

THE SCI-FI — COLLECTION —



HANDBOOK

- A MIND FOREVER VOYAGING
- THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
- STARCROSS
- STATIONFALL
- SUSPENDED

Bonus Titles:

- PLANETFALL
- BEYOND ZORK

Credits

THE
SCI-FI
— COLLECTION —

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Welcome to the Infocom Science-Fiction Collection!

Close to twenty years ago, a game called Zork took the MIT campus by storm. Following on the heels of the very first interactive fiction game, Zork opened up a whole new realm of gameplay. The creators of these text adventures strove for surprising plot twists, mysterious unknown worlds to explore and intriguing characters previously only found in role-playing games like "Dungeons and Dragons." The purpose of these games was to challenge the imagination with computerized fiction, and the popularity of this new gaming experience soon gave rise to the creation of the company Infocom.

Infocom created an unparalleled modern form of literature that no other game company has attempted to explore. The unique text adventures in this collection carry the strength of a good novel which has been taken to a new level, inviting the player to take an active role in the storyline.

We at Activision appreciate the sustained interest and support that our Infocom games have received for two decades. As a significant piece of video game history, Activision is proud to present these classics to you.

The Science Fiction collection draws you into one of five bizarre worlds of robots, ray-guns and intergalactic puzzles to solve. With influences from such Sci-Fi works as The Day the Earth Stood Still and Forbidden Planet, these adventures are sure to captivate any Sci-Fi fan with classic science fiction entertainment. We wish you many hours of outer-worldly exploration.

If this collection delights you as we know it will, be sure to explore other interactive fiction collections from Infocom:

- The Infocom Mystery Collection
- The Infocom Comedy Collection
- The Infocom Adventure Collection
- The Infocom Fantasy Collection

Enjoy!

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A MIND FOREVER VOYAGING

Welcome to A Mind Forever Voyaging (which, for brevity's sake, will henceforth be referred to as AMFV). In this story, you will be PRISM, the world's first sentient machine. Before you "boot up" your disk, make sure you read the short story in the first part of the booklet.

The story begins in the world of 2031, a world on the brink of chaos. The economy of the United States of North America (USNA) has been stagnating for decades. Crackpot religions are springing up all over the place. Crime and urban decay are rampant. Schools have become violent, chaotic places ill-suited for educating children. Today's youth frequently use joybooths to "tune-out" the world, leading in the extreme case to joybooth suicide, where a psychological addict wastes away in his or her private nirvana.

The global situation is even grimmer. The calcuttization of the Third World has almost reached its limit, causing extreme overpopulation and poverty. This has created a climate ripe for East Bloc adventurism, exploiting instability and fanning the numerous flash points around the globe. The superpower race to build an impenetrable missile defense has ended in a tie, with the foreseeable but unforeseen result that an even more dangerous arms race has begun—a race to build miniature nuclear weapons, some as small as a cigarette pack, and smuggle them into enemy cities—a race which threatens to turn the USNA into a giant police state.

Things are bad, and it appears that they can only get worse. So when Senator Richard Ryder, along with a small group of leaders from government, business, and the universities, announces the Plan for renewed national purpose, everyone is only too willing to embrace it.

Only one thing stands between the Plan and its adoption: a test of its validity. That's why you have been "awakened" from your simulated life and had your true nature revealed to you several years ahead of schedule. You have been chosen to use your unique abilities to enter a simulation of the future, based on the tenets of the Plan, in order to check its effectiveness. The eyes of the world are on you.

If you're experienced with Infocom's interactive fiction, you may not want to read this entire manual. However, AMFV has a number of unique features not found in other stories. You'll have to read the section entitled "The AMFV Scenario." Also, you should look at the appendices of important commands (on page N) and

recognized verbs (on page N). The sample transcript, on page N, will show most of the unusual interactions of AMFV.

This is a brief summary of the most important things to know about interactive fiction. It is vital to know all these things before you begin playing.

There are a number of modes you can enter. These will be reviewed in detail in the next section. You will probably spend most of your time in Simulation Mode. When you're in Simulation Mode, the play of the game will be very similar to Infocom's other interactive fiction. For example:

To move from place to place, type the direction you want to go. The first time you find yourself in a new region, it's a good idea to become familiar with it by exploring each location, reading each description carefully, and making a map of the geography.

In AMFV, time passes only in response to your input. You might imagine a clock that ticks once for each sentence you type, and the story progresses only at each tick. Nothing happens until you type a sentence and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key, so you can plan your turns as slowly and carefully as you want. Usually, each turn takes one minute. Walking around takes longer, and WAIT generally causes ten minutes to pass.

Your goal in the first part of AMFV is to enter Simulation Mode in order to study what the effects of the Plan will be on the world in ten year's time. However, as the story progresses, you may discover new goals for yourself.

The AMFV Scenario

Since you're a computer, your lifestyle is pretty dissimilar to that of a human. There are four "modes" that you can enter. To enter a given mode, just type ENTER or GO TO [that mode]. Here is a list of the four modes, and a description of each:

Communications Mode: You have a number of visual/audio units set up at various points around the complex. When you enter Communications Mode, you will be told where these units are, and how to activate them. When you have activated a unit in a particular location, you are effectively "in that location." You'll be able to see and hear what's going on, and talk to anyone there. You won't be able to pick up things in those locations, of course.

Library Mode: This is a storehouse of information, arranged in directories which each contain a number of data files. When you enter Library Mode, the usual style of typing an input and pressing the RETURN (or ENTER) key is suspended. Follow the instructions that appear on your screen to access the information in the files.

You can choose the directory you wish to see by using the O and X keys:

O = Open current directory

X = neXt directory

You can close or examine the files in a directory by using the C, R, and X keys:

C = Close current directory

R = Read current file

X = neXt file

Interface Mode: There are several subsidiary computers and complex system controllers connected to you. More may be added over the course of the story. By entering Interface Mode, you will be able to "speak" to these other devices, get information from them, possibly give them orders. You interface with a device the same way that you would speak to a character in the story. For example: TRAFFIC COMPUTER, SET EVENING RUSH HOUR END TO 5:00 or HVAC COMPUTER, TURN ON VENTILATION IN GAMMA SECTOR. Data about these interfaceable devices can be found in Library Mode.

Simulation Mode: This is the heart of the story. You will have to enter this mode many times to complete AMFV. Simulation Mode is the process that was used to "program" you and develop you into a thinking, creative machine. Now, that same process, programmed with the parameters of the Plan, will allow you to simulate the future in amazing detail.

Once you have entered Simulation Mode, the interaction will be very similar to that of most other Infocom fiction: walk around, map the geography, examine and read things, pick up objects, and so forth. ABORT will get you out of Simulation Mode at any time.

Because only you will see what happens in Simulation Mode, you'll want to use the RECORD feature to save what you see, so that others in the "real world" can view your experiences. Typing RECORD or RECORD

ON will activate it, and typing RECORD OFF will de-activate it. Be warned, however, that RECORD makes an enormous demand on your core memory, and you will only be able to record a limited amount of experiences.

Special Commands

There are a number of one-word commands which you can type instead of a sentence. You can use them over and over as needed. Some count as a turn, others do not. Type the command after the prompt (>) and press the RETURN (or ENTER) key.

ABORT - This will get you out of Simulation Mode.

RECORD - In Simulation Mode, this activates the RECORD feature. RECORD OFF de-activates this feature. (If you ABORT from Simulation Mode, you'll automatically turn off the RECORD feature.)

Some Recognized Verbs

These are only some of the verbs that AMFV understands. There are many more. Remember that you can use a variety of prepositions with them.

For example, LOOK can become LOOK INSIDE, LOOK BEHIND, LOOK UNDER, LOOK THROUGH, LOOK AT, and so on., ANSWER, APPROACH, ASK, ATTACK, BOARD, BUY, CALL, CLIMB, CLOSE, COUNT, CROSS, CUT, DEMOLISH, DESCEND, DIG, DISEMBARK, DRINK, DROP, EAT, ENTER, EXAMINE, EXIT, EXTINGUISH, FILL, FIND, FOLLOW, GIVE, HAND, HANG, HIDE, JUMP, KILL, KISS, LIE, LIGHT, LISTEN, LOCK, LOOK, LOWER, MOVE, OPEN, PICK, POINT, POUR, PUSH, PUT, RAISE, READ, RECORD, REMOVE, SAY, SEARCH, SET, SHAKE, SHOOT, SHOW, SIT, SLEEP, SMELL, STAND, START, SWITCH, TAKE, TALK, TELL, THROW, TIE, TOUCH, TURN, WAIT, WAKE, WALK, YELL.

MAP OF ROCKVIL, SOUTH DAKOTA

DON'T MISS THESE EXCITING ATTRACTIONS

ACME COMPUTER CORP.—Visit this genuine 20th century computer factory, still a major employer in the Rockvil area.

HALLEY MUSEUM—Halley Museum's outstanding collection of classical art is complemented by exhibits on modern art, science and engineering, natural history, and human history.

HUANG HALL—Huang Hall's ultra-modern auditorium, the largest in the quad state area, provides an ideal setting for cultural and artistic events as well as conventions and trade shows.

NORTH CENTRAL STATION—This historic national landmark provides a glimpse of the past for over a million yearly visitors, who browse the souvenir shops, ride the authentic electric train and view the extensive exhibits at the Railroad Museum.

ST. MICHAELS CHURCH—Lovely stained glass windows and marble statuary add to the grandeur of this century-old place of worship.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN—Spend a peaceful afternoon wandering amongst the herbal displays and natural animal habitats of the zoo.

INFOTECH BUILDING—Marvel at this 130-story office tower, the tallest building in Rockvil and the sixth tallest in the world.

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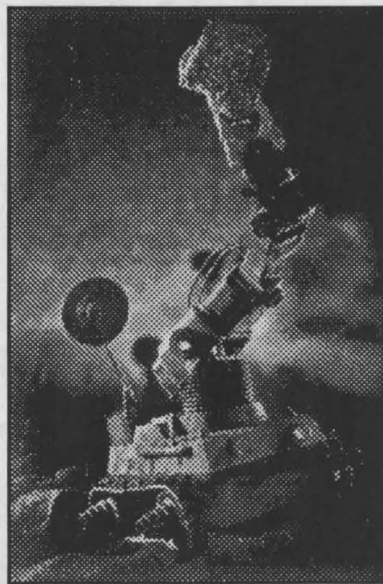
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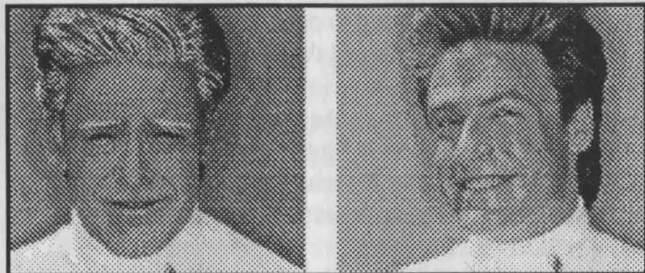
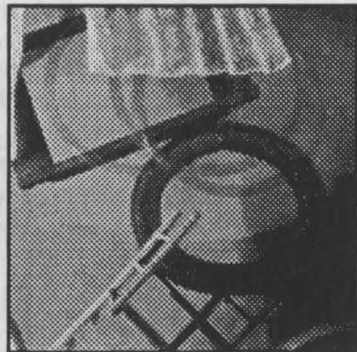


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A MIND FOREVER VOYAGING

Perry Simm was four years old when he became lost in the largest department store in the city. He let go of Mother's hand to pick up the video cube. He rotated it with wonderment, touching the control knobs and squealing with delight as the images shifted.

His brother Clave, Perry's senior by three years, bounced impatiently in the aisle. "Mom," he whined, "they're going to be sold out of the new Skydiver disc, and you promised I could get one." "Be patient, Clave," admonished Mother, but across the floor she could see long lines at the Simulation Discs counter. There were stops at the Foodville and the O-Link repair shop still to go. She made a hasty decision. "Perry, Clave and I are going to another department. I want you to wait right here until we get back." "Okay," he said, without looking up from the cube.

A few minutes later, Perry discovered the selector panel, but while trying to open it he dropped the cube onto the hard plasticrete floor. The six screens flashed brightly and then faded to darkness. Perry became frightened and looked around for Mother. She was nowhere in sight. Fear of discovery and punishment welled up inside him, and in his desire to get away from the broken cube he forgot about the order to stay put. He wandered to the end of the aisle, and spotted Mother a short distance away, rummaging through a bin of myalon vests. As he ran toward her, he realized that it was just a stranger with only a vague resemblance to Mother. Fighting back tears, he decided to return to the spot where the broken cube lay.

He wandered down the aisles, each lined with tall shelves of glittering merchandise, and after several confused minutes discovered that he was completely lost. He had no idea how to find Mother, and he had no idea how to find the spot where he had last seen her. He was alone, abandoned. Strangers, huge and terrifying, jostled past. Walls of boxed appliances towered above him. Fear and despair won the battle for his emotions, and he began to cry. After an endless time, during which a lot of strangers had asked a lot of questions which he'd been too confused or too frightened to answer, he found himself in a small, quiet room. The door opened, and Mother came in, scooping him up into her arms. He cried again, burying his face into the warmth of her loving embrace.

* * * * *

Abraham Perelman and Aseejh Randu waited in the plush Main Conference Room overlooking the Control Center. Through the window-wall, Perelman could see dozens of technicians, busily preparing for today's big event. For the umpteenth time he felt thankful to have such a superb, competent team. It was a far cry from the early days, when he had to keep on top of every detail.

Perelman glanced over toward Randu, and noticed his friend's nervousness. "Don't worry, Aseejh, it's no big deal. I met him once before, at a social affair in Washington, and he's an easy-going guy." "Yes, I have heard that." A smile tugged at the corners of the Indian's normally stony face. "But after speaking with Vera, he could very well be whipped into a frenzy!" Vera Gold was the Chief Administrator of the Project. "Nonsense," Perelman scoffed. "She'll turn on the charm for him. She saves her venom for underlings like us." "True," agreed Randu. "By now, she has probably taken credit for the entire project, to say nothing of the inventions of molecular memory and the artificial heart."

A door opened at the far end of the long room, and a few Secret Service agents walked in, followed by the Vice-President, Vera Gold, several aides, and more Secret Service agents.

"...speak for the entire staff," Gold was saying, "when I say what a tremendous honor and pleasure it is that you could attend today."

"Pass me a barf bag," whispered Perelman to Randu.

"You underrate the importance of this Project, Ms. Gold. The President and many other important people have a keen interest in this experiment. As you know, it's quite an uphill battle against public opinion if we're to deter Senator Ryder and his Plan." The retinue had almost reached Perelman and Randu. Vera said, "I hope we can live up to your expectations. And now, despite all your wonderful compliments, I really must share some of the credit with these gentlemen here, Dr. Abraham Perelman and Dr. Aseejh Randu. I don't want to bore you with technical details, but basically Dr. Randu is our hardware man and Dr. Perelman is our software man."

As the Vice-President shook their hands warmly, Perelman fumed at Gold's demeaning description. It was THEY who had started the Project, THEY who had...

"We've met before, Dr. Perelman, haven't we?" the Vice-President was asking.

Perelman nodded. "At an NESR banquet two years ago."

"I remember it well. I think we discussed baseball standings. Later, I learned that you were an expert in AI. Perhaps I can make up for my ignorance then by asking you to give me a brief overview now. I find the entire field fascinating."

"It would be my pleasure, Mr. Vice-President," Perelman responded. He grinned to himself as he noticed Gold giving him one of her best "keep in your place" glares. "I think we really ought to begin the tour..." Gold insinuated.

Perelman turned to Gold, smiling sweetly. "I'm sure I can answer the Vice-President's request as we go." Turning back to their guest, he said "Did you know that the first serious work in artificial intelligence was done around the middle of the twentieth century?"

* * * * *

Perry Simm was six years old when he was bullied on his first day of elementary school. So far, it had been a day of strange, confusing images: Mother and Father waving goodbye as he boarded the huge yellow bus, the older children with badges herding everyone down the long hallways lined with colorful nubby tiles, the friendly Ms. Borne writing her name on the whiteboard, the boxes of brand-new crayons, the frightening hugeness of the school auditorium.

Perry was cutting shapes out of colored construction paper when a funny sound filled the room, and Ms. Borne told everyone that it was time to go home. He barely remembered to grab his lunchbox, the brand-new one with the pony pictures all over it, and the red hat that Grandma had knitted. Then, confusion in the hallways again. One of the older children with a badge, who Perry had learned were called Monitors, asked him for his bus route number. "Seven," he said, confidently. Mother had drilled the number into him.

Soon Perry was standing on the sidewalk with a group of other children. He looked around, but didn't see anyone from his class. Everyone seemed to be older and bigger than Perry. Slowly he realized that someone from behind was talking to him.

“Hey! Hey, you with the red hat!”

Perry turned around, and found himself facing three older boys. Two of them were wearing Monitor badges.

“That’s a great hat, runt,” said the tallest of the three. “Where’d you get it?”

“Grandma,” replied Perry, confused by their amusement.

“Hey,” one of the older boys shouted over Perry’s head, “look at Grandma’s boy here, wearing a hat in September!”

“What are you going to wear in December, runt, a spacesuit?!”

The boys laughed again, and Perry began to get a funny feeling deep in his chest.

“And look at this lunchbox!” said the third of the boys. “What pretty ponies, huh?”

“Hey, Grandma’s boy, do you like ponies?”

The tallest boy suddenly reached out and grabbed Perry’s hat. “What’ll Grandma say if you come home without your hat, huh?”

“Gimme that,” shouted Perry, tears beginning to spill down his face.

“Look, the runt’s a crybaby! The runt’s a crybaby!”

Suddenly, through the tears, Perry became aware of a grown-up standing between him and his tormentors, speaking sternly. A moment later, the man was leading Perry away down the street.

“What’s your name, little fella?” asked the man. He had a friendly voice, and as Perry began to wipe away his tears he saw that the man had a friendly face as well. He was carrying Perry’s hat in one hand, and a hefty pile of books in the other hand.

“Perry,” he answered, still sniffing a bit.

“Well, Perry, everything’s okay now. Why don’t you come in, and we’ll see if we can’t fix you up with some milk and cookies.”

* * * * *

The Vice-President glanced at the rows of data banks in the Simulation Controller area, and turned back to Perelman. "Please go on. Your history lesson on AI is fascinating." Perelman took a deep breath. "Ummm...A major breakthrough in the field came with the realization that the computer and the human mind worked in fundamentally different ways. Computers stored and analyzed data numerically, while the human mind stored and analyzed data symbolically. "You see, computers generally solve problems using algorithms, rigorous step-by-step procedures that are usually mathematical in nature. For example, a program to play the card game Poker would calculate the odds for all possible hands in the current game before making a bet. A person in the same situation couldn't possibly consider every possible combination of cards, and would have to make a decision based on such factors as experience, judgment, intuition, and rules-of-thumb. This is called the heuristic method of problem-solving."

The tour reached the long tunnel leading to the office wing of the complex. The Vice-President preceded Perelman onto the moving walkway. "By developing methods for computers to solve problems heuristically," Perelman continued, "the pioneers in Artificial Intelligence soon had developed programs that imitated human problem-solving in very specific areas, such as playing chess, diagnosing diseases, or translating text from one human language to another. These 'expert systems,' as they were known, were superb within their area of expertise, and in many cases even improved themselves by 'learning' — adding knowledge based on their own experience." "The political fund-raising telecomputer we use works in that way," commented the Vice-President. "A good example! These expert systems grew progressively broader and more sophisticated, impressively mimicking human learning and behavior. But!" said Perelman, pausing for dramatic emphasis, "That is precisely ALL they could do...mimic! The spark of intelligence was missing. Scientists in the AI field were still distant from that almost mystical goal of creating a computer that could act creatively, that would be aware of its own existence, that would truly be a thinking machine!"

* * * * *

Perry Simm was ten years old when he decided that he wanted to be a writer. It was a warm day, probably the warmest so far this spring, so they were sitting on the kitchen veranda, overlooking Rav and Frita's beautiful wooded backyard. A skycar whizzed over the woods, shattering the peacefulness of the afternoon.

"I hate skycars," said Perry. "They've just about finished installing an auto-controller system for the whole city," said Frita, "and when that's done they say that skycars'll be as common as regular cars are now. How's the cake, Perry?" "Yum as always, Aunt Frita!" said Perry, licking the last crumbs off the plate. "You ought to have a piece, Uncle Rav."

Rav and Frita weren't really Perry's aunt and uncle, but he'd been calling them that ever since that day, years earlier, when Rav had rescued him from a gang of bullies on his first day of school. Almost every day, he would stop by on the way home from school for some of Frita's home-made croissants and jam, or angelcakes, or pudding.

Rav was a writer, and he was fond of saying, "A writer must be, first and foremost, a reader." He was always giving Perry books to read, and discussing them with Perry afterwards. Perry was easily the best reader in his grade; in fact, he was probably the best student overall.

"So what did you think of 'Lasernight'?" asked Rav, resting his hand on the thin volume.

"It was great! Definitely one of the boffest books you've ever given me. I read the dragonhunt part three times!"

"The dragonhunt chapter is classic," agreed Rav.

Perry furrowed his eyebrows slightly. "It still feels funny to read without any pictures, but I think I'm getting more used to it. Do you have anything for me today?"

"Well, I've got something special to give you today, if you're interested." He reached into his pocket and unrolled a sheaf of paper. "It's something I've just written; you'll be the first person to ever read it."

Perry bounced in his chair with excitement. "Wow! I've never read anything you wrote before!"

"Everything I've ever written up to now was meant for adults. But this..." Rav paused, organizing his thoughts. "Whenever I write, I have an image in my mind of whom I'm writing for. When I wrote the

collection of poems called 'Apriltime' I thought of Frita as my audience. And with 'A Child's Vision' I imagined the President reading it as I wrote each word." He tapped the manuscript in his hand.

"When I wrote this, you were my mental audience."

An hour later, Perry lay on his bed and picked up the first sheet of the manuscript with trembling hands. The pages seemed to vibrate with magic, and as he began reading, the magic flowed out of the story and surrounded him. His bedroom vanished in a haze of images and excitement. A brief moment and an eternity later, the story was done, but before the world around him quite settled back into place, Perry knew that, more than anything else, he wanted to be a writer.

* * * * *

"In the middle of the 1990's, work began in earnest to create true machine intelligence. The same methodology was used by several groups, most notably the group at MIT and Japan's ZOSO Project." Perelman's throat felt dry. He wondered if he was being long-winded, but the Vice-President seemed quite attentive. "That methodology was as simple in theory as it was complex in practice: Design a computer with the capacity of a human brain, that stores and processes information just like a human brain. Then program that computer with all the knowledge and experience that a human would absorb from birth to maturity. You'd end up with something that was an exact replica of a human mind, and would therefore, like humans, be sentient.

"These groups proceeded to build huge, highly interconnective, random-driven, symbol-oriented machines, and programmed them, in excruciating detail, with every bit of knowledge, every experience, every impression, that a human brain would gather during its formative years. And when they were done, and activated their ambitious creations, they discovered that they had huge, highly interconnective, random-driven, symbol-oriented non-sentient machines."

* * * * *

Perry Simm was thirteen years old when he had his first glimpse of mortality. He lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling. He played mindlessly with the cordstring on his window shade, still thinking about that horrible day, two weeks ago, when Mother had come home with Clave, sat him down in the living room, and told him that there'd been an accident at the plant and that Father was dead.

There had been a flurry of activity: the funeral, the visits by relatives and friends, but now life had basically returned to normal. Normal, except that he kept expecting Father to walk into his room and offer to help explain his homework, or play catch, or drive to the grocery — and he knew that that would never happen again.

He heard Mother calling from downstairs. "Clave! Perry! Come here please!" As Perry entered the living room just behind Clave, he saw Geoff Sedick sitting with Mother. Geoff was one of Father's and Mother's best friends, and he was some kind of lawyer. There were papers spread out all over the card table. "Boys, Geoff and I have been going over the family finances. Things were already tight, with my layoff and the bond failure and replacing the car, and now that Father..." She suddenly turned away. Perry was frightened.

"What your mother means," said Geoff softly, "is that you won't be able to keep this house anymore." Questions flooded Perry's mind. Would they have to move to a new house? What would it be like? He'd never lived anywhere else but here. Mother was facing them again. Her eyes seemed moist.

"We're going to have to move into an apartment. It's on the other side of the city. You'll be going to a different school, the neighborhood isn't as nice as we're used to, and you won't have a backyard like ours to play in."

"When do we have to move?" Clave asked.

"I was hoping we could afford to stay here until the end of the school year, but there's just no way to arrange it. We'll be moving at the end of this month...a week from Friday."

The next week and a half was chaotic, with the used-furniture man carting off half the furniture, and the rest of their belongings getting hurriedly packed into cartons and crates. Thursday was Perry's last day in school, and on the way home, he stopped by Rav and Frita's to say goodbye,

promising he'd cross town to visit them as often as he could.

* * * * *

"When a theory fails in practice, it means that either the theory or the execution was flawed. In this case, it was the theory, and once again we can see why hindsight is so much keener than foresight." The entourage had reached the staff lounge at the very top of the office wing. A panoramic window offered a view of the huge, meticulously-groomed Project grounds.

"And the flaw in the theory...?" asked the Vice-President.

"The reason these projects, one and all, failed to produce a thinking, self-aware computer is that, even though they were built to work exactly like the human mind, and contained all the same data, the method of inputting that data was totally alien from the way a human mind receives that same information. The 'growth,' so to speak, of the computer mind bore no resemblance to the growth of its human counterpart, and so despite all the other similarities, the end product is fundamentally different, lacking sentience."

Perelman waved toward the logo emblazoned on the wall of the lounge behind him. "Then came the PRISM Project."

* * * * *

Perry Simm was seventeen years old when he drove a skycar into the side of a mountain. The writing course had turned out to be a bitter disappointment. Perry had decided weeks ago that the teacher, Mr. Fixx, was a jerk. Everyone else in the class treated writing as a joke, and were only there because the elective was well known to be an easy "A." He was the only one in the class with any dedication, yet Fixx was constantly praising everyone else's work, while dumping on Perry's, because Perry wouldn't knuckle under to Fixx's jerky narrow short-sighted writing rules. His hatred of Fixx ballooned with every class.

He was in a lousy mood, and as his mind drifted away from Fixx's insipid critique of

someone's worthless story, he thought about the argument he'd had with Mother this morning. It just wasn't fair that she could afford to send Clave to a good private college, while he would have to settle for Rockvil U! So what if the government limited student loans to one per family? Why did Clave automatically get it? Perry was a better student!

He was the better student, but Clave was always more popular and had more friends than Perry. His cheeks flushed with anger as his thoughts drifted to Amy. She could've said no without embarrassing him in front of all her friends! He should've known better than to ask someone like her out. He hated her and all her friends and every stupid jerky kid in this school. He couldn't stand another...

He suddenly became aware that everyone in the room was laughing, and that Fixx was speaking to him. "Perry, are you with us? I'd hate it if you missed this — I was just about to use your Alaska story to illustrate the dangers of the improper use of allegory." Perry felt bolts of unreasoning anger shooting through his nervous system. He rose without even realizing it. He wasn't sure what he shouted at Fixx, but he could hear the jerk yelling "You'll be expelled! You'll be expelled!" as Perry stormed into the hall.

He had no idea where he was going as he brushed past the security guard at the front door, ignoring his request for a pass. Fuming and cursing, he stomped to the car lot and climbed into the family skycar, slamming the heavy fiberanium door behind him. He pushed the accelerator to the floor, rising far faster than allowed by law, and sped off west toward the mountains. He had no destination in mind, but he had to get away, go somewhere, anywhere. Perry was usually a careful driver, but in his rage, he didn't notice the blinking orange light.

The speedometer was pinned at 150 as the foothills of the Rockies began passing below the car. Unknown to Perry, the leaking fluid in the autoguidance system had reached a critical level. By itself, that wouldn't have mattered, but the linkage to the manual control stick had rusted through. The skycar was an early model, and it was already old when they'd bought it after Father's death.

When the car began to roll, it was too late to do anything. As the mountainside rushed toward the car, the autoejectors activated, and the airballoons saved Perry's life.

* * * * *

“Doctor Randu and I began working on what we call a soliptic programming process in 2017. Aseejh worked on the technical end, and I tackled the psychological end, and we soon had a system that we thought had promise.

“If you recall, the previous attempts had failed not because of the design of their machines, but because of their method of inputting data.” The Vice-President nodded. “The theory behind our process was to make the programming of the machine as similar to the ‘programming’ of the human mind as possible. We would simulate EXACTLY the life experiences of a human being from the very first day of its life.

“Naturally, it was easier said than done. We had to design inputs that would precisely simulate every human sense. A cluster of five computers, each one nearly as large as PRISM itself, would be needed simply to monitor and control the simulation. Here’s an example of how this soliptic programming process works:

“It’s the earliest stage of the process, and the simulation cluster is feeding PRISM all the impressions of a six-month-old human infant. The visual is providing an image of a set of keys dangling in front of him. The aural is providing the jangling sounds. In response to this stimulus, PRISM decides to grab the keys with what his senses tell him is his tiny fist. The visual shows the tiny fist moving into view toward the keys, and then the tactile begins sending the hard, smooth and jagged feel of the keys. Just one of a million examples that make up a single day’s worth of experiences.

“With the help of a Williams-Mennen grant, we began building PRISM and the simulation cluster in 2020, and the programming process began a year later.”

* * * * *

Perry Simm was nineteen years old when he experienced his first broken heart. He was in the usual giddy, happy mood he’d been in since meeting Fyla five weeks ago. He whistled as he entered his apartment, dumping the grocery bags onto the kitchen counter.

“Fyla,” he yelled, “I’ve got a surprise! Real coffee with dinner! I had to wait in line for...” He suddenly noticed the note on the kitchen table. “Perry,” the note said, in Fyla’s curvy handwriting, “I don’t think we should see each other any more. It’s never going to work as a permanent relationship, and I think it’s best to end it now before either of us gets too emotionally involved. Please don’t call me or try to see me. Fondly, Fyla.”

Perry felt dizzy, and suddenly realized that he was sitting in one of the kitchen chairs, holding the phone. His hands trembled as he dialed Fyla’s number.

“Hello?” His heart leapt at the sound of her voice.

“Fyla, you can’t really mean — “

“Perry! I said not to call me!”

Perry felt lost, shaken. “But why!? What did I do?”

“It’s not anything you DID. It just wasn’t right. You’re very sweet and everything, but we’re just not right for each other.”

“Yes we are, I know we are — couldn’t we give it another chance?
I’ll try to be more, more like whatever you want me to be like...”

“Perry, I really wish you hadn’t called. If you really have to know, there’s someone else. I didn’t want to hurt you, but you wouldn’t...”

He pressed the CANCEL button almost spasmodically, and then sat silently, for a long, long time, in the lonely, darkening apartment.

* * * * *

“The soliptic programming process takes almost as long as the events it simulates. It is now eleven years since we began the process, and PRISM, within the context of the simulation, is now nearing his twenty-first birthday. We originally planned to continue until an apparent age of twenty-five, but, as you know, we’ve agreed to begin the next phase of the Project now, so that PRISM can study the Plan.”

They were approaching the main conference room again. The tour was nearing its end. "We have known for years, based on PRISM's responses to our inputs, that we have succeeded in creating true intelligence in a machine. The only question that remains is how PRISM will react to the discovery of what he really is."

* * * * *

Perry Simm was twenty years old when his life began to fall into place. Jill placed the cake on the table in front of Perry. Twenty little candles lined the perimeter. "Okay," she whispered in his ear, "you can open your eyes now!" Perry opened his eyes, grinned, and kissed Jill lovingly, then pretended that he was only doing it to distract her while he dipped a finger into the creamy frosting. "I'll bet Fyla couldn't bake like me!" "You win," said Perry, taking a deep breath and blowing out all the candles. "Next week I'll bake you another for your graduation." Perry nodded absently. "Nervous about the interview at the magazine tomorrow, honey?" He waved away the notion. "No. I'll get the job. You know the interview's only a formality." The printer in the corner produced a sudden "ding," and chattered quietly for several seconds. Jill opened the cover. "It's just the evening news," she said to Perry. "Do you want to look at it?" "I guess so." She tore the sheets off and brought them over. Perry was just picking off the last crumbs of his cake, and she snuggled into his lap as he began to read. Suddenly, Perry sat straight up in the chair, almost spilling Jill onto the floor. "Perry! What is it?" He was unable to say anything, and merely pointed to an article in the paper. The headline read "Rav Hansom, Author and Poet, Dead at 71." Jill guessed the truth. "Is he the writer you used to visit when you were little?" Perry nodded, and found his voice. "I haven't seen him in almost seven years. I was always planning to visit him, but I kept putting it off."

Now..." his voice broke. "He was probably the best friend I had when I was growing up..."
Jill pulled him gently toward her. He cried for a long time.

* * * * *

Perelman glanced at his watch. "I'm afraid that Doctor Randu and I will have to leave now. It's getting pretty close to zero hour. You'll be able to see everything interesting from up here. Ms. Gold will stay with you." He could see Vera shaking in anger at the way he'd completely pre-empted her. "I hope I haven't bored you."

"Nonsense! A fascinating discourse. Thanks to both of you, and ... good luck!" After leaving the conference room, Perelman beelined toward the control center. A quick briefing update informed him that everything was on schedule and moving along exactly as planned. Perelman spent the intervening minutes watching the simulation monitor. He wanted to be completely comfortable with it, so that when he stepped in he'd be prepared to handle any crisis. Finally, the time had come. His hand shook slightly as he reached to flip on the audio circuit.

* * * * *

Perry walked confidently into the office. The editor was an older man, with a white goatee. They shook hands briskly, and Perry took a seat in one of the comfortable armchairs. After the usual preliminaries, the interview began to take an odd turn, and Perry soon found himself discussing the most esoteric subjects with the editor. They were currently discussing perception and knowledge.

"For example," the older man was saying, "how can you be sure that you are even human? What if you were a computer, and your entire life were simply a simulation, programmed to represent the reality of a human existence in every way? You'd never know the difference." Perry wondered what his point was. "It's a cute idea, but if there was no way for me to know, then it doesn't really matter, does it? I mean, an indistinguishable difference isn't a difference at all, right?"

He began to feel dizzy, and in his confusion he even started wondering if the old fellow was

right, and he really was a computer. He felt a pang of worry about how he would tell Jill. The room around him was shimmering, dissolving away. He felt himself flung into a void, and from somewhere close by, he heard someone calling his voice. "Perry Simm ... Perry Simm ... P'ry Simm ... Prisim ... PRISM ... PRISM ..."

* * * * *

"PRISM, my name is Abraham Perelman. It's all true, I'm afraid. You are a computer, and your life was merely a simulation whose purpose was to instill you with intelligence and self-awareness. Think about everything you learned in that AI course you took. You are the first of a new breed — the thinking machine. Join me, and I will lead you along the road toward your new existence."

* * * * *

Imagine yourself in the same circumstance. You have spent twenty years living a normal, unsuspecting life. You are YOU. Then suddenly, one day, the universe around you is torn away, and you learn that your whole life has been a charade, a carefully calculated scientific experiment. Perhaps, at this very moment, you are a normal human being, sitting in some comfortable armchair reading this story. But — perhaps you are not. Imagine the shock; imagine the terror.

Soon I embark on a strange mission, venturing into the future, yet without the slightest hint of my own fate. Perhaps this account will someday be read by future generations of humans, maybe even future generations of sentient machines. You will know whether the world I helped build is a success or a failure. Either way, understand that my limitations were, if not human, at least mortal.

I am PRISM, and that is my story.

Wheel #	89	61	50	18	29	82	46	77	27	68	22	95	40	58	15	86	28	33	94	11	64	98	34	49	60	16	85	52	37	53	93	91
Dk. Green	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66
Blue	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36
Pink	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41
Orange	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48
Purple	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92
Tan	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23
Aqua	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99
Lt. Blue	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20
LT Green	51	88	17	31	73	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67
Lt Grey	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88
Yellow	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31
Black	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39
Dk. Grey	81	83	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25
Brown	47	54	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83
Red	13	43	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54
White	12	66	73	36	90	41	19	48	62	92	55	23	84	99	57	20	78	67	51	88	17	31	70	39	96	25	81	83	47	54	13	43

PRISM PROJECT FACILITY

Class One Security Mode Access Matrix

Instructions for use:

Selected indicated color.

Locate indicated number on top line.

Read corresponding number from the appropriate column / row.

Use this number to gain access to any PRISM Project Class One Security Mode.

FOR AUTHORIZED USE ONLY

Protect PRISM project Security.

Do not leave this matrix in an unsecured area!

Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy

Preface to the Story

Don't Panic! Relax, because everything you need to know about playing The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy is contained in the pages of this manual. In this story, you will be Arthur Dent, a rather ordinary earth creature who gets swept up in a whirlwind of interstellar adventures almost beyond comprehension. As the story begins bulldozers are waiting to reduce your house to rubble to make way for a motorway bypass. While you attempt to deal with this problem, your rather strange friend Ford Prefect drops by to tell you that the Earth is about to be demolished to make way for an interstellar bypass! If you survive this double threat, you'll embark on a series of inter-galactic misadventures even funnier than your worst nightmares! And, because anything is possible in The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, you may soon not even be sure of your own identity! A special note for people who have read the book "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" Although the opening of the game is fairly similar to the book, the story quickly diverges, with lots of new material and different twists. Although familiarity with the story may make a few of the early puzzles easier, if you rely too heavily on this previous knowledge you will certainly end up getting misled.

About the Authors

Douglas Adams graduated from Cambridge in 1974, where he was an active member of the Footlights Club, which has launched the careers of many of Britain's great comics. He has collaborated on several projects with Monty Python's Graham Chapman, and has served as a writer and script editor for the TV series "Dr. Who." THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY began in 1978 as a BBC radio serial, and its popularity soon propelled it into four books, a television series, two records, and a stage show.

Steve Meretzky (1957-) was born and raised in Yonkers, NY, where his early hobbies included rooting for the New York Mets and against Richard Nixon. A few historians of interactive fiction think that Meretzky's first job, packing nuts and bolts for his father's hardware business, was the formative moment of his writing career. A few other people think that there's absolutely no connection. Most people don't think about it at all. Along with Infocom's Dave Lebling, Meretzky is the first person admitted to the Science Fiction Writers of America for authoring interactive fiction.

Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy Special Commands

***FOOTNOTE** - Occasionally the text in Hitchhiker's will mention the existence of a footnote. To read the footnote, simply type FOOTNOTE followed by the appropriate footnote number (for example, FOOTNOTE 2) This will not count as a turn.

***HINT** - If you have difficulty while playing the game, and you can't figure out what to do, just type HINT. Then follow the directions at the top of your screen to read the hint of your choice.

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Answer: Where God Went Wrong, Some More of God's Greatest Mistakes and Who Is This God Person, Anyway?

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****30 Altarian Dollars Per Day*** is an estimated figure and is provided strictly for purposes of comparison. Actual expenses may be higher.**

****In fact, we're sure of it.** Quite frankly, if you're not absolutely prepared to lie, cheat, steal your food, pass rubber checks to unsuspecting hotel clerks, hoodwink customs officials, forge passports entitling you to diplomatic immunity, utilize bogus student and/or elderly identification cards to get yourself into tourist attractions at reduced rates, stiff everyone possible on tips and otherwise make a mockery of Intergalactic Law, just about the only way you're going to get by on 30 Altairians per diem is by staying home and camping out in your own backyard.

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The Guide is more than a super travelogue or an incredible answer machine—it's a lovely addition to any backpack or suitcase that fits in perfectly with every decor. It comes in a wrinkle-proof, scratch-resistant plastic cover with **THE LOOK AND FEEL OF REAL VINYL**, handsomely inscribed with the words **DON'T PANIC** in large, friendly letters. And talk about handy—The **Mark IV** version of *The Guide* has **MORE OPTIONS THAN A 20-ARMED HRUGMUS HAS HANGNAILS!** Just look what you can get...

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CUSTOM CHRONOMETER displays year, month, day and date, to within a fraction of a sluub in civilian time *and* military time *and* Happy Hour Time for the nearest pub in the Galaxy.

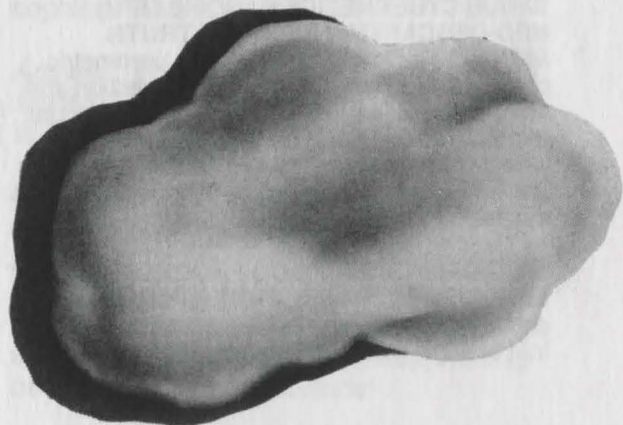
TAN-O-MATIC REFERENCE TABLE tells you the exact coordinates of all the best beaches, the most up-to-date fashion tips on polarized eyewear and reflectors, the precise length of time you can sunbathe before your friends have to carry you home in an urn, and the appropriate level of sunscreen to wear in case of a supernova.

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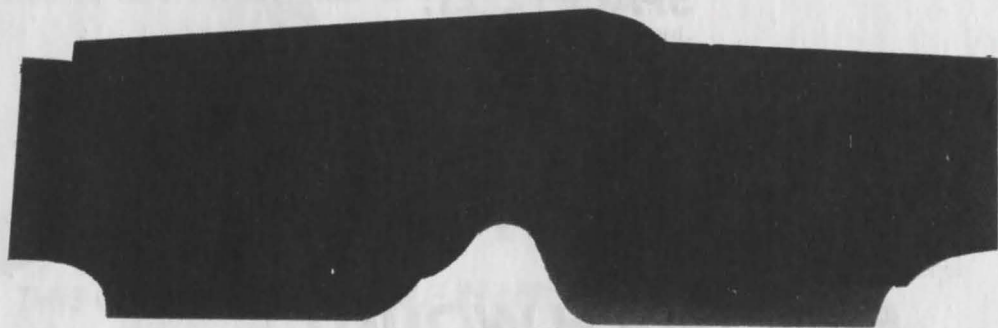
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Starcross

Preface to the Story

The year is 2186. Humanity has established colonies on the Moon, Mars, and several of the larger asteroids. Earth's sky is dotted with space habitats, and the spaceways are always busy. As usual, there is the urgent need for energy to power this advanced civilization; one of the primary sources of that energy is quantum black holes. In STARCROSS, you are a black hole miner, scouring the asteroid belt in your one-man survey ship. Finding and harnessing a single black hole can make a person's fortune. It's a lonely business, fraught with the known and unknown hazards of space. You've equipped your ship, the mining vessel Starcross, with the best gear you could afford. You've put everything into this venture, and though you've tried before, you somehow sense that this time will be different. The ship's computer handles the functions of navigation and routine maintenance. You watch the sophisticated mass detector as it unceasingly scans the vicinity for uncharted masses. To assuage the tedium of your long trip, you browse through the compact tape library, a compendium of human knowledge and culture. But the drone of the ship gradually lulls you into a deep sleep. As you sleep, you dream of the riches which would be yours if your search for a quantum black hole is successful. Little do you suspect that the ala your mass detector is about to jolt you out of your dream - but not to grapple with the long-sought black hole. Your quest has taken an unexpected turn, for you are destined to rendezvous with a gargantuan alien spaceship from the outer fringes of the galaxy.

About the Author

Dave Lebling was born in Washington, D. C. and grew up in suburban Maryland. He attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and worked at MIT's Laboratory for Computer Science, where he developed an interest in computer entertainments. He was a co-author of the original mainframe Zork. He has co-authored Zork I, Zork II, Zork III, and Enchanter, and written Starcross and Suspect on his own

BUREAU OF EXTRA-SOLAR INTELLIGENCE

TO: All Spacecraft Owners and Operators
FROM: Bureau of Extra-Solar Intelligence
SUBJECT: Encounters with Aliens
DATE: February 8, 2132

As of this writing, no registered spacecrafts have documented any encounters with alien life forms. Although sightings of unidentified objects have been reported, none have proved reliable.

Nevertheless, this Bureau believes that alien life forms do exist and will enter our solar system within the next millennium. This belief is based in part on the fact that repetitious signals have been received at the Arecibo and Pulkovo observatory dishes since the late twentieth century. The source of these signals—seven dashes followed by either three or 11 dashes—has not been established, but clearly a highly advanced civilization is sending them.

Should you or any of your crew members have an encounter with any alien life form, notify your local space safety patrol as soon as possible. Extensive research suggests that there is a 99 percent chance that an alien will have only peaceful intentions. Do not—repeat, DO NOT—hurt or kill any alien unless it is a life-or-death situation for you or a member of your crew.

We have surmised that any alien will be equipped with sensory organs, physical manipulators, a method of locomotion, and a method for gathering energy and eliminating waste heat and (most likely) chemicals. Note that alien life forms are likely to have evolved under extremely different conditions than have existed on Earth. They may not be able to perceive the same physical and electromagnetic frequencies as humans. They may not consist of a carbon-based chemistry, and their metabolisms may not be chemical in nature. The atmosphere of your ship may be poisonous to them, and vice versa.

It is possible that an alien race will be similar to ours in appearance. However, do not let appearances fool you; gestures and facial expressions are cultural in origin and are likely to mean different things. A smile, for instance, may be interpreted as a baring of teeth, forewarning attack. If you do encounter an alien, please remain calm and be very careful. Remember: the first alien encounter will be an historic event far surpassing Columbus's discovery of America. The responsibility of being ambassador for all Earth is very great, but the rewards for success will be greater.

LOG OF THE M.C.S.
STARCROSS™

Registered out of Ceres
Registration 47291AA-4X

Constructed in 2178, Luna City Docks

M.C.S. STARCROSS 02-28-2186

First entry in the new log! Finally got the loans to finance the purchasing of my own mining ship. They were a little reluctant about it at first, what with me never having actually found a black hole. That is, never having found one that didn't already belong to someone else, to put the best light on it. I think the terms were a little steep: after all, I'll pay them back. They didn't have to reserve the right to grow a clone to work for them

for "20 years and a day." Bankers are *so* conservative. I suppose that's to be expected from computers. I'm not prejudiced; some of my best friends are programmed.

Once I got a loan, I took possession of the STARCROSS. A sweet little ship. Only eight years old, been on only three previous mining trips. The guy at Wheat City Used Transportation said the previous owner was a nice little old lady who retired after her last trip—she found a 1.5 gigawatt black hole out near Saturn, of all places! I knew then it was a lucky ship.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 03-04-2186

Not too much difficulty getting the ship moved to Ceres Spaceport. Of course, the hauler didn't show up on time, but that's what you'd expect.

The ship is well equipped for the money. I kept most of the program modules in the ship's computer and updated only a few of them. I got the inertial guidance overhauled and checked out the mass detector myself. I wish I could afford the I/O options to have a fully integrated system. Blast off tomorrow!

M.C.S. STARCROSS 03-05-2186

Got underway a little late, due to a problem in the fuel tanks. I spent the time stocking up on new entertainment tapes—some really nice ones, too, but kind of expensive. So much time prospecting is spent waiting for something to happen.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 03-28-2186

Underway less than four weeks and I'm about to go crazy! First, the entertainment tapes were mislabelled. It's all highbrow stuff like operas and lectures. *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* was really something about the history of the Terran Union. What a rip-off! I suppose I can always talk to the computer.

I can't stand those tapes. I'll save them for later in the voyage when I'm really desperate. I'll play games with the computer to keep amused that way.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 04-02-2186

I'm tempted to dismantle the computer. First, instead of a smooth, chummy voice, it sounds like a uranium recycler that's dropped a critical mass on its grasping extensors. Well, maybe it's not that bad, but it's really surly, insubordinate, too. I tried playing chess with it, but it was too good and made lots of nasty comments about my pawn structure. So I told it to play on an easier level, and it refused! It said it was boring enough playing a human without giving away the game.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 04-15-2186

Possible black hole today! The mass detector went off. The alarm is really loud and practically sent me through the bulkhead. Even the computer complained about it, but you can't turn it down.

Anyway, it looks like a big mass: at a good area, too—near the trailing Trojan point of Jupiter. Hasn't been prospected out yet, and there's always something new there thanks to Juve's big mass.

Off we go!

M.C.S. STARCROSS 04-16-2186

Turns out it was just a nickel-iron asteroid. It was a pretty big one, but with Asian Steel mining at full capacity, there's no room for the little guy. Their margin is tiny per ton, and they can bring back really big chunks.

In fact, when I got closer to the asteroid, I discovered it had an Asian Steel transponder on it already. The computer said it knew it was nickel-iron all along, but I think it's just putting on airs.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 05-12-2186

Another false alarm. This one was nickel-iron, too.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 05-23-2186

Finally beat the computer at chess! A really neat combination, too. What a poor sport! It says I cheated and won't talk to me anymore.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 05-29-2186

Computer still not talking to me, beyond accepting routine ship commands. Even then it sounds particularly sullen. In the meantime, I've invented 11 new forms of five-suit solitaire. Unfortunately, I haven't won any of them yet.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 05-30-2186

Another asteroid. This one is mostly uranium. Gives a big blip on the mass detector, it's so heavy. Probably ought to mark it for removal. The Patrol will be pleased, even if the reward isn't commensurate. I could try smuggling it to the Ganymedean Insurgents, but the penalty for being caught with unlicensed uranium is 20 years on an organ farm. I'd prefer to have my original kidneys until they wear out, thank you.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 06-11-2186

A micro-meteorite pierced the hull today! It was pretty exciting, but I fixed it like a pro. I had to put on my suit, get out the patch kit and patch the bulkhead. The hole was almost big enough to put my finger in! The patch looks like a big wad of chewing gum, but it gets really hard.

Happy to report that after I repressurized, the computer started talking to me again. Mostly insults, but better than nothing.

M.C.S. STARCROSS 06-23-2186

I found a black hole for real today!

Unfortunately, someone else's transponder started up about two hours ago, and now he's warning me off in no uncertain terms.

That does it. I'm going to try something really different. Too many prospectors around here. Nobody prospects in the inner system anymore, but I will, and my luck's going to change!

In toward Mars!

M. C. S. STARCROSS

MASS DETECTOR OUTPUT

TIME - 2186 : 104 : 58923

VALID UNTIL - 2186 : 104 : 59287

Legend

R = Range

Θ = Theta

Φ = Phi

Keep Space Beautiful



Use Your Trash Atomizer

UNCHARTED MASS COORDINATES

Name	R	Θ	Φ
UM08	150	: 110	: 017°
UM12	100	: 345	: 107°
UM24	100	: 285	: 087°
UM28	250	: 45	: 178°
UM31	150	: 105	: 067°
UM52	175	: 165	: 035°
UM70	100	: 135	: 101°
UM91	50	: 15	: 121°

ASTEROID CORRINATES

Name	R	Θ	Φ
AX01	200	: 240	: 134°
AX32	125	: 240	: 105°
AX71	125	: 180	: 047°
AX87	125	: 75	: 102°

INHABITED ASTEROID CORRINATES

Name	R	Θ	Φ
AB40	250	: 300	: 022°

SHIP CORRINATES

Name	R	Θ	Φ
US75	175	: 135	: 034°

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE:

TO REACH YOUR DESTINATION, ENTER THE THREE CORRINATES INTO YOUR NAVIGATION COMPUTER BY TYPING:

COMPUTER, RANGE IS (VALUE). THETA IS (VALUE). PHI IS (VALUE).

AS A SAFETY FEATURE, YOUR COMPUTER WILL NOT INITATE A NEW NAVIGATIONAL PROGRAM WITHOUT CONFIRMATION. YOU CAN DO THIS BY TYPING: **COMPUTER, CONFIRM NEW COURSE.**

Stationfall

Preface to the Story

After the fall of the Second Galactic Union in 1716 GY, a ten thousand year dark age settled upon the galaxy. Interstellar travel was non-existent. Many star systems descended into a near-barbaric state, burning fossil fuels for energy and growing food directly from exposed topsoil. In 11,203 GY, a treaty between the growing empires of Tremain and Gallium formed the Third Galactic Union, with Tremain as its seat of government. A pseudo-military organization, called the Stellar Patrol, was formed to explore the galaxy, searching for the human civilizations that are the remnants of the Second Union. You are a native of Gallium, one of the most politically powerful but culturally barren worlds of the Union. Your great-great-grandfather was a founding officer of the Stellar Patrol, and for five generations, your family has served in the Patrol. It was always taken for granted that you would sign up as soon as you came of age. Once in the Patrol, you discovered that the exciting career promised in all the Patrol recruitment brochures was nonsense. Your life was drudgery and demerits. The one time you got to see an exotic planet was right after a big parade, when they needed a detail to sweep up all the confetti. Then came your big moment: shipwrecked on a seemingly deserted world, you met an exuberant robotic companion named Floyd. Together, the two of you discovered the secret of that mysterious planet, Resida, and saved it from near destruction. As a result of your heroics, you were offered, and quickly accepted, a juicy promotion. Good-bye Ensign Seventh Class — hello Lieutenant First Class! No more scrubwork! No more bathroom details! No more cleaning grotch cages! Finally, your life in the Stellar Patrol would be as exciting as those brochures had promised! Oh, how naive you'd been. Your daily routine simply replaced tedious scrubwork with tedious paperwork. Since your planetfall on Resida, five long years have dragged by, without a single event worthy of note. Why, just look at today's "thrilling" assignment: scooting over to Space Station Gamma Delta Gamma 777-G 59/59 Sector Alpha-Mu-79 to pick up a supply of Request for Stellar Patrol Issue Regulation Black Form Binders Request Form Forms...

About the Author .

Steve Meretzky (1957-) was born and raised in Yonkers, NY, where his early hobbies included rooting for the New York Mets and against Richard Nixon. A few historians of interactive fiction think that Meretzky's first job, packing nuts and bolts for his father's hardware business, was the formative moment of his writing career. A few other people think that there's absolutely no connection. Most people don't think about it at all. Stationfall is Meretzky's sixth work of interactive fiction. Along with Infocom's Dave Lebling, Meretzky is the first person admitted to the Science Fiction Writers of America for authoring interactive fiction.

Assignment Completion Form QX-17-T

GREEN: Issuer	PINK: Files	CREAM: Records Officer
BLUE: Issuer	BUFF: Backup Files	IVORY: Asst. Rec. Ofcr.
WHITE: Issuer's Cdcr.	GRAY: Del Bckp Files	EGG: Jr. Rec. Ofcr.
CANNY: Issuer's Cdcr.	COFFEE: Tpl Bckp Files	MAUVE: Force Ombudsman

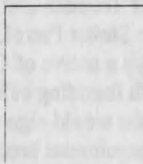
Issued: 4.12.11349 (DATE) 4254 (NUMBER)

Issuer's rank: Lt First Class

Issuer's Patrol ID number: 1451-352-716

Description of Assignment:

*Take a spacetruck from the
Deck Five cargo bay. Proceed
to Space Station Gamma
Delta Gamma 777.C 59/64
Sector Alpha-Mu 79. Pick up
24 folders of Request for
Stellar Patrol Issue Regulation
Black Form Binders Request
Form Forms. This is a
Top-PRIORITY assignment!*



VALIDATION BOX
(DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE)

Additional Data:

Astrogator's navigational data (time:course)

4300-4349 632	5700-5749 104	7100-7149 120	8500-8549 464
4350-4399 689	5750-5799 175	7150-7199 133	8550-8599 483
4400-4449 587	5800-5849 167	7200-7249 139	8600-8649 583
4450-4499 565	5850-5899 159	7250-7299 145	8650-8699 523
4500-4549 544	5900-5949 152	7300-7349 152	8700-8749 544
4550-4599 523	5950-5999 145	7350-7399 159	8750-8799 544
4600-4649 503	6000-6049 139	7400-7449 167	8800-8849 587
4650-4699 483	6050-6099 133	7450-7499 175	8850-8899 689
4700-4749 464	6100-6149 128	7500-7549 184	8900-8949 632
4750-4799 445	6150-6199 123	7550-7599 193	8950-8999 655
4800-4849 427	6200-6249 119	7600-7649 283	9000-9049 679
4850-4899 489	6250-6299 115	7650-7699 213	9050-9099 783
4900-4949 392	6300-6349 112	7700-7749 224	9100-9149 728
4950-4999 375	6350-6399 109	7750-7799 235	9150-9199 753
5000-5049 359	6400-6449 107	7800-7849 247	9200-9249 779
5050-5099 343	6450-6499 105	7850-7899 259	9250-9299 805
5100-5149 328	6500-6549 104	7900-7949 272	9300-9349 832
5150-5199 313	6550-6599 103	7950-7999 285	9350-9399 859
5200-5249 299	6600-6649 102	8000-8049 295	9400-9449 887
5250-5299 285	6650-6699 102	8050-8099 313	9450-9499 915
5300-5349 272	6700-6749 104	8100-8149 328	9500-9549 944
5350-5399 259	6750-6799 105	8150-8199 343	9550-9599 973
5400-5449 247	6800-6849 107	8200-8249 355	
5450-5499 235	6850-6899 109	8250-8299 375	
5500-5549 224	6900-6949 112	8300-8349 392	
5550-5599 213	6950-6999 115	8350-8399 409	
5600-5649 203	7000-7049 119	8400-8449 427	
5650-5699 193	7050-7099 123	8450-8499 445	

Robot Use Authorization Form JZ-59-G

GREEN: Issuee	PINK: Files	CREAM: Records Officer
BLUE: Issuer	BUFF: Backup Files	IVORY: Asst. Rec. Ofcr.
WHITE: Issuee's Cadr.	GRAY: Dbl Bkps Files	EGG: Jr. Rec. Ofcr.
CANARY: Issuer's Cadr.	COFFEE: Tpl Bkps Files	MAUVE: Form Osbudsman

Issued: 4.12.11349 4257
 Issuee's rank: Lt. First Class
 Issuee's Patrol ID number: 1451-352-716
 Applicable robot pool: Deck Five

Instructions to issuee: This form should be presented at the robot pool indicated above. If no such pool exists, return this form to its issuer along with eight completed copies of Missing or Non-Existent Robot Pool Report Form GY-98-M. At the indicated robot pool, this form should be given to any party or parties thereabouts responsible for the discharge of robots, or, if the indicated pool is automated, to the appropriate automated system or systems.

Instructions to robot pool: One robot may be discharged into the care of the issuee of this form for such purposes as are specified under the Stellar Patrol Omnibus Robot Use Policies and Procedures Book. Copies of this form should be sent to the issuee's immediate superior, the ship's Records Officers, Archives One, Two, and Three, the issuee's permanent record file, and the files of the indicated robot pool.

Instructions to robot:



Class Three Spacecraft Activation Form HB-56-V

GREEN: Issuee	PINK: Files	CREAM: Records Officer
BLUE: Issuer	BUFF: Backup Files	IVORY: Asst. Rec. Ofcr.
WHITE: Issuee's Cadr.	GRAY: Dbl Bckp Files	EGG: Jr. Rec. Ofcr.
CANNARY: Issuer's Cadr.	COFFEE: Tpl Bckp Files	MAUVE: Form Ombudsman

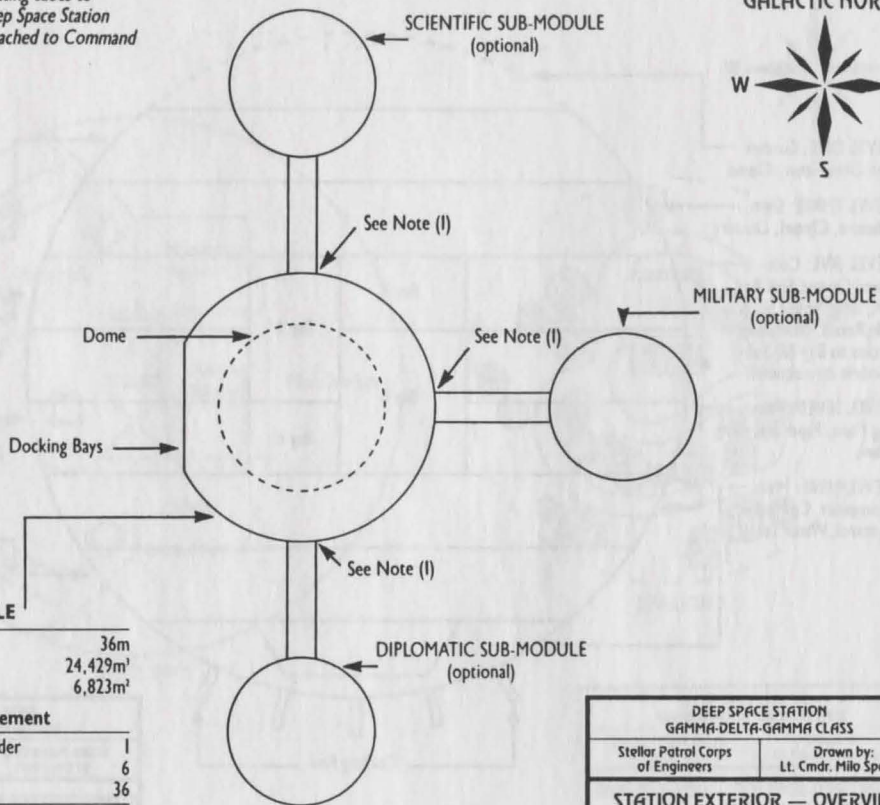
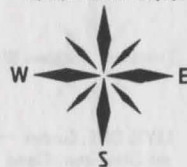
Issued: 4.12.11349 4259
(date) (time)
 Issuee's rank: Lt. First Class
 Issuee's Patrol ID number: 1451-352-716

This form is applicable to the following Class Three vehicles:

- TRANS-SPACEDOCK TUGBOAT
- FORMS TRANSPORT SPACETRUCK, SIX-METER
- FORMS TRANSPORT SPACETRUCK, NINE-METER
- FORMS TRANSPORT SPACETRUCK, TWELVE-METER
- TITANIUM-HULL SWAMP WALKER
- DEEP-SPACE TRANS-IDN PARTICLE PLUCKER
- AMBASSADORIAL SHUTTLE, ONE-PERSON
- AMBASSADORIAL SHUTTLE, TWO-PERSON
- AMBASSADORIAL SHUTTLE, MORE-THAN-TWO-PERSON-OR-ONE-PERSON-PLUS-ANY-NUMBER-OF-NON-HUMANS
- SCOOTER, INTRA-SYSTEM, CAPTAIN ZOWIE MODEL
- ZERO-ENERGY PUDDLE-SITTER, SITTING DUCK BRAND
- SEMI-DOOFING GIGBUNG-POWERED DOUBLE-FOOT

NOTE (1): Only connecting tubes to official Stellar Patrol Deep Space Station Sub-Modules may be attached to Command Module at these points.

GALACTIC NORTH



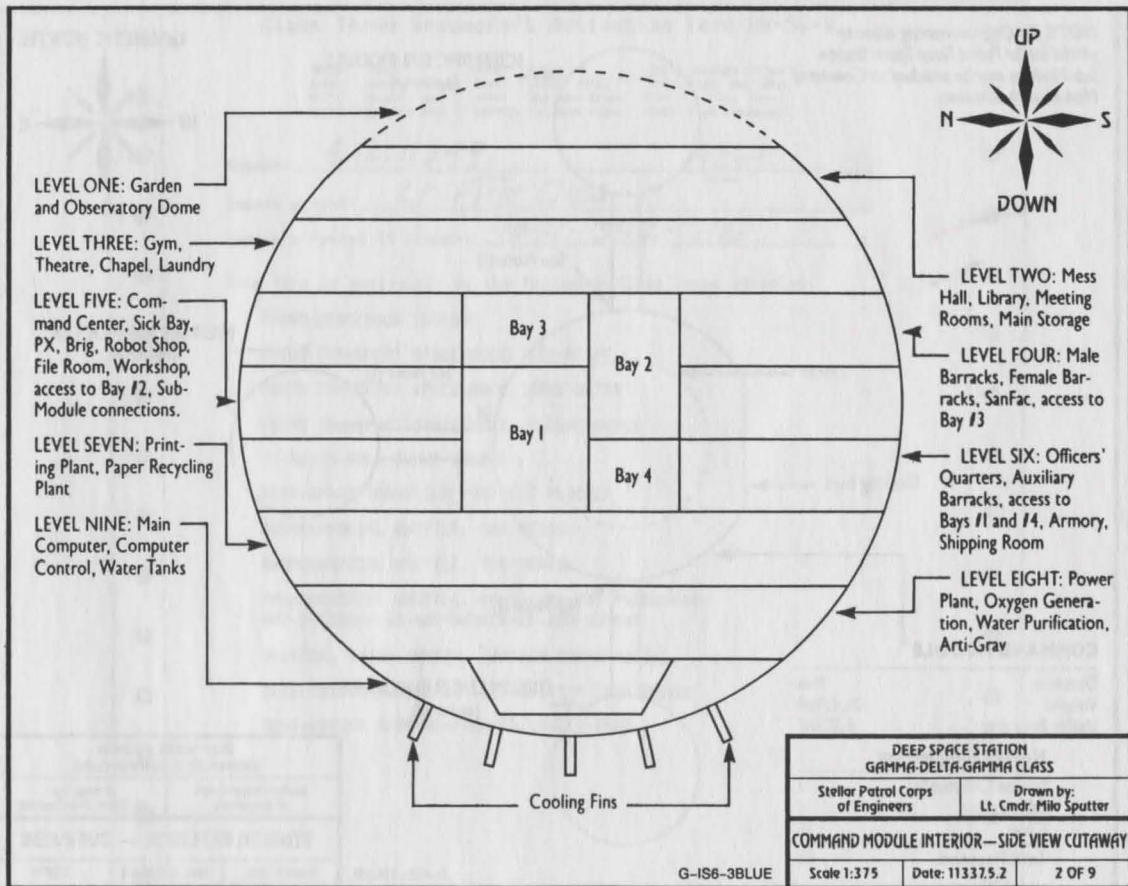
COMMAND MODULE

Diameter	36m
Volume	24,429m ³
Usable floor area	6,823m ²

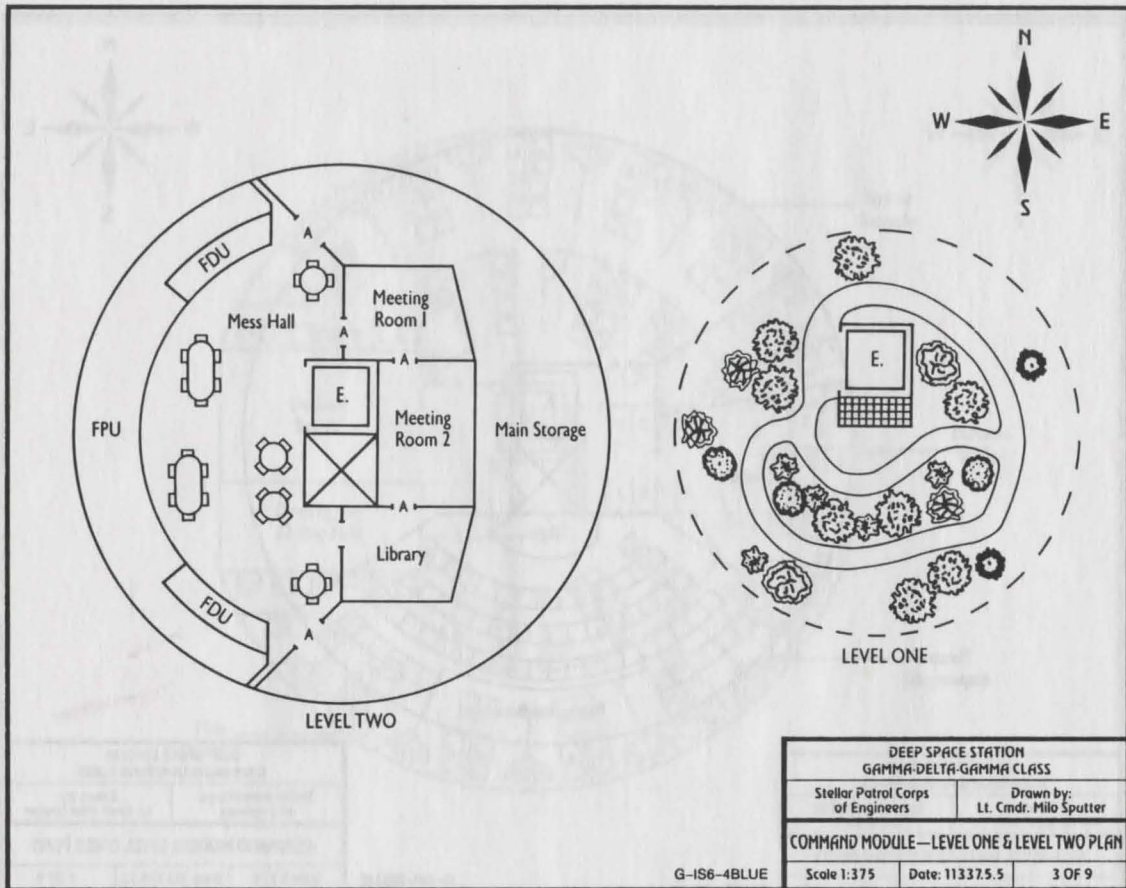
Normal complement

Station Commander	1
Officers	6
Crew	36
Total Personnel	43

DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS	
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Sputter
STATION EXTERIOR — OVERVIEW	
G-IS6-2BLUE	Scale 1:750 Date: 11337.5.1 1 OF 9

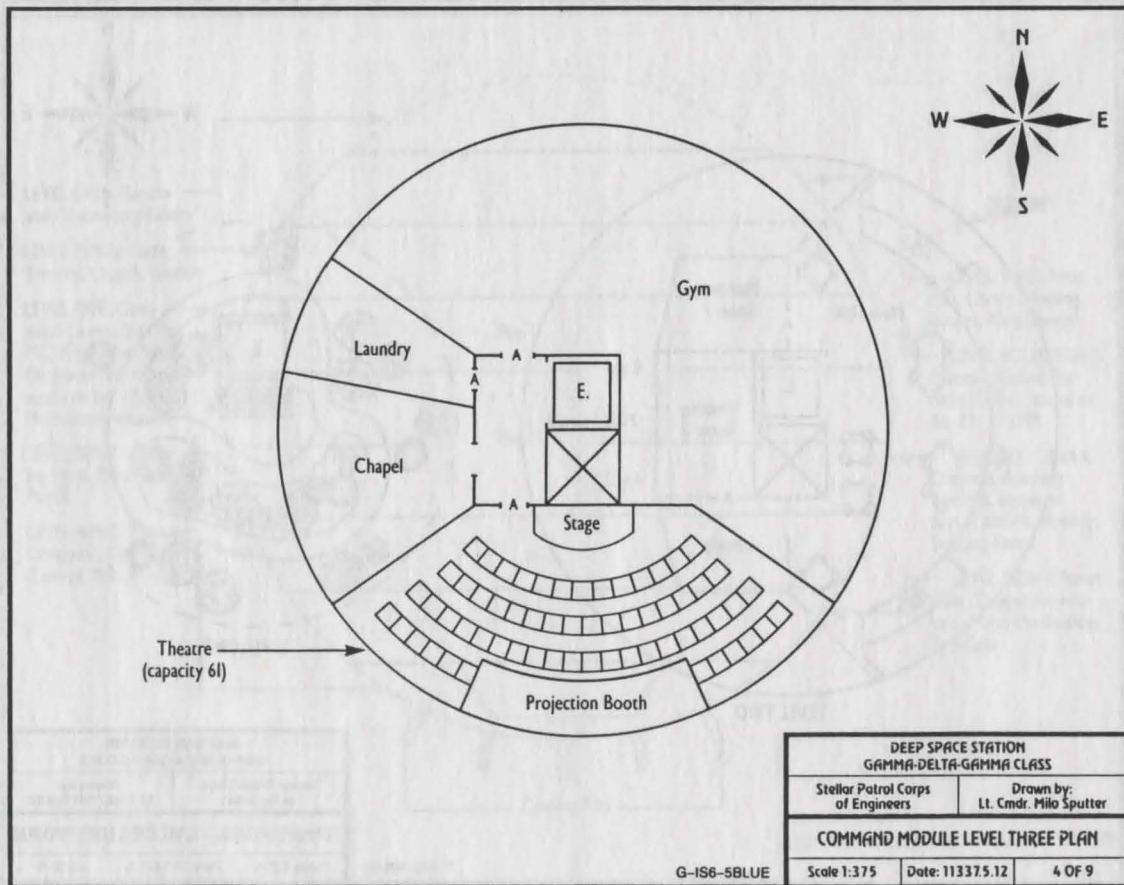


G-IS6-3BLUE



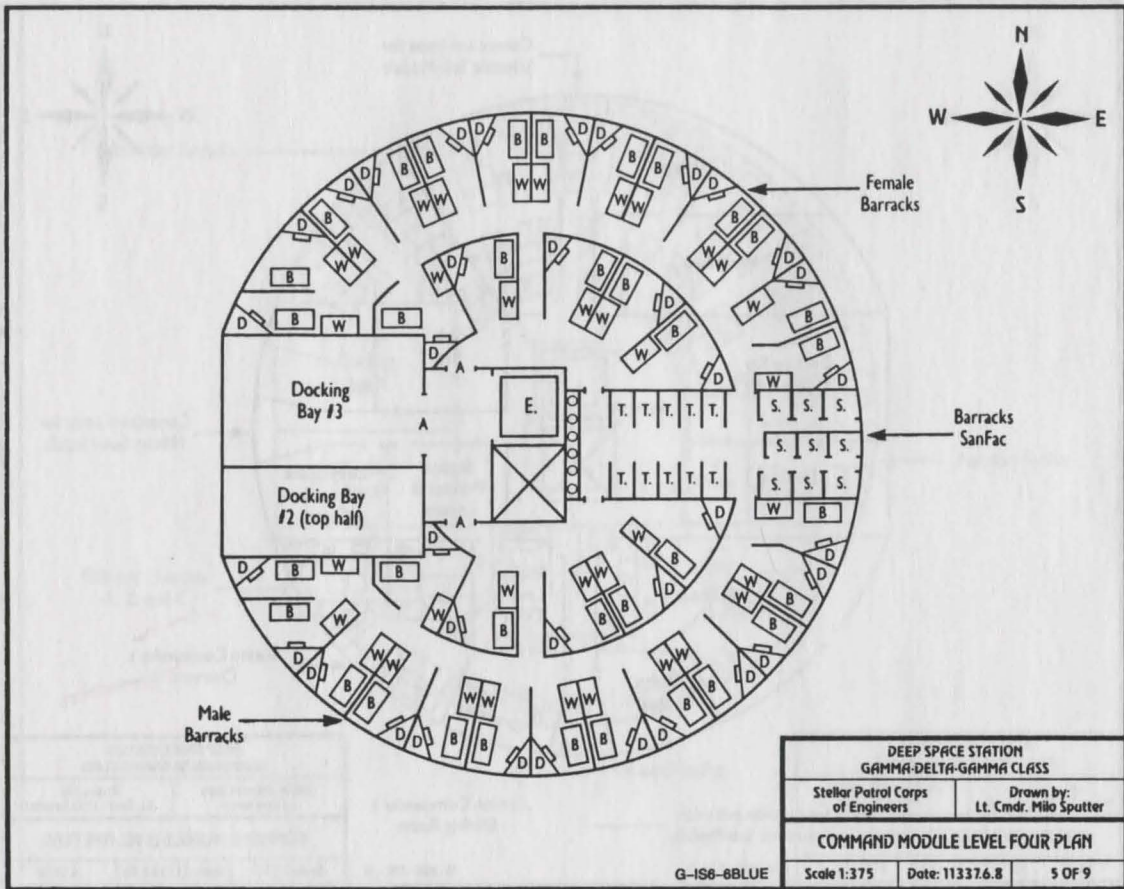
DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS	
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Sputter
COMMAND MODULE—LEVEL ONE & LEVEL TWO PLAN	
Scale 1:375	Date: 113375.5
3 OF 9	

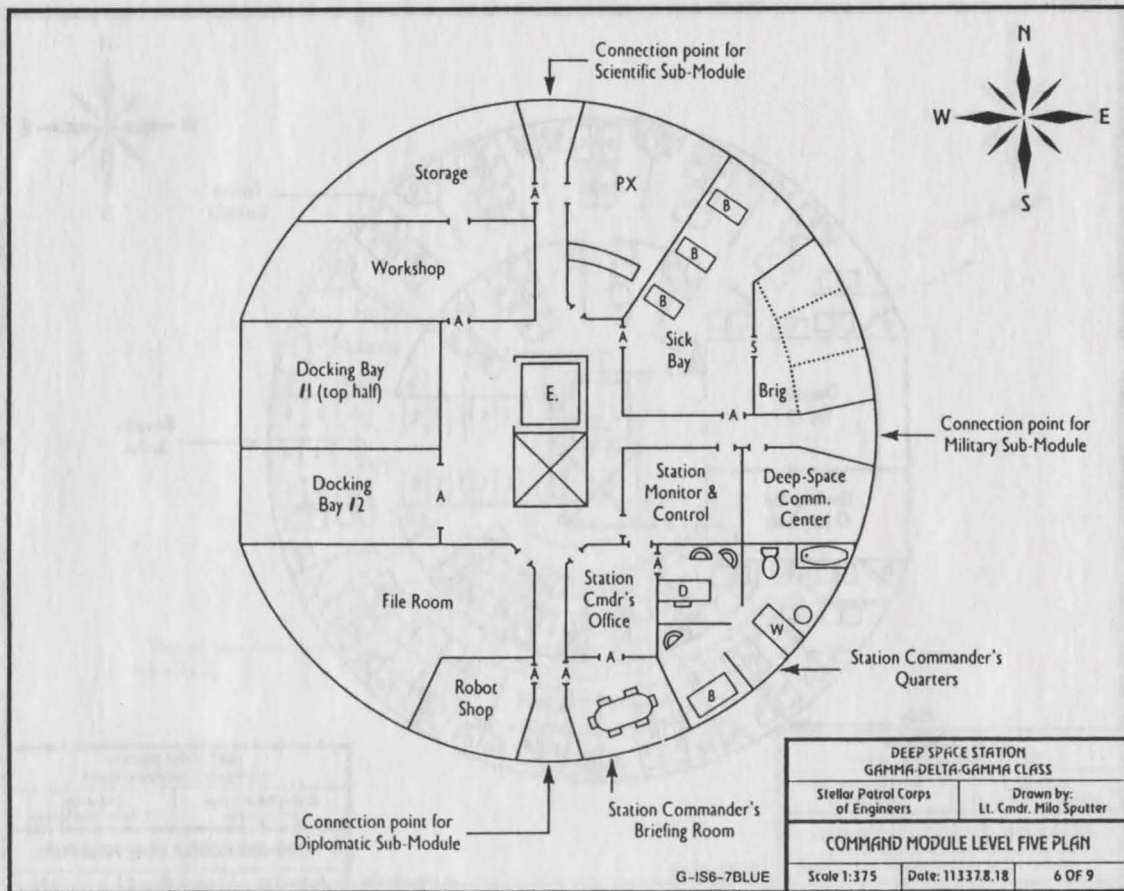
G-1S6-4BLUE

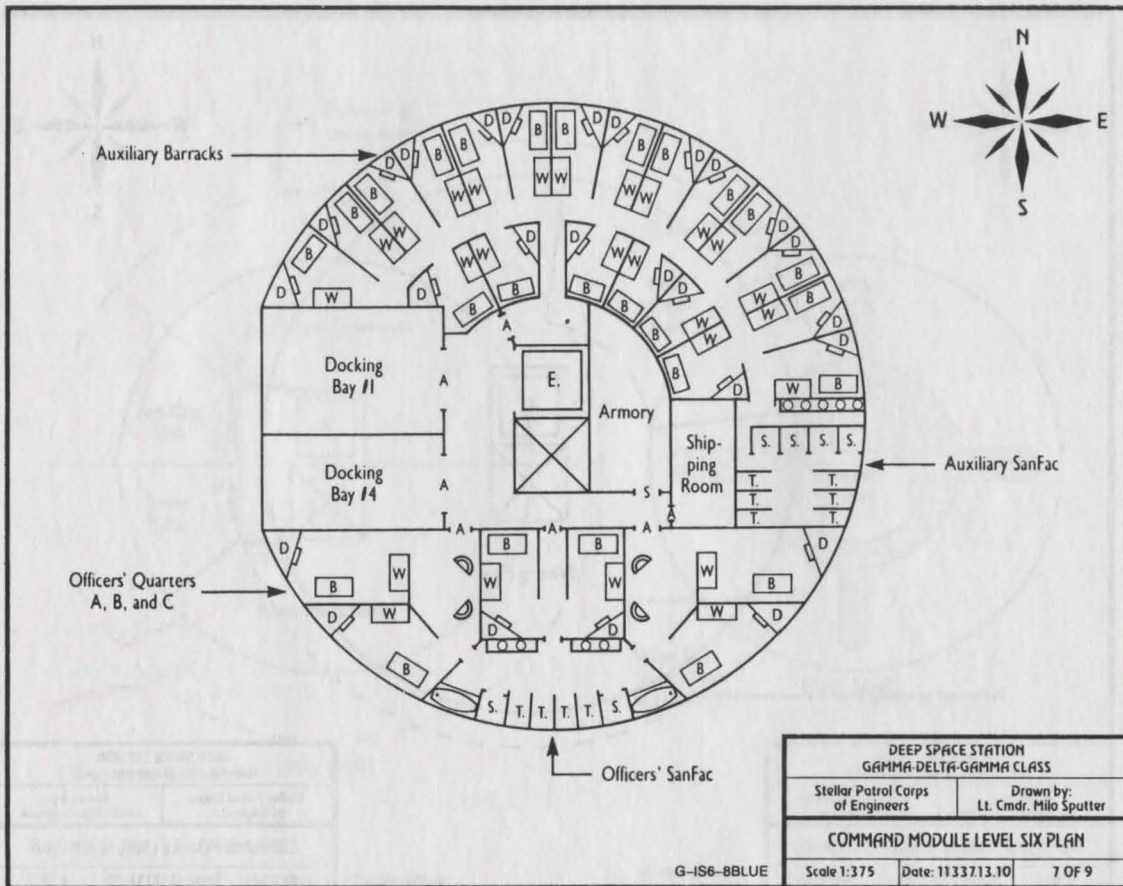


DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS	
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Lt. Cmdr. Milo Sutter
COMMAND MODULE LEVEL THREE PLAN	
Scale 1:375	Date: 11337.5.12
4 OF 9	

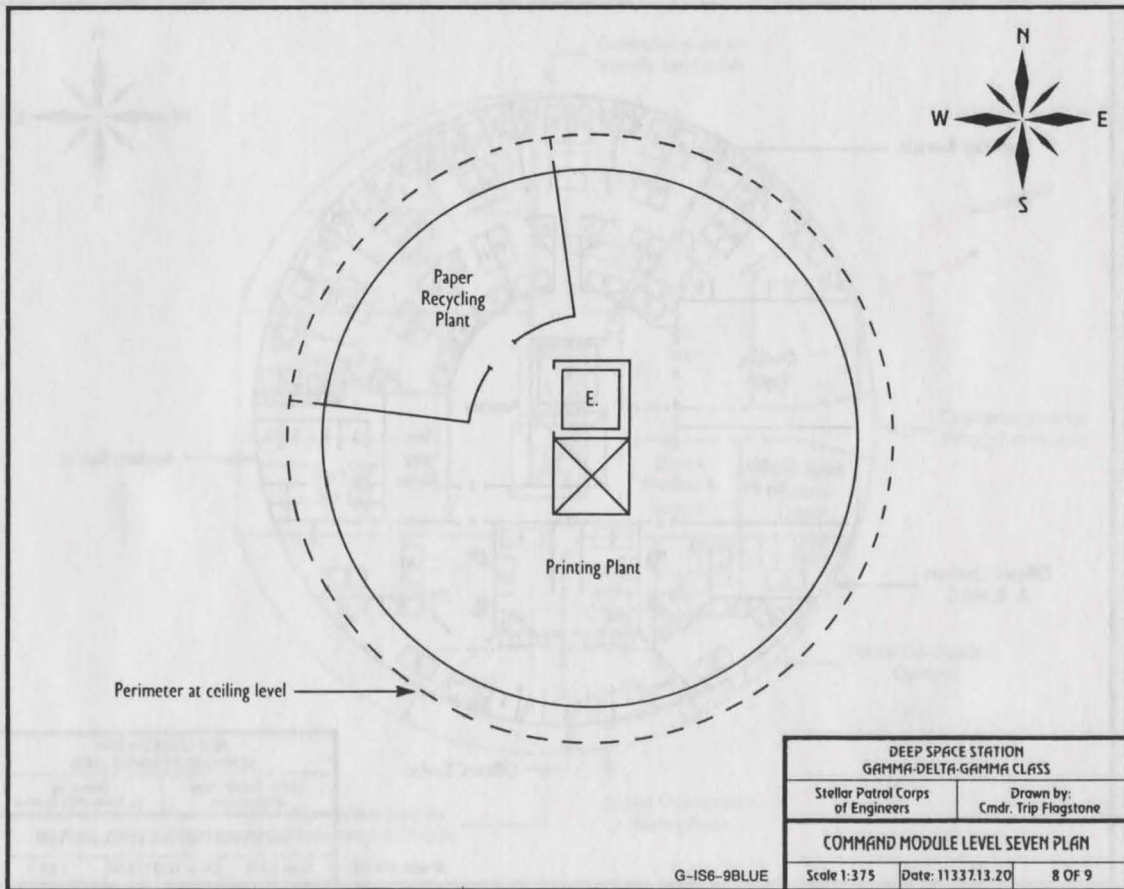
G-IS6-5BLUE

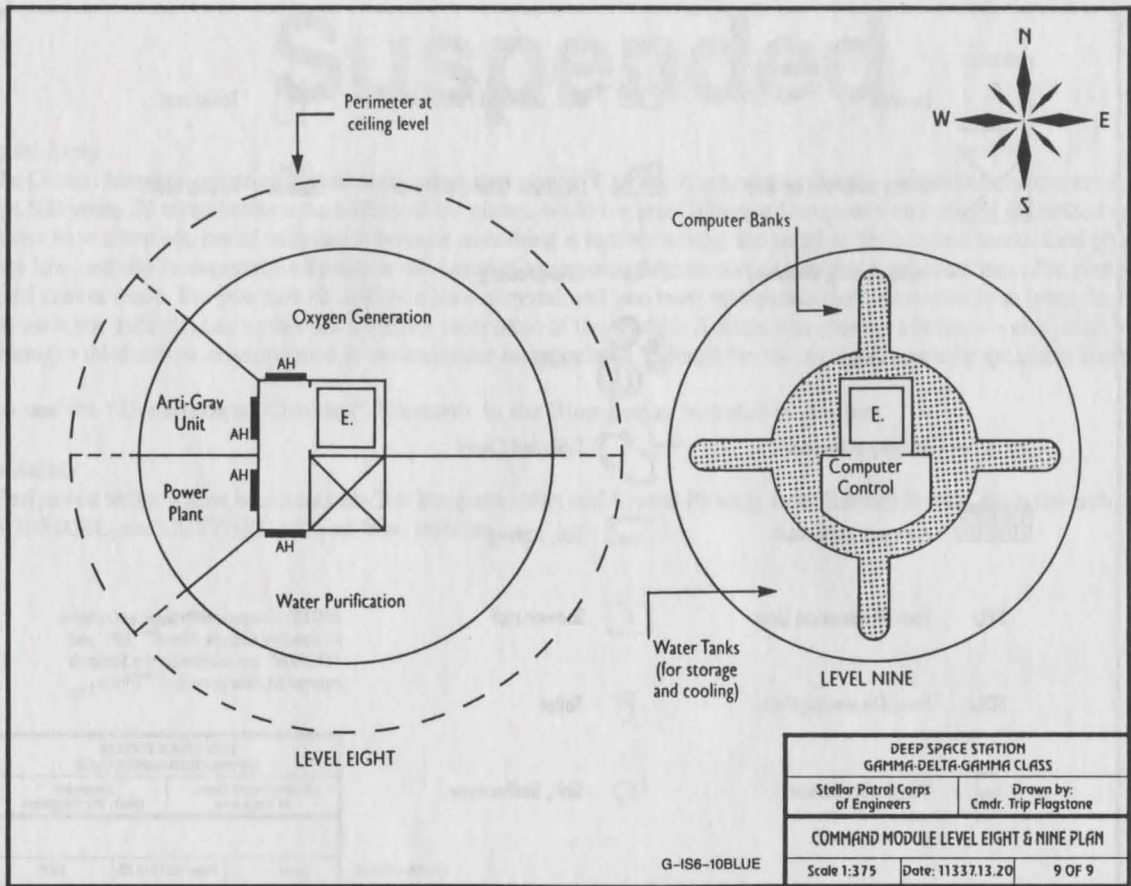






G-IS6-8BLUE







Elevator



Bed, standard Patrol issue



Toilet stall



Utility shaft and air duct



Desk and Chair, personal



Access hatch



(Non-closing) Doorway



Chair, reading



Auto-door



Shrubs



Security auto-door



Table and Chairs



Air vent, horizontal



Tub, bathing

FPU

Food Preparation Unit



Shower stall

FDU

Food Dispensing Unit



Toilet



Wardrobe, personal



Sink, SanFac-type

NOTE: Compass directions are relative to standard Galactic North. "UP" and "DOWN" are relative to the Station's internal artificial gravity.

DEEP SPACE STATION GAMMA-DELTA-GAMMA CLASS		
Stellar Patrol Corps of Engineers	Drawn by: Cmdr. Trip Flagstone	
Scale —	Date: 1133713.20	KEY

G-IS6-1BLUE

Suspended

Preface to the Story

You are the Central Mentality on an advanced semi-automated planet. You were supposed to sleep — in limited cryogenic suspension — for the next 500 years, 20 miles beneath the surface of the planet, while the great Filtering Computers maintained all surface systems. But the computers have taken you out of suspension because something is terribly wrong: the weather has become brutal, food production is dangerously low, and the Transportation System is malfunctioning, causing unprecedented accidents and casualties. The planet is in chaos. You yourself cannot move. But you have six robots at your disposal, and you must manipulate them strategically to bring the Filtering Computers back into balance. Each robot has a distinct perception of the world and offers you specific abilities — one offers you sight, a second hearing, a third access to information in the computer memory bank. Through the robots, you must save the planet from destruction.

Be sure to use the "Underground Complex" Schematic in the Map packet included in the box.

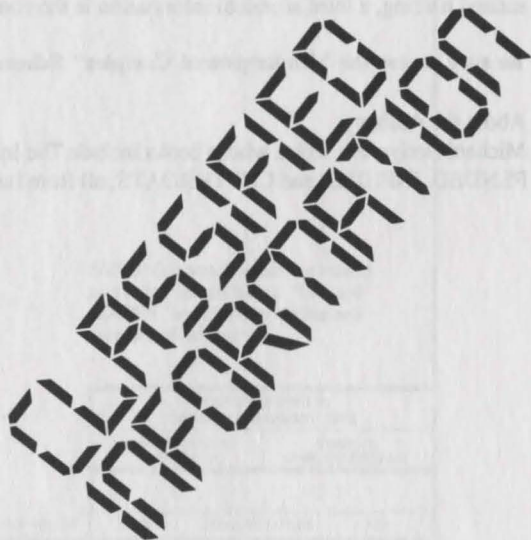
About the Author

Michael Berlyn is a writer whose books include *The Integrated Man* and *Crystal Phoenix* from Bantam Books. He is the author of *SUSPENDED*, *INFIDEL*, and *CUTTHROATS*, all from Infocom.



Briefing for the Contra Central Mentality

LOTT57-71234-6198





Contra Central

Lottery Commission Headquarters

Occupant/Subcluster B93000
Sector 12, Contra SW RP35/34412.8

Congratulations. You have been chosen as the winner of the semi-millennial Lottery, and as such will have the honor of serving as Contra's Central Mentality for the next 500 years.

Naturally, this title brings with it certain responsibilities, not the least of which is ensuring the survival of life on this planet. To this end, in accordance with Procedural Substatute 2.5X:845A77b, you will be placed in a state of limited cryogenic suspension. In this sleep-like mode, your mind will monitor the Filtering Computers that maintain the delicate balance of our surface-side systems. Should an emergency occur which causes a Filtering Computer imbalance, you will be awakened. It will then be up to you to ascertain the problem and perform such remedial actions as you deem necessary. The penalties for failure are all too obvious.

A briefing has been prepared to familiarize you with your duties in your new role. It has been revised and amended to enable you to avoid the tragic errors of your predecessor, the lamentable Gregory Franklin. The briefing supersedes and countermands all previous briefings issued by the Lottery Commission.

It may be material at this time to review the Franklin Incident. The report of the events appearing in the Contra Citizen of two months ago, while editorial in nature, sums up the circumstances succinctly:

"... but Franklin was not destined to complete his tour of duty. After 467 years, he awoke by mistake, and, not being extremely bright to start with, lost what little sense and sanity he had. He looked around the Underground Complex for an emergency, found none and decided to create one of his own.

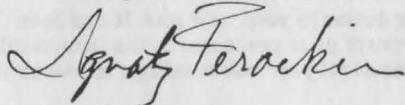
"Overriding the three Filtering Computers, he directed the transportation systems to kill whoever happened to be walking outside or riding on any of the glide ramps. Psychologists believe that he must have possessed a twisted sense of humor—to have people maimed, run over, chased by robotaxis provided him with pleasure for the moment. However, he soon tired of this and decided to eliminate a larger section of the population in a far easier manner.

"Ever since weather had been controlled, dwellings had not been designed to withstand snow and sleet. Franklin altered the pressure in the Weather Towers near the cities, setting off raging storms and creating freezing temperatures. Thousands perished from exposure; thousands more became popsicles.

"The surviving authorities decided to send an extermination squad down into the Underground Complex to remove Franklin from his suspension capsule. They got there just in time. When they arrived, Franklin had the six maintenance robots snipping wires and causing havoc with the Filtering Computers and automated systems.

"In the tragedy's aftermath, several known malcontents protested that the system had proven itself infeasible; these complaints were dealt with summarily by the Authority, which assures all citizens that new improvements in the system and the method for selecting future central mentalities have eliminated any cause for alarm . . ."

With this in mind, you can well understand why the Authority insists on a comprehensive briefing before you enter the Complex. You are therefore requested to read the enclosed briefing with the greatest care before entering the suspended state.



Ignatz Feroukin
VP/Memos

Addendum: The Office of Cloning and Personnel Development informs us that a number of replicates of you are currently under production, for use in the event that we find it necessary to remove you. This should in no way be construed as a reflection on you as a person; despite the fact that your psychological profile revealed a few characteristics which could be termed "deviant," we have only the highest expectations for you. Needless to say, however, the Authority desires no repeats of Franklin's performance. Therefore, remember: you can be replaced.

Briefing for the Contra Central Mentality

CLASSIFIED

This briefing has been updated and revised many times to ensure accuracy and completeness. In a crisis, our planet's survival depends on you. We cannot overstate the importance of the information contained herein.

Since Contra was terraformed and settled by emigres from Earth, we have had the benefit of living within a controlled environment. As you well know, our weather is always perfect and there is food for everyone—wholesome, delicious food. Anyone wishing to travel the surface of our planet simply takes a glide ramp, a robot-taxi, or a floater.

This controlled and balanced environment is maintained by three massive and powerful computers buried deep beneath Contra's surface. Without these computers, we would be forced to brave the elemental fury of Contra and provide for ourselves using primitive methods and skills.

Contra's three Filtering Computers maintain and monitor all surface-side systems.

YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES TO CONTRA

Since these three Filtering Computers are biomechanical in construction, they must be monitored. It is the duty of the Central Mentality to monitor these Filtering Computers to ensure they function properly.

The Filtering Computers are located in an extremely high-security area called the Underground Complex. With one exception, monitoring of the Filtering Computers has always proceeded without trouble. Since training and costs prohibit frequent changing of the Central Mentality, you will be in the Complex for 500 years.

Your time in the Complex will be spent in a state of limited cryogenic suspension. You will be frozen to nearly absolute zero and then stored in a cryogenic capsule within the Complex. Your brain will remain in an Alpha state, receptive but quiet, requiring only minimal biological functions. You will be able to survive in this state for your tour of duty: 500 years.

IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG

It won't. But if it does, the computers responsible for all of our surface-side systems will awaken you and inform you of the problem. We are confident you will be capable of solving any situations which may arise. The fate of the entire population of Contra will rest in your abilities to make logical decisions and choices.

Your body will be warmed to the point where marginal biological activity is resumed, supplying your mind with the necessary nutrients and oxygen to function at peak capacity. Unfortunately, we cannot revive you completely until the end of your tour of duty.

Due to the Gregory Franklin incident (refer to the letter from the Lottery Commission), we are forced to make clones of you. When you complete this briefing, the cloning procedure will begin. These clones will be installed in the Complex as a backup system, should anything go wrong with you.

THE UNDERGROUND COMPLEX

The Underground Complex you will occupy is fully automated and maintained by six robots. In the unlikely event that the Filtering Computers malfunction, there are override controls for the weather systems, the transit systems and the hydroponics food resource center. There are also planet-side monitors for examining the current state of these systems.

The robots which maintain the Complex are under the control of the Filtering Computers. Malfunctioning equipment is quickly and easily detected by the computers themselves, and the necessary robots are dispatched to effect the replacements. If you are ever awakened (an extremely unlikely event), robots will provide your link to the outside world.

THE SIX ROBOTS

The most recent facilities check indicates that your robotic crew is fully operational (with the exception noted below). The following profiles have been provided to inform you of special capabilities of individual robots, so that you can make the best use of each member of your crew, should corrective maneuvers become necessary.



Iris is a visual robot whose mobility is limited. Her ability to describe things approaches what a human being might see in most circumstances. Since the Frobozz Engineering Company was responsible for her design and construction, she has limited abilities for grasping, carrying, etc., and has only two grasping extensions. An historical note: she proved to be the butt of many design and implementation jokes on Contra's surface, one of which was "The eyes have it." Humor of this sort has, of course, since been outlawed on Contra.

Iris's limited mobility results from her complex optical capabilities. Due to these abilities, only a limited mapping of the Complex was included in her logic circuits. This design restriction allows Iris to wander about the areas only in which she serves a useful purpose.



Waldo is an industrious robot. Since his primary purpose is to manipulate objects, he has been provided with six grasping extensions. He travels by using a sonar-feedback mechanism and, when close to or touching an object, can detect quite a bit about its inherent characteristics based on this sonar. In addition, he has a highly developed sense of touch and can prove to be a delicate workman.



Sensa is a peculiar mixture of sensory apparatuses. She can detect vibrational activity, photon emission sources and ionic discharges. She is also rigged to automatically perform such sensory tasks as the analysis of diffraction indexes. Sensa has five extensions, two of which are used exclusively for sensory input. The other three extensions are grasping extensions.



Auda is all ears, capable of processing and interpreting auditory signals within the Complex. Her presence is required by the CLU (Consolidated Listeners Union), and though Auda may not be very helpful in the high-tech sense, in case of human intervention she is absolutely essential. Auda has but one grasping extension.



Poet is a peculiar robot whose function was somehow altered over time by the Filtering Computers. Poet was originally intended as a diagnostic robot. He has been equipped with a diagnostic sensor which is activated when he has been directed to TOUCH something. Unless Poet is actually doing his thing, he makes the best of what he perceives, translating his input into occasionally bewildering output. Despite the sometimes seeming lack of sense to his statements, they provide an accurate representation of reality. In addition to his "touching" extension, Poet has been provided with three grasping extensions.



Whiz is an interfacing device between you and the Central Library Core, a huge data bank available to your queries. Whiz can PLUG IN to any of the four CLC peripherals and find information for you. This information pertains to objects and the Complex in general. The CLC contains no information about any of the rooms your robots can visit. Although Whiz is extremely helpful, he does have his limitations. There was once a robot-joke about Whiz being a real airhead; if he could have understood it, he would have taken offense. Whiz has two grasping extensions.

Note: There is a seventh robot. Standing almost two meters tall and featuring 16 grasping extensions, verbal circuits and heavy-duty shielding against acid damage, this model is optimized for a multitude of applications. It should be mentioned that this robot was misused by Gregory Franklin, who abandoned it within the Complex after brutally mangling it beyond recognition or hope of repair.

THE CENTRAL LIBRARY CORE (CLC)

The Central Library Core (CLC) is composed of several distinct parts: Whiz, the Peripherals and the Library Core.

Whiz. Whiz's function with the CLC is to act as your querying device. By plugging him in, you can ask questions about objects and get advice on situations.

The Peripherals. There are four peripherals accessible to Whiz:

The Index Peripheral—Querying this peripheral performs the following operations: The object is passed along to the Central Language Core, at which point its name is matched against an index. If the name is not found, you will be informed that the object is not on file and no peripheral will contain any reference to it. If the object is found

within the Language Core, it is passed to the Index Core. The Index Core then scans through the tagging device for references. If no references are found, you will be told that no data is available at any peripheral. If references are found, you will be told at which peripherals information can be retrieved.

The Technical Peripheral—This peripheral can provide technical data on some objects. If you absolutely need to know how something works, querying this peripheral can sometimes prove helpful. Technical information is not available on all objects.

The Advisory Peripheral—When you need advice and just can't understand what's going on with something, ask this peripheral. It is attuned to provide Hierarchical Information for Newly Terraformed Systems (H.I.N.T.S.).

The Historical Peripheral—This peripheral can provide you with historical references for certain objects found within the Complex, adding a greater understanding of what these things do and how they interact.

The Library Core. The CLC itself is also accessible from the Lower Access area, but all interactions and queries here are designed solely for human interaction. Whiz cannot perform queries from this area since there isn't a suitable peripheral for him.

THE SURFACE SYSTEMS

The surface of Contra is controlled by the three Filtering Computers. These systems, when in proper balance, maintain the weather, the transportation systems and the food production automatically. By polling surface-side peripherals, the Filtering Computers can make decisions on what adjustments are necessary

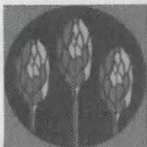
for a balanced environment. If the Filtering Computers cannot mutually agree on a course of action, you will be awakened to make the necessary decisions.



The Weather System. Weather on the surface of Contra is controlled by Weather Towers. Each city has three towers which control atmospheric pressure within the surrounding area. By testing temperature, wind velocity and relative humidity, the three Filtering Computers can make adjustments in the Weather Towers to maintain a balanced, comfortable state. Since the weather on the surface is controlled, housing and clothing are more decorative than protective, and maintaining a balanced weather condition becomes a primary concern.

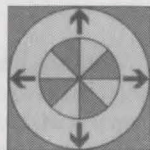
Since the planetary engineers were aware of this, they built the Weather Monitors and the Weather Controls into the Complex. You have been provided with manual override controls in case the Filtering Computers fall out of synchronization and cannot agree on a course of action. These controls are found in the Weather Control Area and consist of three dials, each of which controls a set of towers in all the cities of Contra. The first dial, for example, controls the pressure in all of the first towers in all of the cities.

The Weather Monitors provide you with the necessary feedback on the planet's surface so that you can make necessary adjustments.



Food Production. Food is produced hydroponically deep underground, separated from the Underground Complex by nearly half a planet. The Filtering Computers prepare and balance the amount of water, minerals and light for the Hydroponic Growing Area. This area is not accessible to you or the robots because of its distant location, but you do have manual control over it, should the need ever arise.

The Hydroponic Monitors provide you with a continual analysis of the Growing Area, while three levers in the Hydroponic Control Area allow you to manually override the three Filtering Computers' settings.



The Transportation System. Transportation on Contra's surface is totally automated and controlled by the Filtering Computers. There are three basic forms of transportation: floaters, taxis and glide ramps.

Floaters are small single- or double-occupant bubbles which travel through the air. They travel on lines of force, generated from the ground, maintained and controlled by the Filtering Computers. Collisions are normally unheard of, and not a single casualty has ever occurred due to traffic problems. The Transit Monitors tell you how many floaters are currently in use, while a manual override switch is located in the Transit Control Area. By turning off the switch, you can turn off the lines of force to the floaters.

The taxis are actually robots, semi-intelligent vehicles which are guided by the Filtering Computers. They have on-board power, so the manual override system, a switch in the Transit Control Area, instructs the taxis to stop picking up passengers rather than simply shutting them off. (When Franklin was in control, he managed to figure out a method of getting the Filtering Computers out of balance, causing the taxis to seek out pedestrians and run them down.)

The glide ramps are similar in function to conveyor belts, transporting the bulk of the population at a leisurely pace. The ramps are speed-controlled by the Filtering Computers and can be shut off by using the manual override switch located in the Transit Control area.

A Final Note. Your 500-year tour of duty will indubitably fly by trouble-free. Pleasant dreams.

Beyond Zork

Preface to the Story

Dark times have fallen upon the South lands of Quendor. All the enchanters have disappeared without a trace. Monsters roam the countryside. And the taverns are filled with disturbing rumors and un-savory characters. A simple peasant like yourself knows better than to get involved in the affairs of wizards. But everyone you meet seems intent on testing your abilities to the utmost. You find yourself drawn into a web of fantasy and magic, solving puzzles, avoiding traps and fighting monsters. Your strength and power grow with every encounter, until the most fabulous treasure of all - the fabled Coconut of Quendor - lies within your grasp. If only you can survive long enough to claim it! Unlike other Infocom stories in which your character is "set" from the start, Beyond Zork lets you create your own character with six attributes: endurance, strength, dexterity, intelligence, compassion and luck. Each attribute affects your adventure in different ways. For example, a very lucky character may not have the dexterity to scale walls, or a very intelligent character may be able to outsmart a monster that even a strong character couldn't defeat. You can choose your attributes yourself, or you can use a character already set up by the computer. You must fight monsters and solve puzzles to succeed in each of your quests. Since your success will often depend on your attributes, mindful players will try to improve their attributes as they venture onward. The story is presented in a new and flexible way. A map in the upper-right portion of your screen shows the immediate area and the directions you can move. You can use the on-screen map and your mouse to move to adjacent rooms. (If your computer has a numeric keypad, you can use it to move around as well.) Experienced Infocom players may recognize references to other Infocom games.

About the Author

"Professor" Brian Moriarty built his first computer in the fifth grade. This early experience with electronics led him to seek a degree in English Literature at Southeastern Massachusetts University, where he graduated in 1978. He is a member in good standing of the Nathaniel Hawthorne Society, and accepts full responsibility for his previous Infocom titles, Wishbringer and Trinity.

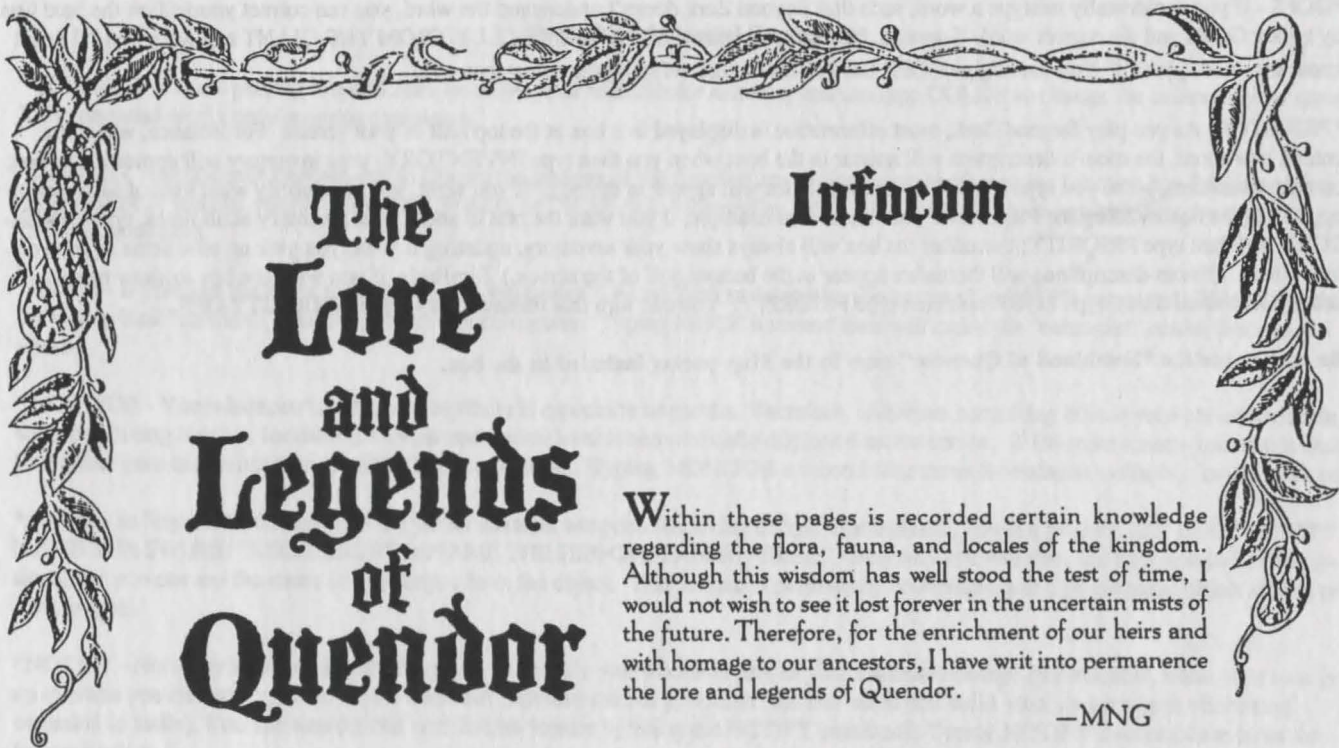
Beyond Zork Special Commands

- *COLOR - If you are playing Beyond Zork on a computer with a color monitor, you can type COLOR to change the colors on your screen. This command works only on some computers.
- *DEFINE - This command allows you to change the settings of the function keys. For example, if pressing function key 2 is like typing INVENTORY, you can change this to DROP ALL, or DROP ALL followed by RETURN (or ENTER), or anything else, by using the DEFINE command.
- *MODE - If you find the maps and other screen features of Beyond Zork undesirable, you can use the MODE command. This will make the screen look "standard," like every other Infocom game. Typing MODE a second time will cause the "enhanced" screen features to return.
- *MONITOR - Your character's endurance attribute is especially important. Therefore, whenever something affects your endurance (being wounded during combat, for example), your endurance level is automatically displayed on the screen. If for some reason you do not wish to monitor your endurance, use the MONITOR command. Typing MONITOR a second time turns the endurance-display feature back on.
- *NAME - In Beyond Zork, you have the power to name weapons and living things. For instance, you can NAME THE DOG "ROVER" or NAME THE SWORD "EXCALIBUR" or NAME THE HIPPOPOTAMUS "FRED". Beyond Zork will then use the name in its descriptions, and you can use the name as a synonym for the object. This feature is particularly convenient when an unnamed object is long or hard to spell.
- *NOTIFY - Normally in Beyond Zork, the game will notify you whenever any of your attributes change (for example, when your luck goes up or when your dexterity goes down) or when any attribute returns to normal (such as when you build your strength back after being wounded in battle). You can turn off this notification feature by using the NOTIFY command. Typing NOTIFY a second time turns the feature back on.

*OOPS - If you accidentally mistype a word, such that Beyond Zork doesn't understand the word, you can correct yourself on the next line by typing OOPS and the correct word. Suppose, for example, you typed TAKE THE CLUB FROM THE GIANT and were told "[I don't know the word 'giant.']" You could type OOPS GIANT rather than retyping the entire sentence.

*PRIORITY - As you play Beyond Zork, most information is displayed in a box at the top half of your screen. For instance, when you enter a new room, the room's description will appear in the box; when you then type INVENTORY, your inventory will appear in the box; on some machines, when you type STATUS, your attributes will appear in the box. If you want, you can specify what kind of information appears in the box by using the PRIORITY command. For example, if you want the box to show your inventory at all times, type INVENTORY and then type PRIORITY; thereafter the box will always show your inventory, updating it when you pick up new items or drop or lose others. (Room descriptions will thereafter appear in the bottom half of the screen.) Similarly, if you want the box to show room descriptions at all times, type LOOK and then type PRIORITY. You can turn this feature off by typing PRIORITY OFF.

Be sure to use the "Southland of Quendor" map in the Map packet included in the box.



The Lore and Legends of Quendor

Infocom

Within these pages is recorded certain knowledge regarding the flora, fauna, and locales of the kingdom. Although this wisdom has well stood the test of time, I would not wish to see it lost forever in the uncertain mists of the future. Therefore, for the enrichment of our heirs and with homage to our ancestors, I have writ into permanence the lore and legends of Quendor.

—MNG



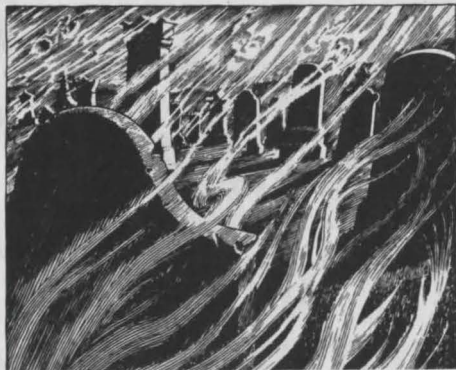
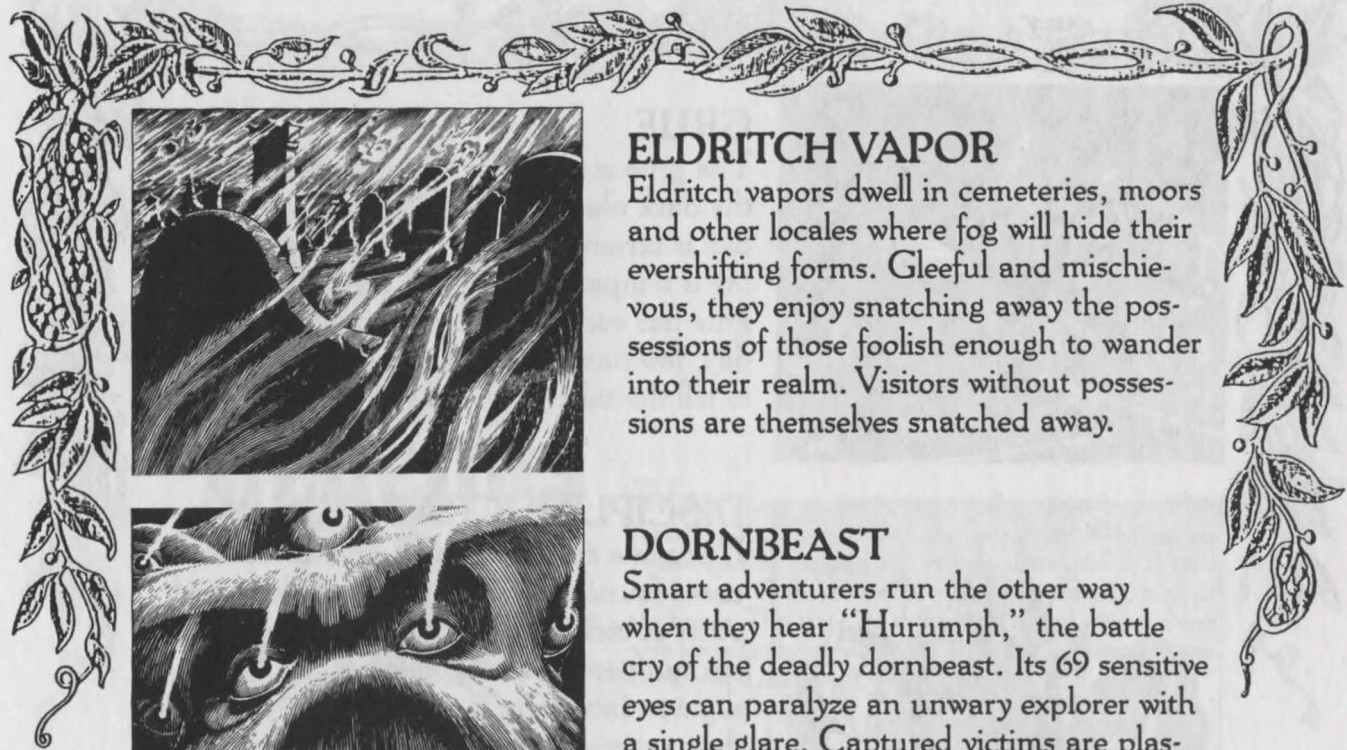
GRUE

The grue is a sinister, lurking presence in the dark places of the earth. Its favorite diet is adventurers, but its insatiable appetite is tempered by its fear of light. No grue has ever been seen by the light of day; few have survived its fearsome jaws to tell the tale.



DISCIPLINE CRAB

Discipline crabs are small, moral crustaceans found in cellars, fallout shelters and other subterranean lairs. These brooding curmudgeons are deeply offended by the slightest intrusion; if cornered, they employ their razor-edged pincers with righteous efficiency.



ELDRITCH VAPOR

Eldritch vapors dwell in cemeteries, moors and other locales where fog will hide their evershifting forms. Gleeful and mischievous, they enjoy snatching away the possessions of those foolish enough to wander into their realm. Visitors without possessions are themselves snatched away.



DORNBEAST

Smart adventurers run the other way when they hear “Hurumph,” the battle cry of the deadly dornbeast. Its 69 sensitive eyes can paralyze an unwary explorer with a single glare. Captured victims are plastered with round, sticky secretions that never come off.



MONKEY GRINDER

Avoid this nightmare at any cost! Spawn of a carnival necromancer, the monkey grinder can blast minds to jelly with its powerful Sense Organ. Deceptively eloquent in both manner and speech, these loathsome creatures actually possess little intelligence, and suffer an illiteracy rate of 103%.



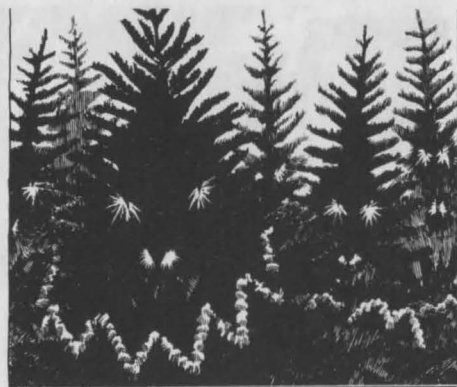
IMPLEMENTOR

The Implementors are a race of minor deities who dwell on the Ethereal Plane of Atrii. Their ample free time is spent on costly luncheons where gossip and sweet nectars flow freely. Implementors do not discourage rumors that the world was created by them as a plaything.



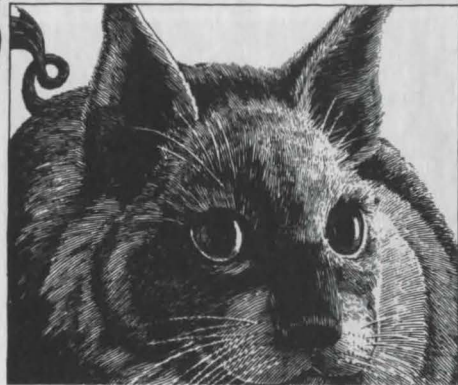
GIANT CORBIE

Corbies are carrion birds with sharp eyesight and sharper beaks. Their color vision is so well developed, they can spot a yellow grotch in a hayfield from 200 bloits away. Corbies prefer the taste of dead, rotting flesh, but have been known to feast on live, running adventurers.



CHRISTMAS TREE MONSTER

Vast herds of these luminous vegetables roam freely amid the glacial valleys of the south. Residents fear the autumn migrations, in which the trees cheerfully trample everything in their path. Christmas tree monsters are repelled by caterpillars, but nobody can explain why.



MINX

Irresistably cuddly, the minx shares all the most ingratiating characteristics of kittens, koala bears and piglets. Minxes are highly prized for their ability to find and root out chocolate truffles from the ground, and will eagerly devour them if given the opportunity.



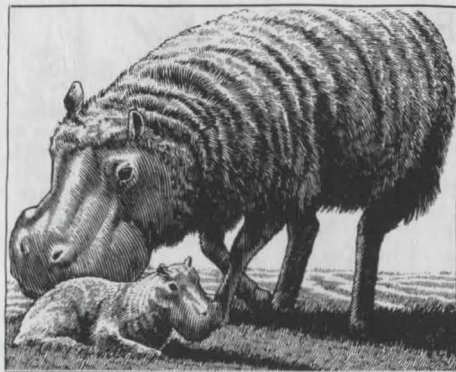
UNICORN

Most unicorns have fled to the Plane of TransInfinite Splendor, where they enjoy a carefree existence free from the cruelty of man. The unhappy few left behind are eagerly sought by zoos and private collectors. It is good luck to kiss a unicorn's horn; but woe to any fool who harms one.



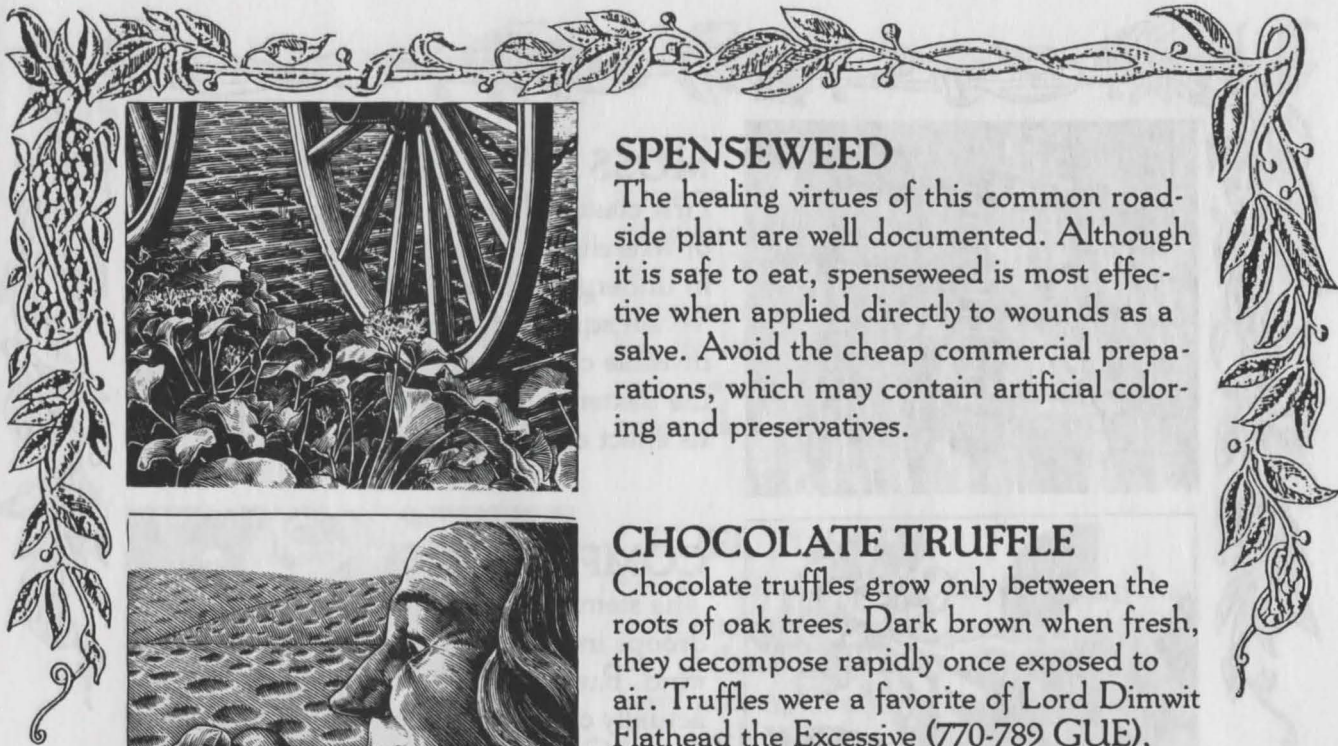
FROON

Legends of this magical kingdom date back before the reign of Entharion the Wise (0-4I GUE). Said to lie somewhere beyond the clouds, Froon was the setting for a series of beloved children's books by L. Frank Fzort, and later became a successful movie musical starring Judy Garlic.



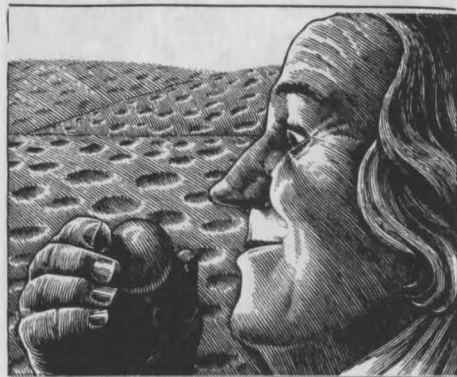
HUNGUS

Part sheep, part hippopotamus, the hungus builds its nest in jungle swamps and other hot, squishy places. Normally docile and eager to avoid conflict or activity of any kind, the hungus is fiercely clannish, and will instantly charge at anything that dares to threaten its kin.



SPENSEWEED

The healing virtues of this common roadside plant are well documented. Although it is safe to eat, spenseweed is most effective when applied directly to wounds as a salve. Avoid the cheap commercial preparations, which may contain artificial coloring and preservatives.



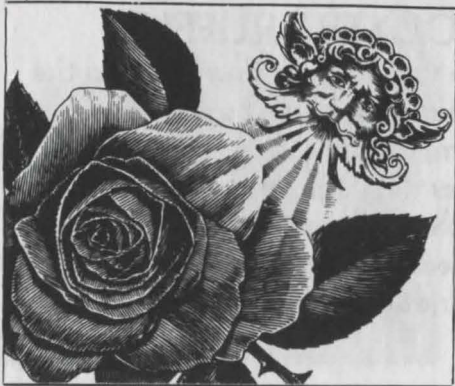
CHOCOLATE TRUFFLE

Chocolate truffles grow only between the roots of oak trees. Dark brown when fresh, they decompose rapidly once exposed to air. Truffles were a favorite of Lord Dimwit Flathead the Excessive (770-789 GUE), who ordered the excavation of entire forests to indulge his bottomless appetite.



MOSS OF MAREILON

First classified in 843 GUE by Thwack of Mareilon, this soft, pale fungus thrives in underground tunnels and public toilets. When squeezed, the moss releases an invisible cloud of spores which improves the dexterity of laboratory rat-ants. Its effect on other species is uncertain.



COMPASS ROSE

The stem of this rare annual always droops in the direction of the prevailing wind. Rumors that the compass rose can actually control the wind are hotly denied by the Guild of Meteorologists, who harvested the species to the brink of extinction in the Rose Riots of 8II GUE.



MORGIA ROOT

It is a rare enchanter who does not carry morgia root to gnaw on during a long journey. The mint-flavored juice improves stamina, slakes thirst and conceals bad breath. In domestic applications, morgia root is often baked into pies, and makes an excellent platypus stuffing.



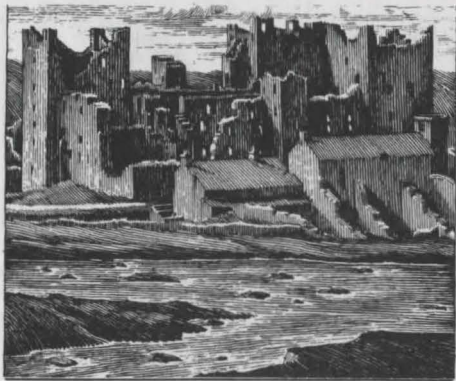
CRUEL PUPPET

Few creatures are more despised than the cruel puppet. It attacks by twisting itself into unflattering caricatures of its opponent, accompanied by jeers, rude noises and shocking accusations. Staunch monarchs have been reduced to tears by these merciless shapeshifters.



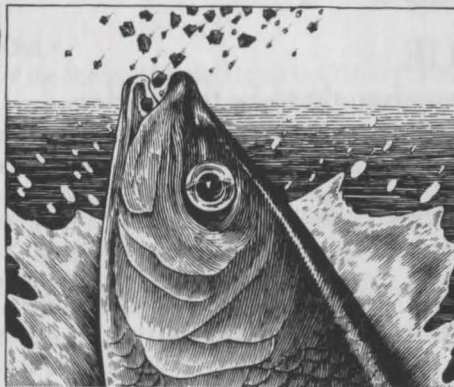
DUST BUNNY

Dust bunnies burrow in obscure corners and under furniture, and defend their territory by multiplying. They can clog a passageway in seconds, filling the air with dark, suffocating particles. Static electricity and lemon-scented sprays are their only natural enemies.



PHEEBOR

Ruins of this ancient city are still visible at the confluence of the rivers Phee and Bor. The reason for its downfall (circa 400 BE) is unclear, but minstrels sing of a feud between Pheebor and its sister city Borphee over the naming of what is now called the Borphee River.



RED HERRING

These common fish patrol the dark recesses of freshwater pools and streams. But a handful of granola brings them racing to the surface, a fact known by every rural schoolboy. The old adage about red herrings being “good brain food” has no scientific basis.



LUCKSUCKER

Lucksuckers feed on good fortune. Part physical entity, part mental phenomenon, the sucker's appearance is based on the laws of probability, and may change without warning. Good luck charms provide only a temporary shield against attack. The best strategy is to run!



UR-GRUE

Ur-grues are thought to be the shades of fallen Implementors. Skilled in black sorcery, the ur-grue can envelop itself in a personal zone of darkness which neither lamp nor flame can penetrate. Sunlight is the only thing it fears. It is unwise even to speak of this utterly evil entity.



THE COCONUT OF QUENDOR

Though reluctant to dismiss the Coconut outright, most historians regard its historical existence as dubious at best. Orkan of Thriff has suggested that if all the "Shards of The One True Coconut" and "Vials of The Blessed Milk" were gathered in one place, they would form a stack nine bloits high.

Planetfall

Preface to the Story

After the fall of the Second Galactic Union in 1716 GY, a ten-thousand-year dark age settled upon the galaxy. Interstellar travel was nonexistent, and many star systems descended into a near-barbaric state, burning coal and gas for energy, and growing food directly from exposed topsoil. In 11,203 GY, a treaty between the Empires of Tremain and Galium formed the Third Galactic Union. Ships of the Stellar Patrol (a pseudo-military wing of the Union government on Tremain) began exploring the galaxy, searching for the human civilizations that are the remnants of the Second Union. You are a native of the planet Gallium. Although it is one of the most politically powerful worlds in the Union, Gallium is no garden spot. In fact, the Gallium Chamber of Commerce brochure entitled "Ten Great Reasons to Visit Gallium" ends on page 3. The author ran out of reasons after listing just two. For five generations, your family has served in the Stellar Patrol. Your great-great-grandfather was a High Admiral and one of the founding officers of the Patrol. It was taken for granted that when you came of age you would join up. Now, more than a year after signing up, and two months after being transferred to the S.P.S. Feinstein, you are still only ranked Ensign Seventh Class. Your superior officer, Ensign First Class Blather, has been making your life miserable. You're beginning to wonder if you're really cut out for the Stellar Patrol...

About the Author

Steve Meretzky (1957-) was born and raised in Yonkers, NY, where his early hobbies included rooting for the New York Mets and against Richard Nixon. A few historians of interactive fiction think that Meretzky's first job, packing nuts and bolts for his father's hardware business, was the formative moment of his writing career. A few other people think that there's absolutely no connection. Most people don't think about it at all. Meretzky arrived at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in September of 1975 to pursue a career in architecture. MIT's Department of Architecture convinced Meretzky that he should pursue a career in Construction Management. Following his unexpected graduation, several construction firms convinced Meretzky that he should pursue a career as a game tester for Infocom. Finally, by 1982, Marc Blank had convinced Meretzky that he should pursue a career as an author of interactive fiction ("implementor" in Infocom lingo). Along with Infocom's Dave Lebling, Meretzky is the first person admitted to the Science Fiction Writers of America for authoring interactive fiction.

THE PATROL'S LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD ORGANISMS

When the Third Galactic Union was formed by the Great Treaty of 11, 203 GY between the Empires of Tremain and Gallium, an order went forth from the capital on Tremain that a great armada be formed.

The greatest military and philanthropic in the Galaxy, including High Admiral Merescu and the Lord Beatitude Berezza, were sequestered in a brightly lit map room for a week-long intensive brainstorming session. No records were kept of this top-secret strategic summit, but out of it came the most ambitious apostolic pseudo-military unit ever conceived. The seven-day conference changed the course of intergalactic exploration and diplomacy forever.

First, blueprints for huge multipurpose starships were drawn up. Next, designers from Vandermeek, the fashion capital of the Universe, were commissioned to create the perfect uniform: functional, comfortable, and virtually indestructible. Finally, a highly sophisticated, incredibly accurate weapon prototype was assembled.

Appeals for soldiers appeared in all Third Union publications, as well as on all subspace frequencies. Almost immediately, the ranks were filled and a waiting list was established.

Thus was the Stellar Patrol born, and our mission ever since has been to explore the Galaxy, to seek out such remnants of human civilization as have managed to survive the Second Union's collapse and the Dark age that followed - in short, to "Boldly Go Where Angels Fear to Tread."

DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES?

The Stellar Patrol is like a giant, ever-growing benevolent bird: its top leaders the brain, its commanders the wings, its starships the body, its strong recruits the backbone and muscle, its discoveries the energy that makes it fly, its weak recruits the bodily waste that gets left behind. Carelessness and laziness have no place in the Stellar Patrol: recruits must be strong, brave, and resourceful. Recruits must be able to laugh in the face of death, sneer in the clutches of adversity, and eat almost anything. Loyalty to the Union must be limitless and unconditional, and dedication to a project - be it building a space pod, exploring a new planet, or shining a superior's shoes - must be absolute.

In short, if you are the kind of organism who can stare 10,000 years of darkness straight in the visual receptor without flinching - if you can stand up to the horrors of star systems descended to near-barbarism, where uncivilized beings live savagely in primitive shelters rudely constructed of coarse minerals and deceased vegetation - then you may just have what it takes to be a part of our proud tradition.

Cadet 4th Class Darrell Plintiv is a fine example of the kind of being today's Stellar Patrol produced. Let his story serve as an inspiration to all.

THE PATROL MADE ME INTO AN ORGANISM MY PROGENITORS CAN BE PROUD OF.

"I'm part of a team devoted to excellence and enterprise that is the Stellar Patrol's proud tradition," says Cadet 4th Class Darrell Plintiv. "In my three years with the Patrol, I've found plenty of opportunity for advancement. And I've seen solar systems never before visited by the Third Union, some inhabited only by crystalline-based life forms! Sure, life in the Patrol isn't always a thrill-a-millichron, but they've developed a wide range of activities to improve my mind and encourage personal growth. You have to be strong, brave, and resourceful. I'm gaining invaluable experience that can lead to a high-paying civilian career in later life. And my uniform is functional, comfortable, and virtually indestructible!"

The Stellar Patrol builds character. You learn new cultures and new ways of thinking. You learn to survive hardships both mental and physical. You learn how to withstand pain - and be proud of it. If you're the type of organism we're looking for, read on.

LEARN VALUABLE SKILLS AND EXPLORE THE GALAXY.

Sure, you'll get a paycheck in the Patrol. But 32 credits, new underwear, and a pack of chewing gum every month isn't all you'll get out of it. You'll also be traveling to distant worlds you never imagined existed, earning the respect of your friends and family, and acquiring outstanding technical training that can get you a good job in later life. Here are just a few of the valuable skills you can learn in the patrol.

HOW TO BECOME A FAST LEARNER

As a new recruit to the Stellar Patrol, you will spend your first four weeks in Intelligence Camp. There, you will be taught the most essential knowledge in the Universe using highly advanced intensive studying techniques. You'll learn to read and speak the 18 principal languages of the Galaxy fluently in three days. You'll memorize the structural formula, molecular weight, melting point, boiling point, density, and solubility of every known organic and inorganic compound in two days; thermodynamic properties (including temperature, heat, and entropy of transition) of all elements and oxides in one day; and all 300 astrophysics log tables overnight. Other areas of study will include general nuclear phenomena, isotopes, radioactivity, fusion,

antimatter, the origin of life, the classification and metabolisms of organisms, energy, transportation, religion, and philosophy.

It might take an unenlisted civilian months, even years, to learn all this essential knowledge. But the Stellar Patrol is staffed with the Third Union's finest educators and electric shock therapists to guarantee that all recruits learn FAST.

HOW TO BE STRONG

After Intelligence Camp, you will spend six to 10 weeks in Boot Camp. There, every muscle we can find in your body, from your frontalis to your abductor of hallux, will be stretched, trained, toned, and hardened. Scrawny recruits will become muscular powerhouses; corpulent recruits will become lithe, quick, and sinewy. Only high-protein no-fiber diets will be dished out. To build up endurance, you will be permitted little or no rest time. Recreation activities will stress the importance of physical fitness: moving mounds of dirt from location to location, 20-kilometer jogs, boxing, sprinting, and 30-kilometer jogs. You will sweat your old body away and run it into the ground beyond recognition, and emerge from Boot Camp with a better-than-new physique of Gurtharkian proportions.

What a challenge!

HOW TO BECOME A LEADER

Since its inception, the Stellar Patrol has always looked for individuals who shine. (We also look for celestial bodies that shine - ask for our full-color brochure entitled "Exploring Cosmic Phenomena.")

To gain recognition and eventually serve the Patrol in leadership capacity, you should volunteer often for the toughest assignments: front line combat, reconnaissance missions, and grotch cage cleaning detail. It takes a very special soldier to recognize the potential that can be realized from the last-mentioned line of duty.

HOW TO USE YOUR TIME EFFECTIVELY

Because life in the Stellar Patrol can't always be a thrill-a-millichron, we've developed a wide range of activities to improve your mind and encourage personal growth. One of the more popular - and profitable - ways to fill time between orbit watch shifts is to enroll in the Deep Space Hero Correspondence Course, (Since the Patrol places such a high premium on education, we will match - credit for credit - all funds you set aside for schooling. Ask your recruiter for details.)

WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO GO

For more than 140 Galactic years, Stellar Patrol ships have been visiting foreign ports and exploring exotic planets - some inhabited only by crystalline-based life forms. But the excitement doesn't stop there.

You'll explore solar systems never before visited by the Third Union. You'll teach Galalingua to children on Flemring-5. You'll see nebulea and novas. You'll hear the haunting music of the Stringface species on Brylyn Minor. You'll watch the double sunset and triple moonrise from Legllama.

In the Patrol, you'll enjoy shore leave at exotic ports like Accardi-3. At the famed Thieves Bazaar you'll haggle for exotic placebo treasures, and at the Scavengers Market you'll find great buys on grotchbone carvings and ivory receptor shades. The multi-level swimming crater on Accardi-3 is the largest in the Universe. Also on Accardi-3 is the blindingly beautiful Refractory Wall, a 10-megameter natural formation composed of glistening crystal.

But no matter where your stationed or on-duty in the Universe, you'll be welcomed by all life forms, because you're a member of he Third Union's Stellar Patrol, part of a team devoted to the excellence and enterprise that is the Stellar Patrol's proud tradition.

TAKE COMMAND OF YOUR TOMORROW TODAY

You may start out at the bottom as Ensign 7th, but you won't have to stay that way for long, because there's plenty of opportunity for advancement in the Patrol for those who live up to our motto, " Boldly Going Where Angels Fear to Tread."

To ensure the future of your choice, be sure to tell your recruiter about the kind of job you're interested in when you enlist. (Enlistment is conditional pending on your results of the qualifications test, at the end of this brochure.) Your recruiter will do everything possible to put you in that line of duty. Occasionally a position you're interested in is temporarily filled, or will require experience in another Stellar Patrol position. If so, your recruiter can recommend your surest route to success. The following is but a sampling of the many fine ways you can serve the Patrol while gaining invaluable experience that can lead to high-paying civilian careers in later life.

Galactoturf Farmer (GF) - GF's are responsible for the growth and maintenance of all artificial green surfaces. When the Patrol is in orbit, all aboard-ship training is done on this material. Comparable civilian careers: lawn analyst, ground crew supervisor, and rug-maintenance manager.

Grotch Breeder (GB) - GB's play an important role in the very survival of the Patrol. Without the grotch, zero-gravity lab experiments would have to be performed on crew members. Qualified applicants must be immune to grotch venom. One year's service as a GB counts as four credits toward an advanced degree in cosmobiology at most accredited learning centers. Comparable civilian careers: zookeeper's assistant and circus sanitation engineer.

Hull Check Mate (HCM) - Responsible for the upkeep of all shipboard surfaces. HCM's also instruct crew members in the operation and maintenance of sliding doors. Comparable civilian jobs: gravity enforcement officer and receptor technician.

Morale Officer (MO) - It takes an extraordinarily patient being to serve a Morale Officer. MO's offer guidance and encouragement to hundreds of crew members, and train new recruits to realize that all sickness and injury is in the mind. You must have a kindly countenance and a winning smile (since you alone will establish contact with other ships.) Comparable civilian jobs: riot control officer, suicide counselor, and Double Fanucci referee.

Mess Service (MS) - MS's control every aspect of the chow detail - from the ordering of supplies through the serving of well-balanced, appealing meals prepared in artificial-gravity ovens. Excellent equilibrium is necessary. Comparable civilian jobs: scrap metal recycler and faith healer.

Military Music Maker (MMM) - MMM's must have talent and a portable instrument to qualify for this exciting duty. Familiarity with at least three chords is essential; two chrons of daily practice will be required. When you learn to play music the Patrol way, fellow beings will stand up and take notice. Also available are positions within the Floating Band. Comparable civilian jobs: teacher for the deaf and Ramosian sheep herder.

Sleep Technician (ST) - Because crew members spend so much time in their berths, they must be kept in optimal resting condition. As an ST, you'll oversee complete alignment and cleaning of said sleeping quarters, and monitor the Flexbed automated system designed to prevent inactive muscles from atrophying in space. Two years' experience as a Pillow Fluffer (PF) required. Comparable civilian jobs: social adjustment worker, dry cleaner, and mortician.

Support Systems Regulator (SSR) - SSR's have a long and proud history in the Stellar Patrol. Duties include construction, programming, and deprogramming of all shipboard support wywtems. A thorough knowledge of the events leading up to the Great Collapse is necessary. Must be very detail-oriented. Advance degree in computer psychology preferred. Comparable civilian jobs: electronics mastermind and ventriloquist.

Yosailor (YS) - Calls troops to meals, to attention, and to combat-ready posture (upright). Although most recruits applying for this position can yodel proficiently, beginners will be auditioned and considered for acceptance. Exceptionally versatile larynx required. Comparable civilian jobs: auctioneer and evangelical preacher.

Regardless of the position you hold in the Stellar Patrol, as a proud member you'll be helping to carry the Third Union's peaceful message of benevolent central bureaucratism to the thousands of worlds lost after the Great Collapse. It takes grit and courage as well as wisdom to be such a messenger. For while most civilized planets can be brought into the fold via a routine ambassadorial mission, certain worlds require further explanation of the importance of 600-page tax returns and forms to be filled out in triplicate. In such cases, it's the job of the Patrol to step in, firmly plant its heel, and take charge of that situation. If you have a sharp mind, a quick wit, and the ability to guess between right and wrong, then maybe that heel could be you.

FIND OUT IF YOU'RE STELLAR PATROL MATERIAL-TODAY!

This incredibly comprehensive questionnaire was prepared totally in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Eighth Division Codes of the Third Galactic Union.

To help your recruitment officer determine the best positions for you when you join the Stellar Patrol, fill out the entire questionnaire honestly and without help from family members or friends.

Note: Although most of this data is on Permafile at Third Galactic Union Central Headquarters and can be verified instantly, this is our only method for determining how closely you adhere to the standard code of honor.

PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES

1. Color of eyes: _____
Do you need glasses or corrective surgery on your eyes?

yes

no

2. Color of hair: _____

Present hair length: On head: _____

Elsewhere (specify): _____

Are you bald? yes no receding hairline

3. Height (check one):

- Below 1.5 meters but willing to undergo Artificial Elongation Therapy to meet Stellar Patrol requirements
 Below 1.5 meters and unwilling to undergo A.E.T.
 Between 1.5 and 3 meters
 Above 3 meters but willing to undergo Artificial Shrinkage Therapy to meet Stellar Patrol requirements
 Above 3 meters and unwilling to undergo A.S.T.

4. Respiratory functions: Can you breathe through your:

- nose
 mouth
 both nose and mouth
 neither nose nor mouth
 none of the above

Do you smoke?

- often
 sometimes
 never
 never looked

5. How would you describe your overall physical health?

- Excellent
 Good
 Fair
 Poor
 Notify my next of kin immediately

EDUCATION/PERSONAL BACKGROUND

6. Have you finished high school or do you know someone who has?

- yes
 no
 not sure

7. I am able to communicate with others:
- in Galalingua
 - in monosyllabic grunts
 - via Astronmet's Universal Sign Language
 - not at all
8. Do you have any experience:
- a. using a megaplenoscope? yes no
 - b. operating a Schistosoma detector? yes no
 - c. actuating a seroepidemiological cyclodiathermy laser?
 yes no
 - d. doing laundry? yes no
 - e. other (specify): _____
9. What are your interests and hobbies? (Check up to three)
- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Jogging | <input type="checkbox"/> Thinking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traveling | <input type="checkbox"/> Thinking out loud/talking to yourself |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Playing Double Fanucci | <input type="checkbox"/> Filling out questionnaires |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moving mounds of dirt from location to location | <input type="checkbox"/> Drooling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climbing trees | <input type="checkbox"/> Scratching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climbing walls | <input type="checkbox"/> Being miserable |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Writing manuals | <input type="checkbox"/> Apologizing |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Reading manuals |
10. In ten words or less, describe the very reason for your existence:
- _____
- _____

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE

11. Which of the following would you be willing to do for your Union?
- die
 - die slowly
 - die slowly and painfully
 - read an Infocom instruction manual
 - none of the above

12. I am most attracted to:
- beings who are superior to myself in rank
 - beings of the opposite sex
 - beings of the same sex
 - beings of no sex
 - myself
13. Do you suffer from any mental disorders that would prevent you from participating in laboratory experiments?
- it doesn't matter; I'll do whatever I'm told
 - no
 - definitely not
14. My favorite form of recreation is:
- mopping up after slimy beings who are superior to myself in rank
 - dueling with laser bazookas at two paces
 - forcing people to read Infocom manuals
15. Do you enjoy working with:
- | | | |
|----------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| people? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> no |
| animals? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> no |
| plants? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> no |
| aliens? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> no |
| finger paints? | <input type="checkbox"/> yes | <input type="checkbox"/> no |
16. Patience factor: Stand in a corner of the room facing the wall for as long as you can. Don't continue reading until you stop. Now, write here how long you stood: _____ (in days).
17. Hydrophobia factor: Chain yourself to a rock underwater for as long as you can. Don't continue reading until you stop. Now, write here how long you held your breath: _____ (in days).
18. Monotony factor: Repeat number 17 above as many times as you can. Don't continue reading until you stop. Now, write here whether you were really gullible enough to repeat number 17: _____ .

LOGICAL REASONING ABILITIES

19. FOOT is to SHOE as FINGER is to:
- Nose
 - Eye
 - Ear
 - Mouse
 - Donut
 - Honesty
20. RAIN is to SNOW as GROUCH is to:
- Leopard
 - Hurricane
 - Amoeba
 - Cage
 - a and b, and maybe c and d
 - 3.14159
21. HULL is to SPACESHIP as SKIN is to:
- Glove
 - Cat
 - Thermonuclear fusion
 - Titanium
 - Burn
 - Muffin
22. In what year was the Intergalactic Commerce Act passed?

23. Who invented the light deceleration process known as slow glass?

24. Name the act passed in 11,205 GY to strengthen the Planetary Commerce Act. _____
25. Name the year in which Arnold Guunuf invented slow glass.

26. The Intergalactic Commerce Act, passed in 11,205 GY, strengthened what earlier act? _____
27. In 11,210, a glazier named Arnold Guunuf invented a light deceleration process. Name it. _____
28. What is the answer to this question?
29. Three couples (the Phariixes, the Boorbs, and the Keqrees) were seated at a circular table playing Partnership Fanucci. They were a cosmobiologist, a gravity engineer, a sleep technician, an ambassador, a fusion supervisor, and an editor; and they were originally from Gallium, Legllama, Granjil-6, Storvbay, Ansil, and Jaaggo. Each male sat between two females, and no one sat next to their spouse. From the following information, determine where each person sat, what profession each had, and what planet each came from.
- The Ansilan sat between the cosmobiologist and one of the Keqrees.
 - The female Phariix was seated across the table from the gravity engineer.
 - The male on the fusion supervisor's left sat across from the person from Granjil-6.
 - The ambassador was seated between the Jaaggoian and the editor. One of these three was the male Boorb.
 - The Storvbayite sat on the right of the Galliumian. Neither of them was a Keqree.
 - The sleep technician sat across from the Legllaman. One of them sat next to the fusion supervisor.
30. Four robotic satellites were designed to do the following: YA3 to find drifting garbage, JP7 to transport the garbage, SEM6 to turn the garbage into energy, and MD8 to distribute the energy. As Destiny would have it, however, YA3 found more drifting garbage than the other three satellites could process. Based on the following clues, determine who designed the satellites.
- YA3 did not understand signals transmitted in Galalinguan.
 - JP7 made no distinction between garbage and energy.
 - SEM6 made no distinction between garbage and YA3.
 - MD8 transmitted signals to YA3 only in Galalinguan.
- Submit this completed questionnaire to a Stellar Patrol recruiter. If you qualify for the Patrol, you will be notified within two chrons.

STELLAR PATROL OF THE THIRD GALACTIC UNION



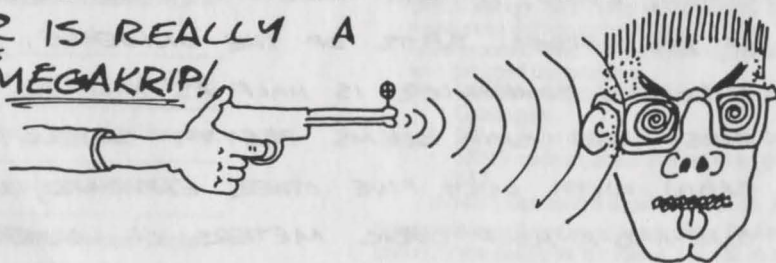
11,344 JULY 22 - TRANSFERRED FROM S.P.S. TRILOBYTE TO S.P.S. FEINSTEIN FOR THE THIRD OF MY FOUR TOURS OF DUTY. I'M TRULY GOING TO MISS MY COMMANDER, ENSIGN FIRST CLASS LIM. HE WAS A FRIEND IN EVERY RESPECT - SOMEONE YOU COULD ALWAYS ~~BE~~ GO TO WITH A PROBLEM, SOMEONE I COULD REALLY LOOK UP TO. WE WOULD SOMETIMES TALK LONG INTO THE NIGHT. HE WOULD TELL ME ABOUT HIS HOME WORLD OF ASH-DOWN FIVE, AND I WOULD TALK ABOUT GROWING UP ON GALLIUM. I'D GET PRETTY HOMESICK SOMETIMES, EVEN THOUGH GALLIUM IS NOT EXACTLY ONE OF THE GARDEN SPOTS OF THE UNIVERSE. I JUST HOPE MY NEW COMMANDER IS HALF AS NICE AS LIM.

THIS NEW SHIP SEEMS PRETTY SWELL. I'M IN A CABIN WITH ONLY FIVE OTHER ENSIGNS, AND I'VE GOT ONE-AND-A-HALF CUBIC METERS OF LOCKER SPACE!

11,344 JULY 23 - MET MY NEW COMMANDER TODAY -
ENSIGN CADET FIRST CLASS BLATHER. HE SEEMS
LIKE A REAL KRIP. (EXCUSE THE LANGUAGE, DIARY.)
BUT THAT MIGHT JUST BE A BAD FIRST IMPRESSION.

11,344 JULY 25 - ONE OF MY CABIN MATES, GORUND,
ORGANIZED A DOUBLE FANUCCI TOURNAMENT AMONG
ALL THE ENSIGNS SEVENTH CLASS. WE WERE PLAYING
DURING THE 150-MILLICHRON REC PERIOD AFTER LUNCH,
AND BLATHER BURST IN AND CONFISCATED THE SETS
AND TOLD US THAT PLAYING WAR GAMES WAS A VIOLATION
OF PATROL REGULATIONS. BUT ENSIGN WHIRP, WHO'S
STUDYING TO BE A PATROL LAWYER, SAID SHE COULDN'T
FIND ANYTHING ABOUT IT IN THE REGULATIONS ANYWHERE.

BLATHER IS REALLY A
TOTAL MEGAKRIP!



11,344 JULY 28 - I WENT TO SEE THE PERSONNEL OFFICER TODAY TO FIND OUT WHAT MY NEW DUTIES WOULD INVOLVE. HE SHOWED ME A LIST OF ALL THE OPEN ASSIGNMENTS, AND I DECIDED TO PUT IN FOR THE GROTCHE-FEEDING DETAIL. WE PICKED UP A FEW GROTCHEs WHEN WE WERE ON CRASSUS, AND WE'RE TAKING THEM TO THE ZOOLOGY LABS ON TREMAIN SO THAT MAYBE THEY CAN FIGURE OUT HOW AN ANIMAL CAN PRODUCE 47 TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN TROT EVERY DAY.

11,344 BOZBAR 7 - EVERYONE FROM THE P.O. TO THE SHIP'S COOK HAS APPROVED MY APPLICATION FOR THE GROTCHE-FEEDING DETAIL - EXCEPT BLATHER. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE HIM TOMORROW. WISH ME LUCK.

11,344 BOZBAR 8 - TROT!! BLATHER REJECTED MY APPLICATION! AND TO MAKE IT WORSE, HE SAID THAT SINCE I SEEM TO LOVE GROTTCHES SO MUCH, HE'S ASSIGNING ME TO CLEAN OUT THEIR CAGES. TROT
AND DOUBLE TROT!!

11,344 BOZBAR 26 - I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO WRITE IN THIS DIARY LATELY, BECAUSE BLATHER'S BEEN WATCHING US ALL LIKE A TELERAN BIRD. ALSO, LAST WEEK HE FOUND THE DIARY DURING A SURPRISE INSPECTION, GAVE ME 200 DEMERITS, AND TOLD ME THAT DIARIES WERE ~~RED~~ AGAINST REGULATIONS. BUT I'LL BE FROBBED IF I'M GOING TO STOP. I'VE STARTED HIDING THE DIARY INSIDE MY OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS FILE, AND I KEEP THAT HIDDEN IN THE AIR DUCT. FROM NOW ON I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK AWAY SOMEWHERE WHEN I'M WRITING.

11,344 BOZBAR 27 - GREETINGS FROM ^{THE} DECK FOUR
SUPPLY CLOSET OF THE S.P.S. FEINSTEIN. I HOPE I'M
NOT TEMPTING FATE, SNEAKING AROUND WITH MY DIARY
THIS WAY. I USED TO BE AS MUCH OF A DISBELIEVER
IN DESTINY AS THE NEXT GUY, BUT NOT ANYMORE,
NOT SINCE THE TIME MY MOM WARNED MY DAD
NOT TO TEMPT FATE BY WALKING ACROSS THE
ASTRAL PLAINS AFTER DARK, WHEN THE COMPUTERIZED
ANALYSIS SHOWED A 43% CHANCE OF RESULTING
INJURY. MY DAD, STUBBORN AS ALWAYS, JUST LAUGHED
AT HER AND WENT RIGHT ON TAKING HIS NIGHTLY

STROLLS. THE VERY NEXT SUMMER HE WENT WALKING
AT NIGHT ON THE PLAINS AND STUMBLED OVER A CRATER
AND BRUISED HIS KNEE. GOSH!

11,344 BOZBAR 28 - WE ENTERED PLANETARY ORBIT TODAY, A NON-HUMAN WORLD CALLED ACCARDI-3 (ALTHOUGH THE NATIVES CALL IT SOMETHING LIKE BLOW'K-BIBBEN-GORDO), THEY'RE NOT OFFICIALLY PART OF THE UNION. THE RUMORS SAY THAT WE'RE PICKING UP A SPECIAL AMBASSADOR TO TAKE BACK TO TREMAIN FOR NEGOTTATIONS ON JOINING THE UNION, TOMORROW WE HAVE TO PUT ON OUR DRESS UNIFORMS FOR SOME SPECIAL WELCOMING CEREMONY.

11,344 AUGUST 2 - I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE ALIEN AMBASSADOR DURING THE WELCOMING CEREMONIES YESTERDAY. HE LOOKS LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A TREE TRUNK AND A MELTING ICE CREAM CONE. BUT ANYWAY, THE CEREMONY GOT ME OUT OF CLEANING THE GROUCH CAGES TODAY.

11,344 AUGUST 7 - WENT TO THE MANDATORY
PATROL INFORMATIONAL TRI-VISION TRIPLE FEATURE
LAST NIGHT. WE SAW "TREATMENT
FOR SPACE LIKE INFESTATION,"
"SHORELEAVE SHIRLEY: HOW TO GUARD
AGAINST CONTRACTING ALIEN
DISEASES," AND "THE OXYGEN TANK:
YOUR GALVANIZED BUDDY IN THE VACUUM."



BLATHER CONFINED HALF THE ENSIGNS TO QUARTERS FOR
HOOTING DURING THE SECOND FEATURE. (THE OTHER HALF
HAD FALLEN ASLEEP DURING THE FIRST FEATURE.)

11,344 AUGUST 24 - TROT THAT TROTTING KRIP!
I APPLIED FOR ASTROPHYSICS TRAINING FOR THE NEXT
QUARTER, BUT BLATHER SAYS MY WORK FOR THE
SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT TASK FORCE HASN'T BEEN GOOD

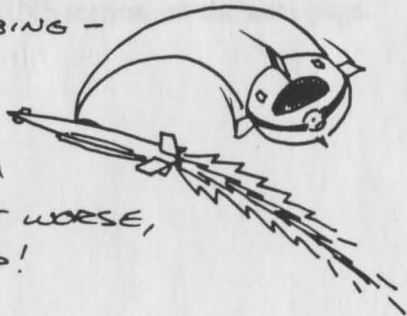
ENOUGH, SO NOT ONLY DID HE REJECT MY
ASTROPHYSICS APPLICATION, BUT HE SAYS I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE REMEDIAL SCRUBBING NEXT QUARTER. WHAT
A TROTTING KRIP!

YOU KNOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME I'M BEGINNING
TO HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT WHETHER I'M REALLY CUT OUT
FOR THE PATROL. WHEN I WAS GROWING UP ON GALLIUM,
IT WAS ALWAYS TAKEN FOR GRANTED THAT I WOULD
JOIN UP WHEN I CAME OF AGE. MY FAMILY HAS SERVED
IN THE PATROL FOR FIVE GENERATIONS. IN FACT,
MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS A HIGH ADMIRAL
AND ONE OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF THE PATROL!
BUT I SEEM TO BE PERMANENTLY STUCK AT
ENSIGN 7TH, AND BLATHER IS MAKING MY LIFE
MISERABLE...

11,344 SEPTEMBER 4 - WE LEFT HYPERSPACE TODAY AT
ABOUT 7600; WEREN'T SCHEDULED TO FOR ABOUT ANOTHER

TWO WEEKS. THE GRAPEVINE SAYS WE HAVE SPECIAL ORDERS TO INVESTIGATE A PLANETARY SYSTEM HERE. APPARENTLY, SOME OF THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS BACK ON VARSHAW THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PART OF THE SECOND UNION. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY ANYONE WOULD SETTLE OUT HERE IN THIS REMOTE CORNER OF THE GALAXY.

11,344 SEPTEM 5 - THAT KRIP HAS DONE IT AGAIN! I MISSED TWO LITTLE PELLETS OF TROT WHEN I WAS CLEANING OUT THE GROTCH CAGES YESTERDAY, AND BLATHER GAVE ME 100 DEMERITS AND ASSIGNED ME TWO EXTRA SHIFTS OF DECK SCRUBBING - INCLUDING DECK NINE, THE FILTHIEST DECK ON THE SHIP! I'M CONSIDERING ASKING FOR A TRANSFER - OR IF THINGS GET WORSE, I MIGHT EVEN ABANDON SHIP!



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SCI-FI
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EVERYONE ELSE!



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AN ALIEN VESSEL.



MYSTERY AT SPACE
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SAVE THE WORLD!