

## LEISURE SUIT LARRY: LOOKING FOR LOVE IN SEVERAL WRONG PLACES

Transcribed using SCI viewer by BBP. Version 1.0.

### Inventory

oops

This is all the money you have in the world!

This may easily be your chance to fame and fortune (but probably not).

Just wait until you're on that ship with that lovely bachelorette!

Wherever will you find someone to break this?

You just love the feel of cheap Spandex!

Is that hundreds of hundred-dollar bills in your pocket? (Or, are you just glad to play this game?)

You were so smart to delve in Eve's can!

Never in your entire life have you been able to finis

h one of these!

SPF-90 should protect you from something!

If only you knew that this onklunk contains important international secrets. (Oops!)

"Bon voyage, Larry!

Love,

Mrs. Bimbo"

What if Mama misses her sewing kit?

Ahhh. One of your favorites! A loaf of sourdough bread filled with spinach dip.

With this wig you could start your own cable channel!

Don't worry. She'll never miss it!

Bet she was surprised when she got back to her room!

The knife still smells of brie.

Why do you always collect these things?

For a moment, you consider the drawing of the little doggy and wonder if you should have pursued a career in art.

They'll never miss one flower!

"WARNING:

Highly Toxic.

Inflammable.

Bottle harmful

if taken internally."

Whoever heard of a brand of luggage called "American Terrorister?"

You'd better hurry or you'll miss your plane!

What an unusual form of flight insurance!

A strong sense of deja vu creeps through you. You recall an earlier life where you choked on one of these. "Nah," you think, "that just couldn't be. Nobody'd be dumb enough to swallow a bobby pin!"

Funny. You never seemed interested in religious tracts before.

This airsick bag may come in handy, if you ever get sick of this game!

This stick is certainly stout.

This vine saved your life back there at the river. But why do you want it hanging around you?

Ashes to ashes.

(Dork to dork.)

This reminds you of a girl named Sandy.

## INTRODUCTION

"Eve, baby," you greet your woman with love in your voice, "you're finally home! I've been worried sick about you."

"Who are you?" asks the voluptuous woman in the the magnificent red sports car. "And, why are you mowing my lawn?"

"Why, Eve! Don't you remember me? It's me, Larry; Larry Laffer!"

"We met in that hot tub in Lost Wages... in your luxury penthouse apartment... in "The Land of the Lounge Lizards..." just before my big finale (wink, wink)... at the end of the game, remember?"

"Vaguely," she says. "So why are you here?"

"Why, I, er, ah, that is," you stammer, "why, I just kinda assumed when two people are as deeply in love as we are, uh, er, the natural thing to do to move in together, and, so here I am..."

"Move in?! You creep! You've got exactly five minutes to get everything out of my house, and out of my life."

"Brutus," she commands her dog, "ON GUARD!"

"Hmm," you think to yourself, "that dog looks rather familiar."

"I'll be back here in five minutes," Eve shouts, "and you WON'T!!"

(Sigh.)

Gee, Larry; looks like things are just the way they used to be. You thought your life was complete: you had found true love with a beautiful woman, with a beautiful car and a beautiful home, all in beautiful Los Angeles...

...but instead, you're out on the streets again!

What will you do?

Meanwhile, on the beautiful tropical island paradise of Nontoonyt Island, located somewhere in the South Pacific, a formerly strange weather phenomenon occurs once again.

The island's native tribe has grown accustomed to these recent occurrences of dense fog, even though it appears (and dissipates) quite rapidly.

What the natives don't know, however, is that the fog is just a smokescreen to cover the activities of an evil force so sinister, so sly, so slick, that the mere mention of his name brings fear to the heart of the staunchest man...

## NONOOKEE!

Inside his volcanic mountain fortress, the dirty Doctor is designing the most disgusting of his dastardly deeds.

"Where is that woman? Why is she so slow?" shouts Dr. Nonookee. "She should be here by now!"

"Sir," crackles the radio, "shipment incoming!"

"Ah, ha! Here she is. That's more like it!" he says.

"Calling LA. Calling LA." he says into the microphone.

"Yes, sir," responds a female voice on the radio.

"Is everything in place for the transfer?" he asks.

"Everything!" she snaps back.

He smiles a broad smile.

"Excellent, LA. Keep me informed," he concludes, "and remember: no mistakes!"

Evidently the bad Doctor is planning something to do with Los Angeles and some sort of transfer.

What could it be?

"FAN ME," he shouts, "AND NOW!"

"Now, feed me grapes," he orders with a sinister smile, "and keep 'em coming!"

Gosh, Larry; let's hope you never end up on the bad side of this character!

## LOS ANGELES

You have fooled around too long! In the distance you hear a foghorn announcing the departure of your cruise ship.

This is the story of your life. Once again, Larry, you have "missed the boat!"

You're getting off to a slow start, Larry. Perhaps you should dig out the documentation that came with this game and read through the Walk-Thru that begins on page 12.

(This is merely a friendly suggestion from your designer and programmer, Al Lowe.)

No one here is interested in talking to you.

You scratch it until you remove the numbers and invalidate it. Since it's no good now, you toss it away!

There's no need. No sun can pierce that smoggy sky.

There are no taxis in this "Leisure Suit Larry."

During a Stage III smog alert, breathing is optional (although still permitted).

Formerly, you thought LA was filled with cars.

It just lies there under your feet.

Is this whole city paved?

All the plants here are made of poly-vinyl chloride or another monoxide-breathing substance.

### Eve's Residence

You carefully go through Eve's pants and find nothing but a crumpled-up dollar bill.

Except for that dollar bill, her pants contain nothing to hold your interest.

(At least, now that she's not in them!)

You briefly consider the morality of this move, but after all she hasn't done for you, you decide it's probably the least she can do!

It's not her pants that you want!

Where?!

Who'd want to search through Eve's can?

Ok, ok!

Searching through the trash until your suit turns off-white, you discover your passport stuffed between the pages of an old "Cosmo."

You find nothing else of interest.

What is this -- "Romeo and Juliet?!"

You'd better not. She said she wanted you out of here!

That will not help you.

Larry!

(Really!)

There is no need to fool around with Eve's garage door.

They smell lovely, but reveal nothing.

They are open.

Eve keeps her windows locked.

The garage door is locked.

There are no doors here except the garage door.

Eve lives at the corner of Ascot Place and Ball Road.

You see nothing that will help you.

Part of the lawn looks freshly mowed!

You love auto parts calendars.

You search carefully, but find nothing in this part of the garage.  
You were so sure this would be the location of your future, happy life with Eve. But, some things are not to be.  
Hey! What's this? Eve left a dollar bill stuffed in this old pair of pants!  
You carefully search the garage and find nothing but junk, which is of no use to you.  
You now smell like a combination of cheap department store credit card bills and road kill!

### **KROD Exterior**

A sophisticated sign identifies this as the home of KROD Television.  
You presume the large dish behind the studio is used to transmit their programming to a satellite in geosynchronous orbit, but you've been wrong before!  
Is that someone famous?  
Where?  
KROD originates many of your favorite television shows, including the big "Lucky Life Lottery."

### **Hollywood Sign**

The Hollywood Hills are almost hidden by that smog.  
Traffic on the Hollywood Freeway is medium to moderate, but surface streets offer a reasonable alternative for commuters.  
Busy show-biz execs chase secretaries on every floor.  
You wonder what part of Los Angeles you are in now.

### **Scene with dumpster**

You quickly open the lid, search through all the rubbish, find nothing, and close the lid.  
(What did you expect? A passport?)  
There are insults written in many languages on the side of the garbage bin.  
There is nothing interesting about that fence.  
(Unless you find that knothole interesting.)  
You bend over and peer through the knothole in the fence. On the other side, you see people playing "Police Quest!" How you wish you were one of them!  
Stop spending so much time worrying about holes and get on with the game!  
It says a lot of dirty stuff.  
"LIQUOR"  
This looks exactly like the dark alley in "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards."  
(But where's your friend?)  
Ahhh.

### **Convenience shop exterior**

The sidewalk here is littered with junk food wrappers and old paper cups.  
From the looks of this window, they sell things inside.  
Only in Southern California would you find a convenience store without a door. "Gosh," you think, "I wonder if they're open?"  
What door?

### **Music store exterior**

A sign in the window says "GRAND OPENING -- TODAY!"  
It appears that both doors are locked, since there is a sign that says "WATCH FOR OUR BIG

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE!"

It appears that both doors are locked, since there is a sign that says "WATCH FOR OUR GRAND OPENING -- REAL SOON NOW!"

The door nearest you is labeled "ENTER."

The door nearest you is labeled "EXIT."

The spotlight seems unnecessary here, since there aren't any cars here!

You are outside the famous LA landmark "Ye Olde Ethno- Musicology Shoppe." You are familiar with them from their many advertisements on late-night cable television.

Does this town have specialized stores or what!?

Say, look! This store is finally open for business.

"Say, what an interesting car," you think to yourself. "How does he make it do that?"

You are so distracted by the low-rider that you fail to notice the unusual little man lurking beside the car.

He, however, DOESN'T fail to notice you!

The little guy in the trench coat gives you a short head-start then follows you. Larry, be careful!

This guy's up to no good!

Wait a minute! What's this?!

How can you be at the door to the music store, when you just walked off screen to the right?

That must be someone who just looks like you! Something strange is going on here. Let's follow him into the music shop to see what we can learn!

### **Molto Lira exterior**

"Rodeo Drive"

"OPEN"

Yep. They're flowers all right!

Embedded in the marble sidewalk is a gold-plated medallion reading "Rejectus Fiscus Universum." (That's Latin for "Give us all your money!")

You are in front of the world renowned Rodeo Drive Italian clothing purveyor, "Molto Lira."

Perhaps they could cash a million-dollar bill.

You've never been able to afford anything in there.

### **Brown Derby**

There is nothing inside of interest to you.

You can't. It's boarded up.

They're closed.

Peering through the dirty windows, you see an interior filled with memories of a bygone day, and junk.

"The Brown Derby"

"Closed for reblocking"

It's boarded up.

It's an empty parking lot.

This place has been closed for years.

It's in desperate need of blocking.

### **Swabs New Age Gear ext**

Even in Hollywood, they're having trouble moving New Age gear!

Swabs Drug Store has everything a guy like you might need.

**Theme park**

You don't have time for that.  
That wall is designed to keep undesirables like you out!  
Hey! Is that Disneyland?!  
Nah! Not in an Al Lowe game!!

**Space Quest IV**

Stand here long enough, and you get the feeling he's practicing "touch-and-goes."  
You make a vow to get more exercise.  
(Right after you back up your hard disk!)  
Where?  
Inside that large hotel hundreds of people are being kept awake by that one airplane.  
This place looks like it belongs in "Space Quest IV, (The Coarsegold Encounter)."

**Seedy section**

This part of town is not as well-maintained as it should be.  
It looks too rough for a guy like you, Larry. Better stay out!  
"BAR"  
It says lots of dirty stuff, all of which you already know and therefore don't need to read here, in a family-oriented product such as this!  
You are now in a slightly seedy section of the city.

**Unreversal Studios**

From here you can just make out the promo board on the latest project now in production: "Debbie Does Oakhurst! An extraordinary trip down mammary lane! A behind the scenes look when sex was still dirty."  
(Must be a documentary!)  
Why, that must be "Unreversal Studios!"  
They're on one of those famous "Unreversal Studios Tours."

**Barber exterior**

The ocean waves, and the dock "piers" back at you.  
Gee, isn't Hairy Reams that famous Hollywood barber?  
Maybe he could help you with your hair problem.  
What do you mean, "what problem?!"

**Studio Front Room**

Every door here is locked, except the doors leading back to the street. There are signs over the doors.  
It's just a modern lighting fixture, not a trapeze upon which she performs!  
The sign over the west door says "The Dating Connection, CLOSED SET."  
The sign over the east door says "Lucky Life Lottery, CLOSED SET."

The sign over the north door says "Green Room."  
The sign over the south door says "EXIT."  
Don't you love modern art.  
She has a nice pair of skylights, eh?  
The television studio lobby is lavishly decorated in the latest trend. A receptionist sits in the center of the room. There are doors in every wall.  
The only door you can open is the door you used to enter from the street.  
Guess there must have been a fast-breaking story somewhere else!  
"Hello, big, blonde and beautiful," you say. %s  
"Hiya," she blurts between bubbles, "kin I helpya?"  
"Sure you can help me," you tell the girl, "can you get out from behind that counter?"  
(She ignores your feeble attempt at humor.)  
"Say," you ask the receptionist, "is this lottery ticket any good?"  
"I don't know," she replies, "I've misplaced my glasses! As best I can remember, this week's Lucky Life Lottery Luck-O Buck-O numbers are: %d, %d, %d, %d, %d, and %d. What six numbers do you have?"  
"Why, that's correct!" she replies excitedly. "You ARE a lucky guy! The last Lucky Life Lottery show of the season is being taped RIGHT NOW! I'll notify the director that you're here; I'm sure you'll be called immediately."  
"I'll unlock the door to the green room, so you can wait there."  
"Oh, by the way," says the receptionist, "don't get nervous just because you're on live television and being watched by millions of people!"  
She chuckles softly under her breath.  
"Well, that's too bad," she replies. "I'm sorry, but you cannot get on the big TV show unless you have all six lucky numbers."  
"Why don't you try again when you're a winner!"  
Hey! Was that somebody famous?  
You find dull women sexy.  
(But then, you find any woman sexy!)

### **Green Room**

You can't. They are all locked. And, there's no key!  
Just be patient. Have a seat. Kick back. Relax.  
That Skirvin guy sure can draw horses!  
There's one door that's open.  
(Why aren't you walking through it?)  
There are doors to the east, west and south, which are all locked. Tight. And, there's no key.  
(Looks like you're trapped in here until someone comes to your rescue, Larry!)  
One monitor shows a lovely young lady; the other, just static.  
It looks comfortable.  
You wonder why the receptionist called this a green room, when there's no green in it at all! There are two television monitors, a bench, some art posters, a lovely modern painting and three doors.  
"Oh, thay, you! Poo Poo," cries the man, "You're late! Where have you been, you thilly little dickenth?! We've justh been worried thick about you."  
Before you can answer him, he tells you: "Hurry up, Honey, you're ON!!!"  
The assistant producer looks at you with disdain, "Well, Laffer, I musth admit none of usth in the control room exthpected you to win. I'm thure you're not proud of the outcome, but, ruleth are ruleth I thuppoth."  
"Here is your cruith thip ticket. All of usth here at 'The Dating Connecthion' wisth you the besth of luck."  
"You'll need it!"

"Hey, you!" cries the woman, "Where have you been? We've been looking all over for you."  
"I just won 'The Dating Connection,'" you reply.  
"Big deal. You were supposed to wait here. Now hurry and follow me!"  
(Oh no, Larry. Here we go again!)

### **Dating Connection**

The control room talkback speaker crackles, "Five seconds to air, boys and girls. Five seconds to air! Places, everybody!"

This doesn't look at all like you expected a lottery show to look. But, just in case, you decide to grab a seat on that empty stool over there.

The voiceover announcer says, "From Hollywood, it's the latest and greatest in embarrassment programming -- the all new 'Dating Connection!'"

"And here's your host, Biff Barf!"

"Thank you and welcome; welcome, everybody! I'm so glad you're here for the all new 'Dating Connection.'"

"We're just about ready to play our game, so let's meet our contestants. Who's going to make their big 'Dating Connection' today?"

"Biff, today's lovely bachelorette is Barbara Bimbo, of Airhead, California."

"Barbara's hobbies are computer programming, creating unusual milkshakes, and tantalizing elderly men. She lists her turn-ons as industrial-grade blenders and RS-232 interfacing."

"Turn-offs include international military conflicts and the aroma of rosin-core solder."

"On the left is bachelor number one, a professional surfboard waxer from Gumbo, Missouri. His hobbies include collecting braunschweiger casings, speculating on the sexual preference of professional dancers, and watching televised opera with the sound off."

"Meet Davie Blair!"

"Bachelor number two is today's token intellectual. He is presently chairman of the Physics Department at our local university, F.U."

"Originally from Pakistan, Ohio, meet Raguka Singh Soong."

Hey, that's not your name!

"Uh, excuse me," you shout. %s

"Ok, Raguka Larry," responds Biff. "Whatever you want to call yourself is ok with me!"

"And, on the far right today is bachelor number three, a journalism major who quit college in order to pursue his dream job: fact-checker on the 'National Enquiry' newspaper."

"Currently unemployed, meet A. P. Wire!"

"And now, it's time to play 'The Dating Connection!'" says Biff Barf. "Barbara, may we have your first question please?"

"Ok like thanks, Biff, ya know," says Barbara. "Bachelor number one, like this one's for you!"

"If I was to go like out on a you know date with you and you was like you know all dressed up or sumpthin' and like the car busted and we had to walk for help and I like broke a you know heel like how would you fix it?"

("Like you know" it seems obvious her elevator doesn't reach her penthouse!)

"Why, beautiful, if you were with me you wouldn't have to worry about any ol' breakdown. We'd be cruisin' in my brand new Porsche, and you wouldn't have a care in the world."

"Besides, if something did happen to your heel, I'd just sweep you up in these muscular arms and carry you wherever you wanted to go! When you're a top notch physical specimen like me, a light little feather like you would be a breeze."

(You're sure not even this mental midget would fall for a cornball line like that!)

"Geeeee, how romantic!" she gushes. "What more could any girl want?"

"Well, bachelor, you're 'number one' with me!"

(So much for your theory, Larry!)



"And now, how about you, bachelor number two?" she asks you. "How would you solve this puzzle?"

Ok, Larry, that's your cue. You're ON!

"Well, Raguka Larry," prompts Biff Barf, "we're waiting for your answer!"

"Uhhh, well, er," you stumble, "%s"

"Who let in that jerk?!" Barbara squeals. "What a putz!"

Barbara attempts to assume an intelligent expression. "Now how about you bachelor number you know three?"

"Bachelorette Barbie, my deepest, personal feelings are that you are far too sexy for me ever to allow you to leave my highly-expensive, beachfront, swinging bachelor apartment."

"You and I would spend all our time together alone, sharing each other in every way (if you know what I mean)!"

(How's that for a way with words?)

"Ooooooh, how sexy!" she gushes. "What more could any girl want?"

"You may be bachelor number three on this program, but you're 'number one' in my heart!"

(Do you think anyone's still watching this tripe?)

"Barbara, in my opinion you've just asked one of our best questions ever," says Biff Barf. Now, do you think you could come up with another great question?"

Once again, Barbara burns off a few million brain cells attempting to rise to the occasion.

"Ok like thanks Biff ya know," says Barbara. "Bachelor number one, like this one's for you!"

"Like if you was a you know insect and like I was a you know flower what kind of you know insect would you like be and like what kind of flower am I?"

(Sigh.)

"Barbara," responds bachelor number one, "I'd be a beautiful butterfly and you'd be my tender little buttercup. Together, we'd build a wonderful garden of love!"

(At least his garden would be well-fertilized!)

"Like you ARE quite the charmer, aren't you, number one?" she gushes. "I'd love to sow a few seeds with you!"

"Biff," she says, "MUST I like waste our time asking El Dorko this question?"

Biff responds, "Why, of course, Bachelorette Barbara. You must follow the rules!"

"Ok, bore number two," she says sarcastically, "can you know even like remember the question?"

Come on, Larry. Fire your best shot!

"Come on, El Do--, uh I mean Raguka Larry," stammers Biff Barf, "we need your answer now!"

"Er, um, I think, ah that is," you stumble, "%s"

"Like, what planet beamed this spook down?!" she squeaks. "I've heard better lines in a you know nursing home!"

"Well, bachelor number three," she says, "I can't you know wait to learn like what insect are you and like what flower am you know I?"

"Barbie doll, you'd be my precious American Beauty rose and I'd be your little bumblebee. I know you'd enjoy rubbing a little of your pollen on MY stinger!"

(Does this show supply antacids?)

"Well, number three, we certainly are the oversexed little devil, aren't we?!" Barbara gushes.

"Hold it right there!" interjects Biff, "I'm afraid that's all the time we have for questions today.

Bachelorette Barbie: it's time for you to make your 'Dating Connection!'"

Barbie smiles, "Well, Biff, it's really difficult to choose; both men are really terrific!"

(Something makes you feel the "both" doesn't include you!)

"Yes, but I'm sure the audience has already made its decision," says Biff.

"Yes," says Barbara, "and I've made my decision, you know, too."

Biff looks surprised, "Ok, bachelor TWO it is. But frankly, Bachelorette Barbara, I must admit I'm a little surprised!"

(Did he say bachelor number TWO?)

"Barbara, I think most of us expected a different choice!" says Biff Barf.

"WAIT, BIFF!" shouts Barbara, "I wanted bachelor number THREE!!!"

"I'm sorry, Barbara," says Biff, "the rules clearly state your first decision is final."

"Let's find out what they've won!"

The voiceover announcer booms, "It's a CRUISE!"

(audience goes ooooooh)

"Yes, a romantic cruise of the South Pacific on the beautiful U.S.S. Love Tub."

"You'll spend a solid MONTH together, exploring exotic ports of call courtesy of Wonder Cruise Lines."

"Remember: if it's a good cruise, it's a Wonder!"

"And for our other contestants, why, you lucky fellows have won a year's supply of armadillo polish, twenty cases of black shoe laces, plus a copy of our home game."

"Hey, man! There ain't no way I'm spendin' no month on a boat with this jerk," shouts the delicate Bachelorette Barbara. "I wanna chance to hit on that number three guy!!"

"I'm sure she's really truly delighted, folks," says Biff attempting to cover, "Now come on -- let's really hear it for our lucky couple."

(a smattering of applause)

The voiceover announcer says, "Be sure to tune in tomorrow night, same time, same station, for the finest in embarrassment programming: the all new 'Dating Connection.' Good night."

The control room speaker crackles, "Ok, gang, that's another one in the can! Raguka Larry, please report to the green room to receive your prizes. The rest of you just stay where you are!"

Gosh, Larry, what good luck you have: winning a fun-filled, month-long cruise with that lovely bachelorette Barbara!

### **Lucky Life Lottery**

"Ladies and gentlemen, we've finally found him!" says the master of ceremonies. "Yes, we've found our last Lucky Life Lottery contestant of this week's show!"

"And here he is now... Mr. Larry uh," he double-checks the teleprompter, "Laffer? Yeah, Mr. Larry Laffer!"

(a little applause)

"Mr. Laffer, we don't have time for our normal introductory chit-chat. Just step right up to the wheel and give 'er a big spin!"

Under his breath, the MC admonishes you: "(Hurry up, Laffer! We're already runnin' late because we couldn't find you!)"

Nervously, you reach for the wheel, knowing full well that the pleasure of America's 3-D, graphic, animated, adventure game players is riding on the luck of your pull!

"He did it! HE DID IT! He's won the big one!!"

Ladies and gentlemen, Larry Laffer just won the largest prize in the history of the Lottery -- a million dollars a year for life!!"

(applause)

(tons o' applause)

"Come on over here, Lucky Larry."

"Here comes lovely Lanna Light, the Lucky Life Lottery lady, with Larry Laffer's first year's winnings: the U. S. Treasury Department's first one million dollar bill!"

"On behalf of the Lucky Life Lottery, I'm pleased to present you our Grand Prize, one million dollars!" says the MC.

"Congratulations, Mr. Laffer," says the MC, "you're a lucky man! Too bad we don't have time for a speech!"

"Let's hear it for him, ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Larry Laffer, the luckiest guy in Los Angeles!!" (even more applause)

The voiceover announcer says, "That's it for this week's show; be sure to tune in next time for the 'Lucky Life Lottery' show, live from Hollywood!"

"Good night."

The control room talkback speaker crackles, "Ok, kids, there's another one that's good enough for who it's for!"

"Mr. Laffer, please exit through the door to the left; there will be plenty of reporters and photographers waiting for you!"

Gee, Larry, things are finally beginning to go your way! First, you win a month-long ocean voyage with the lovely bachelorette, and now you win the biggest lottery prize in history.

(Something tells you this is too good to last!)

### **Convenience Store**

There's not one single cup left in the whole joint!

There's only one soda cup left in the place, the speciality of the house: a "Grotesque Gulp."

GG's are legendary in the Los Angeles area -- it's the only soft drink served in a painted 32-gallon trash can!

There are no more tickets available here.

"You too can be rich and famous!"

Play the Lucky Life Lottery game!

Luck-O Buck-O Tickets available here!"

There are two machines here: a Luck-O Buck-O lottery ticket machine and a soda dispenser.

This Quikie Mart has many items for sale. A clerk lounges sleepily behind the counter near a lottery ticket machine. There is a soda dispenser near the front window.

You try as hard as you can, but you just can't force that soda back into the nozzles!

"Hey, you can't do that!" orders the clerk. "Once you pour 'em, you gotta keep 'em!"

"Sorry, pardner," says the clerk, "we're all out of Luck-O Buck-Os for this week!"

Move closer to the clerk to buy a ticket.

"May I have a free lottery ticket, please? I have no money!"

The clerk responds, "We ain't runnin' no charity here, cowboy. You wanna lottery ticket? You gotta pay for it."

"That'll be a buck, please," she says.

You show your lottery ticket to the clerk.

"I donno if it's any good or not. We don't cash 'em; we just sell 'em!"

Perhaps you should use the soda dispenser.

Why pay? You don't owe any money.

The clerk just laughs, "Do I look like I could break a million-dollar bill?"

"I can't give you credit on that ticket, pardner." says the clerk. "You're gonna havta come up with some real money to pay for a soda like that!"

"Here's a dollar for my 'Grotesque Gulp'" you offer.

The clerk responds, "We ain't runnin' no charity here, cowboy. You wanna soda? You gotta pay for it."

"That'll be thirty-two bucks, please," she says.

That's a good value, Larry -- only a dollar a gallon! Too bad you only have one dollar on you.

You have no money to give her.

"Here's a hundred-dollar bill," you offer.

"Ok, pardner," says the clerk. "Too bad we don't keep any change at this time of night!"

"But it's broad daylight," you protest!

"%s" she concludes.

You must obtain those in the "Land of the Lounge Lizards!"

You don't need to do that.  
A cup that large might take a long time to fill.  
A cup that large might take FOREVER to fill!  
Finally, you top it off, while you carefully consider how you're going to pick it up.  
Ah, what the hell. This isn't real life... but merely an incredible simulation!

You decide to put it in your pocket, along with everything else.  
Ah, shucks! This isn't real life... but merely an incredible simulation!

You decide to put it in your pocket, along with everything else.  
Suddenly the woman behind the counter comes to life!  
"Hold it right there, pardner," she cries, "you ain' a gonna rustle no soda offn me!"  
"Yeeeeee haaaaaa," screams the clerk, "you're one dead Coke sucker!"  
Enunciate carefully, please!  
"Here's my last dollar," you say, handing it to the cute clerk. "How about selling me one of those Luck-O Buck-O Lottery tickets?"  
"Ok, pardner," says the clerk, "here ya go. Just stick this here ticket in that machine on the end of the counter."  
"Good luck!" she concludes. "%s"  
You insert the paper ticket into the Luck-O Buck-O machine.  
The Luck-O Buck-O Lottery machine's video display screen flashes, "Please enter your six numbers between 100 and 999 now."  
"Processing..."  
Out pops your Luck-O Buck-O lottery ticket. You take it and wonder, "Will I be a winner?"  
"Hello, baby!" you tell her. %s  
"Hi, y'all," she replies in a charming drawl. "Ya shore have a white suit."  
You have always admired Southern girls.  
You vow to try again. "That's really a charming Southern accent," you say. "I'll bet you're from the South."  
"Why, shucks," she replies, "you're right! Howdja know I was from Orange County?"  
"What do you say, baby?" you turn on your charm afterburner, "How's about you and me gettin' it on!"  
"Gettin' it on what?" she asks.  
You find Southern women sexy.  
(But then, you find any woman sexy!)

### **Barber Shop**

Nah. You've seen one barber, you've seen 'em all!  
It's a barber chair. Try sitting in it.  
The tables have nothing but old, dirty magazines lying on them.  
Don't look. They're filled with pictures of naked women.  
You see lots of hair.  
You don't know much about art, but you know what you like!  
You see a barber shop.

.pohs rebrab a ees uoY  
Don't all barber shops look the same?

## **Molto Lira**

"Molto Lira's" sophisticated, computerized, automatic, shoplifting prevention devices keep this door locked while customers carry merchandise for which they have not paid.

"Swimsuits

1/2-PRICE!"

There is a rack of swimsuits against the rear wall.

The rest of these suits appear to be too generously cut in the crotch region for a guy like you!

There's nothing in this place that you could afford!

Wait a minute; these swimsuits are marked down to half-price, only \$100,000.00. With your new-found wealth, you could afford that little, blue, bikini job hanging there.

Never in your life have you seen a man's suit that required a home mortgage!

Isn't a million, five a little steep, even if the suit IS imported?

Evidently, while decorating this store, cost was no object.

(And also, no help!)

It appears that you are boring the beautiful lady.

Along the right and left walls are rows of expensive, Italian, hand-made virgin-wool suits.

From the prices here, they should have been hand-knit by virgins!

What ARE they doing?

Behind an unbelievably beautiful, imported, Italian-marble counter stands an unbelievably beautiful, imported, Italian clerk.

There's nothing else here you can afford.

This place may be over-priced, but at least it's gaudy!

There is a sale sign on the rear wall.

There are swimsuits for sale on the rack at the rear of the store. Why not walk over there?

At these prices, one's enough!

Nah. No way!

You select a reasonably tight Spandex job in blue. Although it's cut a little tight, perhaps that may work to your advantage on the ship. In fact, this may be the beginning of a whole new image for you, Larry!

Presently, you don't owe any money.

"I'm sorry," says the dark-haired, Italian beauty, "I'm only allowed to accept purchases across the front of this counter!"

You don't have \$1,500,000!

"Hey, my little Latino bambino!" you say, "Have I told you I'm now incredibly wealthy?"

You're sure to endear yourself instantly to her with that pseudo-bi-lingualism.

"Oh?" she replies, "How many shipping lines do you own?"

(Ouch.)

"Hey, baby, you don't look like a California girl!" you tell her.

She successfully ignores you.

"Excuse me, miss," you say hesitantly. "Do you have change for a million?"

"Bella bueno," she smiles, "but, of course. But, is that trivial, little, clearance item all you are going to purchase today?"

"Yes, ma'am," you reply, handing over your lottery winnings. "I've only got a million on me!"

"All right, that will be \$106,500.00 including tax, your change is \$893,500.00."

"That's one hundred dollars..."

"two hundred dollars..."

"three hundred dollars..."

"four hundred dollars..."

"five hundred dollars..."

"STOP! Don't count any more," you shout, "I don't have THAT long before my ship leaves!!!"

"Very well, sir," she concludes. "%s"  
How did you know she was going to say that?!  
You pocket your new, gigantic wad of hundred-dollar bills.  
You find Italian women sexy.  
(But then, you find any woman sexy!)

### **Druggist**

Nice guy! Trying to shoplift from this nice, young clerk.  
The walls are covered with many items, none of which you need.  
"Just Say No!"  
Behind the counter sits the epitome of the surfer culture.  
Something is always for sale here!  
There is nothing more of interest here.  
There are shelves filled with sundries, but you see nothing that seems useful.  
You might be able to use some of that sunscreen.  
Say, a bottle of that sunscreen might be handy in the South Pacific!  
By the sign on the druggist's counter, you presume the druggist is out. Only a clerk remains, and he doesn't look too bright.  
One bottle is enough!  
You grab a bottle of SPF 90 while you picture Bachelorette Barbara rubbing it all over you!  
You take a bottle of sunscreen.  
Put it back where you got it.  
You don't owe for anything.  
You feel sure it's in here somewhere.  
You must obtain those in the "Land of the Lounge Lizards!"  
"Hey, buddy!" you say, "Have you heard I'm now incredibly wealthy?"  
"Do you have anything here that costs a dollar or less?" you ask him.  
"Gosh," he replies, "I'm so impressed."  
"Nope," he responds.  
"I'd like to pay for this," you tell the clerk.  
"Do you have change for a million-dollar bill?"  
"Do you have change for a hundred?"  
"But all I have is a dollar."  
"But I have no money," you whine. "Could you find it in your heart to let me have a little bottle of sunscreen to protect my skin from the ozone-depleted atmosphere?"  
"Yeah, sure," he says, "do I look like they'd trust me with a million in change?"  
"No," he says, "But feel free to give me a big tip!"  
"But, of course, my good man," you tell him, suddenly putting on airs, "have a hundred; in fact, have two. Money means nothing to me!"  
"No way, dude!"  
"Like, thanks, dude," he tells you, "now let me go back to sleep."  
He concludes with a familiar, "%s"  
Looks like you're out of luck here, Larry.  
You find women sexy!  
(How you wish this were one!)

### **Barber shop**

Walk over to the front of the barber's chair and sit down.

"Do you have change for a million-dollar bill?" you ask the barber.  
"Get lost," replies the barber, "I don't appreciate practical jokes."  
You'd like to get a haircut, but you just don't have enough money!  
"I'm sorry, monsieur," says the barber rudely, "I have no more appointments left today!"  
"In fact, I'd appreciate it if you'd leave now before I have to call the Hair Police!"  
"You look much better to me, monsieur!"  
"I have no time for idle conversation," responds the barber. "It's bad enough I have to talk to customers while I cut their hair, I certainly don't want to talk when I'm NOT cutting hair!"  
"If you want me to work on that problem head of yours, you'd better sit down in the chair."  
"Good day, monsieur," says the barber. "May I help you?"  
"How about a quick styling?" you ask.  
"Oui, monsieur, but of course," replies the barber, "allow me to correct that receding hairline of yours with my patented, special, proprietary technique... macrobiotic styling reweaving!"  
"Just have a seat in the chair, please."  
"Here," says the barber, "take a look in this mirror and remember what you look like. When I'm done, you won't be able to recognize your own hairline! Why, you'll be a different man!"  
You think to yourself, "Yeah, this is exactly what I need... a new look. I'll make Bachelorette Barbie change her tune!"  
"Ok, go for it!" you tell the barber.  
"Allow me to begin with a thorough cleansing to rid your hair and scalp of any possible pollutants," says the barber. "I assure you, I use only the trendiest products, all organically grown and available only in undersized, overpriced, biodegradable bottles!"  
You wonder to yourself, "What will I look like when he's done?"  
"Will I be handsome?"  
"Will I ever find true love?"  
"You certainly have interesting daydreams!" says the barber.  
Hey, Brutus! Get outta here!!  
"Your hair is clean and conditioned," says the barber, "now for the special styling."  
"However, in the future, may I recommend 10w40 and no more than 3,000 miles between oil changes!"  
"All done," says the barber. "Take a look in this mirror... what do you think?"  
Oh, well. You can't judge a book by its cover!  
"That'll be fine," you tell the barber.  
"Say," you ask him, "exactly how could I know I was getting a macrobiotic styling?"  
"By the price!"  
"That'll be a hundred bucks," says the barber.  
"Thanks, I guess," you say, flipping the barber one of your C-notes.  
The barber replies, "%s"

### **Ye Olde Ethno-Musicology Shoppe**

There are instruments here from many diverse ethnic cultures. The studios at the rear of the store are filled with people plucking their charangos!

A beautiful Latin lady waits behind the counter, watching your every move.

At last, a carpet! You thought this whole city was paved.

The door beneath the bell is clearly labeled "IN" and thus should not be used. However, the door in

the south wall is labeled: "OUT."

Along the walls are locked practice rooms.

It's a pretty carpet, isn't it?

"Ye Olde Ethno-Musicology Shoppe" is filled with unusual instruments from the four corners of the world.

(You wonder which ethnic subculture makes such extensive use of electric amplifiers and drum sets!)

Perhaps you should talk to the clerk first to see if it's all right for you to mess around with the instruments.

"Do you have change for a million?" you ask the clerk.

"Non habla anglais," replies the clerk.

"May I buy something here?" you ask.

"Hello, beautiful," you tell her. %s

"Buenos dias, Senor." she responds with a blank stare.

(Apparently she doesn't speak English.)

"Hi, beautiful," you attempt to lay a little smooth-mouth on the lovely Latin lady. %s

"Buenos dias, Senor Dos assistanta bello bono?" la senorita el talkos.

("Good day, Sir. How may I help you?")

Suddenly, she smiles broadly... as if she recognizes you!

Her smile makes you glad you took Spanish in high school.

(Too bad you slept through it!)

Aw, what the hell. You decide to brush the dust off your Spanish by attempting a conversation with the lovely senorita.

Aw, what the heck. You decide to brush the dust off your Spanish by attempting a conversation with the lovely senorita.

Perhaps you could begin by complimenting her on her extremely good looks...

"El pesto la guardia say spermo boobitos," you tell her.

("Your ears remind me of whale breasts.")

Her face brightens further -- she seems genuinely interested in you. Your Spanish must not be so bad after all!

"Si, sa la luna el gross et poopie-doggie la bambino," la senorita reporitos.

("Yes, but the moon is full, and you are a chihuahua.")

Whoa! Speaking is one thing, but understanding is another! Her response baffles you completely.

You have no idea what she means.

Of course, that's never stopped you before...

"El pencilo es tubular, rigido amarillo," you tell her.

("My pencil is long, hard and yellow.")

"El hombre del na nostra donde esta majora signale. La writo de stupido sententates," la senorita charma.

("So you're finally here! I thought you'd never show up. By the way, who writes these secret phrases, anyway?")

"La microfiche la enigm big dealo onklunk no touche, Dr. Nonookee el commie."

("The microfiche containing the secrets to the recent United States' superconductor research breakthrough is hidden inside this rare, Peruvian onklunk. Don't let anyone touch it before you personally deliver it to Dr. Nonookee. And (I don't need to tell you) be careful: he, and he alone, has the authority to deliver it to the USSR agents!")

"Mucho gracias, la Senorita,

("Thanks, I guess.")

As best you can tell, she wants you to keep that unusual musical instrument on the counter. So, rather than risk offending her generosity, you take it.

"Have zeee nice dayo."

("%s")



"You! What are you doing back here?!" says the clerk, skipping the foreign language subtitles completely. "You'd better get on with the mission before Dr. Nonookee prevents you from ever missioning again!"

"What are you talking about? I've never seen you before in my entire life!" says the dorky-looking guy, "Besides, you're not supposed to talk to me like that before we exchange our cute, little, secret phrases!"

"What do you mean," she responds, "you just walked out that other door over there!"

"Not me!" he exclaims. "Hey! Wait a minute! Don't tell me you gave the goods to someone else?"

"I, eh, uh," she stammers, "I'm not sure, that is, there may be a... I may have..."

Her voice trembles with fear!

"I'm sorry, he fit your description perfectly! And he said the secret code phrases as well!! Although, come to think of it, he DID have a terrible accent. I thought the bad accent might have been part of your disguise."

"What will I do?" she continues, "Dr. Nonookee doesn't tolerate mistakes!"

Her eyes flash with an idea, "Of course, if you promise to help me, I won't tell him how you lost the microfiche!"

"Why, you..." he threatens, "if you know what's good for you, you'll shut down this joint, contact Nontoonyt Island, and get the troops started finding this guy. They'll guarantee he tells no tales about your little indiscretion! If you can retrieve the microfiche before he discovers what he has, Dr. Nonookee might even allow you to live a few extra days!"

She deliberates just a moment before making her decision.

"You're right, of course. You see if you can follow him, while I contact the island by radiotelephone."

Well, Larry, this is certainly another fine mess you've gotten us into!

Not only is the KGB after you for grabbing what was supposed to be theirs, but Dr. Nonookee's beautiful army of henchettes, game show hostesses, church secretaries, and bimbos is now hot on your tail!

Since we've now learned the worst, we'll rejoin you as you wander through Los Angeles...

You find Latin American women sexy.

(But then, you find any woman sexy!)

## **Seedy bar**

"Sure," you reply, "always time for a little nip with some seedy-looking stranger!"

"Thanks anyway, buster, but I'm on the wagon."

"That's some breath you're packing, buddy," you say.

"Do you have a license for that breath of yours?" you ask him.

He ignores you, "How 'bout a little nip?"

The doors are barred shut, as this is a seedy part of town. In fact, you probably shouldn't be walking around here!

They're just a couple of guys who can't say no.

He looks friendly enough, for a scum-sucking gutter snipe!

This place will remain closed until this game goes into night mode.

This part of town is not as well-maintained as it should be.

There's nothing inside.  
The ocean waves, and the dock "piers" back at you.  
Yep. That's what's out there!  
Aren't you tired of seeing that dog everywhere!  
You are now in a very seedy portion of the city.  
In the distance you can see those famous L. A. landmarks: the "Queen Larry" and the "Loose Goose."  
There's no need. These guys are too gone to hear you!  
Why bother? This bar is off limits.  
"Hey, sonny," says the old man, "wouldja like a hit ah the 'bird?'"  
Say! This really hits the spot. Nothing like a good, hard, snort to perk up an adventurer's spirits.  
A little more couldn't hurt...  
(THUMP!)  
"Gotcha, you scurvy dog!" cries the cleverly disguised KGB agent. "Now, let's go to my place (and not for a drink)!"  
These guys are playing for keeps, Larry. You'd better be more careful if you're going to hang onto your onklunk!

## The Ship

It's so big that from this angle it is difficult to see it all. Perhaps you should "board her!"  
It reaches from here all the way to the ship.  
(If it didn't, wouldn't it be a pain to board?)  
Big links, eh?  
The man controls the electric gate.  
He's either a member of the crew of that large ocean-going vessel parked immediately behind him, or dressed for an unusual party!  
"If you're going with us, you'd better get moving," says the man in the uniform. "Are you going to show me your ticket, or did you walk over here just to kabitz?"  
This is an automatic opening, electric, remote-controlled gate that is presently locked.  
(And you can't open it.)  
It would be best not to look up at THAT bird!  
The ocean waves, and the dock "piers" back at you.  
The electric gate is closed and locked. It is not under your control.  
The aroma of dead fish and diesel fumes makes you realize you're at the harbor.  
There is a man standing here.  
You snap to attention. "Sir! Request permission to come aboard, Sir!!"  
"Cut the crap, son," he replies with disgust, "I'm no Captain, I'm the purser. May I have your ticket and your passport, please?"  
"Uh, I don't have a passport," you respond. "They didn't say anything on the tv show about a passport!"  
"I'm sorry, young man, but I can not allow any passengers aboard without a passport!" he says, returning your ticket to you. "Come back when you get yours, but you'd better hurry: we're due to sail any minute now!"  
"Hi!" you tell the purser. "Here's my ticket and my passport!"  
"Ok, you just made it! Let's take a look at that passport first."  
"Whew, nice photo," he says sarcastically.  
"Now let's see if your ticket is in order..."  
"...ah, geesh, another freebie! When are those suits in marketing gonna realize these boats don't sail

on wind power any more! Oops, I'm sorry; it's not your fault."

Regaining his composure, he continues, "your cabin will be on Deck F, cabin number 1. That'll be all the way below decks, and to the rear. This will give you an excellent opportunity to hear all the subtle inflections of our diesels."

"You may enter now," he concludes.

### **Gangplank**

It looks like you just made it; the ship is almost ready to leave!

Isn't it pretty!

The ship rises beside you.

Inside the ship, people are overeating.

The massive hull of the ocean liner rises beside the gangplank. Above you, people are in a festive mood, anticipating the impending departure of the U.S.S. Love Tub.

Somebody up there is littering!

As Los Angeles slips out of view, your thoughts are on your search...

...will you find love?

(Or just keep looking in all the wrong places?)

### **CRUISE SHIP**

The ship's PA system crackles to life, "We are sorry, ladies and gentlemen, but due to unknown reasons our lifeboats have inadvertently been lowered into the water. We regret this inconvenience."

**You just missed your last chance at escape!**

**The next time you start something, you'd better be prepared to finish it!**

Ok. You feel refreshed, but fruitless.

Ok. You rapidly glom down a quart of spinach dip and a whole loaf of sourdough bread.

You have nothing which needs mending.

You apply the sunscreen to your neck and hands.

You are clever to reapply the sunscreen after your swim washed it off!

Ok. You carefully rub the sunscreen over every exposed part of your body.

You look to sea to see what you can see, but soon you see that all you can see is sea.

The bright tropical sun smiles down from an azure sky. Ah! There's nothing like a sea voyage to freshen the lungs of a lounge lizard!

Scud scuds past the ship, messing up an otherwise clear blue sky.

Everyone here ALSO has a better tan than you, Larry.

Sway.

Where?

### **Ship map**

Swimwear is not allowed there. Try the pool instead.

I suggest using the cursor keys for that!

Your cabin is all the way to the rear of the ship, on the lowest level... remember?

The hallways aren't that large; it's you that's small!

They are perfect for moving between decks.

"Oh-ho, say, can you sea?"

Scud scuds past the ship, messing up an otherwise clear blue sky.

### **Your Cabin**

You quickly open the cramped little closet and look inside. You find absolutely nothing, so you return the doors to their closed position.

You feel nothing but dust.

(But remember this if you ever play "King's Quest III.")

You are so clever to think to look under the bed!

You find nothing.

It's small and hard.

(A condition not unknown to you!)

You wonder what brand of furniture polish the ship's employees use to bring out the natural grain of that fine plywood.

There is a bowl of fruit sitting on the nightstand, with a note attached.

You read the note...

"Bon voyage, Larry!

Love,

Mrs. Bimbo"

Egad! She's sending you gifts!

Who's "Mrs. Bimbo?!"

No one on "The Dating Connection" promised you a deluxe cabin. In fact, this is surely "un-luxe!"

Located at the rear of the ship's lowest deck, the noise from the engine compartment is deafening.

You have a bed, a nightstand, and a small closet. There is a door in the aft wall.

It's too small to hold you.

(Bet you were expecting another cheap "out of the closet" joke!)

Nah. You're allergic.

Have you no modesty? At least move behind the closet!

Nah. Who'd wear half a swimsuit?

Don't you want to see what's behind that door to the right?

Ok. This IS a good place to change clothes.

You open the nightstand's sole drawer and inspect it thoroughly.

Nothing.

Zip.

Nada.

You close the drawer.

Ok. You feel refreshed and fruitless.

Ok. Thinking a little shut-eye might do you some good, you collapse on the bed, and immediately begin snoring.

You're not down.

Night has fallen on the good ship U.S.S. Love Tub, so you head for your bed and a few hours of relaxing sleep.

Unbeknownst to our "little boy blue," the door to the adjoining cabin swings open.

Suddenly a deep rumbling shakes your cabin, not the steady roar of the ship's engines (to which you've now grown accustomed), this sounds more like an onrushing steam locomotive encountering a steep gradient while the fireman pours on the coal!

IT'S MAMA!!!!

"Oops," says the big Mother, "I didn't mean ta hurt 'cha, lil' fella!"

"Shoooooot, an' he was such a cute 'n, too!" she moans.

Now it becomes clear to you. You must escape from this vessel before darkness falls or you'll continue to be the main course at a Mama party!

Too bad, Larry, but it seems your bed just isn't the place to be, if you want to be alone!

### **Mrs Bimbo's Cabin**

His first Mama.

Here's Mama.

Mama's coming... later!

Not this time.

"Wow, sonny," shrieks big Mama, I thought you were never gonna come over here! Sit here on the bed while I slip into something more comfortable. I bet you'd like this little mink-lined leather special, wouldn't ya? Now you get comfortable in those chromium chains and handcuffs conveniently attached to the four corners of the bed."

You find plenty of dust.

It's not open.

Not now! Mother would be displeased.

You see lots of unusual garments, many made of leather, with fur linings. Mother must be a policewoman, as she also has handcuffs, whips, chains and other paraphernalia that you assume would only be useful in the field of law enforcement.

There is an open door here leading back to your room. The door to the hall is locked. There is also a closet and a drawer in the nightstand, either of which may be opened.

You see lots of unmentionables, which will remain unmentioned, plus Mother's sewing kit.

You see nothing of further interest to you.

It's small and hard.

(A condition not unknown to you!)

Where?

Must we? Oh, ok.

The painting on the aft wall is from the Starving Sailors' School of art.

There is a door on the forward wall that leads back to your room. The door to the hall is locked. A large closet and a nightstand are against the starboard wall.

And a large, ugly woman is looking back at you!

The door to your room IS open!

The door to the hallway is locked.

You don't want to close yourself in here!

The door to the hallway IS closed.

It's too late now!

You have better things to do. Try to find one.

You should not do that here.

"Come on over, Larry," says Mother. "Sit here on the bed with me."

"Gosh, I'm real sorry I busted into your room like this," you tell the woman. %s

"Yes, I know, big boy," says Mama Bimbo. "I was hopin' you'd come next door!"

There's nothing in there that you know how to use!

"Well, well, well; what have we here?" says the woman on the bed.

Uh, oh, Larry. You've been caught entering someone else's stateroom.

"Why, I do believe it's that darling young man that my daughter won on TV!" says the woman.

Good lord! She's Bachelorette Barbara's mother!

"Poor little Barbie got to feeling poorly just as the cruise was about to start, so I decided to 'borrow' her ticket and come along instead!"

Your mind quickly envisions "Paradise Lost."

"I hope you don't mind: I convinced the purser that it was in his best interests to assign us to adjoining cabins! I'm sure I can make your voyage enjoyable!"

"I really want to get to 'know' you (if you get my drift). After I saw you win that Lottery show, I thought you were just about the cutest thing I'd ever seen!"

"Except for my Mister, of course (may he rest in peace). He was a good man, and usually quite sturdy, but one day his heart just couldn't take it any more!"

You wonder why it is necessary for you to learn this.

"Honey, any time you want to come over and see Momma, you just feel free to pop on through that doorway, ya hear?"

She attempts to give you a cute, girlish smile.

(She fails.)

"Say, look who's back!" says the Mother. "It's my little friend from next door! Came over for a little action, did we? Well, you've come to the right place, big boy!"

You've been caught in someone else's stateroom!

You decide to make a run for the door!

"Yep, I've been lookin' for a man like you ever since my Mister had his big one. Whaddaya say we have a little fun? You do like havin' fun, doncha?"

"Hop over there on the bed, baby."

"Now you just get comfortable in those chromium chains and handcuffs while I slip into something a little more comfortable myself," she says, opening her closet. "Let's see, possibly a little something in mink-lined leather would be nice..."

Mama proceeds to have her way with you repeatedly.

Too bad that "her way" is not "your way!"

(You can see why this broad's a widow!)

"Hi, sweetie!" says Mama.

"Back to play?"

You find women sexy.

(But in this case, you make an exception!)

## **The Poolside**

You allow yourself to be seduced by the beautiful woman and quickly become close friends, then head for the ship's fantail where she parks her private helicopter. A short, romantic chopper ride across the South Pacific is followed by an intriguing look at her impressive garage door, hidden suspiciously by a mountain waterfall.

Later, that night...

"Hey, baby," you cry, "wait for me!!"

They are all too busy sunbathing to talk to you.

There's only one deck chair left.

The webbing has stretched considerably since you plopped down!

Just think how ugly he must look from underneath!

Your botanical investigation leads to nothing.

Everything around you looks wet.

You're too busy watching your life pass before your eyes!

You look straight up and see lots of blue sky.

Doesn't that pool look refreshing?

There is one empty chaise lounge by the pool.

You are!

Good idea, Larry.

Try stepping into the pool first!

You can't. You're too busy drowning!

You try repeatedly to dive into the concrete pool deck with no success!

Not here! You might hit the edge of the pool.  
This is too comfortable for you to change positions now!  
You're not properly dressed for sunbathing; where's your swimming suit?  
Not now! There's someone coming.  
Nah. That's unnecessary.  
"Hi ya, beautiful," you tell her. %s  
To whom are you speaking? There are no girls here.  
You have always loved bathing suits with the consistency of facial tissue!  
Where? There's nothing here but guys.  
Next time, you might try swimming in something other than a thick polyester white leisure suit!  
**Why jump in the water if you're not going to swim?**  
**Surely you learned to swim when you were a little dorker?**  
That was refreshing!  
Ah! Seems like a lovely day to catch a few rays.  
It's a good thing you applied that sunscreen!  
**Those tropical UVs can be deadly!**  
"Why, hello there, big fella," says the beautiful blond with the body like a brick shipyard, "why are you hanging around here? I've been looking for someone just like you for a long time. Why don't you come back to my place, and you won't have to hang around all alone ever again!"  
(Geez, Larry. You've finally found yourself a live one!)  
**"Come on, Samson, I just can't wait to get you all alone!"**

### **In the pool**

Exactly how long do you think you can hold your breath?  
**You feel your lungs explode as you think to yourself, "Gee, I wish I could hold my breath longer, or I owned a faster computer!"**  
There is a bikini top caught in the pool's drain!  
You can remember when there was a bikini top caught in that drain!  
The water is clear enough to see too much of that guy in the inner tube!  
No way!  
Why do you have such a fascination with plumbing?  
Just move wherever you want to go.  
Where?  
Oops.

### **Bridge**

There are many flashing dials, lights, video display terminals, etc. Mostly, they just confuse you.  
The ship's flashing dials and lights reveal nothing, but there is a large switch on the center console, directly behind the Captain.  
There is a large toggle switch labeled "LIFEBOAT TIMER" on the console directly behind the Captain.  
He's intently steering this ship. Don't disturb him.  
You have the distinct feeling that you should not be messing around on the bridge of a large, ocean-going vessel. So far, the Captain hasn't noticed you.  
You'd better keep it that way.  
No, better not. You're not supposed to be in here, and as of now, he hasn't seen you. Leave him alone.  
Try as you might, you are unable to return the switch to its previous position. It is locked "ON."  
Once a lifeboat drill begins, there is no turning back!

Silently, cautiously, so as not to attract the Captain's attention, you move the large toggle switch to the "START" position. A faint ticking sound begins.

Look out, Larry! He's firing a poisoned dart!!

At least he missed you. However, the Captain lies dying on the deck, and the ship is drifting helplessly on the high seas!

Through your ineptitude you've allowed your Captain to be killed by a KGB poisoned dart.

Unbeknown to the passengers and crew the ship now charts its own course, a course (of course) that courses straight for the nearest reef.

Perhaps you'll miss the reef and miss the grief; save the ship and save the day; perhaps you'll even escape safely!

Nah, no way!!

You knew better than that!

"Hold it right there, buddy!" says the Captain. "No one's allowed on MY bridge without permission!"

The security guards take you away to the brig, which is located on a deck even lower than your cabin! The conditions there aren't that bad, although seepage does keep the floor covered with oily, slimy water. Unfortunately, during one particularly wet dream, you slide off your bunk and drown in bilge water.

## Ship bar

You meet the lovely blond on the ship's stairs, quickly become dear friends, then head for the fantail where she parks her private helicopter. A romantic, moonlight chopper ride across the South Pacific is followed by an intriguing look at her impressive garage door, which looks suspiciously like a mountaintop waterfall.

Later, that night...

"Hey, baby," you cry, "wait for me! I think I love ya!"

"Hi ya, beautiful," you tell her. %s Where'dja get that dress?

Too bad she couldn't afford to buy a complete dress!

She looks like she has something you need, Larry.

(And vice versa.)

A beautiful woman is entering the bar, and it looks like she's heading for you, Larry

BOING!

He looks extremely bored.

All of the tables are occupied by people enjoying themselves.

(And they don't want to be bothered by you!)

There's something moving out there!

Oh, wait. That's just the ship; this room is revolving!

You've always loved black lights.

Shouldn't you turn off this computer if you're going to watch television?

The bartender is looking at you, expecting you to order a drink.

There is a handsome bartender behind the bar and one empty stool in front of it.

There is a complimentary bowl of spinach dip at the left end of the bar.



The spinach dip resides in a bowl made of sourdough bread, and looks delicious.  
The ship's revolving nightclub has a television set behind the bar and only one empty stool.  
There's only one seat available to you, Larry: that empty stool at the bar.  
You'd better sit down first.  
"Hi," you say to the bartender with a smile. %s  
"Thanks for telling me," he responds sarcastically.  
(Well, that didn't work Larry!)  
"Hi, you bevy of beautiful babes," you say to the women at the bar, flashing your best smile.  
"Why don't you join hands and try communicating with the living?" she asks sarcastically.  
"What an asshole," she tells her friend.  
There's no one here interested in talking to you. Perhaps you could talk to the bartender.  
"We're all out of that," says the bartender. "Would you like a mixed drink?"  
Ok. You dip a little sourdough bread into the mayonnaise-rich dip. Say! This is tasty. You ravenously devour the entire bowl, consuming approximately a quart of mayonnaise in the process and blowing your diet for the next month. Geez, Larry; you could have left a little for the other people here!  
You grab the loaf of french bread filled with spinach, mayonnaise and spices. Umm, good!  
"Do you have any drinks with parasols and fruit?" you ask the bartender.  
"But, of course," he replies, "allow me to fix you the speciality of the house..."  
"Heavy on the pineapple, ok?" you ask.  
"No problem," he says. "Somehow, I would have guessed that!"  
"Here's to ya," you say to no one in particular.  
"Ah, ha! I gotcha, you Vicious Devil-Enemy of the People!!" cries the bartender, subtly revealing himself as a member of the KGB. "How's that for 'extra pineapple,' you sap?"  
The bartender's mickey has the desired effect upon your central nervous system. You give the KGB no problems during transit to their local headquarters. We'll drop by there, just to see how you and they are getting along...

"Hello, studly," says the beautiful blond, "looking for a good time? Want to go to my place, instead of just hanging around here all alone?"  
(Geez, Larry. A real woman! Talking to you!!)  
"Come on, sweetheart, let's go someplace more private!"

## **Ship Barber Shop**

You can't see any from here.  
You love the warm glow of florescent lights.  
Don't all barber shops look alike?  
He looks friendly enough.  
Walk over to the front of the barber's chair and sit down.  
"I'm sorry, Mister," says the barber rudely, "I have no more appointments left today!"  
"In fact, I'd appreciate it if you'd leave now before I have to call the Ship Police!"  
"You look much better to me, monsieur!"  
"I have no time for idle conversation," responds the barber. "It's bad enough I have to talk to customers while I cut their hair, I certainly don't want to talk when I'm NOT cutting hair!"

"Good day, Mister," says the barber. "May I help you?"

"Is there anything you can do for this hairline of mine," you ask the barber.

"But, of course, Mister," says the barber, "I've got exactly what you need."

"Just have a seat in the chair, please."

"Yes, I have exactly what you need," he tells you. "It's all the rage; the latest thing. You see it everywhere these days. In fact, guys make a lot of money with one of these!"

"I call it 'The Jimmy' model, and I'm sure you'll like it just fine!"

He places "The Jimmy" carefully on your head.

"Impeccable fit!" he cries, "And (for you) the price is right -- only \$10,000.00!! But I like to consider it more of an investment than an expense!"

(10K for a wig?)

Oh, what the hell -- it's not like it's your money; why not let those suckers who paid for all those Luck-o Buck-o tickets treat you to a new look!

Oh, well, it's not like it's your money; why not let those suckers who paid for all those Luck-o Buck-o tickets treat you to a new look!

"I'll take it," you tell him, and peel off a hundred hundreds from your rapidly depleting wad.

The barber bids you farewell with a sweet, "%s"

You catch a good look at yourself in the mirror and slip the wig into your inner jacket pocket. You tell the barber, "Thanks a lot, but I think I'll just save this until my cable channel application is approved!"

### **Lifeboats**

Look! The ship has come to a standstill in the water. They must be preparing for the lifeboat drill! You'd better not leave this area!

You delve through the lifeboat's contents, but find nothing that will help you through your current predicament.

You are too far from the lifeboat to examine it carefully. Perhaps you should climb in.

A good idea.

But you find nothing here to help you do that.

While no whitecaps are visible here, the rolling motion of the ship makes you briefly consider throwing something overboard.

(Where "something" is defined as your lunch!)

It's there to prevent people like you from falling overboard.

It is firmly attached to its mooring apparatus by ropes. There is a chain preventing you from falling over the side of the ship.

The upper deck of the ship stretches away in all directions. There is a lifeboat hanging around here. No way! You might fall overboard. You're not coordinated enough to balance on this heaving deck.

Good idea.

You crawl under the chain. As you plummet to the water you think to yourself, "Gee, aren't we hundreds of miles from shore?"

(Yes!)

You rapidly race for the railing and fling yourself over the ship's railing. As you plummet to the water you think to yourself, "Gee, aren't we hundreds of miles from shore?"

Not dressed like that!

You are already in the lifeboat.

Right. You'll never get THAT thing to fold up into your pocket!

(Gee. This is exciting.)

(Are we having fun yet?)

## **Outside the ship**

Good idea. This would be a perfect time!

A good idea.

You toss the spinach dip as far over the ocean as you can.

(Which is not really that far.)

It's getting smaller!

This is not what you were expecting from a deluxe cruise!

The lifeboat drill has brought the ship to a standstill. What have you done, Larry?

A siren wails a warning cry, and the lifeboat begins to shake. You made it to the lifeboat in the nick of time!

Slowly, you drift away from the cruise ship. You wonder what you forgot to pack.

## **Open sea**

And as the good ship U.S.S. Love Tub slowly sinks behind the horizon, we rejoin our noble hero in his latest predicament.

Isn't it funny how time flies when you're having fun!

During a particularly rough storm, late in your tenth night at sea, your lifeboat crashes on a coral reef and shatters to bits. You grab the largest piece of wood you can, hold on tight and survive the storm. The dawn finds you crashing through an offshore reef, tumbling through the surf to a gorgeous beach.

Boy, is that sun hot!

It's a good thing you used that sunscreen to block those ultraviolets! The sun out here is hot enough to fry an egg.

You think the sun must be even hotter today!

It's a good thing you wore that silly wig. The sun out here is hot enough to fry your brains.

Your thirst becomes more and more intense with every passing day. Visions of pre-Classic Coke float before your eyes!

You extract the Grotesque Gulp from your inside coat pocket and are surprised to discover it has retained its entire 32-gallon capacity. You now have enough fluid to last you for weeks; but you are worried about your blood sugar level!

Your hunger grows intense with the passing of the days. Visions of Danny's Pizza float before your eyes!

It's a good thing you brought that spinach dip along.

You cleverly open the sewing kit you stole from that Mother's nightstand, extract a safety pin and thread. You patiently fish for hours, but eventually catch your limit.

(Your limit for raw fish is quite low!)

You were so clever to grab that basket of fruit from the nightstand.

**Second-degree burns from the sun are no "Laff-ing" matter, Larry!**

**(Looks like that sunscreen is not waterproof!)**

**The tropical sun has turned your balded brain into an omelette cooked until Sunnyside Soft, Larry!**

**Unfortunately for you, the mayonnaise has spoiled in the hot, tropical sun!**

**Perhaps next time you'll pack a little something to drink before beginning your trans-oceanic voyage!**

**You've thought of all your needs, except food. Come on, you can find something to eat somewhere, can't you?**

**Better luck next cruise, Larry!**

## **RESORT**

You're already clean.

(It's your mind that's dirty!)

It smells of native, ornithological, organic fertilizers.

Isn't the air here wonderful?

Everyone here appears to be even more wealthy than you, Larry.

They are everywhere. Lush growth. Huge flowers.

This resort is really a beautiful place.

## **Beach Of Arrival**

It looks as though they are all unoccupied.

You are on the beach of a beautiful resort hotel, a tropical paradise for the rich and famous. In the distance you see people enjoying water sports of all kinds.

Hey, Larry! That's you out there in the surf!

"LAND HO!!" you cry.

Oh, good; here comes someone to help you.

(Asshole!)

Congratulations, Larry! You have survived weeks adrift on the high seas with nothing but your courage, perseverance and a few humble provisions; endured tropical storms, vicious winds and high seas in just a tiny lifeboat; prevailed over the surf, off-shore barrier reef, and razor-sharp coral; escaped the dangerous Mother; avoided the vicious KGB and the tempting enticements of the evil Dr. Nonookee's henchette hordes, and withstood that creep's audacious humor...

...and you're still as good as new!

(But boy, is your suit a mess!!)

Don't you just love a good polyester?)

But now you wonder, "Where am I?"

And what possessions survived your disastrous journey?

## **Nude Beach**

You have no desire to return to the ocean after all you went through on that lifeboat, Larry!

"We're too busy recreating to talk to you, buddy."

You got plenty of sun on that lifeboat.

Yeah! You can dig it!

(But not here.)

The umbrellas are not important to your escape from this place.

The rocks will not help you.

If you did climb a tree, you'd just see the airport, and long even more for escape from this place, and your freedom. So... don't!

This sky could sunburn you in just a few seconds.

(It's a good thing you rubbed on that SPF-90 earlier.)

Everyone here appears to be wearing even less clothing than you, Larry.

The ocean certainly looks peaceful, but after what you've been through in that lifeboat you have no desire to return to it for some time.  
The hot sand burns your feet.  
Palm trees sway overhead, while tropical succulents suc away in the bushes.

### **Tropical Forest**

The grounds of the resort are covered with elaborate, hand-carved and inlaid patterns, none of which show up on that cheap graphics board and monitor you're using!  
There is one beautiful flower growing directly under that parrot sitting in the palm tree.  
You discover Jim Walls testing "Police Quest II!" Jim! You were supposed to be on vacation!  
The peacock is beautiful, but of no use to you.  
You hesitate to look up, but grab a quick peek. They are beautiful birds, but unfortunately they cannot tell you how to escape this place!  
LAND SHARK!!  
Where?  
This resort has lovely landscaping, but it's so dense that you cannot find anything. You wander about aimlessly, searching for a break in the vegetation to return you to civilization!  
He's not interested in talk.  
Sit back; relax; enjoy.  
You have all the nuts you need for this game.  
That won't help you.  
Ok. Let's see if we can find a shortcut!  
Sorry; maybe next time!  
You reach over and break off the beautiful flower at its base. "Aw," you rationalize, "they'll never miss just one flower!"  
Say, you're getting faster at this!  
At last you find an exit.  
(But where does it lead?)  
Why, here you are back at the beach!  
Why, you've found a lovely restaurant!  
Why, you've found an empty guest room!  
Why, you've found the resort's barber shop!

### **Restaurant**

You stick your head under the table nearest you.  
(You see nothing you wish to share at this time!)  
Why look! There's a knife lying next to the cheese plate.  
There's nothing left but food.  
Your table conveniently arrived with food attached!  
It's not much, but it's yours!  
They aren't crowded! Perhaps you should talk to the Maitre d' about dining here.  
There are people sitting at the tables.  
It's a nice chair.  
There's no one here except that snooty Maitre d'.  
They make a lovely couple.

They certainly sit still!

And, what a dress code!!

Nothing is too expensive for this place.

Expensive linen, crystal and silver weigh down the tables. An appetizer buffet fills one corner.

It's just hanging around.

"No one at this table is interested in speaking with you."

The Maitre d' stops you by growling angrily, "Sir! Our strict dress code forbids us serving anyone that looks like you! Please leave -- NOW!"

"We have a limit of one TV tray of food per customer," says the Maitre d' snootily. "Please leave... NOW!"

Wait until the maitre d' returns to his position.

"Uh, excuse me, sir," you say hesitantly, "I was wondering if I might get a bite to eat?"

The Maitre d' slowly diverts his gaze toward you.

"Certainly not!" he sputters, "appropriate dress is always required here!"

"Your name, please?" he asks.

"Well, I suppose I could try to find a place for you on our busy schedule," he replies disdainfully.

"Just have a seat there in the chair while I prepare a table for you."

Grabbing the knife lying beside the cheese platter, you carve yourself off a huge hunk of cheddar and pop it into your mouth.

Not bad.

You glom up a cracker full of brie, and slip it into your mouth.

You've never liked brie.

You reach over to your table, and grab a handful of oyster crackers, popping them into your mouth.

(You've loved these things ever since you were a kid!)

A good idea. Perhaps you should talk to the Maitre d'.

There's nothing nearby to eat.

That won't help you.

The Maitre d' DID say to help yourself to the buffet, but this is rather borderline behavior, Larry!

Oh, ok; you surreptitiously slip the slicer from the serving surface and sequester it in your suit.

You are!

The Maitre d' stops you by growling angrily, "Sir! Our strict dress code forbids us serving anyone that looks like you! Please leave... NOW!"

Please move between the table and chair if you want to sit down at your table.

Perhaps you should talk to the man at the podium first.

Not now!

"Here's a hundred dollars," you inform the Maitre d'. "May I please have a nice table and something to eat?"

"Thank you, Sir. Just have a seat in the chair."

That Grotesque Gulp was enough to quench your thirst for the rest of this game!

"Why, Mr. and Mrs. Rich," says the Maitre d'. "What a pleasure to see you again. Of course I have a table for you!"

Well, that was certainly rude! You were here before them. You feel yourself becoming perturbed!

"I hope you find this satisfactory, Sir," grovels the Maitre d' with his palm extended.

"Why, Mr. and Mrs. Famous," says the Maitre d'. "What a pleasure to see you again. Of course I have a table for you!"

Well, that was certainly rude! You were here before them. You feel yourself becoming annoyed!

"Why, Mr. and Mrs. Gates," says the Maitre d'. "What a pleasure to see you again. Of course I have a table for you!"

Well, that was certainly rude! You were here before them. You feel yourself becoming indignant!

"Why, Mr. Leach," says the Maitre d'. "What a pleasure to see you again. Of course I have a table for you!"

Well, that was certainly rude! You were here before them. You feel yourself becoming incensed!

"Why, Mr. and Mrs. Williams," says the Maitre d'. "What a pleasure to see you again. Of course I have a table for you!"

Well, that was certainly rude! You were here before them. You feel yourself becoming enraged!

"All right, sir," the Maitre d' says begrudgingly, "I'll show you to your table now."

(Sure, now that there are no tables left!)

"Please, walk this way."

You think to yourself, "If I walked that way, I'd use talcum powder!"

"Oh, boy," says the Maitre d', sharply clapping his hands, "please set up a table for Mr. Laffer!"

"Be seated, Mr. Laffer," says the Maitre d' as he escapes to the kitchen. "Feel free to help yourself at our appetizer bar, and, oh yes, I almost forgot:"

"%s"

(Choice location, Larry.)

Ummm.

Yummy.

Bad idea, Larry.

For a while, you are afraid you are going to die. Then you are afraid you are NOT going to die!

Your last thoughts are, "Maybe it was something I ate..."

### **Hotel room**

Pretty clever!

But, you find only dust.

(The maid probably has other chores to accomplish!)

It's just a lamp.

Where?

The room is very comfortable.

Will you ever be handsome?

Eaaaaagggggttttthhhhhhh!

(You just scared yourself silly!)

The toilet is on the south wall of the bathroom.

A bowl filled with complimentary soap is near the sink.

A bowl that formerly contained soap is near the sink.

There isn't one.

Why? You're not sleepy.

"Starving Artists' Corp."

"Made in Taiwan"

What a shame your figure hasn't yet filled out.

There are few people who can fill a bikini like you, Larry!

Who says blondes have more fun, Larry?

"Hey, look!" you cry, "It's me, Larry. Larry Laffer!"

There is a book of complimentary matches lying on the nightstand near the bed.

There's nothing left on the nightstand but a lamp, which you don't need.

There is a beach outside filled with people having fun.

(Unlike you, Larry!)

The people are having a "beach" of a good time!

This room is considerably larger than your stateroom on board the cruise ship! It has a picture window overlooking the beach.

There is a restroom, plus a dressing area near the picture window.

Leave the toilet where it is!

Ahhhh.

No, better leave it there.

You would look sweet, but decide to wait until later.  
You'd like to wash your hands of this whole affair!;  
It's too bad they don't close, but the darkened glass prevents anyone outside from looking in and seeing you in the dressing area.

"No, everything is NOT ok," you tell the maid.

"Well, sir; perhaps you'd like something that is not on the room service menu?" she asks with a smile.

"Hello, my little native beauty," you tell her. %s

"Hello, sir," she smiles. "I would like to help you in any way I can."

"Ok. I'm ready," she says with a smile. "How about you?"

Not dressed like that!

First, move to the other side of the bed.

Not while there's a lady present!

You are!

(Boy, do you look sweet!)

Have you no modesty? At least move to the dressing area behind the restroom.

Nah. Why would you want to wear half a bikini?

You'd better stay in the bikini. It's your only hope of escape.

What do you want to wear?

There's no time.

You slip a book of matches into your pocket.

(Gee, Larry; at last you've found your match!)

(Drum fill)

You grab the bowl full of tiny bars of soap and dump it into your pockets thinking, "When I get home, I can carefully wet these, and glue them all together to make at least one regular-sized bar.

What a great deal!"

(You have always been terminally cheap!)

Your bra is full already!

You aren't wearing a bikini.

(Are you sure you want to do this?)

Have you no modesty? At least move to the room's dressing area behind the restroom.

You have no soap.

"Good morning, sir! I'm your customer service representative in charge of horizontal surface consistency and custodial maintenance. I trust you are finding everything satisfactory?" she asks.

(She says she's the maid!)

"Ok," says the native maid coyly, "%s"

"Oh, sir," she smiles demurely, "I just love Americano men; they are so (how you say) 'financial.'"

**"Well, come on, big boy! What are you waiting for? Don't you want to '%s'"**

**"Gee," you tell her, "is this room service, or what?"**

**"Seester Maria! How many times I gotta tell you? Lay off the white meat!"**

**"Sister! How many times shall I shoot him?"**

**Bad choice, Larry! Remember: there's no such thing as a free lunch!**

**Bad choice, Larry!**

**While you are indisposed, through the doorway marches the maid's older brother, Carlos.**

**Thanks to U.S. foreign aid, Carlos has many extra bullets that he enjoys firing for amusement!**

**You find native women sexy.**

**(But then, you find any woman sexy!)**

## **Barber Shop**

Walk over to the front of the barber's chair and sit down.



"I'm sorry, Meester," says the barber, "I've donna all I canna do to, er, for you. Enjoy your new look!"

"I'm sorry, Meester," says the barber, "I've gotta no more 'pointments today!"

Funny. This guy doesn't look Italian!

"You looka mucho better to me, buddy!"

"I gotta no time for a ticky-talky," responds the barber.

"Goodda daya, Meester," says the barber. "Canna I helpa you?"

"Is there anything you can do for my receding hairline?" you ask the barber.

"Butta course, Mister," says the barber, "I gotta jus' ah whacha need."

"Jus' havva seat inna da chair, please."

"Fora youa today, I gotta special deal," he begins. "Imma gonna try somma my oxydol."

"Don't you mean 'Minoxidol?'" you ask.

"No," he says, "I dunno whata dat is; Imma gonna rubba you head with somma dis liquid laundry detergent!"

(Too late to leave now, Larry. He's got you!)

"Dere, alla set," says the barber, "now let'sa justa give it a second ta work."

"How ridiculous," you think, "I just let some guy I don't even know pour laundry detergent on my head!"

"WOW!" you exclaim, "Not only does that stuff really work... it's fast, too!"

"I knew you'da be delighted," responds the barber, "comma back anda see me any time, Blondie!"

"Why do you call me that?" you ask.

"Oh, no reason," he says.

"Oh, great!" you cry, "now what am I supposed to do?"

"Hava more fun," he answers.

"Well, at least my bald spot is gone," you say.

"Along with your self-respect," says the barber. "%s"

"Is there anything you can do about my excess body hair?" you ask the barber.

"Butta course, Meester," says the barber, "I gotta jus' whacha need."

"Justa hava seat inna da chair, please."

"Fora youa, today onaly, I gotta special deal," he begins.

"Somehow I wonder," you reply.

"No," he says, "this'll worka reala good."

"What are you going to do to me this time?"

"BODY WAXING!"

(Once again, he's got you trapped in the chair. You hope this time will turn out better!)

"Dere, alla set," says the barber, "now justa lay dere and let it geta hard."

"How could I be so stupid," you think, "I have wax hardening all over my naked body!"

"Yeeeeee yooooowwwww!"

"Oh, gawd!" you cry, "was it good for you?"

"I donna think that could be good for anybody!" he answers.

"Well, perhaps the pain was worth it; I DO like this 'clean-shaven' look!" you tell him.

"You're the only one," concludes the barber. "%s"

### **KGB Beach**

"Whoa-aaah! Hellooo, baaabee," cries the KGB agent, "Oooh, honey, I thinks I loves ya!!"

(Vhat happened to his accent?)

You did it! You made it across the beach without being caught by the KGB agents!!

What lies ahead now?!

Don't! They might recognize your voice.

Two particularly interesting guys are wearing slouch hats and trench coats.

Funny. This entire beach is filled with men.

"I have him!" cries the agent.

"Ve caught ju, ju vicious villian of the People!" shouts the KGB agent, by now growing quite hoarse.

"How did you know it was me?" you ask.

"Only in Russia do vomen have such body hair!" he answers.

"Ve caught ju, ju pawn of the proletariat!" screams the poorly disguised KGB agent.

"Only in Russia do vomen have such flat chests!" he responds.

"Ve caught ju, ju capitalist slime-sucking pig," shouts the KGB agent, "we vill make you ze best-looking fashion model in all U.S.S.R!"

"Only in Russia do vomen wear leisure suits to beach!" he replies.

"Ve caught ju, ju capitalist bourgeois enlistee of the Evil Empire!" shouts the KGB agent, looking ill-at-ease in his ill-fitted trench coat and oversized Speedo.

Got you!

The KGB have recognized you, captured you, and will now take you to their headquarters for questioning...

...and other fun stuff!

Too bad, too, since you were nearing the airport... and your freedom from this resort!

### **Cliffs**

That was close. You'd better be more careful!

You've always been afraid of heights.

You die on the rocks below.

(The idea is to NOT do that!)

The cliffs drop precipitously off into the pounding surf directly below. Be careful, Larry: a fall from this height could be fatal!

Not now. Maybe later!

Ok. You transfer your money from the bikini top to your leisure suit, then toss the bikini far over the cliff. As you slip into your leisure suit you realize you were beginning to enjoy wearing women's clothing!

Ok. You slip back into your leisure suit and toss the bikini and soap far over the cliff. Too bad, as you were beginning to enjoy wearing women's clothing!

(At least you still have your beautiful, long blond hair!)

Ohmigosh! How will a guy as clumsy as you are, ever manage to hike a trail as narrow as this?

Pausing a moment, you catch your breath before crossing the airport parking lot to the terminal building...

...and your escape from that wonderful tropical resort!

Well rested, you stride boldly across the dirt parking lot to the front door of the main terminal building.

(By the way, you didn't think you were going to keep all those free points, did you?)

Larry! LOOK OUT!!



"All right, you pervert!" cries the MP. "We've got laws against people like you! We don't want no cross-dressers hanging around our airport!"

Next time, you'd better dress a little more formally for a visit to the airport, Larry!

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM," chants the strangely dressed KGB agent, "have we got a cult for you!!"

If only you could offer them some token of peace and beauty!

Once again you've allowed the KGB agents to recognize and capture you. Now we'll run by their place to see some of the fun things that you'll get to enjoy...

You find women sexy.

(But what is this?!)

### **Barbershop**

Walk over to the front of the barber's chair and sit down.

"I'm sorry, sir," says the barber sweetly, "I have no more appointments left today!"

"You look much better to me, sir!"

"Just have a seat in the chair there," responds the barber.

"Good day, sir," says the female barber with the long, beautiful, blond hair. "May I help you in your quest?"

"Could I just get a slight trim?" you ask. "My hair is ridiculously long!"

"Oh, oh!" she replies, "I'll be happy to. Just plop it in my chair there, Goldilocks, I'll take care of those curly locks for you!"

"Gosh, please be careful," you tell her, "I'd hate to lose my full head of hair. Just take a little off the back!"

"All done," says the barber. "What do you think?"

"MY HAIR!" you cry. "IT'S GONE!"

She replies, "It serves you right; you should never trust a barber with longer, prettier, blonder hair than yours!"

"Well, at least I look like my passport picture now," you sigh, "although that seems small consolation."

"I'm sorry you're not satisfied," says the barber. "Here. Take a bottle of this month's special. When you have time, rub a teaspoon on your hair every day for a month. Soon your hair will be full and rich."

"But be careful," she concludes, "it's highly inflammatory. %s"

You find Daventry women sexy.

(But then, you find any woman sexy!)

"By the way, have you played 'King's Quest IV' yet?" asks the barber.

"Why, no, I haven't," you reply. "Is it good?"

"Well, I certainly think so," she concludes, "maybe it's just me!"

### **Airport Hall**

The men are too busy waiting in line to talk to you.

He looks like he's ready to help you. What do you want?

This is where you bought your ticket. Shouldn't you be hurrying toward your plane?

Perhaps you might want to purchase an airline ticket.

Every single flight is listed as "ON TIME!"

(Obviously, this is a fantasy game!)

The delicate interplay of colored light is fascinating.

(Oh, did you mean that colored light sculpture?)

(Oh, did you mean that raisin poster?)

There are three ticket agents with lines of customers queued before them. Perhaps you should stand in line?

Since you cleared away the crowds, you are all alone with the sole remaining ticket agent.

Where?

"Hey," shouts a man waiting in line, "who do you think you are? Stand in line like everyone else!"

"Sorry, but I'm all out of tickets."

"Hi," you say to the men in line, "%s"

"Back of the line, butthole!"

"Back of the line, buddy!"

"Hello," you say to the ticket agent. %s

"Would you care to buy a ticket?" says the clerk, obviously unimpressed.

This is just like the grocery store: no matter which line you stand in, it's always the slowest.

"LOOK OUT, I'VE GOT A BOMB!" you shout, "Get out of here -- QUICK!!"

(That was certainly subtle, Larry. You wouldn't want to create a panic!)

It seems you're the only one panicked around here, Larry!

Ignoring their apathy you vow, "I'll rush this outside and throw it safely over those cliffs, protecting these innocent bystanders from harm while making myself a hero in the process! Fame and recognition will surely follow; I'll be invited to the White House, where I'll be acclaimed a national treasure. Shortly thereafter, I'll write a titillating, best-selling autobiography in which I reveal everything, guaranteeing appearances on "Donahue" and "Carson," and a seven-figure movie deal, signed over a power lunch at Spago's in spite of the protestations of my agent and attorneys, which will go on to make me even richer and more famous, before retiring to a quiet, unassuming life as a gentleman farmer in the foothills of eastern Madera County."

(Or, then again, maybe not!)

Hurry, Larry, it sounds like it's about to go off!!

That was certainly ONE way to clear out a crowd!

But now look at your suit!

Oh, well, at least no one was hurt; but why did they all run away from a little firecracker like that?

"May I please purchase a ticket on the next available flight," you tell the agent.

"Your destination, Sir?" he asks.

"Anywhere but here!" you respond.

"You're in luck," says the ticket agent, "we have exactly one seat available in the next two weeks and it's on the next departing flight."

"I'll take it," you blurt. "Say, if you have no seats available, why were all those men in line?"

"They were waiting for the keys to the restroom!"

You presume that explains their sudden departure following the loud noise!

"Would you prefer smoking or non-smoking?"

"Non."

"Aisle or window?"

"Aisle."

"Any carry-on baggage?"

"None."

"Luggage to check through?"

"No."

"Will you require a bassinet?"

"Traveling with children or elderly?"

"Bringing a pet?"

"Do you have a passport or visa?"

"Passport."

"Care for baggage insurance?"  
"First class, business class or coach?"  
"You said there was only one seat."  
"Will you be staying 14 to 21 days?"  
"Forever."  
"Are you a member of any frequent flyer programs?"  
"Will you be bringing a laptop computer on-board?"  
"Would you like a pillow?"  
"Yes."  
"Blanket?"  
"Movie?"  
"Stereo headphones?"  
"I suppose."  
"Drinking or non-drinking?"  
"Drinking."  
"Cash or credit card?"  
"Cash."  
"Telephone privileges in flight?"  
"Kosher or Mexican?"  
"Armenian!"  
"3-1/2 inch or 5-1/4 inch?"  
"8-bit or 16-bit?"  
"Stewardess fondling or non-fondling?"  
"JUST GIVE ME THE DAMN TICKET!!!"  
"JUST GIVE ME THE GOL-DARNED, DAB-NATTED, GOLLY-GEE-WHIZ-BANGED TICKET!!!"  
"Boy, are you Americanos touchy!" he snarls, "Ok, here's your ticket: one adult, ultra-saver, non-smoking, window, Deluxe-Business Class, Express, APEX, excursion, Gold Label, y-fare, non-refundable, maxifare ticket for Calwa, with pillow, blanket, movie, and stereo headphones."  
"Your flight is scheduled to depart from Gate #1 in exactly one minute."  
"Too bad you spent so much time here; you might have made it!" concludes the agent, "%s"

### **Airport West Wing**

The two of you head for the tarmac where she introduces herself as an interior decorator and professional hair styling consultant. You enter her "corporate helicopter," which bears a large logo consisting of just a circle and a slash. "Oh, that," she explains, "that means 'no plain areas.'" A short, romantic, low-altitude chopper ride across the South Pacific is followed by...

"Hey, baby," you cry, "wait for me!!!"

She's beautiful!

These chairs have a beautiful, plastic covering.

Jim Whistler is about as modern as you can stand.

This end of the airport contains some chairs, a window looking out on the runway, and the entrance to the airport barber shop.

There is a gorgeous woman reading a paper.

"Hi, baby," you charm her, you charmer. "How's about if I sit here beside you, and you let me see that photo spread?"

"Ok," she responds, "but not here. I'd rather do it at my place! Follow me!!!"

Nah. You don't have time to sit here!

"Hello, sweetie," says the beautiful woman with the magazine, "wanna look through my layouts?" (What an opportunity! You've never met a woman from the magazine industry before!)

"Come on, I just can't wait to see you sans serif!"

"Well, ok. Maybe next month!" she gives up.  
"Come on to my place and I'll show you my galleys!"

### **Passport Check**

You'd better not let him see that!  
That won't help you with this guy.  
"Here ya go, buddy," you tell him, "but remember: this picture was taken before my recent hair rejuvenation."  
"I'm sorry, Senor," he responds, "but this is not your passport. I'm afraid I cannot allow you to pass this point."  
"You again?! Did you get rid of that knife?"  
"Of course, would I lie to you?" you say unabashed.  
"Ok, I've seen enough of your stuff! Go on through, but please remember: %s"  
"You again?! I've seen enough of your stuff! Just go on through; and remember: %s"  
A gentleman with a pleasant appearance and friendly smile waits by the only open Customs Inspection counter.  
Those damned dancin' raisins are EVERYWHERE!  
The conveyor belts disappear through the wall to the next room, where they are thoroughly inspected by sharp-eyed Customs Agents.  
For such a small airport, they certainly have an impressive Customs Inspection station.  
There is a barely perceptible gate in the far wall.  
You can't. The conveyor belts are for luggage only!  
The rope is firmly affixed, and won't help you get by here.  
You can't. It's controlled by the Customs Agent behind the counter.  
"Good day, Senor," you say to the man. %s  
"Good day, Sir," he replies in like fashion. "May I please see your passport?"  
You hand the agent your passport.  
"This picture is an excellent likeness," says the Customs Agent. "It must be printed on photographic paper by Kodork!"  
"Now, I must inspect your possessions," he says. "Please show me everything you are carrying."  
"Well, ok, I guess," you reply, "although this is highly unusual in an adventure game..."  
"There. Are you satisfied?" you ask.  
"Yes, but I must warn you about carrying that knife on board any aircraft."  
"Ok," you lie. "You have my word on it!"  
"All right," he says, unlocking the gate in the east wall, "you may pass."  
"Hey, thanks a lot, buddy," you say, peeling a hundred off your wad of bills, "and here's a little something for you and the missus!"  
"I'm not your buddy, you ugly Americano. %s"  
"LOOK OUT, I'VE GOT A BOMB!!!" you shout.  
Of course, the agent casually replies, "%s"

### **Conveyor Belt**

Luggage passes by on the nearby conveyor belt.  
What a pair of lips!  
Conveyors carrying luggage stretch off into the distance.  
He's sound asleep. Shhh! Don't wake him.  
Gawd, is that symbolic, or what?!  
(You fondly recall an old joke about a girl and her cherry.)  
A security guard snoozes beside his X-ray machine, allowing baggage to pass by uninspected.

"ZZZZZZ."

Where?

You missed!

You nimbly grab someone's suitcase from the moving belt, force it open, and discover inside...

If you play this game backwards, you can read: "Paul is dead."

...a disassembled hunting rifle. You decide it is of no use to you.

...some dirty underwear.

...a dead cat.

YUCK!

...a pair of maces. You decide they are of no use to you.

...a Tommy gun in a violin case. You decide it is of no use to you.

...nothing of interest.

...a computer. Searching through the disk storage box within, you discover a complete set of Sierra adventure games. You decide they are of no use to you.

...because you're having plenty of trouble with THIS game!

"John 3:16"

...some blue, pin-striped suits. You decide they are of no use to you.

...a fully-automatic machine gun and some clips of ammo. You realize you have no use for this until you purchase "Police Quest II, The Vengeance."

You sheepishly close it, return it to the conveyor, and wonder if anyone noticed you.

A BOMB!!

"Let's see now," you think, "I'm holding a suitcase containing a ticking bomb. What shall I do?"

"Say," you decide. ""I think I'll get this thing outside... and FAST!"

## Foyer

"Hey! Stay outta there!" shouts the waitress. "You tryin' to get yourself killed?"

Say! There's a bobby pin buried in the gravy.

It looks like it might be edible.

The moving sidewalks are a refreshingly modern touch in such a small airport, but boy, is it a long way to the gates!

The one to your right is labeled: "Brokin" (sic). The machine to the left is labeled: "Flight Insurance, \$100."

(It's a little large for an insurance machine, isn't it?)

It's just a cheap plastic laminate, with a delicate little design that's too small to show up at this resolution!

Nah. You'd rather not.

(Trust me on this one!)

MENU

Today only:

Blue P ate Special

\$1.00

At least the price is reasonable.

A waitress cruises behind the snack bar while a pair of moving sidewalks disappear into the distance. There are some vending machines along the east wall and near the snack bar is a sign.

"Pardon me, ma'am," you say, "but do you have a menu?"

"Ain'cha got no eyes, fella? What's that big thing hanging on the wall there?"



"Ha, ha, I fooled you," you tell the waitress. "I'm not eating that stuff again."

"Why not?" she asks, "we say it's just like momma used to make!"

"Say, is this stuff good to eat?" you ask.

(She does not respond.)

"Hey, mama, hurry up with that chow," you order.

(It affects her speed not in the least!)

"Lovely weather, eh?" you ask the waitress.

"Yep."

You already did that.

(And you don't want another!)

You must have some food before you can take it.

Nah. The plate is stuck to the counter!

No way. You feel that you've tasted that stuff in an earlier lifetime, and that time was enough!

You must have some food before you can eat it. Try ordering something.

Eat what?

Where?

This time, you decide to save yourself from a fate worse than (well, ok, actually quite similar to; no, indeed, I suppose it would be identical to) death by fishing the bobby pin out of the "Blue Pate Special's" gravy-like substance instead of swallowing it.

This machine is clearly labeled, "Brokin!"

It's empty now.

(But it did swallow another of your hundred dollar bills!)

You peel off another hundred-dollar bill from your wad of money and insert it into the slot; the machine slurps it up, digests it, considers its authenticity, finds it valid, then begins to whirl and shake.

What kind of airline is this, any way? Well, you suppose a parachute would be pretty good insurance, so you pick it up off the floor and hide it in your inner suitcoat pocket!

"Hey, baby!" you shout. "Gimme one o' them 'Blue Plate Specials!'"

"That's 'Blue PATE' to you, baldie!" she retorts.

"Yo," she yells back into the kitchen, "slop me up another bald one!"

"Here ya go, big boy," she says with a toothy grin, "one 'Big Blue' comin' atcha."

She slings the plate on the counter before you.

You quickly wolf down the "Blue Pate Special" as if you had not eaten for an entire adventure game. "Say," you tell the waitress, "this is pretty good stuff. Why, this tastes just like the meatloaf Mama Laffer usggheddf dfggfssef pssqfufufaaf arrrrggggggghhhh!"

You drop to the floor near the counter while making clever, creative sounds with your trachea.

You now remember what it was you hated about Mama Laffer's cooking...

"She had a habit of losing her bobby pins in the gravy," you think, while you frantically make the universal sign for choking.

(What a shame the waitress never heard of Dr. Heimlich!)

## **Moving Sidewalk**

This is certainly a long terminal.

Your mind wanders...

Previously, you believed that was just a figure of speech!

Finally, you reach the end of the moving sidewalk, and enter the waiting room for Gate #1.

## **Gate**

"Hey! Stay off that!" shouts the gate attendant.

"Here's my ticket," you say, handing your ticket folder to the gate attendant, "is this Gate #1?"

"It certainly is," he replies, "but this ticket is for a flight that took off 30 seconds ago. Too bad you

missed it!"

"Oh, well," says the gate attendant. "%s"

"Good day, sir," you tell the gate attendant. %s

"May I please purchase a ticket?"

He responds, "Tickets are only available at the front desk."

"How nice for you," he responds. "Are you going to give me your ticket or did you ride that walkway just so we could have this stimulating conversation?"

Nah. One of these is enough!

That's a good idea. Take a little free reading material to help you wile away your flight time! You grab a brochure from the display and shove it in your pocket, promising to read it when you get to your seat. It seems the perfect choice for a long, boring flight.

The man by the window is totally absorbed by the fascinating baggage handlers.

But... behind the counter waits the man you came to see: the gate attendant.

There is a computer terminal that is out of order and a display of religious pamphlets on the left end of the counter.

There is nothing else of interest on the counter.

There is a display on the left end of the counter filled with religious tracts.

That woman looks like she almost screwed herself out of a seat!

The woman seems quite busy with her children.

All flights are on time.

(Remember: this IS a fantasy!)

There is an airline attendant waiting behind the counter, and a locked door that you presume leads to the jetway -- and your escape!

"It certainly is," says the gate attendant, "but if you want to take the flight listed on this ticket, you'd better hurry. I've already announced the final boarding call."

"The stewardess onboard will give you your seat assignment," says the gate attendant. "%s"

## **Jetway**

You have no reason to return there. Hurry, Larry; you don't want to miss your plane!

This jetway stretches between the airport waiting room and your flight to freedom.

(But, where are you going?)

## **AIRPLANE**

**The airplane comes to an abrupt landing, without you in your seat!**

**You suffer major injuries, too numerous to mention here. Next time, listen to your pilot!**

The airplane's PA system crackles to life, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are approaching our destination. Please return to your seat, fasten your seatbelt, and return your tray table to its upright and fully locked position. Thank you."

Not yet!

You'd wear the bobby pin if you just had the hair!

"Repent!"

"And send money."

You do so and immediately discard the now-soiled airsick bag.

The ceiling is overhead.

In spite of her sarcastic introduction, you think you are in love again!

The guy behind you has stuffed his carry on bag under your seat, and he doesn't want you to muck

with it!  
It's difficult to see the bottom of your trousers in your current position!  
From your current viewpoint, you can only see sky.  
She can't help you solve this flight!  
Whee!  
You proudly announce, %s  
They're underwhelmed!  
All businessmen look alike to you.

### **First Class**

There's nothing behind the curtain that you need.  
There are two doors here, one leading to the outside and the other to the cockpit.  
First Class is certainly more comfortable than "Cattle Class!"  
The door to the cockpit is at the front of the airplane.  
"Is there any one here who would like to trade seats?" you ask.  
"NO!" they yell back in unison.  
This door was locked from the outside before takeoff and there's no way you're ever going to open it!  
"Welcome aboard, sir!" says the stewardess with her best plastic smile. "May I see your ticket, please?"  
You give it to her.  
"Your seat is on your left, in the second compartment Mr. uh, Laffer" she says, keeping your ticket.  
"Say! Haven't I seen you on TV? Weren't you the big winner of the Lucky Life Lottery?" she asks.  
"Yep, that's me, baby," you grin, and hand her a \$100 bill. "And here's a little something for you."  
"It appears that what I've heard is true," she says.  
"About me, gorgeous?" you respond.  
"No, about the nouveau riche. They ARE incredibly crude!"  
She gives you her best phony smile. "%s"  
"Why, this plane isn't so small!" you think. "Look at all the room in here."  
"Carrumba!" somebody screams, "It's one of those wacko foreign terrorists!"  
"Grab the fire ax!"  
"Got him, el Capitan!"  
What a waste, Larry! To come so far and then try to hijack an airliner!

### **Cattle Class**

Whenever you need a stewardess, they're never around.  
Why is it they only serve drinks whenever you want to walk around the plane?  
Where?  
There's no way you can affect them!  
There's nothing there but an airsick bag.  
It's empty.  
He's fascinated by that pamphlet!  
He has a deadly glint in his eyes.  
There's not even a magazine to read in the seatback pocket in front of you; nothing but a slightly crumpled airsick bag.  
Boy, are these the cheap seats!  
"I'm sorry, sir," responds the stewardess, "you must return to your seat before I can serve you."  
You'd rather not. Besides, the only person he wants to hear is himself!  
Instantly intrigued by the fascinating treatise, Ken finally leaves you alone.

The question is: have those stewardesses finished serving drinks?

You slowly slip your hand inside the slightly sticky seatback pocket and slide out the semi-soiled airsick bag.

(If you didn't need it before, you need it now!)

Well. Things are slightly closer back here!

"No way!" you think to yourself. "I can't possibly fit into such a skinny place."

"Well, here goes..."

Whew!

"Good afternoon, ladies uh, er, gentlemen," says the cute stewardess. "I'd like to welcome you aboard Flight 1."

"In the unlikely event of a water landing, there's no need to panic--because we'll all be dead anyway!" she laughs.

"Now don't get upset, that's just a little airline humor!"

"Oh, and if during our flight those cute little yellow masks happen to drop down from their overhead compartments... why, just ignore them. Lately, those practical jokers in maintenance have been substituting nitrous oxide for the oxygen again!"

"And remember: in case of an emergency, we women get to leave first!"

"Are there any questions?" she asks, while leaving.

A voice crackles through the loudspeakers, "Please fasten your seatbelt and move your seatback and tray table to their fully upright and locked positions. We have just been cleared for takeoff."

The captain's voice returns, "We have reached our cruising altitude..."

(Pretty fast takeoff, wasn't it?)

"...of 500 feet!"

"Passengers in our rear smoking compartment may smoke 'em if you gottem."

"We hope you enjoy your flight. Our ETA is approximately ten minutes. Your lovely stewardesses will be serving drinks shortly. (But that's just because we couldn't hire any taller stewardesses!)"

The man sitting next to you responds to the captain's lame quip with a hearty, "Har, har, har!"

The airplane's PA system again crackles to life, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are starting our final descent at this time."

"Ok, we've landed!"

(That was even faster than the takeoff!)

"On behalf of the entire crew of Flight #1, we'd like to welcome you to Calwa where the local time is up!"

"Please remain in your seats, we have some members of the local police force coming aboard to check for contraband."

Something makes you believe these two are no "local police."

There must be some way you could escape from this airplane before it lands!

"Ah, ha! Ve ghot you again, monkey breath!" shouts the KGB agent.

"Hang on, Larry. Here we go again!!"

"Drinks? Drinks, anyone?"

"Hey," says the man beside you, in his too-loud voice, "I remember you: you're that guy from Lefty's Bar! I haven't seen you in a long time."

"Let me tell you this new joke I heard..."

"No way," you respond, "no jokes! All you ever told me was punch lines!"

Once again, the bore attempts to strike up a conversation.

"Say, I don't believe we've ever met. My name is Ken; what's yours?"

"Well, Larry, what kind of work are you in?"

"I'm not," you reply, "I'm recently incredibly rich."

"Oh."

(Well, that's one way to stifle him, Larry!)

"Say, Larry, I'm expecting to be wealthy soon myself," he continues. "Yep, just bought into a big, national franchise. Pretty soon I'll be rolling in it!"

Define "it," you think to yourself!

"Great market opportunity,' this guy told me. 'Can't miss deal,' he said. 'Always a steady stream of new customers,' he says."

"Betcha you'll never guess my new business," he concludes.

"You win."

"HAIR TRANSPLANTS!"

"Yep, that's the ticket! You know, transplants are so easy nowadays that anybody can perform 'em," he spouts. "Even a guy like me, with nothing but a correspondence course!"

You scan the aircraft for empty seats.

You find none!

"You know lil' buddy, I'm lookin' to get my first real scalp under my belt right soon now!"

(Why is this creep staring above your eyes?)

"I'll help you out, Larry ol' buddy." he says, opening his briefcase!

"Just relax. I've done this on fourteen dummies and haven't lost a one of 'em!"

"Har, har, har!!"

**What a time for you to forget those complicated seat belt instructions! Maybe you could distract this guy with something...**

### **Back of the plane**

The red light indicates it's currently "Occupado."

You are not desperate enough to use the Women's restroom. Besides, some gal has been in there for hours!

You're not near a restroom.

"Knock, knock."

"Who's there?"

"Larry; Larry Laffer."

(You never were good at jokes!)

"Hello," you say to the men in the smoking area, %s

"Hack."

"Cough."

"Wheeze."

Puff, puff.

It's still securely closed, although the safety handle is in the open position.

Even though the padlock is now off, the large red handle is still in the closed position.

There are three doors here. Two are labeled "Restroom." One is labeled "DANGER -- EMERGENCY EXIT!"

It's difficult to see with all the smoke back here, but you think you detect three doors at the rear of the plane!

When the light near the restroom is lit, the restroom is currently occupied.

The smell of stale cigarette smoke makes you fondly recall your days as a lounge lizard!

Available at your local software dealer as "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards!"

Pick up a couple of copies today!

Remember, those wonderful days of yesteryear are available now, at your local software dealer as

"Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards!"

Be sure to pick up several copies today!

The other passengers stare at you with suspicious expressions, so you slide the parachute under your coat.

Ok. You carefully pour your bottle of highly flammable hair rejuvenator on the emergency exit's padlock. It makes the lock look really new!

You try your best to jimmy the lock with the dull cheese knife, but for naught.

You don't have the proper equipment to do that.

(You've heard that line before!)

Cleverly, you insert the bobby pin into the safety lock. (Wouldn't you guess this is against some Federal regulation?)

The pin works! The door is unlocked.

With great difficulty, you push the large red handle until you feel something tear. Crossing your legs, you shove the handle a quarter-turn to the left, until it is near the word "DANGER."

A heavy, locked padlock on the handle prevents you from doing that.

It IS!

Some gal has been in that one for hours!

There's a large red handle preventing that.

"Hey, buddy," you shout, "how's 'bout givin' me one of them coffin nails?"

(Why, Larry! You don't even smoke!)

You give the door a firm shove...

...and the blast of the airstream tears it from its hinges!

You feel yourself being sucked...

...out, unfortunately!

### **In the sky**

The view from this height is spectacular, but wobbly.

The view from this height is spectacular.

Again?

Good idea, Larry!

But you aren't wearing a parachute!

You are!

You valiently struggle with the balky straps. However even a macho stud like you is incapable of donning a parachute while plummeting through the atmosphere at terminal velocity.

You don't seem to have one!

The blessed parachute blossoms above you, jerking you around a lot, a feeling not wholly unfamiliar to you!

How you hope you will NOT land there!

How you hope you will land there!

It appears to be approaching!

They appear to be receding!

The view from this height is spectacular, but rather wobbly.

The view from this height is spectacular.

Again?

Good idea, Larry.

**But you aren't wearing a parachute!**

**You are!**

**You valiently struggle with the balky straps. However even a macho stud like you is incapable of donning a parachute while plummeting through the atmosphere at terminal velocity.**

**You don't seem to have one!**

**Larry, you must remember the old saying...**

**"Skydivers are good to the very last drop!"**

**"It don't mean a thing, if you don't pull that string!"**

The blessed parachute blossoms above you, jerking you around a lot, a feeling not wholly unfamiliar to you!

**Unfortunately, you pulled a little too late to hit that island over there!**

## JUNGLE

You hurl the stick through the jungle as hard as you can. "Whee," you shout.

You haven't done this since you were a kid.

(You didn't like it then, either!)

This is not the place.

The ashes have a distinct aroma of burnt iguana flesh!

You throw the ashes into the wind and watch them disappear forever.

The warm tropical sun basks you in its amber glow while the clear blue air refreshes your lungs.

You bet they are up there somewhere!

Evidently, some of the island's rocks were part of an ancient fertility ceremony.

The dense undergrowth of the jungle brings a sense of foreboding to your heart!

### Tree

It's caught in the tree, and you're caught in it!

Now you're REALLY out on a limb!

The ground is far below you, and you're stuck in a parachute you bought from a vending machine!

"Doobee doobee do."

You try your best, but the parachute harness' buckles are jammed.

You try, but the parachute harness holds you safely in place.

A good idea...

But, with what?

Struggling to free yourself from the parachute harness, you realize the buckles are hopelessly jammed!

Try as you might, you are unable to fix them, or free yourself.

Although you often have fun by just hanging around, this time you'd prefer to cut yourself down.

That's what you get for buying a parachute from a vending machine!

You saw away at the parachute harness with the dull cheese knife, eventually turning it into a mere thread supporting your entire body weight. Suddenly, you look down, and consider the consequences of falling to the jungle floor from this height!

But you don't consider it for long...

### Bees

The jungle floor is shrouded in darkness and covered with a viscous substance that you presume passes for dirt around here.

There is a stout stick lying under the tree. You feel fortunate you did not land on it!

There might be a way out of here near that bush.

It looks like a prehistoric Al Lowe!

There are some bees resting on that bush over there.

The swarm of bees are just resting on a branch of a bush. You remember reading something about a new strain of bees from this area.

It's like a jungle in here.

Could that be because you're stranded in the middle of a jungle on a tropical island?!

The ground here is unusually spongy.

You can never tell when a nice, stout stick like this one will come in handy!

You must be joking!

That wouldn't help.

Jumping won't help you now.

Good idea.

But first, move a little closer to the bush.

The trees can't help you here.

Nah, you'd just wind up out on a limb again!

That won't help here.

Unghhh!

A fall like that would be enough to break the average man's onklunk! Careful examination of yours reveals severe damage: the delicate instrument was smashed by the fall! You discard it here without learning of its dangerous cargo, nor realizing you have inadvertently kept the world's most valuable secret from falling into enemy hands!

Oops! You just brushed a bush containing a resting swarm of killer bees. You are frozen in fear!  
Could the rumors of their incredible strength really be true?

Yep.

Perhaps you'll enjoy your new life as the Queen Bee's personal love slave...

...nah. No way!

You carefully lower yourself to the slimy ground and attempt to make your way past the dangerous swarm of killer bees!

You made it. Again!

You successfully avoid the dangerous killer bees.

Once again, you lower yourself to the jungle floor and hope you can slide your way below the dangerous swarm of killer bees!

He walks!

He talks!

He wriggles on his belly like a reptile!

### **Snake scene**

You carefully prepare yourself for the oncoming jaws with the stick. Will it work?

A good idea, but this is not the place.

You're close, but the stick is not heavy enough to harm the anaconda.

You are mad enough to do that, but that's not the solution to your predicament.

Good idea, but that would just give the snake even more advantage. Just stick to using your brain.

There are no more snakes around.

There may be some movement in that center bush.

This part of the jungle floor seems even more soft and mushy.

It looks like a prehistoric punk rocker!

There are no more snakes in this area.

A giant anaconda lies waiting for you, coiled around a branch directly above the only exit from this part of the jungle.

The jungle is dense and dark. High above you, monkeys dance through the treetops.

A snake is in the process of devouring you!

You just attracted the attention of that giant anaconda by walking beneath his waiting coils. Perhaps if you hold very still he won't notice you!

Ok, so he DID notice you! Perhaps he just finished a big meal and couldn't eat another bite!

Then again, perhaps he relishes the taste of polyester!

You feel you could have eventually escaped his coils if there was only some way to keep him from swallowing you.

As the snake dislocates its lower jaw in preparation for another hearty, cholesterol-laden dinner of red meat and polyester, you carefully insert your stick into the distended opening!

The snake, unable to remove the stick from its jaws and embarrassed by being humiliated before the other jungle creatures, slithers away through the undergrowth to its lair (and an early retirement).



## Quicksand

You made it!

The vines here are too high for you to reach.

That won't help you here.

The rocks are not the path to your success.

Funny. He has no trouble whatsoever walking across this area.

The trees here can't help you. You're going to have to plod through this one on your own.

The patterned area looks different from the rest of the ground here.

It looks prepared to suck.

The ground here has a strange pattern to it.

The jungle floor is soft and sticky here.

(You fondly recall your first car's seat covers.)

At least this quicksand is nice and soft.

Once again, you're in over your head, Larry!

In the future, you must be more observant!

## River

The bank here is too steep and slippery for you to climb out.

Don't go that way, Larry! There's no game over there!!

The ocean appears to be just beyond that clump of trees near the beach.

A swift river cascades down from the island's volcano behind the jungle, splashing its way over some extremely dangerous rapids before becoming more placid and tranquil here in the jungle.

You can only see a few vague shapes from here.

**They are presently feasting. Looks like dinner is on you, Larry!**

Many vines hang down from the jungle canopy overhead.

One in particular attracts your eye: although it appears sturdy, it has been weakened near its top by excessive swinging!

The slippery rocks are far too treacherous for you to traverse.

A quiet brook babbles nearby. Vines hang from the jungle canopy, which thins as it reaches the beach just visible ahead.

All the other vines are out of your reach.

You tug as hard as you can, but this vine is securely attached to that big branch above you.

You reach up, grasp the vine firmly, and give it a sharp jerk, yanking it from the tree branch above you!

You carefully coil it up and insert it into your left front pants pocket.

Not in that water!

The bank is too steep and too slippery here. Keep looking for a spot.

The rocks are too slippery and steep for you to climb.

**You feel a tickling sensation around your toes. Boy, this adventuring life is sure fun!**

**This seems a safe place to climb out.**

**Gee. Those piranha really work fast!**

**For some reason, your heart just isn't in the game any more...**

**...not to mention several other organs!**

**Next time, you may want to consider using the next vine as well!**

**Next time, you may want to grab that third vine!**

**Next time, you may want to release the third vine when you believe your trajectory will carry you safely over land!**

**(You knew all along you were a swinger!)**

## Beach

You have no desire to return to the ocean after all you went through on that lifeboat, Larry!

The spectacular lagoon is crystal clear.

Too bad you didn't bring that swimming suit!

In the distance you see the island's volcano ringed by a glacier, not at the top as you'd expect, but near the bottom of some vertical cliffs.

But here a beautiful, tropical beach wraps its glorious splendor around a crystalline lagoon. What a wonderful place to vacation!

(You wonder why it isn't covered with lots of cheap motels?!)

This sandy beach is beautiful.

Whee!

You bend over and scoop up a large handful of beach sand and put it in your pockets.

(At last your pants are bulging!)

Larry, look! Out in the surf! That beautiful native girl is waving at you, and...

SHE'S TOPLESS!!

"Gee," you think to yourself, "I thought girls like that only existed in 'National Geographic!'"

It's love at first sight.

(And also, second sight!)

You think, "This is the girl I've dreamed of; the woman I've longed for; the moment I've waited for!

Is this the love I've been looking for?"

Well, Larry? Are you just going to stand there? You've finally met the girl of your dreams, now's the time to take some action!

You're limp. You've never been kissed like that before! Could it be? Is "Leisure Suit Larry" in love? (Again?)

You recover enough to speak, "Ohmigosh, you're beautiful! You're wonderful! Do you understand English? What's your name? Where are you from? Are you busy tonight?"

"Of course I understand English, you silly; all of us here on Nontoonyt Island do. We live in a small village just off the beach. My name is Kalalau; what's yours?"

"Of course; it only stands to reason that such a lovely man would also have such a lovely name,"

Kalalau's smile beams, melting your heart. "But, as to your question concerning my availability tonight, I am afraid I have disappointing information for you: as enjoyable as I feel sure an evening with someone like you must be, customs here on the island forbid pre-marital dating. On Nontoonyt Island, all women save themselves for marriage."

"Well, that's ok," you volunteer, "why don't we just get married instead!"

She smiles in agreement, "Wouldn't that be wonderful! But, unfortunately our tribal elders have forbidden any new marriages until our island has been freed from its present scourge. Please permit me to elucidate: recently an abhorrent man took our island from us. He claimed our sacred ancestral burial grounds at the top of our volcano, and refuses to allow us to visit."

She continues, "Soon thereafter, our perpetually blue skies turned to fog. While none of us had ever seen snow or ice, suddenly a glacier appeared on the slopes of the volcano, preventing our passage to our sacred lands. A treacherous river then appeared, gouging a formidable canyon just behind our village. Then (most odious of all) he hypnotized our most beautiful women, enslaving them in his mountaintop fortress, forcing them to do his every whim, no matter how sick or repulsive."

"What a drag!" you sympathize.

"Yes," she agrees, "but now, the worst of all: because of all this, he prevented my people from completing a megabuck deal with a large, multi-national hotel conglomerate who were prepared to turn this place into next year's trendiest tourist trap! We had it bagged: they were going to build a huge, casino/resort/hotel complex right here on this lagoon, provide employment for our lazy men

in the growing field of slot-machine repair, and even fund a day-care center so, (even though we women would continue to work our normal, 16-hour days in the taro patches) at least we wouldn't have to carry our children on our backs!"

"But did it happen? Hell, NO! And all because of that evil Dr. Nonookee!" she cries, suddenly turning quite sensitive. "Oh, if only some great hero could rid this island of his evilness, we could all live here happily ever after!"

"But did it happen? Oh my gracious, NO! And all because of that evil Dr. Nonookee!" she cries, suddenly turning quite sensitive. "Oh, if only some great hero could rid this island of his evilness, we could all live here happily ever after!"

(You're no fool, Larry. That sounds like a cue!)

"Say, I've got an idea," you tell her. "What if I stop this guy? Then could we get married?"

"But, of course. Why didn't I think of that? Why, this is every little girl's fairy tale: a hero comes in a white suit to save my island and its people!"

Sigh.

"Come on, Larry. Let's go!"

"Hey, thanks for the lift, guys! Want to stick around for my wedding?"

"Sure, why not? We'll grab the camcorder and be right there. Watch out for that blade!"

"Hi, Larry; what took you so long?"

"I ran into a little trouble with an artificial glacier!"

"I did it, Kalalau! I really did it!! Dr. Nonookee is no more, his evil spell is broken, the glacier is melting away, and your women are again free! Once again, peace reigns over this beautiful island! Let's find your father, and get married immediately!"

### **Native Village**

All the doors here are closed. The natives enjoy their privacy. Leave them alone.

The chief's hut is grand, but only in comparison to the other huts.

In the background, you can hear strains of old Olivia Newton-John tapes.

It would be better if you stayed out.

All of the village is gathered for this profound occasion. You and your beloved stride across the compound to wait the arrival of the chief.

"Oh, Daddy!" shouts Kalalau, "please come out. There is someone here I would like you to meet!"

"Father, this is Larry; Larry Laffer," says Kalalau. "We are in love, and wish to marry!"

"So you want to marry my daughter?" says Chief Keneewauwau, staring straight to the back of your skull. "No one is worthy of her hand, unless he can prove himself a real man!"

"Oh, I'll do anything for the woman I love, sir," you tell him. "No sacrifice is too great!"

"So be it," he says softly. Then in a more commanding tone, "Enter the sacrificial hut and bring forth the Sacred Peesea!"

(villagers go ooooooh)

"Young man, sit before the Mighty Peesea! Prove your manhood by becoming its master and you will pass part one of this initiation to our tribe!"

"But what is it I'm supposed to do?" you ask.

"Write a short program," he commands. "Any subject or topic, any length..."

"No problem," you think, "any good adventurer could do that!"

"...as long as it's in assembly language!" he smiles, confident in the certainty of your failure!

(villagers gasp)

With your heart in your throat you approach their sacred relic. "Is it least significant byte first?" you wonder.

INT 21  
JB 0103  
MOV AH,4D

```
INT 21
CS:
MOV [0BEA],AX
JMP 02B2
JMP 1451
CS:
TEST BYTE PTR [0C59],01
JZ 0150
CS:
TEST BYTE PTR [0C59],02
JZ 014F
IRET
TEST BYTE PTR [0C59],04
JZ 0169
CMP AH,01
JA 014F
```

"Ok, all ready for Quality Assurance," you announce.

"What did you write?" asks Chief Keneewauwau.

"A complete, multitasking, multiuser operating system that only runs on 8088 CPUs," you respond.

"Excellent. And do you have a name for this product?" asks Chief Keneewauwau.

"Why, Eunuchs, of course!"

"Perfect," says the Chief Keneewauwau, "I'll tighten up your code later. Now follow me, and I'll lead you to the secret path: the way known only to card-carrying villagers, the path that will lead you to the sacred burial grounds of our ancestors, the one and only way to the top of Nontoonyt Volcano."

"Rid this island of the evil Dr. Nonookee and Kalalau will be your wife!"

(villagers go aaaahhhh)

"Please, walk this way."

The village campfire has burned down to just a few cool ashes.

Some ashes might come in handy later in the game.

There are only a few left; not enough to worry about!

All the doors here are closed. The natives enjoy their privacy. Leave them alone.

The campfire made lots of ashes.

The huts are filled with the joy of aerobics. Don't disturb them.

It would be better if you stayed out.

You bend over the firepit and scoop up huge handfuls of ashes, completely filling all of your pockets with them!

"Attention, please!" cries Kalalau. "Gather all the villagers before the Chief's hut. We must have a celebration."

"Wait here while I tell everyone," says the basket carrier.

"Oh, Larry, I so hope you'll be able to convince my father, the Chief, that we should be married," says Kalalau. "Sometimes Daddy can have a strange sense of humor!"

"Don't worry, baby," you reassure her. "For you I would cross the burning sands of the Sahara. I would climb the highest peaks of the Himalayas. I would swim the shark-infested waters of the ocean. Why, I'd even learn desktop publishing software!"

"My hero!"

"Come on, let's go meet Daddy!"

"I'll go get Daddy; you notify the village. Have everyone assemble before the witch doctor's hut!"

Oh, Larry; I'm so excited!!"

"Just think; I'll be Mrs. Larry; Mrs. Larry Laffer!"

"Friends, natives, countrymen: lend me your ears."

(You're off to an original start!)

"People of Nontoonyt, the evil Doctor Nonookee is gone forever, your women have been freed and are returning here now, and you are again free to travel wherever you wish! Since I have met all the conditions of Chief Keneewauwau, Kalalau and I will be married! Please assemble for the wedding!!"

(You hear the muffled sounds of cheers.)

Later that day...

He seems to be slowing down, doesn't he?

All the doors here are closed. The natives enjoy their privacy. Leave them alone.

This must be the witch doctor's hut.

A native man chops wood near his hut.

It would be better if you stayed out.

"Grunt."

(Not very talkative, this one!)

You'd better not get too close to this guy!

It's his axe. Leave it alone.

It's his wood. Boy! You try to take everything that's not nailed down!

The entire village has turned out for the wedding of their princess, Kalalau, to the white-suited stranger.

The drummer begins his special, stylized rendition of the theme from Wagner's "Lonegrin."

The witch doctor is waiting; you move into position to await the entrance of your betrothed.

In comes your beloved Kalalau on the arm of her father.

"Who gives this woman to marry this man?"

"That'd be me," says Chief Keneewauwau.

"Very well." Turning to you, the witch doctor asks, "And, do you have a ring?"

"You know, there was a ring in The Land of the Lounge Lizards," you tell him, "but I never thought to bring it along here!"

"Never mind. Let's begin."

"Following the traditions of our peoples, you must now spin in a circle until you are dizzy and throw up."

"Now smash this wedding cake into your beloved's face."

"And finally, moonwalk across this dirt compound!"

(Is this really necessary?)

"You may kiss the bride!"

(villagers go aaaaahhh)

"Now, Larry, we'd like to welcome you to our

family. Look at it this way: you now have a villageful of in-laws!"

"Larry, my son, at this time, I would like to give you a special wedding present in my hut."

"Please, walk this way."

You think, "If I walked that way, I'd be a maitre'd!"

"OW!"

You scream in anguish as the woodchopper misses the log, and removes your foot!

Next time, better leave this guy alone!

### **Witch hut**

(Don't all witch doctor huts look alike?)

"Just a moment, Larry, while I ready this special preparation!"

"All right, son; come on over here."

"Geez," you exclaim, "that's some powerful stuff!"

"Here," says the witch doctor, "take a look in this mirror and tell me what you think."

"YOU DID IT! YOU REALLY DID IT!!"

"This is great! I look like a young man again; I'm stranded in paradise, broke but happy; and the most beautiful woman I've ever seen is madly in love with me!!"

"My dreams have all come true!"

### **Chasm**

A dead tree is conveniently located just out of your reach on the other side of the chasm.

One of its branches hangs out over the chasm.

It's a member of the fern family and one of the first true trees. Its species is over 300-million years old. Since most of the jokes in this game come from the same era, it seems appropriate.

There's a lot of air traffic here, for a remote, tropical island.

A terribly deep chasm extends around the tongue of rock upon which you are standing. If you didn't know better, you'd think a guy could get hurt around here!

In the distance you see the island's volcano, ringed with a glacier, not at the top as you'd expect, but near the bottom of some vertical cliffs.

You can't reach it from here, but it looks sturdy.

There's no way you could make it across that chasm standing way back here!

(Heh, heh, heh.)

A good idea, but unnecessary here.

(The old boy's got some sense of balance!)

"Here we are, son," says Chief Kenawauwau, "this is the secret of my people; the way to our sacred volcano; right across this chasm!"

(Some secret?! Any fool could see that!)

Kenawauwau continues, "Of course, any fool could see that; what's important is: you must cross this chasm, climb the recent icy glacier, walk the treacherous paths, and penetrate the impenetrable fortress of the evil Dr. Nonookee!"

"By the way, did I mention that my daughter is a virgin?"

"Ok, catch you later!" he says, "I must go lead the village's afternoon aerobics class!"

"%s"

You made it!

You set forth on your mission to explore the unknown mountain before you, knowing full well that you will never be able to return this way again!

What lies before you?

Will you be able to climb the icy glacier?

Will you find the evil Doctor's mountaintop fortress?

Will you destroy the evil Dr. Nonookee?

Will you return to your beloved Kalalua?

Will you find love?

Will you find happiness?

(Will you stop asking all these questions and get on with the game?!)

Oh, shhhhhhhh...

Treacherous little first step, isn't it?

## **Road**

There's no need to return that way ever again, Larry.

It's a member of the fern family and one of the first true trees. Its species is over 300-million years old. Since most of the jokes in this game come from the same era, it seems appropriate.

What lies before you?

You have no need to return that way. Your quest lies before you. Hurry, Larry!

You look through the hole in the rock and see just a cloud.

(Why? Did you think you see something?)

Sheer cliffs drop off on both sides. For a moment you consider walking very near the edge, just to see if you can fall off. Perhaps you won't. Perhaps you can fly! Perhaps the love of the beautiful Kalalau has given you amazing, magical powers that are only activated here on this enchanted island.

Oh, shhhhhhhh...

Perhaps Kalalau's love only SEEMED to give you wings!

## **Glacier**

The ice is absolutely impenetrable. There's no way to crack, move, or break it.

The ramp-like path before you leads to the top of the volcano. It is very steep and very slippery!

Ice, ice, everywhere. (And, not a drop to drink!)

Isn't it amazing? With that hot, tropical sun overhead and the temperature somewhere in the nineties, this glacier remains frozen solid.

Somewhere, off in the far distance, you think you hear a low-pitched humming noise, like a large electric motor. How silly. There's no electricity on an uncivilized, isolated, tropical island like this!

Ok. You dump the bottle of hair rejuvenator on the ice.

Nothing happens.

Better watch out. This area is slippery!

Move a little closer to the center of the ice-laden rampway leading up and out of this refrigerated hellhole!

Hey! This ice is slippery!!

Look out!

Ow!

The broiling tropical sun strikes the sand you took from the beach and quickly melts the snow, revealing...

The broiling tropical sun strikes the black ashes you took from the village campfire and quickly melts the snow, revealing...

...refrigeration coils!

You immediately realize the meaning: Dr. Nonookee has created a glacier on the side of a volcano in the middle of the tropics to prevent the island natives from disturbing his evil doings!

What power!

What force!

(What an asshole!)

You made it!

(If you keep this up, you're going to be a hero yet, Larry!)

Now, all you have to do is scale the sheer, vertical, basaltic cliffs of the volcano, reach its crater, and attempt to discover an entrance to the evil Dr. Nonookee's "impenetrable" fortress so you can learn what lies inside.

### **Crevice**

As best you can tell from this angle, the crevice ends several hundred feet below you.

(Better save your game before walking closer!)

It's not ice. It's a column of steam rising into the tropical sky.

The explosion has forced the door open.

It's controlled from within and there is no way for you to get them to open it!

There is a major fissure very close to that elevator shaft.

There's a 0% chance of rain in Sierra's adventure games.

You have reached the summit of Nontoonyt volcano. An elevator incongruously awaits you. Steam rises from a volcanic crevice. The ground feels highly unstable.

(Fondly, you remember Los Angeles!)

That won't help you now.

Good idea. The question is how.

This elevator is controlled from within!

Just walk closer.

You open the bottle of hair rejuvenator and pour it onto the ground by your feet.

(What a waste!)

This area is not conducive to bombing. Try again somewhere else.

You can't. The bag is securely stuffed into the neck of the bottle of hair rejuvenator.

You slide the bottle of hair rejuvenator into your airsick bag.

Realizing this will accomplish nothing, you remove it again.

You have no matches with which to light anything!

Do you have that?

You strike a match and watch the airsick bag go up in flames. Whee!

Oh, shhhhhhhh...

You rapidly explore the interior of a volcanic crevice before discovering the pool of molten lava at its bottom.

You extract the bottle of hair rejuvenator from your pocket and remove the cap. Now what?

But, now you realize: there's something you've forgotten!

(But, what?!)

You insert the airsick bag into the neck of the bottle of hair rejuvenator.

You are now holding a bottle full of highly flammable liquid, with a burning wick made from an airsick bag.

Yes, really!

You dispatch your Larrytov cocktail on its merry mission with a hearty grunt!

You toss the bottle of hair rejuvenator into the deep crevice.

You feel a deep rumbling as your homemade bomb explodes, weakening an old lava tube deep



within the earth. This could be extremely dangerous!

The force of the explosion has also caused the elevator door to open!

As you start to push the "Close Door" button, you notice there is no "Close Door" button inside this elevator.

Say! There are no buttons at all inside this elevator.

In fact, there's not even a floor!

**Bad idea.**

**You open the bottle of hair rejuvenator, light one of your matches, then drop it inside.**

**You wonder to yourself, "Is that a disk drive I hear?"**

**It finally reaches bottom and breaks harmlessly on the jagged rocks, making quite a mess but accomplishing nothing.**

**You just threw away the only hope you had of saving this island from the evil Doctor!**

**The next time you make a Molotov cocktail, why not try using a wick?!**

**(No one has ever accused you of having a long fuse, Larry!)**

**The volcano eruption has interrupted your wedding plans in a most insistent manner! Perhaps this is one time you'll require outside assistance?**

**Next time, you'd better read the label on that bottle of hair rejuvenator!**

**Oops. You're dead.**

Once again, Larry, you're getting the shaft!

## **ENDING**

As you plummet through the darkness of the elevator shaft, the evil Dr. Nonookee is enjoying another blissful evening at home, singing jazz standards with his backup singers, the Henchettes, at his personal piano bar...

"Peelings..."

"Nothing more than..."

Suddenly, you explode from the elevator shaft onto the scene...

Staggering to your feet, you inadvertently slap a fast low-five on that hand extending from the wall.

Oh, oh! You've discovered the secret activator for the fortress' Peacemaker Self-Defense Control Panel!

Struggling to regain your balance, you fall onto the "Auto-Fire" button.

"STOP!" screams Dr. Nonookee.

(But, it's too late!)

A laser beam strikes the large, Italian marble column near the grand piano!

You did it! You did it, Larry!! You destroyed the evil Dr. Nonookee!!

Remembering that Dr. Nonookee kidnapped and hypnotized the island's innocent native women, you realize you must break his spell before they can return to the village. "Snap out of it, girls! He's gone forever! Never again will you be forced to do his evil deeds. You are free to return to your native selves."

"On the count of three, you will awaken refreshed and able to remember everything that's happened to you."

"One, two, THREE," you shout, snapping your fingers.

Freed at last from the hypnotic trance of the evil Doctor, the women liberate themselves, resuming their native ways.

"Huzzah! Huzzah!!" they shout. "It's Larry; Larry Laffer -- OUR HERO!"

You interrupt their celebration with, "It's nice of you to say so, but we must leave here immediately. I had to force the elevator door by dropping a bomb into the volcano and I'm afraid it may erupt at any moment! Where's the radio-telephone?"

"It's right behind you!"

"Oh," you counter. "I knew that."

You grab the telephone and press the big "talk" button...

"MAYDAY! MAYDAY! This is the Big Laffer calling. Kin I git a copy offn any good buddy?"

(You often slip back into the 70's without even trying!)

Catching yourself, you continue, "I'm inside Nontoonyt Island's volcano; in a fortress hollowed out of solid rock and filled with beautiful, over-sexed women recently stripped to the waist; I've just killed a maniacal, power-hungry, money-grubbing scientist who was trying to grab my onklunk; a few minutes ago, I dropped a homemade bomb into a crevice that will cause the volcano to erupt!"

(Do you realize how stupid you sound?)

"Is anybody listening? Over."

"Hiss."

"Crackle."

"Pop."

(You almost receive a breakfast cereal commercial.)

"Roger, Big Laffer. We copy. What kind of help do you need? Over."

"Hey, who is this? Are you nearby? Can you come immediately? Over."

"This is Duane Barker of 'Software Illustrated' magazine. We're right below you on the beach at Nontoonyt Island, shooting our annual swimsuit issue! We'll be glad to fly up in our helicopter to rescue you!"

"Is there any way you could create some sort of signal to let me know where you are? Over."

You glance at the large computer panel to your right. "How about if I have some palm trees emit a cloud of fog to surround the island, then turn off the island's main waterfall, and open a gigantic hanger door in the side of the volcano? Over."

"Yeah, I guess that ought to do it," he replies. "See you in two minutes. Over and out."

"Over and out, good buddy."

You have a little trouble deciphering the control panel for the island's camouflage system.

"Anybody know how to work this fog machine?" you ask.

Oh, what the hell; pushing everything at least once couldn't hurt!

"Oh, great hero of our island," says one of the women, "come over here. Allow us to give you a proper, triumphant return to our people!"

"Say, aren't you coming with us?" you ask the pianist.

"Of course not," she replies, "I don't really have a part here, I'm just the piano player. But, allow me to introduce myself..."

"My name is Patty," she says, "'Polyester Patty,' the internationally-renowned recording artist and queen of the women's singles scene. You'll want to watch for me in 'Leisure Suit Larry III!!'"

(You ignore this blatant plug.)

"Come on girls," you command, "to the chopper... and my destiny!"

"Hey, watch out!"

"Clumsy!!"

"You dropped him!!!"

Meanwhile, outside...

"Thanks a lot for dropping me down the stairs!" you cry to the native women. "Hurry and get in the helicopter!"

"No, thanks," they yell down the stairs, "we'll use the back door and take our chances with the glacier!"

"Come on, Big Laffer," says the pilot. "Climb aboard!"

"Sorry, I had a little trouble with that fog machine!" you tell him.

"Say, aren't you that guy that won that big lottery prize?" asks the pilot.

"Yep, that's me," you reply proudly. %s

"Well, Larry, I've got a little surprise for you. I just heard on the radio: they just went bankrupt. Kaput. Busted. I hope you saved some of that money."

"It doesn't matter," you assert, "I have the love of a beautiful woman and we can live here on this wonderful island for the rest of our lives. Why do I need money? I'll give up my leisure suit for a muumuu!"

As we leave our hero, cavorting in the sand with his new love, we ask ourselves the burning question...

Is women's lib really dead?

Is there still a feminist movement?

Is there a market for "Polyester Patty in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals?"

...or will Al Lowe have to write yet another of these Silly Sin-phonies?

### **Impending Doom Scenes**

"Ooh, Larry. I think I love you. Why don't you come with me and we'll head back to my place!" (You wonder how she knows your name.) "I could be interested in that; but only with you, my studly hero!" She's a knockout, isn't she, Larry? What a pair, eh? It's tight and firm; not at all like yours, Larry. Her eyes bring fire to your heart. It's almost as beautiful as what's in it.

You are so impressed! You've never had a girl invite you to her pad before -- not to mention her landing pad!

"Hey, baby," you say, "What a great, kinky bed!"

"Hey! What's going on here?" you shout. "Get these ankle cuffs off me! And, why the handcuffs?"

"Oh, I'm just into mechanical devices," she replies with a smile. "Hold still, darling, this will only take a second."

"Why does that look like hydrofluoric acid below me?" you shout in terror.

"Because it is, silly," she responds.

Well, Larry; this brings a whole new meaning to the term "dismemberment!"

"You just wait over there on the bed, while I slip something," she says with a smile.

"Perhaps if things go well tonight," you think to yourself, "I could give her a subscription to 'Popular Mechanics!'"

You are quickly taken to a local office of the KGB where a specialist in onklunk extraction is busy

giving you the third degree!

"And so, my leettle white-suited capitalist swine," says the KGB agent, "you vill now tell us zee location of zat onklunk or I vill be forced to run zeese alto saxophone reeds under your fingernails until you're zinging like zee Bird!"

Things don't look good, Larry. Maybe next time a different approach would be better...

### **Trite**

Have a nice day.

Don't you ever say "%s" to me again!

Perhaps you can understand that sentence, but I have graphics to worry about!

The heck you say!

The hell you say!

Amen, brother!

Go in peace.

Please don't confuse me with digits! Spell out your numbers in words.

You have more money than you can count!

"Here. Take some money," you say in a vain attempt to buy friendship!

(It doesn't work.)

"Want a dollar?" you ask.

There is no reply.

"Hey, have you got change for a million?" you ask.

(Evidently not.)

You can't change here!

You're the only one interested in your passport photo!

Ok. As you slowly drain the entire 32-gallon contents of your Grotesque Gulp, you begin searching feverishly for a fire hydrant.

Your exploding bladder prevents you from finding one!

You easily give away the hopes of the free world! Way to go, traitor! Next time, you'd better hang on to your onklunk!

You beat your onklunk in a frenzied rendition of an old country classic!

(But, which country?)

What did you want to put inside your onklunk?

Ok. You put it in. It fits. You remove it.

(Pretty much fun, eh?)

Hey! We want our R rating for sex, not violence!

You light the book of matches and watch it go up in flames. Whee!

On what?

You've had enough problems with your hair. You don't need to wear explosives, too!

Ok. It's gone now.

Good idea. But this is not the place.

Fortunately, you have no matches with which to immolate yourself!

What do you want to inspect?

"If it's a good cruise, it's a Wonder!"

Pervert!

"Hand wash only."

You only find more money.

Nice photo, Larry!

You can't find the microfiche in there.  
(It's a secret and you don't know about it!)  
Nothing in the sewing kit is of use to you.  
"Made in Taiwan"  
"40D"  
"XL"  
Slosh.  
"You have no rights. (Just ask us!)"  
You open the parachute and it spills out everywhere. Since you know nothing about parachute folding, you throw it away.  
"Repent!"  
"And send money."  
You look inside the bag and see nothing.  
"Hi."  
"Goodbye."  
"You're welcome."  
"Knock, knock."  
(Nobody wants to play now, Larry!)  
A warm feeling spreads down your leg. Your suit is not as white as it was!  
Climbing the walls already?  
That would be unbecoming a man of leisure.  
Whee!  
"HELP!"  
*Zzzzzz.*  
That's against the law!  
Ok, you win.#  
(Game over.)  
What do you want to wear?  
You'd look better if you didn't!  
You can't wear what is not yours.  
What do you want to drop?  
Nah. Better not!  
It's not yours to drop.  
What do you want to throw?  
That doesn't belong to you.  
Sniff, sniff.  
You'll have to buy "King's Quest IV" to do that!  
Shh! You're not supposed to know about that.  
You whistle a happy tune.  
(You envision Opie on a dirt road.)  
"Ha, ha!"  
Once you tasted it, you wouldn't do that any more!  
There's no time!  
Don't whine!  
Searching through your pockets you find...  
You find nothing.  
You can't. There's no key in this game!  
Same to you, buddy!  
Yeah, you probably would, too!  
Aren't your palms hairy enough?  
Obviously, restraint is no problem for you, Larry.  
That comes later.

Nobody's THAT thirsty!  
Wouldn't you rather just remain friends?  
Tsk, tsk.  
That's probably where you'll end up!  
Aren't we the little prissy one!  
It's not yours.  
You have no reason to do that.  
You're wearing the latest in fashion.  
(If you consider 1971 "late")!  
Oops, wrong game! If you want to see that, you'll have to buy "Lounge Lizards."  
You see many leaves.  
Where?  
Staring at the walls already?  
It just lies there, under your feet.  
It's still up there!  
This game does not encourage voyeurs!  
It's just as it appears.  
It doesn't look interesting.  
There's nothing worth buying here.  
You're broke!  
There's no need to use the ticket here.  
What ticket?  
What do you want to use?  
There's no need to use it here.  
To whom?  
What do you want to give?  
It's not yours to give.  
What do you want to take?  
You already have it.  
It's of no use.  
You don't need it.  
There's no reason to take it.  
You can't do that now.  
"Hello," you say.  
(There is no response.)  
Ok, but I don't usually do that!  
She's not interested in that!  
Well, Larry, you've  
    screwed up again!

    What'dya say we do it  
    just one more time?

See your local software dealer or dial (209) 683-6858 from 8-5 Pacific Time. Have your credit card handy.

Remember

    save early, save often!

Score: %d of %d%15s Rank: %s%10s

Ok.

It is.

You are.

Not now!

You're not close enough.  
You already took it.  
You see nothing special.  
You can't do that here; at least, not now.  
You don't have it.

Get your fat ass out of the doorway first.  
Please move out of the doorway first.

## **Debugging?**

Debug will pop up on next newRoom.

This is room %d.

%d/%d

You already pitched it.

Ok, Al.

You already have it, Al.

You can now...

tp

get (name of object)

pitch (name of object)

make note

show timer

show ego

show grid

Alt-C show control

Alt-F show fragmenting

Alt-I regain typing

Alt-M show memory

Alt-P show priority

Alt-R show room number

Alt-V show normal

Alt-Z quits

Control-click moves ego

Shift-click shows mouse location

[r%3d v%3d %3dx/%3dy CS%-5d] Note  
%2d:%2d

## **Boss!**

Classified Advertising Dept.

Ball Street Journal

10001 Broadway

New York, NY 10001

Gentlemen

Enclosed please find my personal check in the amount of \$57.30 to cover three insertions of the following classified advertisement in your "Seeking Position" department:

Mature, experienced software analyst available.

Bug installation a proven speciality. "No version too clean." Familiar with DOS 1.0, AGI and SCI.

Sorry, but from here, all you can do is Restart or Restore a saved game.

(Hope you didn't get caught!)

### **Copyright Check**

# 1988 by Sierra On-Line, Inc.

555-

Please find this girl's photograph in your little black book, then complete her telephone number here:

Sorry, but you need to spend more time staring at beautiful women! In order to play this game, you must have the original documentation. If you've lost your little black book, please telephone Sierra's Customer Support Department at the number printed on your disks.

Well, ok. Since it's you, you get another chance.

### **Miscellaneous**

Attention QA: this machine has an Al Lowe speed rating of %d. Please write down the number and the type of machine you're on.

(Note: your mileage may vary.)

Your save game disk is full. You must either use another disk or save over an existing saved game. That game was saved under a different interpreter. It cannot be restored.

I don't understand "%s".

That doesn't appear to be a proper sentence.

That sentence doesn't make sense.

You've left me responseless.

Please insert your %s disk in drive %s.

### **Credits**

"Leisure Suit Larry goes  
Looking for Love  
(in Several Wrong Places)"

Created, Designed,  
Written and Programmed by  
Al Lowe

Graphics by  
Bill Skirvin,  
Bonnie Borucki  
and Douglas Herring

Sierra's Creative Interpreter



developed by Jeff Stephenson, Bob Heitman,  
Pablo Ghenis, and Stuart Goldstein

Graphics Systems by Bob Heitman

Music composed and performed by  
Al Lowe

Atari ST Translation by Corey Cole

Version %s, January 11, 1989

You've been playing for %d hours,  
%d minutes and %d seconds.  
You've been playing for %d minutes and %d seconds.

**DURING THE GAME:**

Click at the top of the screen or press ESC to use the menus. Additional shortcuts are shown there.

**IN TYPING WINDOWS:**

Arrows, Home and End move the cursor, or click anywhere with the mouse. Ctrl-C clears the line.

**IN DIALOG WINDOWS:**

Enter selects the outlined item, or click on items with the mouse. Tab and Shift-Tab move between choices. ESC always cancels.  
If you really need help, pick up a copy of the "Looking for Love" hint book at your software dealer, or call Sierra's hint line at (209) 683-6858.

You mean you  
want to start  
over from the  
very beginning?

Are you just  
going to quit  
and leave me  
here all alone  
like this?

Sure, you go ahead.

I'll just wait in here  
until you get back...

Inventory cannot be displayed at this time.

Perhaps you should buy "Mother Goose!"

Thank you, I hate it when you talk dirty!

Why you dirty little bastard!

You're a nasty som'bitch, ain'cha?

Speed cannot be changed at this time.

Volume cannot be changed at this time.

Sound is off.

Sound is on.