

INSIDE: GIR DRAXON'S Predictions for 3010



GALACTIC

Feb. 15, 3009

MORE Bizarre Mutations PLUS Pet Pix INSIDE

INQUIRER

2 BUCKAZOIDS

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN THE UNIVERSE

BABY BORN WITH ONLY ONE HEAD!



INQUIRER EXCLUSIVE



Redneck Menace Terrorizes Family

← "They made us drink beer and wear baseball caps."

PLANET TERRORIZED BY FARMERS FROM EARTH



ELVIS WATCH

He's coming to a town near you!

AMAZING PHOTOS INSIDE!

ALIEN HOAX



DESIGNER'S FORBIDDEN SECRET REVEALED!

042841000

MOTHER CONFESSES:

“MY BABY IS A ONE-HEADED MUTANT!”

“It’s enough to make a grown Borth hork”



Proud Mother with latest addition to the family.

Scientists on Borthia are scratching themselves over an abnormal human baby born to a Borth couple. “It’s enough to make a grown Borth hork,” says one technician who asked to remain anonymous. “It’s highly unusual for two Borth parents to conceive and deliver an Earthling child. We don’t like Earthlings here. They have trouble calculating pi to a thousand decimal places and chewing gum at the same time.”

But the baby’s mother, Morgul Drelb, is taking a strong stance in defense of her

of the galaxy, we’d deep-six them with a chipper-shredder. Now we’re more tolerant, but we still don’t invite them to our parties.”

Kcin attributes the bizarre human mutant with its “deeply discounted cerebral capacity” to the fertility drug U-Cranium, which had been prescribed to Drelb when she and her husband, Berfle, identified a fertility problem.

Just two weeks after starting her prescription, Morgul “took,” and her entire neighborhood joined in the

“Please stop calling my human baby a ‘mutant,’” pleads Mom.

infant, even if it is human. “I prefer not to think of it as an ‘Earthling.’ I prefer to think of it as ‘galactically challenged.’”

Drelb has had to endure the cruel stares and callous remarks of neighbors and former friends. “Just because it’s human, seems to be license for some people to be just, plain nasty,” Drelb complains. “You wouldn’t believe how many times I hear otherwise well-meaning Borthians say, ‘How darling, is it going to grow up to be President, ha ha!’ or ‘Earthling want a Pop-Tart?’ Borths can be so mean and unthinking.”

The initial prognosis was grave for the uni-cranial tot. “These unfortunate mutations, being completely human, have a greatly diminished capacity for intellect and reasoning by Borth standards,” explained Dr. Regnad Kcin, Lead Scientist at the Psoria Clinic for Borth Defects. “Back before the Be Kind To Dumb Animals Act of 18453, when we found Earthlings in our part

festivities. “It was a joyous day,” Morgul recalls. “Then we confirmed it with the Draino test.”

But, as Morgul approached her sixteenth trimester, there was suspicion that all might not be right with the fetus.

“We went in for further tests, and lo-and-behold, we found that the baby’s second, head had failed to develop at all. The doctors then realized that by some bizarre coincidence, the fertility drug had scrambled the baby’s gene patterns, resulting in a totally human baby. It was a zillion-to-one shot, and just our luck, we were the zillionth customers.”

PLUSH BRUINS ON THE RAMPAGE:

Hundreds of vicious teddybears ran amuck and swarmed a troop of imperial soldiers stationed on a small, remote moon of Krondor. Officials say the swarm of aboriginal creatures ambushed the peaceful group of military engineers using primitive weapons such as spears and slings that proved incredibly effec-

tive despite the troops’ body armor.

In a statement released to the press, an Empire spokesman said over 30 soldiers were killed and presumed eaten by the upholstered beasts and another 60 were listed as wounded. Loss of equipment was estimated to be in the

millions of buckazoids.

“It was just horrible,” whimpered one soldier who witnessed the slaughter. “I mean. . . we didn’t have a chance. They just came out of. . . nowhere.” The imperial troops, not admired for their marksmanship, were easily overcome, according to reports.

A stalker is one who is particularly unsuited to his work.

Lunatic Litterbugs Trash Planets

"IT JEST FELL RIGHT OUTTA THE SKY!"

Throughout the quadrant, mysterious ships have left tons of garbage in orbit around and on the surface of colonized planets, much to the dismay of the unsuspecting inhabitants.

So far these "sludge bandits" have evaded all StarCon efforts to disrupt their activities. Captain Quirk, operational commander for the G6 Quadrant, insists, "StarCon is doing everything it should to address the problem." G6's Ambassador to StarCon Ms. Beatrice Wankmeister disagrees saying, "From what I've heard, Quirk should spend more time chasing sludge bandits and less time chasing skirts!"

Ambassador Wankmeister is scheduled to testify before a StarCon judiciary subcommittee next week and promises to present evidence that will reveal the broad scope of illegal dumping occurring in the quadrant.



Citizens of the G6 Quadrant were literally "DUMPED ON" recently.

ZANY

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Perhaps this StarCon officer should be considered for promotion—to "Rear Admiral!"



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SPACED-OUT QUEST CO-CREATOR COMES OUT OF CLOSET!

**"I AM NOT AN ALIEN...
I AM A HUMAN BEING!"
Cries one phoney from
Andromeda.**

They were regaled as the golden boys of the entertainment software industry having authored four of the best selling adventure games in the universe. The Two Guys from Andromeda, the wacky, zany design team of Mark Crowe and Scott Murphy, rocketed onto the scene six years ago with the first *Space Quest* adventure - introducing us to the wildly imaginative adventures of Roger Wilco.

The phenomenally successful *Space Quest* series thrust the "Two Guys" into the galactic spotlight, and on to software superstardom. Millions of adoring fans throughout the galaxy shelled-out bazillions of buckazoids to wrap their tentacles around each new offering.

But one of these two bright stars of the software universe flickered and faded this week as the *Inquirer* aimed the harsh light of truth on Mark Crowe's deepest, darkest secret: that he is, in fact, a Homo Sapiens. Far from being the witty extraterrestrial from far off Andromeda, Crowe is a mere human, a craven, carbon-based charlatan from the cesspool of the universe: Earth.

Our intrepid (and extremely rude) photographer snapped these revealing photos of the artificial alien as his private makeup artist was about to apply the trademark flame-red mohawk and pig snout in preparation for a Two Guys appearance at a children's birthday party. Needless to say, the kids were devastated when the Two Guys didn't show.

**Does anybody
actually read
this trash?**



Crowe was reluctant to speak to the *Inquirer* until this reporter badgered and prodded him into submission. "I am not an alien... I am a HUMAN BEING!!" he blubbered. Head in hands, he babbled on. "I just wanted to make everyone happy." He then fell completely apart in a pathetic display of forced tears. What a whiner!

After their last triumph *Space Quest 4*, the two game designers went on a brief hiatus making only occasional personal appearances (reportedly to supplement their meager game designer incomes). They were in demand at supermarket grand-openings and pre-school birthday parties before they began their current work on separate projects.

With the revelation of Crowe's earthly origins, several questions remain. What is the future for the Two Guys? What is the future of the *Space Quest* series? Will there be a *SQ5*? Can millions of *SQ* fans throughout the universe forgive this deception and accept "One Phoney from Andromeda"? Does anybody actually read this trash?



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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

Roger Wilco?

“Whatever Happened To...” is a weekly feature highlighting celebrities and other newsworthy individuals who have dropped out of the limelight. Has-beens who have faded into obscurity. Former stars who have crawled into the dark corners of the galaxy with the desire to be left alone to start a new life away from the prying cameras of the paparazzi.

This feature is dedicated to all those who wish to leave their miserable pasts behind them forever, living in fear of the day some skanky reporter roots them out, dredges up all the forgotten pain and misery, and holds it up for the universe to see.

“Roger Who?” you ask. Roger Wilco. His name may not be a household word anymore, but it wasn't that long ago that a mild mannered janitor stationed on the

research vessel *Arcada*, saved our bacon from being burnt to a crisp. You remember, the trusty broom jockey who foiled those unpleasant Sarians in their plot to turn the StarCon star generator against our little system as a weapon of

destruction. Tsk,tsk,tsk! How soon we forget.

By saving Xenon and its surrounding planets, Wilco had won the hearts of an entire star system. To show their gratitude, he was accorded the coveted Golden Mop award for “cleaning up the galaxy,” making it safe once again for all life forms. He was even granted the title “Custodian of Xenon” for a day. His day in the artificially generated sun seemed as though it would never end, he was an instant celebrity.

Soon, Roger found himself making the talk show circuit appearing as a guest on such programs as David Letterdroid and Ophra Wingnut. Then came the endorsements. You couldn't pick up a toilet brush or scum scraper without seeing Roger's face on it.

Indeed, Roger Wilco, Janitor to the Stars, had

...what [ever] became of our fallen hero/janitor? ...

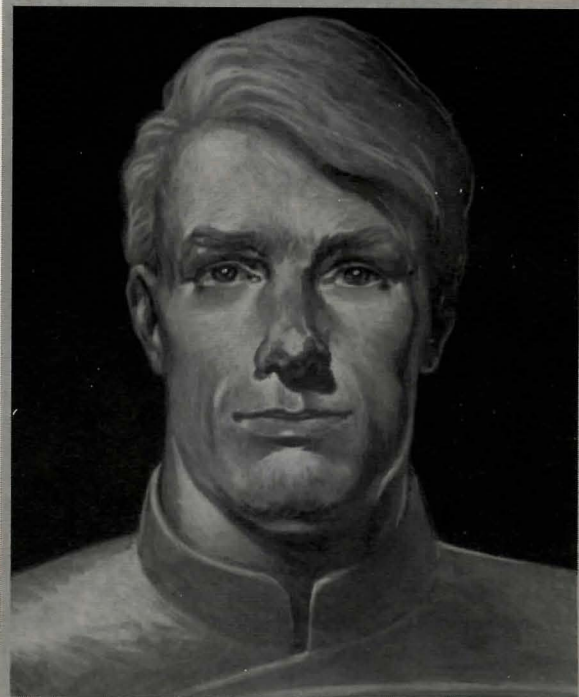
arrived! Next stop—HOLLYROID. Roger was soon offered a contract to write and direct a movie based on his experience with the Sarians. It looked as though everyone's favorite sanitation engineer had wrung his last mop. Or so

it seemed.

It was during the filming of what was to be Wilco's first feature film, “The Sarien Encounter,” that things began to go terribly wrong. There were always problems on the set. Darth Lumix - the hulking, tree stump-necked actor who was to play Wilco was always at odds with Roger over the script. Then one day the special effects team, having accidentally destroyed the Orat monster suit, tried to cover themselves by secretly substituting a real, snarling Orat. This led to disaster as the large beast, taunted by Darth in a fight scene, raged out of control, ravaging the set and tearing the actor to shreds. Darth was hospitalized. Luckily they were able to find all the pieces. Not so luckily, millions of dollars in models and sets were lost. The studio scrapped production and tore up Roger's contract.

Needless to say, Roger became disenchanted with Hollyroid. And as time passed, he began to fade, as so many stars do. Making only the occasional talk show appearance, he found himself longing for the pine-clean scent of a janitorial supply closet and the feel of a lacquered hickory mop handle in his hands. He was heartsick for Sanitation, his one sure talent.

Roger returned to his first love by obtaining a commis-



Despite rumored sightings in recent years, Roger Wilco's disappearance is a mystery.

sion aboard a Xenon spaceport where, as a janitor, he was able to find inner peace through his work. But, once again, fate reared it's ugly head. One year into his new job, Roger is abducted by unknowns while cleaning the interior of a transport. He is never heard from again.

Though there have been rumored sightings during the last few years, Roger Wilco's disappearance is, to this day, a mystery. This reporter wanted to find out what happened so I began asking questions. What I've found is that, for the most part, nobody really CARES what happened to him. But hey, my editor says I have to fill a whole page with this swill so...

There are all sorts of rumors and much speculation as to what became of our fallen hero/janitor. Some say he's responsible for charting the first safe route through

Mondorian blackhole, long thought to be the toilet bowl of the universe, flushing galactic sewage into that cesspool known as the Milkyway galaxy. Others claim they've seen him in bars on back worlds spinning yarns of his adventures to anyone who'd listen.

Perhaps we'll never really know what became of that dauntless mop-jockey, Roger Wilco. But this reporter believes he's out there somewhere, waiting for his next adventure.

Common sense is one of the most uncommon things in the universe.

They used to call me "Habba the GUT"

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Buckazoids



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ELVIS WATCH



It's been a busy week for Elvis watchers. Seems the King of rock-and-roll has been poppin' up all over the galaxy lately—in some very peculiar places. The latest incidence of Elvisterrestrial activity catches the King gyrating behind the counter at a Monolith Burger restaurant. Though he was convincing, it didn't take long for our crack reporters to catch on that this was yet another imposter. Turns out it was a gimmick to help promote Monolith's new Banana Sandwich Combo. Nice try guys!

Former sci-fi hunk dumps wife for maid

**Close family friend says: "Bad Roarge,
bad Roarge"**

Once seen as the father of the galaxy's favorite space family, *The Jettisons*, George Nebula is now seen keeping company with steamy actress/model, Stephanie Anne Drouyd who played the Jettison's maid. The torrid affair has rocked the show biz world and has Nebula's wife vowing revenge.

"I've given that pencil-necked little geek the best years of my life," says Mrs. Nebula who promises George's little fling will cost him half his fortune. Friends say this is just the latest in a long line of gal pals to turn George's head.



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**"I've done nothing wrong!"
—Raems Quirk**

Leddi Vales, a really good friend of an anonymous source reported to be pretty darn close to the former secretary of Galactic Defense's niece, relates a shocking story in this exclusive Inquirer interview.

GI: Hello Mr. Vales...

V: I'm getting paid cash for this interview, right?

GI: Yes, that was the arrangement.

V: Good. Now, as I was telling you guys earlier, I heard this story from my buddy, who kinda dates the niece of Secretary of Defense Dougloid Lockjaw.

GI: Then this story comes from a highly placed and unimpeachable source. Please continue.

V: Well apparently, there has

been a tremendous amount of partying and a lot of hanky-panky at so called "diplomatic functions." This has caused several embarrassing incidents that the StarCon Command has taken great pains to cover up.

GI: Can you give me an example?

V: One particular incident of note was the recent destruction of the planet Allepo's largest moon.

GI: I heard it was some kind of natural disaster.

V: It was a disaster all right, but there's nothing "natural" about it!

GI: What happened?

V: There was a big ballyhoo with a bunch of the StarCon brass and a lot of diplomatic types for Captain Raems T.

Quirk's engagement to the stepdaughter of the Vice-President's former wife's sister...

GI: SCANDAL TOUCHES HIGHEST LEVELS OF STAR CONFEDERACY!

V: Whatever. Anyhow there was this Plutonic General.

GI: You mean he was celibate?

V: No, I mean he was from Pluton! Anyway, Quirk gave this General Hosimoto a little bit too much Antarean fizz water. You see, Quirk was trying to pick up on Hosimoto's date—at his own engagement party!

GI: I see, a **DIPLOMATIC INTRIGUE WITH INTERPLANETARY IMPLICATIONS!**

But what does this have to do with the destruction of Allepo's moon?

V: You know how Plutons get if they even catch even a whiff of carbon dioxide...

GI: I'm afraid I don't.

V: Well, paranoid scarfomania is an ugly word but...

GI: Actually it's two words...

V: Stop interrupting!

GI: Sorry.

V: Anyhow, General Hosimoto starts to go a little haywire from the effects of too much CO2 and begins smashing up the presidential palace...

GI: PLUTONIC GENERAL GETS GASSED, RUNS AMOK!

V: Right. Anyhow, Quirk took the opportunity to ditch his fiancée and leave the party with the guy's date!

GI: But what about the moon?

V: I'm getting to it! So Hosimoto smashes up the place and runs outside. He looks up

in the sky and what do you think he sees?

GI: An aircraft?

V: No! The planet's moon, you twit! Anyway, Hosimoto totally freaks out at the sight of it and he runs down a major street buck-naked, screaming bloody murder!

GI: JILTED GENERAL GOES ON KILLING SPREE!

V: What are you babbling about?! "Screaming bloody murder" is just an expression!

GI: Sorry, I got a little carried away. Please continue.

V: Now get this, Hosimoto thinks Allepo's moon is following him!

GI: What a creative imagination he must have.

V: So he calls up the planetary defense batteries and orders the entire night side of the planet to open fire on the moon with everything they have! It was blasted to atoms in a matter of minutes.

GI: Didn't the men in the batteries think that was a strange order from a foreign

general?

V: Well, in the Allepian defense forces most of the soldiers are lobotomized as a security precaution. If they can't think of anything, they can't spill any secrets, or so the reasoning goes. Besides, all they have to do is aim and shoot.

GI: What about the citizens of the planet?

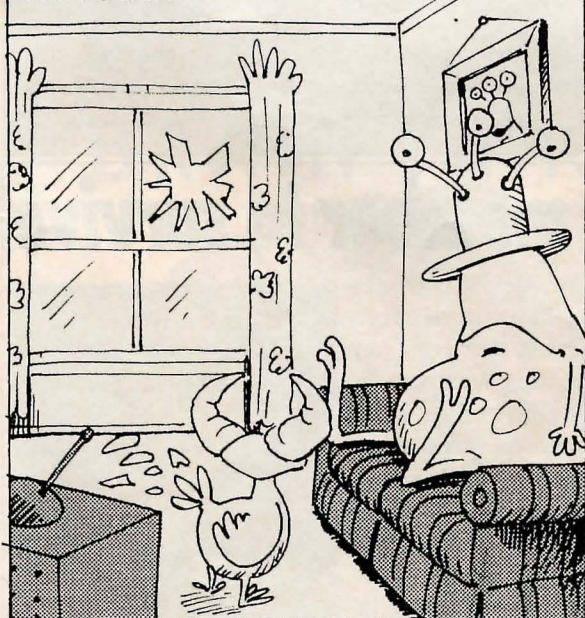
V: Needless to say they were taken aback: Over the years they had become very attached to their moon and were quite sentimental about it. No more moonlight walks, moonlight sonatas, moonbeams. About all they have left is mooning.

GI: A human tragedy. Well, thank you for your time Mr. Vales

V: My pleasure. Now where can I pick up my dough?

*A buckazoid saved,
is a buckazoid
earned.*

FAR STAR



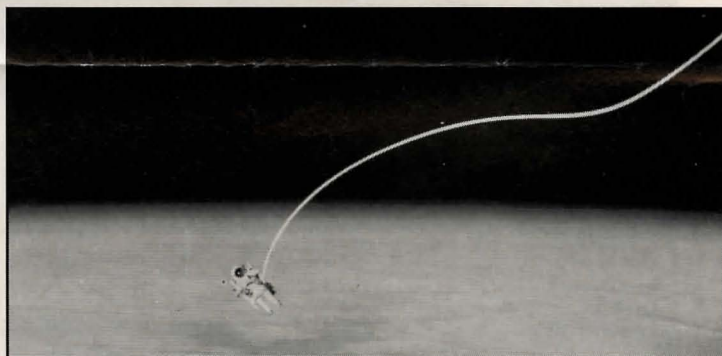
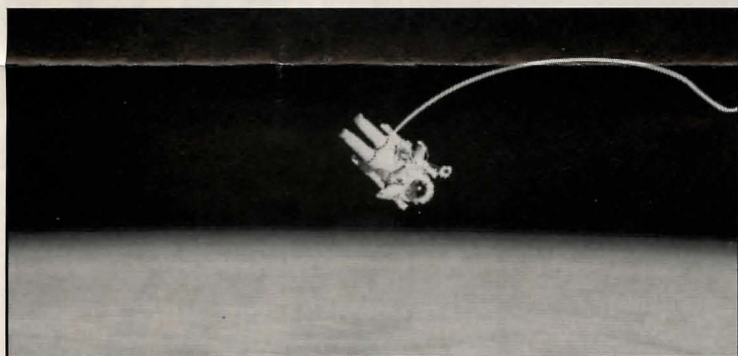
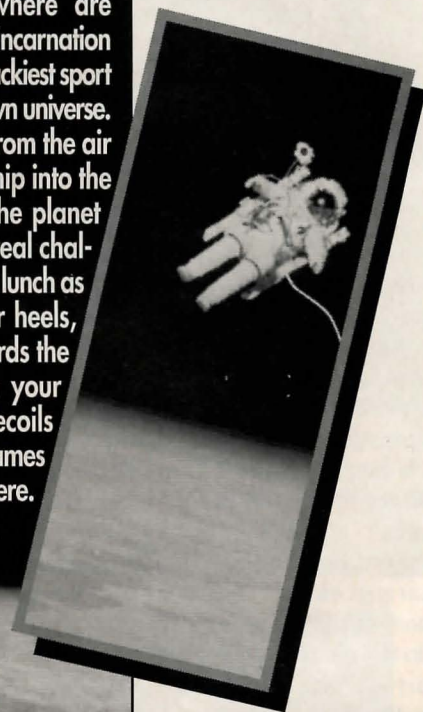
"גאליק- אפוזאז זען... אפוזאז זען! אפוזאז זען"

NEW TREND SWEEPS GALAXY...

ORBITAL BUNGEE JUMPING



Thrill seekers everywhere are turning on to this latest incarnation of what has to be the wackiest sport in the history of the known universe. The participant leaps from the air lock of their orbiting ship into the gravitational pull of the planet below. Hang on! The real challenge is to not lose your lunch as you tumble head over heels, faster and faster towards the world below, hoping your umbilical bungee recoils before you burst into flames in the planet's atmosphere. **Such fun!**



Family lost in space eats crew member to survive

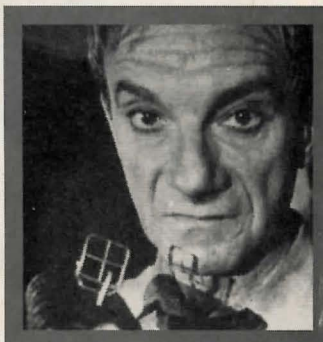
Years after journeying into space to settle a distant planet, the long-lost crew of the Jupiter II returned home with a sordid story of isolation and cannibalism in the coldest reaches of the Alpha Centauri system.

Professor Robinson, the mission commander, recalled, "After being lost out there for years, we finally managed to get back on a course for home. We were on the last leg of our journey when we noticed our food stores had been jettisoned." All fingers pointed to the ship's doctor Zachary Smith, according to Robinson.

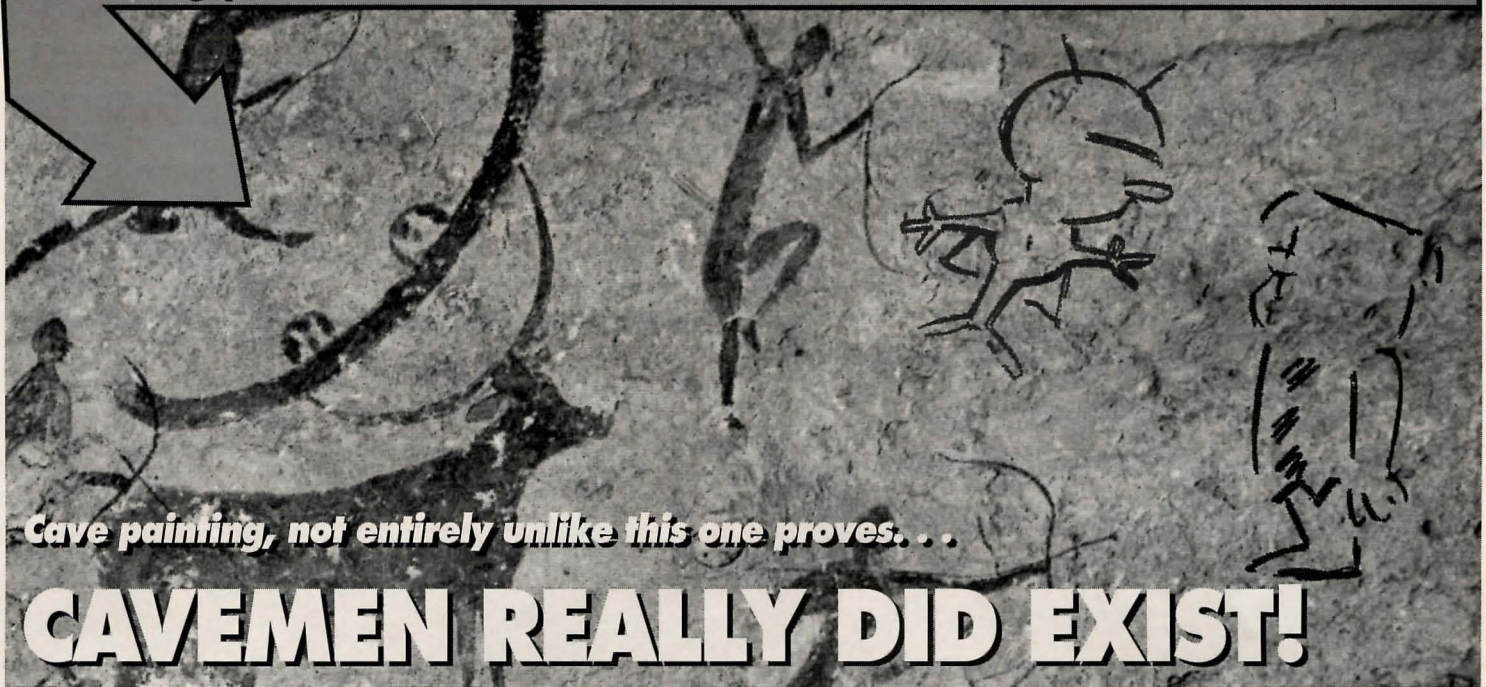
Pilot Don West said, "We knew it had to be Smith. He had been screwing things up for us ever since we left Earth. He was always tampering with the rockets, stealing ships, making deals with evil aliens, and generally being a pain in the... well... this was the last straw. We were all starving so—**WE ATE HIM!**"

The youngest member of the crew, Will Robinson, had grown fond of the doctor through the years. "Don's right. Dr. Smith was a scheming, two-faced, jellyfish of a man. But he really wasn't ALL bad. I'm going to miss him."

Will's father tried to console the lad, "You're right Will... I guess he wasn't all that bad. In fact, most of him tasted **PRETTY GOOD!** Kinda like chicken!"



Shocking proof that ancient astronauts visited cavemen. . .



Cave painting, not entirely unlike this one proves. . .

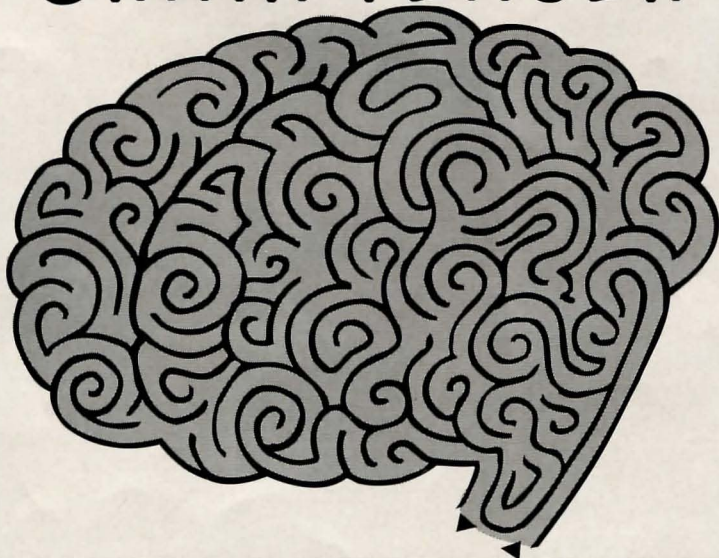
CAVEMEN REALLY DID EXIST!

Archaeologists recently discovered evidence that proves once and for all that our ancient ancestors had dealings with primitive ape-like people. Experts say these people lived in crude stone houses, dressed in animal skins, used tools made of stone and bone, and possessed foot-propelled vehicles for transportation.

The exact location of this incredible discovery is being kept secret; but, inside sources report that a friend of one of the assistants to a researcher that knows one of the researchers on the excavation, claims the planet is somewhere in the Milky Way and was known as Bedrawk to its simian-like inhabitants. Experts speculate that our ancestors visiting this barbaric culture were space-going philanthropists who visited the locale several times in vain attempts to advance their culture.

Officials say these people had a surprisingly advanced social structure that included families, friends, group social activities, and take-out ribs.

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HOW COMPUTER GAMES ARE MADE

Following up such monster hits as *Pirates of Pestulon* and *The Time Rippers*, *The Next Mutation* team faced a daunting task in creating the next installment in the legendary *Space Quest* saga: What do you do with a janitor who has been everywhere and done everything? Fortunately for fans everywhere, these hardworking *Space Quest* creative geniuses have again proved that they are up to the task. Here is GI's exclusive behind-the-scenes look on the set of *Space Quest 5*.



To make a great game, you must first have a great design. For *Space Quest 5*, the creative team spent arduous weeks wracking their brains to come up with original plot ideas for *The Next Mutation*.



Here, the art director puts the final touches on one of the many miniatures used during the filming of *The Next Mutation*.



In any project of such sweeping breadth and scope, there are bound to be a few lapses in communication. The art director had no idea what would happen when he told this artist to "Do the backgrounds on your computer."

Inquirer Photo Exclusive:

BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK ON THE SET OF SPACE QUEST 5



State of the art techniques were used to digitize live actors and bring them to the small screen in dazzling 256 Color VGA.



No expense was spared to bring to life the ultimate Space Quest adventure. Here, the actor playing Roger is prepared for the spectacular "Janitor's Inferno" sequence.



A staff of highly skilled artists and technicians sweated over every detail on The Next Mutation's many sets, to make sure each one was "just right."



Here, the programming team offers some constructive feedback to the project director on a few proposed design changes.

PLANET INVADDED BY FARMERS FROM EARTH

"They made us drink beer and wear baseball caps," weeps Nimrodian victim.

A family of Nimrodians were held hostage for a night of horror by a gang of beer-guzzling Earth farmers. Mae-Loxx Nimnal, mother of the captive brood, said, "We were afraid they were going to take us back to their planet and feed us something they called oleo-and-potato-chip sandwiches. We escaped just in the nick of time."

The ordeal began after nightfall in the little Nimrodia town of Flensburg. Mae-Loxx and her husband, Kayo-Pehktait, had put the little Nimnals to bed and were settling down with their implants for a night of Dermovision.

"Suddenly, the sky lit up and we ran to the window," recalls Kayo. "There was this big, rickety ship landing in our front yard with an old woman in a rocking chair sitting on top. Then, four men with overalls and thick, red necks came out and started walking around the house. They peeked in the window, and I heard one of them utter some sort of mating call, like, 'Hey, Vern! Hey, Vern!' Then they walked in the door. As soon as they saw us, these large holes opened up in their faces and they bent down and gave us some kind of

offering."

"They started prodding us with enormous three-prong forks and yelling at us to 'git, reveals Mae-Loxx. "We took that to mean they wanted us to stand in a small group and shuffle toward the front door. They chattered excitedly among themselves for quite some time, apparently speculating as to what their ruler's reaction would be to our

capture. 'Ma's not gonna cotton to havin' them ugly suckers in the house,' they said, and 'You think Ma's gonna feed them thangs?.' During their discussions, they would make long choking sounds, and then deposit small offerings on the floor.

"Eventually, we understood enough of their conversation to determine what had been going on. Apparently

these were Earth farmers 'collected' over the years by emissaries from outer-space. They'd finally banded together and appropriated one of the alien craft, tossing the aliens into the airlock and renaming the ship the U.S.S. Po' White Trash.

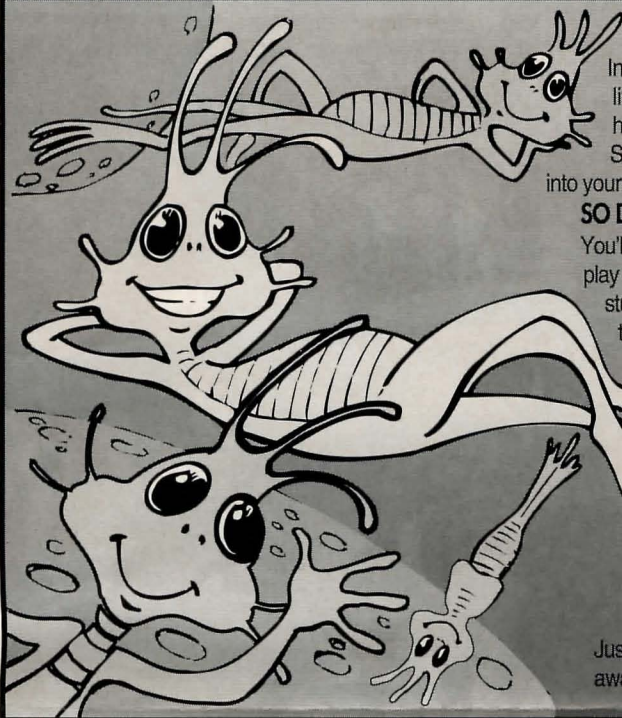
"We figured they were displeased with us, so we gathered up all their offerings and attempted to return

them. At that time that they decided not to take us back to Earth; but not before putting a good fright into the children, who now wake up every night with horrible dreams. At first, we couldn't get anybody to believe us, but when we showed them the strange five-toed footprints (actually, one of them had six toes), they realized we were telling the truth."

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TERRORIZES
FAMILY**

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 Create life in a bowl!



JUST ADD WATER - THAT'S ALL IT TAKES!

In seconds your cute, cuddly Space-Monkeys will hatch and come to life right before your eyes! Within seconds you'll be on your way to hours of fun and bogus superiority as you and your friends dominate a lower life form. Space-Monkeys will fill your need to lord over others while bringing laughter and smiles into your otherwise pathetic, lonely, insignificant life.

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Just remember not to feed them after midnight and to keep them away from alcohol.

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HOLY HYPERSPACE! IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! Please rush my Space-Monkey kit(s) right away with all those neat free things. I realize I must be completely satisfied because once you have my money (or reasonable facsimile) I'm stuck with the little buggers.

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I didn't learn my lesson last time when I ordered your piece-of-junk Home Cataract Removal kit and I can't wait to throw more money down the toilet. I've enclosed \$_____ and don't expect to receive my merchandise for at least 6 to 8 weeks by which time my nose hairs will be dragging on the floor.

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Address _____

Planet _____

GALACTIC INQUIRER

Retro's Computer Game Review

Yo! again space jockeys, this is Retro here with some cool tips on one of the hottest games in the universe: Space Quest 5. The burn-out is, these tips were written in nerd-ese so I've taken the liberty of rejobbing them in plain English.

WARNING! THE FOLLOWING SECTION IS INTENDED FOR BEGINNING ADVENTURE GAMERS ONLY. IT CONTAINS GAME HINTS THAT REVEAL SOLUTIONS TO SOME PUZZLES. DON'T READ ANY FURTHER IF YOU DON'T WANT THE ANSWERS REVEALED.

TRANSLATION: These tips are so hot they're on fire. So chill out and stop scanning the printout if you don't want to get burned.

After Roger gets ejected from the academy bridge simulator, he must get to class quickly to avoid being expelled from the StarCon Academy. Use the walk icon to move Roger north until the door to the classroom is visible. (It has a locker next to it.) Click on the door with the hand icon to enter the room. (1)

TRANSLATION: After the Roginator gets hosed in the sim he needs to beat feet to class—so he can scan for babes.

Surprise! The StarCon Aptitude Test is today. Of course Roger hasn't studied for it, he's going to have to cheat. Click the "eye" icon on the student's desk to your left when the proctor droid is facing the back of the classroom. The miniature version of the test question you are on will pop up over the cadet's shoulder. You can tell the answer he marked by its position on the screen (i.e. the top one is 'A' the next one down is 'B', etc.) (2)

TRANSLATION: Oh shoot! The SAT is today and it's been "party-hearty" for the Rog-meister. Eyeball the nerd-herd chieftain's console to scam the hot tip!

After the test, you need to clean the Academy crest as part of your punishment for being late to class and screwing around in the bridge simulator. Get the cleaning supplies from the closet located one screen north of the classroom. Make sure you get the Scrubomatic™ floor scrubber AND the orange safety cones from the closet. (3)

TRANSLATION: Bummin', the Rog-man has to spic-and-span the academy crest 'cause he got busted. Snag the Scrubomatic and the orange party hats from the closet.

Next move Roger south until you find the only hallway leading to the right. Take it to the rotunda area. In the rotunda hallway you



1



2



3

will find a burly security guard (don't bother him!) and the anti-gravity personnel lift. Click the hand icon on the lift to ride it down to the floor of the rotunda. (3)

TRANSLATION: Motate the Roginator southward 'til you scope the right hallway. Jam down it to Rotunda then hitch a ride on the a-grav lift. Don't cut on the rent-a-cop, he's a real jerk!

Place the safety cones at the corners of the crest on the floor of the main rotunda (if you don't, people will walk all over it and spoil your work). Next, take the Scrubomatic out of your inventory and place it on the floor. click on it with the hand icon to clean activate it. Use the "scrub brush" icon to move Roger around on the scrubber. (4)

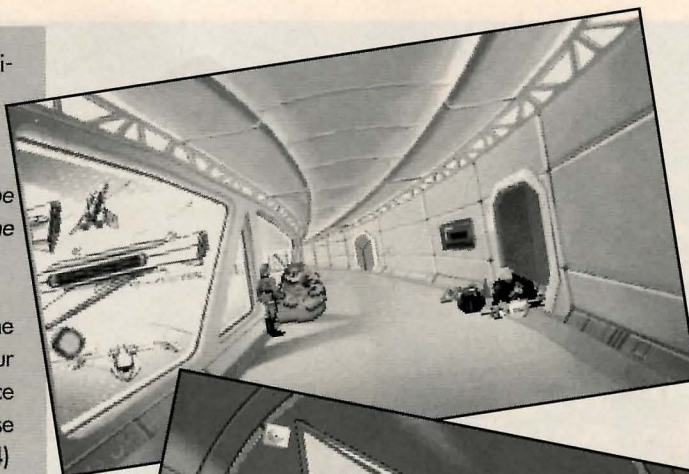
TRANSLATION: Toss the cones around the crest and snag a ride on the Scrubomatic. Shred the duffers if they get in your way!

When you have finished cleaning the crest it will sparkle and Captain Quirk will walk in with a woman of your acquaintance (pay attention to their dialog exchange). Then go back and put your cleaning supplies away... and watch the nifty "meanwhile" sequence.

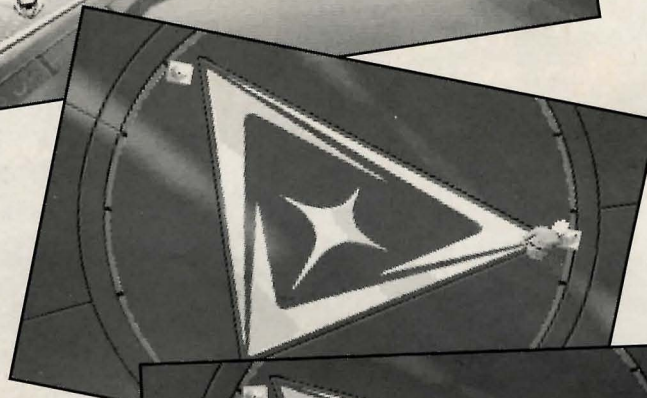
TRANSLATION: Chill, scope the babe, and let the fresh artwork slide by your eyeballs...

After the meanwhile sequence Roger can go back and pick up his test scores. Results are posted on the bulletin board next to the classroom. If Roger scored well on his test, he should be on his way toward commanding his own ship. Give yourself a pat on the head, you've earned it! (5)

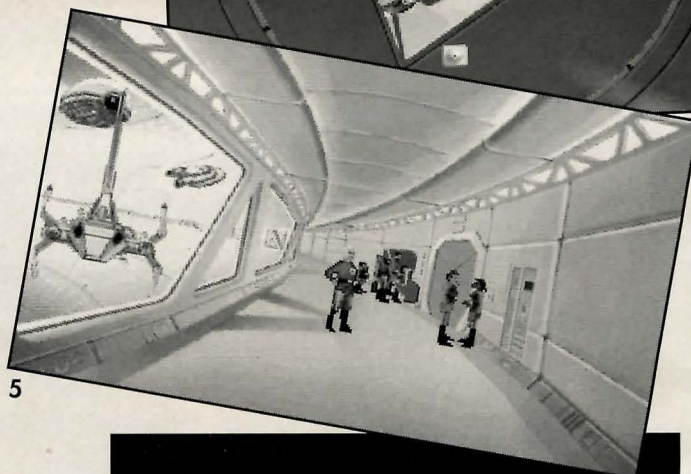
TRANSLATION: Scan the scores, and see if Rog busted a move or got '86ed. If the Rog-man scores some new duds, pop a cold one! You scored a bonus!



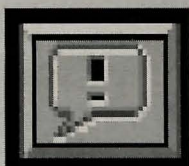
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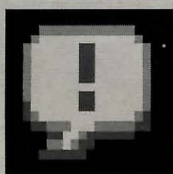


5



Command icon:

Choose Command when you want Roger to attempt to give someone an order.



The Command Cursor:

When you choose Command, the cursor will change to a talk balloon with an exclamation point inside it. Position the **Command** cursor on the person you want to attempt to give an order to, and click the mouse button or press [ENTER]. If the person acknowledges Roger's authority he/she/it will respond by performing an action or engaging in dialogue.

GIR

● THRAKUS #53284

By Gir Draxon, Supreme Overlord of the Arcturan Empire, Conqueror of the Pleades, and noted psychic astrologer.

Gir's picks for the coming year:

- 1) I see a major shake up coming for the Star Confederation in the next year or so. A huge scandal involving top officials in some kind of major illegal activity. I further predict they'll cover it up by blaming misconduct on a scapegoat, possibly a janitor.
- 2) Strike Commando will ship in the latter half of the millennia.
- 3) A horde of mutant space monsters will sweep through the confederation, destroying everything in their path.
- 4) Infamous gossip columnist Johnnie Magpie will be mistaken for a space mutant and shot 250 times in the head by the sequel police.
- 5) Software industry mega-giant, Sierra Cosmos On-Line will finalize acquisitions of IBN, Macrosoft, and Garden Weezil.
- 6) Millions of *Space Quest* fans will be baffled by the butt-headed copy protection scheme concealed within Gir Draxon's Predictions.

● KU #20011

Your Universal Horoscope By Gir Draxon

Aquarius (January 20 - February 13)

Mars influence gives you a leg up on your enemies. Move quickly to crush all opposition in your path. Watch out for sycophants, they may distract you from your purpose.

● GINGIVITIS
#81100

Pisces (February 14 - March 20)

Don't quarrel openly with a competitor, he may be plotting against you. Move stealthily and bide your time: A single dagger in the dark can be more effective than whole armies in daylight.

Aries (March 21 - April 19)

Lucky you, the signs favor romance! But beware the parents of that special someone, they may resent your influence over their "baby." Kill them if they become too meddlesome.

Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

Seek a temporary truce with a powerful rival. This will give you valuable breathing space and time to rest and replenish. Afterwards, attack them suddenly and without warning.

▽ STARCON
↓

● LUKASZUK II
#91001

DRAXON'S

PREDICTIONS FOR 3010

MONOSTADT VII #54671

Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

You receive welcome news. Possibly politically compromising information about an enemy. Sell it to the highest bidder and let them do your dirty work for you. Avoid open spaces and crowds.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22):

Get your "shopping" done early. Now is the time to stock up on supplies for an upcoming campaign. Teamwork can lead to spectacular gains on the home front.

Leo (July 23 - August 22):

KLOROX II
#90210

Don't be discouraged by temporary setbacks, lay siege and be persistent; you'll break your enemies' spirit in the end. Watch out for flanking maneuvers!

GANGULARIS
#71552

Virgo (August 23 - September 22):

Don't tolerate breaches of discipline. Harsh punishment of a subordinate now will prevent problems in the future. Visualizing the painful death of a foe brings satisfaction and may help it come to pass.

COMMODORE LXIV
#01015

Libra (September 23 - October 22):

Consolidate recent gains and prepare for a counteroffensive. Roll with the punches, but be ready to take the initiative; an oversight by your foe could be his downfall. Poison gas may be the answer to a nagging problem.

▽ SPACEBAR #69869

Scorpio (October 23 - November 21):

Now is the time for that housecleaning you've been putting off. Root out spies and traitors. Destroy anyone you have doubts about; better safe than sorry! Don't worry if outsiders call you "brutal." Positive results will speak for themselves.

PEEYU #92767

Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21):

An unorthodox approach may bring you quick victory; attack a strong enemy when he least expects it. Avoid getting bogged down in lengthy commitments you can't keep. If an old ally presses you for support against a new foe, let him wither on the vine and seek friends elsewhere.

SPITTOONIE #44091

Capricorn (December 22 - January 19):

Now is the time for a change of plan; negotiations may be the key to success as long as YOU don't take terms of a treaty literally. Threats and ultimatums work in your favor: don't be afraid of stomping on people's toes!

DEADLY PLUCK KILLS ANDROMEDAN

ANDROMEDA — A local citizen died yesterday from complications traced to a plucked nosehair. Bueger EEair, aged 46.984 millenia, was pronounced dead on arrival at the Sliizemuup Discount Surgical Mall.

"I've seen facial blemishes that could lay a guy low for weeks but never, NEVER anything like this," exclaimed Medical Examiner Digm Guutzowht. "This guy had a tuchasoid on his nose the size of an Arcturan Jaabba."

EEair is the latest victim of a wave of nasal infections that are reaching epidemic proportions throughout Andromeda. "It happens every year during the hayfever season," explained Guutzowht. "A couple of sneezes, a little itch and they just can't keep those mandibles away from their snaughtchuutes. Our public awareness campaign — 'Pluck at your own risk' — has helped; but a lot of Andromedans are still tempting fate. 'Pick it, don't pluck it' that's our motto."

Dyna-Mix

A revolutionary new high energy formula that lets you put on muscle faster than a Testo-Steran sumo wrestler!

From Genetix, the company that makes miraculous marvels from mundane if somewhat questionable matter, comes Dyna-Mix. The result of years of development and a weekend of testing, Dyna-Mix is the ultimate body building secret. With Dyna-Mix you can have huge, bulging, powerful muscles in just two — that's right — just two days!

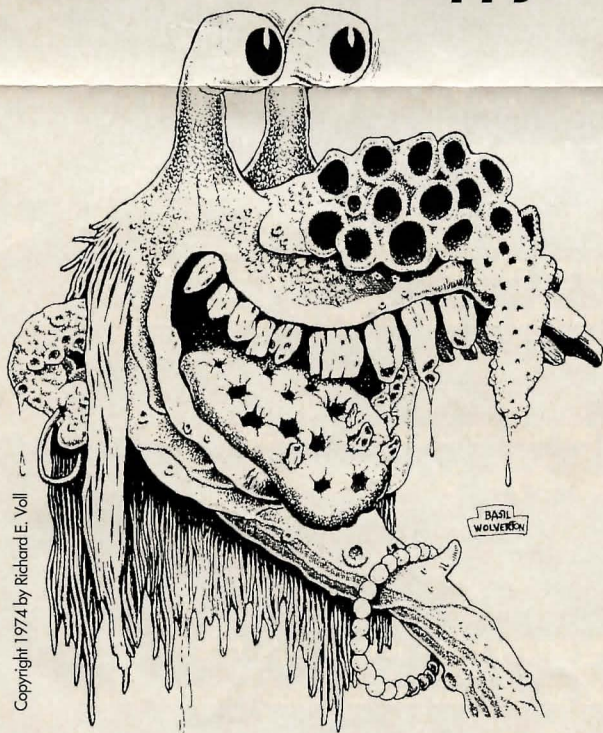
- Increase your strength.
- Feel great, look great.
- Lift things, big things.
- Open jars.
- Impress your friends.
- If they're not impressed, beat them into greasy, quivering pulps.



- Make new friends.
- Beat them up, too.
- Hire people to scratch your back.
- Terrorize little skinny guys on the beach.
- Send us your money, now! Cause we use Dyna-Mix, too, and we'll find you.



Can You Draw Drippy?



Copyright 1974 by Richard E. Voll

If you can, then you may be well on your way to a rewarding career as a computer game illustrator. Here at the Pixel Pusher's Institute of Art, we've trained hundreds of people, just like you, to go out and attempt to eke out a living creating art and animation for leading computer entertainment software publishers. To see if you have what it takes, just draw Drippy on a 3x5 card and mail it to:

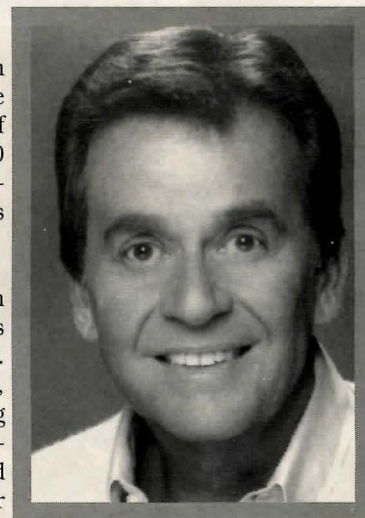
PIXEL PUSHERS ART INSTITUTE
933 Picasso Plaza, Suite E
Mutauri Nebula 60609

"IT'S STILL GOING!..."

Researchers for CyberKlark Technologies finally lifted the veil of secrecy on their current project, the DIC-20, at a news conference earlier this week.

Designed to last 50 percent longer than the current replicant models, this prototype android has far exceeded the expectations of its creators. For nearly 67 years, the DIC-20 has performed flawlessly under extreme conditions in the most unusual of proving grounds — 20th century Earth.

CyberKlark spokesperson Link Tinkerton explained, "We really wanted to put this android through its paces. Push it to the limit. We knew this was going to take a lot of time, time that we didn't have if this baby was going to beat our competitors to market. The solution was to send the DIC-20 back in time and let it run itself down. Then, zap it back. Our time-space continuum division was just coming on-line so, off it went— back to the 20th century."



When asked why they chose Earth, Tinkerton noted that 20th century Earth's atmosphere had the right corrosive properties to put DIC-20's synthetic outer skin to the test. The cultural climate of an extinct settlement known as Hollywood also proved to be perfect for testing how much abuse the android could take. "It's holding up remarkably well despite repeated exposure to loud music, prize-winning television commercials, bloopers, and practical jokes," said Tinkerton.

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Pretend to be someone more interesting — it's as easy as putting on a hat. Looks like your real hair (and probably better or you wouldn't be wearing it). Made of polyacrylic fiber. It won't stretch, lose its shape or melt into your head. It's flame-resistant, too! *Dozens of models available, including:*

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 Address _____
 Head size _____ Humanoid _____ Other (be specific) _____

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Ever wonder what a tribble looked like under all that fur? Rognar Katz of Gaseous Anomaly 201, sent us this photo of her once fuzzy pet after a bad case of tribble mange.




Gangularian resident Kurt Megatroid's pet face hugger shows off his latest tricks for the camera.

UNLEASH YOUR HIDDEN POTENTIAL

*To actually
finish the
game!*

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without it."
—Roger Wilco**



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