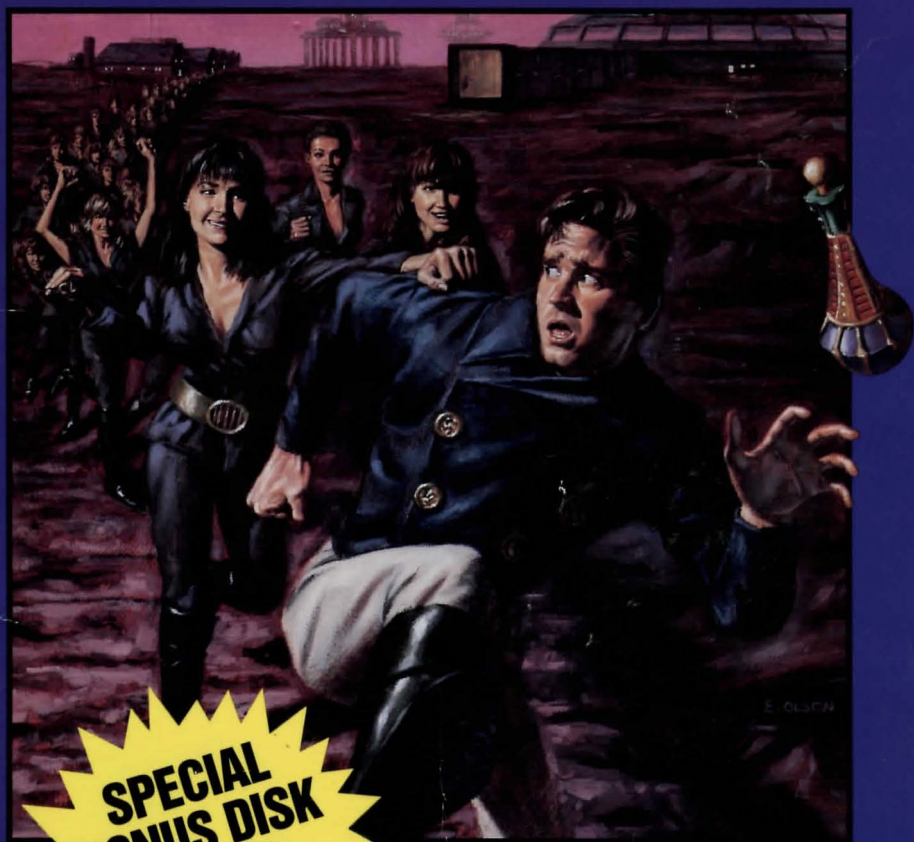


# REX NEBULAR

*And The Cosmic Gender Bender™*

## HINT BOOK



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## PREPARATORY NOTE

This study guide/transcript has been prepared by the Rex Nebular Institute for Galactic Adventurers. Its purpose is to instruct cadets in the procedures and practices necessary for successful galactic adventuring and the fulfillment of commissions. By following this transcript and the visual presentation which it accompanies (the whimsically titled *Rex Nebular and the Cosmic Gender Bender*), the cadet can successfully prepare for the final examination to be given on 14 Cheddar, at 8:00 GST in room 120/80. Room inspection will occur immediately thereafter; as previously stated, points will be deducted for the presence of clean laundry, edible food, and intellectual literature.

Two courses of study present themselves in relation to the use of this transcript; the cadet may choose either one; in either case, read the tinted sections only when an answer is desired. Note also that this study guide is for H-mode (Hard) cadets only.

The first is to run through the training session from beginning to end, referring to the transcript as progress is made in order to check your answers with those of the master. This necessitates a certain loss of freedom of choice.

The second is to use the log entry headers to refer to specific difficult problems; by progressing slowly through that area of the transcript, the cadet may find that he can glean enough information to solve his puzzle without being handed the answer on a silver platter.

Good luck.

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 7:35 GST, UNDER WATER ON TERRA ANDROGENA**

**REX:** LOG ON. Man, whatta jolt! I don't think the *Pig* has taken a pounding like that since Fifi Lamars and I — oh my aching head!

||| FAINT HUM OF INSTRUMENTS |||

**REX:** Well, no use crying over spilt brittlenuts. I'd better check things out. Hmm... tum te tum... yow! Looks bad. Real bad. Whoof, really bad. Well, old boy, better stop looking at yourself in the mirror and figure out what to do.

**REX: SO, WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH THIS WRECKED SHIP?**

*REX: Well, first things first: let's check all the monitors and see the extent of the damage.*

||| CLICKING NOISE. HUMMING OF INSTRUMENTS |||

*REX: OK, better survey the rest of the ship; gotta check the other monitors, and see what got shaken loose. It's obvious I'm going to have to get out of here. This ship's dead in the water.*

||| CLOMPING, HUMAN FEET |||

**REX: IS THERE ANYTHING CLEVER I CAN DO TO GET HOLD OF THAT TASTY-LOOKING TURKEY?**

||| DULL WET EXPLOSION |||

*REX: Nope. Guess not.*

**REX: ALL RIGHT, TIME TO GO. AM I FORGETING ANYTHING?**

*REX: Lessee. Got the binoculars, the rebreather (don't leave home without it!), the timer module... Hmm. Guess I'd better take the burger. Looks toxic, but it might be better than starving to death.*

**REX:** Bye, *Pig*. Maybe I'll come back for you someday. Gosh, it's sad to leave her, wallowing on the bottom, in the mud... guess maybe she likes it this way. All right, up the ladder we go!

||| CLANGING NOISE |||

||| SPLASHING NOISE |||

||| BUBBLING NOISE |||

**REX:** It's kinda hard to talk wit dis ting in your nouf.

||| ACTIVATING AUTOMATIC GARBLE-COMPENSATION |||

**REX:** THERE ARE SOME INTERESTING THINGS ON THE OCEAN FLOOR. I WONDER IF THEY'RE OF ANY USE?

||| BURBLING NOISE |||

*REX: That rock formation is pretty darn inert.*

||| BURBLING NOISE |||

*REX: That seaweed patch looks dangerous — better steer clear.*

||| BURBLING NOISE |||

*REX: I don't think I'll swim anywhere near that mine — it might go off.*

||| BURBLING NOISE |||

*REX: I can't imagine what I would do with a dead fish, but it couldn't hurt to pick one up.*

||| BURBLING NOISE |||

*REX: Dram! I guess there's nothing I can do with a manta ray.*

**REX: WONDER WHAT'S WITH THAT TUNNEL WITH THE HOLES AROUND IT?**

*REX: I remember reading about the kinds of creatures that live in holes around the outsides of tunnels... they're always dangerous.*

**REX: SO HOW CAN I GET THROUGH THE TUNNEL SAFELY?**

*REX: Guess I'll have to distract the creature first.*

**REX: HOW DO I DO THAT?**

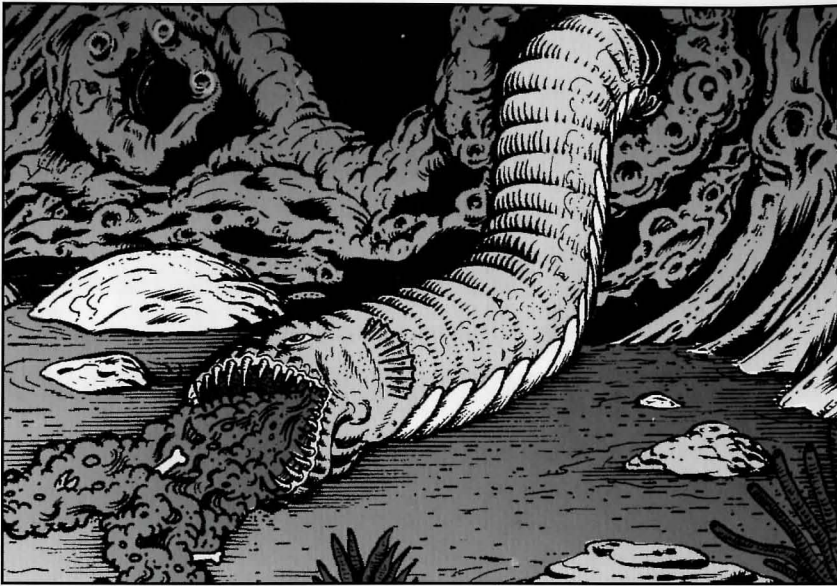
*REX: Well, the dram thing eats fish, and the ocean floor is littered with them... hmmm... but one fish isn't going to keep it busy for long...*

**REX: SO WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?**

*REX: Got it! I could poison the thing with my toxic burger!*

**REX: BUT HOW DO I GET IT TO COOPERATE WITH THAT LITTLE STUNT?**

*REX: It's certainly not going to eat this thing on its own.*



**REX: SOUNDS HOPELESS.**

*REX: Well, I have a fish handy. I could stuff the burger inside the fish, then feed the critter and see what happens.*

*REX: Wow, nice color! Well, I went to all that trouble; I might as well swim inside. LOG OFF. Crabs! Cool! I love*

---

**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 8:11 GST, A PATH ON  
TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: What a weird noise! Ah, well, doesn't sound dangerous. Nice forest, here. Reminds me of a line in a Reynolds' poem I once read: "The forest was a chiaroscuro of demented anguish, crucified by the crimson drops of blood that pooled and ran in quiet rivulets onto the earth, shattering the manichean silence of the grove." Hmmm, getting a little morbid, maybe. LOG OFF. Chee, this place is starting to give me the cr*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 8:14 GST, A PATH ON  
TERRA ANDROGENA**

**REX: LOG ON. WHERE THE...HEY! THAT LOUSY MONKEY TOOK MY  
BINOCULARS!**

*REX: Oh well. Guess there wasn't anything I could have done about it.*

**REX: SO HOW DO I GET THEM BACK?**

*REX: Well, first I gotta find that lousy monkey.*

**REX: SO IF I WERE A MONKEY, WHERE WOULD I HANG OUT?**

*REX: In a tree, I guess.*

**REX: BUT THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF THEM!**

*REX: Well, it's gotta be one with food nearby... like bananas... or... or melons! LOG OFF. I'm gonna show him a*

---

**29 BICUSPIDOR-90919, 8:53 GST, FOREST,  
TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: LOG ON. So, there he is. Cute little bugger, in a repellent sort of way. Greetings, Monkey! (Never know when these things might be sapient.) Please... give... me... binoculars. Binoculars! Give 'em back before I — ugly \$%##!@*

**REX: ALL RIGHT. HOW DO I GET THE BINOCULARS BACK?**

*REX: Can't climb the tree... hmmm. If only I had a gun, I'd blast the little bugger.*

**REX: I HAVEN'T SEEN ONE OF THOSE AROUND AT ALL.**

*REX: Well y'know...this plant stalk might make a handy blowgun*

**REX: PRETTY USELESS BY ITSELF.**

*REX: Pretty useless... hey! Just put these darts that came out of the witch-doctor's hut inside... yeah!*

*Now to hose that sucker down but good!*

*REX: That was great! Ol' walnut-head took off like a swarm of Hzzgzian Bat-Thingoids were after him! Haw! LOG OFF. That'll teach him to mess with Rex Neb*

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**29 BICUSPIDOR-90919, 9:05 GST, NEAR A RIVER ON TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX:* Hooo boy! Wadda dish! I especially like that red bow in her hair. Homina homina! I gotta be cool... cool... Hi! I'm Rex!

III UNINTELLIGIBLE VOICE III

**REX: SO, HOW DO I GET WHAT I WANT FROM HER?**

*REX:* Well, my pappy always said, "Son, when talking to a woman, remember three things: never lose sight of your goal, say 'yes' to anything she asks you, and just be yourself.

*REX:* Seems like contradictory advice, but I'll give it a try. LOG OFF. Wherever

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**29 BICUSPIDOR-90919, 10:69 GST, PRIMITIVE BEDROOM ON TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX:* LOG ON. Aaaaahhhhh. Nice day outside. Nice day inside. What adorable pictures. What a cute stream outside. Nice bear rug. Nice-looking Twinkifruit over there. Everything is just so... so NICE. Sure do feel like I'm being watched, though... boy, I'm hungry, too.

III CHEWING-WITH-MOUTH-OPEN NOISES III

*REX:* Nice stroll outside, get the ol' blood smoothed out... nice village to the north, there. Nice stream. Nice piranha.

III PUNCHING NOISE III

III FALLING NOISE III

**REX: OHHHH. NICE LEFT HOOK. HARUMPH! I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY WAY TO MAKE HER A LITTLE MORE FRIENDLY?**

*REX:* Doesn't look that way for now. She seems to have a complete distrust of all men. Oh well, later. LOG OFF. Reminds me of that girl on Abzug-IV; she

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 11:04 GST, A FIELD ON TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX:* LOG ON. There's something strange up ahead. I almost feel as if there's a predator of some sort hiding in the trees in the lowlands to the north.

**REX: NOW HOW CAN I GET PAST THE THING LURKING IN THE TREES?**

*REX:* First, I need something to flush it out of hiding.

**REX: WHAT WOULD DO THE TRICK?**

*REX:* Well, predators are always interested in food. I need some food.

**REX: WOULD A PLANT STALK OR SOME LEAVES DO?**

*REX:* Nah, guess not. I need something actually food-like. Guess there's no point in going back for another fish, either. Hey! What about this yummy twinkifruit I got out of Twinkle's hut? That'll do it!

**REX: OKAY, SMART GUY. YOU CAN FLUSH THE PREDATOR OUT. THEN WHAT?**

*REX:* Gotta trap it, obviously.

**REX: HOW DO I DO THAT?**

*REX:* Well, there's this nice pit right here. That could work... a few punji sticks at the bottom...nah, skip it.

**REX: BUT IT'S NOT GONNA WALK RIGHT IN FOR MY CONVENIENCE.**

*REX:* Hmmm. A-hah, easy! Just cover the pit over with leaves. Then I bait it with the fruit, and viola!

*REX:* Yow! Better than I could have imagined. What was that thing, anyway? LOG OFF. I can hardly resist tickling those f

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 12:12 GST, NEAR A LARGE HUT ON TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX:* LOG ON. Okay, appear to be at a dead end. There's a device that must be a teleportation chamber, but it looks like it wants access codes. Every now and then someone blinks in to check the weather station here, but from this far back I can't see the code she uses to leave; if I get too close I'm betting I'll regret it — they don't all take kindly to men around here.

**REX: SO. HOW DO I GET THE ACCESS CODE?**

REX: *Well, the essential problem is one of seeing at a long distance. Ergo, I must use something that sees at long distances, like... oh I don't know... BINOCULARS maybe?*

**REX: YEAH, YEAH, YOU'RE SO SMART. HER DRAM SHOULDER'S IN THE WAY! NOW WHAT?**

REX: *If only there was a slightly higher vantage point, like a tree, or maybe a ladder on the side of a pile of stone — hey, check it out!*

REX: Okay! 4-2-6-7! Got it!\* Neat how these things amplify sound as well. Now I'll just go try it out. LOG OFF. Whoaaaaa!!! This

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## 29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 15:77 GST, EQUIPMENT LOCKER ON TERRA ANDROGENA

REX: LOG ON. Boy, am I glad to see you! It's like finding a long-lost rich uncle! Mmph!

III KISSING NOISE III

REX: I've just escaped from captivity at the hands of mad scientific women! You wouldn't believe what I went through to get you back!

**REX: FIRST OFF, I HAD TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET OUT OF MY CELL.**

REX: *My amazing brain soon realized that the air vent was the perfect escape possibility.*

**REX: THE NEXT STEP WAS TO ACQUIRE THE PROPER TOOLS.**

REX: *Fortunately, that intern and that psycho doctor assumed I had the brains of a Cowplug Sheep-coral. They actually left me alone in a room with scalpel, so I helped myself.*

REX: Then, after a quick chat with Bud, I hightailed it out of there.

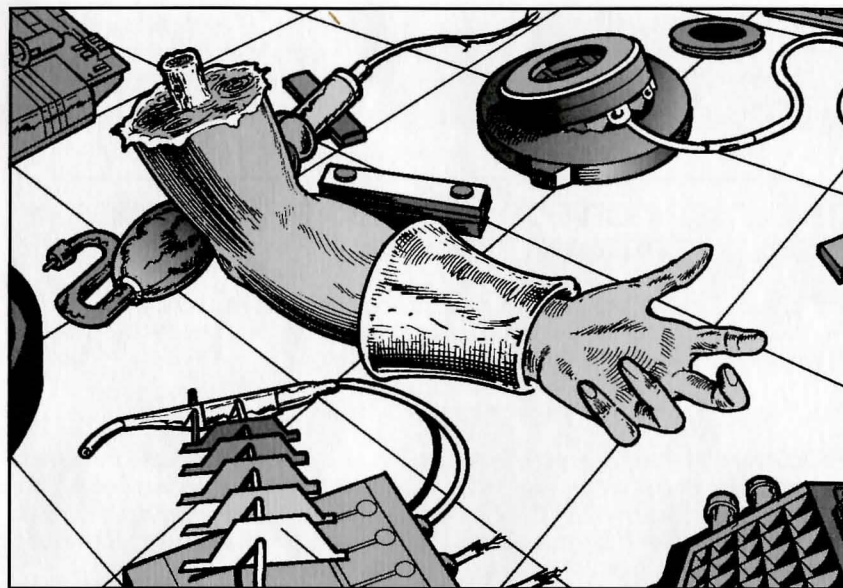
**REX: THE NEXT QUESTION: WHERE TO GO FROM HERE?**

REX: *And of course, it was really just a question of examining my goal: escape. The place was crawling with guards, so it didn't seem wise to start roaming the corridors. I needed allies. I needed Bud.*

**REX: BUT HOW TO GET IT?**

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\* Kids, don't try this at home! Your number will be different each time you play!



REX: *Or him, or whatever. Well, the security station looked like the most promising avenue of attack. I went there and sat at the desk, staring at the controls.*

**REX: I ASKED MYSELF: HOW DO I WORK THIS THING?**

REX: *Fortunately, it was pretty forgiving. Hey, you know they were watching me all that time with Twinkles? Hmmmm... maybe better to delete that. Delete, I say! This thing is supposed to have an automatic... oh, never mind. Anyway, I slapped the red button twice and it was over. Bud made short work of the entire complex.*

**REX: YOU MAY BE ASKING YOURSELF, WHAT DOES THIS ALL HAVE TO DO WITH GETTING MY EQUIPMENT BACK? WELL, I'LL TELL YOU.**

REX: *I next retraced the steps the guards took bringing me in, and found the room where they stored my equipment — the one with the newly-made Venus de Milo.*

**REX: UNFORTUNATELY, THE VAULT WAS LOCKED. HOW TO GET IN?**

REX: *Of course, it was Kinderzork's play for one of my intellectual capacity. I remembered that the guard had placed her hand on the scanner to open the door.*

**REX: BUT HOW TO GET HER TO COOPERATE?**

REX: *Well, I don't mind telling you she was dead at that point — I mean dead dead. Really dead. So dead, in fact, that her arm was... elsewhere. So I just picked it up and put it on the scanner. LOG OFF. And boy, did it*

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## 29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 15:83 GST, BEHIND THE 8-BALL, TERRA ANDROGENA

REX: LOG ON. Wow, look at that piece of work! Reminds me of the PoolJack casinos on Vegas IX. I've dropped a lot of galactars there in my day... kinda brings a tear to the old eye.

III SNIFFLING, HUMAN III

REX: Anyway. I've been doing a little scouting, and collected a bunch of junk. I've also found a corridor that leads to what looks like a bar, but I've got a hunch that if I showed up in there every gal in the place would tear me limb from limb... or that the automatic bouncer would etch my flesh down to the bone, perhaps.

REX: HOW COULD I, A MAN, GET IN THERE?

REX: *It all boils down to my hunch about the 8-ball machine.*

REX: WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO TEST MY HUNCH?

REX: *Well, y'know... at this point I've got nothing to lose by trying. Lessee, just step onto this platform... uh-oh... AAAERRRRGGHGHHGH... Wow! It's gone! Check it out... just as I suspected. Whoa! Wadda voice! Wadda bod! Wadda babe. LOG OFF. In many ways, this is too kinky even for m*

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## 29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 16:23 GST, WANDA'S BAR, TERRA ANDROGENA

ROX: LOG ON. Gotta whisper, or the folk here will think I'm talking to myself. Wadda spot! The gals in here are completely unaware that the security station just got wrecked! It's just like every other sleazy gin-joint I've ever been in, except that there are no men at all — not even me! Hubba! That gal up there is pretty nice.

ROX: OKAY, ENOUGH SHILLYSHALLYING. HOW DO I GET THAT INTERESTING LIST THAT LADY IS CARRYING? AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, HOW DO I GET A DRINK? LOG OFF. YO, BARTENDER!



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## 29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 16:44 GST, WANDA'S BAR, TERRA ANDROGENA

ROX: LOG ON. *Well, that was easier than I thought. The credit chip was all I needed for the bottle — thanks to the dead lady in the teleporter room for trying to bribe Bud with it — and the list — hoo boy! I spent what seemed like an hour finagling that stupid repair-lady. Dance invitations, parlor tricks, drinking games... nothing. Then I snuck up behind her and just took it!*

III SIGH, HUMAN FEMALE III

ROX: Okay, I'm out of there — got everything I need I think. Too bad they were all such stiff... some of them were real lookers. Hey! I just noticed: this thing isn't calling me Rex anymore. Hmmmm. Cute. Wish I'd thought of that. LOG OFF. If only I could've figured how to get up on that bal

---

## 29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 16:34 GST, CORRIDOR, TERRA ANDROGENA

ROX: Several interesting-looking doors along this corridor... hmhhhmm, locked. Something tells me that behind each of these doors lies a piece of my salvation, if not the very vase I seek! I'm filled with a hot rush of emotion at the very thought of accomplishing —



hey! What's happening to me? Geez, this gender-bending thing is weird. I feel differently, I think differently, I act differently. Gotta finish this soon!

**ROX: HOW DO I GET PAST THE LOCKED DOORS?**

ROX: Hey, wait — that looks like a security module there by the side of the door. Good thing I've got my security card... oooo, it worked! Yay!

**ROX: I WAS LUCKY TO FIND IT IN THE FIRST PLACE.**

ROX: Good thing I noticed that little message on the security station monitor about the card in cell #3.

**ROX: GETTING IN THERE WAS A PROBLEM, OF COURSE.**

ROX: But all I had to do was go in the cell after the creature was gone — and where exactly did it go, do you think? — and search among the nasty ol' wreckage.

III SIGH, HUMAN FEMALE III

**ROX: ALL RIGHT, WHAT'S IN HERE THAT I CAN USE?**

ROX: I don't see — wait! That chest over there. What's that computer-looking thingy? Hmmm, isn't that cute? A targeting module!

**ROX: WHAT ELSE IN HERE THAT I CAN DO SOMETHING WITH?**

ROX: That looks like it. Look at all this hardware! Weapons of destruction... all very phallic, I note. Hmph. You'd think intelligent races would be beyond such things, wouldn't you. Oh, well. LOG OFF. That missile is really s

---

**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 16:47 GST, EXPLODED ROOM, TERRA ANDROGENA**

ROX: Wow, check out that door! Something bad must have happened here. Hey, wait a minute! I'll bet this is the lab that crispy professor worked in... yup. There's where the experiment went off. Hmmm. I'm starting to get an idea.

**ROX: WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE TO RECREATE THE PROFESSOR'S EXPERIMENTS?**

ROX: I'd have to have notes, or a voice transcription, or something... like maybe the tape the corpse was clutching as if her life depended... ewww. I'll tell you, when they wheeled that charred corpse in, I thought I would about lose my Cheezies. Good thing it wasn't too hard to take out of her hand. But she's still got the player, so I can't listen to the tape.

**ROX: SO WHAT GOOD IS IT?**

ROX: Oh, yay, I remember now! They left that perfectly good bang box lying around in the equipment room for just anybody to pick up... so I did. La la. Just put the one in the other, press the button... uh-huh. Uh-huh. Such fine scientific accuracy. Okay, now I know the formula. There's petrox, lecithin, formaldehyde, everything — poo! She's out of alcohol!

**ROX: WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO GET THAT?**

ROX: Hey! Maybe the bottle of liquor will do!

**ROX: GUESS I'LL GO AHEAD AND TRY. BUT WHERE?**

ROX: Need a place to mix. The sink? Dear me, too messy — hold it! That kettle is just perfect.

**ROX: OKAY, QUIT STALLING. TIME TO MIX.**

III BUBBLING NOISE III

ROX: A dollop... no wait, a dash. Stir. Ooooo, it bubbles! Gotta get the just the right proportions in the right order. This is fun. Dash, splash, bubble and boil! Tum te tum. Got it!

III BUBBLING NOISE III

**ROX: WELL NOW WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?**

ROX: I can't very well carry that nasty old kettle. I need a container for explosives.

**ROX: WHAT ABOUT...**

ROX: The charge cases that were in that messy storage room! I mean, really, there were rats in there! I hate rats. And all that flour and tar reminded me of that coffee-with-marshmallow recipe I once tried to make.

ROX: Oh well, guess that's it. My work here is done, but I have one more hunch I need to check out before I bend back. So it's hi-ho back

to the teleporter we go. LOG OFF. This blue tunic just doesn't match my h

---

**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 16:87 GST,  
TELEPORTER, TERRA ANDROGENA**

**ROX:** LOG ON. I'm feeling mighty queasy. I want to look, and I don't want to look, y'know? Gotta go back to being Rex, and soon.

**ROX: BUT IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I NEED TO DO AS A WOMAN?**

*ROX: There's only one place I can think of that I've been where being a man barred me from accomplishing something. I should go back there just to check.*

**ROX:** Poink poink poink poink bonk. Oooo that feels weird. Okay, now which way was it? Oh, yes, I remember. There's that tree. There's those legs — ugh, cellulite for days! Hmm hmmm. Pretty clothes, but not my size. Yup, this is the place.

**ROX: BUT WHAT DO I DO HERE?**

*ROX: Better talk to the lady.*

III FAINT SOUND OF VOICES III

**ROX:** Dram! I called myself Rex again. I'd better be careful or I'll give away the whole ball game.

**ROX: WHAT DO I GET OUT OF ALL THIS, THOUGH?**

*ROX: Well, I got a chicken. I guess that's something.*

**ROX: SOMEHOW, I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET ACROSS THE STREAM SAFELY.**

*ROX: Then again, maybe not. That path hasn't been used for years, and those piranha look awfully hungry. Maybe I'll just skip it.*

**ROX:** Bye, dear. Whew, made it! Now I got a date with an eight ball. It's time to get out of this skin and back into my own. LOG OFF. Although I'm really gonna miss these

---

**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 17:30 GST,  
TELEPORTER, TERRA ANDROGENA**

**REX:** LOG ON. Well, it's nice to be Rex again! It was fun and enlightening being a gal, but I prefer the old grizzled chin, so to speak. Anyway, I think I found an avenue of escape! It's a spaceport accessible via teleporter; I got the code from that list in the repair-gal's pocket. But I can't escape yet — now that things are going my way, I need to find that vase!

III MACHINE HUM NOISE III

**REX:** This is the other location that's open to me: looks creepy YIPE!

III AUTOMATIC BUFFER CONTROL ACTIVATED III

**REX:** Whoa, sorry pal. The skeleton startled me, is all. I don't like seeing dead guys, and I especially don't like seeing guys that have been dead for that long. LOG OFF.

---

**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 17:37 GST, A CAR,  
TERRA ANDROGENA**

**REX:** LOG ON. Well well. The search is on! Somewhere in this city, if the intern wasn't lying, should be a rich man's collection, including the vase. Apparently, when the women won the Gender War, they just left the men's city in decay and disrepair. Hrmph. Just like a woman. Well, enough of that.

**REX: HOW DO I WORK THIS THING?**

*REX: Hope it's not wired to blow... hey, that tickles. Uhhh. Might have to do that again. Guess this thing wouldn't work for a woman. Okay, the black and white buttons select a destination and the green button goes there, I'll bet. I'm so clever. Well, pick a likely spot and push. Hmmm. Long ride... might as well take a nap. LOG OFF.*

---

**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 17:43 GST, BRUCE'S  
HOUSE, TERRA ANDROGENA**

**REX:** LOG ON. Well, if you're looking for a precious vase, where better to look than a safe! And here's a safe inside Bruce's house. This guy Bruce must have really been something! Never mind, he's the perfect candidate to have what I'm looking for.

**REX: THE ONLY QUESTION IS, HOW DO I GET THE SAFE OPEN?**

*REX: Can't use a key or the combination... I'm going to have to blast it open.*

**REX: I'VE GOT A THING OR TWO THAT CAN DO THAT.**

REX: *Yeah, but these explosives are so powerful they'd demolish whatever was inside. I need a more delicate touch. HmMMM.*

**REX: ANY LOGICAL PLACE TO LOOK?**

REX: *Can't think of one. Gotta look around a little. LOG OFF.*

---

**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 17:72 GST, BRUCE'S HOUSE, TERRA ANDROGENA**

REX: *LOG ON. Okay, I think I got it! There's a gleepin' laser cannon in the building directly below this one on the lower level.*

**REX: I HAD TO ACTIVATE IT FIRST, OF COURSE.**

REX: *The little red lever on the side wasn't too tough to find, fortunately. Hoo boy, that beam sure made short work of that stupid doll!*

**REX: NOW IT'S A QUESTION OF POINTING IT WHERE I WANT IT.**

REX: *Obviously I need a mirror to reflect a laser beam. HmMMM...*

**REX: WHERE DO I FIND ONE?**

REX: *Cripes, Bruce has one on his dressing table! The compact!*

III SIGH, HUMAN III

REX: *Okay, just gotta go set things up. Be back in a minute. LOG OFF.*

---

**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 17:82 GST, BRUCE'S HOUSE, TERRA ANDROGENA**

REX: *LOG ON. Okay, that's perfect. I even managed to do it without frying myself.*

REX: *All I had to do was put the compact on the pedestal to reflect the laser beam up. One problem — I had to leave it there to keep the beam coming up here, and now I need another mirror to send the beam into the safe.*

**REX: ANY LOGICAL PLACE TO LOOK FOR THAT?**

REX: *Dang! If only that stupid car had a rear-view mirror instead of a video display, I could — hey, wait a minute!*

**REX: I SEEM TO REMEMBER A PLACE THAT FITS THE BILL!**

REX: *Yup, I was right. There's a service station across the way. Where there's car service, there's rear-view mirrors.*

REX: *Off we go! Y'know, this log seems to have something funny with it... I can't quite figure it out, but it's not working the same way it used to. I think it started when I dropped it after seeing that creepy skeleton. Maybe if I give it a whack*

III AUTOMATIC BUFFER CONTROL ACTIVATED III

REX: *It'll fix itself. LOG OFF. Now do I press the black or the*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 17:88 GST, ABDUL'S SERVICE STATION, TERRA ANDROGENA**

REX: *LOG ON. Okay, here we are. Boy, that little mutt is annoying — and he looks dangerous to. I hate dogs, especially those little portable models.*

**REX: HOW DO I GET PAST THE UGLY LITTLE MUTT?**

REX: *He doesn't seem interested in chicken. I got nothing else a dog wants except my flesh, blood, and bones.*

REX: *Hey, wait a minute. REWIND and REPLAY my last comment.*

III WORKING III

REX: *Riiight. Here doggie. Doggie wanna bone?*

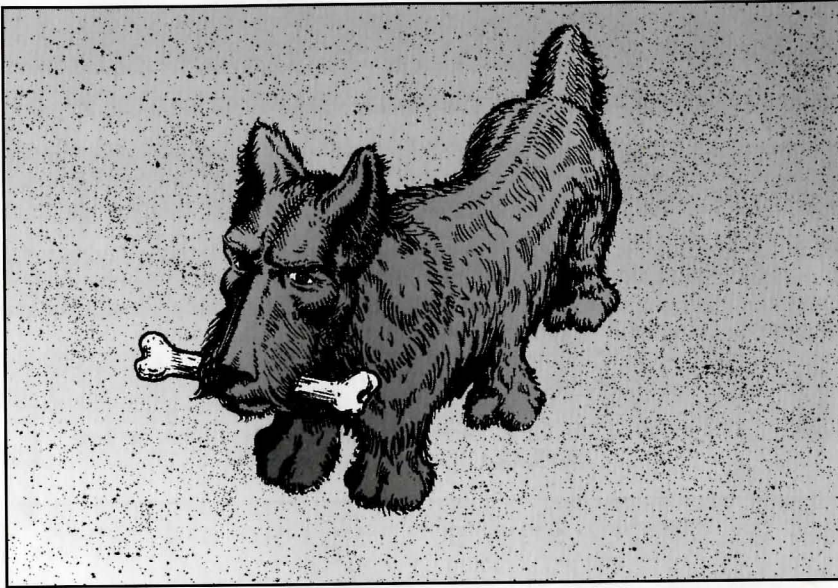
**REX: ONLY TROUBLE IS, IT WON'T LAST LONG ENOUGH.**

REX: *I know a way to make it last a long, long time. Just heave this here bone over the fence... yup. Like a charm.*

REX: *Okay, let's go in and find what we're looking for. Hey, how'd you get in here?*

III BARKING, DOGLIKE III

**REX: NOW WHAT DO I DO?**



*REX: Well, let's look around some first. Lotsa parts. Looking, looking, now we're cooking... ha! Just what I was hoping for, right here in the tool box. A mirror!*

*REX: That takes care of that — but I see something else interesting over there. Should I stop for it now or come back? Hmph, if I come back, I'm gonna need more bones just to get in here. Better take care of it now.*

**REX: OKAY, SO HOW DO I DO THIS MUTT IN?**

*REX: Well, the bone over the fence trick isn't going to work. He won't go out the door long enough... I guess this little guy's gotta be dealt with in here. I need a trap.*

**REX: WHAT DO I HAVE TO WORK WITH?**

*REX: Not much. Hey, this car goes up and down. Looks like a potential weapon.*

**REX: HOW DO I GET THE DOG TO GO THERE, THOUGH?**

*REX: One last bone — let's see if it does the trick. Yeah! Bone on the danger zone equals dog on the danger zone. Push the button down and yuuuuuccch.*

III SQUASHING NOISE III

*REX: I've seen and done some gross things in my day, but this ranks right up there — and I do mean rank. Oh well, gotta be philosophical about these things. He had to go in order that others might live, or something like that.*

**REX: SO WHAT WAS HE GUARDING, ANYWAY?**

*REX: It's what I saw from across the room, in the toolbox... yeah! A tube of polycement!*

*REX: Enough shillyshallying. Let's get back to Bruce's and GET THAT VASE. LOG OFF. If this doesn't work right, I may need the cement to p*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 17:94 GST, BRUCE'S HOUSE, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: LOG ON. Okay folks, drumroll please. I am about to solve all my problems with a simple magician's trick.*

**REX: THE IDEA IS TO AIM PROPERLY.**

*REX: Let's just stick the mirror into the laser... this probably would have worked with the compact here and the mirror there, too. POW! One fried safe!*

*REX: Open her up and win 75,000 galac — ack — ack. Disappointed! There's no vase in here.*

*REX: There's just a stinking key! Arrggghhhh! All right, gotta remain calm. Take the key and figure out what to do next.*

*REX: Gotta look in the next logical spot. Gotta find the vase. Gotta remain calm. Gotta LOG OFF. Gotta kill Stone when I get*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 18:26 GST, BUCKLUSTER VIDEO, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: LOG ON. I suppose it's a pretty forlorn hope, coming to the newsstand, looking in the papers, hoping for an item about the vase... I'm very sad. Combing through all the other residences on foot is just too daunting a thought, even for 75,000 galactars. Maybe I should just get out of here...*

**REX: WAIT! WHAT WAS THAT, OVER THERE BY THE ALLEY?!**

REX: *Looked like a person! Like a man, even! Naw, couldn't be... I'd better go check it out.*

III MUFFLED VOICES III

**REX: BATTERIES, HUH? WHERE THE CLICK AM I SUPPOSED TO GET BATTERIES?**

REX: *Well, what kinds of things have batteries? Tape players — dang! Mine doesn't use 'em, and the tape format's different from his to boot.*

**REX: OKAY, WHAT ELSE?**

REX: *Maybe there's a place around here that sells batteries. The software store? Don't remember seeing any... the video store?*

**REX: I CAN'T EVEN GET IN THERE.**

REX: *It's locked tighter than a — whoa! Locked = key! Try the key from Bruce's and... uhn! A perfect fit!*

**REX: ANYTHING IN HERE FIT THE BILL?**

REX: *Hmmm. It's gotta be something electric... chargers... yup! This thing has a battery pack!*

**REX: GOOD THING I NOTICED IT.**

REX: *It's also a good thing that video store owner liked to walk around while he was talking, or whatever reason he had a cordless phone. Just take it apart and*

REX: Bingo! Here y'are, pal.

**REX: WHADDYA MEAN I NEED TWO MORE? WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO FIND TWO MORE?**

REX: *Batteries, batteries... assault and battery... battery acid... flashlight batteries... hey! I got that penlight!*

**REX: I FORGET WHERE I PICKED THIS UP.**

REX: *Oh yeah, in that dumb software store with the ridiculous name.*

**REX: OH NO! DON'T DO THIS TO ME! THEY'RE DEAD!**

REX: *Clearly I am beginning to crack under the strain. Think calmly, and the answer will come. If the batteries are dead, recharge them.*

**REX: BUT WHERE?**

REX: *Idiot! The handset on the phone is a rechargeable — that means the base unit must be a recharger!*

**REX: SHOULD BE SIMPLE ENOUGH TO DO.**

REX: *Just put the old batteries in the handset and stick it back on the cradle... take a stroll outside for a few minutes... there they are!*

III MUFFLED VOICES III

REX: Okay, thanks. See ya. Wow, what an incredibly old geezer. I hope I can dance that well when I'm his age.

**REX: SO WHAT DO I DO WITH THE FAKE ID?**

REX: *Hmmm. Seems to me I've seen a couple of different card slots around town. LOG OFF. We'll try Security first, then the ele*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 18:54 GST, SECURITY DOOR, TERRA ANDROGENA**

REX: LOG ON. Ow ow ow ow ow ow! Guess that wasn't it.

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 18:61 GST, MAINTENANCE PLATFORM, TERRA ANDROGENA**

REX: Man, whatta view! Look at that city! Boy, it's beautiful. Boy, it's big.

III SOBBING NOISE III

REX: I'm never gonna find that stupid vase. Never.

**REX: I MEAN, WHAT REASON DO I HAVE TO THINK I CAN FIND IT?**

REX: *Mustn't lose hope. Herman said it was in the Governor's Mansion. Just because the car doesn't go there doesn't mean I can't find it. He also said the governor's mansion was a high point in the city — too high to get to without flying... hmmm.*

**REX: ANYTHING SPECIAL UP HERE?**

*REX: There's that one building over there that's really tall. Like maybe tall enough to be considered a high point in the city!*

**REX: BUT IT'S TOO FAR TO SEE.**

*REX: Man, these binoculars have come in handy more than once during this whole thing. Focus... got it! HOT SPACE BOOGIES! THERE IT IS! Oh Herman, I kiss your smelly beard in gratitude!*

**REX: ONLY ONE PROBLEM. HOW IN BLUE QUASARS AM I SUPPOSED TO GET THERE?!?**

*REX: The power grid is out to 97% of the city... the elevators in that section are nonfunctional... think! The salient fact — you should excuse the pun — about that tower is that it sticks out above the level of the rest of the city — except for this platform right here. If the whole city was filled with something — whipped cream maybe — I could get from here to the tower.*

**REX: TOO STUPID. ANY OTHER BRIGHT IDEAS?**

*REX: There's ocean all around. If I could cut a hole in the lip of the volcano, the water would rush in and fill the crater right up to the level of the sea. This platform, and the mansion, are both above that level!*

**REX: CLEARLY I AM THE INCARNATION OF CLEVERNESS IN HUMAN FORM. NEXT PROBLEM: HOW DO I MAKE THAT HOLE?**

*REX: I've got plenty of explosives. I just need some detonating devices. Hmm... no explosives places listed. Lab didn't have any. I doubt I could use the laser again.*

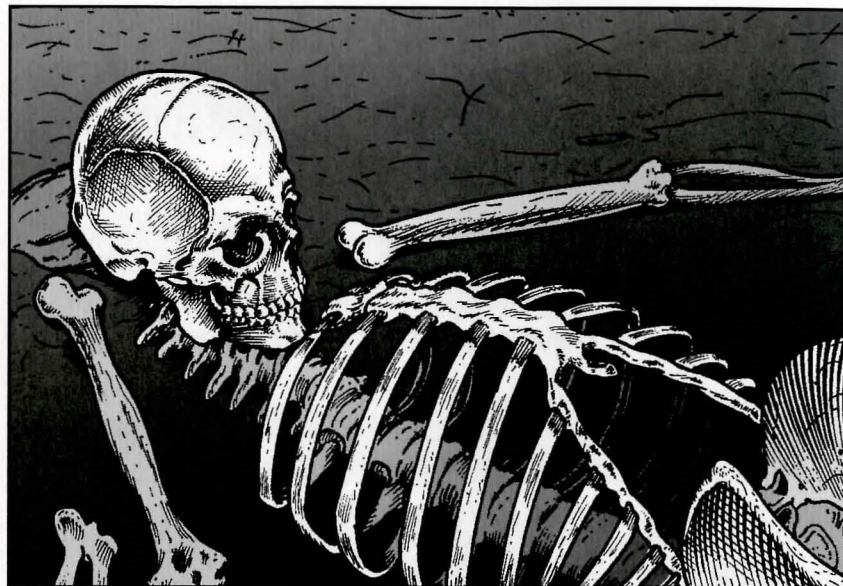
**REX: SO WHERE DO I GET THEM?**

*REX: Who else might have 'em? Army, bomb squad... hey! City Security might have had a bomb squad!*

**REX: IF ONLY I COULD GET IN THERE.**

*REX: It takes an ID card, and all I've got is this lousy fake.*

**REX: YIKES! WHAT'S THAT?**



*REX: More bones! A never-ending supply for that stupid dog, I guess. But what's that in there? Oh-ho! Just what I was looking for! This badge looks just right for getting into the Security office.*

*REX: I sure hope this works. If I have to start combing the city on foot, I might just as well throw myself on the mercy of the women. LOG OFF. Breeding stock can't be too b*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 18:71 GST, SECURITY STATION, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: LOG ON. Oh God bless dogs and little kinderzorks! I've got 'em! It's all coming together — I can practically taste that vase!*

**REX: ALL RIGHT, WHERE DO THEY GO?**

*REX: I guess anyplace up against the wall would do: just have to make a hole to let the water in.*

**REX: BUT THE WALLS ARE DARNED THICK. ANY PLACE SPECIAL?**

*REX: Hey, how about that crazy sea window? It borders directly on the sea; that way I don't have to try to punch through a layer of blast cement seven feet thick!*

**REX: BUT HOW'M I SUPPOSED TO GET THE DEVICE I NEED?**

*REX: I've already got detonators, explosives... that's everything. Put the detonators on the charge cases... la la la... uh-oh.*

**REX: I NEED TO GET FAR AWAY FIRST.**

*REX: I need a timing device of some kind. Hey, wait a minute! I seem — yes! I brought the one with me from the ship! All right, slip this onto this. Voila! Time bomb!*

**REX: IS THERE ANYTHING AT ALL ELSE I NEED TO DO BEFORE I LET 'ER RIP?**

*REX: This could be very important... gotta think it through. All right, the water comes pouring in, destroying the entire city.*

**REX: I'M NOT GONNA KILL HERMAN, AM I?**

*REX: No — he said he was going to retire to his cabin in the country. Fine, so I wait on the maintenance platform, the water rises to the level of the sea, and the only thing left in sight is the governor's mansion.*

**REX: IDIOT! HOW'M I GOING TO GET THERE?**

*REX: I need a boat or something.*

**REX: IS THERE ONE AROUND?**

*REX: There's got to be a marina somewhere along the — idiot! There's a whole boat just hanging from the roof of that seafood restaurant!*

*REX: Next stop, dinner. I'm definitely getting closer. LOG OFF. That cat is driving me cr*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 18:90 GST, POLLY'S PLEASURE DOME, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: LOG ON. Okay, there it is, my salvation! Only one problem:*

**REX: HOW DO I GET AT IT?**

*REX: It seems to be on ropes... ropes that attach way up on another level. I wonder...*

**REX: CAN I GET THERE FROM HERE?**

*REX: Lemme check. Yeah! The Williams Bypass is directly above this place. That must be the location up there!*

*REX: Oh god, more driving. LOG OFF. I'm gonna rip that cat right off the*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 19:01 GST, WILLIAM'S BYPASS, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: LOG ON. Look out below! Yup, there's the ropes leading down. All I gotta do is run that machinery and presto!*

**REX: NUTS, IT'S LOCKED! NOW WHAT?**

*REX: Who would logically have access to the key for this thing? Security? Naw, there were no keys there. Maintenance? No keys in the skeleton...*

**REX: WHO ELSE?**

*REX: Aha! How about the owner! And the owner of the restaurant would keep the key in the restaurant!*

III GROAN, HUMAN III

*REX: More driving! This is getting to be a bad habit! LOG OFF. Good thing I got my license renewed at Se*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 19:11 GST, POLLY'S PLEASURE DOME, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: LOG ON. Okay, let's look around and see if we can find what we need. What kitsch! This is almost as bad as the *Pig* on its worst day. Poor *Pig*... I'll miss her. I'll name my next ship *The Pig Too*, or maybe *The Crazy Sheep*. All right, enough wool-gathering — to business.*

**REX: WHERE IS WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR?**

*REX: Where do restaurateurs always keep their keys? In the cash register. Yes! Now it's up to the bypass to —*

*REX: Oh no. More car. LOG OFF. Car. Car. Car. C*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 19:21 GST, WILLIAM'S BYPASS, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX:* LOG ON. I'm never getting in a ground vehicle again as long as I live — except maybe one more time. Insert and turn and boom! Watch that baby hum right down to the ground. Okay, two more trips and it's home free... hold on. Problem! If I just go sit in the boat and wait, a wave is gonna wash over me like you've never seen.

**REX: IS THERE A WAY TO MAKE IT SAFE?**

*REX:* Doesn't seem likely. Better I should wait on the maintenance platform until the turbulence subsides.

*REX:* Oh, right, good plan. And meanwhile my one hope at salvation gets washed somewhere out to sea!

**REX: SO HOW DO I KEEP THAT FROM HAPPENING?**

*REX:* Easy: tie up the boat before blowing up the window.

**REX: YEAH, WITH WHAT?**

*REX:* Well, there's the rope right here. I'll just tie the boat to the hooks... oops, that won't do it. The length of the rope isn't enough: I'll actually be mooring the boat to the bottom of the sea. I need to tie it off up on the maintenance platform. These ropes are no good — they're anchored to the winch.

**REX: I NEED MORE. WHERE DO I FIND IT?**

*REX:* Rope, huh? I don't suppose anything... hmmm, how about Bruce's bedsheets? Naw, that wouldn't work. Maybe there's some rope in the restaurant.

*REX:* And we all know what that means! Driving, as in driving me MAD! LOG OFF. I could just jump, it's only about twenty

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 19:21 GST, SAND BAR, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX:* LOG ON. All right, the hunt is on. Big wheel, nope. Trophies, nope.

**REX: CAN I FIND WHAT I NEED HERE?**

*REX:* How about that big huge rope in the middle of the — dang! Rotten to the core. Maybe I'm hronking up the wrong treepipe... I could use the fishing rod to try to hook the boat and reel... reel... real stupid, Nebular! That fishing rod is it!

**REX: CAN I GET THE PART I NEED?**

*REX:* Sure! Just disassemble the sucker and presto! A lotta fishing line. Okay, best place to tie this is...

III GROAN, HUMAN III

*REX:* Back up on the maintenance platform!

III SCREAM, HUMAN III

*REX:* I go car now. It okay. I no have problem go car yet one more time. Love car. Car friend. LOG OFF. Car talk to me in night, say

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 19:36 GST, MAINTENANCE PLATFORM, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX:* LOG ON. I feel much better now. The spinning eyes of the cat are actually quite soothing when you're stressed. Odd I never noticed it before. All right, to work.

**REX: WHERE'S THE BEST PLACE TO PUT THIS?**

*REX:* Obviously I need to tie it to something sturdy, like those pylons. Naw, too thick.

**REX: BUT WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?**

*REX:* Ho ho! Looks like a sturdy metal hook! Just the thing... and over she goes...

*REX:* Only one problem. Now I have to go back down there and take care of loose ends. But I don't mind! The kitty will save me. All hail the kitty! LOG OFF.

III WHISTLING, HUMAN, OFF-KEY III

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 20:48 GST, SAND BAR, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX:* Here we are again! And everything is as it should be!



**REX: ONE LAST THING TO DO.**

*REX: Just tie the end of the fishing line to the boat, and we've got our mooring line!*

*REX: Done done done. Just set the bomb and head for high ground and safety. LOG OFF. Don't even mind the drive. Nope, not me. Driving = fun, yessir*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 20:75 GST, MAINTENANCE PLATFORM, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: Okay, I did everything I needed to do; planted the bomb, set the timer, came up here where it's safe...*

**REX: DIDN'T FORGET ANYTHING, DID I?**

*REX: Don't think so.*

**REX: ABOUT THE MOST DIFFICULT THING WAS FIGURING OUT WHERE TO PUT IT.**

*REX: It had to go near the glass, and I couldn't glue it anywhere, so I rested it on that little ledge.*

*REX: Hope it works. Nothing to do now but wait, I guess. LOG OFF. Sailing, sailing, over the mounding bain*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 20:79 GST, MAINTENANCE PLATFORM, TERRA ANDROGENA**

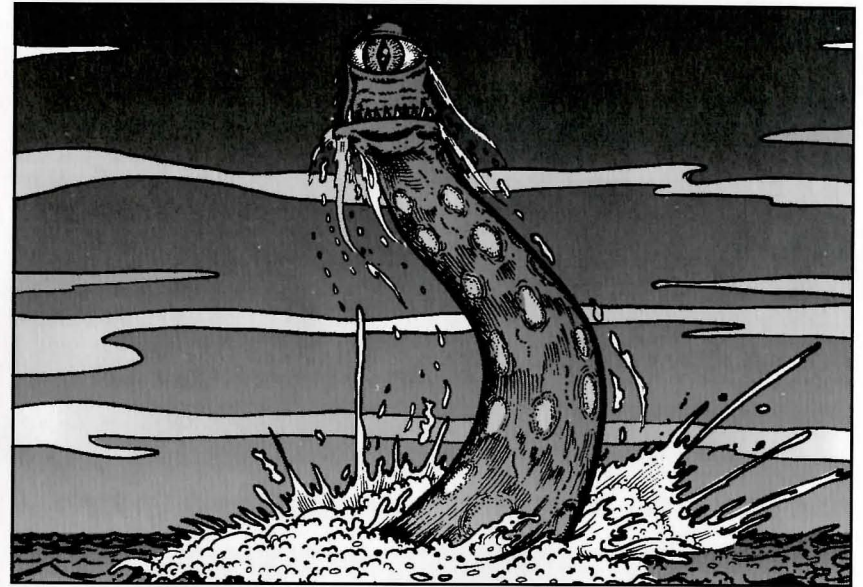
**REX: LOG ON.**

||| TRUNCATING LONG PAUSE |||

*REX: Oh my goodness.*

||| TRUNCATING LONG PAUSE |||

*REX: Wow. That was incredible. I've never seen anything like it, ever — and I've seen a lot! Well. I'm on the edge of the ocean now, and sure enough there's my little baby, just waiting for me to drag her in. A little pull... in she comes! NOW I'M COOKING! Vase, here I come; let's climb in and scoot off. This is going to be a piece of cake compared AAAHHHH!*



||| ROAR, MONSTER |||

**REX: IT'S THAT FREAKING SEA MONSTER! NOW WHAT?**

*REX: Gotta think fast! Got no weapons — hah! Got a bomb!*

*REX: Can't gamble on his eating that! If only I had another fish! Naw, he'd probably turn up his... eye?... at anything but fresh meat, like me.*

**REX: WHAT WILL HE GO FOR?**

*REX: Ho ho! How about this chicken? I knew going back to the village as a woman would pay off! I'll bet I can use the same trick... bingo! A little symmetry here — start with a burger stuffed into a fish, end with a bomb stuffed into a chicken.*

*REX: Here, fido, catch! Good, huh — bango! Wow, did you see that? That was great! Now there's nothing between me and that vase! LOG OFF. Let's see, 10,000 galactars for a new ship... maybe Stone will p*

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**29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 20:87 GST, GOVERNOR'S MANSION, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: Here it is, and there it is! Oh, that's gotta be the most beautiful ugly vase I ever did see. Let met just —*

**REX: HOLD IT! DON'T BLOW IT THIS CLOSE TO THE END. ANY TRAPS?**

*REX: Y'know, the pedestal it's on is pretty odd looking. I wonder... yup. Looks like a mechanism of some kind under there.*

**REX: BUT WHAT DOES IT DO?**

*REX: Looks like a pressure plate. Hmmm. Vase is made of crystal... need something about the same size, but a little heavier. Tape player's too heavy... everything else is too light.*

**REX: WHAT AM I GONNA USE?**

*REX: I need that liquor bottle from the bar... hmmm... can't get back there very easily... bartender said something about one bottle — hey!*

**REX: DIDN'T I SEE SOMETHING IN THE WATER BACK THERE?**

*REX: By Jove, I did! Look at that little bottle floating out there. Maybe it's a message from Herman!*

III MOTOR REV NOISE III

*REX: Dang! Empty! Oh well, put a little water in and we'll have a perfect match.*

**REX: BUT HOW MUCH?**

*REX: Empty is clearly too light... a crystal vase weighs maybe a pound or so... bottle weighs only a half-pound...*

**REX: SO HOW MUCH?**

*REX: Pint's a pound the world around: a pint of water weighs one pound. Therefore halfway ought to do it.*

*REX: Okay, biggest drum roll of all. I'm gonna need total concentration for the switch, so I'll LOG OFF now. When I'm done putting the bottle on the pedestal, I'll be back. L*

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## **29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 21:02 GST, GOVERNOR'S MANSION, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: LOG ON. Got it. Teleporting to spaceport now. LOG OFF. Zip-e-dee-doo-dah, zip*

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## **29-BICUSPIDOR-90919, 21:05 GST, SPACEPORT, TERRA ANDROGENA**

*REX: LOG ON. Pretty impressive setup. All right, the final haul is about to begin. The car was still working, so I can only hope there's at least one working ship. Let's look.*

III HUMMING, HUMAN, OFF-KEY III

*REX: That one's wrecked. Okay, no problem. I expected that.*

III WHIMPERING, HUMAN III

*REX: Yesohyesthankyouthankyouthankyou! Saved! I'm saved! An intact ship! Oh baby, let's just hop in and fire 'er up... lookin' good.*

III ELECTRONIC HUMMING NOISE III

**REX: EVERYTHING SHIPSHAPE?**

*REX: Better take a closer look. Hmmm. Nasty looking crack in the cockpit screen.*

**REX: COULD BE A PROBLEM.**

*REX: I need something to stop it up. How about wet tp? Naw, not airtight. I need something like a patch kit.*

**REX: DO I HAVE ANYTHING THAT FITS THE BILL?**

*REX: How about this glue? That dog will not have been squished in vain! Careful... careful... don't want to glue my hand to the screen...*

**REX: FIXED! ANYTHING ELSE?**

*REX: Better check the service panel... hmmm...*

**REX: ANYTHING MISSING?**

*REX: Looks like a couple empty slots*

**REX: CAN I MAKE IT ON AN EMPTY SLOT?**

*REX: Hardly seems safe. The radar monitor showed that Big Ship still up there, and I'm gonna need everything I can muster just to get by her. I need a target module to beef up these lasers; fortunately, I have that one from the women's armory. Need a shield modulator to firm up the screens; fortunately I have the one I took from the other ship.*

REX: And away we go, right?

||| GRINDING NOISE |||

REX: Not yet. This sucker was designed for low-gravity launches, and there's no field here.

**REX: HOW DO I SHUT OFF GRAVITY?**

REX: *This looks like the standard launch pad. There should be a control back in the spaceport building.*

REX: Come to think of it, I saw something back there that would fit the bill. Let's just nip back to the building and see.

||| ELECTRONIC HUMMING NOISE |||

REX: Yup, there it is: the control panel. All right... this bad boy better work!

**REX: WHAT SHOULD I DO?**

REX: *Well, I don't have a remote, so I'd better set the timer... maybe if I run fast I can get there before it starts. Sure, that's got to be what it's for.*

REX: Here goes nothing. Push and run — hey! What's that noise?

||| ANTIGRAVITY FIELD ACTIVATING NOISE |||

REX: No fair! I'm not there yet! Wait! Wait!

||| RUNNING FEET NOISE |||

REX: Oh you stupid YIKES!

||| SPLATTING NOISE |||

REX: Wow! That's one dead critter! All right, *fine*. The timer mode obviously isn't going to work...

**REX: GUESS I'D BETTER START SEARCHING FOR A REMOTE, HUH?**

REX: *The only possible places are in the port building, the wrecked ship and the good ship. Let's start at the building. Cool, coconuts! At least if I get stuck here I won't starve. But what's that? Holy hand grenades! It's the bleeping remote!*

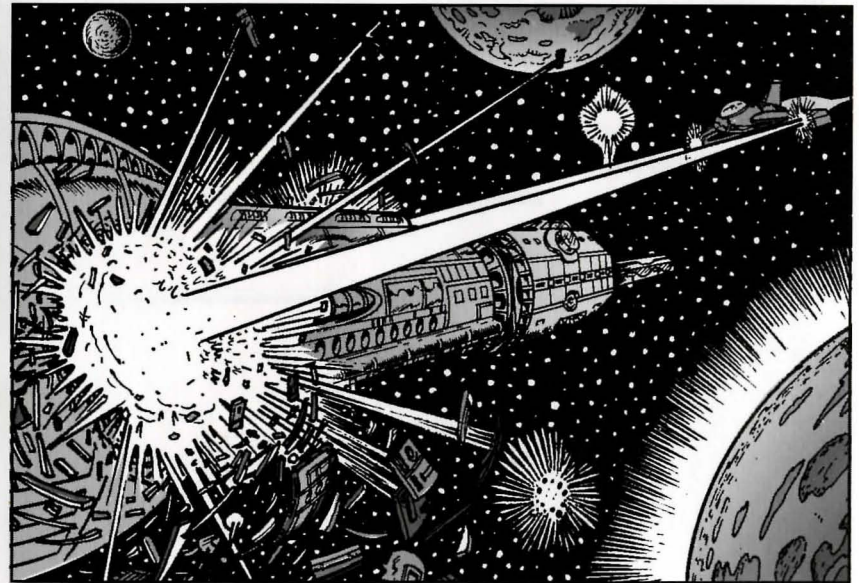
**REX: WELL, THE OLD NEBULAR LUCK IS BACK ON TRACK! IS THIS REALLY THE LAST THING I NEED?**

REX: *Well, there's only one way to find out! Let's go back to the control room and set that board for remote... done. Now back to the ship!*

REX: Got all my modules. Got my gizmo here. Fixed the holes. Got the vase. Okay... let's go. Y'know, I'm almost sad to leave this place.

||| MANIACAL LAUGHTER |||

REX: Almost. LOG OFF. Wow, that's a BIG SHIP. Hang on baby,



*Darklands* is MicroProse's state-of-the-art fantasy role-playing game, set in the fascinating world of medieval Germany — presented as Europeans at the time thought it to be. The *Darklands Clue Book* is everything you need to successfully adventure in this land of witches, monsters, hypocritical clerics, corrupt officials, and secret plots.

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