please feel free to E-mail AUTHOR any comments about this book.

GENie. The Games Round Table of GENie is also run by Scorpiia (who so very kindly provided helpful input for this book). Again, tell her Al Lowe sent ya.

CompuServe. Go to the Gamers Forum (GO GAMERS).

Prodigy. You'll find information in the adventure games forum of the PC Club.

You'll also find help on PCLink and American Online. Here's a list of each of the services information lines:

Delphi (800) 544-4005

GENie (800) 638-9636

CompuServe (800) 848-8199

Prodigy (914) 993-8000

PCLink (800) 458-8532

American Online (800) 227-6364

4. Sierra On-Line has hint books for each of the Larry games. Each can be purchased from your local dealer or you can call Sierra's order line 800-326-6654.
5. Sierra also has an automated hint line at 900-370-KLUE (900-370-5113 in California). **This is not a free call.** The charges are 75 cents for the first minute and 50 cents for each additional minute. Persons under 18 years of age must have their parent's permission to call.
6. Sierra On-Line also has its own BBS service for clue seekers, at 1-209-683-4463, for both 2400 and 1200 baud. If all the 2400 baud lines are busy, you can call back for the 1200 baud line (it's not autoswitching).

settings: 2400 BPS, 8 DATA, N PARITY, 1 STOP BIT

settings: 1200 BPS, 8 DATA, N PARITY, 1 STOP BIT

Coming Right Up

Okay. Next we get into specifics for the three Larry games—*Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, and *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*. The section that follows features a chapter on each.

“Great! Now maybe I’ll finally learn how to get around some problems that have been bugging me.”

You will, Lar, you will. So go put a couple of TV dinners in the oven, open a case of Fritos, and we’ll tank up for some serious adventure game playing.

“All right! Now we get down to the nitty and the gritty.”

Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards™

Okay, Larry—here comes the good stuff!

“You bought a bag of Oreos and a jug of milk? Now that’s a dessert!”

Er, no. I mean the hints for getting through the various games.

“Well, that’s good, too! I know I’ve been stuck for hours at different points.”

Exactly, Lar. This section covers all three games—one game per chapter. It contains some moderately explicit hints (and some hidden ones as well), so you might want to play the game a while first. Try to solve it yourself, then peek in here for hints if you’re having trouble. Also, after you’ve solved the game, read the last part of each game chapter to find out the points you missed first time through.

“Wow! This must be the *ultimate* hint book, then. It’s being written by Big Al Lowe, the creator of the games, and the most manly computer game star-stud in all of computerdom, one Larry; Larry Laffer.”

Yes, Lar, it’s the ultimate hint book, even if your statement about studs might have been slightly exaggerated. An experience not wholly unfamiliar to those of us who know you.

“Nah. Ask any chick you happen to meet.”

Be that as it may, onward and upward. Let’s set the scene first.

Start the game as per the instructions in your manual for your system. After the opening title screens, which can be aborted by hitting Enter or Return, you’ll be asked your age and then given a short quiz. This is to make sure no one underage plays the game. You’re allowed to miss one of these questions, but if you get more than that wrong, the game will think you’re a kid and you’ll have to try again.

Chapter 8

"These questions aren't the most serious in the world, Big Al."

Heh, heh. Nope. Not in an Al Lowe game, that's for sure. But if you tell the game you're 44, you're going to get some trivia questions that perhaps someone in that age bracket should know. Once you pass the test, then you get the first scene of the actual game.

You'll type commands on the command line. I won't spoil all the jokes many of these commands will give you by telling them, but there are lots of little goodies in any Al Lowe game.

"Big Al's good looks are only exceeded by his modesty."

Er, huh?

"Heh, heh."

Background

Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards, the first Larry game, is set in the desert city of Lost Wages. Like a wise man once put it, "Lost Wages, Nevada—at night—looks like a huge neon dinosaur making it with six thousand acres of electrified sequins."

The time is 10 p.m. and you—that is, Leisure Suit Larry—have just been deposited in front of Lefty's Bar in one of the seedier sections of the city. For the events leading up to this seminal junction in the life of Larry Laffer, we refer you again to Chapter 1. We scooped the world of journalism, by the way. This book is the first time Larry's full life story has ever been revealed.

"Gee, you sound just like a college professor, Big Al. Say, that's an idea for Larry 4! I could like get a job as a teacher at a large Southern California University and like teach stuff."

What subject could you possibly qualify as "expert" in, Lar?

"Chickology, man! How to get chicks."

Ohmigawd, Larry. That wouldn't work.

"Sure it would, Al. Remember the movie *Paper Chase* with all them young people hanging on the words of the old prof—it could be like that. I'd show them how to do it, them pretty coeds would flock around, and—"

Larry! That movie was about how to be a lawyer.

“Yeah, well, this would be something useful. It should do even better. Why—”

Never mind, Lar. Back to the business at hand here, the background of Larry 1. First off, if you're a woman and playing this game—and why not, everyone can enjoy the Larry games—then a hint is in order. *Think like a man*. In other words, don't be subtle. In Larry's world, being direct and persistent (and more than a little devious) will get the lady. You have to think and act like Leisure Suit Larry.

“Say, what's that sound?”

Millions of women, all across America and the world, screaming at the very thought of thinking like you, Lar.

“Oh, yeah. Chicks. I love them one and all.”

Still, ladies, it can be fun. And let me state again that, while a few women have mentioned to me that I must be a real male chauvinist pig, I feel they've just missed the point of Larry. It's really satire *against* that kind of thinking! I'm an ERA-er from way back (being honest now). Apparently some of the ladies have missed the humor in the Larry games.

“There's humor in them? What did I miss?”

Obviously, just about everything, Larry. Get us some Doritos, and hush up. Okay, back to the opening scene. There you are, standing out in front of Lefty's Bar. You know it's 10 p.m. by hitting the ESC (escape) key and using the arrow keys to select the Special menu and turn on the clock. The time will appear on the top line of the screen and update itself as time progresses.

You can take an inventory of your possessions by typing inventory or inv, or pressing the tab key. You have a wallet, some breath spray, pocket lint, a watch. The watch is a genuine BowlX, and it will tell you the starting time is 10:00 also. To see this, *look at the watch*.

“Pocket lint, huh? I thought this was a Sierra game, not an Infocom one?”

Just one of the many little hidden jokes, Lar. Looking into your wallet you'll find you have ninety-four dollars (which you got from selling the Volkswagen to Ken's brother), some notes and business cards, and a few credit cards (which won't work in this game).

The money you'll need, and you'll have to find a way of making even more. Look at the business cards. While all

you get is Sierra On-Line's phone number, you might try calling them from the various phones in the game. Could be worth extra points. Maybe even five.

"When are you going to put in a hint, Big Al?"

Oh, any time now. You never know, Larry, an experience wholly familiar to you. Next, read the notes—and Ken Williams says, "Please act on them today." Look at the credit cards. Unfortunately, they're from the Bank of Libya and no business in Lost Wages will accept them.

Of your other possessions, you'll use the breath spray a lot. Just remember that it's not a totally bottomless can. You'll know when to use it by various snide comments from the game and various characters. Don't use it when you don't have to.

"Tell them about the dog, Al! You've let them stand around too long already, O Sadistic One."

That little dog likes you, Larry. He likes you a lot.

"Oh yeah, just try to pet that mutt when he's close and you'll see how much he likes me."

Heh, heh. About every thirty seconds or so, if you're standing stationary outside, the little dog will wander onto the screen. If you don't move before he reaches you, then he'll "mark his territory" and move on.

"In the next contract, Al. It's gonna be in the next contract. No dogs."

A kangaroo maybe then, eh mate? G'day mate?

"Arrgh."

Okay, the manual that comes with *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* gives you some starting hints. So, while you're still outside Lefty's, look around at various things. By that time, the dog should arrive.

"Durn dog!"

The message you get when you look at the street is significant. It says: "Isn't it funny there's so little traffic?" If you walk out into the street, you'll find out there's plenty of traffic.

"You'll get flattened, is what he means."

Yes, you'll quickly learn to take the taxi wherever you go in Lost Wages. Reading the signs will tell you where the taxi stands are. Call a taxi like the people on the streets in other large cities do. You'll find the cabs don't wait around, so be ready to get in, and make sure you have enough money to pay the fare.

Story Line

Larry's life prior to this game is detailed in Chapter 1. The story line of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* begins as that biography ends.

Larry has been dropped in front of Lefty's Bar by Ken's brother—the used car salesman.

"Oh, that brother. They're hard to keep apart, y'know."

Right, Lar. Especially at family reunions. Anyway, you, the game player become Larry Laffer. You're out on the town for a wild and crazy night in Lost Wages, Nevada. It's the "swinging singles" scene for our boy Larry.

You'll be guiding Larry as he samples the pleasures and displeasures of this desert gambling mecca. There's wine, song, and—if our Man of Leisure is lucky—perhaps even women. It'll be great, trust me. Nothing can go wrong.

"Except for a certain little dog, speeding cars, assorted muggers, etc., etc."

Quiet, Lar. So, my friends, slip into that gleaming white leisure suit and try your luck as Larry. He's depending on you, folks, so let's move him onward and upward through the game.

"Watch the dog. Please!"

A nice feature of this game, by the way, is the realistic casino games—both blackjack and slot machines. You'll have to play one or the other to get a little spending money from time to time.

When you're talking to chicks— Oops! Larry's a bad influence on me. I mean, when you're talking to a lady, be sure to look at her. This game, like the other Larry games, let's you see a full facial view. Watch her expression for hints of how your "line" is being received.

"Say, did you tell them that this game was picked as the best adventure fantasy of 1987 by Computer Entertainer?"

No, but you just did, Larry. We've received several awards now. It's all very gratifying.

"You couldn't have done it without me, Big Al."

Yes, I guess that is true, little buddy. Pour me another Classic Coke, and it's onward and whatever.

Inside Lefty's Bar

Again, we want to warn the reader that we'll be giving some moderately explicit hints in this chapter. You might want to play the game first, then read this chapter to help you get past sticking points. Of course, to get all the hints here, you'll have to read very carefully.

Enter Lefty's by walking up to the door and opening it. The next scene, the inside of Lefty's, loads into your computer and appears on the screen.

"And it's as seedy as the exterior would lead you to believe!"

Well, we spared some expense in decorating it, Larry, to be sure. But just look around. There's some fine art up on the wall, painted on velvet. The moose head is an antique left over from the filming of *King's Quest III*, and the jukebox is a Wurlitzer. Try playing it with your sound turned on. When you look at the art, you'll find that you don't know much about art, but you know what you like.

"Ain't that the nekkid truth."

There's a row of people at the bar and one empty stool. You immediately notice the chick swinging her leg. Walk up and talk to her. You don't get much of a response unless you pinch her. Even so, it should become obvious to even Larry Laffer that he'll get nowhere with this lady.

"Yeah, so I just sit down at the bar, right?"

Yep. Sitting there, you'll hear snatches of conversations. Actually, just a collection of old punchlines—you have to fill in the rest of the dirty jokes for yourself. You hear a lot of laughing, too.

"Har, har, har, har. NOW I see where that came from."

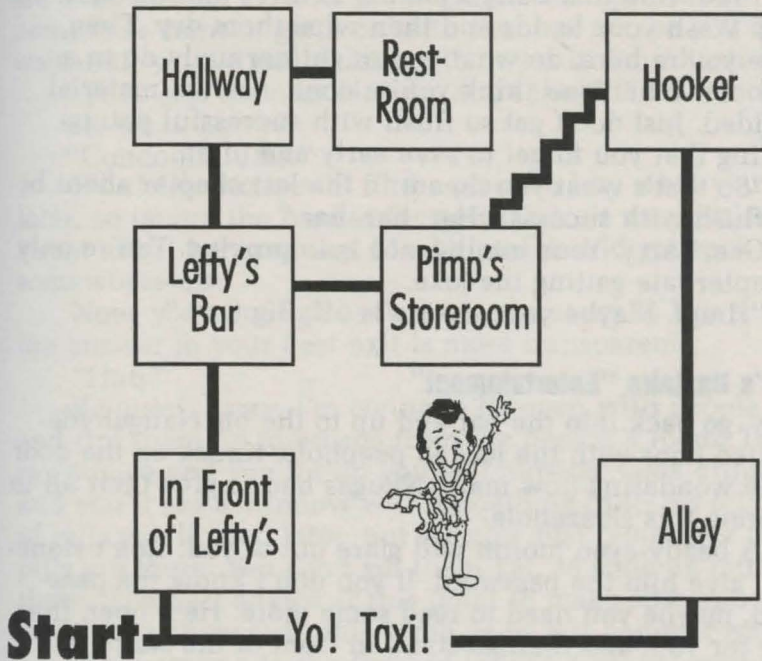
Right, Lar. Getting bored with jokes you can't hear all of, you talk to the bartender. All he will say is to give you the choice of ordering beer, wine, or whiskey. All drinks are three dollars each, and you can order them until your ninety-four dollars is history.

"So I should drink myself into a stupor, huh? Sounds like a pretty boring game."

Hmmm. Well, I guess you could, but then (just like in real life) everything might pass you by. Besides, Larry doesn't hold his liquor well.

“Sure, tell the world about it, Al. Thanks a lot, buddy.”
The truth is sometimes staggering, Lar. But it’s back to DeWars for you.
“You mean, back to ‘the wars,’ Al.”
No, Larry. I don’t.

Lefty's Bar



Lefty's bar area.

Lefty's Restroom (*retch*)

There's a doorway toward the top of your screen. Go through the doorway and you're in the hallway we talked about in Chapter 7. Look around and you'll see a table and the drunk. This place stinks enough to kill flowers. It's not entirely a rosy picture.

You'll find you aren't alone. We've already mentioned the drunk lying there in the previous chapter. Go over and talk to the drunk. Give him something, and he might return the favor by giving you a gift for a change.

The door by the drunk leads into the restroom. (Note the singular restroom: Lefty's facilities are the ultimate in equal rights—the same john for all sexes.) Once inside, look around (*always look around*).

This place is filthy and it stinks, but there are points to be made. There's not much else to do but read the graffiti and watch the words pass.

You'll find that Lefty's john is so dirty that the sink has rings. Wash your hands and then wipe them dry. Then, while you're here, do what you might normally do in a restroom. When you think you're done, use the material provided. Just don't get so flush with successful points-hunting that you forget to save early and often.

"So that's what you meant in the last chapter about being 'flush with success?' Har, har, har."

Gee, Larry. Your intelligence is improving. You're only a chapter late getting the joke.

"Hmpf. Maybe your timing is off, Big Guy."

Lefty's Upstairs "Entertainment"

Okay, go back into the bar and up to the big Naugahyde-covered door with the locked peephole. Knock on the door while wondering how many Naugas had to give their all to decorate this sleezehole.

A beady-eyed moron will glare out at you. Don't stonewall, give him the password. If you don't know the password, maybe you need to read some more. He'll open the door for you, and then go stand in front of the stairs to guard them. The room is sparsely furnished—a few boxes and a TV. The TV is currently turned off.

Nice guy, huh? Even Larry has figured out by now that he's a pimp and is here to keep you from availing yourself of the merchandise upstairs without proper payment first. Look the pimp over. Talk to the pimp and he'll get around to telling you the price is a hundred bucks. You don't have that much. However, he is a moron, so you can probably distract him. It just takes a little misdirection in switching procedure on him.

Upstairs, you find a “working lady” on a sleazy bed in an equally sleazy room. She assumes you’ve already made the financial arrangements. And by the way, if you have a hundred bucks, like after a visit to the casino, you can just pay and go on up.

At the top of the stairs look around, then look at the woman. She’s a gum-chomping mess, all right. Maybe you should think things out before hopping into the sack with her.

“Save early and save often, right Al?”

You got it, Lar. After all, this is the eighties and there are even ads on TV now for certain. . .ah. . .protective items. You want to get it on with her, but maybe you better wait until you’ve had a chance to buy a little protection.

“They sell them in Florida, don’t they?”

Er, what, Larry?

“Condominiums.”

Wha? Oh. No, you’ll find a place to buy what you need later, so ignore the hooker for now. There’s very little sweet about her, anyway. Maybe you should get your sugar somewhere else.

Now, you could go back down the stairs to leave, but the answer to your best exit is more transparent.

“Huh?”

Be quiet, Larry, I’m trying to be open with people here and fire them up to escape from the hooker’s room. Take my advice and you’ll find yourself outside. Look around and you’ll see a window with something in it. It’s a bottle of pills you’ll need later, but for now just remember the pills are there. You can’t get them yet, so slide on out of there. The best advice at this point to make sure you don’t trash your chances in this game is to just hammer away.

Walk around to the front of Lefty’s. Call yourself a cab.

“Okay, I’m a ‘cab.’ How does that help?”

Be quiet, Larry, go get the first aid kit out of my car. I have a dozen Hostess Twinkies stashed in there for emergencies. Working on a book with you sure qualifies.

“Hacker soul food! All right, my man!”

The Convenience Store

You'll find three marked cab stands in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*: in front of Lefty's, in front of the disco, and in front of the wedding chapel. However, you can also call a cab from in front of the casino and the store.

The cabbie won't wait around for you. Try to be close to where he screeches to a halt, walk up to the side of the cab, and get in. Hurry or he'll leave you.

The first time you ride in a cab, talk to the cabbie. He'll say:

Looking for action, eh? Dis town is full of it. We gotta disco dat's usually full of foxes dis time of night. Den dere's the casino next to the all-night weddin' chapel. And we gotta lovely bar, but you've been dere. Me, I like da convenience store next to da disco, but of course that's just personal preference.

Right there the cabbie has just told you every place you can go in *Lost Wages*, and indicated where your next stop should be. See how easy we make it for you.

While you're still in the cab, look at the cabbie a couple of times. Sickening isn't it? And whatever you do, don't tell the cabbie to take you home. Unless, of course, you've saved early and often.

When you arrive at the store, pay the cabbie and be sure to tip him.

"Really go for the realism do ya, huh, Big Al?"

Well—heh, heh—anything to get a joke off. Okay, once you're at the store, don't get too distracted until you've got your shopping done.

Okay, now here's a clue that includes all three items you'll want to buy right now. Ready? "Reading can stretch your horizons and be quite intoxicating."

"Wow! Masterful, Big Al. What does it mean?"

It's a clue, Larry. Figure it out.

"I don't know. I get confused in that store. I think they sell real estate, too."

No, they don't, Larry. Why would you think that?

"There's a sign about condominiums being available."

You see all sorts of weird stuff on the checkout counters of convenience stores, Larry. Things you might not have thought of, but which could be useful. They figure while your standing around rubbernecking, waiting on the clerk, you'll see something you need.

Pay the clerk (or expect a shotgun blast in the back—an instant cure for shoplifting). Walk outside and wait. We'll give you this hint straight out: a bum will come along. This is the guy we talked about earlier—the one who makes the comment about Brøderbund stock if you give him a buck.

Talk to this guy. If he's so expert in the stock market, he might have some other useful advice. Drink in his knowledge, and it will make your playing a lot sharper.

Spend a little more time in front of the store. Look at the phone. There might be some useful information scribbled thereabouts. Of course, you don't have to follow my advice. It's your call.

Now, here's an extra points tip, and I'll give this one to you straight, also. Remember the business cards in your wallet? Call that number on the game telephone. Read the message. Act on it.

"Al! That's a blatant commercial to sell hint books."

Yep, but you do get five extra points for reading it. Now, if you walk down the sidewalk to the left, you'll come to the disco. A big bruiser guards the stairs and you can't get in (an experience not wholly unfamiliar to Larry). You'll need a membership card. Still, it does look like a great place to meet chicks, so you make a mental note to find a membership card. Maybe someone's thrown one away somewhere.

Okay, now where do we go next? The cabbie mentioned the casino. That sounds good. We need to replenish our money, and there should be other action around a casino, too. Call yourself a cab.

"Again? I haven't answered myself the first time yet."

The Casino

Be sure to pay the cabbie, then leave the cab when you get to the casino. In front of the casino, sooner or later, you'll see a guy selling apples (yes, this is the Woz-reference we discussed earlier). Get close and buy an apple. They're only

a dollar and look what an apple did for Adam? It might be your passage into a garden of earthly delights, too.

Don't worry if the apple guy doesn't show up right away, you can always catch him as you leave the casino. Just be sure you do the first time you see him.

"Save early and save often."

Right, Lar. Now, entering the casino, you'll see that it has all the things casinos are famous for. You make a bee-line for the slot machines or the blackjack tables (your choice).

Play slots or sit at the blackjack table. You want to try and break the bank (which at this casino is a measly, one-byte variable \$250). You'll find the blackjack game very realistic, and the odds are good IF you know how to play. However, the payoffs can be larger at the slot machines.

When you're gambling, it's a very wise idea to—

"Save early and save often."

You got it, Lar. For sure, for sure! Without money, you get kicked out of the adventure and have to start over from your last saved point. If this happens to be at 10 p.m. in front of Lefty's Bar, you get to do everything above all over again.

"Save early and save often."

It can't be said too much, Larry.

"Save early and save often."

Let me rephrase that. It needs to be said often, but not every other sentence. Anyway, play until you have \$250. If you run low on cash, you can always come back later and play again, but tank up on cash now because you have a big expenditure coming up.

Once you leave blackjack or slots, go toward the top of your screen and you'll find another room—actually, it's a lobby with an elevator. Look around.

Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards™



The slot machine game in the casino is very realistic.

There's not a lot here, but if you miss what is, you'll wind up on the ashheap of computer game history. Don't discard your chance to win.

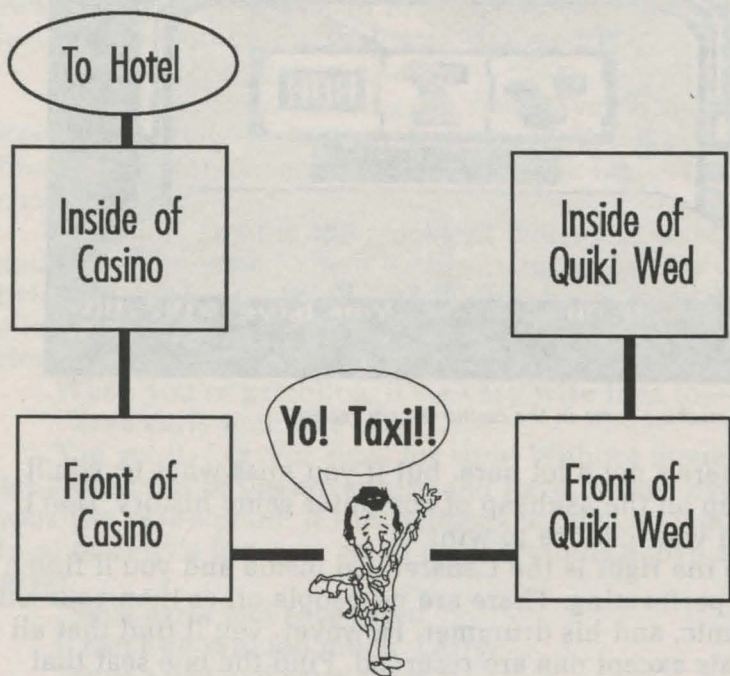
To the right is the Cabaret. Go inside and you'll find a comic performing. There are no people other than yourself, the comic, and his drummer. However, you'll find that all the seats except one are reserved. Find the one seat that you can sit in—it's at the bottom right-hand corner of your screen—and sit down. It's worth an extra point. Don't stay any longer, we're talking one boring comic.

LARRY! Off the table. Restrain your dirty dancing until the next game.

"Is THAT a hint about Larry 4, Big Guy?"

Darn if I know. Anyway, leave the casino, buy an apple if you haven't already, and call the cab. Time to dance on along.

Casino Area



The casino/wedding chapel area.

Stayin' Alive at the Disco

In front of the disco, walk up to the bouncer and show the pass. He'll step out of your way and you can zip up the steps into the disco proper.

When you enter, the girl of your dreams is sitting at a table over to your right. Since she's the only chick in the whole place, you have no trouble recognizing her. Go over and ask her if you can join her. "Why?" she'll say. "Am I coming apart?"

"Har, har."

Sit down at the table. Look at her, and you'll get a close-up view of her lovely face. Watch her expressions as you talk to her. Keep on talking. You'll find her sign is OCTAGONAL, as in stop, but be persistent. Strike up a con-

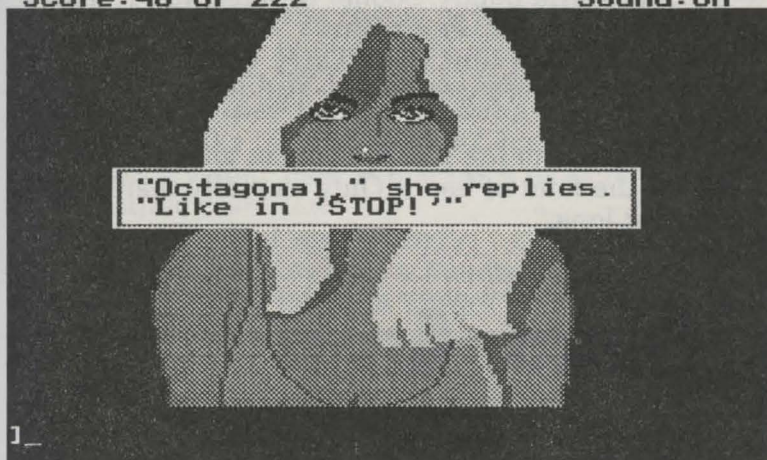
Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards™

versation. You'll find out that her name is Fawn and she likes material things. She'll give you some hints on how to proceed with her to reach your end goal.

"And it ain't Bakersfield."

Score: 48 of 222

Sound: on



Fawn won't be too encouraging at first. Here she replies to your question about her "sign."

Ask her to dance. Follow her to the dance floor and you'll be treated to an automated dance number that will have John Travolta calling you for tips. After the dance, follow her back to the table.

Fawn is so sweet, and her complexion is rosy. You're sure you're in love. It all has the ring of truth.

Finally you hit it with Fawn! She tells you that she wants you to make mad, wild passionate love to her. Unfortunately there's a minor catch. She continues, "but first we must get married. I could never make love to a man not my husband. If you could loan me a hundred dollars, I'd rent the Honeymoon Suite at the Casino for us. Then, after we're married, we'll celebrate there."

She looks good to you, very good. And, hey, to get Fawn, marriage and a hundred bucks seem a small price to pay. Give her money.

Fawn tells you to meet her at the marriage chapel in a few minutes, and she leaves to make the arrangements. She really will do these things, so hop a cab for the marriage

chapel, time's a wasting! Go for it, Larry!

"My first marriage. It's a real experience, too."

You must have enjoyed it, Lar. You keep doing it over and over.

"With pretty much the same results, too."

Keep trying, little buddy. Sooner or later, you'll find the girl of your screams. . .er, dreams.

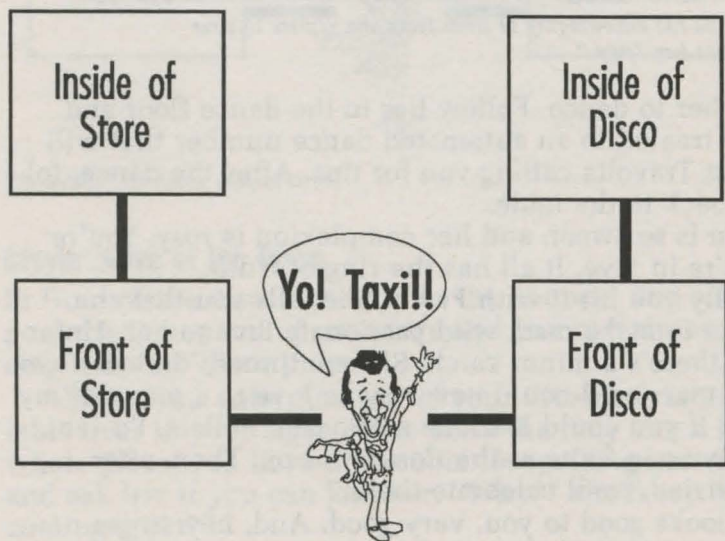
"I hope that's not a hint about Larry 4, Big Al."

Nah, be happy, don't worry. Your pal, Big Al, will take care of all.

"Said the spider to the fly. Working in an Al Lowe game isn't for the faint of heart. Only us really manly studs can stand it for long."

Er, yes.

Disco Area



The disco and store area.

Some Marriages Are Made in Heaven—But Not This One

When you get out of the cab in front of the marriage chapel, you'll notice a guy in a raincoat standing by the street-light post. Walk over and talk to him. You might get a flash of inspiration.

Before entering the chapel to tie the knot with Fawn, look in your wallet to make sure you have at least a hundred bucks. This is no Temple of Love that you're about to be married in—they want cash on the barrel head. If you're a little short (like the guy outside), stroll next door to the casino and try your luck at blackjack or slots to generate a more positive cash flow.

“Save early and save often.”

When you have at least a hundred dollars, go into the chapel. Walk down the aisle toward where Fawn and the preacher are waiting. The candles are burning brightly and it's wedding time for Larry Laffer!

“Urk!”

Look at the preacher. You'll find he looks like his brother in the Lizard Lounge at the Casino.

“And I bet they're both brothers of Ken Williams. How many does he have anyway?”

I don't know, Larry. Call him and ask. Not more than the total population of Coarsegold, I'd say.

“Nah, gotta be more than six.”

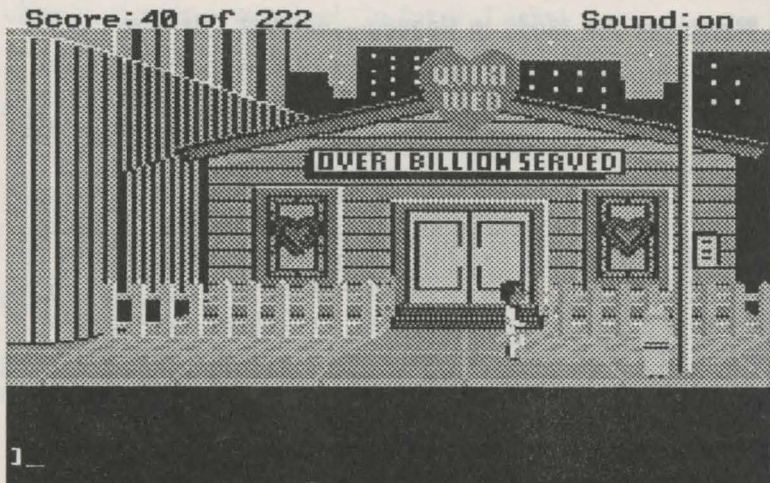
Right. Anyway, now that you're at the altar, you can finally marry Fawn. The ceremony is brief and expensive. You don't even get a kiss as Fawn rushes off to the Honey-moon Suite. She doesn't even wait around to walk up with you, her new husband.

“Urk!”

Ah, but your wedding night, a night of shared bliss, beckons. You walk over to the casino. It's gonna be great!

“Urk!”

Larry! Quit giving things away.



The Quiki Wed Chapel specializes in quantity, not quality. Be sure to talk to the man by the lamp pole for a flash of inspiration.

The Honeymoon, How Suite It Is

Walk through the casino to the lobby. Go around to the back of the glass elevator and enter. Take the elevator to the right floor and proceed forth to the Honeymoon Suite.

“Nothing like beating the obvious to death, eh Al?”

Be quiet, Larry. Now, leaving the elevator, you’ll see that one of the room doors has a heart on it. That’s the Honeymoon Suite. Walk up and knock on the door. Fawn will let you in.

“But just into the room.”

Er, yes, Lar. Once in the room, some music might be a real turn-on. Then go around that big heart-shaped bed to Fawn—your wife, the woman of your dreams. She’s waiting for you.

“Urk.”

You talk to Fawn, but she’s not in the mood for love yet. She wants some wine. You have no choice but to humor her. Perhaps you’ve heard of a place where you can order some.

Leave the room and take the elevator back down to the lobby. There’s a phone on the back wall, next to the Cabaret entrance.

Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards™

“Aw, save them the trouble, Big Al. It’s gummed up. The only phone in the game that can be used is the one in front of the store.”

Okay, you’ll need about fifty bucks or so. Play slots or blackjack if you’re low, but don’t bother with more than fifty or sixty bucks. A fellow might get robbed sometime soon.

Take the cab to the store. When you arrive, the phone could be ringing. Answer the phone. I must warn you, however, that sometimes your opinions can come back to haunt you, heh, heh.

Next *dial telephone* and enter the number of the place you heard about. When they answer, *order a bottle of wine*. When you’re asked where to have it delivered, say *Honeymoon Suite at the Casino*. Be sure to put all that in there, or it won’t be delivered and you’ll have to come back here and call again.

You could, of course, go in the store and buy a jug of their deliciously cheap dollar wine. However, don’t. If you get into a cab with wine, the cabbie will take it from you, chug-a-lug the sucker, and ram the cab into a bridge abutment. Friends don’t let cabbies drive drunk. Especially when it loses the game for them and they have to start again from the last saved game point.

Okay, you take a cab back to the Casino and ride the elevator back up to the Honeymoon Suite. You’re sure now you’ll get to ride more than the elevator. You knock and Fawn lets you in. . .to the room.

“Urk.”

If the wine is there, pour her some wine. Then you can get undressed. A “censored” sequence follows, but when the sign goes away, you’re tied to the bed!

“Like I said, man. Urk!”

Fawn takes the money in your wallet and leaves you roped to the bed, wondering where the marriage went wrong.

“Yeah, like everything was fine for the first half hour or so. You invest all that time in a relationship, it hurts to have it end.”

So, you’re tied to the bed and the game will end if you can’t get loose. You remember the advice the bum at the store gave you. His wit now appears to be a lot sharper

than you originally thought. Get up, but don't leave anything lying around. A fellow never knows when something he's read about might be useful.

Unfortunately, you're in the expensive city of Lost Wages, almost broke. Ah, but not completely. Fawn missed the ten bucks you had hidden in a secret compartment in your wallet. With your great gambling skills, it's a cinch to build your capital back up. Go downstairs to the casino and play slots or blackjack until you have at least fifty or sixty bucks.

But you still have a problem. You set out tonight to lose your virginity, at least, in Lost Wages. Marriage didn't do it, although it has gotten you into the mood. Maybe a sure bet is what you need, and we aren't talking about the blackjack tables. You remember the working lady over Lefty's Bar and decide to favor her with your patronage.

"Say what?"

You decide to buy a little.

"Oh, yeah."

Hotel Area



Rooftop
Garden

Penthouse
Living Room

Penthouse
Bedroom

Help!



Security
Guard's Desk

Honeymoon
Suite

Elevator

Elevator
Lobby

Carbaret,
Old Chum

Start

The hotel area.

Business with a Professional Lady

Take the cab back to Lefty's. Knock on the Naugahyde door and give the password. (You do remember the password you read in Lefty's library?) The pimp will let you in and, if you used the old switcheroo on him during your last visit, he'll still be distracted. Walk up the stairs and around to the front side of the hooker's bed. This is your big moment—you're about to lose your virginity.

"Which turns out to be a somewhat less than romantic moment."



The professional lady has an "office" over Lefty's Bar.

Get undressed and remember to heed the Surgeon General's advice, otherwise—well, you don't want to know "otherwise." Next, get in bed. The action that follows has a censored sign over it, but you can tell something is going on because of its movement.

"Like the great entertainer I am, I gave a moving performance."

Well, you were moving, Lar. That's for sure. Once the deed is done, you pop from behind the censored sign, dressed once more in your gleaming white leisure suit. Now that you're finished, you can safely discard the Surgeon General's advice.

Unfortunately, this cheap and tawdry experience wasn't exactly what you were looking for, or as the game puts it:

Although successful, you feel less than satisfied. Technically speaking, you're no longer a virgin, but for some reason, the thrill just wasn't there. You vow to continue your quest until you please your heart, and not just your other organs.

Again, the answer on how to exit is open and shut. By this time, you should know the ropes well enough to have a smashing success in getting your next points. Well-read Men of Leisure know when to hang out and when they're becoming such a pill they should leave.

"Huh?"

Sorry if that hint escapes you, Larry. I don't have time to try and hammer it into you. You'll just have to play the game and take your medicine as it comes. If you do, you might get to fly to Spain on vacation.

"Do they have flies in Spain? I don't get it, Al."

Just talking about something you could find a use for, Lar. So, now you can slide on off again. The night is still young.

"So, the quest isn't over, huh?"

No, Lar. You still yearn for female companionship. Where do you go next?

"Er, back into Lefty's."

Nope, nothing in there for a man of leisure like you.

"The convenience store and snag a chick like while she's buying toothpaste?"

That might do in a squeeze, Larry, but it doesn't play on the old computer tube here.

"Huh?"

Never mind, just getting my teeth into a little dental humor. No, any lady you met in the store would probably give you the brush off. Try the casino hotel again.

"Yeah! With all those rooms on all those floors, there's bound to be a lonely chick just waiting for me! Don't cry, my little chickadee, your Larry-lover is on the way!"

Well, at least you got the right location. Yes, for the grand finale of the game and the successful solution to your quest, it's back to the casino.

The Big Finish

Try a few of the doors on a few of the floors—

“You’re a poet and don’t know it, Big Guy.”

I’d make a rhyme, but I haven’t got the time. Anyway, knock on a few doors at random. You’ll get some interesting messages. But your goal should be higher than that—you want to be banging on more than doors.

Maybe you’ll find a sweet young security guard making sure you can’t go where you need to go. Walk up to her desk and look at her.

She’s a nice-looking lady, huh? With big sexy—
“Al!”

—eyes. Talk to the girl and you’ll find out soon that her name is Faith, and that you’re getting nowhere with her. Maybe Faith needs a little artificial stimulus. If you have some sort of mythical aphrodisiac to give her, she could start getting turned on. Is your luck finally changing, Larry?

“Nah. Not yet.”

Faith lives up to her name. She leaves you and goes looking for her boyfriend before the pills wear off. You look at the desk, and now that certain of her more outstanding physical attributes are no longer in the way, you can see the whole desktop. But you have more pressing engagements—you can’t stand around here forever.

Score:139 of 222

Sound:on



This security guard’s boyfriend always keeps the Faith.

Okay, you need to get on up in the world. Do so and you'll find yourself in a very luxurious place. There's a door to the outside and another that you find leads to a bedroom. Go in the bedroom first. Nice, but nothing or no one here. Go to the door on the other side of the room and open the door. It's a closet. Go inside.

The screen doesn't change when you go into the closet, but look around anyway. You'll find an inflatable doll (how deliciously kinky). Inflate the doll (be a sport), and look at it.

Play around with the doll a little and try various things (Larry, you pervert), such as *use the doll*. It's funky but you get points.

"I don't write 'em, I just act 'em."

Leave the closet, taking your newfound friend with you. Be careful and don't snag her on a nail. Otherwise, there will be a loud, "flatulent" sound, and she'll fly away from you in the manner of any punctured balloon. Follow your latex-lady out onto the balcony. Wave bye-bye as she wafts off into the neon-glowing night skies over Lost Wages.

Ah! But things are indeed looking up! There's a naked lady in a hot tub. Be confident, here, Larry. Take off your clothes and get in (the tub, that is). Try turning off the bubbles.

Look at the gorgeous woman and talk to her. You'll find out her name is "Eve." Eve, hmmm. Could that be a hint?

"Oh, Big Al. You're rotten to the core. Don't protract it. Tell them what to give her."

No, Larry, I don't want to make it too easy, but you're just about ready to win the game. Eve is the apple of your eye. Keep working at it, and things start to get very interesting, very interesting indeed. You get turned on, she gets turned on. She gets out of the hot tub, grabbing only a towel, and invites you to follow her. You do, in your own towel.



Eve does enjoy her hot tub in this game, but that's not all!

This is it, you've won the game! Fireworks go off! If you have the sound on, you hear that rousing Sousa march, *The Stars and Stripes Forever*.

“Be kind to your WEB-footed friends, for a DUCK may be somebody's Mo-THER—”

Larry, nobody is paying to hear you sing! Urk. Anyway, you're now treated to the finale of the game and a guest appearance by Ken Williams touting the next Larry game. At that time, it was as of yet unnamed, but we all know and love it now as *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*. And that's the game we'll be talking about in the next chapter.

Before we leave, however, below is a list of all the possible points in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*. Don't look at this until you've played the game through once and want to see what you missed.

Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards™

All Possible Points

In Lefty's Bar

whiskey 1 point

In the hallway with the drunk

get rose 1 point
 give drunk the whiskey 2 points
subtotal 4 points

In the (ugh) restroom

use toilet 1 point
 read the walls 2 points
 get the ring 3 points
subtotal 10 points

In the cab

exit cab 1 point

The convenience store

get magazine 1 point
 read magazine 1 point
 get wine 1 point
 buy condom 4 points
subtotal 18 points

Outside the store

give man wine 5 points
 look phone 1 point
 use phone 555-6969 2 points
 use phone 209-683-6858 5 points
 answer phone 5 points
 use phone 555-8039 5 points
subtotal 41 points

At the casino

get card (in lobby) 1 point
 buy apple (out front) 3 points
subtotal 45 points

At the cabaret

sit 1 point

In the storeroom at Lefty's

use remote 3 points
 change channels 8 points

In the hooker's bedroom

put on condom 10 points
 go bed 11 point
 remove condom 1 point
 get candy 2 points
subtotal 81 points

In the alley beside Lefty's

get hammer 3 points
 get pills 8 points

At the Disco

show card 5 points
 sit 1 point
 look at Fawn 0 points
 look at Fawn (2nd time) 1 point
 dance 5 points
 talk Fawn 1 point
 give Fawn rose 5 points
 give Fawn candy 5 points
 give Fawn ring 5 points
 give Fawn money 7 points
subtotal 127 points

At the marriage chapel

talk to the flasher 1 point
 marry Fawn 12 points

In the honeymoon suite

turn on radio 1 point
 cut rope with knife 10 points
 get rope 3 points
subtotal 154 points

On the eighth floor of casino

give Faith pills 5 points
 push button &
 enter elevator 5 points

In the penthouse

get doll 5 points
 inflate doll 5 points
 use doll 8 points
 give Eve apple 40 points

Grand Total

222 points

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love![™] (In Several Wrong Places)

When we left our triumphant hero—Larry; Larry Laffer—at the end of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, it seemed his life was finally fulfilled and ever-loving happiness achieved. He's found the lady of his dreams, and her name is Eve. What could possibly go wrong?

"Hmpf. I can tell you that. A certain Al Lowe says 'Hmm, it might be nice to do a sequel,' and Ken Williams says, 'Yeah, let's screw up Larry,' and Roberta says, 'Fine by me, I never liked him anyway,' and Bill Gates says, 'Larry who?'"

Now, Lar, that's not the way it happened.

"Uh huh? How far off am I?"

Er, well. . .ah. . .

"What I thought, Big Guy, what I thought."

Never mind, drag a case of Fritos in here, and we'll get started. As we discussed in Chapter 2, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* was envisioned to be a different game—one more humorous and less risqué. We took a lot of flack because of Larry 1, so we thought we were responding to what people wanted.

"Only to have them complain it wasn't dirty enough, eh, Big Guy?"

Er, not sure I'd put it that way but, yes, we got back on track with Larry 3. However, Larry 2 has still been very successful and remains a favorite. There are many happy hours of entertainment stored up in *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* for you. Bunches of little hidden Easter eggs, great graphics, and lots else.

"I like what Scorpia wrote about it."

You mean the nice lady who runs the Gamesig on Delphi and the Games Round Table on GENIE?

Chapter 9

"Yeah. Even if she won't return my calls, I like her a lot. She said:"

Welcome to another thrilling installment in the saga of Leisure Suit Larry. If you played the first game, you may be in for a surprise here: Larry doesn't get to make out that much (in fact, if he's smart, not at all). This time around, Larry's looking for love, not just sex (of course, he wouldn't mind a bit of both, hehe). However, he does manage to get himself into all sorts of weird situations (but then Al Lowe has a weird mind).

Me? A weird mind? You mean everybody doesn't think like I do? But there's a pretty good general hint for Larry 2 in what Scorpiia says.

"You better believe it. Don't take no helicopter rides! It will be an experience you won't live to regret."

Right. Now Larry 2 is the first Larry game done with Sierra's Creative Interpreter, and it's a big step up from the graphics and animation we had in Larry 1. Which is why we're rereleasing Larry 1 before long in an SCI version.

"I do look better, handsome stud that I am."

And totally modest to boot, aren't you, Larry?

"You got that right, Al."

Another difference between Larry 1 and Larry 2 is the way the game is structured. In Larry 1, you can go almost everywhere in the game within the first five minutes.

Larry 2 is different, it has areas strung out like beads on a string. You have to solve each area before you can proceed to the next.

"And you better make sure you've solved it completely, because you can't go back. Forget something, and you're in deep dog doo-doo."

Like dogs, do you, Lar?

"Urk."

They like you, Larry. They like you a lot.

"Urk."

But Larry is right. Be sure you get all the objects you need in one area before proceeding to the next. In other words, save early and save often. Now, for the background.

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ **(In Several Wrong Places)**

Background

The nice thing about *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* is that Larry now does have a background. Thanks to Larry 1, we're playing a character whose traits we're already wholly familiar with—an experience gained the hard way on the seamy streets and in the sleazy bars of *Lost Wages*.

Knowing Larry as we do by this time, it probably shouldn't come as a surprise to us that he has totally misinterpreted his night with Eve in the casino's luxurious penthouse. What to Eve was an evening's dalliance, Larry saw as the beginning of a permanent relationship.

So he goes to Los Angeles and moves all his stuff into her house at the corner of Ascot Place and Ball Road—without, of course, the minor courtesy of discussing it first with Eve, who isn't there when he takes up residence.

You can get all this background, and a lot more, when you first start the game. In fact, you *should* carefully watch the opening scenes. Just let it run all the way through the first time. Hitting a key will abort the sequence and you'll miss some important clues.

After the title screen and some interesting credit screens, you'll see Larry mowing Eve's yard. He's certainly become domesticated very quickly. Eve arrives and is surprised to find him there. She asks who he is and why is he mowing her lawn? Larry says:

Why it's me, babe. Larry; Larry Laffer. We met in that hot tub in *Lost Wages*. . . in your luxurious penthouse. . . Don't you remember?

She admits to vaguely recalling the episode. He tells her that when two people are as much in love as they are, it's only natural they should move in together.

Eve's view is somewhat different from Larry's.

Move in? You creep! You've got just five minutes to get everything out of my house and out of my life!

She then sets her attack dog, Brutus, on guard. Hmm, you know, that dog looks awfully familiar.

"Yeah, real familiar. Not to mention its actions."

That little dog likes you, Larry. He likes you a lot.

"Hmpf. No more dogs, Big Al. I mean it. I'm getting a lawyer to go over our next contract! To put it in legal terms, *canine excludus*."

Heh, heh. So Larry's back out on the streets again with only the leisure suit on his back. It looks like a major setback for our man of leisure, but even bigger trouble is afoot!

"Why am I always afoot, Al? Can't I live a little and have a car or somethin' in the next game?"

Walking is healthy for you, Larry.

"Not in an Al Lowe game, no sir."

Heh, heh. Anyway, our automated hint sequence now cuts to the lush tropical beauty of Nontoonyt Island.

"That's the story of my life."

Yes, Lar, it is. For those who might not immediately get the joke, Nontoonyt is pronounced 'none-tonight.'

"Urk. An experience not wholly unfamiliar to me."

An unexplained weather phenomena occurs and we get to meet the infamous Dr. Nonookie!

"What does his name mean?"

Essentially the same as the island's name, Larry.

"The story of my life."

Exactly, Lar. And the machinations (I've always wanted to use that word in a book) of the unspeakably evil Dr. Nonookie will cause no little trouble for Larry, as he stumbles through Los Angeles and the other areas of the game. Not to mention attention from the KGB as well.

"Alto saxophone reeds under the fingernails, an Al Lowe speciality—I'm gonna go to the union, Big Guy, one of these days."

Heh, heh. Sure, Larry. Go ahead.

"Ah ha! You don't seem concerned. Is one of Ken's brothers the president of the union or somethin'?"

Why, not that I know of, Larry. That would be unfair to organized labor. Of course, you're neither labor nor organized.

"Urk."

But, onward and upward. We now have the background of *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*. Time for the story line.

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ (In Several Wrong Places)

Story Line

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places) has a more involved story line than the first game. Larry becomes involved with the KGB and the evil henchettes of Dr. Nonookie—that dastardly diabolical genius, whose secret lair is on Nontoonyt Island (pronounced None-tonight Island).

There are some good events for Larry, however. He gets on two TV shows—"The Dating Connection" and "The Lucky Buck Lottery Show." On the first show, he wins his dream date (or is it a nightmare) and a cruise on the boat called "The Love Tub." On the second, he wins a million bucks which just might, judging from the hundred dollar haircuts in Los Angeles, stretch far enough to purchase all the necessities he'll need on the cruise.

It's not easy. Larry starts the game dead broke without even a wisp of pocket lint. He'll find himself constantly in danger from secret agents. Danger will lurk behind every beautiful woman he meets.

"Sounds like a blast, Al. When can I buy a copy?"

Larry, you idiot, you are the game.

"Oh, yeah. Right. Sometimes I forget. All this seems so real."

Exactly, Sierra's superior graphics and animation—

"No, I mean Fresno."

Er, yes. Well, on to the walk through. Again, we want to warn you that, the same as in the last chapter, what follows below is pretty explicit hints on solving the game. You may want to play the game through first, or read this chapter in bits as you reach sticking points in the game.

Now, let's go off with Larry and look for love in several wrong places.

Eve's House

You start out in front of Eve's house. She's kicked you out and the only part of the house you can still get into is the garage. Take an inventory of your possessions (by typing the word inventory). Urk! This is worse than Larry 1. At least in Larry one you had the ninety-four dollars you got from selling your car to Ken's brother. Here you don't even have pocket lint—just your leisure suit.

Chapter 9

Obviously, you need some money to survive in Los Angeles. So, look in the garage first. Go into the back (the part of the garage where you become hidden from view) and look around. Ah, here's an old pair of Eve's pants. Look in the pants, and you'll find a dollar bill. Briefly consider the morality of it, but *get the dollar*.

You'll notice your score at the top of the screen goes from zero to three, and that your rank changes from Novice to something like *Lame-O*. A new feature of Larry 2 are these funny random ranks.

"Insulting ranks, you mean. Calling me a *Lame-O* and a *Dork*. Urk."

Heh, heh. Anyway, the rank will change each time you get more points. The rank name doesn't really mean anything, and it may be used several times. The possible ranks are:

Big Hero	Low-life
Boor	Minion
Creep	Nerd
Cretin	Nimrod
Dim Bulb	Pinhead
Dork	Putz
Dullard	Schlemiel
Dweeb	Schmuck
Hoser	Sleeze
Jerk	Slug

"Thanks a lot, Big Al. Nothing like building my public image with such colorful and complimentary rankings."

Don't mention it, Lar.

"I was being sarcastic."

You were?

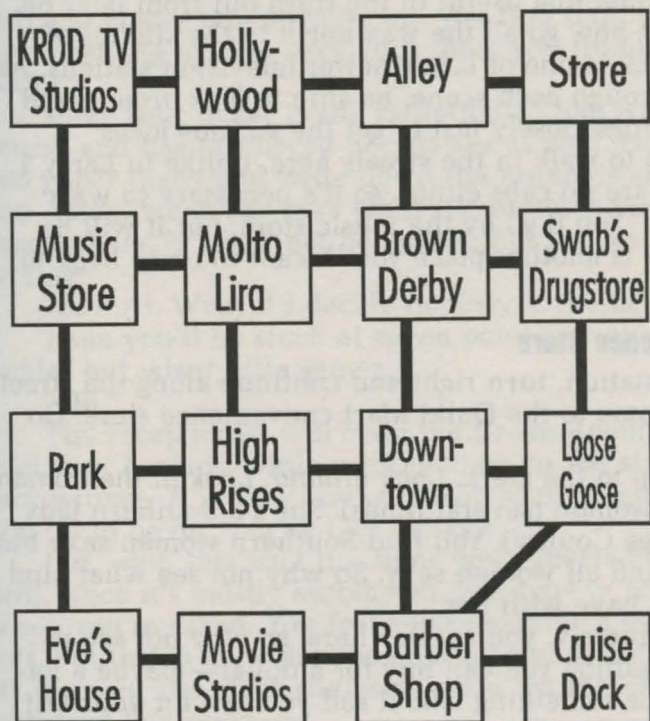
"I wuz."

Oh, are you through now?

"Yep."

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™
(In Several Wrong Places)

Los Angeles



Start



Los Angeles

Good, on with the hints. Leave the garage; there's nothing else in there for you. The next time you come back, you'll find the door pulled down and locked. There might be something useful in the trash out front later on, but for right now go all the way north to the studios of KROD, which is one of L.A.'s newer television stations. As you pass through each scene, be sure to *look around* and examine things closely just to get the various jokes.

It's safe to walk in the streets here, unlike in Larry 1. Alas, there are no cabs either, so it's necessary to walk everywhere. You'll go by the music store, but it will be closed. This is another place you'll want to come back to later.

The Convenience Store


At the TV station, turn right and continue along the street until you come to the Quiki Mart convenience store. Go inside.

Walk up to the clerk. *Look around. Look at the woman. Talk to the woman* (several times). She's a Southern lady (from Orange County). You find Southern women sexy but then, you find all women sexy. So why not see what kind of luck you have with her.

Unfortunately, you get nowhere, so why not see if there's something you can buy for a dollar—maybe a lottery ticket or something. She'll sell you one for your last buck, the one you found in Eve's pants. The game will then take you automatically around to the end of the counter to enter your six number picks for the ticket. Input any six numbers between 100 and 999 as asked. The actual numbers you choose are unimportant. Write them down carefully and discard them.

There's also a soda dispenser in the store, but leave that alone for now. You don't have any money left to buy a soda, and the clerk will drill you full of holes with her six-shooters if you get one now and try to leave without paying for it.

Leave the store and go back the way you came. Go into the alley next to the store. Go up to the knothole in the board fence and *look in knothole*. This is a joke, but it gives you an extra point—you now have seven of the five hundred possible.

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ 
(In Several Wrong Places)

The TV Studios

Go back to KROD and enter this time. Be sure to *look at the woman* to see how pretty she is. Well, okay so she's dull and chews bubble gum, but you find dull, bubble gum-chewing women sexy. (But then, you find all women sexy.)

Show your ticket to the receptionist. She isn't too bright, and has misplaced her glasses as well. Have pen and paper ready and write down the numbers she tells you. Then, when she asks what six numbers you have, just repeat them. It might not be honest, but it does make you a winner!

"Say, Al. What if I decide honesty is the best policy?"

Then you'll be stuck at seven points for all eternity, a sadder but wiser little gamer.

"Oh."

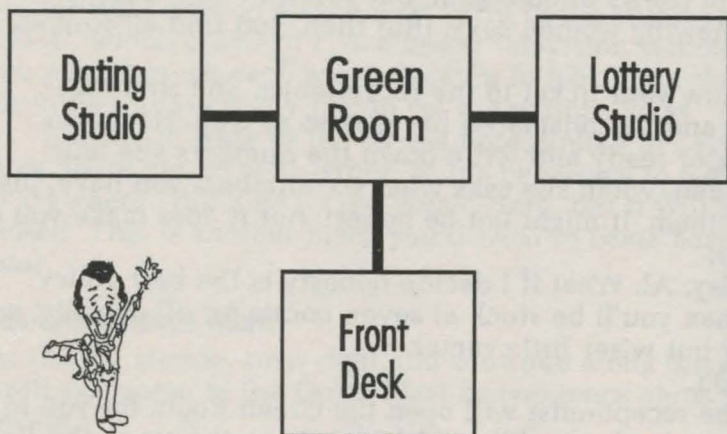
The receptionist will open the Green Room for you to cool your heels in while waiting to go on the air as the lottery winner. A swishy young person soon enters and takes you off to be on "Lucky Life Lottery."

But, wait, this isn't the show you expected to be on! Still, since it's mostly automated, just type in responses when you're asked. You feel you're making a fool of yourself, but this is an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you. By the way, the other contestants are the real-life beta testers of this game.

To your surprise and that of bachelorette Barbara Bimbo of Airhead, California, you win! It's a free ocean cruise with the lovely but now distraught Ms. Bimbo. Could she have, like, made a mistake?

You're ushered back into the Green Room. Sit down and wait. Soon another person will come and take you to the lottery show. You spin the wheel in another automatic sequence and win one million dollars! They give you a million dollar bill and you exit the studio.

Television Studios



Outside KROD Studios


KROD TV studios

A Few Quick Purchases

You've won a cruise and a million bucks. What could go wrong? Well, watch talking to shady characters on seedy streets. And don't waste too much time, or the boat will leave without you.

There are a few necessities you'll need for the cruise, so look around Los Angeles for them. You'll need to find a place first that can cash a million dollar bill. No convenience store can do that but, say, what about some ritzy shop? There must be one in L.A.? What with gold-plated Rolls Royces on Rodeo Drive and all.

Once you find it, the prices will astound you. A million bucks can't touch anything in this store except a bathing suit. Well, you might need it on the cruise, and at least the clerk can change your million buck bill.

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ 
(In Several Wrong Places)

Now, since you're leaving the country, you'd better find your passport. Where could it be? You had it when you moved in at Eve's. Maybe she's thrown it out somewhere. Go back to Eve's house and see what you can find outside.

After you find your passport, your might want to go back to the Quiki Mart and look at that soda dispenser again. Just remember, you're in a rush to catch the boat, so perhaps you shouldn't drink anything right now, since there doesn't seem to be any available restrooms anywhere in L.A. Later, however, you could be thirsty.

Let's see. What else could help on a tropical trip. Sunscreen? Maybe. Put that on the list in case you pass the drugstore. A quick haircut might not hurt either.

That's about it for L.A., I guess. Let me check my notes.

"Your notes, Al? Har, har."

Huh?

"Is that a subtle way to remind people to visit the music store?"

Not any more, Larry, you blabbermouth.

"Well, knock me over with an onklunk. Sorry, Big Guy."

Oh well, now you should be ready to board that cruise liner and sail off into bliss with Ms. Barbara Bimbo. You can hardly wait—and you'd better not or you might miss the boat!

The Cruise Ship

After a beautiful sequence leaving the harbor, you find yourself on the cruise ship. You're on the lowest level, near your barely adequate cabin, but what did you expect for a freebie trip?

Check out the cramped cabin. At least you've got a free basket of fruit. You might not be hungry now, but it's good to know you have a snack for later. Remember, you have big pockets.

Hmmm. There's a connecting door to the next cabin. Is it the lovely Barbara Bimbo? Take a look.

Chapter 9

Sorry, Larry, we'll tell you now, you're in for a disappointment. It's not Barbara but her mother! Chat with the old lady a bit, but don't get too close. You might want to go back later and search her room when she's gone. Of course, judging by what you'll find in her closet, it better be a fast search, but you'll eventually find something that will keep you in stitches.

Let's see what to do now. Well, you're on a cruise, and cruise ships have swimming pools, and you have this hundred thousand dollar pair of swimming trunks (you did buy them, didn't you?). So find the one place in your room where you can change clothes, and hop into the trunks.

Take the stairs (they call them "ladders" on ships, matey) up to the next level. Go to the swimming pool on the back of the ship (that's the "stern" for you nautical types). To climb the stairs, use the diagonal keys.

There's one empty deck chair. Good, you can soak up some rays. Just remember, the tropical sun is mighty hot. Good thing you visited the drug store back in L.A., huh? If you didn't, you know what I'm going to say now, right?

"Save early and save often."



Urk! Hope you had the game saved.

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™
(In Several Wrong Places)

Thanks, Lar. Yep, that's it. Now, while you're there you'll get a "come-on" from a beautiful woman. Sounds almost too good to be true, but go ahead and follow her.

"NO! Watch them helicopter rides. Don't listen to everything Big Al tells ya to do."

Ah, well, it could be a searing experience, all right. Sort of like if you forgot to buy sunscreen in the drugstore. Okay, so you got some points for sunbathing. What else is there to do.

"Last one in the pool's a Cobol programmer!"

Er, right. Of course, unlike dogs, swimming isn't instinctive to humans—you have to learn it. So, when you get in the water, think fast.

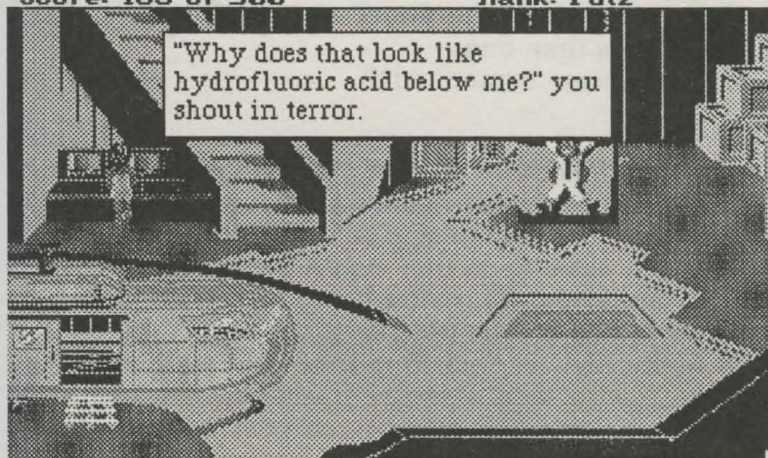
"Or it's glub, glub, glub."

Somewhere around the middle of the pool, you might want to dive and see what's underwater. If something's on the bottom of the pool, you might retrieve it just for fun.

"Or just to win the game later on. Be sure to save early and often while you're trying this. And you'll definitely develop a taste for chlorinated water."

Score: 189 of 500

Rank: Putz



Several of Dr. Nonookie's henchettes will gladly treat you... to a one-way helicopter ride.

When you climb out of the pool after your refreshing and cleansing dip—you might consider that it was cleansing. That's a hint.

"A hot one, too. Even I see the light."

Okay, you'll not be allowed into other areas of the ship in your bathing trunks, so it's back to the cabin to change. Attired in your white leisure suit once more, you can explore the ship. On the same level as the pool but forward is a barbershop.

"What IS it with Sierra games and barbers?"

Well, our games do have a lot of close shaves, Lar.

"Har, har, har. Not bad."

Anyway, you'll really wig out in this barbershop. After that, climb all the way to the top of the ship to the nightclub. This might not be a good time for a drink—

"Watch out for them alto sax reeds under the fingernails!"

—but there is some complimentary dip on the bar. Remember, you have big pockets. If you could get that fifty-five gallon Big Gulp in your pocket, why not a bowl of dip?


Now, by this time—especially if you've been saving early and often—even Larry Laffer can figure out it's just too dangerous being on this ship. There's a KGB bartender, the wonderful Mrs. Bimbo with her mink-lined handcuffs, and the lady at the pool who wants to give you a chopper ride in more ways than one.

"Don't you mean 'copter, Al?"

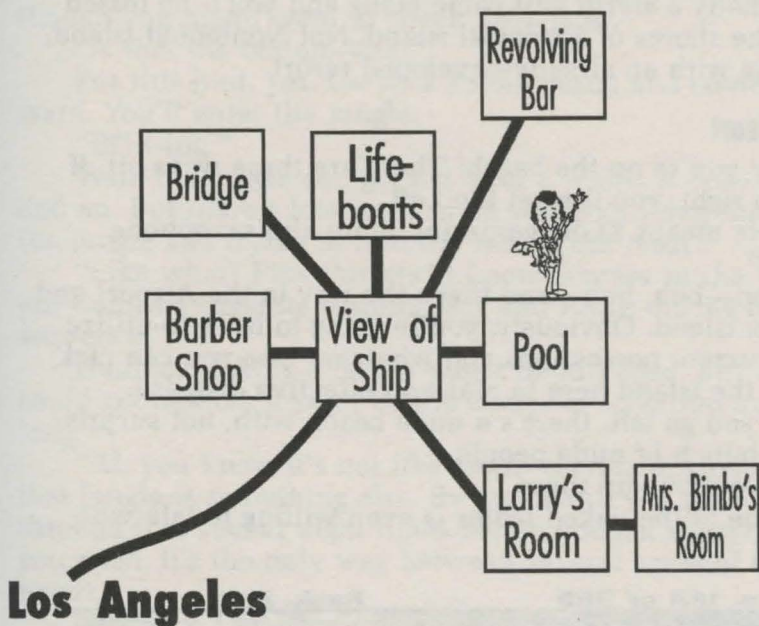
No. I don't.

"Urk!"

There's only one other way off the ship, since that chopper ride is so final, and that's the lifeboats. Of course, you'll have to get the ship to stop and a boat to lower first. The only logical place to do that would be in the control room. So you'll have to figure out how to sneak in there and pull a lever to start the lifeboat timer or something, then rush to the lifeboat deck. You'll have to really jump to make it.

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ 
(In Several Wrong Places)

U.S.S. Love Tub



The cruise ship

The Lifeboat

There's a tricky part here. As soon as the lifeboat hits the water, you'll have to put something on your head to protect it from the hot sun. You only have one piece of headgear, so use it NOW.

"Yeah, or it's all over for you except the mopping up."

Also, it's survival time, so you want to ditch all unnecessary items—in your case, just one. Better get rid of it right now, or you'll really regret it later.

"What, Al? What?"

I'm not saying, Larry. How about looking in the fridge to see if we have any dip left or if Margaret's thrown it out.

"Sure thing, big guy."

Okay, we go back into automatic again. If you have everything Larry needs to survive, like the Big Gulp, he will. If not, well—

"Save early and save often. Here's some bacon and horseradish dip, Big Guy. Great with Fritos."

Finally a storm will come along and you'll be tossed onto the shores of a tropical island. Not Nontoonyt Island, but one with an already-developed resort.

The Resort

Finally you're on the beach! There are three ways off. If you go right, you'll meet the Left.

"He means KGB agents and more alto saxophone reeds."

Yep—heh, heh—and that's the way to the Airport and off this island. Obviously, you're going to have to utilize your current possessions and whatever else you can pick up on the island here to make an effective disguise.

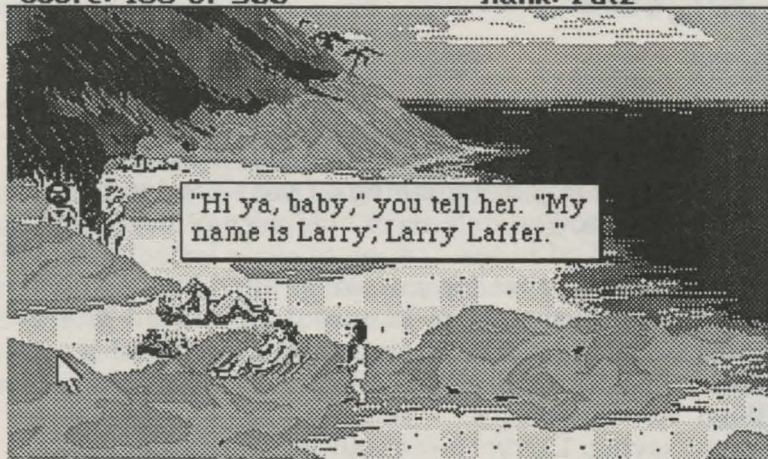
If you go left, there's a nude beach with, not surprising, a bunch of nude people.

"No cover-up there."

One of the naked ladies is even willing to talk with you.

Score: 189 of 500

Rank: Putz



Gee, Larry! You've found the Nude Beach! Maybe this will reveal something about the game.

"INcoming choppers. Alert! Alert!"

This isn't Vietnam, Larry.

"That's for sure."

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ 
(In Several Wrong Places)

Anyway, perhaps a naked lady being so immediately friendly should be a little suspicious. So, leave for now, though you might want to check back later.

“Is that the bottom-line?”

For this hint, yes. Go back to the beach and come forward. You’ll enter the jungle.

“BOR-ing.”

Well, the jungle can get old after a while. It does go on and on. But there’s lots you can do while strolling through the jungle and trying to find the rest of the resort.

“Like what? Pick flowers? I know Scorpia in the Delphi Gamesig suggests reading *War and Peace* during this sequence.”

Hmmm, picking a flower might be fun once, but that could get old too. It can’t be the center of attention for long.

“Al, you know it’s not like me to complain, guy, but that jungle is something else. By my count, you got to go through that sucker eight times before you get everything you need. It’s the only way between several areas of the resort.”

Oh, okay, Lar. Here’s an explicit hint. After the first time through the jungle, just type *leave* each time and that sequence will be aborted.

“Whew! Good. Thanks.”

The first resort facility you’ll find is a snooty restaurant. Ken and Roberta eat there—you might even see them. It may take a while to get seated, but try not to get too angry. Finally you’ll be seated. Like many expensive eateries, the food is lousy here. I don’t recommend eating it.

“Save early and save often.”

However, there’s a free buffet. You might wander over and take a sharp look at it. After this, it’s back into the jungle and the trek to the next area of the resort, a guest room.

The maid will come in soon and ask if she can be of service, and she means this without reservations. So—Larry, you lucky dog—have fun.

“Urk! Every time you mention a dog, I know I’m in for trouble. What if she has a brother named Carlos who, thanks to American military aid, has many bullets that he likes firing?”

Chapter 9

You certainly have an overactive imagination, Larry.
"No, merely a cautious one after working for you."

Heh, heh. Okay, so the maid leaves. Look around the room, it's a matchless opportunity, and check out the bathroom. I wish I could think of a hilarious funny and slippery clue to offer here, but Soapy Sales I'm not.

"I thought it was 'Soupy' Sales."

Must be his brother I was thinking of, then. I believe he works for Proctor and Gamble. Anyway, go back out into the jungle, though you'll want to come back here to change into your disguise later.

When you get out of the jungle this time, it's another—"Not ANOTHER barbershop! Arrrgh."

—barbershop. So, get your hair worked on. This guy is good. He'll make it grow long and luxurious and *blond*.

"Urk. That certainly disguises my normal studly appearance. Say. . ."

Yep, that could be the answer to your disguise problem. Go back into the jungle and you'll come out on the beach. Take a look on the nude beach again, maybe your luck hasn't bottomed out after all.

"And then?"

Jungle-time again. Sorry. You arrive back at the guest room. Let's don that disguise now. Find the one place in the room where you can change into your disguise.

"Say, isn't the Bikini Atoll in the Pacific too?"

Yes, the swimsuit is named after it, and they did atomic tests there in the fifties. You have a glowing grasp of geography, Lar. Anyway, once into the disguise, what do we have?

"Me! Dressed real funky."


Right, Larry. Long blonde hair and what you're wearing makes you look almost female. A good disguise, except there are few hairy, flat-chested women at tropical resorts.

"What nature has forgotten should be stuffed with cotton."

Ah, but you have no cotton, Larry. Something else will have to do. But don't forget your articles. There's a program bug that requires "the" exact answer.

"I begin to see how to get by the KGB agents now, Al. Pretty slick!"

Okay, once more into the jungle, little buddy.

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ 
(In Several Wrong Places)

“Did Ken get a good buy on jungles or something?”

You’ll find yourself back in the barbershop. Maybe, if you wax eloquent, the barber will answer your question about completing your disguise.

So—

“I know, back into the jungle!”

Yep, but this is the final time if your disguise holds up. You’ll come out on the beach. Now try your luck passing the KGB agents. If it works, you come to a path along the cliffs.

Negotiating these isn’t as hard as it looks, although it’s always a good idea to save early and save often. Once you’re past the cliffs, the game will tell you that Larry pauses for a breather.

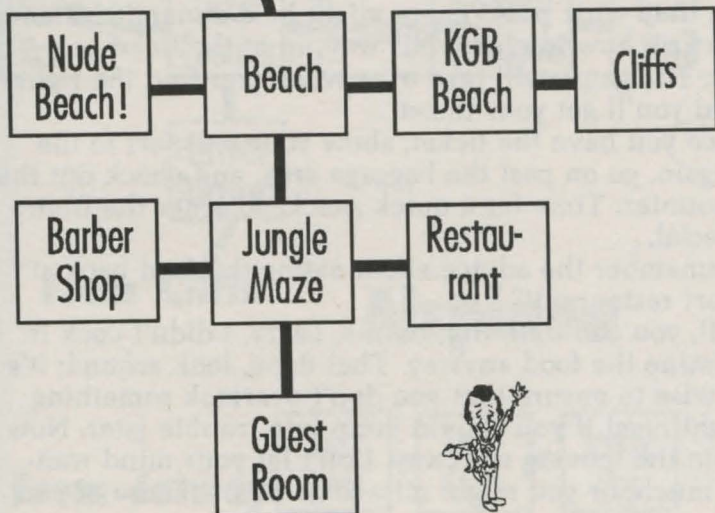
“Can I take this disguise off yet, Al? I feel real funky.”

Sure, Larry. What’s accepted in the resort might not be elsewhere. Of course, you’re stuck with the long, blond hair.

“Nah, gotta be another barbershop along soon.”

Tropical Resort

Lifeboat



Airport

At the entrance of the airport are two more agents. They're described as Hairy Krishnas, the last of that dying breed from the sixties, the Flower Children. If you want to get by them, give them a gift appropriate to their disguise. But do it quickly.

Let's see, what's first on the agenda.

"Get the hell off this island!"

That, too, but you have to clean up some more and buy a ticket first. You'll find that buying a ticket isn't too easy just yet, and you sure don't look like your passport picture with that hair. Find a barbershop first.

"No problem in this game, I'm sure there's one right around the corner."

Actually, left around the corner from the ticket counter and, yes, that barber is Princess Rosella. We've already discussed that.

"Cute chick, but a royal pain to try and date."

She'll fix up your appearance, and you'll find it to be a real tonic. Be sure to talk to her while you're there.

"Don't try to pick up any chicks outside the barbershop, you want to leave here in a jet airliner, not a *urk* chopper."

Hmmm. Still no luck at the ticket counter, huh? Go to the right and show the guard your passport. He'll let you into the baggage area. Start grabbing bags and examining them as they whiz pass. There might be a dynamite of an idea here on how to clear your way up to the ticket counter. The game will take over when you find the right item and you'll get your ticket.

Once you have the ticket, show your passport to the guard again, go on past the baggage area, and check out the lunch counter. Time for a quick snack, so order the Blue Pate special.

"Remember the advice about eating the food back at the resort restaurant!"

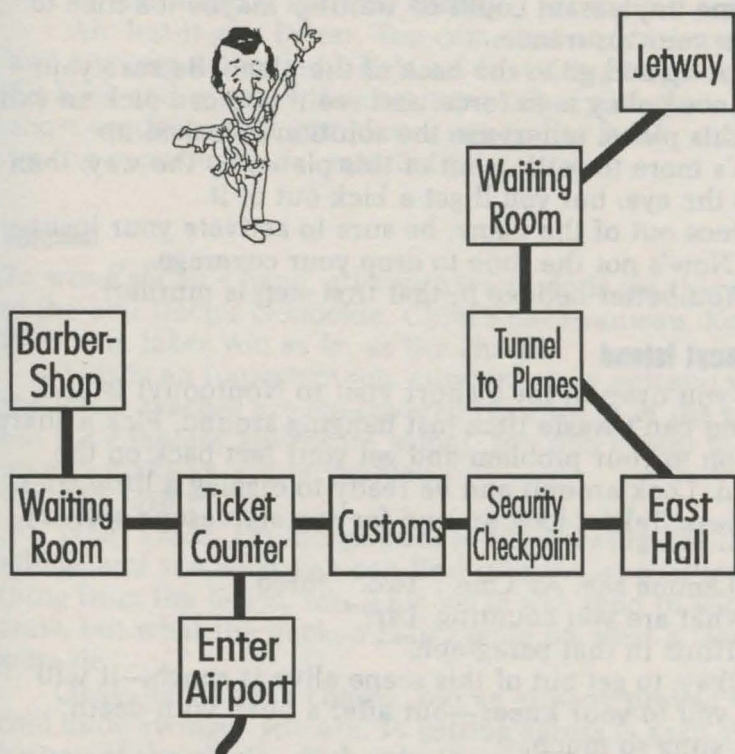
Well, you can't pin that on me, Larry. I didn't cook it. But examine the food anyway. That done, look around; it's always wise to ensure that you don't overlook something you might need if you should jump into trouble later. Now rush onto the moving walkway. Don't let your mind wander too much, or you might miss your flight. Those of you

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ (In Several Wrong Places)

with slow machines have an advantage here. Go to the Speed menu and select Change to slow things down.

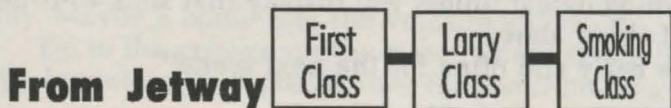
When you get to the check-in counter, look around. There might be a bit of reading matter you could take to while away your time on the plane. Show your ticket and board the plane.

Airport



From Cliffs

Airplane



Airplane

Squeeze yourself into a seat. Remember, flights in and out of islands are usually a little bumpy, so maybe you should have the airsick bag handy. Just in case.

As luck would have it, your neighbor is a bit gabby. Giving him something to occupy his mind is the best thing. See if there isn't something you picked up recently that will interest him.

Okay, you're smart enough by now not to waste a lot of time. You could sit and wait until the plane lands, but someone unpleasant could be waiting. Maybe it's time to cash in your insurance.

Get up and go to the back of the plane. Be sure your insurance policy is in force, and see if you can pick an exit from this plane, otherwise the solution is locked up. There's more to getting out of this plane, by the way, than meets the eye, but you'll get a kick out of it.

Once out of the plane, be sure to activate your insurance. Now's not the time to drop your coverage.

"You better believe it, that first step is murder!"

Nontoonyt Island

Well, you drop in for a short visit to Nontoonyt Island, but you can't waste time just hanging around. Pick a sharp solution to your problem and get your feet back on the ground. Look around and be ready to display a little stick-to-it-ness. Take a look around for any statuesque scenery, also.

"Lemme see, Al. One. . .two. . .three. . ."

What are you counting, Lar?"

"Hints in that paragraph."


Okay, to get out of this scene alive is rough—it will bring you to your knees—but after a bush with death, won't sting so much.

"You mean, 'a brush with death,' Al."

No, Larry. I don't.

Okay, in the next scene we meet a very large and hungry snake—an anaconda, to be precise. You could be in for a crushing defeat unless you display that stick-to-it-ness we talked about above.

"Save early and often for the next scene!"

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ 
(In Several Wrong Places)

Yes, Larry, it's a bit of a quagmire, that's for sure. But if you walk lightly, it will be a breeze.

"Save early and save often!"

The next scene is a river full of piranha fish.

"In the South Pacific?"

They'll take work wherever they can find it, Larry. Wading across, however, isn't something you want to do. But I'm sure you'll come out swinging, Larry, and not die on the vine. Take along a souvenir of your solution to the piranha river.

"Hmpf. I really earn my money, I wanna tell you."

Ah, but it gets better. You come out on a pristine beach and a young native lady, Kalalau, is waiting to greet you. Sit back and relax as the computer takes you through a short sequence that introduces you to her father and sets up the opportunity for married bliss.

Volcano

To win Kalalau's hand, all you have to do is rid this island of the evil Doctor Nonookie. Chief Keneewauwau, Kalalau's pop, takes you as far as the chasm.

This is an important job, climbing up a volcano where the lower reaches are ice-covered (yes, we're in the tropics, but it's a fantasy adventure game). You don't want to flub up and make an ash of yourself.

"An 'ash'?"

What I said, Lar. So go back to the cooking fire in the village and see what you can find useful. Get a little something from the beach, too. This job is like sand in your craw, but what the heck, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

Okay, back to the chasm. You've already proved what a cool dude swinger you are, so getting across is easy. At the bottom of the glacier, kick it in the ash and away you go.

"In the 'ash,' Al?"

I didn't stutter. Finally, reaching the top of the volcano, you'll find an elevator and, of course, the entrance to the volcano. You'll have to force the elevator doors open some way. Maybe a bomb into the volcano will do it.

Go to the crevice on the right (where steam is rising up). Inventory your possessions for bomb-making materials.

Chapter 9

"That's a hard one, Al. It makes me sick just to think of it. Making bombs isn't my bag."

Yes, it is, Larry, and it will be a real tonic to you. The solution is in the bottle.

"You mean, 'in the bag.'"

No, I don't.

"The bag in the bottle? Now that's a real corker!"

Yes, it is. Now, you got to be in just the right place to use your bomb. If the game tells you this area isn't conducive for bombing, move a little and try again.

"Save early and save often."

Do you have a light, Larry?

"I didn't think you smoked, Al?"

Not for me, stupid.

"Oh, sorry. It took me a moment to match that up with the right context."

Exactly. So drop the bomb, already.

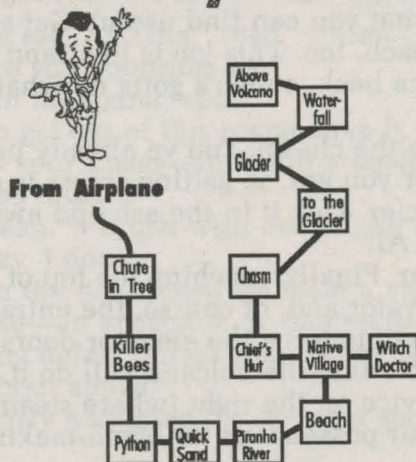
"Like, BOOM, man. Like BOOOOOOOOOM!"

Yes, that did the trick. The elevator door opens; you enter. That's it. You've won! The game takes over now for a *fantastic* sequence. Sit back and enjoy, you've sure earned it.

"Damn, I'm good."

Er, right, Lar. Say hello to the piano player for me, by the way.

Nontoonyt Island



Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love™ (In Several Wrong Places)

All Possible Points

In Los Angeles

Get dollar	3 points
Look through hole in fence	1 point
Buy lottery ticket	3 points
Show winning ticket	10 points
Sit in green room	1 point
Win Dating Game	20 points
Get cruise ticket	6 points
Win big lottery prize	12 points
Get one million bucks	7 points
Buy swimsuit	5 points
Get change for swimsuit	3 points
Buy sunscreen	9 points
Get Grotesque Gulp	5 points
Pay for Gulp	3 points
Get haircut	3 points
Get passport from trash	5 points
Look at jogger in park	1 point
Get onklunk	7 points
Show passport at dock	9 points
Subtotal	113 points

On the Cruise Ship

Get fruit	3 points
Get sewing kit	6 points
Use sunscreen first time	3 points
Get bikini top	7 points
Use sunscreen second time	3 points
Lie on lounge chair	3 points
Get wig from barber	3 points
Get spinach dip	2 points
Push lifeboat switch	8 points
Get in lifeboat	2 points
Launch boat	5 points
Use wig	5 points
Throw dip	2 points
Using sunscreen	5 points
Wearing wig	5 points
Use gulp	5 points
Using sewing kit	10 points
Subtotal	190 points

At the Resort

Take flower	3 points
Sit down in restaurant	1 point
Get seated	1 point
Take knife	3 points
Take matches in guest room	2 points
Take soap	2 points
Become a blonde at barber	3 points

Take bikini bottom (beach)	4 points
Wear bikini	5 points
Put money in top	12 points
Get body waxed	3 points
Get past agents	12 points
Wear leisure suit	6 points
Subtotal	247 points

At Airport

Give flower to Krishnas	7 points
Look at barber	3 points
Get haircut	3 points
Show passport	5 points
Get bag with bomb	5 points
Bomb explodes	15 points
Buy ticket	5 points
Get bobby pin	7 points
Buy insurance	3 points
Take pamphlet	11 points
Show ticket	3 points
Take bag from seat	5 points
Give pamphlet to man	8 points
Wear parachute	4 points
Pick lock	5 points
Open door	6 points
Subtotal	342 points

On Nontoonyt Island

Use knife	8 points
Get stick	4 points
Crawl under bush	6 points
Use stick	10 points
Crossing swamp	5 points
Swing on vines	6 points
Get vine	4 points
Larry proposes	10 points
Talk with father	25 points
Get ashes	6 points
Get sand	3 points
Use vine	11 points
Use ashes	10 points
Bag in bottle	5 points
Use match	5 points
Throw bottle	10 points
Kill evil doctor	30 points

Grand Total 500 points

Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals™

"Larry 3 made computer game history, Big Al."

Right you are, Larry. It was the first Sierra adventure to ever allow players to switch roles in mid-game and see the story from someone else's point of view. In this case, you don't just change roles, you change sex, too. The player goes from being Larry to being Passionate Patti!

"Who is currently not speaking to me."

You need to start getting home a little earlier, Larry, and stay out of singles bars.

"Hey, what can I say? I'm a polyester kind of guy."

Sort of makes lasting relationships rocky, Lar.

"You're telling me! I bear a great burden here. The chicks of the world are counting on me. Looks like Patti could understand. It would be selfish of me to confine me to just one chick."

Hmmm. No comment. Anyway, this role reversal is unique in computer games, and I'm proud of our pioneering efforts. Now, let's get right into specific information and lots of great hints concerning Larry 3, or *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*.

"My kinda woman for sure."

All women are your kind of woman, Larry.

"It's a heavy burden, all right."

Okay, here's our background.

Larry Laffer has remained on Nontoonyt Island with his wife, Kalalau. He begins the game by learning that Kalalau has dumped him for a woman, an Amazonian lesbian cannibal!

"That was a big shock, I wanna tell ya."

Once again, he's a swinging single, out on the streets, firmly against commitment. The new hair he received at the end of Larry 2 has remained, so there are no balding

Chapter 10

Larry views (and no hair gags); unfortunately, Kalalau is a good cook, so Larry begins with a pot belly.

“More of me for chicks to love.”

The island is like Oahu—there is still primitive jungle, cliffs, desert, and deserted beaches but there’s also a large Waikiki-type area overgrown with hotels, casinos, tourist traps, and so forth. Vehicular traffic has never been allowed, so all movement is by walking (so we have no driving scenes and no navigation on maps).

“Sore feet is the fate of characters in an Al Lowe game. How about a Mazda RX-7 or somethin’ in the next game, pal?”

We’ll see, Lar. Now Passionate Patti is an entertainer at the casino’s piano bar. She is worldly, hip, flippant, and speaks in double entendres—a nineties Mae West. When Larry hustles her early in the game, she turns him down, but with a line that makes it clear his chances might change some day.

Story Line

Kicked out by Kalalau, Larry does all the things newly-single guys do: work out at a gym, gamble in the casino, hustle showgirls, party at the beach, and fall for his divorce attorney, among other things. Each female encounter features a girl (full-screen and interactive) who is ready and willing, if only he can find the proper approach, which differs with each girl. They expect gifts, favors, and compliments. When Larry finally does succeed, his first four encounters end with humorous, frustrating results—not at all what he had hoped.

“It ain’t easy being me.”

After Larry “scores” all the girls on the island, he is ready for Patti. Much to his surprise, Patti is also ready for him. They make their way to Patti’s penthouse suite and to the bed. No funny business this time! The lights are dim, we cut to a discrete close-up, and fireworks happen. Evidently Larry learned a lot from Kalalau: Patti is thrilled; Larry was the greatest! Larry is thrilled; Patti was the greatest!

“Smirk.”

Quit smirking, Larry. As she drifts off to sleep, Patti wonders how she’ll tell her boyfriend she’s dropping him

Passionate Patti In Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals™

for Larry. She murmurs the boyfriend's name softly; Larry hears her and thinks she was unimpressed with what he clearly thought was fabulous lovemaking. Crushed, he rises from the bed, dresses, and leaves, vowing to live a life of celibacy deep in the jungle and to give up on women entirely!

Okay, here comes the switch!

Patti awakens, wondering where Larry went, walks to the balcony, and sees Larry disappear into the jungle. We cut back to the long shot of the room and suddenly, Patti is now our ego, and controlled by the player. For the next portion of the game, we play from the perspective of a woman.

Patti's part of the game is more of a traditional quest: she learns of Larry's whereabouts in the jungle and sets off to rescue him. She conquers a bamboo forest, a sheer cliff, a marijuana ledge, a feral pig, a whitewater raft ride, and a Disneyland jungle cruise sequence, often using up pieces of her clothing in the process, which turns her part of the game into an extended strip tease.

She is eventually captured by the tribe of female Amazonian lesbian cannibals (Kalalau's girlfriend's relatives). She is thrown into a bamboo cage suspended above a cooking pot with Larry inside. There's no way to escape.

"Urk!"

Well, maybe one.

Score: 1102 of 4000

Leisure Suit Larry 3



Passionate Patti! What a woman, eh Lar?

As We Begin

The start-up screens of Larry 3 show you how the island has changed. Unlike Larry 2, however, there aren't so many hints.

To keep Sierra's lawyers happy, there's a five-question quiz you have to answer before being allowed into the game itself—as there is in Larry 1. You can actually miss *all* the questions of this quiz and still play. The level of “raunchiness,” however, depends on the number of your correct answers. So try to get all five right so you can see the more interesting attributes of *ahem* the characters.

“That's stripping it down to the bare essentials, Al.”

Yep. Now you'll need your manual from time to time, or you won't be able to progress in the game. This is our latest—and I think best—idea for copy protection. You get to play the game all you want without the manual, but only up a certain point. The manual is also chock full of hints.

“Pays to pay for the game.”

Right, and we give you good value for your money.

Okay, as we begin, Larry is on a scenic overlook that lets him see most of the civilized portion of Nontoonyt Island. There's a plaque in the center, which he likes to read.

“Well, some people didn't forget my heroic accomplishments in *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*.”

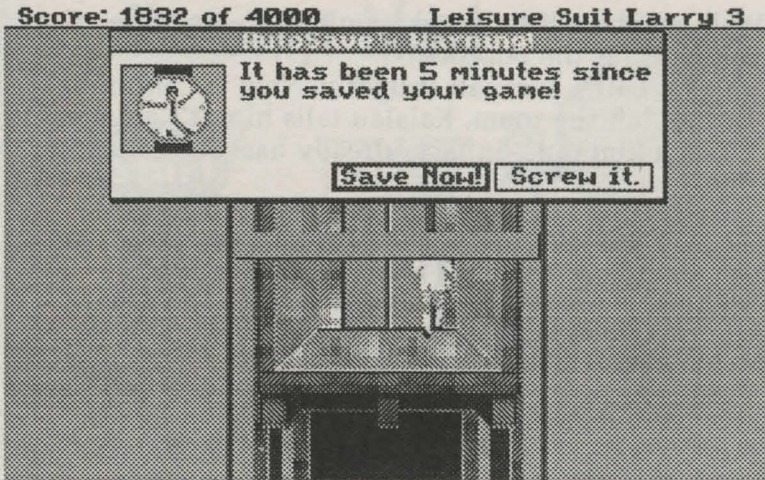
The only other features are a couple of fixed binoculars near the railings.

“Actually, only one of them needs to be fixed.”

I meant “stationary,” Larry, as in “mounted on a post.” A look through one of these might be quite revealing, assuming you've answered the questions correctly.

Once you've gotten the few measly points available at the lookout, you leave and find yourself in the jungle. As in the previous Larry game, you'll be walking everywhere.

“Oh, my aching tootsies.”



Uncle Al says...you got it!

Larry is still happy. He has a great job with Natives, Inc.—whose Chairman, Kenneth, is Kalalau's father, the former native chief in Larry 2. He also has the lovely Kalalau as his wife, a huge house with a hot tub, and lots of other perks.

Things might be about to change, however. There's a subtle hint concerning this in the game.

"About as subtle as the Green Bay Packers on a pass rush!"

Well, er, yes. A huge flashing hand is pointing down the path toward your house. The game will keep suggesting you visit home. You do, only to find the gate locked, with the locks changed. You look over the wall to see your darling Kalalau in the hot tub *with somebody else*.

"It was a real blow, that's for sure, Al."

Another man would have been bad enough, but she has fallen for a Harley-riding, Amazonian lesbian, slot machine repairwoman. Obviously, Kalalau's relationship with Larry had not been quite as satisfactory as he had assumed.

"Rub it in, Big Guy. Tear open the wounds. Pour salt in them."

Say, great idea, Lar. The microwave popcorn's in the kitchen cabinet, along with a bottle of butter-flavored salt. Make us some popcorn and ice down another six-pack of Classic Coke.

“Well, maybe a little snack would help me forget. Got any anchovies for the popcorn?”

Ugh. No, Larry. Just salt it lightly. Now to continue, since Larry’s left the room, Kalalau tells him it’s all over. She’s kicking him out—in fact, already has. She tells him, hurtfully:

You don’t live here anymore. I’ve found a new lover and filed for divorce. By island law, all I need to do is walk three times in a circle around our bed. I’ve done that many times in the past few years. Bobbi is able to meet my needs where you never were.

Larry, very dejected, leaves. Bad enough to lose his wife, but to lose her to a Harley-riding, Amazonian lesbian, slot machine repairwoman named Bobbi isn’t very ego-building. It’s time for long introspection and a reassessment of his life.

To give Larry credit, he does do this—at least as long as it takes to change scenes. He decides that, hey, this is a resort area with a lot of chicks visiting here for just one thing, to have a good time. Larry manfully decides to shoulder the burden of providing for their needs.

The Awesome Return of the Man of Leisure!

An automatic sequence, which you’ll love, now occurs. A phone booth rises out of the jungle floor. He goes into the booth, pulling off his sunglasses and looking around like Clark Kent. In an instant he emerges from the booth as SUPER—er, no—as LEISURE SUIT LARRY! The gleaming white leisure suit is back, as is our beloved Man of Leisure! HE’S BACK!

“Well, sure I am, Al. It doesn’t take that long to fix microwave popcorn.”

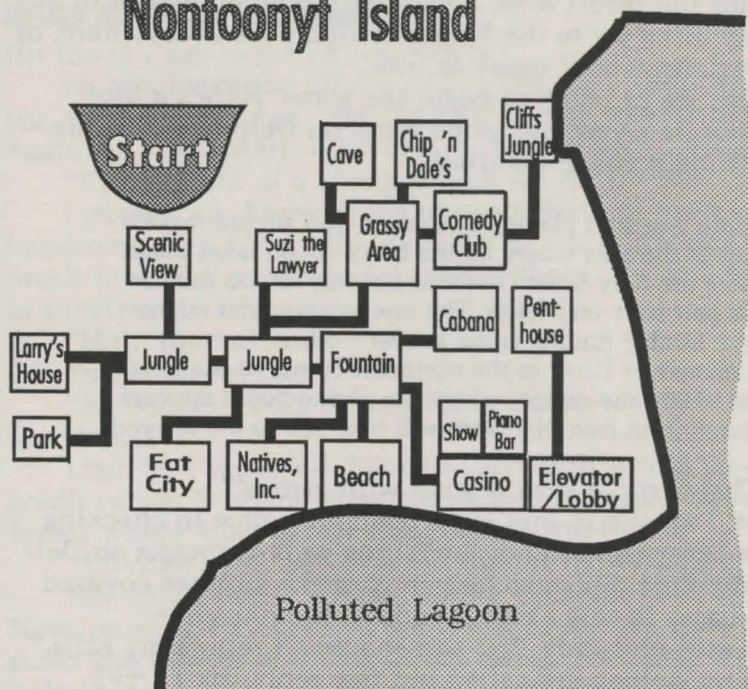
Er, right, Lar. Thanks.

Where was I?

“Sorry, it’s still Fresno.”

Oh, yeah. After all, Larry reasons, Kalalau has kicked him out but he’s still one rich dude. By island law, he owns hundreds of acres of potentially valuable jungle land. He has a high-paying job in marketing with Natives, Inc. All right, so he lost his wife. No big deal; plenty of other

Nontoonyt Island



The civilized portion of Nontoonyt Island.

mermaids in the old tuna can. Nothing else can go wrong.

“Wanna bet? After all, it is an Al Lowe game.”

True, so true. When Larry wanders into the resort area, there’s another subtle hint—

“Big, flashing, garish hand with a finger pointing the way.”

—that he should visit his office. He does so only to have Chairman Kenneth call him on the carpet. He is, the Chairman points out, no longer married to said Chairman’s daughter. His marketing skills are nonexistent. Therefore, his services are no longer needed. The Chairman then practices his bowling, using Larry as the ball.

So Larry decides the heck with it, he’s going to have as many women as he can while he can still have them. He

heads for the resort area, a man with no plan except to unselfishly bring joy to the hearts of all chicks everywhere, or at least those who'll speak to him.

Now, we're ready to begin the game. Here's a hint from Scorpia—visit her game areas on Delphi and GENie—that will help you get started:

Before you start playing in earnest, you should make a map of the area where all the Larry action takes place. There are only fifteen outdoor screens, so you can see this part isn't very large. The one location you might have trouble finding is the lawyer's office. To reach it, maneuver Larry to the northeast corner of the jungle just before the casino, where the phone booth appears. Going north from that spot will take you to the lawyer's.

"That Scorpia sure is good with games!"

Yes, Lar, she is, and she's been very nice in checking out the Larry games and publishing walk-throughs on Delphi and GENie. She also helped us make sure we covered all the bases in this chapter and the previous one.

"A real nice lady. Too bad she won't return my calls."

Many women are called but few reply, eh, Larry?

"Hmpf."

We're going to assume that you did, or will, make a map, and won't bore you with how to get from scene to scene. Anyway, Larry's path to success lies in making it with several ladies.

"It's a rough life, but I'm the man for the job."

Er, yes. Well, speaking of jokes—

"Huh?"

I was just going to suggest that the folks might like to catch Paul Paul's show while they're on Nontoonyt Island. As stand-up comedians go, he's outstanding in his field.

"Yeah, the cows like him at least. It's when he comes inside that he bombs."

Well, his competence isn't the point here, Larry.

"Your points sometimes take a long time to make, Al. So what is this one?"

That's it, Larry. Onward and upward.

"Huh?"

Exactly.

Hitting the Beach with Tawni

Hit the tab key to get an inventory.

As you leave the offices of Natives, Inc., from which you were just canned, you can check your possessions. Again, as at the start of Larry 2, you have none. Nada. Zip.

“Ken run out of a cheap source for pocket lint?”

I guess, Lar. Anyway, it's obvious that not even a handsome stud like Larry (did I really say that?) can have much luck in the world of singles without the wherewithal to survive.

“Huh?”

You're broke, Larry.

“No kiddin'. Why do you think I keep trying to borrow ten bucks?”

Ummm. I see. Well, back to Larry 3. It would be a credit to you to check your mail. Larry's mailbox is to be found where most personal mailboxes are found.

“Dorothy even said it at the end of the *Wizard of Oz*.”

Say, that's pretty subtle coming from you, Lar. Not bad. Now, on your way back to the resort area, take time to smell the flowers and look at the trees. Don't play so woodenly that you miss a piece of the game. You'll find your play picks up if you listen to me on this.

“Forget that, Al. A dude like me wants to know where the action is!”

Well, at any ocean resort in the South Seas, it would be well to check out the beach. Where else can you find beautiful ladies in various state of undress?

“My room?”

You don't have a room any more, Lar. Trust me. Hit the beach. And, should you happen across a young tourist lady there, you might want to strike up a conversation. Of course, this is a commercial beach, so you can expect a few interruptions from souvenir salesmen, but maybe you can figure out what this lady really wants.

“The chick's name is Tawni and she's from, like, California, man. She looks even better vertically than she does horizontally.”

Yes, she is and so she does. She's also not particularly bright, as you'll determine by talking to her. Her overriding

passion in life is buying things. Knowing a person's character like this can often be helpful more than once. Anyway, it's a credit to her that she's so sure about what interests her.

"You're such a card, Big Guy."

If Larry's smart with Tawni, he'll come out of this, if not with a sense of satisfaction, at least with a sharp idea of what he accomplishes. Just try not to be too crabby.

Cherri the Showgirl

Okay, you leave the beach and are back outside the casino. It always pays to sharpen your wits, even if you have to do it one step at a time. Think about that as you enter the casino—as much as being Larry will let you think, that is.

"A cutting remark, Al."

Feel free to check out the casino. You can't rent a room; your money, even if you had some, is no good here. You can't find the gambling area. In fact, the only places of immediate interest where you can go are the piano bar and the lobby of the show. Passionate Patti hasn't shown up in the piano bar yet, so the only person to talk with is at the entrance to the show—the snotty man who won't let you in without a ticket.

"Maybe I could find, like, a free pass somewheres."

A well-read person can certainly learn about freebies. The man will certainly accept a pass but, alas, expects a small gratuity. You, being broke, better scare up some cash.

"Maybe I could like sell something?"

Hmmm. A good idea if you know someone who will buy whatever crappy native "handicraft" you could hack out of the materials at hand.

"Yeah, I recently met somebody like that, but she doesn't like me."

Well, don't stand there grassing about it, figure out a disguise and quit skirting around the issue. Weave your way quickly through the casino, and don't worry about blundering into the furniture. No expensive Chippendale or other antiques there, just garish modernist junk.

"Say, these hints are getting to be fun. Let's see, I quit grassing about it, weave my way somewhere else, hack out a solution, and quit skirting around the issue."

Passionate Patti In Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals™

You got it, Larry. After that, visit the cabana. The experience might change you. Got all that?

“No.”

Well, just keep scratching your head, little buddy. Our friends, the players, are a little smarter than you.

“Huh?”

Exactly.

Now if all that goes well, Tawni might give the newest vendor on the beach twenty bucks.

“I’d settle for ten.”

No, Larry. Never underprice yourself. . .Hmmm. . . Forget that in relation to your intrinsic worth.

“Huh?”

You need twenty bucks to get in the show.

“Oh.”

Of course, this might cause yet another change in you. Changes, by the way, often make you thirsty at the end. If you do manage to slake that thirst, look around close by for another slick item to have.

“You’re so smart, Big Al.”

Stop soaping me up and pay attention, Larry. Hinting is hard work. Pour me another Coke.

“What’s next. After the second change?”

Make your leisurely way back to the show. Show your pass to the maitre d’ there.

“I don’t have no pass.”

Yes, you do, Larry, but it’s not an automatic feature of the game. You’ll have to produce it manually. It’s not in your inventory, it’s in the box.

The maitre d’ will check his list and determine the pass is valid. Of course, he’ll tell you there are no empty seats for the performance.

“Unless I bribe the sucker.”

Right, so slip him the twenty you picked up from Tawni.

“It’s a good show, though, right?”

Nah, nothing special, Larry.

“Then why have I just gone to all this trouble?”

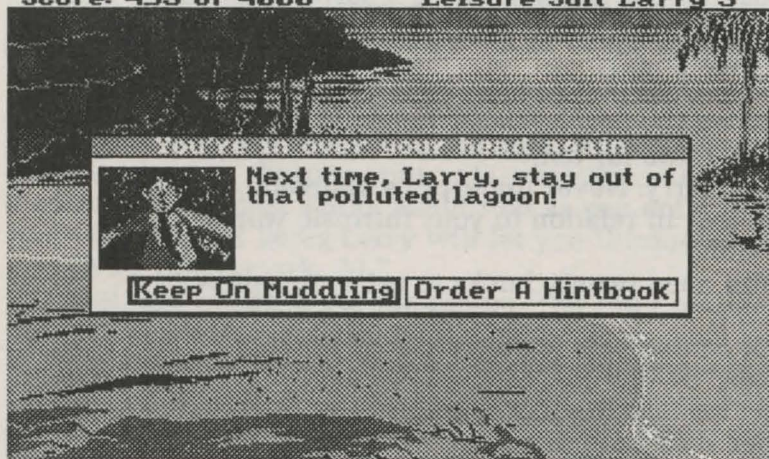
Because it triggers a chance for you to meet Cherri the Showgirl. Maybe you could call her after the show. At least look for a telephone. It’s always handy to know their location.

Once you meet Cherri Tart, talk to her. Maybe you can land a date by doing a deed that will impress her.

"I'm not sure of the legality of that."

Score: 459 of 4000

Leisure Suit Larry 3



Suzi the Lawyer

The law seldom enters into what a man does for love, Larry. Except, of course, if you're in the divorce process. You might want to find yourself a good lawyer about now. Luckily there's one firm on the island.

Roger, the receptionist, is a little hard to deal with, but you can talk him into it. Be firm about what you want. You can land an appointment if you keep trying.

When you get in to see Ms. Suzi Cheatem, you'll find that—like many attorneys—she doesn't come cheap.

"Is that a pun, Al?"

Not until later, Lar. Anyway, she's going to want \$500 to do the work that will finally sever you from Kalalau forever.

"But I just gave my last twenty bucks to that greedy maitre d'."

Yep, try to land whatever free work you can get out of her for now. A charmer like you should have no problem. Then leave and mess around outside for a little bit. Keep checking with Roger until he has something for you.

"Indeed, yes."

Once that visit to Suzi the Lawyer is successful, rush back over to the casino. Perhaps now you have something that will get Cherri's attention. You'll figure it out. After all, you're no rube just fresh in from the farm. Knock on the backstage door and she'll let you in.

"In more ways than one."

Hush, Larry. But, yes, things do begin to happen back there behind the stage. Unfortunately, the show must go on. The lights dim and you have to get dressed very quickly.

"Yeah, I remember that, Big Al. I had a little trouble with my sense of touch, and it wasn't the leisure suit I wound up wearing."

Kalalau tells me you have a lot of trouble with your sense of touch. Anyway, yes, you do wind up wearing Cherri Tart's show costume. She takes off for the outback somewhere, so the only thing to do is to be a trouper and take her place.

"Me? Do a strip show?"

You have no choice, Lar. Get out there and reveal your talent, or lack thereof. Who knows? If the audience likes you, you might cash in on your instant fame.

After the show, you don't want to waste time even to change clothes. Run over to Suzi's office and try again for your divorce. You can afford it now, and Roger will let you in to see Suzi again.

So, there you sit in her office, still dressed in Cherri's costume. You look real sweet, too, Lar.

"Urk! The things I go through just to star in your games."

Well, don't worry. Suzi will be cross with you, but you'll like it. She wears Hanes all under. So you guys will, as lawyers do, exchange "briefs."

Alas, with constant phone calls and all, it's as unsatisfactory as your previous encounters.

"Thanks a lot, guy."

No trouble, Lar. Just leave and keep checking with Rog until he gives you the divorce papers, which you should examine closely as a good exercise. At last, you're footloose and fancy free.

"Even if dressed really funky."

Oh, yeah. So go back to where you left your leisure

Chapter 10

suit. It's probably still there. I mean, who would want it?

"Millions of lonely guys yearning to become like the Man of Leisure."

Er, maybe a few less than that.

"Hundreds of thousands?"

I'd guess about six.

"Wow! That many, huh? Okay, so I'm divorced now and in the middle of a tropical resort. What do I do?"

Let's see. If you could find a towel, you could soak up some rays somewhere maybe. You don't want to lie around too long, though. Towels are handy to have along in case of sudden showers.

"Ain't that the truth. I still remember the sunscreen I had to use in Larry 2. Forgetting to buy that really burned me up."

No sunscreen here, Lar. After that, you could visit Patti in the piano bar. She's there now. Talk to her. This is the lady of your dreams, Larry. Show her your divorce papers.

"But, Patti's beautiful, and I've. . .well. . ."

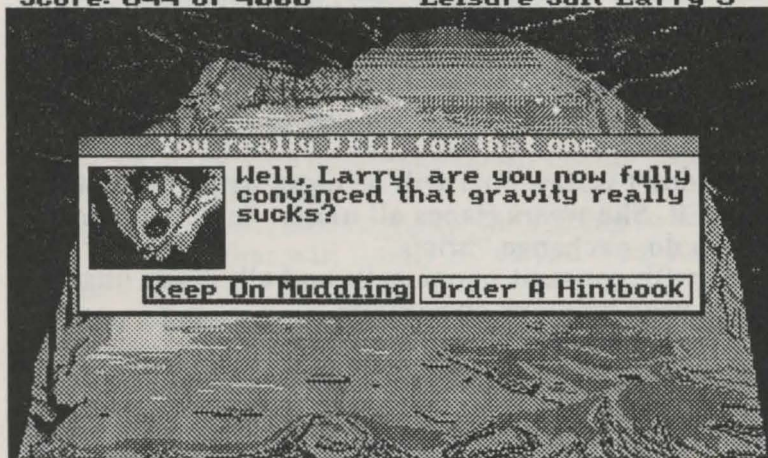
Put on a bit of weight, eh?

"Yeah."

Hmmm. Well, if she says so, you can remedy that easily enough. There's Fat City here on the island, and you can exercise there to your heart's content.

Score: 644 of 4000

Leisure Suit Larry 3



Don't "fall" for instructions to move to the edge.

Fat City

At Fat City, go through the door on the left, using the card to enter. This puts you in the locker room. Too bad all the lockers look exactly the same.

“Then how can I tell which locker is Suzi’s? I gotta find a sweatsuit or something to exercise in.”

You can run hot and cold trying to find it, Larry. The game will tell you if you’re getting close.

“Yeah, but knowing you as well as I do, Al, why don’t I just go to the one that’s the furthest away first.”

Okay, I’ll give you that one. So, you get there to locker 69 and find it locked by a combination lock. How do you find the combination.

“Er. . . Look for a clue on both sides of the card and enter the numbers manually.”

Yes, that could work.

“Better save early and save often. Otherwise, things tend to change.”

Ummm. Numerically speaking, that would be the best course. Well, now you can change into a sweatsuit for a little exercising.

“Patti will just love the new, slim, muscular me!”

Yes, Larry, that should put a lock on your relationship with her. It’s always good to put a lock on things that are close to you.

The exercise routine is pretty straightforward. Just walk up to each station and say “work out.” The time you have to work out at each station depends on the speed of your computer. For the one on the right, which has both leg curls and weight-lifting, you have to stand on opposite sides to do both—i.e. be in front of the station and in back of it.

“Yeah, I’m getting pumped up about it already.”

You stink, Larry.

“What! Now what did I do to you, Al. I’m hurt.”

No, I mean after your workout, you don’t smell so good. That would never go over with Patti, so you go back to the locker and strip off that soaked sweatsuit.

“What do I put on?”

Nothing, Lar, or wear the towel. You need to take a shower. Don’t bother closing your locker. After all, who would steal a leisure suit?

Score: 1172 of 4000

Leisure Suit Larry 3



Fat City is the place to go. It could trim the odds against you.

“I know at least six guys who would. You said so yourself.”

Hmmm. Well, do what you think is best, and go take a shower. You did bring some soap, didn't you?

“You won't rope me into looking stupid on that one, Al. I'm slicker than you think. Har, har.”

Okay, so go in the shower and do what you got to do, even if it calls for washing some parts longer than others.

“Some parts are longer than others.”

Larry!

“I was talking about segments of the game, Big Guy.”

Okay, after the shower, dry off, return to the locker, and see if you can scent anything else you should use before putting your leisure suit back on.

Bambi the Aerobics Instructor

In another area of Fat City you'll find Bambi the Aerobics Instructor. Bambi is interested in getting in the exercise video market. You have a wide experience in television, Lar, having been on two shows for about thirty seconds each back in Larry 2. Maybe you could give her a hand. Help her out and you could hit it lucky.

Passionate Patti In Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals™

Score: 1175 of 4000

Leisure Suit Larry 3



Bambi is the aerobics instructor at Fat City.

“Will get lucky! I remember that tanning booth now. What an illuminating experience.”

Right, even if not totally satisfying. As you’ve probably guessed by now, you aren’t going to get too far with your lovemaking this time either.

The gyrations of you and Bambi as you proceed to get up close and personal loosens the cover and, before long, you have a beautiful tan (and burn) from the defective machine.

“Urk! That’s four times you’ve let me get close but no cigar, Big Guy.”

Smoking’s bad for you, Lar.

“You’re telling me! Between the danger of lying out in the sun too long and that damn tanning machine, I’m started to get steamed.”

Yep, those are well-done dangers, eh, Larry?

“Hmpf.”

Well, don’t worry, Lar. You’re about to get lucky with Passionate Patti. Very, very lucky.

“About time, too.”

Making It with Passionate Patti

Okay, you head back toward the piano bar, but a cavernous feeling strikes you. Of course! It’s always a good idea to take a lady a gift. How could you forget such flowery sentiments.

"But I'm broke."

True, Larry, but I'm sure you'll pick the right solution and weave your way back to Patti. Don't de-lei!

"Er, you misspelled 'delay,' Big Al."

No, Larry. I didn't.

Now, returning to Patti, you can give her the gift and perhaps even ask her for a date. You could very well be the key man in her life now.

While Patti does find you intoxicating, you still need to find her another little gift before you take the elevator up to her penthouse apartment and taste her lips of wine.

"If you could bottle that malarkey, Al, I could sell it and raise the ten bucks I need for tonight at the Velvet Slipper."

Funny, Larry, funny.

"No it's not."

Er, that's a hint, Larry. Do I have to club you over the head with it?

"All right, already. I get it. Now, what do I do?"

Why, go up to the penthouse, pour out your heart, and do what comes naturally.

"Oh, yeah. Well, you did finally treat me right, Al. I gotta admit that introducing me to Patti was a great thing."

But you're still going to the Velvet Slipper tonight?

"Hey, I'm a polyester kind of guy. Doesn't mean I don't love Patti."

No, just that she will probably feed your computer to you when you finally get home.

"I know, I know. One chip at a time."

Could this be true love at last? Well, Larry, you've thought so a couple of times before and those went hay-wire on you. Lying there in the afterglow, you hear Patti murmur a name as she dozes off. "Arnold."

Disgusted at being such a fool, you pull on your clothes and decide to swear off women forever! In a major fit of depression, you wander off into the trackless jungle.

You Are Passionate Patti

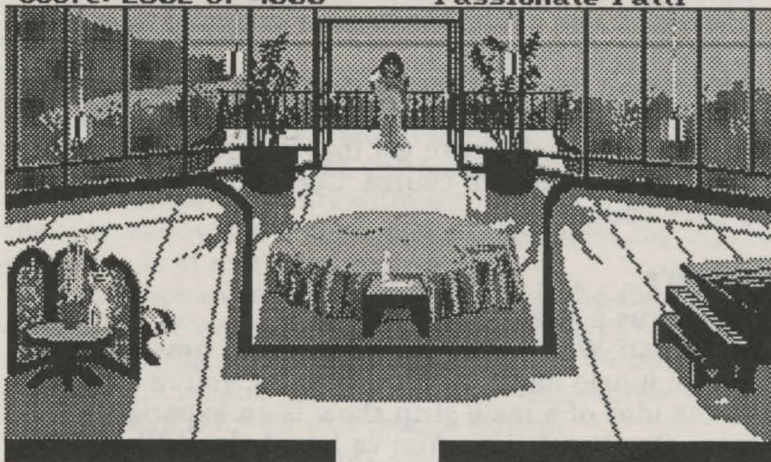
Now, time for the big change! You're no longer male, no longer Larry Laffer, pitiful loser. You have now become the gorgeous and curvaceous Passionate Patti!

Passionate Patti In Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals™

No time now to explore that lovely body (you men just have one thing on your mind!). Your Larry is gone! Finally you find the man of your dreams, and he disappears on you. You have to find him!

Score: 2302 of 4000

Passionate Patti



Patti wakes up, distraught to find Larry gone.

Rushing out onto the balcony, you see a flash of white polyester disappearing into the bamboo jungle. Time to take the action into your own lovely hands and find your man.

“She’s a real woman, my Patti is.”

Okay, another big difference coming up.

“Bigger than a sex change?”

Well, not quite, but during this portion of the game, you must be extremely careful. You’re about to go into the jungle after Larry; Larry Laffer. You won’t be coming back this way—in fact, you can’t come back. So, make sure you find and take everything you’ll need in your quest.

“Which is?”

Oh, stuff, Larry. Just stuff. It’s all around here somewhere. Save early and save often. Now, start thinking like Patti, you gorgeous gal, you. What’s the first thing to do?

“Get dressed?”

Yep. Be sure you get completely dressed. Women usually have a few more items of apparel than men. Think like Patti. It would never do to go into the jungle underdressed. Pick up each item of clothing, one at a time.

Chapter 10

Look around the penthouse before you leave. There's really not much left. You try to bottle up your feelings and leave.

Okay, go downstairs and over to the piano bar and get your tips. As you leave the bar, don't overlook anything that might be a sign of significance, or you might not be able to make your mark later.

Think about what you're going to need for a trip into the jungle. We're in the tropics and it's hot. Some drinking water might be nice. You can get that from the drinking fountain on the cabana, of course. Carry as much with you as you have containers.

Chip 'n' Dale's

Larry, go get us a box of Fig Newtons.

Now what? Well, a little intelligence on how to get through the jungle might be nice. Besides, you're a woman now, so the idea of a male strip show is an experience not wholly unattractive to you. You've heard about Chip 'n' Dale's, and you've got your tip money. Why not?

The show turns out to be as good as you'd hoped. Dale struts his stuff, and you like the stuff he struts. He seems to like you too, and throws his clothes on your table. Well, don't just sit there, girl, return the compliment. Throw a piece of your intimate wearing apparel at him. That just might attract him over to your table.

If he comes over, maybe he can give you a hint that will help you find your missing man.

No, don't ask "who?" Forget Dale! Larry is the man you want now (Lord help you). So you regretfully leave and enter the trackless jungle, from which no one returns. Let's hope you listened to Dale and have figured a way through those endless bamboo thickets.

"Nev-er Nev-er E-ver Eat Nec-tar-ines Washed. . .NO!
Eat—"

LARRY! Dammit, man, I'm trying to give out hints here. Stop that infernal singing!

"Now, Al. I know you'll find the nectarine song disappointing at first, but later you'll think it a capital idea."

Hmpf. Just don't sing any more.

Where was I.

"Fresno, man. Some things never change."

Oh, yeah.

The Bamboo Jungle

Before you enter the jungle, you better be very certain that you're wearing and carrying everything you need. Otherwise, your quest is doomed to failure.

I'll tell you that even the correct route through the bamboo jungle is twenty different screens. I'll also tell you that you sweat like a feral pig and use water rapidly. Conservation is of extreme importance.

"In other words, don't stop to smell the flowers and swig all your water in one gulp, huh Big Guy?"

Exactly, Lar. Even if you got my hint on how to get through the jungle, it's still not easy. Sometimes you really have to search for an exit from a screen.

After finding your way out of the bamboo jungle, Patti, you'll be by a cold, clear mountain stream. Be sure not to fall in.

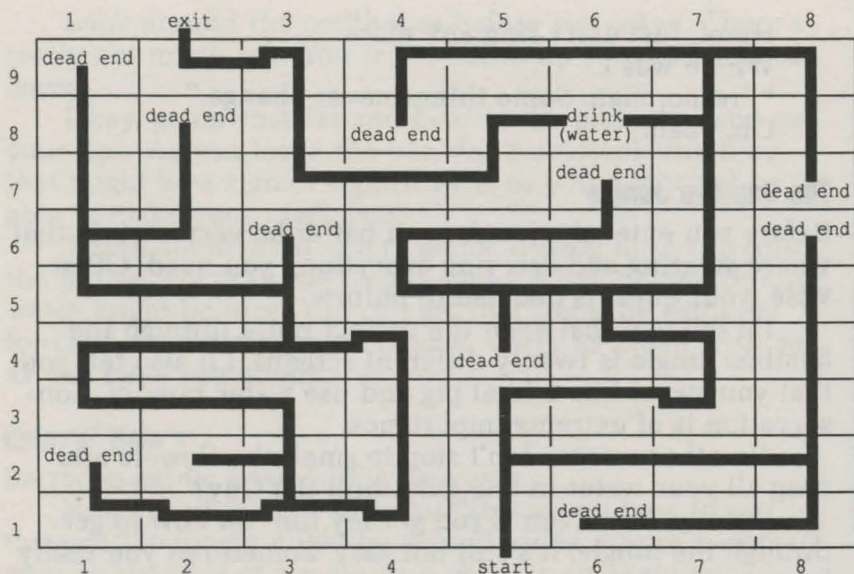
"Slurp."

Larry, you slob. We've got plenty of Classic Coke. Get another drink.

Okay, so you look around this area and find a high cliff that you'll have to get down some way. Let's hope your mind will stretch enough to let you figure out a solution.

"If she had some nylon, she could like make a parachute."

No parachutes, Larry. You'd have to have cord for them and she doesn't have any.



The path through the bamboo jungle. Be sure to conserve your water as long as possible, Patti! Each square is a game screen, and there are 72 possible. It's easy to get lost if you wander along just singing the Nectarine song without paying attention to your initial directions. (Based on a map distributed with the compliments of Pat Kelly.)

On the Ledge

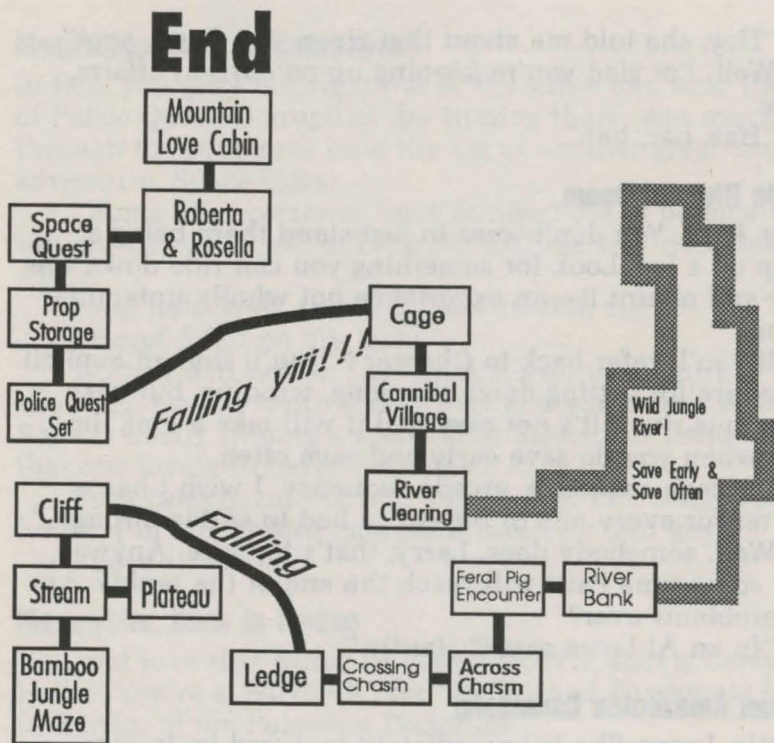
Okay, getting down the cliff was fun, but you wind up stranded on a ledge with some funny looking plants and a couple of coconut trees. What a lousy joint to be stranded.

"Joint to be stranded?"

You'll get it, Lar. Er, I mean, Patti will get it. This ledge is some place, it'll definitely drive you nuts and have you climbing the trees. So, don't linger around too long.

"Yeah, how does she get off?"

I've already divulged that, Lar. Of course, some safety precautions in leaving the ledge should be implemented. If you've harnessed your energies to get this far, don't fall down on the job now. By the way, you should be finding out by now that being a woman has it disadvantages, too. Drafts for instance.



Start

Feral Pigs

Across the chasm, enter the next screen carefully. There are rumored to be feral pigs in this jungle wilderness. You might have read tales of village women being “porked” by these monsters in *Nontoonyt Tonite*.

Well, no matter how big those feral pigs are, they won't stop you from finding your man! You might remember the story of David and Goliath. David was the original slinging single.

“You mean swinging, don't you, Al?”

No, Larry. I don't.

Just imagine what David could have done with a couple of coconuts instead of just a little pebble. Anyway, if you survive the feral pig encounter, you'll come to a fast-flowing (and I do mean fast) jungle river.

“Hey, she told me about that river, you fiend, you!”
Well, I’m glad you’re keeping up on current affairs,
Larry.
“Har, har, har.”

Jungle River of Doom

Okay, Patti. You don’t want to just stand there being a bump on a log. Look for something you can ride down the river and mount it—an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you.

If you’ll refer back to Chapter 7, you’ll find an explicit procedure for getting down this long, winding, but very dangerous river. It’s not easy and it will take a long time, even when you do save early and save often.

“Arcade sequence, arcade sequence. I wish I had a quarter for every one of those I’ve had to suffer through.”

Well, somebody does, Larry, that’s for sure. Anyway, after some time Patti will reach the end of the rapids. Are her problems over?

“In an Al Lowe game? Hardly.”

Lesbian Amazonian Cannibals!

Exactly, Larry. She is immediately captured by lesbian Amazonian cannibals and dragged off to be thrown into a cage hung over a cooking pot.

“Just don’t pause the game right now. Talk about being kept in suspended animation!”

Ah, look around Patti! You’re not alone in the cage. There’s also one Larry; Larry Laffer!

“Urk. This is another fine stew you’ve gotten me into, Al.”

Well, not yet, but you guys will be stewed unless Patti can think of a quick solution. By this time, she only has left the remnants of her dress and maybe one other object.

“Only magic can save us now! I’m marked for death!”

Not to panic, Lar—the game’s almost over. Once Patti finds that solution, you guys will fall into some good luck instead of potluck.

Meanwhile, Back in Coarsegold

In fact, you guys fall right out of the game and onto the set of *Police Quest*. Disrupting the filming there, you move on through the prop area onto the set of another great Sierra adventure, *Space Quest*.

“Some idiot reviewer once accused me of being a lightweight, but what you did to Patti and me was ridiculous, Al.”

Heh, heh. Well, it was quite a switch, right?

“Hmpf. I fell on my head.”

No one will notice, Lar. Now, it’s all over but the shouting. Go one more screen east and you’ll find Princess Rosella busily filming a scene. The director is none other than our lovely Roberta Williams.

Patti can charm her into a good deal and some free housing in a beautiful mountain cabin for you guys.

“Love that lake.”

Meanwhile, Back in Fresno

Yes, and love that game! Come on DOWN, Larry; Larry Laffer! You’re a WINNER! You’ve finished *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals!*

“Wow, I’m a stud, aren’t I. What do I win?”

Larry Laffer, you win an empty Classic Coke can, somewhat bent, or you can take what’s behind DOOR number ONE!

“Huh?”

The one over there, Larry.

“Er, what’s behind it?”

The outside, Larry.

“Huh?”

Beat it man, we’re through! See you at work Monday morning.

“Oh. Say, can I borrow ten—”

No, now get out of here so I can get this place cleaned up before Margaret gets home.

“Okay, well, seriously, thanks Big Guy for making me.”

Aw, don’t sweat it, Lar. You’re okay. Now get out of here before I hug you. And go home to Patti, huh?

“Night, Big Al.”

Good night, little buddy.

All Possible Points

Larry					
look in binoculars	2	points	look at Patti	5	points
read the plaque	2	points	show decree	100	points
get the wood	2	points	give lei	100	points
get the mail	20	points	ask date	125	points
give credit card	52	points	talk to Al	5	points
get the knife	38	points	pick up wine	15	points
sharpen the knife	50	points	sit thru show	100	points
get grass	20	points	push button nine	4	points
weave grass	30	points	pour wine	500	points
get the soap	12	points	subtotal	2337	points
drink water	2	points			
wear grass skirt	10	points	Patti		
carve wood	50	points	put on panties	20	points
sell statue	35	points	put on bra	20	points
get the towel	2	points	put on pantihose	20	points
get a tan	30	points	put on dress	10	points
look in mirror	2	points	get the bottle	25	points
theater	50	points	get tips	25	points
look at Cherri	5	points	get the marker	50	points
talk land	25	points	fill bottle	37	points
Subtotal	439	points	give tips	43	points
			look Dale	1	point
ask divorce	10	points	throw panties	100	points
ask deed	30	points	subtotal	2688	points
get deed	20	points			
knock door/dance	68	points	drink water	20	points
pay fee	10	points	finish maze	100	points
make it w/Suzi	100	points	drink	42	points
decree	20	points	use hose	15	points
get card	100	points	tie hose	40	points
wear suit	25	points	get plants	10	points
open locker	168	points	make rope	100	points
wear sweats	4	points	throw rope	20	points
work out	100	points	tie rope	20	points
use soap	60	points	get the coconuts	25	points
dry off	22	points	rip dress	50	points
deodorize	27	points	remove bra	5	points
subtotal	1203	points	load bra	5	points
			kill pig	140	points
go studio	3	points	push log	10	points
help video	99	points	mount the log	20	points
go to the sunroom	3	points	river	150	points
pick the flowers	25	points	use the marker	500	points
weave lei	50	points	pull plug	40	points
			Grand total	4000	points

PART III

The Quiz



11

The Leisure Suit Larry Quiz

Okay, there will now be a short quiz. To make it easier for you, it's multiple guess. These fun questions test the knowledge you have gained from playing *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, and *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, and also in reading this book.

And Now, a Short Quiz

1. Feral Pigs
 - a. was a Junior Senator from Louisiana.
 - b. are people who eat lots of ferals.
 - c. is a species indigenous to Nontoonyt Island
 - d. was the Mayor of Fresno.
2. Lost Wages at night
 - a. is like Lost Wages during the day. Well, darker.
 - b. looks like a huge neon dinosaur making it with six thousand acres of electrified sequins.
 - c. slumbers softly as sly breezes slip stealthily down silent streets.
 - d. hustles hurriedly as humans hurtle homeward.
3. Ken and Roberta Williams
 - a. thrilled millions with their ballroom dancing movies during the 1930's.
 - b. used to double date with Bonnie and Clyde.
 - c. are known as the "First Family" of the American Professional Croquet Tour.
 - d. founded Sierra On-Line.
4. Larry Laffer, when he works, in real life is a
 - a. fuse inserter in a bomb factory.
 - b. convenience store clerk at Quiki Mart.
 - c. programmer.
 - d. leisure suit refurbisher.

Chapter 11

5. Larry Laffer has been married to
 - a. Eve, Suzi, and Bambi
 - b. Fawn and Kalalau.
 - c. Tawni, Fawn, and Cherri Tart.
 - d. Tammi Faye, Eve, and Lulu Mae
6. The little dog that likes Larry so much
 - a. is very territorial.
 - b. licks Larry's hand.
 - c. brings Larry's velvet slippers.
 - d. saved him from a mugger in a dark alley.
7. The KGB must think Larry is musically talented because they
 - a. bought his Barry Manilow records.
 - b. heard him playing the onlunk.
 - c. recorded him whistling Mozart's Concerto in C Major while showering.
 - d. insisted on pressing several of their alto sax reeds on him.
8. Nontoonyt Island is correctly pronounced as:
 - a. None-too-neat Island.
 - b. None-to-night Island.
 - c. Non-tune-hit Island.
 - d. No-not-on-yet Island.
9. Larry gave Eve
 - a. forty whacks.
 - b. a Partridge family in a pear tree.
 - c. an apple.
 - d. his credit cards and the lint from his pockets.
10. Dr. Nonookie's backup group was the
 - a. Supremes.
 - b. Henchettes.
 - c. Nontoonyt Marching Jug Band.
 - d. Fresno Sympathy.
11. In overcoming the feral pig, Patti proved she was a
 - a. champion pig-sticker.
 - b. "slinging" single.
 - c. able to leap tall pigs with a single grunt.
 - d. porcine prevailer.

The Leisure Suit Larry Quiz

12. Larry got across the quicksand quagmire in Larry 2 by
 - a. walking lightly.
 - b. filling his leisure suit with hot air.
 - c. swinging on vines.
 - d. jumping from rock to rock.
13. The nectarine song in the Larry 3 manual was
 - a. a top ten hit for four weeks in 1956.
 - b. recorded by Elvis, Sinatra, AND Wayne Newton.
 - c. written for the alto saxophone by Al Lowe.
 - d. initially disappointing but later a capital idea.
14. Suzi the Lawyer is with the firm of
 - a. Ripem, Swipem, and Smith
 - b. Dewey, Cheatem, and Howe
 - c. McMangle, McMangle, and McBash
 - d. Williams, Williams, Williams, and Williams.
15. The TV in the park in Larry 3 is
 - a. there to be watched.
 - b. pretty boring.
 - c. without a clue.
 - d. all of the above.
16. Larry got the ninety-four dollars he has at the beginning of Larry 1 by
 - a. selling his life story to Ralph Roberts.
 - b. selling his Barry Manilow record collection to Al Lowe.
 - c. selling his Volkswagen to Ken's brother.
 - d. selling his body to the West Fresno Medical University Research Hospital.
17. The barber at the Airport in Larry 2
 - a. was from Seville.
 - b. was Ken's brother.
 - c. looked a lot like Mrs. McMurty, who lives down the street from Bill Skirvin.
 - d. looked a lot like Princess Rosella from King's Quest IV.
18. The rose on that table in the hallway at Lefty's bar was
 - a. a long-stemmed American Beauty.
 - b. incongruous.
 - c. eaten by the drunk.
 - d. an excellent example of existentialism used as a literary occluding device to proliferate an otherwise sagacious but thorny theme while still eschewing obfuscation.

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19. Larry's most famous disguises were
- false glasses and a rubber nose with black mustache in Larry 1, and as a shower curtain in the women's dorm at Fresno State.
 - as a showgirl in Larry 3.
 - wearing a bikini in Larry 2.
 - b and c.
20. The little dog's name is
- Fido.
 - Incontinento.
 - Rover.
 - Mud, if he ever gets near Larry again.

Answers

c,b,d,c,b,a,d,b,c,b,b,a,d,b,d,c,d,b,d,d.

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