



**AN INTERACTIVE FICTION GAME GUIDE**

*3-18-2017*

*First Edition*

**Reor's Bush-Cave -CENSORED  
(The Sprout Pouch pt 4) by Richard Headkid**

## *Welcome to the guide for Reor's Bush-Cave!*

Let's see... What can I tell you that could help you, but not ruin anything?

Well, I can tell you right now:

If you keep reading, it WILL spoil at least a few pleasant surprises that are in the game!

In fact, speaking of the pleasant surprises, that reminds me....

**WARNING!!!**

**THIS GAME MANUAL CONTAINS  
SPOILERS!!!**

Now, if you agree to these terms (which you do if you read on), read on!

## **THE STORY**

The story is the game, so I'm not commenting on it at all.

The original short story in-progress is included at the end of this document, though. So, you can read that *if you want to*, but as long as you're playing on the Android app or the Glulxe version, the same content can be read once you've collected an item in the game called MANUSCRIPT BOOK.

## **THE MAIN CHARACTERS**

### **The Kid**

This is the character you will be controlling. (Take good care of YOUR MARBLES!)

### **Reor (*pronounced ROAR*)**

Reor is a *dragon (well, sometimes he's a dragon, others he's a pussycat, but he's always in dragon form in this game)*.

He can be helpful.

...sometimes...

...depending on the circumstances.

### **Jerry**

He is The Kid's uncle. (Don't mess with his root beer or his book!)

### **the snipe**

Have YOU seen it?

### **Ralph**

Ralph is a character borrowed from another author. You should find him quite helpful!

(And I hope I wrote his parts in a manner which his creator approves!)

## **SOME OF THE ITEMS**

### **THE SPROUT POUCH**

Can you figure out what it's for?

### **YOUR MARBLES**

Don't lose 'em!!!

### **REOR'S POUCH**

It resembles The Sprout Pouch, but that's all we know so far...

### **THE CLOCK**

The clock is a handy thing to carry with you, if you can't be bothered looking up at the status line to check the time (or if you're game interpreter does not display a status line).

### **ROOT BEER GOGGLES**

I wonder how you get those! And I wonder if they even do anything!

### **TIME**

You start off with time, but you MAY end up with no time, depending on you.

*There are many other items floating around, and many things to do!*

*It may seem that time is short, but, trust me, you have WAY more than 60 turns, despite what the clock says! (You just need to figure something out first..)*

## **COMMANDS**

**To go in a direction, you can enter any one of the following commands:**

**To go NORTH:**

NORTH

GO NORTH

N

**The other available directions are:**

SOUTH (S)

SOUTHWEST (SW)

SOUTHEAST (SE)

WEST (W)

EAST (E)

NORTHEAST (NE)

NORTHWEST (NW)

UP (UP)

DOWN (D)

IN

OUT

## COMMANDS (CONTINUED)

**You can also interact with some characters:**

RALPH, WHAT ABOUT GAME or ASK RALPH ABOUT GAME or RALPH, JUMP or  
REOR, WHAT ABOUT YOUR AUTHOR or ASK REOR ABOUT AUTHOR or  
ASK JERRY FOR ROOT BEER or JERRY, GIVE ME A ROOT BEER

*(See how to work it?)*

**You can check the score like you normally can in these games: enter SCORE**

What else? Oh...

**To use the pouch...**

Well... you'll figure that out!

You can also try to command other characters to do pretty much everything you can do (although one or two of the characters may be able to pull off a few things of which you are incapable, so you might want to figure out how to get them to brush up on their teamwork skills).

## COMMANDS (continued)

### Attacking euphemisms:

KILL THE noun

MURDER THE noun

ATTACK THE noun

FIGHT THE noun

SLAP THE noun

KICK THE noun

### Other commands you may or may not be able to enter at any given time:

ASK RALPH ABOUT AUTHOR

ASK REOR ABOUT GAME

JUMP

WAVE

DON (to put on OR wear something)

DRINK ROOT BEER

EAT BROWNIE

RUBBER BABY BUGGY BUMPERS

INCINERATE

REACH INTO something

***(AND... THERE IS ALSO A WAY TO MANIPULATE TIME!)***

## **THAT'S ABOUT IT**

That's about all I've got that won't ruin any surprises any more than I already have!

Let's see...

The game will end if the clock strikes ten.

There is no way for you to ever find or use a phone that isn't ringing.

What else?

Oh!

You know how sometimes you have to look at something really closely, sometimes two or three times, before you can really see what you need to see? Yeah...

**GOOD LUCK, AND HAVE FUN!!!**

**THE FOLLOWING PAGES INCLUDE THE CENSORED VERSION OF THE ORIGINAL SHORT STORY IN-PROGRESS (in the format of the game)**



>read entire book  
You read: "-----page 1

## THE SPROUT POUCH

The following is a work of fiction. Any names, people, places, or events are either imaginary or used fictitiously. Any resemblances to any people, businesses, places, or events (from the past, present, or future) are purely coincidental.

WARNING!

THIS STORY HAS BEEN EDITED FOR THIS GAME, BUT IT STILL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR EVERYONE!!!

-----"

You read: "-----page 2

The Sprout Pouch

Part One

1

"Hold The Sprout Pouch, Kid, and don't you let em find it," whispered my dad as he passed over the pouch.

"Okay," I confirmed, as I stashed it into my pocket.

"You can't let these turkeys get their grubby mitts on that pouch, no matter what," Pop added.

I nodded.

"I love ya', you know," said Pop, with one hand on my shoulder, "but I'll be darned if I've ever figured out why."

Then, he laughed and said, "you know: you're the stuff dreams are made of, boy. ...and our lives ain't nothin' but sleep."

I had no idea what he meant by that, but, just as I started to say so, I heard footsteps coming from the southern end of the tunnel.

-----"

You read: "-----page 3

I guess Pop read trouble on my face, because he couldn't have heard those faraway footsteps yet (too much loud rock n' roll in his prime rendered him partly deaf). He flashed me a sly grin, gave me a light punch to one arm, and said, "it's gonna be alright, Blood. You just skin on out the opposite way with the pouch, and I'll give these suckers a good what-for."

"Go down there, jam a peach or three in that pouch, and, if you see ole Kit, tell him what he does next will define us all.

"Make sure you find your center, first, though! We can't disrupt things TOO much...

"Just envision being back in The Barn, Blood. That'll get ya' nice and calm... Then tell him!

"Tell him you got yourself a fine peach 'fore he burn't 'em up. (Ya' gotta be sure you can see The Barn in your mind's eye, ya' hear...) Then, you stick your hand in that pouch, say the words "you're messin' up", and show him one of them fruits. Show him one! And make extra sure you say everything exactly like I said!

"And make sure it's a peach that's already in the pouch that you show him. Everything's all in the delivery, Blood.

"Ya' got it?"

"But..." I started, but he interrupted -

"Just you shut your pie-hole, boy! And get them feet to flappin'!"

I was frozen still, staring blankly at him. (There had to be a way for us both to get away... I just needed to come up with one!)

"Get them feet to flappin', boy! Or I'll shove that pouch so far up where the sun don't shine, they'll never find it!"

I could tell he meant business, so I took one step in, and I gave him a great, big hug. (This was to let him know that I meant business.)

After a few seconds, he slapped me on the back and said, "enough of that emotional malarkey, boy."

He put his hands on my shoulders, so we were standing an arms length apart - looking each other eye to eye, and he said, "and remember: everything you put in that pouch goes directly to The Barn.

"Now, beat ya feet! And lighten up! You ain't seen the last of your old poppa!"

I tried to stall for more time. Tried to think of a way to convince Pop to come with me...

...but the footsteps were nearly upon us now, and I knew that The Sprout Pouch couldn't fall into the wrong hands.

"Go on, now," said Pop. "Leave me be.

"I'm just gonna show these <expletive deleted> a little somethin'. Now GO!"

I got one, good, last look at Pop, and then I complied.

-----"

You read: "-----page 4

2

I made it to the nearest peach tree in no time flat (as Pop would have said - had he been there).

I had no idea how I was gonna live with myself after going back to my when without Pop, but I held on to the belief that he would catch up with me sooner or later (hopefully sooner!), so I decided not to worry about that unless things reached a point where worrying became absolutely necessary. I just had to focus on my current task, which was collecting peaches.

I opened the pouch, dropped in a couple of the fuzzy fruits, and-

I heard a branch snap and leaves shuffling behind me, turned a quick one-eighty, and there stood Kit! His eyes were cold and hard, and I didn't like them being concentrated on me - not one little bit.

He opened his mouth to speak, but I held up a single finger that signaled him to wait and watch.

I opened the pouch and said, "got one before you burned them, Kit. You messed up," as I stuck my hand in the pouch, pulled out a peach, and then realized I had no choice but to wait for Pop to make his way back to The Barn in my timeline - which is the where and when to which he had sort of tricked me into going.

-----"

You read: "-----page 5

3

I didn't have to wait very long before Pop popped in (or before in Pop popped, if you want the preposition 'in' in the proper place).

"What did you say to him?!?" (Pop seemed upset.)

"I said what you told me..."

"He still did it! Said a boy gave him the idea about the peach trees, too!

"What did you say to Carson, you dummy?!?"

"Carson?"

I didn't have to strain much to imagine smoke coming from Pop's ears. I tried to respond in a manner which might not further enrage him.

"Um..." (It seemed a good way to start to me...) "I didn't know it was THAT Kit, Pop!

"I thought we were just bringing back seeds from different times and places Before the Common Era. I didn't know I was trying to save all those Native Americans."

"Who?" asked Pop.

Then I saw it dawn on him before I could explain, and he said, "oh! You mean the Indians.

"Yeah, Blood... I thought we'd give that one a shot while we were there, but you're right. I should'a told ya' the plan.

"But YOU should'a said what I said to say! Dummy!"

"I thought I did. I'm sorry, Pop," I mumbled.

"You ain't gotta tell me!" snapped Pop. "I know you're sorry!

"But listen up:

"We're takin' that pouch to why-oh, why Ohio, and you're saving a little girl from some Wolves.

"And we'll snatch up some vegetation to bring back while we're doin' it. And have you noticed there's something missing here?"

Pop looked around - left, then right - then he put one finger up that said, 'wait... I've got it!'

"Reor!" Pop called out. "Where you at?!?"

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You read: "-----page 6

I was still stuck on that last thing that he'd said I was supposed to do.

"Wolves?" I asked.

"No, Boy-genius, the cat," returned Pop, still looking around The Barn.

"No... in Ohio," I prompted.

"Oh yeah... The Wolves. And they're nasty, too - from what I've read," said Pop distractedly, still looking around. "I guess that cat's runnin' around outside somewhere..."

"I guess we'll just put him out some extra food."

There were two bowls in one corner of The Barn - both labeled 'REOR'. Pop filled them both with their respective contents. Then, he walked over to the door, slid it open, looked back and forth a few times, shrugged, and then closed it back.

"Guess he found somethin' to roll around in..." Pop said to himself. Then, he turned back towards me and said, "come on, boy! Pop them peaches over there into that icebox and bring The Sprout Pouch!

"We're goin' to visit one of the rootinest, tootinest, little ladies there ever was!"

I did what he said, and then he put one hand on my shoulder.

I stuck my hand into the pouch, I heard Pop exclaim, "this is gonna be GREAT!" (which was what he said about EVERYTHING!), and then, we were in a field with what had to be at least a thousand people.

...and it definitely wasn't Ohio. (I may not have been concentrating on Ohio - in fact, I was trying to concentrate on anywhere EXCEPT Ohio, and the pouch takes you wherever the person who puts their hand into it is thinking about...)

-----"

You read: "-----page 7

4

"What is this, Blood?" asked Pop. "This ain't right!

"Where's all those folks in that field goin'?"

"What were you thinking about, son?"

"Memorial Day weekend. Sunday. Nineteen-thirty-seven," I answered.

"Whuuut?!?" from Pop. "Chicago?!? The Massacre?!? No kidding?!?!"

"Don't blow smoke, Blood..."

"I would never!" I announced this with a hand to my heart. "I was trying to keep us from altering any recorded events," I added, but he wasn't paying any attention to me. He was too busy surveying the crowd.

"Well, huh! You're somethin' else, there, Kid!"

"Um, Pop..."

Pop was ecstatic. "Nineteen-thirty-seven!"

"I've got half a mind to go find your grandpa and smack him right slap across his bald head while we're in this when!"

"We can't do anything to alter recorded events. Remember, Pop?"

"We gotta go." I shook the pouch at him. "Grab on."

"Nuts to that," said Pop.

...and then he was gone.

...across the field.

Falling in behind everyone who was about to be shot and beaten, on camera, by the police.

"Oh, boy," I said to no one at all. Then I ran to catch up with him.

-----"

You read: "-----page 8

5

I caught up with him just in time to hear Pop deliver one of his favorite pickup lines to a brunette who was toting an infant.

"Hey, purty mama! You ever had your..."

"Dad!!!"

"What?!?!"

I shook my head disapprovingly and said, "we gotta get out of here!"

He shot me a dirty look and asked, "why? Because of the RULES?"

"Because of the rules and to avoid being shot and / or beaten," I replied.

"Forget those pigs," said Pop.

Then, he yelled it at the policemen. "Forget you, you pigs!"

Then, Pop picked up a rock and threw it towards the police.

I quickly grabbed Pop's by the arm, stuck one hand in the pouch, and...

-----"

You read: "-----page 9

6

"What is this, Blood?" asked Pop.

"What is this?!?" I exploded. "What was that back there?!? You just started a MASSACRE!!!"

"Oh, come on, Blood... Somebody was gonna do it! Heck... they did it before! ... or already, or whatever! I didn't alter an event! Everything's cool, I'm tellin' ya! You're just bein' a big wuss!

"Now, pretty please, Blood... tell me where we are, because it looks to me like a giant volcano what's 'bout to blow its top!"

"It's Krakatoa!" I was still yelling - still couldn't believe what he did! ...but he was right...

Even though he was wrong about the one thing, he was right about the other. I shouldn't have pouched us here.

"First thing that popped into my head," I said. "Sorry.

"We better get the heck out of here before this place blows its top."

"What the heck is Crack-a-toe?" Pop asked.

"Big volcano island," I replied. "About to completely explode.

"Can we go now?"

Pop scratched his head for a bit then asked, "can't we wait 'til the fun starts first?"

"You never let me have any fun..."

...but I wasn't paying him any attention.

I had to picture somewhere safe, and I had to picture it fast!

Somewhere safe...

Off of the island before it self-destructed...

Island... island...

That was it!

I closed my eyes and concentrated with everything I had on a memory of a picture of an island from one of my dad's old books. Pop yelled out, "wait!" as soon as he saw me going for the pouch, and...

----- "

You read: "-----page 10

7

Pop looked around. "Still here, stupid."

"No..." I replied. "Still an island. Just a different one."

"Well, what island is it?"

I shrugged. "Don't know the name. I saw it in one of your books."

"What book?" asked Pop.

I didn't know, so I just shrugged again.

"There's no way your momma wasn't having an affair with the milkman," grumbled Pop.

I raised my head to face him. I had all intentions of giving him my best 'that hurt!' look, but the three old hags I suddenly saw over his shoulder distracted me.

"Who are those three old women over there?"

Pop turned to see the silhouettes of three women about thirty yards away, and said, "come on! Let's go!"

...and, like so many other times, Pop was off before I even had a chance to try and stop him. I took a few steps in pursuit of Pop, but then I heard rustling behind me.

I used a nearby bush for cover, and, from behind it, I saw a man with a feathered wing on each of his sandals, and I got the feeling that I knew this man from somewhere...

I watched as the man walked past me. I watched as he walked directly towards the three old women - towards Pop.

"Pop really sucks sometimes," I whispered to myself. Then, aloud (and very loudly), I said, "HEY, BUDDY!"

"How's it goin'?"

"Where did you get those awesome shoes?!?"

The man with the winged sandals spun round to see who had beckoned him, but just then, the following exclamation erupted from Pop:

"ITS AN EYE-BALL!!!"

-----"

You read: "-----page 11

The man with the awesome sandals wasn't distracted by Pop at all. He was still looking towards me!

I moved back and to the right, to put more bush between myself and certain doom, but I could plainly hear each of his footsteps getting closer and closer...

"YOU BLIND, OLD HAGS!!!" (Another verbal explosion from Pop, followed by hair-raising shrieks from the three old ladies.)

I peeped through a small bare spot in the bush and saw that the man was only a few feet away from me now, and I froze in place and started mumbling to myself:

"No.

"Myth.

"Fiction.

"False."

Suddenly, a hand reached through the bush, wrapped around my neck, and lifted me right up over the bush! The hand turned me towards its owner, and I was staring the sandaled giant directly in the face! His eyes were blazing! He shook his head at me, then he said...

Well... he said something in Greek that I couldn't understand, but it was undoubtedly unpleasant! Then, he balled his free hand into a fist and pulled it WAAAY back behind his ear...

I closed my eyes tightly, as if not seeing the punch coming would help anything, and I braced myself for the blow. I heard the sound: fist smacking into head, but all I felt was the hand around my throat loosen and fall away.

Then, I heard Pop say, "check out those freakin' sandals, Blood!"

Then, "man! I think I accidentally killed this guy, Kid!"

Then, just before I grabbed Pop and pouched us somewhere and sometime else, Pop threw the eye-ball at the trio of elderly shrews, quickly removed the winged sandals from the feet of the unconscious man, and announced, "whoop! This is great! Where're we goin' next?"

I gave Pop what I hoped was the most disapproving look of all time as I concentrated on a different setting."

You read: "-----page 12

PAGES 12 & 13 HAVE BEEN REMOVED DUE TO HIGHLY OFFENSIVE CONTENT

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You read: "-----page 13

PAGES 12 & 13 HAVE BEEN REMOVED DUE TO HIGHLY OFFENSIVE CONTENT

----- "

You read: "-----page 14

10

We were in the year 4004 BC, on October 26th, at 7:00 a.m.

There was a slight problem, though:

There was no earth.

Only water.

Well...

There was water, two ducks, and an old guy.



"What the heck?" asked Pop.

"Oops," I explained, then I reached into the pouch, and we were in the year 4004 BC, on October 23rd, at 7:00 am.

"This is GREAT!" Pop exclaimed, looking around at all the nothingness. "Its the Void!"

"Exactly," I replied. "The world shall be created in exactly two hours.

"So we're gonna hang around until we see The Creator!"

-----"

You read: "-----page 15

A Single Thought

THE SPROUT POUCH: PART TWO

-----

1

Pop and I looked around at the nothingness of The Void.

"What are we doing, Blood?" asked Pop.

"Have you ever heard," I inquired, "that the whole universe was created by a single thought?"

"Maybe," replied Pop.

"I rubbed my chin in the most contemplative manner I could muster, then I asked, "what was the first thing you thought about when we pouched into here, Pop?"

"Well..." Pop paused here for a bit, then he said, "I guess I thought about how the world would exist here soon."

I slapped myself in the forehead and declared, "crap!"

"What the heck is..." Pop started to ask, but I had already draped one arm across his shoulders and pouched us out of there.

-----

2

"Where are we now?" asked Pop.

"Via Madonna del Croce," I replied. "Castiglione a Casauria, provincia di Pescara."

"No lie, Blood?!" (Pop was ecstatic.) "We're in Italy? What year, Blood? What year are we here?"

"Nineteen-oh-five."

"This is great! We get to see my grandfather before he left for The States!

"...before my pop was even conceived!

"This is GREAT!"

"Calm down," I said. "I don't know if it's a good idea to go see any of our ancestors. I just brought us here to get us the heck out of The Void. What all did you think about while we were there, Pop? Do you remember?"

"Well..." started Pop, but he didn't finish.

"I thought so," I said. "You have no idea what all ran through your mind - just like I don't know what all ran through mine, but if a single thought truly was the spark that birthed the universe, then I'm fairly certain that we just messed up - big time."

"Us? Mess up?" Pop wriggled his eyebrows up and down in a very silly-looking manner. "Nah!"

"Stop it," I snapped (although I didn't mean to snap). "This is serious..."

"Scusi?!?"

Pop and I quickly spun around to spot the owner of the angry voice.

"Uh-oh, Blood," whispered Pop. "I think that's my granddaddy!"

-----"

You read: "-----page 16

3

...and then, we were in a Z-Fizz saloon.

"Blood!" Pop bellowed. "You pouched us out!"

"Sorry," I said, "but we had to pouch out of there.

"Besides... look around. We're in a western now."

"I see that," returned Pop. "Forget the old west. I wanna go back to Italy!"

I shook my head and said, "no. I said a western, not the old west."

"What are you babbling about, boy?" asked Pop.

"Look around. All of the women are attractive. All of the standard characters are in here, and each is behaving completely stereotypically. There are even two guys in the corner whose voices are being dubbed over!"

Pop looked and saw a young man speaking with an old man. Neither of their lips were synced up with the words they spoke.

"What the heck?" inferred Pop.

I shook my head again and said, "a single thought. A single thought... "A SINGLE THOUGHT!!!"

Pop gave me his best 'who?-me?' look.

"Are you insinuating that this is my fault?"

"No," I answered. "I'm telling you that I think we thought up the world this time around, and there's no telling how many paradoxes we've created!"

"No kiddin'?" asked Pop. "So, everything in my head is real now?"

"Pretty much," I replied.

"I'll see you later then," said Pop, as he turned to walk away.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I'm going to the new place I just thought up!" Pop called back, and he exited - stage right - through the swinging doors.

-----

I sat at the bar and said, "yes, please," every time I was offered one of the sassafras-based beverages - which was quite often.

Before long, I decided that I should be drunk, but I definitely didn't feel drunk, so I stood up to declare my opposition to my current state of sobriety.

Before I could even speak, the Z-Fizz saloon began to sway slowly around, in a way saloons definitely shouldn't, but frequently do. It seemed as if I were standing in one of the first casino riverboats that they'd built down on the mighty Mississippi during the turn of the second millienium (Era Vulgaris).

Suddenly, as if it had realized I was no longer paying it the proper attention, the saloon whirled around me in an even more discomfoting manner - which I couldn't immediately relate to anything I'd ever experienced before at all, so I thought it best to collapse in a pleasant state of unconsciousness.

—

When I came to, someone had moved me into a corner - away from all the drunken foot traffic, and they'd also had the courtesy to prop me up in a chair.

I stood up and announced, "I'd like to thank whoever moved me out of the way!" Everyone just stared at me coldly, so I closed with, "so, thank ya!"

Everyone went back to drinking and whatnot, and that was just fine with me! If I'd have thought it over at all, I would never have called any attention to myself in the first place. There were rules, after all. Even if this was probably a fictional saloon...

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You read: "-----page 17

I had been in the saloon for almost twenty-four hours now, and I was starting to get a little bit worried about Pop.

In fact, I had started grow more than just a little bit worried about Pop a long time ago - about one minute after Pop had left the saloon, to be exact.

Pop hadn't even been gone for that whole minute before people started talking about how somebody named Roscoe was "gonna have it in for that feller if he ain't payin' up for them ladies, and I knew that Pop wouldn't pay just for spending time with anyone -- even if he did have money (which he didn't).

I went on to hear countless stories (most of which I decided were tall tales) about Roscoe and the previous johns who thought they could spend time with the local ladies for free.

Apparently, Roscoe was the fastest gun the town had ever seen, and he was the dirtiest so-and-so they'd ever heard of, too - a cold-blooded killer, just waiting for a reason to shoot a man down dead in the street (or, apparently, even in the church).

I wanted to go find Pop after the first five minutes of hearing about this Roscoe character, but I knew that Pop would eventually find his way back to the saloon. (It was the only place around that offered alcohol, after all.)

Besides... there was nice scenery in the saloon.

There was a petite, little redhead who had come in within the past half hour, and she had the most lovely features I had ever seen.

She was presently bending over (in her skin-tight, leather horse-riding pants) to pick up a Z-Fizz mug which had just been dropped by the man she had arrived with (I would have gladly bet a nickel that it was her father), and I was feasting my eyes on the most delectable derriere I had ever had the privilege of encountering.

I realized that I was staring, and, in that moment, she turned and caught me checking her out.

Knowing that I was busted, I decided to just play it off cool and gave her a little wave of one hand and a smile.

The woman with the red hair and the delectable derriere smiled back at me and winked, then she stood up, placed the empty Z-Fizz mug on the bar, spun around, and walked directly towards me!

I felt my heart rise up into my throat! I tried to swallow it back down, but it just lingered there as it kept on beating: thumpthump, thumpthump, thumpthump.

I felt the sweat all over my forehead, but I decided not to wipe it off. (I was playing it cool, and the red-headed vixen was only a few steps away now.)

She stopped in front of me - standing there just a few feet away now. I could smell the sweet smell of her sweat. I inhaled her pheromones deeply as I slowly studied her every feature - from her feet all the way up to her big, hazel eyes.

She gave me a big smile when my eyes met hers and said, "you got a name, Stranger?"

I gave no reply.

I was completely frozen - lost in her eyes.

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You read: "-----page 18

She planted a fist on each of her hips, shifted her waist to one side, and said, "you alright, Sugar?"

I snapped out of my romantic stupor long enough to nod my head and smile.

"I was far from alright until the moment you walked into my life. I think I'll be okay now, though," I said (and I hoped it sounded good).

"Aw, Sugar," the redhead cooed, "ain't that just the sweetest thing anyone's ever said to me!"

"Well," I was grinning from ear to ear then, "you're the sweetest-looking thing I've ever seen, so I couldn't help it." The redhead bounced up and down excitedly (which caused me to grow even more excited than I already was) and said, "I'm Nadine. That over there at the bar's my daddy, Roscoe, and what did you say your name was again?"

I, who had expertly retained my cool throughout this entire encounter, felt every muscle in my entire body tense up. I still played it cool, though.

"I'm sorry," I said through a grin. "Pleased to meet you, Nadine. (That's a pretty name, by the way.) My name's..."

Just then, the double-doors swung open, and in stepped Pop - with a lady I'd never seen before just a few steps behind him.

"...and that's my dad who just walked in over there. Everybody just calls him Mister."

Nadine looked towards Pop for a second, then looked back at me.

"You know that my daddy's about to kill your daddy, right?"

"Let's hope not," I said. "Because if that happened, I'd never be able to love you again."

-----"

You read: "-----page 19

Nadine opened her mouth to reply, but she was interrupted by the lady who'd come in with Pop.

"Hey, Roscoe!" she yelled across the Z-Fizz saloon. "I got a man here wants to talk to ya!"

Roscoe didn't even turn from the bar. He just sort of grumbled, then went on drinking his Z-Fizz.

Nadine shook her head and said, "uh-oh. That probably wasn't the best way to attract Daddy's attention."

"Who is that lady?" I asked.

"One of my daddy's 'ladies'," Nadine answered. "Name's Darlin."

"Well, oh-me-oh-my," I sighed.

"Is your daddy fast?" asked Nadine. "Because my daddy's real fast, and he don't take to no johns."

"I guess he's kinda fast," I answered, "but he's no john. John's pay, and I've never known him to pay for time with a member of the fairer sex - unless you count favors in return."

"Favors in return?" Nadine blushed and fanned herself. "Oh, my!"

I started to say something smooth in reply to this, but Pop interrupted.

"Everybody relax! I'm here, now!" announced Pop.

I stood up and took Nadine by one arm. I leaned in, close enough to notice that her hair smelled like oranges, and whispered, "he's not fast. He doesn't even have a gun. He's just plain stupid."

Nadine leaned back and twisted her head until her mouth was maybe half an inch away from my ear (which, admittedly, gave me goose-bumps) and whispered something that I didn't quite catch. Her soft breath, blowing like a gentle breeze across my skin, had made me forget - just for one fleeting second - about everything else in the world.

I leaned back in to ask her to repeat that last part, but, when I turned to face her, she planted a kiss on my cheek, dropped me a wink, and walked off towards the bar.

"Grab that hussy, right there, Mister!" shouted Darlin. "Get her!"

"What?" asked Pop. "I ain't grabbin' nobody except you, Darlin! You know that!"

Darlin blushed and fell silent. Nadine looked from Mister, to Darlin, then at me.

I just shrugged my shoulders. (It was the best I could come up with at the moment.)

"Mr. Roscoe," started Pop, "I don't wanna get off on the wrong foot... if we can help it.

"You want: I can buy you a Z-Fizz, and we can palaver a bit."

Roscoe still didn't turn to face the room - still had his eyes on the bar in front of him. "Hear that, barkeep?" he grumbled. "This here john thinks I'm gonna talk!" He pushed himself up from the bar, and he WAS fast.

As Roscoe spun to confront Pop, I - pouch already in hand - slowly approached that same notable.

"Daddy!" called Nadine. "That one, there! He ain't no john! He KNOWS Darlin, Daddy!"

"I don't give a rat's hind-end what he knows!" roared Roscoe as he drew his six-shooter.

-----"

You read: "-----page 20

6

Roscoe was fast.

I had never seen anyone move so fast.

The first bullet tore through The Sprout Pouch - which was in my hand, dangling innocently in between Pop and myself (my intention was to grab Pop and pouch us out of there fast). I watched with dismay as smoke leaked out from the hole.

I looked away from the pouch just in time to see the second bullet (and this was the part that really surprised me) pass directly under my feet!

I stared at my feet - then I looked over at Pop's feet, and I howled with laughter.

"You've got the wings on your boots!" I observed.

Pop, one arm around me as he flew us out through the swinging doors of the Z-Fizz saloon, dropped me a nod with a wink, and then I slipped out of his grip and smashed headfirst into the ground!

Nadine was at my side before Pop even realized he had dropped me. "Sugar?!? Are you alright?!?"

I said that I was perfectly fine, and that I thought I might love her, but I said it into the dirt I was currently lying face-down in, so all that came out was, "mmm-mmm mmmm, mm mmmm mmm."

"That's okay, Honey," soothed Nadine. She had one hand on me at that moment - gently massaging my shoulder to comfort me. (It was official. I loved her!) ----- "

You read: "-----page 21

7

Pop made it about ten yards beyond the point where he had dropped me before he crashed headlong into the blacksmith's shop. (It was a complete stroke of luck that he had been able to fly with the winged boots at all, seeming how he hadn't even remembered having made them from the stolen sandals until just before leaving for the Z-Fizz saloon - which is to say: he'd never even put them on his feet until just before all this.)

Luckily, the blacksmith was in the Z-Fizz saloon instead of his shop, so Pop didn't have to snake his way out of another fine mess - he simply rose to his feet, dusted himself off, and then headed straight back towards me.

Darlin and Nadine each had me propped up - one of my arms draped over their shoulders, when Pop finally got close enough to see the whites of my eyes.

"Muufhffmmm shwoooo!" (I was still a little woozy from my fall.)

"What in blue blazes happened?" asked Darlin.

"How did you do that?" asked Nadine.

"MmMmm-pouch," I mumbled, as I handed the pouch over to Pop.

Pop examined the hole in the pouch, shrugged his shoulders, then looked back and forth from Nadine to Darlin a few times.

"You ladies wanna blow this pop-stand?" he asked.

Darlin and Nadine looked to each other, each hoping the other seemed to understand what Pop had just said.

Pop sighed and said, "do you like to travel? Do you wanna tag along with me and The Kid here?"

"I surely do!" exclaimed Darlin.

Nadine looked back towards the Z-Fizz saloon for a split second, then at me (I was still mostly out of it, but I remember it clearly), and she said, "well, this is GREAT, blood!"

Pop couldn't help but grin.

"What?" asked Nadine with an embarrassed look. "Did I say it wrong? I just heard you say that earlier, and I thought it sounded fancy..."

"Oh, you said it just fine," Pop grinned.

"Now you two just keep hold of my boy there, and you might wanna close your eyes. It's a little jarring the first time."

Nadine and Darlin both looked at Pop quizzically, but he looped an arm through one of mine, stuck the pouch over my hand, said, "think about The Barn, Romeo," and...



8

"See?" Pop smiled. "That wasn't so bad!

Then, he took a good look around, and I noticed him notice that we definitely weren't where he thought that I had thought us to.

No...

Pop didn't know where or when the heck we were, and neither did I.

...but I immediately recognized the seriously ticked-off-looking, barefoot man who was walking straight towards us!

----- "

You read: "-----page 22

A Matter of Perception

The Sprout Pouch: Part Three

-----

1

As the four of us (Pop, Darlin, Nadine, and I) stood there, shaking in our boots - cowering in the shadow of the barefoot giant, I found myself wishing for my dad's cat - Reor (pronounced "roar").

Pop had found him when he was just a tiny kitten. He had estimated that the kitten was around a week old, and he'd decided to take him in under his wing and raise him to be a proper dragon.

(Don't ask me! ...but I can tell you this: watching the little guy attempt to breathe fire, which usually just resulted in him coughing up a hairball, just made you fall in love with the little fella. (The times that he tried to jump up and fly over my head were a totally different matter, though! ...but I digress...))

...I was wishing that Reor were here, and then it hit me!

"Be right back," I announced. Then I concentrated on it, with all of my might, and pouched to The Barn.

—

He wasn't inside, so I slid the door open a little, took a deep breath, and called out, "REOR!!!"

I heard a noise from my right just in time to shift my glance in that direction to witness the spectacle of Reor, the cat - who fancied himself a dragon, ascend from within his favorite bush.

(Pop told me once that Reor had informed him on several occasions that his bush might appear to be a perfectly normal bush from the outside, but, on the inside, it was actually an enormous cave - which Reor was slowly filling with priceless rarities - because that's what dragons did. (Upon inquiry, Pop admitted that he and Reor had both been under the influence of at least one form of intoxicant or another during each of these alleged conversations, and he also noted that he really appreciated me being "the kind of person who would even ask such a question".) Anyways...)

Reor burst from the top of the bush, and, when he did, he rose at least three feet into the air. Then, he just hung there for a while - in the exact same way that cats normally don't. (Honestly, he probably only hung there for a millisecond, but, he put on such a good performance, it seemed like he hovered in the air long enough to prove that he was actually able to pull off such a fantastic feat!)

He landed (on all fours, of course) just in front of his bush-cave, and he let loose with a, "REEOORRR!!!"

"Oh, Mighty Reor!" I dropped to one knee and continued, "I have travelled here to humbly request your aid! Pop is in trouble!"

"Reor?" inquired Reor.

"Yes," I confirmed. "Pop."

"Reor?" pressed Reor.

"No," I replied. "He's not stuck in the well."

"Reor?"

I had to think about this one. "Well..." I stalled. "He's with two ladies, but that isn't the trouble..."

----- "

You read: "-----page 23

Reor remained silent, awaiting my inevitable appendage.

"Okay," I admitted. "Maybe one of the ladies started some trouble, but the ladies aren't the problem.

"The problem is a great, big, angry giant, and we have to go right now!"

Reor slowly blinked at me (his version of a head nod), then he walked over and curled up against one of my legs.

I pulled out the pouch, pictured the place and the exact moment where I had left Pop, Darlin, and Nadine, stuck my hand in...

...and nothing happened.

"Reor?"

"I don't know!" I snapped, then I immediately felt bad for doing so. "I'm sorry, buddy," I soothed, "but I really don't know what's wrong."

"Reor."

"Yes... I know there's a hole in the pouch, but that didn't stop it from bringing me here, so I don't think that's what the problem is."

"Maybe it's because there was still a little magic smoke left in it last time, but you used it all up."

The voice had come from behind me.

"Uncle Jerry!" (I recognized his voice, so there was no need to turn to identify him.) "I'm glad you popped in!"

"Reor," said the cat.

"What's that?" asked Jerry.

"Reor!" Reor repeated.

"That sorry excuse for a brother of mine is in trouble?!?"

"Reor!" confirmed Reor.

"Well, kiss my grits and call me Flo!" Jerry smiled at me for a moment, then sighed and said, "okay. Let's go get him."

"But how?" I asked. "The pouch won't work!"

"He is his daddy's!" Jerry announced to the sky. Then, he lowered his gaze to me and asked, "do you even know where magic smoke comes from, you ignorant waste of space?"

I didn't, so I just shrugged.

Uncle Jerry just grunted disdainfully at this, and then he told me to just pay attention whilst he enlightened me (although he didn't phrase it quite as pleasantly as that).

-----"

You read: "-----page 24

2

"I'd like to begin," began Uncle Jerry, with his thumbs nonchalantly hooked behind the straps of his denim overalls, "by stating that you and that no-good brother of mine have got to be the two stupidest Branes since the Holocene!"

"What's the hollow scene?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt!" Uncle Jerry exploded.

"The Holocene is the beginning of humanity as we know it. Okay, kid?"

"Any other questions? Or may I proceed?"

I made a gesture with open hands indicating that the floor was now his.

"Well, thank the gods for that! Now... where was I? Oh, yeah..."

"You two idiots have been tunneling through too many compactifications! There are all kinds of quantum entanglements now, thanks to you and your Pop!"

I had absolutely no idea what he had just said, so I said so.

Uncle Jerry threw both hands up at the sky as he cursed and screamed up at it.

"Um... Uncle Jerry," I interrupted, "I hate to interrupt, and I'm sorry, but I really have no idea about anything about quantum physics or mechanics or whatever. I left Dad stranded in a tight spot, though. So, if you can help, I really wish you'd get to it, or just tell me that you can't."

An offended gasp erupted from Uncle Jerry. "Why, you unappreciative brat! It ain't my fault your daddy didn't teach you anything! (Or at least he didn't let you know that he did...)"

Uncle Jerry furrowed his brow and stroked his chin for a moment, apparently in deep contemplation. (I assumed this was good, since he also appeared to be calming down.)

He looked up at me suddenly and asked, "you got here by yourself, right, kid?"

I nodded. "Yeah... but now the pouch is messed up, and..."

"Just shut up," spat Uncle Jerry. "What if told you that the pouch is pretty much just a feather? That it's a happy thought? A placebo?"

----

You read: "-----page 25

"Uncle Jerry?"

"What?!?"

"Can you explain this any better? 'Cause you're really confusing me."

He sighed, but it was sort of a relaxing sigh. It was a sigh that seemed to say, "okay... let's just calm down and take things one small step at a time."

"Okay, alright," he said. "I guess first you should tell me exactly when and where your poppa is."

"He's on an island near Greece," I replied. "B.C.E."

Jerry nodded. "Okay. Before the Common Era... that's good. At least he can't wreak any more havoc on spacetime while he's there." He seemed to read my thoughts at this point and said, "...but don't worry. We'll pop right back in when you left, and it'll be like you never even left him. It'll be better than that, really. Considering that you'll have Reor and myself with you this time."

"Gee, thanks, Uncle Jerry!"

His face contorted with my words, as if he had bitten into a surprisingly sour fruit, so I hurried and added, "you're not half as bad as Pop says you are."

"Oh, forget him! And you!" He said it all mean-like, but he couldn't help but grin. "Now, let's get on with the Brane-training so we can get this over with!"

"Brain training? Like memory skills or something?" I inquired.

"Not 'brain'," Jerry said. "'BRANE'. It's somebody who can propagate through spacetime."

My confusion must have shown on my face, because he sighed and said, "it's how you event-hop, stupid. The pouch ain't really got nothin' to do with nothin', besides The Barn. Your poppa just used it like a prop, see? Like a sugar pill. You got along just thinking that the pouch was how you could jump to different wheres and whens, but the truth is that you're actually and factually a Brane. (Even if you are a moron...)"

You don't need that pouch. Some folks do, but you don't. You get me?"

"So... the pouch doesn't do anything?" I asked.

"Sure it does! Or it did... I don't know what the bullet-wound may entail... but the pouch DOES transport whatever you put into it to The Barn. YOU just don't really need it. That's what I'm putting out to ya."

I nodded, but I still didn't really completely get it.

"I'm going to get a root beer," said Uncle Jerry. "You just sit down and marinate on what I told ya' while I'm gone."

"Marinate?" I asked. "Like steak?"

"Oh, for pity's sake!" Jerry turned red in the face. "Just THINK about things! Argh!"

He spun and walked away, mumbling obscenities to himself as he entered The Barn.

"Reor?"

I turned around, and there was Reor, his head cocked to one side like a confused little puppy.

"What is it, boy?" I asked, but he just darted off behind his favorite bush, leaving me there alone with my mind racing - trying to decipher what half of Uncle Jerry's words even meant.  
-----"

You read: "-----page 26

3

Minutes later, Uncle Jerry emerged from The Barn. "Okay, kid," he said. "You ready?"

I was pretty sure that I wasn't ready, but I nodded anyway.

"Well, that's good!" Jerry proclaimed. "It's also good that I figured out not only how to explain things to you (you being the ignorant sack of rocks that you are), but I also came up with a few things we can do to get you prepared as quickly as possible."

"First off, everything you've ever read about in science fiction novels is true, except for the part that isn't."

"What a vague profundity," I mumbled.

"What was that?" Jerry snapped.

"Well, that doesn't really mean anything, does it?" I asked.

"It depends," replied Jerry. "You ever really read anything besides humor?"

I mulled this over for a second. "I guess not, if we're speaking strictly sci-fi."

"Thank you. Now may I continue?" asked Jerry.

I nodded.

Jerry continued. "Okay..."

"As I was saying, they've all got it right, and they've all got it wrong. It's the technicalities, you see.

"And it's possible, and highly probable, that spacetime behaved differently when those books were written, and that they actually did have it right. But that don't really matter, now does it?"

"What matters is spacetime.

"It's not like a string, or a loop. It's sort of like the spiral that holds a notebook together, but it's more like a thousand spirals - all intertwined together. You with me?"

I was pretty sure that I was, so I nodded.

"Good. Now, normally anybody who is in one of those spirals (which includes almost everybody), well, they can't get out into any other spirals. Plus, most folks don't even realize the other ten dimensions exist."

---

You read: "-----page 27

"Uncle Jerry..."

"Okay. You got me! Some research shows there are only ten dimensions, but I'm here to let you know: there's at least eleven."

"No... that's not what I was gonna say. What I was going to ask is..."

"Well, what, kid? Spit it out!" Jerry interrupted. " You were keepin' up real good for a while there! I was almost proud of ya' for a second!"

"When you say dimensions, are you talking about alternate universes? Or, like, up and down, and left and right?"

"Kid?"

"Yeah?"

"Just shut up," spat Jerry, as if his words were sour (which I thought they kinda were). "It's all relative.

"...and you'll find, if you'll allow me to get through all this, that is, that everything's all just a matter of perspective. And that includes spacetime. Everything that you think you know and see is just what your mind is interpreting as reality. You are a Brane. That means you can tunnel - or, for simplicity's sake, let's call it travel - through spacetime in any direction and through any dimension.

"I'm calling 'em dimensions, but you call 'em universes. Toe-may-toe, toe-mah-toe. As long as you think of 'em like the spirals on a notebook, you'll be good.

"Now... each different spiral is a different eventuality, and..."

He paused here and eyed me suspiciously. "You do know what an eventuality is. Right, kid?"

"One of the ways something can happen?" I ventured.

"All right!" Jerry beamed. "I just might claim you as my nephew one day, after all!

"Okay... you're a Brane. Don't ask me why or how. You're just born with it, or you ain't.

"And Branes can tunnel - or travel between the spirals of spacetime, hence to different eventualities. And that's how you event-hop, as you and your daddy like to call it.

"You still with me?"

"I think so," I said. "But I still don't see how it's me doing it and not the pouch."

"Of course you don't!" Uncle Jerry spat. Then he spun and stomped back into The Barn, presumably for another root beer or three, but Reor came out through the door as Jerry walked in, and I was glad to have the company. (Reor was pretty good for bouncing my thoughts off of.)

-----"

You read: "-----page 28

"Hey, buddy," I said as I crouched down with my hand out towards Reor.

"Reor," he meowed as he pushed his head into my hand, and, as he walked through my hand (the way that cats do, saving us from all the tedious work), reality flickered around me.

Instead of looking at The Barn, I was now in a massive cave.

...but that wasn't the peculiar thing...

The peculiar thing was that instead of petting a cat, I saw that my hand was currently resting on the lowered head of a giant, black-scaled dragon!

I jerked my hand back and started to slowly back away.

The dragon looked at me, cocked his head to one side, and said, "Reor?"

I froze.

It WAS Reor!

I didn't know what else to do besides put my hand out to him. He pressed his head into it again. His scales felt rough as they moved across the palm of my hand, and then...

Reality flickered again, and Reor's fur felt cold and damp as my hand fell off the tip of his tail.

From the corner of one eye, I saw Uncle Jerry come back out of The Barn. "Well! Ya' been practicing?"

"What?" I had been watching Reor go back into his bush - blinking a few times to make sure he was actually a cat and that I wasn't actually in a giant cave, and I barely even registered that Jerry had said anything.

"You're all wet and muddy," said Jerry. "Where'd you pop off to?"

"Um..." I replied. "I touched the cat, then we were in a giant cave, and he was a dragon for a second. But then everything went right back to normal."

"Uh-huh," said Jerry. "Cats are naturally pan-dimensional. You should know that!

"But what you may not know is that they have a tendency to anthro... excuse me... They can change into different forms. I mean... they are different animals in different eventualities.

"He may be a cat in this time-spiral, but, apparently, he's a dragon in others."

Jerry shrugged. "It's common knowledge in my circles, kid. It's 'cause they came from Mars..."

"You ready for your next assignment?"

"Sure," I said. "What is it?"

Jerry smiled and said, "you're going on a snipe hunt. You've got... let's see... there's around seventy bottles of root beer here... You've got 'til ten o'clock to bring me back a snipe.

"I'll be in The Barn.

"Good luck, kid!"



"But, wait!" I pleaded. "How do I find a snipe?"

"That's easy," Jerry replied. "Just ask your pussy-dragon!"

----

You read: "-----page 29

4

I wasn't exactly sure where Reor had gotten off to, but I had a pretty good idea.

...and I'd always meant to see what sort of hole he'd dug up behind that bush...

Ahem! Excuse me. I meant his "bush-cave". (He hates when people just call it a bush.)

Anyways, if we could but just surmount my constant digressions, the story would progress thustly:

I walked slowly towards Reor's bush-cave.

Once I was around twenty paces from it, the smell nearly knocked me backwards.

I didn't know what he had stashed away to rot and be rolled around in down in that hole, but I knew that I was going to have to tough it out.

I pulled my shirt up over my nose. Then, I mustered up all the courage I could and started to start towards the unholy stench, but gravity, it seemed, was working against me (or for me, depending how you looked at it) and doing its best to keep me grounded in my current position.

It was hard to take that first step, but Pop and a couple of nice ladies were waiting for me back on that island near Greece a couple of few thousand years ago -- and I had left them in a pretty tough spot, so I sallied forth.

With my nose under the collar of my shirt, I dropped down into the bush-cave, and...

\*\*\*\*\*

TO BE CONTINUED in REOR'S BUSH-CAVE!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

"

You read: "If found, please return to:

\_\_\_\_\_

Richard Headkid

C/O The Barn

Text Adventure City, IF 69,105

---

\*\* You can also send electronic mail (assuming you have ever heard of such a thing) to: RICHARDHEADKID@GMAIL.COM \*\*

(or consider pouching to 20170203 2029hrs to deliver by hand, which would be more convenient for everyone)"

>  
I beg your pardon?

>



***The following pages contain the clues.***

***(They are coded, to prevent spoilers.)***

DECODER:

FROM: ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
->TO: BCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZA  
-----

CLUES FOR THE CENSORED VERSION

GENERAL QUESTIONS

WHAT'S THE POINT OF THIS GAME?

1. UIFSF JT OP QPJOU. KVTU BTL BOZPOF.

HELP! I'VE LOST MY MARBLES!!!

1. WELL, GET MARBLES.
2. THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE SPROUT POUCH?

1. READ THE MANUSCRIPT BOOK. (IF YOU'RE PLAYING THE ZBLORB VERSION, THE BOOK IS IN THE GAME GUIDE.)

WHERE IS THE MANUSCRIPT BOOK, AND HOW DO I READ IT?

1. IN ALL VERSIONS OF THE GAME EXCEPT FOR THE ZBLORB VERSION, THE MANUSCRIPT BOOK IS EITHER IN REOR'S POUCH (AFTER ENTERING IT) OR IN THE BARN, DEPENDING ON WHICH YOU VISIT FIRST.
2. IF YOU'RE PLAYING ON A Z-MACHINE, THE BOOK IS IN THE GAME GUIDE. (SORRY, WOULDN'T FIT.)
3. ENTER: READ FIRST PAGE IN BOOK then READ NEXT PAGE IN BOOK or...
4. ENTER: READ ENTIRE BOOK.

WHY IS THE BOOK SO STUPID?

1. TIVU VQ.

HOW DO I INTERACT WITH OTHER CHARACTERS?

0. UIF FYBNQMFT (FYDFQU UXP) VTF SBMQI'T OBNE, CVU ZPV DBO TVCTUJUVUF OBNFT BOE UIJOHT BOE BDUJPOT.
1. SBMQI, XIBU BCPVU UIF HBNF
2. SBMQI, HFU UIF CSPXOJF
3. SBMQI, GJHIU UIF ESBHPO
4. SBMQI, TUPQ
5. BTL SBMQI BCPVU BVUIPS
6. TIPX KVH UP SBMQI
7. SBMQI, ESJOL UIF SPPU CFFS
8. SBMQI, KVNQ
9. SFPS, GMZ UP CBSO
10. SFPS, JODJOFSEBUF UIF LBLBQP

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THE SPROUT POUCH?

1. IBWF ZPV GPVOE UIF NBOVTDSJQU CPPL PS DMBWFO'T OPUFT?
2. ZPV TIPVME SFBE UIF NBOVTDSJQU CPPL UP MFBSO BCPVU UIF TQSPVU QPVDI.
3. ZPV XJMM GJOE UIFN VQPO FOUFSJOH SFPS'T QPVDI PQ UJF CBSO GPS UIF GJSTU UJNF.
4. ZPV DBO BMTP FYBNJOF UIF EFTJHOT PO UIF GSPOU EPPS BHBJO BGUFS TBZJOH DPNF PO SBMQI.
5. IBWF ZPV QVU BOZUIJOH JOUP UIF TQSPVU QPVDI?
6. USZ QVUUJOH ZPVS IBOE JOUP UIF TQSPVU QPVDI.
7. USZ FOUFSJOH: QPVDI UP LJUDIFO BU 8 BN
8. UIF TQSPVU QPVDI XJMM CF GVMMZ PQFSBUJPOBM CFGPSF ZPV CFBU UIF HBNF.

THIS GAMES IS DUMB.

1. THAT WASN'T EVEN A QUESTION!

WHY WOULD I SAY RUBBER BABY BUGGY BUMPERS?

1. I DON'T KNOW. WHY WOULD YOU?

DURING THE SWORDFIGHT, HOW DO I DEFEAT FROTZBLORB?

1. ZPV BSF QMBZJOH UIF XSPOH HBNF.

HOW DO I MANIPULATE TIME?

1. VTF UIF TQSPVU QPVDI. (TFF UIF TQSPVU QPVDI DMVFT.)

WHY DO I STOMP LIKE A GIRL?

1. I DON'T KNOW. WHY DO YOU?

WHAT CAN I DO WITH THE CLOCK?

1. NOTHING, BESIDES CHECKING WHAT TIME IT IS.

HOW DO I CALL SOMEONE WITH THE PHONE?

1. YOU CAN'T. INCOMING CALLS ONLY, I'M AFRAID.
2. ZPV TIPVME BOTXFS UIF QIPOF BU MFBTU PODE.
3. EJE ZPV SFBE UIF GPPUOPUF SFGFSFODFE XIFO BOTXFSJOH UIF QIPOF?
4. ZPV TIPVME QVU UIF QIPOF JO UIF TQSPVU PODE, UPP.

HOW DOES RALPH KNOW WHAT'S IN MY MAN PURSE?

1. SBMQI JT OPU ZPVS BWFSBHF QFOHVJO.

HOW DO I STOP THE THIEF FROM STEALING THINGS?

1. ZPV DBO'U LJMM UIF UIJFG JO UIJT HBNF.
2. IBWF ZPV USJFE TBZJOH 'UIJFG, OP UIJFWJOH. UIJFG, OP UIJFWJOH. UIJFG! OP UIJFWJOH!!!?
3. UIF TFDPOE DMVF XPO'U EP BOZUIJOH BU BMM.
4. HFU SFPS UP FBV UIF UIJFG.
5. UIFSF JT OP UIJFG JO UIJT HBNF!

IN THE MAIN ENTRYWAY:

WHAT DOES THE DRAGON EXPECT ME TO DO?

1. IBWF ZPV USJFE FYBNJOJOH UIF ESBHPO?
2. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF UBMPO?
3. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE SFPS'T QPVDI?
4. ZPV OFFE UP HFU SFPS'T QPVDI.

WHO IS RALPH (THE PENGUIN)?

1. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE SBMQI PODE PS UXJDF?
2. IBWF ZPV FOUFSFE: DPNF PO SBMQI?
3. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF HVJEF UIBU SBMQI JT DBSSZJOH?
4. IBWF ZPV BTLFE SBMQI BCPVU UIF HBNF?
5. IBWF ZPV BTLFE SBMQI UP BUUBDL UIF EPEP?

WHAT CAN I DO WITH THE PENGUIN?

1. UIF QFOHVJO JT QPJOUJOH BU B CJH DMVF.
2. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF EPPS?
3. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF EFTJHOT?
4. JG ZPV FOUFS 'DPNF PO SBMQI', UIF QFOHVJO XJMM GPMMPX BOE IFMQ ZPV.

WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH THE DODO AND THE PENGUIN?

1. ASK RALPH ABOUT THE DODO.

HOW CAN I DANCE WITH THE DANCING SQUIRREL?

1. IBWF ZPV USJFE: TIPX CPPL UP EBODJOH TRVJSSFM?
2. OVNCFS POF JT KVTU B KPLF. JU XPO'U IFMQ.
3. UIFSF JT OP EBODJOH TRVJSSFM!

WHERE IS THE STOVE, AND HOW DO I OPEN IT?

1. UIF TUPWF JT JO UIF LJUDIFO.
2. UIF LJUDIFO JT OPSUI GSPN UIF IBMMXBZ.
3. UIF IBMMXBZ JT OPSUI GSPN UIF SPPN ZPV TUBSU JO.
4. JG UIF TUPWF XPO'U PQFO, ZPV EPO'U IBWF TPNFUJJOH.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THE PHONE?

1. ZPV TIPVME BOTXFS JU BU MFBTU PODF.
2. ZPV OFFE UP EP TPNFUJJOH TQFDJBM XJUI UIF QIPOF UIF TFDPOE UJNF JU SJOHT.
3. JG ZPV TUBZ VQ PO ZPVS GPPUOPUFT, ZPV'MM QSPCBCMZ GJHVSF JU PVU.
4. ZPV OFFE UP BOTXFS JU PODF, BOE QVU JU JO UIF TQSPVU QPVDI PODF.

WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH THE STRANGE ANIMALS?

1. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF BOJNBMT?
2. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF BOJNBMT B TFDPOE UJNF?
3. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE FBDI, JOEJWJEVBM BOJNBMT?
4. UIF POMZ BOJNBMT UIBU FGGFDU UIF HBNF BSF UIF QFOHVJO BOE UIF EPEP.

WHY WON'T THE DOOR OPEN?

1. UIF EPPS JT NFTTTE VQ.
2. ZPV DBO VTF UIF EPPS JO UIF NBJO FOUSZXBZ XIFO ZPV BSF QMBZJOH BT UIF ESBHPO.

WHAT'S THE POINT OF THE HALLWAY?

1. UIFSF JT OPUIJOH UP EP JO UIF IBMMXBZ.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH REOR'S POUCH?

1. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF CMPPE PODF PS UXJDF?
2. IBWF ZPV FOUFSFE SFPS'T QPVDI?
3. ZPV TIPVME ESPQ SFPS'T QPVDI, UIFOUFS JU.



WHERE CAN I GET SOME Z-FIZZ?

1. IBWF ZPV GPVOE UIF OP A-GJAA?
2. ZPV OFFE UP ESPQ UIF OP A-GJAA.
3. UIF OP A-GJAA JT JO UIF JDFCPY JO UIF CBSO.
4. ZPV DBO EFGJOJUFMZ ESPQ OP A-GJAA.

IN THE BARN

HOW DO I GET JERRY'S ROOT BEER?

1. IBWF ZPV BTLFE GPS POF?
2. IBWF USJFE UP HFU JU?
3. IBWF ZPV BTLFE KFSSZ BCPVU IJT SPPU CFFS?
4. ZPV DBO FBTJMZ HFU UIF SPPU CFFS JG ZPV BTL SFPS UP HFU JU.

WHERE'S SOME WATER TO PUT IN REOR'S BOWL?

1. IBWF ZPV OPU GPVOE UIF KVH?
2. FYBNJOF UIF XBUFS CPXM JO UIF CBSO.

CAN I DO ANYTHING ELSE WITH THIS JUG?

1. IBWF ZPV SVCCFE JU BU BMM?
2. XIBU IBQQFOT XIFO ZPV SVC JU UIF UIJSE UJNF EFQFOET PO WBSJPVT UIJOHT.

WHY IS JERRY SO MEAN?

1. IF XBT CPSO UIBU XBZ.
2. IF SFTQFDUT ESBHPOT, UIPVHI.

WHAT IS THE CORRECT TURN TO MAKE AT ALBEQUERQUE?

1. ZPV DBO POMZ HP POF EJSFDUJPO GSPN UIF USBQ SPPN.
2. ZPV DBO TBZ ZFT PS FOUFS UIF DPSSFUDU EJSFDUJPO.
3. TBZJOH OP KVTU OFHBUFT ZPVS UVSO.
4. TX JT UIF POMZ XBZ UP HP.
5. ZPV DBO BMTP KVTU HP TPVUIXFTU GSPN JOTJEF UIF CBSO.

HOW ARE THERE ALWAYS THREE PEACHES IN THE DINGY ICEBOX?

1. UIF JOGJOJUF TVQQMZ PG QFBDIFT JT JOFYQMJDRCMF BU UIJT QPJOU.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH NO Z-FIZZ?

1. IBWF ZPV USJFE ESPQQJOH JU?
2. IBWF ZPV USJFE ESPQQJOH JU B TFDPOE UJNF?
3. EJE ZPV MPTF ZPVS NBSCMFT?
4. QVU ZPVS NBSCMFT JO ZPVS NBO QVSTE, UIFO ESPQ UIF OP A-GJAA UXJDF.

WHAT PURPOSE DO THE BEER GOGGLES SERVE?

1. UIFZ POMZ IFMQ XJUI UIF EPEP.
2. JU'T EVSJOH UIF MBTU QBSU.
3. ZPV EPO'U SFBMMZ OFFE UIFN.
4. ZPV HFU UIFN CZ ESJOLJOH KFSSZ'T SPPU CFFS.

CAN I EAT THE CAT FOOD?

1. NO.

CAN I DRINK THE WATER?

1. NO.

BONUS QUESTIONS

HOW DO I OPEN REOR'S POUCH???

1. ZPV DBO'U.
2. USZ MJTUFOJOH.
3. USZ ZFMMJOH.

IS THERE REALLY A SNIPE SOMEWHERE?

1. ZFT.
2. ZPV XPO'U GJOE IJN JO UIF NBJO QBSU PG UIF CVTI-DBWF.
3. FYBNJOF KFSSZ, BOE IF'MM GJMM ZPV JO.
4. FYBNJOJOH KFSSZ EJEO'U XPSL? FYBNJOF IJN BHBJO.
5. ZPV OFFE UP FYBNJOF KFSSZ UISFF UJNFT.

HOW DO I GET THIS MUSHROOM PAST THIS DODO???

1. ZPV DBO BTL SBMQI BCPVU UIF EPEP.
2. ZPV DBO BTL SBMQI UP BUUBDL UIF EPEP.
3. ZPV DBO BTL SFPS UP FBU UIF EPEP (EFQFOEJOH PO IJT NPPE).
4. UIJOHT XJMM DPNF PVU EJGGFSFOUMZ JG ZPV XFBS UIF CFFS HPHHMFT.

HOW DO I GET TO THE LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT?

1. ZPV'MM IBWF UP HP UP UIF MPDBM BJSQPSU GJSTU.
2. BGUFS UIBU, DPNF CBDL BOE GJOJTI UIF HBNE.
3. UIFSF JT OP BJSQPSU JO UIJT HBNE.
4. ZPV DBO'U HP UP UIF MPTU BOE GPVOE EFQBSUNFOU.