

Welcome to the Space Quest 3 script!

There are still quite a number of question marks since it's not possible to tell from the script files what word combination creates what outcome.

The phrases about the motivator appear on every screen at the ground floor of the freighter, but to save space I deleted all the duplicate ones.

## INTRO

The pod, considered to be nothing more than another piece of scrap, is taken aboard a robot commanded garbage freighter. Unfortunately these robots have no regard for organics.

The small pod is jarred by a sudden shock which triggers the Sleep Chamber's Revive Mode. As the glass shroud slides back, Roger slowly begins to regain consciousness.

## TRITE

Score: %d of %d%13s%s%1s

Memory fragmented.

OK.

This isn't a text adventure!

OK, you wear the belt.

You're already wearing it.

First, you need to wear it.

The belt is now completely out of power.

Looking at the belt, you notice that the power supply is very low. You decide to hold off until you really need it.

You're already wearing them.

Not a good idea, considering your location.

You decide to leave the ring in the relative safety of your pocket.

I'll get naked if you get naked. You go first.

On second thought, it looks pretty silly. Let's not.

It's on the end of your pole.

Look out, it's low on power.

The terminator's invisibility belt is now completely out of power.

You don't have one of those.

Forget it. Think of something else.

That doesn't seem to be available.

You already have it.

You smell nothing of note.

Keep it to yourself.

You can't

Not now.

Sorry. We don't do running.

Hey, trashmouth! Don't be saying that shit!

Hey! What kind of talk is that?

Try another word. Apparently, "%s" isn't in the Andromedan dictionary.

Do me a favor and try rephrasing that thought.

Pardon me. This program is too stupid to glean your desire from such a wonderfully crafted sentence. Please try something else.

You possess %d of these nifty monetary units known as 'Buckazoids'.

It's not quite within reach.

You've accomplished that task.

You see nothing special.

That's not possible now.

You don't have it.

New save-game directory:

is not a valid directory

You must type a description for the game.

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.

You are somewhere.

## FREIGHTER

*Opening screen with pod*

Check again! It IS closed.

This task is impossible since the door is sealed from the inside and there is no light emanating from within.

The window is clear enough to reveal the blackness inside.

The solidly built door looks to be locked in place.

The pod's thrusters are very small, designed for minimal attitude adjustments. They have been cold for a long time.

This is the escape pod which safely whisked you away from Vohaul's burning asteroid fortress. The skin of the pod plainly registers the cumulative damage long periods of space travel can inflict on a small craft such as this.

You are standing in a debris-cluttered junk bay. An escape pod rests in the middle of the room.

There are chunks of metal lying around which seem to be small sections of old spaceware.

The room bears a very metallic fragrance.

The door was automatically sealed when the pod shut down shortly after your exit. It has served its purpose and will be of no further use.

Despite technological advances in strong, lightweight ship materials, you can't possibly budge it.

It's not available for your use.

If YOU could break the glass, it and you would not have survived the journey here.

You are unable to scale it.

You are unable to scale anything here.

It is locked. You are unable to gain access.

Where Do You What To Start? (?????????????)  
(Press ESC to Stay Here)

You notice that the sounds from the pod grow softer until they are imperceptible. Having served its purpose and taxed its resources, the pod gives a final hum and shuts down.

Sensing an adequate surface the claw releases its cargo and begins the ascent to the grabber unit.

The claw senses contact with the warp motivator, grasps it firmly, and begins the ascent back to the grabber.

Finding nothing here to carry, the claw begins the ascent to the grabber unit.

It looks like the warp motivator you saw on the Aluminum Mallard's Status Computer. Sturdily constructed, its only protrusion is a modular plug near its base.

A closer look at the object on the floor reveals that it is a warp motivator. It looks a bit more high-tech than the other junk strewn about this locale. Sturdily constructed, its only protrusion is a modular plug near its base.

The eight-pronged plug protrudes only slightly from the motivator's exterior.

The floor is composed of a mosaic of overlapping welded steel plates. The menage of used metal plates appear to have been cut from a variety of sources. There is a small round object lying nearby. You aren't capable of doing that.

While relatively small, it seems to be quite dense. I think we're looking at a potential hernia if any attempts are made to manually relocate it.

You can't. It's permanently attached.

### *Death Metal Screen*

Bending aside a thin piece of scrap, you find an opening into another area and climb on in.

This bulbous craft looks like it has seen a lot of action in its day. You believe it to be a bowtie fighter dating back to the cologne wars - a true relic.

This one is another fine, but worthless, Acme product.

This ship says Jupiter 2. This baby must have been floating around out there for a long time. It doesn't hold your interest for very long.

None are visible.

It looks like your standard low-tech ascent/descent unit.

It's not visible from here.

You can see down into the hole you once passed through. Nothing much can be seen from here.

You can't from here.

The limited detail you make out through the ship's film-laden viewport is enough to convince you that everything of worth has been harvested.

The square object looks like an empty component cover for some craft. It covers nothing but deck now.

You see nothing but riveted steel.

Various types of abandoned spacecraft litter the floor of this intergalactic junkyard. All this place needs is a junk yard dog. You shiver at the thought.

You can't do that, nor would it be helpful.???????

Despite technological advances in strong, lightweight ship materials, you can't possibly budge it.

You hear the faint sound of machinery in operation.

There is no visible means of entry.

You are not skilled in ship climbing.

It's against your nature to do that.

Don't waste your time with that stupid box.

OK.

You don't have it.

Not from here.

There is no ladder here to climb.

There is nothing to climb into.

That would be fruitless. Don't bother.

You grab the ladder and jam it in your pocket.

Ouch!

It's not here to be gotten.

There is no ladder here.

You ease your way into the hole.

Unfortunately, the fall was too much for your frail frame to withstand.

YEOW!

It's obvious that the metal was sharper than you. The resulting laceration turns you into a living fountain - at least for a few moments. Unfortunately for you, this show was your finale. Good luck in the afterlife.

You aren't capable of doing that.

You can't. It's permanently attached.

This looks like some type of tunnel boring implement.

This ship is another fine, but worthless, Acme product.

### *Conveyor lift*

Buckets are attached to a conveyer. They haul metal debris to a horizontal conveyer above.

You are overwhelmed by the variety of space trash around each corner. A large bucket conveyer carries shredded ships to a horizontal conveyer high above.

Somewhere there's an oversized android missing a limb.

It says Jupiter 2. This baby must have been floating around out there for a long time. It doesn't hold your interest for very long.

The viewport is too high. Besides, you'd not see anything interesting.

None are visible.

Hoooo boy! It's a big one.

The item in question is just another piece in a fine collection of worthless junk carelessly splashed around the picture by the graphic artist. (You know who you are.)

You peer up and down the conveyer shaft. The view down is obstructed by the tight fit of the conveyer. The view up show it to lead to a horizontal conveyer above.

That's not within your power.

You can't do that, nor would it be helpful.

Looks dangerous but go ahead, you thrill seeker, you. You'll need to get closer though.

You are not skilled in ship climbing.

Despite technological advances in strong, lightweight ship materials, you can't possibly budge it.

Sounds a little kinky. Maybe you should do that when no one else is around.

The item in question, which is just another piece in a fine collection of worthless junk carelessly splashed around the picture by the graphic artist, isn't needed by you.

No.

Yeah, right! That's just what you need.

### *Ship skeleton scene*

It's quite dark in there, but there is a light at the end of the tunnel.  
Not much remains. If there was anything of value, it was stripped away a long time ago.  
It looks to be another metallic menace whose time has come and gone. Hopefully, fate will be kinder to you.  
Its metallic parts are frozen in place. I'll bet you're glad you weren't around when it was functional.  
You are quite impressed by the size of this junk freighter. The skeletal remains of a stripped-down space tanker stage lie half buried in scrap.  
It falls on non-existent ears.  
The gutted ship is unsafe for any such action.  
You don't fit  
You can't.  
Let the poor thing rest in peace. It can't help you anyway.

### *Ship skeleton interior*

You see another boring ceiling.  
The walls are made of metal. Missing panels reveal old frayed wires.  
One panel lies wedged against the wall. The other remaining panels are welded in place and are quite uninteresting in appearance.  
It's against the wall covering only more wall.  
You see another boring floor.  
Someone (or someTHING) has done a real job on this tanker. Was this the result of some space battle? Or perhaps you're not the only one roaming around in here.  
It looks to have survived better than its co-conductors.  
Except for the one on the left, most of the wires here look dangerously worn.  
All the wires here look dangerously worn.  
You see nothing but darkness.  
You only are able to see gray, furry blur. It looks like a rat.  
The fur-bearing pocket prober isn't currently present.  
Funny. I don't see that in this picture.  
You don't notice a hole.  
The pipes are useless, as they are punctured in many places.  
There is nowhere for you to climb to.  
There are no decent wires within reach.  
There is no other wire here worthy of your acquisition.  
They're useless.  
You can't.  
The panel is of no use.  
You take the only decent piece of wire available.  
You seem to have been mugged by some type of large rat. As you pick loose fur from your teeth you notice a less bulky feeling.

### *Head scene*

The gutted carcass of the tanker opens up to reveal even more junk. A metal head rests nearby.  
It's quite dark in there, but there is a light at the end of the tunnel.  
Not much remains. If there was anything of value, it was stripped away a long time ago.  
Wow! An ancient model of a Battlebot. I bet you'd hate to run into whatever brought this big guy down. It looks like something poked it in the eye.  
There are two eyes on the battlebot head. One of them has been broken.  
You can't see anything from down here.  
They're just small air ducts for the robot.

The pyramid is nothing more than a dense metallic protrusion.  
The floor is composed of a mosaic of overlapping welded steel plates. The menage of used metal appears to have been cut from a variety of sources. The floor drops off near the large robot. The piles of scrap drop off here. It looks dark and dangerous down there.  
It isn't a ship. It's an ancient model of a Battlebot. I bet you'd hate to run into whatever brought this big guy down. It looks like something poked it in the eye.  
You can't from this location.  
Your intellectual profile may be slim, but you still are too thick to enter that.  
Whatever you say, Superman. ????????

Get closer.  
I don't think you're man enough!  
Sounds like you want to be doing something besides playing a dumb game. (give head)  
You don't need to do that. Besides, one of them is already broken.  
**Oh, gosh! You've stepped off a metallic escarpment and tumbled into the darkness. Twisted, jagged remnants of old vehicles reach out to slow your dark descent, cutting short your life in the process.**

### *Ships scene*

All of the metal has very jagged edges but is, otherwise, fairly ordinary.  
It looks like your basic hatch handle.  
You can't do that from down here.  
It's a cute little thing. You've never seen anything like it in these parts, but then where are these parts? Some writing on its exterior reads 'For a good time, don't call HAL!'  
It's a cute little thing. You've never seen anything like it in these parts, but then where are these parts? Some writing on its exterior reads 'Bowman was here.'  
It's a sleek-looking number if you can disregard the junk it's rooted in. It must be a recent addition to the collection as everything seems to be intact. Etched on each side is the name 'ALUMINUM MALLARD'. On top is a small hatch.  
None are visible.  
You can't see them as they are buried in junk.  
You notice only the segmented spine-like neck of a former galactic menace.  
The hole in the pod is so small that you are unable to discern any interior features.  
You are at an unsuitable location for successfully viewing that.  
The blackness of the pod's interior is broken only by a small quantity of light pouring through a tiny meteoroid hole.  
You can make out a pilot's seat and a console. The aft end is dark.  
The angle makes it impossible to see any detail.  
You can't see anything like that from here.  
You peer into the compartment and see the ship's motivator unit resting snugly in its perch.  
You peer into the cavity in the top of the ship. The only noteworthy item is a modular plug in the bottom of the opening.  
You can't see it from here.  
You can't. It's covered by the warp motivator.  
It's the modular eight pin variety.  
You can't see it from down here.  
They look like remnants of an orbital space station, or perhaps some type of toys for an over-sized child.  
It's a low-tech ascent/descent module.

It looks like the small round passage that it is.

There are none of those here.

There is nothing interesting about them.

You find yourself at the bottom of another trash pit. An interesting array of alien artifacts is strewn from one end to the other. A large ship is in the middle and a small one is off to one side.

Get serious. We've got a game to play. ??????

Despite technological advances in strong, lightweight ship materials, you can't possibly budge it.

You can't. It's part of the ship.

Forget it. They're buried too deeply. Besides, you're too old to be playing with toys - at least you should be!

You grab the ladder and jam it in your pocket.

Ouch! (again)

You don't need it up here.

That's not here to be gotten.

Be more specific.

I told you not to do that.

It's too small for you.

That won't help.

That can't be done.

Nothing is done with that here.

That isn't necessary.

Check again.

You're wasting your time messing with this relic.

It won't work here.

You don't have that.

That would be fruitless. Don't bother.

You can't. It's closed permanently.

I don't think there is much of you that could fit into the seriously snug aperture.

Not with it down there.

There is no ladder close enough to climb.

There doesn't seem to be a ladder ready for scaling.

That would be great. If only someone had been smart enough to bring a ladder.

There is no good way to scale the slick ship.

You're not in a good location for climbing that.

That's not possible.

The ship is too slick. You seem to remember an ectomorphic programmer friend telling you about ships with non-stick coatings for greater debris collision tolerance.

You can't do that, nor would it be helpful.

We warned you to be careful. Did you listen? Nooooo! Good luck next time.

You got lucky this time.

YEOW!

It's obvious that the metal was sharper than you. The resulting laceration turns you into a living fountain - at least for a few moments. Unfortunately for you, this show was your finale. Good luck in the afterlife.

You move into position and, grabbing the dull finish of the hatch's handle, commence to open and enter the ship.

You notice it to be slick up here. Be careful.

Sensing an adequate surface, the claw releases its cargo and begins the ascent to the grabber unit.

The object thuds into place within the cavity of the ship.

You aren't capable of doing that.

You can't. It's permanently attached.

It's a cute little thing. You've never seen anything like it in these parts, but then where are these parts? Some writing on its exterior reads 'For a good time, don't call HAL!'.

It's a cute little thing. You've never seen anything like it in these parts, but then where are these parts? Some writing on its exterior reads 'Bowman was here'.

### *Up the railing*

A system consisting of buckets and a conveyer (when running) hauls small pieces of scrap to the east.

A system consisting of buckets and a conveyer hauls small pieces of scrap to the east.

It's way down there and not very pretty.

The only junk visible is the small amounts nestled in the conveyer buckets.

You are standing on a narrow rail suspended high above the floor of the freighter. A conveyer system below leads to the right grinder. Be careful - it's a long way down.

This conveyer is no place for sight-seeing.

You are riding below a narrow rail suspended high above the floor of the freighter. A conveyer belt below leads to a shredder.

Right! Get real.

**You stepped off the rail! You're dead again. Way to go. Haven't we taught you anything?**

From your seat you see a handle, (presently being gripped by you) which controls Motion, and a button marked CLAW.

You must stop the grabber before claw functions can be executed.

That's already being done.

It looks like something that would cradle your posterior nicely.

That would be unwise.

### *Shredder*

The conveyer belt (now empty) transports small piles of debris to the shredder at the end.

Small piles of space junk make their way down the conveyer belt to a shredder.

The debris here is portioned onto the conveyer which enters from the left. The small piles roll along until they interface with the shredder where, true to its name, all is shredded.

It's way down there and not very pretty.

The shredder is a mean-looking device. When running, it mercilessly breaks debris down to many smaller pieces of debris.

The shredder is a mean-looking device. It mercilessly breaks debris down to many smaller pieces of debris.

A number of pipes run through the area. They are of no significance.

You are standing on a narrow rail suspended high above the floor of the freighter. A conveyer belt below leads to a grinder. Be careful - it's a long way down.

This conveyer is no place for sight-seeing.

You are riding below a narrow rail suspended high above the floor of the freighter. A conveyer belt below leads to a shredder.

You can't climb that.

Right! Get real.

Don't push it! You made it up here safely. Quit while you're ahead.

Check again.

It's not within your reach.

While it might be tactilly stimulating, your cause won't be furthered.

That doesn't look like a safe place to jump to.

You can't from this position.

Shredded like an Iran-Contra document, your many independent parts flutter to the bottom of the hopper. This is of little importance to you, what with your being dead and all.

You stepped off the conveyer. You're dead again. Way to go. Haven't we taught you anything?

You stepped off the rail! You're dead again. Way to go. Haven't we taught you anything?

From your seat you see a handle, (presently being gripped by you) which controls motion, and a button marked CLAW.

Due to a series of pipelines directly below you, the claw is programmed not to work here.

It looks like something that would cradle your posterior nicely.

That would be unwise.

### *Mystery Machine*

You are standing on a narrow rail suspended high above the floor at the far end of the freighter. It's a long way down to the junk piles below.

You are riding below a narrow rail suspended high above the floor at the far end of the freighter. It's a long way down to the junk piles below.

It's an impressive piece of machinery. Unfortunately you have no idea what it is. Perhaps it is what emitted that tractor beam that brought you here. Or maybe it's some sort of giant trash masher. Or maybe the artist just thought it would look really cool hanging there. Yea, that's it! At any rate, I wouldn't waste any time trying to mess with it.

Sure, you're a devil-may-care kinda guy. This one, however, is beyond even your athletic aptitude.

You step on a part of the track which is extremely narrow and greasy. It obviously wasn't designed for human foot travel. It's a quick drop to the unforgiving surface below.

You stepped off the rail! You're dead again. Way to go. Haven't we taught you anything?

From your seat you see a handle, (presently being gripped by you) which controls Motion, and a button marked CLAW.

You must stop the grabber before claw functions can be executed.

That's already being done.

It looks like something that would cradle your posterior nicely.

That would be unwise.

### *Rail To Control Center*

There is some light coming from passages through the west wall.

You are standing on a narrow rail suspended high above the floor of the freighter. It's a long way down to the junk piles below. There are two passages to the west.

You are riding below a narrow rail suspended high above the floor of the freighter. It's a long way down to the junk piles below.

You stepped off the rail! You're dead again. Way to go. Haven't we taught you anything?

From your seat you see a handle, (presently being gripped by you) which controls Motion, and a

button marked CLAW.

You must stop the grabber before claw functions can be executed.

The claw can't operate here.

That's already being done.

It looks like something that would cradle your posterior nicely.

That would be unwise.

### *Control room*

It's not a model you've seen before. The droid appears to be dedicated to this work station. It seems harmless enough.

It is similar to the one you are currently viewing. The only difference is that you can't read what it says.

Your view of the grabber from here reveals a Forward/Reverse control stick (currently grasped), and a button marked CLAW.

A grabber hangs beneath a rail. There is a seat for a driver. There is a claw underneath looks capable of grabbing things.

Your viewing angle doesn't allow that.

It's hanging peacefully under the grabber.

You're not able to make it out here.

You are grasping the control stick in your hand.

It looks like your standard directional control.

The claw looks very much like something which would bear the name 'claw'. A set of opposing appendages is designed to grip an object by applying pressure from about its circumference in the direction of its center.

You seem to be covering all available seat surface area making viewing impossible.

It looks like something that would cradle your posterior nicely.

On the south side of the room is a chute. A platform extends from its edge.

On the south side of the room is a chute which leads to who-knows-where. A platform extends from its edge.

The rail is supported by beams hanging from the ceiling. The grabber hangs below it.

The walls are made of metal and very strong composite materials commonly used in spacecraft.

In this room the rail makes a U-turn. There is a chute at the bottom. In the middle are panels of monitoring devices being tended to by a droid.

In this room the rail makes a U-turn. There is a machine here which hangs under the rail. There is a chute at the bottom. In the middle are panels of monitoring devices being tended to by a droid.

The safety light on top of the grabber indicates that it is currently in use.

There is a safety light on top of the grabber. It is currently dark.

More metal decking.

The ceiling looks closer from up here. It looks no more spectacular, however.

It apparently isn't designed to process input from you.

You are not equipped to mar this metal moron, nor do you need to.

You aren't able to do that.

Go there yourself.

Think again.

Not from here.

Just move as you've been moving.

You must bring the grabber to a complete stop before doing that.

You're not in a satisfactory location for performing that act.

You're not on it.

You really bit the beam, Buckwheat. And there's that lack of regard for organics in action again. I guess they never heard of the warning shot concept around here. Anyway, you're dead.

You stepped off the rail! You're dead again. Way to go. Haven't we taught you anything?  
Plopping into the seat, you grasp the forward/backward control of the grabber.  
The button is programmed not to work in this area.  
We haven't seen footwork like that since Gerald Ford! Unfortunately, your fall causes you to make contact with the non-moving deck below. The resulting impact forces the cancellation of your subscription to life.

### *Aboard the Aluminium Mallard*

It's going to take quite awhile at this speed. You've got time to get up and make a sandwich or wax the car or something.  
This speed is great for astral combat, but not for jumping across the galaxy. This could take forever.  
With a mighty whump you set the Aluminum Mallard down on the surface of %s.  
Well, Roger, ya done good! You managed to rescue the Two Guys and escape from Pestulon alive. Looks like this'll be a milk run from here on out.  
The ramp is immobilized by the junk it's laying in, so you exit through the hatch instead.  
Please do not attempt to disembark until the ride has come to a complete stop!  
First, you'll need to tear your buttocks away from that pilot's seat.  
You don't have a motivator, and there isn't one here.  
It's already closed.  
All ship systems are accessed through the pilot's computer.  
You're already sitting.  
The two passenger seats look quite comfortable. However, the pilot seat is where you'd rather plop your butt.  
You're already standing.  
You don't have any.  
They're so comfortable, you forget that you're already wearing them.  
You'll have to stand up for that.  
After figuring out which side is the front, you put on the ThermoWeave underwear. They power up automatically, keeping you comfy at all temperatures.  
They're so comfortable, you decide to leave them on.  
You're not wearing them.  
You'll need to go sit down first.  
Searching around the cushions you find, among variously colored wads of lint, seven buckazoids.  
You find nothing of value.  
The hole is already exposed.  
The tile is doing a nice job of covering the hole, just leave it alone.  
But, you're not done in there.  
It's all closed up.  
It seems like everyone ignores you. You'd think they'd be more grateful.  
Your voice echoes thinly off the interior walls. It gets a little lonely out here, doesn't it?  
You look into the cavity at the reactor. It's currently non-functional.  
You look into the cavity. The wire is firmly attached to cable ends.  
You look into the cavity and notice only two cable ends. Someone has made off with the ship's power supply.  
It seems to be the tile which covered the hole in the floor.  
There are many of them organized in the shape of a floor.  
The floor of the cabin consists mainly of a ramp that is currently shut. An access panel has been removed to reveal an empty reactor compartment.  
The floor of the cabin consists mainly of a ramp that is currently shut.  
The control panel contains a computer screen. All ship systems are accessed through the pilot's computer.

The access panel has been removed to reveal an empty reactor compartment.  
The access panel is firmly in place.  
The diagnostic computer gives you detailed information about the ship's systems. However, you'll need to get up to use it.  
The pilot's computer is dead.  
It's your basic spaceship interior wall.  
The Two Guys from Andromeda are a couple of really hip dudes. You wish you could be like them.  
Yep, that's a seat cushion alright!  
You are sitting in the pilot's seat of this sporty little ship. In front of you is the control panel, which contains a computer screen.  
Why not go sit down and take a look.  
You can just see over the trash piled up against the cockpit window. Above you is the ceiling of the junk freighter.  
Gosh! Isn't it amazing how big a spot those space gnats make when you're traveling at light speed!  
Wow, a bunch of stars! Not exactly a new sight for your space-weary eyes.  
The happy lights of Monolith Burger entice you to enter.  
You are currently orbiting Ortega.  
You are currently orbiting Phleebhut.  
You are currently orbiting Pestulon.  
Outside, the stark surface of Ortega stretches into the distance. A lava-lovers paradise, to be sure.  
Outside, the desert surface of Phleebhut stretches into the distance. Countless eons of howling winds have carved this dry planet.  
Outside, the strange surface of Pestulon stretches into the distance. Forces beyond your comprehension seem to have shaped this bizarre world.  
The window is transparent.  
The pilot seat is covered in fine Vorlian pseudoleather. Ergonomically designed to be comfortable yet stylish.  
Yep, there's a bunch of 'em!  
You'll have to go into space for that.  
Looking up, you see a space docking hatch.  
Through the window you see the ceiling of the junk frieghter.  
Through the window you see the sky above.  
The landing ramp is currently closed.  
The space docking hatch is currently closed.  
The button is clearly labeled 'ramp open/close.'  
Whoever ripped out the reactor didn't treat the wires too well. The short cable's end is torn and frayed.  
The cables are snug in their compartment.  
At first you are surprised at how intact the ship's interior is. Immediately to your right is a panel with a red button. At midship on the right wall is the ship's main diagnostic computer. Directly across are two passenger seats. Ahead of you is the cockpit.  
Immediately to your right is a panel with a red button. At midship on the right wall is the ship's main diagnostic computer. Directly across are two passenger seats. Ahead of you is the cockpit.  
You already did that.  
You can't install it from here.  
That wouldn't do any good.  
The reactor is automatic. Just put it in and forget it!  
You already have it.  
Now that it's in place, you hate to take it out again.  
No seatbelts here. The original owner opted for the 'no-frills' package.  
You're not even sitting down!  
It's already open.

The panel is doing its job nicely, don't mess with it.

But you're not finished in there.

Come on, you wouldn't fit in there!

You drop the reactor into the hole, carefully reconnect the cables, and put the tile back in place.

You drop the reactor into the hole. In attempting to reconnect the cables, you find that one is much too short.

You carefully connect the wire between the ship and the reactor, putting the tile back in place once you've finished.

You install the wire inside the reactor compartment.

A flashing message on your monitor attracts your attention.

Your ship hovers between the garbage below and the ceiling above. This will never do.

You feel a strong rumbling as the ship strains to loosen itself from the confines of the junk heap accumulated at its base. Finally, it begins to rise.

The ship rises several meters, then stops abruptly. An alarm from the computer attracts your attention.

*The ship rises successfully, but collides with the top of the freighter. The resulting explosion sends a potpourri of flesh and metal fragments careening in all directions.*

The ship settles back down into the nest of debris.

### *Getting out of the freighter*

A beep is issued by the computer as the screen changes.

The shot blasts a new orifice in the side of the junk freighter.

The pressure generated by the desire of the ship's atmosphere to escape to the considerably lower pressure of space causes your ship to be spit out like a watermelon seed.

*Unfortunately, your inadequately protected ship is struck and subsequently destroyed in the bottle neck of metallic objects striving to pass through the same relatively small opening.*

### *Freighter trite*

It's junk. You don't need junk. Now, think of something better and let's get on with the game!

I wouldn't mess with them. They look dangerous.

What a great way to die a slow and painful death. As appetizing as that sounds, you wisely opt against it.

How crude.

No time for that.

You hear nothing of note.

Your taste is in serious question.

It's against your nature to do that.

Ah! You're one of those!

You'd do more harm than good.

There are matters more pressing than debris relocation at this juncture in time. Besides, that stuff looks sharp and heavy. You're no poster child for manual labor.

Your utterance echoes about the metallic confines of the area. No answer is forthcoming.

Hey! Don't be a baby!

Not now.

You don't have that.

You won't be doing that here.

All terrain nearby is chock-full of jagged edges and barbed protrusions. I wouldn't try that here.

It won't help you at this time.

You stare at the ceiling which, as usual, is overhead. You see nothing particularly unique about the structure except some kind of track running high above you. It seems to run the length of the

freighter.

The floor is composed of a mosaic of overlapping welded steel plates. The menage of used metal appears to have been cut from a variety of sources.

They look like pieces of metal which have been welded together.

Not much about it can be learned from down here.

The walls are made of metal and very strong composite materials commonly used in spacecraft.

The steep piles of scrap metal are chock-full of jagged edges and barbed protrusions.

You'll find nothing ground-like in this synthetic environment.

The walls and most other objects in the area seem to be randomly splattered with a zesty brew of coolants, lubricants, propellants, and other types of spaceship squeezings.

All available Light is being ported into the room via a series of vents in the ceiling.

Strewn about are the totally gutted carcasses of many a formerly worthy craft.

There are various useless plates of metal scattered about the ship. I wouldn't mess with them.

A quick self-appraisal suggests that you are not horribly ugly. You guess you'd be a good catch.

An inspection of yourself reveals nothing outstanding.

Are you crazy? You've got adventuring to do.

That won't help you now.

That's only helpful in Space Quest II.

That won't help you.

What do you think you are, a metallic gopher?

Unless you are capable of defying artificial gravity, forget it.

You are unable to scale anything here.

Dream on.

They are too rigid and heavy for you to manipulate.

Sorry. They're welded in place.

You have no effect on the motivator.

From your seat you see a handle (presently being gripped by you) which controls motion, and a button marked CLAW.

How crude.

Not with your crank!

Your taste is in serious question.

Not now.

You don't have that.

You won't be doing that here.

Your utterance echoes about the metallic confines of the area. No answer is forthcoming.

You hear nothing of note.

Hey! Don't be a baby!

It's against your nature to do that.

No time for that.

You would be unable to climb safely. Don't even try it.

It won't help you at this time.

You'd do more harm than good.

You would be unwise.

It would only result in a death so horrible that the mere description would cause you to revisit your last calorie download.

Looking down makes you dizzy.

An inspection of yourself reveals nothing outstanding.

It's way down there and not very pretty.

A number of pipes run through the area. They are of no significance.

The ceiling looks closer from up here. It looks no more spectacular, however.

Your viewing angle doesn't allow that.  
It's hanging peacefully under the grabber.  
That's not here to see.  
The walls are made of the same composite material as in other locations around this junk-strewn hell-hole.  
The rail is supported by beams hanging from the ceiling. It's probably used by some sort of scrap transport equipment.  
The rail is supported by beams hanging from the ceiling. The grabber hangs beneath it.  
All available light is being ported into the room via a series of vents in the ceiling.  
Light is pouring in from small vents around the ship.  
That's only helpful in Space Quest II.  
That won't help you.  
That wouldn't be helpful.  
Leave it alone. It has no human interface capability.  
That isn't here.  
Are you crazy? You've got adventuring to do.  
You seem to be covering all available seat surface area making viewing impossible.  
Please remain seated while riding the grabber.  
A grimy button on the panel reads "CLAW."  
Leave that to the grabber.  
You can't do that yourself.  
Your view of the grabber from here reveals a Forward/Reverse control stick (currently grasped), and a button marked 'CLAW'  
Just move as you've been moving.  
That's not necessary.  
You are unable to scale anything here.  
That won't help.  
That wouldn't be safe.  
You aren't able to do that presently.  
You can't.  
Dream on.  
That isn't currently one of your options.

## SHIP

Looks like this bird's in good shape.

CURRENT SECTOR:

PRESS F6 FOR COCKPIT VIEW

Those jokers back on Pestulon must have tampered with the lightspeed thingamajig!

**With the engines off, the ship falls abruptly to the floor. The resulting impact is too much for it and you.**

LEAVE RADAR SYSTEM ON WHILE IN FLIGHT

PHLEEBUT

### *The Ship*

Your ship is resting on a sandy spot between several large rocks. It looks like your automated landing system has done a remarkable job.

You proudly look upon your newly acquired spacecraft, the Aluminum Mallard. Truly a fine piece of jun...uh.. machinery.

Your feet will take you wherever you want to go in most cases.

As you step out of your ship onto the surface of Phleebhut, you are hit in the face by the harsh winds. It looks like a storm is brewing.

Meanwhile...another spacecraft touches down elsewhere on the very same planet.

### *Various spots in the desert*

You are in a large, flat expanse of desert. You see mountains to the north.

You don't see many sand dunes here.

You see sand, mountains in the distance, and a sign.

Yes, that's a sign.

Just Ahead!

Visit the Mog Memorial

and the galaxy famous World O' Wonders

Try facing in the right direction.

You're not close enough.

You see large sand dunes, but that's about it.

You see several large sand dunes, and a few worn rocks.

There are unusually steep sand dunes here which have formed a deep hole.

You are startled by the sight of a giant beast just beyond the sand dune to the north.

Your fear turns to curiosity as you realize that it is not a real beast but a mechanical creation.

Although it still looks dangerous, you can't decide whether to blast off this rock or inspect further the wonders of Phleebhut.

There are fewer rocks and more sand in this area.

Just another bizarre rock formation pay it no mind.

Yes, there's a large hole in the rock formation.

Strange rock formations rise up from the sand dunes. "What a desolate place this is," you think to yourself.

This has got to be the strangest array of rock formations you've ever seen.

The dunes rise and fall across the horizon with all the curves of a beautiful moon maiden.

You see a hole through one of the rocks.

In this day and age it would be wise to leave alien holes alone.

You are surrounded by sand and rocks.

It's a hole all right.

There are many rocks here.

You see a flat expanse of desert and mountains to the north.

A range of craggy peaks appear on the horizon to the north. Occasionally, one is struck by lightning.

The sky is alive with electrical activity as large ominous clouds make their way across the darkened sky.

It seems like this entire planet is one vast expanse of desert. About all you see is sand and rocks. The ground beneath your feet is composed of an unusually colored sand. Other than its bizzare coloration, you have no other interest in it. However... as you expectorate a mouthful of the wind blown sand you briefly reminisce about your adventure on Kerona (SQ I).

You notice flashes of lightning to the north. You hope it doesn't move this way.

### *Pustules*

The terminator is now a pile of junk lying on the sand under the pustules. %s

All you see are footsteps.

You don't see one here.

You see several large rocks here. One rock has a large overhang, and almost appears to be a cave.

Under the overhang, you see several large, pulsating pods.

For a brief moment, you could swear they were just a bunch of dancing raisins. But, a closer look indicates otherwise. The leech-like creatures appear to have connected themselves to this overhang with a gelatinous adhesive secretion. YUCK!

The most interesting rock here has a large overhang.

Underneath the top of the overhang, you see several large, pulsating pod-like pustules.

You talk to the pods, but all you get in return are some soft squishy sounds.

You have no way of doing that.

You can't reach them from here.

You don't like heights much.

You already have it.

You don't have the proper implement.

The robot might have something to say about that.

Try approaching from a slightly different angle.

Get closer.

### *Snake*

That's a mighty big snake!

They sure grow them big here, don't they!

You sure wish you had one like that.

I think that may be his intent.

You left your Mark XII heavy duty, phased laser, pulsed neutron, blaster in your underwear drawer.

Gee, that's a very good idea.

The only snake food here is you!

You say howdy, but all you get is a hiss in return.

You've been getting some mighty strange ideas from playing 'KQ II', haven't you? You loose 5 points.

You do have a charming personality, but I don't think that's going to cut it.

### *Mog elevator entrance*

Mog: one of many large beasts that once roamed this vast desert. But they all eventually died of boredom and are now extinct.

Try facing in the right direction.

See Phleebhut from Mog's Head

Entrance Free.

sorry..

closed for repair.

You're not close enough to read it.

The desert to the north grows darker as storm clouds loom overhead. You find yourself at the base of a gigantic metal model of a great beast.

Whoever built this thing did a thorough job. Right down to the polyfoam toejam.

You see an entrance to the inside of the foot near its north end.

The doorway leads to the interior of Mog.

Boy! It's a relief to know this baby is extinct.

Leave it alone.

### *Mog's Calves*

You are inside one of Mog's legs. There is an elevator shaft (complete with elevator) leading up into the interior.

The elevator is at the bottom of the shaft. You see the elevator buttons on the south side of the elevator

Gee, one button says "Up" and one says "Down".

You see the elevator shaft extending up into Mog's body.

It's a pretty ordinary elevator shaft.

Hey, just get on with it dude!

The elevator is already down.

Just take the elevator.

### *Mog's Hip*

Fester is riding up on the elevator.

Fester is waiting impatiently for you to get on the elevator.

You don't see him here.

You are within the cavernous interior of Mog's belly. An elevator shaft leads down, and stairs run between the first and second level platforms. The heavy equipment necessary to automate Mog can be seen on the upper level.

They look just like stairs to me.

The platform flooring is made up of a metallic mesh.

Through the metal grating, you can make out steel girders leading down into the darkness.

Looking up, you see girders and various pieces of machinery fading off into the darkness.

You are within the interior of a giant robot-like statue.

You see a lean, mean, fighting machine coming up elevator.

It looks like 750 pounds of fighting robot is headed your way.

The terminator is now a pile of junk on the first level platform. %s

The terminator is now a pile of junk on the first level platform.

The large electric motor providing power for Mog's automation hums noisily away on the second level platform.

It appears that the gears provide the power linkage for the machinery moving Mog's arms and jaw. It seems that they haven't heard of OSHA here on Phleebhut. There isn't even a guard rail around them. I sure wouldn't want to fall in there!

There are two rope pulleys near the motor and gears. Apparently they are used for maintenance of the equipment. Looking up, you notice that they are mounted on tracks running the length of the second floor platform.

The two rope pulleys are mounted on the tracks.

Nuts to you!

The unguarded elevator shaft runs down to the entrance below. I wonder how many tourists they

lose falling down there every year. I hope Fester has good liability insurance.  
Steel girders provide the structural support for the statue and equipment.

Yes, that's an elevator.

You don't see one here.

Gee, button one says "Up" and one says "Down".

You're not close enough.

Nothing happens.

OK

I don't think he's interested in talking.

You don't see anyone here to talk to.

That wouldn't do much good.

There's no need for that now.

Not now.

There's no way you could do that.

You already took it.

You don't see one here.

Ok.

There is no way you could carry all that.

No way!

Just go there.

That's nice in theory, but you'd need to find some way to put it into practice.

That wouldn't help any.

You would have a better chance of surviving if you took the elevator.

You have no way of doing that.

You really are not all that fond of heights.

That wouldn't accomplish much.

You missed!

Unfortunately, the pulley has come to the end of its track.

It's too late now.

Reaching up, you give the rope pulley a mighty shove.

Hey! What's going on here! Didn't you read the sign saying we're closed for repairs?

Oh! I see you've gotten rid of that grease swilling android.

Never did like that terminator series.

Good riddance to bad circuits!

Well, you might as well ride down with me.

Come on, come on! I don't have all day.

### *World of Wonder exterior*

The massive metal legs support an equally massive metal monster. Kinda takes your breath away, doesn't it?

Whoever built this thing did a thorough job. Right down to the polyfoam toejam.

It looks real, but not real important.

It looks like Fester has closed up. The door is closed and locked.

The doorway is wide open.

There's no answer.

There isn't one here.

It appears to be locked.

You already have it.

You don't see one here.

You peer through the glass of the display case and find a cute and cuddly little creature. A small

sign on the glass informs you that this is an Antarean slime devil. How cuuuuuuuute!

It's hard to see anything from this far away.

Just open the case.

You'd better get out of there.

Your arms just aren't quite long enough. Try getting a little closer.

The sign on the door says "Closed".

Like a cool oasis in the desert, the friendly sign beckons you to enter the World o' Wonders tourist haven.

Unfortunately, a closed door is keeping you out. There seems to be a small sign on the door.

Ah Ha! A tourist trap. This giant metal facsimile of a space beast is nothing more than a cheap marketing ploy designed to suck in any moron dumb enough to fall for such trickery... You suddenly feel like a dumb moron.

**They may be cute, but only an idiot would get near one! Looks like you won't be around to appreciate the other diverse wonders of this garden-spot of the universe.**

It's a nifty late-model hoverwagon, perfect for a family on the go!

Kids are always welcome at the World o' Wonders tourist haven, but if you break it, you buy it!

"I hope everyone went to the bathroom! This is the last stop for 80,000 miles!"

Dad's pleased with his keen bargaining skills. "Boy, I sure got some good deals! This is some REAL high quality stuff!"

Obviously the friendly proprietor of this establishment. He certainly has an honest face.

Sooo... this is Roger Wilco, the man I have been sent across the universe to track down and terminate. I am not impressed. You were too easy to find. You tend to leave a mess wherever you go.

Seems you forgot to pay for that Labionian Terror Beast mating call whistle. Now let's see ... with interest that comes to 400,000 buckazoids. I don't think you've got that kind of cash on you Hmm?

No... I didn't think so.

The good people at the Gippazoid Novelty Co. are most displeased. Nonpayment is a serious offense.

But lucky for you I'm in a good mood today. I will count to ten real slow then I track you down. If you make it to your ship I forget I see you. But if I catch you again..... I dust you like bundt cake. You realize how ridiculous you look and remove the hat.

### *Fester's Shop*

The cast-off refuse of a dozen worlds clings to every available surface of the store. You're astonished at the diversity. You're even more astonished that someone would buy this stuff.

The glass counter, smeared with the fingerprints (and who knows what else) of countless off-world species, covers an impressive array of over-priced rocks and gems. Atop the counter is a rack of colorful post cards from all corners of the galaxy.

Imagine, if you will, a sleazy tourist trap in the middle of the howling desert on Phleebhut. The proprietor looks like the unfortunate offspring of a union between a squid and a Vorlian gas beast. His keen business mind and utter lack of scruples afford him a comfortable living here on the backside of civilization.

A mouth whose favorite word is 'money' grins at you between sales pitches.

The bulging, reptilian eyes scan you greedily.

This is not Police Quest.

The skull of a horned Phleebeast hangs from the rafters.

Many colorful gems are proudly displayed. Why.. Those green gems at the end there look just like the orium in your pocket.

Many colorful gems are proudly displayed. Why.. Those green gems at the end there look just like the orium you found in the swamp on Labion.

The floor below, the ceiling above. The physical laws of the universe are unchanging.



brain-dead!

Achoron	Place
The friendly creatures of Achoron are a delight for young and old alike. Tame enough to come right up and caress you, yet wild enough to slash you to shreds if provoked.	Stamp Here

He's not listening to you, he likes the sound of his own voice too much.

Come on, don't tear the place up!

You've come this far without resorting to crime; don't start now.

Not a real appealing thought.

You don't wear the jaunty hat. You feel more sporty already!

OK

You're not wearing the hat.

Everything has a price around here. You'll have to try buying it.

Admittedly, they're very nice, but you already own one.

That doesn't seem to be available.

Come on, nobody buys that stuff!

Sorry friend, these gems are just for gawkin'at. They're quite valuable don'tcha know.

If you wanted Orium, you shouldn't have sold your only piece!

You almost buy one, then realize that you don't have any friends to send one to.

"A wise choice. I'm sure you'll be very, very pleased!"

Everything here costs 25 buckazoids, and you don't have that much!

You don't have one.

Howdy, stranger! The name's Blatz, Fester Blatz. Welcome to World o' Wonders. Go ahead, have a look at some of the trendiest items in the known universe. Make the most of your vacation buckazoid!

Pestulon, Pestulon. Isn't that a deodorant? No, no, that's PestBeGone. Hmmmm, I think Pestulon's just south of the Lungfish Nebula. Yeah, I'm sure that's where it is.

They make Astro Chicken, don't they? Kind of a hush hush operation from what I hear. I've heard rumors that they're involved in the Two Guys From Andromeda kidnapping.

Thanks for stop'n by! Hey, looks like that lightning is gettin' close, better be careful out there!

How about a nice Orat on a Stick! The kids'll just love this! We're talkin' hours of fun for the whole family! Just look how cute this little guy is!

Now here's a red-hot item, the Official Astro Chicken Flight Hat! You'll really turn some heads in this sporty little number! It's modeled after the hot new arcade game that's sweeping the galaxy. Goin' to any high-temp planets? This nice pair of ThermoWeave underwear'll keep your internal environment pleasant on even the sweatiest worlds.

You just take your time, ya hear?

Don't feel pressured to buy anything.

I seen ya eyein' the display case. You'll notice a very nice collection of orium crystals. I think you'll agree that they're some of the highest quality gems on this hemisphere. And priced to sell, too!

My, my, that certainly is one fine hunk o' orium!

Well, 'fraid I can't go any higher.  
Maybe some other time, eh?

Yessiree, that's one fine hunk o' orium!  
Course, the orium market's a little slow today...

Well, OK. Ya drive a hard bargain, stranger.  
Maybe some other time, eh?

"I'll take it off your hands for %d buckazoids.

Whaddya say?"

### *Ortega trite*

It seems like this entire planet is one vast expanse of desert. About all you see is sand and rocks. The ground beneath your feet is composed of an unusually colored sand. Other than it's bizzare coloration, you have no other interest in it. However... as you expectorate a mouthful of the wind blown sand you briefly reminisce about your adventure on Kerona (SQ I).

There are sand dunes over most of Phleebhut. They hold no particular interest for you, except as an annoying obstacle to your progress.

The ground beneath your feet is composed of an unusually colored sand. Other than it's bizarre coloration, you have no other interest in it. However... as you expectorate a mouthful of the wind blown sand you briefly reminisce about your adventure on Kerona (SQ I).

You notice flashes of lightning to the north. You hope it doesn't move this way.

The sky is alive with electrical activity as large ominous clouds make their way across the darkened sky.

You see your feet.

What a cute little scorpazoid! Perhaps you should pick it up and take it with you.

You don't see one here.

A range of craggy peaks appear on the horizon far to the north. Occasionally, one is struck by lightning.

Hmm. The footprints seem to be following you. I wonder who they could belong to.

You don't see any here.

The worn rocks seem to give evidence of millions of years of fierce sandstorms. Sure hope one of them doesn't come up while you're here.

Yes, those are clouds. I wonder if they contain water vapor, or some highly toxic substance such as ...

The mountains are closer now.

You don't see any reason to do that.

You don't see any reason to do that. Besides, most of them are too big to carry anyway.

You'll have to get close enough first.

You can run, but you can't hide.

You might chap your delicate hands since you don't have a shovel.

You need to get close enough.

That would serve no purpose.

I don't think he's interested in talking.

You don't see anyone here to talk to.

OH NO! A venomous scorpazoid. Watch out.

The Scorpazoid's stinger hits it's mark sending electro-plasmatic venom into your system. Death comes quickly.

## MONOBURGER

The big yellow 'M' welcomes you to another culinary experience at Monolith Burger  
Captain's Log: Funny, I thought this was the last frontier, but it seems like there's a fast food joint around the corner from every star cluster.

PRESS F6 TO EXIT

You haven't even ordered.

Cash only, please.

The more you look at the food, the less like food it looks. You can't help wondering how long some of this stuff has been sitting out here just waiting for a sucker like you to come along and eat it.

The ceiling above, the floor below, the physical laws of the universe are unchanging. Suspended above you is a menu.

You think the sign should be titled 'Employee With the Most Facial Orifices.'

The clerk is wearing the crisply starched uniform that you've come to know and love in Monolith Burgers everywhere. It looks like it's made from the same substance as the food.

The clerk is offended that you would think he's a female. Any idiot should be able to tell the difference.

The clerk looks like he'd rather be doing anything besides waiting on you.

The huge, alien eyes seem to exude a vast intelligence. But, you're not fooled.

A dental hygienist's nightmare.

When this guy gets a cold, tissue company stocks rise dramatically.

"I don't have all day, sir," he says in a mock-polite tone of voice.

Not being sure what he might do with his many orifices, you decide against it.

The only thing you can smell is the aroma of home-cooked food. Obviously a piped-in smell to mask the odor of the real food.

You'll have to go sit down for that.

Outside, the cold vacuum of space pulls at the fragile steel membrane that surrounds you.

Apprehension grips you as you realize your insignificance in the vastness of the universe. The whirling cosmic display seems to... you know, the usual science fiction kinda stuff.

The floor below, the ceiling above. The physical laws of the universe are unchanging. Hanging from the ceiling is a menu.

The cheerfully painted walls keep the floor and the ceiling from slamming into each other.

There are no counter clerks in sight. They must all be in the back taking a break.

Your eyes take in the diversity of alien forms without much interest. After all, you're quite a spacefaring kinda guy.

Your ship waits patiently outside the restaurant.

Yep, that's your basic automatic door.

The tattered remains of your meal lay strewn about the table.

Why don't you buy a bag of food first?

Yes, the cold plastomold tables are like millions of others you've seen.  
The counter is your typical clerk-customer interface.  
You can't quite see it from here. You'll have to stand up.  
The decor, like the food, is the same in Monolith Burgers all over the universe. Generic counter clerks are eagerly waiting to help you.  
life-forms are crowded around the counter and sitting in booths consuming what can only loosely be termed food.  
You're already sitting.  
Come on, don't sit at a dirty table!  
You'll have to get closer to an empty booth first.  
You're already standing.  
You have to sit down to eat.  
You don't have any food.  
You already have it.  
Nah, let Mr. Employee of the Week clean it up.  
There's no bag around here.  
It's not trash yet.  
There's no trash around here.  
It's automatic, just walk near it. This is the future, remember?  
You'll have to wait your turn.

Of course, the way this line's moving, you may never get a turn. Obviously, management carefully schedules the least amount of help for the busiest time of day.

The customers have better things to do than talk to a small-brained biped from a hick planet.

You mumble to yourself. The other customers eye you suspiciously.

Inter-species relations are frowned upon around here. You could get yourself killed for trying something like that.

The only thing you can smell is the aroma of home-cooked food. Obviously a piped-in smell to mask the odor of the real food.

After thinking it over, you repress your baser urges and remain non-violent.

Not from here.

Bringing food on board your ship isn't a very good idea. Considering how clumsy you are, you're liable to spill crumbs all over the computer or something.

"OWWW!!! Hey, what's this in my burger? Oh, it must be my Fun Meal prize! Hey, it's a swell decoder ring!"

Mmmmmm, that was mighty tasty. Well, maybe mildly tasty. Well, maybe not tasty at all. In fact, it reminded you of the slick skin of a Vorlian mucusworm.

With the docking maneuver completed, the engines shut down. Welcome to Monolith Burger!

You pop the hatch and amble on in.

You slide back into the ship, closing the hatch behind you. The Docking Control Beam begins guiding you safely clear of Monolith Burger.

Man, that Big Belcher Combo was a little too much for your delicate digestive tract. You feel better now, except for being hungry again. Of course, the thought of eating here doesn't appeal to you right at the moment.

He's ignoring you because you don't have enough cash.

The cheerfully painted walls keep the floor and the ceiling from slamming into each other.

A recent graduate of Pinhead University, the clerk obviously doesn't have the words 'fast food' in his vocabulary. A trained Vorlian wartslug could probably do a better job.

Your eyes take in the diversity of alien forms without much interest. After all, you're quite a spacefaring kinda guy.

The sleek ship parked on this side makes yours look like a real dog.

The counter is your typical clerk-customer interface.

Yep, that's your basic automatic door.  
 You can't really make it out from here, get closer.  
 The tattered remains of your meal lay strewn about the table.  
 Why don't you buy a bag of food first?  
 You'll have to get a little closer.  
 Yes, the cold plastomold tables are like millions of others you've seen.  
 You can't quite see it from here. You'll have to stand up.  
 The decor, like the food, is the same in Monolith Burgers all over the universe. Generic counter  
 clerks are eagerly waiting to help you.  
 If you walk over to the clerk, you won't have to shout across the room.  
 Why not eat what you already have before ordering more?

- 1. MINI MONOLITH~~~~ .....1.00
- 2. MONOLITH .....2.00
- 3. W/POLYCHEEZE .....3.00
- 4. FILET-O-ORAT~~ .....2.00
- 5. JUMBO MONOLITH W/POLYCHEEZE~ .....5.00
- 6. BIG BELCHER COMBO~~ .....9.00  
 INCLUDES: JUMBO MONO W/POLYCHEEZE, SPACE SPUDS  
 W/EXTRA GREASE AND SLOPPY SLURPER
- 7. MONOLITH FUN MEAL .....7.00
- 8. SPACE SPUDS~ .....1.00

TANG#

- 9. SMALL .....1.00
- A. MED~ .....2.00
- B. ~~~~LARGE~~~ .....3.00
- C. SLOPPY SLURPER~~~ .....4.00

Choose number to order  
 Press Q to quit  
 Thank You  
 Would you like something  
 to drink with that?  
 Would you like some  
 Space Spuds with that??  
 Would you like a  
 Blattfruit Pie with that??  
 Special today:  
 A free drink with every purchase!  
 Special today:  
 A free Filet-O-Orat with  
 every purchase!

It costs one buckazoid.  
 The on-screen instructions explain all aspects of Astro Chicken.  
 Just be patient, the instructions will cycle through until you insert a buckazoid.  
 The sophisticated electronics resist your feeble tamperings.  
 Don't stand there gawkin', let's play some Astro Chicken!  
 It appears to be in code.

If you only had a way to decode it...  
But you don't have any way to decode it.  
There's no message here.

the secret code goes something like this:

a{ b{ c{ d{ e{ f{ g{ h{ i{ j{ k{ l{ m  
A B C D E F G H I J K L M

n{ o{ p{ q{ r{ s{ t{ u{ v{ w{ x{ y{ z  
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

You don't have any way of doing that.

PRESS F6 TO EXIT

Insert Buckazoid!

ASTRO CHICKEN MUST LAND ON THE  
ASTRO CHICKEN LANDING PAD.

HE'S DEPENDING ON YOU TO BRING  
HIM TO SAFETY!

Controls:

Left arrow: move left  
Down arrow: stop left/right movement  
Right arrow: move right  
Up arrow: toggle flapping

Feed: don't use up all your feed!

Hit the landing pad too fast and you'll bounce back up.

Landing outside the landing pad is fatal.

If you fly too high you'll bounce off the atmosphere and plummet back to the surface.  
HELP US! WE ARE BEING HELD CAPTIVE BY SCUMSOFT ON THE SMALL MOON OF  
PESTULON. AN IMPENETRABLE FORCE FIELD SURROUNDS THE MOON. IT MUST  
FIRST BE DEACTIVATED. IT'S ORIGIN IS UNKNOWN TO US. SCUMSOFT SECURITY IS  
ARMED WITH JELLO PISTOLS. WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU WHOEVER YOU ARE.

TWO GUYS IN TROUBLE

Feed:

You don't even have a buck.

ORTEGA

Gas vents beneath the lava occasionally form thick bubbles that last but a moment.

*Ship scene*

Just walk right in!

My, my, this is one hot planet! But you don't care, you're beating the heat with ThermoWeave underwear.

My, my, this is one hot planet! Hopefully you'll last more than a few minutes.

The quakes started by the detonator have broken open a huge crack in the planet surface, which you and everything else in the vicinity have fallen into. The super-heated magma does a quick work of boiling you alive.

### *Wobbly rocks crevice*

Why not just walk across?

I know you're quite a guy, but even you can't jump across such a wide crevice.

You ponder the many uses of the metal pole, but just can't seem to figure out any way it could help you.

What for?

The pole is too short to span the crevice.

My my, things have certainly changed since you were here last! That unstable rock has fallen into the simmering lava below.

Your brow furrows in grim determination as you prepare for a tremendous leap.

The impact of your landing set off the thermal detonator. Your fragments are strewn over a wide area.

The Romanian judge gives you a 9.5! A truly outstanding jump by one of the finest young athletes we've seen this season. You'd like to try that again, but your pole seems to have fallen into the tumultuous lava below.

The impact switch on the thermal detonator was triggered by your wobbling on the unstable rock.

Your fragments are strewn over a wide area.

It appears that parts of this planet's surface are not entirely stable. Better be careful or you'll end up in that lava fondue below.

### *Pirates surveying scene*

The planet Ortega is truly a lava-lovers paradise. Volcanic activity constantly reshapes its surface, so if you have any maps older than last week, throw 'em out. A few pieces of research equipment are laying around.

Two ScumSoft lackeys are working at a make-shift research station. They appear to be monitoring the seismic activity of this area.

The speeding ship is only a blur.

There's a telescope, some seismic equipment, and a crate of some sort.

There's a telescope, an anemometer on a pole, some seismic equipment, and a crate of some sort.

A handy metal pole with a thousand and one uses.

It looks like a couple of tennis balls cut in half, and spins when the wind blows.

It's used for sending and receiving data.

It's full of thermal detonators.

From here it just looks like an old crate.

You need to get real close and look in the little hole first.

It looks like it's probably used for surveying and stuff like that.

There aren't any weapons here.

The pirates are packing jello pistols.

Piles of large volcanic rocks have accumulated here at the base of this volcano.

Most of this stuff is too heavy for one person to carry.

Nah, it wouldn't do you any good.

It's attached to your pole.

It's attached firmly to the pole; it won't budge.

Only one per customer please.

It's all yours!

You pick up one of the detonators. Be careful, you could blow your fingers off with that thing.

The pirates are hard at work, they won't notice you if you stay where you are.

Quite the swashbuckler, aren't we? Too bad there's nobody here.

With what, your breath?

Quite the talker, aren't we? Too bad there's nobody here.

Get a little closer.

The crate is already open.

**Way to go, ace! You blundered your way to within range of the pirates' jello gun. You suffocate in an impenetrable block of jello.**

You hear the roar of the pirates' scout ship taking off. The ship streaks across the sky to an unknown destination.

Obviously loyal company men, the ScumSoft employees are happily performing their duties. But looking at their weapons, you probably don't want to get too close.

### *Looking in the telescope*

Hate to make you feel stupid, but you're already looking!

That's the moon, alright! It's known around these parts as 'Pestulon'.

No more beam. You broke it, remember?

The force beam forms a protective energy shield around the moon.

It looks like something from an old science fiction movie.

There's nothing to get here.

AHA!!! You've discovered the force beam generator! And that moon must be Pestulon.

What is that thing, anyway? Whatever it is, you busted it real good.

What is that thing, anyway? Maybe it's a TV transmitter, beaming game shows and championship wrestling to all corners of the globe.

Yep, the broken generator's still there. How many times ya gonna look at it?

Yep, that thing's still there. But it's not beaming anymore since you broke it.

Yep, the generator's still there. How many times ya gonna look at it?

Yep, that thing's still here. How many times ya gonna look at it?

### *Fighter scene*

Piles of large volcanic rocks have accumulated here at the base of this volcano.

I don't know about you, but I don't see any ships here.

It's a speedy little short-range skull fighter, fully armed with the latest in offensive weaponry. You probably wouldn't want to tangle with one of these babies.

### *Old volcano*

The climb becomes steeper as you near the rim of the old volcano.

### *Bottom of the transmitter*

You reach the rim of the decayed cinder cone and are overwhelmed by the sight. An impressive machine of staggering size sits in the middle of the volcanic crater.

It's pointing to a small moon high in the Ortegian sky. Pulsating circular energy fields are being emitted into space toward the moon.

It's pointing into the Ortegian sky. Pulsating circular energy fields are being emitted into space.

It's pointing to a small moon high in the Ortegian sky. The beam is no longer being emitted.

It's pointing into the Ortegian sky. The beam is no longer being emitted.

The pulsating energy field is being emitted into space toward Pestulon.

The pulsating energy field is being emitted into space.

It's no longer beaming.

The rim of the crater towers over you. Though somewhat eroded, it is still quite tall.

### *Generator base*

You stand at the massive base of a force beam generator. This unit can generate a force field powerful enough to encircle a small moon.

There's not too much lava around here. This is one of the few stable spots on the surface of Ortega. It's pointing to a small moon high in the Ortegian sky. Pulsating circular energy fields are being emitted into space toward the moon.

It's pointing into the Ortegian sky. Pulsating circular energy fields are being emitted into space.

It's pointing to a small moon high in the Ortegian sky. The beam is no longer being emitted.

It's pointing into the Ortegian sky. The beam is no longer being emitted.

The pulsating energy field is being emitted into space toward Pestulon.

The pulsating energy field is being emitted into space.

It's no longer beaming.

There's nothing to climb here.

### *Platform*

You are on a platform on the rim of the volcanic crater. A stairway leads down to the base of the massive force field generator.

You are at the base of the massive generator. A ladder leads up to the top.

There's not too much lava around here. This is one of the few stable spots on the surface of Ortega.

A ladder runs to the top of the generator.

The stairs lead to the base of the generator.

For people that have trouble with stairs, the rail can be helpful.

It's pointing to a small moon high in the Ortegian sky. Pulsating circular energy fields are being emitted into space toward the moon.

It's pointing into the Ortegian sky. Pulsating circular energy fields are being emitted into space.

It's pointing to a small moon high in the Ortegian sky. The beam is no longer being emitted.

It's pointing into the Ortegian sky. The beam is no longer being emitted.

The pulsating energy field is being emitted into space toward Pestulon.

The pulsating energy field is being emitted into space.

It's no longer beaming.

It was built to give easy access over the rocky surface.

You're not close enough to the ladder.

### *Atop the generator*

While trying to catch your breath you take in the panoramic view. Below, you can see your ship off in the distance, and volcanoes stretching out over the horizon. There is a large circular opening here at the top of the generator. This must be where the beam originates. Watch your step up here.

While trying to catch your breath you take in the panoramic view. Below, you can see your ship off in the distance, and volcanoes stretching out over the horizon. There is a large circular opening here at the top of this building. This must be where the beam originates. Watch your step up here.

Cautiously, you peer down into the generator. It's too dark to make out anything, but the drone of the generator has stopped. It appears to be out of commission.

Cautiously, you peer down into the generator. It's too dark to make out anything, but the drone of the generator tells you that something is definitely happening.

You can't quite see over the edge from here.

Looks like your typical moon.

The ladder leads back down the curvature of the generator.

It's pointing to a small moon high in the Ortegian sky. Pulsating circular energy fields are being emitted into space toward the moon.

It's pointing into the Ortegian sky. Pulsating circular energy fields are being emitted into space.

It's pointing to a small moon high in the Ortegian sky. The beam is no longer being emitted.

It's pointing into the Ortegian sky. The beam is no longer being emitted.

The pulsating energy field is being emitted into space toward Pestulon.

The pulsating energy field is being emitted into space.

It's no longer beaming.

There's not too much lava around here. This is one of the few stable spots on the surface of Ortega.

Go right ahead!

You're not close enough to the ladder.

You don't have one.

It wouldn't do any good to do that here. Besides, you'll probably just blow your own foot off.

The explosion disables the force field generator. You may now travel safely to Pestulon.

The explosion has shut off the beam that was shooting out from this thing. Someone's gonna be really sore at you for this.

### *Ortega trite*

Uh Oh! That detonator has apparently set off a chain reaction of earthquakes. You'd better get off this rock A.S.A.P.

You find yourself at the base of a seemingly extinct volcano.

You find yourself at the base of a seemingly extinct volcano. There is a short range skull fighter parked here. But where is the pilot?

The planet Ortega is truly a lava-lovers paradise. Volcanic activity constantly reshapes it's surface, so if you have any maps older than last week, throw 'em out.

In the distance, volcanoes spew magma from deep within the molten interior.

Like a river of orange sludge, searing lava flows through the crevasses below you. Pleasure boating is not recommended.

Throughout the years, many rocks have been deposited in the vicinity by the volcanic activity.

Like a lake of orange sludge, searing lava flows through the crevasses below you. Pleasure boating is not recommended.

The atmosphere has a definite red tint to it from the belching volcanoes and glowing lava.

The sheer cliffs lead straight down to the searing lava below. Watch your step.

The ground is cracked by the constant heating and cooling of this unstable planet.

The molten lava casts a mysterious glow on the sides of the deep fissures. Watch your step.

The smooth walls of the machine have no climbing surfaces.

The smooth walls of the crevices have no climbing surfaces.

Your faithful ship waits patiently for you to return and embark on your interplanetary wanderings.

In the distance, your faithful ship waits patiently for you to return and embark on your interplanetary wanderings.

I don't know about you, but I don't see any ships here.

It's a speedy little short-range skull fighter, fully armed with the latest in offensive weaponry. You probably wouldn't want to tangle with one of these babies.

There are no doors on this planet.

Jumping into boiling lava is not recommended.

The ladder is firmly attached to the machine.

There's no ladder around here.

Come on, you've got better things to do than lug rocks around.

Don't bother; you'll just get dirty.

It has an impact switch, just drop it to set it off.

They're so comfortable, you forget that you're already wearing them.

It would be a little embarrassing to disrobe out here on the planets' surface. Why not go back to your

ship?

You don't have any.

Nah, just leave 'em on.

You're not wearing any shorts.

The sharp edges of the cooled lava would slice you to ribbons. You decide against it.

Too late you realize that walking around unprotected on this planet is hazardous to your health. You feel your blood begin to boil.

You sizzle into oblivion. This planet wouldn't be so bad if you could keep cool somehow.

## PESTULON

### *At the Aluminium Mallard*

Seeing no immediate need to remain invisible, you turn off the belt.

"What a peaceful planet for a software company" you think to yourself. What a shame it had to be ScumSoft. You are surrounded by what can only be described as tree-like growths towering high above you. The turf has a mossy texture.

The trees are strangely twisted.

What looks to be large blue boulders are actually mushroom- like parasitic growths at the base of some of the trees. Never caring much for mushrooms you leave them alone.

You proudly look upon your newly acquired spacecraft, the Aluminum Mallard. Truly a fine piece of jun...uh.. machinery.

The vibrant colors of the pestulonian sky remind you of your home planet of Xenon. Suddenly, you feel quite home sick.

The mossy surface squishes with each step you take.

They're just here for looks so leave them alone, ok?

There is no need to do that.

### *At the tree*

The invisibility belt is now completely out of power.

You are hiding behind some of the strange local vegetation looking out on a clearing and an entrance to a large underground complex. From the logo on the entrance, you deduce that this must be the infamous ScumSoft headquarters.

They are heavily armed and they do not look friendly.

You see the ScumSoft entrance in the distance.

The ScumSoft door is in the process of opening.

The ScumSoft door is wide open, but there are two guards standing outside it.

You don't have one.

First you need to wear it.

The belt is now completely out of power.

"WOW! This thing really works." You then quickly realize that you only have a few moments before the belts power pack is depleted.

You're not wearing it.

It's not on.

OK

Where to Buddy?

You make your way through the forest of strange trees to this clearing where you discover the entrance to some large underground complex. This must be ScumSoft. Suddenly the door to the complex begins to open.

Several guards file out of the entrance and disperse into the woods. They must have been alerted to your presence when you landed. Two guards remain behind to watch the entrance.

Decision Time. Do you wish to:

### *Invisibility Belt*

You are in

The invisibility belt is now out of power.

It's already on.

OK

It's already dead.

already off.

Where'd he go? I could have sworn... Nah, couldn't be.

You here someone coming toward you.

There he is!

### *ScumSoft entrance*

You now stand invisible before the entrance to ScumSoft. Two mean looking guards stand watch. They've no doubt been instructed to shoot anything that moves so don't waste any more time gawking.

The guards are armed and alert.

There are several force field generators creating an impenetrable barrier guarding the area behind the ScumSoft entrance. The force fields themselves are invisible until activated by an intruder.

Just use your eyes, ok?

That would be very dangerous.

I wouldn't mess with these guys if I were you.

You have no way of doing that.

**Oh. No! You've stepped into an electrical force field and as a result you are fried to a crackly crunch. YOU'RE TOAST DUDE!**

What's happening??!!

**Uh Oh! The terminator's invisibility belt is losing power!**

### *Elevator entrance*

You're within the outer fortifications of the ScumSoft headquarters. You see an elevator door, and a button on the wall.

It looks like an elevator entrance.

There is a button on the wall next to the elevator door

You nervously glance up to the top of the ramp knowing that the guards could come barreling down on you at any moment.

There is a button on the wall by the elevator.

The elevator door is tightly sealed.

What's happening??!!

It looks like you've made it just in time, as your invisibility belt is now completely out of power.

### *Hallway*

You find yourself in... Guess... A janitor's closet. You certainly have a sixth sense about this kind of thing.

The door leads back into the hallway.

That you did.

What a great idea, Roger! No one would be suspicious of a janitor walking around. You grab the coveralls and pull them on (seizing the opportune moment to dump all of the old items you've been pocketing along the way). What a great disguise! Wait... what's this?

You reach down into the pocket of the grimy coveralls and find... well, what do you know, Mr. Garbage! A trash vaporizer. You've seen these babies in all the janitorial supply catalogs but your superiors were always too cheap to outfit you with one.

Just walk out.

You are walking down a circular hallway... going %swhere.

You are in a hallway... somewhere deep in the innards of ScumSoft, Inc.

You are entering an interminably long hallway.

You are leaving the hallway.

Technically speaking, you're in a hallway.

The door has a keycard security system as well as a composite facial scanner. It will be pretty tricky gaining access.

A door leads out of the hallway.

There's not a door in sight.

Second guessing yourself, you leave the `disguise' on.

This is neither the time nor the place for that.

'Using what?' you ask of yourself.

Do that.

A security system adjoins this door. There must be something worthwhile on the other side.

Tampering with the security system can only lead to misfortune.

This door is locked.

Walk in front of a door if you want it to open.

Don't worry about the doors; they'll take care of themselves.

You're not facing a locked door.

These things take time...

Easier said than done without the proper keycard.

You are not near a locked door.

Do or don't; the fact remains the door is locked.

The door is not an obstacle.

Don't step on a crack!

You've already found the vaporizer; the handkerchief is a permanent fixture.

You haven't got any!

You wouldn't be able to see where you were going.

You don't have such.

Rummaging about the cramped closet you find a pair of old, grimy janitorial coveralls.

Your thorough search reveals a lot of used junk, but nothing of value to you.

You hear several clicks. "I'm in" you think to yourself.

Then you hear a synthesized voice say, "Keycard verified. Standby for composite facial scan."

Composite Facial Scan complete: Access denied.

### *Office Trite*

The calendar indicates today.

As might be expected, the water cooler is empty.

The plants are just plants.

The plants have already been watered, thank you.

*Office entrance*

You are in the cost-efficient corporate accounting department of ScumSoft, Inc. These hard-working accountants are trying to figure out where the company spends its money.

Just another section in this maze of partitions.

The cabinet is locked (regardless, you wouldn't find anything useful).

Everyone here looks related. It's like a secret society of nerds.

Such a sight.

Look but don't touch.

Hardly an appropriate action for a janitor.

"Attention Attention: We have a very special birthday today! Our founder Mr. Pug has just turned 14; so stop by and give Elmo a big ol' hug."

"Attention everyone: Mr. Pug has just announced that Sunday will be a half-day!"

Mr. Garbage is not a toy!

Tsk. Tsk. Such a waste of vaporfuel.

Aren't you taking this janitor-bit a little too seriously?

Oops! You missed.

William Tell you are not.

Stand closer -- it's shorter than you think.

You just put a nasty burn mark in the carpet.

You're starting to arouse suspicion with your marksmanship.

That didn't accomplish much.

Uh-oh! You're in deep trouble now. These guys know that a real janitor would never bypass a full waste basket.

*Copier scene*

It's a bit late for that now.

It's your typical office copier. Untypically, it works.

There is clearly a picture on the wall.

There is a color copy machine which, oddly enough, is not currently under repair.

You already did.

It's not within your reach.

That wouldn't fool anybody.

"Hello there", you say to the nerd.

He asks "Have you seen my pocket protector around here?"

One copy per customer.

It would help matters if you had an object suitable for copying.

Get real.

Foolishly, you retake the picture of Elmo.

Surreptitiously, you snatch the picture of Elmo.

Wisely, you replace the original picture of Elmo.

Make up your mind.

First making sure that no one is watching, you slip Elmo's picture into the copier and press the start button...

Out pops a beautifully reproduced copy which you roll up and stash in your pocket.

Don't forget the original!

### *Boss's cubicle scene*

You are in the boss' cubicle area and the boss is in. Be reverent.

You are in the boss' cubicle area and the boss is out. Be yourself.

Behind the desk sits a boy who looks to be about 14 years old. "Do your job and get out" he blurbs.

Over the top of the partitions you can see two gentlemen cracking whips. You assume that it must be the programming department.

Better keep your distance!

"Just do your job and scram", he bellows in response.

Your words fall on deaf ears.

Don't be foolish!

All of the desk drawers are locked. However, someone has carelessly left a keycard on the desk.

All of the desk drawers are locked.

You're not in a position to do that.

Not a wise choice at this time.

You take the keycard.

You're not near one.

You already have the keycard.

That is not available.

### *Fighters scene*

You stand on a platform overlooking the Scum Soft vehicle bay. In the center of the hangar sits your ship surrounded by rows of short-range skull fighters. Now how will you ever get out of here?

Your ship doesn't appear to have been tampered with. You realize that it's only a matter of time before you are found as well. Better get on to the business at hand: finding those Two Guys.

The short-range fighters are well armed and ready for action. Even if you do manage to escape, they'll no doubt send these babies after you.

The opened hangar doors reveal the Pestulonian sky above.

Forget it!

### *Two Guys In Jello*

Looking down the deep shaft makes you giddy.

The only visible means of access to the detention platform is by means of retractable bridges.

Massive doors feed into the detention chamber from parts unknown.

The lines warn you to watch your step!

Other than the tightly sealed doors, the walls reveal no exits.

You notice several darkened observation windows high above. You hope no one is observing you now.

An array of control buttons adjoins each door.

Jesse Owens you ain't.

There is not a button in your reach.

You cautiously enter a darkened chamber. A seemingly bottomless shaft drops off into a black abyss. On a platform in the center of the chamber, the Two Guys from Andromeda wiggle helplessly in lime jello. The platform can only be reached by the four retractable bridges at each entrance.

'HELPH!' they slurp from their jello-encased captivity.

Good idea! But how?

This is not your ordinary store-bought jello.

Think again.

Yuck! You hate lime jello!  
From where you stand, it couldn't be done.  
Horrors!  
The resilient jello resists your attempts.  
The jello exists no more.  
It's been vaporized into oblivion.  
It's a bit late for that now!  
Your puny vaporizer is ineffective.  
How now?  
Good news: you have freed the two guys from Andromeda!  
Bad news: you have been discovered meddling about.  
The two guys look to you for direction.  
The guards are looking at you.  
Your every move is being observed.  
Elmo Pug, the president of ScumSoft, is in charge here.  
Elmo Pug is doing all the talking now.  
You successfully free the two guys from their slimey confines and they begin to speak:  
"Thanks dude! It's great to be out of that green stuff. Hey, what's your name?"  
"Roger Wilco", you admit.  
"They discovered our distress message we coded into the Astro Chicken game and sent us here as punishment. Let's get out of here before we're discovered!"  
So... what's your plan for getting us out of here, Wilco?  
Nobody's going anywhere heh, heh, heh! You must have thought you were pretty clever Mr. Wilco; disguising yourself as a janitor.  
Unfortunately for you, my boys found your sorry excuse for a ship in the woods. Escort this gentleman to the ARENA. You boys haven't seen a good fight in quite a while.  
And do away with those two Andromedaons. They have been more trouble than they're worth.  
TAKE THEM AWAY!

You and the Two Guys are separated and escorted away. A door opens and you are led into the dark unknown.

### *Start the fight*

-- INSTRUCTIONS --

use arrow keys to  
control your robot  
use the J key to punch  
use the M key to block  
Press Any Key To Start

Ok Wilco, the name of the game is Nukem Dukem Robots. The only rule is that there are no rules!  
You have a limited power supply. A successful blow will absorb my robot's energy and vice versa.  
On the other hand, a wasted movement of any kind will rapidly deplete your robot's power. Sounds like fun, huh?

Anyway, here's the deal. If you win (snicker), you have the honor of becoming Scum Soft's new full-time janitor. Ha! Ha! but... if I win... you'll be DEAD!!

Oh, by the way, your friends, The Two Guys from Andromeda have joined us, as you can see below.  
Be careful not to STEP on them. Heh, heh, heh.  
LET THE GAME BEGIN!

Well, it looks like you've depleted your power. The last thing you see is your blood slowly spreading across the arena floor.

Gosh Rog, we really appreciate you saving us and all.

Yeah, we were really scared. We didn't know what Pug was gonna do to us.

Hey, uh, don't you think we better get outta here? Pug's really sore and he probably sent some ships after us.

So, how do you like the game so far? Was it worth \$59.95?

Hey, we're hungry. We haven't eaten anything but jello for the last few weeks.

I hafta go to the bathroom.

Can't you make this crate go any faster?

Just between you and me, I think ol' Wilco's been in space too long.

Endgame:

The remaining enemy ships have given up and are heading back to the planet. It looks like you were just too much for 'em.

With your shield depleted, the final hit shreds the side of your ship. In the sudden vacuum, your body fluids expand beyond the capacity of your tissues. Your desicated body will drift forever, a grim testament to your blundering stupidity.

Having the correct shield up could have prevented this! The final shot shreds thde side of your ship. In the sudden vacuum, your body fluids expand beyond the capacity of your tissues. Your desicated body will drift forever, a grim testament to your blundering stupidity.

WARNING: Short range fighters approaching from rear. Weapons lock-on detected.

When the enemy ship comes from behind, you will automatically begin tracking.

Use the direction keys or mouse to move the target cross-hairs onto the target.

When you are locked on, use the space bar to fire.

Man oh man! You really showed those bozos a thing or two! Now can we get something to eat? You inform the Two Guys that light speed is no longer functional. They're not overly pleased by this piece of news.

what!! Now I'll never get any food! Some rescuer you are!

Hey, what's this thing on the wall?

it sez...'light speed maintenance access panel.' gee, maybe i can fix this bucket of plastobolts!

yeah, this is it! this fan belt thing came off of the round thing it was on. Just a second.

ok, she's all fixed. let's go grab a burger!

Too late you realize that you have no course laid in. The light engines kick in before you can override. You inform the Two Guys that light speed is now functional, but it's out of control.

They're not overly pleased with this bit of news, either.

aaaaaaaahhhh!!!! we're gonna die!!!!!!

oh nooooooo!!! why did i get up this morning?!!!

mommyyyyyyyyyy!!!!

Careening blindly through space, your ship speeds toward a sizable black hole. Once within the gravitation of the black hole, there's no escape. You plunge into destiny.

2G: Greetings Earthling. We are the Two Guys From Andromeda, Universally famous software authors.

RW: And I am Roger Wilco, Space age swashbuckler and all around nice guy.

KW: Hello, I'm Ken Williams, President and founder of Sierra On-line. Sooo... You two guys are software authors heh? What are your credits?

2G: Ever heard of ASTRO CHICKEN?

KW: No

2G: Good!

KW: How about you two guys coming to work for me?

2G: Sounds great! How many buckazoids does it pay?

KW: Buckazoids?

RW: Say... Uh...Mr. Williams. Do you need a janitor?

KW: No

As our space saga comes to a close, Roger, feeling a little left out, struts off to his ship with the satisfaction of knowing his mission has been accomplished.

The Two Guys from Andromeda go on to create the Space Quest series of adventure games reaping fame and fortune. They grow fat on their success and soon become burnt out and begin a drunken tailspin into obscurity.

And so we bid our hero a fond farewell as his ship once again bursts into light speed... course unknown.

#### "THE PIRATES OF PESTULON"

Created and Written by

Mark Crowe and Scott Murphy

Programmed by Scott Murphy,

Doug Oldfield, Ken Koch, Chris Smith

Graphics by Mark Crowe

Development System by Jeff Stephenson,

Bob Heitman, Pablo Ghenis, Stuart Goldstein

Music by Bob Siebenberg

Sound FX & Music Editing by Mark Seibert

Version %s

#### 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.

Sorry. Not now.

You either just got snuffed or you can't get enough of a truly great game. Am I right? (RESTART??)

Leaving so soon? We'll be anxiously (yawn) awaiting your next visit. Be seeing you.

Fine. Pause. Just don't be taking too long, OK? We don't want any babies playing this game.

(PAUSE??)

Oh. I get it. You don't want your boss to know you've been playing Space Quest II[.

That's a good idea but I'm afraid that, being the good company men that we are, we can't help you cheat like that. Sorry.