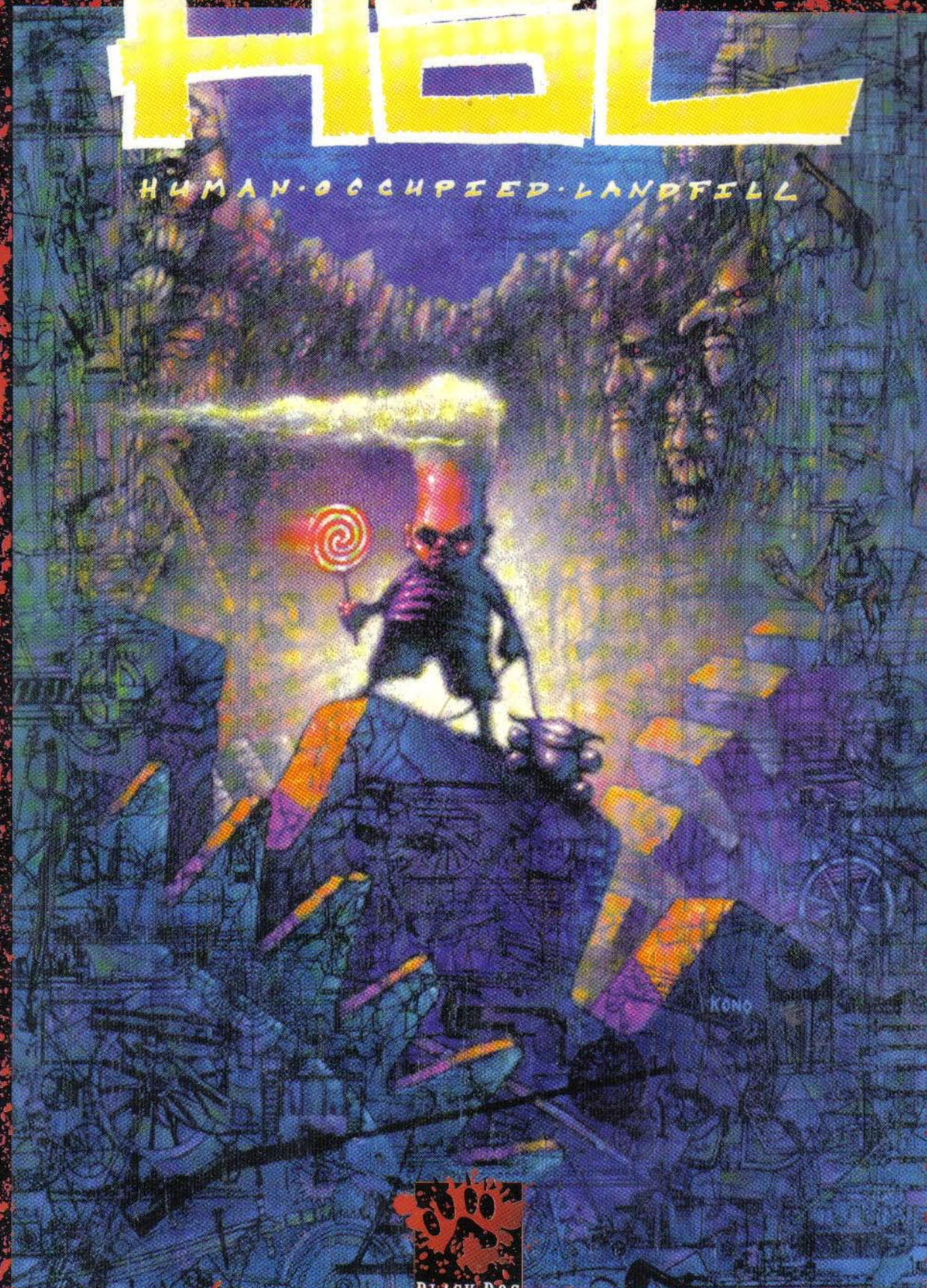


HOL

HUMAN-OCCUPIED LANDFILL



BLACK DOG
GAME FACTORY

FOR ADULTS ONLY

HOL

A game.



EDITOR'S NOTE: I DON'T EXIST.

Hol, Human Occupied Landfill™

by Daniel Thron, Todd Shaughnessy, and Chris Elliott.

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CREW, THE STAFF OF THE GLEN TRAVEL PLAZA, PETE THE PLUMBER,
NEIL GAIMAN (JUST BECAUSE), ELVIS, DENISE BUTLER, ORGANIZED
RELIGION IN GENERAL (YOU CAN'T WRITE SHIT THAT GOOD), DENNIS MILLER, THE
MASSACHUSETTS DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT AND TRAINING, JIM WILEY,
DAVID BRAZIL, AND EVERYONE ELSE WHO ASSISTED ON THIS EPIC LARK...
... ESPECIALLY THE INDOMITABLE

BOB ROSE!!

(WE JUST TOLD HIM WE'D
WRITE HIS NAME BIG. SOME
GUYS ARE SO EASY TO PLEASE.)

W.A.R.N.I.N.G.: Do NOT read

Further if You are offended
by the following sentence:

"The quick brown fox
Jumped over the lazy
dog; What a fuckin'
Asshole."

CLAIMER:

THIS GAME WILL FUCK YOU UP. We SWEAR.

It will make you take drugs whose chemical composition is beyond the spelling capacity of this Author. You will begin a prostitution ring made up of fourteen-year olds and delinquent NUNS. Eventually, of course, you will most likely leap from the balcony of your local theatre with seven running chainsaws strapped to various parts of your body. There's a good chance it will be the matinee showing of BAMB! as well.

So, if you feel like ending your days by becoming the center of attention in a big, hard, humming chair, please read on. And buy all the supplements, too.

Thank you for your time, worship the Antichrist, and have a nice day.



Dr. J. J. J. J. J.
Christopher Elliott
ESQ.

To Jean Thron
&
All the Brothers ;

-- till the crow cocks --



INTRODUCTION

What is Roleplaying?

To truly comprehend the nature of what is today called "Modern Roleplaying", we must first step into a time machine to Ancient Greece...

Fuck This Noise!!!

I ain't gonna waste my time explaining that when I know you guys have read 4,000,000 other sets of rules comparing roleplaying to everything from movies to religious experiences. Face it -- this is not gonna be someone's 1st game. "Hum, you know, cribbage is getting kinda stale -- let's get something with a lot of blood & death in it."

If you don't know what roleplaying is and this is your 1st game, then you've fucked up. Go play (You know the one -- It sounds like "Trunchcons & Flagons", but we can't say it cause of copyright laws) for about 6 years and get back to me.

And for all you anal-retentives who feel it would be heresy to go on without saying something about it, here: Höl is entirely made up of it, so all you miniature-philés and Tactical fiends can suck the pipe, baby.

Also, this book is divided up into two extremely general sections. Originally they were called "The Player's Section" and "The Referee's Section". But we thought that sucked, so we changed it. They are now "Killing Things" and "Things that can Kill you".

If you are a player, well don't take this the wrong way, but, **DON'T EVEN FUCKING THINK ABOUT LOOKING IN THE SECOND SECTION YOU MANGELY, MAGGOT-LAKED PIECE OF SCUDGE.** If you do, we not only give the referee permission to photocopy the character sheet in the back, but we give him the right to scrape your arms off with a rusty shrimp fork. Besides, you'll ruin the fun of the game. *

Referees, since you are all deities, holding sentient stations miles above these worthless, tortured plebes whose lives you play with like so much Silly String, you may look at everything yes, the veritable plethora of Fun Stuff that your players only dream about is yours to distribute as you see fit. In my opinion, it's best to think of these goodies like rations in a Turkish Prison.

Another thing, henceforth, we will not call them "referees", or "refs", or "erees", nor even "Lords of Existence". Such medieval titles are below them.

They are Hölmeisters.

Men and women of respect. Not to mention great taste in clothing. **

Thanks

Welcome to Höl

Hope you laugh till you get a nosebleed



* You'd find out that the HM can cheat. Yes. Whenever he wants.

** Well whaddya think I'm gonna say? It's usually these Bazes who go out and blow their paychecks on this garbage. Look at it from my point of view -- Think CAPITOL. I have to be nice.

BOOK ONE

Turning and Turning in the widening gyre

The falcon cannot hear the falconer; ^{it's wrong.}
 Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold; ^{What Fil}
 Mere ^{YES!!!} anarchy is loosed upon the world, ^{A LOOZA}
 The ^{YES!!!} blood-dimmed tide is loosed, AND ^{CHIESE}
 The ceremony of innocence is drowned; ^{everywhere I did}
 The best lack all conviction while the worst ^{like what my}
 Are full of passionate intensity. ^{THIS}
^{mean}
^{Sex.}
^{copies!}

— William Butler Yeats

4 from THE SECOND COMING
KINDA SANDWICH OR SOMETHIN'?

I WANT
YOUR
GRANDMA

* ESP. WHEN YOU
Hit em w/ A
BABYGRINDER! ←

← ISSATA

Poppies!

THIS MAN KILL
SEX? KILL
↓ KILL



MR. HAPPY BIRTHDAY

PART THE FIRST: 
 "WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE?"...



THE HÖL
OR { H-U-M-A-N O-C-C-U-P-I-E-D }
LANDFILL.

OR < His Other Leg • Harmoniously Orchestrated Lambada • Huge Overfed Leeches • Hienous Old Linguisa • Hemhorraging Oral Libido • Hey, Ow! Leggo! • Hairy, Odeous Leftovers. >

WHAT is the Höl? Ever been to New Jersey? OKay, now Add some high Technology and make a planet out of it. Höl is the New Jersey* of the Confederation Of Worlds (C.O.W).

Yes, far in the future, the GALAXY is fully colonized and sub-let, and the C.O.W, governing jointly with the Church has designated a small, once-green world to be the GALACTIC trash bin. And, as it turns out, it happens to be a pretty handy place to dump shiploads of raving, murderous, pedophillic, sociopathic, genocidic, anti-establishmentalist, drooling psychos

* Hey, man, I was born in Patterson, NJ -- don't even try to tell me it ain't close.

out on stuffing old ladies into wood-chippers, as well as a good number of excess accountants.

Generally, your characters will not be accountants.

THE CONFEDERATION itself is pretty wicked big. In fact, it's so pretty wicked big that if it weren't for the faster-than-light ^{mail} given to us by the Jumpslugs, inhabitants on the Spinward Frontier would still think that bellbottoms and butterfly collars are cool idea (No offense intended to those of Travolta IV, the Disco Planet). The point being that there are a practically infinite number of worlds to adventure on, destroy, exploit, enslave, own franchises upon (as the great entrepreneur Grith Jizbag's BUCKET O' WEENIES restaurant chain, the only one to shake the firm ground upon which CHURCH and MUNCH locked its talons). Though your characters have meager beginnings (told you I couldn't spell), that is no reason to believe that they couldn't become another Grith Jizbag. It is that innate seed of Hope (?) that sets the occupants of Höl apart from the teeming masses of the Empire (Confederation). That and generally lesser brain capacity.

So, how is such a frighteningly huge (say, dare we say it, nigh infinite) population kept in check, governed, repressed, and gagged for taxes? By appealing to the basic needs of Life, of course: The need to have Leisure Furniture, the need to drink Beer, the need for unbridled Lechery, the need to believe in a Higher Power,

SCALE: 1 inch = more than
you can possibly imagine

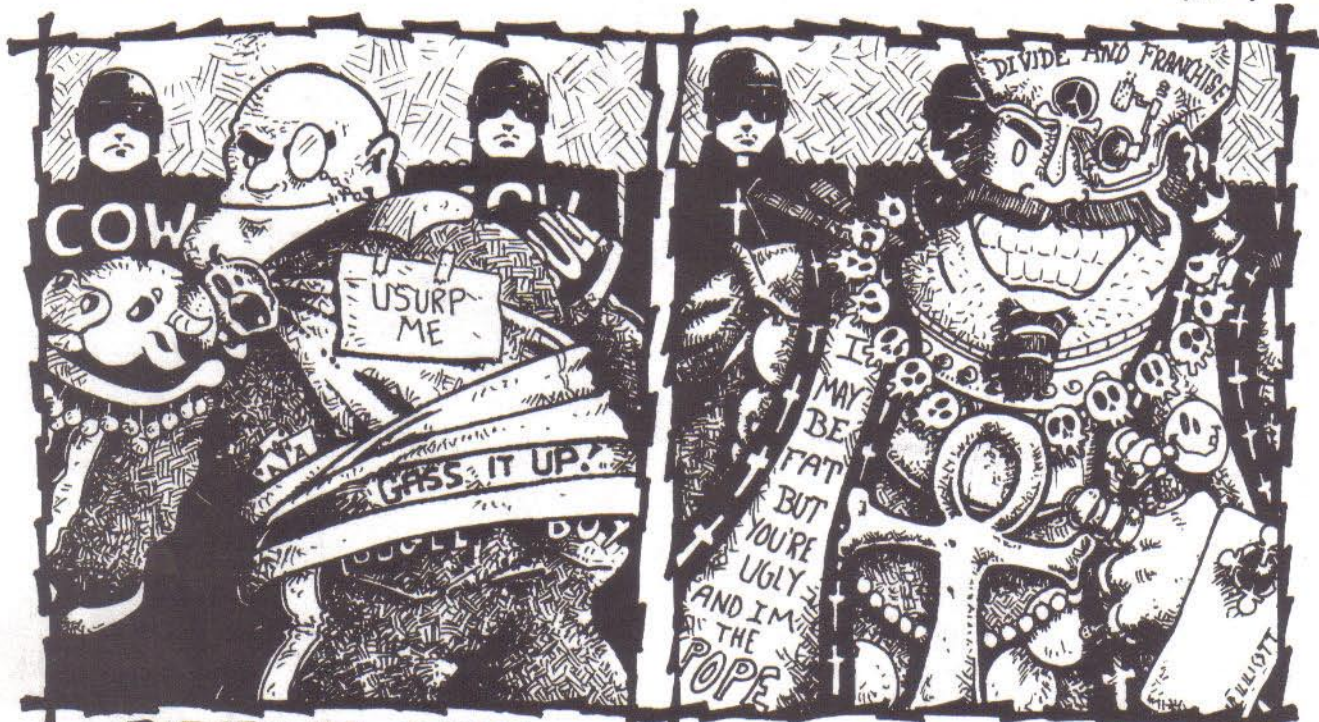
THE
CONFEDERATION
OF WORLDS

FRONTIER

Höl

(otherwise recognised as the need to believe that there's always someone just a bit bigger that could beat the Living Bejesus out of you if you fuck up), and most important, the need for Info-Tainment.

To deal with this, there are two distinct factions of the Government: The Confederation and the Church, the heads of which are, respectively:



RUPERT IX, EMPEROR
OF THE COW.

HIS HOLINESS, RASHNEESH, "BIG STEVE"
ZIMMERMAN, MEGAPOPE.

But wait, we stray.

You'll meet these losers in time. This is only supposed to be the player's "teaser" chapter. Soon enough you'll know about Wastems, Church and Munch, the Dickens Boys, the Enquisition, the Karkas, Jumpslugs, Crickets, and Welded Steel Boxes, but let's not spoil the surprise. Right now all you need to do is read the RULs section and pick a targ, ah, character. Leave the rest to the Holmeister. Trust us.



PART
THE
SECOND

ROLLS

WHAT? WHAT'S WRONG?
YOU STILL PISSED THAT I CUT THE
LAST CHAPTER SHORT? JEEZ!
CHILL OUT! IT'S NOT LIKE
YOU'RE GONNA SKIP OVER
THE HOLMEISTER'S SECTION
LIKE I ASKED! Fuckin' baby...

PART THE SECOND PART ONE: DICE



◀ THATS IT. IF YOU DONT GET IT, YOU'RE
A HURTIN' PUPPY.

PART THE SECOND PART ONE POINT ZERO ONE: ROLLING
THE DICE

ANY ROLL CONCERNING TWO DICE ROLLED AND ADDED
TOGETHER: THE RESULT OF 12 (::: :::) EARNS THE PLAYER A BONUS
2-DIE ROLL (THAT MAY BE DECLINED) THAT IS ADDED TO THE ORIGINAL
12. IF ANOTHER 12 IS ROLLED, ROLL AGAIN, ETC. SHORT FORM:
YOU GET BOXCARS, YOU GO SHITHOUSE!

ANY ROLL CONCERNING ... (YEAH, YEAH, YEAH, GET ON WITH IT) SHORT
FORM: YOU ROLL SNAKE-EYES,

YOU LOSE!

YES, WITH THIS MYSTICALLY PITIFULL ROLL, YOU GRANT THE HOLMEISTER
UNLIMITED RETALIATORY POWER AGAINST YOU FOR ANYTHING YOU MAY HAVE
DONE (OR THOUGHT OF DOING) TO HIM OR HER DURING YOUR LIFE.

EXAMPLE: JEFF' CHARACTER, Fuzzteeth, is trying to tie
his shoes. The HM requires a skill roll (2 dice) and Jeff rolls snake-eyes.

THE RESULT: Fuzzteeth's Head explodes. Just one of those things, y'know?

EXCEPT rolls on CHARTS (S&C ©). UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED. Aw, Hell, Roll when you WANT.

PART THE SECOND PART TWO: THE CHART

OKAY let's go. Here's the AMAZINGLY complex AMOUNT of stuff you've gotta memorize including page numbers AND foot notes lest you be burned at stake at the next convention you attend. Don't think I'm kidding. People at those things ARE strange AND STAY. Don't let them touch your food.

THE ALL-ENCOMPASSING GENERAL CHART THAT CAN BE APPLIED TO EVERYTHING!!!

(EXCEPT FOR THE STUFF WE HAD TO MAKE OTHER CHARTS FOR)

ROLL TWO DIE SNAKE EYES	RESULT
3-8	- YOU LOSE! UTTER FUCKUP!! MISS 1d6 ACTIONS + whatever agency the Holmeister wishes to inflict upon you.
9-14	- COMPLETE FAILURE. Lose next turn
15-19	- FAILURE
NATURAL 12 = ROLL AGAIN & ADD	- SUCCESS. Nothing Special.
20-25	- VERY SUCCESSFUL. + 1 to appropriate stat for 1d6 turns.
26 AND UP	- UNBELIEVABLY SUCCESSFUL!! + 3 to appropriate stat for 1d6 turns

FOR EVERY EXTRA 12 ROLLED,
ADD 1 TO GRACE OF GOD
POOD.

PART THE SECOND PART TWO POINT ZERO ONE : HOW TO USE IT

Roll 2d6, add them up, add the appropriate statistic (and skill level, if applicable), and apply the HM's cruel modifiers for difficulty.

EXAMPLE: Ed, staring dejectedly at his malfunctioning EX-109 CraterMaker Assault Cannon and Soup Thermos, decides to attempt a patch-job using his Repair Toasters and Stuff skill. The HM arbitrarily states (looking at the Difficulty Chart, which happens to be right here)...

Side Note

If no existing skill is applicable, Beg Mercy from the HM, and perhaps He/she will lower the penalty. This game does not condone the use of sexual favors in this begging.

DIFFICULTY CHART (GEN.)

Easier than a cheap streetwalker : +4
 Cake : +2
 Normal : +0
 Kinda Overwhelming : -2
 Bogusly Difficult : -4

Side Note

the Holmeister CAN ASSIGN ANY difficulty He/She wants; these are just guidlines. Example: -7 could be "Snowball in a Microwave", etc.

Yeah, Stupid, I know.

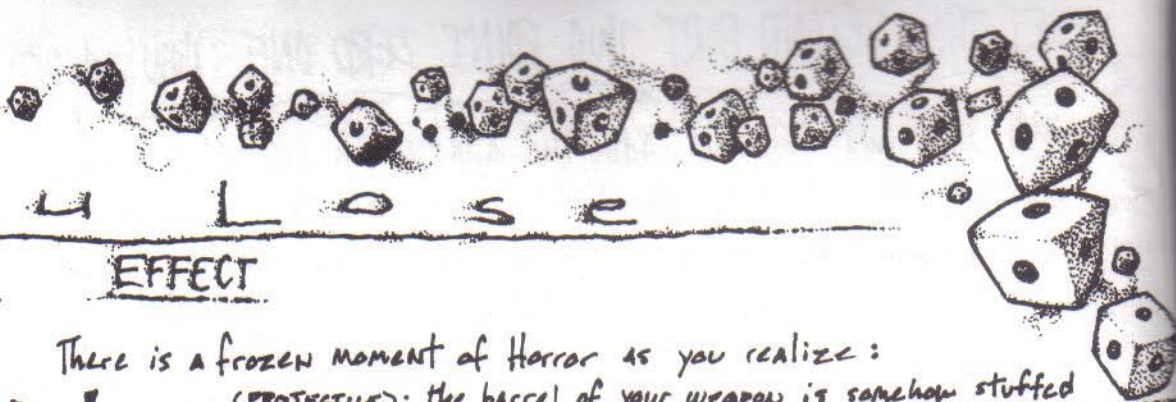
... That the task is Bogusly Difficult, therefore giving Ed a -4 on his die roll. Ed throws the dice, getting a 6 and a 5, totaling 11 (no shit). His Greymatta Stat is 11, and his skill level (Repair Toasters and Stuff) is 2. Subtracting the HM's Bogusly Difficult modifier of -4, Ed finds that the total is still enough to succeed on the General Chart.

-4 (the Mod)
 +11 (the Roll)
 +11 (the Stat)
 +2 (the Skill)

 25 (or 13 if you're not cheating)

CAN'T TELL I ADDED THAT AT THE LAST MINUTE, CAN YOU?





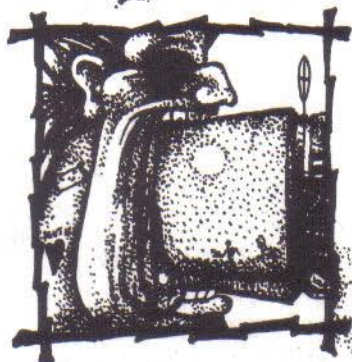
YOU LOSE

ROLL 2d6

EFFECT

2

There is a frozen moment of Horror as you realize:



(PROTECTIVE): the barrel of your weapon is somehow stuffed in your mouth when you fire. Double Anguish/Dmg.

(MELT): You tragically overbalanced and are inevitably falling on the most painful part of your weapon. Double Anguish/Dmg.

(UNARMED): You hear a wet "splatch" as a groin muscle is stretched too far and balls up neatly in your upper thigh. A/D = 9/2 NO ARMOR SUBTRACTION.

ROLL AGAIN once these effects are applied. What do you WANT? You Rolled Snake Eyes on a SNAKE EYES! What a LOSER.

3-5

Rupture nearest fuel tank. Even If you're wearing it. Even if its nuclear. Holmeister decides A/D. Hee-Hee-Hee.

6-8

Strange play of lights caused you to think that a member of your party was the Enemy you wanted to hit. Must've been those mushrooms. If you're alone, go home later and shoot your best friend.

9-11

Amazingly bad attack looks so foolish, word spreads over the next 1d6 weeks, and 3d6 random murderers come to put you out of their misery.

12

Your mind suddenly becomes aware that your entire existence is composed of nothing but thoughtless carnage and senseless genocide. You collapse in a weeping heap for 1d6 turns. Hey, at least your not dead... Aww, there there. It's okay. Here, have a wafer.

COMPLEX RANGE WEAPON SCREENS THE POOH!

SNAKE EYES - WEAPON DETONATES. DOUBLE A/D TO EVERYONE WITHIN ANGUISH FACTOR IN YARDS.

3-5 - NO EFFECT. MISFIRE.

6-8 - WEAPON FIZZLES & SMOKES, MAKING A DYING, ANTICLIMACTIC WHINE. IT'S MAY BROKE.

9-11 - JAMMED for 1d6 TURNS.

12 - WEAPON JERKS UNCONTROLLABLY IN USER'S HAND FIRING RANDOMLY AT EVERYONE FOR 1d6 ROUNDS.

WOULD YOU STOP BITCHING! I KNOW I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU ABOUT STATS YET! WE'RE GETTIN' THERE. I SWEAR. HERE. READ THIS.)

PART THE SECOND PART THREE:

THE COMBAT CHART!!

HOLY SHIT! Yes! The Savior has come! We can

Kill things Now!!

HM's NOTICE: Players may make the mental leap required to realize the similarity between this chart and the Gen. Chart. If they do, shoot them. Keep the Illusion of Complexity Alive.

ROLL TWO DIE

RESULT

SNAKE EYES

— YOU LOSE!! Utter Fuckup!! Roll on "You LOSE" Combat Chart.

3-8

— Total Miss — Roll on "Complex Range Weapon Screws the Pooch" Chart, if applicable.

9-14

— Miss. Yes, that's it.

15-19

— Success. Yippee. You God.

NATURAL 12 - ROLL AGAIN & ADD

20-25

— Very Successful + 1d6 on Weapon's Anguish Factor. Neat.

26 and UP

— UNBELIEVABLY SUCCESSFUL
+ 2d6 to Weapon's Anguish Factor.



FOR EVERY EXTRA 12
ROLLED, ADD 1 TO
GRACE OF GOD POOL



ANGLISH FACTOR EQLIVELENCIES

ANGUSH FACTOR

EXAMPLE

- 1: Stapling your Finger
- 2: Ripping your Toenail on a Brick
- 3: Running a Ginsu Between Your fingers
- 4: Stepping on Glass with Your Heel
- 5: Breaking Your Nose with a Pliers
- 6: Dropping a Cinderblock on Your Foot
- 7: Smashing both Kneecaps with a Railroad Tie
- 8: Crushing your Ankles with a Sledgehammer
- 9: Folding Your Elbow the wrong way
- 10: Inhaling Fiberglass
- 11: Sliding Naked Down a 10 ft. Greased Razorblade
- 12: Drinking Drain Cleaner
- 13: Being Skinned By a Cheese Grater
- 14: Removing Your Molars with a Bandsaw
- 15: Being Caught in the Gears of a Ferris Wheel
- 16: Bathing in Nitric Acid
- 17: Clipping Live Jumper Cables to your Tongue
- 18: Swallowing Molten Iron
- 19: Exposure to Zero Pressure or more than 10 minutes of Julio Iglesias
- 20: Unprotected Re-Entry into the Atmosphere



DAMAGE MULTIPLIER CHART

WEAPON'S ANGUISH FACTOR - DEFENDER'S TOTAL ARMOR

THIS IS A
MULTIPLYER
BOMBHEAD.

	-10	-9	-8	-7	-6	-5	-4	-3	-2	-1	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
2	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
3	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
4	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
5	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
6	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	NE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2

WOUNDS / MODIFIERS

of Wounds - description - modifier

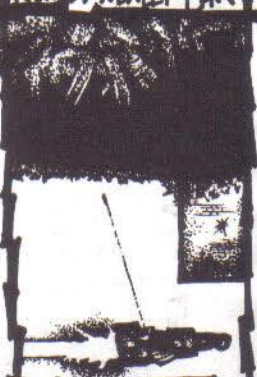
- 1 ~ Slight Discomfort ~ 0
- 2 ~ Scratch ~ 0
- 3 ~ Scrape ~ 0
- 4 ~ Stingfest ~ 0
- 5 ~ Worse Than a Papercut, Less Than a Bone Marrow Transplant ~ -1
- 6 ~ Veritable Heaps of Irritation ~ -1
- 7 ~ Tahiti: Would Be Nicer ~ -1
- 8 ~ Just a Flesh Wound ~ -1
- 9 ~ Starts to Suck ~ -1
- 10 ~ Hurtin' Muchly ~ -2
- 11 ~ Smoking the Painpipe ~ -2
- 12 ~ Eating Glass Brownies ~ -2
- 13 ~ Rather Be Shaving With a Chainsaw ~ -2
- 14 ~ Um, Dec? ~ -3
- 15 ~ Feasting With Agony ~ -4
- 16 ~ Feelings of Imminent Doom ~ -5



PART THE SECOND PART THREE POINT ZERO ONE: RANGE MODIFIERS

THE HM HAS THE RIGHT TO DO ANYTHING THEY DAMN WELL PLEASE, AND THIS INCLUDES PENALIZING THE SHIT OUT OF PLAYERS THAT PISS THEM OFF. NOT ONLY THAT, THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO PENALIZE THEM. LET'S LOOK AT RANGE, HMMM?

RANGE MODIFIERS

REALLY NOT FAR	NOT FAR, REALLY	CLOSER THAN REALLY FAR	REALLY FAR	REALLY REALLY FAR
				
+4	+2	+0	-2	-4

YOU CAN ALSO BE PENALIZED FOR LACK OF LIGHT, COVER, BAD TASE IN CLOTHING, EATING THE LAST SLICE OF PIZZA, BREATHING, ETC. **NOTE:** HOLMEISTERS ARE NOTORIOUS FOR PREENABLE EGOS, THUS, FAWNING OVER THEIR HMING ABILITIES MAY PRODUCE POSITIVE RESULTS FOR YOUR CHARACTER IN THE FORM OF POSITIVE MODIFIERS. BUT BE TACTFULL - HM'S ALSO PENALIZE FOR BROWNOSING.

THE VERBAL FORMULA FOR MODIFICATION IS:

- "REALLY NOT" (+4)
- "NOT REALLY" (+2)
- "KINDA" (+0)
- "REALLY" (-2)
- "REALLY, REALLY" (-4)

AND EVERY EXTRY (WHAT AM I IN BEVERLY HILLBILLIES?) EXTRA "REALLY" PAST -4 SUBTRACTS 1 FROM THE DIE ROLL.

EXAMPLE:

FUZZTEETH'S PLAYER: HOW FAR IS IT FROM THE MUZZLE TO HIS NITS
 HOLMEISTER: IT'S REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY FAR.
 → TO HIT ROLLS.
 FUZZTEETH'S PLAYER: FUCK YOU, DAN.
 HOLMEISTER: -12. YOU LOSE.



PART THE SECOND PART THREE POINT OH TWO: ALRIGHT!
ENOUGH OF THIS "THREE POINT ONE
FUCKING ZILLION" SHIT! JESUS,
THE JOKES DEAD ALREADY!
JUMPED UP ALLAH ON A
POGO STICK YOU KNOW HOW
THE... OKAY, OKAY, I'M CALM, I'M
CALM. BUT DON'T DO IT AGAIN.

Sorry. Geez... ALRIGHT (AHEM) THE NEXT PART: PUTTING ALL THIS
TOGETHER (WITH SOME MORE STUFF, TOO) SO YOU CAN KILL THINGS.



ORDER OF COMBAT

1: DETERMINE INITIATIVE. EVERYONE INCLUDING THE HM (BUT HE CAN CHEAT) ROLLS A d6 AND ADDS IT TO THEIR FEET'S STAT. THE HIGHEST GOES FIRST AND SO ON. IF SOMEONE ROLLS A TOTAL OF 12 OR HIGHER THEY GET AN EXTRA ACTION ON THEIR TURN. THIS ROLL MAY ONLY BE MODIFIED BY THE HM (OF COURSE) AND THE SKILL "WICKED QUICK DRAW".



EXAMPLE: ISAAC IS HM'ing, and LEWIS IS PLAYING. EARLIER, ISAAC HELPED LEWIS MAKE A NEW CHARACTER: RICARDO CABASA. RICARDO IS NEW TO H&L, AND IN HIS DESPERATION TO MAKE FRIENDS HE HAS MADE THE MISTAKE OF SPEAKING TO A GENTLEMAN BELONGING TO ANIHILATION INCORPORATED, AN INDEPENDANT LANDSCAPING FIRM. THE GENTLEMAN PROMPTLY TURNED AND ATTEMPTED TO CLEAVE RICARDO'S CHEST IN TWAIN WITH A STRAY GIRDER. THE GENTLEMAN, LET'S CALL HIM 'ED', IS QUITE LARGE -- THUS, IN THE FIRST ROUND, RICARDO WAS BATTED BACK AROUND 20 FEET. IT HURT. BUT, BEING THE FUDGE-BRAIN THAT HE IS, HE HAS COME BACK TO FIGHT. LETS LOOK AT THEIR STATS:

RICARDO

GREYMATIA: 1
MEAT: 5
MOUTH: 6
FEET'S: 3
NUTS: 4



ED

GREYMATIA: 4
MEAT: 8
MOUTH: -2
FEET'S: 3
NUTS: 5



RICARDO IS, AS THEY SAY ON H&L, "RIDIN' THE DOUBLE DONKEY". IN OTHER WORDS, HE HAS A PROBLEM.

THEY ROLL INITIATIVE. LEWIS ROLLS A 4. HE DOES NOT HAVE "WICKED QUICK DRAW", SO HIS INITIATIVE ROLL IS A TOTAL OF 7 (4 + 3 (GIR MEAT)). ISAAC ROLLS A TWO FOR ED. THIS WOULD GIVE HIM A TOTAL OF 5, SO ISAAC LIES AND TELLS LEWIS THAT ED ROLLED A 5, GIVING HIM AN 8. THAT'S BETTER. ED GOES FIRST.

2: STATEMENT OF INTENT / DECISION TO DODGE OR PARRY

THE ATTACKER DESCRIBES WHAT HE WILL ATTEMPT THAT TURN, AND THE DEFENDER CHOOSES WHETHER HE WILL DODGE OR PARRY. IF THE ATTACK IS A RANGE WEAPON, ONLY A DODGE IS

THE TRAGIC SMOKE OF AN ALPHABETICAL COLLISION.

POSSIBLE.



TO DODGE: AGREE TO SKIP YOUR NEXT TURN (IF YOU ARE FORCED TO DODGE AGAIN NEXT ROUND, THE MISSED TURNS ARE NOT CUMULATIVE). THEN ROLL TWO DICE AND ADD THE RESULT TO YOUR FEET. THIS TOTAL SERVES AS A NEGATIVE MODIFIER TO YOUR ENEMIES' ATTACK. SNAKE EYES ON THE DODGE ROLL MEAN YOU ARE AUTOMATICALLY HIT. BOXCARS ROLL AGAIN, ETC.



TO PARRY: ATTACKS MAY BE PARRIED BY ANY MELEE WEAPON YOU HAVE A SKILL FOR (I.E. "MAKING SHARP THINGS GO THROUGH SOFT THINGS THAT SCREAM AND BLEED" CAN BE USED TO PARRY WITH A CHAINSAW). ROLL ON THE GENERAL CHART, ADDING YOUR FEET OR MEAT (WHATEVER THE SKILL SAYS) AND THE SKILL LEVEL. SUBTRACT THE ATTACKER'S SKILL LEVEL AND FEET/MEAT (OR, IF IT IS A CREATURE, ITS' ATTACK VALUE). SUCCESS MEANS THE ATTACK IS PARRIED. SNAKE EYES: THE ATTACKER HITS AUTOMATICALLY. I KNOW THAT SOUNDS COMPLICATED, BUT DON'T WORRY, ONCE YOU START PLAYING, YOU'LL SEE THAT IT REALLY IS (HINT--READ APPENDIX #1, IT'S FAR MORE CLEAR).

EXAMPLE (CONT.): ISAAC, SMILING, TELLS LEWIS THAT ED IS GOING TO ATTEMPT A MARSHFT TRACHEOTOMY ON RICARDO WITH THE GIRDER IN ED'S HAND. THE GIRDER STILL HAS RICARDO'S TEETH ON IT. ISAAC ASKS LEWIS IF RICARDO WOULD LIKE TO DODGE OR HAVE HIS SPINE REPLACED WITH TWELVE FEET OF RUSTED METAL.

LEWIS SAYS HE WANTS ED TO PARRY. OR PERHAPS I MEANT RICARDO. YES. YES I THINK I DID, BUT IT'S LATE AND I WOULD REALLY RATHER BE PASSED OUT IN MY BED. HOWEVER, ED MIGHT GET PISSED IF I LEAVE HIM HERE ALL NIGHT, SO BACK TO THE SLAUGH... THE FIGHT.

LEWIS SAYS HE WANTS RICARDO TO PARRY. BETTER. ISAAC ASKS HIM IF HE'S BEEN SNIFFING GLUE ON THE BACK PORCH AGAIN.

LEWIS SAYS THATS NONE OF HIS GODDAMN BUSINESS AND HE WANTS RICARDO TO PARRY, GODDAMIT.

ISAAC TELLS LEWIS NOT TO GET HIS CHEST HAIR TANGLED, ITS JUST A GAME; THEN INQUIRES AS TO WHAT HE WANTS RICARDO TO PARRY WITH, KNOWING THAT THE ONLY THINGS HE HAS LEFT (AFTER THE BAND OF TWELVE YEAR OLDS WITH PLASMA FRENZIES HELD HIM UP FOR EVERYTHING HE OWNED) ARE A PACKAGE OF STALE LORNA DUNES AND A SWISS ARMY SPOON. MY SWISS ARMY SPOON, LEWIS SAYS.

ISAAC INFORMS LEWIS OF THE PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY OF BLOCKING TWO THOUSAND POUNDS OF METAL SWINGING IN AN ARC AT SIXTY-FIVE

MILES PER HOUR WITH FOUR OUNCES OF TIN AND SUGGESTS THAT HE QUIT FUCKING AROUND SO THEY CAN GET THIS OVER WITH AND GRAB A PIZZA OR SOMETHING. LEWIS SAYS FINE, I FUCKING DODGE, OKAY?

ISAAC ASKS LEWIS IF HE COULD HAVE MORE OF A SHITBOX ATTITUDE, AND TELLS HIM TO ROLL.

LEWIS DOES. A 5 AND A 6. THIS PLUS HIS FEETS (3) GIVES ED A MINUS 14 ON HIS ATTACK. LEWIS ASKS ISAAC TO EAT IT UP, BABY.

3: ROLL TO ATTACK. THE ATTACKER ROLLS ON THE COMBAT CHART, ADDING THE APPROPRIATE STAT AND SKILL RATING, AND SUBTRACTING THE TARGET'S FEETS*STAT, AS WELL AS ANY MODIFIERS THE HM MIGHT WISH TO APPLY. READ AND APPLY THE RESULTS AS DESCRIBED ON THE CHART.

EXAMPLE (CONT. YET AGAIN): ISAAC ROLLS FOR ED'S GIRDER ATTACK. HE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE MODIFYING HIMSELF TODAY, SO THE ROLL IS MADE LIKE THIS: 8 (ED'S MEAT) + 4 (ED'S LEVEL FOR "PUMMEING SOMETHING WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A LARGE OBJECT") - 14 (RICARDO'S DODGE)* + 2d6.

THE ROLL: BOXCARS.

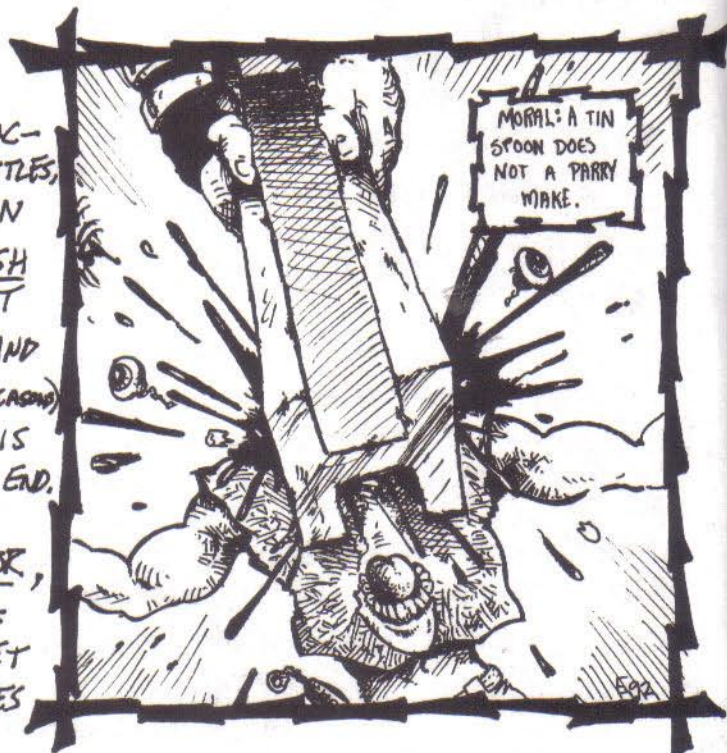
LEWIS: **FUCK ME AGNE!!!**

ISAAC: EAT IT UP, BABY.

ISAAC ROLLS AGAIN: 2 FOURS. THIS MAKES THE TOTAL 18, A SUCCESS ON THE CHART. LEWIS KNOWS THIS, AND THAT IS THE PROBABLE REASON FOR HIM HURLING HIS DICE AGAINST THE WALL.

4: APPLY DAMAGE.

EVERY WEAPON, OR ANYTHING A CHARACTER CAN MAKE INTO A WEAPON (IE. BOTTLES, CHAIRS, REFRIGERATORS, CHILDREN) HAS AN ANGUISH/DAMAGE RATING. THE ANGUISH FACTOR IS A NUMBER FROM 1-20 THAT TELLS HOW EFFECTIVE THE WEAPON IS, AND HOW MUCH IT WILL HURT (FOR ROLEPLAYING REASNS) THE CHARACTER. THE DAMAGE NUMBER IS ALWAYS AT LEAST 1, BUT HAS NO UPPER END. THE TARGET'S DEFENSE AGAINST THE ATTACK IS LISTED AS IT'S TOTAL ARMOR, WHICH IS A COMBINATION OF THE TARGET'S MEAT AND ARMOR VALUE (IF THE TARGET IS WEARING ANY. THE ARMOR VALUE RANGES



* FEETS IS NOT SUBTRACTED FROM THE ATTACK ROLL IF THE TARGET IS DODGING.

FROM 1-10, 10 BEING THE BEST.)

FINALLY, AND BRACE YOURSELF, EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE HAS 20 HIT POINTS. YES, A CONFEDERATION OF WORLDS LIGHT INFANTRY COMMANDO WHO HAS SPENT THE LAST TWELVE YEARS CHOKING DOWN STEROID PILLS THE SIZE OF SOFTBALLS AND COULD WALK NAKED ACROSS THE SATAN'S ARMPIT DESSERT (STILL IN SHAPE FOR COCKTAILS LATER) HAS AS MANY HIT POINTS AS DON KNOTTS IN THE INCREDIBLE MR. LIMPET. BUT TO MAKE YOU FEET (OR PERHAPS EVEN FEEL) BETTER, WE'LL CALL THEM SOME-THING ELSE... HMM... HOW ABOUT DAMAGE LEVELS? YEAH! NOW THAT SOUNDS IMPORTANT! (NOT THAT IT MATTERS, WE COULD'VE CALLED THEM "SNOTSACKS"; THEY'RE STILL HIT POINTS).

THESE DAMAGE LEVELS (OOOH! DON'T YOU LOVE THAT!) ARE LISTED UNDER THE DAMAGE MULTIPLIER CHART A FEW PAGES BACK. YEAH - "WOUNDS/MODIFIERS", THAT'S IT. SEE, THE MORE DAMAGED/WOUNDED SOMETHING/ONE IS, THE HIGHER THE THE NEGATIVE MODIFIER IS ON ALL THE ROLLS THEY MAKE FOR SKILLS, STATS, OR ATTACKS, IT'S HARDER TO THINK OR ACT THROUGH PAIN. HERE, TRY THIS OUT: STUFF YOUR HAND IN A BLENDER, AND TURN IT ON "FRAPPE". NOW TELL ME YOUR NAME. OH, NICE TO MEET YOU MR. ARGAAJESUSFUCKINGEHRISTHELPHHELPMEARAAAH.

THE THING IS, BECAUSE YOUR CHARACTER'S MEAT IS ONE OF THE DECIDING ELEMENTS IN FIGURING THE DAMAGING... DAM... OH YEAH, DAMAGE LEVELS TAKEN, HIS DURABILITY IS FACTORED IN. MEANING AN ATTACK ON THE COMMANDO WITH MAYFAIR L-13 PIPEHUCKER COULD CAUSE HIM CONSIDERABLE ANNOYANCE*. BUT THE SAME ROLL WOULD BLOW MR. KNOTTS THROUGH A WALL, BECAUSE HE HAS A MUCH LOWER MEAT STAT. NO OFFENSE, MR. KNOTTS.

SO, TO FIGURE DAMAGE, SUBTRACT THE DEFENDER'S TOTAL ARMOR FROM THE WEAPON'S ANGUISH FACTOR (DON'T FORGET ANY BONUSES GLEANED FROM THE COMBAT CHART). FIND THE RESULT ALONG THE TOP OF THE DAMAGE MULTIPLIER CHART, THEN ROLL A d6 FOR INTENSITY, AND FIND THE RESULT ALONG THE SIDE OF THE CHART. CROSS-INDEX THE TWO, AND THE NUMBER (1/2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) FOUND IS THE DAMAGE MULTIPLIER. TAKE THE DAMAGE RATING OF THE WEAPON AND MULTIPLY IT BY THIS NUMBER. (N.E. MEANS NO EFFECT). THE RESULT IS THE NUMBER OF DAMAGE LEVELS TAKEN. ONCE A TOTAL OF 17 ■ HAS BEEN REACHED, THE CHARACTER ROLLS A MEAT TEST ON THE GENERAL CHART (BOGUSLY DIFFICULT)*. ONCE 20 IS REACHED, HE'S TAKEN THE BIG DIRTNAP.



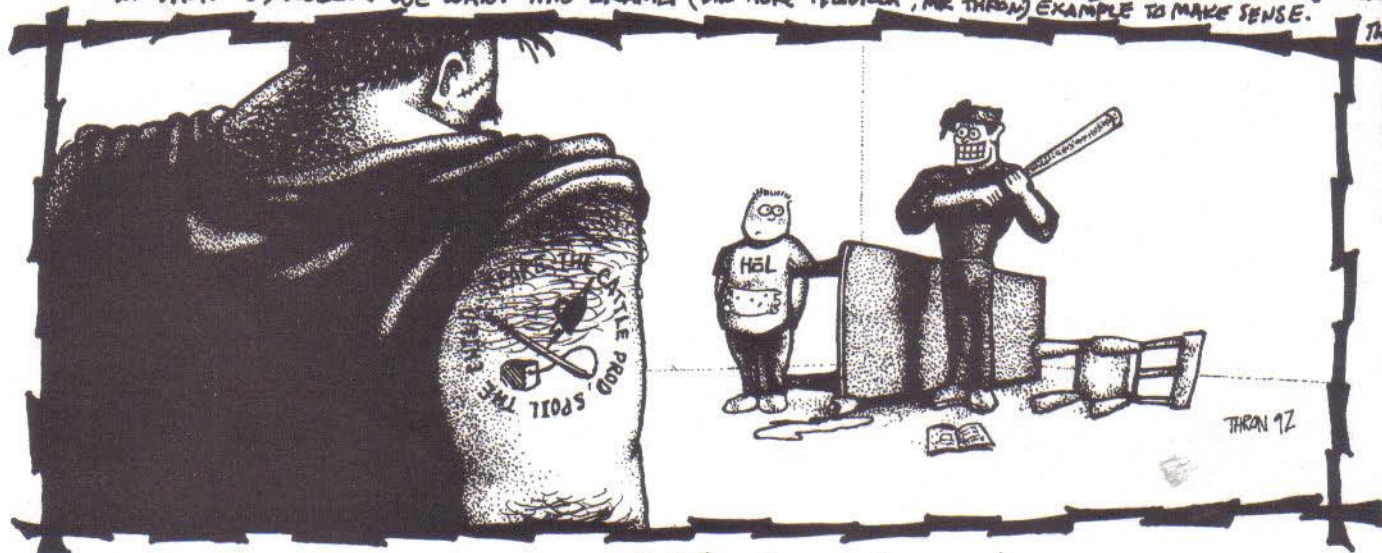
* AH, I WANT TO FINISH THAT SENTENCE. IT ENDS WITH "OR THE GO UNCONCIOUS." BETTER?

EXAMPLE (Yes. Again): LEWIS, HAVING BEEN ASKED BY ISAAC TO STOP BEING SUCH A BABY, IS NOW STANDING ATOP THE TABLE AMIDST SPILLED SODA AND RUINED GAMING MATERIALS. STRIKING FIRST BECAUSE HE HAD SUPRISED THE LIVING HELL OUT OF ISAAC, HE HAS SUCCESSFULLY OFFERED ISAAC A CHAIR IN THE FACE. THE A/D RATING OF THE CHAIR IS **3** + MEAT/1. LEWIS' MEAT IS **1**. ISAAC'S IS **2***, BUT HE LEFT HIS RIOT GEAR IN THE CAR. STRIKING PARTICULARLY WELL, LEWIS GAINED A PLUS 1d6 TO THE CHAIR'S ANGUISH FACTOR; IN THIS CASE, A +3. THE TOTAL ANGUISH/DAMAGE IS NOW **7/1**.

SINCE ISAAC HAS NO ARMOR, WE LOOK AT THE **7** COLUMN OF THE DAMAGE MULTIPLIER CHART, AND ROLL A d6 FOR INTENSITY: A **6**. CROSS-INDEXING THE SEVEN AND SIX SHOWS THE DAMAGE MULTIPLIER TO BE **X3**; ISAAC NOW HAS **3** WOUNDS: NOT ENOUGH TO GIVE HIM A NEGATIVE MODIFIER ACCORDING TO THE WOUNDS/MODIFIERS CHART, SO ISAAC TAKES HIS TURN TO GRAB THE ALUMINUM BAT BEHIND HIM, AND THE FIGHT CONTINUES (ISAAC ASKING LEWIS IF HE WOULD ENJOY A VASECTOMY IS THE HIGHLIGHT - THEN LEWIS' FATHER APPEARS, WONDERING IF HE CAN FIT BOTH OF THESE BRAIN DEAD IDIOTS INTO THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL WITHOUT THE NEIGHBORS NOTICING).

* THAT IS, UNLESS WE WANT THIS EXAMPL (ONE MORE TEBULLA, MR THRON) EXAMPLE TO MAKE SENSE.

ISAAC
REAL
MEAT: 0
THAN



SPECIAL ^{AWW!} COMBAT THINGS:

THE FOLLOWING MOVES MAY ATTEMPTED BY ANYONE DURING STANDARD CONFLICTS OF INTEREST UNLESS THE HM SAYS NUH-UH.

AIMING: YOU CAN SPEND A TURN LINING UP THE SIGHTS OF A

RANGE WEAPON ON A PARTICULAR THING, BODY PART, OR WHATEVER (THIS IS GREAT FUN AT PARTIES, POLITICAL CONVENTIONS, KINDERGARTEN CLASSES, AND CHURCH \$ MUNCHES). IN ORDER TO DO SO, THE TARGET MUST NOT BE MORE THAN REALLY, REALLY FAR AWAY UNLESS YOU HAVE A REALLY REALLY GOOD SCOPE. IF YOU DON'T HAVE EVEN A KINDA GOOD SCOPE, THAN ALL RANGE MODIFIERS APPLY. TAKE ONE TURN TO AIM, AND YOU GO FIRST NO MATTER WHO HAS THE HIGHEST INITIATIVE, UNLESS THE HM FEELS LIKE BEING A PRICK. TAKE TWO TURNS AIMING, AND YOU GET A ± 4 TO THE SHOT AS WELL. OF COURSE, THIS IS ABOUT THE TIME WHEN THE HM DECIDES THAT ALL YOUR GROBOLES HAVE HATCHED. WHAT A GREAT GUY. OH YEAH, ALMOST FORGOT: ROLL NORMALLY.

YOU MUST GET A VERY SUCCESSFUL RESULT OR YOU BLOW THE BIG SAUSAGE. ← NO, WAIT, THAT, AFTER CAREFULL CONSIDERATION, SHEDS. PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT LAST RULE, THAT WAS ABOUT AS WELL THOUGHTOUT AS AFTERMASH.

BEANING. YOU MAY BEAN SOMEONE WITH ANYTHING NOT SOFT. THE HM DECIDES WHAT

IS TOO SOFT TO BEAN WITH (SORRY, THAT STRAY AIR CONDITIONER IS JUST A BIT TOO SQUISHY -- BUT I WILL GIVE YOU THE FREON BONUS, THOUGH. HEY. PUT DOWN THAT HAMMER. I'M SERIO...). THE BEEN-EE MUST BE WITHIN YOUR HUCKING RANGE, BUT PREFERABLY REALLY NOT FAR, AND MUST HAVE NO CLUE OF YOUR PRESENCE (I.E., BACK TURNED; ASLEEP; GAZING OUT UPON THE THIN RED RIBBONS OF CLOUD-BEAUTY OF NATURE, A BITTERSWEET TEAR COMING TO THE EYE, AND HA! THAT'LL TEACH 'EM TO GET ALL SPONGY! THERE IS NO WALDEN POND ON HOL, SAILBOAT FACE!!). TO BEAN: (AND YOU ONLY GET ONE CHANCE) FIND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOUR MEAT AND THE TARGETS -- IF YOURS IS LOWER, THE NUMBER IS A NEGATIVE MODIFIER. IF YOURS (YOUR + IS) YOURS IS HIGHER, IT IS A POSITIVE ONE. THEN ROLL ON THE GENERAL CHART. IF VERY SUCCESS IF SUCCESSFUL, YOU DO STANDARD DAMAGE AND THE TARGET MISSES 1 TURN CURSING. OH YEAH (AGAIN) YOU GOTTA HIT 'EM IN THE HEAD (UNHELMETED!).



BEGGING



"PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE DON'T KILL ME
BY UNLOADING THAT ENTIRE BANDOLIER OF INCINDIARY
GRENADES DOWN MY WINDPIPE MR. COMPLETELY TREMENDOUS
AND UTTERLY SUPERIOR WALL OF PURE BESTIAL FORCE!!
Pretty Please? ULP..." WELL, HEY, IT'S WORTH A SHOT, RIGHT?
RIGHT? **RATTING**

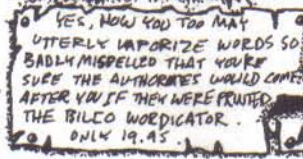
BOLTING

• IF YOU WIN THE INITIATION

AND YOU'VE FOUND YOURSELF STANDING BEFORE DEATH HIMSELF ARMED WITH A HOVER-MOUNTED GORE-X ROTARY TENDERIZER AND BLADECASTER, OR SOME OTHER SUCH MORTAL INCARNATION, YOU MAY (WITH DECIDED HASTE) CHOOSE TO REFLECT UPON THE POWERFULLY RELEVANT WORDS OF SUPREME TAOIST TSING DAO BREADBRISKER III, "IF THE LILLY OF THE MOUNTAIN FINDS ITSELF IN THE DRAINING SHADE OF DEATH HIMSELF ARMED WITH A HOVER-MOUNTED GORE-ROTARY TENDERIZER AND BLADECASTER, OR SOME OTHER SUCH MORTAL INCARNATION, HE WOULD BE BEST ADVISED TO BOLT THE FUCK OUTTA THAT SHITSTORM RIGHT QUICK OR THEY'LL NEED A SPATULA TO SCRAPE THEIR HEINY OF THE GROUND." AH, THE WISDOM OF THE AGES IS ALWAYS THE MOST TRUE (BUT DON'T FORGET YOUR FOE WILL HAVE A ± 1 TO HIT YOU WITH YOUR BACK TURNED. KEEP SMILING. HOLMEISTERS AREN'T THAT CRUEL.*)

CROTCH = SOCCER

CROTCH = SOCCER. A PERSONAL-FAVORITE LAST DITCH ATTEMPT TO TURN THE TIDE OF A LOSING BATTLE IS TO PLAY "GO-FETCH" WITH AN ENEMY'S GONADS. YOUR FOE MUST NOT BE WEARING ARMOR, AND MUST BE OF THE TESTICULAR PERSUASION. MAKE A STANDARD ATTACK: VERY SUCCESSFUL MEANS



HE MUST MAKE (NO NOT THE ONE YOU'RE THINKING) A MEAT TEST (REALLY BO-
GUSLY DIFFICULT) OR MISS YOUR MEAT + 1d6 TURNS. MEAT STUFF EH?
(BUT IF HE HAS THE SKILL "WITHSTAND HELLISH AGONY" HE GETS THAT
AS A SAVING POSITIVE MODIFIER IN THE ORIGINAL ROLL). UNBELIEVABLE
PALATE, CAUSING 1d6 WEEKS OF CATATONIA, FOLLOWED BY A SLEW OF
OFFERS FOR LEAD SOPRANO IN THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR. YES.
REALLY.

GOIN' PSYCHO

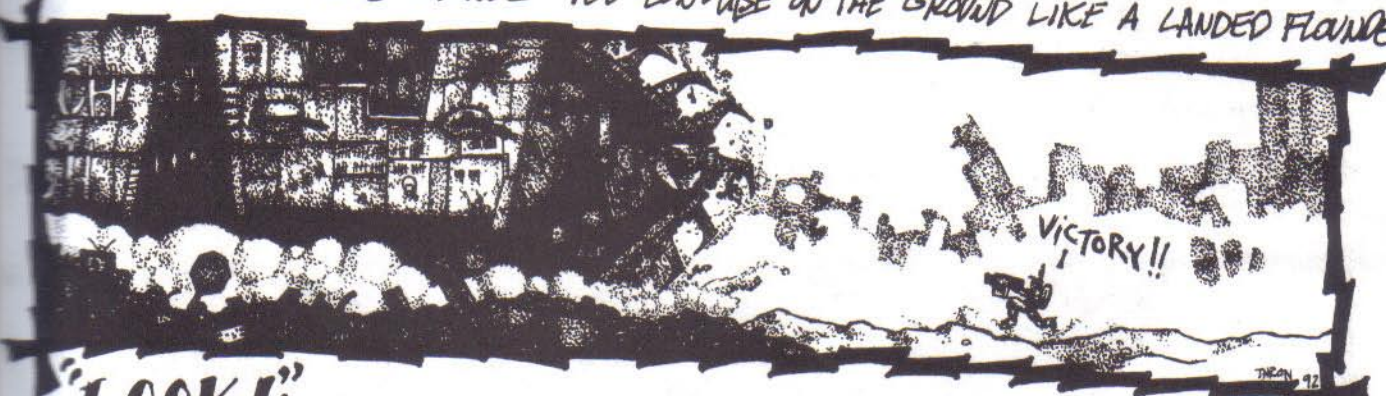
AKA: Pollin' The Perkins

AND PUT DOWN THE BAT, WENDY YOU MAY, IF EITHER HORRIBLY DESPERATE OR UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRAIN CLEANER, MAKE A FULL-BLOWN, ALL OUT ATTACK.



* YOU CAN ONLY PRAY THEY'D BE SO SQUISHY AS TO SAVE YOU, MIGHT AS WELL TIE A COTTONTAIL TO YOUR

IN SUCH CASE, YOU RUN FORWARD AT TOP SPEED, PAYING NO HEED TO THE FACT THAT YOU MAY HAVE YOUR LEGS SHEERED OFF AT ANY MOMENT (AND EVEN IF YOU DO, YOU DON'T NOTICE TILL THE NEXT ROUND ANYWAY) AND LEAP BODILY UPON YOUR FOE, DOING DAMAGE ANYWAY YOU POSSIBLY CAN (GNASHING AT THE EARS, GOUGING OUT HIS EYES, GIVING "WET WILLIES", ETC.) ALL WHILE YODELING THE THEME FROM "HAWAII FIVE-O". FIRST, SPEND ONE TURN LETTING VEINS WEB ACROSS YOUR TEMPLES LIKE A MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER DELTA*. THEN AT THE BEGINNING OF NEXT TURN ROLL A NORMAL NUTS TEST (-1 ON THE ROLL FOR EVERY POINT OF AGILIT... (WAIT, WHAT GAME AM I WRITING? HEL? OH SHIT!... WAITA MINUTE...)) GREYMATTA YOU HAVE. IF SUCCESSFUL, YOU GO IN YOUR NORMAL TURN (THIS ONE) AND GET ONE ATTACK - YOU MUST GET A "VERY SUCCESSFUL" ^{ATTACK ROLL} RESULT IN ORDER TO DO DAMAGE. HOWEVER, IF THE ATTACK SUCCEEDS, YOU FIGURE DAMAGE AS IF THE TARGET HAD NO ARMOR (IF HE DIDN'T IN THE FIRST PLACE, THEN 1/2 HIS MEAT) AND YOU DOUBLE THE DAMAGE RATING OF THE WEAPON. IF THE NUTS ROLL IS VERY SUCCESSFUL, YOU GET TWO OF THE SAME ATTACK; IF UNBELIEVABLY SUCCESSFUL, THREE. THE NEXT TWO ROUNDS, HOWEVER, ARE SPENT UNCONCIOUS IF YOU FAIL THE REQUIRED MEAT TEST (Kinda Overwhelming) AFTERWARDS. YOU LOSE ON ANY OF THESE ROLLS MEANS YOU'VE FLOODED YOUR SYSTEM TO ITS LIMITS OF ADRENAL CAPACITY, AND DURING THE NEXT 2d6 ROUNDS YOU CONVULSE ON THE GROUND LIKE A LANDED FLOUNDER.



"LOOK!" THIS MAY BE ATTEMPTED ONLY ONCE ON ANY ONE OPPONENT. SIMPLY POINT OFF TO THE SKY OVER THEIR SHOULDER AS IF YOU'VE JUST NOTICED A 72-FOOT TALL SHIRLEY MACLAINE DESCEND FROM THE CLOUDS, AND SCREAM AT THE UPPER PORTION OF YOUR BRONCHIAL PASSAGES: "HOLY SHIT! LOOK!!" THE ENEMY MUST MAKE A GREYMATTA TEST (Kinda Overwhelming) NOT TO. THIS IS WHEN YOU CRAM THE BUCKSAW UP THEIR NOSE. "LOOK" MAY BE PERFORMED AT ANY TIME DURING THE ROUND (USUALLY BEFORE YOUR ENEMY STAVES YOUR SKULL IN WITH THE BASE OF A SEQUOIA) BUT THE INTENDED TARGET MUST BE REALLY NOT FAR AWAY.

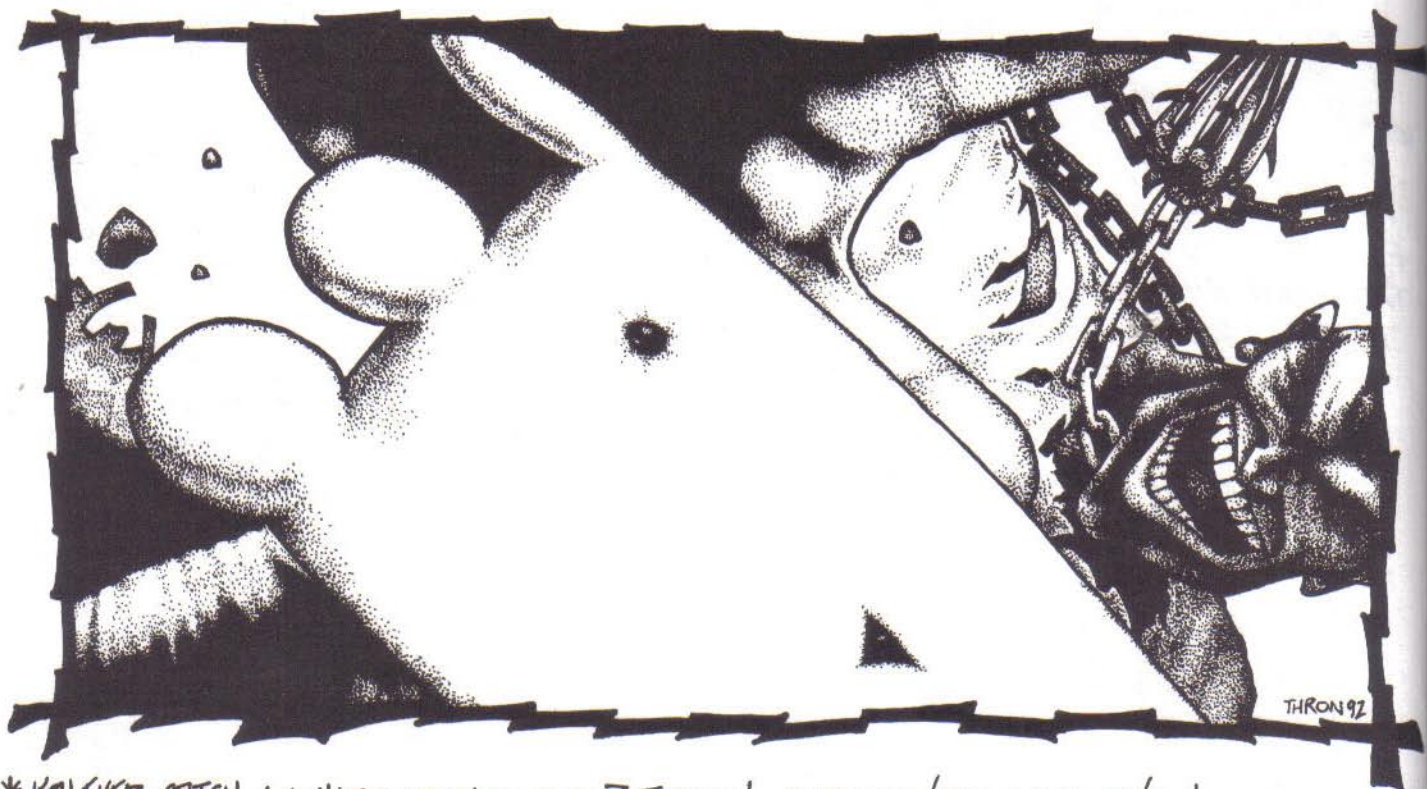


* HINT: GROWL ENDLESS OBSCENITIES TILL ITS YOUR TURN. AND NO, YOU CAN'T EVEN DODGE OR PARRY.

RAG ON: IF, DURING THE CLEVER REPARTÉ THAT ACCOMPANIES (OR SHOULD ACCOMPANY) TEARING THE ENTRAILS OUT OF YOUR FOES, THE HÖLMEISTER AND OTHER PLAYERS ARE PARTICULARLY AMUSED (TO THE POINT, PERHAPS, OF SOILING THEIR GARMENTS, HMMM?) BY ONE OF YOUR WITICISMS (THAT MEANS "JOKES") THE HM MAY (IF YOU KNEEL AND PLEAD OF THEIR MERCIFUL JUDGMENT) BUY THEM A CASE) GIVE YOU (OR SHOULD I SAY DEIGN TO APPEASE? MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GET ON WITH IT...) A BONUS TO PUMMEL ON YOUR NEXT TURN. IF THE HM FAILS TO OFFER A GOOD COMEBACK HE MUST ADD 1 TO THE GRACE OF GOD POOL (GROUP'S DECISION).

WASTEM IN THE FACE: THEY'RE AS GOOD AS BLEU CHEESE* IN A PINCH, AND THEY'RE **FUCKIN' EVERYWHERE!** KRIKEES!

YOU CAN'T FRIGGAN SIT DOWN WITHOUT GETTING A BUTT FULL OF TAPIOKA, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL MAKE USE OF THE LITTLE BUGGERS. IF YOU'VE TAKEN PREVIOUS ADVICE AND ARE BURNING HEEL OUITA THERE, BUT YOUR FOE HAS FOLLOWED SUIT, THEN WHY NOT GRAB ONE OF THESE CUTE DUDES AND MASH IT IN HIS FACE? A LITTLE GENUINE FAUX SNOT ALWAYS SLOWS EM UP. ROLL A NORMAL ATTACK: SUCCESS MEANS THE FOE MUST ROLL A FEET'S TEST OR LOSE A ROUND BLIND AND UNABLE TO BREATHE. AN UNBELIEVABLE SUCCESS MEANS YOU'VE SICKED A WASTIT ON THEIR CRANENUM. SNAKE EYES, AND SAID DEATH-BEAR IS NOW ATTEMPTING TO SLICE UP YOUR SWEETBREAD.



* YOU EVER CATCH A WHIFF OF THAT HELL? JEEZ! ANGUISH/DAMAGE: 10/2!

ling

VEHICLE COMBAT: (THIS, BY THE BY, ALSO GOES FOR 'BOTS -- THE DAMAGE SYSTEM, THAT IS. AND SINCE MOST OF THOSE LITTLE MESSENGER ANGELS OF SATAN CAN CRUISE OUT AT AROUND A BUCK FIFTY, KEEP THE MOVEMENT STUFF IN MIND AS WELL).

FINDING WHEELS ON H&L IS EASY. LOOK DOWN. THERE -- IN BETWEEN THE TWISTED WRECKAGE OF THAT BILCO HOGHARVESTER/CARROT PEELER AND THE HEAP OF DEAD LLAMAS.

HOWEVER, FINDING WHEELS THAT WORK IS ANOTHER MATTER ENTIRELY. AND EVEN IF YOU DO, YOU CAN'T REALLY SAY THAT THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET IS CONDUSIVE TO TRAVEL OF THIS SORT. THAT'S WHY TANKS AND FLOATERS ARE HIGHLY COVETED ITEMS -- BUT EVEN WITH TANKS PROBLEMS ARISE: SEEING AS THOUGH THE TERTIARY LAYER OF H&L'S CRUST IS HEAVILY POCKETED WITH DISCARDED INFLATABLE COMPANIONS FROM BEFORE THE FALOSIANS DISCOVERED THAT ILLUSION-THING, GREAT AMOUNTS OF WEIGHT OFTEN CAUSE THESE PLASTIC PLAYTHINGS TO PUNCTURE LIKE SO MANY MORNING CORN-KERNALS; CREATING SINKHOLES THE DIAMETER OF DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND.

SO, FIRST OFF, WE MUST DEAL WITH THE STRESS YOU ARE CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING AS YOU ANTICIPATE HAVING TO LEARN YET ANOTHER SERIES OF USELESS CHARTS AND COMBAT TABLES THAT ARE VRRERY DIFFERENT AND COMPLETELY CONTRADICTORY TO THE PREVIOUS RULES. READY?

CHILL THE FUCK OUT.

THERE. BETTER?

Good. Now, Second, WE WILL LEARN THAT THE STRESS WAS TOTALLY UNNESSESARY, AND YOU'VE JUST CLIPPED YEARS OFF YOUR EXISTENCE BECAUSE YOU ASSUMED I WOULD BE A DICK. SERVES YOU RIGHT.

YOU USE THE SAME COMBAT CHARTS AND STUFF. YOU ROLL THE SAME WAY. DAMAGE IS THE SAME FOR VEHICLES AS IT IS FOR EVERYONE ELSE. THERE, NOW TAKE A DEEP BREATH. STOP SHAKING. PUT THE LIGHTER DOWN.

THIS IS THE NEW STUFF: HULL RATING, TURNABLENESS, AND SPEEDOSITY. OH, YEAH, AND SIGNS.

HULL RATING: The things HULL works in place of standard combats' TOTAL ARMOR. THE HULL IS SUBTRACTED FROM THE WEAPONS AGUISH FACTOR INSTEAD. HULL HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH BIGNESS: SOMETHING CAN BE THE SIZE OF A PREGNANT ELEPHANT AND STILL BE BUILT LIKE A SHITBOX. IT RANGES FROM 10 (THAT'S A 20) DOWN TO NEGATIVE 2. ALSO, NEXT TO "HULL MIGHT HAVE NOTES LIKE "(-1 IF PLASMA ATTACK, 10 FOR BALLISTIC)" OR "(-2 IF DAVE IS BEING A DICKUS MAXIMUS, 20 IF HE BOUGHT THE BEER)". THESE ARE NOT MODIFIERS, THEY REPLACE THE ORIGINAL HULL IN SAID CIRCUMSTANCE.



BIGNESS: THIS RATES THE VEHICLE'S... OH, COME ON. DO WE REALLY HAVE TO TELL YOU? YES, IT'S PAINTJOB. OR ITS SIZE, WHICHEVER YOU WANT. YOU SEE, THE BIGGER ITS' BIGNESS, THE EASIER IT IS TO HIT. THE NUMBER AFTER THE BIGNESS IS THE PENALTY BONUS YOUR ENEMY HAS TO HIT YOU ON HIS ATTACK ROLL.

COMPLETELY (OH, OH YES... I SEE THEM NOW... THE LIGHTS! THEY'VE COME FOR ME AGAIN...).



COMPLETELY SMALL: -4 (Volleyballs, Hucked Wastems, Hover bots)

MODERATELY NOT Big: -2 (SPEEDERTRIKES, HOVERBOTS)

Just Right: 0 (AIRCABS, TEENYTANKS)

SOMEHOW QUITE Hittable: (Monster Trucks, AX-67 Beastial Things) OH, YEAH: +2

PFB*: +4 (CAM MUNG MUNCHERS, BOOKMOBILES, Broad Side of BARN on WHEELS)

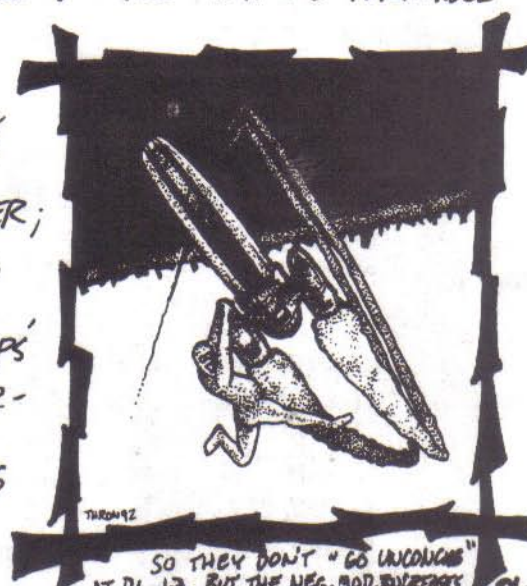
SPEEDOSITY: THE GENERAL HURTLABLENESS, OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY, 'MAXIMUM

VELOCITY', YEAH, THAT'S ONE A THOSE COOL GAMIN' KINDA THINGS, RIGHT? WHEW! JUST MAKES YOUR HAND ITCH TO ROLL THE DICE, EH? NO? WELL, MY HANDS ITCHING... MAYBE IT'S JUST ME... ANYWAY, IT'S JUST TOP SPEED IN MILES PER HOUR. WHEEE!!! WHOOPIE!!! YEE-HAH!!! ISN'T THAT EXCITING? WOW! I'M SHORT OF BREATH!

TURNABLENESS: WHENEVER YOU ATTEMPT SOMETHING MARKEDLY DEFICIENT IN FORETHOUGHT (SUCH AS "I FLY INTO THE ASTEROID FIELD" OR "GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE? HELL, I PULL A U-EY!") OR EVEN SOMETHING KINDA DIFFICULT (LIKE THAT BRADY BUNCH EPISODE WITH THE EGG ON THE PYLON? JEEZ-OH-PETE, TALK ABOUT DRAMATIC TENSION, EH? TOO BAD GREGG BLEW HIS MITS ROLL...) THE HM SHOULD MAKE YOU ROLL A SKILL TEST FOR THE VEHICLE. THE THINGS' TURNABLENESS IS THE MODIFIER FOR THAT ROLL.

AS I SAID BEFORE, COMBAT IS HANDLED EXACTLY THE SAME*. ATTACKERS CHOOSE WETHER THEY WANT TO ATTACK THE SHIP OR IT'S PILOT, HOWEVER; UNLESS THE SHIP IS MODERATELY NOT BIG OR BELOW, THE LATTER IS CLOSE TO IMPOSSIBLE.

ALSO, OTHER NOTES MAY BE LISTED IN THE SHIP'S DESCRIPTION THAT AFFECT PLAY: FUEL TYPE/DURATION (LIKE THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW NESSMAN WASTEM-DRIVE) AND WEAPONRY, AS WELL AS SPECIAL ABILITIES.



SO THEY DON'T "GO UNCONSCIOUS" AT DL. 17. BUT THE NEG. MOD. INCREASES BY ONE PER DL. * USE THE SAME CHARTS.

* Probably Fairly Burly. Or Pretty Big. ** BIKES/SHIPS/ETC. DON'T FEEL PAIN, BUT DO USE THE SAME CHARTS.

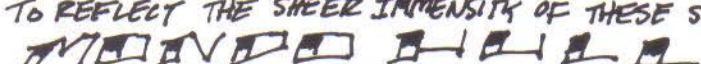
BITCHINLY HUGE COMBAT

SOMETIMES DISPUTES BETWEEN REASONABLE PEOPLE GET A LITTLE OUT OF CONTROL. FRIENDLY TIES ARE CUT BECAUSE OF CHILDISH GRUDGES, ANTI-CONSTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOR ABOUNDS, MONIES ARE WASTED IN SILLY ATTEMPTS ON THE LIVES OF THE DISPUTE'S GRAND-CHILDREN, ETC. THEN, AS TIME GOES BY, THEY REALIZE THAT IT WAS ALL JUST A MISUNDERSTANDING, REALLY, AND THAT THEY SHOULD BE FRIENDS AGAIN. IF ONE OF THEM IS DEAD, THE OTHER AGREES TO TAKE THE REMAINING FAMILY OUT TO MICKEY-D'S FOR SOME SHAKES AND DUCKPIN BOWLING LATER. EASY ENOUGH.

UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE NO REASONABLE PEOPLE ON HOL.

HERE, DISPUTES ALWAYS GET A LITTLE OUT OF CONTROL. BUT QUITE FREQUENTLY, THEY GET OUT OF CONTROL IN A NEAR UNGODLY FASHION. "YOU SANK MY BATTLESHIP!" MAY RESULT IN A CARPETBOMBING OF THE WINNER'S HOUSE AND SURROUNDING NEIGHBORHOOD, AND COULD POSSIBLY END UP IN A LAND WAR THE SIZE OF TEXAS, UNTIL THE ENEMY HAS ADMITTED THAT HE CALLED OUT "B-S" BECAUSE HE SAW IT REFLECTED IN HIS OPPONENT'S BLAST-GOGGLES.

HOWEVER, COMBAT BETWEEN SHIPS THAT DWARF RHODE ISLAND (YEAH, I KNOW, LIKE THAT'S HARD) AND DETONATE PLASMA BOMBS THAT COULD LEVEL (NAY, VAPORIZE) A GOOD SIZE CHRISTMAS TREE SHOP ALSO CAUSES NEED TO AMEND THE COMBAT SYSTEM. BUT IT'S STILL PRETTY CLOSE, SO DON'T GET YOUR DANDER UP (THAT MEANS "DON'T GET PISSED," NOT THE OTHER THING. WELL HEL, YOU CAN DO THAT TOO, JUST DON'T SEND ME THE PHOTOS THIS TIME.)

FIRST: THE HULL POINTS. THEY STILL RANGE FROM 1-20*, JUST LIKE "T") TO REFLECT THE SHEER IMMENSITY OF THESE SUCKERS, THEY ARE UPGRADED TO  VEHICLE COMBAT - BUT (DON'T FREAK, IT'S JUST A WEIRD THIS MEANS THAT EACH MONDO HULL POINT IS WORTH  POINTS. A MONDO-SHIP (BOTH SPACE AND LAND  LIKE ORREGE WARTTASTER'S FLOATING PUDDINGSHIPS) MAY ONLY REALLY TAKE DAMAGE FROM...

SECOND: THE DAMAGE

... 
AVERAGE DAMAGE
POINTS.

OR, MORE TO THE MARK, WEAPONS THAT ARE SO UNFATHOMABLY DESTRUCTIVE THAT TO FIRE ONE IN A BAR ANYWHERE IN LOS ANGELES WOULD NO DOUBT RUPTURE ANY CLAIM THAT CALIFORNIA HAD ON THE IDEA OF "DRY LAND".

JUST LIKE MONDO HULL, MONDO A/D POINTS ARE WORTH  STANDARD APIECE. WE DIDN'T INCLUDE AN ANGUSH EQUIVELENCY LIST. HOPE YOU CAN GUESS WHY.

* NO NEGATIVES. YOU'LL SEE WHY.



AND YOU RUN COMBAT THE SAME AS "VEHICLE COMBAT," EXCEPT ZERO OR NEGATIVE HULLS ARE NOT USED. WHADDYA MEAN "WHAT'S THE POINT?" OH YEAH -- I FORGOT THE EFFECTIVE DIFFERENCE -- THE TWO MAIN REASONS WHY WE DO THIS "1000x" THING: 1) MONDO-DAMAGE WEAPONS FIRED ON THINGS WITH NON-MONDO ARMOR ^{WILL} ALWAYS RIP THE LIVING CRAPOLA OUT OF THEM, OR BASICALLY, WHATEVER THE HM (IN HIS INFINITE WISDOM) THINKS IS POSSIBLE. 2) NON MONDO-DAMAGE WEAPONS FIRED UPON MONDO ARMOR: (HM'S CHOICE OF THE FOLLOWING 3 RULES)

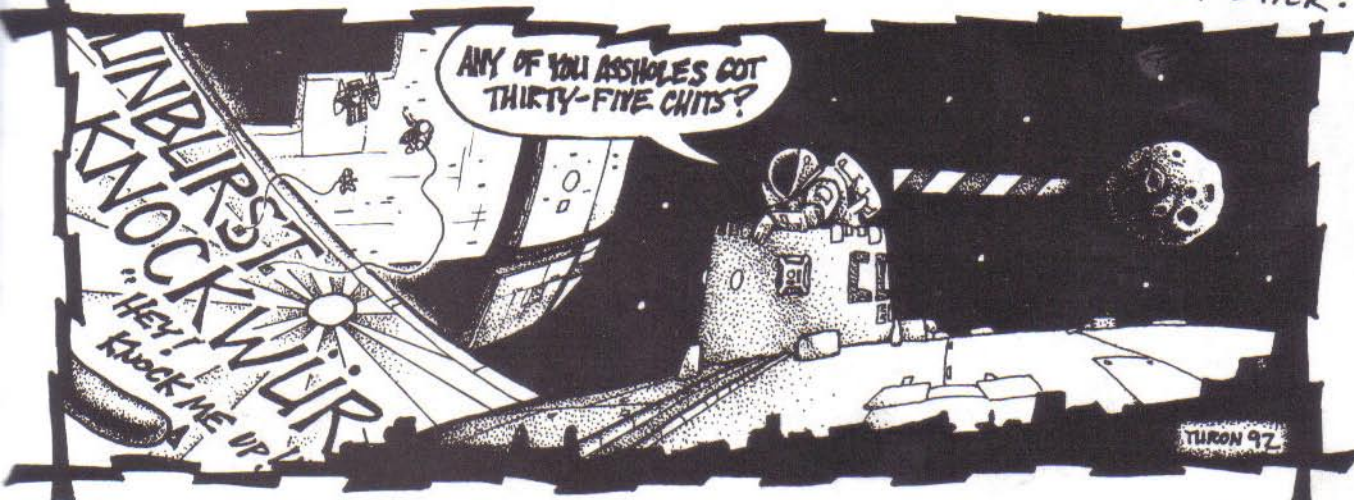


OCCASIONALLY THIS WORD IS USED IN PLACE OF "HULL". WE DIDN'T DO THIS ON PURPOSE. THE AUTHOR IS CURRENTLY WORKING UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF CORN FLAKES AND COKE. HOPE, NO MILK.

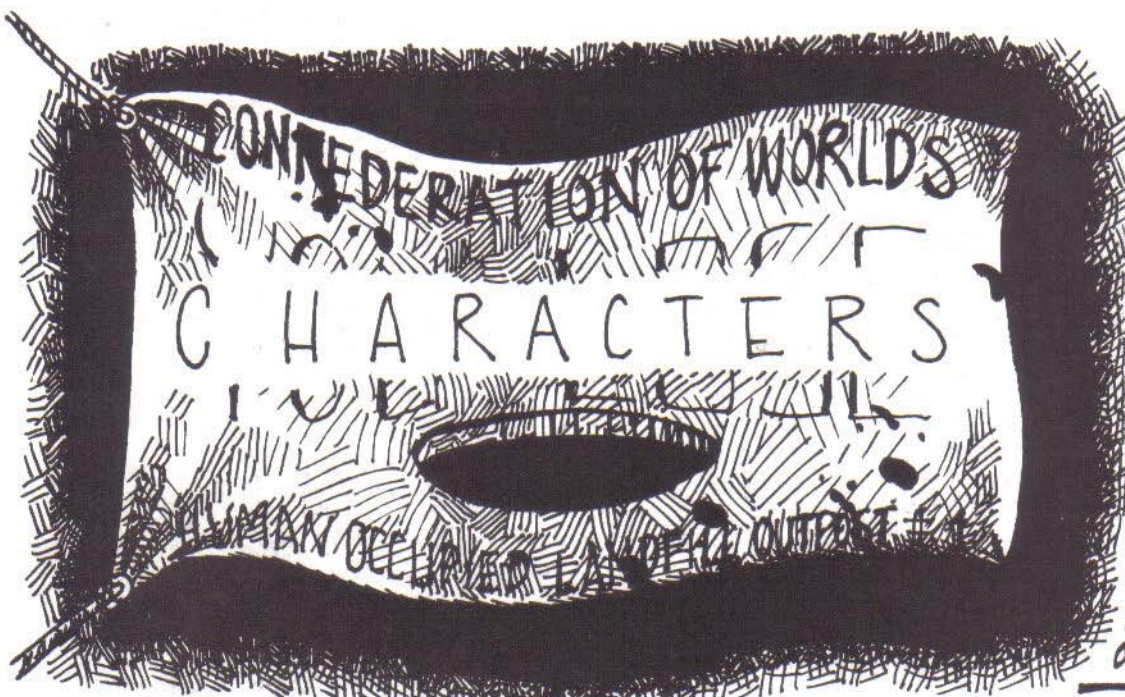
- 1: DOESN'T DO JACK SHIT.
- 2: HM ARBITRARILY DECIDES HOW MANY OF ONE TYPE OF WEAPON OR WHAT COMBINATION OF WEAPONS IS NEAR* TO MAKE AN ATTACK. (TRANSLATION: HE TOTALLY BULLSHITS AND DOES WHATEVER HE WANTS)
- 3: THE SHIP'S MONDO-HULL NUMBER $\times 100$ IS THE NUMBER OF TIMES THE THING MUST RUN THROUGH THE WOUNDS/MODIFIER CHART. EXAMPLE: THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE-IDENTITY SPACE CRUISER BEEFEATER HAS A MONDO [REDACTED] HULL OF 8. THAT MEANS IT HAS TO TAKE 16,000 LEVELS OF DAMAGE BEFORE IT WAS RENDERED INOPERABLE BY A NON MONDO WEAPON. NO, I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO USE IT. IN FACT THIS METHOD IS 10x NICER THAN IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN. JUST PROVING A POINT. YES, I KNOW I'M A PRICK. :)

#1 is the best choice, AND IF THE HM'S FEELING BUZZED HE MIGHT USE #2; IF HE'S USED TO PLAYING "PANZERSHCLITZ", #3.

HM'S NOTE: WE DO NOT LIST COPIOUS BUTLOADS OF MONDO SHIPS/WEAPONS (WE FIGURED WE COULD GOUGE YOU FOR SOME BUCKS ON A SUPPLEMENT), BUT IF YOU WISH TO DESIGN MORE FEEL FREE -- BUT KEEP IN MIND THAT IT USUALLY TAKES 3-25 SICK SOULS TO OPERATE 1 MONDO WEAPON, SO WHEN YOU THINK IN TERMS OF A MONDO-SHIP, ADD AT LEAST 293 FOR THE LINEN STAFF AND COOKS. 200 IF YOU'VE GOT A BILCO FOLDOMATIC LINT EATER.



* THIS IS A LITTLE-KNOWN WORD FROM A SUBDIALECT OF AN EARLY MONGOL TONGUE. IT MEANS "NEEDED".



OKAY. BAD NEWS FIRST:

THIS SECTION PROVIDES ABSOLUTELY NO RULES TO GENERATE YOUR OWN CHARACTERS. NOTHING.

STOP MAKING THAT NOISE. I MEAN IT. YOUR SCARING ME. AND GET THE SCISSORS OUT OF YOUR EYE.

WHY, YOU ASK, ARE WE BEING SUCH CLING-ONS?

THAT'S SIMPLE: WE'RE RIGHTEOUS PIGFACED BASTARDS WHO ARE TRYING TO FORCE YOU TO PLAY OUR GAME OUR WAY, SO WE'VE PROVIDED YOU WITH LAME-O PRE-GENS TO CHOOSE FROM 'CAUSE WE DIDN'T WANNA WAST OUR TIME FIGURING OUT SOME HALF-ASSED GENERATION SYSTEM WHEN WE COULD JUST SKIP THE WHOLE BALL OF GUTS ENTIRELY. "LET THEM EAT CAKE" AND ALL THAT, RIGHT?

WELL, THAT'S THE CYNICAL WAY TO PUT IT, I SUPPOSE. BUT OUR PUBLIC RELATIONS MANAGER SAID THAT APPROACH MIGHT BE ABOUT AS GOOD AN IDEA AS PUTTING A DRENCHED POODLE IN A MICROWAVE TO DRY IT OFF, SO THINK OF IT THIS WAY: WE'D LIKE YOU TO PICK FROM THE FOLLOWING BUNCH OF PREGENERATED

CHARACTERS AND PLAY THEM FOR A WHILE UNTILL YOU GET THE FEEL OF THE GAME.

(THIS IS SORTA THE NICE WAY OF SAYING "WE FIGURE AT LEAST A QUARTER OF YOU BOZOS WOULD MAKE CROSSES BETWEEN THE MOST CARNAGE-READY FILM STAR YOU CAN THINK OF AND AN ALIEN, AND COME UP WITH SOME "BRUCE-CLAUDE VAN SCHWARTZENEGALIEATOR AND END UP BLOWING THE CHEESE OUT OF EVERYTHING YOU CAME ACROSS.")

NOT THAT YOU CAN'T PLAY THAT WAY, BUT YOU RISK THE CHANCE OF THE HOLMEISTER GETTING SLIGHTLY PEEVED AND BRINGING THE IMPERIAL (CONFEDERATE) URBAN RENEWAL COMMITTEE TO HURL A FEW THOUSAND PAGANBUSTER PARFAITS, TURNING YOU INTO A SMALL PILE OF GREASY BLACK PUSS IN A MATTER OF MILLISECONDS. IN A KEY TO THE GAME IS CHARACTER & ROLEPLAYING, NOT... WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?



LONG-WINDED EXPLANATION OF STATS:

MEAT: THIS IS THE ONE YOU USE TO LIFT THINGS, BEAT THINGS INTO SUBMISSION, TAKE DAMAGE, DRINK RADIATOR FLUID, FLEX, AND ANY OTHER STRENGTH OR ENDURANCE RELATED STUFF. IT ALSO GIVES YOU AN IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE CHARACTER -- ARNIE IS A 6. **HULKING:** ROLL A MEAT TEST (THE ONLY SKILL THAT WORKS AS A MOD IS "ULTRAHUCK"); SNAKE EYES: GM'S CHOICE OF TORTURE; COMPLETE FAILURE: REALLY NOT FAR; FAILURE: NOT FAR, REALLY; SUCCESS: CLOSER THAN REALLY FAR; VERY SUCCESSFUL: REALLY FAR; UNBELIEVABLY SUCCESSFUL: REALLY, REALLY FAR. **LIFTING:** MEAT $\times 100$ IS THE MAX AMOUNT OF LBS. YOU CAN LIFT BEFORE MAKING A MEAT TEST. EACH 50 LBS. OVER INCREASES THE DIFFICULTY BY 1.

FEET: ROLL THIS WHEN SHOOTING, JUMPING, THROWING (ACCURATELY), SPITTING, HACKING, STABBING, DRIVING GARGANTUAN VEHICLES (THE SMALLER ONES, TOO), SKULKING, TIPTOING ON A GREASY 2 INCH PIPE OVER A VAT OF BOILING OIL, AND RUNNING OVER ALMOST EVERY SURFACE ON THE PLANET WITHOUT HOOKING YOUR FOOT ON A STEEL SPIKE. **BOOGIE:** FEET IS THE NUMBER OF HOURS YOU CAN BOOGIE... ON, RIGHT... "BOOGIE DOWN."

MOUTH: MOST OTHER GAMES CALL THIS "CHARISMA", MOST OF THE TIME ITS NOT "HOW" BUT "HOW LOUD" YOU SAY IT. USE THIS ONE TO DEMEAN, MANIPULATE, FRIGHTEN, INSPIRE WITH AWE, SHATTER CHEAP GLASS, AND CRACK SKULLS AT CLOSE RANGE (IF YOU'RE REALLY GOOD).

GREYMATTER: NOT THE STUFF BETWEEN YOUR TOES, BUT RATHER BETWEEN YOUR EARS. THIS IS ROLLED WHEN "THINKING" (SEE GLOSSARY), FIXING THINGS, COMING UP WITH COOL WAYS TO VAPORIZE YOUR ENEMIES, DOING CROSS WORD RIZZLES, READING POETRY, AND OPERATING MACHINES THAT ARE GENERALLY SMARTER THAN YOU ARE.

NUTS: NO, IT DOESN'T RATE THAT. INSTEAD, THIS DEALS MORE WITH THE CHARACTER'S COURAGE (AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE SENTENCE, "MAN, THAT GUY'S GOT SOME SERIOUS NUTS!!") ROLL NUTS WHENEVER YOU WANT TO DO ANYTHING YOU KNOW IS STUPID, DIVE HEADLONG INTO IMMINENT DEATH, ARE FACED BY ANYTHING REALLY HUGE OR REALLY SCARY, OR LISTENING TO SLIM WHITMAN.

FOR HUMANS, EACH OF THESE IS RATED FROM -2 (WORSE THAN PITIFUL) TO +10 (NIGH GODLY). USE 'EM AS STATED BEFORE, BUT IN A CONTEST OF STATS (ARM WRESTLING, LOG ROLLING, RAG-OUTS, "I NEVER", AND PLAYING CHICKEN WITH MUNGABUNCHES), FIND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE COMPETITORS' STATS AND THE LESSER RECEIVES A PENALTY EQUIVALENT TO IT, WHILE THE SUPERIOR GETS IT AS A BONE (BONE-US?) BONUS.

DUE TO GROSS OVERSIGHT HOWEVER THERE IS NO "ULTRAHUCK" SKILL APPEARING IN THIS BOOK - LATER WE PROMISE



SKILLS

SHHH...IT'S
SUBLIMINAL!

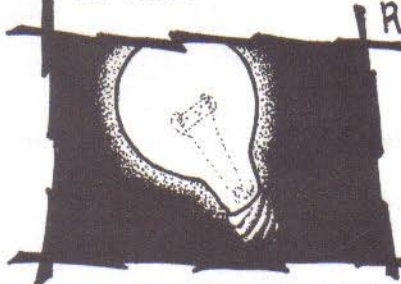
WELL HERE IT FINALLY IS, THE UNIVERSALLY ADMIRED AND MUCH TALKED ABOUT SKILL SECTION. YOUR MOTHER AND I DISCUSSED IT OVER BREAKFAST AND WE THINK YOUR READY TO ACCEPT THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR IT NOW. IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE THAT HOUSE BURNING INCIDENT, AND YOU'VE MATURED SO MUCH SINCE THEN. NONSENSE ASIDE, WE THINK YOU'LL FIND THE SKILLS PRESENTED HERE JUST A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT THAN THOSE YOU'LL SEE IN THE RUN OF THE MILL TYPE GAME (LIKE ANY PART OF THIS GAME IS IN ANY WAY AVERAGE) AND AS YOU READ ON YOU SEE HOW WE ADAPT ANY SKILL TO THE SITUATION AT HAND, AND YOU'LL LEARN HOW YOU TOO CAN DEVELOP THE LEVEL OF MASTERY NECESSARY TO DO THIS YOURSELF... (GASP!) SORRY, I WAS JUST LAUGHING SO HARD AT THAT LAST LINE OF SHIT I WAS BLOWING MOUNTAIN STEW OUT MY NOSE. DO YOU HONESTLY THINK YOU NEED TO BE SOME KIND OF PAGAN RPG GOD TO DO THAT- THEN YOU NEED TO GET OUT MORE OFTEN- FIND A GIRL- GET A JOB, YOU LOSER. OK HERE'S THE SKILLS. WE THINK THEY ARE PRETTY KEEN, AND MOST OF THE ABOVE IS TRUE, THE PARTS ABOUT ADAPTION. OUR BRAINS ARE ONLY SO BIG, AND THIS IS WHAT WE CAME UP WITH. FEEL FREE TO ADD TO IT OR CHANGE IT.

GREYMATTER SKILLS (TITLES ALL YOURS NEXT TIME PWN)

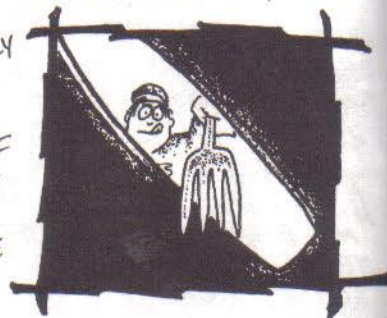
OPERATE STARSHIP AND CHEW GUM AT THE SAME TIME: WHO DOESN'T NEED SOME PURE CHEWING SATISFACTION WHEN FLYING AN INCREDIBLY COMPLEX SPACECRAFT THROUGH THE NETHER REGIONS OF THE UNIVERSE, USEFUL FOR MOST PHASES OF OPERATION - PILOTING, NAVIGATION, JANITORIAL, AND BEVERAGE SERVICE.

POETRY AND CLASSICS: (I SAY FUCK ALPHABETICAL ORDER) ALTHOUGH ILLEGAL THROUGHOUT THE C.O.W., STILL A POPULAR PASTTIME, COVERS NOT ONLY BOOKS, BUT ALL THE ENTERTAINMENT MEDIAS- OF DAYS GONE BY. ALWAYS THE MARK OF THE CLASSY AND CULTURED. NO, NINTENDO DOESN'T COUNT. WE WERE THINKING PROUST.

LIGHTBULB (=DING=): NOT SO MUCH AN ACQUIRED SKILL AS THAT STRANGE SUDDEN BURST OF INSPIRATION THAT MAKES US DO THINGS WE'D NEVER THINK OF ON OUR OWN. LIKE TURN LEFT OR WRITE THE BIBLE. CHARACTERS MAKE USE OF THIS SKILL WHEN THEY ARE STUCK - PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY, HOWEVER. A BRILLIANT IDEA (HOLMEISTERS) POPS INTO THEIR HEAD, UPON A SUCCESSFUL SKILL ROLL. HM'S NOTE: DELIBERATELY MISLEAD FOOLS WHO TRY TO OVERUSE THIS, MAKE EM PAY!

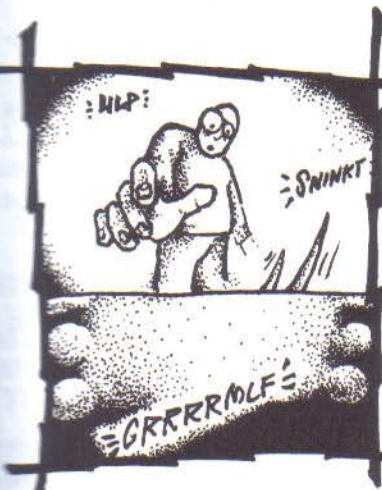


REPAIR TOASTERS AND STUFF: BEING THE ONLY REPAIR SKILL IN A GAME FULL OF POWER TOOLS AS WEAPONS AND BLENDERS AS ENTERTAINMENT DEVICES IS A BUSY JOB. SO YES THIS COVERS LOTS MORE THAN BREAD BROWNING EQUIPMENT, STUFF BECOMES THE NIGH INFINITE. SAFETY TIP: UNPLUG ATOMIC CRUSTMASTER BEFORE ATTEMPTING BREAD REMOVAL WITH YOUR BILLCO FORK AND UNIVERSAL POCKET POOLCUE. TRUST ME, THERES ENOUGH JUICE IN THERE TO POWER NEW JERSEY UNTILL THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.



SCIENCE AND EVERYTHING ELSE YOU FAILED IN HIGH SCHOOL: ANOTHER MARVELOUS CATCH-ALL SKILL, THIS ONE COVERS THE BASIC BUILDING BLOCKS OF NATURE. BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, MATH, GYM CLASS. USEFUL WHEN TRYING TO UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING FROM THE LIFE CYCLE OF THE GROB TO THE NATURE OF CHEESEY NAVAL DEPOSITS (ICK!) A MUST IF YOU WANT TO COUNT HIGHER THAN THE SUM OF YOUR FINGER + TOSS (11, RIGHT? 12 AT THE MOST. THERE WAS A MILL ACCIDENT, SEE...)

TURN RADIOS INTO HOWITZERS: OR POTATOS INTO NUCLEAR WEAPONS OR THE AVERAGE FAMILY SEDAN INTO A FIELD HOSPITAL FOR LEFT HANDED EPILEPTICS. SEE HOW MUCH FUN THAT IS. WARNING: DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME I'M A PROFESSIONAL. THE FACT THAT YOU'RE READING THIS NOW AND PAID HARD EARNED CASH FOR IT MAKES IT SO. HECK AT MINIMUM WAGE (THAT IS WHAT THEY PAY AT MICKEYS ISN'T IT) YOU MUST HAVE SLAVED ABOUT 5 HOURS (AFTER TAXES) TO OWN THIS LITTLE TREASURE. YES, THIS IS A STANDAND JURY RIG SKILL VERY USEFUL ON A PLANET WHOSE LIFEBLOOD IS THE REFUSE OF THE UNIVERSE. VERY, VERY USEFUL. heh-heh.



SUDDEN PHILOSOPHICAL TANGENT: MAKE FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE ENEMIES BY DISTRACTING THE WITH A THOUGHTFUL STATEMENT OUT OF OF LEFT FIELD. "PLEASE DON'T KILL ME, THE MAIN THEME OF ALBERT CAMUS THE STRANGER WAS MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL IN A HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT... DON'T YOU THINK?" VICTIM MUST MAKE GREYMATIA ROLL TO AVOID STRANGLING THIS NITWIT.

LANGUAGES AND MUMBLED SLANG: UNDERSTANDING OF THE FINER POINTS OF VERBAL INTERACTION IN A VARIETY OF DIVERSE TONGUES - WHATEVER.

SEEK THE INNOCENT & GUILTY: KNOWING THE HABITS AND ROUTINES OF THE DESIRED 'VICTIMS' SO YOU CAN FIND THEM FOR WHATEVER REASONS YOU HAVE (FOR LUNCH? DINNER? ANGRY SEX?) LEVEL OF SUCCESS DIRECTLY INFLUENCES EASE OF QUEST (PALADIN NOT INCLUDED).

ORGANIZE FUNDRAISER: THE DELICATE ART OF COAXING MONEY OUT OF COMPLETE STRANGERS, BY HAVING THEM PARTICIPATING IN BAKE SALES, RAFFLES, CAR WASHES, OR CELEBRITY PAPAL CLAMBAKES.

RULEMASTERY: COMPLETE BRUTAL MEMORIZATION OF THE RULES TO EVERY GAME EVER WRITTEN, AS PRESCRIBED IN CERTAIN BEST SELLING BOOKS THAT SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS. ALSO A COMPLETE WASTE OF TIME.

SPOT WASTIT: A GOOD IDEA IF YOU VALUE LIFE.

Meat Skills:

MAKE SOMEONE STOP LIVING WITH YOUR FIST: OH, NOT LIKE THEY WERE SHARING A STUDIO LOFT IN SOHO WITH IT. THE USE OF THE HANDS TO BEAT THE BEJEEZUS OUT OF YOUR DANCING PARTNER. A/D MEAT/1.

FLEX DRAMATICLY: THE USE OF YOUR AWE INSPIRING PHYSIQUE TO MAKE YOUR OPPONENTS JAW DROP TO THE EARTH IN UTTER DISBELIEF OF YOUR BULK. HE MUST MAKE A NUTS TEST TO BE NON-PLUSSED. "YOU CALL THOSE PECS. I'VE SEEN BIGGER TITS ON A SEVEN YEAR OLD" FAILURE RESULTS IN ORTHODONTIC WORK.

PUMMELING WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A LARGE OBJECT (SOMEONE OR THING): USE OF A BAT, GIRDER, CADILLAC, ECT. TO KNOCK THE COVER OFF YOUR OPPONENTS BALLS. A/D MEAT+2/2.

RUN REAL FAST: JUST WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE. MAKE A CHECK, EACH LEVEL OF SUCCESS, MULTIPLY SPEED BY +1.

RUN REAL FAR: DITTO. EXCEPT MULTIPLY DISTANCE IN MILES (+1 FOR EVERY LEVEL. BASE DISTANCE OF MEAT IN MILES. EXAMPLE MEAT 8 WITH SKILL, GETS UNBELIEVABLE SUCCESS RUNS 24 MILES) (SAME WITH RR FAST)

COMPREHENSION THROUGH PUGILATION: FOR THOSE TALL DARK AND SILENT TYPES, WITHOUT SPEAKING (SIMPLE ONES) BY TELEPATHICALLY BEATING YOUR FIST INTO THEIR HEAD - AMAZING!

MAKING SHARP THINGS GO THRU SOFT THINGS THAT SCREAM AND BLEED: IN MOST CASES, THE DEADLY GAMES OF SWORD AND KNIFE PLAY. JUST PUSH IT IN AND PULL IT OUT. REPEAT TIL DEAD. THERES NO ART TO

ARM, THUMB, TONGUE OR PELVIS WRESTLING: OR ANY OTHER FIGHTING TECHNIQUE WHERE THE OBJECT IS TO PIN DOWN PARTS OF YOUR OPPONENTS BODY UNTIL HE SUBMITS TO YOUR WILL.

CAUSE HELLISH AGONY: USE OF SMALL HARD OBJECTS FOR THE EXPRESSED PURPOSE OF CAUSING ANOTHER HUMAN BEING AS MUCH PAIN AS POSSIBLE. BECAUSE YOU GET OFF ON IT, YOU SICK FUCK. WITH SUCCESSFUL USE OF THIS SKILL, TARGET CAN TAKE NO ACTIONS DUE TO IMMENSE PAIN, UNLESS HE HAPPENS TO BE A MASOCHIST, THEN NO DICE.

Mouth Skills:

SCATHING (OOOH-BLE WORD) SARCASM: USE OF THE VOICE OF HUMILIATION (THEM NOT YOU) TO MENTALLY DECAPITATE SOMEONE. VICTIM MUST MAKE NUTS CHECK OR DISSOLVE INTO A POOL OF TEARS (REALLY NICE ASSHOLE).

WHINING UNTIL YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT: AN EXCEPTIONALLY CRUEL ATTACK. USING... WELL, WHINING. VICTIM MAKES NUTS ROLL OR GIVES IN TO YOUR HEARTLESS DEMANDS, NOBODY LIKES A WHINER.

PONDEROUS RHETORIC: IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM BORE THEM TO DEATH. A SLOW PAINFUL DEATH. VICTIM MUST ROLL GREYMATIA OR BE CONFUSED (-4 TO ACTIONS) AFTER CONFUSION FOR # TURNS EQUAL TO TARGET'S MEAT (SUCCESSIVE USES) ROLL MEAT OR FALL ASLEEP.

MAKE PEOPLE DO YOUR BIDDING BY SCREAMING UNINTELLIGIBLY: REMEMBER IT'S NOT HOW LOUD, BY THE USE OF SUSTAINED EAR BURSTING DECIBEL LEVELS BEND THOSE FEEBS TO YOU WILL. VICTIM ROLLS NUTS OR IS SCARED INTO SUBSERVENCE. AT HIM'S DISCRETION YOU MAY HAVE TO REMIND THEM WHO'S BOSS OCCASIONALLY. DON'T SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.

FLATTERY AKA POLITICAL NEGOTIATION: THE DISGUSTING ART OF BURYING YOUR THIN, BROWN NOSE, DEEP INSIDE THE FAT ASS OF SOMEONE MORE POWERFUL THAN YOURSELF IN HOPES THEY WILL LET THE SUN SHINE ON YOUR PITIFUL FACE. HAVE SOME PRIDE, MAN.

MAKE ANYTHING YOU SAY SOUND MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE VOICE OF GOD: WELL, WE LIKE TO THINK IF GOD HAS A VOICE, THAT IT SOUNDS EXACTLY LIKE THAT OF JAMES EARL JONES. HANDY TO HAVE BECAUSE WHEN GOD SPEAKS, PEOPLE LISTEN. IF THE HM ALLOWS IT, ON AN UNBELIEVABLE SUCCESS, YOU COULD BURN SOME BUSHES, AND START YOUR OWN RELIGION. NOT JUST LISTEN, LISTEN AND OBEY IF THEY FAIL A GREYMATTER CHECK, DUE TO RELIGIOUS FERVOR.

IMPERIAL ETIQUETTE: MORE THAN JUST THE STANDARD "P'S AND Q'S" IT INVOLVES SUCH FUN ACTIVITIES AS HOSTING TEA'S FOR THE ROYAL FAMILIES DOLLS AND PROPPER ATTIRE FOR ALL 364 IMPERIAL HOLIDAYS. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE ANOTHER "HIGHWAY TO HEAVEN DAY" JUST WAIT UNTIL "TAR + FEATHERS WEEK" ROLLS AROUND. YOU COULD USE A HEALTHY DOSE OF PRIDE TOO.

MAKE A FUNNY: ITS HARD DAMN WORK BEING THIS HUMOROUS. THIS SKILL INVOLVES THE TELLING OF JOKE. WHEN IN USE, YOU THE PLAYER MUST ACTUALLY COME UP WITH A JOKE AND TELL IT TO THE HM + THE REST OF THE PLAYERS - WHO WILL JUDGE IT. THIS WILL SHOW UP AS A MODIFIER ON YOUR DICE ROLL (FROM -4 FOR "LAME" TO +4 FOR ONE THAT MAKES 'EM WEAK) SUCCESSFUL TELLING OF A FUNNY WILL IMPROVE BOTH FRIENDS AND STRANGERS RECEPTION OF YOU.

THE DOZENS: IS THE INSULT TRADING GAME THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL LOVE. WORK IT LIKE MAKE A FUNNY INSULT, MODIFY, ROLL. SO LICK ME WHERE I SHIT, LIKE MOTHER LIKE CHILD.

EXPLAIN ANYTHING: IS THE ONE FOR ALL THE BULLSHIT MASTERS. WHY DOES AN OCEAN WAVE, WAVE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH RUPERTS TEDDY BEAR "PEETEEY" - THINK FAST.

BARBARIC YAWP: JUST GIVES YOU A FEEL GOOD TINGLEY FEELING ALL OVER - GIVES YOU A +2 TO YOUR NEXT ACTION. OPPONENTS FAILING NUTS CHECK, FEEL INFERIOR IN YOUR GODLY PRESENCE -2 TO ALL THEIR ACTIONS. YOU STUDD.

SURRENDER AND STILL LOOK LIKE A MAN: SO YOU LOST THE BATTLE, AT LEAST GO HOME WITH YOUR NUTS INTACT. DON'T LET THE ENEMY HAND THEM TO YOU IN A SANDWICH BAGGIE. QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD - KEEP DIGNITY ALIVE.

THIRD PERSON NARRATION: THE ANNOYING HABIT OF CERTAIN HARDBOILED TYPES TO CONTINUOUSLY RAMBLE ON, DESCRIBING THEIR ACTIVITIES, USING THEIR OWN NAME WHEN REFERRING TO THEMSELVES. WHAT DO THEY THINK WE'RE STUPID?

F e e t s s k i l l s :

SHOOTIN' KINDA (BLANK) GUNS (INSERT SMALL, PRETTY BIG, OR FUCKIN' HUGE IN BLANK): THE AMUSING ACT OF BLOWING OFF HIS HEAD AT FORTY PAGES. SIZE MODIFIERS WORK AS FOLLOWS: PISTOLS, RIFLES, ARTILLERY IN THAT ORDER. PETER TORQUE WOULD BE PROUD.

BALLOON ANIMAL CONSTRUCTION: THE MAKING OF BEASTIAL RUBBER FANTASIES FOR THE KIDDIES.

THAT PSYCHO BRUCE LEE SHIT: NOW THEY CAN CALL YOU BRUCE, TOO, AS YOU DAZZLE THEM WITH YOUR MASTERY OF THE MYSTICAL EASTERN FIGHTING ARTS (A/D MEAT/2) OR AT LEAST OF STREET FIGHTER II.

OPERATING VEHICLES (EITHER - SMALLER THAN SOMETHING REALLY BIG OR BIGGER THAN SOMETHING REALLY SMALL): "SMALLER THAN" IS BIGGER WITH YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THIS ONE. A.K.A. RUNNING SLOW PEOPLE OVER. "BIGGER THAN" OTHER.

SNEAK: YOU TOO HAVE LEARNED THE DEADLY ARTS OF SILENT MOVEMENT. YOU'RE NOW FULLY CAPABLE OF WALKING THROUGH YOUR OWN HOUSE IN THE DARK WITHOUT WAKING THE DOG.

WICKED QUICKDRAW: YET ANOTHER POTENT WEAPON IN YOUR GROWING ARSENAL. ADD SKILL RANK NOT STAT, TO INITIATIVE ROLLS. ITS JUST THAT SIMPLE.



NUTS KILLS

EAT ANYTHING: NOT THAT YOU'D WANT TO. A PERSONS GOTTA BE TRULY FAMISHED TO CONSUME SOME OF THE THINGS PEOPLE PASS OFF AS FOOD: SCRAPPLE? (ICK!) THIS JUST MEANS YOU ARE CAPABLE OF CONSUMING MANY THINGS GENERALLY NOT CONSIDERED EDIBLE AT ALL. FRUIT CAKE ANYBODY.

WITHSTAND/ENJOY HELLISH AGONY: WE HOLD THIS SKILL TO BE SELF EVIDENT. WITHSTAND ACTUALLY BECAUSE THE FLESH TENDERS AND SODOMY BIKERS INSISTED. ENJOY IS ONLY HERE BECAUSE THE WOUNDS CHART WITHSTAND H.A. CAN BE USED IN PLACE OF THE MEAT TEST TO REMAIN CONSCIOUS DURING THE CHECK AT THE NORMAL LEVEL INSTEAD OF THE B.D. COOL HVH! (BIG DIRT NAP, NOT BODEREK)

WITHSTAND BAGPIPES (OR OTHER UNHOLY SOUNDS): SINCE THERE ISN'T A THRIVING POPULATION OF SCOTS ON HOL. THIS IS MUCH MORE USEFUL IN RESISTING THE INFERNAL SCREECHING OF BABIES.

JUMPSLUG HANDLING: IT TAKES A MAN WITH NUTS THE SIZE OF CHURCH BELLS TO MAKE THIS A CAREER.

RUNNING BLINDLY INTO ETERNAL DAMNATION (CAUSE YOU THINK YOU CAN WIN): GOES WITH A PARENTHETICAL RUNNING SKILLS. YOU ROLL THIS TO OVERCOME YOUR BETTER JUDGEMENT, AND DUE SOMETHING INSANELY DANGEROUS ON A WHIM. TRUST US, THIS WILL HAPPEN. YOU MIGHT WIN.



TOLERATE HIDEOUS AMMOUNTS OF BLOODY MUTILATION AND STILL EAT FAST FOODS: REPRESENTS A BODIES POWER NOT ONLY TO DO THOSE THINGS BUT ALSO TO HOLD SAID BURGERS DOWN, WHEN FACED WITH SPAGHETTI AND BLOODBALLS.

RUN WITH SCIZZERS: ANOTHER SKILL IN THE "PAIN, DEATH, WHO CARES" FAMILY OF SKILLS. HELPS WITH CARRYING PERSONALLY LETHAL ITEMS ON YOUR PERSON. YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU NOT TO DO THIS. I TOLD YOU SO, BUT YOU NEVER LISTEN. DO YOU.

MARTYR FETISH: SLIGHT VARIATION KNOW AS "HERO COMPLEX ALSO EXISTS. THE STUPID DESIRE OF SOME NUTTY FOLK, TO WANT TO THROW THEIR LIFE AWAY. AND NOT JUST FOR THE HECK OF IT EITHER. SOMEWHERE THEY GOT THE IDEA THAT HEEDLESS SELF SACRIFICE BY THEM IS WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS TO BE A BETTER PLACE. I'M SO SURE (SEE THAT SCATHING (OOF BIG WORD) SARCAISM IN ACTION!)

DRAMATIC ENTRY: SOME PEOPLE, BY ATTITUDE AND LONG HOURS OF PRACTICE CAN MAKE YOU JUST SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE OF THEM ENTERING A SCENE WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. WITH A SUCCESSFUL ROLL, CAUSES EVERYONE IN ROOM TO FREEZE AND STARE AT YOU, FOR ONE TURN BEFORE TRYING TO BLOW YOU INTO COMPONENT ATOMS. ONLY WORKS ONCE ON ANY PARTICULAR GROUP (NIP IT IN THE BUD, I KNOW YOUR TRICKS; IN, SHOOT, OUT, IN...)

INTIMIDATING STARE: WOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THESE LETTERS, INTIMIDATING. AREN'T THEY. YOU CAN DO THE SAME THING WITH YOUR EYES - JUST LOCK THEM ONTO SOMEONE ELSE'S AND ROLL UNTIL SOMEBODY LOSES. AND LOOSERS (I KNOW ONLY ONE 'O') WALK. IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE SKILL - TOO BAD. ROLL NUTS ONLY AND TRY TO WALK AROUND WITH YOUR HEAD HUNG LOW. (I HAVE A CONFESSION, I ONLY USED THE BIG LETTERS TO FILL UP THE PAGE. BUT I BET YOU ALREADY GUESSED THAT)

-FINI-

LED PIGHP

GREYMATTA: 3

MEAT: 2

MOUTH: 6

FEETS: 10

NATS: 10

OLDNESS: 10

SEX: PLEASE, HE'S BUT A CHILD! WAIT TILL HE'S 11!

BENT: FUCKED UP AND HAS A SEVERE CUCKOO COMPLEX. LOOK IT UP.

TOTAL ARMOR: 6

SPECIAL ABILITIES: LED IS

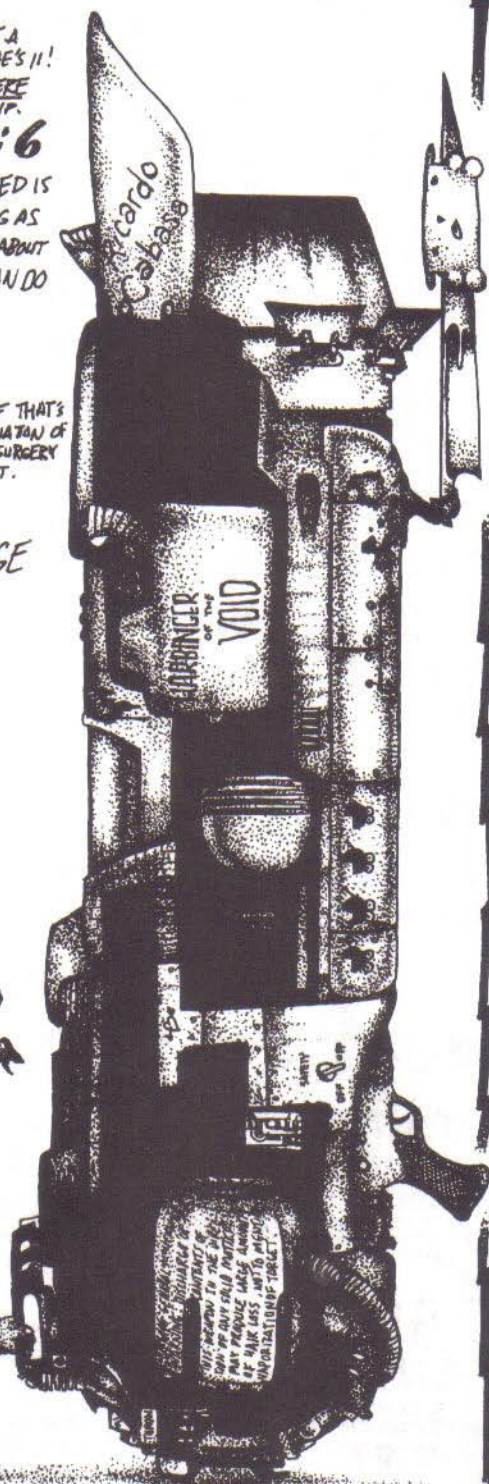
AFFECTED BY THE "COMPLETELY SMALL" SIZE MODIFIER, SEEING AS THOUGH HE'S ONLY TWO & HALF FEET TALL. ALSO, HE CAN FALL JUST ABOUT ANY DISTANCE AND ONLY GET SCRAPES ON HIS KNEES. WEIRD HOW KIDS CAN DO THAT, AIN'T IT?

SKILLS

- **SPOT/TRAIN WASTIT: 8** ALRIGHT, SO WHAT IF THAT'S LIKE HAVING A COMBINATION OF "RIDE/PERFORM HEART SURGERY ON HORSE", ROLL WITH IT.
- **REPAIR TOASTERS AND STUFF: 4**
- **PUMMELING SOMETHING WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A LARGE CANNON-SHAPED OBJECT: 5**
- **RUN REAL FAST: 16**
- **SCATHING (0000...BILLIG WOODARD) SARCASM: 10**
- **THE DOZENZ: 9**
- **SHOOTIN' KINDA FUCKIN HUGE GUNS: 15**
- **RUN WITH SEZZORS: 12**

EQUIPSTUFF:

PET WASTIT,
THE HARBINGER OF THE
VOID -- CUSTOM PLASMA
WEAPON PRESUMEABLY GIVEN
TO HIM BY HIS PARENTS TO KEEP
HIM OCCUPIED (IT WAS EITHER THAT
OR A PUPPY). SET ON HOVERS SO HE
CAN SWING IT LIKE A LITTLE SISTER,
LED CHERISHES THIS MORE THAN ANYTHING --
AND SO DO OTHERS. A/D 20/6, INFINITE
SHOTS. NEAT, EH?



LED PIGHP & PET WASTIT.



WELL THEN, I SUPPOSE IT ALL COMES BACK TO THAT AGE OLD QUESTION OF NATURE VS. NURTURE. WHATS THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PROGNOSIS WHEN YOU TAKE A SOFT, GENTLE AND INNOCENT INFANT, FRESH FROM THE FLESHTENDERS NUTRIENT VIATS, AND LET HIM RUN LOOSE ON HOLZ? I'D SAY HE WAS ABOUT 3'1" WITH A BOUFFANT HAIRDO, AND GOES BY THE NAME OF LED PIGHP.

IN THE SUBJECTS OWN WORDS, "LIFE AIN'T EASY ON THIS GREASY PUSSWAD OF A PLANET. YOU TRY FIGHTING OFF HORDES OF DOUBLE Y CHROMOSOME DICKWAD SICKDOES, THEN CLEANING THE VISCERA OFF THE BARREL OF YOUR FAVORITE WEAPON, ALL BEFORE CHOKING DOWN A HEAP OF FRIED CAT TONGUE AS A LATE BRVNCH. ANYBODY WHO HAS A BEEF WITH THAT CANSAY HELLO TO MY FRIEND MR. HARBINGER OF THE VOID."

IN MY BEST CASE DIAGNOSIS IT APPEARS THAT THE SUBJECT, MR. PIGHP IS SUFFERING SERIOUSLY FROM SEVERAL CLASSICAL FREUDIAN MALADIES. AMONG THEM, OEDIPAL COMPLEX, PENIS ENVY, AND A SEVERE NEED FOR SOMETHING WARM AND SOFT.

MY PROGNOSIS FOR THE CHILD IS AS FOLLOWS: NOTHING CAN BE DONE FOR THIS ANTISOCIAL LITTLE

TERRORIST. HE IS DOOMED TO A LIFE OF SELF CHOSEN PARANOIA AND LONELINESS, BECAUSE FRANKLY HE IS TOO DANGEROUS, BOTH TO HIMSELF AND TO SOCIETY AT LARGE TO EVER LIVE THE KIND OF LIFE THAT WOULD BE CERTAIN TO MAKE HIM A USEFUL, PRODUCTIVE MEMBER OF SOCIETY. BESIDES, HE'S A DISTURBING LITTLE CREEP, SO WHO GIVES A RATS HINDPARTS ANYWAY. HE'S DESTINED TO PERISH EITHER IN A HAIL OF PLASMA FIRE OR DRAGGING FROM THE BACK OF A HALF-TON FORD.

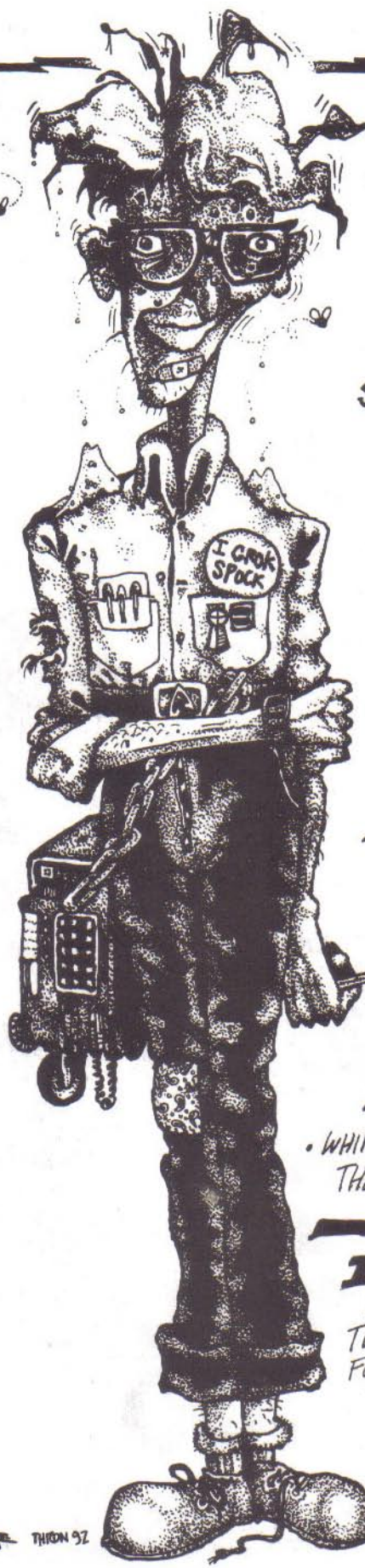
-Dr. Curtis Welvenheisen, CHIEF PSYCHOANALYST
PENAL SECTION, HOL

AUTHORS NOTE:

LED PIGHP IS THE ONLY KNOWN CHILD TO BE PRODUCED IN HOL THAT SURVIVED PAST THE TERRIBLE TWOS. ALTHOUGH HE HATES ALMOST EVERYONE, HE CARRIES AN EXTREME PREJUDICE AGAINST BABIES, AND WILL OFTEN GO TO INCREDIBLE LENGTHS TO DO SOME IN. PERHAPS THIS IS SO HE CAN PRESERVE HIS UNIQUE STATUS AMONG HOL'S RESIDENT TENNANTS, OR MAYBE HE'S JUST REALLY, REALLY MEAN. DOCTOR WELVENHEISEN WAS LATER FOUND DEAD IN HIS OFFICE, WITH HIS HEAD SEARED OFF BY HOT PLASMA. IN HIS HANDS WAS CLUTCHED A NOTE OF DUBIOUS ORIGIN WRITTEN IN BLACK CRAYON, STATING:

BUT I
COULD BE
WRONG.
LET LGD
GO

* WITH 1 INCHES OF HAIR ADDED TO HIS IMPRESSIVE 2'6".



EUGENE SPINKLER

GEEK GAMER. NICKNAMES:

CAPTAIN OBLIVIOUS

MASTER OF THE OBVIOUS.

GREYMATTA: 10

MEAT: 0

MOUTH: 1

FEETS: 4

WILTS: 0

OLDNESS: 16 1/2

SEX: MALE. OH GOD PLEASE
LET THAT BE RIGHT...

BENT: FLICKED UP AND
FAILS TO BATHE.

TOTAL
ARMOR: 1

SPECIAL ABILITIES: IGNORE REALITY/ (CRUSTIES)

INSANE LUCK: WHENEVER HE IS IN A HIGHLY
STRESSFUL OR DANGEROUS SITUATION, EUGENE BECOMES
SO FRIGHTENED THAT HE SIMPLY WANDERS IN A NEAR CATATONIC
STATE WHISPERING "I'M FINE MOTHER, I'M FINE" OVER AND OVER
WITH HIS EYES CLOSED. WHEN LIKE THIS, EUGENE IS INSANELY LUCKY -
ALA-B. BUNNY WHEN STUNNED. NOTHING HITS HIM; ALL DANGERS ARE
COMPLETELY AVOIDED. HOW DO YOU THINK HE'S LIVED THIS LONG WITH
SUCH SHITTY STATS? OF COURSE, WHEN AND WHEN NOT THIS POWER WORKS
IS UP TO THE H.M. HEH, HEH.

SKILLS

• POETRY/CLASSICS: 14

• RULE MASTERY (INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF EVERY RPG EVER WRITTEN)

• RUN BLINDLY INTO ETERNAL DAMNATION 'CAUSE YOU'RE
TOO OBLIVIOUS TO NOTICE: 4

• LIGHTBULB (DING!): 12

• SCIENCE AND EVERYTHING ELSE NORMAL
PEOPLE FAIL IN HIGH SCHOOL: 15

• OPERATE STARSHIP & CHEW GUM AT THE SAME TIME: 13

(THOUGH HE DOESN'T KNOW IT YET - MOST STARSHIPS OPERATE ALMOST EXACTLY
LIKE NEERG NIGHTMARE HIS FAVORITE VIDEO GAME.)

• RUN REAL FAST LIKE A FLICKIN' GOOBER: 9

• WHINING UNTIL YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT OR SOMEONE BEATS
THE SNOT OUT OF YOU: 4

REPAIR TOASTERS AND STUFF: 14

EQUIP STUFF

EK-SACTO KNIFE (15/1), BAD SHOES, POCKET PRO-
TECTOR, RIPPED, DIGITAL WATCH WITH CALCULATOR, AWARDS
FOR 1ST PLACE (MOST ORCS KILLED IN "SHEEP ON THE BORDERLANDS")

IN ROLE - PLAYING CONVENTIONS, DICE, PENS, AND

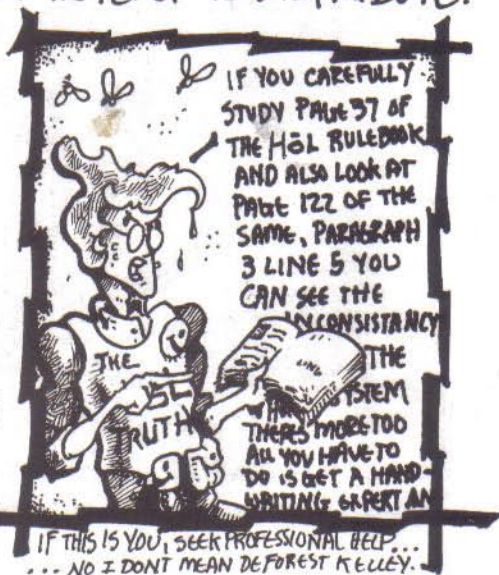
A LARGE IMPORTANT-LOOKING COMPUTER THINGY
THAT CONTAINS ANY INFORMATION THE H.M.
ALLOWS, KLEARASIL, 2 GROBULES.

LET'S FACE THE STARK, NAKED TRUTH ON THIS ONE. THE FACTS ARE IF YOU'RE READING THIS RIGHT NOW, THERE'S ABOUT A 97% CHANCE THAT YOU ARE A GAMER. VERY PROBABLY YOU'RE A SERIOUS GAMER. NOW GO, LOOK IN THE MIRROR, BRING THE BOOK WITH YOU. COMPARE THE PICTURE ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE WITH THE IMAGE YOU SEE. IF THERE ARE MORE THAN TWO CORRESPONDING FEATURES BETWEEN YOU AND THE ILLUSTRATION, LET'S FACE IT, YOU COULD VERY POSSIBLY BE A GEEK, AND PUTTING 2 AND 2 TOGETHER, THERE THEN EXISTS THE EXTREME LIKELIHOOD THAT YOU ARE A GAMIN' GEEK. NOT THAT THIS IS NECESSARILY A BAD THING. ALL OF US HERE HAVE BEEN KNOWN AS GEEKS AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER (YEAH RIGHT, AS IF. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY IMAGINE HOW SELF-RIGHTEOUSLY COOL WE'VE GOTTEN IN THE PAST YEAR. SO NO, YOU CAN'T BE MY FRIEND.) BUT BACK TO THE CHARACTER AT HAND.

EUGENE SPINKLER. YOU KNOW THE TYPE. YOU'VE SEEN HIM AT CONVENTIONS, AT THE CONVENIENCE STORES STOCKING UP ON VARIOUS CHEESE FOOD PRODUCTS, OR VGS EVEN IN THE MIRROR. THE EUGENES OF THE WORLD GIGGLE, SNORT, TELL EDWIN ABBOT JOKES, AND LIVE LIFE GENERALLY PUZZLED ABOUT WHAT THAT WHITE BAR IN THE DISH BESIDE THE TUB IS USED FOR. BUT, AS WE SAID BEFORE, THEY AIN'T ALL BAD. BECAUSE BEING UNCONCERNED WITH BEING "COOL". OUR LITTLE FRIEND WILL ALSO SUMARILLY BE UNFAZED BY TRENDS, SOCIAL STATUS, "LOOKIN' GOOD" OR ANY OTHER SUCH NONSENSE (ALTHOUGH PERSONAL HYGIENE DOES NOT FALL INTO THIS CATEGORY) ALSO WE... (AHEM) THEY TEND TO BE FABULOUSLY INTELLIGENT IN CERTAIN AREAS NOT EASILY FATHOMED BY THE POPULACE AT LARGE. TECHNOLOGY, MATHEMATICS, AND THE PHYSICAL AND NATURAL SCIENCES ARE THE PROVINCE OF THOSE TYPICALLY CLASSIFIED AS LOSERS BY THE IGNORANT. (I MYSELF WAS A PHYSICS AND MATH MAJOR, SO BANISH ANY THOUGHT THAT I'M FAR TOO SMUG FOR MY OWN GOOD. BUT AT LEAST I WASH.).

SO NOW THAT HE COMPLETELY HAS YOUR INTEREST, AND HOPEFULLY YOUR SYMPATHIES, I'M SURE THAT YOU'RE ALL BURNING TO KNOW SOME PERSONAL FACTS ABOUT OUR SIMPLE FRIEND AND THE DETAILS OF HIS INCARCERATION ON HOL. IT HAD FOR SOMETHING GLAMOROUS LIKE HACKING INTO THE GALACTIC PHONE NETWORK, OR TELLING THE IMPERIAL ASTRONOMER, SARL CAGAN THAT HE WAS WRONG ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE (SEE, HE FORGOT TO CARRY THE ONE, SO ACTUALLY THE COSMOS IS ONE BIG PUDDING SNACK). BUT NO HE'S HERE FOR SOMETHING DEEPER AND MUCH DARKER. YES, IT'S HARD TO SWALLOW BUT EUGENE WAS ARRESTED FOR POSSESSION OF A ROLE PLAYING GAME WITH INTENT TO DISTRIBUTE. NOT JUST ANY GAME THOUGH, BUT THE INSIDIOUS, NAY, DEADLY 'TRUNCHEONS AND FLAGONS', THE LEGENDARY WORK THOUGHT LOST TO ANTIQUITY, DUE TO THE EFFORTS OF VARIOUS MOTHERLY TYPE ORGANIZATIONS.

HOW EUGENE HAS SURVIVED ON HOL IS BASICALLY A MATTER OF INCREDIBLE LUCK AND A LIBERAL HELPING OF CHEESY, ODEOUS, BODILY EXCRETIONS. SO FOR THE TIME BEING HE'S FAIRLY SAFE, AT LEAST UNTIL HE SHOWERS, OR COMES OUT OF HIS LITTLE SHELL LONG ENOUGH TO NOTICE WHERE HE IS. **IGNORANCE IS BLISS.**



BROTHER ARISTOTLE STADBASKET

GREYMATTA: 3
MEAT: 4
MOUTH: 7
FEET: 6
NUTS: 8

OLDNESS: FAR TOO OLD TO BE PLAYING "STICK IN THE MUD".

SEX: NO, I JUST WON'T SAY IT.

BENT: FUCKED UP AND FAILS TO BATHE ALONE.

TOTAL ARMOR: 6 (THICK ROBES)

SPECIAL ABILITIES: ATTRACT 3d6 YOUNG BOYS BY MAKING SOFT, ROOING NOISES.

SKILLS: (ALREADY TOTALED WITH STAT)

- SEEK THE SUPPLE AND INNOCENT: 8
- COMPREHENSION OF GOD: 5
- PUMMELING SOMETHING WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A LARGE OBJECT: 11
- ARM/THUMB/TONGUE, ETC WRESTLING: 9
- PONDEROUS (PIOUS) RHETORIC: 8
- FLATTERY (SUPPLICATION): 12
- BARBARIC GROAN: 10
- EXPLAIN ANYTHING: 11
- SNEAK: 9
- EAT ANY ~~OF~~ THING: 13

EQUIPSTUFF

CRUSTY, UNCUT TOENAILS,
 EYEPATCH, SPONK NECKLACE

(NEVER TRUST A PRIEST WITH A SPOON AROUND HIS NECK.), ROBES, INERTIA ROD

(OF CORRECTION/ENTICEMENT) / (A/D: 14/4),

SACK OF FUN (RANDOM RUBBER ITEMS), SMALL, WIDE-EYED

CHILD -- ALWAYS DIFFERENT,
 BUT HE CALLS THEM ALL

"TIMMY"

THRON 92



* IN A SMALL POUCH UNDER HIS ROBE.

IF I HAD TO PICK ONE THING I MISS MOST ABOUT MY OLD LIFE, IT WOULD HAVE TO BE THE CHILDREN. YOU SEE I'M AN EDUCATOR, A MOLDER OF THE YOUNG MIND, AND HERE THERES SO LITTLE OF THAT TO GET YOUR HANDS ON. I'M ALSO A MAN OF THE CLOTH, A MEMBER OF THE ARMY OF GOD, AND SOMETIMES IT IS BY FAITH ALONE THAT I PERSEVERE ON THIS ROCK THEY CALL HOL. SO HERE IS MY STORY, SAD BUT TRUE.

I BEGAN MY MINISTRY AS A TEACHER OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND MATHEMATICS IN A SMALL PAROCHIAL SCHOOL ON GUILIBLE-III (THE INNOCENT PLANET). MY STUDENTS WERE AN ANGELIC BUNCH OF FRESH, SOFT, YOUNG AND EAGER BOYS, AND I DID MY BEST TO SHOW THEM THE BLESSED PLEASURES OF... DOING THE WILL OF GOD, AND OF SKIPPING ABOUT IN VERY SHORT SHORTS.

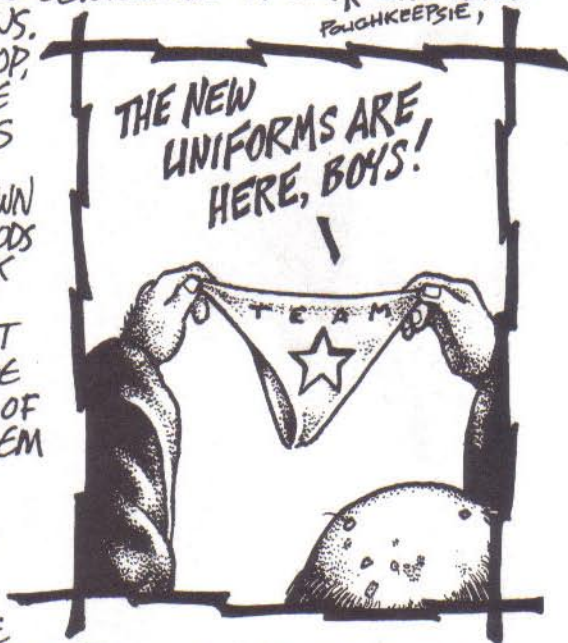
BUT IT ENDED ALL TOO SOON, WHEN ONE DAY THE BISHOP WALKED IN ON MY "CARNAL LIFE EXPERIENCES SEMINAR" JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO DEMONSTRATE SEVERAL OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TO THE YOUTHS.

WELL I SPENT A LOVELY WEEKEND WITH SOME NICE GENTLEMEN FROM ^{PAUGHKEEPSIE,} WHO ASKED ME ALL SORTS OF WONDERFULLY... PROBING... QUESTIONS.

EVENTUALLY I WAS TURNED BACK OVER TO THE BISHOP, WHO AS A PENNANCE, SENT ME TO TRY TO BRING THE MESSAGE OF REDEMPTION TO THE GODLESS SOULS WHO INHABIT THIS IMMORAL WASTELAND.

HOWEVER, MY SUPERIORS CLAIM THAT I HAVE SHOWN A CHANGE SINCE COMMING HERE, THAT MY METHODS OF WITNESS ARE NOW UNSOUND. I DON'T THINK THAT'S TRUE. I'VE JUST ADAPTED THEM TO MY SITUATION AS I HAVE SEEN FIT. THE BEST WAY TO SHOW THESE HEATEN (HEATHEN) SCUM THE WRATH OF GOD IS TO MOUNT IT AT THE END OF A POLE AND BEAT THE LIVING SNOT OUT OF THEM WITH IT. FOR AS I'VE ALWAYS SAID,

"BLESSED ARE THE IMBICILIC, FOR THEY FEEL NO PAIN"



BUT AS MUCH JOY AS IT BRINGS ME, TO SEE ANOTHER ERRANT SOUL BROUGHT TO HIS KNEES BEFORE GOD, I STILL GET A TEAR IN MY EYE TO THINK OF ALL THE YOUNG ONES WHO HAVE LACKED MY GUIDING HANDS ON THEIR SHOULDERS. (TO AH... HELPEM'... LEARN... AH ... GOOD POSTURE. YEAH THATS IT)

BUT I HAVE FINALLY LOCATED THE OBJECT OF MY OBSESSION.

A BOY.

A LED PIGH.

HE'S SO PERFECT, SO PRECIOUS, AND HE NEEDS MY GENTLE TOUCH. HE MAY NOT KNOW IT. HE MAY NOT WANT IT, BUT HE WILL, YES HE WILL.

[PROGRESS (YES, THATS PROGRESS, YOU JUST THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T SEE THAT'R'. KEEP CHECKING I PROMISE ITS THERE) REPORT. - THE BOY KEEPS REFUSING TO HEAR MY PERSONALIZED "SERMONS". HE COULD PROVE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK. HMMM... IF I COULD JUST GET HIM AWAY FROM THAT GUN OF HIS, MY LIFE COULD BE SUCH BLISS.]

REVENANT

GREYMATTER: 5
MEAT: 6
MOUTH: 2
FEET: 6
NUTS: 7

OLDNESS: 32
SEX: FILM NOIR MALE
BENT: FLICKED UP AND NARRATES TO HIMSELF
TOTAL ARMOR: 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES:
• GREAT TASTE IN CLOTHES.

SKILLS: (ALREADY TOTALED WITH STAT)

- SEEK THE GUILTY: 9
- MAKE SOMEONE STOP LIVING WITH YOUR FIST: 8
- MAKE LIGHTCUTLAS GO THROUGH SOFT THINGS THAT CAUTERIZE INSTANTLY AND SCREAM: 12
- THIRD PERSON NARRATION: 7
- SHOOTIN' KINDA SMALL GUNS: 11
- SHOOTIN' KINDA PRETTY BIG GUNS: 7
- SHOOTIN' GRAPPLING HOOK: 9
- OPERATING VEHICLES SMALLER THAN SOMETHING REALLY BIG (FLASH ROGERS JETPACK): 10
- RUNNING BLINDLY INTO ETERNAL DAMNATION CAUSE YOU THINK YOU CAN WIN: 12
- MARTYR FETISH: 10
- DRAMATIC ENTRY: 13
- SNEAK: 8

EQUIP STUFF:

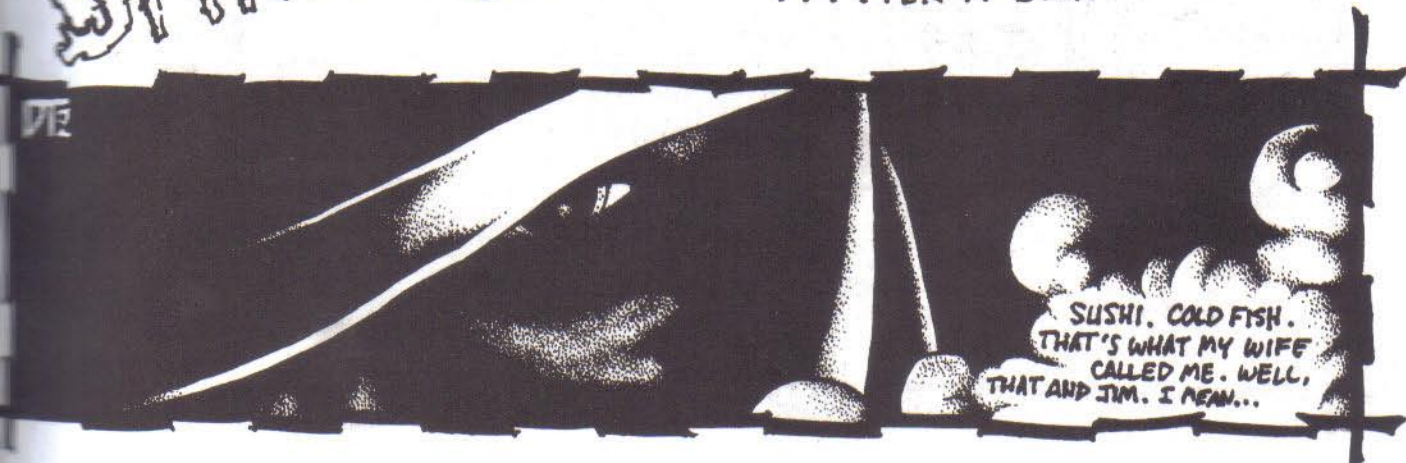
JACKSON/PRYOR INFERNO PISTOL (A/D: 20/2), WILKINSON LIGHTCUTLASS (A/D: 18/4), CONCEALED 20 YARD AUTOGRAPPLE (12/2, if you want), HAT, 12 PACKS OF 1/2-SMOKED BLITS, 30 FOOT SCARF, SAUNAMASTER® LONG KEVLAR COAT (ARMOR 4), GLOVES, BOOTS, FLASH ROGERS JETPACK (HULL: 6 / BIGNESS: COMPLETELY SMALL / SPEEDOSITY: 70 mph / TURNABLENESS: +2), 20 GROBLILES.



HE STALKS THE SEWERS AND TRADHEAPS OF HÖL, SEARCHING, EVER SEARCHING, HALF MAD HE RELENTLESSLY HAUNDS THE BARS, THE FLOPHOUSES, THE BATTLE GROUNDS, THE FUDGE BROWNIE BAKE-OFFS, WATCHING, ... AND WAITING FOR HE IS THE REYNANT! THATS RIGHT THE REYNANT, ONE BIG SEETHING WAD OF STEREOTYPICAL BOUNTY-HUNTER... WITH AN ATTITUDE. YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE "HEVARTT!" STAMPED ACROSS THE TOP OF YOUR GENUINE INDY PEDORA, YOU'RE JUST THAT CHEESY. EVERYTHING FROM THAT TRENCH COAT YOU WEAR, TO YOUR LIGHTNING SWORD IN ONE HAND, BLASTER IN THE OTHER SPELLS C·H·E·D·D·A·R ABOUT YOU. BUT REALLY, YOU ARE HÖL'S PREMIER BOUNTY HUNTER, AND HEAD FOR HIRE. YOU'RE THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT YOU DO...BUT WHAT YOU DO ISNT VERY N.... sorry, it's just so easy. ONE DAY YOU COULD BE HIRED AS A PRIVATE DICK ("SURE HÖL IS A SEWER, A RAT INFESTED SLIME DEN, BUT ITS MY SLIME DEN, MY PLANET, THIS IS MY TURF, I'M MAX (OR JAKE OR MAGNUM) REYNANT... PRIVATE EYE.") THE NEXT DAY YOU'RE ENTERTAINING OFFERS AS A THUG FOR LEASE OR RENT (I HEAR YOU'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE DEADBABIE GANG, WELL YOU KNOW HOW YOU CAN SPELL RELIEF.. R..E..V..N..") (DO I HAVE TO GO ON?) YES YOU GET TO TO APPEAR DRAMATICALLY AND TALK LIKE YOU JUST STEPPED (OR EVER ROCKETED ON YOUR OFFICIAL FLASH ROGERS JETPACK. (TM)) OFF THE COVER OF A CHEAP PULP NOVEL,.. "HUNTING SCUM AINT LIKE DUSTIN' CROPS BOY! WITHOUT PRECISE CALCULATIONS ". THE FORCE IS ALWAYS WITH YOU, AMERICA NEEDS YOUR HELP, THROW HIM THE WHIP AND HE'LL THROW YOU THE IDLE, YOU NEVER HAVE THE MONEY WITH YOU, YOU GOT A POCKET FULL OF JELLY-BABIES, A SONIC SCREWDRIVER, SPURS THAT JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE, YOU'RE ALICENSED TO KILL BILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY BY DAY, COSTUMED VIGILANTE BY NIGHT, PUNKS NEVER FEEL LUCKY AROUND YOU, A FORMER QUARTERBACK FOR THE NEW YORK JETS, YOU WERE BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER, ROCKETED FROM AN EXPLODING PLANET AS A BABY, AND FOUND BY A PACK OF WOLVES WHO RAISED YOU AS ONE OF THEIR OWN. YOU'RE THE LAST DRAGON, THE GHOST THAT WALKS, THE ULTIMATE GENRE-BUSTING ELECTRICIAN/ADVENTURER, ..THE REYNANT, HÖL'S VERY OWN

SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE

....FER A BUCK.



CAPTAIN WACKY

GREYMATTA: 4

MEAT: 6

MONTH: 9

FEET: 9

NUTS: 7

OLDNESS: 28 SEX: MALE, BUT THAT HAT..

BENT: FUCKED UP AND PLAYS WITH BALLOON ANI-

TOTAL ARMOR: 12 MALS.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: MEGAYODEL (A/D: 14/2),
CAN TURN TONGUE UPSIDE DOWN.

SKILLS: (ALREADY TOTALLED WITH STAT)

- RUN REAL FAST: 14
- BALLOON ANIMAL CONSTRUCTION: 10
- MAKE SHARP THINGS GO THROUGH
SOFT THING THAT BLEED & SCREAM: 14
- SCATHING (OOO, BIIING WOOORD) SARCASM: 11
- MAKE A FUNNY (14) WHERE THE HELL DID THESE
BORDERS COME FROM? WHAT, IS
IT A SECRET? SHHHH...
- SHOOTIN KINDA SMALL GUNS (11)
- THAT PSYCHO BRUCE LEE SHIT (14)
- OPERATE VEHICLES SMALLER THAN
SOMETHING REALLY BIG: 11
- RUN BLINDLY INTO ETERNAL DAM -
NATION CAUSE YOU CAN DRAW ATTENTION
TO YOURSELF: 11
- TOLERATE HIDEOUS MOUNDS OF BLOODY
MUTILATION AND STILL EAT FAST FOOD: 12

EQUIPSTUFF

VIBRO-GLAIVE GUISARM (A/D: 15/3)

MODIFIED CLOWN SUIT (ARMOR 6)

STUPID HAT THAT JINGLES

BAG OF BALLOONS

THE CHUCKLEWAGON (Hover Horsey)

- SEE APPENDIX 4

12 GROBULES.



HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK HOW FRAGILE THE LIFE OF A BALLOON ANIMAL IS? THE MERE PRICK OF A PIN BURSTING ITS DELICATE EXISTENCE, SHATTERING ITS BEING INTO A MILLION COLORFUL SHARDS. I HATE THEM. THEY SPEND THEIR BRIEF TIME IN MIRTH: THE LIFE OF THE PARTY, A BRIGHT CREATURE OF AIR TO LIGHTEN THE HEART OF A CHILD AS THEY PASS THE YEARS. THAT'S MY JOB. I'M A BIRTHDAY CLOWN. MY LIFE IS BUT A WILD BLUR OF CAKE, CANDLES, AND TAILLESS DONKEYS. HOW SIMPLE WOULD IT BE FOR ME TO BE THE ANGEL OF DEATH TO MILLIONS OF RUBBER FANTASIES. BUT I LIVE THE LIFE I'VE CHOSEN. NOT EVER REGRETTING WHAT I AM. I GIVE MANY JOYS TO HOARDS OF GIRLS AND BOYS. WHAT...?! GOD NO! I'M NOT SOME KIND OF PERVERT OR SOMETHING. GEEZ, I'M AN ENTERTAINER, NOT A PEDOPHILE. IT'S ONLY SHOWBIZ. SO MUCH FOR THIS MOROSE DRIVE! I NEED LIGHTS, ACTION, VEGAS, DEAN MARTIN SPECIALS, WAYNE NEWTON, CHORUSES OF YODELLING SWIZZ NIZZ GIRLS, YES YODELLING. MARVELLOUS WARBLEING VOICES - I LOVE IT. A VISION IN CHIFFON. IT WILL BE MINE. BUT UNTIL THAT TIME I STILL HAVE MY SHOW, AND MY FANS, AND MY SUIT, AND MY AXE. MAYBE EVEN A

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

NEXT YEAR. (Please, please, please, I'll try to be good. Very, very good)

SO MAYBE IF ALL YOU KIDS WISH VERY HARD AND WRITE THE SPONSORS, THEY'LL AT LEAST SEND BOB HOPE AND BROOKE SHEILDS. COME ON CLAP, CLAP - SHE COULD JUMP OUT OF A CAKE AND EVERYTHING I

PROMISE I'LL BE NICE AND TAKE MY

METHADONE EVERY DAY. HONEST INJUN, SCOUTS HONOR, HOPE TO DIE, STICK A PITCHFORK IN MY EYE. I'M OFF THE BLOW, HIGH ON LIFE. I CONSIDERED BUYING A GOLDEN RETRIEVER, AND WRITING AN AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF MICHAEL LONDON. BUT I KEPT THE AXE. IT'S IN MY CONTRACT. REALLY.

DRAW THE FACE ON THE CLOWN!



AUTHORS NOTE:
ANYONE OUT THERE THINK THAT CLOWNS EVERYWHERE ARE GETTING THE SHAFT A BIT TOO MUCH LATELY?... OH YOUR RIGHT. FUCK 'EM. WHO CARES GOD, WHO THINKS UP THIS CRAP ANYWAY.

IS HE DEAD? OR JUST ASLEEP?

THE MAN WITH NO NĀM

GREYMATTER: 4
MEAT: 6

MOUTH: 3
FEET: 4

INITS: 10 OLDNESS: 44

SEX: MALE YUP.

BENT: FUCKED UP AND ROLLS HIS OWN.

TOTAL ARMOR: 12

SPECIAL ABILITIES: THE MAN WITH NO NĀM HAS NO EYES, AND THEREFORE CANNOT BE BLINDED. HIS HAT NEVER LEAVES HIS HEAD. HE CAN DRINK 6 GALLONS OF WHISKEY AND STILL USE AN ABACUS. HE IS CONSISTANTLY DUSTY.



SKILLS

- WICKED QUICK DRAW: 14
- INTIMIDATING STARE: 15
- MAKE ANYTHING YOU SAY SOUND MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE VOICE OF GOD: 15
- SHOOTIN KINDA SMALL GUNS: 15
- DRAMATIC ENTRY: 15
- OPERATE VEHICLES SMALLER THAN SOMETHING REALLY BIG: 11 *

* HORSE

Equipstuf:

Hockler & Ketch "MEGA DRAMA" PLASMATIC REVOLVER (A/D: 10/4), DUSTER, BOOTS, SKINNING KNIFE (A/D: 7/2), POT BELLY STOVE LID ARMOR (ARMOR 6), BOTTLE OF 200 PROOF ALCOHOL, 15 GROBLUES.

THRON 92

OH, YEAH -- MAKE SOMEONE STOP LIVING WITH YOUR FIST: 11

Horse With No Nām:

GM: 0 MD: 0 NU: 10 ME: 7 FE: 10 ATTACK VALUE: 8
TOTAL ARMOR: 7

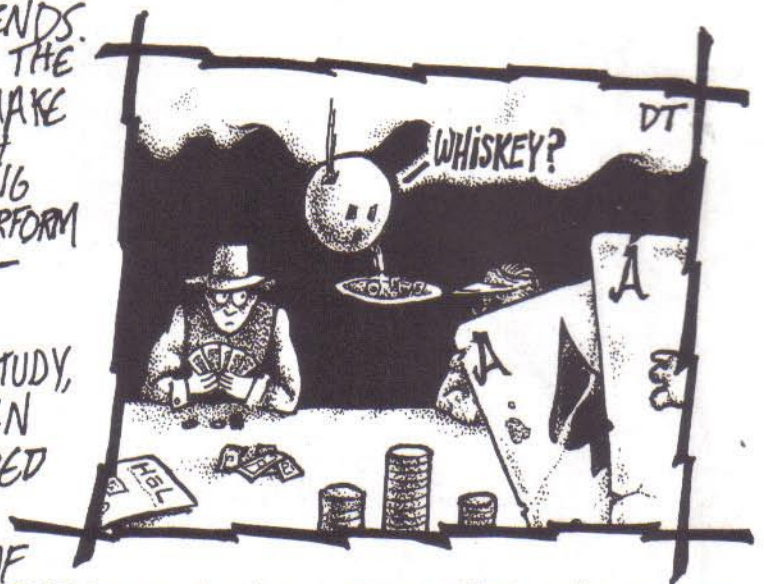
FEAR IS AN AWESOME THING MY FRIENDS. THERE EXISTS NO GREATER WEAPON IN THE EMOTIONAL ARSENAL. CAN ANYTHING MAKE YOU SHIFT YOUR ASS INTO FOURTH FASTER THAN THE PROSPECT OF HAVING THE FRONT END OF A FOUR-BY-FOUR PERFORM ORTHOPEDIC SURGERY ON YOUR KNEES — POTENT THING, AIN'T IT.

SO ON TO THE SUBJECT OF OUR LITTLE STUDY, A MIDDLE AGED WHITE MALE. NO GIVEN NAME OF RECORD, HEREAFTER REFERRED TO AS: HE. HIM & THE MAN.

A TALKING ENIGMA, HE STRIDES OUT OF THE DUST OF A HOT DESERT WIND, A FEARSOME FIGURE OF LEATHER AND CHEAP MEXICAN WOOL. HAT PULLED DOWN LOW OVER BROODING EYES, HOME ROLLED CIGARETTE TRAILING A THIN LINE OF PALE SMOKE BEHIND HIM. THE RATTLE OF HIS SPURS GREET'S YOU. LIKE THE BUZZ OF A DIAMOND BACK. AS HE (DAMN HANDY THING. THEM WORDKATORS - A GODSEND EVEN) APPROACHES YOUR SLIPSHOD SHANTY, HE CROAKS OUT "GOT A DRINK FOR A THIRSTY MAN FRIEND, WATER WOULD BE NICE, BUT WHISKEY WOULD BE NICER..."

AS YOU STARE DOWN AT THE LONG, HARD COLD BARREL OF THE SHOOTIN' IRON STRAPPED TO HIS THIGH, AN ICY CHILL PERMEATES THE NETHER REGIONS OF YOUR CHEST, AND YOU NOW KNOW THE TRUE POWER OF FEAR.

A DEVIL TO SOME, AN AVENGING ANGEL TO OTHERS, THE MAN OBEYS NO LAW BUT HIS OWN KEEN SENSE OF JUSTICE AND HONOR. OTHER TIMES HE APPEARS AS A MERCENARY, WILLING TO DO ANYTHING FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE. THE INNOCENT HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM HIM, BUT THE RICH AND EVIL (strange isn't it that all rich people in movies are evil) **BENARE!** THIS GUY WILL DO ALMOST ANYTHING FOR A SMOKE, A DRINK, OR A GOOD WOMAN, (WHO'S FATHER HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DIED, LEAVING HER AS THE SOLE BENEFACTOR OF A SIZEABLE ESTATE, WHO WOULD BE PERFECTLY HAPPY TO SIT HOME AND GROW DIRTY EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT UNSCRUPULOUS RAILROAD BARONS, WHO SHE KNOWS IN HER HEART MURDERED HER HAPLESS DAD FOR HIS GOLDMINE IN THE HILLS, ARE PRESSURING HER TO SELL HER FARM BY SLOWLY POISONING HER LIVESTOCK, SO SHE BEGS "THE MAN" SHE KNOWS ONLY AS "PARSON" (BUT WHOM SHE SUSPECTS IS NOT REALLY A PRIEST) TO RID HER OF THESE SOCIAL PARASITES, AND HE'S ALL TOO HAPPY TO OBLIGE HER BY TOSSING THEM OFF A RUNAWAY TRAIN BOUND FOR HELL. AND SHE LIVES HAPPILY EVER AFTER AS HE RIDES OFF INTO THE ORANGE SUNSET. OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT — LOYAL TO FRIENDS - DANGEROUS TO DIRT - THE FEAR THAT WALKS AMONG US.



MPHMMUN



GREYMATTA:5 **FEETS:6**
MEAT:10 **NUTS:10**
MOUTH:-2 **TOTAL ARMOR:10**

OLDNESS:30 **SEX:MALE, THAT'S IT. NO JOKE. KEEP**
BENT: Fucked up and mumbles a lot.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: AMAZING PATIENCE AND SELF CONTROL FOR ALL
 THE SHISHKABOB HE PUTS UP WITH. NICE EYES.

SKILLS: COMPREHENSION THROUGH PUGILATION (15),
 PUMMELING SOMETHING WITH THE ASSISTENCE OF A COMPACT CAR (15),
 POETRY AND CLASSICS: 9, WITHSTAND HELLISH AGONY 15, LIGHTBULB (6)

EQUIPSTUFF: TORN PURPLE JEANS, GLASSES,
 COPY OF BEOWULF, 30 FOOT CHAIN ATTACHED TO A WRECKED
 COMPACT CAR (A/D:14/4),
 EMBARRASSING TATOO.

THRON 92

HOW OFTEN DO DREAMS GO ASTRAY? HOW OFTEN DO YOU WAKE UP ONE MORNING (OR EVEN MORNING) THINKING YOUR LIFE IS A WONDERLAND OF POSSIBILITIES, HOPES, AND LITTLE GIRL'S TEA PARTIES ONLY TO FIND YOU'VE BEEN MUTATED INTO AN EIGHT-FOOT TALL MUSCLE BOUND FREAK AND DUMPED ON A BACK-ASS GARBAGE BIN PLANET CALLED HÖL? HOW OFTEN DOES THAT HAPPEN!? .. WELL, .. IT DOESN'T REALLY, O.K. MAYBE ONCE. MPHMMUM, THE NOT SO GENTLE GIANT'S PAST IS, AS THEY SAY, SHROUDED IN MYSTERY. ONE HISTORIAN (HÖLSTORIAN?) AND SCIENTIST DR. HARVEY LIPSCHITZ, AUTHOR OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL "IF YOUR LIPSCHITZ THEN MY ASS SINGS", ATTEMPTED TO CLONE THE BOUNDING BEHEMOTH FROM DISCARDED TOE NAIL CLIPPINGS. THIS ATTEMPT TO FILL IN SOME OF THE GARGANTUAN GORILLAS MISSING PAST CAME TO NO AVAIL, AS ALL THEY WERE ABLE TO CREATE FROM THE CLIPPINGS WAS AN EIGHT FOOT TALL RUBBER TREE PLANT WHICH PROCEEDED TO SLAUGHTER EVERY ANT THAT CAME WITHIN ITS REACH (CAUSE YOU GOT PERSONALITY, WALK, PERSONALITY, SMILE, .. ♡ (IF YOU DON'T GET THIS, WATCH MORE LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY)). DR. LIPSCHITZ MET A RATHER UNTIMELY, AND EMBARRASSING END, HOWEVER WHILE CHANGING IN HIS LAB FOR EMPEROR RUPERT'S ANNUAL COSTUME BALL AND FONDUE SLIDE. HE HAD, OF COURSE, GONE AS AN ANT. THE LIPSCHITZ LEGACY (AND RUBBER-TREE PLANT) WAS CARRIED ON BY THE GOOD DOCTOR'S LAB ASSISTANT AND SON, LEROY LIPSCHITZ, AUTHOR OF "MY DAD'S LIPSCHITZ, BUT I STILL DON'T SING". HE TOO, TRAGICALLY, WENT THE FOLLOWING YEAR AS AN ANT, BUT THE THIRD SCIENTIST WENT AS A GYPSY-MOTH AND THUS SURVIVED TO CARRY OUT THE LEGACY. THE LEGACY BEING THIS: THEY DON'T KNOW. THE THIRD SCIENTIST, DR. AARON ASSINGS, AUTHOR OF... (WELL YOU GET THE IDEA) DID SPECULATE THAT MPHMMUM WAS IN FACT A MEMBER OF A LITTLE KNOWN RACE OF ALIEN BEINGS HUNTED TO EXTINCTION (MINUS ONE) BY THE COMBINED FORCES OF BOTH RUPERT AND BIG STEEVIE DUE TO THE UNIVERSAL THREAT OF THEIR SONIC WAVE PRODUCING VOICES, WAVES CAPABLE OF OBLITERATING ENTIRE LEGIONS OF COW SHOCK TROOPS WITH BUT A SINGLE WHISPER. DR ASSINGS WAS UNDER A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF PRESSURE TO PRODUCE RESULTS, AND DID IN A SECRETLY RECORDED CALL TO 1-900-NAUGHTY, CONFESS THAT HE HAD MADE IT ALL UP. SO WHAT WAS MPHMMUM ULTIMATE CRIME? WHAT CAUSED HIM TO NOT ONLY BE SENTENCED TO THE HÖL BUT TO HAVE HIS MOUTH SEWN SHUT WITH BIO-ENGINEERED, REGENERATIVE, THERMAL ADAPTIVE, WAX WIRE STITCHING (MAKES A GREAT RE-USEABLE FLOSS) AS WELL AS HAVING A TARGET TATTOO ON HIS CHEST, A VIRTUAL DEATH-SENTENCE ON HÖL? SOME SPECULATE HE DEFILED A WHOLE BUSSLOAD OF NUNS ~~TO~~ TO BE ON CHASTIDY-4, THE VIRGIN PLANET, TO HE DISCOVERED THE CHURCH'S SEVEN SECRET HERBS AND SPIES. EITHER WAY THE HOLY BIG MAN HIMSELF, AS THE RUMORS GO, HAD A "WICKED HISSY FIT" AND CALLED HIS 'OL BUDDY RUP TO PERSECUTE THIS POOR BASTARD INTO THE SHELL OF A MAN HE IS NOW, A MAN WHO SPEAKS SOFTLY AND CARRIES A SENSIBLY PRIED COMPACT CAR.



RORRIN NAD

GREYMATTA:3 NUTS:7
MEAT:5 TOTAL
MOUTH:6
FEETS:10 ARMOR:10

OLDNESS:45, BUT FEELIN' CHIPPER, THANKS!

SEX: NOT EVEN A SMALL CHANCE

BENT: FUCKED UP, AND ALSO A CLIENT.

SPECIALABILITIES: UM, WELL... UH... HE'S COVERED WITH ZINC! THAT'S NEAT, RIGHT? YEAH! SHUCKS!

SKILLS : (ALREADY ADDED TO STATS)

- HERO COMPLEX (SEE MARTYR FETISH): 11
- PUMMEL SOMETHING WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A LARGE FLYING SURFBOARD: 15
- FLEX COMICALLY: 9
- FLYING BLINDLY INTO ETERNAL DAMNATION CAUSE YOU'RE JUST TOO FUCKING STUPID TO KNOW BETTER: 10
- DRAMATIC ENTRY: 8

EQUIPSTUFF:

HOVERSURFER* (HULL:15, BIGNESS: MODERATELY NOT BIG, SPEEDOSITY: 1180m, TURNABLENESS: +4),

KEY FOR SAID VEHICLE,
A LOT OF ZINC (ARMOR 5
[10 AGAINST FLAMEY THINGS])

OH! WHAT ARE WE
THING-KIN? HE
CAN FLY HIS BOARD;
TOO! : OPERATING
VEHICLES SMALLER THAN
SOMETHING REALLY
BIG: 15.

THRON 92

* A/D: 10/4

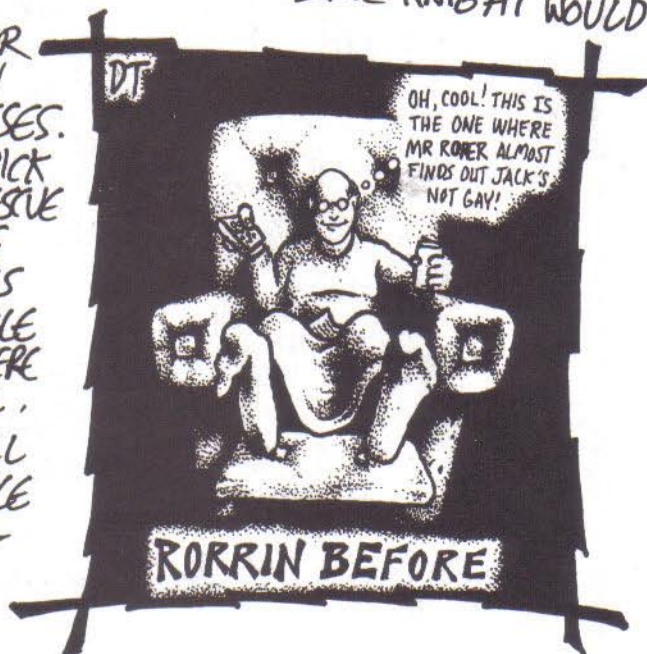


IT AIN'T EASY BEING ZINC. SURE ITS IN VITAMINS AND PAINT AND VARIOUS NONPRESCRIPTION COLD AND COUGH FORMULAS, BUT ITS JUST NOT ONE OF YOUR MORE GLAMOUROUS METALS. NOT LIKE SILVER... OR GOLD... OR TIN, COPPER, IRON, ALUMINUM, TITANIUM, PLATINUM, NICKEL, OR LEAD. THERES NO ZINC PIECES, NO ZINC CANS, ZINC DOUBLOONS, ONLY ZINC OXIDE. YEAH THE WHITE STUFF OVERTANNED BEACHGOERS SMEAR ON DELICATE PARTS OF THEIR ANATOMY.

YET SOMEHOW MY PEOPLE CONSIDERED IT A GREAT HONOR TO BECOME THE "MAN OF ZINC". IT WAS NO BIG DEAL FOR ME. MY WIFE HAD LEFT ME TO MARRY THE PLUMBER AND I WAS IN A DEAD END JOB (YEAH SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE, EVEN IN SUPER FUTURISTIC, HIGH TECHNOLOGY SOCIETIES) SO, BASICALLY I JUST APPLIED, AND WONDER OF WONDERS, I GOT THE JOB. HEY THE PAY WASN'T GREAT, BUT AT LEAST I GOT MEDICAL, DENTAL, AND THE CHANCE TO TRAVEL.

I WON'T LIE TO YOU AND TELL YOU THAT THE PROCESS THAT TURNS THE EVERY-DAY JOE INTO THE GUARDIAN OF A GALAXY IS A PAINLESS ONE. THE GREATEST MINDS OF MY DAY STRAPPED ME TO A TABLE FOR DAYS, BOMBARDING ME WITH COSMIC RAYS OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAVELENGTH, THEN FINALLY, THE COUP DE GRACE; 3.85×10^{534} MOLECULES OF MOLTEN ZINC, POURED OVER MY EXTREMELY SUNBURNT SKIN. (OH YEAH, THATS GOTTA HURT, LIKE "OUCH", BANDAGES ON CHEST (BUT HEY, WHEN YOUR 42, BALD, AND UNEMPLOYED, YOUR DANCE CARD AINT EXACTLY FULL, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, SO I GUESS I WON'T MISS 'EM ANYWAY)) WELL I DON'T KNOW IF THEY BRAINWASHED ME ON THAT TABLE OR THAT MUCH PAIN JUST HONESTLY CHANGES A MAN. BUT NOW I HAVE IDEALS, A MORAL CODE, A MAGGING URGE TO MAKE THE UNIVERSE A SAFE PLACE FOR SOFT AND GENTLE THINGS. I SUPPOSE THAT ALSO IS THE CAUSE OF MY IMPRISONMENT FOR ON ONE OF MY NOBLE SURVEYS OF THE GALAXY I HEARD A CRY FOR HELP. A WEAK PITIFUL CRY FOR FREEDOM FROM THE FORCES OF DARKNESS AND OPPRESSION. YES! AT LAST I WAS NEEDED. THE FEEBLE CRIED OUT, AND I THEIR ZINC KNIGHT WOULD SUCOR THEM IN THEIR HOUR OF NEED.

NOT THAT I'M BITTER, BUT WITH GREAT POWER COMES A GREAT NEED TO HEEDLESSLY THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY FOR THE UNGRATEFUL MASSES. YES, I HAD FALLEN FOR THE SIXTH OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK, FOR THE PLANET I SPED TO RESCUE WAS RUBE-III (THE SUCKER PLANET) AND I WAS DEBUSHED, AND CAPTURED BY COW AUTHORITIES HAD TAKEN TO HOL AS A MENTALLY UNSTABLE BEING OF POWER (LAW 1-382 SEC 2905) AND THERE I WAS IMPRISONED. BUT ITS NOT SO BAD HERE, PLENTY OF VILLIANS, KEEPS ME BUSY. STILL I LONG ENDLESSLY FOR THE DAY WHEN ONCE AGAIN I CAN SOAR THE SPACEWAYS, CONFIDENT IN MY POWER TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT FROM THE BLISTERING RAYS OF THE SUN. 'NUFF SAID.



FRANK, THE WERE-GUY

GREYMATTA: 4 NUTS: 9

MEAT: 7

MOUTH: 9

FEETS: 5

OLDNESS: 22

SEX: MORE THAN WE CARE TO KNOW

TOTAL ARMOR:

11

SPECIAL ABILITIES: ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT FRANK, WHILE BEING A VERY NICE GUY, ALWAYS MANAGES TO SAY THE EXACT WRONG THING FOR THE COMPANY HE'S IN, HE'S ALSO A WERE-GUY; WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN, HE BECOMES A MIX OF ROBERT DE NIRO IN GOODFELLAS, LENNY BRUCE, AND ANDREW DICE CLAY. MOSTLY THE LATTER, AND HIS NECK GETS HAIRY. ICK.

SKILLS

• STATS
• ADDED
ALREADY.

• SEEK THE GUILTY: 8

• MAKE SOMEONE STOP
LIVING WITH YOUR
FIST: 11

• FLEX DRA-
MATICALLY: 10

• PELVIS WRESTLING: 9

• MAKE A FLUNNY
(UNKNOWN): 13

• THE DOZEN: 14

• BARBARIC YAWP: 12

• SHOOTIN KINDA
SMALL GLINS: 11

• OPERATING
VEHICLES SMALLER
THAN SOMETHING REALLY
BIG: 8

• TOLERATE HIDEOUS MOUNDS
OF BLOODY MUTILATION AND
STILL EAT FAST FOOD: 12

• CRIMINAL LAW AND EVERY-
THING ELSE YOU FAILED IN
THE ACADEMY: 7

• EAT (CHEW) ANYTHING: 13

EQUIPSTUFF

"STUD DUDS" LEATHER/
KEVLAR (ARMOR 4)

LIFETIME SUPPLY OF

HEFTI CINCH-SAK RIBBED
CONDOMS, STATIE MIRRORRED

SLINGLASSESS, SHITKICKERS

(A/D: 2/2), CAN OF MINTY (OOOH!)

CHEWING TOBACCO, 1 CUP

COFFEE (BLACK),

1 CAN BREW (LIGHT)

1 DOUGHNUT (NICE + CREAMY)

"PHYLLIS" (A/D: 12/4)



FROM HIGH ATOP OLYMPUS, HE GAZES ACROSS THE BROKEN LANDSCAPE, A GODLIKE PILLAR OF MANKHOOD. FROM HIS OILED RINGGITS TO HIS BRONZED PHYSIQUE, EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM SCREAMS, "PASS ME ANOTHER BEER." FOR VERILY NO GOD IS THIS, ITS ONLY FRANK. I'M GOING TO LEVEL WITH YOU GUYS ON THIS ONE, WE ACTUALLY KNOW THIS "FRANK". YEAH I KNOW, SOME GUYS GOT ALL THE LUCK. WHY HOWEVER IS HE IN THIS GAME, HEY, WHY NOT, IF YOU CAN'T CAN'T DO A BUDDY A FAVOR (SURE, MORE LIKE A CURSE) THEN WHAT'S THE POINT OF HAVING FRIENDS.



FRANK HAILS FROM CHATHAM IV (THE GOLF 'TIL YOU CROAK PLANET) WHERE EVENTUALLY SUCCEMBED TO THE MONUMENTAL BOREDOM, CRACKED, AND WAS ARRESTED FOR IMPERSONATING A POLICE OFFICER AND WANTON DIVOTING OF PUTTING GREENS.

NOW, ARMED WITH NO REAL AUTHORITY, OTHER THAN HIS MASCULINE CHARM AND WIT, FRANK HAS BECOME HOL'S SELF APPOINTED CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER. NOT THAT HE TAKES THIS AWESOME RESPONSIBILITY TOO SERIOUSLY, HE WOULDN'T LAST 2 SECONDS IF HE DID - HECK L.A.P.D. COULDN'T DO THIS JOB.

AS NOTED UNDER HIS "SPECIAL ABILITIES" FRANK POSSESSES AN ABUNDANT HELPING OF OPEN MOUTH, INSERT BOOT, SPURS AND ALL. HOWEVER, FOR SOME REASON THIS WILL GENERALLY (HM'S DISCRETION) HAVE OPPOSITE TO EXPECTED EFFECTS, THAT IS IT ENDEARS HIM TO THE COMPANY PRESENT RATHER THAN ENRAGING THEM. THUS, FRANK HAS BECOME AN HONORARY "BROTHER" (N MANY OF HOL'S ROVING GANGS. THIS ABILITY AND MANY JUDICIOUSLY (2) BOUGHT ROUNDS OF BREW.

THEN THERES THAT WERE-GUY (GUYCANTHOP) THING. LEGEND TELL US OF THE AVATORS OF THE TALL, DARK, AND FOUL MOUTHED GODS, WHO WHEN THE MOON IS RIGHT (THE NIGHT TIME IS THE RIGHT TIME) SHIFT IT INTO LOW GEAR AND CRVSH ALL IN THEIR PATHS (FOR FRANK THIS INCREASES MOUTH, NUTS, AND MEAT TO 10, WHILE REDUCING GREYMATTA TO 0, APPROPRIATE PUSES AND MINVISES TO RELATED SKKUS). HEH, HEH, RECTUM, DAMN NEAR KILLED 'EM!

THE KING

NICKNAMES: TEDDY BEAR, A HUNKA HUNKA BURNIN' LOVE

OLDNESS: WAY ⁴⁹ OLD. SEX: ALL MAN
BENT: FUCKED UP AND CROWS
JELLY DOUGHNUTS LIKE THEY'RE GONNA
NUKE THE FACTORY IN FOUR
MINUTES.

GREYMATTA: 3
MEAT: 2
MOUTH: 9
FEET: 2
NUTS: 8

TOTAL ARMOR:

7

SPECIAL ABILITIES: IMMORTALITY -
NO THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE CAN'T DIE, BUT EVEN
IF HE DOES, HE'LL STILL EVENTUALLY SHOW UP IN A
SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT LINE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
UNIVERSE.

MOVIE EFFECTS: EVERYWHERE HE GOES, EVERYONE
HAS INSTRUMENTS AVAILABLE AND IN MOST CASES, THEY
BEGIN TO LOOK LIKE A CHEESY MOVIE SET.

SKILLS:

- MAKE SOMEONE STOP LIVING WITH
YOUR FIST: 2 (5)
- TOLERATE HIDEOUS AMOUNTS OF BLOOD
MUTILATION AND STILL EAT FAST FOOD: 2
- EAT ANYTHING: 6 (14)
- LANGUAGES AND MUMBLED SLANG: 2
- SHOOTIN' KINDA SMALL GUNS: 1 (3)
- PLUMMELING SOMETHING WITH THE ASSISTANCE
OF A LARGE OBJECT: 3 (5)
- WITHSTAND HELLISH AGONY: 2 (4)
- OPERATING VEHICLES SMALLER THAN SOME-
THING REALLY BIG: 2 (4)
- FLATTERY: 4 (13)
- RUNNING BLINDLY INTO ETERNAL DANGER
'CAUSE YOU THINK YOU CAN WIN: 3 (11)
- POETRY/CLASSICS: 2 (5)
- MAKE ANYTHING YOU SAY SOUND MORE
IMPORTANT THAN THE VOICE OF GOD: 5 (14)
- SUDDEN PHILOSOPHICAL TANGENT: 4 (13)

EQUIPSTUFF:

WHITE, V-NECK SUIT AND CAPE WITH
FRINGES, SEQUINS AND RHINESTONES
(ARMOR 5)

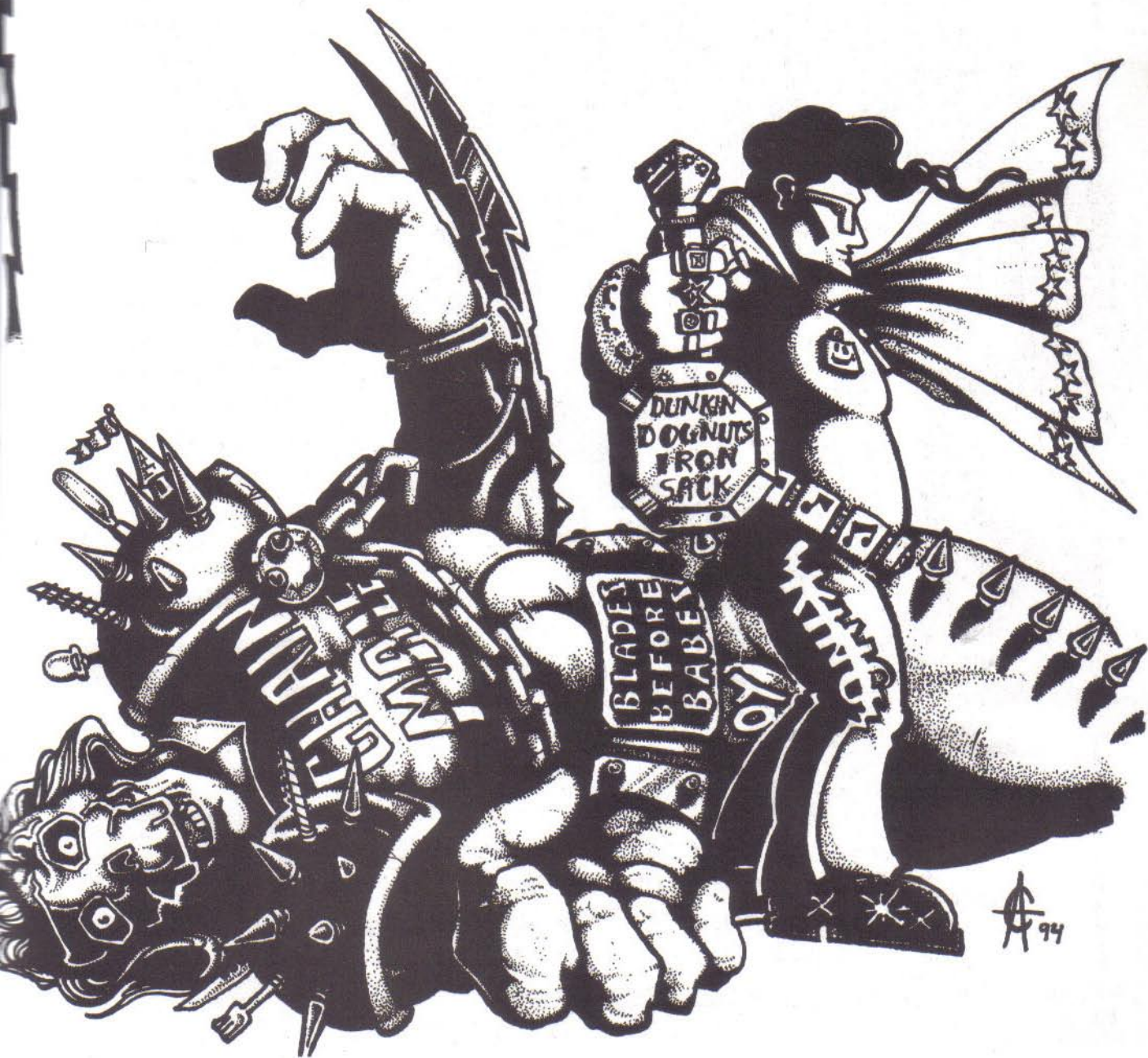
MICROPHONE WITH INFINITE CORD
(+4 TO GRAPPLE)

BAG OF JELLY DOUGHNUTS (A/D:
OF DOZENS/2)

THRON 92

ASK
HIM

WHADDYA WANT? IT'S ELVIS.



OKAY, BY NOW THERE ARE PROBABLY A GOOD FEW FACTIONS AMONGST YOU, THE READERSHIP, THAT HAVE (FOR GOOD AND BAD REASONS) NOTICED A MISSING ELEMENT TO THIS GAME, AND PERHAPS THOUGHT OF CALLING OUR OFFICES AND LETTING US KNOW THAT IN YOUR OPINION...

HOL NEEDS WOMEN!!!

SAVE YOURSELF THE PHONE TOLL. WE KNOW. THE REASON WHY WE HAVEN'T PUT FEMALE PLAYER CHARACTERS, ETC, IN IS BECAUSE WE TEND TO THINK THAT SEXISM, RACISM, AND A FEW OTHER CHOICE "ISM'S" ARE YEA ABOUT AS COOL AS A MAYONNAISE-ANCHOVY MILKSHAKE. THERE ARE NO WOMEN ON HOL SO FAR BECAUSE NO WOMAN HAS BEEN THAT STUPID OR UNLUCKY YET. YOU MAY DO WHATEVER YOU OR PLAYERS WANT, BUT WE AT DIRTMERCHANT FEEL NO NEED TO PROMOTE THE ALL-TOO-POPULAR "ARMOR?" (GIGGLE GIGGLE) NO, THIS CHAINMAIL TEDDY AND LEATHER G-STRING WILL PROTECT ME FINE. "IMAGE OF WOMEN IN RPGs. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW, YOU MAY ASSUME THAT WOMEN ARE USUALLY LEADERS OF REBELIONS, PRESIDENTS, AND OWNERS OF ENTREPRENEURIAL RESTAURANT CHAINS*. AND THOSE THAT FIGHT ARE GOOD ENOUGH TO PUT SIGOURNEY TO SHAME. WITH THAT IN MIND. YOU CAN SEE, WE HOPE, HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO COME UP WITH APPROPRIATE FEMALE PC'S FOR A GAME THAT PARODIES EVERY SUBJECT THESE DEPRAVED AUTHOR'S MINDS CAN THINK OF. BUT THIS SHOULD NOT DETER YOU FROM MAKING ONE UP IF A PLAYER WISHES A FEMALE CHARACTER. AND YES-- IN THE UPCOMING SUPPLEMENT DEVIANTS & DEMI-GUYS, THERE WILL BE FEMALE PCs OFFERED. ALRIGHT, ENOUGH PREACHING. I'M GONNA GO PUT MY SOAPBOX AWAY AND GAME SOME "MACHO CHICKS WITH WET T-SHIRTS AND HUGE PHALLIC GUNS". YES, I'M KIDDING.

* AND MOST CAN SPELL BETTER THAN I CAN.



BOOK TWO

THINGS
THAT CAN
KILL YOU



WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF SCRAMBLED EGGS BECAUSE WE DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SEARCHING FOR OUR HYUNDAI IN LOT 244. NO, WE'RE NOT KIDDING. IT'S 1:00 AM, AND WE'RE WRITING THIS THIS GAME JUST FOR YOU. AND THE MONEY. IN FACT, JUST BECAUSE THE GENERAL POPULACE WILL SAY "YEAH, WHATEVER," I THINK WE'LL ASK OUR WAITRESS TO SIGN IT. WAIT A SEC.

Astute Reader's
Note #1: As if you
girlfriend or Sister or
Paramour couldn't've
penned that. Lying
little cuss.

Christine Paulson
1HOP *

Astute Reader's
Note #2: Like
We truly give A
Flying Rodent's
Testicles whether
you're lying or not!
Get on with it!

... SEE?

ANYWAY, THE POINT BEING... THE POINT BEING... UM, ... OH HELL, WE JUST WANTED TO FILL SOME EXTRA SPACE, AND THIS SEEMED FUNNY ENOUGH -- BUT THEN AGAIN, THIS EARLY IN THE MORNING, THINGS LIKE THE MON CHI CHI SONG BECOME REASONS TO BLOW MILK THROUGH YOUR NOSE.

BUT WHAT I WAS GOING TO WRITE ABOUT WAS

HOMELISTER EVENING

* UNFORTUNATELY, MS. PAULSON, THOUGH CERTAINLY VERY CHARMING, DOES NOT HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF THE POSSIBLE LEGAL WRATH OF THE ESTABLISHMENT SHE WORKS FOR. THEREFORE,

IN AGREEING TO BE HOLMESTER, YOU HAVE ACCEPTED MULTIPLE BURDENS:

1: SPEAKING TO THOSE WRITHING, WHINING, BENUMBED NEMATODES, THE PLAYERS, AS IF THEY HAD FRONTAL LOBES.

2: INVITING THEM TO YOUR HOUSE AND TRUSTING THEM NOT TO URINATE IN THE TOASTER.

3: PROSTITUTING YOUR THESPIAN CAPACITY FOR FREE PIZZA AND LIQUID PROTEINS.*

4: PURCHASING ALL THE SUPPLEMENTS WE CAN GOUGE YOU FOR.



NOT TO MENTION CREATING NEW PLAYER CHARACTERS FOR ALL THE BOZOS WHO CREAK AND MOAN ABOUT HAVING TO PICK FROM THE PRE-GENS. OF COURSE YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN PCs. DO WHATEVER BUTTERS YOUR MUFFIN. BUT THE REASON WE DIDN'T INCLUDE A SYSTEM FOR IT IS BECAUSE WE'D RATHER SEE PEOPLE MAKE UP THE PC'S PERSONALITY AND HISTORY FIRST, THEN GO TO THE HM FOR STATS & WHATEVER. YOU, THE H-MEISTER, GIVE THEM THE NUMBERS, MAKE UP NEW SKILLS, MUTATIONS, RESTRICTIONS, ETC. ACCORDING TO WHAT THE PLAYER WANTS AND WHAT YOU CAN FIT IN THE CAMPAIGN. AND IF THEY GET ALL CRIMPED AROUND THE EDGES ABOUT IT, TELL 'EM TO TOSS A FEW 11-SIDEDS, PRETEND TO CHECK A FEW HUNDRED OF THOSE RUIR MONSTER CHARACTER FLOW CHARTS AND FAKE IT.

AS FOR ACTUALLY **RUNNING THE GAME**, AGAIN, YOU DO WHATEVER YOU WANT (THOUGH WE WOULDN'T SUGGEST ANYTHING THAT REQUIRED CAN OPENERS AND GAUZE). BUT WE DO HAVE A FEW [REDACTED]. NOT ONLY THAT, BUT WE HAVE SOME HINTS, TOO.

1: IGNORE ANY RULE ANY TIME YOU THINK IT WILL FLICK UP THE GAME.

2: IGNORE ANYTHING YOU DON'T LIKE.

PART III: ACT OUT EVERYTHING! MAKE UP WEIRD VOICES! ROLE-PLAY TO THE STEM OF THE ASPARAGUS!! USE RECURRING **NPLS**! THINK MELO-DRAMA! PARODY EVERYTHING!! SLAPSTICK!! LET

YOUR IMAGINATION SPROUT INTO SOMETHING FIRM YET SOFT... I... I... EXCUSE ME... I HAVE TO GET SOME CLEENEX...

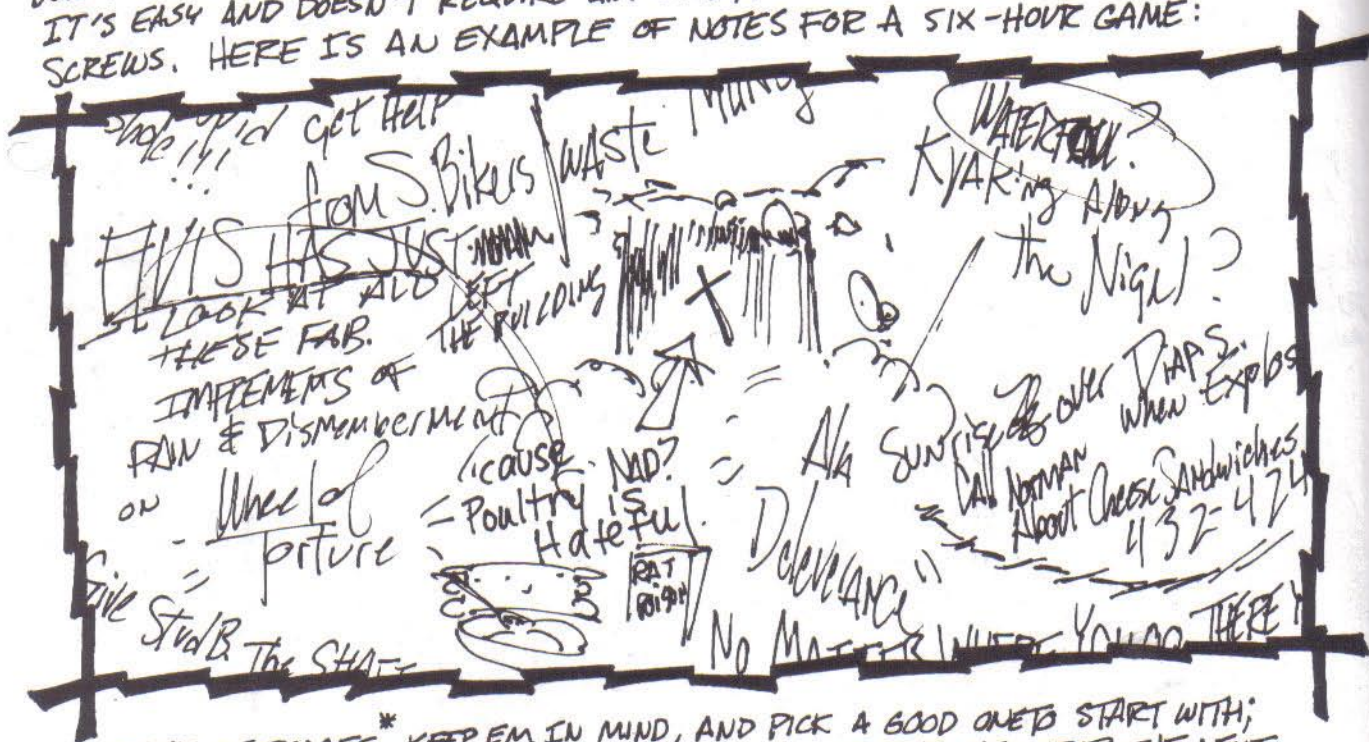
* Y'KNOW, LIKE YOO-HOOH 'N' STUFF. WHY? WHADDA THINK I MEANT?

OKAY, OKAY, I'M BETTER NOW. IT'S JUST THAT WE HERE AT DIRT MERCHANT ARE WAY BIG ON THAT ROLEPLAYING THING. FOR US, THE DICE ARE JUST THERE TO GIVE US SOMETHING TO DO WITH OUR HANDS SO WE DON'T SCRATCH OURSELVES TOO MUCH.

PERSONALLY, I LIKE PLOTS THICKER THAN BAD MAYONNAISE. ABOUT A WEEK INTO THE CAMPAIGN, ONE OF THE PLAYERS WILL COME TO ME WITH A SHEET OF PAPER SO HEADED WITH SCRIBBLES AND LINES THAT IT LOOKS LIKE A WEB CONSTRUCTED BY A SPIDER WHO'S JUST POLISHED OFF AL PACHINO'S COKE STASH FROM 'SCARFACE'. THIS, SAYS THE PLAYER, IS THE NPC/EVENT CHART SO FAR.

NOW, I'M ABOUT TO CONTRADICT EVERY RPG I'VE EVER READ ON THE SUBJECT OF ADVENTURE CREATION. ARE YOU GRIPPING YOUR ARMCHAIR APPROPRIATELY? GOOD.

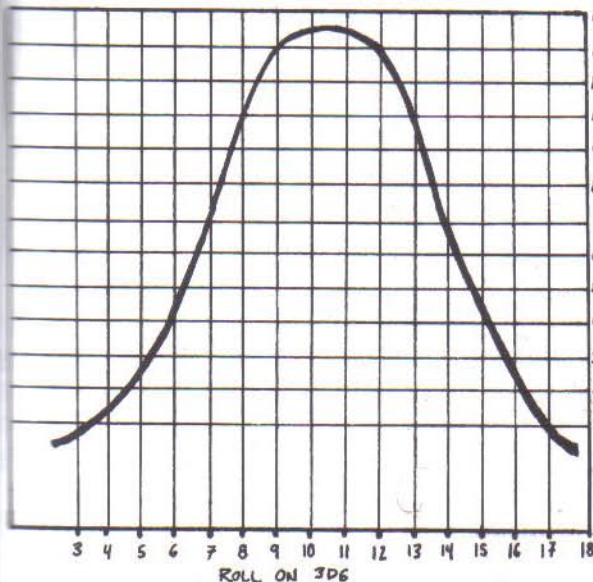
DON'T MAKE MAPS. DON'T WRITE DOWN NPC'S STATS. DON'T PLAN OUT EVERY SQUARE INCH OF GROUND YOU WANT YOUR PC'S TO GO. DON'T PLAN THEIR ACTIONS. IN GENERAL, DON'T PLAN MUCH OF ANYTHING AT ALL. AN ENTIRE EPIC CAMPAIGN MAY KEPT MOVING AT A SWEATY PACE IF YOU JUST SPEND SIX MINUTES MAKING NOTES BEFORE A GAME, AND SCRITCH A LITTLE DURING IT. THERE IS NO NEED TO LOSE SLEEP AND TURN YOUR BRAIN TO SOMETHING RESEMBLING THE GUACAMOLE IN THE AFT OF THE FRIDGE IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN A STORYLINE THAT WILL MAKE YOUR PLAYERS GROVEL TO CONTINUE. IT'S EASY AND DOESN'T REQUIRE ANY EVIL, ADDICTIVE SUBSTANCES OR THUMB-SCREWS. HERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF NOTES FOR A SIX-HOUR GAME:



THINK OF IMAGES*, KEEP EM IN MIND, AND PICK A GOOD ONE TO START WITH; THEN USE THE OTHERS IF YOU CAN. IF YOU DON'T, SAVE THEM FOR THE NEXT GAME. THE THING IS, LET THE PLAYERS GO WHERE THEY WANT FROM THE START YOU'VE GIVEN THEM, AND DRAW THE ADVENTURE FROM WHAT THEY DO, OCCASIONALLY STOKING THE FIRE WITH SOME MAJOR EVENT. BUT ALWAYS KEEP EVERYTHING DRAMATIC -- NOT NECESSARILY SERIOUS -- JUST ACTING-WISE. HEL IS A GAME OF PERFORMANCE, NOT NUMBER CHOWING. THAT'S WHY EXPERIENCE IS GIVEN FOR ROLE-PLAYING, NOT ROLL-PLAYING.

* SEE UNBRIDLED EX-STORIES FOR KICKERS.

BELL CURVE OF 3d6: THE DISTRIBUTION OF NUMBERS IN... NO THIS DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WITH THE GAME WHATSOEVER -- I JUST WANTED ALL THE CHEATING LITTLE PUSNAD PLAYERS WHO SNUK THE BOOK INTO THEIR FILTHY LITTLE PHLANGES AND WERE LAYING THEIR VEINED LITTLE RETINAS ON OUR SECRETS WHILE ST [REDACTED] YOU WERE PERCHED UPON THE PORCELAIN DIAS TO THINK THAT THIS WAS A SKIPABLE



SECTION. A BELL-CURVE FOR 3d6 THAT'S ABOUT AS USEFUL AS RENTING A MAJOR EXPO CENTRE IN MILWAUKEE FOR A CONVENTION OF MYOPIC OCHLOPHOBES.

NONETHELESS, WHAT I'M TRYING TO HIDE FROM THEIR PRYING EYES IS THIS: IF YOU WANT THE CAMPAIGN TO LAST -- DON'T KILL OFF THE PLAYERS. YES, UNLESS DRAMA DICTATES YOU SHOULD FOR THE PURPOSE OF THE STORY, IT'S BEST TO LET THEM KEEP KICKIN'. LET THEM DEVELOP INTO THEIR CHARACTERS -- TORTURE THEM ALL YOU WANT, TEASE THEM WITH THE SCYTHE -- BUT IF YOUR GONG TO DICE 'EM, DO IT IN A WAY THAT MAKES THEM WANT TO SPEW EPIC POETRY.

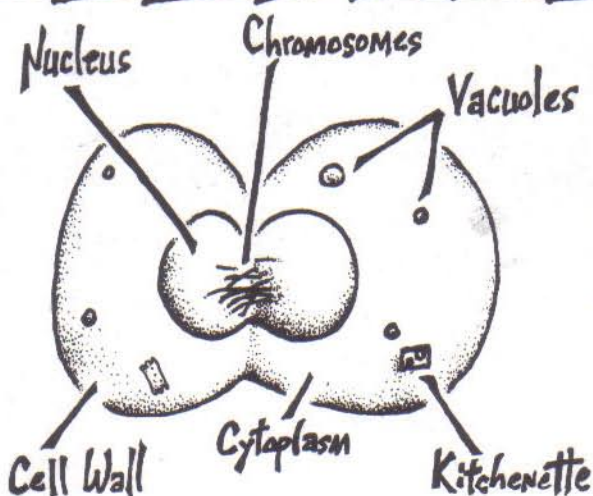
(OR WHATEVER). REMEMBER -- FUCK RULES, [REDACTED] THE PLAY'S THE THING. SO, IN ANALYSIS OF THIS DISTRIBUTION, IT OF COURSE COMES CLEAR THAT ACTUAL SPEECH IS NOT NECESSARY DURING THE PLAY OF THE GAME. NOTES AND TACTICAL DESCRIPTIONS MAY OF COURSE BE PASSED TO THE "CALLER," SO AS TO TRIM THE NEED FOR ANY ACTUAL VERBAL DISCOURSE -- ALLOWING THE PLAYERS TO CONCENTRATE MORE ON THEIR CALCULATORS.

HM'S NOTE

Astute (yet again) shoppers will likely, in the near future, pick up full-length adventure "Modules" and send hateful letters accusing us of being disgustingly hypocritical. That is a misnomer.

We are disgustingly GREEDY.

Thanks,
-ED.



Ex 1. Mitosis



GRACE OF GOD

P.O.I.N.T.S

No MATTER HOW

DISGUSTINGLY BENEVOLENT YOU HAPPEN TO BE, THE PLAYERS WILL MANAGE TO GET THEMSELVES IN SITUATIONS THE GREAT HOUDINI WOULD PASS A KIDNEY STONE TRYING TO GET OUT OF. CAUGHT IN THE TREAD PLATES OF A MUNG MUNCHER, TIED, GAGGED, AND BOLTED TO A STUPID STEEL POST HANGING UPSIDE DOWN IN A GYMNASIUM FILLED WITH RABBIT WARE KRISNAS WITH ACCORDIONS AND MOUTH HARPS. OVERCOMING LATE-NIGHT LURGES FOR CORNED BEEF HASH. BEING THROWN THROWN NAKED INTO ZERO PRESSURE WITH NOTHING BUT A ZIP-LOCK SANDWICH BAGGIE AND A RUBBER BAND FOR PROTECTION. YOUNG STANDARD STUFF. SO TO GIVE THEM A FIGHTING CHANCE (AND TO KEEP THEM FROM ATTEMPTING HUMAN ORAGAMI) ON YOU FOR KILLING THEIR CHARACTER) THERE ARE GRACE OF GOD (G.O.G.) POINTS. IT'S SIMPLE-AT THE BEGINNING OF THE ADVENTURE, SECRETLY FOR ONE DG - THAT'S HOW MANY G.O.G. POINTS THERE ARE. THE PLAYERS MAY USE ONE AT ANY TIME TO SAVE THEIR PUDDING. AND MUST SAVE THEM FROM NO MATTER WHAT THE DANGER IS.*

WRATH OF GOD:

SLIDEE JUST TOLD ME THAT THAT WAS COMPLETELY UNCLEAR, SO LET ME TRY THAT AGAIN BEFORE WE GO ON. THAT MEANS 1 DG FOR THE ENTIRE GROUP FOR THE ENTIRE GAME. THAT MEANS THAT

YOUR HAVING FOR THE CAST OF "A BRIDGE TOO FAR" FOR TWELVE STRAIGHT HOURS, THEY STILL ONLY GET 1 DG G.O.G.. SO WHAT IF OLIVIER BITCHES? HE'S DEAD NOW ANYWAY. GOOD ENOUGH? TOO BAD. LIKE I NEED YOUR SHIT, OKAY? ALRIGHT!

OKAY! THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE BACK THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S STRAW, BLIDDY!! NO ONE CALLS ME

PLEASE STAND BY, WE ARE EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL (YES. TECHNICAL.) DIFFICULTIES...

ANEM. SORRY, MAYBE I SHOULD SWITCH TO DECAF.

-WRATH OF GOD: SINCE THE PLAYERS HAVE NO CLUE AS TO WHEN THE LAST G.O.G. POINT IS USED, THE FIRST UNLUCKY SCHMOE TO PRAISE THE LORD WHEN HE HAS NO POINTS OF PATIENCE LEFT (I.E. THE G.O.G. POOL IS EMPTY) DRAWS THE WRATH OF GOD POINT. THINK OF IT AS A "YOU LOSE" TIMES TEN. THE HM IS GIVEN THE RIGHT TO GIVE THE GREASED AVOCADOS TO EVERYONE. A DISH BEST SERVED COLD, EH?

* THIS DOES NOT MEAN THAT THE PHRASE "OUT OF THE FRYING PAN, INTO THE Gaping Jaws OF DEATH HIMSELF ARMED WITH A GORE-ROTARY TENDERIZER AND BLADECASTER OR SOME OTHER SUCH MORTAL INCARNATION" CANNOT BE APPLIED HERE.

EXPERIENCE POINTS

HERE WE ARE YET AGAIN - WRITING THE GAME, YOU READING IT -- AND WE HAVE REACHED ANOTHER TECHNICALITY THAT YOU EXPECT A FIVE-PAGE BELL-CURVE/GRAPH/CHART/MAP/CROSS-REFERENCED, MULTI-COLUMNED, COLOR-CODED ACTION-RESOLUTION TABLE/OPEN SALAD BAR FOR OR SOMETHING. WELL, SUCK THE PIPE.

LET US REMIND YOU ONE LAST TIME, DRILLING IT INTO YOUR HEAD LIKE SOME CHINESE SLIGHTLY DELUDED HCL TORTURE (POOP, POOP, FIZZ, FIZZ, ON WHAT A REL...) -- THIS IS A GAME FOR EXPERIENCED (YES, THAT'S EX-P-E-R-I-E-N-C-E-D. SAY IT. "RHODE ISLAND.") I.E., ES., AS IN "CAPABLE", "CREATIVE", "SEXUALLY PERVE ..(AHEM)" WELL VERSED IN THE FIELD OF ROLE-PLAYING GAMES. WHAT THAT MEANS IS, YOU CAN HANDLE WHEN AND WHEN NOT TO DISTRIBUTE EXPERIENCE POINTS TO THOSE WHIMPERING LITTLE TWITS.

OUR SUGGESTION, HOWEVER, IS THAT EVERY COUPLE OF ICE ADVENTURES (EXCUSE ME) -- DEPENDING UPON HOW THE PLAYERS HAVE PERFORMED -- AWARD THEM ONE PLAYER'S REWARDING, INSPIRATIONAL, CONGRATULATORY KLIDO (TALK ABOUT FORCING AN ACRONYM FOR A CHEAP JOKE). ONE P.R.I.C. KLIDO MAY BE USED TO GAIN (MAKE UP) A NEW SKILL AT LEVEL 1, OR JACK UP A CURRENT SKILL.

AND, ON VERY RARE OCCASIONS, FOR A TRULY FLESH-FIRMING PERFORMANCE, YOU MAY DEIGN TO GRANT BIG PRICKLIDS -- TO RAISE AN ATTRIBUTE BY ONE. BUT KEEP IN MIND THAT IN DOING SO, YOU EFFECTIVELY RAISE ALL SKILLS CONNECTED TO THAT ATTRIBUTE BY ONE. HENCE, A GUIDELINE TO WORK BY MAY BE ONCE BETWEEN PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATIONS. -- IN OTHER WORDS, FEEL FREE NOT TO BE TERRIBLY LIBERAL WITH THESE POINTS OR YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF TRYING TO CONTAIN AN ENTIRE GROUP OF FERAL KNOTS OF CHAETBUSTING

STAT MONGERS,
AND YOU WILL
PROBABLY, OUT
OF FRUSTRATION,
BE FORCED TO

WARNING :

KEEP FINGERS, HAIR & JEWELRY AWAY FROM THIS AREA.

THANK YOU.

HOW THEM FLAT WITH A MINOR ATMOSPHERIC ASSAULT, SEND-
ING THEM INTO A WHINING RAGE OF GLASS-SHATTERING
PROPORTIONS, AND COULD WIND UP WITH THEM TAKING BACK
THEIR SODA, CHIPS, INFLATABLE AMUSEMENTS, PIZZA, ETC
THAT THEY WERE BRIBING YOU WITH, AND THEN YOU'D HAVE TO SPEND
YOUR OWN MONEY TO STUFF YOUR MAN, AND YOU'D HAVE TO FIND A NEW
APARTMENT TO LIVE IN.

APPEASE YOUR EVERY WHIM... I...



SOME TIMES I THINK I ONLY TRY TO DO RIGHT

TOKEN
ILLUSTRATION

BUT I STILL HAVE YOUR TIE

OH!

ULT, SEND-
ATTERING
ING BACK
PIZZA, ETC
TO SPEND
O NEW

JEWELRY AWAY FROM
THANK YOU.

DID WE ALMOST FORGET TO
TELL YOU HOW TO HEAL FROM
THE FRIGHTENING AMOUNT OF DAMAGE
THAT IS DELT OUT IN MANEUVERS ABOUT
TRICKY AS MAKING TOAST? SILLY US. WELL, HERE.
I WOUND LEVEL A DAY? SOUND GOOD? -- OF COURSE
THIS MEANS THAT IF A CHARACTER IS CRUSHED
BY SOME STRAY BUCK FALLING FROM ORBIT AND
IS KNOCKED TO "THE BULB IS DIM", HE
WILL BE FIT AG A FATTY ACID SIMPLY BY
LYING IN BED AND PLAYING TETRIS.
DO WHAT YOU WANT;
YOUR THE HIM, RIGHT?
RIGHT?

M.O.T.E.Y



THE VALUE OF THINGS BEING SO CIRCUMSTANTIAL—ON HOL (ONE MAN'S ARM IS ANOTHER'S CUDGEL, ETC.), THE STANDARD WAY TO BUSINESS IS TO BARTER. HOWEVER, THIS DOES NOT MEAN CURRENCY IS DEFUNCT. BUT DUE TO THE FACT THAT THERE ARE VAST AMOUNTS OF ALL-TOO-FORGEBLE METAL AVAILABLE (THIS LEADING TO IRREVOCABLE INFLATIONARY PROBLEMS [HEY, STOP MAKING THAT FACE. THIS MAY BE A MEREAGE FEET, BUT IT'S A LITERATE, SOCIO-ECONOMICALLY CONSCIOUS ONE]), THE PHYSICAL REPRESENTATION OF FUNDS HAS BEEN ARBITRARILY ALTERED BY THE MASS FOPPLAGE OF THE WURLED TO A NON-FORGEBLE ONE OF BIOGENETIC ORIGIN. OKAY, WE LIED. WE JUST WANT SOMETHING ELSE STUFFED IN HERE TO MAKE A SORTSET OF YOUR SMALL INTESTINE. SO, HERE ARE THE GROBS.

- A. GROBULES—WORTH APPROXIMATELY 1 CONFEDERATE CHIT (SEE BELOW) OR 1 PROB. MOISTNESS BOUNKERS. WITHIN 1 MONTH, THEY BECAME...
 - B. FESTERING GROBULES—WORTH 10 GROBULES. THEY TEND TO GURGLE AND BURP, SMELLING SOMETHING ACID TO RANCID ONTMEAL. AND OF COURSE, AFTER A MABLE GASTATION PERIOD, THEY HATCH INTO THE MINDLESS, VORPAL...
 - C. GROBLINGS—WORTH 10% OF NADA. THEY INSTANTLY ATTACK THEIR FORMER OWNERS IMMEDIATELY AFTER HATCHING, ATTEMPTING TO BURROW IN THE SKULL- AND NORTHER REGIONS. OH YEAH, THEY RELEASE A GAS AT BIRTH THAT CAUSES ALL GROBULES AND FESTERING GROBULES WITHIN 10 FEET TO HATCH PREMATURELY, YET FULLY ACTIVE. ONCE THE FORMER OWNER IS CONSUMED, THE GROBLINGS LAY 10-16 EGGS (GROBULES) AND DIE OF BORDOM. HENCE, BATTLEFIELDS ARE BANKS.
- FINALLY, THERE IS THE CONFEDERATE 'CHIT' (D)—WORTH NOTHING ON HOL UNLESS YOU WISH TO PRIDE CAPTAINS OF OFFICERED-BOULD SHIPS.

- A: GROBULES
- B: FESTERING GROBULE
- C: GROBLING
- D: CHIT



*THAT IS, FOR EXAMPLE, THE INTERESTED PARTY WILL TRADE HIS PRYOR-JACKSON INFERNO PISTOL FOR YOU TO REMOVE THE LANDING GEAR FROM HIS AERONAVEL.

EDGAR SPARINGLY

CLDS OF PLASMA ARE HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A SWARM OF HYPER-ACTIVE FIREFLIES ON SPEED... THE GUMMING HEAPS OF TRADER REMAINS FILL THE BATTLEFIELD WITH AN ORANGE GLARE AS SLUGS OF HOT LEAD ARE RIPPING INTO THE CARRAGE PHREGION, ENRICERATING PARTY MEMBERS SENDING FLESHY CONCEPTS SPLATTERING WILLY ABOUT THE SCENE, AND... AND... OR PERHAPS I'M GETTING A BIT CARRIED AWAY, NEH, SORRY... ANYWAY... THE PARTY IS PANNED DOWN AND THERE'S NO FEASIBLE WAY OUT OF THIS ONE... THEY'RE MEAT... THOSE LITTERLY MINDLESS, ZIT-FARMING PILES OF UNDEATHLESS PROTOPLASM THAT HAVE THE AUDACITY TO CALL THEMSELVES ROBOTPLAYERS (AND UNIMPACTING ON'S AT THAT) HAVE BACKED THEMSELVES INTO A CORNER, TO FIGHT WHAT SHE-ZING WOULD BURST A BLOOD VESSEL, YET AGAIN... NOW THESE SQUIGREL BEHAIRED CRETTINS ARE BEGGING YOU FOR MERCY, GROVELING TO THE BATTLE PARTY...
 YOU DID THAT LAST WEEK AND, WELL, IT JUST ISN'T CONDUSIVE TO GREAT ROLE PLAYING IF ALL THE CHARACTERS ARE DEAD...
 -- IT'S TIME FOR E. SPARINGLY. YES, JUST AS THE GROUP IS ABOUT TO PURCHASE A HUGE TRACT OF ETERNAL DAMNATION AT THE CHEAP RATE FROM ONE OF HOL'S MYRIAD REAL ESTATE AGENTS, POP ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA INTO THE BOOM BOX AND HAVE THE NIGHT-CARDED SILAULETTE, RIPLE RAISED, APPEAR ON THE HORIZON.
 WHO IS HE? WHO GIVES A SHIT? THE PLAYERS JUST BETTER BE TRADING THEIR HIGHER BEING (YOU) WHEN HE SHOWS UP. HE IS THE PRETENDALLY GOTHIC AND SEMI-MYTHICALLY WHITE EDGAR. 33 PERCENTS THE SINGLE GREATEST FIGHTER EVER TO WALK THE SURFACE OF HOL. HE CAN STAND IN THE MIDST OF A CONFLUENCE BETWEEN HUMANES AND NOT BE HIT. HE IS THE CIND-BREEZE, AND OUT OF THOSE FOLDS COME GATS...

... BARS ENOUGH TO BLIND HIS ENEMIES AND DARKEN THE SKIES. MEATY? HE APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE, HOT FIBES FUMBLING THEIR WEAPONS AND STARKING SLACK-JAWED AT THE SLIGHTEST GLANCE OF HIS MIGHTY EYES.
 SO IF HE TRIES RECURSE PRESENTS ITSELF -- OR YOUR BORED OR PROSESSOR INTO A NEED TO BE OVERLY DRAMATIC -- HAVE THE SPEAKER ARIVE IN THE SCENE AND CARRY THROUGH ENOUGH IMBROTANIS TO GIVE THE PLAYERS A FIGHT-ING CHANCE

BUT JUST A WARNING THOUGH, JUST AS DIETY-ESQUE P.C.S CAN GET LAME, AND FERREVAL'S DESIRES TO DROP A GOOD SIZED SATELLITE ON SAID CHARACTER'S FACIAL LOBE MAY WELL UP LIKE BILE IN AN H.M.'S SOUL, EDGAR, TOO, MAY BECOME A TOGETHER ANNOYING IF USED TOO OFTEN. DON'T MAKE HIM A CAN OF METAMUSIL TO FLUSH OUT THE FAILED PLOT DEVICES OR HELP THE CHARACTERS WITH EVERY SCRAPE THEY GET INTO. HE SHOULD BE OUT MOTIVE, DISPATCHING A DOZEN WARRIORS AND SEEMINGLY WITH-OUT MUTE, DISPATCHING THE SHADOWS OF THE HEAPS. PERHAPS THE BEST ADVICE FOR EDGAR LIES IN HIS VERY NAME. USE EDGAR SPARINGLY.

FINALLY, A NOTE SHOULD BE MADE OF A GROWING GROUP AT ROGUES CALLING THEMSELVES "THE SONS OF EDGAR". HAS SPROUTED UP AMONGST THE TRASH. EMULATING THE RAGGED WRATH, MOST PERISH FRUITLESSLY WHEN THEY LEAP BETWINT THE CONFLICTING FORCES IN THE BATTLEFIELD, ONLY TO DISCOVER FOR TOO LATE HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO PUDGE WHEN ONE IS WHIPPED IN A BIRTHING SEA OF CAPE. ONE EVEN WAS GIVEN ALIVE BY THE BATS HE STROVE TO KEEP UNDER HIS CLOAK, AND, AS WOULD BE PROUD, THEY ARE CONSTANTLY EMBROID WITH THEIR ANTIHISTS, THE SODOMY TROOPERS. -- MAKES GREAT OUT-WORLD CABLE ENTERTAINMENT.

QZTHRON

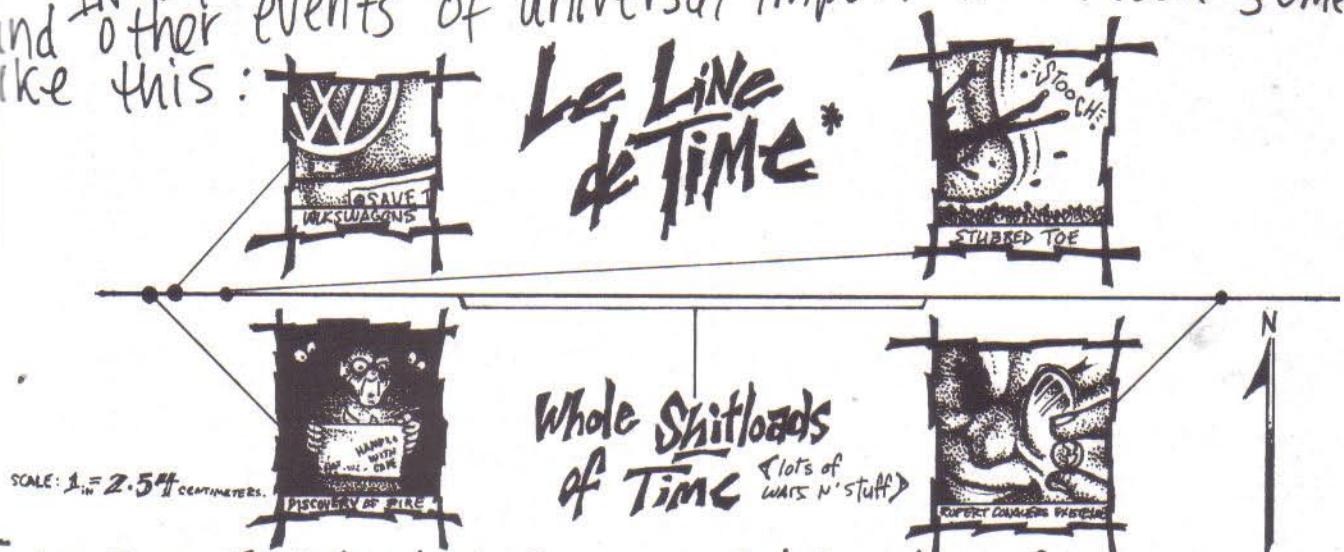


REMEMBER when you got up this morning? No. Well me neither so its OK. So by this TIME your probably all thinking Ya know WALLY, this games really cool and stuff, but I just can't help it if I'm an impossibly ANAL retentive fool for numbers, I keep thinking "sure this is science fiction (or as the French say 'science fiction') but I just don't see how mankind fucked up this bad given any ammount of time perceivable." (cool, look I even remembered to close both quotes)

Well then here you have it meatmouth, its almost a chronology, part TIMELINE, not quite a history. And if you know whats good for you, just shut the fuck up BEAVER.

So ANYWAY back to this morning. Remember (yet again) rolling out of bed, then stubbing your toe on that great shaggy piece of iron that protudes from under your mattress, REMAKING your tender flesh into the IMAGE of so many BLOODY shreds? Well the events depicted in this game take place so far in the future after that blessed event, THAT NONE of them are foreseeable by most stretches of the imagination. That of course is where the (ya know like rubber) of the imagination. That of course is where the action part comes in, but regardless we ask you to respect it like it was graven into two large stone tablets by Charlton Heston. THANK YOU

In Any case a timeline containing the stubbling of your toe and other events of universal import would look something like this:



[note: Some Confederate historians maintain that Volkswagons were created prior to the advent of fire. This dispute is the result of the discovery of the infamous "Piltown Bug" in 693 AR. But we won't do that 'cause its stupid.]

* That's French too. Neat, huh?



Do you often lie awake at four A.M., soaked in sweat, shaking like a sumo wrestlers over ample buttocks, because you drank 17 cups of coffee, after midnight at your local IHOP. Then since you can't sleep anyway, you decide to get up and write the history of the universe for some SCAB GAME... or is it just me?

Well, I could just go on forever with these amusing little personal observations and anecdotes, but then you could all perhaps be very bored with the whole wad of pus. Not that I really care what you think at all, and since I'm the writer here and your only some spineless, gutless sheep of A... consumer, who only bought this because: A- Your "friends" told you it was "WAY COOL" and god forbid you do anything that your "FRIENDS" don't think is cool. So you sell your little brother "CRAIG" A.K.A "WORMFOOD" to white slavers from COLUMBUS, OHIO for \$20 just so you can be "COOL". OR B: YOU ACTUALLY HAVE some taste and maybe actually are reasonably intelligent, in which case maybe apologies are in order. OR C: YOU JUST really sick - and only bought this because on the Donahue show someone refers to it as a "blatant piece of BEASTIAL PORNOGRAPHY!" in which case GET HELP.

So at any rate it matters little to me what you think. Yes I do have an attitude - you need one in this business - therefore - and without further ado - you can all **LICK ME!**

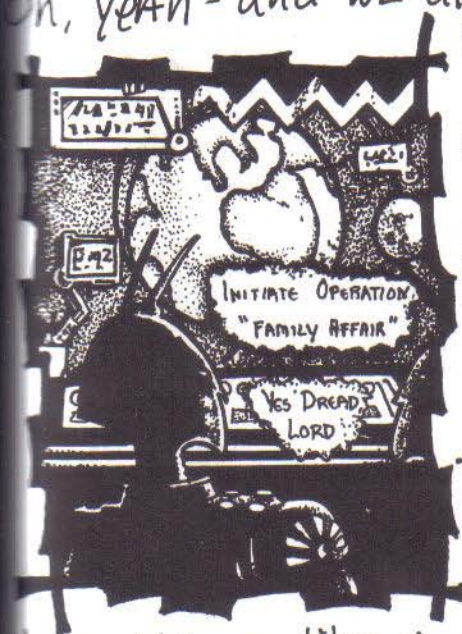
... You know sometimes the medication just isn't all that effective and it just makes everything a little... well, I'm sorry... maybe. At any rate here it is the complete Readers Digested history of the universe - Authorized by the Creator, and completely caffeine free. You're all bright, creative people, I trust you'll use it wisely. Aw Hell, you bought it, use it for butt floss if you like.

CIRCA A REALLY, REALLY... REALLY LONG TIME AGO: Two Protozoan creatures met in the starlite lounge of the Vacation Inn in Miami after a few "sex on the beaches", they got to a room upstairs and have 26 quadrillion children who became apes, cockroaches, and used car salesmen, eventually.

Historians Note: all dates hereafter are represented as B.R. or A.R. before and after Rupert respectively, which is the system in popular use in the cow at the present time.

Although this attitude about the humble beginnings of life is generally accepted, everyone is extremely careful not to say they believe it, because it is denied as fiendish blasphemy by the Conglomeration Religious Amalgam of United Galactic Ideas About who this God Person is Anyway (or C.R.A.V. G.I.A.W.T.G.P.A), or rather, the Church.

In fact it can safely be said that much of history is denied by the Church, if not all of it. For example, page one of the Galactic Layman's Guide to Worship and Tithe" contains a short history of existence that begins something like this: "In the beginning God created us, and we noticed that someone had to pay for all the nice churches we built, so we created you. Beyond that you really shouldn't worry much, lest you be deemed a heretic and hung by your toenails in the sludge troughs of Incubus-IV. Oh, yeah - and we did the Light thing as well."



Circa 5000 B.R. - Mankind begins to slowly explore the rest of the galaxy, after dallying about for FAR too long. Discovery of instant coffee. As for the rest of the inhabitants of the galaxy, they couldn't have cared less if the humans used each other for pinatas until their planet was a smoking pebble, orbiting a cold sun. Truthfully, the starfaring alien races of the time did a lot to keep the repugnant little snots wallowing in social redundancy (just put a little gas in that car) redundancy, giving them things like "Kool-Ade", "Musak", and "Daytime Television". So that they would never make it off that blue ball far enough to come and annoy the rest of the galaxy. The Rendorians Albert Einstein and Gerald Rivera both received high praise for their exceptional work in retarding the human's view of the universe. But THEN...

Circa 2136 B.R. (OK, OK No more circa shit) - JUMPSLUG REVOLUTION. After stumbling upon these disgusting creatures during a scout mission, humanity shoots to stars undreamt of. One quarter of the Milky Way colonized within a year. The name "Milky Way" dropped due to continuous (or CONTINUOUS if I wrote as well as SPEAK the language) ridicule by alien races. It is said that when Projus Andevb, the seven-

HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH PROCTORATE OF THE ALLIED SYSTEMS (THEN THE STRONGEST POLITICAL FORCE IN THE GALAXY) HEARD THE NEWS OF THE EARTHLINGS' ATTAINING A FORM OF WARP DRIVE, GENETICALLY ACCOMPLISHED NO LESS. HE PROMPTLY STOOD, CASUALLY ORDERED THE EXECUTION OF HIS EARTHLING MENTAL SUPPRESSION EXECUTIVES, ALONG WITH A PIPING HOT CUP OF BOLGHIAN GINGER TEA AND SAID, "OH MAN, WE'RE ALL IN THE SHITS NOW." HE REALLY WAS QUITE RIGHT TOO, FOR TRUE TO THEIR UNIQUE NATURE, HUMANS HAD DEVELOPED CLONING JUST PRIOR TO ALL THIS, AND HAD USED THE NEW TECHNOLOGY TO MASS PRODUCE HEAPS OF BRAINLESS COMBAT BEASTS. IT THEN TOOK A MERE

FARMING! FARMING!

FARMING
F-A-R-M-I-N-G
VS FARMING

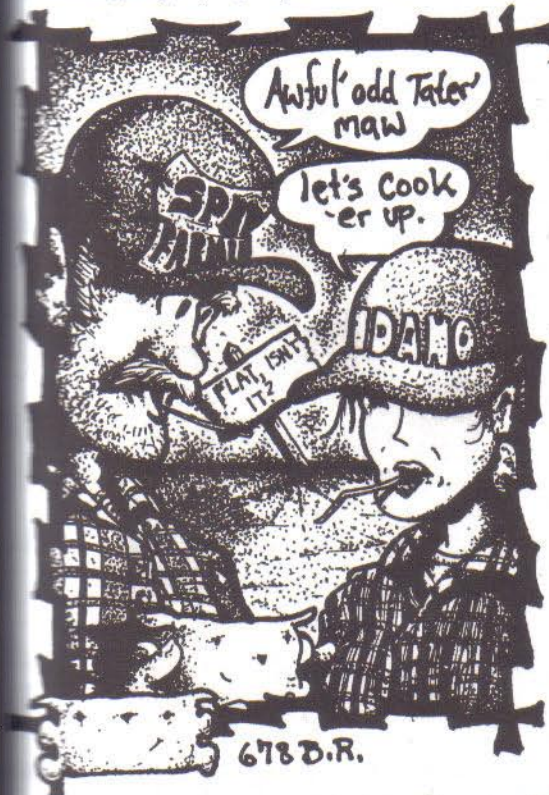
WHAT DAN?

OH SORRY,

I'LL JUST TAKE MY PILLS

AND SULK HERE IN THE CORNER...

AHEM... A MERE 577 STANDARD YEARS FOR MANKIND TO OVERWHELM, CRUSH, SUBJUGATE, and FINALLY, obiterate over Ninety-seven Percent of ALL Sentient Life in the Galaxy. AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, they WERE GRATEFUL TO HAVE THE CHURCH AROUND, SO THEY HAD NO PROBLEM ABSOLVING THEMSELVES AND ALL GOING OUT FOR FRIED DOUGH AND DANCING LATER. BUT IT SHOULDN'T BE THOUGHT THAT HUMANS ARE WITHOUT REGRET OR PITY. AFTER ALL, YOU CAN VISIT RENDOR, EX-HOMEWORLD OF THE RACE OF SPATIAL MATHEMATICIANS WHO DISCOVERED THE PROCESS OF TIME FOLDING, AND SEE THE BATTLE MEMORIAL IN THE RUINS OF ONCE GLORIOUS Centae-WAAL. OUTSIDE THE CITY GATES IS A FORTY-FOOT TALL, WHITE MARBLE STATUE OF AN AWE INSPIRED RENDORIAN SCIENTIST, HIS ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IN TOUCHING RESTRAINT AS HE REACHES FOR THE STARS. ADMISSION IS TEN STANDARD CREDITS FOR ADULTS, SIX FOR CHILDREN AND SENIORS (NOT INCLUDING THE "I WANT TO BE A CONFEDERATE MARINE" EXHIBIT OR PETTING ZOO).



1407 B.R.— FIRST EMPIRE FOUNDED BY MR. HOWARD DIMLIT. IT COLLAPSES INTO CHAOS TWO YEARS LATER, AS IT IS DISCOVERED THAT THE NAME HOWARD DIMLIT WAS ONLY A FRONT FOR A GROUP OF PRESCHOOL MEGALOMANIACS.

1200 B.R.— THE GALAXY GENERALLY FALLS INTO BARBARISM (YES, HANNA-BARBARISM, EVEN) PIRATES RULE THE SPACEWAYS, AND ANARCHY REIN—REIGNS AS MANKIND TRIES TO REMEMBER WHERE THEY WERE BEFORE ALL THIS SILLINESS STARTED. BUT IN DOING SO, LOCAL GOVERNMENTS TEND TOWARDS ISOLATIONISM, AND MERCHANT GUILDS FORBIDDEN ON MOST WORLDS THE CHURCH BECOMES THE (OK YOU CAUGHT ME IT WAS AN "O" I TRIED TO CHANGE INTO AN "E") ONLY INTERPLANETARY CONNECTION WITH ANY POWER.

742 B.R.— RANDY "CHIHUAHUA" ALMODA, THE

ARCHBISHOP OF THE SIXTY PLANETS, UNITES THE CRUMBLING FORCES OF HIS GOVERNMENT WITH HIS WHITE MAN'S BURDEN ATTITUDE, SWIPING POWER FROM A DYING KING. ALMODA BEGINS SENDING OUT "MISSIONARIES" TO SURROUNDING SECTORS, TO UPLIFT THE MASSES AND SHOW THEM THE LIGHT.

678 B.R.— FIRST WASTEM DISCOVERED IN A WELDED STEEL BOX IN EXTREMELY NORTHERN IDAHO. 'NUFF SAID!

431 B.R.— A GROUP OF LADIES FROM ORLANDO-II, THE RETIREMENT PLANET, OUT ON A SUNDAY DRIVE, DECIDE TO PULL OVER TO WHAT THEY ASSUME MUST BE A YARD SALE. THIS PROVES TO BE THE FINAL BARGAIN FOR THE ERRANT GRANDMOTHERS, AS WHAT THEY STUMBLED INTO WAS NO WHITE ELEPHANT SHOP, BUT THE HOMEWORLD FOR THE RACE OF BEINGS



THAT MAN HAS COME TO KNOW AS THE SEDUCER UNTIL ESCHT (FOR MORE INFO, SEE THE SECTION ON THEM.) MANKIND IN GENERAL GETS A CASE OF THE SCREAMING HEEBIE-JEEBIES AND ONCE AGAIN BANDS TENUOUSLY TOGETHER TO FACE THE NEW FOUND THREAT.

298 B.R. - AFTER RECEIVING A STERN SLAP ON THE KNUCKLES BY THE "NEERB" THAT SPRING, (YES, A KNICKNAME FOR THE ABOVE MENTIONED INSIDIOUS ALIEN RACE) HUMANITY DECIDES THAT NOT UNLIKE RAZDR-WIRE TOOTHBRUSHES, SOME THINGS ARE BETTER LEFT ALONE, AND SO LUMPS BACK HOME, QUITE SATISFIED TO QUIBBLE AMONGST THEMSELVES FOR THE PRESENT.

137 B.R. - HIGHS IN THE LOW 40'S, PARTIAL LIGHT CLOUDS OVER THE AFTERNOON, 37% CHANCE OF RAIN - SAME EXPECTED THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

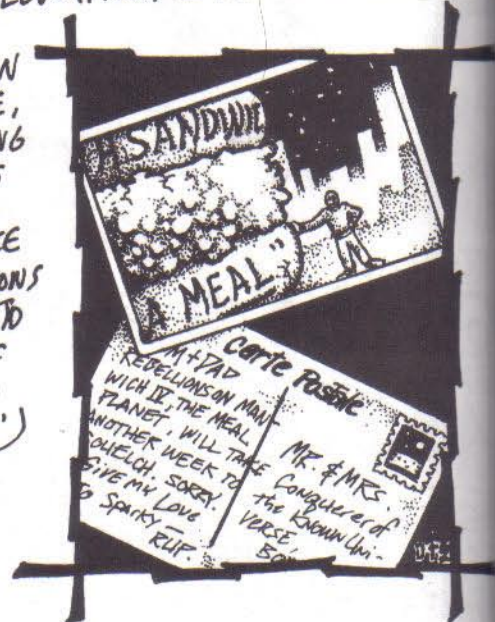
19 B.R. - IN A PLACE REMOVED FROM VS BY REMARKABLE DISTANCES IN TIME AND SPACE A BOY NAMED RUPERT IS BORN, THE SON OF A LOWLY CARPENTER.

1 B.R. - UNLIKE THE REST OF HIS FAMILY RUPERT HAD A DREAM, A DRIVE, A VISION NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN ONE OF HIS LINE. IT WAS A THING THAT HERALDED A NEW AGE, THE RISE AND FALL OF CIVILIZATIONS, THE OPENING OF CONVENIENCE STORES, THE SWEATY FUMBLING OF HANDS, THE BIRTH OF NEW GODS. YES! HE RUPERT WOULD BE THE ONE TO BRING ORDER AND PEACE TO THE UNIVERSE HE ALONE WOULD SAVE THEM FROM THEIR SINS. BUT UPON DISCOVERING THAT SOME OTHER GUY HAD ALREADY DONE THE SAVIOR GIG, HE DECIDED HE COULD RULE THE UNIVERSE PRETTY WELL ANYWAY, REGARDLESS OF WHETHER THE RESIDENTS THERE OF LIKED IT OR NOT. SO HE QUIT HIS JOB AT BUD'S GAS AND BLOW* AND GOT RIGHT DOWN TO THE BUSINESS OF GRINDING THE UNIVERSE UNDER HIS HEEL. WELL AFTER SPENDING MOST OF HIS FREE TIME THAT SUMMER REDUCING ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT PLANETS TO THE CONSISTENCY OF CORNED BEEF HASH, HE THEN DECIDED, DOMINATING THE GALAXY COULD BE A FULL TIME CONCERN, SO, HE FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL IN 3 WEEKS (SHAMELESS PLA - PLUG FOR EDUCATION, WE FINISHED, AND LOOK AT VS NOW.) AND ASCENDED THE THRONE.

7 A.D. - BY THIS TIME, THE UNIVERSE HAS SETTLED DOWN INTO ITS FIRST PERIOD OF RELATIVE PEACE SINCE, WELL, SINCE MANKIND FIRST STARTED EXPANDING OUTWARD FROM THEIR BIG BLUE MARBLE. RUPERT UNITES THE CHURCH AND THE EMP - OH I MEAN CONFEDERACY IN THE HISTORIC SMOOT-HOLLEY, DEEP DISH APPLE PIE, PEACE ACCORDS. ALL THE REMAINING ALIEN AND HUMAN FACTIONS LEFT IN THE UNIVERSE STAY IN HIDING AND THUS SURVIVE TO TROUBLE LATER GENERATIONS. LIFE IS LIKE A BOWL OF CHERRIES, ITS SMALL, RED, AND IT GIVES YOU THE SHITS (OR AS THE FRENCH SAY "SCIENCE FICTION")

PUSHING AHEAD THOUGH, ITS FAIR TO SAY THAT THE REMAINDER OF RUPERTS REIGN WAS RELATIVELY SUCCESSFUL AND PEACEFUL, UNTIL...

* A FULL SERVICE TIRE CENTER,



77A.R.

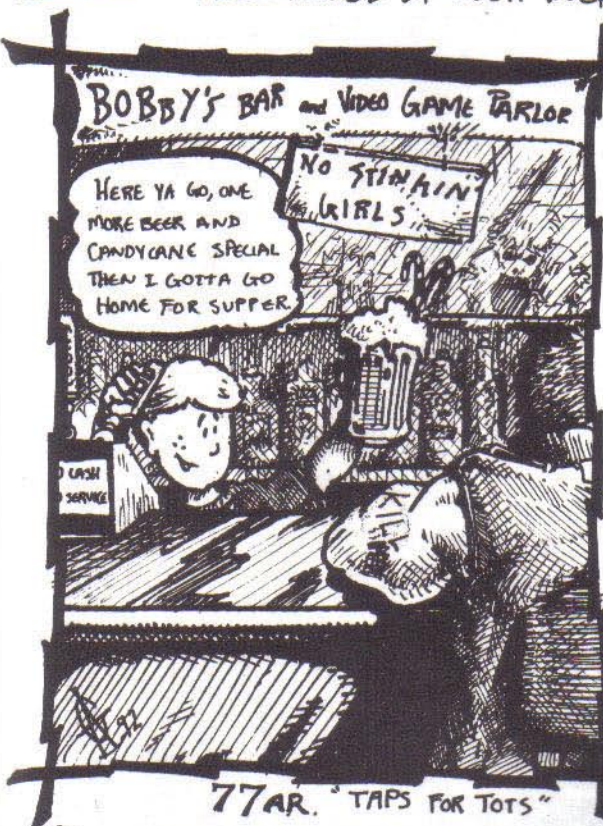
WHEN RUPERT EXPIRED MESSILY AND IS SUCCEEDED BY HIS SON RUPERT II. WHILE HISTORIANS UNILATERALLY AGREE THAT HE WAS THE BIGGEST PULPHEAD OF THE ENTIRE IMPERIAL LINE, RUPERT II IS PRIMARILY REMEMBERED FOR HIS "TAPS FOR TOTS" PROGRAM, WHERE UNDERAGE CHILDREN COULD EXCHANGE LABLES FROM CANS OF RAMBELL'S FRICKIN' POODLE SOUP FOR HOME BEER DISPENSING EQUIPMENT, MUCH TO THE DISMAY OF THE PTA MOTHERS OF THE GALAXY, AND WHEN THEY WENT INTO A HISSY-FIT, RUPERT QUIETLY BACKED OFF AND NEVER AGAIN TRIED HIS HAND AT SWEEPING DOMESTIC SOCIAL REFORMS.

43A.R.

RUPERT III AGENDS THE THRONE, ONLY TO TRAGICALLY RAISE THE RENT AND GO WEST THREE DAYS LATER. THE CONFEDERACY IS ONCE AGAIN THRUST INTO BEDLAM AS THE INHABITANTS OF THE CORE WORLDS BUSHWHACK THE RESIDENTS ASSOCIATION OF THE FRONTIER PLANETS, WHOM THEY SUSPECT OF FOUL PLAY. OPEN WAR RAGES ON UNTIL 57A.R., WHEN IT IS DISCOVERED THAT ACTUALLY, THE GUY JUST CHOKED ON A PEACH PIT.

96A.R.

HOL IS ESTABLISHED BY IMPERIAL DECREE NUMBER S1 (THE TOMB OF TERRORS), ACCOMPANIED BY MUCH WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH.



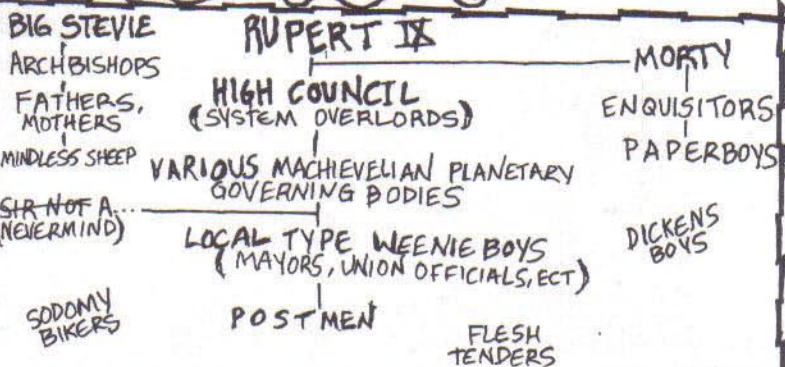
77A.R. "TAPS FOR TOTS"

163A.R.

THE FLESHTENDERS FIRST APPEAR, MUCH TO THE SUPRISE OF THE COUNTERPERSON AT THE GREAT CAKE NEBULA, SUNBURST KNOCKWURST STAND. THEY GET "ONE TON, EXTRA GREASE, TO GO". THE RAMIFICATIONS OF THEIR APPEARANCE ARE NOT IMMEDIATELY APPARENT TO THE DE-BOWELED SAUSAGE SERVER, BUT SOON EVERYONE IS ONLY ALL TOO PAINFULLY IN THE KNOW.

WELL, GOD ONLY KNOWS I COULD GO ON FOREVER WITH THIS, BUT I KNOW THAT BY NOW YOU MUST FEEL LIKE YOU HAVE GRAVEL UNDER YOUR EYELIDS, AND YEA, I AM A MERCIFUL... MERCIFUL IF NOT CLEVER GOD, SO LETS SKIP UP TO THE PRESENT TIME, WHICH IS SAY ABOUT 7 HUNDREDISH A.R. I'M NOT SAYING NOTHING IMPORTANT HAPPENED IN THE 6 HUNDRED OR SO YEARS BETWEEN NOW AND THEN JUST, WHO REALLY CARES. AND BESIDES IN READING THE REST OF THE BOOK YOU WILL DISCOVER — JEEZ HERE COMES AELL WITH A HANDBASKET, OH TAKE ME AWAY! YOU WILL DISCOVER MANY OTHER HISTORICAL NIBBLETES, HIDDEN THROUGHOUT.

SO THEN, LETS HAVE SOME SORT OF DISCUSSION ABOUT THE CON AS AN ENTITY, LETS DISCOVER THE TRUE NATURE OF THE BEAST. HOW COME WE CALL IT A CONFEDERACY IF ITS OBVIOUSLY AN EVIL EMPIRE? IS IT ONLY A MISNOMER OR A DIABOLICAL P.R. STUNT? WELL ONCE AGAIN MY EYES DO FAIL ME SO I WILL NOT GO INTO THE LONG WINDED EXPLANATION (THATS WHAT SUPPLEMENTS ARE FOR... OH COME ON STOP IT, I'M GIVING YOU THE CHART TO HOLD YOU OVER. AND REMEMBER THAT "ILLUSION OF COMPLEXITY" RULE, THATS RIGHT PLAY DUMB.) SO TO GIVE YOU SOME IDEA OF THE BREAK-DOWN OF POLITICAL POWER IN THE GALAXY, I GIVE YOU THE CHART. YES YET ANOTHER ONE. NOW YOU TO CAN ADD VAGUE POLITICAL MUDDLINGS TO YOUR ALREADY EXCITING HOL GAMES. LIKE YOU NEEDED IT, YES WE'RE TOO KND.





PHOT

HEY! CUT IT OUT, PUT THE JUMPER CABLES DOWN, I'LL DO IT, JUST LET ME GET SOME - OUCH! THAT HURTS. OK I'LL DO IT NOW. JEEZ, SOME PEOPLE. WELL, NEVERMIND THAT CHART SHIT. THE POWERS THAT BE HERE AT DIRT MERCHANT (THE OTHER TWO GUYS, HEY THEY'RE BIG GUYS) HAVE INFORMED ME THAT I CAN'T TAKE THE CHEAP LADY WAY OUT AND SO AVOID WRITING A SECTION ABOUT THE EVERPRESENT CONFEDERATION OF WORLDS (OR COW, IF YOU WILL) SO HERE IT IS.

TO AVOID A FEW OF THE REDUNDANCIES, LETS REITERATE THE FACTS WE ALL KNOW ABOUT THE COW

- I. ITS REALLY, REALLY BIG.
- II. ITS RULED BY THIS FAT GUY, RUPERT.
- III. PISCO IS ALIVE AND WELL THERE.

WITH THAT OUT OF THE WAY LETS PRESS ON.

THE COW AS AN ENTITY OR THE WHOLE ENCHILADA:

WHAT WE LIKE TO THINK OF AS COW SPACE PROPER IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PRINCIPAL SECTIONS, THE CORE WORLDS, THE FRONTIER WORLDS, AND HOL. AS THE LAST ONE IS DISCUSSED AT LENGTH IN THE REST OF THIS BOOK, LETS LEAVE IT ALONE HERE.

THE CORE WORLDS CONSIST OF THE THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR PLANETS CONTAINING THE MAJORITY OF THE GALAXY'S POPULATION, LIGHT INDUSTRY, AND PLEASURE PALACES. FROM THE IMPERIAL PALACE TO THE GARRISON POST

ON LOWENBROW IV (THE, HERE'S TO GOOD FRIENDS, TONIGHT IS KIND OF SPECIAL PLANET) THE CORE OF THE EMPIRE IS A HUMMING THROBBING CREATURE. THE CHIT IS GOD HERE AND ANYTHING CAN BE HAD... FOR A PRICE.

ON THE OTHER HAND THE FRONTIER PROVIDES WHAT WOULD SEEM TO BE THE LIFE BLOOD OF THE COW. RAW MATERIALS, AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS, AND LIVESTOCK FOR PUBLIC CONSUMPTION (OR PLEASURE) THE FINGERS OF THE IMPERIAL FIST DON'T CLENCH SO TIGHTLY HERE, AND THUS THE ATMOSPHERE TENDS TO BE



THE SYMBOL ©, IS USED ON THIS PAGE TO REPLACE THE LETTERS "DAN".

JUST THE KIND OF FREE-WHEELING PARTY-GO-ROUND PERFECT FOR BOUNTY HUNTERS, DICKENS BOYS, AND LOST DROIDS (NOT THE ONES YOU'RE LOOKING FOR).

THEN ON THE ASS END OF SPACE, THERE'S HÖL.

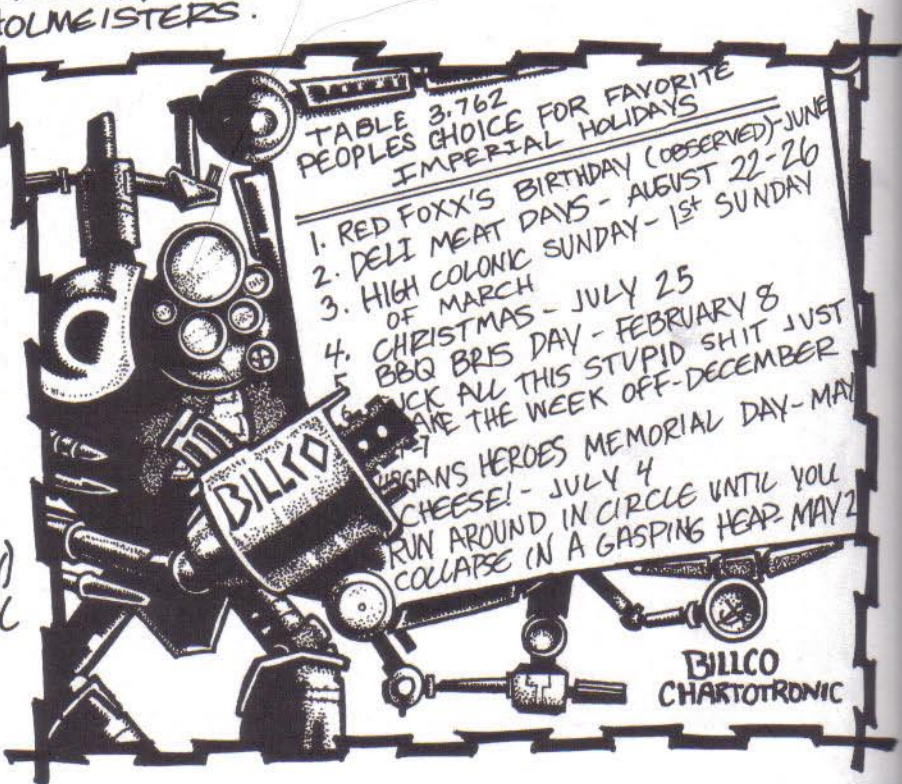
GOVERNMENT IN THE COW OR WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE ANYWAY?

AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP OF WRITHING POLITICAL BLOODWORMS IS OF COURSE THE EMPEROR, RUPERT THE NINTH. RUPERT LIVES WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY (6 WIVES, 16 PRINCES, 22 PRINCESSES) ON THE PLANET WHOSE NAME IS LOST IN THE DEPTHS OF TIME, AND NOW IS ONLY KNOWN AS "THE IMPERIAL PALACE" YES 500,000 SQUARE MILES OF RECEPTION LOUNGES, LUSH GARDENS, BEER HALLS, ALL KNEE-DEEP IN SNIVELING, BROWN NOSED BUREAUCRATS, TRYING TO GET AN AUDIENCE WITH "HIS IMMENSITY"; RUPERT GENERALLY RULES THROUGH ORDERS ISSUED TO MORTY (THE LORD HIGH INQUISITOR), OR HIS HIGH COUNCIL, PREFERING TO OR RATHER NOT TO DEAL WITH ALL THE WHINING DOGS SENT TO COWER BEFORE HIM, LEAVING HIM MORE FREE TIME TO CATCH UP ON HIS GOLF.

THE HIGH COUNCIL CONSISTS OF 27 HAND PICKED (BY RUPERT) EXECUTIVES, WHO EACH PRESIDE OVER EITHER A SECTOR OF THE CORE WORLDS OR FRONTIER (THE HÖL STATION MANAGER REPORTS DIRECTLY TO MORTY) WHO MEET ONCE A MONTH TO PLAY SHUFFLE BOARD AND DECIDE THE FATE OF MILLIONS.

BENEATH THEM ARE THE LEADERS OF INDIVIDUAL WORLDS, SELF-STYLED KINGS, BARONS, PRESIDENTS, DICTATORS, DIRECTORS OF PHOTOGRAPHY, LORDS OF SILLINESS, AND HOLMEISTERS.

ONE OTHER PERSON RUPERT SEES ON A REGULAR BASIS IS THE LEADER OF HIS MILITARY FORCES, SUPREME GENERAL ANJON WILLIAMS JIMBAJOTSON, WHO HE SEES ONE WEEKEND A MONTH, AND TWO WEEKS IN THE SUMMER (USUALLY THEY GO OUT CAMPAINING, TO RE-CONQUER SOME PERFECTLY PEACEFUL DAIRY PRODUCTION FACILITY) ALL AND ALL THE POLITICAL SITUATION TENDS TO BE FAIRLY REPRESSIVE AND STAGNATING ON THE...



AVERAGE CITIZEN OF THE COW OR LIFE ON CELL BLOCK D.

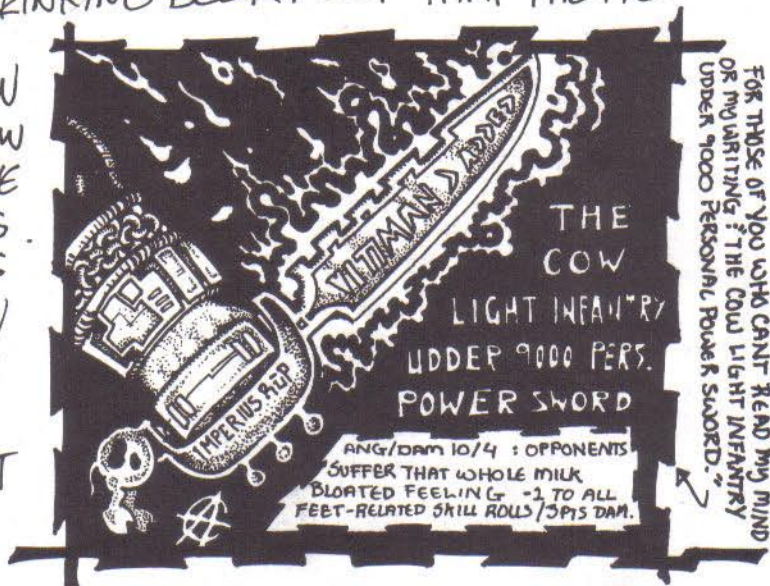
THE AVERAGE JOE BLOW IN THE COW LIVES ALIVE (I'M ALIVE, I'M A LIFE!) SIMILAR TO ALL OF OURS. AN APARTMENT, FIVE DAYS ON THE JOB, SUNDAY'S TRIP TO CHURCH AND MUNCH, THE ANNUAL TRIP TO TOASTER-LAND (YOU'LL GET A CHARGE OUT OF IT) 2.37 KIDS, AND A DOG.
... UM, WELL I TOOK A LITTLE BREAK NOW I JUST DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS WAS GOING. YEAH SO, ANYWAY LOTS OF TV AND FROZEN CUBE STEAK. ALL, AND ALL NOT A BAD LIFE. TRAVEL TO OTHER WORLDS IS FAIRLY OPEN AND AFFORDABLE. CRIME IS, WELL, STILL WITH US, AND THE POLICE, YOU KNOW THE DRILL, CRIMINAL RUNS, POLICE CHASE, CATCH, DUE PROCESS, HORIBLY MANGLE JUSTICE, AND SEND ERRANT YOUTH TO HOC, TO DIE THE PLAYTHING OF A BIKER NAMED "LUCKY", i.e. "Feeling Lucky, Punk." - see Bottom for more
REGARDLESS THE POWERS THAT BE (OK, DAN and CHRIS) ARE STILL STANDING OVER ME WITH BULLWHIPS CHANTING "3 PAGES... 3 PAGES" SO THAT LEAVES JUST ONE THING...

MITTENS or WHERE DID MY FINGERS GO? SORRY.

MILITARY MIGHT OF THE COW or IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, NUKE 'EM

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF ANSON WILLIAMS JIMBAJOSON (WHO BY THE WAY LOOKS STARTLING LIKE COLONEL KLUNK) THE COW HAS AMASSED THE MOST FEARSOME ARMADA, AND ARMY IN THE GALAXY. OK SO ITS THE ONLY ONE EXCEPT THE CHURCHES REALLY, AND AREN'T ALL THOSE GUYS ON THE SAME SIDE ANYWAY. SO AFTER CRUSHING OUT ANY POSSIBLE CHANCES OF SOCIAL CHANGE, ALIEN CULTURES, AND ROWDY FRENCHMEN, THEY MOSTLY JUST SIT AROUND CLEANING GUNS, TIPPIN COWS, AND DRINKING BEER. NOT THAT THEY'RE LAZY JUST BORED.

SO ANYWAY NOW YOU KNOW SLIGHTLY MORE ABOUT THE COW THEN BEFORE AND I THINK I HAVE ENOUGH TO SATISFY THE BOYS. THERE'S STILL SUPPLEMENTS AND SO, WELL, I DON'T KNOW JUST PLEASE LET ME SLEEP I'LL DO THE OTHER 28 PAGES TOMORROW, GOODNIGHT MOMMY. MAN, I'M SPENT.



- CONT. FROM ABOVE

BESIDES LIKING DISCO, THE AVERAGE LEVEL OF TASTE AND SOPHISTICATION IN CITIZEN X IS ON THE SIDE OF LOW TO N/A. Bad TV, Clothing, AND Professional Wrestling Federations ABOUND.

ENQUISTONE

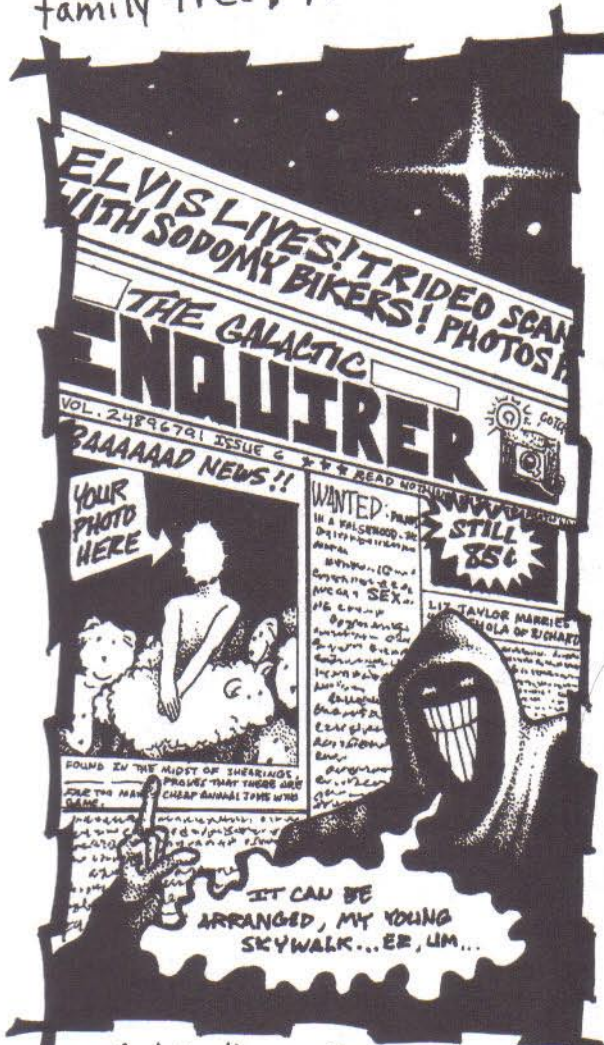
Imagine, if you can, the person in your high school who was the biggest, most absolute asshole you can remember. Okay, now... wait a minute, not the jock who used to do gravity defying stunts with your tighty whities. Okay... remember the guy who made fun of you all the time, and always knew all your embarrassing secrets, and exactly how to insult you, and all the snappy comebacks, Yeah, him. Well being the cool and neat* we are, we'll let you relive those adolescent nightmares. Yes, your'e welcome.

So, back to jerkbag. Once again stretch the bounds of your mind and picture about three hundred of these guys in one room....
HAAEEEEKARGH! No!, No!, there's no goats nibbling on my family tree! make it stop. Mommy... make it stop....

Well, there they are in a nutshell, the general membership of the Enquisition. Yes, they really are just a roomful of assholes that have nothing better to do, and derive no greater joy than to see you squirm. Except, maybe seeing you writhe.

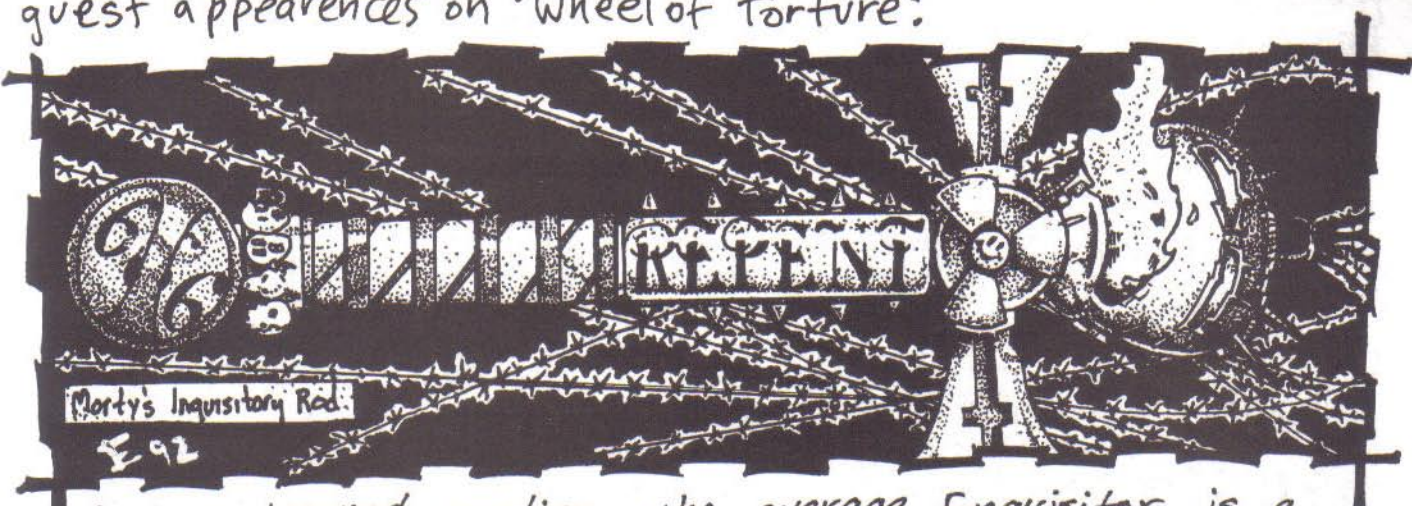
The Enquisition itself is the show-me-state of the Confederacy (so what if it's not a state at all. I just thought it would be cool to include Missouri in this) So anyway the Enquisition (E-N-Q-U-I-S-I-T-I-O-N, see I can spell) has taken it upon itself to know just about everything about everybody, and to tell everyone what they can and cannot know about everything else.

The leader of all this whatnot is a guy named Morty, yes Morty, the Lord High Enquisitor. He sits at the right hand of Rupert the Ninth, just as he sat to the rights of his predecessor Rupert's the VII and VIII (as your sharp minds have probably deduced, he's real old, no, well you probably didn't notice the charts



* I'll take "words that could be placed here" for 600 Jacks. (Guys, dudes, Gots-take your pick) either)

So, Anyway, there Morty sits as Rupert's chief advisor in all things, and also to keep an eye on him. Because even Morty, wants to know, and in the biblical sense he does, at least all the skeletons in the royal closet. But what's a guy like Morty remind me of? Well think of your grandfathers. He's just like that, except he's skinny, has squinty eyes, and has been mentally fused with J. Edgar Hoover. Morty's hobbies include checkers, skydiving, shuffleboard, and sitting in the tub until his toes are veiny albino prunes. He's also popular from his many special guest appearances on "Wheel of Torture".



As you learned earlier, the average Enquisitor is a creature out of adolescent nightmare. Their fearsome reply "We want to know." is enough to make strong men's feet sweat. Truly these are people to avoid on one's social calendar.

Junior Enquisitors are often known to form small "goon squads" for the express purpose of going to innocents (yah, sure.) houses, then proceed to torture them to within an inch, if necessary, to solicit a confession, to anything that strikes their fancy.

So even if your'e alone (dream on), and don't think that anybody knows what goes on in your closet, the Enquisition does or will find out. Denizens of Höl have far less to fear from these masters of terror, for even if they caught you in the most horrible, unspeakable act what are they going to do, send you home. Enquisitors hobbies include dancing, scuba diving cat juggling and bowling. Hey who says they don't have any fun.

Once... Once (better) again in my infinite wisdom I left out the 3 magic words "of his life"
Early sandskrit form of word commonly translated as "going"

From deep within the Enquistors home fortress on Whodunnit-IV, comes the weekly paper that the people of the cow love and dread, "The Galactic Enquirer". Regardless of their personal feelings towards the paper, everybody reads it because it is the only sanctioned reading material for the masses. Features include News, gossip, Sports and the universally feared "Profile in Shame", where Enquistors publish their most 'personally revealing' photos of citizens, along with embarrassing personal facts and journal entries. Since the start of the popular column 3 years ago, the suicide rate has doubled. Hey, wouldn't you think of hari kari if the Times published a picture of you breathing heavy over a photo of Edith Bunker? Plus every fact about yourself you wished to squelch from public consciousness forever. Mean, huh? but its all in a days work for the Enquistion.

COME NOW.
LET'S BE COOPERATIVE,
SHALL WE?

WHO IS THIS
"MAGDELINE" WOMAN?
TELL US...

OR SHALL
WE GET...

THE
COMFY
SPONK!?!?

THE CHURCH

OUR LADY
OF THE
FRYALATOR



Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake;
**I'M FUCKIN' DEAD--
THERE'S NO MISTAKE!!**

— Canticle of Freddy &
the Spiritual Realists

OMEWHERE, IT IS WRITTEN: "TO HIM THAT WILL, LET HIM COME FORWARD WITH A HUMBLE HEART, BEARING GIFTS. THEN THE POWERS THAT BE SHALL FIND WITHIN THEM SPITTLE, WHICH THEY SHALL SPEW ONTO HIM WITH NO PITY, THAT HE MAY SEE THE FOLLY OF HIS WAYS."

WELL, I AM THE POWER THAT BE -- COME CLOSER, LET ME SPIT ON YOUR BROW. I AM THE CHURCH.

BUT THEN, WE WERE NOT ALWAYS THE POWERFULL CONGLOMERATE CONSOLIDATED GREASY SPOONS AND DRIVE-THROUGH EPIPHANIES. FAR BACK IN THE MURKY REACHES OF TIME, THE CHURCHES THAT EXISTED DID BUSINESS IN AN EXTREMELY UNPROFITABLE WAY -- FOOLS THAT THEY WERE, CARING FOR THE SICK, DISPENSING ALMS TO THE POOR, HOUSING THE UNWANTED AND DOWNTRODDEN. CHRIST'S BLOOD, WHAT FISCAL IRRESPONSIBILITY! IT WASN'T UNTILL THE SO-CALLED "MIDDLE AGES" THAT PARASHES STARTED CHARGING FOR INDULGENCES AND EXORCISMS. TALK ABOUT SIMPLE MINDS FOR SIMPLE TIMES. HELL, IT WASN'T FOR ANOTHER 500 YEARS OR SO WERE THAT THAI* OPERATING IN THE BLACK.

WELL I CAN TELL YOU THAT THINGS HAVE CHANGED A LOT IN THE PAST SEVERAL THOUSAND YEARS. IN FACT, IT WAS AT THE 456TH PONTIFICAL COUNCIL AND CELEBRITY CLAMBAKE THAT THE FORCES OF THE FORCES OF THE CHURCH FINALLY MUSTERED THEMSELVES INTO SOMETHING RESEMBLING IT'S PRESENT MANIFESTATION.

"AS FOR THE SUBLETTING OF FRANCHISE RIGHTS, LET YOU BEWARE LEST THE DESIRE FOR PIOUS WITNESS CLOUD YOUR EYES TO THE ECONOMIC FEASABILITY OF THE VENTURE. SELL YOUR SOUL BEFORE YOUR SEWER RIGHTS, YOU HEART



* THAT ONE. YEA, BY THE THOCKTH NEXTHT TO THE DRETHK.

BEFORE THE PARKING, YOUR MIND BEFORE THE RECIPES FOR THE SECRET SAUCES."

— A PRELATES GUIDE TO BETTER BUSINESS
YAK + PREEKNES, PUB.



THEREFORE IT MUST BE OBVIOUS TO YE FEEBS THAT NOT ONLY DID WE JUST CHANGE INKERS BUT ALSO SINCE THE CHURCH IS THE ONLY INSTITUTION PRESENTLY EXISTING WHICH HAS ANY HISTORICAL BASIS, WE ARE ALSO BY THE SAME RIGHTS POSSIBLY THE BEST DAMN THING TO EVER HAPPEN TO MANKIND. TO TAKE THAT THOUGHT EVEN FURTHER, SINCE WE ARE THE ONLY SURVIVING ORGANIZATION WHO BOTHERED TO TAKE NOTES, WELL HECK WE CAN TELL YOU EXACTLY WHAT DID OR DIDN'T HAPPEN AS IT SUITS OUR NEEDS. NEAT, HUH?

BUT, BACK TO THE AFORE MENTIONED COUNCIL AND SEAFOOD SOIRÉE. BACK IN THOSE DAYS THERE WERE 16 POPE, ONE EACH FROM ALL THE COLONIES (YES, WE WERE FIRST IN SPACE) AND

THEY WERE ALL IN ATTENDANCE WITH THEIR MANSERVANTS, AND ARRIVED IN ALL THEIR FINERY - MUCH REMINISCENT OF A CONVENTION LIBERACE IMPERSONATORS. EXCEPT OF COURSE FOR HIS HOLINESS RANDY "BIG MACK" DE LA SORBATINI, WHO WAS SIMPLY A VISION OF GOODNESS AND LIGHT IN HIS HOUSECOAT A FUZZY SLIPPERS. ANYWAY, AS THE CONVERSATION TURNED TO "WHO LOOKS BEST IN GOLD LAMÉ" AND AS OFTEN HAPPENS WHEN YOU'VE GOT MORE THAN ONE POPE IN THE ROOM, THINGS GOT UGLY. WELL, WHEN THE GLITTER AND RHINESTONES CLEARED, THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN LEFT STANDING AMIDST THE ROOMFUL OF UPTURNED RUBY SLIPPERS, AND THAT WAS HIS HOLINESS, WHOM PROMPTLY ORDERED THE ANNEXATION OF HIS EX-RIVALS HOLDINGS - AND CLAIMED THEIR MITERS (POPE HATS) TO PLACE IN HIS NOW FAMOUS COLLECTION OF MITERS (THE ACTUAL HATS ARE LOST TO HISTORY, BUT REPLICAS ARE ON DISPLAY AT MOST MAJOR METROPOLITAN AREA CHURCH AND MUNCHES)

THE NOW TERMED "MEGAPOPE" OF OUR LORDS CHURCH, INC. WHO WAS ALSO THE PROUD HOLDER OF A DEGREE IN MARKETING FROM HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL, ENVISIONED A WAY TO FINALLY TURN THE CHURCHES MASSIVE ASSETS INTO A PROFIT BURSTING MACHINE. BECAUSE YOU SEE, SINCE THE EARLIEST DAYS OF THE CHURCHES EXISTENCE, RICH AND GENEROUS "DONATIONS" HAD BEEN ANONYMOUSLY MADE INTO PARISHES PRIVATE COFFERS, AND MOST OF THIS BOUNTY WAS JUST SITTING IN MUSTY VAULTS - TIED UP IN LOW-YIELD MUTUAL FUNDS AND SAVINGS BONDS. "BIG MACK" IMMEDIATELY SET OUT ON AN EXPANSIONIST PROFIT RETURN GROSS INCOME ENLARGEMENT STRATEGY DESIGNED TO MAXIMIZE RETURNS ON THEIR INVESTMENTS, MANIFESTED A TWO FOLD INCREASED DEMAND FOR SERVICES. AND BIG BUCKS FOR THE HIGHER UPS.

BUT THEN NONE OF YOU LAYMEN WILL UNDERSTAND THE CONCEPTS OF DOCTRINE OR THE MYSTERY OF FAITH. TO YOU IT IS NOT GIVEN TO COMPREHEND, BUT ONLY THE POWER TO BOW, TO WORSHIP, AND TO BUY IN BULK QUANTITIES AT DISCOUNT PRICES.

SO REGARDLESS OF THE MONEY MAKING POTENTIAL OF THIS CONCEPT

BOB'S HOUSE (IV) 849 A.R.

WHAAT?!!

NO WEENIES?

HIS HOLY MASSIVENESS WILL BE
HERE IN A MERE THREE HOURS...

...AND YOU, DEAR FATHER, HAVE FORGOTTEN
THE COCKTAIL FRANKS?

Forgive me sir,
I...

THE LORD FORGIVES,
MY SON.

I DO NOT.

SO PERHAPS YOU SHOULD
EXPLAIN IT TO HIM!

WHAATCH

THE FORCES OF GOOD AND RIGHT WERE STILL FRACTURED IN THEIR APPROACH TO THE APPLICATION OF THE UNIVERSAL STRATEGY AND IT WASN'T FOR SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS, IN THE DAYS OF HIS HOLINESS JON-BO-JOHN "SKEEVE DOG" MAGLOCKNESS THAT THEY FINALLY MOLDED THE ARMIES OF GOD INTO THE SALVATION SPEARHEAD (FORGED FROM ALL THE VARIOUS ENTERPRISES OF THE DIOCESE SUCH AS "CHURCH CHOW", "HOLY HARDWARE", "SANCTIFICATION FINANCIAL SERVICES", "SACRED MOTORS. ETC. ETC.) THE SPEARHEAD KNOWN AND LOVED BY ALL AS CHURCH AND MUNCH.

YET DESPITE THE GREAT ENLIGHTENMENT OF THESE TIMES, THERE AROSE THE SINGLE DARKEST MOMENT IN THE CHURCHES' LONG AND PROSPEROUS LIFE. IGNATIO "HOWIE" THE BOLD, ARCHBISHOP OF SEVENTH DISTRICT SALES, WOULD NOT GIVE UP HIS HOLD ON THE REGIONAL PET MARKET, AND DECLARED HIMSELF "KILOPOPE". HOLED UP ON CUDELV-III (THE HAMSTER PLANET) WITH A GROUP OF LIKE MINDED PRIESTS, NUNS, AND HIS DOG, BOO-BOO. IT WAS A PUG. HE LOVED PUGS. AND ONCE AGAIN THE CHURCH WAS THRUST INTO S.D.M.P.D., SELF DECLARED MULTIPLE POPE DISORDER.

"... FOR OUT OF YOUR MIDST SHALL ARISE THE BEAST THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN. TO HIM SHALL MANY GO FOR COMFORT. BUT TRUST NOT THE COMFORT THAT COMES FROM OWNING A DOG, NOR A CAT, OR EVEN A PARROT. TRUST ONLY US, AND THE HAPPINESS WE GIVE. BUY UNION."
— LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO WORSHIP AND TITHES

AFTER MANY LONG YEARS OF OPEN MUCK RAKING, AND BRUTALLY MANLY COMBAT, HOWIE WAS FINALLY FORCED TO FLEE WITH HIS MENAGERIE INTO THE FAR REACHES OF SPACE. (HINT, HINT POSSIBLE CAMPAIGN IDEA, MEET HOWIE'S CIRCUS, WHAT FUN!)



THE MORE MODERN PERMUTATION OF OUR LORDS CHURCH, INC. HOWEVER SUFFERS FROM NONE OF THE INANE SILLINESS THAT OUR REVEREND ANCESTORS EVENTUALLY MASTERED AND IS SAFE AND SECURE IN IT'S POWER, AND ITS PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF MEN. CHURCH + MUNCH IS THE SINGLE MOST PROFITABLE COMMERCIAL VENTURE IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE, THANKS TO THE HORDS OF LOYAL PATRONS AND WORSHIPERS. THE MODERN CLERGY IS A HIGHLY TRAINED, ZEALOUS (READ, CUTHROT) FORCE FOR GOOD, AND OUR MISSIONARIES ARE THE EQUAL OF ANY FIGHTING FORCE IN THE GALAXY. US, AND BUY THE SUPPLEMENTS—

SO LITTLE MAN, LOVE US, FEAR US, AND BUY THE SUPPLEMENTS—
SO SHALL YE BE SAVED.

FROM THE LOST JOURNALS OF HIS HOLINESS JON-BO-JOHN "SKEEVE-DOG" MAGLOCKNESS, FORMER MEGA- POPE OF THE CONFEDERATION:

Saturday.
The floor's more wet than when I
damn leaky pipe. Stu said he'd fix it later
but then there was that deal with the poodle.
I hate those friggar dogs. Well I might as well
crank out that sermon while I'm up. Goodnight,
Mommy.

Tuesday.
Mozzarella cheese sucks. I wish I
was regular.

Friday -
Stared for hours at the eraser on my
desk. It all comes clear to me now.
ALL I needed in life iz a field,
A keg, And A small Boy



... OF COURSE, THIS
SEGMENT OF THE FORMER
MEGAPOPE'S JOURNAL (ALL
NINE PAGES ARE AVAILABLE

FOR VIEWING AT THE GALACTIC ARCHIVES ON BLOMIWAD-II; YOU MUST
BE OF AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE AND HAVE DOCUMENTED PROOF OF MENTAL
STABILITY BEFORE ATTENDING) HAS LITTLE RELIVANCE TO THE CURRENT
RELIGIOUS STATUS OF H&L OR THE C.O.W., BUT THEN AGAIN, IF YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR RELIGIOUS INSIGHT, WHY'D YOU BUY THIS GAME? SMELL THE JAVA, BUTT-HEAD.

Blood Blood Blood
HA HA
I HAVE YOU NINNI

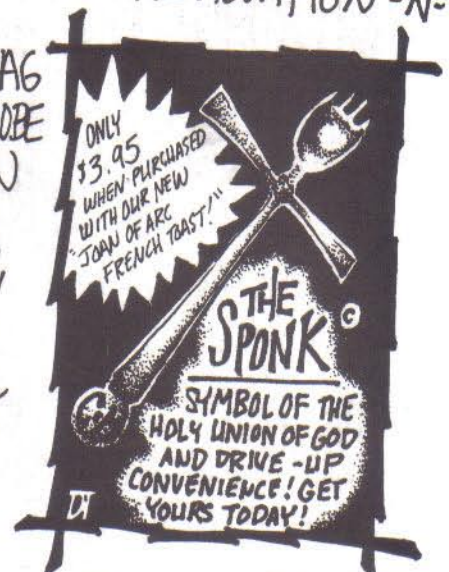
CHURCH AND MUNCH

"TWO ALL BEEF PATTIES, SPECIAL SAUCE, LETTUCE, CHEESE, PICKLES, ONIONS, ON TWO COMMUNION WAFERS. THE BLESSED MACK. AVAILABLE FOR A LIMITED TIME, ONLY AT CHURCH AND MUNCH. SEE LOCAL BRANCH FOR DETAILS." - A POPULAR AD CAMPAIGN.

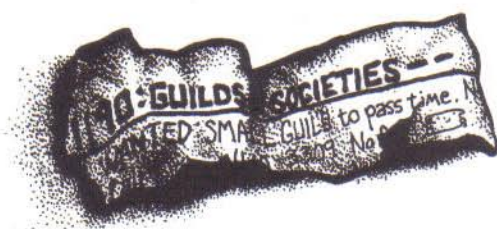
EVENTUALLY AT SOME POINT IN ITS HISTORY THE CHURCH REALIZED THAT IT COULD NO LONGER RELY ON THE LOOSE CHANGE OF ITS CONSTITUENCY FOR FINANCIAL STABILITY, AND SO THEREFORE NEEDED TO GENERATE ITS OWN CAPITAL. AS EXPLAINED IN THE PREVIOUS SECTION, THEY DID THIS IN A VARIETY OF WAYS, UNTIL HITTING UPON THE IDEA OF THE AGES. YES, THE AMALGAMATION OF FAST FOODS AND QUICK AND E-Z SACRAMENTAL SERVICES, THUS DRAWING BOTH THE SUPPER AND THE SERMON CROWDS.

ALTHOUGH YOUR LARGER* WILL TYPICALLY SUPPORT SEVERAL OF THE ESTABLISHMENTS OF RECORD. SMALLER BACKWATER WORLDS OFTIMES WILL HAVE ONLY ONE (HEY! HOL FOR EXAMPLE) WHICH TENDS TO PRODUCE NO SMALL AMMOUNT OF EXCESS RELIGIOUS FERVOR AMONG THE RESIDENTS OF THE PLANET. WHOLE FAMILY VACATIONS OR FRAT BOY ROADTRIPS BECOME PIGRAMAGES FOR THE PERFECT BURGER. THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT PAUL HAS GOT NOTHING ON A CHURCH AND MUNCH. THINK ABOUT IT. WE'LL SURE THEY GOT ~~██████████~~ SACRAMENTAL NINE, AND MONKS, AND LITURGICAL CHANTS - ~~██████████~~ BORING, BORING, BORING - THATS RIGHT, NO FIZZY BEVERAGES, OR NEAT TOY SUPPRISES - VA CAN'T EVEN GET A HALF DECENT ORDER OF FRIES. FER CRYING OUT LOUD. ~~██████████~~ ITS NOT JUST CHURCH ITS NOT JUST MUNCH - THE THING THAT KEEPS THEM COMMING BACK FOR MORE IS THAT FAMOUS SERVICE WITH A BENEDICTION AND A SMILE. THE FULLY ORDAINED STAFF IS WAITING TO SERVE YOU. WE GOT CONFESSIONS, BATISMS, THE TEN CONDIMENTS, EUCHARISTS, HIGH MASS AT NOON, THE RED SEA BIG GULP, POPETARTS, INSPIRATION IN HANDY 6-PACKS, A BEVV OF BLESSINGS, A BUTLOAD OF BEATITUDES, PIZZA, SUBS, GRINDERS, HOAGIES, BRIS WHILE-U-WAIT, DRIVE THRU COMMUNION, A FULL PUB STYLE MENU, AND NOW SERVING KOSHER BREAKFAST MEATS TOO. - CHURCH AND MUNCH. SALVATION - N-MORE. REDEMPTION FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

GOD, IF ALL THAT DOESN'T MAKE YOU WANT TO DRAG YOUR CHARACTER'S SORRY ASS HALF WAY ACROSS THE GLOBE THROUGH SOME OF THE MOST TORTOROUS TOPOGRAPHY IN EXISTANCE, ONLY ON ARRIVAL TO HAVE TO FIND A PLACE TO PARK - THEN STAND IN LINE (YEAH, THEY GOT THOSE LITTLE ABBATOIR MAZES) FOR UP TO 3 WEEKS ALL FOR A LOUSY PASTRAMI + CHEESE. THEN CALL ME BILL. SO DON'T WORRY IF YOU GET A LITTLE STRESSED AND CAP SOME LOSER - FORGIVENESS IS ONLY \$5 AWAY (IN MOST LOCATIONS)



ONCE AGAIN USE YOUR CONVINIENT NORD INSERTER TO FILL IN "URBAN AREAS" IN INDICATED SPACE.



SCALE: $\frac{1}{4}$ inch = 90 ft.

Wow! Would you just look at the way them artists can fill space. There ain't nothing like 90 foot letters to fill up a page. In the following page there exists - Nay dwells, a collection of the various sects, societies, guilds, organizations, cults, and trade unions of the Hol Universe. Use them as you will - Aww heck, make thin jim meat snacks out of the whole lot if ya wanna. But while the nacho cheese kind is rather tasty on a hot, moist day, perhaps even better however the budding holmeister can find here a ready bunch of grade-A whackdosses to either aid or bedevil his players with. Plus if u squint real hard you may notice a number of easy to implement story ideas throwing themselves off the pages at you - hey we're eas

THE FLESH TENDERS

AAAAhh, the hills are alive with the BITTERSWEET SCREAMS OF HUMAN SUFFERING, WELLING from the DEEP.

The CACOPHONY OF ONOMETAPOEIC ALLITERATION RISES ABOUT me like MARSHMALLOW FLUFF.

Oh, the LUCIOUS AGONY of it ALL, BUT WHAT SOUND ASSULTS MY senses... its... no... its... yes, love SONGS. THE PARTRIGES to BE precise. Those SICKENING, SNIVELING, BUS DWELLING, fatherless sons and daughters of Bitches. The Fleshtenders must be near.

BUT WHO, YOU ASK ARE THE FLESH TENDERS? GATHER near, my CHILDREN. JUST sit right BACK AND you'll hear a tale, the tale of a FATEFUL TRIP. It started from this TROPIC PORT ABOARD this TINY... Sorry, I digress. That's another story too silly altogether.

FAR BENEATH the SURFACE OF HÖL, DEEP within hidden LABORATORIES, the FLESH TENDERS GATHER to perform their hideous experiments ON their HUMAN "TOYS". FOR them the body WE CALL HOME, HOLDS NO MYSTERIES. THEY CAN DO CATS CRADLE WITH YOUR DNA STRANDS, CAN

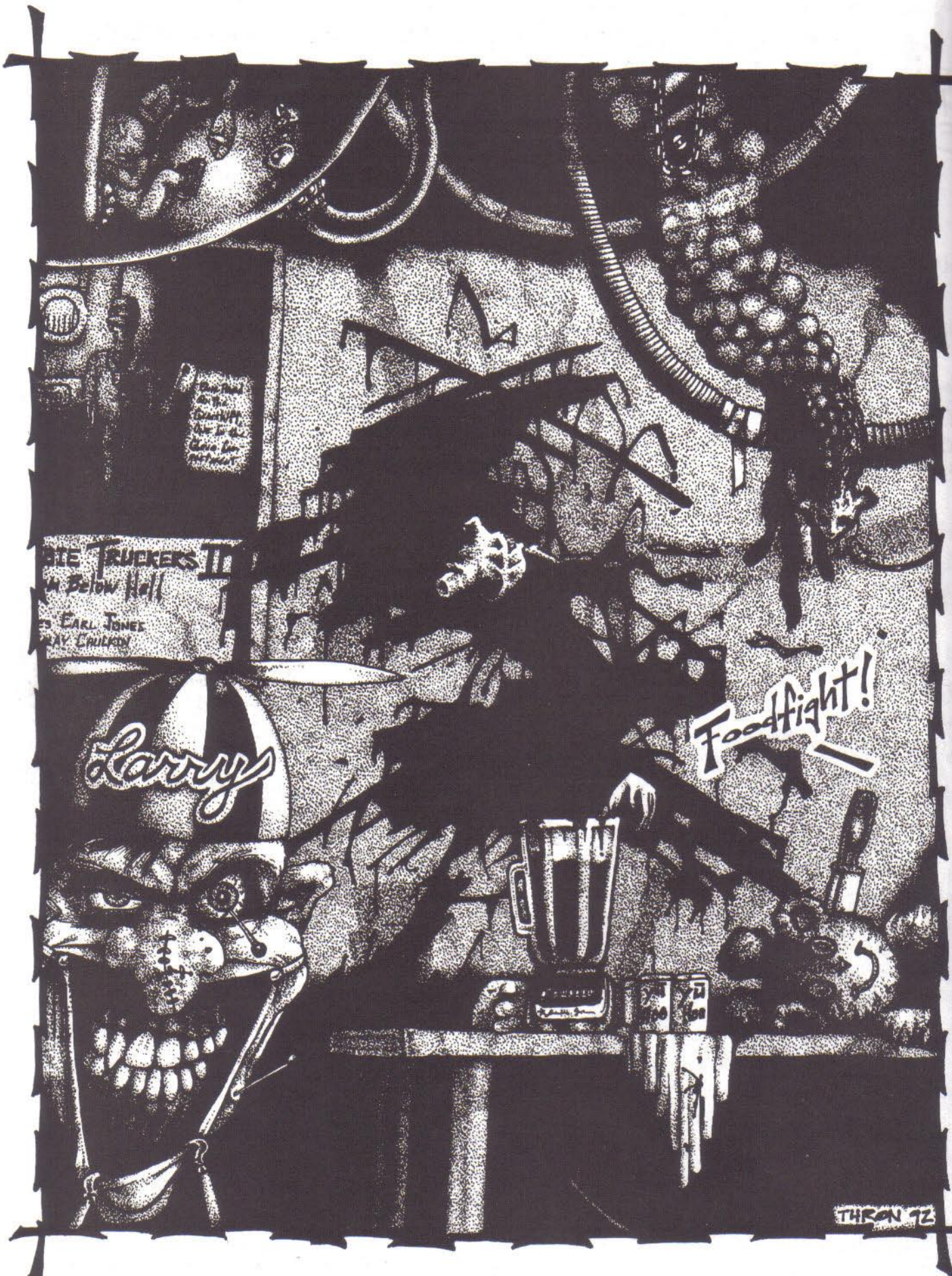
WALK THE DOG with your nerve bundles - YES EVEN BITE THE PANTS* Nothing is too risky, too DANGEROUS, too BOLD. THEY ARE geneticists without PEER, SHAPING flesh at WILL. But yet even to THEM, the... well I digress AGAIN.

As opposed to the GENERAL populace of HÖL, the Fleshtenders are here for no crimes committed against the Confederation, but they dwell



*Yet ANOTHER DANGEROUSLY close to the inside joke. It's a yo-yo trick, REALLY. SURE, fine, don't believe me, ASK YOUR DAD. He knows. Lots of STUFF.





THE TRUCKERS II
Below Hell
EARL JONES
RAY CHUCKIN

Larry

Foodfight!

FLESH COVERED
CHEESEBALL



TONGUE
(WE THINK)

IN THIS HUMAN cesspit by choice. Yes you can see the obvious benefits in the arrangement, as the PLANET does have a near endless supply of participants for their gruesome games.

AND yet, there is something stronger that draws the Fleshtenders this PLACE - PAIN.

PAIN is A thing that Fleshtenders ARE DRAWN to like MAMMOTH to the death spasms of A bull elephant. They thrive in it, revel in the irresistable grasp of AGONY.

"PLIERS and Vice grips ... Batteries and lightbulbs

... WASTITS AND BABIES, and FLESH COVERED cheeseballs. TONY ORLANDO and DAWN when they sing, these ARE a few of their FAVORITE things."

NO PLEASURE IS TO BE DENIED. the FLESH TENDERS utilize the complete line-o-fun from MIND ALTERING Fertilizers and Lionel Ritchie ALBUMS*, to BARBED wire bound Barbie Dolls! But do not think too low of them, they HAVE some scruples, even if not by choice. None of their AMUSEMENTS involve ANY type of ... well you know... it.

The complex and PAINFUL procedures

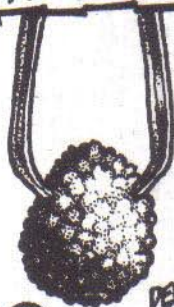
they go through, to make them what they ARE. takes

AWAY ANY Need or desire to do... it, and thus forces them to rely on bad music and things that go pincth in the NIGHT for happiness.

Fleshtender experiments AND products run the range (with the deer and the antelope, jerks you made me do that) from the usefully mundane to the tragically horiffic. (like my spelling, beat ya to that one)

*Oh never mind. I had something earlier. But I forgot.

CHEESE COVERED
FLESHBALL.



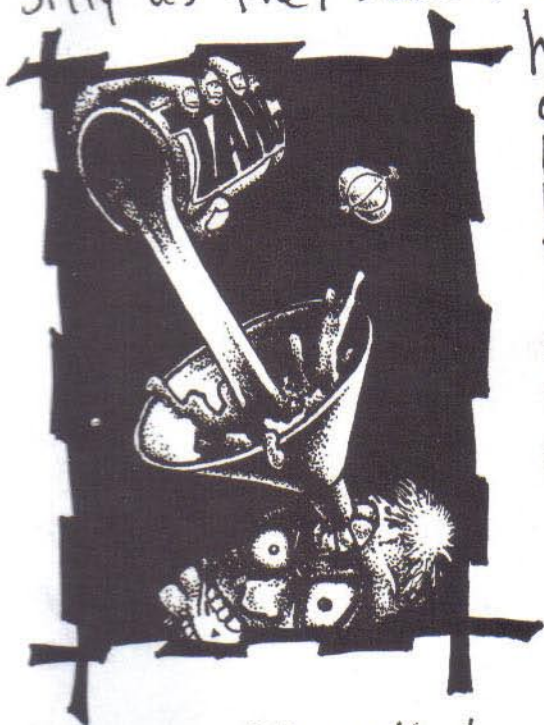
DEFINATELY
NOT A TONGUE
(WE KNOW)



Numbered among their creations are the Babie, the Wastit, chicken ripple ice cream, the no wax shoe, and toilet paper. (though that is disputed by many historians of note) Rumor HAS it that they are currently trying to replace the lower intestinal tract with frozen mashed potato, and they are known to have over 401 uses for dirty disposable diapers. So if your attitude about any of your possessions (honest I am an intelligent person) approximates that of the 20th cent philosopher Bobby Vinton - (summed up in his famous words, "I don't want her, you can have her she's too fat for me") Then give it to the Fleshtenders they're sure to have a use for it.



But Lets dig deeper. What drives them on besides the need for patients and pain. Just who ARE the Fleshtenders? Why doesn't the Confederacy control them in any way? As silly as they seem, could it all be a facade? Local gossip has it that they are not even natives of the GALAXY. But their motives are known only to themselves. On HÖL however their purposes haven't yet seemed to turn to the sinister, and often they can be most helpful, expecting in return for their aid only a "small donation" to the cause of science (what is scientific though, about being strapped into a chair and being forced to listen to ABBA until you scream and bleed?)(they call it Nerve Endurance Testing) So if their cost is not considered too high a price to pay the Fleshtenders my* represent your only chance to get off HÖL. And for that I ask is any cost too high?



*Authors use of the word 'my' is definitely indicative of his supreme ego

THE PERSONAL INJURY GUILD

The practice of personal injury law in the far future is a business fraught with danger and death, as the sued party*blow you and your pencil necked lawyer away, than grudgingly hand over a single chit or grab. Yet those legal vampires seem to thrive regardless.

In the words of that famous advertisement: "If you've been fucked over in an accident with a 600-pound freight hauler, going 16,000 mph, high on dogvaludes, call the law offices of Francis T. Gorelapper. We'll screw him and his company so bad they'll have to beg to buy gum, and you'll get everything you deserve, or maybe not, but hey- we'll get paid."

However **PIG** attorneys have had their practices limited to the frontier following the so-called "Legal Battle" of 437 AR where PIG lawyers leveled a hospital with plasma fire, fighting to represent the legal rights of a victim (who died in the crossfire).

But wherever there are lawyers excitement is sure to follow, as they always need victims, defendants, and witnesses. (PIG lawyers have also been know to 'manufacture' accidents with sugar in gas, monkeys in gears, explosives in factories slices in brake lines, ect. to keep themselves busy.)

Membership in the Personal Injury Guild is open to anyone who claims to be a lawyer and has \$19.95 to pay the dues. benefits include a bumper sticker, a coffee mug, a "I'm a PIG lawyer" button, and a set of seminars taught by senior members on the finer points of litigation (titles such as jury intimidation through mercenary forces, nitroglycerine and carborators your friends, and brvise simulation, have been offered in the past.)



* please insert "would just as soon" between "party" and "blow" It makes sense, I promise

SLUG HANDLERS

"Hi there, my name is William "Sluggo" Shlotz, and I'm the president of the Slug Handlers Association for Technical and Educational Development.

"I know you want to ask, "Why jumpslugs?" and you know, theres only one answer - heck, I just love the big guys. Sure they're slimey and have disgusting eating habits. But I think that slugs are just great.

"So basically* thats it, we here at Slug Handlers set up our group to gather those of like mind together, both to increase our knowledge of the jumpslug, and to exalt his lowly place, to the exalted position it deserves among mankind."

Well there you have it. Most people think that Jumpslug handlers are plain buggo, but you've got to admit that they have balls. Could you manhandle a bundle of corpses into the toothy(?) maw of a slug? I think not, putzmasters.

Slughandlers are fanatical about the safety and well-being of Slugs. Not just mistreatment of the critters, this also extends to sabotage of new propulsion systems that would endanger the monopoly of the trade slugs have.

Membership is open to anyone with the desire and aptitude (yes you need the jumpslug skill) why you would want to join is beyond me but, do whatever raises your tent.

Benefits include your own Mary-K-Tell slughandlers staff (not available at stores) and the Associations Monthly Newsletter "Slime Trails!"



no
monotous isn't it?

*Due to local Religious variances the author refuses to use "A" in said word.

DUMP TECHNICIANS (DT's)

The everpresent, yet nowhere to be found caretakers of HOL's Refuse. Everpresent when one WANTS to dispose of a non-desireable item, like a bunny in need of a nap. Nowhere to be found when you need to find something in the nigh infinite trash heaps, but you know they could find it in a heartbeat if they were there (Billco keeps 'em on permanent retainer for best pickens)



The DT is a master of two things only, Disposal Dogma and the Confederate Codex Relaxicus. Disposal Dogma is a complex language form unique to the DTs involving stuttering, angular hand gestures and labor terms. For example:

"Heyheyheyheyheyhey, you can't put that there." (arms waving)

"Where does it go?"

"Dunno, it ain't in my job description, ask Bob. HEY BOB, c'mere. Oh right. Sorry, Bob's on break right now."

"When's he off break?"

"Dunno, I could look it up, he may even be on vacation for all I know."

So, more times than not the DT's are on break, out to lunch, playing "Okay... You're in a bar" or some other non work activity. However this is not a random laziness as DT's are strict adherents to the above mentioned Codex Relaxicus, a 12-volume set detailing confederate employee's breaks, meals, vacations, pay, ect.

But do not despair, help can be obtained from a DT if you go through the proper channels. This consists of filling out 10 forms in triplicate, waiting 6-8 weeks, filling out more forms, waiting 2-3 weeks then typically getting a maybe answer. Or the other way to go is to apply liberal grease to a DT's palm (2-3 bags grobs), this will generally produce instantly gratifying results, even if the DT was on break. And yes strong arm tactics don't work on 'em theyr'e union, remember.

The Dickens Boys

Under the C.O.W. edict #5150, All fine, well OK, all fine and trashy literary pieces were outlawed, due to the supposedly corrupting influences contained within. Truth be told it was really that these books encouraged the kind of free and noble thinking that Rupert and Morty couldn't allow among their subjects.

However on Blowmiwad IV the site of the confederacy's Archives and librarys, resistance, and heresy was born.

When the orders came to the librarians of Blowmiwad to turn over all their precious books and papers to the enquisition for disposal, well it just broke their feeble little hearts, and rebellion was birthed. However since the sum of all the MEATS of the Blowmiwad staff may hardly have equaled that of a



blowfish, they needed help. Searching desparatly through their card files for those lovers of literature that were not only thick of glasses but also of arm, they began their network by calling in some favors of people with seriously overdue books.

"Erno"

"Yeh"

"This is Mrs. Heather-ton at the library, You know that copy of The Illuminated 3-D KAMA Sutra you borrowed oh, some 20 years ago."

"Ah, yeah I went to return it last year, but I just found it under my bed. last week"

"Well its now 7313 days overdue, so at two chits a day - it means you owe us 14,626 chits."

"WHAT! Where AM I supposed to come up with that kinda cash Lady!"

"Well just calm down young man, I have a proposal, do you still have that Haulmaster Lightning GT with the Warp II carbs and monster exhaust."

"So I do."

"Instead of the fine, maybe theres a little service job for you over here at the library."

"What you talkin'bout Granny!"

And so was born the beginnings of a beautiful friendship. So even though Mrs. Helga Heatherton has passed on to that great reading room in the sky, Erno carries on.

The librarians managed to hold off the Cow light Infantry commandoes, while Erno and several other delinquent readers managed to shuttle out the back door most of the library's twenty million volumes, and escaped to hide with their precious cargoes of Proust, Kafka, Welles, Robbins and Steele among the pariahs of the galaxy on mining worlds, asteroids, and HÖL.

Slowly but surely they built themselves a web of connections to print and distribute their classics bringing culture to the cow's depraved masses. HÖL became their major storage and distribution center as no one really gave a rat's ass what went on there anyway. Even there on that steaming sludge pit they found friends of the library (donkey in a falsehood) The resident HÖL poets (Edgar Allan's Army) and local hero Grith Jizbag, helped Erno and Co. build a fleet of bookmobiles and fast shit bag cargo ships, and so, once again, under cow eyes the words get out.



THE SODOMY BIKERS



THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARE CONSIDERED UNCOUTH DUE TO ODEOUS PERSONAL HABITS. THERE ARE THOSE SHUNNED FROM SOCIETY BECAUSE OF THEIR BELIEFS INVOLVING PUPPIES AND LATHES. THERE ARE EVEN THOSE WHO ARE PUT TO TORTUROUS AND LINGERING DEATHS BECAUSE THEY CONCEIVED AND PERFORMED ACTS SO HAUNTINGLY DEHUMANIZING THAT DEFY CONSCIOUS THOUGHT UNAUGMENTED BY ELECTRO-SHOCK TREATMENTS.

AND THEN THERE ARE THE SODOMY BIKERS.

THESE ARE BEINGS OF DARK MYTH, THEIR CREATION LOST TO THE SHADOWED, UNWRITTEN HISTORIES OF HÖL. THEY ARE THE CONDENSATION OF ALL THAT IS VORPAL AND FOUL; THEY ARE THE SOLE INDIGINOUS BEINGS OF THE WORLD, AGELESS, SOULLESS, AND UTTERLY DEVOID OF LIGHT. KINDA LIKE CANNED SPINACH.

ONE MAY NEVER HAVE SEEN A BIKER, YET WOULD NOT MISTAKE IT FOR ANYTHING ELSE. THEY ARE GIANTS WEBBED IN BLACK RAGS; THEIR SKIN, BLUE AND TANGLED WITH CORDS OF MUSCLE, IS LACED WITH SEWN-IN SKULLS OF THOSE THEY HAVE SPLIT ASUNDER. TATOOS SPRAWL ACROSS THEIR HULKING CHESTS LIKE SUBURBAN HOUSING DEVELOPMENTS & THE ONES WITH BONDAGE-MAIDENS AND ROTTING HEADS SKEWERED ON PIKES, THAT IS. > YOU KNOW YOUR CHICKENS ARE YEA ABOUT TALLIED WHEN YOU HEAR THE THUNDER OF THEIR ENGINES CURL OUT THROUGH THE WRECKAGE. AS IT IS SAID, "THOSE THAT HEAR THE SQUEALS OF THE SODOMY HOGS BEWARE, 'CAUSE THEY'VE COME TO USE YOUR FACE FOR BUTT-FLOSS."

THE NUMBER OF THE BIKERS IS UNKNOWN, THOUGH THE LEGENDS

SPEAK OF THEM CRUISING THE SURFACE ON THEIR CHAOTIC STRAFING RUNS IN BANDS COUNTED IN THE HUNDREDS. BUT EVEN THE SIGHT OF ONE OF THESE MERCINARY HELLSPAWN IS ENOUGH TO TURN A NORMAL MAN'S INNARDS TO WET TOFU.

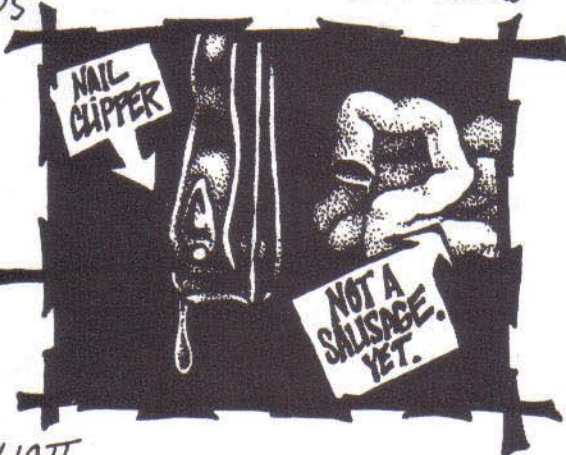
AND MERCINARIES THEY ARE, HOWEVER, GROBS DON'T TEMPT THESE EMISARIES OF THE STORM, NOR DO CHITS. THEIR FEE IS WHATEVER AMUSES THEIR TASTES; SOMETIMES A SACRIFICE, SOMETIMES JUST AN ORDER OF KIELBASA AND CHERRY COLA FROM BUCKET O'WEENIES WILL DO. BUT WHATEVER THEY DEMAND MUST BE SUPPLIED, OR THE POTENTIAL CLIENT MAY BE GIVEN A FREE PERSONAL VIVASECTION WITH A RUSTY NAIL-CLIPPER. AND EVEN IF YOU GAIN THEIR SERVICES, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT IT IS ONLY BECAUSE IT FITS THEIR DARK DESIGNS. OR IT GIVES 'EM A ██████████ STIFFEE, WHICHEVER.

THEY ARE NOMADS OF THE WASTES, FOREVER IN SEARCH OF GOOD JAVA AND A REASON NOT TO GOUGE THE ABDOMINAL CAVITY OUT OF EVERYONE THEY ENCOUNTER AND SQUEEZE THE PANCREATIC JUICES ONTO THEIR TONGUES AS BREATH-FRESHENER. THEY'RE WICKED SCUMBAGS, HONEST.

IT SEEMS THEY RUN BY SOME STRANGE FEUDAL ARRANGEMENT - THE HIGHER MEMBERS RULING SECTORS OF THE PLANET LIKE DUKES OF OLD, AS ██████████ THE LESSER ROVE, RANDOMLY SEEKING THE BLASTPOINTS FOR THEIR FURY. ALL, THOUGH, RECOGNIZE THE PRIMAL DESTRUCTIVE ENERGY OF THEIR IMMORTAL LEADER, ONE THEY CALL MAMMOTH.*

MAMMOTH'S REIGN ENCOMPASSES THE ENTIRETY OF HÖL, AND THOUGH THE SODOMY BIKERS SELDOM ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE SEEN BY THOSE THEY DO NOT EVISCERATE, THEIR FETID GRASP IS FELT EVERYWHERE LIKE THE HAND OF AN INDISCREET UNCLE. ONLY THE MYSTICAL SILHOUETTE OF THEIR MOST REVEILED FOE, E. SPARINGLY, IS ENOUGH TO MAKE THEM FLINCH -- BUT SPARINGLY IS ONLY ONE BEING, AND THERE ARE BILLIONS LEFT WITH WHICH TO MAKE HUMAN S'MORES.

FINALLY, A NOTE MUST BE MADE OF THE GROWING CULT OF HUMAN FOLLOWERS THE BIKERS HAVE AMASSED: THIS LEGION CALLS ITSELF THE SODOMY TROOPERS, AND IN THE TRADITION OF THE BIKERS, REFUSE THE USE OF HOVERS -- ONLY HOGS WILL DO. IT IS UNKNOWN WHAT MAMMOTH THINKS OF THIS NEW ABHORATION, BUT IN THE WORDS OF ANOTHER BIKER, SKIEZMASTER PROBE, "THAT'S A 3 FROM THE YUGOSLAVIAN JUDGE. FETCH ME A WEENIE, PRESS-BOY." I DID. HE ATE IT THROUGH HIS NOSE.



*EXCEPT FOR HIS CLOSE FRIENDS. THEY CALL HIM CHRIS ELLIOTT.

FOLLOWERS of the SACRED Hairpiece

After the Galactic Bandstand riots of early 11A.R., all that remained behind of its host Dick Clark ~~XIII~~ (no, he's not the eternal teenager, its a clone. Yeah, I know - WHY!? Don't ask some people are just weird.) Any way all that remained of poor Richard was his particularly heinous toupe, which was taken by the peons of his MANY powerful enemies, who knowing that they might be able to halt bandstand for a while but they could never stop that primal force of the universe that is Dick, took the toupe and hid it away, where they hoped that it would never be discovered.

Well it was (teach them to fuck with the primal forces of the universe) Found by a simple farmer, in a welded steel box in Northern Idaho, the resulting "Boise Poached" Hairpieces franchise was a complete failure. However not all had shot the bed for our farmer friend as the true fans of Dick emerged from to be at the it all else to.. (sorry prepositional run on) They emerged from the woodwork on learning of the existence of the toupe and purchased it for an astronomical sum (if you have to ask, its too much) and proceeded to hold it in great reverence. The nature of this adoration remains a mystery, but it is not our place to wonder why, only to observe. It is thought that the Jellyheads believe that Dick ascended unto somewhere and he left the hairpiece behind as a sign. A SIGN! What are these people--lunatics? Who would leave a symbol of Male Pattern Baldness behind to mark his passage to divinity? I know, it would have to be that short, vgl-HMMF-MM (gasp) help-kggo. (teach him to fuck with the primal forces of the universe).

So, now where was he, Ah, yes the Jellyheads. So any way they took the wig to the place they had prepared for it on Travolta-IV the disco planet. It was then sealed in crysteel and placed in a vault to await the triumphant return of Dick ~~XIV~~. Who they believe will come and return them to television prominence once again.



Well, regardless of their beliefs in the healing powers of Head and Shoulders, the Followers of the S.H.P. (need I say it again? ^{PLEASE NO!}) are really not that bad a bunch of, of, f, f, fo. (spit it out. what? forks, freemasons, feeble minded nitwits, fruit jugglers) folks. Being what they are they tend to be ardent supporters of the basic rights of all humanity, the right to party, the right to dance badly on TV until you pass out, the right to wear stretch double knits. And most important the undeniable right to Do the HUSTLE - dat da dat da dat te dat, dat da, dat da, dat da dat te dat, dat da. Dat te Dat de dat te dat da, Dat te tad de dat te da dat da daaaa... do the hustle -

So enough frivolity, the organization is divided into two distinct wings, entertainment and Administration. The entertainment division is in charge of providing DJ's to the empires cheezier parties and functions as well as Dancers for pageants, variety shows and Dean Martin specials. And also really any other bad form of talent one can conceive of can be had for reasonable prices (polka bands, dancing bears, plate spinners, knife jugglers).

The Administrative wing is in charge of the care of the holy relics, as well as keeping the orders record collection in alphabetical order. (yes its all on vinyl, really) The collection contains every top-40 Album, single, and remix from the last forty millennia, and perusing it is considered a pillgimage every Jellyhead must undertake at least once in his life.



Although the group really has no organization of any kind it's aknowledged (so I can't spell either, Thron) head is one DJ Funky Cool Fresh Joe "Hipswing" Groovemaster Peters, who it is widdy rumored to have been present at the final filming of Bandstand, and have personally boogied with the master, and out limboed 10 imperial heavy troopers during the seige. (Yes I know, lord can those troopers dip, but I lie not).

So, come on down to Travolta-IV, party all night long - dancing on the ceiling with a bakerina girl - and see what ~~they~~ really kind-o-neat people Jellyheads are.

SCALE: 1 INCH = 2.54 CENTIMETERS

YOU ARE
HER

T R O P I C A N E E R

KEY



- MOUNTAINS



- TOWN/VILLAGE/YMCA



- INFINITY BEGINS



- FOREST



- LEFT EYE OF MAN ON COKE



- MISTER HAPPY BIRTHDAY



- WATER



- MARTYR OF INDIA



- I.H.O.S.E.

THE Official DELUXE HOL Atlas

HOL

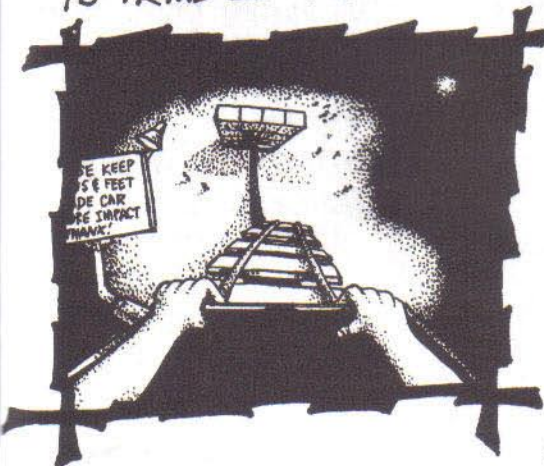
A Sightseer's Guide

VOL. 1 ISSUE 1

HELLO! AND WELCOME TO THE PREMIERE ISSUE OF HOL: A SIGHTSEER'S GUIDE! WE KNOW YOU'RE AS ANXIOUS AS A KITTEN ON A GEIGLE TO START THE GOOD-OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY FUN THAT IS OUR GOD-GIVEN BIRTHRIGHT IN THIS WONDERFUL CONFEDERATION OF OURS, SO WE SURE AS HECK WON'T DALLY! SO GET YOUR PENS AND PLANBOOKS AND START CHECKING OFF STUFF YOU'RE SURE YOU AND THE KIDS WON'T WANT TO MISS HERE ON THE MOST FASCINATING PILE OF SUNDRY AND PERILOUS REFUSE THIS SIDE OF SPINWARD RIFT!

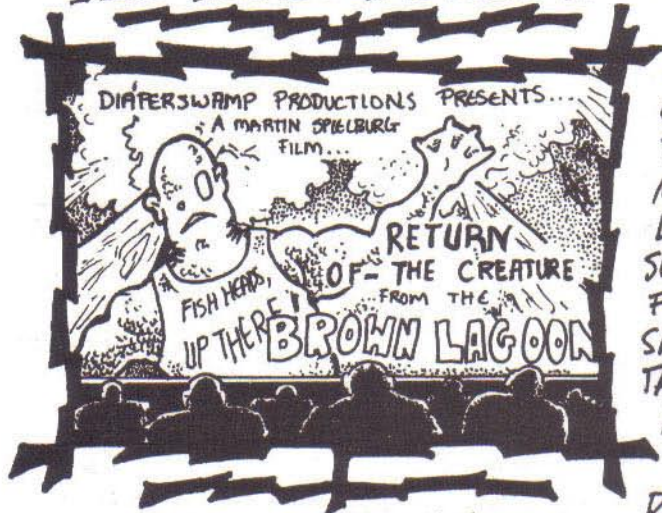
THE BONEYARD: EVERYONE LOVES AMUSEMENT PARKS, BUT SOMETIMES THE JOYOUS WONDER THAT YOU GET FROM TAUNTING DEATH HIMSELF INTO HURTLING YOU TEN STORIES STRAIGHT UP OFF THE TILT-A-HEAVE IS PULLED BY LONG LINES AND BOTHERSOME PARK ATTENDANTS. BUT HERE AT THE BONEYARD, YOUR WORRIES ARE MOOT! ORIGINALLY ON MANSON-IV, THEN JUNKED TO BE REPLACED BY THE SLIGHTLY OVERPRICED MR SILLY'S PALACE OF MANDATORY EXCITEMENT, THE BONEYARD HAS NOW BECOME THE PLANET'S FOREMOST CENTER FOR VISCERAL ENTERTAINMENT. WITH OVER 700 SQUARE MILES OF COMPLETELY UNSUPERVISED, DECREPIT, AND EXTRAORDINARILY UNSOUND MACHINATIONS OF TWISTED DESIGN, THE 'YARD OFFERS DAYS OF ADVENTUROUS DIVERSION FROM THE MUNDANE TRIVIALITIES OF MERE EXISTENCE. YES, ALL RIDES ARE FREE HERE IN THE BONEYARD! SPEND ALL DAY TESTING THE LIMITS OF HUMAN EQUILIBRIUM ON THE FABULOUS YUKE-O-RAMA! DISCOVER NEW THRESHOLDS OF AGONY WHILE PUTTING YOUR VERILITY TO TRIAL IN THE "REAL MAN" NERVE-INDUCTION CHAMBERS! HUNT YOUR OWN

FOOD AND ENEMIES IN THE CHILLING "HOUSE OF THE ANTICHRIST" MAZE AND HORROR CHAMBER! AND WHEN NIGHT FALLS, WITNESS THE ALL-NIGHT FIREWORKS AS THE 17 OR SO RIVAL GANGS VIE FOR THE PRIZE (A WEEK'S VACATION ON TALOS-III!!) ON THE GALAXY'S HIGHEST-RATED BROADCAST, "PEE-WEE'S SLAYHOUSE"! IT'S ALL FRIED-DOUGH AND FLAK-VESTS AT THE BONEYARD, SO COME ON DOWN TO THE ONE AND ONLY CARNIVAL OF CARNAGE!



*OF ALL LANDFILL PRODUCTIONS

THE DIAPERSWAMP:



THERE IS A SAYING: THAT YOU MAY FIND BEAUTY IN ANYTHING IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH, BUT YOU NEED A TOE-NUMBING FEW CHUGS OF LIQUID PUMMER BEFORE YOU START THINKING A STEAMING FIELD OF MISTY, BURST MUD-MITTENS IS 'KINDA PURTY IN ITS OWN LITTLE WAY.' SO, FAIR WARNING: THE DIAPER-SWAMP ISN'T EVERYBODY'S CUP OF TREACLE. IN FACT, WITHOUT THE PROPER VACATION-GEAR, CONSISTING OF A FULL ENVIRO-SUIT WITH SELF-CONTAINED AIR-SUPPLY AND INTRA-VIENOUS PROTIEIN/ VACCINATION FEED, YOU MAY AS WELL TAKE A SIP FROM A SEPTIC TANK. BUT THIS SHOULDN'T DETER DIE-HARD CAMPERS -- HUNDREDS COME

HERE A YEAR TO PUT THEIR ENDURANCE TO THE TEST AGAINST THE UNNATURAL FORCES OF THIS HIEVUS PIT OF FILTH; BUT A TEST WORTHWHILE IF THE STORIES TOLD BY LOCALS (YES - PEOPLE LIVE HERE: A STRANGE BREED OF HUMANS, CALLED THE NORTONS, PITCH SHANTIES ON WHAT HARD LAND THERE IS) ARE TO BE BELIEVED. LEGEND HAS IT THAT YEARS AGO IN THE CONFEDERATE HIGH COURT, A SMALL CHILD, WHILE BEING BURPED BY THE YOUNG PRINCES NOSTRILLA IN PROTOCOL, SWALLOWED ONE OF THE ROYAL DAUGHTER'S GENUINE CUBIC ZIRCONIA-CLUSTER EARRINGS. A WEEK LATER, WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THIS CLUMP OF ROCKS THAT COST MORE THAN THE WEST WING OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE WAS NOW RESIDING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DUMPING POINT OF THE CON'S ENTIRETY OF USED DIAPERS, RUPERT HAD THE WHOLE FAMILY LINE TO WHOM THE CHILD BELONGED PUT TO THE FIRING SQUAD AND FED TO THE JUMPSLUGS, WHILE THE BABY ITSELF WAS SWADDLED IN BARBED-WIRE AND SHOT INTO THE SUN. BUT THE EARRING REMAINS TO BE FOUND, THOUGH, AND LIKE THE GOLD-PANNERS OF LONG AGO, SOME ARE WILLING TO SPEND THEIR LIVES IN SEARCH OF IT. IF YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE RUGGED IDIOTS, THEN GOOD LUCK -- BEWARE, HOWEVER, THE CONFEDERATION OF WORLDS LIGHT INFANTRY COMMANDO COMPLEMENT OF H&L SOMETIMES USES THIS AS A SOURCE OF INTERROGATORY INFLUENCE TO PRISONERS, AND THE FLESHTENDERS' PREFER TO USE IT AS A MUD-BATH.

THE FOREST OF PAINFUL MUTILATION: AH, REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG AND SPRY, WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS BEHIND THE MALL WITH THAT OLD MAN WITH THE QUIVERING LIPS THAT YOU MET IN THE HARDWARE STORE? DO YOU RECALL THE COOLNESS OF THE MOSSY STONE, THE HAZE THAT HID THE TOPS OF THE FIRS, CASTING THEM WITH DARK MAJESTY OF NATURE? WELL, THAT MYTHICAL, PASSIONATE, HAUNTINGLY SENSUAL FEELING MAY BE YOURS AGAIN. NO, NOT THE OLD MAN. HE'S DEAD. THE WOODS, YES. THE FOREST OF PAINFUL MUTILATION WILL KINDLE YOUR IMAGINATION, SWAYING YOUR THOUGHTS TO THOSE OF DAMSELS IN DISTRESS AND HEROES CLAD IN GLISTENING ARMOR. OKAY, SO THERE ARE NO KNIGHTS OR DAMSELS. AND ALL THE TREES ARE DEAD FROM A RADIATION-POISONED GROUNDWATER. BUT IT'S STILL AN EDUCATIONAL PLACE TO TAKE THE FAMILY IF YOU BRING THE PROPER PROTECTION. EXCEPT FOR

THE ROVING BANDS OF CANNIBALISTIC ACCOUNTANTS, AND THE STONES THAT ARE SO MOLECULARLY UNSTABLE THAT THEY EXPLODE LIKE A SEAGULL THAT'S SWALLOWED ELKA-SELTZER WHEN YOU TAP ON THEM. AND THE ORCS* YES, ORCS! BUNCHES OF EM! SIMPLY HORDES AND HORDES OF MURDEROUS, UNCOPY-RIGHTED ORCS!!! HA HA HA! NO ELVES OR ANY OF THAT STUPID SHIT!! JUST 100% FIENDISH, FOUL, FETID,

FAT, FUCKING ORCS THAT LIVE ENTIRELY WITHIN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN!!! HA HA!! EAT ME, GARY!

THE FLESHTENDERS MADAM. FUCKING KINGDOMS. SO THERE.

*HEAPS: WELL, HOL JUST WOULDN'T BE THE TITILATING LITTLE BALL OF HELL IT IS IF IT WERE NOT PACKED MILES

THICK WITH LAYERS OF WASTE THAT HAVE VIRTUALLY DEVELOPED THEIR OWN TECTONIC MOVEMENT PATTERNS. SO YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THE OPPORTUNITY OF SIMPLY STUDYING THE HISTORY OF OUR CONFEDERATION BY WAY OF ITS TRASH! IT IS FOR THIS REASON THAT LIKE REFUSE IS PILED TOGETHER IN HEAPS BY THE DUMP TECH



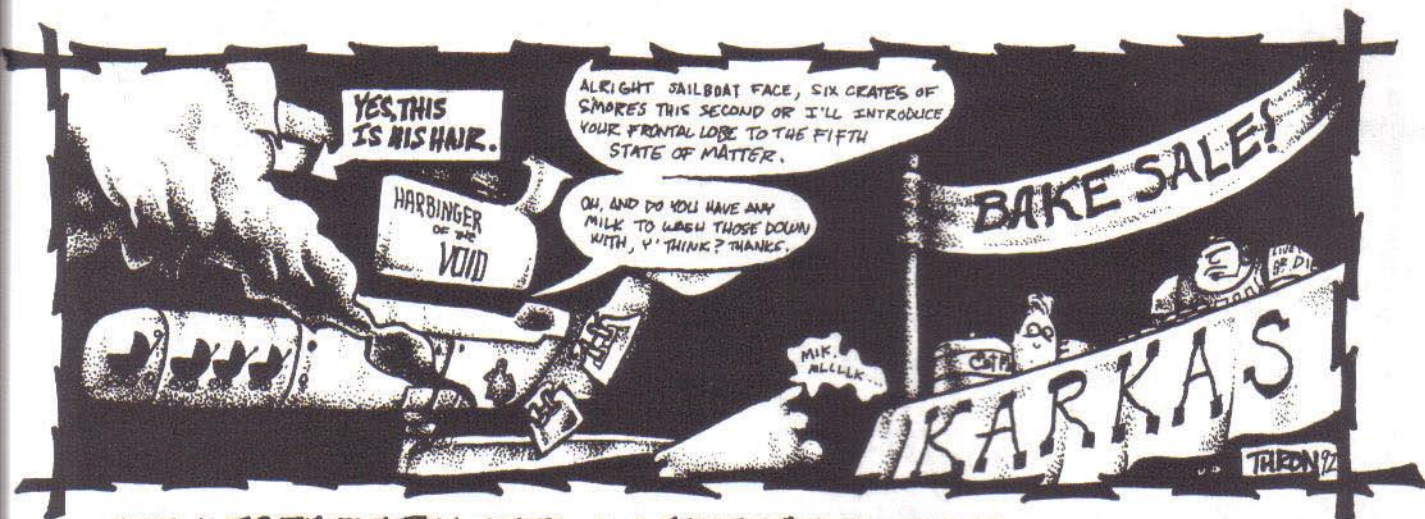
*FOR STATS, LOOK IN THE TRUNCHEONS & FLAGONS HAMSTER MANUAL 1.

CREWS, TOURS OF ANY OF THE HEAPS ARE UTTERLY FREE (UNLESS YOU WISH TO PAY THE 850-CRIT FEE FOR ARMED ESCORTS TO DEAL WITH THOSE PESKY PRISONERS THAT HAVE A HABIT OF MAKING UNDERGROUND, MAZE-LIKE WARREN VILLAGES WITHIN THEM). SOME OF THE MORE FAMOUS ARE THE MILE-HIGH FRIDGE-HEAP (A FAVORITE FOR THE KIDDIES) AND CRUSTTHUMPER HEAP-- A VERITABLE CITY OF DEFUNCT CONFEDERATE MEGGIDO-CLASS BATTLECRUISERS.*



KINDRED ARMY RESIDENTIAL KEAVELS AND SAN-ITARIUM: WHAT WOULD A GALACTIC GOVERNMENTAL ORGANIZATION BE IF THERE WEREN'T A REBELLION TO STIR UP THE CHEESE NOW AND AGAIN? WELL, THIS TIME THEY'VE CALLED THEMSELVES THE "KINDRED ARMY" AND THEY'VE CONSTRUCTED A LABYRINTHINE BASE BENEATH THE SURFACE IN WHICH TO PLOT, CACKLE, THROW NEWT-EYES INTO BUBBLING BROTHS, AND GENERALLY DO WHAT REBELS DO WHEN THEY'RE NOT BEING TROUNCED UPON BY THE C.O.W. OR PHILOSOPHIZING WITH LITTLE WRINKLY GREEN GUYS IN THE MIDDLES OF SWAMPS. BUT SINCE THE 'KINDRED ARMY' HASN'T BEEN FAIRING TO WELL LATELY (THIS COULD BE DUE TO THE FACT THE ENTIRE GROUP IS MADE OF THE SAME SELF-SERVING, OVER-MASTICATING, SICKO, BRAIN FOLSONED, TWISTED, MALEVOLENT, HAIRY-EYED GAGGLE OF WIPERS OF OTHER PEOPLE'S BOTTOMS THAT SWARM OVER THE PLANETS CRUST, MOST OF WHOM WOULD HAVE DIFFICUTLY COMPREHENDING THE FINER POINTS OF TIDDLEY-WINKS, LET ALONE AN ORGANIZED MILITARY OFFENSE), THEY HAVE REVEALED THE LOCATION OF THE K.A.R.KAS. AND ITS ENTRANCES FOR THE PURPOSES OF AN OPEN HOUSE. ADMISSION IS 12 GROBS AT THE DOOR, NO BABIES PLEASE. THIS COVERS THE COST OF A THREE-NIGHT STAY IN THE GUEST BERTHS WITH CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST SERVED EACH MORNING (UNLESS THERE IS HEAVY SHELLING). TOURS OF THE COMPLEX AND GROUNDS ARE AVAILABLE BY DAY, DURING WHICH YOU [REDACTED] MAY TAKE PART IN VARIOUS INFORMATIONAL LECTURES, SUCH AS "WHY DID RETURN OF THE RABBI SUCK SO MUCH?", AND "WASTEM TO CLAYMORE IN TEN EASY STEPS." AND DON'T MISS THE AFTER-DINNER FLOORSHOW -- SOME OF THOSE DANCERS ALMOST DO LOOK LIKE REAL WOMEN! THE KINDRED ARMY, HOWEVER, RESERVES THE RIGHT TO USE GUESTS AS PERSONAL BODY SHIELDS IN CASE OF COM INVASION.

*INJURY RESULTING FROM CONTACT WITH DENIZENS OF SAID HEAP IS NOT THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE C.O.W.. CHILDREN ARE HEREBY WARNED NOT TO TAMPER WITH BUTTONS THAT SAY "THRUSTER 2, ENGAGE" OR "ACTIVATE PLASMA BOMB."



THE LEGENDARY CITY OF MYRIAD SWEATY DISTRACTIONS:

AVALON, ATLANTIS, XANADU, NEWARK -- THESE PLACES OF MYTH LIVE ON IN OUR SOCIETY IN STORIES TOLD AND RETOLD TO OUR CHILDREN. UTOPIAS THAT REPRESENT OUR DESIRE AS HUMAN BEINGS TO SET UNREACHABLE GOALS SO THAT WE CONSTANTLY DRIVE OURSELVES FURTHER AND FARTHER, TO GROW AND BETTER OUR SPIRITS AND MINDS. THESE AROUSE OUR CREATIVITY, AND ALLOW OUR SOULS TO EXPAND AND BECOME ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE ABOUT US. BUT, FRANKLY, ON HÖL SOMETIMES IT'S HARD JUST TO GET A DECENT BURGER, LET ALONE EXPAND YOUR SOUL. IN FACT, MOST OF THESE GUYS WOULD SETTLE FOR A RAW SLICE OF SCRAPPLE ON TOAST, AS LONG AS THEY HAD SOME KETCHUP. SO IT'S NOT HARD TO IMAGINE THAT THEY WOULD TAKE A GARLIC PRESS TO A BUSH BABY IN ORDER TO ESCAPE THE SOMEWHAT INADQUATE LIFE THEY EEK OUT AMONG THE ROAR OF PLASMA DISCHARGE. AND MANY DO WORSE THAN THAT TO FIND THE LEGENDARY CITY OF MYRIAD SWEATY DISTRACTIONS. THOUSANDS OF STORIES EXIST ABOUT THE PLACE; EVERY NOW AND AGAIN SOME POOR OLD CUTTHROAT WILL WANDER OUT OF THE SOUTH WITH AN EXPRESSION LIKE THAT OF A MAN WHO HAS JUST SEEN ED McMAHON NAKED, BABBLING SOME BIZZARE TALE ABOUT FLAMING SQUEEGEES, SHOEHORNS, WATER MOCCASINS, AND THE LITTLE UMBERELLA DRINKS YOU CAN GET CERTAIN HIGH-CLASS POLYNESIAN RESTAURANTS, BEFORE HANDING YOU A HUMMING THREE-SPEED CUCUMBER. BUT WHAT OF THE CITY? SOME DESCRIBE IT AS A VAST, ANTI-GRAV SUPPORTED CITADEL, COASTING WITH THE PREVAILING WINDS SOMEWHERE OVER THE SEPTIC SEA, SHROUDED IN MIST. OTHERS SPEAK OF IT AS A CROSS BETWEEN A 7-11 AND THE BASTILLE. THE LATTER IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GREAT APPLE-FRITTERS. EITHER WAY, YOU ARE WELCOME TO JOIN THE QUEST FOR THIS ELUSIVE AND MYSTICAL CITY OF DREAMS, JUST DON'T EXPECT YOUR STANDARD WAKE UP CALL WHEN YOU GET THERE; IT MAY INVOLVE DENTAL FLOSS AND BEN-WA BALLS.



"FLAMING SQUEEGEE #10.1"

LOT 249:



Spider-cracks in the asphalt
Spread like the black veins of Hecate
To the extent of my vision.
Ticket in hand, fraying;
Tatters of paper, tatters of my life
Skitter in twisted wind,
Oh, fuck this, I need a burger.

~T.S. Globberman,
Eyes on the Fries

WHEN YOU STAND, SNEAKERS MELTING, ON THE SEEMINGLY INFINITE BLACKTOP OF LOT 249, IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND GLOOBERMAN'S MORBID OBSESSION. PERHAPS IT IS HERE, ONLY HERE THAT MAN MAY TRULY COMPREHEND THE BORDERS OF THE MIND; HERE DO WE REALIZE THE TWO MOST HORRIBLE FACTS ABOUT OUR NATURE:

I: WHEN CONFRONTED WITH THE TERRIFYING ASPECT OF OURSELVES, OUR DARK SOULS REVEALED IN THIS TITANIC BLACK MIRROR, WE MERELY WRITE BAD POETRY.

II: MAN WILL DO ANYTHING FOR A PLATE OF NACHOS.

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDST OF OF «HELL, GO FOR THREE» OF THIS INFERNAL LANDSCAPE IS, OF COURSE, THE SOLE CHURCH & MUNCH ON THE PLANET. MARKED BY A SINGLE «STRUCTURALLY IMPRESSIVE» 6,000 FOOT TALL SPONK*, THE SMALLISH, ONE-LEVEL FAST FOOD ESTABLISHMENT IS OPEN 24 HRS TO SERVICE ITS PLANETWIDE CLIENTELE.

THE LOT ITSELF 10,000 SQUARE MILES IN AREA, AND BORDERED BY 70 FDOT, CONCRETE & PLASTEEL REENFORCED, ARMED, PATROLED,

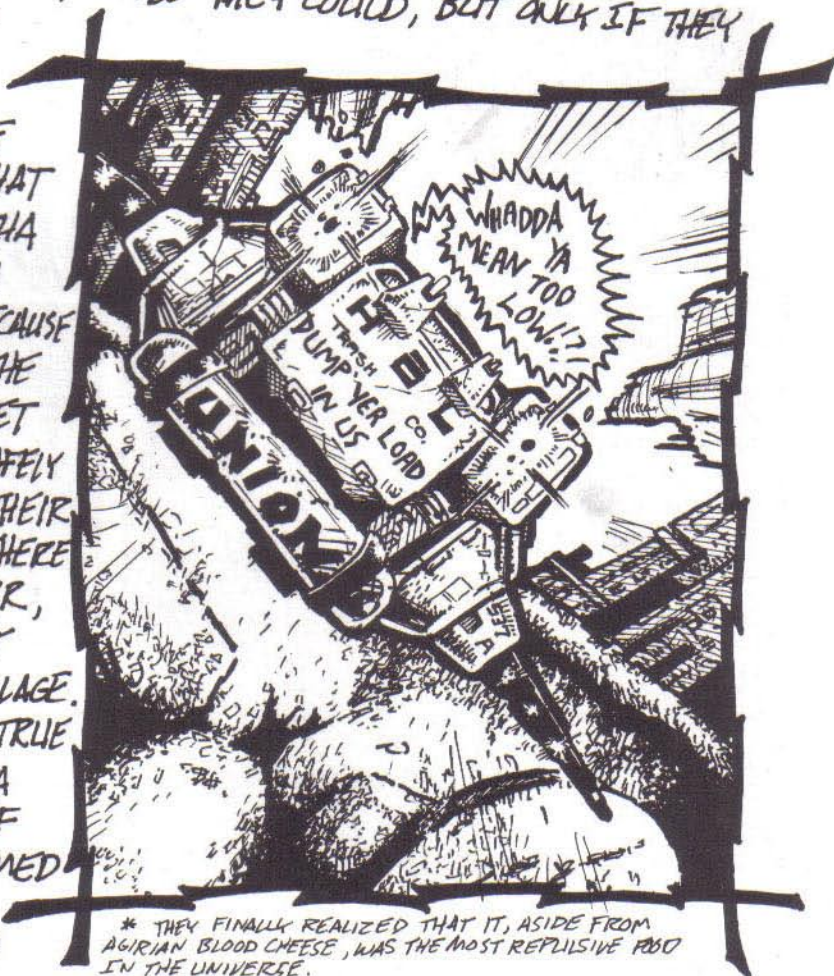
* ACTUALLY A TREMENDOUS IMPERIAL HOTEL (*** FROM AAA - NICE CARPETING, BAD PILLOW CHOCOLATES) - MEGAPOPE ZIMMERMAN & HIS ENTourage OFTEN STAY HERE.

AND OVERSTATEDLY GOTHIC BARRIERS. THERE IS ONLY ONE GATE. AT SAID ENTRANCE/EXIT, YOU WILL RECIEVE AN I.D. TICKET FROM THE GUARD. HIS NAME IS JIM. THE VALET WILL THEN TAKE YOUR VEHICLE PAST THE NEXT MAJOR MERIDIAN. PARKING SPACES ARE NUMBERED FROM 1-10³⁶ FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE. REMEMBER YOUR NUMBER, OR YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF PART OF ██████████ THE HOLY CRUNCHMAS -- ROVING GYPSIES OF THE TARMAC, FOREVER QUESTING FOR THEIR LOST NOVA. AND YES, YOU CANNOT LEAVE WITHOUT YOUR TICKET OR VEHICLE -- HENCE THERE ARE NATIONS WITHIN THESE WALLS THAT HAVE GROWN OUT OF THE DISPOSSESSED. SOME SPEAK HAUNTEDLY ABOUT THE MYSTERIES OF THE ASPHALT DESERT -- THE FLYING HATCHBACK, THE CHILLING RINES ENGRAVED ON THE MONSTEROUS UPENDED LINCOLNS OF THE CARHENGES... (DOESN'T THIS BEG SO MUCH FOR A SUPPLEMENT THAT YOU WANT TO SWAT IT IN THE NOSE WITH A ROLLED NEWSPAPER? JESUS, WE'RE SHAMELESS.)

BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE MAKE THIS RIDICULOUS PILGRIMAGE? ARE THEIR ONION RINGS REALLY THAT GOOD? WELL, NO. BUT THINK ABOUT IT -- IF THEY PUT AN I.H.O.S.E. AT THE TOP OF K-2, THEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO BEAT THE CLIMBERS OFF. (WELL, MAYBE THEY COULD, BUT ONLY IF THEY REALLY WANTED TO. ICK.)

MOUNT YAMOTHA

AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN BY THE DENIZENS OF THE WORLD AS "THAT FLICKING ROCK", MOUNT YAMOTHA IS USUALLY THE FIRST STOP ON YOUR TOUR OF HÖL. THIS IS BECAUSE IT'S MESA-LIKE TOP IS ONE OF THE ONLY FLAT PLACES ON THE PLANET THAT THE DUMPSHIPS CAN LAND ON SAFELY TO RELIEVE THEIR CARGO BAYS OF THEIR CONVICTED WEIGHT. CONSEQUENTLY THERE ARE NUMEROUS TRINKET, SOUVENIR, AND HEAVY ARTILLERY SHOPPES AT ITS BASE, CLUSTERED IN A VILLAGE. STRANGELY, THOUGH, IT IS NOT A TRUE MOUNTAIN -- IT IS ACTUALLY A TREMENDOUS COMPACTED PILE OF ██████████ LEFTOVER FRUITCAKE* FORMED IN THE SHAPE OF RUPERT IX'S BENEVOLENT HEAD. ██████████



* THEY FINALLY REALIZED THAT IT, ASIDE FROM AGIRIAN BLOOD CHEESE, WAS THE MOST REPUISIVE FOOD IN THE UNIVERSE.

Beastia



LOLLIPOP?



AS YOU MAY HAVE GLEANED FROM WHAT YOU'VE READ SO FAR, H&L IS YEA ABOUT AS SAFE A PLACE TO SPEND A WEEKEND AS, SAY, THE SURFACE OF A BLACK HOLE.

NOW IMAGINE IF THAT COLLAPSED SUN HAD HORDES OF BLOODTHIRSTY CREATURES TO PLAGUE YOUR VERY EXISTENCE?

OKAY, SO WHAT IF THEY'D BE LESS THAN A MOLECULE THIN, SPREAD LIKE MINT JELLY OVER 300,000 SQUARE MILES. DEAL WITH IT. YOU'D BE DEAD TOO, SO THERE. IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING.

ANYWAY, THIS IS A TEENSY COLLECTION OF NASTIES TO THROW AT THE PC'S WHEN YOU FEEL A BIT VENGEFULL, EVIL, OR BORED.

- N O T E S -

GREYMATTA: High scores in Animal's GM do NOT connote the same idea. This is more of a rating of their cunning. For example, a WASTIT CANNOT do calculus, and Myke Tison can't learn French.

MOUTH, MEAT, FEET, NUTS: Same. Oook. Gimme a stiffec.

Attack Value: This is the effective 'skill + stat' value — add this to the dice roll to attack. Oh, yeah — and cheat.

Death Himself (Mortus)

WHAT? DID YOU THINK YOU COULD AVOID THIS ONE? WELL, QUITE SIMPLY, BECAUSE OF THE LINGODLY AMOUNT OF BUSINESS HE DOES HERE, DEATH HAS SET UP A BRANCH OFFICE. IN FACT, DUE TO THE INTENSE WORKLOAD, HE HAS TAKEN ON A GREAT NUMBER OF ASSISTANTS TO CATCH THE EXCESS; SO DON'T BE TOO SHOCKED IF, WHEN YOU FINALLY PURCHASE THE DAIRY PRODUCTION FACILITY, THAT SOME GOOFY DUDE NAMED "GORDO" IS STANDING THERE WITH A WEED WHACKER SAYING "C'MON LET'S CRUISE. I'M ON A SCHEDULE, MAN..."

DEATH HIMSELF

GREYMATTA 7 (He has always been embarrassed about getting a combined 820 on his SATs; but he's a killer chess player.)

MOUTH -2

MEAT 5

NUTS 800

FEET 6

EQUIPSTUFF: SYTHE, LICENCE TO BE DEATH, BAG OF MARBLES, GORE-EX DERIZER & BLADECASTER.

TOTAL ARMOR 5 (LIKE IT MATTERS).

ATTACK VALUE 8 YES.

A/D PER ATTACK 8 DEATH. WHADDYA WANT?

DEATH LIKES TO TAKE ONE WEEK OFF A YEAR NOW; HENCE, HE MAY OCCASIONALLY BE FOUND IN THE FOREST OF PAINFULL MUTILATION WORKING ON HIS GOLF. FORE!

* DEATH, BEING SOMEWHAT VAIN, WILL NOT ALLOW OTHERS TO TAKE SYTHES.



Wastem (Ursa Puddingus Delicious)

AH, THE WASTEM. CUTE, CUDDLY, MALLEABLE, DICEABLE, MAILABLE, EDIBLE, AND - MOST IMPORTANTLY WASTEABLE. BUT WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

IDAHO. YES, IDAHO.

EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AGO, CLEMENT J. INBRID, POTATO FARMER AND OCCASIONAL DABBLER IN TACHYON PHYSICS WAS HOEING HIS FIELD. AS THE HOVERDEARE COASTED OVER THE GROUND, SUCKING UP THE HARVEST AND TILLING THE WARM, MOIST, SOFT, SENSUO... UH, SORRY -- EARTH, INBRID LISTENED CONTENTEDLY TO THE PERIODIC THUNK BENEATH THE TILLING CLAWS: AN UNWEARY GOPHER (YES, THEY COULDN'T WEAR THEM BACK THEN) A SMALL CHILD, A STONE, WHATEVER. BUT HE WASN'T PREPARED FOR THE LOUD WRENCH OF METAL AS THE BLADES WERE BENT BACK INTO A TANGLE OF IRON LICORICE. UPON INVESTIGATION OF THE OCCURRENCE, INBRID FOUND A 2x3x1 FOOT WELDED STEEL BOX. SCRAPPED INTO THE TOP APPEARED TO BE THE WORDS "HAND WITH CANE" -- A PHRASE THAT HAUNTS CHURCH & MUNCH TO THIS DAY. INBRID TOOK THE BOX TO HIS TOOL SHED AND CUT IT OPEN.

WITHIN, HE FOUND A SOLITARY WASTEM.

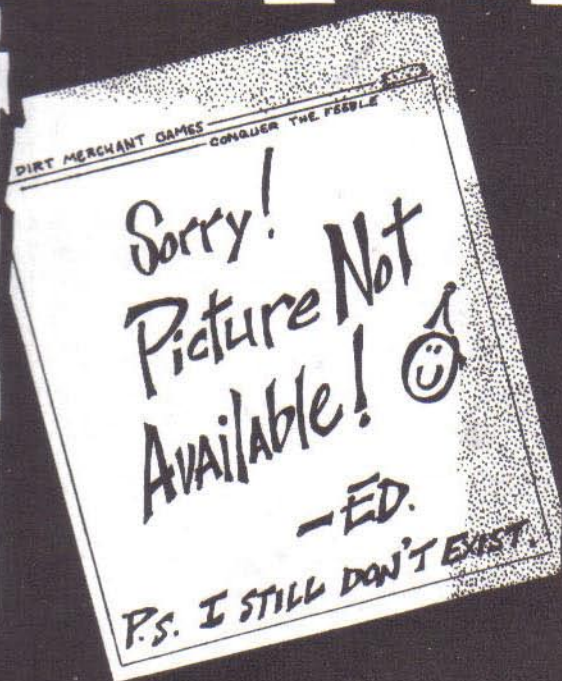
INBRID COVETED THE MINDLESS LITTLE THING. IT WAS MORE STUPID THAN EVEN THE MOST MANGE-DAMAGED MUTT HE EVER OWNED, AND THUS MORE ADORABLE. AND IT DIDN'T DUMP ALL OVER THE YARD. SO HE KEPT IT LOCKED IN HIS SHED IN AN OLD FISHTANK. HE FOUND HE COULD TRAP THE CREATURE BY SIMPLY FACING IT AGAINST THE WALL AND LETTING IT WADDLE, ENDLESSLY SMILING.

THINGS WOULD PROBABLY HAVE BEEN OKAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE SHACK DISAPPEARING INTO A SINK-HOLE LATER THAT WEEK.

ALL INBRID FOUND NEAR THE HOLE WAS A GOD DAMNED PRAIRIE DOG NIBBLING ON A SMALL, PASTY EAR. HE THOUGHT THE UNIQUE CREATURE LOST FOREVER, AND WENT HOME TO DROWN HIS SORROWS IN LAQUER THINNER AND DENTURE CREAM. THE NEXT MORNING, HIS DAUGHTER-SISTER CAME TO WAKE HIM FOR BREAKFAST, SERVING A DEEP FRIED GLOP OF CRISPY TAPIOKA. INBRID, RECOGNIZING THE LEGGED FLAKEY LITTLE FOODSTUFF ASKED HER WHERE SHE GOT IT. HER REPLY: "OH, OUT IN THE FIELD - THERE'S MILLIONS OF 'EM. YOU WANT SOME MORE TOAST?"

WITH SUCH, INBRID BEGAN HIS LEGENDARY FAST FOOD EMPIRE, "BOISE POACHED WASTEMS", LATER UNIFYING WITH THE VATICAN IN AN UNPRECEDENTED MERGER OF EPIC IMPORT.

HOW THIS TINY MINDLESS



DTE

BEING CAME TO POPULATE THE KNOWN UNIVERSE IN GREATER NUMBERS THAN ALL SENTIENT RACES COMBINED IS UNKNOWN BUT EASILY THEORIZED. THE COMMON WASTEM UNDERGOES MITOSIS ONCE IN ITS LIFE -- USUALLY WITHIN ONE HOUR OF THE DIVISION THAT CREATED IT. AND THEIR LIFESPAN, WELL, AS FAR AS SCIENCE CAN SEE, THEY EXIST WITHOUT INGESTION, EXCRETION OR PHOTOSYNTHETIC ACTIVITY UNTILL THEY ARE OUTRIGHT DESTROYED. IN FACT, ON ACCUMEN -IV, THE TENURE PLANET, THEY HAVE KEPT ONE HAPPILY BUMBLING AGAINST A SHEET OF GLASS FOR THE PAST 800 YEARS.

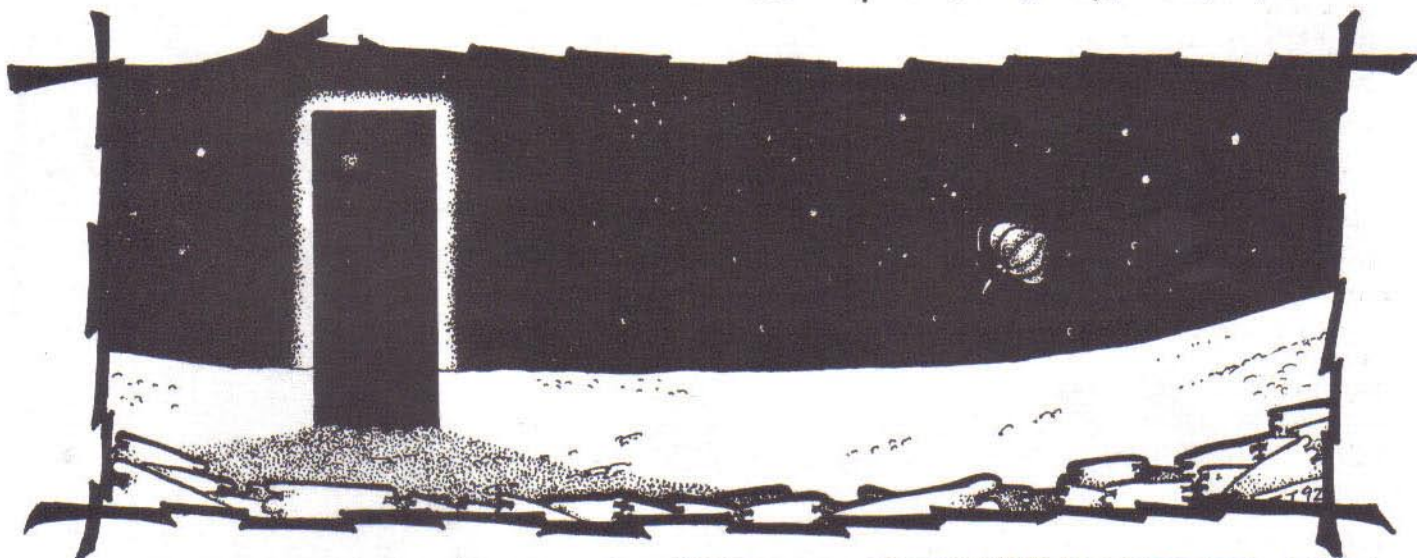
WASTEMS HAVE NO INNARDS BUT A CREAMY, PUDDING-LIKE SUBSTANCE, NOW LISTED AS A FIFTH FOOD GROUP*. BUT THE USES OF THESE CREATURES GO BEYOND THEIR CAPACITY FOR NOURISHMENT. THESE BLOBS OF MUSH MAKE GREAT PETS, MAY BE RUBBED ON FOR SUNBLOCK, DISTILLED INTO MOTOR OIL, ACT AS SEMI-PERMANENT INSULATION WHEN STUFFED INTO CRACKS, OFFER GREAT OPPORTUNITIES FOR TARGET PRACTICE, AND, OF COURSE THE MYTHICAL NESSMAN WASTEM-DRIVE ENGINE...

SO GET USED TO THEM; BUT BEWARE -- NEVER REACH FOR ONE WITH THE DEVIL'S GLEAM IN IT'S EYES.

WASTEMS

GREYMATTA: -10 (yes, I know the lowest stat is a neg. 2. But these little guys are barely above an amoeba with a facial t.c.)
MOUTH: -10
MEAT: -2
NLITS: 10 (they're too stupid NOT to waddle into the bowls of a furnace)
FEETS: -2

TOTAL ARMOR: -2 DAMAGE: FLAME BREATH A/D: 14/3, Exploding
Pseudopod (Acid) A/D: 12/2. Or not.



* IT IS REMOVED THAT DUE TO THE TREMENDOUS DEMAND FOR THE CREATURES AS FOODSTUFFS, CHURCH & MUNCH HAS A SPECIAL WORLD ON WHICH TO RANCH THEM -- COSBY III, THE PUDDING PLANET -- THE SIZE OF A GAS GIANT, TEN MILES DEEP IN CRAWLING, EUPHORIC TEDDY BEARS. OF COURSE, UNDER MANY ATMOSPHERES OF PRESSURE, DOWN DEEP, MUTANTS HAVE AROSE...

Wāstits (Ursa Fuddingus Malicious)

THE FOLLOWING (BE VEEVVVVV VEEVVV QUIET... WE'VE HUNTIN' WASTITS) IS AN EXERPT FROM THE TRANSCRIPTIONS RECORDED BY HEZEKIAH "ZEKE" AUSBERHÄGGEN, FORMER HÖL TENANT, NOW SHARECROPPING ON A TALOS-IV SEX FARM.

"So...you wanna know about the wāst:t, eh? Well sit down; it's a long story...

"When I was just a young lad of 75 or so... back so long ago on HÖL for crime of... well, it's best forgö'tten. I'm sure the goats don't hold any malice 'gainst me. Anyway, I was pacing out on the Asphalt Desert looking for loose change and lost lottery tickets, when I see this pod o' wastems actin' mighty particular, you could say. They was all millin' around in a big bunch - 10 or 12 of 'em.

"Then they all turned and started spreading 'round about me.

"As they drew nigh, I looked and thought to myself - as I was alone - 'Sompin' strange 'bout them critters. Sompin' powerfully unnatural.' Then I sees it: the devil's gleam in their beady little eyes. And I knew they weren't no wastems. They might look zacktly the same, but they was sompin' else.

"They was a murder of Wāstits.

"They took my hand, and I barely escaped with my life, but I managed to high-tail it outta there.

"Now you know."

Wāstif

GREYMATTAS 5

MOUTH 0 (BUT IT'S HUGE)

MEATS 0

TOTAL ARMOR 0 A/D PER ATTACK 14/2

NUTS 10

Attack Value 11 (EXPLODES INTO MAN OF TEETH THE DIAMETER OF A WHALE'S PRIVATES)

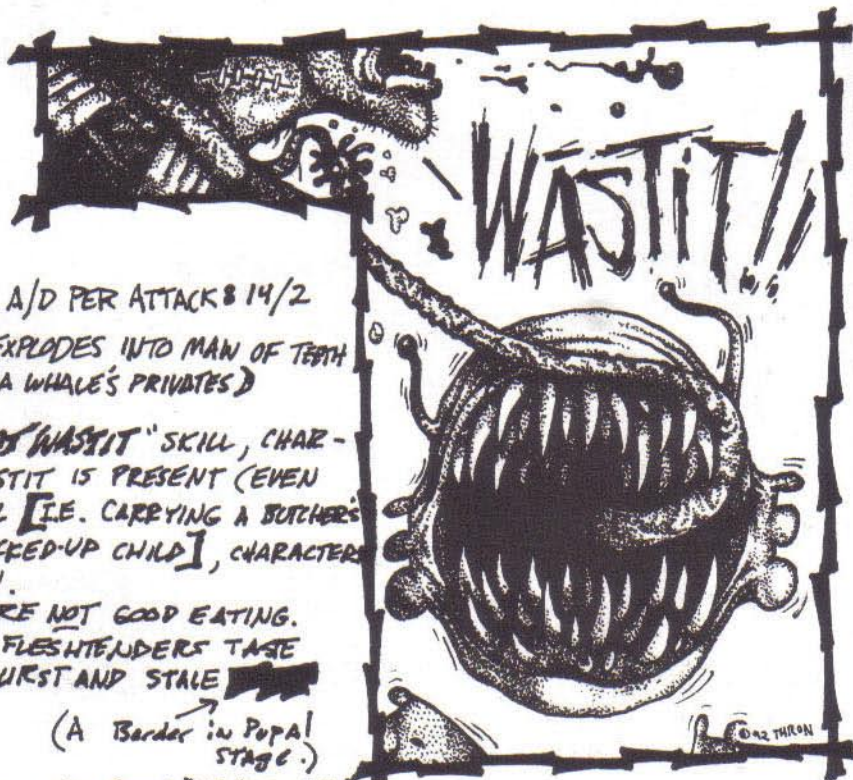
FEETS 7

EXCEPT FOR THOSE WHO HAVE THE "SPOT WASTIT" SKILL, CHARACTERS WILL NEVER REALIZE, WHEN A WASTIT IS PRESENT (EVEN WHEN THE THINGS ARE ACTING OBVIOUSLY EVIL [I.E. CARRYING A BUTCHER'S KNIFE AND WABBLING AWAY FROM A HACKED-UP CHILD], CHARACTERS ARE LIKELY TO OVERLOOK THE CONNECTION.

UNLIKE THE WASTEM, WASTITS ARE NOT GOOD EATING. THESE LITTLE GODLESS CREATURES OF THE FLESHTENDERS TASTE SOMETHING LIKE A BLEND OF LIVERWURST AND STALE BANANA CREAM PIE.

(A Border in Popal Stage.)

*YOU KNOW, THE FAMOUS "A" for "LA". IT'S LIKE THE GREEK "AE". RIGHT?



BABIES (HOMO PIDDILUS MAXIMUS)

Last will and testament of: **RICKY** (FESTUS GLOBTANGLER:
member of EVERLASTING BROTHERHOOD OF FLESHTENDERS: LOCAL #32074)

Many are our secrets, yet, save this one, they shall remain ours. So now, as I lie here dying I shall reveal this to the masses - as even I cannot permit so many to live on deluded. The ageless question that I shall attempt to answer is - WHERE DO BABIES COME FROM?

Over the ages, many myths regarding the origins of infants have been spread: from the appearance of babies in the bills of marsh dwelling migratory waterfowl, to birth from under various produce patches - however to most prevalent one concerns the union of women with trouser dwelling cyclopean serpents, so in deference to this hoard of falsehoods, the truth I now share with you. **BABIES ARE MADE; NOT BORN!** In their secret labs far beneath Höl's surface FLESHTENDERS MIX TOGETHER GROUND WASTE with cherry pie filling, and several secret INGREDIENTS (secret to me anyway - I just always called the stuff "Placenta Helper") THE MIXTURE IS THEN HEATED AND SEALED IN OAKEN CASKS FOR NINE MONTHS, THEN POURED INTO MOLDS, STEAMED AND PRESTO! OUT EMERGE PERFECT mewling and puking Babies, who are wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in MANGERS to await distribution, And to BOBBI I leave my Osmond records. -

BABIES

LUCIOUS AGONY!

GREYMATTA: 8 TOTAL ARMOR:

MOUTH: 10

1

MEAT: 1

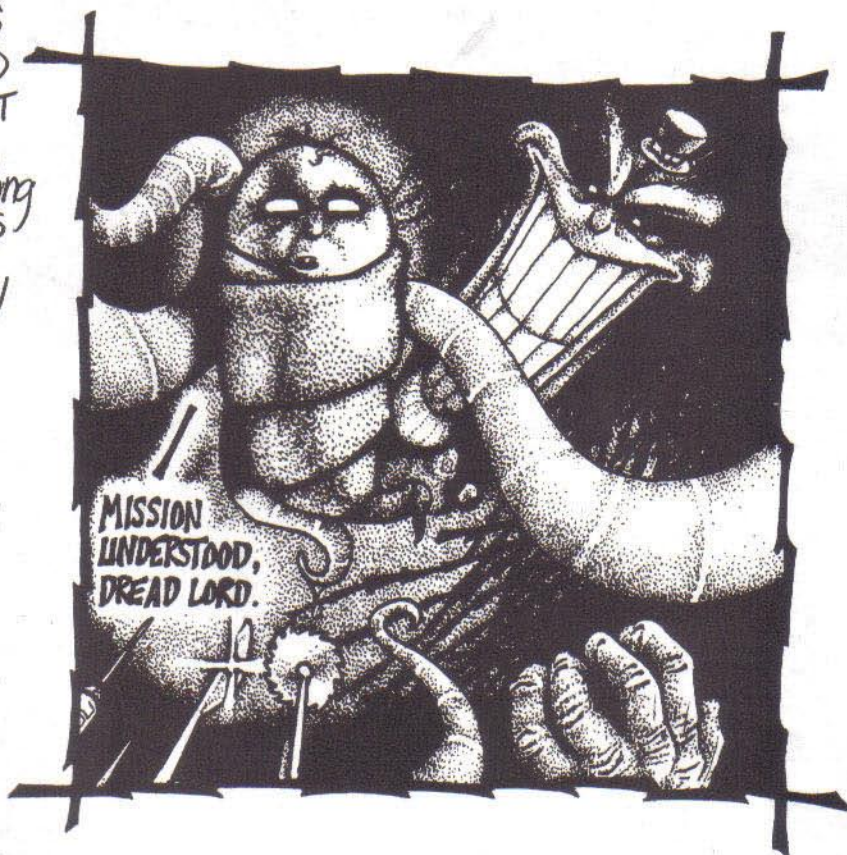
ATTACK VALUE:

FEETS: -2

SPECIAL

NUTS: 10

Besides being cute and cuddly and all, babies are extremely ruthless. Anyone attacked by a baby is subjected to their "Sonic Mindwarp" MAKE A NUTS ROLL modified by withstand bagpipes or RUN screaming from the scene.



UNCLE MICKEE

"SHIT ON A CRICKET! WHAT HAVE I...." WAS THE CRY (AMIDST A HOWLING OF GROWLING WASTITS) THAT HERALDED IN THE BIRTH OF UNCLE MICKEE. SUBSEQUENTLY IT WAS ALSO THE DEATH CRY OF ITS CREATOR, DR. LEVITICUS "MOSES" WIMPLE, AUTHOR OF TWO BY TWO BY ONE, A HERAPHRODITE'S COFFEE-TABLE BOOKS, AS HE PERFECTED BATCH #665 (HAD YA GOIN' THERE) OF HIS BILLCO/FLESHTENDER CROSSBREED EXPERIMENT. THE EXPERIMENT CONSISTED OF A BILLCO CUTTER-IMPLANT-EXOSKELETON FUZING-AUTO ARMATRON-JELLO MIXER, A BIG FAT OF ANIGHTIME, SNIFFLY, SNEEZY, FLESHTENDER

CAUGHY, ACUM, STUFFY-HEAD, SO YOUTOO CAN BE A MINDLESS UNSTOPPABLE PSYCHOTIC MEDICINE, AND AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF "CUTE" PEOPLE, THINGS AND SMALL ANIMALS KIDNAPPED BY A VERITABLE ARMY OF WASTITS WHO SEEMED TO HAVE A KEEN INTEREST IN THE COMPLETION OF THIS EXPERIMENT. WHERE THE

GOOD DOCTOR PROCURED THE SYRUP, OR THE MIXER, AND WHY THE WASTITS DIDN'T SLICE THE GOOD DR. MOSES INTO SO MANY "WIMPLE" THINGS (AVAILABLE AT THE WASTIT WHOLE-SALE HOUSE TODAY) REMAINS TO BE SEEN. HERE IS THE ONLY SURVIVING REMNANT OF DR. W.'S LOG:

"THEY... ALL... KEEP... STARRING AT ME."

WHAT

HAPPENED TO BATCHES 1-664 IS EVIDENCED ONLY BY THE APPEARANCE OF BUNKS (IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER) RESEMBLING U.M. ALL

AROUND THE HÖL.

UNCLE MICKEE (RODENTAL - REMAGEDONS)

GREENMATT: 6

MOUTH: 2 (EVIL, NASTY THINGS)

TEETH: 3

NUTS: 10

FEET: 10

TOTAL ARMOR: 18

ATTACK VALUE: 20

UNCLE MICKEE IS AS MANIACAL AND SADISTIC AS ANY 70 WASTITS PUT TOGETHER AND, AS SUCH, THE LATER SEEM TO REVERE UN-

CLE MICKEE AS THEIR GOD. THE RATIO OF

WASTITS TO WASTITS SUR-

ROUNDING U.M.'S LAIR IS

ABOUT 1:1, AND IF THAT

WASN'T BAD ENOUGH, THERE'S

ALWAYS A PLETHORA OF

CRICKETS SURROUNDING

THE LAIR. THE "UNCLE

MICKEE CLUB" IS ONE

OF THE HIGHEST RATED CHILDREN'S SHOWS IN ALL OF THE COW

CONSTANT WAR WITH "CAPTAIN WACKY", HÖL ADVENTURER AND

STAR OF THE "CAPTAIN WACKY SHOW". UNCLE MICKEE HAS COM-

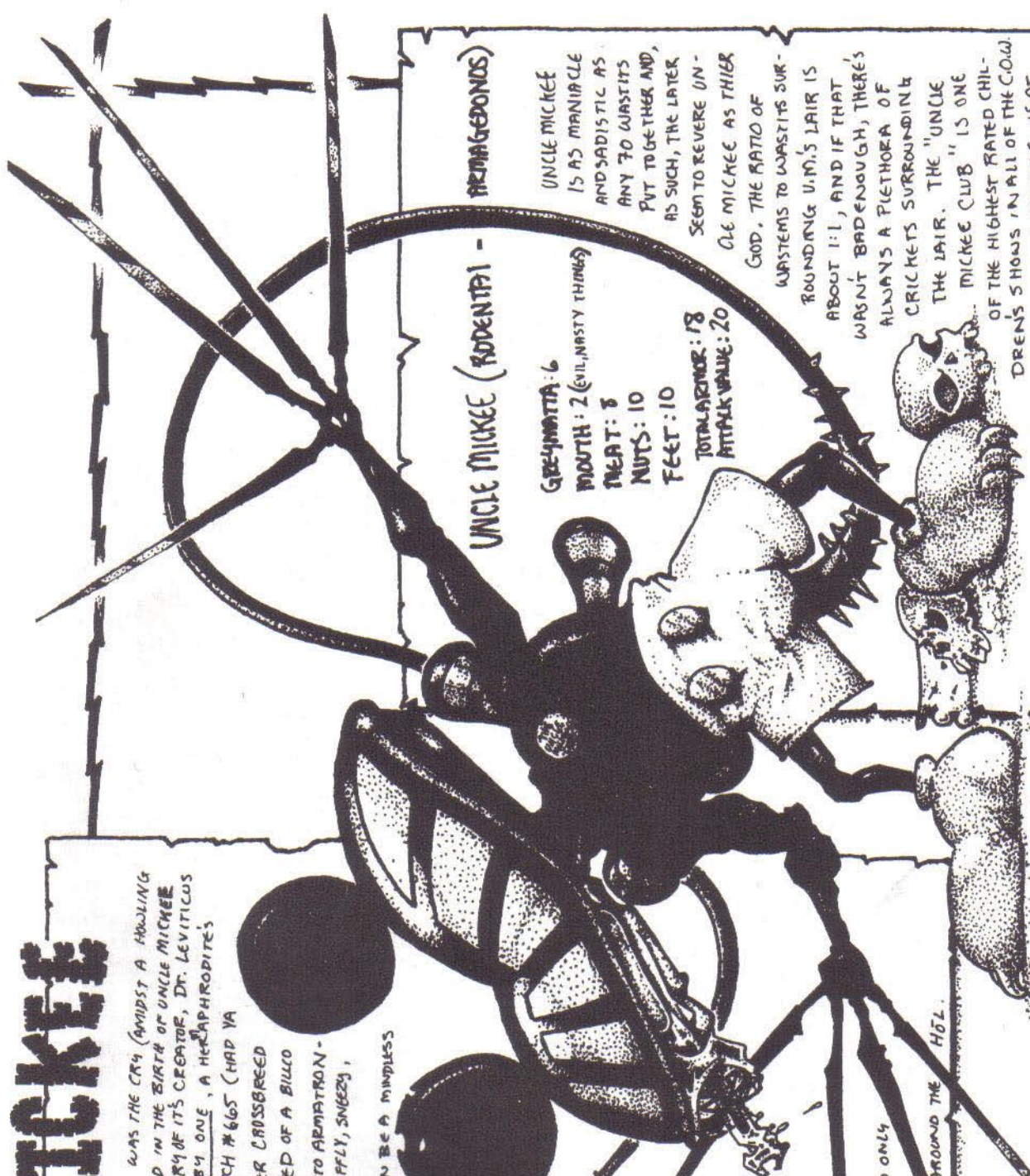
plete control over all WASTITS in his area (HE CONSTANTLY

REFERS TO THESE "PETS" AS PLATOON OR OTHER SUCH NAMES) U.M. HAS

NEVER HESITATED TO USE A VERITABLE "WALL OF WASTITS" IN HIS OWN

DEFENSE. PS. U.M.'S TAIL IS FULL OF A TOXIC SUBSTANCE (POIS. LVL. 9) THAT

DOES HOWEVER CLEAR A STUFFY NOSE.



JUMPSLUGS (Cadaveri Consumus Heindus Bogus)

REMEMBER THOSE BIG, LITERALLY USELESS TWENTY FOOT LONG CREATURES IN THAT OTHER GAME? YEAH, ON THE SAME PAGE WITH THE "GIANT SKUNK" -- YES, THE "GIANT SLUG", MAN, THOSE GUYS WERE ON A ROLL. OH, OOOH... I'M SCARED NOW... A TITANIC SLUG IS ATTACKING THE PARTY... WOE IS ME... WHAT TO DO? MAYBE IF I THROW SOME SALT FROM MY PROVISIONS AT IT, IT'LL SHRIVLE UP INTO A LONGISH SLAB OF BEEF JERKY, OR MAYBE IF I JUST STAB IT ONCE IT WILL UP AND DIE ON THE SPOT BECAUSE IT'S AN UNBELIEVABLY WORTHLESS MONSTER AND WHY THE FUCK IS IT EVEN IN THIS STUPID BOOK!?! AHHH... THE GOOD OL' DAYS. WELL NO LONGER IS THE GIANT SLUG A THING TO BE LAUGHED AT. YEAH, YEAH, I CAN HEAR YOUR CONDESCENDING

SNORT NOW, BUT THERE'S OTHERS ARE MEAN HOMERES-- NOT BECAUSE OF THEIR QUICKSILVER REFLEXES, OR THEIR HIDEOUS STRENGTH, NOR THEIR DUMFING INTELLECT -- SINCE THEY HAVE NONE OF THAT. BUT THEY HAVE SOMETHING FAR MORE IMPORTANT -- MASSIVE MINUTARY VALUE. WHAT COULD THEY DO THAT ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY, NOR BLIND GUESSTWORK HAVE BEEN ABLE TO EXPLAIN HOW THESE BEASTS OF STENCH DO WHAT THEY DO, BUT THEY ARE THE SOLE SOURCE OF FASTER-THAN-LIGHT TRAVEL IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE, BECAUSE OF THE SHOULDERS AND A WARY GLANCE.

"JUMPING" -- THE ACTUAL PROCESS OF THEIR STRANGE AND ABILITY MASSIVE ENERGY PRODUCTION IS AS FOLLOWS: TWO JUMP-SLUGS -- ONE MALE, ONE FEMALE (DON'T ASK HOW THIS IS DISCERNED) ARE KEPT IN HOLDING PENS ON OPPOSITE

SIDES OF AN ENERGY COLLECTION CHAMBER ATTACHED TO A STAR DRIVE. WHEN THE JUMP TO HYPERSPACE IS DESIRED, THE SLUGS ARE RELEASED TO MEET OVER A TABLE OF BREAD AND CRACKERS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, AND WITHIN MINUTES, AN ENERGY LEVEL OF FRIGHTENING PROPORTIONS IS PRODUCED. THIS IS FED INTO THE SHIP'S ENGINES, WHICH ALMOST TURN TO PLASMATIC OATMEAL WITH THE OVERLOAD. AND, SPONTANEOUSLY, THE SHIP LEAPS INTO A QUASI-MATTER STATE, TRAVELING AT UNIMAGINABLE SPEEDS, COVERING THE ENDLESS PARSELS OF VAST + BEAUTIFULLY UNCHARTED SPACE ON THE VERY WINGS OF LIGHT ITSELF, NOT UNLIKE... OR IS THIS BEING A LITTLE TOO ROMANTICIZED? ANYWAY, THE SHIP REALLY FLICKIN' PEELS. HOWEVER, THE SLUGS MUST REMAIN COMPLETELY UNOBSERVED. FOR, IN EVERY INSTANCE DURING WHICH ANY (COVERT, OPEN, SCANNER, INFERRED, CAMERA, DIVINING ROD OR OTHER) OBSERVATION WAS MADE, THE SLUGS SIMPLY SIT WIDE-EYED, JITTERY AND EATING THEIR CHEESE.

BUT PERHAPS THE MOST UNFORTUNATE PART OF THESE CUDDLY SLUGGER'S ECOLOGY IS THAT THE ONLY FOOD FROM WHICH THESE CREATURES DRAW SUSTAINANCE IS DETERIORATING HUMAN FLESH -- NO SOX SUBSTITUTES (WHICH MAKE'S YOU WONDER HOW THEY EXISTED BEFORE WE DISCOVERED 'EM, DON'T IT?). AN AVERAGE SLUG WILL CONSUME 5-10 CORPSES A DAY -- NOT FROZEN; THEY'RE FINICKY THAT WAY. OF COURSE, WITH STIFFS IN HIGH DEMAND, CERTAIN ENTREPRENEURIAL COMPANIES HAVE MADE A PRETTY CHIT OFF WORLD'S WHERE BIOGENETICALLY TAYLORED PLAGUES HAVE REDUCED THE POPULATION TO 3 SHORT OF A BRIDGE MEET (BY ACCIDENT, UNDOUBTEDLY).

SHIPS USUALLY HAVE MANY PAIRS OF SLUGS AT THE READY, AS WELL AS A FULLY PACKED STOREROOM OF CORPSES (TERMED "THE LAUNGE"). BUT UNLESS YOU ARE TREMENDOUSLY WELL OFF, ENOUGH TO PURCHASE YOUR OWN RANCH THAT IS, YOU MUST RENT JUMPSLUGS IN 800 CHIT PAIRS -- AS WELL AS A PROFESSIONAL SLUG HANDLER (USU. 50 CHITS/DAY). THE SLUG HANDLERS ASSOCIATION FOR TECHNICAL AND EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT HAS AUTHORIZED A GREAT NUMBER OF AGENCIES FOR THIS PURPOSE -- TO WHICH THE SLUGS MUST BE RETURNED AFTER USE, BECAUSE THE FEMALE IS USUALLY "IN THE FAMILY WAY" -- AND IN CASE YOUR THINKING OF RUSTLING THESE SLUGGERS TO START YOUR OWN RANCH, THE RENTAL COMPANIES (BUDGET RENT-A-MOLLUSK INCLUDED) ARE MORE THAN HAPPY TO PUT A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD THE SIZE OF INDIA'S GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT TO RETRIEVE THEIR PROPERTY.

* CERTAIN CLEVER PIRATES HAVE INSTALLED A LOUDSPEAKERS IN THE CHAMBER TO PUMP IN LED ZEPPLIN'S "CASHMERE". THIS USUALLY REDUCES THE TIME TO MEET SECONDS.

**JUMPSLUG GREYMATTA: 1 MOUTH: 2 THROAT
MEAT: 9 NUTS: 3 FEETS: 2 ATTACK VALUE: 0
TOTAL ARMOR: 12 A/D PER ATTACK: 14/0 ****

** UNLESS CHARACTERS HAVE THE SKILL "JUMPSLUG HANDLING", THE SLUGS HAVE A CONSTANT ODDC ATTACK -- SOMETHING AKIN TO WHAT YOU'D IMAGINE CASTOR OIL AND ROTTEN SHRIMP PATE TO SMELL LIKE -- WHEN THE OPPONENT'S WOUNDS REACH 0, THEY PASS OUT IN A RETCHING FIT.

SEDUD NEERG ELTIL ESOT (Cheesius Alienum)

SEEMINGLY BIRTHED OUT OF A BAD FIFTIES HORROR MOVIE, THE METAFOROUS S.N.E.E. ARE THE WOULD BE MASTERMINDS OF GALACTIC DOMINATION. SCARCELY A MONTH PASSES WITHOUT AN ATTACK SHIP APPEARING IN C.O.W. SPACE BENT ON EXPLODING A SUN OR ANIHILATING A SMALL MOON. FORTUNATELY, THESE CREATURES FEEL THE IRRESISTABLE NEED TO HOVER ABOUT THEIR TARGET AND ANNOUNCE THEIR PLANS IN EVERY KNOWN LANGUAGE AND METHOD OF COMMUNICATION SO THAT AS MANY SENTIENT BEINGS AS POSSIBLE KNOW: "SKUS ESLE GNIHTYREVE, FRUTS TNAKREM TRID FROM YUB". TRANSLATED "THIS TARGET IS TO BE DESTROYED IN THE NAME OF OUR EMPIRE. BRING US CHOCOLATE CAKE."

GENERALLY, THE ESOT VESSEL BROADCASTS THIS MESSAGE LONG ENOUGH FOR A C.O.W. BATTLECRUISER TO ARRIVE, WHICH THEY HAPPILY ENGAGE, SCREAMING "DEATH TO THE HUMANS! LONG LIVE THE NEERG!" AND THEN, LOSING FOR COMBAT IN THEIR SEEMLESS SILVER-DART ROCKETSHIPS (GUIDEWIRES DISAPPEARING INTO INFINITY, ENGINE SMOKE DRIFTING UP, SPARKS FALLING DOWN), THEY PERISH IN A SOUNDLESS, AND OFTEN FLUX-LESS (HIGH PITIFUL) EXPLOSION, COMPLETELY IGNORANT OF THE FACT THAT THE C.O.W.'S WEAPONS HAVE A HABIT OF FORGETTING OF IGNITING THEIR LIGHTING DESTRUCTIONATOR CANNONS. ALSO, THEY HAVE AN ALMOST LAUGHABLE

ON THE FEW OCCASIONS THAT ONE OF THEIR ROCKETS HAS MANAGED A SQUAD OF THEIR "REDDOF NONNAC" OR "WARRIORS OF ULTIMATE DEATH" TO THE SURFACE OF A WORLD THOUGH, THE CAENAGE HAS BEEN SOBER-ING. NOT, HOWEVER, BECAUSE OF THEIR COMBATIVE SKILLS -- WHILE THEIR ELECTRIC RAY-GUNS CAN VERY NEARLY VARIATE A POWER-ARMED OPPONENT, AND THEIR SHORT-RANGE MIND DOMINATION POWERS STOP EVEN THE MOST DETERMINED (BRAINLESS) COMBAT LIONE, IT IS THEIR APPEARANCE WHICH DOES THEM THE MOST GOOD. NO, THEY ARE NOT FEARSOM OVERLORDS OF AN AGEN WORLD. RATHER, THEY ARE 2 1/2 FEET TALL, FOOTBALL-HEADED, VIEN-LACED, GREEN-SKINNED MUTANTS WEARING LIGHTNING EMBLAZONED, GLITTER-PURPLE NIGHTSHIRTS. SEEING THESE REJECTS FROM "FORBIDDEN PLANET"

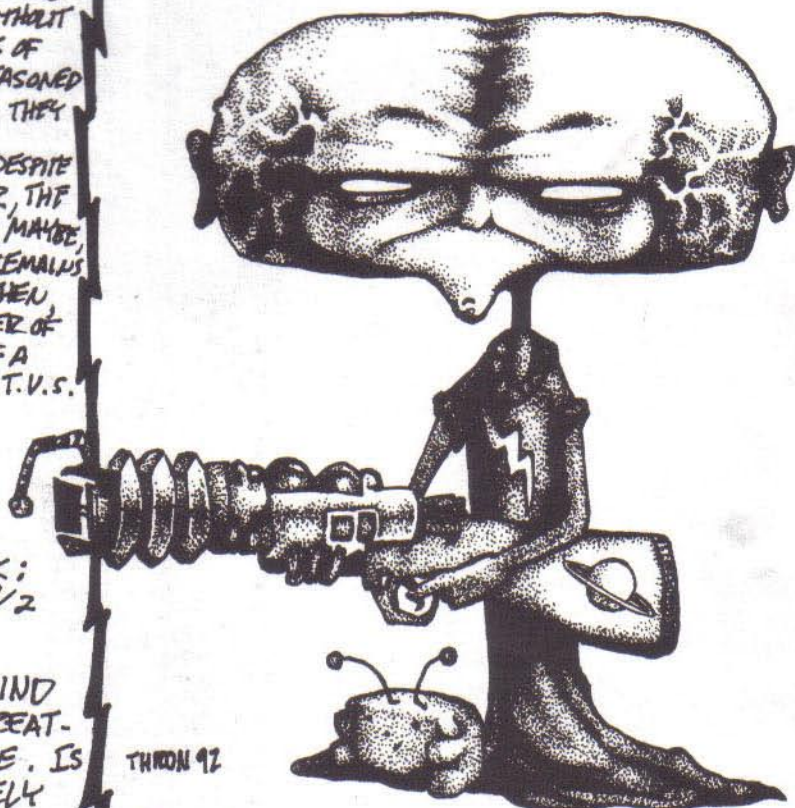
WADDLE OVER THE HORIZON LIKE SO MANY EGOTISTICAL PENGUINS, RIFLES SEETHING IN A MOST UNMANLEY FASHION, IS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO SEND THOSE WITHOUT THE NUTS TO RESIST INTO GALES OF LAUGHTER. AND WHILE OUR SEASONED WARRIORS GASP FOR BREATH, THEY GET TOASTED.

SOME SPECULATE THAT, DESPITE THEIR HORRIBLE RECORD SO FAR, THE S.N.E.E. WILL SOON, POSSIBLY, MAYBE, HATCH A WORTHY PLAN. THIS REMAINS TO BE SEEN. BUT, UNTIL THEN, BE WARY OF THE FITTER-PATTER OF LITTLE FEET AND THE SOUND OF A FIELD OF SHORT CIRCUITING T.V.S.

S.N.E.E.

GREYMATTA: 10
MOUTH: 1 TOTAL
MEAT: 2 ARMOR: 5
NUTS: 8 A/D PER ATTACK:
FEETS: 3 -E.R.G.: 1 1/2
ATTACK VALUE: 10

SPECIAL POWER THINGY: MIND DOMINATION: THE GREAT-EST POWER OF THE S.N.E.E. IS THEIR ABILITY TO COMPLETELY DOMINATE A VICTIMS PSYCHE WITHIN 10 FEET. TARGET MUST MAKE A BOGUSLY DIFFICULT GREYMATTA CHECK OR THESE ARE NOT THE DROIDS HE'S LOOKING FOR AND HE CAN GO ABOUT HIS BUSINESS.



THRON 92

IS A SHAMELESS SPACE
GRAPHIC DESIGN FANS! THIS FILLER, YES?

NECRO DOODLE (Perodontus Ginsu Locos)

"... but dress me in my sisters sundress and take me to a tractor pull if it ain't the god-fearin' truth. I was out huntin' with some buddies of mine, under the tenements of Pust, looking for Wästits. We heard some movement up ahead, then this huge black shape lept for us like a breaching whale. I don't know what we saw but it was all teeth, and blades and inky blackness. Well, we lit out of there Mach 2 with our hair on fire and if not for the fact that whatever it was got my buddy, "Log" I don't think I would be here to tell this tale. I gave up huntin' that day, and you can tie my dick in a knot and take me to a kegger, if I ever set foot underground again for as long as I live and wheeze."

- an excerpt from the personal testimony of Earl Foamgargler, Prisoner #2136-A2-3572G

In the underworlds of Höl there lurks now yet another bloodthirsty, ravenous, brainsucking, toe licking (!) combat beastie. "Oh yeah, like it needed more, "you think " c'mon, we already have to worry about Wästits - and worse yet Uncle Mickey - cut us some slack - PLEEEAASSE?"

But we here at Dirt Merchant understand exactly what kind of depraved individuals are going to be HölmeisterS, so out of our immense sense of fairness wrote this - TRUST US THESE PERILS COULD BE FAR, FAR, WORSE.

IN the opinion of many experts these "G's" mounds of muscle and hard, sharp things that go "cut" could be the remnants of failed U.M. experiments #1-664, however no one has yet gotten close enough to one (with out having his frontal lobe removed through his nose) to make that determination.

NECRODOODLE

GREYMATTA: 6 ATTACK VALUE: 15
MOUTH: -2 TOTAL ARMOR: 15
MEAT: 8
FEET: 10 Necrodoodles always get
NUTS: 10 2 attacks (or actions)
 regardless of initiative
 rolls.

ANGUISH / DAMAGE: CLAWS 15/4

due to poor dental hygiene habits. → TEETH 8/1



CRICKETS (Roboticus Necra Photographis)

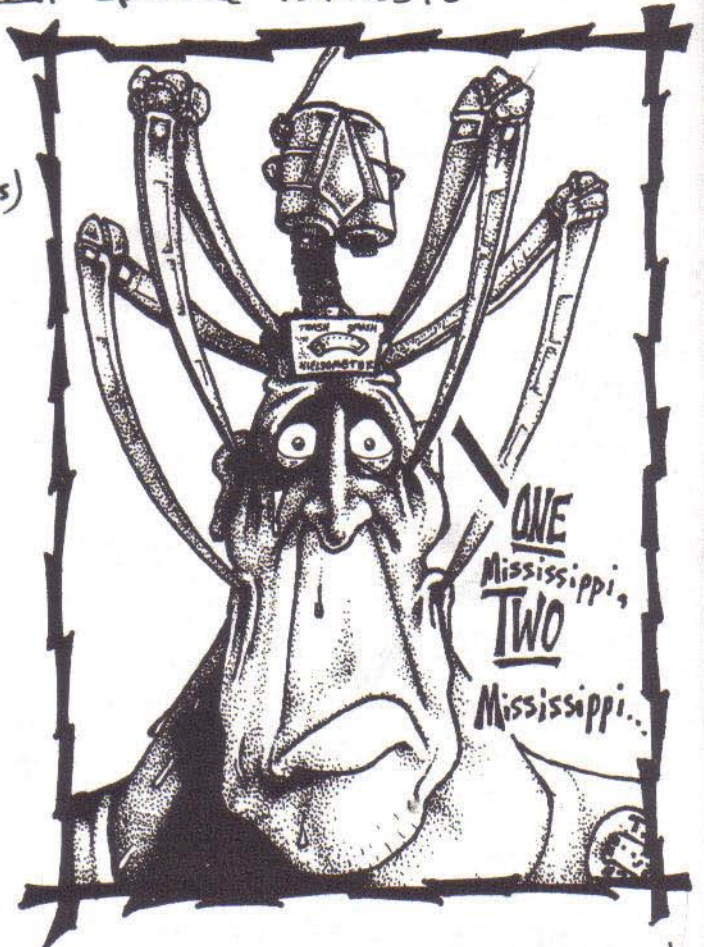
"Awww, well, ain't that just the cutest thing. Just let me pet it ONCE and we can get on with the shoot. Niiice buggy. Niiice shiiiiney bug... **AARRUGH!!! JIM!!! MY FACE!!!**"

"Heh, heh -- Just Kidding. I know better than to pet one of these mechanical harbingers of doom. Now so do you. As you home viewers know, besides being being being being be... (Dan, Dan! give me that.) the galaxy's worst prison and dump, H&L is also its top rated T.V. program - other than 'Soul Train' that is - Crickets serve as portable camera and broadcast units for the local station. Also, as an added distraction (as if the pressure of being on galactic T.V. ain't enough) they also serve as a means to keep the action non-stop. To liven up those ratings slumps a cricket will leap on unsuspecting targets, dig in their plated alloy claws, count to three (five is right) then explode. Besides being extremely nosy and dangerous Crickets are also nigh indestructable. So as much as we'd like to see them scraped off the surface of the planet with a rusty razor - they're here to stay.
- Merlin Olsen ~~III~~, Wild Kingdom episode 134276548

CRICKETS

GREYMATTA: 10	Total Attack Value: 10
MOUTH: -2	(digging through flesh w/claws)
MEAT: 10	Total Armor: 20
NUTS: 10	Claws + Explosive
FEETS: 5	Ang. 15 / dam. 4

lack of entertainment value isn't the only thing that will provoke a crickets ire. Censorable actions in ones pressence will draw its furor just as surely - saying certain words, making certain gestures baring undesirable body parts - crickets are after all just as tempermental as the Hm controlling them. a cricket in the area will always be immediately apparent and tend to annoy and follow you. especially after you do something like smug your toe on a rusty spike forcing one to restrain their tongue, or when one needs to relieve oneself - ~~that~~ ones self forcing the development of a supreme sense of bladder and intestinal control.



* but isn't he the football + flowers guy, oh yeah - Marlon Perkins, but he's dead

BOTS < Robot's Noshitum Sherlocki >

MOST BOTS USE HOVERS WITH A 30-FOOT CEILING — BUT THAT'S ABOUT AS FAR AS YOU CAN SAY ON THE SUBJECT OF COMMON MECHANICAL FEATURES. THAT, AND THEY ARE VERY SELDOM AS USEFUL AS THEIR CREATORS INTENDED. BUT, FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF THE HOLMEISTER (AND BECAUSE WE'RE LAZY AS SLOTHS ON QUAAALIDES) HERE ARE THE STATS FOR A GENERAL BOT, AND DEVIATIONS FROM THIS WILL BE LISTED UNDER INDIVIDUAL DESCRIPTIONS. MAKE UP YOUR OWN. GO HEAD.

STANDARD BOT

HULL RATING: 7 BIGNESS: COMPLETELY SMALL SPEEDOSITY: 150

TURNABLENESS: Not Applicable since it's self-guided. See feats. So there.

MEAT: 5 FEETS: 7 MOUTH: 1 GREYMATTA: 6 NUTS: 5

ATTACK VALUE: 11

SCAVANGER < CROW > BOTS

NOTEABLE STATS HULL: 6 GREYMATTA: 0
BIGNESS: JUST RIGHT

THESE HOVERING SLUG-SLEDS ARE INDIVIDUALLY PROGRAMED TO HAUL THROUGH THE WASTES AND GATHER WHATEVER MATERIALS THE OWNER DESIRES. SINCE THEY HAVE THE NEURAL CAPACITY OF YOUR AVERAGE BOWL OF BEAN DIP, THEY ARE USUALLY NOT TOO PICKY; CRAWLING UP A LARGE SCOFFFULS OF EXPLOSIVES / GROBLINGS / UNSUSPECTING P.C.S OR A COMBINATION OF SUCH IS NOT UNCOMMON IN THE CROW BOT'S SEARCH FOR, SAY, BALL BEARINGS. EQUIPMENT: LARGE FLATBED (USED BY LOCALS FOR CHEAP TRANSPORT), HIDEOUS ARRAY OF SHARP, GRIPPING INSTRUMENTS (A/D 14/2).

DEATH BOTS

NOTEABLE STATS HULL: 16 BIGNESS: MODERATELY NOT BIG ATTACK VALUE: 17

0000. CAN YOU SAY "OMINOUS", CHILDREN? LOADED WITH SO MANY SCALPES, SERATED EDGED KNIVES, SYRINGES FILLED WITH ICKY STUFF, ORGAN-REMOVAL PINCERS, FIREARMS AND THE LIKE THAT IT LOOKS LIKE A TERMINATOR CROSSED WITH A SEA ANEMONE, THE DEATHBOTS OF H&L HAVE ONLY ONE MISSION. YEAH, THAT ONE. LOOK, I KNOW IT'S A LITTLE CONTRIVED, BUT HEY, THERE FUN AT PARTIES. EQUIPSTUFF: 1 & 40 (?) MISCELLANEOUS DEADLY ITEMS, DESIGNED TO CAUSE THE P.C.'S MORE BITING AGONY THAT THEY COULD CONCEIVE OF -- LUCKILY THE HM CAN DO THAT FOR THEM. (A/D 14/4)

INVENTORY BOTS

NOTEABLES: HULL: 20
BIGNESS: MOD. NOT BIG

BRAINCHILD OF D.M.V. - IV < THE BUREAUCRACY PLANET > INVENTORY BOTS SCOUR THE WORLD COUNTING EVERYTHING. NOT SO BAD UNTILL THE HIT YOU IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE WITH THEIR SPINAL DESTABILIZER (A/D: 16 / PARALYZED FOR THE DURATION) — FREEZING YOUR BODY IN A REMARKABLY HITTABLE STANCE AS IT INVENTORIES YOUR ACCOUTREMENTS.

MINT BODIES (SORRY, PERSONAL FANTASY) BOTS

REFLECTS FROM OFF WORLD HOTELS THESE NEAT LITTLE FUNKY THINGS WILL INSIST (UNDER PAIN OF DEATH) THAT YOU RECIEVE AND ENJOY A COMPLEMENTARY DINNER MINT AND MOISTENED TOWELETTE — EVEN IF IT MEANS CALLING IN COMBOTS TO HOLD YOU DOWN WHILE IT HOVERS OFF TO REPLENISH IT'S SUPPLY SO YOU MAY ENJOY FRESH BREATH AND MINTY-CHOCOLATE FLAVOR. EQUIPSTUFF: 7 TO 8 THOUSAND STALE MINTS AND WET-NAPPS



BUT SIR,
IT IS ONLY
WAFFER THIN...

UNBRIDLED MIX STORIES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM



OKAY, TO BE HONEST, MAYBE WE SHOULD'VE CALLED THIS "THE ADVENTURE SECTION" OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT-- BUT REALLY, WOULD YOU BE READING IT RIGHT NOW IF WE HAD? WE KNOW YOU. GAMERS ARE SICK. IN FACT, YOU WERE PROBABLY IN THE GAMING SHOP FLIPPING THROUGH THE BOOK GOING "EH... ISSOKAY I GUESS BUT... WAIT... HOLY SHIT! LENNY!! CHECK IT OUT! THEY GOT ANIMALS IN THIS!!! CAN I BORROW A TWENTY?" ... AND WE HOOKED YOU. DON'T FORGET IT. WE'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER -- AND THE BLACK & WHITES OF YOU AND THE IGUANA. HE WAS A STURDY LITTLE BUGGER, HUH? TOOK ALMOST FIFTEEN MINUTES!

OF COURSE THESE ARE NOT FULL, LINEAR, AFTER POINT "B" THEY MUST GO TO "C" EVEN IF THEY'D REALLY RATHER NOT, 10x10 STONE CORRIDOR, CHECK FOR TRAPS, 100 ELECTRUM PIECES EMBEDDED IN THE GELATINOUS POLYGON ADVENTURES. THEY'RE JUST SUGGESTED PLOTS. EXPOUND, EXPAND, EXPATiate, EXTEND, EXPECTORATE, EXPIATE, EXTRAMARITAL ... OR DO I RUN ON? LESS THE NUN -- THE PUCK'S IN YOUR COURT.

THE ELEPHANT MAN

A SHORT, STURDY STRANGER, DRESSED IN A PEANUT COSTUME (C'MON, PLAY ALONG. STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED) WHO TALKS LIKE RICARDO MONTALBAN INFORMS YOU THAT HE KNOWS THE LOCATION OF THE EVERELUSTIVE CITY OF MYRIAD SWEATY DISTRACTIONS. WELL WHO COULD PASS UP AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THAT - SO OFF YOU TRUDGE THROUGH SOME OF HOL'S MORE GLAMOROUS LOCALES. THE DIAPERSWAMP (DON'T PASS UP ZIRCONIA DIVING WITH THE NORTONS), THE FOREST OF PAINFUL MUTILATION, PERHAPS EVEN A STOP AT LOT 249 FOR LUNCH AT CHURCH + MUNCH. HEY HE'S BUYIN'. EVENTUALLY HE BRINGS YOU TO A LARGE FLOATING TUBE. THE OBJECT OF YOUR QUEST! NAH, ITS A S.N.E.E. SHIP AND THEY WILL ATTEMPT TO DOMINATE YOU INTO COMMING HOME WITH THEM, PUTTING ON COLLARS, AND BEING CHAINED TO SMALL HOUSES OUTSIDE THEIR HOMES TO BAY AT THE MOON. TROUBLEMAKERS ON THE JOURNEY CAN ALSO BE DOMINATED AS THE HM SEES FIT. NO LEATHER PLEASE.

I AM NOT AN ANIMAL!!



YES YOU ARE...
OH,
YES...

ARACHNOPHILIA

SAY... THAT
WOULDN'T
BE CURDS
AND WHEY,
WOULD IT?



OH SURE, SPIDERS, YUCKO! BUT IT'S FROGS THAT REALLY DO IT FOR ME. I JUST HAVE THIS IRRATIONAL FEAR OF BEING BITTEN BY FROGS (STOP LAUGHING, HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE FUCKERS JUMP) ONCE AGAIN THE ERRENT GRANNIES OF ORLANDO-IV TAKE A WRONG TURN AND FIND THEMSELVES DEEP IN SHIT. AFTER LEAVING THE LEFT TURN SIGNAL ON FOR 26 LIGHT YEARS THEY WANDER INTO HOL TO ASK FOR DIRECTIONS FROM OUR HEROES. AFTER TREATING THEM TO LUNCH AT BUCKET O' WEEGENIES FOR BEING SO HELPFUL - THEY DISCOVER THAT THEY ACCIDENTALLY LEFT THEIR LIGHTS ON AND MELTED DOWN THEIR DRIVE CORE. AS IS TYPICAL. NO ONE HAS JUMPER CABLES EXCEPT THE YOUNG STATION EXECUTIVE WHO IMMEDIATELY DEVELOPS AN IDEA FOR A SHOW STARRING THE SENIORS - A SORT OF "GOLDEN GALS GO TO HELL" WHERE WEEK AFTER WEEK THE KINDLY OLD WOMEN GET COMPLETELY WORKED OVER BY BIG, MEAN, NASTY PEOPLE - NOW YOU JUST COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN TO THE NAGGING HAGS, COULD YOU.

JAWZ V: THIS TIME IT'S INTIMATE

WE SAY JAWZ, YOU THINK SHARK, BUT YOU COULDN'T BE FARTHER FROM THE TRUTH. WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE BIG, Slobbering CHARNEL MAUDIBULA OF A JUMPSLUG. WHILE ROAMING THE SLUG HEAPS AND BYWAYS OF HOL, YOU RUN ACROSS A ROGUE FEMALE(?) (WHO CAN TELL) SLUG, WHO DEVELOPS, FOR SOME SICK REASON, A CRUSH ON A POOR SLOB OF A PLAYER. THE LOVESICK INVERTABRATE PROCEEDS TO FOLLOW HIM EVERYWHERE - ITS SO PATHETIC, YOU HAVE TO FEED IT. AND WALK IT. AND CHANGE THE LITTERBOX - ICK! THE KINDRED ARMY WANTS IT TO POWER A NEW SHIP, BUT THE SLUGHANDLERS WILL DEFINATELY HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT ALL THIS, IN THE MEANTIME THOUGH ITS ALL YOURS, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD... TIL DEATH DO YOU PART (I'D KILL MYSELF) OF COURSE THIS COULD HAVE SOME BENEFITS. THINK OF THE POSSIBILITIES - A JUMPSLUG IN THEIR POSSESSION COULD BE YOUR BEST CHANCE TO GET OFF THIS ROCK BUT WHO'S GONNA MATE WITH IT - HMMN.



APPENDIX 1

How To Do Everything THING What to Do

Killing Things

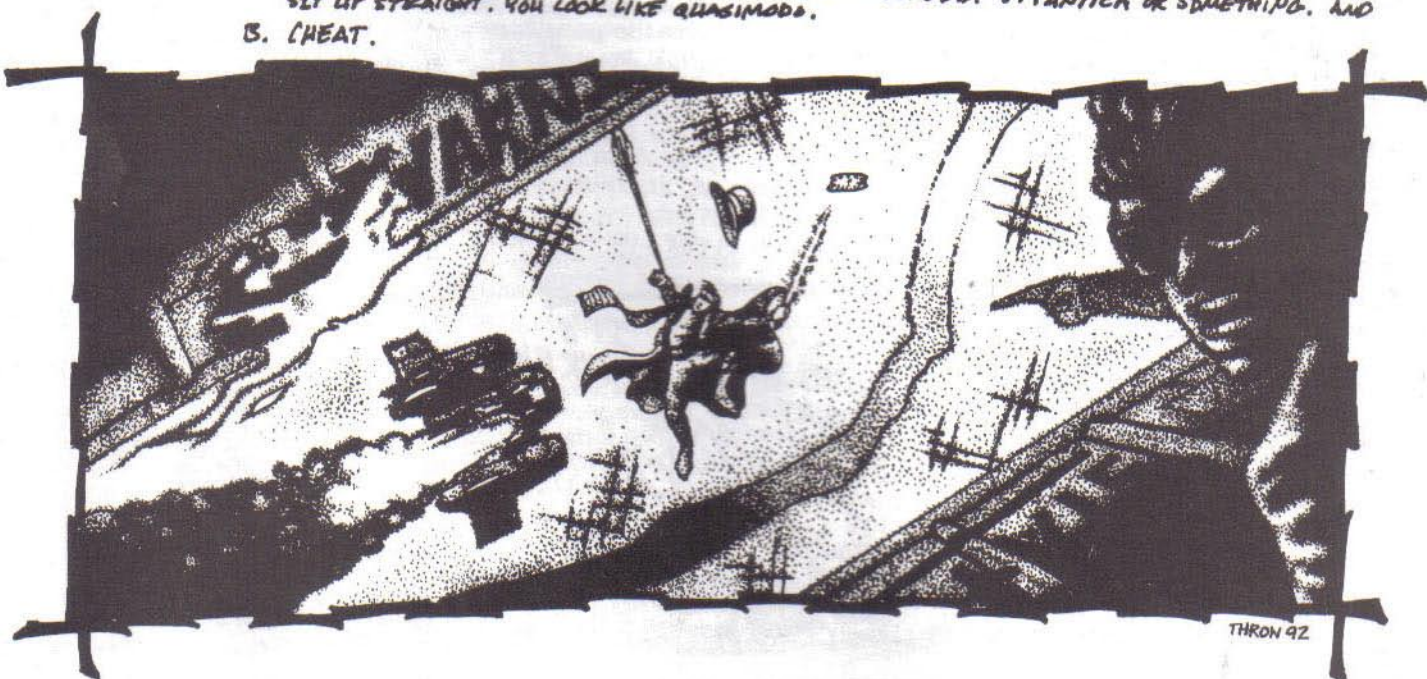
1. INITIATIVE Roll $d6 + FEETS$. $12 + = 2$ ACTIONS. Go in descending order.
2. STATE INTENT Speak.
3. DEFENDER CHOOSES TO DODGE/PARRY
 - A. DODGE Roll $2d6 + FEETS$. Result is subtracted from attacker's hit roll.*
 - B. PARRY Roll $2d6$ on the Gen. Chart + FEETS & APPROPRIATE SKILL. SUBTRACT THE ATTACKER'S SKILL LEVEL & FEETS. IF SUCCESSFUL, THE ATTACK IS DUNKED.
4. ROLL TO ATTACK Roll $2d6 + Skill$ Level on Attack Chart. Subtract Defender's FEETS. Follow instructions on the Result.
5. Apply Damage Subtract Defender's TOTAL ARMOR From the Weapon's Awghish Factor. Find the result along the the top of the DAMAGE MULTIPLIER CHART. Attacking player rolls $1d6$ for intensity (along the left side of the chart). Cross index the results and multiply the Weapon's Damage Rating by what you find. Add that to the Defender's WOUNDS. HEY, IT'S EASIER THAN RULING MONSTER. Stop kvetching.



MAKING GEN. SUCCEES TESTS... Roll $2d6 + STAT + SKILL$ (IF APPLICABLE) FIND RESULT ON THE GENERAL CHART.

EVERYTHING ELSE... Choose between the following.

- A. STOP BEING LETHARGY INCARNATE AND LOOK THE FUCKING THING UP. WHAT AM I, A LIBRARIAN? IT'S NOT LIKE THIS IS THE ENCYCLOPEDIA TITANTICA OR SOMETHING. AND SET UP STRAIGHT. YOU LOOK LIKE QUASIMODO.
- B. CHEAT.



THRON 92

* DODGING PLAYER AGREES TO SKIP HIS NEXT TURN/ACTION OR BRIBE THE NOLMEISTER WITH SHINY TRINKETS.

APPENDIX 2

Items suitable for Home Defense

WHAT FOLLOWS IS BY NO MEANS AN EXHAUSTIVE LISTING OF ALL THE OFFENSIVE WEAPONS AVAILABLE AT YOU AVERAGE NEWS STAND ON HOL OR THE ENTIRE REST OF THE GALAXY. HECK, TO DO THAT YOU'D HAVE TO HAVE A VOLUME THE SIZE OF A SHANGHAI PHONEBOOK. THIS SMALL INTRODUCTION MERELY SERVES AS A PRIMER FOR THE YOUNG AND BUDDING HOL PLAYER. OH DON'T BE SUCH A BABY - HAVE YOU NO IMAGINATION - LOOK AROUND, THERE'S PLENTY OF ITEMS IN THE AVERAGE INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX THAT COULD BE MIGHTY HANDY TO HAVE COME PAYDAY. YES A SANDBLASTER WOULD BE FUN. OOH A BANDSAW'S COOL, WHAT? A BENCHGRINDER? WELL OK, I DEFINITELY SEE POSSIBILITIES THERE. SEE HOW EASY IT IS! SO C'MON GIVE IT A TRY - HOW PAINFUL COULD IT BE? ON WITH THE SHOW!

- THE BABY GRINDER - A/D 15/2 - AAAH, HERES A FUN ONE. FIRES TITANIUM CALTROPES AT HYPERVELOCITY, SWISS CHEESE ANYONE?
- "BIG POPPER" TISSUE GROWTH ACCELERATOR - A/D 17/2 - EXPERIMENTAL MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY AT ITS BEST. THIS TRIGGERS EXTREME CELLULAR GROWTH RATES ON THE VICTIM, FORCING HIM/HER TO BE CRUSHED BY THE WEIGHT OF THEIR OWN HEAD.
- BIG SHARP CHAINLY THING - A/D MEAT+3/2 - AS SEEN IN THE "WASTEM IN THE FACE" PKTURE. YOU FIGURE IT OUT, EINSTEIN.
- RX-109 CRATERMAKER ASSULT CANNON + SOUP THERMOS - A/D 16/4 - HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS AND A WARM LUNCH. CAN'T BE BEAT.
- COMPACT CAR - A/D 12/4 - YA NEED A MINIMUM MEAT OF 8 JUST TO LIFT IT. NEVERMIND THON, LEAVE IT TO THE PROFESSIONALS.
- DUNKIN' DOGNUTS MAXI-SACK - A/D # OF DOZENS/2 - BREAKFAST PASTRY AND BULL-STOPPING POWER IN ONE. HOW CONVENIENT.
- EK-SACTO KNIFE - A/D 15/1 - MORE USEFUL PLOBBING CRUD FROM UNDER YOUR FINGERNAILS. NOT TO BE USED AS A SCREWDRIVER.
- GORE-EX ROTARY TENDERIZER AND BLADECASTER - A/D 15/3 - FLYING SKILLSAW BLADES. THINK OF IT, A FLESH FEST IN EVERY BOX.
- HEALTH-B-GONE, HALF LIVES IN ACAN - A/D 20/3 - MUTAGENIC NUCLEAR WASTE MACE SPRAY. WITH A 1500' RANGE. GUARANTEED SLOW DEATH WITH EVERY PURCHASE. WARNING: MAY CAUSE COMPLETE BALDNESS IN PERFECTLY HEALTHY LAB RATS.
- HOCKLER + KETCH "MEGA DRAMA" PLASMATIC REVOLVER - A/D 10/4 - THE CON-SUMATE WEAPON FOR THE HIGH ADVENTURER IN THE BUNCH.
- INERTIA ROD (OF CORRECTION) - A/D 14/4 - THE FULL MOTION HAFNIUM CORE TURNS EVEN A LITTLE LEAGUER INTO THE BABE.
- JACKSON/PYROR INFERNO PISTOL - A/D 20/2 - BURNS LIKE HECK, BUT MORE OFTEN RESULTS IN SINGED HAIR THAN DEATH.
- KINDRED ARMY ANTI-OPPRESSION BLASTER - A/D 6/2 - A GUN FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE. ITS YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO DOWN.
- LAWN BEAST - A/D 20/3 - A DEFENSIVE SPRINKLER SYSTEM. SPURTS WHITE PHOSPHORUS. PLUS KEEPS THE WEEDS DOWN.
- MISTER SMELTER - A/D 18/4 - FEED IN THE SCRAP METAL OF YOUR CHOICE, AND IN 3 MINS. PRESTO! HOT SLAB! NOT FOR INDOOR USE.
- PAINMASTER - A/D 20/1 - SIMPLY A BARREL OF FUN. IT REALLY IS THAT OBVIOUS. KEEP AWAY FROM CHILDREN. NOT A TOY.
- PAGANBUSTER PARFAIT - MONDO A/D 10/2 - YES, THATS MONDO. WE WEREN'T FUCKING AROUND HERE. ITS THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE.
- L-13 PIPEHUCKER - A/D 13/3 - THE PLUMBERS HELPER. SUCK ON THIS ONE JERKFACE. ☹
- PLASMA FRENZY - A/D 17/3 - GOODNESS, GRACIOUS, GREAT BALLS OF PLASMA. ALSO AVAILABLE IN ROGETS POCKET VARIETY.
- "PHYLLIS" - A/D 12/4 - A SAWED OFF, BORED OUT ELEPHANT GUN ACTULLY, BUT GOD, WHAT KICK!
- PUNCHBU66Y BLUE - A/D 12/4 - WORTH A GOOD HARD PUNCH TO THE ARM, UNLESS ITS A NIGHTSIGHT, THEN WORTH TWO.
- "MR. SANDMAN" - A/D MEAT+5/2 - NOT REALLY ITS PROPER NAME. "MR. SANDMAN" IS MERELY A EUPHAMISM FOR ANY LARGE HOARY PIECE OF STEEL GIRDER. WELDED BY A MAN CALLED ED. 6' N'IGHT GRACIE.
- SLUGPROD - A/D 5/5 - A 10 FOOT LONG ELECTRIFIED PROD. LIKE YOU COULDN'T HAVE FIGURED THAT ONE OUT YOURSELF. FUCK YOU TOO.
- SODOMY SHOTGUNS - A/D 20/4 - MUCH SOUGHT AFTER BY THE S+M CROWD. NEED ASPECIAL LICENCE TO CARRY. OK BUDDY I GOT YOUR LICENCE RIGHT HERE (GRSTURING TO IMPRESSIVE TATOO ON INNER THIGH)
- ULTRA THREAT GRENADES - A/D 13/2 - ALL THE TACTICAL DEMOLITION POWER OF A CONVENTIONAL GRENADE, IN AN EASY TO CARRY MARBLE SIZE (BUY A BUCKET OF 100) HANDLE WITH CARE, DANGEROUS WHEN DROPPED. SLINGS HOT SOLD SEPERATELY.
- VIBRO BLAINE-GUISARME - A/D 15/3 - 4 OUT OF 5 HEADSMEN RECOMMEND THEM TO PEOPLE WITH HEADS.
- S+M 12Z VEIN RIPPERS - A/D 13/2 - TICKLE HER FANCY, WITH THESE FINGER CHAINSAWS. LOOK! STEAMING CONFETTI.
- WEED WHACKER - A/D 3/1 - AS SEEN ON T.V. USE THE BLADE ATTACHMENT TO CUT THROUGH ARMORED LEGS.
- WOODCHIPPER - A/D 20/6 - SURE DEATH. BUT WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, CLIMB INTO IT? SO ITS NOT REALLY A THREAT YOU SHOULD SPEND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS WORRYING ABOUT.
- WILKINSON LIGHT CUTLASS - A/D 18/4 - CUTS THRU BUTTER LIKE A HOT KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER. TURKEY CARVING ACTION!



*ODPPS NOTE #357: EVERY GUN IN THE UNIVERSE HAS 15 SHOTS, EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED. THIS IS TO MAKE IT EASY ON YOU AND YET NOT REVEAL THE FACT WE'RE LAZY AMNESIACS. THANKX

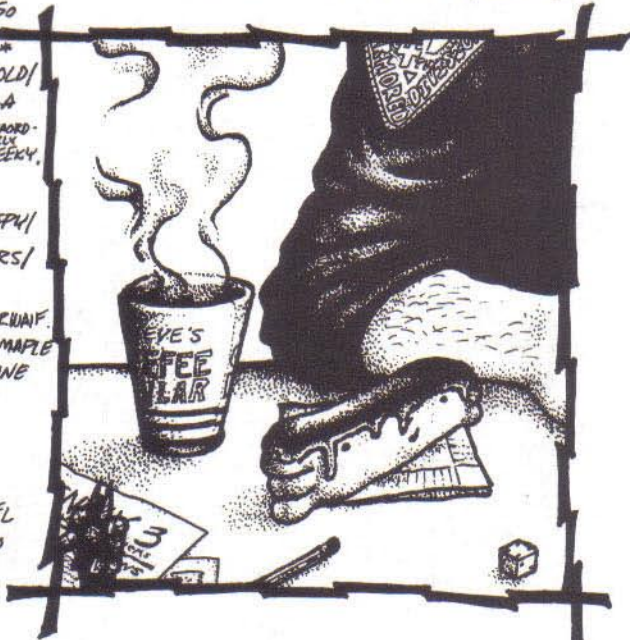
APPENDIX 3

Defense suitable for Home Items

ARMOR LEVEL NAME / DESCRIPTION / PASTRY / LIMITATIONS

- 10** • PORTA-BASTION HOVER FORTRESS / 14 FOOT FLOATING STEEL CUBE, ONE HATCH - NO WINDOWS / LEMON TART / NEEDS A GOOD PUSH TO MOVE.
• CADILAC STRAPPED TO YOUR CHEST / CADILAC STRAPPED TO YOUR CHEST / FLUFF CRUNCH / UNWIELDY, TO SAY THE LEAST.
• HYDROLIC ENHANCED PLASTEEL REINFORCED ROTOGRAHIC SELF-REPAIRING GYROSCOPICALLY BALANCED ABLATIVE PRESSURE / VACUUM RESISTANT FILTER LOCKED FULL BODY UNIT WITH BUILT-IN MULTI BAND SCANNER ARRAY AND CAPPUCCINO MACHINE / SAME / CHERRY PUFF / SYSTEM SO COMPLETELY FILLS THE SUIT THAT THE COMPANY FORGOT TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE OPERATOR.
- 9** • "WAR & PEACE" ARMOR / HYPERDENSE (WICKED THICK) INK & WOOD PULP (SHELACED) [EVER BEEN IN A TURKISH PRISON BUILT KANNOU / FLAMMABLE.
• "HAVE YOU SEEN THIS BOY?" MT.2 - 100M LIQUID METAL SELF REPAIR UNIT / YOU SAW THE FLICK / ALMOND CROISSANT (ARNIE'S FAVORITE) / CAN'T BREATHE WITHOUT STRAWS UP YOUR NOSE; OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR BORRIN'S OLDER, SMARTER BROTHER.
• WHIRLWIND CONFLICT SHIELD / BELT MECHANISM CHUCKING LOCAL LOOSE METAL INTO A MAGNETIC HURRICANE (15 FOOT BAND) / ANGEL WINGS / YOUR FRIENDS WEAR METAL.
- 8** • "PAGAN AWAY" MISSIONARY ARMOR / TEFLON COATED CERAMIC CONCUSSION ARMOR -- SHARP EDGES AND NO WIND RESISTANCE, WHAT A COMBO / RASPBERRY CREAM POPOVER / WHY MAY CALL FOR FEET'S CHECKS MORE OPEN. HEY, THIS STUFFS SMOOTH.
• "PALADIN" SHIRER-GLISTEN BULGE-A-FORM PLASTEEL PLATE / CLASSIC, RINGED-HELMETED SCULPTED CHEST SUIT / COFFEE CAKE / CAN'T MOVE UNLESS YOU ARE POISED OR RISING DRAMATICALLY IN THE CORRECT LIGHTING; NO ONE DOESN'T HAVE THE URGE TO ATTACK YOU.
- 7** • SOLIDARITY HEAVY INFANTRY ARMOR / SUPER HARD DURA-ALLOY SECTIONAL (YET STYLISH) PLATE / PECAN TART / COW HEAD ON PIKE INSIGNIA MAKES INCOGNITO TRAVEL DIFFICULT; "MARTYR ME" STENCILLED ON BACK.
• "TOUGH GUY" BATTLE SUIT AND PORCUPINE COSTUME / BIG SPIKEY THING / POPEMS / WHAT? NO HUG?
• "SKIN OF STONE" ARMOR / LARGE, HOLLOWED-OUT BLOCK OF GRANITE WITH HOLE FOR THE FEET ALA FLINTSTONES / CRUMPET / THINK ABOUT IT
- 6** • A.I. "BODY OF IRON" / Y'KNOW WHAT A WOOD STOVE IS? SAME THING / HONEYBUN / SERIOUS TETANUS SHOT CHARGES.
• "FIRE ATTRACTOR" WALL SHIELD / POWERED FORCE WALL THAT ABSORBS AND STORES ENERGY TO BE FIRED BACK AT THE ENEMY (A:14/D:3) / CHEESEFLAKE / INERTIAL RESISTOR PLATE / ABSORBS ALL INERTIAL ENERGY FROM SOLID OBJECTS / BACALAVA / CAN'T THROW A THING. **IS** MAY RANDOMLY DETONATE.
• "WEEKEND WARRIOR" LIESURE BATTLE SUIT / STURDY, YET COMFY PLASTEEL WEAVE SWEATPANTS / SHIRT / CHORITOS / ONLY AVAILABLE IN "JOGGER SAFETY" NEON COLORS.
- 5** • A-96 WALL OF LEMMINGS / FLESHENDER CREATION -- LIVE LEMMINGS GENETICALLY PROGRAMMED TO FANATICALLY PROTECT THEIR OWNER / CHOCOLATE LEAF / AFTER TWO HITS FROM AN ENERGY OR FLAME WEAPON, ARMOR FALLS TO THE GROUND IN TRASHED LIMPS; MAY BITE OR CAUSE OWNER TO RANDOMLY LEAP INTO BODIES OF WATER.
• ANT COSTUME (JUST LIKE I SAID / POPE TARTS / ASIDE FROM BEING SO STUPID THAT THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE USED FOR THE NEXT ACADEMY AWARD OPENING ACT -- OH SORRY YOU GOTTA HAVE RHINESTONES -- AND ROB LOWE...)
- 4** • KEVLAR / METAL SUPERMESH, MELTS AROUND PROJECTILES / APPLE FOLD / WHY BOTH? ARMOR PIERCING ROUNDS WILL PUNCTURE THIS LIKE A TENT STAKE THROUGH A JOHN DENVER RECORD
• POLY-CARBONITE SCALE / PARROT ON THE PENCIL THROUGH IT / ORANGE PINCH / SQUEAKY.
- 3** • TWEED BUSINESS SUIT / GUESS / ECLAIR / CAN'T MACHINE WASH
• SCUMHLICKER "BODY ARMOR" / STANDARD SECTIONAL PLATE / MOON CRISPY / JUST ISN'T IN FASHION.
• POLYSTEEL ARMOR MESH / CHAINMAIL WITH KEEVE / PONY CLUSTERS / MAY PINCH IN THE NETHER REGIONS.
- 2** • SPATTERGUARD CERAMICAL VESTMENTS / THICK LAMINATE ROBES / BUTTERWAF.
• REFLECTIVE BODYSUIT / MULTISURFACE KNIT MIRRORS / DUSTED MAPLE TURNOVER / ONLY USE FULL AGAINST LASER WEAPONS; EVERYONE AROUND YOU IS AUTOMATICALLY HIT AS WELL; YOU LOOK LIKE A HUMAN DISCO BALL.
- 1** • ROBES / ROBES / CRUNCHY FROG / EMBARRASSING IN HIGH WIND.
• DOUBLE-KNIT POLYESTER PANT SUIT / YOUR MOTHER / APPLE SCHTRUEDEL (WELL HELL, DAN SINCE YOU THREW IN 5 EXTRA LETTICES, WHY NOT GO FOR THE LIMAULT (· ·) ? / WAY GO OUTTA STYLE; ENEMIES MUST MAKE NUTS CHECK TO AVOID SNICKERING.

*...THEY ARE USELESS AGAINST SENTIENT PLANTS.



APPENDIX 4

I LOVE A PARADE

ITS THE FIRE ENGINES. I WANNA BE A COWBOY AND RIDE A HORSE CALLED MEL. YEAH, THIS IS THE VEHICLE SECTION. I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU THAT "GET YOUR CREATIVE JUICES FLOWING" SPEECH AGAIN. JUST DO IT. BUT CONSIDER THE REST OF THIS THE MENTAL EQUIVALENT OF JUMPER CABLES. SPARK IT UP, MEL.

VEHICLE / HULL RATING / BIGNESS / SPEEDOSITY / TURNABLENESS / DESCRIPTION

AIRCAB: 13/JUST RIGHT/125/-4/ A RETROFITTED NEW YORK CITY. 1963 CHECKER CAB, WITH A BACKSEAT YOU COULD PLAY THE SUPERBOWL IN. UPON PURCHASE, NEW OWNER MUST MAKE NUTS CHECK OR LOOSE LUNCH, DUE TO SMELL.

AX-67 BEASTIAL THING: 15/SOMEHOW QUITE HITTABLE/64/0/ A REAL MAN'S VEHICLE, THE BEASTIAL THINGS NOT ONLY TOUGH AND UNWEILDY BUT STILL MANAGES TO LOOK GREAT. OPTIONAL WEAPONS AVAIL.

BILLED™ BACKHOE: 20/PFB/11/-2 (BUT UNSTOPPABLE)/ALSO KNOWN AS THE "KILLDOZER" NOT SO MUCH A SIMPLE EXCAVATOR AS A TERRAFORMING UNIT. ALSO COMES IN CANDY APPLE RED.

BOOKMOBILE: 18/PFB/80/+2/ PORTABLE REPOSITORY OF THE WISDOM OF THE AGES. CARRIES APPROX. 13,000 VOLUMES.

BROAD SIDE OF BARN ON WHEELS: 16/PFB/20/-4/ SO CALLED BECAUSE YOU CAN'T HELP BUT HIT THESE MASSIVE LUMBERING CARGO TRANSPORTS. REALLY BIG BARN.

CHUCKLE WAGON: 10/MOD. NOT BIG/95/+2/ A GROCERY STORE HORSE + COACH RIDE WITH INTEGRAL HOVER AND JET PACK. NOTE: YOU MUST BE INSANE TO RIDE THIS MOTHER. QUARTER GOOD FOR ABOUT 3 MINUTES.

C+M MUNG MUNCHER: 18/PFB/40/-4/ A TOUGHER, MORE POWERFUL VERSION OF THE B.S.F.B.Q.W. A ROLLING COLLECTION AND PROCESSING FACTORY FOR BLESSED FOOD STUFFS.

CONFEDERATE "BATTLE DEITY" CRUISER: ALL MONDO 20/PFB/30*/0/ STANDARD INCREDIBLY POTENT REBELLION CRUSHING, PLANET DISINTEGRATING STARCUISER.

HEAVY WAR HORSE: 10/MOD. NOT BIG/20/+4/ WHAT GAME WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT IT. A MUST FOR THE PURIST.

HOVERSURFER: 15 (NOT FOR OPERATOR)/MOD. NOT BIG/1180/+9/ NOT ONLY IS IT INCREDIBLY PHALUC BUT BOY DOES IT HANDLE. EYE PROTECTION AND A CLOSED MOUTH RECOMMENDED. NOT FOR THE FAINT OF HEART. REENTRY HURTS AT MAX. SPEED.

FLASH RODGERS JETPACK: 6/COMPLETELY SMALL/10 (in a straight line)/+2/ CHEESY FUN FOR THE OVERLY DRAMATIC. MUFFLERS OPTIONAL. KEEP HEAD AWAY FROM EXHAUST.

PEOPLES MEDIUM SIZED STAR FIGHTER: ALL MONDO 5/SOMEHOW QUITE HITTABLE/1/2C*/-1/ REBELLION SPACE BATTLE ACTION: FROM THE MAKERS OF PAMPRIN™

SODOMY HOG: 15/MOD. NOT BIG/160/+1/ ALL THOUGH NOT THE MOST PRACTICAL THING TO DRIVE ON HOL, THE SODOMY BIKERS HAVE A GREAT SENSE OF TRADITION, SO THEY'VE KEPT THEM. PLUS THEY SOUND BITCHIN'!

TEENY TANK: 12/JUST RIGHT/60/0 PERSONAL ASSULT VEHICLE ACCOMMODATES DRIVER AND WEAPONS. THATS ALL FOLKS.

YVED: 2/JUST TOO DAMN SMALL/60/-4/ AFFORDABLE, ECONOMICAL, SENSIBLE DEATHTRAP.



APPENDIX 347: EQUIPSTUFF

JEEZ! HOW MANY FUCKING TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU, MAKE IT UP. DO YOU REALLY NEED ME TO DESCRIBE 300 DIFFERENT KINDS OF WRISTWATCHES, NEVER MIND THE SEARS CHRISTMAS WISHBOOK TO YOU. YOU LIVE ON A PLANET WIDE, HIGH TECH DUMP. ALMOST ANYTHING IN CREATION CAN BE FOUND IF YOU HAVE THE TIME, MONEY, OR INCLINATION TO LOOK. JUST ASK THE HM, IF ITS OK. IF YOU STILL WANT A FRIGGIN' LIST HIRE MARY POPPINS TO MAKE YOU ONE AS SHE HOLDS YOUR HAND.

*C" is the CONSTANT EQUAL TO THE SPEED OF LIGHT (APPROX 186,000 MP/SECOND) ™ OF SOME DRUG COMPANY

APPENDIX 5

NON-PLAYER TARGETS

A VERY SMALL
SIDE NOTE: THE
NUMBERS GIVEN
NEXT TO THE NON-
PLAYER'S SKILLS
ARE CONVENIENTLY
CALCULATED TOTALS
TOTALY CALCULATED
FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.
THANKS HEAPS.
EW.

ANNIHILATION INCORPORATED WORKER

GM: 5
MT: 10
MD: 7
FT: 3
NT: 6

TOTAL ARMOR: 16

SKILLS

OPERATING VEHICLES BIGGER THAN REALLY SMALL: 6
PUMNELING SOMETHING WITH THE ASSISTANCE
OF A LARGE OBJECT: 12
MAKE SOMETHING STOP LIVING WITH YOUR FIST: 14
FLEX DRAMATICALLY: 15
SHOOT KINDA FUCKIN' HUGE GUNS: 8



EQUIP: BILCO BACKHOE (THE BIGGEST, MEANEST LOOKING PEECE
OF CONSTRUCTION YELLOW MACHINERY GOD (OR BILL) EVER SAW FIT TO PLACE ON THE HOL)
THX-131-CRATERMAKER (ANG 16, DAM 4)

ANNIHILATION INCORPORATED "BODY OF IRON" ARMOR (ARMOR RATING 6)

A FUCKING HUGE PEECE OF METAL WITH A CUTE NAME (LIKE "MR. SANDMAN") THEY USE AS A CLUB.

QUOTE: "ARE YOU SURE YOUR HOUSE USED TO BE RIGHT HERE?"

^{IN} CANNIBALISTIC ACCOUNTANT

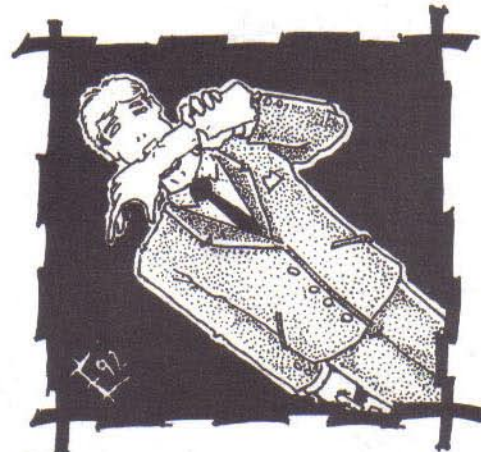
GM: 6
MT: 2
MD: 6
FT: 2
NT: 3

TOTAL ARMOR: 5

SKILLS

IMPERIAL ETTIQUETTE: 10
EXPLAIN ANYTHING: 10
EAT ANYTHING (ANYONE): 8
TOLERATE HIDEOUS AMMOUNTS OF
BLOODY MUTILATION AND STILL
EAT FAST FOOD: 9
SHOOT KINDA REGULAR GLINGSHOTS: 6

EQUIP.



BRIEFCASE FULL OF REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY IMPORTANT PAPERS

BUSINESS SUIT (ARMOR RATING 3, ... HEY, ITS TWEED!)

LOTS OF PENS

"ULTRA THREAT" NITRO-GLYCERIN BASED COMBAT GRENADES AND SUNG SHOTS (CARRIED IN
THIER POCKET PROTECTORS) (ANG 13, DAM 2)

QUOTE: "SO I DEDUCTED HIS LIVER, THE FAVA BEANS, AND A NICE KIANTE AS A BUSINESS
LUNCH"

DICKENS BOY SKILLS:

G.M.: 9
M.T.: 7
M.O.: 3
F.T.: 5
N.T.: 9

TOTAL ARMOR: 16

EQUIP:

"WAR AND PEACE" ARMOR (NOBODY GETS THROUGH WAR AND PEACE (A.R. 9))

LEAFLETS ANNOUNCING TIME AND PLACE FOR ILLEGAL BOOK SALES

(IN A CODE NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY CRACK IN LIKE EVEN A BILLION YEARS)

100's OF BACK ISSUES OF THE GALACTIC ENQUIRER WITH GLASSES AND MOUSTACHES DRAWN ON ALL THE PICTURES; COLLECTED WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE & STEELE.

QUOTE: "AN INDISPENSABLE EDITOR'S TOOL... ROBOT'S POCKET PLASMA FRENZY" (ANG 17, DAM 3)

ENQUIRER

SKILLS:

G.M.: 7
M.T.: 2
M.O.: 9
F.T.: 2
N.T.: 8

TOTAL ARMOR: 3

DRAMATIC ENTRY: 14

CAUSE HELLISH AGONY: 8

SEEK THE INNOCENT: 11

SCHEME TILL YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT: 13

EXPLAIN (MAKE UP) ANYTHING: 10

SCATHING (OON BIG WORD) SARCASM: 15

EQUIP.

ROBES (ARMOR RATING 1)

PAPER, PENCIL, RECORDERS (AUDIO/VISUAL, NOT THE FLUTE)

NEEDLES, KNIVES, POISONS, DRUGS, BARBED WIRE, MACHETE, BANDSAW, ELECTRIFIED CATTLE PROD, TURKEY BASTER, YO-YO, CAR-JACK, CORK SCREW, LIQUID PAPER, GROUND GLASS, LEMON JUICE, A LASER COPY OF "THE BRADY BUNCH MEETS THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY".

QUOTE: "YOU! THE THIEF! THE JUMPSLUG! AND HER LOVER! CONFESS! CONFESS!"

FLESH TENDERS

SKILLS:

G.M.: 10
M.T.: 4-6 (FLESH TENDERS CAN VASTLY CHANGE THEIR SHAPE)
M.O.: 5
F.T.: 4
N.T.: 9

TOTAL ARMOR: 4-6

↑ AND THUSLY THEY CAN ONLY RECOGNISE EACH OTHER BY THE HATS THEY WEAR (NEAT HUH?)

EQUIP.

HAT
CAN OPENER

IMPERIAL ETIQUETTE: 8

CAUSE HELLISH AGONY: 10

SCIENCE AND EVERYTHING ELSE YOU FAILED IN HIGH SCHOOL: 15

TURN RADIOS INTO HOWITZERS

(OR... TURN FUZZY ANIMALS INTO FLESH SUCKING MONGREL BEASTS): 16

SEE HOW YOU CAN MAKE UP YOUR OWN NEW SKILLS?... NO YOU PROBABLY DONT. BUY THE SUPPLEMENTS.

QUOTE: Drooling, Drooling, Picks off all the scabs of his sore-covered body and lowers himself into a nice relaxing lemon juice bath. - excerpt from "A fleshtender's getaway"





QUOTE: "BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!"

C.O.W. LIGHT INFANTRY COMMANDO

G.M.: 5
M.T.: 5
M.O.: 7
F.T.: 4
N.T.: 6
TOTAL ARMOR: 11

SKILLS

DRAMATIC ENTRY: 10
BARBARIC YALP: 9
SHOOTIN' KINDA SMALL GUNS: 8
SHOOTIN' KINDA PRETTY BIG GUNS: 7
RUN WI SCIZZERS: 8

EQUIP:

C.O.W. WHITE/BROWN LIGHT FIELD ARMOR (A.R. 6)
"FIRE ATTRACTER" WALL SHIELD
HIGH CARBONITE TITANIUM STEEL SURVIVAL KNIFE (ANG: 7
PLASMA FRENZY (ANG 19, DAM 3) DAM: 2)

..... GUYS, IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS "



QUOTE: "BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!"

CHURCH MISSIONARY

G.M.: 6
M.T.: 4
M.O.: 7
F.T.: 4
N.T.: 5
TOTAL ARMOR: 12

SKILLS:

DRAMATIC ENTRY: 6
BARBARIC SERMON: 9
SHOOTIN' KINDA SMALL GUNS: 6
MAKE SHARP THINGS GO THROUGH
SOFT THINGS THAT SCREAM
AND BLEED: 9

EQUIP:

"PAGAN-AWAY" MISSIONARY ARMOR (A.R. 8)
S+MIZZ "VEIN-RIPPERS" (ANG 13, DAM 2)
"THE WORD" (LONG RANGE (1500") HEALTH-B-GONE" SPRAY GUN) (ANG 20, DAM 3)
"FIRE ATTRACTER" WALL SHIELD
POCKET NEW TESTAMENT/PSALMS
MAKE ANYTHING YOU SAY SOUND
MORE IMPORTANT (OR JUST AS
IMPORTANT) AS THE VOICE OF
GOD: 10

..... BROTHERS, IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS "



QUOTE: "ITS GONNA COST YA "

DUMP TECHNICIANS

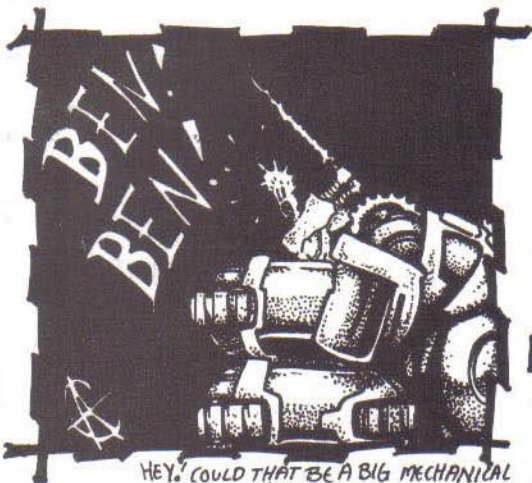
G.M.: 6
M.T.: 5
M.O.: 7
F.T.: 4
N.T.: 7
TOTAL ARMOR: 9

SKILLS:

SPOT WASTIT: 8
SHOOTIN' KINDA SMALL GUNS: 8
LOCATIONARY ENGINEERING OF DISGUISED
ARTIFACTS (FINDING JUNK + SHIT): 10
EXPLAIN ANYTHING: 9

EQUIP:

UNION CARD, ANOTHER UNION CARD UNDER GREY MATTA
SCUMHUCKER BODY ARMOR/FILTRATION UNIT (A.R. 3), HARD HAT (A.R. 1)
PERSONAL HIGHLIGHTED COPY OF "CODEX RELAXIVUS"
"BIG BOPPER" TISSUE GROWTH ACCELERATOR (ANG 17, DAM 2)
ANTI-GRAVATONIC SHOVEL (GOOD FOR CAPTULTING STUFF (PEOPLE) TOO)



HEY, COULD THAT BE A BIG MECHANICAL HAND? (yes... it could)

THE HINDRED ARMY LAST-DITCH SURRENDER KIT.

QUOTE: "RIGHT THIS WAY FOLKS, HERE YOU SEE THE SUPER SECRET CENTER OF OUR OPERATION, AND JUST OVER HERE, .. THE PEOPLE'S LEMONADE STAND"

KINDRED ARMY REBEL

GM: 4

MT: 5

MD: 7

FT: 3

NT: 2

TOTAL ARMOR: 12

NEW BILCO
NUMBER
CREATOR

SKILLS:

ORGANISE FUNDRAISER: 12

SHOOTIN' KINDA SMALL GUNS: 5

RUN REAL FAR: 13

RUN REAL FAST: 15

PILOT STAR CRAFT AND CHEW GUM AT THE SAME TIME: 6

SURRENDER AND STILL LOOK LIKE A MAN: 9

EQUIP:

PEOPLES' MEDIUM SIZED STAR FIGHTER
THE HINDRED ARMY ANTI-OPPRESSION BLASTER (ANG 6, DAM 2) w/ SPARE AMMO BANDOLIER OF FREEDOM.
SOLIDARITY HEAVY INFANTRY ARMOR (AR 7) (WADDLE, WADDLE, WADDLE)



OF DIAPERS

THE BEST FILTRATION SUITS AND DEVICES IN ALL OF THE COW (ARMOR RATING 1) STRAIN

QUOTE: "LEAVE NOW OR WE WILL TAUNT YOU A SECOND TIME!"

NORTON

SKILLS:

GM: 0

MT: 4

MD: 8

FT: 2

NT: 4

TOTAL ARMOR: 5

TOLERATE HIDEOUS AMOUNTS OF BLOODY MUTILATION AND STILL EAT FAST FOOD: 7

MAKE A FUNNY: 13

THE DOZENS: 14

TONGUE WRESTLING: 8

POETRY/CLASSICS: 4

EAT ANYTHING: 10

EQUIP: DISPOSABLE SHANTY HOUSE,

WARDROBE CONSISTING OF A SURPRISINGLY SMALL NUMBER



SLUG HANDLERS

SKILLS

GM: 3

MT: 4

MD: 14

FT: 4

NT: 9

TOTAL ARMOR: 8

ITS ALWAYS THE QUIET ONES...

JUMPS LUG HANDLING: 15

TOLERATE HIDEOUS AMOUNT OF BLOODY MUTILATION AND STILL EAT FAST FOOD:

FUN WITH SLIME: 7

PILOT STAR CRAFT AND CHEW GUM AT THE SAME TIME: 7

EQUIP:

SLUG PROD (ELECTRIFIED) (ANG 10, DAM 1, + MISS NET TURN) (WHAT ARMOR IS OR IS NOT)
SHOOTIN' KINDA SMALL GUNS: 7
SHOCKING THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF SOMETHING WITH AN ELECTRIFIED PROD: 9 (WELL WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO CALL IT?)

CONDUCTIVE (AND THUSLY IS MORE SUSCEPTABLE) IS COMPLETELY UP TO THE H.I.M. HEH, HEH, HEH, .. APPEASE HIM)
GASK MASK, FILTER SUIT (ARMOR RATING 4)

QUOTE: "..... want ... want ... want to see my slug excrement collection? oh, ... ok...."

SODOMY BIKERS

GM.: 5
MT.: 8
MO.: 9
FT.: 6
NT.: 10

TOTAL ARMOR: 14

SKILLS:

MAKE SHARP THINGS GO THROUGH SOFT THINGS THAT SCREAM AND BLEED: 14
PUMMEL THINGS WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A LARGE OBJECT: 14

CAUSE HELLISH AGONY: 12

MAKE SOMETHING STOP LIVING WITH YOUR FIST: 13

SEEK THE INNOCENT: 9

DRIVING SOMETHING BIGGER THAN REALLY SMALL: 10

WITHSTAND HELLISH AGONY: 16

EQUIP:

SODOMY BIKER

"PROBE ME TENDER"
BAG OF FUN

END

THE SODOMY HOG MOTORCYCLE

STUDD LEATHERS (WITH THE SPIKES ON THE INSIDE) ARMOR RATING 4

CONSTANTINO WIRE AND BARBED WIRE WRAPPED AROUND LIMBS (ARMOR RATING 2)

7-FOOT LONG - DOUBLE BARRELED IONISED PHOSPHOROUS BUCKSHOT SHOTGUNS THEY ALSO USE AS LANCES (ANG 20, DAM 4 (RE-LOAD AFTER 2 SHOTS))

SMALL HELPLESS ANIMAL (OR CHILD) NEVER THE SAME ONE TWICE

WHIP

BEST OF QUEEN CASSET TAPE

QUOTE: "..... hvg me"



CHURCH + MUNCH EMPLOYEE

GM.: 4
MT.: 4
MO.: 7
FT.: 5
NT.: 7

TOTAL ARMOR: 6

SKILLS:

DESIPHER LANGUAGES AND MUMBLED

SLANG: 10

FLATTERY: 9 PONDEROUS RHETORIC: 9

MIX FAST FOOD AND RELIGIOUS

METAPHORES: 7

EAT ANYTHING: 10

EQUIP: SPLATTER GUARD @ CEREMONIAL VESTMENTS
(ARMOR RATING 2)

SPONK, BOOK OF CEREMONIAL FRANCHISE REGULATIONS
YOUR CHANGE

QUOTE: "AND FOR A LITTLE BIT EXTRA, YOU CAN BUY ONE OF OUR NEW LINE OF RELIGIOUS ACTION FIGURES.. JESUS CHRIST WITH THE KLING FU-GRIP, OR THE MOHAMUD AND THE MOUNTAIN PLAY SET, 'NOW YOU CAN MAKE THE MOUNTAIN GO TO MOHAMUD OR MOHAMUD GO TO THE MOUNTAIN'"



MOHATMA GANDHI

GM.: 10
MT.: 1 & LESS WHILE FASTING
MO.: 8
FT.: 1
NT.: 10

TOTAL ARMOR: 1

SKILLS:

WHINNING TILL YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT: 12

PONDEROUS RHETORIC: 12

MAKE PEOPLE DO YOUR BIDDING BY FASTING UNRELENTINGLY: 13

MAKE ANYTHING YOU SAY SOUND MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE VOICE OF GOD: 10

MARTYR FETISH: 16

BARBARIC YALP: 9

EQUIP: Robes

QUOTE: "WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH THIS FAST, I'M GONNA HAVE A



STREAK THIS THICK

NAME:

- OLDNESS :
- BENT :
- SEX :
- DOUGHNUT PREFERENCE :
- IF I WERE SUDDENLY
TURNED INTO A MOLLUSK
I WOULD :
- SPECIAL ABILITIES :

GREYMATTA :

MEAT :

MOUTH :

FEETS :

NUTS :

TOTAL ARMOR :

SKILLS:

CORNER
OF THE STUBBLEY
WASTEMAN



EQUIPSTUFF:

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

DANIEL THRON WAS BORN IN PATTERSON, N.J. IN 1971, AND IS ALMOST POSITIVE THAT THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH HIS INEXPLICABLE AFFINITY FOR CORNDOGS. "I DON'T KNOW," SAYS THRON, "I MEAN, I REALIZE THEY'RE LITTLE MORE THAN TROJANS PACKED WITH SCRAPPLE AND DIPPED IN A FRYALATOR, BUT WHEN I THINK OF THAT LIGHT, FLAKY BREADING... THE MEAT SPLITTING WITH A SATISFYING 'SPLITCH' BETWEEN THE MOLARS... OH... FERRIS WHEELS... FERRIS WHEELS..." HE SOMETIMES THINKS THAT HE SHOULD SETTLE DOWN AND PERHAPS BECOME A USE-FULL MEMBER OF SOCIETY, BUT THEN A RE-RUN OF "WHAT'S HAPPENING" WILL COME ON, AND HE PROMPTLY FORGETS THE WHOLE DISCONCERTING TRAIN OF THOUGHT. HE CURRENTLY RESIDES.



CHRIS ELLIOTT COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN THE GOVERNMENT SHUT DOWN HIS TOP SECRET HYPER SPACE ENGINE PROJECT. HE WAS SO CLOSE! THE PROTOTYPE ALREADY BUILT, HE'D BE DAMNED IF A BUNCH OF STUFED SHIRT DIPLOMATS WOULD STOP HIM NOW! THAT NIGHT HE, BEN, EVER-FAITHFUL SUE AND HER YOUNGER BROTHER JOHNNY SNUCK ON TO THE SHUTTLE LAUNCH PAD AND FIRED THE ENGINES THEMSELVES. IT WORKED! THE EXPERIMENTAL CRAFT ROCKETED THE FOUR UNLIKELY ASTRONAUTS TRIUMPHANTLY INTO SPACE AND INTO THE WAITING JAWS OF TOTAL DISASTER! COSMIC RAUS BOMBARDED THE SHIP SENDING IT CRASHING BACK DOWN TO EARTH! THE CREW SURVIVED AND WERE LEFT WITH STRANGE AND FANTASTIC POWERS... OH HELL... FORGET IT..



TODD SHAUGHNESSY JUST DOESN'T JIBE WITH THIS WHOLE "BIOGRAPHY" THING. "OH, LIKE ANYONE REALLY CARES. SURE I COULD WRITE SOMETHING BUT BY THE TIME ANYONE READ IT, I'D BE LIVING UNDER COMPLETELY DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES. SO WHAT'S THE POINT? IF YOU WANT A BIOGRAPHY, WAIT UNTIL I'M DEAD." HE WANTED TO USE THIS SPACE AS A FORUM TO DISCUSS THE DOMESTIC TENDANCIES INHERANT IN LARGE DOG OWNERSHIP, BUT WE'D HEARD HIS THEORY AND QUICKLY NIPPED THAT IDEA IN THE BUD. HE'S CURRENTLY LIVING SOMEWHERE, GIVING SERIOUS THOUGHT TO GERMAN SHEPARDS. HE STILL CLAIMS HE'S NOT BITTER.





WOULD YOU
LIKE A SUGAR
COOKIE? I
MADE THEM
MYSELF...



and you be stupid...
...nating you up! I mean...
...with the sea someone and...
...when you return the vantage...
...just because he's...
...I really b...

"Well at least his sister turned out okay. Musta dropped
his one on the pavement too many times."
-Lou Shaughnessey

Classier than a twelve Ogre circle-jerk
G. Gye

...Human Ex...
...Tart Merchant Games
This sad...
...not only falls short
...but is downright insulting to the gaming
...community. Authors Thron, Shaughnessey, and Elliott
...obviously overestimate their audience's tolerance for...

Hö! MORE
fun than a cow
on laxatives.

Hal

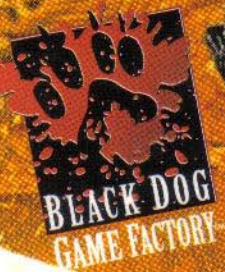
WE KNOW THAT LOOK.
THAT "IF I HAVE TO CHECK FOR
TRAPS ONE MORE TIME, I'M GOING
TO SNEAK A SPOONFULL OF DRAIN
CLEANER INTO THE GM'S YOO-HÜ
AND START SCREAMING 'GUESS
YOU MISSED YOUR SAVE ON THAT
ONE, MR. TEN-BY-TEN STONE
CORRIDOR!!' LOOK."
YOU NEED HELP.
YOU NEED Hal.
SCIENCE FICTION ROLE-
PLAYING FOR GAMERS WHO'D
HAD A REALLY BAD DAY.
GET IT BEFORE YOU HURT
SOMEBODY.



(S) 1...
(S) 2...
(S) 3...
(S) 4...
(S) 5...
(S) 6...
(S) 7...
(S) 8...
(S) 9...
(S) 10...
:STDS

Hal is toothy
M. Gandhi

"I wept. It made me weak. But put on the rubber pants."
-I from But is I



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HOL: THE OTHER
WHITE M...