

**2ND
EDITION**

THE BANTAM GAME MASTERY SERIES

SIERRA

THE AUTHORIZED • UNCENSORED
Leisure Suit
LARRY
BEDSIDE COMPANION



**FEATURING THE LATEST
LEISURE SUIT LARRY™ SMASH RELEASE:
PASSIONATE PATTY DOES A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK™**

ALSO COVERS: LEISURE SUIT LARRY IN THE LAND OF THE LOUNGE LIZARDS™
LOOKING FOR LOVE (IN SEVERAL WRONG PLACES)™
PASSIONATE PATTY IN PURSUIT OF THE PULSATING PECTORALS™

PETER SPEAR

FOREWORD BY KEN WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT, SIERRA ON-LINE, INC.

The Authorized Uncensored
Leisure Suit Larry
Bedside Companion,
2nd Edition

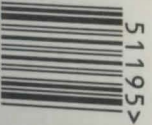
Peter Spear

Illustrations by Joe Batten and Ed Thomas

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BANTAM BOOKS

TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON • SYDNEY • AUCKLAND

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Foreword
For Virginia

... for not letting Larry get in the way of our marriage

Foreword

By Ken Williams, President, Sierra On-Line

As president of a publicly traded company, I am constantly asked to travel around the world, describing Sierra to the financial community. What I discovered long ago was that the fastest way to explain to these groups what we are was to describe ourselves as “the company that puts out *Leisure Suit Larry*.” It’s embarrassing at times to admit it, but Larry is far better known than myself, the company, or even any of our other series of games. At times it’s not clear if I work for Larry or if he works for me.

Actually, and probably appropriately so, Larry’s past is somewhat colorful. The Larry series, as we know it today, was derived from a computer game called *Softporn*, which was published way back in 1980.

Softporn, a text adventure game, was first published by Chuck Benton, out of his home. It had similar puzzles to *Leisure Suit Larry I*, but no central character. I first saw the game at a Boston computer show and immediately talked Chuck into letting Sierra market it nationally.

Softporn was an immediate hit. My recollection is that we sold around 50,000 copies for the Apple computer, at a time when only 400,000 Apples had been sold. At Sierra, we always suspected that the other 350,000 people had pirated copies.

In addition to the controversial name, *Softporn*, there was an even more attention-getting topic: The front of the package featured three topless women sharing a hot tub with a tuxedoed waiter and an Apple computer. Embarrassing as it is to recall this now, one of the beautiful ladies was my

own wife and corporate co-founder, Roberta. This picture found its way into *Time* magazine, men's magazines, and even as a centerfold in *Infoworld!*

In 1982, in spite of the program's success, we had to take it off the market in response to the national attention we were receiving. One local newspaper portrayed us as pornographers who should be tarred, feathered, and "run out of town."

In 1984, in response to Infocom successfully marketing a product called *Leather Goddesses of Phobos*, Roberta convinced me to reintroduce *Softporn*. We spoke with our customers, who felt the name was too inflammatory to put on the shelves. That was when my brother John, who runs our marketing group, came up with the name *Leisure Suit Larry*. I added the suffix *In the Land of the Lounge Lizards* and Al Lowe created Larry's personality. To our surprise, and to Al's credit, Larry became an overnight phenomenon equally popular with both men and women. It seems that everybody has met a real Larry at some point in their past.

Since 1984, we've sold over 600,000 *Leisure Suit Larry* games! As I write this, we're hard at work on *Leisure Suit Larry V*, and my desk contains a message from a top film company who wants Larry to appear in his first film!

I'm extremely proud to have played a part in Larry's birth and hope you've enjoyed knowing him as much as I have.

—Ken

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Acknowledgments

A number of special people made working and dealing with Larry Laffer all that more enjoyable.

My wife, Virginia Soper, laughed while she read. That helped a lot. I promise to get the check in the mail any day now, honey. My son, Jeremy Spear, made sure I knew when Larry was a little too nasty. His feedback and insights were essential in keeping Larry's excesses under control. The frozen pizza, microwave burritos, and Chateau Quiki Rouge should be arriving soon. Have patience. Lots of it.

Special thanks go out to my editor at Bantam Electronic Publishing, Mike Roney, for staying calm when everything seemed to be falling apart—or not coming together at all.

The crew at Sierra On-Line often went out of their way to help me:

Al Lowe is sometimes mistaken for Larry. He's not. He is a talented and funny man who has brought a lot of joy to many people. Without his efforts, this book would, literally, not exist.

Robin Bradley, Brian Hughes, Oliver Brelsford, Stuart Moulder, and the one and only Guruka Singh Khalsa all answered dozens of my dumb questions with patience and good humor. They all made sure that I got anything I needed with a minimum of hassle. Thanks a bunch, guys. I owe you all. What I owe is open for negotiation.

Anita Greene makes navigating around Sierra a lot more manageable. The world needs a lot more people like her. A wave of the mouse goes out to Larry

and Patti in Redwood City, California. No, they are not who you think they are.

Finally, there's Larry Laffer himself. Too shy, modest, and humble to be credited as a coauthor, he gave Bantam the extra room they needed to make my name larger on the cover. Thanks, Larry.

WARNING!

Even though the Leisure Suit Larry games deal with good, old-fashioned, yummy, up-to-the-minute sex—and casual sex, whenever possible—this is *not* a casual warning.

Sex is fun, but *Safe Sex is the way of Life*. I don't care if you are male, female, or undecided; if recreational sex is your thing, carry fresh condoms. When it's that time, use them. You owe it to both yourself and your partner. You even owe it to me, Larry Laffer. Like I always say, if you're going to do it, do it right—if you know what I mean.

My games often treat sex in a humorous manner, but sexually transmitted diseases like gonorrhea, chlamydia, and syphilis are not funny, and are definitely uncool. So are unwanted pregnancies. AIDS will permanently cool you. There's no cure for it, and it hits straights as hard as it hits gays. It doesn't take a patented Larry Laffer brain to know that we're talking about lives here—yours, your partner's, or a new baby's.

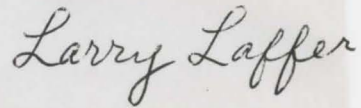
Abstinence is 100% effective in preventing sexually transmitted AIDS, disease, and pregnancy. If you choose not to abstain, then choose to act responsibly and be smart. See a doctor, a nurse, or Planned Parenthood about effective birth control. Use your good sense in choosing partners, use a condom, and don't take stupid chances.

One other thing: The Leisure Suit Larry games are aimed at adults, and not at children under 18. They contain material that some people might find offensive. If you are one of those folk—if you are easily offended; offended

by adult situations; offended by ethnic humor; offended by sexual innuendo; offended by “pixilated nudity”; or might be jealous of the fact that I regrew a lush head of manly hair, and have that certain way with the sexy and beautiful women of the world—then you might be much happier playing other games. Again, you might not; but you have been warned.

Always remember, Larry loves you, and he loves you most safely—especially you women!

Your friend,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Larry Laffer". The signature is written in black ink and is centered on the page.

Larry Laffer

Introduction

This is a wildly funny book, and all the more wild and funny because much, if not all of it is true—or so I am assured. In it are detailed the adventures of one Larry Laffer—Leisure Suit Larry—in his own intimate words, and just as he wrote them in his diary.

If you don't know who Larry is, he's the protagonist in a series of delightfully lecherous animated computer adventures. The games follow his amatory escapades as he looks to find love or, barring that, looks merely to score. They are full of sexual innuendo, adult situations, and episodes of the more explicit nature. Pixilated nudity is an apt description of many of the scenes throughout the games.

If the Leisure Suit Larry games were movies, I suspect they would be rated “R.” The majority of the action, and the situations that move the stories along, revolve around the universal twin themes of love and sex, and how to get either—or both. They are told with an outrageous sense of humor which is often sophomoric, at best, and at worse, old enough to bring groans of recognition to anyone. At times, the absurdity can be inspired. Inspired by just what, is another question. These games are very, very funny. They are also hard to solve.

To that end, this book is being published as a computer game hint book. Don't be fooled—it is much more than that, much more. True, this book solves every problem in the Leisure Suit Larry games at least twice; contains complete maps of each adventure; lists all the objects and all the scoring for

all the games, and tells you how to bypass the Leisure Suit Larry trivia tests. But that's not all! This book exclusively reveals to the world, for the first time anywhere, the real Larry Laffer—the *actual flesh and blood human being to whom the events in the games actually happened*. Not only that, if you play the games while you read along in Larry's diary version of his adventures and misadventures, you will be able to win through the games successfully. The details sometimes vary, but solutions remain the same. This, I feel, is stranger than any fiction.

I first met Larry Laffer on a winter's night in Las Vegas (where else?) several years ago. I was in town on business, and had been invited out for the evening by a friend who worked for Sierra On-Line. We were joined by a number of other Sierra people, some wearing suits and ties, and others in the T-shirt and jeans dress-uniform of computer game programmers. One person, though, arrived decked-out in the height of late '70s discotheque and Vegas lounge lizard fashion. He was introduced to me as Larry; Larry Laffer—better known to the world as Leisure Suit Larry.

I must admit that I was somewhat surprised, because I had naturally assumed that Larry was the work of programmer Al Lowe's somewhat strange, if not totally warped, imagination. However, Al was there along with the party, and it took only a few minutes of attempted conversation and casual observation to observe that Larry was for real.

As it turned out, Larry and I had both grown up in Philadelphia, and had gone through the Catholic school system there. This commonality of experience created a natural bond between us, and resulted in one of those goofy kinds of conversations that contain a lot of do-you-knows, did-this-happen-to-yous, and hearty laughs. Thus, I got to know a guy whom I wouldn't normally ever be seen with, much less enjoy a few hour's animated talk.

Perhaps it was for this reason that I stayed in touch with what Larry was up to, and made it a point to catch up with him again when I had the chance a year or so later. By then, Larry had had three of his animated adventures published, and had been written up in several national publications. Everyone thought, as I once had, that he was merely a character in a game. Sierra On-Line did nothing to correct this misconception.

As we shook hands, I noticed that Larry was, once again, wearing his white leisure suit. He told me that he always wears it, or he wears nothing at all. Then he chuckled at his own self-perceived wit. His hair had thinned a bit, and his waist had thickened, but his "virgin white threads," as he referred

to them, were clean and somewhat pressed. He scanned the lounge as we conversed. "I'm looking for women—or a reasonable facsimile," he apologized. We kept talking, and he kept looking. I didn't let it bother me at all.

Larry explained that there was so much interest from fans and the media, and so much pressure from several other different sources, that he had finally decided to drop his pretense of fiction and declare his reality to the world. He wanted *me* to write his story because of our talk the year before. He said that he saw me as somewhat like a soul brother; one, he was sure, who would understand where he was coming from. I tried not to appear too impressed by the honor.

Larry then offered me a large computer printout, which he said was a copy of the diary he had been keeping for years, and a number of various other personal papers. He claimed that his games were based on his own life, and on his actual experiences and adventures. Everything I needed to know about him was written there, and he said he trusted me to edit the stuff down so that it could be put into print. A number of publishers were interested in a book about him, Larry told me, but claimed he had trouble writing about himself. Something about being too shy, humble, and modest a guy is what he mumbled.

Well, I read over his diaries and agreed to do the book. I cleaned up his prose (in more ways than one) and tightened the oft-times ramblingly delirious style with which he writes. The result is what you have in your hands. The first seven chapters—the bulk of the book—are pure (if that's the proper term) Larry, telling it like it is, telling it like it was, and possibly the way he would have liked it to be. The rest is my written contribution—screen-by-screen walk-thrus of each game, complete maps, and complete scoring lists.

Think of this book as an insurance policy. You've spent good money for the games and you don't want it to go to waste. By following the directions in Chapter 8, you can zap right through any of the games without a misstep or wrong decision. Use it as a reference for when you get stumped—it will also tell you how to bypass the trivia tests. Chapter 9 lists all the ways there are to score points, and Chapter 10 has complete maps. You can play along with Larry using the diaries in Chapters 2, 4, 6, and 7. In Chapters 1, 3, and 5 you'll learn things about Larry Laffer that don't appear in the games.

If you have never played a computer adventure game before, let me give you a few hints:

1. Every time you come to a new location or screen, look around. Look at, into, on, above, under, and behind everything. Look on the ground, at the walls, and so on. Expand your vocabulary and discover new adjectives to try. Remember, the people who write, produce, and program these games are trying to outsmart you. Don't let them get away with it!
2. Even if you have been somewhere before, LOOK AROUND. Things may have changed while you were gone. They often do.
3. Try everything. If something looks like it can be climbed, opened, turned, pushed, or whatever, *whatever* it.
4. Take everything you find. If the game lets you take something, then it probably has a purpose. What that purpose might be is often quite another matter.
5. Remember everything. Graffiti, numbers scratched on phone booths, and stray bits of factual information. These are usually hints. Write this stuff down somewhere so you don't forget it.
6. Map everything. Know where you are so you don't get lost. Remember: The people who made the game are trying to get you lost. Sometimes a good map is the only way to realize that you've missed someplace. If you don't know how to map, this is a great time to turn to Chapter 10, "The Lay of the Land." There's a short lesson on mapping there, plus all the maps for the Larry games are there, also. I'm sure you won't use those unless you're desperate, right?
7. Use everything. Just about everything that can be taken or manipulated can, and should, be used—often in ways you hadn't imagined. When-and-where is something that has to be discovered, however. Watch out for red herrings, or pocket lint, though. Often, to use some object, or using it at the wrong time, is a sure way to lose either points or Larry Laffer's life. Therefore, before you ever try to use something, remember point 8.
8. SAVE THE GAME. Much like voting in Chicago, SAVE often, SAVE well. Sometimes you don't know that a certain action was ill-advised. Restoring a saved game is usually much preferred to starting the game over.
9. Read the stuff that comes with the game. Facts and hints are found there in abundance. Sometimes this information is necessary to actually play the game at all ("Documentation-based copy protection," as it's known

in the trade). Other times, it's stuff you need to know to succeed at playing—like the proper route to take through a maze.

10. Close your eyes and click the heels of your ruby slippers together three times and repeat after me. Softly say, "IT'S ONLY A GAME. IT'S ONLY A GAME. IT'S ONLY A GAME." It is not brain surgery—even though Larry always gets nervous before being operated on. If you find yourself getting too involved in the game world, and less involved in what passes for the real world, stop playing. Save the game, turn off the computer, and find yourself an amiable companion of the gender of your preference. Larry Laffer would approve.

Which finally brings me back to the topic of the leisure-suited lounge lizard himself. If I had to choose a 20th-century decade to be stuck in, I doubt it would be the '70s. Especially the disco-flavored latter part of the era. From my point of view, the music stank, and the clothes were much worse. Of course, there is no accounting for taste, and I remember dressing for the times, at the time.

Larry Laffer begs to differ with me, and thinks of the late '70s as extended "Larry Time." He doesn't consider himself a prisoner of those years, but more of a volunteer. He was shaped then, and feels at home there; living much as some folks continually relive the Summer of Love, the Cold War, or the Big Band era.

Larry Laffer is not a dumb man. Having spoken to him often, and at length, I have come to realize that if he has a failing, it is that he often doesn't see things as they really are. Very often. Larry lives life in a series of misperceptions of what passes for reality. It is not so much that he is often wrong about things, it's more like he's usually only almost right. He is someone who is not-quite-there—wherever *there* is. This is also what gives him his charm, such as it is.

Larry claims that he and Patti literally fell out of the sky when they arrived in Oakhurst, California. Their story is verified by people at Sierra On-Line who were there at the time. Couple that with the fact that when you read his diaries, many people, places, and things are not quite the same as we usually think of them. Almost, but not quite. This tends to support Larry's contention that his magical escape from the cannibal amazons of Nontoonyt Island brought him here from some parallel universe very close to our own. For all I know, this could be true. I can't find that island on any map. And, the list goes on.

Thus, we face the enigma that is Larry Laffer. He is a man who keeps one foot outside of reality as we know it, and the other in deep doo-doo. Through it all he smiles, and boogies to the beat of *Saturday Night Fever*.

Like the duck he so admires, I think Larry is now trapped in a universe he never made.

“What the hay. It’s no big deal!” he keeps telling me.

“All I’m trying to do is get a little peace and make it—if you know what I mean.”

I think I know what he means, and I think I’ve misspelled peace.

—Peter Spear
Mill Valley, California
October 1990

Introduction to the Second Edition

Late in the summer of 1990, as I was finishing the writing and editing of the first edition of this book, Larry Laffer telephoned to tell me that he was finishing up a new computer game. He said that it was called *Leisure Suit Larry 4: The Missing Floppies*, that Patti had composed a phenomenal musical score for it, and that it would go on sale in time for Christmas. It was based, he said, on the incredible and sexy things which had happened to him since he had escaped from Nontoonyt Island and began living the glamorous life of a computer game programmer. It was all in his diary, and I could have it.

As is his way, Larry begged me and my publisher to include the new material in the original *Uncensored Bedside Companion*. We agreed, and Larry promised to mail me a copy of his diary and a preview copy of his “mega-masterpiece” that very afternoon. When the disks didn’t arrive, we waited several more days, naturally assuming that the U.S. Postal Service was taking an extended lunch hour. Telephone calls to the leisure-suited one were answered by Larry’s answering machine.

Bantam Electronic Publishing and I believed in Larry so deeply that the presses were held pending the arrival of his new material. Finally, we had to give up and publish what we had. We never saw the new game, and our calls were never returned. As you may have noticed, the game was never published.

Sierra On-Line, the people who publish Larry’s games, were also left

wondering what happened to him. They sent someone by his house, but it appeared deserted. A cold, half-eaten microwave burrito sat forlornly in a puddle of congealed grease on a paper plate. A full glass of Chateau Quiki *rouge* was near it, a few dead flies, some crumbs, and a moth floating pickled on its surface. In the background, Larry's CD was blaring a mail-order collection of disco hits from the '70s. The CD player was set to auto repeat. It was hot to the touch, indicating that it had been playing constantly for days, if not weeks. The TV was still tuned to the Brady Bunch Network.

The police, of course, found no clues to Larry's disappearance, and the FBI just filed his case in their "Missing Persons" drawer just behind that of Jimmy Hoffa.

That's the way it stood until April of this year. The phone rang just as I was finishing my dinner. It was Larry calling from Camp David—at least, that's what he claimed. He said that he wasn't entirely sure of what had happened to him immediately after our last phone conversation, that organized crime had stolen *The Missing Floppies* disks, and that he had been suffering from amnesia because of it. On the other hand, he and Patti were together again.

Larry Laffer has never seen a dollar that he didn't want, just as he has never had one that he could hold on to for very long. He has reworked his latest adventures into game form and is earning a bundle from it. At Larry's insistence (although *whining* might be a better word) we have included heavily edited excerpts from the notes and diaries which he kept at the time. And, of course, we have also included all the information you might need to successfully play his game. That's how this edition differs from the original one.

What happened to Larry *before* his amnesia is still a mystery to me. As far as I know, *The Missing Floppies* are still missing. It is possible that Larry was finally able to recover them and, even now, is reliving his past.

From what I know of him, he might be happier there. Living life as a character in one's own computer game would be a very strange experience for most of us, but as Larry has said, and said often, "What's life without a little 'strange' now and then?"

He's right, no matter what definition of strange you might use.

—Peter Spear
Mill Valley, California
October 1991

1

The Way It Was

My name is Larry; Larry Laffer, but I seldom stand on formality. You can think of me as just plain and simple Larry; Larry Laffer. As you may know by now, I am the world-famous star, and designer, of my own computer adventure games, the envy of many men and the desire of most women. I am a shy and humble man, modest, self-effacing, and not given to self-promotion, gross boasting, grandiose hyperbole, base braggadocio, or unnecessarily big words.

But I am not falsely modest, either. I realize that my name and likeness are familiar throughout the known world, and wherever fine computer games are sold. Many women, and even some men, drool at the mouth at the very mention of my name, I am told. And pin-up posters bearing the Larry Laffer likeness are said to be hot items in certain social circles. There are even Larry Laffer towels which have been pleurably rubbed in places that I am embarrassed to write about.

It is frightening, dear diary, that there is so little of me to go around.

How does a shy guy like I handle fame and adulation? I would like to keep my personal life to myself, but I do have an obligation to my fans. They demand, "Who is this bodacious Larry Laffer kind of guy? Is he, like, for real, and not bogus? Where's this chilly dude coming from?"

Unaccustomed as I am to public writing, I have nevertheless been asked to compose a short autobiography about myself to accompany excerpts from my diary—for which I am being paid a bundle. Let no one say that Larry

Laffer doesn't look a gift check in the ear and say, "No way, moneybags!"

This will be no long and boring narrative about my life until now, as in traditional autobiographies—indeed, I won't even mention my auto at all. These are the most modern of times, and I am the most modern of men. I have decided therefore to reprint my resumé. It is autobiography of the highest, and most discreet, order.

After all, a guy like me doesn't always kiss and tell—at least not right away.

Resumé

NAME	Larry Laffer
BIRTHDAY	July 24
AGE	fortysomething
PLACE OF BIRTH	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
HOME	Bass Lake, California
HEIGHT	5' 10"
WEIGHT	Fluctuates
BUST	44
WAIST	Fluctuates
HIPS	Fluctuates
COLOR OF EYES	Sexy
MARITAL STATUS	Divorced—still swinging
HOBBIES	Women Grass skirt and lei weaving Disco dancing till dawn Girls Women Microwave cuisine Occasional cross-dressing James Bond novels The collecting of traditional American disco-influenced music—especially the works of Manilow, Diamond, Summer, and the brothers Gibb. Girls and women

SIGNIFICANT ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND HONORS

Married beautiful virgin princess.
 Saved the world and Nontoonyt Island from the clutches of the vile, sinister, and evil Dr. Nonookee.
 Rescued the beautiful women on Nontoonyt Island from the bondage of being Dr. Nonookee's zombie love slaves and uncredited back-up singers.
 Rescued ultra, super, top-secret U.S. secrets on secret superconductor research and Star Warts techno-nuclear technology that had fallen into the hands of the KGB.
 Saved the lives of dozens, if not hundreds or thousands of people from a terrorist bomb attack at an airport.
 Initiated into the super-sacred male manhood rites of Nontoonyt Village.
 Regrew a full, new, lush head of hair.
 Escaped from imprisonment and supper by cannibal lesbian amazon biker broads.
 Won largest lottery prize in history.
 Grand Prize Winner—The Dating Connection.
 2nd runner-up—Mrs. Brown's 8th grade homeroom fly-painting contest.
 Game Designer of the Moment alternate at Sierra On-Line.
 Winner—Stevens-Hoboken Institute of Technology "Big Read My Initials," Award. This honor is given yearly to the graduating senior ranked last in the class.
 Grand Prize Winner in the game of Love.
 Adored and desired by women everywhere.

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Presently: Independent computer adventure game designer under exclusive contract to Sierra On-Line, Oakhurst, California. In this capacity, I have written five but published four best-selling games about myself, but hope to stay far enough out of trouble so I don't have to do another. Because of a quirk in the work rules of the game designers union (EGADS!—Electronic Game Authors and Designers Society), my name is not permitted to appear in the games' technical credits. This has something to do with assertions that I may have actually been born in an alternate, parallel universe, and my refusal to pay their union dues.

Vice-President of Marketing, Natives, Inc., Nontoonyt Island. In this job, second in position and grandeur only to the president and CEO, I was key in bringing a backward

tropical paradise into the forefront of international tourism. During my tenure we clear-cut several virgin forests, built a modern hi-rise metropolis, and constructed 30 miles of runways for jumbo jets. I had personal responsibility for bringing electricity, fire, water, fast-food franchises, cable TV, and spandex leisure wear to the island. Creator of the only tropical volcano ski area in the world. Reason for leaving: Divorce forced relocation.

Traveling salesman, ShortShriftSoftware, Marmora, NJ. ShortShriftSoftware is one of the country's leading resellers of previously owned software for discontinued computers. It is also a world leader in the moves to create unpronounceable company names, and names with gratuitous capital letters in their middles. My territory encompassed the entire western United States, the Northwest Territories in Canada, and Tierra del Fuego. During my five years of selling, I grossed over \$100,000 in total sales, mostly in Hebrew text adventures, computer-aided-design and engineering programs for the IBM PC jr, recycled LarrySoftWhereSoftwareCorp business plans, and slightly blemished spreadsheets for the federally insured S & L market. Reason for Leaving: More challenging opportunities, and winning the largest lottery prize in history.

Independent computer programmer and entrepreneur. Founder of LarrySoftWhereSoftwareCorp. Creator of *SlimeBall!!!*, a state-of-the-art, text-only, escargot and snail-racing simulation written expressly for slow computers; *Accountant!!!*, an exciting, ahead-of-its-time, action-adventure, hack-and-slash, fantasy role-playing game; and *DiscoTech!!!*, a John Travolta dance simulator; and *!!!!!!*, a desktop publishing program for creating multiple exclamation points. Reason for leaving: Premature withdrawal. Investors panicked because quarterly profits were below projections a few times, lack of profitability, some unfairly unfavorable product reviews, refusal by Microsoft and IBM to buy the company at an inflated price.

Consulting programmer and marketing strategist, Apple Computer, Cupertino, California. Worked with the company's founders tie-dying T-shirts, picking out records to play at parties, falling off of bicycles, and preparing fruit salads. Often credited-although privately-with helping name the company after hitting one of the Steves with an apple during a food fight. Suggested, however, that the computer be named after myself, with the slogan "This computer is a real Laffer!!!" Unlike apples, the name sank in the waters of Lake It-Should-Have-Been. Created the first

program for the Apple computer. Called "Olivia Newton's John," it drew a picture of an outhouse on the screen every time the computer was turned on. Dropped from the Apple operating system when the company's lawyers discovered that, even if they tried, they couldn't copyright the name John-or, so they informed me. Reasons for leaving: Saw no future in the company, and decision to start LarrySoftWhereSoftwareCorp.

Television News Consultant. Over the course of 10 years after college, I worked at each of the major networks and helped shape the course of contemporary TV news. Specialized in theme music, hair styles, opens and closes, and big sets. Producer of the first 30-second documentary; creator of the Lite-News format, weather-from-home, the Mall Report, Shopping-NewsCenter Updates, and the live-satellite report from in front of a blank wall. Reason for leaving: Lack of fresh challenges, and no new stories to cover.

2

In the Land of the Lounge Lizards

June 11

Lost Wages, NEV.

Dear Diary,

Today, I am a man. Today, I am a new man; a new Adam. And this new Adam has an Eve. And this Eve is the apple of this Adam's eye. And just as my name is Larry; Larry Laffer, this new Eve has a name: Eve—just plain Eve. But this Eve is anything but plain. No, no. This Eve is plain beautiful, an absolute fox, downright gorgeous, and knock-your-socks (and other items of clothing)-off stunning. And rich; I can't forget that. Mucho buckos. Penthouse in the sky, caviar on your breakfast cereal, crème de menthe in your coffee, champagne in the bathtub, gravy on your mashed potatoes, clean underwear every day loaded. And she loves me. She loves me with all of her heart, all of her soul, and most of her body. The rest, she says, she's saving for when we get married. Can any man be happier than I? Not really.

I'm alone at the moment, jotting these words down while they flash like neon in my impassioned brain. Below me lie the mean streets of Lost Wages, its own nightly neon now spent beneath the hot kiss of the desert sun. The cool, bright lights of the night need the hot, harsh light of the day to rest, recuperate, and restore their energies—the same as lovers must, the same as I do now. Glistening with sweat and sunscreen, I bathe my all beneath the sun and wait for my Eve to return. Like the city I gaze down upon, I only become

fully alive with the dark. Then, my natural passions throb and pulsate in time with the disco beat of the city at night. Primitive, magnetic, and irresistible; the beat, the city, and I become as one, inviting and luring. It is the studliest of times. It is my time.

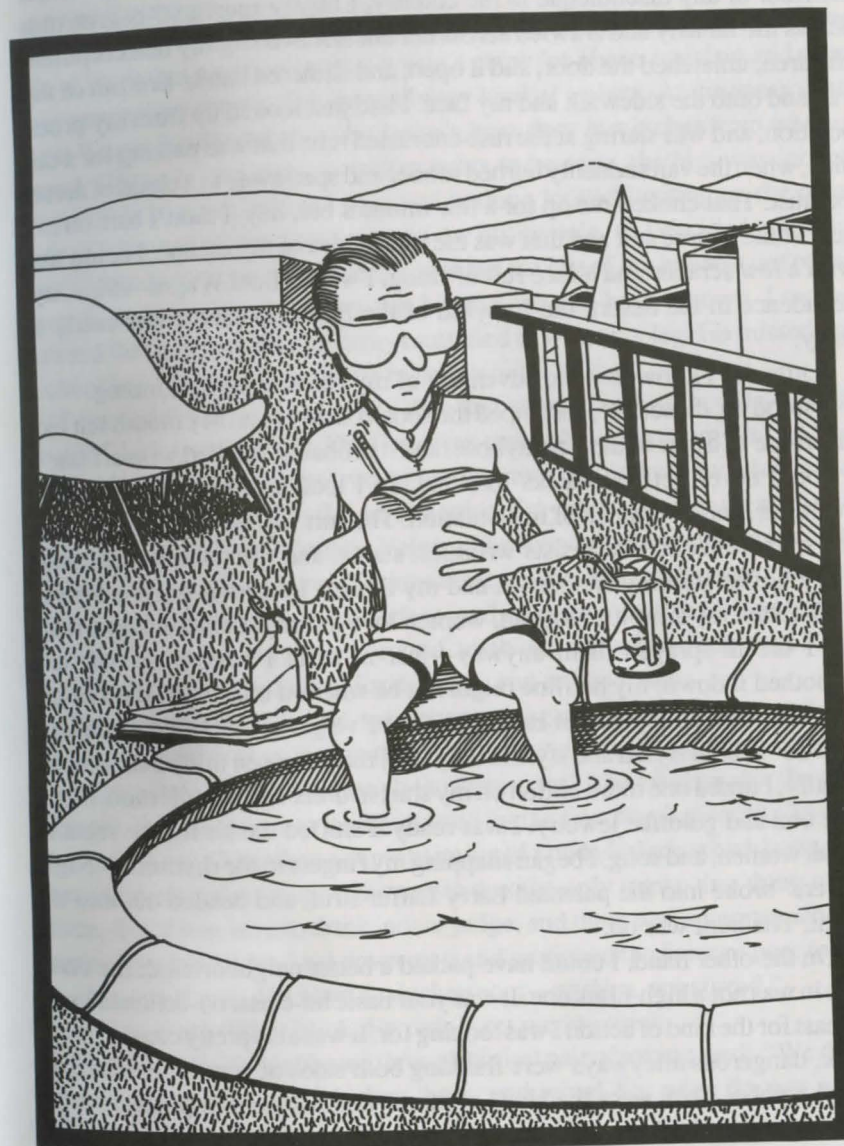
But, I digress.

I'm writing these words, dear diary, on the sundeck of Eve's apartment with my naked feet dangling in the churning water of her hot tub. A long, stiff, iridescent peacock feather sticks up out of my lap. It, like me, waits for Eve to return home after her day's work as an international financier and junk bond trader. We wait to tickle her fancy—and other locations. In the meantime it does duty protecting some of my more sensitive anatomy from sunburn. I still don't know my love's last name, and I must remember to ask her when she returns—unless something else pops up first. Things have been so hectic the past 24 hours, I'm surprised that I even know if I'm coming or going, in a manner of speaking. So, I'll try and keep these pages from getting too tacky (from the sunscreen), and recount all that has happened to me on what will probably be the most incredibly fantastic night of my life. I do it while those events are still moist and sticky in my memory.

I had never been so stiff in my life. Airplane rides do that to me. Hours are spent squashed among strangers, bodies crammed against bodies in seats so narrow that there is neither leg room nor butt room spared for comfort. Those same hours must be endured by practicing the zen art of bladder control since aisles are forever blocked by metal carts and their attendant flight attendants. If one is unlucky enough to sit in an aisle seat, these carts and their keepers can be expected to impart an occasional bruise or three as a result of the tight squeeze. On the other hand, if the flight attendant is attractive enough, the unavoidable face-to-midriff contact can be almost pleasant, especially if it's with a tall, attractive flight attendant.

But, enough about the flight and cheap physical sensations. The limo ride from the airport into town was worse. Fifteen people were crowded into a van built for eight, max. I ended up between a woman who could have a lucrative career as the "before" model in fat farm ads, and a man whom I can only assume made his living from swallowing inflated balloons. Big lead balloons. He was smoking a fat cigar, and she didn't believe in breath spray. In this context, the suitcase stabbing into my groin was but a minor annoyance.

Now, I am a man of delicate tastes and gentle sensibilities, but by the van's third stop I could take no more. Gagging and retching, I shoved the baggage out of my lap and smashed it into the offensive cigar. Without stopping, and



Larry cools out.

in a smooth move that would have brought gasps of envy and admiration on the floor of any discotheque in the country, I lithely spun a 90-degree turn across the fat lady and crawled across her and her two slightly less corpulent children, unlatched the door, slid it open, and slithered hands-first out of the van and onto the sidewalk and my face. I had just looked up from my prone position, and was staring at the rust-encrusted tube that was passing for a tail pipe, when the van suddenly burned rubber and sped away in a cloud of diesel exhaust. That choked me up for a few minutes but, hey, I didn't barf on my new white leisure suit and that was the whole idea of my escape. I could live with a few scrapes and a face full of smog. I was in Lost Wages—Sin City, decadence in the desert, the Babylon of the Boonies—and I was ready to party.

Little did I know, but the adventure of my life was just beginning.

I stood up, dusted off, and wiped the soot from my face. My mouth felt like the inside of a pair of dirty pantyhose, and it probably smelled worse. I knew I would never get any chicks like that, so I took a couple hits of breath freshener, and took stock of my situation. The suit was still cool—polyester is a miracle fabric that resists wrinkles, stains, and dirt. A quick patented Larry Laffer shimmy and shake, and my threads looked as good as new. I sniff-tested my armpits. Not bad, women love the smell of sweat on a man, but I breath-sprayed them anyway—just in case. I patted my hair and smoothed it down; my hairline might not be where it once was, and I might be a little thin on top and in back, but what I've got is black and virile, and my "do" is both styled and stylish. Anyway, most women think bald is sexy. Finally, I undid one more button on my shirt in order to show off more of my fine bod and goldlike jewelry. I was ready. I sniffed the air for the scent of wine, women, and song. I began snapping my fingers to the rhythm of "Night Fever," broke into the patented Larry Laffer strut, and headed out into the night. The hunt was on.

On the other hand, I could have picked a better neighborhood; the one I was in was not a high-class one. It was your basic no-class, no-action slum—at least for the kind of action I was looking for. It was also pretty creepy; deep, dark, dangerous alleyways were flanking both sides of a seedy bar/fleabag hotel combo. They were the kinds of places that just wait to pounce on the naive at night. The faint glimpse of a hockey mask peering out of the shadows cast by the one dim street light, and the unmistakable rhrrr! of a chain saw being started in the gloom seemed somewhat suspicious. Now, I am a man of the world, experienced, street smart and savvy. I can take care of myself,

but I did want to avoid the alleys. There is no use inviting trouble when you can see it coming.

The sign in front of the juke joint read "Lefty's" and you could tell by the tilt of its pathetic neon sign that it was a place for cheap whiskey and even less expensive women. It's not really my kind of a place. At the same time, Lost Wages Boulevard raced by Lefty's front door just inches from where I stood. With no stop signs or traffic lights to be seen, the highway looked impossible to cross, where I was, and nothing looked inviting on the other side. There was a Taxi Stand sign on the utility pole, so I decided, what the hay, I'd go inside, get a quick drink to wash the last of the exhaust out of my mouth, and then come back out and hail a cab and head uptown. I moved toward the door just as some stray mutt tried to water my leg. He missed and I chuckled. I knew it was going to be my night to score.

I opened the door into Lefty's dive and stepped into slimeville—sleaze factor 12 on a scale of 10. The floor was some cheap linoleum tile. At least I think it was linoleum; its true nature was mostly hidden beneath years of unwashed beer and bodily fluids. The soles of my shoes stuck to the stuff with each step, much like Velcro on Velcro. The sound of the unsticking was the same as Velcro unfastening. Various insects, flies, and moths were spending their last moments stuck to the surface, and there was one struggling scorpion frantically waving his stinger around, unable to move anything else. It was definitely not a proper floor for dancing, and nobody was.

The mandatory jukebox was propped against one wall beneath the decaying remains of an inadequately stuffed moose head. It was groaning out a cool cut from "Great StarSearch Performances" (the jukebox, not the dead moose), but the tune was being ignored by the few drunk patrons sitting at the scarred bar. Other than an epic painting of a nude fat lady which hung over that sad mahogany counter, the music was the only interesting thing in the place. But, I was here to drink, not to judge, and there was an empty stool in front of the bartender. I sat down on it and motioned the barman over to me.

"My good man, I'll have a whiskey sour—shaken, not stirred."

The barkeep didn't blink. He didn't get me my drink.

"Listen, bub," he slobbered through his last pair of rotting teeth. "We don't serve nothing here but whiskey, beer, and wine! So, what do you want, whiskey, beer, or wine?"

"A whiskey sour is surely whiskey, is it not?" I've always been quick and clever in my replies. "Therefore, I'll have a whiskey sour—shaken, not stirred, if you please."

The man rudely leaned his head over the bar, placed his scarred, swollen red nose directly against mine, and whispered at me coldly.

“Whiskey, beer, or wine?”

“In that case, hold the sour. I’ll just have a whiskey; a glass of your fine house whiskey,” I gulped. I had quickly decided that prudence was the proper attitude to take with Lefty.

“That’ll be three bucks.”

Defly, I flipped three George Washingtons on the counter and lifted the glass to my lips. A quick sniff instantly reminded me of the last time I filled up my car, so I just held the untasted drink and turned to engage in some small talk, man to man, with the patron seated to my left. From the evidence of the long line of empty glasses in front of him, it was obvious to me that the fellow was in no condition to engage in polite conversation. Obvious to me, perhaps, but not to him. Immediately he began to rattle off one risqué joke or story after another, some directed at me, some at Lefty, others at no one in particular. I must admit that I laughed often, although my responses went unnoticed. One story in particular sticks with me:

The marshall of Dodge City was captured by some desperados. Since they had no love for either the lawman or the law, the bad guys decided to kill him, and told the marshal they were going to hang him in the morning. Allowed to say good-bye to his faithful horse, the marshal snuggled and hugged it, all the time whispering in its ear. Then, with a sharp slap on its rump, he shooed it away into the night. The next morning came, and with it came his executioners. As he stood tall, waiting to die, the marshal suddenly saw his horse come galloping out of the sunrise, bearing on its back both a cat and a naked woman. “No, you idiot,” he shouted at the horse. “I said ‘Posse’.”

I guess you had to be there.

About the time the man started repeating himself, I decided to take a shot at the brunette sitting by herself at the end of the bar. I stood up and sauntered over, took one long, cool, admiring look at her long, cool, admirable legs, and made my move.

“Hi there, thunder thighs, my name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What’s a nice pair of gams like yours doing in a place like this?”

I guess it was the wrong line because she threatened to have her boyfriend, presently visiting the men’s room, inflict significant bodily harm to me if I didn’t leave her alone. Some women have no sense of being flattered. Oh well, I hadn’t planned to stay long at Lefty’s anyway.

First though, a quick trip to answer my own call of nature.

Dodging pieces of decaying moose flesh that were falling from the wall, I stepped through a dinged, dingy doorway into the hall that led to the john. This part of Lefty’s didn’t look any better than the other, except perhaps for the artistic disarray of the peeling paint hanging from the ceiling. It smelled worse, if that were possible. I suspect more than one patron had misjudged either their ability to get as far as the WC, or their bladder control. A good case in point was sprawled out in a yellow pool by the lavatory door. Barely conscious, or conscious of just what he sat in, he was murmuring what I assume he thought was a song. I had to step over the derelict in order to get inside to do my duty, and in doing so my foot slipped slightly in the puddle, driving the point of my other foot into the man’s crotch.

“Hey, whatcha tryin’ ta do, turn me into a eunuch?” the man squealed. His voice was now noticeably higher in pitch than before.

“I got a my honeybums waiting for me at the bar. Hic! Hey, how about buying me a drink so I can sober up? Ow, that hurt!” By now, he was gingerly massaging where I had nailed him, the start of a smile beginning to assemble on his face.

I guess I had stumbled onto Thunder Thighs’ main squeeze. They deserved each other. So, partially in appreciation of his girlfriend’s words to me, I gave the man the glass of foul whiskey I had carried with me from the bar. I was just going to throw it away anyway, and I’m sure he was in no condition to notice that it was undrinkable. I was right. He gulped it down.

“Yo! That was good, good buddy. That was so good, I’m gonna give you somethin’, my favorite thing in da whole, wide world. Here.”

At least the TV remote control had stayed out of the high water, because that’s what the drunk gave me. A remote control. But, what the hay, it all worked out in the end, didn’t it? I just slipped it into one of my suit pockets, stepped over the dude, and closed the lavatory door behind me.

The only differences between inside and out were the presence of porcelain fixtures and a mirror over the wash basin. The aroma and interior decorating matched the hall. There were no bugs, though—the environment was too lethal. Duty still called, so I pulled up a seat in the stall and began reading the graffiti on the walls to help the time whizz by. There was the usual collection of quickly forgotten wisecracks, too gross and disgusting to record in you, dear diary, but much more appealing than looking at the floor. One of the scribbles on the wall was so off the wall I couldn’t help remembering it. THE PASSWORD IS: KEN SENT ME. Neato. I’ve always loved mysteries. Who was the mysterious Ken? Where was he sending people and

why? Fantasies of cool, ruthless spies and hot, ruthless women paused for a moment to let me ogle them. Then it was time to zip up and zip out.

But hygiene first, as my dear mother has always said. Always she would remind me to “wash after.” I went over to the sink to wash after and wasn’t too surprised that it was pretty filthy. But, I was dumbfounded by the sparkler that was lying lost and forgotten there. Someone had left a woman’s diamond wedding band behind—probably in their rush to get out of the room. Hey, I’m an honest man, but if it had been there that long, it was surely finders-keepers time. I slipped the band into my pocket, turned on the faucet, and rinsed my hands in the rusty water. There wasn’t any soap. There weren’t any towels. There wasn’t any clean air. So I didn’t flush before I left. I was sure nobody would notice and given the state of the restroom, I’m sure I would have only flooded the place if I had. I had gotten my new blue suede shoes wet once; it wasn’t going to happen again.

I was feeling pretty choked up as I walked out of the head, sure that sweet smells and fresh air had been banned from the premises. So when I saw the rose sitting alone by itself, as if waiting for a friend and owner to come along, I liberated it from its foul surroundings. A rose may be a rose may be a rose, but roses have rights too. Just as it is immoral to imprison flowers in tight vases and to inflict needless and cruel medical and cosmetic experiments upon them, so too is it reprehensible to leave flowers lying naked to the eyes of the world, and exposed to a toxic atmosphere. In thanks, the long-stemmed beauty pricked my thumb; but I didn’t mind. I had done my own small part for vegetative liberation. Let no one say that Larry, Larry Laffer does not have his priorities screwed on backward!

The same crew of low-lives were still sitting on the same stools when I walked back into the bar. Evidently they either paid the proprietor rent for their exclusive use, or their butts were stuck to the unwholesome vinyl seats. More frightening still, they might have actually liked being patrons of Lefty and his \$1.03⁹ per gallon hootch. Thunder Thighs was laughing aloud at my former companion’s dirty jokes, her hand on his knee and moving upward. The two guys who had been sitting on my right were now holding hands and whispering apparent sweet nothings in each other’s wet ears—between tiny nibbles. I knew it was time to blow the joint but, as I was leaving, my sharp eyes observed a padded red Naugahyde door with a peephole. It was lurking unnoticed at the far end of the room. I was impressed. Red Naugahyde is rare and expensive, and red Naugahyde doors are the trademark of a high-class

brothel. I decided to check it out before I checked out of Lefty’s. I could use getting my sinuses cleaned.

Of course the door was locked. I am a man of the world, cognizant of the subtle and secret codes of clandestine human behavior. I knew what to do. First, a quick, apparently casual and meaningless glance over my shoulder to make sure I wasn’t being observed. Then I knocked. Knock. Knock. Right again, Larry. Almost instantly a low, horse voice answered.

“Who’s there?”

“Larry.”

“Larry who?”

“Larry; Larry Laffer!”

“Larry; Larry Laffer who?”

My normally quick mind took that moment to fail me. My brain went blank. I had no answer to the question. Stumped, all I could do was wait and hope for the best. After several moments of silence I got it.

“What’s the password?”

Oh, Larry, you clever devil, that answer was on the tip of your now untied tongue. The riddle of the restroom wall had come to roost and I wasn’t too chicken to give it the right reply.

“Ken sent me!”

“Well then, come on in, sailor.” With that, the traditional and secret male repartee ended, and the red door swung open enough to admit me.

The first thing I noticed was the purveyor of the sweet goods. From the cut of his undershirt, the girth of his gut, and the black holes behind his gums, I knew this must be one of Lefty’s close relatives. He could have been his brother or he could have been his son. He might have been both. There were faint lines impressed into the flesh of his face as if he had recently removed something he had been wearing—a hockey mask, perhaps? I ventured a quick, casual glance around but saw no evidence. No chain saw, either. Relieved, I ventured another timeless opening remark.

“I’m looking for a good time.”

“Upstairs. \$100 bucks. No refunds. Twenty-minute time limit. Take it or leave it.” He was a man of few words, and the muscle to back them up.

Dear diary, I have often shared my most secret confidences with you. Here’s another. At that moment I had exactly \$91 smackeroos in my wallet. It wasn’t even enough for five minutes. On the other hand, five minutes would be more than enough for me. And her.

Unfortunately, the professor emeritus of flesh peddling in front of me was unfamiliar with "Let's Make a Deal." He sat his bulk down on the stairway to the prize, wordlessly daring me to try and pass without paying the toll. Or, the troll.

"\$100 bucks. No refunds. Twenty-minute time limit. Take it or leave it." This had now become a battle of wits.

In that back room at Lefty's there is little in the way of either furniture or inspiration. However, there was a television set and my TV quiz show ploy had given me an idea. Pretending to ponder my answer to the proffered pandering, I moved over to in front of the tube, intending to turn it on in order to distract my loutish opponent. As luck would have it, the on-off knob was broken, and in the "Off" position. But I was too clever to be defeated by a mere malfunctioning machine. No. I was much too clever. I whipped it out—the remote control, that is.

The "On" button activated the recalcitrant major appliance. On the screen was yesterday's episode of television's longest running soap opera, "Lays of Our Dives." Wade and Margo were writhing around in an unusual compromising position that I had been unaware of until that moment. I filed it away for future reference (Filename: Swedish predental peripherals). The show seemed to get the pimp's attention, but not enough of it to move him. It was a start, and I began clicking from show to show, switching channels continuously hoping to find a program to trap the oaf's meager attention. As I channel-hopped I caught tempting glimpses of the international Bavarian beer-dancing championships, the infamous knife-in-the-leg scene from "Trail of Apache Blood," a commercial for a new chest-hair transplant system, a documentary on the mating rituals of Idaho, and other less memorable offerings. At last I found the PlayBoob channel and it was showing a triple-X rated adaptation of its annual report to stockholders. Hot, hot, hot! And, it got my nemesis' interest. The first contortion had not even been completed on screen when he moved his bulk closer to the set, close enough to moisten the screen with his breath. He was hooked, and I had a free pass to a hooker. Brains had again conquered brawn. After all, it's only natural.

It was time to get my ash in gear and haul it up the stairs to get my ashes hauled. I took the steps several at a time, springing athletically upward in patented Larry Laffer fashion, pausing but briefly at the top to ascertain that I had not been discovered, and to scrape off several squares of bathroom tissue that were fluttering from the soles of my blue suedes. Nary a speck of

sweat was expended, my brow was as dry and cool as myself. Game time had arrived.

There was no door at the top of the stairs. The lady of the night's chamber occupied a loft which, in better days, must have been an unfinished, unheated attic. Lefty's interior decorator had left his mark (and probably his reputation—and other things) here too. "Seedy" is an exact description of the place; withering green plants had sprouted from several piles of unswept dirt scattered randomly hither and yon. Most were dying, except for the patch directly under the clothesline where they benefited from the harlot's wardrobe drip-drying onto them. I had never known that poison oak could be grown as a house plant indoors.

My cut-rate companion-to-be was waiting for me on the bed wearing little else but a big, moist, pink bubble of gum, a face full of unpopped zits, and a bath towel. The towel looked as if it had never been used, just the opposite of both the prostitute and the sheets. At least the towel was clean.

Above the bed were two signs. In extremely small print the first read:

Even though Lefty has tested the software below, Lefty makes no warranties, either expressed or implied, with respect to the fitness for a particular purpose. The software is provided solely on an as-is basis. Should the software prove defective, you (not Lefty) assume the entire cost of all necessary servicing.

It was obvious that Lefty, whatever his other shortcomings, was a contributor to the American Lawyers Early Retirement Fund.

The second was in much larger type:

**SUBSTANTIAL PENALTIES FOR
EARLY WITHDRAWALS!**

Next to the sagging mattress was a much used faux-brass pot with the inscription:

**FEDERAL BAIL-OUT PROGRAM.
LARGE DEPOSITORS ONLY.**

But back to the matter at hand, dear diary. The wench was no Breathless Mahoney, but I wasn't there for comic relief. I had great needs of a uniquely



There comes a time when a man must get away.

masculine nature to discharge; fires to quench, a wanton world of hills and valleys and craters and crevices to explore. My hot blood roared with readiness. I was standing at the precipice of pleasure and ready to plunge. First, though, I needed protection. I had to put on a raincoat.

Indeed, it is true; what goes up, must come down. The Game of Life is not always played above the basket—sometimes you have to scramble after loose balls. The lows always come with the highs. Life is not one bowl of cherries after another. Oh, the hurt, shame, and disappointment of that moment! I had forgotten to bring along a prophylactic.

“Aarrgh!” I ejaculated. “A condom, a condom, my kingdom for a condom!” But, alas, I had none and Larry; Larry Laffer does not compete on the fields of love without a shield. I am not stupid.

“Hey, you gonna stand there reciting Shakespeare, or are ya gonna do sometin?” intoned a voice from the bed. “I ain’t got all day and yer twenty minutes are almost up.”

The situation demanded a graceful exit, but what?

“I don’t need twenty minutes, sugar,” I replied strolling across the room and away from her temptations. “What I need is five minutes and a piece of candy. Then I’ll have you—for dessert.”

I had noticed a box of chocolates sitting alone by itself on the room’s lone table. I would use that as a diversion until I could fabricate a face-saving reason to depart with our business deal unconsummated. I took the hooker’s box and carried it with me as I stood to gaze mysteriously out of the place’s lone window. There was little to see through the glass, just another dark alley in a world as black as my disappointment.

Just then I thought I heard a noise drift up from downstairs, and I was sure it was the bamboozled pimp discovering he had been duped.

Acting casual, I opened the window.

“Wait right there, babe. I’m going to catch me some air. Don’t go away. We’ll return in a minute.” What a way with words!

I climbed out the window and onto a fire escape. The aroma of trash bin that had missed its monthly pick-up wafted from below. I had no intention of returning inside, nor remaining on the fire escape much longer.

From one end of my perch I could see another window, too distant for me to reach without falling. A small vial, a pill vial, rested on its sill. Too far away to read clearly in the feeble light, it looked as if the label said “Spanish Fly.” Spanish Fly is a legendary aphrodisiac, and it can turn the coldest senorita

into the hottest enchilada. I would have scored the bottle right then, but I had no safe way over, and that fact just added to my frustration and disappointment.

At the other end of the rickety fire escape was the ladder leading down. I didn't need it. Just as I grabbed hold, part of the fire escape collapsed beneath me and deposited me straight down into Lefty's garbage. At least it was a soft landing.

I was forced to muck around the bin a bit as I scrambled to pull myself out and, while doing it, my hand came across something hard and metallic. On inspection it showed itself to be a hammer. It looked OK to me. I suspect Lefty had discarded it either because he didn't think he had anything that needed fixing, or because he didn't know how to use it. Anyway, I took it for protection against possible muggers.

I climbed out of the bin and was much relieved to find no one about. Another quick shake and shimmy, another squirt or three of breath freshener, and I was as good as new. I hung a quick right turn around the corner and I was in front of Lefty's again—a cab ride away from some real action.

It only took one well-placed “Yo!” to get a taxi to pull over. Keeping with the tone of the neighborhood, the available vehicle looked old, tired, and dirty. A bumpersnicker on the front read, ARIZONA STATEHOOD NOW! It looked like original equipment. I opened the door and got in.

Inside, the cab smelled like Lefty's. My feet clung to the floor like they had at Lefty's, as did my derriere to the back seat. On the other hand, I wouldn't be needing the nonexistent seat-belt in the case of any sudden stops. It was time for talk.

“Hey, Bro. What's happening?” I greeted the cabbie in my best ethnic drawl. “I'm looking for where the action is, uptown, downtown, or around town—if you can dig that. So, like, where's it at?”

The driver never turned around. When I looked at him, all I could see was his face, pale blue eyes and blond hair reflected in the light of the rearview mirror. He stared at me briefly, but intently, quickly licked his middle finger and brushed it lightly over his right eyebrow. A fey smile followed by a quick wink crossed his face.

I am the master of the come-hither stare, and know one when I see one. It was time to change the subject.

After a few uncomfortable moments, the cabbie broke wind, and that served to break the tension. “Well, if you really want to be that way,” he

pouted, “there are three places I can recommend. There's the Lost Wages Disco; there are lots of *chicks* there.” He seemed to spit the word *chicks*.

“It's got a 24-hour convenience store next door in case you might need any hygienic supplies, if you know what I mean. Then there's the Casino, Tramp's Palace. There are lots of *foxes and girlies* there, if *that's* what you like. You can also gamble there and get the best odds in town. And then, there's an all-night wedding chapel I could take you too if you really get lucky with a *girl*. So, what's your poison, cowboy?”

Poison? That's what his tongue was.

Acutely aware of the mere 91 dinero in my wallet, the decision was as easy as a party girl at a high rollers convention.

“The casino, my good fellow. The casino. This is my lucky night, and I'm ready to cash in.”

“It may be yours, but it's still not mine—you big hot sausage!”

I decided to ignore the remark, and rode in happy silence the rest of the way.

When we got there, I paid hack his eight bucks, opened the door, and got out of the cab. I neglected the tip—I didn't want to give him any wrong ideas. He screeched away leaving an inch of tire burned into the street in front of me.

But, dear diary, I was standing in front of the majestic, spectacular, fabulous, glittering, architecturally wonderous Tramp's Palace for the first time, little knowing that, by morning, I would be living there, writing these words there. There was no way that I could have known then that there was to be no there, there. The there, there, is here now, and there is most assuredly a here, here. And that here, here, is the here and now. And here, now, I pen these words and reflect on the here and the there. And I find it good. Larry, you should have been a philosopher.

But, I do digress again.

I have always thought that the best way of making money in this world (other than being born into it or marrying it) is to have the neon concession in Lost Wages. The second best is owning the neon concession at Tramp's Palace—as long as you don't have to change the bulbs. Upward and outward, neon and incandescence pulsed, flashed, and blinked as far as the eye could comprehend. No expense had been spared in any of the materials used to construct this nineteenth wonder of the modern world. Brass and marble by the acre surrounded the main entrance. An entire tropical rain forest had been

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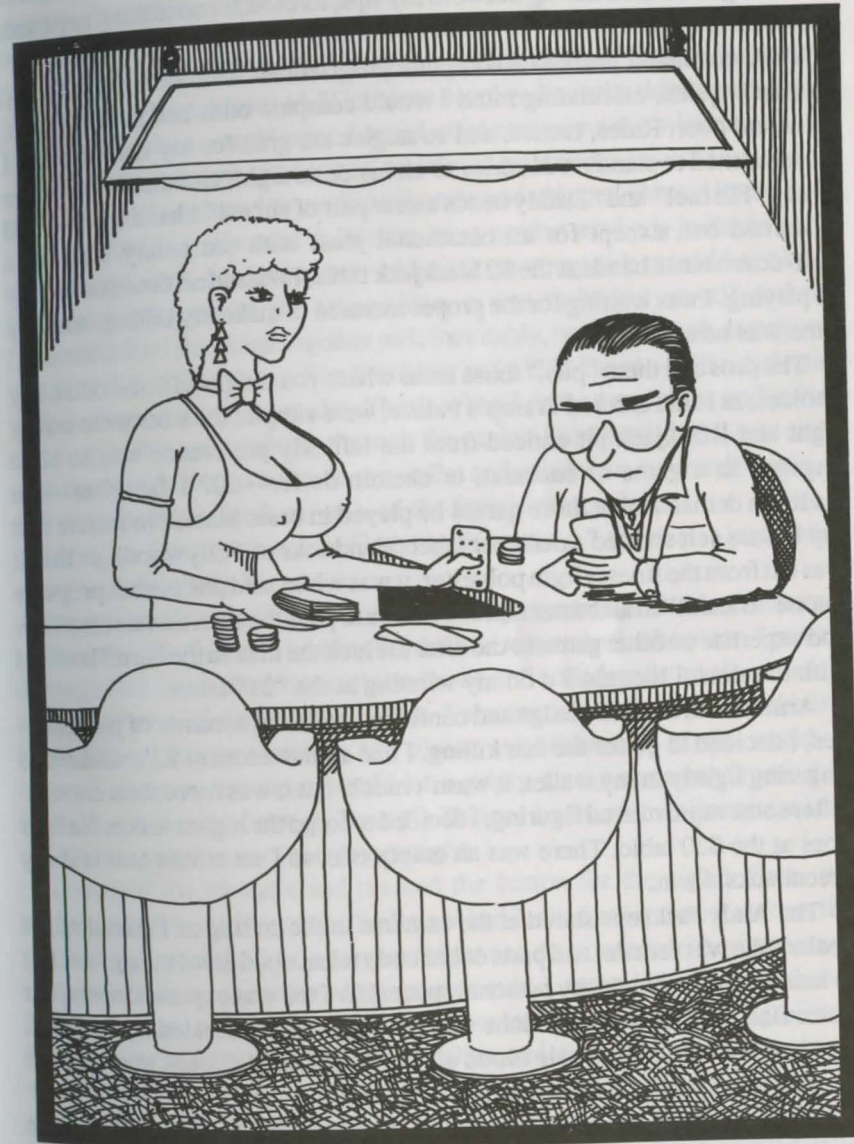
massacred to provide the joists and beams and studs of its framework. Miles of maple hardwood floors stayed out of the way underfoot. The building's parking lot was hidden in a specially planted forest of deciduous trees where patrons could take guided safaris that lasted days. No, not the generic and boring palm trees that one sees all over this city in the sands, but maple trees, thousands upon untold thousands of them, with leaves that bud, unfurl, drop, and give syrup with the seasons. Just maples. It is said that Ronald Tramp has a thing for maples.

But, as every big apple has its worm, so does the cash-intensive paradise of the big casino have its own parasites. No sooner had I set my blue sueded steps toward the casino's gilded entry than I was accosted by a near-naked man clad only in a barrel. He was selling apples.

"Please buy one, sir," he pleaded. "I lost my shirt, and everything else I owned, playing the slots. Selling these apples is the only way I have to support myself. They're only a dollar apiece, and they're high in natural sweetness and vitamin C, crunchy to the bite, never sprayed with Alar." It wasn't a bad rap, so I bought one from him, polished it a bit, and put it in my pocket for later. As he was leaving I asked the poor fellow why, since he obviously needed money, he didn't get a job writing advertising. I thought he had a natural talent for the field. A hurt look came over his face, however, when I made the suggestion.

"I may look like a bum and derelict to you, sir. I may be starving and homeless and forced to sell surplus Southern California apples to survive. I may even have to sell my body soon. I may have lost everything I once owned. But I have not lost my principles! Have a good night, sir." As the man in the barrel disappeared into the crowd, I was forced to admit that he did have a valid point.

I am not a man who is unaccustomed to the glitter and glamour and pulse-racing excitements of the great casinos. On several occasions in the past I have donned black tie and tux and ventured to Frantic City in order to experience first hand the laws of statistical probability in action. I cut a Bondlike figure as I stand there, whiskey sour (shaken, not stirred) in hand. My sword-sharp eyes see everything, miss nothing. My musically Manilow-quick ears hear all the rhythms of the rolling bones and whirring wheels, the snicking flicking of the shuffling cards, and the staccato snaps as they are dealt to the felt. The yakkety clacking of the one-armed bandits and the whoopee-cushion yowls of the slot machine campers never go unnoticed. The jive patter of the dealers becomes like Dr. Seuss in its clarity. I do not



"Deal 'em, honey."

smoke, nor approve of the habit, dear diary, but I always stood at those tables with a cigarette smoldering between my lips, its clouds concealing my hard, calculating stare.

I did not spend years as a computer programmer and not learn nothing. With my quick, calculating mind I would compute odds and probabilities, over and over. Rules, tactics, and strategies are grist for my mental mill. I have learned to stand on 21, draw to an inside straight, and the proper ways to say "Hit me!" and "Daddy needs a new pair of shoes!" I have studied and I learned but, except for an occasional joust with the penny slots or a half-dozen tense hands at the \$2 blackjack table, I wasted no time nor money in playing. I was waiting for the proper moment to make my killing. And my time was now.

The pros call them "pits," those areas where you tangle with the odds. My choices, as I first entered Tramp's Palace, were simple; the slots were on my right and Blackjack pit enticed from the left. My preference was to have engaged in a game of baccarat, or chemin de fer—007's favorites—but tradition demands that those games be played in basic black. No matter that my leisure suit sported a designer label (Hendricks of Follywood), or that it was cut from the finest virgin polyester; it was white, and one cannot properly intone "Banco!" in alabaster attire. I'd have to pass the boot and test my luck and expertise on other games. And after the luck the man in the barrel had had with the slots, I thought I'd do my winning at the "21" table.

Armed with the knowledge and confidence of being a master of probabilities, I decided to go for the fast killing. I had at that moment 82 smackeroos lingering lightly in my wallet; it wasn't much, but it was more than enough. After some rapid mental figuring, I decided to forgo the higher stakes for four goes at the \$20 table. There was an empty one, so I sat at that and laid my greenbacks down.

The Andy Jacksons stared at the cameras in the ceiling as I stared at the dealer. She was female, and parts of her body telescoped across the green felt to inadvertently invade my personal space. Her face was expressionless, her voice flat, and her faint mustache was only partially concealed by makeup. Her hair was styled in a pale blond afro. The aroma of Clorox and English Leather gently wafted from her direction.

I exchanged my Jacksons for chips and began to play. I flipped a \$20 piece in front of me, gave a quick, affirmative nod of my head—a trick I had picked up from many a professional gambler—and said, "Deal 'em, honey."

Deal 'em she did. Two cards for me, two for her. For the next hour, the tension flowed like high tide in Alaska. Thick and black, it ebbed back and forth, first giving, then taking. It was so thick, you could cut it with a spoon. I hit, held, stood pat, doubled down, surrendered, and bought insurance. Einstein, I believe, once said, "God does not play dice with the universe"; but Larry Laffer does—and Larry; Larry Laffer comes out the winner.

The action was fast and furious, my clever cerebrum against the uncaring cosmos, reality reduced to cardboard cards and chipped chips. Heady stuff it was; I was in my element. A Beretta, snug against my body in its shoulder holster, and a tall, cool woman in a black dress at my side would have been fit accompaniments to the scene. Alas, it was to be but myself and the pneumatic floozie, alone together as I, inevitably, won. Through daring and wit, my \$82 swelled to two Ben Franklins and a U.S. Grant—250 simoleans, U.S. Dollars, coin of the realm. That's when I cashed my chips and quit. I stood up and began walking through the casino I had bested. All was right with the world; I had a bulge in my wallet and another in my manly pride. It was time for some fresh action—of the female persuasion.

"See you later, high roller. Come back anytime," the dealer insinuated after me. I didn't tip her.

Dinner: that's what I wanted next, to fortify my strength for the forthcoming females. So, I started looking for the best restaurant in the place. I passed through the casino, finding no places to eat, and ended up by an elevator just outside of one of the cabarets. Now, I am not unaware of the marketing strategies of the great eating and dining establishments of the world. It seemed obvious that there would be a pretty classy restaurant (probably French) on the top floor of Tramp's Palace, a romantic culinary enclave overlooking the neon of the desert night.

I entered the elevator and pressed the button for the eighth floor, the highest number on the panel. The Palace had looked taller than that from the outside, but, what the hay, a good architect can do wonders with perspective. I hummed along with the elevator music as I ascended—I remember it because it was an especially nice, mellow, rendition of "Sweet Caroline." Some moments are just made for Neil Diamond, and that particular moment was a great one. You're a giant, Neil!

The elevator was glass, and it allowed me to look on all of the hallways and guest rooms in the hotel tower. It was for this reason that I couldn't help but notice the door with the bright red heart on the fourth floor. It was the

Honeymoon Suite at Tramp's Palace. In a pretty short time, I was to get to know it better. A lot better.

I know now that there is no restaurant on the eighth floor of Tramp's; I learned it when the elevator deposited me there last night. Where the elevator ended was just another floor with guest rooms, although this one was trimmed with marble, and had deep, thick carpets and red velvet wallpaper. I looked for a red Naugahyde door, but didn't find one. One side of the square floor was taken up by the wide, brass doors of a private elevator. It had no buttons, just a slot for a key.

There was also a security guard by the name of Faith. I looked at her, long and hard. She didn't look like rent-a-cop at first, sitting behind a wooden desk the size of Elmira, New York. Of course, I didn't know her name at first, either. At first all I knew about her was that she must be nicknamed "Deep Cleavage," and that the thin, blue sweater she was wearing was losing its battle to contain the largest pair of Tommyknockers ever seen outside of a Stephen King novel. They were matched with the largest pair of pistols ever seen outside of a Clint Eastwood movie. The guns were strapped around her negligible waist, and I would have gladly traded places with them. She could pull my trigger any day.

But, enough of Lone Ranger puns and horsing around. It was time I started talking.

"Hello, my name's Faith. May I help you?"

"Indeed you may, my theological titmouse." If her name were truly Faith, I was having trouble taking my eyes away from Hope and Charity.

"My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"DO NOT ENTER."

By now I was able to look at Faith's face, and I could see her own eyes wandering across my anatomy.

"Say, Larry," she continued, "Is that breath spray in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

I guess my pride was still showing.

Unperturbed, I pressed on. Since dinner was not an option at the moment, I thought perhaps I could arrange a little late night box lunch.

"Listen Faith, I'm only in town for tonight. I find you not-bad-at-all, and I find also that I have some time free later this evening. What say you to getting together with me when you're finished work. Maybe the two of us could get off together . . . somewhere?"

I must admit, dear diary, that Faith did pause a moment before she shot me down (figuratively speaking, of course!).

"Sorry, Larry," she said. "I can never be unfaithful to my boyfriend . . . I don't think."

Bang! Bang! It was just like the Sonny and Cher song. But she had left me a small opening, and a small opening is all I ever need. It was time to be out of there, but I would be back.

All the way down to the lobby, I considered the virtues of Faith, and the naked truths of Hope and Charity. And I found them good. I don't remember what music the elevator was playing.

Engaging in amorous repartee, however, does leave me thirsty, so I decided to pop into the cabaret, wet my whistle, and consider my next move with Faith. Plus, I have always maintained that there is nothing like a few half-naked dancing girls to keep the old libido cranking away. It turned out to be a bad idea; the can-can dancers were OK—you could see they were French—but there was nobody to take my drink order. And, even though the place was empty, all the tables but one were reserved. I was stuck sitting in the rear, in the worst seat in the house. There was also a whoopee cushion waiting for me when I sat down in the chair. I didn't see it. It was that kind of place.

As I stood up to go, some dumb comedian came on to tell a few jokes. Forget it! I've heard better at a Jehovah's Witnesses convention. (For the record, here's the best one he told: A farmer went out and bought himself one of those inflatable women. The next day he went around singing, "The farmer in the doll, the farmer in the doll . . .")

Sorry, dear diary.

As I was walking back toward the casino area, my hawklike eyes caught the flash of something stuck in the sand of those big ashtrays that always seem to be living by elevator doors. It looked like a credit card at first glance, and since my own plastic money was temporarily in suspended animation, another's might provide emergency financial insurance.

As a great president of these U.S. of A. once said, "I am not a thief!" And neither is Larry Laffer. If it *had* been a credit card, and I *were* able to duplicate the signature, I would have surely paid for what I purchased when I finally got the bill. If I got the bill.

Anyway, it wasn't.

What I found and took was a membership card to the Lost Wages Disco. It was the hottest club in town, a favorite of swinging singles, and featured

often on “Lifestyles of the Rich and Flatulent.” The card read: ADMIT ONE MEMBER AND GUEST, and there was no expiration date. I don’t know how it got there but, what the hay, it was time for Larry Laffer to take his member in hand and make a guest appearance with the jet set.

You know, Larry, you could have won some significant money last night if you had bet on the odds of getting the same cabbie to pick you up when you left Tramp’s Palace as brought you there. Hey, what are the odds of hailing the same hack *every time I flagged a ride*? Not too good, that’s what. I think that driver was lying in wait, and he wanted more from me than just my fare. That old Larry Laffer charm is dangerous stuff.

I opened the door and climbed inside.

“Where to, big tipper? Still looking for *female* flesh?” My lovelorn lorryman seemed in better humor than when I had left him.

“The Lost Wages Disco, I think. I have the Saturday night fever and it can only be doused with a dose of disco. To the foxes!”

“Well, if you insist.” With those words, we drove off into the neon and, eleven dollars later, arrived in front of LWD (as its patrons call it!).

LWD’s bouncer is at least as famous as the club itself, although I must admit that I don’t know his name. He has the distinction, I understand, to have played professional football as an interior lineman for 12 all-pro seasons. That number is the same as his IQ. He looked me up and down as I sauntered forward from my transport, and made sure he was between me and the club’s front door. Extending one meaty arm across my chest, he greeted me with a polite, “I’m sorry, it’s members only. You don’t look like you’re one, so duck off, dork breath.” While the Neanderthal seemed immune to any taint of human thought or emotion, he did seem quite capable of clubbing me into a pulp if I didn’t “duck off.”

Nonetheless, I had the solution in hand.

“I’m sorry, you must have me mistaken for some mere peon,” I explained as I showed him the membership card. “My member and I are guests here.”

The plastic improved his humanity considerably.

“Of course, sir! I must not have recognized you. Please go right in.” He moved aside to let me pass.

“Have a good day,” he saluted as I went past him up the stairs. But I’m sure he followed that a few seconds later with “Dweeb!”

LWD! Inside it strobed and flashed and rock and rolled in time to the rippling rhythms of Rap Master Flush and his posse of naked and unclothed female back-up rappers. They were doing the classic “Greensleeves” in a

most excellent and funky rendition. On the beat, the DJ segued into his own special mix-down of Madonna and Michael Jackson’s duet cover of “Disco Duck.” The stage was set for a world-class, get-down, get-dirty, boogie with some random, I’ll-respect-you-in-the-morning experience.

It was almost all guys.

No, LWD is not a gay bar; it’s just that there were almost no women there. The guys were cool—most seemed in their early forties, their leisure suits were cut well, and the strobes flashing off gold chains highlighted some truly tasteful chest toupees. But why were there so few foxes there? *Were there not men?* The stage had been reset for a world-class disaster.

That’s when I met Fawn. Oh, how can I describe her, the woman that I thought would be my wife; the gossamer goddess of the dance floor, the hip-shaking honey with hair to match, the blond baguette with the tie-me-up, *please*, eyes, or the willowy birch that stole my heart—and then everything else she could get her hands on. Fawn, why?

Now I am a man who is not unacquainted with the ways of women. I have a frank and appraising eye for the gentler, softer flesh. I do not always fall in love at first sight—often it takes several seconds more: time spent in ogle, considering the possibilities and turning them over in my mind for best advantage. Much as I would turn the lucky woman over to our mutual best advantage once I had her in my arms.

Fawn was love at first gasp. That’s what I did when I first saw her sitting alone by herself at the table, seemingly ignored by all the dudes at the tables around her. I gasped, and then moved in for the kill.

I took a long, lush, lingering look. What I noticed first were her legs, tapping in time with the music, eager for the release of the dance. He legs went all the way up to her hips. Her hips went all of the way across her body, and her body stretched slimly all the way to the top of her head. Various major appendages and protrusions were attached most finely in critical places. The time for talk had arrived.

I asked if I could sit with her, and she said yes. I looked deep into her green eyes and flashed my patented, mucho sexy, Larry Laffer smile. She returned it—with interest.

“Hi there, hot lips. How’s about you and me ditching out of this dive, and into something a little bit more comfortable—if you know what I mean?”

“Duck off, dork breath—if you know what I mean!” It was the second time I had heard that snappy rejoinder in the space of a few minutes. I figured that

it must be a secret LWD code of some sort, so I decided to press my advantage.

"My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your's?"

"Fawn."

Gasp, again! Next to Tawni and Kitten, Fawn is my favorite girl's name.

"That's a great name, Fawn. What's your sign?"

"FOR SALE."

I could feel by the tone of her reply that she was already softening under the warm gaze of the Larry Laffer charm.

"Say, Larry. Is that a ballpoint pen in your pocket, or are you just happy to meet me?" Happy to meet her? I'd be happy to have her flick my Bic any day.

"Say, my madonna of the moment, what kind of girl are you anyway, to come to a place like this all alone?"

"Why Larry, I'm just a material girl—if you know what I mean. I just live to love, and I love to live in the *present* tense—if you know what I mean."

Yeah, I knew what she meant but, what the hay, easy come, easy go; easy go, easy come. And Fawn was beginning to act real easy.

"Say, little girl, would you like a piece of . . . candy?" It looked as if holding on to the hooker's chocolates had been a smooth move. I offered her the box.

"Ooh, I just love candy," my little lollipop squealed. Slowly licking a bon bon with her tongue, Fawn paused for a moment—expectantly. She wanted more. And I had a rose.

"This rose is but a faded simile of your beauty," I breathed to her in my best flowery prose. "Take it, it's yours. Just as I am!"

Fawn put the rose petals to her nose and sniffed. The color matched the flush of her cheeks. "Ooh, Larry, I just adore flowers, and the men who give them." The thorns did not prick her. I think it was an omen.

"Larry, what else could you possibly do for me?" Fawn waited for a material reply. I decided to go for the big score. Taking the diamond ring out of my pocket, I gave it to her, holding her hand in mine for much longer than was necessary.

"Fawn, I think I love you! Would you be mine, now and forever?" There was no reply, she just caressed the ring and stared deeper into my soul. The magic of the moment lingered and then, just as if the Great DJ in the Sky were taking requests, he played mine.

As the first few, timeless chords of the Bee Gee's "Stayin' Alive" electrified the air, I took Fawn's hand and asked her to dance. She did not

refuse. We rushed onto the empty dance floor. Lights now illuminated it from below, changing colors and throbbing with the beat. A revolving chandelier threw back diamond sparkles that highlighted the enchantment of the moment. We moved together as if choreographed by Travolta himself. I did my patented Larry Laffer 360-degree spin, and then an incredible 720. Fawn did a full split, then I did a slide, one hand trailing behind, the other reached to the heavens. I tossed her to the gods, and cradled her descent like some strongman at the circus.

Still the music played. One song after another. One dance after another. We did the funky chicken, the stroll, the strand, lambada, pogo; we slam danced, dirty danced, did the shy turnip and the aqua velva. Astaire and Rogers, Michael and Janet Jackson, Prince and Paula Abdul, Lucy and Desi, Laurel and Hardy—all were mere hoofers compared to us. Satiated, we returned to our table. I sat, looked at her, and talked about *our* future.

"Larry; Larry Laffer, you are divine," Fawn gasped. "I want you to make love to me; wild, wild love."

"Now? Here?" I was ready and willing, but somewhat confused.

"No, not here and now, but as soon as we are married. I can't love any man unless he's my husband. Quick, give me a hundred dollars and I'll run out now and rent the Honeymoon Suite at Tramp's Palace. Please, Larry, now. I can't wait for you!"

I gave a C-note to my dancing dervish.

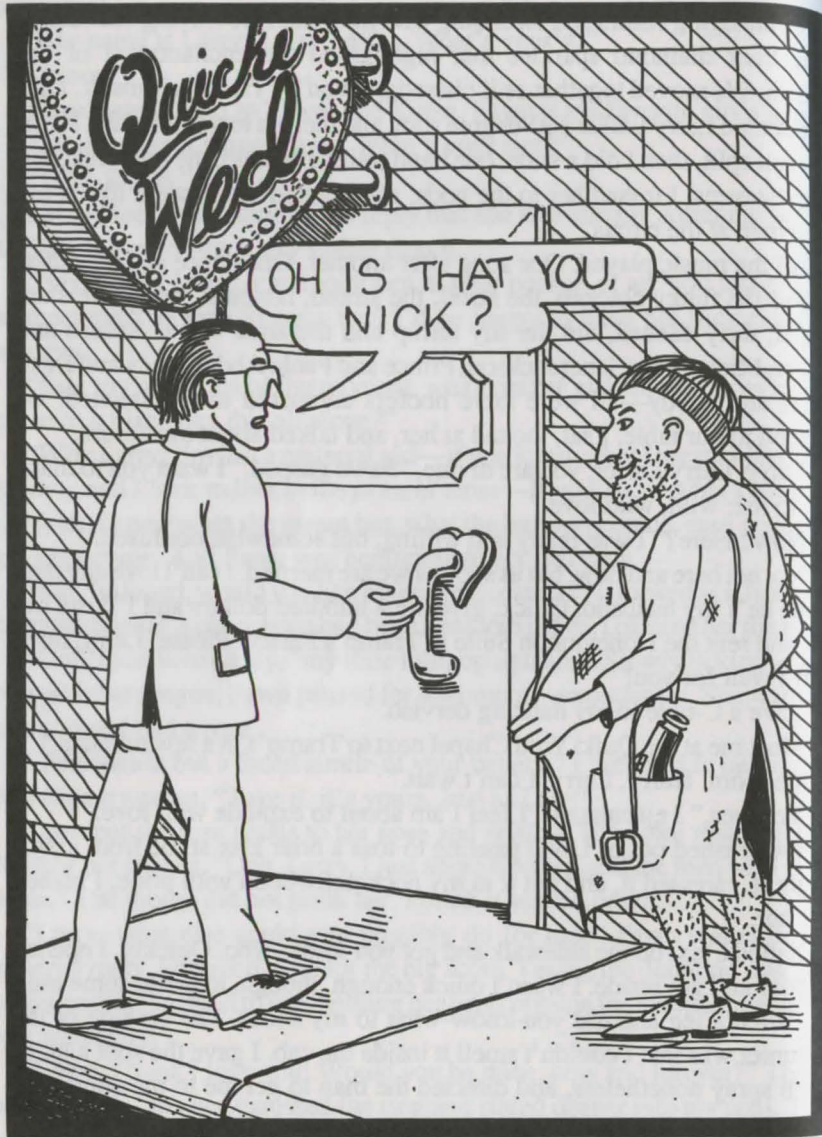
"Meet me at the Quiki Wed Chapel next to Tramp's in a few minutes. I'll get the room. Hurry, Larry, I can't wait."

"Yes, yes," I ejaculated. "I feel I am about to explode with love!"

Fawn rushed out of LWD pausing to toss a brief kiss at me from afar. I caught it, caressed it, and put it in my pocket. Swollen with pride, I rushed after her.

I hailed a taxi on the sidewalk and got you-know-who. Quickly, I opened the door and got inside. I wasn't quick enough, though, to avoid some mutt who lifted a leg and did you-know-what to my shoes. The up-side of the encounter was that I couldn't smell it inside the cab. I gave the spot a hit of breath spray nonetheless, and directed the man to get me to the church on time.

"I'm going to the chapel and I'm going to get married," I announced proudly. More than just pride must have been evident because the cabbie's jaw dropped and his eyes widened. He stared, heartbroken, at me, long and hard, in the rearview mirror, a faint line of drool rolling slowly down his chin.



Prelude at Quicke Wed.

"Curses, foiled again!" he pouted.

The rest of the ride was spent in silence, except for the occasional heavy breathing from the front seat. When we arrived, I paid the \$11 fare, opened the door and got out. I didn't tip him because I had already given him a thrill.

Lurking in a dark corner next to the magnificence of Tramp's, but acting arrogant for living in its proximity, the Quiki Wed looked as if it should have a "Mc" for the first part of its name. An illuminated OVER ONE BILLION SERVED announcement shone whitely beneath the red neon flashing of a giant heart. Yes, the plastic chapel had a heart on... its roof. It flashed QUIKI WED. QUIKI WED. QUIKI WED. It also had an organic flasher on the sidewalk—a man wearing a stained trenchcoat and nothing else. He opened wide and saluted me as I walked by, so I gave him a couple of my best biting words.

"Oh, is that you, Nick?" I inquired.

It sounds better than it looks on paper, especially when said quickly.

The encounter took but a moment, a very short moment, and delayed me not at all in my rush toward connubial bliss. Marital music was waiting for me inside, as was Fawn. She looked sexier than I had ever seen her; the plastic-covered pews, the Plexiglas-stained windows, and the sputtering light from the genuine electric candles all played their parts in setting off her beauty. I sped to her side.

There were no witnesses to be seen. The minister was wearing a cheap green suit and screwing the cap back on a pint of similar whiskey—green and very low-cost. He was eyeing my Fawn with more than professional interest. The whole scene was quite unusual but, what the hay, it had already been a quite unusual night.

The ceremony was brief.

"We are gathered here together, those of us who are present, to join in marriage—what is your name, mister?—Larry; Larry Laffer and Fawn. Give her a ring."

"She's already wearing it," I replied reverently.

"In that case, I now pronounce you two man and wife, till death do you part, or some other plausible excuse—whichever comes first. That'll be \$100, cash."

Without pause, without the opportunity to say "I do!", I paid the man and turned to kiss my wife.

"No, not now Larry, my darling. Not here, not now. Let me fly to our room in the Honeymoon Suite and get ready. Meet me there in moments, you

overheated stud, you. We'll do more than kiss—if you know what I mean. I'll be waiting for you." Then she was gone again, into the night again, again.

With a loud hiccup, the marinated minister called out, "Next victims!" and she showed me the door. It looked like red Naugahyde.

I would have sprinted like the wayward wind those few hundred yards to Tramp's, but why waste my energies. I wanted to save myself for my marriage, and all that implies. And, I wanted to give Fawn ample time to get ready for me, and to anticipate my arrival.

As I have noted before, dear diary, I had seen the Honeymoon Suite on the fourth floor earlier in the evening—its red, plastic, slightly tattered heart was the telltale sign. The Honeymoon Suite was still there when I arrived. The door still had its heart on.

I tried the doorknob, but the room was locked. That was only to be expected. I knocked. Knock. Knock.

"Who's there?"

"Larry!"

"Larry who?"

"Larry; Larry Laffer!"

"Larry; Larry Laffer who?"

I was no fool, I had heard that line before. The snappy reply to my playful playmate was instantaneous.

"Ken sent me."

I could hear the door unlock followed by Fawn's, "The door's open, sailor."

With a macho, "Here I come, baby!" I opened the door to my wedding bed. Fawn was waiting in it.

I have heard that many famous couples have used Tramp's Honeymoon Suite in the past, Sean and Madonna, Mick and Binaca (the breathspray heiress), Mick and David (and the spiders from Mars), John and Yoko, Siouxi and the Banshees, The Bushes—George and Barbara (the broccoli queen), and Danny Veep and Marilyn (who went behind the Bushes). The room seemed in good repair nonetheless.

As is traditional in such places, the color scheme ran from hot pink to red. The most important piece of furniture, the bed, was oversized. More important, it contained Fawn.

I would have rushed to her just then but I wanted the mood and setting to be perfect. The lights were already low; all that was missing was some soft, romantic music. A radio waited on the other side of the giant bed as if

preparing to judge a gymnastics competition. I went over and turned it on expecting to have the same effect on my beloved.

As luck would have it, I caught the end of a commercial break. It was an easy-listening jingle for a national wine delivery service, Ajax Liquors. The melody and lyrics were devilishly attractive. They went:

Candy is dandy,
But liquor is quick
So write down this number
With your writing stick.
We deliver the goods,
Beer, liquor, and wine
Just dial: 555-8039

Or something like that.

The last bars faded and the golden-throated tones of Scott MacKenzie singing "(If you're going to) San Francisco" filled the air. To the sound of the classics, I moved to my bride and tried to kiss her.

"Please, Larry darling, I'm just not in the mood right now. I need everything to be perfect. A bottle of wine, perhaps?"

I felt deflated. I was deflated. Another delay, another excuse, and no telephone in the room. At least I was still dressed.

"Stay here, my little cream cheri!"—I couldn't resist the sweet pun. "And, grease up the cat, I shall return!"

The pay phone by the elevator was out of order, of course—they always are when you need them. But as I was patting my pockets looking for loose change, I remembered something that I had forgotten. Not only did I need wine, I needed protection. Fawn and I might be married (I hoped), but we had not discussed children, nor had we exchanged medical histories. I took a hit of breath spray as I considered what to do, and discovered I was about out of that necessity. Thus was my decision made for me; my shopping list was three items long—it was time to visit a 24-hour convenience store.

On the way through the casino floor I realized I was starting to run short of cash. Between Fawn, the cab rides, and getting hitched, I now had less dough than when I first walked through the doors at Tramp's. And a Larry Laffer without money is like a pizza without tuna and pineapple; a cosmic deficiency that needs to be corrected.

I corrected it by playing the slots. I proved so slick at feeding coins and yanking the handle of the one-armed bandit that I could switch hands on the fly and still pick up a stroke. I considered stopping at fifty bucks, but played on recklessly until I had sixty smackeroots in my fist. I decided to buy Fawn a better brand of vino.

To the curb for a cab, and my camp cabbie pulled up.

"Hi again, stud. How about *me* giving *you* a ride?" Ignoring his insinuations, I opened the door and got in again.

"To the convenience store you told me about, the Quiki Mart," I ordered. "And make it quick or there will be no tip for you when we get there." No \$18 cab ride is quick enough. That's all he got.

The Quiki Mart was still next to LWD; I had not expected otherwise. I sniffed the air quickly, hoping for any lingering aroma of my beloved who had been on this very block a very short time ago. Alas, all I could smell were dog droppings, recycled alcohol, wee wee, and the essence of a recently unwashed wino. The last item on that unsavory list was stumbling up to me with his hand out.

"Spare change, honey?" There was no one else around, so I suspect his eyesight was gender deficient, or otherwise impaired. He continued his panhandling, further befouling the air with halitosis.

"How about a drink? If you don't have any spare change, how about some spare wine? Spare nookie, cookie? Spare tire?" The man was obviously in serious need of something, and that something was not me. I gave him some money. Fortunately for him, his drunken path took him blindly past me and farther down the block. Maybe he'd have better luck scoring with the bouncer at the disco.

I am a word junkie; I'll read anything. This brief incident happened to happen next to a public pay telephone. As I ignored the man I could not help to notice an intriguing phone number scratched on the side of the instrument: 555-6969. Since volumes could be written on the amatory significance of the final four digits, I decided it was worth the call.

As soon as I dialed the phone, an enticing female voice answered, "National Hot Line Sex Survey. Free prizes if you answer my . . . our . . . questions." Whoa, Larry—an anonymous encounter of the sensual kind. What the hay, there was no harm in answering a few queries.

"Fire away, honey mouth." I was in the swing of things at once.

"First question—what's the name of your favorite sex partner?" I considered answering with my own name because, numero uno, I am great and,



"What kind lubbers you want, meester?"

numero duo, I've had sex with myself more than with any other person. I answered, "Fawn," however, even though the reply was technically incorrect. There were a number of other personal, intimate questions that I replied to with a lurid frankness (or, Larry-ness as the case might be) that I hoped would not shock the interviewer. They did not, but the phone disconnected before she told me what prize I had won. I think it was intentional.

Inside, the Quiki Mart looked much the same as all the other all-night convenience stores I have been to in my life. Bulletproof windows admitted only the minimum amount of grimy street light. Aisles and merchandise racks inhabited the floor, and the walls were filled with shelves of overpriced junk food. Of course there was also a large cooler peddling bad beer and worse wine. The pull-dates on the milk and fruit juice were pre-Columbian.

I started looking for what I had come to buy. My all-seeing eyes, though, were first caught by the latest issue of *Jugs* magazine, the popular monthly tome that covers the wide world of containers, naked women, leading-edge fiction, bare breasts, interviews with the rich, famous or merely intelligent, bare bottoms, issues of social and cultural import, and crotch shots. I am a man of literary bent, so I picked up a copy and started reading. I quickly perused a somewhat boring article on window washing. It was illustrated though with photos of actual professional window washers (who were also part-time nude models) tying ropes around their waists and securing themselves to buildings. They did this so they wouldn't fall while they washed windows and engaged in aerial sexual acrobatics. It was another example of possibly boring material being made more interesting through the use of good journalism. My gaze also lingered for a time on this month's centerfold. I still don't know where they find all those women with staples in their navels.

I didn't linger long but continued to the cooler. The white wine was cold but uninteresting. On the back wall, however, near the checkout counter, were jugs of the house red, Chateau Quiki. I took one and hoped it would meet with my love's approval. On the checkout counter there was a prominent sign suggesting to ask the clerk about prophylactics. I intended to, but first I bought my breath spray.

"Very good. Very good. Very good purchase, meester. Three dollar, pleeze." I paid up, put the wine and literature on the counter and, glancing around, made sure we weren't overheard.

I am not very comfortable speaking about my amorous practices in public, where I can be easily identified, dear diary. It is a subject best discussed

between consenting adults in the dark. But certain things must be done, embarrassing though they may be.

"The sign says to ask you about you-know-whats," I opened.

"Very good. Very good. Say what, meester?"

"You know, French sheaths."

"Very good. Very good. We have no French here, meester. No swearing either. What you want, meester?"

"You know . . . what's on the sign . . . prophys."

"Very good. Very good. Now I know what you want, meester. You want lubbers!" The turbaned clerk apparently had not yet mastered all of the sounds that comprise the English language. He was evidently learning said tongue by watching Monty Python reruns.

"Yes, yes. Very good. Very good. What kind lubbers you want, meester? Smooth or libbed? Peppermint or spearmint? Colored or plain?" On and on he went until I finally had bought a box of ribbed, colored, plaid, rough-cut, peppermint-flavored condoms—custom jobbies. I paid for everything and left feeling like a fool for having asked, and also feeling like people were laughing at me behind my back. But then I always feel that way after buying the necessities.

I paused for a moment outside, regaining my composure and preparing myself for the ride back to my Fawn. As I recalled her face, I began having second thoughts about the wisdom of my wine choice. Surely the woman who would be the mother of many of my children deserved something better than my usual ordinary *vin ordinaire*. Perhaps if I called Ajax Liquors, as I had first intended, they could deliver directly to the room.

Wonder of wonders, the pay phone was still working. I dialed 555-8039 (I still can hum the jingle) and ordered a bottle of champagne to be delivered to the Honeymoon Suite at the casino. They said it would be there before I arrived. Far out—I could ditch the Chateau Quiki. And that's just what I did because, on cue, as if in a movie or video game, the wino who had earlier mistaken me for a skirt lurched around the corner.

"Hi, my little pussy willow, do you have any spare change?" I stopped his recitation right there by giving him the gallon of glug. His eyesight seemed to return with the gift.

"Why thank you very much, my generous fellow," he intoned melodically. "I think I should repay you for this most liquid favor." He took a thick, cumbersome knife, which came from some dull landlocked European country, out of a pocket and handed it to me.

"Here. Take this. I drink no wine before its time, and I drink no wine that needs a corkscrew!" Then he was gone, another ship in the night that is Larry Laffer.

At that moment, the phone rang. I answered it, why not? I knew that voice at once—it was my unnamed paramour from the "sex survey," and she was in the mood to talk dirty. Everything I had told her she threw back at me with an indecent invitation to indelicate delight, but she hung up before she told me where to find her. She must have been sick, although I might like to meet her some day.

That reminded me of something else; I had neglected to place my "lubbers" in their traditional carrying case—my wallet. As I did so, carefully lining them up with the circular impression left by their predecessor, an old business card fell out. It turned out to be from some insignificant software company in California that had once offered me a job programming computer games. I turned them down, of course—Larry; Larry Laffer lives in the real world. Fantasy and games are for wimps.

But the phone number, (209) 683-6858 (or was it [209] 683-8989; isn't it strange how quickly we forget?), beckoned. Why not? A quick coin drop, a little dial tone, the sound of the phone ringing, then being picked up. With any luck, a cute chick would answer, and I could get a phone number—just in case I was ever in town and feeling in need of a little female company. All I got was a stupid recording from their marketing department. Strike three, I was out.

"Oh, well," I told myself, "You're a married man now."

I was. I had almost forgotten. Fawn was waiting and I was on some street corner daydreaming. Without any more delay, I hailed another taxi.

Another taxi, same driver, another fare. I don't understand how the \$18 ride from the casino to the Quiki Mart becomes, using the same route, a \$9 return ride from the Quiki to Tramp's. But, as I paid, I was aware the cabbie had truly taken me for a ride the previous time. So, I gave him a tip.

"Nixon will be back. Bet on it!"

Like cupid's arrow I sped straight and true to the Honeymoon Suite. The door was locked. So, I knocked. Knock. Knock.

"Who's there?"

"Larry!"

"Larry who?"

"Larry; Larry Laffer!"

"Larry; Larry Laffer who?" Suddenly, I realized that this routine was getting a little old.

"Your husband, that Larry; Larry Laffer who, my shapely bottle of virgin olive oil!" I spurted. "Let me in so you can let me in!"

The lock clicked. The door opened. I walked in, prepared to enter.

"Oh, sheath! I was hoping it was that cute courier from Ajax coming back for . . . I mean, with . . . more." This was the time I should have become suspicious, but my normally sharp mind had been dulled with passion. I rushed to the bed, but Fawn asked me to pour some wine first.

As I unscrewed the bottle top, prepared to do the exact opposite to Fawn, I had the faint recollection that I had ordered Champagne, and that bubbly seldom comes in screw-top bottles. It mattered not; I filled two glasses. Ignoring my attempt at a toast, Fawn downed hers and, with a delicate burp, asked for more. I complied at once, she knocked it back without pause, and looked at me with that look in her eye. The magic moment had arrived.

Dear diary, it should have been the consummate moment of my life. Instead . . .

How could I have been such a fool?

I kissed Fawn. Her response was not as warm or wet as I expected, so I moved onto the bed. She pulled away from my embrace and asked me to lie down.

"Larry; Larry Laffer, do I have a special treat for you. Close your eyes and get ready for a big surprise!"

Unresisting I fell back into the king-sized softness and shut my baby blues. I almost exploded at her first touch—her hand connecting with the still virgin polyester of my leisure suit. Such pleasure I had only dreamed of—often.

Her hands explored much of my trembling body as she undid my buttons, belt, and zippers.

"Ooooooooooooooh, baby," I spurted out. "Don't stop!"

She didn't. Fawn's hands did many of the things they were supposed to as she undressed me, and the resulting shocks jerked my body as if I were strapped to an electric chair. It quickly became clear that my partner was not unaware of the ways of men.

"Ooooooooooooooh, baby. Don't stop. Hurry, take it all off!" I opened my eyes, pleading for more pleasures. I noticed that Fawn was still fully dressed. I was still in socks and spandex jockey shorts.

"Larry; Larry Laffer," she cooed, "let me tie you up. I just love my men when they're helpless—if you know what I mean."

Kissing my sweaty forehead, her pointed perfumed bosoms jabbing into my eyes, Fawn reached across and tied my wrists to the bedposts. I screamed.

“Take me, take me, take me. Take all of me!” I was begging for release—so to speak.

“Just the wallet, Larry. Just the wallet. You forgot to pay me for the wine.” And after a sharp slap at a hard, easy target, Fawn left me tied there like a flag at half-mast on a hot, sticky, still day. I never saw it coming!

The honeymoon was over, and I had been plucked. Plucked good and proper. Plucked like a chicken and left trussed-up like a turkey. Fawn left, caressing my cold cash in her hot, dry hands—clucking to herself.

Dear diary, *you* know I am strong, clever, and resilient. *You* know I believe you can never keep a good man down. *You* knew I would bounce back. Didn't you?

It took some time, I must admit, for my blood pressure, pulse, breathing, hurt, disappointment, anger, shame, and extreme anxiety to return under my iron control. But they did, finally, and I took inventory of my situation (as best I could given the constraints of my position). I discovered the wino's red knife on the bed. My contortions as I used that knife to free myself were worthy of inclusion in any great adventure film.

Free at last, I came to realize that my deceiver had taken all the cash she could find, but nothing else. My rifled wallet lay discarded along with my clothing. After dressing, I checked it carefully. Yes! She had missed something, my mad money—the ten-spot that I always carried for emergencies. Alexander Hamilton never looked so good to me. Together, Al and I were going to renew my wad and get me back on my feet—so I could get back off my feet—if you know what I mean. (Good golly, Miss Molly, I'm beginning to write the way Fawn talks—if you know what I mean. I'd better watch myself.)

Fawn may have been toying with me when she left everything behind, but she had left me unfulfilled. In leaving me tied-up, she had left me unreleased. Revenge could wait; more than ever before, I needed a woman. And, as sure as the bear sits in the woods, I was going to get me one—soon.

I took the rope off of the bed and decided to carry it with me—a cautionary souvenir from the hitching post of life. Or something like that.

The casino's blackjack table was my first stop. I left the slots alone because the symbolism of sitting there yanking up and down on something was too much for my mind to bear. With luck and careful playing, I turned

that ten into twenty, then thirty, then fifty . . . all the way up to one hundred bucks. I left, looking for a little doe.

I hailed a cab in front, opened the door and got in. My overly familiar driver looked me up and down several times, then asked me how I was enjoying married life. I think it was in the way I said nothing that he knew something had gone amiss. He didn't need X-ray eyes to see that I had a broken heart.

“Hey, buddy, I know what it's like . . . sort of. If you need any advice, you came to the right place. I'll straighten you out! Trust me.”

I didn't.

“Take me back to Lefty's, 'buddy,' if you know what's good for you!” I can talk tough when I have to.

“Oh, please!” was all he replied. I wonder what he meant?

I forgot to tip him when I opened the door and got out at Lefty's. The fare was too high.

Lefty's was no more hygienic when I returned than when I had left. No matter, I was not there for a clean time. And I was not there to drink. I still had a remote control in my pocket and intended to use it. Then I intended to use something else. And this time I was prepared.

I walked over to the red door and knocked. Knock. Knock.

“Who's there?”

Larry; Larry Laffer was through playing games. I wasn't going to get suckered again.

“Ken sent me!” Again, tough, manly talk got results. The door opened and the pimp let me in. Without another word, he moved back in front of the flickering TV. The hard-core channel's annual report was still going strong, most likely for the third or fourth time. It seemed to have reached another climax, an explication of the repeated ups and downs of the prior fiscal year. The visual aids were most impressive.

With both the man's hands and intellectual capacity thus captured, I didn't even need the remote control after all. I just walked right past him and up the stairs. *Homo sapiens* had again superceded *homo erectus* on the evolutionary ladder.

The skinny hooker was still chewing gum on the well-used bed. She looked like some pimply-faced hyperbole waiting to be used in a bad sentence (like this one). She looked at me. I looked at her. I had seen a lot better. But, what the hay, no matter how humble . . .

This time I removed my own clothes, all of them. No help from anyone, thank you. Next, it was time to dress uncle Peter. I released the condom from its foil home and slipped it on; the fit was loose, but ample. Finally, wearing my custom-crafted ribbed, colored, plaid, rough-cut, peppermint-flavored protection, I got into bed with the now-naked nude wench. Her jaw had dropped and her mouth gaped open in awe; I reminded myself to avoid that particular orifice—it looked like it could bite through steel.

Her finger pointed at my custom-jobbie.

“What’s that?” she gasped.

“Just what you think it is my little forbidden fruit. Larry; Larry Laffer always covers his ass—or other appropriate part!”

It was a good point, and I drove it home. Repeatedly.

Now, dear diary, this stud is not totally ignorant of the ins and outs of the humped-back beast. I had fully intended to count down America’s top-40 positions all the way to number one. But the only thing good about my minutes of thrashing—atop, below, and beside the thoroughly mechanical hussy—was that I was able to discharge a little of the tension and frustration that had threatened to burst me since my unconsummated encounter with Fawn. There was a small physical release, yes indeed, but the experience lacked something. Something big, something special. A lot of something. I had expected the heavens filled with fireworks. Instead, I got a single firecracker that just laid there and banged.

It had been OK. Barely.

It was definitely not worth \$100.

We were finished well within the allotted 20-minute time limit. The woman just rolled over and lit a cigarette, more interested in it than talk. I gazed on her for a few moments, marveling at her ability to smoke and chew gum at the same time. If she had only shown such creativity with me I would have been feeling much more relieved.

To break the silence I tried to talk to her, and asked if it had been better for her than for me.

“What?” she answered.

As it was, like an itch that has been scratched only once, Larry Laffer needed to be scratched again. And that reminded me of Faith. And that reminded me of those pills on the window ledge outside—if they truly were Spanish Fly, they might be my way to the sultry security guard’s heart. And other locations.

I dressed quickly, then realized I had neglected to remove the condom. I turned my back to the hooker and did so; I felt quite stupid and didn’t want the woman’s scorn. I had had from her what I wanted and cared for nothing else. Without even a considerate, “It was a business doing pleasure with you,” I opened the window and climbed out onto the fire escape.

Being a word junkie, dear diary, allows one to fill their head with all sorts of strange and curious information which can come in handy when you least expect it. Seldom does one’s survival or happiness depend upon, for example, knowledge that Kolyma is a Siberian river, Gondar once was the capital of Ethiopia, or that the condom takes its name from an 18th-century English doctor by the name of Dr. Condom who is said to be its inventor. The article in *Jugs* magazine on window washers had stuck in my spongelike brain alongside some other fragment of forgotten lore. Which one? I’ve forgotten.

Those aerial professionals prevented themselves from falling by securing themselves with ropes. Using the rope that Fawn had so politely left me, perhaps I might be able to reach the tantalizing container.

I looked around and tested the strength of the fire escape. The end near the window seemed much more secure than the end I had fallen from. I tied one end of the rope to the fire escape and then tied the other to myself; it was a much more satisfactory use of the hemp than Fawn’s approach. I leaned out toward the far window and reached to get the pills, the rope supporting my weight. My hand hit glass—the window was closed. Drat!

Ah, but this Larry Laffer is more clever than any unwashed window. I was still carrying Lefty’s hammer, so, like Thor himself, I used it on the offending pane. Bash! Smash! Crash! It worked; Lefty’s discarded hammer and repetitive alliteration, along with the patented Larry Laffer brain, had triumphed once more. I reached out again and simply took the vial, and then climbed back. Most of the printing on the label had faded, but there was enough left to confirm my guess. It was the legendary Spanish Fly, and it was mine. Now to see if it would entice pistol-packin’ Faith into my fly trap.

I untied the rope from around my body and attempted to climb back into the hooker’s room. She had closed and locked the window after I had climbed out, however. I decided not to smash my way back for fear of alerting her TV-addicted protector of both my presence and my free ride. Instead, I exited the fire escape the same way as I had before—straight down into the garbage. What the hay, I had a fresh tube of breath spray. A few quick squirts, a shake

or two of my fine-tuned bod, and I was as good as new. I walked back to the cab stand in front of the bar and hailed a ride.

I opened the door to that same cab for the umpteenth time, and told the driver, whose name I never learned (nor want to), to return me to the casino. This time, he merely complimented me on my leisure suit and the quality of my cologne. He asked what brand I was wearing, and I answered truthfully that I was wearing none. He sniffed a time or two.

"Not cologne? Perhaps it's toilet water."

For the last time, last night, he got no tip.

It does seem a little unreal now, sitting here watching the sun set on the Strip, and watching the strippers go about their business from above, the way when I rode the elevator up to my final fulfillment, humming along to "Yummy, yummy, yummy, I've got love in my tummy," that my goal at the time was a serious renewal of Faith and an intended closer contemplation of Hope and Charity. Little did I know that I would be sitting here now writing such long sentences, and waiting for the return of a woman whose existence I didn't even suspect at the time. Life does have its little surprises, doesn't it?

The lovely Faith was still at her appointed post as I stepped off of the elevator. She was stilled armed. I looked at her with my usual critical eye and again, found her most excellent. I would have stared longer but knew I'd get nowhere without talking to her again.

"Hi there, big mama, remember me? I'm Larry; Larry Laffer."

"Why, hi there, Larry. Is that a Swiss army knife in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me again?"

"Say, Faith, how about you and me getting off somewhere so I can see those fine 45s of yours up close and personal?"

Once again she rejected my most generous offer.

"I just can't be unfaithful to my boyfriend, Larry. You understand, don't you?" I didn't.

"Maybe this might change your mind. It's Spanish Fly." I gave the container of pills to Faith. Her eyes opened wide as she took my offering.

"Spanish Fly! I just love the stuff." Faith couldn't wait to get at the little pellets. She ripped the lid off and swallowed them all in one great gulp.

"I can never get enough Spanish Fly, Larry." Already she was panting. "It's my second favorite thing in the whole, wide world . . ." I was sure what the first was.

". . . next to making love!"

I knew it. My time had surely come. Then it went.

"Making love with my boyfriend is my favorite thing in the whole, wide world! Oh, thank you, Larry. Thank you! I've got to get out of here and find him before this fabulous stuff wears off. Bye, Larry. And thanks, again!"

Faith disappeared down the employee stairs. I have never seen a woman sprint so fast while wearing high heels.

I, of course, was devastated. My passions, unfulfilled at Lefty's, had been rekindled mightily by Faith. I must do something soon—but, what?

I saw a single button on Faith's desk, unnoticed until now. This was what she must have been guarding. I pressed it and the wide, brass doors across from the desk slid open. The private elevator to the Tramp's Palace penthouse was waiting for a passenger. It might as well be me. I had been shot down and hung out to dry. The only thing I had left to lose was the very thing I wanted to lose. Things could only get better.

The private elevator had no music, but the ride was short. It deposited me, not on another floor of exclusive apartments, but in the living area of a single fabulous one. I felt as if I had stepped into a set from a prime-time soap opera, or the home of this week's profile on "Lifestyles." Joan Collins or her sister Judy would be immediately at home in a place such as this, as would J.R. Ewing and his brother Patrick, Ken and Barbi, Jim and Tami, or Batman and Robin. It's that kind of a place. The skin of a dead bear contrasted nicely to the blue wall-to-wall carpet that was thick enough to need mowing. The art on the walls sported no black velvet nor munchkins with eyes too big for their bodies. No, the art is framed. Two of the walls were glass with sliding doors. I suspected they looked down on this city of night, but I decided to continue my sightseeing indoors first. No one seemed to be about.

The one bedroom was around the corner to my right as I got off the elevator. It was both massive and inviting, even though several zebras had been sacrificed in order to cover it. In the bedroom closet I found a most exotic thing. It appeared to be a life-sized inflatable doll, and, unlike myself, currently flaccid.

I am a curious fellow. I just couldn't resist inflating the toy to see what it looked like in its fullness. What it looked like was inviting.

Dear, dear diary. What can I say? A man has his needs, and I had been frustrated too, too, often the previous hours.

The doll inflated into a replica of a full-sized, full-featured woman. All the necessary parts had been crafted in anatomically correct detail. Like my hooker, the doll didn't do much of her own volition but, on the other hand,



The worst kind of letdown.

it smelled better and had a more fully developed personality. What more is there to tell? Having lost Faith, I succumbed to temptation.

I don't know how long the doll had been kept in the closet, but I hope it is still under warranty. I tried to take pleasure from my pliant plastic partner, doing the things normal men do to normal women. In my desperation, I galloped faster and faster, racing to reach the sharp peak of completion. I was either too fast, or the peak too sharp because, with the sound of a horse breaking wind, the toy punctured. Using the same scientific principle as jet propulsion, it went flying out of my grasp and out of the room, leaving me, yet again, unsatisfied.

"Aarrgh!" I screamed, and rushed after it. I knew one of the glass doors to the outside was open and I wanted to retrieve the defective doll before it soared totally away. That way I could put it back in the closet with no one the wiser. Imagine my surprise when, at the end of the futile chase, as I watched it sputter down toward to streets below—I found that I wasn't alone.

She was sitting alone by herself in the farthest corner of the penthouse's terrace. She was stunning, radiant with the beauty that only young, tanned, naked, physically fit, rich women with beauty marks on the high, soft insides of their thighs, long flowing hair, and sitting in hot tubs possess. And, instead of being either shocked or outraged at my intruding uninvited into her home, she was smiling at me. It was the clear, pure, innocent smile of someone looking upon her lover for the first time.

"Hi, handsome." She said those words as if she had been waiting for me all of her life.

"I've been waiting for you all of my life. What took you so long?"

I had finally met my match. Larry; Larry Laffer, the man who doesn't always fall in love at first sight, fell in love at first sight for the first time last night. (Well, actually it was the second time if you count Fawn. But, I won't.) It was real. It was really real and it was really happening to me. The soft light of the nearly full moon backlit her form with the dramatic power of a 12-part mini-series. Next to her, an abandoned bikini lay on a bath towel of purest white. The name "Eve" was embroidered on it.

Momentarily, I was at a loss for words. Momentarily.

"Uh, Hi, Eve. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?" I had to give her my best shot.

"AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY."

“Say, Larry, is that a large, red delicious apple in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me? Why don’t you just slip out of that fine leisure suit and jump into the water with me. That way we can get to know each other *much* better.”

There are times for honied words, dear diary, and there are times for action. I wasted no words, undressed, and eased into the hot, sensuous water. Ooooh!

I looked at Eve; not believing my eyes, not believing my luck. There I was sitting thigh to thigh and eye to eye with the woman of my dreams. And to that woman, that Eve, I was the apple of her eye.

I took the apple I had bought from the man in the barrel, oh those many lifetimes ago, and gave it to my Eve. It was a most apt love offering. She smiled the kind of smile at me that could mean only one thing. Then she took a slow bite of my apple, chewed it with feeling, and ran her tongue back over her lips in a way that could only mean the same thing.

Eve stood up. With the heat from the water creating a cocoon of steam around her, she took my hand and led me from the tub. I stood up. We looked on each other fully for the first time.

It was very evident that I was very glad to see her.

Hand in hand, we went to her bedroom.

This time I got all the fireworks.

And I found it good.

Very good.

3

The First Time

Dear Larry,

The famous pure white virgin polyester leisure suit is as much a part of you as the G-string on an exotic dancer. You’d be naked without it. How did you go from being an ordinary Larry Laffer kind of guy to becoming Leisure Suit Larry? Can you let me know about your first time wearing the splendid threads? How about your first kiss? Your first “time,” if you dig what I’m hinting at?

Sonny, Sculltown, N.J.

Dear Sonny,

December 16, 1977 is a day that will forever burn with pleasure in this fine, fine Larry Laffer mind. For many people it was just another day on the way to their next hoagie. For others, it was a day marked by birth, death, or terminal ring-around-the collar. For me . . .

The time—the 7:30 show.

The place—The Village movie theatre in Westwood, California.

The occasion—It was the opening night of a new film, one that I knew nothing about other than the fact that it was showing at the Village. Westwood is the home of UCLA, and UCLA is the home of some of the sweetest college coeds ever to grace the pages of PlayBoob’s “Babes of the Pac 10” issue.

I was still living at home with my mother, continually unlucky in love, and just beginning to begin my own software company. Times were unsettled for me then—no girlfriend (as usual) or paycheck, Mom on the road with her reggae band most of the time, and less personal self-esteem than a bad Jill Clayburgh movie. I was eating poorly, subsisting on little more than organic salads, sushi, and California cuisine.

My only pleasures in life were listening to my Barry Manilow records, going to the movies in Westwood so that I could scope out the college chicks, and maybe getting a sniff or two of them as they jiggled by. My personal hygiene was marginal; my wardrobe was Hush Puppies, pocket protectors, and short-sleeve dress shirts; and I didn't believe in basic breath spray. Other than my work, life had little meaning for me. I was on the fast-track to wasted youth and self-destruction.

The film, of course, was *Saturday Night Fever*, starring the then obscure John Travolta. The music was by the immortal Bee Gees. The experience changed my life.

For the entire movie, from the throbbing opening bars of "Stayin' Alive" with its toe-tapping, butt-bopping, life-restoring beat, to its triumphant ending with its toe-tapping, butt-bopping, life-affirming message, my attention was fixed on a view of life and reality that I never knew existed.

Cool dudes and hot women. Guys and gals doing things to each other that I had never seriously considered, nor thought physically possible. The threads, the doos, the music, the moves, the dances—the sheer jungle passion of it all!

By the time I stood and screamed aloud, cheering and huzzahing to the closing credits, I knew that the great mystery that is life had meaning. I knew there was hope for all men, no matter how menial or loathsome they might be. I knew there was even hope for me. And how did I know? *Not once during the entire film did I look at any of the sexy UCLA ex-prom queens and cheerleaders.* Not once!

In my vast excitement, I know I broke into a hot sweat. Even as the coeds on either side of me gave nasty stares, held their noses, and moved farther away, I cared not. Sitting there, alone by myself in the middle of the crowded movie house, watching the vision of disco heaven flicker by in a second showing, I was born again. As the theatre staff began sweeping-up for the night, I still sat in the vacant aisles assimilating the revelation. The earth moved for me that night, and the heavens opened, and that big finger pointed

at me from out of a cloud and advised, "See what you've been missing, dork!" The theatre attendants just told me to get out.

I came back the next afternoon and sat through all four shows, and repeated the process for a week. In the heated nights between my movie marathons, I lay in my empty bed and beat on myself.

No, I didn't do *that*. No, I had met the enemy, and discovered that it was me, myself, and I—as traitorous a trio as ever existed. I struggled and fought with myself, beat my head, and rent my sad garments with my poorly bitten fingernails. For seven days and seven nights I wrestled with a golem made not of clay, but of the blindness of my perception, the thickness of my tongue, the tangles of my words, and the dull falsehoods and miscomprehensions of my untuned mind. When my ordeal was finally over, I swaggered out of the desert that was the old Larry Laffer, and emerged into the neon and fluorescent light of the real and modern world.

What I learned, and the philosophies I developed, during that most pivotal week in the life that is Larry Laffer, is what still guides me through this world and its wonderful women. I sometimes think of them as:

Larry Laffer's Ten Commandments of Love

1. I am Larry; Larry Laffer. Am I not a man? I have a quick, sharp, and keen mind; one so keen, sharp, and quick that I have been able to patent it. I know how to use it, and do.
2. The world is full of foxy females and women, and they are looking for men; real men—men like Larry Laffer. Like fleas on the sexy cat that is me, if I can't scratch the itch that is the woman I am interested in, fine. There is always another to take its place.
3. The best kind of women are rich women—especially rich women between the age of legal consent and death.
4. The sexiest kind of women are those whose first names end in the letter "i"—like Mari, Marti, Tawni, Charli, Cherri, Bambi, or Debbi.
5. Know how to dress, what kind of breath spray to use, and how to dance to the disco beat of life. Know that women love that stuff.

6. Know what women like, what women love, and what women desire. I do, and I fit all the categories.
7. Know the sweet words of love, and the tempting, clever words of the provocative come-on. I do, and they slide easily off of my tongue like mountain oysters from a well-greased griddle.
8. Never mess around with married women—unless there are no other women available. Even then, watch out for their husbands.
9. If one cannot be with the one one loves, it's OK for one to love the one one's with. As long as one doesn't get caught.
10. The night time is my time—Larry time—and every night is party night.

Words to live by, they are. But I also learned that when one does the stroll through life holding sweaty hands with love—or some reasonable facsimile—it is advisable to have greenbacks in the other fist. So, I also learned:

Larry Laffer's Three Great Truths About Money

1. Money may not be everything, but it'll do.
2. Money may not buy you women, and it may not buy you love. But then again, it might.
3. Having money is almost always better than not having it.

In my week of monumental struggles, and 30 viewings of *Saturday Night Fever*, I discovered who I really was, how things really worked, and how to get what I wanted. I discovered a Larry Laffer too strong for weaker minds, gentle constitutions, and tender stomachs. The world hasn't been the same place since, and neither have I.

Like a babe, I came naked into this new and wonderful world. I was not a pretty sight, and meant to do something about it—and quickly. My resolve was firm, but my body wasn't. My wardrobe was in worse shape. Therefore, I decided on a multipronged plan to prepare myself for my full frontal assault on the female race.

Money was of no concern, of course. First, I took advantage of a free, no-obligation, two-week trial membership in the La Brea Fitness Factory,

Spa and Tar Pits. Every day during those no-cost weeks, I staggered out of my bed at the crack of noon and worked out. Fortunately, the exercise bicycle was of the stationary variety, so I didn't fall off too often as I learned to ride it. My body also learned how to sweat, and after the first week, the allergic reaction went away. I pumped iron, endured belly crunches, strapped myself to diabolical machinery, grunted, groaned, and learned how to breathe and watch television at the same time.

The club had TVs installed in the exercise rooms, so that people might be entertained as they endured their endless repetitions. It was there that I first became hooked on "Lays of Our Dives" and other steamy afternoon dramas. As I watched, sweating, I mentally took significant notes about all kinds of the necessary things which I had neglected over the years: good lines to use on women; snappy, sexy small-talk; the proper use of hands; the smoldering glance; the proper number of shirt buttons to leave unfastened; the proper number of gold chains to wear; how to spot a poorly fitted chest toupee; and how to unfasten a woman's bra without being able to see what you're doing. And, I committed all the enticing dialogue to memory.

Exercise and lessons complete, I would cool off in the sauna and soak in the spa. In the locker room, I paid close attention to the secret, manly ways that men have between themselves. I listened to the virile talk and studly repartee that bantered between lockers. I received quick, sharp lessons in snapping damp towels at masculine buttocks, the proper way to wear an athletic supporter, colorful names for both male and female genitalia, and just what to do after getting naked, or partly naked, with someone of the opposite sex. I discovered that in the great slam dunk contest that's masculine life, my hang time might not be too good, but my sharp mind and honeyed tongue might score me a few style points. And scoring is what it's all about.

Each day I would emerge into the late afternoon smog a better and more complete man than the one who had started the day.

My main meal of the day came next, and it was as radical a change in my life as exercise. *Saturday Night Fever* had enlightened me to the proper diet for swingers and studs. I learned the four main food groups; pizza, ice cream, Ding Dongs, and breath spray. Later I added burritos to that list of essentials. I learned to boil water, manipulate a can opener, program microwave ovens, and the proper way to remove shrink wrap. Between diet and exercise, my skin began to glow with health.

Mom, however, remained cynical about my efforts. She said that the sheen was from too much grease in my food. I let the remark pass, and the next day

she left to go on tour again. My mother may have been the "Great White Hope of Reggae" to millions, but I'll always think of her as just someone who wouldn't clean up after me.

Night time brought no stop in my fast lane to becoming the new Larry Laffer. After nourishing my body, I would spend an hour honing my mind by playing along with one or two stimulating TV game shows. Often I would have the answers before they were supered on the screen, and occasionally I would score better than that night's winner. And I got even better. I have often felt that I could have made a lucrative career out of being a professional game show contestant, but it didn't occur to me at that time. My mind then was on women, disco, and scoring—not necessarily in that order.

Body fed and mind tuned, each night I would saunter my way down to the Disco Inferno School of Utterly Cool Dancing. Along the way I would hum snatches of the great *Saturday Night Fever* songs, and practice a toe-tapping, butt-bopping strut. I knew I was no Travolta, but I also knew that at one point, John wasn't either. And he, surely, was no Larry Laffer—but I wasn't yet, either.

For two hours, I would sweat again, learning the latest steps, and how to put one foot in front of the other in incredibly complex 2/4 rhythms, and 4/4 time. The class was given up-to-the-moment pointers in pointing dramatically to the sky, how to dip a hip or bend a knee *just so*, significant thumb extensions, the sexy 180-degree turn, the suave 360-degree spin, the "Your face almost ends up in your partner's crotch" slide, and tips on how to keep your chains from tangling up when you pose. Combined with secret inside information on that week's hottest disco ditties, coolest clubs, and naughtiest night-life, I crash-coursed my way into the utterly here-and-now, there and then.

On the way back home, the tunes and steps still replaying in my head, I might stop and reward myself with a small nightcap. The whiskey sour—sweet enough to cover the taste of alcohol, and cool enough to quench my disco-driven fires—became my libation of choice. In honor of James Bond—whose adventures I would read as my last lessons on love before I slept—I insisted that the drink be shaken, not stirred.

Yes, my days were hard and full then, the same as I wanted myself to be. Through hard work, dedication, a fine mind, and some not-so-considerable talent, I won through all obstacles and declared myself graduated from the school of hard knocks, and into the world of somewhat softer knockers.

After two weeks, my membership to the health club expired. Satisfied with my progress, it was obvious to me that I no longer needed the facilities. My body had toned enough that my money would be better spent on high fashion. I had learned all there was to know about the games of love; and it was time for the new Larry Laffer to debut. New duds were of the highest necessity.

In many ways, other than the actual parting with my money, this was the easiest part in my metamorphosis from worm to the most attractive of butterflies. It was obvious what I needed to purchase—a three-piece, bell-bottomed leisure suit of classic virginal white coloration, in the finest of polyester fabrics—the same outfit that Travolta and the other hip actors wore in *Saturday Night Fever*. To it I would add a black wide-collared shirt (also hi-grade petroleum by-product), a few simulated gold chains of various lengths, a pinkie ring in the design of a horseshoe and, as a jet-setting splurge, a pair of immaculate blue suede shoes—my boogie shoes. Indeed, I bought two of each item; some heavy hoofing and heavier breathing was afoot. I was planning to make up for a lost lifetime of lost time.

Three weeks was all it took from that fateful night in a Westwood movie house; one week of emotional trauma and psychological reevaluation, and then two weeks of basic training—physical, sociological, dietary, and terpsichorean. I ended up with better clothes, a better body, better breath, and a better vocabulary. And, I knew how to dance in the most awesome manner.

On the other hand, it took another three weeks for me to gather up the courage to actually enter that trendiest of LA clubs, *B.G.'s Jive Talkin' Disco Heaven and Meat Market*. I had never actually been with a woman before, and while I knew all the rites and all the right moves, the proof of the sweet pudding is in its practice. I had been a shy guy all my life, and those first monumental steps through the \$5 cover charge door were difficult. Like a young woman staring at a hot-fudge sundae, deciding whether to break her cherry or leave it intact while she consumed it and the rest of the confection, I worried if I had the resolve to ask a woman to dance, and with me.

Every night for three weeks I stood in front of that club, dressed in my finest, watching women walk in alone, or with girlfriends, and emerge minutes or hours later with some jive guy with unsavory intentions. And, they seemed to be liking what they were intending to do.

It was on a Friday night, and I was standing in my accustomed spot blocking the doorway, when I was suddenly jostled violently from behind by a car door opening splat into my leisure-suited backside. The force of the

blow was strong enough to propel me reeling past the bouncer in front of *B.G.'s, etc.*, and straight through the doors I had been timidly staring at again. So hard had I been hit that there was no time for the club to collect my cover charge. My momentum carried me through several innocent patrons and their drinks and into the waist-high brass rail that surrounded the dance floor. As I tried to catch myself on the rail, I lost my footing and somersaulted up and over into the air. I flung one arm straight out, and the other to the sky in an attempt to maintain my balance while in flight. Screaming, "Yo, Mama!" in my surprise, I landed feet-first, continued downward, and ended up in a full split, in full finger-pointing splendor, just as the last groovy chord of the disco version of "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" crashed to a close.

Larry Laffer received the first standing ovation of his life.

It was an entrance just too cool for words. And I was too cool to pretend that I hadn't planned it that way. I held the pose for a few tumultuous seconds, ignored the pain, caught my breath, and prayed that I wouldn't sound like a soprano when I got up. I was still spread when I met Maryy.

As I prepared to arise from my world-class pose on the disco floor, a raven-haired beauty burst through the crowd. Between the artificial machine fog, and the visual *rat-a-tit-a-tat* of the colored strobe lights, I was sure I was staring at an approaching angel. One with a-few-too-many on her breath, but an angel nonetheless.

One of the troubles with having a-few-too-many is that you sometimes take a-few-too-many steps. The inebriated angel stumbled, landed cleanly, and slid her most notable body knees-first into my most precious possession. We rolled once and ended up with me laid out flat and lengthwise on top of her body, and her lips plastered to mine.

Be it ever so humble, it was my first kiss. Despite her night of drinking too many rums and garlic, her kiss affected me like nothing else ever had in my life. My cheeks burned, my lips seared, and then stuck to hers from the hot pressure. Her low-cut chest pressed into the unbuttoned flesh of my upper body. Her tongue pushed into my mouth and then started to probe at my most sensitive lips in the effort to unglue them from hers.

But it was Larry Laffer that became unglued. To my most vast pleasure and embarrassing surprise, the hurt in my tender spot stopped hurting and started feeling good—very, very good. Too good. As the woman moved her body around in her efforts to get me off, she moved one time too many. Our lips unstuck, and I exploded upward in disbelief and warm astonishment.

I got off quickly, and then helped her to her feet, hoping that my embarrassment didn't show.

"Uh, duh, uh, sorry about that. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I think I love you. What's your sign?"

"WET LAUNDRY," was her most acute reply.

"So what's your name, my sweet little one-humped camel?"

"Maryy South Philly!"

I gasped!

While I had been wasting my youth away as a boy in Philadelphia, there were two daytime TV shows that I watched every day. "The Mickey Mouse Club," of course, was one. How could any red-blooded boy of the era, even one as emotionally deprived as I was, not drool over the sight of Annette Funicello, Karen, Darlene, and the rest of the California cuties in the Club. Especially, Annette. I may not have known what puberty was until after I had passed it, but I knew that Annette was *two* good to be true—if you get my meaning.

In the hour before Annette, there came "American Bandstand," with the fabulously frosty Dick Clark. It is a little known fact that that longest running of all TV shows was a local program back then with the plain name of "Bandstand." Each day, all the coolest kids in Philly would stand in line for a chance to sit in the studio bleachers and dance on TV. Each day the big Dick would have the show's regulars line up, and he'd hold roll call. One by one, the regs would strut to the microphone and give their names and where they were from. Sometimes, they'd even mention their schools—if they chose to attend one.

Now there are only two utterly hip Bandstand regulars who withstood the tests of time and became national mega-stars. One was my boyhood friend, and the only person who I allowed to copy my test answers at St. Barnaby's school for Wayward Boys. His name was Kenny Rossi, and Travolta may have learned his best moves from him.

The other was the beautiful and legendary Mary, South Philly. With a big bow in her beehive hairdo, and a bigger wad of gum in her most inviting mouth, she was the decade's only true competition to Annette. When Bandstand went national and moved to LaLa Land, the sex-siren of the streets went with it. I had always thought her name was Mary something-or-other, and that she was from South Philly. I, and everyone else, had been wrong.

Maryy assured me that, yes, her name was Maryy, but she came from Camden, and that her name really was Maryy South Phillyy, and that it was

with two Ys in Maryy and Phillyy.

"Do you come here often?" she asked with a giggle. Her words were slurring together, and she started to gag.

I blushed, speechless. My mind and body were both throbbing with desire, and all my patented Larry Laffer mind could come up with were limp replies. On my first time out as a swinging single stud, I had met a beautiful and foxy TV star, found out that she was a fantasy from my youth, and had swept her off her feet. She had given me my first kiss—and hadn't stopped there. In a night full of first times, she had first timed me the legendary first time, and first timed me good and proper.

I looked deep into her eyes, a man at last. Gently, I took her shoulders in my experienced Larry Laffer hands, and bent to kiss her a true Larry Laffer kiss. Our lips touched, and as they did I could see her eyes glaze and soften. I was sure it was with passion.

That's when she barfed.

Maryy South Phillyy. Maryy. Maryy—with two Ys.

Maryy South Phillyy, had first timed me yet again.

Maryy South Phillyy; the reason why I lost my taste for women whose names end in the letter Y.

I hope that answers your question, Sonny.

Studly yours,

Larry Laffer

4

Looking for Love in Several Wrong Places

June 12

On the waterfront

Dear Diary,

If I weren't such a positive, up-beat kind of guy, the type of fellow who lets life's little misfortunes roll off of his back like soy sauce off of a greasy egg roll, then I wouldn't be me. I wouldn't be that hang-loose, hang ten, tough and tender Larry Laffer—the man who can think straight, shoot quick, and still look the gift horse in the eye without flinching. No! I am me, and I am who I am. I'm a man, yes I am, yes I am. I've got to be me, and I'll do it my way.

I could be depressed right now. Indeed, I was for several moments earlier today. But, what the hay, women are like taxis at the airport; there's always another waiting in line, and it's always looking for a ride.

Love, though, is another matter. Love is not like a Ginsu knife. Love does not cut through practically anything and come with a lifetime money-back guarantee. Love is like a used car with a 10-day warranty. Don't expect it to last long, expect it to break, and don't expect to be able to fix it when it does.

But, I'm not bitter.

Eve, sweet, rich Eve, is now the former love of my life. The woman who wooed me with her charms, and then delivered on the promise; the desert rose herself, has pricked me deep. I am a man, do I not bleed blood? When I met

her, I thought a new day had dawned on my existence. What I got instead was an Eve of destruction—and a one-night stand.

But, I digress.

No, I ramble.

I'm writing these words sitting in my modest stateroom on the legendary Love Tub. I am about to set sail for a fabulous month-long cruise with bachelorette Barbara Bimbo. I have a wad (of cash) in my pocket and a mighty longing for new pleasures of the female persuasion. I also think that someone might be following me, but I could be wrong. No matter, I shall act as if it is true, and consider the possibility of danger as spice to the onion dip of life. Larry Laffer is on his own again—a free agent. And Larry; Larry Laffer can take care of himself.

What went wrong? What could ever have induced my Eve to deny me entrance to both her home and her remarkable embrace? Could it have been another man, a more muscular hunk or one with superior intellect? Hardly likely.

I suspect it's my hair. Even though most women find bald men sexy, my high browline and anterior bald spot must have kept me from being totally perfect in Eve's eyes. She did tell me that she wished I had been better endowed.

It must have been the hair.

Or, it could have been something she ate. Eve does not share my fondness for frozen pizza and gourmet microwave burritos for breakfast. It's no matter, it's over and done with. Eve is history and I'm tomorrow's news.

Here's what happened. I got back to L.A. last night after almost 24 hours of world-class dalliance in Lost Wages with the woman of my dreams. Eve. Beautiful, rich, glorious, desirable and *willing* Eve. Eve—whose last name I learned so quickly that it slipped my fine mind before I had a chance to remember it. Eve—who welcomed my aching desires, and was awed by my performance.

"You're a real piece of work, Larry" was her loving review of me. Nestled in her embrace, I asked, "Why me? Why make me the luckiest man in the world, and your lover. Although few compare to me, you could have any man—richer, more famous, or even employed. Why pick me?"

"There was nothing better to do, Larry."

True, true words and high praise she gave me. Few men are better to do than Larry Laffer, and I must admit that I am a real piece. I cannot be falsely humble.

"Then you showed up and gave me an apple. You satisfied my hunger, and filled my . . . time. And I so hate sleeping alone!"

I added up her words, and was sure that I was counting to forever.

I only got to seven—as in 7 PM. That's when she returned to her penthouse and discovered me waiting for her in the hot tub.

"Oh, you're still here."

"Yes, I am, my Grand Canyon of delights. Join me in this watery wonderland."

"I've got more important things to do. There's a medium-sized soviet republic that would like me to buy them, and I think it might make a good investment. I must be off in moments to meet with them in Los Angeles. I'll be staying at my home there, and will be checking out of this place shortly. It's time to go."

My heart both sank and soared. She would be leaving me, but only for L.A. I decided not to tell her that I was from there. No, I decided to surprise her. She scrawled an address and phone number almost illegibly on a piece of used tissue she took from her purse.

"Look me up some time if you ever get to LaLa Land," she invited between rips in the paper. "Who knows, maybe I'll be desperate by then."

Could any man have more cause to rejoice, dear diary? She had invited me to join her in her home, and told me she would be desperately waiting when I got there!

I left when Eve did and rushed to make my flight home. She didn't kiss me good-bye for fear of ruining her make-up. I understood—a business woman must always look her best, and I knew that if I kissed her, she might be unable to control herself. Having checked out of Tramp's Palace, there would have been no place to quickly quench such passions.

So, I returned home last night, packed my things, and had a restless night's sleep. Never again will I be comfortable sleeping alone. Visions of Eve, and what we had done, gushed through my dreams. With the dawn, I rushed from my pad, suitcases in hand. Several busses later, I was at the address listed on Eve's card. The door in through her garage was unlocked, so I went inside and made myself at home.

I won't describe the place—I wasn't there long enough—but it was not shabby. There were no burritos in the fridge, true enough, but I suspected Eve's money was good, and that situation could be rectified when she returned home. I expected she would be really surprised to find her lover boy waiting.

She was. I had decided that since I was going to be living there, what the hay, I might as well learn to do something around the place. There was a lawn mower in the garage, and since Eve's lawn was small and the grass short, I figured that I might as well learn to use the tool. Thus, I was outside when she suddenly drove up a few minutes later.

"Surprise!" I shouted.

"Who are you, meat head? And what are you doing with my lawn mower?"

"Eve, it's me, Larry; Larry Laffer—the love of your life. Don't you remember? The other night in Lost Wages, the hot tub and the hot time? I'm here! Are you desperate yet? I sure am."

That's when my world collapsed, dear diary, like a frozen soufflé left too long in the toaster oven of life.

"Not you! You have five minutes, or less, to get away from here and out of my sight, and my insulted memory, forever, you unendowed idiot. Then, I call the cops."

"But, Eve, you can't be serious. I've moved all my stuff into the house. I thought we were going to be together forever?"

"What do you mean you've moved in? Sic 'em, Brutus!"

Eve has a big dog. And a short fuse.

I had just come back to Eve's home after being chased by her dog. It had decided, after it had caught me, that my leg was a fair substitute for a fire hydrant. I had set back after it intending to win revenge, Eve's heart, and the package it came in. I didn't get either. And I didn't even get the dog—it got me again, and moistened my nifty blue suede shoes to go with my pants leg. Eeech!

Eve's front door was locked. The windows were locked. I banged on both and got no answer. Chagrined and frustrated, I was ready to bang on Eve.

"Eve, Eve," I cried. "I'm locked out without a key, and you, and my stuff, are inside. Let me in!"

No answer.

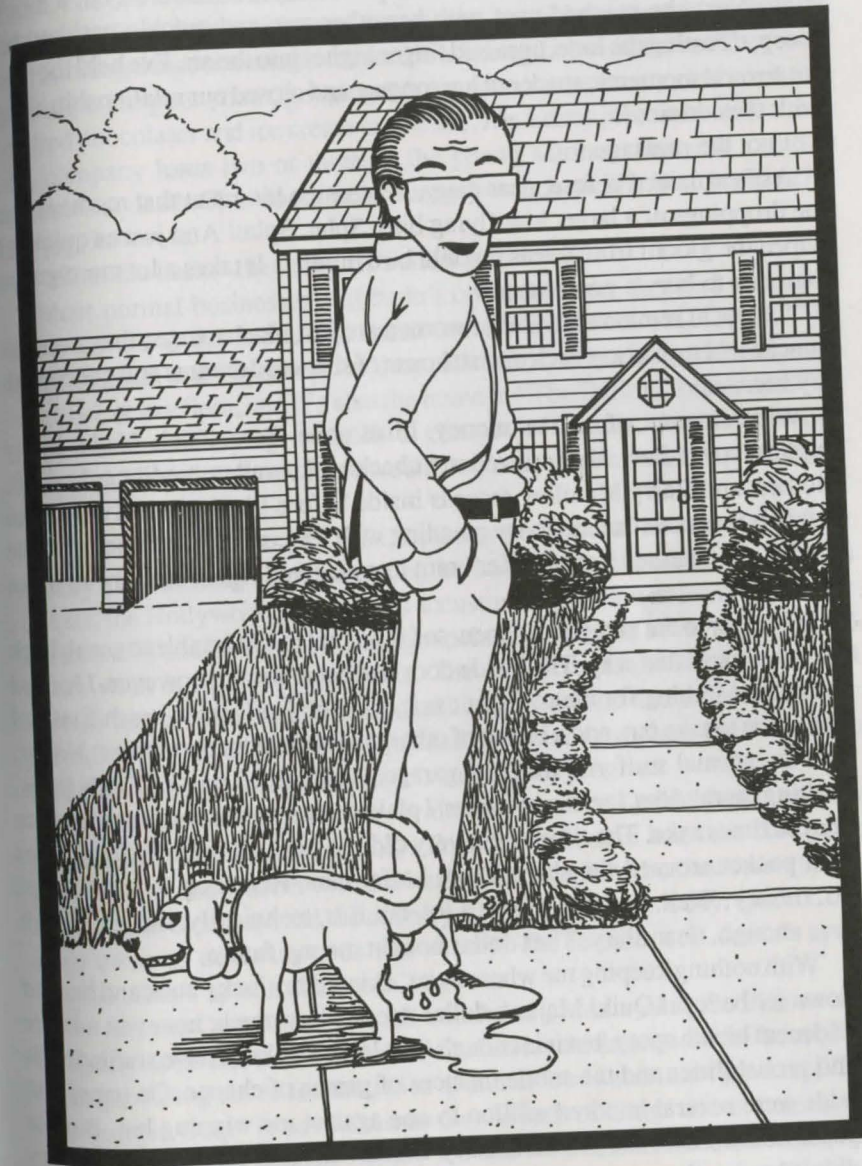
I knocked on the door. Knock. Knock.

Still no answer.

Knock. Knock. Still nothing.

"Eve, it's me, your own sweet Larry; Larry Laffer. Let me in!"

My former ex-previous lover's form appeared briefly in the window above—the bedroom window. She held up her hand as if to wave me a "Hi, lover boy. How could I have ever forgotten such as you? Forgive me, please,



Welcome to the neighborhood.

I'll be right there!" wave. Thus I watched in shock as Eve turned the back of her perfect hand to me and slowly, dramatically, retracted all but a single digit. Next she reached over with her other arm and quickly grabbed her bicep, thrusting the lone, upraised finger higher into the air. Eve held the pose for several moments, stuck out her tongue, and closed our relationship along with the curtains.

I got the message.

As I explained before, dear diary, depression hit me at that moment like the droppings of a large, low-flying bird. Splat, Splat! And just as quickly I wiped the gloom from me as I would bird diddley. It takes a lot more guano than that to bury a good man.

"Larry," I reminded myself, "women are just like bananas; they come in bunches!" I turned my back on that house of shattered dreams and got on with my life.

Which means, of course, money. I had none. Zero. Zilch. Nada. In my euphoria over Eve, I had moved my checkbook, wallet, credit cards, cash, clothes, and Barry Manilow records inside before I had stepped outside to mow. It was now useless to try pleading with Eve, so it was obviously time to kick the patented Larry Laffer brain into gear and figure out how to make do.

The door to the garage was open, so I thought I might be able to sneak back into the house that way. The inside door had been locked, however. I looked around, searching for ideas. Paint cans, some of Eve's tools, trash Eve had forgotten to take out, and a bunch of other junk was all that was there. No car, just the normal stuff you find in a garage. A discarded pair of Eve's jeans, waiting for ragdom, lay in one corner. I picked them up and sniffed them once for old times sake. The times were very old. As I did so, the crinkle of paper in a pocket aroused the sharp Larry Laffer ears. Reaching inside I found . . . money! Well, one dollar isn't a lot, but it is, technically, money. And it was enough, dear diary. That dollar bought me my future.

With nothing keeping me where I was, I kissed my lucky buck and headed down to the local Quiki Mart. A dollar doesn't buy much, not even a bottle of decent breath spray, but it is enough for a lottery ticket. I have studied odds and probabilities and the subtle nuances of games of chance. On paper, the odds were several hundred million to one against me winning big. But the paper doesn't take the patented Larry Laffer skill into account. The lottery didn't have a chance.

I walked north from the house taking in the never-dull sights of LaLa Land. The SidneyLand amusement park was already open, tourists and locals waiting in lines for the rides and attractions. I could see crowds of children surrounding the poor teenager dressed in a Sidney Louse costume. They were pawing at the poor youth, gouging at parts of tender anatomy, and smearing melted chocolates and ice cream on the kid. It's a dirty job, and I understand the company loses two or three of the young actors every year to either madness or death. That doesn't discourage young hopefuls from begging for the gig, however.

"What the heck," they say. "It's show business!"

Most normal businesses still hadn't opened for the day as I continued north toward Quiki Mart. The music store was locked, but KROD-TV's morning shift was reporting for duty. KROD is where they videotape the weekly Lottery Spin, and it's also the home of "The Dating Connection." As I looked around trying to catch a glimpse of Vanna, Arsenio, or Bart Simpson, little did I know that I would be inside there soon, a natural star of national TV.

My steps turned east past KROD, the sweet scent of an early level 3 air quality alert drifting up to me out of the L.A. basin. Across the way, miles distant, the Hollywood sign kept its accustomed position in the hills. I never did trust air I couldn't see, but the sign looked *right*. It has always symbolized to me what is right with America. The Big Screen, the mini-series, and movies that gross several hundred millions of dollars and still lose money according to their accountants. I inhaled deeply and my chest swelled. I love the smell of smog in the morning. It smells like progress.

A little farther on, I came to my destination. The Quiki Mart is another made-in-the-U.S.A. success story. Founded in Fresno less than five years ago by a refugee woman who couldn't speak English, the chain now boasts hundreds of stores around the country, all open 24 hours a day. Quiki Corp. even owns its own vineyards and winery. The founder still doesn't speak English. She's so rich she doesn't have to.

Inside, the Quiki Mart had the comforting aroma of spilled booze and inflated prices. The traditional soda-slush machine dominated the front of the store providing cover for the aisles of snack foods and toilet products. The "Grotesque Gulp" is advertised as the Goliath of Glug, and it's almost as large as the name implies. Mostly ice and an artificial sweetener that was recalled two decades ago, it gets its distinctive off-brown, almost yellow

color through a secret process that has not been revealed. It comes in a special no-spill, collapsible cup that folds away when not in use. How this is done is another company secret. The cup resembles a large plastic trash can in both size and shape, and is a prime example of the triumph of creative marketing.

My favorite convenience store clerk was on duty this morning. Mississippi Delta Scarlet Begonia O'Hara is as southern as her name. Like most women past puberty and prior to death, I find her sexy. Her crossed-eyes mar her fair features but slightly, and are even useful in drawing people's attention down to dwell on her other attributes. After a lingering moment I decided to try out my new single-stud status on the babe. It was time for talk.

"Hi there, sugar magnolias. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"DIP AHEAD."

"Well, I can see by your lovely accent that you must be from the South. South Alabama, perhaps?"

"South Philadelphia, duck face. Wadda ya'll want? Can't ya'll see I'm busy?"

I couldn't.

"I think I'd like to buy a lottery ticket, my little sweet potato pie. What are you doing after work?"

"Not you, that's for sure, big spender. Just one? You're lamer than I think! Here, just stick it in the machine—the ticket, that is!"

Oh well, nothing ventured, nothing gained. And I was somewhat out of practice.

The way the lottery works is simple: you just pick six numbers between 100 and 999. I picked a half dozen of my favorites (all of them ending in 69) and punched them into the machine. After a few moments and a wondrous bit of modern technology, my now valid ticket popped back out at me. I kissed it hello, memorized my numbers, and headed outside to get lucky.

I paused for a few moments in the alley next to Quiki Mart to heed a call of nature in the corner behind the trash bin. Eve's lock-out had caused me more than one problem. As I watered the cracks in the concrete, I mentally computed the exact odds for my winning the million buck lottery prize. Hmm . . . 600,000,000,000,000 to one, give or take a few insignificant thousands. I had had worse odds before.

As I zipped-up, I thought I noticed a slight movement behind a knothole in the fence behind me. Now Larry Laffer is no prude, but he doesn't give

shows in public for free.

"Hey, get away from there!" I shooed. A look through the hole, however, only revealed a couple of teenagers innocently playing some dumb game on a portable computer. Or so they would have me think. No matter, Larry Laffer is a man—and proud of it. A quick check for stray stains on my leisure suit, and I retraced my steps toward KROD-TV to see if I really did have a winning number.

As I've said, dear diary, KROD is the studio where the big lottery spin is televised, so it's a good place to find out if you're holding a winning number. KROD's lobby is decorated in typical late 20th century corporate-faceless—a style I find most attractive. Also most attractive was the lovely lobby receptionist on duty. She was blond, of course, and beautiful, of course—after all, this is Southern California—and her IQ was exceeded only by her bust size. I marveled at how she could file her nails and chew gum at the same time. I never did get her name or her sign; business, like Larry, comes first. I showed her my lottery ticket.

"Hi there, my peroxide pussycat. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. Is this as good as I think it is? And, are you?"

The electric blue gum bubble popped, leaving but the slightest residue on her tanned nose.

"I'm better than you'll ever know, dork breath. As for the ticket, you'll have to tell me what numbers you have. I never wear my glasses in public, so I can't see very good; but I do know what this week's winning numbers are." With that, my Lolita of the Lobby rattled off a half-dozen numbers, none of which ended in 69. Gosh, I was so sure I had picked the right ones.

The patented Larry Laffer brain is awesome in its swiftness. Few in this world, or the next, would be clever enough to see the opportunity that I so brilliantly seized.

"Why this must be my lucky day," I improvised. "Those are my very ones!" Keeping my thumb over the numbers I had so inappropriately chosen at the Quiki Mart, I repeated back to the dim-eyed denizen of the desk the same numbers she had given me. She did not see through my ruse.

"Why that's amazing," was her excited reply. "Congratulations! We're just starting to tape this week's show. I'll unlock the door to the Green Room, and you can wait there until it's your time to go on. Just think; you'll be on TV in front of millions of people. Live. Don't be nervous, it's not brain surgery!" That was not the right thing for her to say. I always get nervous before I'm operated on.

Anyway, she pressed a button and I walked straight back to the Green Room, all the time wishing she would join me *behind the green door*. She didn't. It was her loss.

The Green Room—isn't TV talk so glamorous?—was empty except for a bench, a couple of doors leading to the studios, and a lot of art I didn't understand. I sat myself down and tried to get my nerves under control. As you know, dear diary, I am at my best in the one-on-one, the intimate me and she. It is then that the patented Larry Laffer charm comes through most excellently. I much prefer gropes to groups. It would take several minutes of slow, deep breathing to prepare myself for the masses. As I began, one of the doors burst open.

"Oh, there you are, poopsie! We've been waiting *ages* for you to get here. Simply *ages*! Hurry up and get that sweet *fanny* of yours into the studio. You're on!"

The fluorescent lime jumpsuit clung tightly to the production assistant's slender form. Gold frosting set off the reddish tints of teased hair. Oversized rings and an overcrowded charm bracelet decorated manicured hands. The tangerine nail polish matched the silk scarf perfectly. I could swear the man's feet didn't touch the ground. I shrank back a little.

"Who? Me?"

"Of course I'm talking to you, you sweet thing, you. The taping is about to start. Now, come on!"

I stood up and, keeping my distance, followed. The rest is television history.

I guess the guy was so overwhelmed by the old Larry Laffer sex appeal that he forgot to notice that I was somebody else. I, on the other hand, was nervous enough about my first television appearance that I didn't realize that I wasn't in the lottery studio until I had sat on an empty stool between two surfer dudes. Over-orchestrated theme music swelled and a golden-throated announcer intoned to the airwaves, "Live-on-tape from Hollywood . . . Welcome to "The Dating Connection." It's the show where three studly, bashful bachelors battle it out to win the curvaceous charms of a beautiful and brainy bachelorette. And now, here's your host . . . Biff Barf!"

A big APPLAUSE sign went on over the set, and big lightbulb went on over my head. Oops, wrong studio, Larry. And it's too late to leave. And millions of people are watching. And I wasn't wearing my antiperspirant. The shift had really hit the fan-belt.

"Let's meet today's bounteous bachelorette, Biff. Her name is Barbara Bimbo and she's a Ph.D. candidate from Airhead, Nebraska. Her hobbies are naked mud-wrestling and reading Schopenhauer while chewing gum. Her world leader she most admires is Spiro Agnew, and her favorite historical personages are Leonardo, Michelangelo, Donatello, and Raphael. What turns her on is gratuitous post-modern deconstructionism, and what turns her off are microwave burritos served with Chateau Quiki *Rouge*."

"On the left, bachelor number one is a professional surfer and manhole cover counter from Toad Suck, Arkansas. He says he finds sexy women intelligent. Meet Barry Divine!"

"In the middle, bachelor number two. He's a former NBA All-Star and is now a full professor of philosophy at Philadelphia Community College. Nights, he likes to work as a male stripper—purely for sociological reasons. From Gray's Ferry, Pennsylvania, a warm welcome to Martens Buckholder."

I think they meant me.

"Excuse me. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I think you've got the wrong guy."

"If you insist." Biff smiled and the audience laughed. They thought it was in the script.

"And on the right, bachelor number three is a former professional surfer, and linebacker for several college football teams now on NCAA probation. He thinks sexy women are good for the economy. From Intercourse, Pennsylvania, meet Sweeten Lowe!"

It was "On with the show!" time. Bachelorette Barbara's first question was something like, "If we was on a date and the car got broke and I was all dressed up and my heel broke because we was trying to walk, what would you do?"

The surfer dude who could count just flashed his enameled teeth, flexed his arms and said (for all intents and purposes), "I'd just take you in my powerful arms and do something powerful to you. Anyway, my BMW never breaks down!"

"Oooh! You say the sweetest things!" Barbara replied.

The other surfer rearranged a few of his gold chains and sucked on his middle finger a moment before replying, "We'd have never gotten as far as my car. We'd still be in bed!"

"Oooh! You say the sweetest things!" was Barbara's instant replay.

"What about you, number two?"

I am not good in front of crowds, dear diary. Never at a loss for words, I was at a loss for words—the shame of it. Nevertheless I ventured a gallant, “I’d do manly things to you in a manly way until we both felt the earth move and the sky shake.” What came out instead was, “I guess I could call Triple-A.”

Still a good answer, but not good enough.

“Who is that dweeb?” Barbara demanded of the universe in general. I didn’t reply though. Biff did.

“OK, bachelorette Barbara. You’ve heard the answers to your first tough question. Now it’s time for question number two.” The sound effects department supplied a tense melody to underscore her concentration.

“Bachelor number one, if you was the dinner and I was the dessert, what kind of food would we both be?”

Number one mentally counted manholes for a moment, then answered subtly, “I’d be a red-hot Polish sausage, and you’d be my blueberry muffin!”

“Oooh! You make me hungry just thinking about it!” squealed Ms. B. I knew what she meant by “it.”

Number three wasn’t going to let that wave go by without riding it. His reply could have been predicted by Queen Victoria.

“Well, I’d be a foot-long hot dog, and you’d be the sweetest cherry pie!”

“Oooh! You make me hungry just thinking about it!” I had heard that line somewhere before.

“Not that it matters, but what about you, number two?” Barbara prodded. I was ready,

“Well, Barbara, I’d be a big turkey, and you’d be an old glass of crusted port. Every day would be Thanksgiving for us.”

For some reason, she wasn’t impressed.

“I thought you said I’d have three *men* to choose from!” Barbara shouted at our host.

“Be that as it may, bachelorette Barbara, it’s time to choose the lucky man who will be your Dating Connection. Will it be Bachelor number one, number two, or number three?” The audience began to cheer her on and give their own unsolicited choices.

“Time’s up, Barbara. Who will it be? Everyone else seems to have made up their minds.”

“I have, too!” she announced with finality.

“Two?” The silence of stupidity owned the studio.

“Well, that was a surprise, Bachelorette Barbara. We all had expected you to choose someone else. But, that’s show biz! Ain’t love wonderful, folks? Let’s hear it for bachelorette Barbara and bachelor number two, Larry; Larry Laffer—or whatever your name is!”

“I didn’t pick this dorkhead!” Barbara screamed. I think she meant me. “I want number three! I want number three!”

“Sorry, Barbara. You clearly said two, and you only get one choice here on “The Dating Connection”—no matter how poor that choice is! But, wait a minute, here’s what you’ve won.”

“You’re right, Biff!” The announcer’s voice came from nowhere. “Barbara and Larry (or, whoever), you’ve won a cruise on the fabulous Love Tub!” The audience oohed.

“Thirty tropical days and a month of romantic nights in the South Pacific. Remember, love in a tub is the only way to go!”

“No way, José. I ain’t going nowhere with this lame-o!” I was sure she meant me, but I was just as sure her attitude would soften once she was exposed to the patented Larry Laffer charm under more intimate conditions. Tonight. Tonight will be much more intimate.

(Yes, dear diary, I know Biff thought she said “two” when she really said “too.” But, what the hay, when it comes to the softer sex, I’m willing to overlook the occasional technicality. Anyway, she gets *me* out of the deal, the lucky ducky.)

The production assistant who had mistakenly put me on the show was the person who escorted me back to the Green Room. The sweet, young thing handed me the perfumed ticket and wished me luck. He said I would need it.

He must have meant on the lottery show—I hoped that I hadn’t missed my chance while I was in the studio. Anxiously, I sat on the hard bench again, twitching my foot and willing myself to stop sweating. I shouldn’t have worried. A few minutes later another production assistant appeared from the lottery studio.

“Oh, there you are. We’ve been looking all over for you. Come this way.” Standing, I followed her to find my fortune.

Applause greeted me as I walked into the lottery studio.

“Ladies and gentlemen, here he is—our last contestant. Let’s hear it for Mr. Larry; Larry Laffer!” There were only a few snickers.

“We’re running late, Larry, so step right up and take the Big Spin. If you’re lucky you can win a million dollars a year for life. Let ’er rip, pardner!”

Rip I did. I never had any doubts—the morning had started badly with old what’s-her-name locking me out, but, what the hay, I knew it was my lucky day. Round and round and round and round and round and round and round— I even get dizzy writing about that spin. Where it stopped was dead-center in the middle of the biggest prize in lottery history. Yeah, a million bucks a year for life. The audience screamed its approval and envy. All was right with the world. A few moments later, the half-clad official lottery wench came out and presented me with a brand new \$1,000,000 bill, U.S. currency. She said they didn’t have anything smaller. I took it anyway, and promised not to spend it all in one place.

Along with great wealth can come great problems. What can I say, dear diary. My mind was light and my steps were gay as I walked out of KROD-TV and into the glorious day that is Los Angeles. I had a cruise ticket in my hand and, once again, I had a wad in my pocket. I even had time on my hands—the Love Tub didn’t sail until evening, so I could pick up some things I would need on shipboard. The problem came when I realized that the Quiki Mart probably couldn’t break my million dollar bill. Nor could any place else that I frequented. To top it all, the banks were closed because they were celebrating S & L Bailout Day. But that patented Larry Laffer creativity came through again. Yes, it did. You can always break a big bill in LaLa Land—stores on Rodeo Drive won’t accept anything but big ones. From the TV studios all I had to do was head east and hang a right at the Hollywood sign. Beverly Hills was practically just around the corner.

“Molto Lira” is an ancient Italian phrase that means “to shed money,” or something like that. It is also the name of one of the most exclusive and expensive men’s clothing stores on the block. So successful is the place that its solid gold awning is painted purple and blue to resemble cheap Naugahyde. The color scheme is continued indoors in acres of crushed velour, metric tons of marble, and static-cling inducing carpet several inches deep. Like an over-decorated Italian living room, the place screamed “class” to the world, hoping it would listen. It’s not my favorite style, but I can appreciate good taste. Presiding over the premises, like Little Caesar’s wife, was an over-decorated, under-dressed Italian *bambina*. She was much more to my style, and I wondered if she tasted good.

My luck remained with me; on the back wall was a large sign reading: SWIMSUITS—1/2 OFF. You can’t go on a cruise with a beautiful bachelorette without a trendy swimsuit. You have to get dressed sometime and work on your tan. I walked back past a wall of men’s suits that were priced in the high

six-figures *each*, and began examining the men’s bikini-style briefs. While not pure virgin polyester, the fabrics seemed good. I picked out a little blue one that bore one of the discount stickers: TODAY ONLY—1/2 PRICE—\$100,000. I took it. What the hay, it might have been a mite pricey, but a millionaire could afford it.

Spandex in hand, I walked up to the clerk.

“Hi there, my little *al denie* delight. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What’s your sign?”

“\$, \$, \$”

I should have known, big bucks—any further discussion would most likely be too rich for my *nouveau riche* blood. I let the subject drop and paid for my purchase.

“I’m sorry, but this is the smallest bill I’ve got. Can you change a million?”

“Of course, my little hoagie face. Will this be all? With tax it comes to \$106,500.” She began counting my change from her petty cash box—one one-hundred, two one-hundred, three one-hundred, etc. When I finally got out of there, I had a really big wad in my pants.

Now that I had my bathing suit, I needed to get some sunscreen. Swab’s Drugstore was down the street to the east a few blocks, so I walked on over—passing the legendary, but now closed and decrepit, Brown Derby Restaurant on the way. A Hollywood In-Spot for decades, the Derby’s day is done, empty like a head without earphones.

Swab’s is another Tinseltown landmark. It’s reputed to be the place where MTV discovers many of their stars. The store’s security cameras secretly tape patrons as they read fan magazines and pick their noses. Rumor has it that if you can do both (not necessarily at once) and look good at the same time, you get a job. Rumor also claims they go through thousands of hours of tape for each DJ or VJ they find. I can believe it.

There were no television hopefuls hanging out there this day. Although, because of my appearance on two TV shows, I have become a star in my own right, I was not looking for a job. I am beyond such menial necessities now. The clerk—a boy who looked like a girl, or verse-vice—was picking his/her nose, but he/she didn’t look good doing it.

I found the sunscreen on the far left aisle, took it, and went to the counter to pay. My smallest bill was a hundred.

“I’m sorry, this is the smallest bill I have. Can you change a hundred?”

"No. But I won't be offended if you tip me." I paid up, despite the callow youth's lie—I'm sure I saw some loose change in the drawer. I even tipped him an extra hundred—I needed the practice.

Next stop was a return to the Quiki Mart. It was just a block north and a good place to get a snack and something to drink. My southern fried fraülein was still behind the register, but she avoided my come-on-hither-and-play smile. Ah well, so much for the snack—an Afternoon Delight might have gone quite well with a Grotesque Gulp. But, I do not live in the land of might-have-beens, I live in the real world of ". . . what the hay, you should have nibbled the bait when I dangled it in front of you, baby!"

With no regrets, I went over to the self-serve machine and got myself a soda. Somehow, the color of the Grotesque Gulp made me forget the thirst I had, so I folded the collapsible cup up and took it with me. It was a little bulky in my inside pocket, but no worse than a loaded shoulder holster, or so I imagine. The no-spill lid works, much to my surprise.

The Quiki clerk (who refused to live up to her job title) also wasn't able to break a hundred. I let her keep the change. I could afford it, and tipping can become addictive.

A much more practical matter now came to occupy my attention. Since cruise ships sailing in the South Pacific have a habit of visiting foreign countries and islands, it seemed most likely that I might need my passport. My passport (unused) was back at the house. I figured that I'd figure something out when I got there. Maybe Eve would even be waiting for me in her skimpiest negligee (or less) prepared to forgive me—several times. She owed me that, at least.

I guess she didn't think so. The witch still had the house locked up tighter than a ballet dancer's butt. I knocked on all the windows. Knock. Knock.

No answer. No answer. No luck anywhere—or so I thought.

While I was away, Eve evidently had begun to trash my possessions. A couple of cheap plastic cans were filled to overflowing on the sidewalk. A sign was taped to one of them reading, STEAL ME. No one had taken her up on the offer.

Since it was my stuff, I rooted around for anything that I might find useful in the immediate future. The dried orange peels and moldy apple cores I discarded noting that it was about time Eve had cleaned under the bed. At last, tucked into the pages of a stained copy of Cosmo's annual lingerie issue (I read it for the interviews, dear diary) I struck paydirt. My passport was in my hands. My lucky day was still happening. I didn't find any spare breath spray,

however, so I wasn't able to totally freshen up after mucking about. No matter, one patented Larry Laffer shake and shimmy later, I had tossed off the wrinkles in my clothes, and the vision of Eve's wrinkles from my mind. I walked away and never looked back—although I did take a peek over the back fence to see if Eve was ignoring me while she sunbathed nude. She wasn't.

I needed to spend a few moments alone by myself to sort the day's events and make some sense of the universe. There is a small park just east of SidneyLand, and I went and stood there for many moments meditating deeply. "What's it all about?" I asked myself. Hearing no answer, I continued on to another subject. "Maybe I was right. Maybe it is my hair. I have almost a shipload of money in my pocket. I can afford to go to Hairy Reams Hair Salon and Clip Joint and have something done about it before I sail. I will!" I don't talk to myself often, dear diary, but when I do, I usually listen. I have learned some truly awesome things that way.

My meditations ended in the most crude way. A mostly naked person with hairy legs and heavy breathing came lumbering through the bushes, shattering the near-quiet of the glade nestled below the airport's approach path. The garish blue and white of the man's shorts and tank top clashed with the natural browns of the grass and bushes. Joggers sometimes disgust me with their unnatural ways.

Unwilling to surrender any more of my personal space, I continued walking downtown another block, and then turned right. Walking, disco dancing, and horizontal calisthenics are all the exercise I need. It was an easy stroll to the hair salon.

Even though it's an L.A. landmark ("In business since 1988!"), I had never been to Hairy Reams Hair Salon and Clip Joint. I have never been able to afford it before and, even though my locks are high in front and sparse in the back, I have always believed that they have a stimulating effect on the gentler gender. Despite its reputation, however, inside the place looked like every other barber shop I have been to in my life. The ashtrays had been emptied and the girlie calender was for the current year, so it was evident that this was a high-class Clip Joint. It smelled like old vinyl and older cologne. A single barber and a single barber's chair both appeared to be waiting for me. The barber was French, the chair was Montgomery Ward. I went to it and sat down.

"A quick style job, my good man," I tossed off.

"But, of course, monsieur. For a man of your obvious wealth and breeding we shall do only the best. For you, a macrobiotic styling and reweaving! An all-natural, all-biodegradable, all-organic treatment. When we are done, you will look like a new man!"

"Sounds good to me. I am in your hands—but not too much off the top."

For the next hour the man worked like a barber possessed—washing, rinsing, washing and rinsing again, and a third time, snipping, weaving, cutting and pasting, searching and replacing follicle after follicle, hair after hair. His soft hands massaged my scalp as he talked French into my hair. For a few moments I wasn't sure if he were doing his job or trying to seduce me. I needn't have worried; I am a man of sharp and keen judgments. As I inspected him closely in the mirror, it was obvious that he was straight.

Finally he was done.

"Voilà," he exclaimed. "Behold the new man!"

"Where?" I could barely restrain my lack of enthusiasm at the results. The manly hunk that stared back at me in the mirror looked exactly like the manly hunk who had first sat in the chair. A masculine knock-out, no doubt, but the same old me.

"It will look better when it grows out a little," the barber commented. "That will be one hundred dollars, please."

"If you say so," I replied. Flipping a Ben Franklin in his direction, I strolled out the door. I could hear him crawling around the floor behind me to pick up the cash. It probably will look better when it grows out. If it does, I'll come back and give him a tip. Maybe.

The Love Tub still hadn't arrived in port and wasn't due in for a little while. The docks were practically next to Hairy Reams' salon, and I learned that bit of information when I walked over there. I can't really call it bad news, I still had a few hours of the glorious Southern California sunshine to enjoy, and another walk would do me good. Perhaps my new macrobiotic styling would grow out enough in the meantime. Whatever. I set my steps west past the movie studios, those emporiums of celluloid dreams and R-rated fantasies. I wandered with no specific destination for some time—merely working on my facial tan and rehearsing some new lines to lay on Barbara. So, it was for no particular reason at all that I found myself in front of *Ye Olde Ethno-Musicology Shoppe*. Standing there watching the traffic light change from green to yellow to red, I wondered if the *Shoppe* were anything like a music store. Romantic visions of full moons glowing over a shipboard romance, me and Barbara arm-in-arm throughout tropical nights.

A little music would make the scene complete, and a harmonica—no, a ukelele!—would be the perfect accompaniment. A ukelele played by Larry Laffer, that is.

Across the street and into the store I rushed before inspiration turned as cold as a flash-frozen cod. I was right. Despite the funny name, it was a music store. All around me were musical instruments, most from the many obscure and curious corners of our world, and none of which I knew how to play. No matter, Larry Laffer is a sharp student and an easy learner. I have a quick mind and nimble fingers. Anyway, a ukelele has only four strings. How hard can it be to learn?

The trouble was, I didn't see any ukeleles. I did, however, see a dark-haired Latino beauty working behind the counter. I walked over and talked to her.

"Buenas dias, mi cerveza mas fina. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"YANKEE GO HOME!" Her reply might be un-American, but at least her mangos were ripe. I asked about buying an instrument that would be easy to learn to play.

With that, she looked at me a second time, I got an "I know you" look that could melt the greater part of Canada. I had visions of an open net on a power play—it was time to score!

Spanish is a loving tongue, and I decided to make full use of it. "Mi cabeza es hacé con manteca, mi amor! Mi corazon es hacé con pescado muerto! Yo hablo fajitas!"

The little tomatillo just smiled at me some more.

"Tú palo es chico y sus huevos son comida de pollos!"

Her reply sounded likes eons of pleasures.

"Yo duemo en su baño y fumo gatos muertos!" What else could I say?

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's what Larry and the clerk really said after their initial exchange of pleasantries:

Larry: *My head is made from lard, my love! My heart is made of dead fish. I speak a trendy Mexican dish!*

Clerk: *Your stick is tiny and your naughty bits are food for chickens!*

Larry: *"I sleep in your out-house and I smoke dead cats!*

Aren't you glad you asked? —PS]

As quick as a cat in heat, she shifted her language to English. Her accent turned to early Iron Curtain.



Spanish 101.

"So, comrade, you are finally here, and we can stop using the secret passwords. Take this rare Peruvian Onklunk with you. Let no one else touch it, and deliver it personally to Dr. Nonookee on Nontoonyt Island. Your reward will be great. Learn to play it if you must, but the fate of the world is in your hands. I can say no more—now, go!"

Now, dear diary, I just love playing cat and mouse games, and it looked like the hot tamale knew what a man like me needed. Her "Russian" accent tipped me off that she might want to do some serious "bonding" with me, so I decided to play along. I had never heard of an Onklunk before, but she had assured me that I could learn to play it.

"Muchas gracias, mi senorita buena! Quanta questa?" Picking the exotic instrument up, I whispered thanks to her and asked how much it cost.

"Have a nice day!" was her only reply, and she shoved me out the door. Well, I didn't get her, dear diary, but I didn't have to pay for the instrument. The day was remaining reasonably lucky.

Perhaps the excitement of the encounter with the little *muchacha* was too much; perhaps I have gotten into the spirit of the make-believe mystery too deeply—but I think I was followed from the store. There was a black sedan painted with pink and orange flames parked in front of the music store when I left. As I heard the door lock behind me, I could see a small, dark man in a slouch hat and trench coat following me with his eyes. Following me very closely. I paid no heed at the moment, but, as I sit here aboard the Love Tub, I have begun to realize that the incident smells wrong, like lox, bagels and good wine at an Irish wedding. It is one of the most suspicious things I have ever encountered in my life. I am sure that I heard that car trailing me as I came directly back here to dockside. I am sure I could see that man, or one much like him, hiding in the shadows as I presented my passport and ticket to the purser. And the name Dr. Nonookee has an eerie and familiar sound.

I *know* it was only in my imagination that I hear radio messages circling the globe demanding "Get that man. Get Larry Laffer!" And the Onklunk, while more a horn than a stringed instrument, looks innocent enough. I have examined it and have found no mysterious markings or secret compartments. I think I've had too much excitement or sun today. The streamers are flying from the decks, and the party horns the other passengers are blowing make merry, normal sounds. I shall turn my thoughts to my new life as a single stud, and to love, and to Barbara, and to all three at the same time.

I am not a character in a cheap spy novel. I hope.

June 14
Adrift!

Adrift! Adrift upon the silent sea. Adrift! A painted rowboat upon an unpainted ocean. Adrift . . . without a paddle. Adrift, alone by myself, dear diary, with only you for company. I will survive. I will myself to survive. I am Larry; Larry Laffer and it takes a lot more than a hopeless predicament like this to get me down. A *lot* more! A basket of fruit and no water is *no problemo* to a survivor dude like me. Look out, world, Larry is coming back!

In the off-chance that I don't, here's what happened to me since my last entry. I had just closed you, dear diary . . .

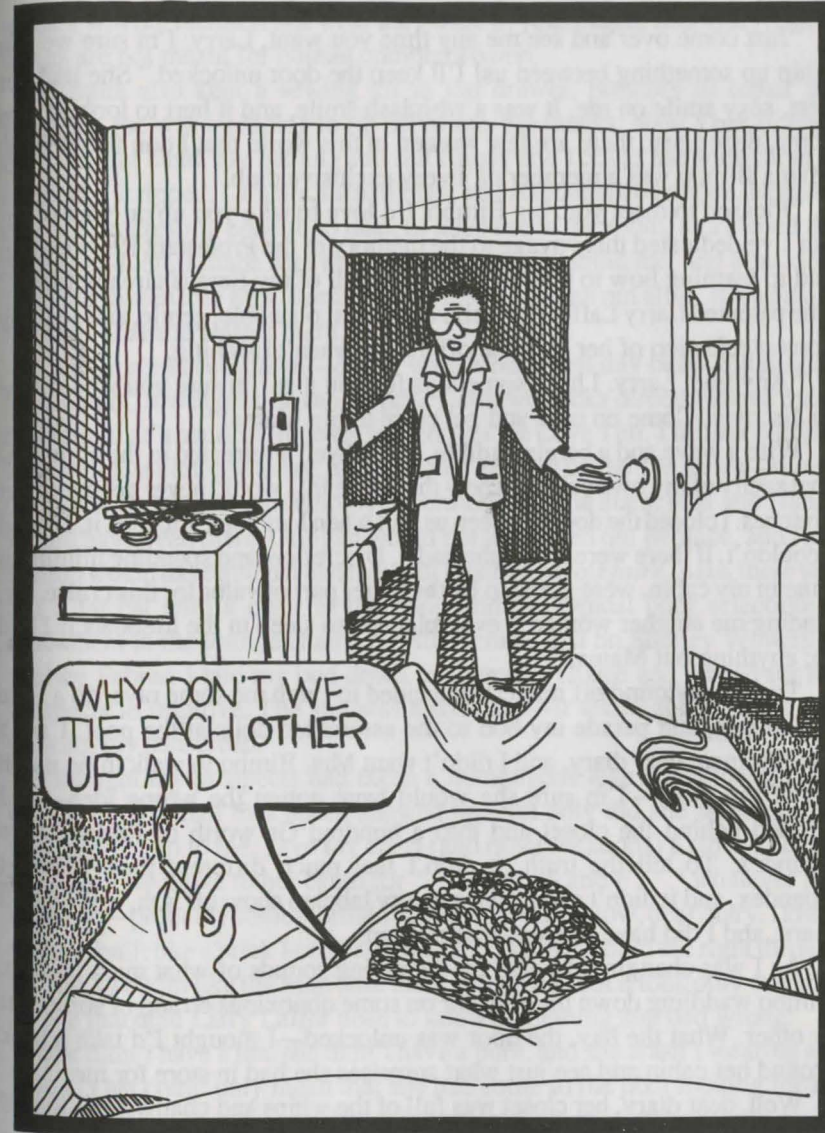
. . . and looked around my cabin. I had expected more luxurious quarters from the producers of "The Dating Connection," but I got what I got and the price was right. There's no use looking a gift horse in the nose. My cabin was on Deck F, the one closest to the bottom of the ocean, and as far back as you can get and still remain on board. The engine noise was muffled from the other passengers by being piped directly into it. No matter, I was expecting to be sleeping elsewhere.

The bed was little more than planks covered with a little used straw and disguised with a thin blanket. There was a small closet, and a tiny porthole with a nightstand below it. A gift basket of fruit, still fresh, awaited me when I arrived. I supposed that it was a welcome aboard present from either the cruise line or the TV show, but, when I read the card, I discovered it was from neither. "Bon Voyage, Larry. Love, Mrs. Bimbo."

"Mrs. Bimbo." No one told me Barbara was married! Larry Laffer does not screw around with married women—unless, of course, there are no other women available. I took the fruit anyway. In any case, my assumption was wrong.

There was also a second door, this one leading to the next cabin. Instinctively, I turned the knob. It was unlocked, and I opened it. On the other side were much more spacious accommodations, larger and cleaner. There was also a large woman on the bed and she was acting happy to see me.

"Well, well. You must be Larry; Larry Laffer. I'm Mrs. Bimbo, and my daughter won you on the TV show. Barbie, my little doll, just couldn't find the time in her busy schedule to take the cruise, so I came instead. I think you're just the sexiest hunk I've ever seen. I'd like to get to know you a whole lot better. What say you that we tie each other up for the next month—if you



Larry meets Mrs. Bimbo.

know what I mean." I didn't need her two winks and pair of nudges to get the picture.

"Just come over and see me any time you want, Larry. I'm sure we can whip up something between us! I'll keep the door unlocked." She laid her best, sexy smile on me. It was a whiplash smile, and it hurt to look at. I'm sorry, dear diary, there are few women in this world that I don't find sexy. Mama Bimbo was a member of a very exclusive club.

"Pleased to meet you, big Bimbo. I'd love to take you up on your offer, but I've dedicated this voyage to the memory of the Protestant Reformation and to learning how to play the Onklunk. All of my time is already filled." The patented Larry Laffer mind slid out a most plausible, gentle, and socially correct rejection of her obscene offer. She wasn't listening.

"Anytime, Larry. I have some toys for you that I'm sure you would love to discover. Come on over and get close to big Mama!"

With a wave and a barely audible, "Bye-bye," I retreated to the comparative sanity of my own cabin. I knew that, once in, I would never get out of her clutches. I closed the door between us, but when I attempted to lock it, I found I couldn't. If there were a key, she had it. Discretion, and spending minimum time in my cabin, were going to be the better part of valor for this cruise. Or, finding me another woman. I even planned to sleep in the lifeboats if I had to; anything but Mama.

To take my mind off matters, I decided to catch me some rays, do a little swimming, and parade my bod to the assembled dolls at the pool. I am a modest man, dear diary, and I didn't want Mrs. Bimbo to walk in on me in all of my glory—I'm sure she would have gotten the wrong idea—so I slipped behind the closet and into a hundred Gs worth of Rodeo Drive Spandex. To tell the truth, it didn't feel much different than Walmart Spandex, and it didn't even have a vanity label to show off. Oh, well; we all learn, and I did have to break that million.

As I was changing, I heard the thumping sounds of what must be Mrs. Bimbo waddling down the corridor on some obnoxious errand of some sort or other. What the hay, the door was unlocked—I thought I'd take a look around her cabin and see just what surprises she had in store for me.

Well, dear diary, her closet was full of the whips and chains that I feared would be there. There were also handcuffs, gags, spiked thingies of various shapes and sizes, and various leather and fur garments in imaginative shapes and sizes. I considered taking a sample or two (for research purposes) but sacred sanity prevailed. I shuddered as I closed the closet.

In the drawer of her nightstand, Mama kept her lingerie and unmentionables. I will not mention just what they were in your pages, dear diary. Some things are not meant for human comprehension.

Mamma also kept a sewing kit in the drawer, possibly to repair the garments she was intending to rip off of me. No thanks, New York Franks. On the other hand, my bathing suit felt flimsy and I could use something to repair it if it ripped. I am not a small man, and accidents do happen. Nothing else was interesting enough to take, or keep me in the room, so I closed the drawer and left. I made sure the door was closed behind me, and chuckled. I had just gotten into Mrs. Bimbo's drawers and gotten out alive. It's a pity—for her—that she wasn't there.

I put on some sunscreen—didn't want a burn first day out—and headed for the pool. It was outside (no surprise) and two decks directly above me at the stern (that's nautical lingo for rear end) of the Love Tub. The first glimpse I had of it just blew me away; it looked just as it did on the TV series—minus the extras and the seldom employed former B-movie stars. Ron and Nancy should have been there, Gilligan would not have been out of place, and Joey Bishop would have given it just the right touch of *savoir faire*. Alas, there was just a fat cat with a cigar in the pool, and the typical poor selection of sunbathers in the lounge chairs. No slick chics, and no Shelley Winters or Shelley Fabres. I laid my bod down in an empty chaise and waited for my prospects to improve. The sun was a scorcher—it was a good thing I was wearing my sunscreen.

I thought my prospects had taken a humongous leap when the tall thin blonde in the small thin bikini showed up. Not only did she show up, she walked right up to me, gave my chest (and other locations) a slow 1, 2, and suggested we move to her cabin for "... a little S and F..." whatever that might be—probably some Northern California kink. Now, dear diary, I know she was built like a brick Ford Fairlane, and I know I could see right through her flimsy bikini like the Man with the X-Ray Eyes, but it took only one sniff for the patented Larry Laffer nose to know something smelled wrong.

She didn't have a tan, she didn't have a burn, and she wasn't wearing any lotion. That could only mean that she had come to the pool looking for me specifically to make her enticing proposition. Under normal circumstances, it would be understandable—I do have a way with women. But something was wrong. Only Mrs. Bimbo knew I was aboard, and I still was suspicious of being followed.

Yes, I smelled trouble first, and then I heard it. The blond bimchette had an accent just like the woman in the music store, the one who gave me my Onklunk. She was also carrying a pool bag with the name of a TV show emblazoned on it: NONOOKEE TONIGHT. It took no Einstein to add one and one together and get three, and I'm no Einstein.

Unsure what to do, and hoping my mixed feelings weren't too evident, I just ignored her. I didn't even ask her sign, I just closed my eyes again and pretended that the hot sun was nicer than her hot flesh. It was the hardest thing I have ever endured in my life. Having promised myself that I would act as if I were being followed and in danger, I toughed it out 'till she left. *I don't ever want to know if I was wrong!*

As soon as the villainous vixen was out of sight, I stood up and dashed into the chill waters of the pool. It was no cold shower, but it served its purpose. I swam around for a few minutes, getting the kinks out of my muscles. The cool water felt almost as good as a warm woman. Finally, I took a deep breath and dived down beneath the surface . . . down, down, down until I reached the bottom of the pool. The patented Larry Laffer lungs held air as if they were made to. Above, the rumps of people floating in inner-tubes obscured much of the sun; below, the pool's bottom just sat there smug in the satisfaction that it had captured some gal's bikini top. I smiled between my clenched teeth—another trophy for the Larry Laffer Museum of Intimate Female Apparel. I swam strongly to the bottom and took the top from out of the pool's clutches, and then turned my face to the sky and stroked for home. My breath was near bursting as I reached the surface, but the Laffer lungs had done their duty—if they hadn't, I wouldn't be writing this now, would I?

I swam to the side and climbed out. The dip had been both rewarding and refreshing, but old Mr. Sun was still coming on strong. I rubbed some more sunscreen on my fine body to replace what the water had washed off—carefully avoiding rubbing the naughty bits. After pausing a few moments for the warmth of the sun to dry my skin, I headed back to my cabin. It was time to change and get ready for nighttime, Larry time.

Oh, yes, my cabin had no shower or sink. No matter, Larry had swum and Larry was clean. And the aroma of clean Larry Laffer is like an aphrodisiac—irresistible and strong. I changed into my good white leisure suit and headed off into the beckoning pleasures of the Love Tub.

A little exploration was in order, so I headed to the fore (that's another nautical term meaning "front"—it comes from the Golf meaning, "Duck, you're in front of the ball!") of the ship. On the same deck as the pool, except

it was in front, not in back, was the Love Tub's barber shop. What the hay, I figured, this barber couldn't do less than the last, and he wasn't even French. He glanced up from his mopping when I entered.

"May I help you, sir?"

The shop looked like every other barber shop I had ever been in except that the naked ladies on the calender had a nautical theme, and the vinyl smelled a little mildewed. The smell of generic hair tonic never changes. The chair was empty, so I sat in it.

"Is there anything you can do for this noble hairline of mine? Lower it a bit, perhaps? And maybe a little touch-up in the back. Be careful, this head has recently been macrobiotically styled at great expense. And only a little off the top."

"Of course, sir. I have just the remedy—the latest in trendy, but subtle, hairpieces. Close your eyes and relax. When you open them again you won't recognize yourself. You will see a new man."

I complied. After a few moments of gentle scalp massage, the ship's barber placed something damp and dangley on my patented Larry locks.

"This is what all the jet set men are wearing this season," he explained. "It's named after a famous popular music group's nickname. The style is called the 'Mop Top.' You can open your eyes now. Behold, a new man!"

He was right, I didn't recognize myself. What I saw looked like some poor schnook with a damp mop on his head. Or someone selling cheap religions on late night TV. I told him as much.

"Please, sir, do not judge too hastily. It will look much better after it breaks in. That will be \$10,000, please. It's a bargain at half the price!"

"What the hay, I'll take it. I still have most of my million left and if I'm going to join the jet set, I might as well start looking like them." I handed the man one hundred one hundred dollar bills and told him to keep the change. I took the piece off after I got outside—I didn't want to make too big an impression my first day on board. Always save something for later is my motto. A tease is as good as a kiss to a dead man.

The cocktail hour had arrived by the time I left the barber's shop, so the Love Tub's lounge was cooing me up into her embrace. Sitting in a lounge with the coming of evening, a glass of Chateau Quiki in my hand, is Larry Laffer's natural habitat. There I am the king of beasts and lord of all I survey. Part predator, part Renaissance Man, I am the Eternal Male, he to whom all women are drawn—the laws of thermodynamics made flesh. I cannot help

it any more than a banana slug can help leaving a trail of slime behind as it crawls. It is embedded in the very nature of the universe.

But, I digress.

The lounge was full when I arrived; it was obvious that this legendary meeting place of savagely sexy singles was the place to be at that hour. Unfortunately, most of the seats and all of the women were taken. I walked up to the bar and sat down. The bartender looked bored, but his eyes implied that he recognized me. From where, I wouldn't know.

"May I fix you a drink, comrade . . . Mister Laffer?" His accent was very suspicious and . . . How did he know my name? I was about to order my usual, a whiskey sour, shaken, not stirred, when it dawned on me that I could be in deadly danger. A mysterious bartender with a foreign accent who called me comrade and somehow knew my name. Either he had been spending time with Big Mama Bimbo, or something was very wrong. And, if he had been spending time with Mrs. B., then he wouldn't be standing there talking to me. Would you, dear diary, let a man like that fix you a drink? As sure as the Big Guy made little green pills, I wouldn't. I decided to play it safe.

"On second thought, I think I'll pass, Tovarich." I wasn't going to let him know that I knew that he knew who I was. I was too sharp for that. I stood up and looked for another spot in the room to observe the next act in our little drama. I found the spot at the far end of the bar next to the spinach dip.

I have never liked spinach or the dip it's made from. As a color for food, green is best left untouched. It reminds me of the mold that surprises you as you put a strawberry in your mouth, or chicken left too long in the crisper. Spinach reminds me of childhood games that are best left unspoken. Finally, who can ever forget green eggs and ham? It makes one gag just thinking about them. I'll take microwave burritos and butterscotch-mint ice cream any day.

On the other hand, the spinach dip made good cover. I walked over to where it rested in a bowl made of some crusty bread. Heavily spiced, it smelled good much the same way cheap pet food smells enticing as you spoon it from the can. I took the dip, pretending to be a connoisseur of the confection. Feigning feeding, I left the lounge and its brooding bartender—another play played to perfection.

But, I had had enough. Convinced that some foul game was afoot, I decided to find the bridge and tell the captain that there was a stowaway on-board the Love Tub, and it's name was Danger Most Foul.

Perhaps I was being a bit overly melodramatic, but I could take no chances—lives may have been at stake, mine especially. I quickly dashed

down to the ship's middle deck, sprinted fore, and up past the barber to the bridge. Pausing a moment before I broke my news to the ship's master, I eyeballed the place and composed myself. The bridge looked nautical enough, with dials and levers and gauges and cables and a big wheel. I understand none of it, the arcane arts of the sea are best left to sailors. The Love Tub's captain was absorbed in steering his craft. From the cut of his jib and the salinity of his vocabulary, I knew instinctively that this was no place for landlubbers.

For this reason, I made my approach to the man most quietly, practically sneaking up on him. Just as I got behind him, about to tap him on the shoulder and speak, I thought I noticed the hem of a black trench coat sticking out into the other door onto the bridge, and the glint of the late afternoon sunlight flashing off of something metal. The barrel of a gun? I gasped, speechless. I must do something before the assassin struck and without letting him know that I knew he was there—if you know what I mean. Things had gotten deeper than I could have ever imagined. I had to escape or I would never get off of the Love Tub alive.

A diversion was needed. Just behind the unknowing captain's chair was a console, and on that console was a toggle switch labeled "LIFEBOATS," or something like that. It was worth a try. Silently, I flipped the switch and backed off of the bridge without the captain ever knowing I had been there. Unsure if the assassin was following me or not, I rushed back up the stairs toward the ship's lounge. Halfway up, though, was the small deck where the lifeboats were kept. I had noted them as I had made my way to the bar earlier, never expecting to ever use the knowledge.

Just as I got on deck, the Love Tub suddenly stopped dead in the water and a loud horn began claxoning a compelling "Ooogah! Ooogah! Ooogah!" It sounded like the "Dive, Dive!" warning in all of the submarine movies I have ever seen. Behind the honking, and in the distance, I heard crew and passengers rushing to where I was. I had come up with a diversion, all right.

I went over to the ship's rail and, with a leaping dive, jumped into the nearest lifeboat. The siren sound shrilled louder and, with a shake, the small craft began lowering down to the sea. "Ooogah! Ooogah! Ooogah!" All around me I could see passengers putting on life jackets. Some began shading their eyes and scanning the horizon shouting, "Check for icebergs! Look out for icebergs!" Members of the crew were reassuring the folks that it was all a drill, but the scene had already become chaotic enough to cover my get-away. It was an escape that would have made 007 proud. I have closely

studied his exploits for years, and I have learned much more than how to dress and seduce beautiful women. I owe you one, James.

As my boat hit the waves it began drifting away from the other lifeboats and the Love Tub. I hadn't counted on being cast adrift; I had expected to be able to sneak back aboard with the others and then hide. But, what the hay, Larry Laffer is used to playing it by ear and taking it as it comes. When the going gets tough, I get out of there.

I made three quick life-saving decisions before I had drifted too far from the cruise ship. First I smeared on some sunscreen to prevent burning. That was elementary. Next, I put the barber's wig on. It wasn't to impress any passing mermaids, dear diary; it was to protect my head from sunstroke. Last, I trashed the spinach dip. Yes, I had held on to it during my daring escape. I threw it away. It was disgusting enough as it was. A couple of days in the sun and it would turn positively deadly. Then I sat back and waited.

That was yesterday or the day before, dear diary. Already I am losing track of time, drifting here under the sun and slightly seasick. I will survive. I will be found or I will sight land—if it's the last thing I ever do.

Day 5?
Adrift!

The sun burns like Eve's kisses. I can see her; she is here in the boat with me. She says all is forgiven, but when I go to her she isn't there. I think I am hallucinating. Thank heavens that I'm wearing the wig and the sunscreen.

I thirst and I have no water. The fruit is gone.
I will survive.

Day 6?
Adrift!

I am much better today. I haven't seen Eve lately, although the mocking images of Barbara Bimbo and her mother keep asking me to join them swimming with the sharks. I am not that far gone yet.

My patented brain came out of its heated daze long enough for me to remember that I had a Grotesque Gulp in the inside pocket of my jacket. I had put it there when I left Quiki Mart and forgotten about it. To think—I may have died from thirst if not for the goliath of glug and the wonder of modern technology.

Day 8?
Adrift!

My belly is full and I have found that raw sushi is better than no food at all. Perhaps the sugar rush from the Grotesque Gulp kicked off my creative juices but somehow I came up with the idea of using Mama Bimbo's sewing kit to fish with. Patience and luck—Larry Laffer trademarks—contributed some, too. Finally I caught a fish and filleted it with my sharp mind. I am certain now that I will get out of this lifeboat with my life.

Day 10?
Ashore!

Larry Laffer has conquered the sea! Last night a storm blew up, wrecked the boat, and tossed me into the waves. With the wind howling death threats all about me, I clung to a bit of flotsam (jetsam, perhaps) and body-surfed for my life. The last I remember was being crashed into something solid and rough. I was awakened here on this beach by some blond beach bum kicking sand in my face. Multicolored umbrellas dot the sands. I am alive and in civilization again. I may be a little weak from my ordeal, but my spirits are high and my leisure suit is in good condition. I set off now to meet my future, and the future better be ready!

July 2
Nontoonyt Island

I know now, dear diary, that I was right all along. I was indeed the target of assassins, KGB spies, and the henchette hordes of the evil Dr. Nonookee. Against all odds, Larry; Larry Laffer overcame all and is now a happily married man in a tropical paradise. Kalalau, my most compliant nymphet and wife, is the daughter of the island's chief. I have saved the village, saved Nontoonyt Island, and saved the world. The islanders and Kalalau, at least, appreciate my efforts. I have been rewarded most generously. I even have a new head of hair! My future's so bright, the world's gotta wear shades.

... After I had picked myself up off of that beach, I gave the old Larry shake and shimmy. Keen alertness returned, sand flew off the threads, and the wrinkles disappeared. I still had my wad of hundreds and my passport. Somehow the Onklunk had survived my adventure, and in one pocket of my

jacket was the bikini top I had found in the pool. None of the people on the beach spoke any English, so there was no help for me there. I went exploring.

To the south, I could see a large resort hotel, and a path wandering in that direction. To the west was a nude beach, which tempted me to dawdle. I did briefly—the women were fine, and most of them, I could see, were French. The men were acting very protective and seemed unamused at the sight of my clothed presence. From the cut of their suntans I knew they were definitely Hungarian. I decided to return at another time.

The first sign of trouble came as I began to move east. I could see an airport several miles away in that direction, but as I began to stroll down the beach toward it, I caught a most suspicious sight out of the corner of my eye. Two men wearing tank suits on a beach usually don't attract undue attention. In this case, though, they were also wearing slouch hats and trenchcoats. I suspected immediately that they were not flashers.

It was the KGB out to get old Larry and the Onklunk I was so innocently carrying and hoping to learn to play. Kalalau's best friend, Bobbi, is a former spy and henchette for Dr. N, and she has filled me in on the details I was unaware of at the time.

Anyhoo, I saw them before they saw me so I was able to safely get back to where I had washed ashore, and out of their sight. It was obvious that they were staking someone out—me!—and getting by them would be no easy task.

It was to be the resort then. South into the thick jungle I went, following a path that turned into a maze. It must have been some native landscape architect's idea of a joke to play on tourists, but it was incredibly easy to get lost in there. If it's easy, Larry Laffer does it. As soon as I reached the first clearing, I knew I was confused.

There was a distinctive palm tree there that at least gave me a landmark, and a few potted plants sat incongruously at its base. Around and around I wandered, following the path and always seeming to return to the same spot. I stopped briefly once to pick a nice flower that was growing by the palm, but most of the time I was on "automatic pilot"—following the path wherever it took me. Some of the places were quite surprising. Eventually, perseverance paid off and the twisty route deposited me at a restaurant.

It wasn't the worst place to find myself. Ten days adrift with nothing to eat but some fruit and raw sushi had left me with an appetite for some home cooking. Since that wasn't available, a snooty French joint would do. It was empty, so I asked the maitre d' for a table.

After contemplating the shine on both his shoes and examining his fingernails for several moments, the man suggested I sit in the waiting area while they prepared me a place to dine. Now, dear diary, I am not unaware of the mysterious and subtle workings of the great eating establishments of the world. I knew I had no reservation, so I sat patiently—at first. I expected a short, it not brief wait. Sure, and my name is Zsa Zsa Gabor—I bet that old fox would have gotten a table without a reservation or a wait.

But I was hungry, so I waited while the tuxedoed servitor groveled without shame as the rich and famous of the world arrived to dine. He unctuously solicited tips from them all as he oiled their ways across the floor. I was alternately angry, annoyed, indignant, incensed, and enraged. But the patient Larry Laffer cool was always there, and I never got upset.

Finally, after every seat in the place was filled, he motioned me to stand. "Walk this way, please, Mr. Laffer." From the mince of his stride I could only do that if I had a tick in my shorts.

A busboy was setting up a table for me next to the kitchen door. "Have a pleasant meal, Mr. Laffer," the maitre d' said without much enthusiasm. "Feel free to partake in our buffet on the other side of the room." He stood there a moment with a beauty pageant smile on his face. He opened his palm expectantly. I didn't put a tip into it, of course. I didn't spit in it either.

I didn't bother to sit down; I headed straight for the food on the buffet. Spinach and snails in assorted sauces are not to my liking. I did help myself to some excellent cheddar cheese—not Velveeta, but not bad—and the cheese knife. Yes, dear diary, I took the cheese knife. Like I said, I didn't get mad for being forced to wait so long for a table. I got even. Then I got out. And then I got lost in the maze again.

This time I ended up in a guest cottage at the hotel. The room was A-OK, big and clean and probably expensive; the kind that can clean you out big. It even had a bathroom. Since it wasn't mine, and no one seemed to be staying there at the moment, I felt free to look around. Of course I took the hotel matches from the nightstand; everybody does. It's a universal tradition and that's what they're there for.

I was heading for the john to check out the little bars of soap and tiny shampoo bottles when the maid came in. And kept coming. It was apparent that whole generations of women were to be flat-chested in order that this one example of tropical abundance might exist. It was time for talk.

"Hello there, gigantically gorgeous. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"DO NOT DISTURB," she breathed. "If there is anything I can do—anything—to be of service to you, don't hesitate to ask."

I gagged. I suspect she had had her breakfast of raw garlic and ripe cheese dressed in a garlic sauce and garnished with onions. It was that, or she was a believer in chemical defoliation. Either way, this papaya was too pungent for me. I decided to pass—before I passed out.

I have seen weaker women break into tears after a Larry Laffer rejection, but the maid accepted her defeat with good grace. With a little gratuitous wiggle of her hips, she left the room. Fine—she wouldn't notice me taking the soap packets from the bathroom. Then I got out. And then I got lost in the maze again.

The third time through, I came out at a barber shop. Not a bad place to be—10 days in a boat with an old mop on your head (even if the jet set is wearing them) is rough on the hair. I looked around and saw that it looked much like most other shops of the type I have been to in my life. The nude girlie on the calender was naked on an *urban* beach, however, and the vinyl seats had been sprayed with mosquito repellent. The odor blended nicely with the hair tonic. The barber looked like the blond bozo who had kicked sand at me earlier.

"Good day, my good man. Is there anything you can do about my mistreated hair? While you're at it, perhaps a little lowering of the hairline and some new growth in back. Not too much off the top, either."

"Do I have the treatment for you, sir," he replied. "A little tropic 'do' to lighten everything up. It'll make you look like you've got a lot more on top than you do. Just have a seat and close your eyes. When I'm done you'll see a new man!" Somehow this didn't set my mind at ease. Nor did the sight of the bottle of chlorinated laundry detergent I saw him grab.

What can I say, dear diary, I did see a new Larry when I opened my eyes. No bald spot. No receding hairline. Long, full hair down to my full shoulders. What I have always wished for—except for the fact that it was yellow (not blond) with greenish overtones. I had seen more attractive mustard dispensers, and with better color, too. I have no idea how it worked, but it did claim to contain some secret miracle ingredient.

But it was too late to change. I left looking at the bright side—maybe my mysterious adversaries wouldn't recognize me. Thinking those thoughts, I got lost again, and ended up at the beach.

Most fortuitous! I thought, and I moved stealthily east to check if the spies were still on the lookout. They were. I guess it was the unmistakable flash of my pure white leisure suit shining in the noontime sun that caught their

attention but, whatever it was they saw, they started after me. They were quick, but not quick enough. I dashed back west and didn't stop moving until I had arrived at the nude beach. At that point, a glance back informed me I was no longer being followed. Much relieved, I looked around at the sights. The beach had grown a good crop of flesh that day.

I was looking for a better observation spot when I noticed a bikini bottom lying by itself on a rock. As I considered which of the lovely ladies it might belong to, I got one of my occasional brilliant Larry Laffer ideas. *Suppose the KGB agents had only recognized me from my leisure suit? Suppose I disguised myself; maybe I could get past them. With my bleached blond hair, lean Larry body, and wearing a bikini, I just might be able to fool them.* I stun myself sometimes with the power of my brain.

To consider was to plot, and to plot was to decide. I took the bikini bottom figuring it wasn't needed on a nude beach anyway. Then I got lost in the maze again—it was getting to be a bore.

But I wasn't getting any better at it; I ended up at the restaurant a second time. No way, René. I was out of there before the maitre d' could connect me with the purloined cheese knife.

Trip number six, however, brought me to the room where I had met the garlic-soaked chamber maid. Great, a place to change. I concealed myself at the far end of the room just in case the maid might return and see me starkers. Then I changed into the bikini (both parts) and checked myself out in the bathroom mirror. Not good. The suit was a tad small, but I could mark that down to fashion. But the chest! However there was a time-honored solution to the no-bust problem.

Back in my changing place, I took the little soaps I had collected and stuffed them into the bikini top. Instant cleavage! A look in the mirror confirmed that I now might have a chance of passing for a woman—a highly unfeminine type, but one possessing the proper and evident secondary sexual accoutrements. On the other hand, I was much too hairy to pass. I laughed aloud at the irony of it—a too hairy Larry Laffer. Oh well, if I could find my way back to the barber, I might even be able to correct that small defect.

This time I guessed right in the maze and easily found my way to where I was going. Practice, I guess, does make perfect.

OK, dear diary, he did snicker at me in the bikini, but the hair dresser did not snicker at the color of my American greenbacks.

"Wipe that smirk off of your face, and do something about my excess body hair."



Foxy Larry.

“But of course, sugar. No bleaching this time. This time I’ll give you my special all-over body waxing!”

And he did. He laid me flat in the chair and poured hot wax all over my bod from my neck to my soles. “Let me know when it’s hard,” he said with a wink. I did, and without another word he ripped all of the now-hard wax from my flesh. Ziiiiip!—a sound like an elastic bandage being torn from a wound; but bigger. I didn’t scream; I bellowed as I felt every hair pull out of me one by one by one by one million. The Spanish Inquisition had more mercy.

But, what the hay, no pain, no gain. Right? It worked.

I was somewhat nervous as I started down the beach in what I hoped would be a most provocative female manner. I was carrying my leisure suit and my small cache of possessions rolled up tightly in my hand. Sweat was a real concern because I knew that women don’t sweat, they only perspire. But let no one say that Larry Laffer has no guts. Larry does, and he sucked them in as he walked alone by himself on that naked beach in plain sight of a pair of paid killers.

I got wolf whistles and two indecent propositions. I shimmied one last gratuitous, but sexy, wiggle of my hips as I left them with one last glorious view of my behind.

A narrow, rocky trail led up from the beach in the direction of the airport. I trekked along for what seemed miles until I turned a corner and saw that the final part of my escape must be negotiated teetering on the edge of a precipice. In other words, I had to walk a narrow path high over the ocean where one misstep would result in death. My mind boggled and my lower intestine threatened to follow. But I made it, didn’t I, dear diary? No 10.0s or 9.9s from the judges for artistic merit. Just brave, daring Larry clinging to the rock face and sliding along step by terror-filled step.

Several times, or more, my nimble feet stumbled almost casting me onto the rocks and breakers below. Only my lightning reflexes and the elastic in the Spandex bra saved me. One step at a time, Larry; one step at a time. Control your breathing. Sorry, dear diary, I’m getting carried away just remembering the excitement.

But, dear diary, there was no way that a swinging, suave man of the world like Larry Laffer was going to be seen in public wearing a bikini. Escape and necessity are one thing, airports and armed guards are another. No way. As soon as I could, just as I negotiated the last bend on the Trail of Terror, I slipped back into my leisure suit. Ah! It felt right. It felt good. I finally

descended from those Cliffs of Calamity and onto the parking lot of the island Aeroporto.

There were armed guards out front, but they weren't bothering peaceful citizens like me. I had no fear of them. No, what I feared most—except the then nameless KGB—were lurking on either side of the main door. Yes, dear diary, there are Hairy Bishnas even in the South Pacific.

(By the way, do you know why they're called *Hairy* Bishnas?. They all shave their heads like Kojak, except for a trendy ponytail at the back. I guess it's just another mystery in this great game I call Life.)

Anyway, they were chanting and dancing and banging drums and cymbals. I'm all for peace and love and beauty, but not with off-key strangers at airports. I'd beat them at their own scam. Walking up to them, but not near enough for them to invade my personal space, I presented them with the flower I had picked when I first arrived on the island.

"Peace and love, my little flower children!" I intoned. "Lucy's in the sky somewhere in the black mining hills and all you need is love potion number nine or you can't get no satisfaction." I know all the secret buzz words of the psycho-babble generation, but I didn't know then that I had outwitted another pair of potential KGB assassins. Never having been treated with love in their lives, their red eyes turned red with tears and they walked away contemplating the pure goodness that is Larry Laffer. I was able to enter the terminal without further annoyance.

Inside, the lines at the ticket counter were populated by dozens of identically dressed men in dull wool suits and power ties—the awesome and proverbial "business traveler." They may have been planning on going somewhere, but they weren't going anywhere just then. The lines hardly moved at all. It was another typical airport scene.

Now, Larry Laffer does not like to wait in lines, so I decided to walk around a bit until the crowds thinned somewhat. Left seemed as good a direction as any, and thus it was that I stumbled across the peppermint stick symbol of the airport barber. Yes, I know what you're going to say, dear diary; hadn't I been clipped enough. You're right, but long, yellow hair is just not me. I needed to do something about it and I needed to kill some time. Two dogs with one stone, so to speak.

The barber looked somewhat out of place wearing a medieval peasant dress in the tropics.

"Hi there, my little princess. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"SIERRA ON-LINE." Her answer baffled me.

"My name is Rosella. How may I help you?"

"Can you do anything about my hair? A little trim, perhaps? You can take a lot off the top if you like."

"I have just the thing for you. Just sit down and close your eyes. When you open them you'll be a new man." Not again!

The good news was twofold: She had taken care of the yellow color, and I looked like Larry Laffer again. The bad news was, I looked like the old me—whatever she did, it cost me all my new hair. Instant time warp! I was not amused.

"I understand your problem," said Rosella. She handed me a small bottle of liquid. "Rub a little bit of this on your scalp every day for a month, and soon you'll have a full head of hair again. It's not much, but a stud like you deserves it.

"Oh, and stay away from matches and open fires when you're using it. It's very flammable!"

I couldn't stay mad at the sweet girl for long, so I took the hair rejuvenator and left.

The lines were just as bad as before. I tried to talk to one of the women pretending to sell tickets, but the guys in line shouted me back. I was in no particular rush, so I headed down to the departure gates to waste a few more minutes. The lines couldn't be long and slow forever.

The corridor delivered me to customs, where a lone attendant was by himself. His seemed to be the only open counter, and perhaps he could give me some advice on getting around the ticket back-up. At first, he was only interested in seeing my passport. I showed it to him, and then he asked to see what I might be carrying aboard. He looked closely at the Onklunk, cheese knife, matches and hair restorer, and asked if any of them were flammable, or if I were planning to carry the knife aboard. I lied, and he passed me through a low gate in the east wall.

"Have a pleasant flight, senior!"

The baggage area was on the other side of the gate protected by a sleeping inspector. He was snoring in Spanish and, while I speak it somewhat, I don't understand it. So I moved on to the snack bar.

I hadn't eaten since the cheese at the restaurant, so I was pretty hungry. Airport food is only marginally better than airplane provisions, but when you're hungry and waiting for a plane, your choices are extremely limited.

That's how they make their bucks. I can dig that. On the wall I could read a sign that advertised their:

BLUE PATE SPECIAL

\$1.00 U.S.

or

\$23,000,000 PESOS

I didn't know what a "Blue Pate Special" was, but it sounded good and the price was right. I walked up to the counter and ordered one. When it came, I wished it hadn't. First off, the plate stuck to the counter, and that's never a good sign. Then there were the occupants of the plate. They didn't move—they were too dead for that, and the greasy bits of true mystery meat were covered by a thick congealing gravy that was also putting the squeeze on some greenish potatoes. I didn't recognize what passed for the veggies, but then I have a hard time telling vegetables apart anyway. The platter had the effect of making spinach dip appetizing.

I did try picking at my food for a few moments—well, "searched" my food is a more accurate description—but it didn't get any more appealing than at first glance. The major reason was the bobby pin I found in the gravy; it still had a few of my waitress's stiff hairs attached. But, I'm Larry Laffer and no situation is too disgusting for me not to find an up-side. You never know when a bobby pin will come in handy. I took it, wiped it off, and left the rest of the cheap meal untouched.

The snack bar was located just at the end of the moving walkway that transported people to their departure gates. It is a rule of the universe that that's where you find the vending machines that sell flight insurance. This one was larger than most, but then it was charging more than other insurance machines. One hundred dollars might have been a bit steep but you did get a parachute for your money. I have always thought that parachutes are the finest form of insurance in the air, so I bought the insurance and carried it along with me. I was right, too. It was just what I was going to need in the sky.

I started back to check on the ticket counters but realized that I should wait a few more minutes for the lines to thin. As a teenager, I spent many a Friday night hanging out with my good buddies, getting rowdy watching the trucks unload groceries at the supermarket. Sometimes, for a change, we'd stake-out

the night depository at the local library. These were times of intense camaraderie and strong male bonding.

But, I do not digress—those carefree nights had given me the idea of reliving some of my youth by watching the bags going through the X-ray inspection on the baggage carousel. A little nostalgia is a great way to pass idle time in public.

Thus it was, dear diary, that I was the alert hero who saved untold lives that day at the Aeroporto. I remember it so clearly: the guard still asleep in his wheelchair; the bags on the belt passing through the X-ray screen one by one; my amazement at seeing the strange things people put in their suitcases. I have never seen so many curiously shaped vibrators in my life—I had never realized that massage was so popular. All of this, and some things I have forgotten, are as clear in my memory as my mental image of John Travolta's disco dancing in *Saturday Night Fever*.

I remember that it was the tenth bag that pricked up my sharp eyes and sent the adrenalin of bravery pumping through me. The bomb was in the tenth bag, the one covered in camouflage cloth. I knew it in an instant, I have not watched all of the "Mission Impossible" episodes, often, without learning what a bomb looks like!

It is said that a true hero is one who does what must be done, without thought, and heedless of personal consequences. It is an apt description of Larry Laffer. With a shout of "BOMB! I've got a bomb!" I snatched the bag from the belt and sprinted for the front door. At the last possible second, I think, I tossed it with all my might. With the force of several packets of Roman sparklers, it exploded in mid-flight! The situation was defused and I was covered with soot.

I stood there waiting for applause and acclaim, but when the smoke cleared all I got was an empty counter. Oh well, dear diary, I know what I did, even if those peasants did ignore me.

After the usual patented shakes, etc., my suit and I approached one of the lovely ticket agents and asked when the next available flight anywhere would be leaving. The answer was . . . well, the answer was there was only one seat off the island in the next several weeks and it was on the next flight.

"I'll take it." And thus it was that for the ensuing eternity the ticket agent asked me annoying questions about choice of seats and sections, special meals, and sexual preferences. And that was for starters; it got worse. I have known Census forms and federal tax returns that were quicker to answer.

When we were done, the agent handed me my ticket and pointed down the corridor. "Your flight will be leaving from Gate #1 in exactly one minute. Have a good flight!"

I was not a track star in my youth, dear diary, but I could have been if I had chosen. I kicked the fabled Larry Laffer speed into gear and, like a Maserati at Le Mans, propelled myself to the plane. The stop at customs seemed to take minutes I did not have; past the still-sleeping guard in baggage I whooshed. I skidded slightly on the greasy floor near the snack bar, but was able to keep my feet going until I had reached the moving sidewalk. I relaxed some there as I settled into a safe trot. Would I make it in time? Does a Porsche shift in the woods?

As is the way with the universe, the plane's departure had been delayed. But then, all plane departures are delayed—it's just another one of the rules.

I looked aimlessly at the ticket counter when I got there and noticed a number of stacked-up pamphlets of a religious nature, free for the taking. I never pass up something at that price, so I got me one. It would probably be more interesting to read than the in-flight magazine. Then, I showed my ticket to the gate attendant, who checked it and motioned me on board. I was elated; I thought I was free of my pursuers forever. Even Larry Laffer can be wrong occasionally.

My ticket was for coach, a modern euphemism for "cram as many suckers as we can in the smallest space we can get away with. No leg room, butt room, or sufficient clean restrooms either!" At least I had an aisle seat in the no-smokers section.

After the required pretakeoff spiel about seatbelts, little yellow oxygen masks, "... stray-tables locked, and seats in their full and upright position . . ." and the pilot's tired jokes about crashes and the favorite amatory positions of the stews, the big jet shuddered and creaked a number of times, the engines wailed, and we began to move. Faster and faster until, after several bounces, we were up in the sky.

"This is your pilot speaking. We have reached our final cruising altitude of five hundred feet for our ten-minute flight to . . . well if you don't know where we're going you'll know soon enough, or you're on the wrong flight. If the toilets are working, they're in the rear smoking section. Don't buy too many drinks because we don't have too many bathrooms. When we do get on the ground in one piece, the local police will be boarding to search for contraband and any exotic Contra band-instruments you may be carrying. We hope you'll have a pleasant flight today and join us again soon in the

somewhat safe skies of D.B. Cooper Air. Please keep you hands off of the flight attendants."

The Onklunk! The KGB was after the Onklunk, and they knew where I was going! The announcement had tipped me off that, despite the fact that I was high in the air, I was really in deep doo-doo. To make matters worse, the man in the next seat recognized me.

"Why, I remember you. Small world, isn't it? You were the dork head in Lefty's bar. Remember me, I sat next to you. Ken. Ken's the name and the do-it-yourself hair replacement franchise business is my game. Let me tell you a couple of new jokes I've heard, and then maybe I'll do something about that hair-line and the tacky bald-spot problem of yours. It'll be on the house, 'cause I need the practice. Have you heard this one? A traveling salesman . . ." What had I gotten myself into? The man would not shut up and he intended to do amateur surgery on me when he did. Assassins, or worse, were waiting at the other end of the short flight. I felt like I was going to be sick.

I quickly reached into the seat pocket in front of me and grabbed the barf bag. It was only slightly used. The nausea went away quickly enough, however, so I didn't have to use it. Ken-Ken in the seat next to me, though, wouldn't go away. Yak, yak,yak; blah, blah, blah; ha, ha ha. To shut him up I gave him the pamphlet I had intended to read myself. It quieted him briefly, and I stood up and fled to the back of the plane.

Because of my now weakened condition, the smoke succeeded in bringing back my nausea. I dashed to the john but they were both locked. I looked at the doors in gagging disbelief—the OCCUPIED signs rusted into place—and in doing so noticed an emergency door against the bulkhead. If I waited much longer I would puke all over the cabin, and that would not be good for my reputation. And it would probably stain my leisure suit. I needed fresh air.

The emergency exit had a padlock on it to prevent passengers from doing just what I intended. No matter, I had a hairpin and with a tool such as that I can pick any lock. I picked it. Next the large red lever. I pushed it. Next; to open the door. Oops! In my mild panic, I almost forgot to put on my parachute. I put it on, and thought it made me look cool. I opened the door and gave it a firm shove, and the sudden change in pressure sucked me out the door (it would sure be nice to know a woman who could duplicate that feat).

Despite the waves of sickness and vertigo, the fabled Larry Laffer mind kept operating—it *would not be a good thing if you landed on that island*

below you while traveling at this airspeed. You might consider pulling the rip cord and doing it fast! It was not a bad idea, and I took myself up on it.

And that, dear diary, is how I arrived here on Nontoonyt Island. James Bond could not have made a better entrance.

I had never used a parachute before and was quite unsure how to land properly. The solution to that problem became moot when the chute was grabbed by the trees before I had the opportunity to solve it. Swaying in my harness, caught in the jungle branches, was an uncomfortable perch for a swinger like Larry Laffer. But, it was temporary; I still had the knife that I had lied about to the customs inspector. I merely cut the harness with the knife. It wasn't five hundred feet, but it was a long way to the ground.

I landed on my Onklunk and some tender vegetation. It smarted, but I was down with no precious part of me broken. I can't say as much for the Onklunk; *it* was broken beyond recognition, much less repair. I trashed it right there, little knowing that it had contained terribly secret national secret superconductor research and secrets. In keeping it out of KGB hands, I had preserved the balance of terror in the world, and possibly prevented total and all-out thermonuclear war, or worse. I had saved the world, and I didn't know it. Isn't that always the way it works?

I looked around—it was a jungle out there, dear diary, a real jungle. Afraid of wild beasts, mosquitos, or other unforeseen dangers, I picked up a heavy stick I found lying on the ground near where I landed. Another dangerous beast now stalked the jungle—Larry Laffer had a weapon.

I listened to the sounds of the jungle and didn't recognize most of them. I wasn't surprised, I had never been in a jungle before. But wait, that buzzing sound was one I remembered. Once, as a child, a bee stung me on a very tender spot as I was watering an alley. Once you have been so viciously attacked, you never forget either the pain or the assailant. Larry Laffer knows the sound of a wild bee when he hears one. In the wild jungle they might even be killer bees!

The sound came closer as I moved south through the brush. Looking sharply around, I saw a few of the striped, yellow beasts sitting in ambush on the branch of an impressive bush. *By George*, I thought, *they lie in wait for unwary travelers*. I knew I must not brush that bush in the brush or I would be swarmed with fatal results—or worse. Getting on my hands and knees, I carefully crawled until I was clear of the danger. Then I stood, triumphant again. The birds and bees of this world have to get out of bed real early to outsmart Larry Laffer!



Larry takes a shortcut.

On I trekked braving danger and impossible obstacles at nearly every step. Monkeys in the trees, and worse, mocked my every move. The soft, unhealthy muck of the jungle's floor sucked at me on every step. All the while, though, I kept thinking about what George of the Jungle, Tarzan, or Bomba the Jungle Boy would do. Swing on vines was the answer, but there were no vines there to swing on. So, plod on I did.

The snake was either a man-eating python or a venomous viper, I'm not sure which. It doesn't matter; it had a big mouth. It was waiting for me when I arrived, dropping out of a tree with a hungry look in its eye that said "... virgin polyester taste great!" But I had something less filling for it to put its jaws around.

I whipped out my stout stick—the one from the ground—and thrust it deep into the serpent's mouth. It made my hand slimy, but it worked. It worked, of course, just as it had in "Tarzan versus the Martians." I am a man's man, dear diary, and have been told in confidence that I make some women gag. True. That day, though, my stick made a snake gag, and I walked away from it.

... and right into a swamp. But swamps are easy for this lightfooted Larry. My sharp eyes cast their patented gaze over the treacherous surface of the mire. I knew that if I could just step on the firm spots, I would make it with *no problemo*. My intense concentration revealed what looked like patches of different colored earth leading like a trail across. I tested it with my foot and found it as firm as the occasional bosom. It was slow going, but I continued like that all of the way across—one foot carefully after another. No leviathans rose up from the muck to consume me. They didn't dare.

On the swamp's far side I arrived at clear, clean water. A small stream flowed its peaceful way after its rapid run down a mountain. In the distance I could see a beach and what I assumed to be the ocean.

But Larry Laffer knows that in the jungle danger is always just beneath the surface. And in this case, the danger was in the stream: piranhas—flesh-eating fishies who could strip my polyestered flesh faster than Travolta can do a full split on a slippery dance floor. Actually, I wasn't sure they were piranhas at the time, but I was determined to take no needless chances.

It was Buster Crabbe's interpretation of Tarzan that gave me the idea, although I had considered it earlier. Above the moving water were a series of vines and I decided to swing my way across—I had to live up to my reputation didn't I? Grabbing hold, I just swung on vines until I was across and on the solid ground of the other side. I was glad when the ride was over

though because it puts an enormous load on a person's armpits. Sore pits or not, Larry Laffer had conquered the jungle.

Vines, however, can be useful in all sorts of ways. I took the last one with me, just in case.

And now for the most momentous meeting of my life, dear diary. The be-still-my-beating-heart moment that comes only in movies and certain dreams. The . . .

Words fail me. No, one word doesn't, and that word is Kalalau! Kalalau. Kalalau. If I never die, let that word be on my lips at the end. Kalalau.

She was frolicking in the surf as I stepped onto the beach. Her black hair was the color of midnight blue. It fell down below her brown shoulders, dressed in nothing more than a single perfect flower. Her deep, black eyes were the depths between the milky ways, dark and bright at the same time. They were dressed only in a look of wonder and adoration. Her face and body put all postcards from tropical lands to shame. Too fine for even Sports Illustrated's annual swimsuit issue, she innocently bathed, alone by herself, dressed only in a sarong.

And she wasn't dressed at all above the waist!

Kalalau smiled and waved and walked to me out of the surf. As she came her smile became larger and warmer. So did I. As she came closer I could see her good points even better, and I found them, and her, good. Excellent, even.

Perhaps it was the way we were dressed, she in her innocent near-nudity and I in my virginal polyester, but it was the proverbial love at first, second, third, and fourth sight. Eve, Fawn, Faith, Barbara, Maude, Mandi, Muffi, and the rest of the women I have known, however slightly—all were forgotten at that moment, their names never again to cross my conscious mind. We just looked and looked and looked at each other as if *we* were all that mattered in creation. We were.

I went to her then, a little shy in my passion for her. Her eyes glanced down at me and she blushed. We touched. We kissed. We didn't go any further than that . . . then.

"Hi, my name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign? I think I love you!"

"ENTER HERE."

"My name is Kalalau, I am the chief's daughter, I love you too, and I'm saving myself for marriage . . . with you. My favorite historical personage is Moby Dick, and I find balding men sexy."

"Marry me, Kalalau! I know this is sudden but I can make you happy. Guaranteed. Marry me!"

“Oh, Larry; Larry Laffer, I will, I want to—but we have a small problem. Our tribal elders and my father have forbidden all marriages until the evil man who is terrorizing our peaceful island is defeated. He has created his fortress inside of our sacred volcano, and none have been able even to get close to him. He has enslaved most of our beautiful women, blasted a giant canyon between the village and his hideout, and created a tropical glacier that cannot be scaled. He has turned our blue skies brown and polluted our waters. There’s more, but I digress.” Despite my mounting indignation, I realized that the love of my life spoke English much better than I had expected.

“Have you called the police?” I asked.

“We need a hero, Larry; Larry Laffer. We need one brave man to climb into the sacred volcano and defeat the evil Dr. Nonookee. Our ancient tribal legends say that a man will come out of the jungle glowing with the brilliance of the sun and bearing an odd name. You must be that man Larry; Larry Laffer. Just look how the sun reflects from your fine threads!”

Dr. Nonookee—the man to whom the Onklunk was to be delivered. The evil mastermind behind the army of beautiful henchettes who had been enticing me throughout my journey. Dr. Nonookee. I knew such an evil man would not stop at merely ruling a tropical island filled with beautiful half-naked women. No! The world was in danger from the madman and only Larry Laffer could save it.

Anyway, I’ve always been a sucker for a hard-luck story.

I told her I would do it. No, I promised I would do it. Nay, I guaranteed it. Arm in arm, we walked to her village to meet her father.

(By the way, dear diary, I don’t like Kalalau’s father, Chief Keneewauwau. He’s too powerful, too smug, and too fat for his own good. He also has terrible taste in Hawaiian shirts, and has a weird sense of humor. But, I would never tell him that. It’s a little secret just between you and me.)

The village women must have known something significant was afoot because they were already stoking up the cooking fire and preparing for a pagan feast. Kalalau kept assuring me that her father was not as bad as she had been describing, and that she knew I would convince him that I was a worthy mate for her. His hut was much bigger than the others, most likely because he needed something large to contain his corpulent body. As we approached, all the people of the village gathered around, silent with awe. Finally, Chief Keneewauwau strutted out to survey his subjects. He was the only native there wearing a shirt, and I was thankful for it.

His thin voice contrasted to his full frame. “What is going on, and who is *that* with my daughter?”

“Father, meet Larry; Larry Laffer. We wish to marry!” The villagers gasped. Chief Keneewauwau frowned.

“Easier said than done, my ripe kiwi of a daughter. No man can be worthy of your hand, and everything attached to it, unless he proves worthy by passing our secret sacred initiation rites. Are you ready to pass such tests, parrot dropping?”

Need I say any more? But I did.

“Anything. Test me. No test is too tough if the prize is Kalalau!” The villagers oohed and aahed. Kalalau swooned.

“Then let the test begin!”

Dear diary, some things in this world are too secret and too sacred to record. Beneath the flickering torches under the sweltering sun, the secret and sacred initiation rites took place. The pounding of jungle drums and the secret sacred chants filled the air. In the middle of that primitive power and majesty stood Larry Laffer. I learned things that I had to forget at once, so secret were they. I performed all the sacred tests of manhood demanded me, and I was declared a man (not that I had any doubts). With sweat on my high brow, I faced Chief Keneewauwau and the ghosts of chiefs and witch doctors past and was found worthy.

At the end, Chief Keneewauwau showed me the secret path that would lead me to the tropical glacier that protected Dr. Nonookee’s citadel.

“Rid Nontoonyt Island of the evil madman and my virgin daughter Kalalau will be your wife. I have spoken!” The villagers groveled and left.

We walked together to the edge of a massive and deep chasm. In the distance, sunlight reflected off of the glacier. “Here is our secret way,” said the chief. “All you have to do is cross the chasm somehow and you will be at the foot of the unclimbable ice. At the top, we think, is the entrance to Dr. Nonookee’s impenetrable fortress. Good luck, and I hope you have major medical insurance.”

I wasted no time, dear diary, in fretting about the mere impossible. I collected my wits and then collected some necessary supplies. To cross ice needs more than determination, it needs traction. I did not drive in the snow country near Philadelphia for all those years and not learn nothing. I went back to the beach and collected myself some sand, and on the way back through the village I took pockets full of the ash from the now-dead cooking fire. I had traction aplenty.

The chasm was a problem of a different texture. A tongue of rock extended out over it a little way. It went down much farther than was necessary. On the other side of the drop, however, I had noticed what remained of an old tree. It looked dead, perhaps a victim of the last time the Nontoonyt volcano erupted. I knew what George of the Jungle would do, and I had the vine with me to do it with. *Why, I wondered, haven't the native villagers thought of this way across before?*

After several unsuccessful tries, I finally threw the vine across the branch of the tree and found out. Dead trees imply dead branches. Dead branches have a minimal load-bearing capacity. Dead branches break. Dead branches break when people try to swing on them with vines. I tried to swing over the canyon on a vine. The branch broke. I made it.

How, you may ask? Don't. I'm still trying to figure that one out for myself. As I watched the branch and vine plunge down into the depths after I let go, I saw my way back to Kalalau go with them. Pressing on was all I could do.

I marched on through thinner and thinner jungle for a while until I came to the glacier. It is the rare river of ice that survives in tropic climes, and it is the rarer glacier still that thrives at the very bottom of a tropical volcano. The very fact that it existed at all was a grim and dire warning as to the power and genius of the evil Dr. N. I wasted little time on fear and loathing. It was time to get to work.

I chose to try the ashes first, and sprinkled them on the ice. Within moments my plan showed results as the ice began to melt. As it melted, the secret of the Nontoonyt glacier was revealed. Maybe "exposed" is a better word. What was uncovered when the ice melted were a series of gigantic refrigeration coils. Dr. Nonookee had created an artificial glacier to hide his evil ways from the world. To conceive of such power was to fear Armageddon, or worse.

I kept sprinkling and I kept climbing the cold coils—up and up to the sharp rock and ash of the volcano itself. Up and up and up with danger at my every step. Finally, I made it to the top and into the very crater of the volcano itself.

Yes, I was in the belly of the bear, the jaws of calamity. The mouth of the crater welcomed me as if I were a long awaited morsel of spinach dip. "Yum," it seemed to be saying. "A little bald guy to whet my whistle!"

Well, this Larry Laffer doesn't let anyone or anything call him a little bald guy except himself—and then only on special occasions.

I looked around. The smell of sulfur didn't hide the elevator that had been built into the steaming ashes. It must be the way down into the doctor's

bunker. Near it was a large crevice, steam rising out of it like from subway grates in the Big Apple. I went to the elevator and checked it out thoroughly. I was somewhat surprised to find it locked as tight as Mrs. Bimbo's girdle. There was a little snow here and there, but it was natural, a refreshing change of pace from the evil that surrounded me.

I looked at the crevice a second time and an idea exploded within my patented brain. The crack in the earth looked as if it went deep into the bowels of the volcano, perhaps as deep as the doctor's abode. Add to that the sure knowledge that volcanos are unstable creations at best—why else do they explode?—you had Larry Laffer's patented recipe for Nonookee Surprise. For an apéritif, Molotov Cocktail.

I took the airsick bag I hadn't used on the plane (I had kept it for some reason—I guess it's the pack rat in me) and I put the airsick bag into the rejuvenator (the hair stuff the sweet chick-barber at the airport had given me. She had said it was highly flammable). Then I lit the airsick bag with the matches I had liberated from the hotel room.

The rest was quick. I threw the bottle into the crevice. I couldn't see it, but I could hear and feel it explode deep beneath me. I'm not sure what I expected to happen next, but it wasn't seeing the elevator door open. But that's what happened, just as if I had said, "Open, sesame!"

Anyhoo, the A-train to Nonookeeville was leaving, and you didn't have to be a Duke Ellington to know I was going to be on it.

I ran and got into the elevator and reached for the "Down" button. There was no floor. Instead of getting the elevator, Larry Laffer got the shaft—straight down!

The elevator shaft was padded for some reason; I bounced from side to side and that cut some of the force of my fall. At the bottom of the shaft, where the elevator should have been, was Nonookee's Styrofoam peanut collection—the elevator had never been delivered to the island, so the doctor was using the shaft as a storeroom. I was very lucky he wasn't storing anything hard in there.

I hit and the light plastic absorbed much of the impact. However, it takes a lot more than several feet of Styrofoam to stop Larry Laffer. I exploded out of the shaft and into Dr. Nonookee's combination love nest and control room. My momentum carried me into a wall where I bounced and rebounded into yet another hard vertical surface. This dazed me some, and I staggered to my feet not in full control of my formidable senses. Half-blind from the blow my head had taken when it met the wall, I stumbled and fell against a lever.

Whirrings and computer-like sounds began to cover the piano music that had been filling the salon on my totally unexpected arrival. Dr. N was having a musical moment with a number of his more talented henchettes. Some of them, I learned later, even knew something about music. I, on the other hand, knew nothing about nothing at that moment. Still trying to regain my equilibrium and composure, I fell against a panel and depressed several red buttons. The electronic noises became shriller.

"Warning. Warning. The Peace through Utilizing Total Terror defense system has been activated! Warning! Warning! PUTT PUTT has been activated."

A scream of total terror ripped through the electronic voice. Dr. Nonookee was screaming. Lasers were firing red and blue and green death beams all over the place. They missed me and the women. They missed Dr. Nonookee, but they didn't miss the marble column, which fell over without missing the grand piano. The piano was pushed across the floor by the force of the impact, and it didn't miss Dr. Nonookee. He was crushed to death. Maybe worse. The pure power of music, and the incredible prowess of Larry Laffer had overcome the world's most evil genius.

I had no time then to savor my victory. By then my senses had cleared enough to turn the auto-fire button I had pushed to OFF. One problem out of the way.

Next I checked out the broads. They had barely moved during the barrage. The innocent native girls had been hypnotized and were under the madman's spell. They seemed unaware of what had just happened around them. I slapped their faces and shouted for them to wake up. I snapped my fingers and shouted again, "Wake up. Dr. Nonookee is dead. You're free!"

The sweet island girls snapped out of it then, and tears of joy filled their eyes. They grabbed and hugged me as one and cried that I was their hero and liberator. But, I knew that.

Then they began noticing that they were wearing the uniforms of their former captor. In triumph, they began ripping the alien clothes from their nubile bodies until they had achieved reasonable facsimiles of their native dress. Topless and free, they wanted out.

So did I. I was afraid that the bomb I had thrown into the volcano might cause it to erupt and take us to our fiery deaths. No, I had come too far for that. One of the women showed me a radio, and we frantically tried different frequencies attempting to raise someone—anyone—who could help rescue us.

"Mayday. Mayday. This is Larry; Larry Laffer calling. I've just rescued the world and a bevy of half-naked native virgins from the clutches of the evil Dr. Nonookee. Can someone come and rescue us before the volcano we're in erupts? Mayday. Mayday!"

At last a voice, an American voice answered.

"Say, what, good buddy? You wouldn't be joshin' me now would you?"

We assured him we weren't and our rescuer said he would fly a helicopter right over to pick us out. It seems he was part of a photo crew shooting the *New Yorker* magazine annual swimsuit issue. He asked how to find us and I told him that we'd think of something.

"Something" consisted of hitting every button we saw on the doctor's main computer console. What our efforts brought us were a giant fog bank covering most of the island and the main waterfall shutting off. That though revealed a secret hangar door into the fortress. One of the controls opened it. I rushed down the stairs to meet the chopper and the island maidens went some other way. We all got out alive. The volcano never blew.

That's the good news. The pilot told me the bad. He recognized me from my TV appearance when I won the lottery prize of a million dollars a year for life. It seems the people who ran the lottery had invested all of their money in S & Ls, junk bonds, and supply-side economics. They had gone bankrupt. Belly-up. Flat busted broke. The wad in my pocket was all the money I had left in the world. I patted my wad. It wasn't there. I had lost it all somewhere in my mad adventure. Or maybe Kalalau's father had stolen it from me during the secret sacred initiation ceremony. At least I still had her, I hoped.

Kalalau was waiting for me when I landed. Hand in hand, we returned to her father and her village—our village now. The wedding took place that afternoon, as soon as they could sober up the witch doctor. With the entire population of the village present we tied the knot and exchanged our wedding vows in the ancient secret sacred Nontoonyt wedding ceremony. It too is too secret and sacred to commit to paper, but I can say that part of it was a mutual simultaneous public moonwalk between consenting adults, at least one of whom was at least half-naked.

To make our happiness complete, Chief Kenewauwau had the presiding witch doctor take me back to his hut and perform yet another secret ceremony, this one upon my body.

Dear diary, I won Kalalau—the woman of my dreams—and got a full head of hair the same day!

Our wedding kiss, which lasted an eternity, didn't last long enough.

That was yesterday. Today, the tropic breezes blow gentle through my full head of hair, and we run naked in the moonlit surf. My volcano explodes with delightful regularity.

5

My Favorite Things

Dear Diary,

Today I received another phone call from Sierra On-Line. The stacks of fan mail addressed to me had grown large enough to almost fill a drawer in the receptionist's desk. "More, more," the letters implore.

"Tell us even more about that gnarally dude, Larry Laffer. Tell us about what he's really like so that we can, like, be more like him! What makes someone like that tick? What turns him on, and what are his favorite things?"

So, this afternoon, I went in to Sierra's office and looked through the cards and letters. A tear or two, I must admit, wandered from my eyes as I looked through the pile. To think that all of those people invested uncanceled U.S. postage stamps in order to learn what flavor of burrito I enjoy, or size of condom I prefer.

I cannot answer each query individually. What I've decided to do is to compile a list of answers to some of the most-requested personal information that both people and Larry Laffer fans demand. It will give me a chance to ponder those little things we all take for granted about ourselves and which, taken together, create a snapshot of that unique individual who is me—or something like that.

Here then, are a few of my favorite things. I will record them all in you, dear diary, so it will be ready for the company's publicity machine when they call.

When they pay me, I'll let them have it.

RARE AND RANDOM FACTS FROM A LARRY LAFFER KIND OF LIFE

Larry Laffer on Larry Laffer

My Biggest Turn-Ons

1. Rich women
2. Sexy, beautiful women
3. Sexy, ugly women
4. Willing women
5. Women whose first names end in the letter i
6. Live women

My Biggest Turn-Offs

1. Zombie women
2. Men—eat your hearts out guys, but this stud swings only on a one-way street.
3. Married women—unless there are no other women available. Or, their husbands are around.
4. Garlic-scented breath sprays and colognes
5. Green eggs and ham
6. Green food in general

Favorite Women's Names

Bambi
Tawni
Kitten
Patti
Jugs

Favorite Female Hair Color

Any . . . as long as I can run my patented Larry Laffer fingers through it.

Favorite Eye Color

Smoldering

Favorite First Date

Dinner and a show—preferably fast food and fries, followed by a Drive-In double feature. I usually don't care how many movies are actually playing.

Favorite Opening Lines

"Hi there, baby! My name is Larry; Larry Laffer . . ."

". . . What's your sign?"

". . . What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

". . . Congratulations! You have just hit the jackpot in the game of love!"

Favorite Ethnic Group

Women

Favorite Sport

Girl watching

Favorite Forms of Exercise

Horizontal calisthenics.

Broad-jumping.

Getting pumped.

Favorite Kind of Condom

The ones without holes that are on sale that month. I save the ribbed, colored, plaid, rough-cut, peppermint-flavored custom jobbies for special occasions.

Last Books Read

Vanna Speaks

The Sensuous Man

The Pop-Up Illustrated Kama Sutra

Favorite Poem

Reflections on Breaking Ice

Candy
Is dandy,
But liquor
Is quicker.

—Ogden Nash

Favorite Quote

“Yes, Larry. Now. Please!”

Words to Live By

“What the hay!”
“Your place or mine?”

Favorite Type of Pet

Rocks. But, I really don't have the time to take proper care of them anymore.

Favorite Color

Beige. It goes with anything, and sets off the color of white virgin polyester perfectly. Some call it bland, but I call it beautiful.

Favorite Actresses

Vanna White
Julie Andrews
Bo Derek
Zsa Zsa Gabor
Pia Zadora
Annette Funicello

Favorite Actors

John Travolta
Sean Connery
Bob Denver
Tom Selleck (I think he looks a heck-of-a-lot like me)
Bo Jackson
Mr. Ed

Favorite Historical Figure

Millard Fillmore. He was the 13th President of these US of A. No three-day holiday weekend has been named in his honor, but there were two famous music clubs named after him in the sixties. While neither Neil Diamond nor Barry Manilow ever performed at the Fillmore, they should have. I did my first high-school research paper on the old MF, and got a B-.

Favorite Trips

- Time and space warp escape from cannibal amazon lesbian bikers, through the ultimate ends of the universe, to Oakhurst, California, a quaint suburb of Coarse Gold, California.
- Sixth grade class trip to the Philadelphia morgue.
- Smoking banana peels in college.
- Trip Hawkins.

Favorite Foods

Breakfast: Gourmet microwave burritos—any flavor
Lunch: Corn Dogs dipped in Cheese Wizz
Dinner: Frozen tuna and pineapple pizza
Desert: Butterscotch mint ice cream
Snack Food: Chocolate-flavored microwave popcorn

Favorite Wine:

Chateau Quiki *Rouge*. The six-litre jugs are economical and can even be stored unchilled. Full-bodied (the way I like some of my women), ostentatious, and not pretentious at all, it is the perfect accompaniment for microwaved

food. The flavor and bouquet are at their peak for about six months after opening. For a summer pleaser, try mixing it with cherry Coke and iced tea. Yum!

Favorite Soft Drink

Caffeine-free Diet Jolt

Larry Laffer on Music

Favorite Musicians (Male)

Barry Manilow—If Elvis were alive, he'd be Barry. So good, I'm going to try and get him to compose the theme to my next game.

Neil Diamond—Irving Berlin for "Now" people—now and forever.

Bee Gees—Why disco can never die, even if they might.

The Village People—Ahead of their time. The costumes, the music, the magic . . . they had it all together. Some day, their records will be worth mucho buckos, and they will be ranked with the masters.

Elvis Presley—The King. His early stuff was a little raucous, but his movie songs have defined several generations.

Wayne Newton—The Crown Prince. I'll always give thanks for "Danke Schön."

Montovani—A few of my favorite strings . . .

Favorite Musicians (Female)

Donna Summer—The Queen of disco. If they play the long version of "Love to Love You Baby" at my funeral, I'll die a happy man.

Julie Andrews—British blue-eyed soul at its most awesome. Her "Mary Poppins" soundtrack is so authentic, you'd swear she was ethnic.

Diana Ross—The *suprema Diva*! Her post-Supremes work is flawless and most soulful.

Madonna—Social consciousness for the next millennium. I am hip and in-tune with the most modern of musics, and Madonna is my definition of post-modern. This woman's songs will always remind me of next month's centerfold. Music so good, that after a night's listening, I can still respect it in the morning.

Olivia Newton-John—The '70s Tiffany. A tad less bluesy than Tiff, but that's OK. A pop songstress without peer, her tunes remain almost Wagnerian in scope and not a little forgettable.

Alice Cooper—I usually don't like hard rock, but this babe sings like a man. Loud and nasty, like a good night with a bad, bad girl. Music to read certain kinds of magazines by.

Larry Laffer on Film

My Top Dozen All-Time Movies

Saturday Night Fever—When I pass through the Pearly Gates, I'm sure St. Pete will be handing out eternal free passes to this one. Entire pagan cults converted to Travolta-idolatry after seeing this masterpiece. This movie changed my life, and I will never be able to thank it enough.

Dr. No (and all other Sean Connery James Bond flicks)—Connery is James, and this movie defined him. Who could ever forget Ursula, undressed? A 38 on a scale of 10.

The Sound of Music—Even completely dressed, Julie Andrews is the Meryl Streep of movie musicals. Great tunes, clever dialogue, and Nazis. This movie is one of my favorite sings . . .

*Ilsa, She-Wolf of the SS—Fraülein*s in bondage, whips and chains, and skimpy nighties. It's a moving expose on the true horrors of the Third Reich and gratuitous semi-nudity. A hard-hitting docu-drama with real clout.

Zardoz—Sean Connery in bondage, skimpy nighties, a pony-tail, and Charlotte Rampling. And, it's a sequel to *The Wizard of Oz*.

Barbarella—Jane Fonda in bondage and skimpy nothings. Perhaps the greatest science fiction movie of all time, and the obvious inspiration to both *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and *Star Wars*.

The Conqueror—John Wayne is Ghengis Kahn. The greatest historical epic ever, it has Susan Hayward as the love interest, a cast of hundreds, and lots of accents. Along with *The Green Berets*, it's one of the Duke's two greatest performances.

Where The Boys Are—Connie Francis, Paula Prentiss, Yvette Mimieux, George Hamilton, Jim Hutton, and Chill Wills! Perhaps the greatest beach movie ever *without* Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. Acres and acres of provocative female flesh, and singing. The title song will stay at the top of the pops forever.

Beach Blanket Bingo—The greatest beach movie ever with Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. Sexy sixties bikinis and savage songs sear the screen. If only the Beach Boys had been this good. A female flesh and pulsating peccs paradise. I must remember to honorable-mention two other great beach flicks—*Bikini Beach*, with Annette and Frankie, and *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*, with Annette and Dobie Gillis!

Howard the Duck—Possibly the greatest special-effects film ever. The scene that makes the movie remarkable for me, though, is when Howard gets in the sack with Lea Thompson. It poignantly proves that there is hope for all men, if they try hard enough—present company excluded. I don't need to try hard enough.

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in the same film—and they sing and dance together! In a hundred years, historians will point at this rock musical as a clear representation of the dangers of wasted youth in the 20th century, and the sanctity of middle-of-the-road rock-n-roll.

Perfect—John Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis in leotards—and sweating! It's the most sensual and erotic film since *Behind the Screen Door*, a low-budget cult classic which is seldom shown anymore.

Trail of Apache Blood—Am I hip, or am I hip, or what? This obscure cult-circuit gem is the only film ever made by an Irish former-Marine Corps captain from Boston, who also wrote the film almost entirely in Apache. The knife-in-the-leg scene alone secures its place in Hollywood history as one of the great westerns. So obscure that it is in none of the published movie guides. This is my token art film.

Larry Laffer on Television

My Top Dozen All-Time Television Shows

“The Goddess of Love”—Vanna White was born to play Venus in this made-for-TV masterpiece. In her only starring dramatic role, she revealed the depth of her talent, and much fabulous flesh. The producers made an excellent choice in choosing Vanna over Meryl Streep, and she came through with a performance so fine tuned that it could shatter glass.

“Wheel of Fortune”—Vanna White in sexy designer clothes, and intellectual challenges worthy of the NCAA. Even if Vanna weren't provocatively turning the letters, it would make my list for its substantial nightly contribution to American literacy and good spelling.

“Lays of Our Dives”—My favorite soap. The sweep of its scope, combined with the quantity and richness of its characters, make this—the longest running daytime drama on daytime television—impossible to describe here. It has a guaranteed three near-naked love scenes every half-hour. Hot stuff!

“Dynasty”—PBS-level pure class. Joan Collins raises the English accent to a new level of melodic purity. The plots are as riveting as the costumes, and Shakespearian cast is most convincing in showing how the world really is ruled by an Illuminatus-led international economic conspiracy. My only quibble is that they don't drink Chateau Quiki *Blanc de Blanc Demi-Sec* bubbly, instead of the lesser Dom Perignon.

“Club MTV”—American Bandstand for the '90s and beyond. It is *the* place for modern music and great gyrating female bodies. They sometimes don't play enough Oldies, but they compensate by showing the most creative of trendy videos. The classy and British Julie Brown could be the next Joan Collins, or Alistair Cooke.

“Mod Squad”—If Peggy Lipton had been taking Valium, she couldn't have given a more exciting performance in this engrossing early-'70s undercover cops thriller. Hippies, free love, and interracial harmony were themes so explosive that they couldn't be duplicated until “21 Jump Street.”

“Mr. Ed”—This dramatic series on inter-species relationships is most definitely for mature audiences only. The fact that Mr. Ed ever aired, much less returned in reruns, proves that TV can handle adult themes with good taste and discretion.

“Green Acres”—Despite my general revulsion to the color green—except where money is concerned—this makes my list because of Eva Gabor. It is a cultural tragedy of the first order that Zsa Zsa never starred on network TV, but sister Eva is a toothsome treat in her own right. I still haven't figured out her exact relationship to the pig, however.

“Charlie's Angels”—Farrah, Kate, Cheryl, Jacqui . . . this most erotic of casts kept changing, but the show survived on the power of its scripts, and its actresses. Despite all their action, adventure, and close calls, these cops kept their make-up on, their hair in place, and their bustlines uplifted. This is perhaps the finest police drama ever conceived. It was also the sexiest, and Farrah is second only to Vanna in prime-time foxiness.

“Three's Company”—The highest of comedy and the highest of skirt-lines made this my most favorite of family comedies. I also loved the low-cut blouses which nicely complemented the high-brow humor. Perhaps a mite

too intellectual for the general public, but let no one say that Larry Laffer just watches TV for cheap thrills.

“PBS Pledge Nights”—State of the art television. Slick production, world-class talent, never-ending quick and clever quips, and adroit ad libs. Add the occasional guest shot by Alistair Cooke, Carl Sagan, Bill Moyers, Diana Rigg, local radio personalities, and used car entrepreneurs; mix with finest of contemporary merchandise; stir in the occasional tinkle of the telephone. The result is PBS and American TV at its finest. It’s enough to make you proud!

“Lifestyles of the Rich and Flatulent”—Notable for its emphasis on the total lack of class-structure and social stratification in contemporary society. It is constant, gripping, sociological video reminder that, indeed, all men (and women too) *are* created equal—except that some have a lot more money, slicker lawyers, quicker accountants, fancier clothes, more expensive cars, more and bigger houses, servants, and *all* the Get Out of Jail Free cards in the universe. But it is good TV.

6

. . . In Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals

July 24
Bass Lake

Dear Diary,

In the beginning was the word, and the word was DIVORCE.

D-I-V-O-R-C-E. Tammy Wynette couldn’t have spelled it any better.

Here I am looking over the moonlit waters of Bass Lake, in California again of all places. One arm is around the love of my life, Passionate Patti, and the other around our favorite stuffed doll, a fuzzy and cuddly life-sized replica of myself. It makes writing a little difficult, but I’ll manage—I always do.

In the background, the CD version of the *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack is igniting our night with a disco beat for the ages. I am the internationally acclaimed star of my own computer games, admired by men and adored by women from coast to coast around the world. I am what I have always been meant to be.

There is perhaps only one other thing for me to achieve for my life to be perfectly perfect—*People* magazine, Larry; Larry Laffer on the cover of *People*. And, of course, a long video feature on “Lifestyles,” and being interviewed by Barbara Walters, or being selected as the first male hunk to pose for *National Geographic*’s annual swimsuit issue. But, that’s the trouble with perfection, it can always be better.

However, I digress.

I have come a long way from Nontoonyt Island, the fickle—but beautiful and topless—Kalalau, and her fat, slime ball, money-grubbing and unwashed father, Chief Keneewauwau. (Those by the way, dear diary, are his better qualities!)

How could I have been so wrong about Kalalau, my island princess, my tropical tapioca and Carmen Miranda of the South Seas? Had I not saved her island—and, not incidentally, the world—from the evil clutches of Dr. Nonookee?

Did I not help, in a few short years, to turn thousands of lush, warm, beautiful, but undeveloped, acres of white beaches and tropical paradise into the Atlantic City of the South Pacific?

Did not the aromas of sunscreen lotion, fast food, and American greenbacks mingle pleasantly in the pristine air to create the perfume of profits and progress?

Did not the melodies of chain saws, heavy construction, crowded casinos, and slot machines combine into a symphony called success?

Had I not paved parts of paradise to put in the necessary runways for jumbo jets?

Larry Laffer had not risen to the exalted position of vice-president of *Marketing at Natives, Inc.*TM for nothing!

Perhaps Kalalau misunderstood when she found me wearing her lingerie the week before, but I was merely curious as to how I looked in pink lace. And I did *not* try to hit on her sister, Lalani. I was just looking at her with academic interest. No, it couldn't have been any of the above.

Kalalau had been acting more and more distant since we left her village hut and private nude beach for more luxurious living arrangements. She seemed little interested in my favorite things: disco dancing till dawn found no favor with her, my collection of the complete works of Barry Manilow stayed unplayed in their jackets, and the chilled gallon jugs of Chateau Quiki *Rouge* poured only into my glass. Kalalau even canceled my subscription to *Nontoonyt Today*.

It could not have been the hair; my manly mane was full and virile then. No, it was not that. It must have been my fine, white, virgin polyester leisure suit—or, lack thereof. I seemed as a god to Kalalau when I first met her, stepping from the jungle, my suit reflecting the sun, just as her quaint pagan legends had foretold. On our wedding night, I took it off and had not donned it again. When I dressed at all, it was in shorts and tropical shirt—fine for the

natives, the tourists, and Kalalau's father—but not fine enough for me. Often she would look at me, naked in the moonlight, and tell me to put something on. Often, also, she would gaze on my florid shirts and plaid shorts and suggest that I dress for success.

Yes, that's it! I am not known as Leisure Suit Larry for nothing. I should have been wearing my studly threads.

Or, maybe she was only after my body. It is a most natural and excellent inclination for any beautiful woman, but I thought my Kalalau was different. I must admit that I do not possess the body of Arnold the Barbarian, but I bathed every day, kept my breath fresh, and bowled once a month. The patented Larry Laffer mind stayed sharp and quick, my hands were nimble when it counted, and my microwave cuisine (especially the burritos!) was an island legend. And, my taste in music is impeccable. A whole and complete man—not just another good bod and pretty face—I am more man than most women. But I guess that was not what Kalalau needed.

You have got to be smart, dear diary, to keep fooling yourself; and I am an intelligent dude—and a big fool. As I look down on the quiet lake from my love nest in the mountains, I realize that I had been, indeed, fooling myself. I am the fool on the hill, and a fool for love. I will never again fall for the first beautiful virgin princess I meet on a tropic island again. Unless I'm desperate.

But, bitterness does not become me. And, I am not bitter.

Patti. Dear, brave Patti; passionate Patti. Patti of the magic marker and the magic fingers; equally adept at tickling the ivories or tickling my fancy—and other choice spots. Could I love another woman more? Perhaps, but it would be hard.

Patti, once an international terrorist, zombie love slave, and lounge pianist for Dr. Nonookee. Passionate Patti, who holds Ph.D.s from both the Juilliard School of Music and the Larry Laffer School of Love. Pulchritudinous Patti, who makes learning the spelling and meaning of long words fun. Mistress, mother, and more; she is all things to me. She is the love of my life.

What the hay, she even saved my life. I must remember to thank her sometime.

It has been a long time between entries, dear diary. I think an explanation is in order . . .

I remember it with a clarity and precision that would be frightening if it came from anyone other than myself. It was on this date exactly, give or take a few days, two or three years ago. It may have been raining, as it often does

at that time of day on Nontoonyt, but I don't believe it was at the time, that time. It was early morning, I'm sure, because the sun was still rising, and the grease slick on Nontoonyt Bay (from the offshore oil rigs and excess sunscreen) was still congealed from the cool of the previous evening. It would melt as the day warmed, leaving the water with a light sheen, much like Bo Derek reclining, clad only in her best perspiration. Like Bo, Mother Nature in all her glory and grandeur is awesomely magnificent. Way to go, big mama!

Also much like Bo, mountains rose pointedly into the sky behind me. The peaks were dominated by the island's now dormant volcano. Once Dr. Nonookee's secret citadel and hideout, it was now Nontoonyt's ski area. The snow machines I had imported were fabulously expensive to operate, but the tourists paid with pleasure just to see the near-naked lift attendants bend over. Short skirts and no tops or underwear is a tradition for islanders of all genders and sexes on Nontoonyt. I just figured out the way to make it pay.

I had taken my daily stroll out to the vista point that overlooks the site of what had once been a sleepy native village. It has grown over the years into a magnificent concrete and steel modern metropolis, an international playground and resort. The architectural style is post-modern L.A. Basin, and many of the buildings have been designed by a committee of most tasteful discrimination. It sprawled below me like a toy Tokyo awaiting the coming of Godzilla. I thought of the city as home, and the concrete streets as the natural turf for a Larry Laffer.

I paused there for a moment of posing and reflection. A small plaque has been erected on the point by the grateful citizens of the island in honor of me. It commemorates my defeating the evil Dr. Nonookee and saving the island. My noble profile had been cast as part of the bronze tribute, and although it shows me with an extra chin or two, it does contain the words:

LARRY LAFFER

Our Hero

Every day I stopped there a moment to look, to meditate, and to humbly sign autographs for tourists, just in case they recognized me. They never did. I guess it was the extra chin.

I also spent a few moments there to gaze through the binoculars that are provided for looking more closely at the island's sights. Only one pair

worked, but if you knew where to look, they looked on one of the best pairs on Nontoonyt. I never discovered the name, or face, of the woman who kept her blinds open when she changed each morning, but if I ever meet her in a hot tub, I'd recognize her at once.

As happened on occasion, after gazing upon the distant woman for a few moments, the image of my gorgeous Kalalau popped up in my mind. Infinitely more accessible than the anonymous flasher across the bay, Kalalau spent her mornings soaking her hot self in our hot tub. As my wife, she had little to do with her time but darn the socks I never wore, calculate the amount of dark matter in the universe, and amuse herself with her female biker friends. As the daughter of the island's combination king and C-E-O of Natives, Inc.TM, she had plenty of money to do it with. Properly stimulated, I rushed to be with her.

I arrived outside of the gates to our home—an estate, really; nothing is too good for a mewish princess and love kitten—and could see Kalalau in the hot tub, percolating her body as usual. The semi-modest mansion is only a little south and west of my memorial, so the journey was as fast as a two dollar hooker.

"Kalalau, my sweet little tropical fruit salad, your big banana and lover boy, Larry; Larry Laffer is home! Yoo hoo!" Every day I greeted her with fine words and clever repartee.

"Duck off, blubber boy. This ain't your home anymore. While you were out, I walked around our bed three times. By island law and ancient tradition, I have divorced you. And, it's about time. I've found another lover, one who can fulfill a woman's needs better than you ever could; one who can ride a Harley *fast*, while you can't sit on a tricycle without falling off. Do I make myself perfectly clear, spasmo?"

I was stunned, shocked, and unbelieving, at this unexpected tirade. Surely my bountiful bride must have been making a little joke at my expense.

"Ha, ha! Very good my little hot-chile turnover. Divorce! Three times around the bed! I'll chase *you* three times around the hot tub when I get there."

"No joke, dork brain! I've divorced you and am keeping the house and everything else my daddy paid for—which is everything! It's over. You're news so old that I wouldn't wrap a decaying fish in you. Good-bye forever! Now, go away and leave us alone!"

"Kalalau, my heavenly clam *fritatta*, say it isn't so. Tell me it's a joke. Am I not Larry; Larry Laffer, the love of your life? Am I not the radiant being that your quaint island legends predicted would come?"

Then, another thought hit me. "What do you mean about leaving 'us' alone! Who's in the hot tub with you? I think my poor heart is going to burst asunder."

"Oh, I'm just here with Bobbi, my new love and life-mate."

"Kalalau, my island fantasy, say you're not leaving me for another man. Say it, please!"

Her reply was preceded by several moments of silence, followed by a giggle, followed by a low moan from someone who's moan I didn't recognize. Kalalau's voice was the sweetest I had ever heard it. Her words though turned my life into an underground nuclear test site.

"I'm not leaving you for another man, Larry." My heart soared.

"Who said anything about Bobbi being a man?"

Fireball followed by mushroom cloud. *That Bobbi*. Her best friend, foxy confidant, and another ex-zombie love-slave to the dire doctor. Bobbi, the former amazon and cannibal, was now the lesbian dyke on a bike that had stolen my wife's heart—and soul and body. There was nothing else I could say. If Bobbi had wanted *me*, I'd have left Kalalau for her. I was devastated over the loss of my wife, but knew I'd be over it in moments. Larry Laffer always is. Silently, I complimented Kalalau on her good taste in women.

Let it never be said that the patented Larry Laffer mind is never cool, calm, quick and clever under pressures that would drive lesser beings to gibbering insanity, or worse. I would be back, but I didn't look back as I left. No, I had seen Kalalau in the altogether altogether too often for that that morning. I knew I needed a few moments to sit and think and take inventory of my suddenly single situation. I would turn misfortune into opportunity, and opportunities like this one don't come often very often.

There is a little park, Walken Park, a few steps east and southwest of my bedroom of broken dreams. It was there that I went in order to regroup and kick my legendary brain into a yet higher gear. It is a pleasant and untamed place, a little slice of nature at its most raw, and of Nontoonyt as it was a few brief years before. The park was created by the islanders so that they might always remember their roots (and other native plants and herbs), and as a place to watch television. As usual, the reception sucked, and I found that I couldn't sit. My mind was working too hard and fast for quiet time.

I considered giving up women forever in favor of men, and even thought about celibacy. Although both options had their attractions, they were put to death in favor of the greater good of humanity. As I thought of the many chicks and women in this wide world of love, I realized that *I must* continue

to get up close and personal with the female persuasion. As much as my hurt pride might demand that I give them up, I knew—as sure as the Big Guy made little green bikinis and nude beaches—that *women need Larry Laffer more than I need them!*

And, I realized, there are so many women in the world and so little time in life. And, even less cash.

And, do not women vacation on tropical islands to meet men and have one heck of a time?

Is not Larry Laffer a man?

Dressed in my tacky island finest, I had no money, no breath spray, and no leisure suit. There wasn't even any lint in my pocket—basically because I didn't have any pockets. Larry Laffer can not overcome all obstacles without any pockets!

On the other hand, I did have a job and a spare leisure suit stashed in the bush. And, thanks to the dowry I received when I married Kalalau, I owned hundreds of acres of land in the jungle—land that, with proper development, could make me rich. Hydroelectric power—a dam!—was my idea. Larry Laffer, *Public Utility*, had a most lucrative ring about it.

My course had become as clear as Alaskan waters; first, put on some real clothes and, second, head over to Natives, Inc.TM for both a paycheck and a chat with my boss—who, incidentally, was also my father-in-law. Much as I despised Chief Keneewauwau and his corpulent ways, I knew that he put business before family, and that I was his most valued employee. And, had I not saved his island from Dr. Nonookee? Between the break-up with his daughter and my plans to develop property, I would need more money. I figured that it would be a good time to ask for a raise.

I should have known the bustard—that big, fat bird—better than that!

I had a secret spot in the woods, dear diary, just east of where the path down from Vista Point ends beneath the grandiose branches of a granadilla tree. Granadilla wood is often used by the islanders as the perfect medium for erotic sculptures. The wood is firm, but not too hard, and its naturally suggestive shape makes it a natural for easy carving. It doesn't leave splinters, either.

Anyhoo, just east of there was my secret stash. As vice-president of marketing, and resident genius, of Natives, Inc.TM, I had imported many of the marvels of modern technology to the island. When the telephone booths had arrived, I had liberated one for myself and secreted it in the woods. As a boy, I had always fantasized myself as a super-hero, dashing into phone booths to

change into costume and dashing out again to save the world. Having saved the world already, all that was left for me was to dash into costume. So, I hid the booth, and in moments of gay abandon (well, not *gay*; perhaps whimsical might be a better word) I would imitate the Reeves, both George and Christopher, and change into my personal super-hero duds—the Hendricks of Follywood, pure white, virgin polyester leisure suit. I would glory in myself for a few sweet moments, and then return to the mundane world of marketing a tropical paradise.

This time though, the fun and games were over. I removed my shades, shirt, sandals and shorts. The Larry Laffer who stepped out of the phone booth that day was no play-acting super-hero. Tough and tender, taught and tested by the trials of love, I emerged resplendent in my trademarked threads. Millions of feminine prayers had been answered. There were women to be won, hearts to be broken, railroads to be erected, and fields to be plowed. If I found love, fine—but I wasn't looking for it. I was back. All else was of little consequence.

The Natives, Inc.™ offices are conveniently located just west of the Princess Kalalau Casino, named alliteratively after you-know-who, and the casino was a short stroll southeast of my secret spot. The path to the front door of the corporate offices is paved with good intentions and a high return on equity. It is lined on both sides by rows of cardboard palm trees—they are easier and cheaper to maintain than the real palms that they replaced. The corrugated steel headquarters had been the first hastily erected modern building on the island, and it still baked without benefit of paint in the equatorial heat. One of the few remaining examples of the Dust Bowl dirt-runway airport-shack school of architecture, its air was conditioned only in Chief Kenny's office. It figured.

Inside, David, the Kenny's personal secretary and part-time paramour, was keeping busy popping zits behind his totally unnecessary desk.

"Morning, Dave. Is the Kenny in?"

"Gee, Larry-O, are your pockets really empty, or are you just unhappy to see me? By the way, tacky suit." David's taste in clothes matched his taste in employers. "He's inside waiting, and he wants to see you now! Ta ta!"

Great, I thought, I bet he just loved my new ad campaign slogan—Nontoonyt Island! The weather's so good that it's the last place you'll ever want to visit! It was a slogan so good, it sang. I confidently walked across the skin of the dead tiger that decorated the floor, and entered the Kenny's office.

This raise will be a cinch!



Faster than a speeding bullet . . .

It wasn't.

"It's about time you got here, you talentless piece of dog waste! It's so nice of you to decide to come to work today so you could soil our carpets, foul our air, and offend our sense of taste. That is a truly lame suit you are wearing. How far did you chase the lounge lizard in order to steal it?"

Things were not looking up, but I had heard worse before. In fact, it seemed as if the Kenny was in one of his better moods.

"Have a seat, as long as it's not on a chair, pinhead." I parked my buns on a deceased zebra in the middle of the floor. Its stripes contrasted nicely with my suit. However, before I was able to even say a ritual "Good morrow, O great Kenny; protector of the fatherland, father of the peopleland, and footrest of the gods!" my former in-law decided to get nasty.

"I've been waiting a long time to tell you this, you infected pimple on the snot of existence." I truly thought, even at that late moment, that a raise, promotion, a mere congratulation or word of high praise would follow. He was being extremely jovial.

"It is my real pleasure to inform you that, one: since you are no longer married to my daughter, nor worthy even to think her name, you worthless piece of maggot breath; and two: since you have little talent for lies, misrepresentations, falsehoods, fantasies, fallacies, untruths, fibs, falsifications, canards, or any other prerequisite, skill or qualification for marketing . . ." (So much for the raise!)

". . . You're fired. Now get out of here, you no-good has-been of a never-was and never-will-be. If I ever see you again, I'll give you to the cannibal lesbian amazon bikers that live in the jungle—although I don't suspect they'd be able to stomach you either. I hope I've made myself clear enough."

I thought about it for a moment. It seemed obvious that the Kenny didn't like me for some strange reason.

"Do I get any severance pay? You're not upset about me and Kalalau, are you . . . ?" I never got to finish my thought. Grabbing my personal body with his heavily marbled hands, laughing all the while, he propelled my flesh through the closed door and out of his office. That smarted.

"The check's in the mail, Larry; Larry Laffer. And, take your stupid semicolon and stuff it up its more organic namesake!"

I am still not sure what he meant by that last remark, dear diary, but I know it wasn't nice. He'll never get a letter of recommendation from me, that's for certain.

David twittered and giggled as I left.

I guess I'm just the sentimental sort because, even though I still could feel the physical abuse heaped upon me by Chief Keneewauwau, I decided to make one more shot of patching things up between Kalalau and myself. What the hay, if I did, then I might get my job back. If I didn't, I still might be able to get my stuff—and maybe some cash—out of the house. When you have nothing at all, you have nothing to lose; and I had nothing but the cool clothes on my back. It is true that I did possess the patented Larry Laffer brain and keen cunning, but they didn't count. So it was back to the front gate of Chateau Larry Laffer (as I often thought of the place).

En route, I passed beneath the granadilla tree at the bottom of the vista path. I looked on it for a moment, admiring its beauty and the suggestive shapes that its leaves and branches made. As I gazed I noticed a small piece of wood that had been cut, or had fallen to the ground, from the tree. Perhaps it was a bit of inspiration or a touch of precognition, but I picked up the wood and took it with me. I suspect I had a half-formed idea that I might be able to support myself (as many natives did) by carving off-color souvenirs for the tourists. On the other hand, as I inspected its hard, thick contours, I may have very well been reminded of myself. Whatever, I held on to it and soon arrived at my former home.

Well, the gate was still locked as tight as the Kenny's fist around a penny. Despite my shouts and pleas and ringings of the bell, there was no answer when I tried to get Kalalau's attention. I think she and Bobbi were ignoring me—or worse. The high walls that we had built to keep out tourists and groupies were as unclimbable as ever. I had never planned for them to keep me out, but they were quite effective.

Before leaving, I did open the mailbox and look inside. *Voilà!* The worm turned, the tides of fate shifted, and my luck changed. Inside the box was an envelope, and that envelope contained the Quiki Corp *Blanc* credit card I had applied for many moons before. Yes! And it had only my name on it. Eagerly I took it. A credit card means, as I have always quoted myself, that you never have to say, "I'm sorry, but I am temporarily financially incontinent!"

My euphoria was tempered, however, by two small facts. One: on a small island, nearly everyone knows when you're down, fired, and kicked out of the house—getting merchants to accept the card might pose a problem. Two: my credit line was only \$15—barely enough for a bottle of good breath spray and a six-pack of condoms. No matter; I figured that I'd figure out something when the figuring got critical—or something like that.

By the time I took the credit card, I noticed by the height of old Mr. Sun in the sky, that it was time to get down to some serious business. The beach was calling its sandy song, and its lyrics were, "Women, Larry. Lots and lots of half-naked and nearly-nude tourist women looking for a man and a good—no—a *great* time. Come and get 'em, Larry!" How could any man resist such temptation? It was time for some serious eyeballing and my daily dose of serious rays.

Now the best beach on Nontoonyt Island is Halfa-Bikini beach. It's situated immediately south of the casino, and it's named after the manner that the sunbathing ladies traditionally dress there. Its nearness to the gaming tables ensures that many of the beach's browning beauties are either rich, or have an excess of ready cash—or both. Indeed, losers were banned from the sands and deported from the island as undesirables—unless, of course, they were gorgeous and beautiful, in which case they were allowed to be seen in public. It was one of the enlightened policies I developed while I was VP of marketing. Of course, genius is seldom appreciated, and I received scant credit for the innovation. I understand the policy has changed since I left.

Only a few early tourists had sprawled themselves on blankets by the time I arrived. They were being kept company by hundreds, if not thousands, of our native sand crabs scuttling and scampering about sideways, as is their cockeyed nature. Despite their ample numbers, the Nontoonyt sand crab is considered an endangered species. Once considered dangerous carnivores, they are protected today because they're the only example of flesh-eating crustaceans in the entire world that can be repelled by application of the common sunscreen. If you are protected from the sun's rays, you're protected from the crabs, so they are a minor annoyance, but a major curiosity, to sunbathers. Without sunscreen though, your tender vegetation, and other flesh, is a tempting invitation to their claws.

The beach vendors were also out; men and women in native dress who sold plastic souvenirs, cheap gewgaws, and the occasional handcrafted erotic sculpture at outrageously inflated prices. As I was arriving, one such man in the traditional grass skirt (and no underwear) approached a world-class blonde sunning herself in the traditional halfa-bikini, and not much of that.

"Get 'cha genuine, simulated Nontoonyt souvenirs right here! Come and get 'em! Come and get 'em!"—the hunting cry of the schlock vendor enticed the tourists, breaking like flatulence through the morning air.

My attention was riveted on the lithe blonde as she rolled over to hail the huckster.

"Oooh, I just love buying souvenirs!" she squealed with a quick quiver of her upper torso. I didn't know how much cash she had, but her assets were quite obvious. And, as it turned out, she had enough greenbacks to buy \$300—U.S. money—worth of plastic palm trees, bamboo key-rings, and post cards.

"Oooh, \$300 seems a lot for these six souvenirs. They are genuine, ain't they?" Her question was more ritual than real. The peddler assured her that the plastic, cardboard, and bamboo were indeed genuine, and that easily placated her. Paying up, she resumed her face-down position on her towel. I moved in for the kill, and a second look.

Trying not to get too much sand in my blue suede shoes, I strolled my best Travolta stroll to her bit of beach, tilted my head just so, and smiled the patented Larry Laffer smile. I dusted off one of my better opening lines.

"Hi there, my pretty pair of sunny-side-up eggs. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED," was her affluent reply. "Say, Larry, is that a big stick in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?" With a firm smile, she rose to greet me. I followed her example.

"My name is Tawni," she cooed. Silhouetted against the tropical blue sky, it was as if I gazed on a centerfold goddess. Gasp! I have had illegal dreams about women named Tawni. It is my all-time favorite woman's name, and Tawni was talking to me. Understandable, but sudden. The way my heart was throbbing, I prayed that my health insurance was paid up till the end of the month. With a woman such as Tawni, I might need it! I tilted my head up and looked into her eyes. I hoped she was at least 18 years old.

"Say, my glistening goddess of the glittering sands. How would you like to learn a few of the games that only an older man can teach?" I gave her one of my best you-know-what-I-mean looks.

"Like, you know, The Price Is Right, Larry? That's my favorite game."

"Well, even though I have extensive real estate holdings, I was not thinking about Monopoly—if you know what I mean, Tawni."

"Oooh, do you like have any shopping malls? I just love shopping, you know." It was becoming clear that the way to this tender bimchette's bod would be through my pocketbook. But, what the hay, my Quiki Corp card wasn't going to do me much good anyway. And, man does not live by plastic bread alone.

"Ah, my nubile emporium of barely legal delights, I have here for you something even better—my new Quiki Corp *Blanc* card. Please, take it so

that I might take you—if you get my drift.” I handed her the piece of plastic, still so new that the aroma of its shrink-wrap still clung to it. I neglected to mention the \$15 credit limit.

“I’ll do more than just get your drift, you overdressed hunk. Slip over here and, like, slip into something more comfortable, and let me get the rest of your generous flesh!” My personal scoreboard lit up, and it had taken me barely more than an hour since Kalalau had cut me adrift. I may have slowed down a little, but I was out of practice.

Tawni needed someplace to put the credit card, so she (symbolically, I think) slid it into her only available clothing, the front of her bikini bottom. Gasp, again! So tight did that bikini fit her, I could still read the raised numbers on the card—after it had been hidden away!

But, I was to be allowed little time for idle perusal. Tawni reached for me, lifted me off my feet, placed me on the towel, and then placed herself on top of me.

“Tawni, we’re on a public beach. Someone might see . . . ooh, don’t stop!”

Even in my most illegal dreams I had not imagined that! I struggled to remove my clothes but her weight and position made it hard. Also, she was starting to move her body in some intriguing ways, grunting and groaning and making other common sound effects. I had an itch in my belly, and it was growing larger by the moment.

“Souvenirs! Get ’cha genuine, simulated Nontoonyt souvenirs right here! Come and get ’em! Come and get ’em!” Just when things were beginning to get really interesting, we were interrupted by the call of Tawni’s primary drive—shopping!

“Don’t go away, my little horned toad,” Tawny announced. “Something else has, like, come up, and it’ll only take a minute.”

Aaargh! Unfulfilled, I laid there unladen as Tawni examined the vendor’s selection of genuine ginsu knives. She watched as the man sawed through the thick log he carried for demonstration purposes, and then was amazed as she saw the same knife slice easily through a tomato, and then a large frozen fish.

“That’s amazing!” she breathed.

“They take a lickin’ but keep right on tickin’,” said the salesman, somewhat inaccurately and unnecessarily.

“I’ll take one. How much is it?”

“Thirty American dollars.”

“I only have twenty dollars cash left,” Tawni replied. “Do you, like, take plastic? Does it come with a guarantee? And do I, like, get a free set of steak

knives?” She handed over my credit card—it was still dry despite its hiding place. The shyster accepted it, and gave her a knife.

“Yes to plastic; no to the steak knives; and a lifetime guarantee on the knife—the guarantee is good until the knife dies.”

“Sounds like a good deal to me,” Tawni said. She handed me her new purchase and then her receipt. I was beginning to feel a mite put upon.

“It looks like you’ve got a pretty good deal going yourself,” the peddler told my avaricious *amorita*. “Good luck. I’ll be seeing you around!”

Tawni watched him go, caressed the card, and returned it to its hiding place. “It’s, like, you know . . . Larry time!” she squealed, wiggling my chagrin into submission. She went back to work on me, and the itch in my pants exploded!

Unfortunately, it wasn’t with pleasure. It was with sand crabs. Dozens of the little beasties had taken the opportunity to crawl up my leisure-suited legs and begin feasting on some of my more tender flesh. In my passion, I had forgotten to ask Tawni for some of her sunscreen. I was now paying the price. Screaming in pain, rage, and frustration, I pushed the now-willing nymphet away from me. She didn’t seem to realize, or understand, what had happened to me. As I howled, jumping and frantically scratching and pounding at my pants, she smiled coyly and asked if it had been as good for me as it had been for her.

“Tawni, I’ve got a terrible case of crabs!” I cried. She still didn’t understand. Instead, she slapped me three times.

“You jive, fat, lame, limp, old cradle-snatching piece of mall muck. Like, why didn’t you tell me you have crabs! Like, don’t I deserve something more than a credit card—like, you know, like respect? Like, why aren’t you wearing a condom? It’s like enough to gag me, it’s so grotty. Puke-ola, grandfather clock. Your time has, like, run out!”

I didn’t like what she said, and after she said it, she rolled over on her fabulous front and would say no more. The shame of it all, dear diary. Even I can say no more.

But I will. Tawni had taken my credit card, but that was OK since I knew I’d have trouble using it myself, and I had never signed the back anyway. Tawni, however, had mentioned that she had twenty bucks in cash; cash I decided was due me in return for her shabby treatment and lack of sympathy during my crab attack. And it was money I had to get from her before any other traveling salesman descended on her. The awesome Larry Laffer brain kicked into action, and within mere minutes came up with a slick plan.



Larry gets a case of the crabs.

It was the ginsu knife that gave me the idea—it was still in my possession. After I had rid myself of the crab infestation, I left the beach and walked north towards the casino. There I took out the piece of granadilla wood that I was carrying, and attempted to carve something from it. As you may have guessed, the knife was too dull to cut water. However, the casino steps were smooth concrete, and I was able to sharpen the recalcitrant blade on them. The slight slash on my leg from when I put the knife in my pants pocket will attest to the high quality of my work.

With the now-keen knife, I carved the wood in the manner of our better native sculptors. The shape of any sculpture, of course, has always resided in the wood. All an artist like myself does is hack away the unnecessary material, thereby freeing the form. Thus it was that the master went to work, nipping and tucking, snipping and shaving. The result was a piece of erotic sculpture that the National Endowment for the Arts would most assuredly refuse to fund. But, they didn't have to; Tawni was going to buy it from me—although she didn't know that then.

My next step was to find a suitable disguise. I am always aware of my effect on women, and how they have trouble removing my image from their minds. I could not approach Tawni as myself. I might get her, true, but I wouldn't get her cash. I would go to her, instead, as a native merchant, and trust that when she saw the carving, she wouldn't automatically be reminded of me.

I needed a grass skirt, but that would be easy. From the casino, I headed to my secret spot and walked east to Chip 'n' Dale's. Some of the few, rare remaining clumps of the once-abundant island grass grow in front of that ecdysial establishment (it means "strip joint," dear diary. I sometimes just love big words—in the non-biblical sense).

The island grass is traditionally used in the making of grass skirts, although now they are mostly made in Pakistan from scrap pantyhose. My ginsu knife made quick work of the grass, slicing through it like Zorro slashing Zs in Sargent Garcia's britches.

Grass in hand, I wove it into a skirt, just as I had many times during the arts and crafts classes Kalalau had forced me to attend. I was almost ready for Tawni, but had one more stop to make.

As you know dear diary, I am the most modest of men. Behind the casino are a number of cabanas that tourists use as changing rooms and public toilets. I entered the only one in good repair, and put on the grass skirt. A lei, I had decided, might be a little much, so I hadn't made one of those. However,

when I stepped from the stall, I was the perfect tourist-image of an island god. The god returned to Halfa-Bikini beach.

Tawni was just as I had left her, buns to the sun and sleek with sunscreen. Mentally crossing my fingers, I did my best ethnic strut and called out in my best ethnic drawl, "Souvenirs! Get 'cha genuine, simulated Nontoonyt souvenirs right here! Come and get 'em! Come and get 'em!"

Tawni bit like a starving mermaid.

"Oooh, I just love to, like, buy souvenirs!" she squealed. "Do ya' got anything, like, genuine?"

I pulled out my sex toy and dirty carving combo.

"How would you like to wrap your hands around this, oh great blond foreign goddess. Only twenty dollar, U.S. cash. Last one. Twenty dollar."

She stood up and I was very glad I had made the grass skirt extra large. Tawni's charms had not deteriorated in my absence.

"Oooh, that's neat. What does it do?" I pointed, (unnecessarily I'm sure) to the piece's prominent protuberance.

"This piece made of rare granadilla wood. Besides being an aphrodisiac, the wood is smooth and strong and does not splinter. For longest life, it must be moistened often."

"Oooh! I'll take it. Do you take plastic?"

"No plastic; plastic great evil. Twenty dollar. U.S. cash."

Tawni quickly gave me the cash, and jerked the sculpture out of my hand, a hungry look in her eye. As I left the beach, I could see her liberally massaging sunscreen on it. I suppose she wanted a high-gloss finish or something.

Anyhoo, dear diary, I had a wad in my pocket for the first time that day, so I was feeling pretty good. Well, you're right—I was still wearing the grass skirt and they don't have pockets. What I did was go directly to the cabana and change back into my leisure suit. *Then* I had a wad in my pocket, even if \$20 is a small wad.

After changing, I walked around the side of the cabana and gulped a drink of water from the sink. Tawni had raised my temperature, and I needed to wet my whistle. As I finished, I noticed a most unusual bar of soap-on-a-rope hanging above the sink. There was a hole in the middle, large enough for me to insert several fingers at once. The edges were rounded smooth, and it was obvious that the soap was previously owned. It seemed that it had been designed that way on purpose, but for *what* purpose is still beyond me. I took it anyway—in the interest of my own personal hygiene.

I made one last trip to the beach in hopes of finding fresh female game and catching a few rays. No such luck with the female variety. In the time it had taken me to change and freshen up, most of the sun worshippers upped and left. It was getting on to lunch time, after all. Even Tawni had gone, leaving behind the beach towel we had so recently frolicked on. Figuring that she still owed me, I liberated it from the sand crabs. Yes, I did the sniff test—I like the smell of women in the morning. They smell like sweet scents and secret places. They smell like they need Larry Laffer.

What Larry Laffer needed, dear diary, was to sit and rest and, perhaps, take in a bit of entertainment. It had been a tough morning, what with Kalalau, Chief Keneewauwau, the crabs and the handicrafts. The sitting and resting was easy; I just sunbathed for a short while until my tan was marvelous once again—a small touch-up only. Finished, I stood up, dressed, and headed to the casino for my afternoon constitutional—Cherri Tart!

I could see by Old Sol up above that it was nearing time for Nontoonyt Island's resident female stripper's first show. The world famous Ms. Tart had visited the island on vacation the year before and liked it so much she decided to stay. Kalalau had often accused me of ogling Cherri more often than I ogled her. There may have been a grain of truth or two in that statement but, what the hay, if Kalalau could have shimmied like Cherri, I'd have thrown dollar bills at her too.

Cherri performs to this day in the casino showroom, probably sagging some in spots by now, but still packing 'em in. She's a tasty and tasteful act in all regards.

As I've noted, the Halfa-Bikini beach is quite near the casino. I stuffed Tawni's towel in one of my jacket's larger pockets, did my patented Larry Laffer shake and shimmy to get rid of excess sand and crabs, and made my grand entrance up the front stairs. Business was light at the noonish hour, so no crowds impeded me as I continued straight ahead and up the casino's grand walkway. I paused a moment to admire the gigantic painting of a nude woman at the top of the ramp. Your pages are too polite a place, dear diary, to describe what was going on in the magnificent work, but it is uncanny what some people can do with a bunch a grapes, a tub of car wax, and an autographed photo of the 1956 Philadelphia Phillies.

If I had turned right, I'd have arrived at the casino's bar and lounge, featuring from 8 PM each evening the rippling rhythms of my own Passionate Patti-to-be on keyboards. How could I have known that, before the evening was over, Patti would be mine? Well, if I stopped long enough to think about

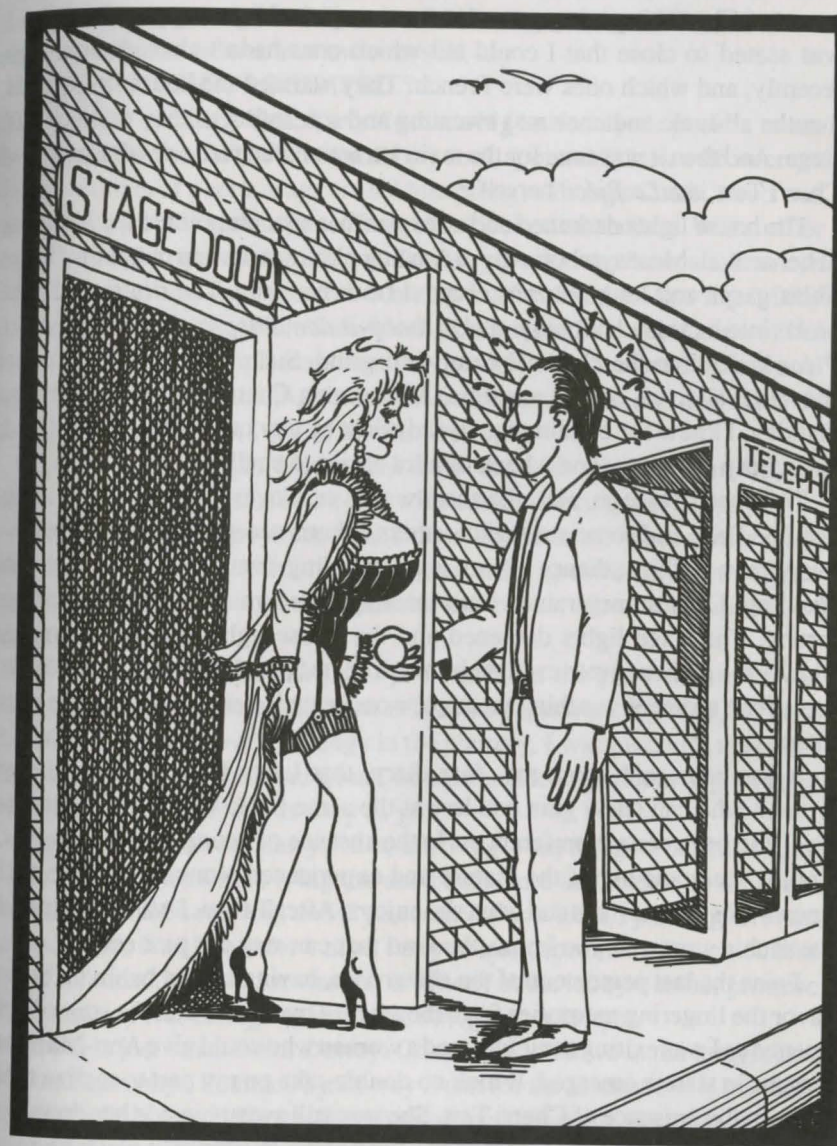
it some, I might have figured it out. But, no. I had been without a woman too long that day for me to sit in an empty bar for eight hours until a piano player I barely knew showed up to play—even if I was sure I was going to score!

Instead, I turned left and strolled along the mirrored balcony that looked over the gaming pits. I paused to gaze at myself in the mirror for several minutes, standing straight and studly; tall, tan, and terrific in my full head of hair and classy leisure suit. I could stare at myself for hours in mirrors, except I am too disciplined for such juvenile diversion. Five or ten minutes a day is usually enough for my shot of self. After sufficient time, I continued on to the casino showroom. Numerous posters of Cherri Tart decorated the lobby of the showroom, and most of the audience seemed to have already entered and taken their seats.

A tuxedoed member of the exotic Maitre d' tribe stood guard over the room's entrance. The Maitre d's are originally from some obscure major city in the south of France, but they fled to the Pacific to escape culinary persecution in the 16th century. They believed that perfect happiness could be achieved on earth only if they looked down their noses at people, walked silly, and subsisted on a diet of garlic, Spam, and excessive gratuities. Those beliefs have been tempered somewhat by time, but they still refuse to walk straight. They make their livings managing almost all the restaurants, bars, and clubs in the South Seas, and are in great demand for those positions because they refuse any salary offered. They do quite well financially, however, by refusing to provide even the slightest service without being tipped. For this reason, most of them suffer from the congenital deformity of being born with one hand outstretched and groveling. No one has ever seen a female Maitre d', so their means of reproduction remains a mystery.

This particular one stared at me with the traditional *hauteur*, which I returned with a sneer. He asked me for my ticket, I showed him my pass. There are always free passes in copies of *Nontoonyt Tonite*—it's one of the reasons I went to Cherri's shows so often. Different passes are valid at different times, so when he asked, I open the copy of the *Tonite* I always carried with me to the right page and got into the show for free.

. . . Except for the fact that Maitre d's never have seats available until they're tipped. It is a strange, but profitable, religion. All I had was the twenty I had gotten from Tawni. Oh yes, Maitre d's never have change. Never. I was busted broke again, but, what the hay, a Cherri Tart is worth it. And the double-sawbuck did get me a front row seat.



Larry meets Cherri Tart.

The great thing about front row seats is that you've got the best view in the house of Cherri's opening act—the dancing girls. High-stepping honeys, I was seated so close that I could tell which ones hadn't shaved their legs recently, and which ones were French. They warmed the house up so well that the all-male audience was sweating and screaming as they pranced off stage. And then it was time for the main attraction, the *pièce de résistance*—Cherri Tart, the *La Pièce* herself!

The house lights darkened and a sexy amber spot pinpointed the location of her arrival. Most symbolically, a dancing platform rose up out of the floor. Short gasps and long huzzahs erupted from her fans. The drum machine broke into a classy *boo, boop-a-doo, boop-a-doo, boop-a-doo* beat, and *La Pièce* broke into the classical bump-and-grind. Such grace and talent; she showed it all to us, one bit at a time. After seeing Cherri Tart perform again that day, I knew for certain that an ecdysiast by any other name would just be a cheap stripper—and a heck of a lot easier to spell.

Too soon, too soon, alas, the show was over. Covered in little more than her fine flesh and some strategic feathers, Cherri accepted our adulation—every man in the audience giving her a standing ovation—and I do mean standing. Cash money rained onto the stage, thrown there by the adoring throng. The stage lights darkened and the house lights did the opposite. Slowly the audience retrieved their trench coats from their laps and left. I sat there for a moment watching them go, wondering if it were supposed to rain later.

It has been said about me, dear diary, that Larry Laffer will date any woman who can chew gum and live at the same time. While this is almost true, I do have certain preferences. In the absence of young, nubile nymphs, I enjoy the company of the mature and experienced woman; the type that knows what a man likes and what she enjoys. After Tawni, I was in the mood for such a woman—you know, the kind that can stay out past curfew.

I was the last person out of the showroom, having stayed behind a bit to savor the lingering memories from the stage. Thus it was that the stage door opened as I was exiting the lobby, and a woman who could give Ann-Margret lessons in stature emerged. It took no double-take on my part to realize that I was in the presence of Cherri Tart. She was still sweaty inside her dressing gown, and had come out to telephone her bookie. Never let it never be said that Larry Laffer lets no opportunity slip through his suddenly sweaty fingers. I walked right up to her and looked my best look. It was time for talk.

“Hi there, my terpsichorean tidbit and dancing delight. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer, and I think you're just swell. What's your sign?” The lines I can come up with sometimes awe even myself.

“STRIP MINING PROHIBITED.”

“My name is Cherri Tart, Larry. Is that a big knife in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?” She returned my cool, appraising look with interest. Mature women of a certain age are seldom pretty, although Cherri's bod was pretty spectacular. I took my eyes from it and looked on her face. Without her stage makeup, it was obvious that *El Tart*'s eyes were too far apart, her nose a tad too long, and her eyebrows a bit too bushy. She had lips like Molly Ringwald on steroids. While individually deficient, the combination of her features were not so unpleasant that they couldn't be improved by a brown paper bag. Her eyes, though, were of the bedroom variety, and that made up for a lot. As I often do, I fell in love at first sight.

“Cherri, my sweet pie, I know that show business must be your life, but how would you like to share a bit of it with a disco dancing fool like myself?”

“That'd be swell Larry, but what I'd really like to do is get a little place of my own somewhere. I'd rather be digging in dirt, growing my own veggies and herbs, than stripping for schmucks and bucks. No offence meant, of course.”

“Well, my name's not Herb, but you can make me grow whenever you want, sweet feet. You know, as soon as I get the paperwork together, I'll have clear title to a lot of lovely acreage in the country. I was planning to build a hydroelectric power plant there, but I would consider it an honor to give a few measly acres to an *artiste* as foxy as you.”

“Larry, dear generous Larry, I'd do anything—anything—for a little land. If you're serious, though, bring the deed back here and knock on the stage door for me. I'll be waiting; and if you come back with it, I just might return the favor. Oh, it's almost show time. See you later, speculator.” A quick kiss on my forehead, and all that was left of Cherri in the lobby was her promise of pleasure. It was enough to send one straight to a lawyer.

Which is just what it did. Dewey, Cheatem and Howe is the largest law firm on Nontoonyt. Founded by Dewey Duck (of the famous show business family) and his cousin Howard (who shortened his name to Howe because it sounded more WASP), the firm had evolved from chasing ambulances to playing golf most afternoons—they were that successful. Ms. Suzi Cheatem had been recruited then from the San Francisco law firm of Leach, Beastie

and McGreedy so there would be someone to talk to clients while Dewey and Howard were out whacking their balls around. Her name appeared second on the shingle because she said she always liked to be in the middle.

Their offices were located up a paved path, a bit northeast of my secret spot. It was built in the post-modern archaic pseudo-native revivalist style, which means the offices had good views and the rents were high. So were the fees. Nevertheless, their first consultation was free, and that was a price I could afford. Roger, their receptionist and virtuoso of the FAX machine, was on duty. He asked what he could do for me, and then ignored me for a few minutes. Finally he consented to let me talk to him.

"Hi. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I'd like to talk to an attorney."

"Doesn't everyone. What do you want to see one about, and who are you suing?" I wondered who I might be able to sue, and for how much, but dropped the idea for the matter at hand.

"I'd like to talk to someone about land, deeds, and transferring property." Roger considered my request and sent me into Suzi Cheatem's office. As I walked, he faxed her that I was coming.

I have had the perception, dear diary, that all lawyers have pointed fins, rough grey skin, and swarm at the smell of blood or money. Suzi changed my mind. Her skin was so smooth and tight that I bet she could slip it on with nary a snag. Her complexion was the color of a pale but juicy ripe honeydew melon. The only pointed things I saw were defiantly not dorsal fins, but it was obvious Ms. Cheatem should have no trouble staying afloat in rough waters. Their color, I suspected was that of pear—a great pear. Sitting behind a glass-topped desk, I could see farther up her skirt than was absolutely necessary. As I noted earlier, the offices had good views.

Suzi introduced herself and asked me to sit on her couch. Even though the sight of her made it difficult for me to keep my mind on business, I did try. She explained that a barbaric ancient island tradition, and unnecessarily complex common law, dictated that when a marriage was dissolved on Nontoonyt, any land owned by either spouse became the exclusive property of the male. That was me, it seemed. I now owned a good chunk of real estate and, yes, I could transfer some to Cherri. She said she'd fax Roger and have him word-process the necessary documents. If I came back in a few minutes, they'd be ready for me.

As Suzi dismissed me from her office, she reminded me that, to make everything perfectly legal and tidy, I should also have finalized divorce

papers drawn up. She reminded me that a second visit would cost me an industry standard five hundred dollars.

Thanking her for her time, and wishing for her services, I left and went outside. I stopped and sniffed the flowers for a short while I impatiently waited for Roger to draw up the papers. After counting to ten several times, I returned inside to Roger's desk and asked him about the papers. Again I received silent treatment, but persistence finally paid off.

"Here you go, Mr. Laffer, but did you know that your land is in such a wild, rugged, and remote part of the island that you'll never be able to sell it. It's pretty much worthless property, and there is no way you could ever put a road through to it. You couldn't even build an ant farm there. Have a nice day!"

I needed that news like I needed another interview with Kalalau's fat father. But, what the hay, every man (and even woman) is entitled to an opinion. I knew that the first three laws of real estate were "Location, Location, and Location." My property had a location—it was printed right there on the deed. So much for scoffers and those of little faith in the legendary abilities of Larry Laffer! I returned to see Cherri.

There was a sign on the stage door in the lobby:

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY!

TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT
OR
WORSE!

I knocked. Knock. Knock.

"Who's there?"

"Larry; Larry Laffer!"

"Larry; Larry Laffer, who?" I wasn't going to let this old routine go any further.

"Don't you mean 'whom'?" I corrected.

"Larry; Larry Laffer, whom?"

"The Larry; Larry Laffer who is bearing a deed for 640 acres of land where you can have your own little organic farm in the country, get dirt under your toenails, never have to shave your armpits again, and spend your spare time making babies and painting 'NO SPRAYING!' signs. That Larry; Larry Laffer! You said if I came with the deed, you'd return the favor."

The door opened. Cherri was in full costume and looking more desirable than ever. I gave her the paper.

“Oh, Larry, my own little place in the country!” She took my face in her hands and stared a stare of illicit delights at me.

“I’m going to show my appreciation to you, good and proper, Larry Laffer. Well, I’m not very proper—but I am very good.” Cherri took my hand and led me to one of the darker parts of backstage.

“But, Larry, what about that hydroelectric project you were planning?” I reached out to return her promises with my performance.

“Frankly, my dear,” I whispered, “I don’t give a dam!”

I had always wanted to use that line.

Cherri wasted no time in preliminaries and started removing her sequined costume (or what there was of it).

“My own private performance for you, Larry. Just think, thanks to you I’ll never have to wear this costume again. Hurry up and undress!” I instant-replayed the thousands of times I had quickly changed clothes in my secret phone booth. Zip! Off came the jacket and tie. Zip! The shirt and blue suedes followed. Unzip! . . . and the glory that is Larry Laffer was ready to plunge into action.

Cherri pulled me to the wooden floor.

“Larry, I have my farm and now I have you!”

“Yes!”

“Larry, I want you!”

“Yes, yes!”

“Larry, I *must* have you!”

“Yes, yes, yes!”

“Larry, I could go on like this all night!”

“Cherri, stop talking and do something.”

“Larry!”

“Cherri!”

“Larry!”

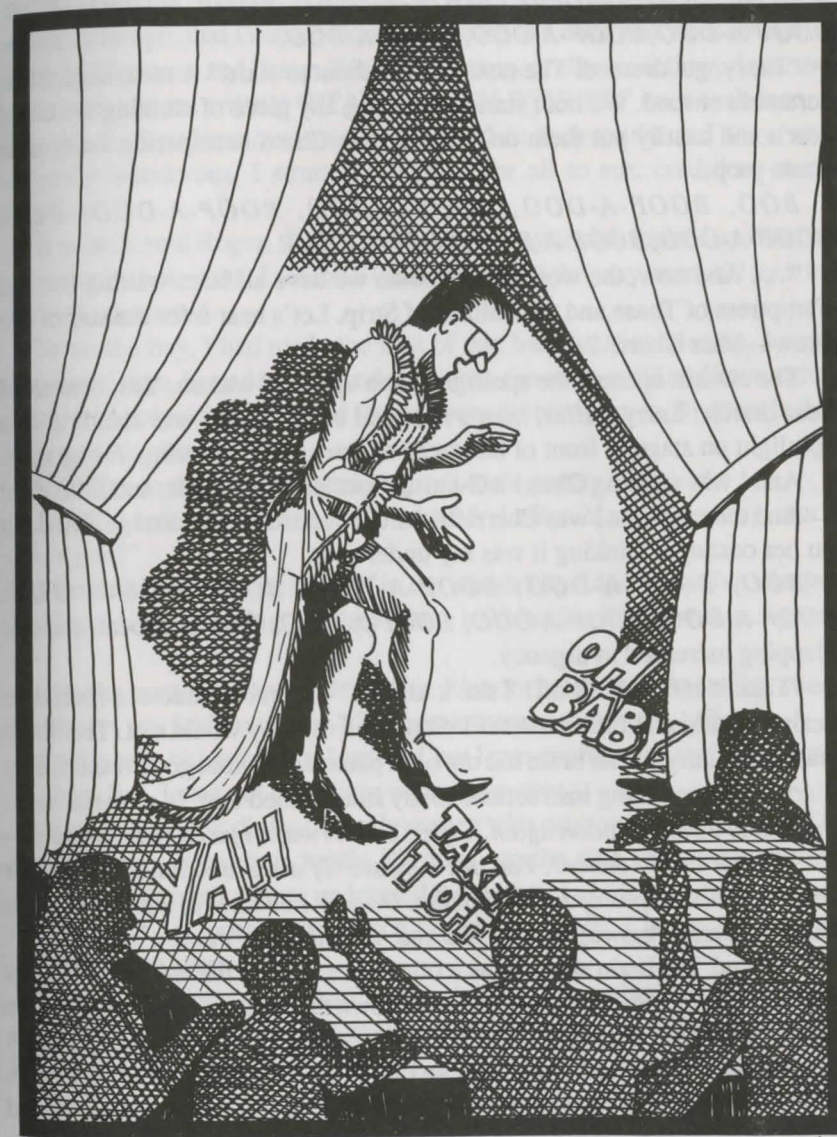
“Cherri!” This time, I could feel her moving closer to me.

“Larry!”

“Cherri, my enchanting ecdysiast!”

“Oh, Larry. I just love it when you talk dirty to me.” Her voice lowered—this was it!

BOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO. BOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO. Suddenly, every light in



Larry struts his stuff.

the place went out and the signature rhythm of the stripper was being beat by the drum machine.

BOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO. BOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO.

"Larry, get dressed! The next show's about to start!" A mad, mad, blind scramble ensued. We both started grabbing any piece of clothing we could reach and hastily put them on. I could hear Cherri scampering away over some props.

BOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO. BOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO.

"... And now, the wonderful woman we have all been waiting for; the Tempress of Tease and the Sultana of Strip. Let's hear it for the star of our show—Miss Cherri Tart!"

The curtain opened, the spotlight came up, and I was on. Yes, dearest of dear diaries, Larry Laffer, man's man and studly hunk, was standing in a spotlight on stage in front of hundreds of screaming, cheering, *horny* men.

And I was wearing Cherri's G-string, feathers, high heels, and little else!

And they thought I was Cherri. In the dark confusion backstage, I had put on her costume, thinking it was my underwear.

BOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO. BOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO, BOOP-A-DOO. The drumbeat and the clapping increased in urgency.

"Take it off! Take it off! Take it all off!" The rabid audience roared its desires at me, and I knew that if I didn't deliver they would riot. The sharp and quick Larry Laffer brain has not been patented without good reason, dear diary. It began faxing instructions to my finely tuned bod: *It's time to make the best of a bad situation again, Laffer. Cherri wasn't just a mere stripper—she was an exotic dancer. You are a master of disco and have studied the collected videotapes of John Travolta. Dance! You always wanted to be in show business. Anyway, if they like you, they'll throw money.*

I danced. My brain shut off, as it often does, and let the animal that is my body take over. I strutted an ethnic strut down the walkway, and warmed the mob with a little patented shake and shimmy. The screams rose higher. A Travoltaish 360-spin, followed by an Olivia Newton-John twirl. A 720! A full split! Two or three poses, index finger pointing to the sky. Bedlam and pandemonium filled the theatre. I made love with my ego, and brought down the house. I was the Nazz of Nontoonyt and greenbacks filled the air. Show Biz was my life, and I was a STAR!

It was only natural, of course. The practice I had gotten wearing Kalalau's lingerie had finally paid off. And, I was \$500 richer—enough money to go back and get my final divorce papers. So high was I from my emotional and artistic triumph, that I rushed from the theatre in a daze and went straight to Dewey, Cheatem, and Howe. Wherever I stepped, all eyes followed me, awe and astonishment writing "STAR SEARCH WINNER" over each face. A dancing fool and national treasure walked in their midst and they were properly wonderous. I strutted my pride for all to see, confident in my me-ness.

It wasn't until Roger, the fax jockey and receptionist, looked up from his phone and choked that I realized I had walked all the way over *still wearing Cherri's costume!*

What the hay, I had made the best of one bad situation already, I could handle this one. I acted natural and confident, the same as if I had been attired in my best polyester, and asked Roger about divorce papers. By then, he had regained his composure.

"I'd like to see Ms. Cheatem about divorce papers," I asked.

"That'll cost you five hundred bucks, Mr. Laffer. You do have that much, don't you?"

Does the bear shift for himself in the woods? I paid Rog the five hundred I had just earned dancing, and he told me he'd fax Suzi that I was on my way in.

"By the way, nice outfit, Mr. Laffer. It's a lot better than that tacky, cheap white suit you had on earlier." The remark stung, but just a little.

Suzi's eyes bulged a bit as I entered, but I was getting used to that response by then. But, I was not expecting what came next.

"Larry, you look divine! I just love men who wear women's clothes. The feathers are a marvelous touch. Sit down on the sofa and make yourself comfy—real comfy." Suzi undressed me with her eyes, and I began to feel that I would get more than divorce papers out of Ms. Cheatem before the afternoon was over.

Suzi closed her office door and locked it. Removing her glasses, she walked provocatively back to me and started undressing slowly. I think she had been taking lessons from Cherri.

"Not many people know this Larry—you don't mind if I call you Larry, do you?—but the best turn-on in the world for me is wearing men's underwear." By now she was down to a fine example of masculine skivvies.

“What do you think?” Suzi pirouetted for my pleasure. “Perhaps someday you might let me try on your undies, and you can go through my briefs, so to speak.” Her giggle began to turn into a pant.

“Great idea, my little *corpus delicti*,” I replied without pause. “It would sure be nice to get into your pants.”

“Larry, why don’t you just slip out of that hat, and into anything else you desire.” Not a bad idea. I took the hat off and waited for Suzi’s next maneuver, legal or otherwise.

“I think, Larry, that it’s time for me to join you on the sofa, and in more ways than one.” She stretched herself out on top of me and began to instruct me in the intricacies of discovery procedure. I had never thought the law could be so stimulating.

“Don’t stop there, my little cherry tort.” I begged. “Do me some *habeas corpus* before I burst!”

That’s when the phone rang for the first time. Suzi excused herself and took the call—by taking me off hold. Aaargh! But she was done quickly enough and we went back to grappling with legalities.

RING! This time Suzi had to write a memo to herself after she hung up. All I was trying to do was hang on. The third time was too important not to answer, and she had to fax her note about it to Roger right away. After several more calls, my *ijus in corpus* was just another case of hung jury. Instead of filling her docket, I never got into the courthouse. My taut logic had turned into a flabby argument—or something like that.

“Sorry, Larry. I think we’d better adjourn for the day and reschedule for another time. Have your girl talk to my boy and we’ll take a meeting soon. Better yet, fax me; maybe we can straighten this thing out between us.” With a playful pinch, Suzi began dressing.

“I’ll have Roger word-process you up a copy of the divorce. Ciao!”

I put on my feathered headdress and left, but as soon as I got outside the building, I remembered I had forgotten the divorce papers. Extreme frustration can do that to the finest minds. I went back inside and had to do the usual cajoling to get Roger to listen to me. But I did get the final papers from him, and as I turned to go he relayed Suzi’s compliments to me.

“Ms. Cheatem prides herself in upholding the principles of the legal profession, Mr. Laffer. She says she’ll always go out of her way to screw someone. Have a nice day, blubber butt.”

Blubber butt—how dare he call me that. But, truth to tell, dear diary, the remark stung because there was a tad of truth to it. My bod was not as tight

and taut and hard and firm as it could be. My single game of bowling each month seemingly was not enough to maintain muscle tone. Among other things, Cherri’s costume had revealed that the Larry Laffer physique was in slight need of a tune-up.

Fate is funny that way, though. Even as I thought those thoughts, I was opening the papers Rog had given me. As I looked at the divorce decree, something else was revealed to my sharp eyes. Suzi’s membership card to Fat City—Nontoonyt’s world-famous health club, spa, and tanning salon—had become mixed up with my papers. It was an omen! It was the universe’s way of telling Larry Laffer to get his butt in gear and firm up for the honies. It may have even been Suzi’s tactful way of suggesting that I might fit better in her undergarments if I had a tighter tush. I am a man who can take a hint, especially when someone else is paying the freight. I vowed to work out as soon as possible.

... Right after I retrieved my leisure suit. I am not a deeply religious man, dear diary, but all the way to the casino showroom I was praying to the ancient gods of Nontoonyt Island (Winken, Blinken, Paul, Ringo, Ziggy Stardust, Dr. Magic, Gladly—my cross-eyed bear, and many others). I prayed that Cherri had not run off wearing my finest threads. Ignoring the threats posted over the stage door, I rushed backstage and looked around on the floor. The gods may be crazy, but they weren’t foolish enough to keep Larry Laffer from his leisure suit. Except for my underwear, it was all there. Reverently, I put it back on.

It felt good to be wearing polyester again. It felt right. It felt as if order had been restored to the universe. It probably had.

Fat City is a short walk southwest of my secret spot. It’s a pleasure dome of pain and pumping iron carved out of formerly virgin jungle and into the shape of a big blue cetacean. Since these creatures had seldom been found inhabiting that particular location prior to development, the islanders were justifiably curious as to why the architects had chosen to design it that way. Was it subtle satire on the “before” shapes of its clientele? Was it an ecological statement on inter-species interdependency? Did it symbolically represent a return to the ocean from whence scientists say life first developed? Was it post-modern pre-fab deconstructionism gone wild? Was it any easier to understand than the questions?

“No,” reported the designers, “It was just a whale of an idea.”

Bad architecture and bad puns notwithstanding, the skinny was that Fat City’s coffers had grown fat off of the fat of fat tourists with fat wallets. Some

locals, though, had bought charter memberships in order to use the Olympic-size pool and world-class racquetball courts. As is the custom with the fabulous deals that charter memberships always are, the pool and the courts were never finished. But, some continued to patronize the place—just to look at other members.

I, though, was there for a serious workout. “No pain, no gain” doesn’t usually scare me, especially when I know how much more irresistible I’ll be to women afterwards. And everyone knows that fitness clubs are *great places to meet chicks!* Larry Laffer does not get his priorities screwed up too often.

Inside, the interior design firm of Fragworth and Neugola had done their usual tasteful job. Smoke-colored indoor-outdoor carpets had replaced the original astroturf. It set off the lime walls and fuchsia woodwork quite nicely. They did use a little too much indirect track lighting for my taste, though. But then they always do.

The dude at the front desk was no help. Too busy swelling his veins and trying to count to ten, he was having trouble with both. No matter, I knew Fat City’s legendary uni-sex dressing room was behind the door to my left. I put Suzi’s keycard into the slot and the door opened as slick as an all-night Crisco party. Pulling in my gut and puffing out my chest, I stepped inside and looked for some of the legendary coed ladies.

The locker room was empty. Actually it could have contained the Stanford University marching band, but it was so jammed and twisted with lockers, I might as well have been in a maze. There were no lines of sight anywhere. Drat! it still makes me mad.

Anyhoo, this presented me with the problem of just which locker was Suzi’s. I checked out her membership/keycard again and turned it over. There it was—locker #69, what else?

What else were the names of three of Nontoonyt’s local businesses. Why were they there? None were large enough to be able to afford Suzi’s legal services, and I was doubtful that there was an underwear connection. But the patented Larry Laffer brain came through again. Nobody ever remembers their locker combination, and everybody writes it down where they can easily find it.

Pulling out my copy of Nontoonyt Tonite, I found my suspicions vindicated—all three firms had ads in the publication. I was sure that the page numbers of the advertisements were the same as the combination numbers, and in the same order. It was a code that could have fooled the CIA, or the

KGB, or a grand prize winner on “Jeopardy,” but it was not too tough for me. No way, José Canseco!

Of course, all I had to do was find the locker and see if I was right. I was, you know. Finding the locker was the hard part. I just kept walking deeper into the maze until I could go no farther. My search wavered hot and cold until I could just barely make out the numerals. It was time to open the door. Spinning the dial, I used the numbers that my keen brain had decoded.

Wrong. The locker, not the number. I kept trying several lockers in the corner, sure the combination was correct. Finally I found the right lock. I hope Fat City has gotten its maintenance act together by now.

Inside Suzi’s locker was a pair of sweats, a newish can of deodorant, and a signed photo of the Supreme Court, at least one of whom was wearing women’s underwear—I hoped. There were also a few male pinups, but none of them had staples in their midsections. The locker smelled of stale woman and raw *nolo contendere*. It was not something you would take home to meet your folks.

But, it was free.

I had to stretch it a little, but Suzi’s designer sweatsuit fit me when I put it on, and I was relieved that I didn’t have to spray it with deodorant. Next stop—heavy metal; this stud needed to sweat.

Closing the locker behind me (didn’t want anyone to rip off my suit), I found the weight room just next to the showers. Fat City had spared little expense there, and one compact workout machine completely filled the area. Someone had filed the nameplate from the device, but my sharp eyes were able to make out a faint

PROPERTY OF THE:
CHICAGO YWCA
KEEPA YOU HANDS OFFFA DIS!

Whatever—it was none of my business. My business was insuring that Larry Laffer was the best that he could be. No one else was around and I had the room to myself. So, I decided to perform all four exercises and pump myself to perfection. And if anybody knows about pumping his body, Larry Laffer does.

7 reps on the leg curls!—I strained and grunted.

7 pull-ups!—I moaned and groaned with effort.

7 bar pulls!—I screamed and sweated with exertion.

7 bench presses!—Such pain. Such gain.

Making all the appropriate sounds, I pumped and pulled at the unforgiving iron. But I could feel the burn, and I began to sweat—not perspire, but sweat—manly sweat, Larry sweat, the best kind.

When I finally stood tall, and my hyperventilation passed, I could feel the change; my most excellent bod had gotten better. I swelled with good health and muscle. Like the world-class body builder I could easily become, I posed for the mirrored walls. There were no women present to impress, but it was better that way. Larry Laffer in full pump is not a sight for weak constitutions.

My bi's, tri's and quads bulged with perfection. My delts danced with delight, and my abs were no longer an abstraction. My cuts were as sharp as the finest ginsu, and with no serrated edges. I had even maxed out my gluteus maximus.

MY PECS PULSED!

I imagined myself more ultimate than the Ultimate Warrior and more barbarian than Arnold. Better than an incredible hunk or hulk, the mirror seemed to reflect back to my eyes, THE INCREDIBLE BULK. And I saw it was good.

And I smelled like I needed a shower. So it was back to the locker, open it up, undress, get the soap-on-a-rope, and head off to get clean. Again, there were no women around when I entered the shower naked, so I resigned myself to turning on the water and walking under the hot spray. This was not a time for a cold shower. I washed and rinsed, rubbing lather over and into all the crannies and nooks of my athletic form. I used all of the soap as I luxuriated there, getting clean and delighting in how hard I had become. I rinsed one last time, turned off the water, and left the shower a washed-up man.

Back at Suzi's locker, I noted that no one had tried to break in while I was showering. I opened it, dried off, and took a dozen or so hits of my lascivious lawyer's deodorant. It was the wrong brand for doubling as breath spray, so I passed on freshening my mouth. Donning my leisure suit, I wiggled my tight buns and stretched my massive shoulders. The miracle of breathable polyester came through again, and I looked as cool as a diet soft-drink commercial. Wishing I had a pair of jockey shorts to leave behind as a token of my appreciation, I closed Suzi's locker and headed out, once again, looking for love (or a quickie—whichever came first).

What I found was Bambi. She was in the aerobics studio that lived back past the front desk. I knew that aerobics classes were a great place to meet women, but when I got there the place was empty, except for Bambi and some video cameras. She was aerobicizing her fine, fine, superfine form in ways that would have daunted Houdini—she shaked, she shimmied, she squirmed on her belly like a reptile—but she wasn't looking very happy about it. I looked at her with an ultra-cool and patented Larry Laffer look.

"Hi there, my little exercising ingenue. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"CLEAN MIND, CLEAN BODY. TAKE YOUR PICK."

"My name's Bambi, you big hunk of masculine macho. Is that a soft pretzel in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

"Forget the clean mind, my saucy little sweathog. Why don't you and I get off someplace and then shower together? And what's with the video gear?"

"That might be nice, pec man. I've always wanted to go for the gold. And since you asked, I'm working on a new aerobics show for either cable television, some undiscriminating sports network, or FOX."

"That's cool, my gyrating gymnast. What's the hook?"

"That's the problem Larry; I know I've got the moves. But what I really need is a concept—a high concept like MTV cops, space invaders from beneath the sea, Beverly Hills librarians, or a multi-ethnic crime-fighting journalist-physician ensemble drama set in an urban comedy club that caters to beer-drinking over-sexed lawyers and Nielsen families engaged in multi-generational group therapy with cute aliens. And, female mud-aerobics has already been done!"

The patented Larry Laffer brain went back to the storyboard. My marketing instincts knew that, unfortunately, one couldn't lie about a body like hers—so I couldn't use that most basic and common of strategies. Then I remembered that there really are *three* laws in marketing:

1. Lies
2. More lies
3. Sex

Bambi embodied the latter stratagem, you might say.

"Bambi, I have a great head for creative marketing. May I make a suggestion?"

"Larry, I'd do *anything* for some great head and a suggestive idea."

Dear diary, I knew that the only solution to her conundrum was to *help Bambi with her aerobics video*. Was I not a star of the stage? How could the screen not be next?

"Sex aerobics, Bambi. We can call it the 'Kama Sutra Workout.' You and I will show the world how to get hard through the use of different positions. What do you think? Shall we get it on—videotape!"

"Larry, that's a great idea. Why didn't I think of it?"

"Because I'm the one with the patented Larry Laffer brain and marketing savvy, sweetheart. Strut some of your stuff up the flagpole so I can see if it'll fly." Bambi strutted all right, and it flew extremely well. I even saluted.

Bambi finished, jumped down off of the stage, and grabbed my hand.

"Come on, Larry. I can't wait any longer. I know a private place where we can go and rehearse and get our positioning right. What do you say, are you up for it?"

"Bambi, I'm always up." I snickered and followed her out.

She took me to Fat City's tanning salon. That's a somewhat over-stated description because the "salon" was not much more than a closet with a broken tanning machine inside. On the up side, the lights didn't work, it was private, and the tanning bed would make a perfect casting couch.

"Oh, Larry, if this video is successful, I'll make enough money to retire from teaching smelly aerobics classes to fat people wearing ugly Spandex. If the tape works, I'll never have to work again; I'll never have to diet again; I'll never have to worry about my figure again. I would be free to pursue my dream of becoming a security guard at Dunkin' Donuts!"

"But, why Bambi? Why would you give this all up for a badge and a gun?"

"Because, Larry, a waist is a terrible thing to mind!"

A moment passed, and I let her last remark do the same.

"Now, Larry, the most important thing to do before any workout is to stretch. Here, lie down and let me help you."

We tumbled into the machine and I began stretching, good and proper. Bambi wrapped herself around me.

"Oh, Larry, I feel like I was born to preach the message of the 'Kama Sutra Workout' to the world. To teach people how to be physically fit and horizontally happy at the same time is now my mission in life. So let's start with that position, Larry!" It was time to rock 'n' roll.

Which, I am unhappy to report, dear diary, is exactly what the tanning machine did. The lid fell right down on top of us.

"Oooh, Larry, you've made me feel the earth move, and you're still dressed." Bambi didn't know what hit her, but I was stunned by the experience.

"Bambi, help me, I can't get this thing up."

"In that case, Larry, move the lid and get off of me."

That's when the tanning machine decided to turn on for the first time in years—at full power.

"Oh, Larry, can you feel it?"

"Bambi, I can feel it. I can feel the burn. I can feel the burn! Ouch!"

Somehow we both were able to crawl out onto the floor without serious injury. Bambi staggered out the door saying it had been the most intense experience of her life; so much so that she had changed her mind about taping the 'Kama Sutra Workout.' She didn't think she could survive a second position with me. It figures; I often have that effect on women.

I left Fat City as the tropical twilight began making its evening appearance. I relish that time of day because it is the precursor of the night time—Larry time. The night belongs not to some over-produced beer commercial, but to Larry; Larry Laffer and love. It is the time when my powers are at their fullest. It is the time when women are drawn to me like fleas to a long-haired cat. And let no one say that Larry Laffer is not the biggest pussy around! The attraction is natural and inevitable, like the coming of night.

I needed a lei. On the island, flowers are the sure way to a gal's heart, and other desirable locations. I would have to make one, but, like the grass skirt earlier, this would be an easy task, thanks to those boring arts and crafts evenings with my ex-wife and her relatives.

Next to the island-grass patch in front of Chip 'n' Dale's was the entrance to a small cave into the side of the volcano. After a moderate climb, you end up on an enclosed ledge overlooking the lagoon. The view was heart-stoppingly beautiful—the sun had finally melted all the grease on the bay, and it reflected rainbow patterns back to the sky. This ledge is the home of many wild orchids, the traditional flower for leis. Efficiently, I picked the blooms and weaved them into a flower garland—the wild lei of Nontoonyt. Larry had his bait.

As I strolled toward the casino, I mused that the daytime had not really been that bad for chicks either. True I had not actually *entered* the lists of love yet that day, but I had come pretty-darn-close with four heavenly honies. When I finally arrived and saw the PRINCESS KALALAU CASINO

HOTEL carved above the entrance, I realized that I had forgotten that I had started the day as a happily married man. Now it took a sign for me to even remember my former bride's name.

Of course, I was going to the casino's lounge and piano bar. Where else but there could I court the cosmos—and any random women that might appear. Patti was one of those randoms.

She was tickling the ivories when I arrived, mellowing the crowd with a little lite rock rendition of "Begin the Beguine." I remember it so clearly because she segued directly into a medley of "Night on Disco Mountain," "Disco Inferno," "More Than A Woman," "MacArthur Park," and "Love to Love You Baby." Flabbergasted with nostalgia, I clapped and screamed my approval. Disco rules! And Patti was its queen that night.

The occasional international star vacations on Nontoonyt, dear diary. Hopefully I looked around. Elvis was there, nursing a flat beer at the bar. Living in seclusion on the island, he was still pretending to be dead, but refusing to remove his cape and sequins. He seemed to be trading quips with Sid Vicious and John Lennon. But, I saw no sign of the disco deities—the brothers Gibb, Donna Summer or The Village People. Patti must have been playing the tasty tunes for their own merits, and not as an homage to visiting celebrity. If this were indeed true, then I knew I must have her. Only the perfect woman for Larry Laffer would play the perfect music, and Patti was playing it perfectly. I wondered if she had cravings for microwave burritos.

There was an empty stool waiting for me at the bar, right next to Patti. I sat down and waited for a waitress to take my order for a whiskey sour, shaken, not stirred. None ever came, but as I waited I looked at the perky pianist. I had met her briefly while she was a zombie love slave to Dr. Nonookee. She had been known as Polyester Patti then, and wore far fewer clothes. No matter, I planned to correct that situation soon. It was time for talk.

"Hi there. Remember me, my little mistress of the black and whites. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"NO JAMMING." It was a most musical retort.

"Hi Larry. Is that an Onklunk in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?" As she talked, her fingers continued to lightly caress the keys. I wanted my body to be next.

"Say, Patti, your choice of songs just turns me on. Can you play 'Melancholy Baby' and 'Do You Know The Way to San Jose?'"

"No, but isn't it a little south of San Francisco?" The conversation was showing some promise.

"You know, Patti, you've got it all—talent, looks, and musical savvy. If I told you that you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?"

"Yes! By the way, I just *love* your new bod, Larry, and a hard man *is* good to find. If you weren't married, you'd be the man of my terribly explicit dreams. It's so hard to play great songs for peons who don't appreciate it. You and I could make such beautiful music together."

"You mean you haven't heard, Patti. Here, let me show you what's in my pants." I reached in my pocket, took out my divorce decree, and showed it to her.

"That wasn't an Onklunk in my pocket, Patti, it was my divorce. Rejoice in your great fortune. I'm a free man; a swinging single again. What's-her-name and I are Splitsville. My marriage is ended, over, finished, done, dissolved, terminated, through, *finí*, and any other word I can look-up in a thesaurus! Let's get together tonight, and perform our duet of desire!"

"That sounds great, but aren't you forgetting to give me something . . .," I puckered up, ". . . like a small token of your appreciation. Flowers are always appropriate on a first date."

I was ready to take that request. The flower garland I had woven was with me. And, it was a gift I could afford to give.

"I think I love you, Patti!" I sighed and handed her the floral wreath. "Let me lei you." Again, I asked her for a date. This time she accepted.

Reaching into her purse, Patti took out a key.

"Here's the key to my penthouse suite, lover boy. Why don't you come up and see me some time—like, soon. Just give me a few minutes to freshen up and slip into something less . . . well, let's just say something less." My heart fluttered after her as she disappeared into a service elevator.

"And don't forget the wine!"

As I left the casino, I carefully counted my blessings: Tawni, Cherri, Suzi, Bambi, and now Passionate Patti. My mind boggled at such a sensuous cornucopia! And none of them ended their names with the letter Y!

I *knew* that the fifth time was going to be a charm.

By the time our fateful rendezvous had been arranged, full dark had fallen over most of Nontoonyt. The rest would follow in a few days. There was only one way to get a bottle of wine at that hour of night, and that was at the Comedy Hut, the local after-hours emporium of bad vino and worse jokes.

And even worse than that, though, was the fact that I had no bucks on my person. However, I trusted in the patented Larry Laffer wits, and the fact that there was no cover charge at the Hut. I'd think of something—a sure score with a luscious lady is a great motivator.

The Comedy Hut is at the end of Nontoonyt's Red Light District, just past Chip 'n' Dale's. Many tourists have been trapped there over the years, escaping only after purchasing watery drinks, greasy food, and discounted whoopee cushions. One can usually find them by following their greenback spoor into the various dives. Their legally tender droppings fertilize the economy of the island, so the low-class strippers and stand-up comics are allowed to perform with scant fear of being sacrificed to the volcano god.

Beyond the Zone, and beyond the Comedy Hut, lies only jungle, bamboo brush, and the primitive interior of Nontoonyt Island. It's inhabited by deadly snakes, feral pigs, and the indigenous cannibal lesbian amazon biker broads. A place for the foolish to stay away from, the dangers of the interior are as deadly as the comedians.

The Hut was open—it always is—and a show was about to start. Patti had asked me to take my time in going to her, so the sight of an empty table overcame my normal revulsion to sitting a while and being assaulted by geriatric jokes. Also, my sharp Larry Laffer eyes had noticed a wine bottle on the vacant table, and from my vantage it seemed to be half-full (or half-empty if you'd prefer. I don't).

I moved efficiently to the table (in case it was only temporarily empty) and sat down. I was in luck; the wine was a Chateau Quiki *Rouge* of recent vintage—not more than a week or three old. With no one else around to claim it, I took the wine. It would make a superb love libation for Patti.

Paul Paul, the comedian, arrived on stage about the time I sat, and it is impolite to leave during a performance. It isn't, however, considered *gauche* to hiss, boo and heckle, something I did with enthusiasm. Actually, his jokes were excellent, but I knew he'd feel unappreciated if everyone just laughed. I even took notes on a few of the better ethnic ones—just in case I ever run out of snappy lines and ad libs. It's hardly a likely occurrence.

Finally, Paul Paul finished his set by doing his world famous duck impression, and I got up to leave. On the way out I noticed this overweight, *fortysomethingish*, balding bearded dude sitting with one of the Zone's cut-rate cuties. He was wearing one of those cheap plastic name tags. It read:

HELLO!
MY NAME IS

The rest was empty, as if he had forgotten what to fill in the blank with—or, how. The man with no name was definitely not Clint Eastwood, but he reminded me of myself somehow—before I got my new hair, white threads and pulsating pecs. I decided to make his day and say a few kind words to him—one should always be nice to tourists, and their money. In return for my efforts, the guy was quite rude. Then the pair just up and disappeared. Quite rude.

On second thought, he wasn't a bit like me. Nobody is.

I don't think I've told you, dear diary, that the hotel part of the casino is just to the right of the grand entrance as you enter. I summoned the elevator there and pressed the button for the ninth floor—Patti's floor. All the way up I thought about my little penthouse pet and potentially passionate paramour and pianist. Would she be waiting for me? More importantly, would she put out for me?

My Patti was most defiantly there, lounging on her bed, and looking at me as if I were a big box of chocolate truffles. She was wearing my lei and little more. That's when I discovered the truth to the old saying, dear diary—that a little less is a little more. I also learned something new, that night; when it comes to my Patti, a lot less is paradise!

She licked her lips and gave me a "Come hither" smile that would be understood in any language on earth. I walked to the bed and poured my favorite wine into the two frosted glasses that Patti had waiting on a silver platter. Handing one glass of the fine red to her, I got into the bed and toasted our coming together. She replied, "I'm planning on it!"

We sipped the wine in our glasses and then tasted the intoxicating wine of each others lips. They stuck together, hers and mine, so warm and strong was their melding. I never thought anyone could kiss like that and mean it. But we both did. No sooner had our lips touched than I knew I had found the perfect woman. I never thought anything could be that good.

I was wrong; It got better. Piano players have great hands, and Patti had studied at Juilliard. As such things are wont to go, one thing led to another, to another, to another. And then we got serious.

I am going to leave the rest of the sweaty details to your imagination, dear diary. Rest assured that we left nothing to ours. Never have two people known each other so completely. I discovered things that would have amazed Patti's doctors, and I'm sure she could have astounded my dentist. Passionate Patti lived up to her nickname over and over again. I lived up to my reputation.

Did you know that people smoke after sex, dear diary? Neither Patti nor I indulge in the nicotine habit, but the flames of passion burned hot that night and left a warm, dry haze wafting up from our bodies. The mist hung over the bed, heavy with the aroma of a summer barbeque—mesquite charcoal, I believe, with no tinge at all of lighter fluid. We laughed as we brushed the cinders away and began again. She was the woman of my dreams—my best dreams—and we pledged to each other that there could never be another person for either of us.

Once, Patti took her tongue out of my ear long another to mutter something to me. It was a sweet nothing, I suspect.

"Come again?" I murmured quizzically.

"If you insist."

There you have it, dear diary, the good part—and believe me, it was very good. The bad part happened near dawn, the darkest hour. The bad part was very, very bad.

We had both lightly dozed off, tangled in each others' obsessions. I had roused slightly, and Patti had groggily sensed my motion. Strategically placing a hand on me so I wouldn't get away from her, she purred and cooed mostly against me. *More sweet nothings*, I thought contentedly. She mumbled some more.

"Come again?" I expected a loving reply. What I heard was . . .

"Arnold . . ."

Arnold! Arnold! Arnold!

You poor, foolish, foolish fool, I cried to myself. *How could the patented Larry Laffer mind be so blind? She only wanted you for your body, and probably won't even fix your breakfast in the morning!* Anger and grief overcame me. In my self-pity I was sure that Patti had imagined another man while making whoopee with me. It was not love; it was never love. I was sure that I was getting the short end of a tawdry one-night stand—even if it were a good . . . no, a great one. I was Larry; Larry Laffer and good body or no, I was no Arnold! Shame, self-doubt, and humiliation tried to bring tears to

my legendary eyes. *If they are so sharp, why haven't they seen through her lies*, I cried.

I thought I had discovered the Midas touch with women. All I really had was a blown muffler.

Quietly, I sneaked from Patti's bed. Dressing in dark as dark as my mood, I vowed that I would have no more to do with women. Indeed, I wanted no more of life. Sure that I was a loser, always had been a loser, and always would be a loser, I slunk off to the depths of the jungle to get lost. Delirious with loss and lack of water, neither knowing nor caring which direction I went, careless of danger, I stumbled aimlessly for—I don't know, as long as it took for me to collapse, unable to go any farther. As my celebrated consciousness faded, as the blackness overtook me, I knew that if I perished, it would be the world's loss.

I was right about the last part. I'm glad I was wrong about the rest.

The rest of my story, dear diary, is my sweet Patti's. She does not have the way with words that I have, however, so I will tell her magical tale . . . oops! Freudian slip . . . *tail* as best I can. It is taken from her words, as best I can remember them. I think I recall them very well. Here goes . . .

Patti woke up probably about an hour after I had gone. She yawned and stretched, her admirable assets pointing assertively to the ceiling. Reaching over to grab a delightful handful of me, she found I was gone from her bed—and her apartment as she soon discovered. To Patti's credit, she was distraught. She had good reason to be—she had fallen deeply in love with me, and believed that I felt the same about her.

Nonetheless, I had covered my tracks well, and there were no signs of where, or why, I had gone. Patti did not cry for me, dear diary. She is strong where others are weak. She did scream a few obscenities, though, before she realized that I am too honorable a man to desert a sinking ship without a good reason.

Patti wrapped a thin sheet around herself, and stepped onto her balcony for the clean air, the sunrise, and the space to think. As the new sun touched the slightly slicked water of the bay, her musically trained eyes detected a brief flash from across the harbor. She grabbed the telescope which she kept there for occasionally peeking into men's bedroom windows, and focusing furiously, caught a glimpse of someone lurching despondently into the bamboo bush. The reflection of the sun's rays glinting off of white virgin polyester are what first caught her notice. The sight of that unknown form in those fine threads convinced her that it was me she saw entering the wilderness.

Patti had no idea why I was doing what I was doing, but she knew the dangers of the jungle and knew she had to do something to help me. She suspected that Dr. Nonookee had somehow returned from the dead, and had me under his control. Whatever, she wanted her Larry Laffer back, and would go get him if she had to. She was pretty sure she had to.

However, one does not take on the jungle on its own turf dressed only in a transparent sheet. You need clothes and money and more. Dashing behind her dressing screen, Patti put on her bra, panties, pantyhose, and then her silky white dress—I think she wanted us to be color-coordinated when she finally caught up with me. It was not what Jane would wear to find her lord of the jungle, but it was what Patti donned to find hers. From the silver platter, she took the empty wine bottle—in case she needed something to carry water. As prepared as possible, given her circumstances, she rode the elevator down to the lobby.

Her next stop was the piano bar. In her passion for me, Patti had forgotten to empty her tip jar the night before. When she took the money from the giant brandy snifter, she lost count at forty bucks, but decided it was enough to get her out of town. Anyway, I'm the one in this household with a head for figures. Then Patti did the most intuitively brilliant thing—so awesomely adroit that even I may have had some difficulty conceiving it.

There was an announcement board set-up where one enters the lounge. On it, the hostess might scrawl the specials of the day, or an occasional off-color remark, with a wide felt marking pen. My Patti looked at the board as she was leaving, saw the pen, and took it. She thought she would use it to mark her way—in case she got lost. That pen kept both of us from getting our gooses—and other tender parts—cooked. Patti, if I could get inside your brain, I'd do that, too!

After that, my beloved wasted no time leaving the casino. Outside, she made a quick detour to the cabana area to fill her makeshift canteen with water. She just turned on the sink and filled it up. Then, she went looking for some help.

The problem my distraught, but level-headed, enchantress of the eighty-eights faced was the fact that it was a jungle out there, literally. Likewise, the bamboo bush that I had so blithely penetrated in my race to self-destruction was so thick as to be a veritable maze. Some even said that there was no way through the 'boo at all. However, if anyone knew how to tackle the tough tall grass it was Dale Carlsonian. Co-owner of Chip 'n' Dales, raconteur, explorer, opera maven, computer genius, and male strip-

per, Dale was a complete stranger who knew Patti (in the non-biblical sense) better than he knew several members of his immediate family. He also knew the jungle and its deadly secrets. Dale was an expert on it, and claimed to have know more bush than anyone else on the island. By George, it was true! Patti was sure that she could convince him to help her.

Before she could see Dale though, Patti had to placate the obligatory Maitre d'. He told my honey that, unlike the Comedy Hut next door, there was a cover charge—twenty-five dollars. With gratuity, her entrance fee would be almost \$42.95. However, in an insane moment of generosity, he allowed as he would let her inside for a flat forty-three bucks—which just happened to be exactly the cash she had on her. Such a coincidence, but Patti paid up. She knew *I* was worth every penny.

Despite the fact that Dale was a male stripper, a good deal of the clientele were also men. Most even walked with their feet touching the floor. Chip 'n' Dale's is also a favorite after-hours hangout for Maitre d's, but they mostly congregate in one of the back rooms playing strip-jacks. It's a nasty scene, I'm told.

Dale was just about to entertain, so Patti was forced to sit through his tacky performance. Yes, tacky. Unlike the clean, wholesome atmosphere of a Cherri Tart show, I find male strippers distasteful. Twirling tassels that have been pasted to their chests, bumping and grinding and holding their crotches in public, stripping degrades men and turns them into mere sex objects. This might be OK for a sex object like Larry Laffer in the privacy of his own bedroom, but as a public spectacle it borders on the obscene. Nonetheless, the men and women in the audience seemed to like it. My most pussiant Patti was so overcome by the barbarity of the exhibition that, when Dale threw a shirt that landed on her table, she took off her black lace panties and threw them at him. She says it's the customary thing to do on such occasions. How she got the panties off from under her pantyhose, and in public, was an act of dexterity worthy of documentation on America's Most Amazing Home Videos.

Patti's review of Dale's performance is brief, and eloquent in its ambiguity.

"It was too long!" My sentiments exactly.

Still sweating from his near-pornographic exertions, Dale came out from backstage and joined my lover at her table. He was carrying her panties and sopping up his sweat with them. Seeing Patti, he asked if he could join her. She looked at him.

"Hi, gorgeous. My name is Dale, and I like the cut of your panties."

"Hi, I'm Patti," she replied. "Get your hand off my thigh or I'll pull your pasties!" He did.

"Dale, I'm looking for my lover, Larry; Larry Laffer. The last I saw of him, he was walking into the inescapable bamboo bush. He looked dazed and confused. Do you know any way through the maze and the jungle? I'll do anything if you'll help me. I must find him."

"Anything? Well, since it's your lover . . . there is a way through the bamboo. I don't remember the directions exactly, but I did include them in a song I once wrote. It's the Follow the Bouncing Fruit song that the Chamber of Commerce and Nectarine Advisory Board are always reprinting in Nontoonyt Tonite. Pick up a copy today at your favorite newsstand. Or, if you prefer, operators are standing by if you want to order by phone . . ."

"Thanks, that's enough for now, Dale. You've been very helpful. I play that song for the tourists every night, so I know it well. You're forgiven for putting your slimy hands on me, but don't ever do it again." Her point made, Patti stood up and left.

The jungle and the bamboo maze. Few get through them alive, and most of those do it through dumb luck or, like me, being captured by cannibal lesbian amazon bikers. Fewer live to tell about the experience. Patti didn't have the luxury of the first two choices, but she did know the words to the song. Knowing it was a code, she easily deduced that the first letter of each word referred to a direction. She went past the Comedy Hut and up the path into the brush. In moments she was in front of a wall of bamboo. My Patti knew that once she entered, a wrong turn would mean her death. She went anyway. I'll never call Patti a broad again, dear diary. It's too narrow a definition for her courage.

As my Patti enters the bamboo maze, let me write down the lyrics of the little ditty that got her through. I've always had trouble with the melody because it's in some major or minor key or other, and I've difficulty singing those—especially in 4/4 time.

Never never eat nectarines washed....
No! Eat Nontoonyt nectarines naturally.
When slurping wholesomely,
We nibble nutritiously
With nectarines!

Grammy material, for sure! But musical merits aside, you can see, dear diary, that all the words start with letters, and the letters are N,S,E,W. Once she entered the bamboo, all Patti had to do was hum along, follow where the song led, and not lose her place in the lyrics.

And not die of thirst . . . the bamboo is not just so thick that it's hard to see your way, even if you know where you're going, but it's long and sweltering. Patti says she felt like a wet cat in a microwave oven—so hot she could burst. But she didn't drink at once. Oh, no. My brave baby trudged on, drooping from dehydration, and finally crawling through the dust. Her mascara smeared and her high heels were killing her, but she held her water—and didn't swig from the bottle, either—until she felt that she was becoming delirious from thirst. Then, finally, she drank the fine fluoridated water she had brought with her. Like the finest French beer, a chilled Chateau Quiki, or several minutes with yours truly, it was totally satisfying. It was enough to get her out alive and into more open country.

Sweet Patti emerged from the bamboo near a deep, swift river that was rushing wetly down from the mountains—it was probably trying to get warm before it turned into a waterfall a short distance to the north. The cold, fresh water invited her to ignore the noise of falling water and to drink and cool herself. She did, but Patti was careful not to step into the river, for fear of being swept away. The water tasted good, she says; almost as good as me.

The river plunged over an abrupt precipice not far past where Patti had drunk her fill of the smooth *aqua velva*. It was obvious to her that if I had survived the bamboo, then I could only have traveled north. Sure that I was too smart to be swept away over the falls, she knew that I must have somehow descended the vertical cliff. But how? There were vines growing in the area, but they seemed too fragile to support even Patti's trim weight. She walked to the edge and looked down. It was quite a long drop, but a ledge appeared to be a potential stopping spot on the way down.

Of course, she realized, my panty hose. They're guaranteed not to snag or run; they're tough and elastic enough to stay up all day; and they're built to take a licking and keep right on ticking. And, they are support hose. Anyway, it's too hot to keep wearing them. I'll use them for a rope, and if it doesn't hold, I'll take them back for a refund! I, for one, have a hard time swallowing that. I doubt that she'd have gotten her money back on that excuse.

Removing the garment, Patti felt the fresh breeze caress her now naked legs. It reminded her that she wasn't wearing panties under her dress anymore, and she hoped there would be no one looking up when she went down. Patti tied the hosiery to a large rock that was sitting mindlessly near the drop, tested that the knot was tight, and slipped herself over the edge. I'm glad it wasn't me doing it.

Patti went down real quickly (something she had some experience at), the elastic material absorbing the force of her descent and rebounding her back up just as fast. After being bounced around a few times (another thing with which she was quite familiar), the pantyhose finally snapped. Patti fell the remaining distance, reminding herself that undergarments held up much longer if they are washed regularly. Fortunately for the love of my life's life, the final fall ended in deep, soft moss. Patti didn't land on her feet, but she bounced back quickly—something she always does.

Dazed and aching from the impact, Patti wondered, *Why am I doing this? And why am I doing this for a man?* Then she realized who the man was, and the thought of my sheer hunkeness made the boo-boo all better.

It was one thing to get down the cliff to the ledge, but getting off was a whole of a different color. There were no vines, no more pantyhose, no paths, and no way back. However the chasm was somewhat narrow where she was, and if she could figure a way across, she could continue on through the jungle.

I wonder, dear diary, if the legendary and awesome, patented Larry Laffer brain is infectious. After all, Patti was no Larry Laffer when I met her. Not dumb, no; but not me. Perhaps something had rubbed off during our loving, because she showed uncommon cleverness during her quest for her love god. Sharp of eye and keen of wit, she took stock of where she was. Two tall palm trees rose straight up from near the edge. Ignoring the obvious comparison to me, Patti wrapped her gorgeous gams around the thin one on the right and shimmied that sweet, sweaty bod of hers right up. She figured that she'd climb to the top, look around, and get the lay of the land—if only symbolically.

She couldn't see much from the tree, just a blue glint of a river, but she did find some coconuts. Brown, hairy, heavy, and full of good juices, she decided that they could serve her as both food and weapons, should she need them. Taking one of the nuts in each hand, she climbed down carefully—and careful to make no further symbolic comparisons to you-know-who (or is it “whom”?).

On the ground again, Patti continued her survey. Some unusual looking, jaggy-leaved plants were growing happily in a perpetually sunny spot. Very happily. So happily, indeed, that Patti was sure just what kinds of plants they were.

While no druggie herself, she knew the evil weed when she saw it. Marijuana, mary jane, pot, grass, reefer, hemp, boo—you name it, it was all there. No wonder the birds were singing so happily, and the ground was littered with chocolate wrappers. She understood now why the lizards were scuttling around so furiously—they were desperate to move on to harder stuff.

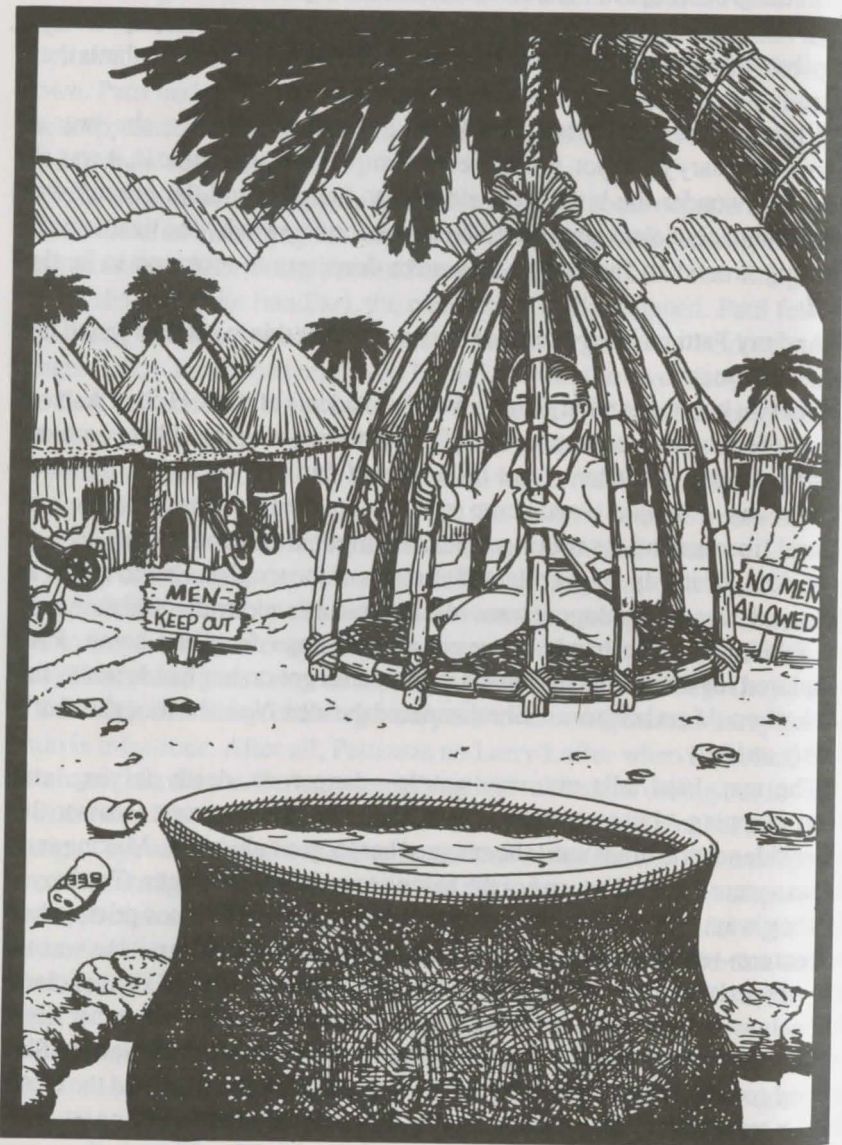
And my Patti realized one other very important thing: she had found her means of escape.

Did you know, dear diary, that several presidents of these U.S. of A. have grown the demon weed as a cash crop? Do you know that the US government was the largest producer of pot *in the world* during WW2—the big one? Here's why—marijuana and hemp are the same, and hemp is about the best natural fiber around for making rope. And my Patti needed a rope.

Picking furiously, Patti collected as many of the tough *cannabis* stalks as she could. She, too, had spent some idle hours in arts and crafts, and now used her fabulously agile hands to weave a crude rope from the hemp. Patti wondered for a bit if the marijuana residue that got on her hands while she worked would get her stoned. She dismissed the idea. *Nah*, she thought, *that's highly unlikely*.

The rest, Patti tells me, was simple—dangerous, death defying, and heart-stopping—but essentially simple. First she threw her rope across to the other side several times until she snagged her loop on a big rock. Making sure it was secure, she tied her end of the hemp around one of the trees. (Patti says, by the way, that she didn't have much experience with ropes prior to her adventure—other than a little lite, mutually agreeable bondage—but wasn't too worried about her lack of knowledge. She's a musician, and all musicians know how to improvise. Yeah, but I also bet she's tied a few on in her life.)

Anyhoo, with the rope secure on both ends, Patti made herself secure. She ripped several critical inches off of her white silk dress and turned the cloth into a makeshift safety harness. No Olympic athlete or gymnast, my *apassionata* of the keyboard; Patti knew she wouldn't be able to inch across the gap without insurance against losing her grip. Then, with all systems A-OK, she wrapped her transcendental thighs around the taut rope and



Larry Laffer Alfredo.

crawled across upside down, like a drunk bird on a hot wire. I would have liked to have been those strands of hemp, but there's just not enough of me to go around.

Across at last, Patti took a moment to congratulate herself on her deeds so far. Her makeup was ruined, but her hair was still sprayed firmly in place. That, and the fact that she hadn't broken one of her high heels, was good. On the other hand, her dress was trashed, she'd broken a nail, and she was beginning to chafe from not wearing any underwear. That was not so good. And she hadn't found me, or my spoon, yet.

As she paused, the knot she had tied to the palm slipped and unraveled, plunging that end of her bridge into the depths. There was no way left to go but onward. But that was where her Larry Laffer was, so it was worth it to her to go there. A path went to the west and she followed it, all the while berating herself for using a slip-knot on the tree.

The path brought Patti to a river, most likely the same one she had drunk from before. It looked inviting, but between her and it was the small matter of one of the most feared beasts on Nontoonyt—the Abominable Pig. Actually, Patti says it was a large matter—almost a ton of long tusks and porker looking to do that exact thing to my beloved—or worse. It was lucky for her that she saw it before it saw her. They move fast, those feral, fascist pigs, but Patti reacted faster.

She quickly removed her bra, revealing her dual wonders to the totally unappreciative swine. Not pausing at all, she put the equally unappreciative coconuts she carried into the warm cups of that lucky brassiere. In one smooth, topless motion, she threw her bra—that improvised bola—at the oinker. Patti says the beast did not look amused as her twin missiles slammed into its snout, knocking it backwards to be swept away by the rushing waters. If it were me, I'd have died happy.

Patti—Patti—glorious Patti reinserted herself into what was left of her attire, glad to be alive. She had won another grim game of Beat the Reaper, and was not looking for a second career as a professional game show contestant. On the other hand, she felt she was starting to look pretty foxy in her *dishabille* and heels. Whistling the provocative theme music from “Joan Collins, Queen of the Jungle,” my Patti sauntered to the river to freshen up, get something to drink, and see if she could do something about her makeup.

As deep and wide as her love for me, or the gap between liberals and conservatives, the river seemed a freeway to desolation to dear Patti. Like

those concrete conduits, you cross it only at the risk of your life—and she had risked her life quite enough that day, thank you.

Its long blue string disappeared even deeper into the wilds of the wilderness. There was only death, madness, or Larry Laffer at the end of that stream—or worse. Like a lifetime supply of Liquid Plummer it was cleaning out Mama Nature's tubes with ecological fervor. It had to end someplace, rivers usually do, but Patti wasn't sure she wanted to know just where that someplace was.

Traffic was light, though. Just one log floated on its surface in the still water near shore. Patti could just see it through the reeds on the bank, and waded out to take a closer look. She found no creepy, crawly things squirming or sucking on it. It looked like it might make a decent float to help her cross the river. Good thinking, Patti. Bad execution.

Moving the log into a deeper, swifter part of the flow, Patti got on it so she could ride and not get totally wet. Normally she preferred getting wet when she rode, but this was the wrong context. The current had its own plans for Patti's ad lib craft, however.

Sucking the log into its maw like a toothless hooker with a licorice ice cream cone, the river kept Patti from getting across. Instead it took her on a wild, white-water ride and dance that had sudden death waiting to cut in at any moment. She was up a real big creek without a paddle—or a rudder. She didn't even have a condom for protection.

Patti describes the terror-filled ride to me as like being in a video arcade game from hell—or from Sierra On-Line. The only control she had was to shift her weight from one side to the other as she dodged rocks, stumps, partially submerged trees, alligators (or crocodiles; she couldn't care less which species inhabits the river—all saurians are the same when they're trying to eat you!), and the occasional native in water wings.

The river ran downhill for miles; around the base of the volcano, and through jungle as dense as a Jesuit's reasoning. Patti says she doesn't play, nor like, arcade games, and the life-or-death ride was too much like one for her taste. But a pianist must have great hand-to-eye coordination, so my darling came through her ride alive. She had to dodge more bullets than John Wayne to survive, but like a Marilyn Monroe in rags, she duked it out with the *River of No Return* and won. Instead of Clark Gable as a reward, though, she got something so much better—Larry Laffer.

Patti's wild ride ended when the river's budget for deadly obstacles ran out. For several minutes, Patti floated in peace, looking for a spot to beach

her log. The calm did not last long; just as Patti spotted the first large clearing she had seen in hours, a net dropped out of an overhanging tree, snagged her, and dumped her into the water. Bursting back to the air, Patti found herself under attack by two superbly conditioned women in designer loincloths and permanent eyeliner. In horror, Patti realized that she had been trapped, and fallen into the hands of the cannibal lesbian amazons of Nontoonyt.

It amuses her to recall that the very last thing she noticed, before she was knocked out by a blow to the head, was that all the huts in the village had decks, and a few even had hot tubs. Isn't it odd what the stressed-out mind remembers?

And that, dear diary, brings me back to me. When I awoke after collapsing of thirst and delirium in the bamboo bush, I found myself imprisoned in a bamboo and leather cage suspended over a large cooking pot. I learned little from my captors, but it seems that they first mistook me for a god. Pure white robes reflecting the sun appear in many island legends, but soiled polyester is not a pretty sight and hardly indicative of divinity. They decided, rather than serve me as puny mortals would their deity, to serve me boiled, with vegetables and a full-bodied red wine.

I had been conscious in my prison for hours (or days, I'm not sure which), when I saw the amazons carrying an unconscious female form to my direction. Clad in little less than rags, I could make out only that she seemed in desperate need of a hairdresser, and some quality time with Larry Laffer—no matter how short the supply of that was.

The cannibal women flung the limp form into the cage with me, and you can image my shock and surprise when I turned her over to find Patti. Patti! I had fled in the direction of certain death to escape her, but like a bad date with myself, I had been unable to pull it off.

But she sure looked sexy in her torn outfit; and her lack of undergarments didn't hurt her case much either. I decided to wait until she awoke before I confronted her with my anger.

"Larry, it's you! I've finally found you. And you're alive. Oh, Larry!" Patti was sobbing and trying to hug me, but I drew back away from her.

"Patti, what are you doing here?" I questioned her coldly, hardly caring at all to hear her explanation.

"Larry, you adorable Adonis, I've been looking all over for you. I've missed you so much. Why did you run away from me so mysteriously? Was I not good enough for you? Should I launder my undergarments more often? Why, Larry? Why?"

“Because of Arnold.”

“Arnold? Larry, did you leave me for another man?”

We talked, both realizing that death came with the dinner hour. From our cage we had a clear view of the tribe’s larder. Like a convenience store from *Night of the Living Dead*, there were shelves of ghoulishly labeled delicacies in assorted jars, cans, and bottles. Steak Diane. Oysters Rockefeller. Red Hot Chili Peppers. Chili con Carney. Fettucini Alfredo. José Cuervo. Cherry Garcia ice cream! The names of former victims went on and on, preserved for later consumption. What would be there in the morning? Peppermint Patti? Roast joint of Larry Laffer, *au jus*?

Patti told me that when she had murmured the name “Arnold” it was because she was reminding herself to break-up with her former boyfriend in the morning. No other man could compare to me, she vowed. Obsessed with Larry Laffer, Arnold had immediately become history so old that it was pre-TV.

How could I not believe her, my titillating tickler of the Steinway. We kissed and hugged and cried, and vowed to be together forever, or for the rest of our lives—whichever came first.

The way things looked, however, neither of us needed to worry much about repaying long-term debt.

“Patti, even the legendary Larry Laffer brain is stumped. I have no idea of how we can escape this predicament—suspended above a cannibal cooking pot, surrounded by harsh jungle, wild beasts, and savages bent on savagery. Patti, I love you! Despite our slight misunderstanding, it was good while it lasted. You brought magic into my life, and I satisfied you like no man ever could. Come over here and let me hug you. Let’s hold on to our magic for the rest of our extremely short lives!”

Fine words they were indeed. Some of the finest and bravest I have ever spoken. And, in speaking, the patented Larry Laffer gilded tongue won the day.

“That’s it, Larry—magic! Maybe magic can save us.” Patti’s eyes had brightened with the inspiration of my words. She reached a delicate hand into her clothes and pulled out a felt marking pen. I would have thought she couldn’t have carried a tune in those rags, but there it was, a real live pen.

“Somehow, I don’t seem to follow you, Patti. And where were you carrying that thing anyway?”

“Don’t you see, Larry, it’s a *magic* marker. It’s our only hope!”

Patti took the marker, and like a cartoon rabbit being chased by a coyote, began drawing a door in the air.

It worked! Don’t ask me how. A door appeared between us floating in mid-air. I didn’t believe at first, but when Patti disappeared through it, I suspended my disbelief and crawled after.

The rest, as they say, is show biz. Patti and I fell through that hole in the sky. Through all of time and space, we tumbled. Past all the twilight zones of existence to the very outer limits—and beyond. Then we repeated the cycle, and again—eternal reruns in the prime time of the universe. At last, we ended up on the back lot of a computer game factory in Oakhurst, California.

It was not exactly on the top of my list of places to escape to, but, what the hay, the zip code is valid and the scent of microwave popcorn fills the mountain air. We had landed at the world headquarters of Sierra On-Line, a leading publisher of computer adventures. The coincidence was staggering; the company had once offered me a job programming their doors or something, but I had turned them down. I had even called the company from Lost Wages once, trying to set up a chick in case I ever blew through town. But, there I was—and I’m still here now.

Of course I didn’t know all of this at the time; all I knew was that Patti and I had landed hard, and I had almost been electrocuted. We recovered our senses quickly, but instead of relieving our passions in some dark corner of an empty set, we set out instead to find out where we were.

The prop room was empty except for some random pieces of King’s Quest scenery badly in need of paint, or better graphics. After that, we found ourselves floating in mid-air, prisoners of a malfunctioning Space Quest anti-gravity generator. By this point, impossible and illogical events were becoming commonplace to Patti and me (or is it “I”?). Hanging helpless though, I did have a fine view on my true love’s paucity of panties.

Patti is of a more practical bent. While I was lost in contemplation, she was steering herself toward the sci-fi factoid. We both were hanging, upsides-down, when she pulled the plug. After several seconds, we both realized that gravity really had returned, and that there was no physical reason in the universe that we should be floating. So we fell. Ouch!

The last strange thing of that strangest of days was waiting for us in the next room. We had heard sounds coming from there and had hurried to them, anxious to discover their source and our whereabouts.

A camera was rolling when we entered the studio—which is what it was. They weren’t shooting any nude love scenes, but there was an interesting

looking girl trying to climb up the inside of a pair of whale tonsils, or something like that. An older, but equally lovely woman was directing the scene.

“Rosella,” she’d urge, “Try and do it right this time. Show some real emotion, and get that gum out of your mouth. Stand by everybody. Here we go, take 27. Roll it!” It wasn’t Hollywood, but it wasn’t PBS either. It was show biz, and the glamour overwhelmed me.

Then I looked at the blond girl again. Didn’t the director call her Rosella? *Right down to the dress, she looked exactly like the barber named Rosella I had met in the South Pacific.* When she talked back to her boss, I knew it was the same person. *And the role she was playing had been completed years before I had met her several years before!*

Patti and I had been time warped—or better!

A quick wrap is in order; Patti has decided that she knows a better use for the patented Larry Laffer fingers than typing away on your keyboard, dear diary. The older woman was one of the founders of the company and a creative talent the equal of Patti or I—an awesome thought, for sure, but true. Roberta was simply amazed at our stories, disbelieving at first, but becoming convince by the sheer galactic grandeur of them all.

“It doesn’t really matter if I believe you or not,” Ms. Williams finally concluded. “If you think you can turn those yarns into adventure games, then you’ve got jobs. Is it a deal? Can you deliver?”

Was it a deal? Is my name not Larry; Larry Laffer? Did I have no money when she asked?

Could we deliver? Two best-selling computer games later, I am the world-famous creator of myself. And I’ve decided that this entry, dear diary, might make a great game. I think I’ll name it after the woman of my dreams: Passionate Patti—In Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals. It sounds like another winner. It’s only natural . . .

. . . I have learned, and invented, many great truths in my life, dear diary. Patti and I brought a new one into being that day we tumbled back into California.

Sometimes you win.

Sometimes you lose.

And sometimes, you draw.

Didn’t we though. A *magic marker*, indeed!

7

Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work

February 2
St. Groundhog’s Day
Camp David

Dear Diary,

I awoke this afternoon much earlier than usual and saw my shadow. It was a long shadow. It was a good shadow. It was a Larry Laffer kind of shadow, one dressed in virgin white polyester threads, blue suede shoes, spread collar, matching blue imitation polyester shirt—easily mistaken for silk except in the most cursory of examinations—unbuttoned nearly down to its most manly of navels, and a rare and antiques contemporary gold-toned medallion—nearly the size of the impression that a jumbo-sized condom makes in your wallet after having been left there for several years. It was suspended from a long, equally glittery chain, so that it coolly caressed fine-candy, underwear-flavored, breath-spray-scented flesh of a national hero, envied by all men, adored by even more women. As always, I wore identical clothes. My shadow and I are seldom far apart, and we prefer to dress the same whenever possible. It is a timelessly classic fashion statement which we wear, and I wear it or I wear nothing at all.

The medallion is the grand prize from a contest which I entered once, a Danny the Quail look-alike competition. The front shows an image of the small game bird and cute Sunday morning cartoon character (the hunky

feathered star of the '90's remake of the classic '60's family drama, "The Partridge Family"), with wings spread wide, and feet tightly clutching several golf clubs. It is hovering behind a large bush. From his beak, Danny is carrying a sign proclaiming "Fore! More years! Please." The sign appears to be photocopied. The back of the medallion is inscribed with the words, "1996" and "Par for the course." Even though the colored plastic coating is beginning to peel in a few places on the medal, it is one of my most prized possessions. I wear it proudly, and often. I am not quite sure what it means, but great art is often obscure in its meaning.

But, I digress.

No. I can remember again.

Larry; Larry Laffer, Vice-President. That's what my shadow calls back to me. I cast a long shadow because my future is great and long with promise, like a limp Dick Nixon after a long day on the comeback trail. For me to be but a heartbeat from the Presidency is enough to make a strongman's heart miss a beat, and I am a strong man. Be still my beating heart!

I am here at Camp David, the Presidential retreat, weekend get-away, and bachelor pad. I have come to one of the very seats of power in this world, lifted the lid, and found the fit to be good. I am flushed with destiny.

Larry; Larry Laffer, Vice-President. After all I have done for this country, it is not hard to imagine myself in that exalted and almost most powerful of offices. Are not my precious Passionate Patti and I experts at identifying and fighting vice? Have we not battled the forces of drugs, pornography, rap music, and weekly television series? Have we not been eye-to-eye, nose-to-nose, and chin-to-chin with the Mob, and not choked on the cigar smoke, cheap cologne, and poor choice of tailors? Yes, Vice-President would be a perfect position for a man of my talents and accomplishments.

On the other hand, dear diary, I would accept being an Under-Secretary. It is a position I have secretly dreamed of for years, and Washington, DC is said to have the most sublime of secretaries to be under. It is a job that I have wanted so badly in times past, that I could smell it. As a second choice, it would give me a good taste of government.

It is funny, dear diary, that that particular fragrant memory of ambition would come back to me now, here in Camp David (named after David Soul, Admiral David Robinson, or tenor David Lee Roth—I'm not sure exactly

which one). I still remember little of what happened to me since I stopped remembering anything at all. Along with my Patti, I do have my old job back as the world famous creator of animated computer games about myself (available at a fine store near you), and until the inevitable call to public service turns our cabin above Bass Lake into a national monument, I am assured of income and adulation. I am too modest not to accept them.

But, much in my past is still cloudy. Patti has filled me in on as much as she remembers, and playing my games has restored even more memories to me. You, dear diary, are strangely blank as to that missing year or so. It is as if that part of my life, and Patti's too, has been imprisoned in a cosmic PortaPotty buried somewhere along with other toxic waste. Amnesia is a terrible condition; once you have it, you can never forget it.

It's like *déjà vu* all over again, only worse.

I think I'll write down all that Patti and I remember about our adventure, while we still remember it, and hope that it jogs loose more of the tiles that fit together to make up our past. Like the great Space Shuttle of life, though, I hope I don't jog loose too many tiles. Patti says she would like me to attempt reentry soon.

. . . I still know little of how I arrived either in Los Angeles or at PornProdCorp. I suspect that some sort of primal genetic imprinting drove me back to LA, the concrete and blond babe babylon that had once been my home. It is the paradise where I learned much about love and women and fine threads. Perhaps it was the homing instinct of all those virgin polyesters attempting to return to the basement racks that had spawned them, like salmon swimming upstream from the sea. Since the fine and patented Larry Laffer mind was on hold at the time, it might also have been the urban jungle-tuned animal that is me operating on instinct, looking for its natural element, looking to stalk and to score. Either of those drives may have returned me to my former home. Then again, it may have been a bus.

A bus stops not far from PPC's back door, but I never used it. PornProdCorp was more than a job to me, it was home. A small cot in a forgotten back room was my bed, and a well-stocked burrito vending machine next to the fully programmable combination microwave oven/clothes dryer provided for my other basic needs. My work was my life, and I lived it to its fullest, sterilizing and rewinding used videotapes.

Before that job, I had never thought much about what happens to all those rental videotapes we return to stores without rewinding them first. I suspect

most other folks don't either. Well, one of PornProdCorp's more wholesome businesses is to do all of that rewinding for the tape rental businesses that have neither the time nor the inclination to do so themselves. The specific market niche that they occupy is in rewinding X through XXXXXX videos. PPC won't touch the harder stuff; the company feels that even they must draw the line somewhere.

I don't know how long I worked at PPC, and it hardly matters much. All my days were the same, I would wipe nameless crusted stains and sweaty palm prints off a tape case with a strong disinfectant, put the tape in the rewind machine, press the "rewind" button, take the tape out, and start all over again. Episodes of "The Brady Bunch," "Mr. Ed," and "Dragnet" were my only companions, but the days were filled with ample laughs. On several occasions, my routine was broken when I would be assigned to fill in for someone in the film lab. There I would watch as miles of Technicolor movies were run through a special solution that turned them into black and white films. These, in turn, were then sold to TV mogul Ted Turnip who then dubbed the dialogue into French (or some other obscure European language), added subtitles, and made a fortune in the foreign film and art movie market.

While I mostly rewound rental tapes, toward the end of my vague employment at PornProdCorp I began to handle hundreds of tapes addressed to America's Sexiest Home Videos. I have mentioned that rewind was only of the businesses run by PPC. In fact, it was more of a front for their main sources of income: producing, distributing, selling, and renting pornography. Once a highly profitable concern, the porn film business has grown soft and flaccid from competition with network and cable TV. Formerly hot (in more ways than one) titles like *Three Men and a Babe*, *Thelma Does Louise*, *Ghost in Bondage*, *Home Alone (With the Girls' Cross Country Team)*, and *Great Balls On Fire* can hardly compete with The PlayBoob Channel, "The Lays of Our Dives," "Beverly Hills 6969," "Roseanne's Bar," "Star Dreck: The Next Degeneration," and the Cable Nudes Network featuring both the Scud Stud and hourly military war briefings hosted by Bull Wizzer, the official Pentagon inflatable sex doll. There are not enough X's in the word pornography to overcome stiff competition like that.

In order to survive in the dirty movie business, PPC decided to take the only competitive course open to them: TV. So, PPC began accepting audition tapes from both working girls and amateurs alike in an effort to discover "America's Sexiest Woman." The lucky lady selected would become the

hostess of PPC's new TV series, "America's Sexiest Home Videos," have her name legally changed to Banana Whitebread or Vanna Black or something like that, and get to spend her weekends with the company's Chairman of the Bored, Julius Bigg.

I know all of this because I would sometimes hear them discussing their plans when I brought coffee into their management and production meetings. Though a wiz at making microwave java, it took me some time to learn the proper way to operate the company's coffee machine. Once I did master it though, serving my fine caffeinated cuisine became another of my occasional duties. While I like my coffee the same as I like my women—sweet and full of cream—the executives at PPC preferred theirs muddy, dense, and gritty, just like their own women. The fine Larry Laffer coffee was perfectly suited for their tastes.

Anyhoo, when the call for joe (that's tough talk for coffee, dear diary) came on that fateful Tuesday last week, Monday's brew was still reheating and was a few moments from coming to a full boil. As I waited for the brew to finish, I couldn't help but overhear management decide that the three female finalists would need to be auditioned in secret, and that they needed to find someone to go undercover (heh! heh!) and audition them more intimately. The gurgling panther pith had just begun to boil over the sides of the pot when the cries for "Coffee!" became too manic to ignore. Taking the pot from the Mr. DiMaggio coffee maker ("The best Joe in the joint!"), I hurried into PPC's combination meeting room and casting couch.

As usual, the company's president and executive producer, Silas Scruemall, was the person with the loudest shout. Scruemall had first made a name for himself at an early age when he came to the conclusion that he would not survive in grammar school very long with his given name, Phineas Phukzup. So he made up the name Silas Scruemall, and changed his moniker to that one. This brilliant stroke led to a career in marketing, and Silas became a leader in the movement to create politically correct terminology. It was he who masterminded the descriptive terminology "vertically impaired" to replace the demeaning term short, "brainwave impaired" in place of dead, "disadvantaged impaired" to describe those who are tragically lacking in impairments, and "collateral damages" to more accurately indicate the militarily impaired. From there it was a quick jump up the ladder of success to creating team names for the World League of American football, numbering computer software sequels (who can ever forget Sierra Quest 8, or DOS

4.7b?), and then to ghost writing presidential speeches and photo ops. The jump to skin flicks and series television was inevitable. PornProdCorp sucked him up with glee.

Scruemall and staff were taking their weekly production meeting when I brought the coffee.

"We need a woman so sexy that she'd drop her pans for the first man who gets into her kitchen." Silas was pontificating. His staff was applauding.

"Not just sexy, but over-sexed to the point that she'd fall for the first lame-o to ask for her astrological sign." At this point, the words were getting a little large for my taste, so I scooted around the table to freshen Silas' cup. There was fresh applause.

"Not just over-sexed, but so over-sexed that she wouldn't mind if the dork was wearing a pocket protector, and no chest toupee!" The room was in an uproar.

"If we find a man that wimped, that square, that naive, that gross, that bogus, that inept, that insipid, that uninspired and unappealing, then we have the perfect man to find our perfect woman. Only the sexiest woman in America could be turned on by such a . . . Yeowl!"

Tragedy can turn to triumph with sudden suddenness, dear diary. It did that day. So caught up was I in Scruemall's soliloquy that I didn't notice the table edge which had quietly slithered into my path. Neither had the coffee pot. Pot hits edge; coffee finds a new home in Scruemall's lap. Hot coffee. Scruemall screams. The room is filled with shouts of, "How stupid." "How clumsy." "How rude!" "Flay him." "Hurt me, too. Please!" I heard none of those comments, I was facing my pink slip and steam was still rising from his groin.

I have faced worse situations in my life, so I put the fabled Larry Laffer brain and experience into quick action.

"Gee wiz, S. S., you've spilled coffee all over yourself. Do you want me to bring you a fresh cup?" From the look in his eyes, I realized that my ploy had failed.

"Why you dumb, stupid, graceless, poor excuse for a cockroach. The last time you did anything right was when you forgot to come to work. How did we ever hire you? You are the poorest, most miserable excuse for a cojones-impaired twerphed I have ever seen. You are so worthless that a penny waiting for change has more value around here than you!"

I guess he was mad.

I was wrong.

Mr. Scruemall paused for a moment to let the color of his face change from a close approximation of his tasteful purple suit to one closer to that of the boot I expected him to introduce me to immediately. I think it was oxblood. As he calmed, a smile began to crease his still distorted face. It reminded me of the smile Jack Nicklaus used in "The Shining" (or was it Jack Nicholson?). He relaxed some more, looked me square in the eye and patted me on the shoulder.

"Not to worry. What's a little \$1500 suit among friends?" Mr. Scruemall looked up at his staff who quickly began to pour their coffee onto their pants.

"Right on, S. S.," they shouted. With a slight gesture of an upraised finger, S. S. motioned them out of his office.

"Now, if I remember correctly, you're the guy with two first names, aren't you? Interesting suit you're wearing; you don't see many of them around any more. By the way, how would you like a promotion?"

Suddenly, it dawned on me. My ploy hadn't failed after all. Nonetheless, the suddenness of my rise in the corporate hierarchy left me momentarily speechless.

"Here's the deal. We need to secretly audition our three finalists for the title of Sexiest Woman in America. The winner will host our America's Sexiest Home Videos program. You do know what girls are, don't you? The trick is that they can't know they're being auditioned. It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it. You're uniquely qualified. Are you up for it?"

"Not at the moment, but I will be. No offense S. S.; you're not quite my type."

Mr. Scruemall reached into his desk and took out what looked like the neatest pocket protector I had ever seen in my life. "This is a secret mission, two names. The lucky women can't know that you're working for us. What we have here may look like an ordinary pocket protector, but it's actually a 'Super-Duper, Rob Lowe Model, Cable Nudes Network News Crew in Somebody's Pocket' Thingamijig. It's got enough power for about five minutes of taping, but I suspect that's more than enough time for you to get in and out, if you know what I mean. Any woman who would fall for your charms must be the sexiest woman in America. But remember, you must audition all three. A limo will meet you outside in an hour. Good luck."

"Piece of cheesecake, S. S. By the way, what promotion do you have in mind for me?"

"If you pull this off, Lenny Lenny . . ."

"It's Larry, sir," I reminded him.

"If you pull this off Larry Larry, and get any of these sexy women to put out something other than their trash for you, then I'll be convinced that you can sell anything, no matter how vile, distasteful, disgusting, or otherwise obnoxious it could be. You'd be a perfect assistant marketing manager."

"But why pick me, S. S.? You and I both know that I'm no common loser."

"You're right, Larry Larry. We know that. But they don't."

It's hard to argue with logic that tightly tuned and finely constructed. "I'll give it everything I've got, S. S."

"You'll need more than that, Larry Larry, to be man enough for this job."

Truer words have seldom been spoken. To have amnesia—to be memory or past impaired—means to know who you are, but not who you've been. And the you who you know you are, may not be the you you really are, or the you you have been. I knew I was Larry; Larry Laffer, but I didn't know that I possessed the incredible Larry Laffer mind. As S. S. implied, I would need it to complement my equally awesome physical endowments.

As I stood in the lobby moments later, alone by myself, I contemplated the question of who I was. I could remember sitting with a beautiful woman—one willingly wearing few clothes in my presence—watching moonlight make suggestive pictures on a lake far below. I knew her name was Patti—Passionate Patti, I was sure—and I dreamed of her often. Of our exact relationship I was unsure, but the images she was associated with seemed to preclude that she was my mother, or my sister, or a nun. I was doing something to a computer as she did something nicer to me. In the background, the down-home funky sounds of Barry Manilow were taking the chill off of the night air. And then, nothing. The next thing I remembered was filling out an employment application at PornProdCorp. The name Larry Laffer, and little else, was on the paper. For Employment History I had entered Presumed Innocent. PPC hired me anyway.

I stood in the lobby for some time, one hand idly toying with the high-tech pocket protector, much as if it would toy with low-tech woman into all her abandon. I must admit that I felt somewhat sad and lonely. Knowing nothing about my past, I didn't even have myself for company. I walked over to the water cooler and took a drink. It washed the cotton taste from my tongue and brought me out of my semitrance. I took a second drink, then a third. What the hay, it was free. Refreshed, I walked over to the award case on the other side of the genuine Polo plastic potted plant. The case held a Titty award,

given to companies who advance the art of the creative use of a sex object. PPC had gotten their Titty as a lifetime achievement award. I rubbed it for good luck. I love the feel of PPC's Titty in the morning. It feels like lucite.

It was time to get my act in gear. My first stop was the filing room. There, the files on all the Sexiest Woman contestants were kept in cabinets for all the company's employees to peruse. The first cut of the contestants was made according to the files with the most prints and smudges on them. A few moments searching uncovered the drawer with the word "Winners!" artfully typed in big letters and attached to its front. It was the top drawer of the cabinet nearest the door—the one with all the stains. Opening the drawer, I looked in and saw the resumes and photos of the three finalists. I took them out and examined each:

Michelle Milliken—Wall Street junk bond salesperson. Black, beautiful, and rich. Women of color fascinate me—especially rich, beautiful ones with whipped cream fetishes. Inside the folder was a paper napkin from the Hard Disk Café in New York City, a place famous for the Whipped Cream Afternoon Delight. It took no James Bond to deduce that the Hard Disk and Michelle were a postlunch item.

Lana Luscious—Professional women's mud wrestler. Tall, blond, and barely past the age of consent. Addicted to roller blades and wet T-shirt contests, which she always wins. Always. I reminded myself to hold my water until I met her. In the folder was a matchbook from Tramp's Casino in Atlantic City. The Women's World Mud Wrestling Championships are held live in Tramp's showroom each evening. It's a much more complete experience than watching them on All-Women's Mud Wrestling Network on cable TV. I knew I'd find Lana there.

Chi Chi Lambada—Professional dental hygienist and former Olympic gymnast representing her native country of Santa Brassieres de las Puntas. With the resume was a business card for a dentist in Miami by the name of Doc Pulliam. Rumor has it that Jose Canseco has his teeth done at Doc Pulliam's. One look at Chi Chi's photo convinced me that what she did to his mouth was why the Cuban Conan was using her as his designated hitter.

There I had it, the finalists and where to find them. A finer flurry of foxes I had not seen assembled in one place since I viewed *Behind the Screen Door*,

Part 2—Freddy Fantasies. All I needed was a way to get to them. No problemo! A quick glance with my keen Larry Laffer eyes scored a sight of one of PPC's executive management's travel cards sitting in a credit card rubbing device on the the room's only desk. Why someone would be fondling credit cards in the file room was beyond me, but my quick eyes determined that it was an exclusive Gold Card issued by AeroDork Airlines. It was made out to PPC, and since I was an assistant marketing manager in training, I assumed it was all right for me to use it on company business. I took the card, pausing a moment to rub its plastic goldness against my cheek. It felt like management perks.

Next stop was my little workshop. My "Super-Duper, Rob Lowe Model, Cable Nudes Network News Crew in Somebody's Pocket" Thingamijig ran on battery power, so I would have to take a battery charger with me on my Search for the Sexiest Woman. And I couldn't forget video tapes; my fine mind might indelibly record every sensuous image of the auditions to come, but barring a direct line from my brain to a monitor, I'd have some difficulty in showing them.

My workshop was one of the places where I slept while I lived and worked at PPC. The room contained my work, a TV monitor where I could view either tapes or the classic shows to which I had taken a liking, and an old 8-track audio-tape cartridge player. I went over to my workbench, turned it on, and slipped in some tunes, some early multiple-orgasm Donna Summer, I recall. The drawer directly below the 8-track was where I kept the battery charger. I took the charger out of the drawer, saw it was in good shape and was the proper size to work with my "Super-Duper, Rob Lowe Model, Cable Nudes Network News Crew in Somebody's Pocket" Thingamijig. Good. The tapes I needed for the camera were on the other side of the room, sitting next to the monitor which I used for screening the audition tapes which came into PPC. I had always thought that the tiny tapes were really audio cassettes, but they fit perfectly into the tiny camera. Things were starting to come together.

As a highly trained, professional videotape rewinder, I learned the value of always recording on clean tape stock so that old images don't mess up the new one you're trying to record. I know this is somewhat technical, dear diary, but the high-tech world of show biz is often complex and difficult to grasp. To ensure the best image quality on the audition tapes, I had to degauss the videotapes I had. The degausser was on the far end of my workbench, so I took the tapes there. One by one, I inserted the three cassettes into the highly

powerful magnetic field that creates the mystical degaussing vibes. The machine hums with such power and vibration that the part of my body closest to it always tingles and shudders when I'm doing this. As you may have guessed, dear diary, I did this often. It's fun.

As I left my workroom for the last time that day, I paused for a moment by my big barrel of disinfecting solution and washed my hands. I still don't know why I did this. Was it my subconscious way to wash the pornographic filth off of my hands after seeing and handling it for hours at a time? I don't think so: My hands were usually sweaty enough that a quick wipe on the front of my pants would have cleaned them. It may have been a ritual ablution which I performed to symbolically end each work day, but I don't know what that means. Perhaps I was Pontius Pilate in a previous life? It may even have something to do with events that happened during my amnesia. It's another of life's great mysteries.

After I finished in the workroom, I realized that I had a little time to kill before the limousine arrived. Use the time wisely, I told myself. So I decided to check out the camera more closely. I tried turning it on, and discovered I needed to have a tape inside it before it would operate. It is a neat safety feature which I approve of. In went one of the tiny videotapes. Next, I tried to operate the camera. Wrong again; the batteries needed a charge. OK, that was easily fixed. I just went to the electrical outlet by the coffee maker, plugged the charger into the wall, and the camera into the charger. I didn't even get a shock as I often do around things electrical. The quick charger finished its work quickly, and soon the camera's digital readout showed that it was fully charged with five full minutes of power available—enough time for a Larry Laffer kind of guy to thoroughly audition all three of the finalists, and have time left over for himself. After a bit of quick experimentation with the various pens which the pocket protector was protecting my pocket from, I learned how to turn the camera on. More poking around rewarded me with learning to turn it off also. Great minds work that way.

Larry; Larry Laffer had all that he needed. The game was afoot. The chase was on. The hunt was beginning. I could feel the vibes encircle the world, touching women everywhere. The message was primal. Alluring. Enticing.

He's back! A moment of silence filled the universe. I affect it that way.

I left PPC for the first time that morning by the front door. It was a perk which I felt I had finally earned. My limo was waiting in front of the peach-

colored adobe office building. PPC's world famous corporate logo—a giant tongue licking a fig leaf—drooled benignly down upon my head. Across the lawn, a statue of a naked, top-heavy plaster woman added a touch of classical class to a totally unnecessary fountain. I looked at the statue; a vision of Patti filled my head—and other locations. In a moment of weakness I moaned to it, "I'm so lonesome, I could cry." The statue didn't answer, which made me feel a little better.

What made me feel a lot better was walking up to that big, black stretch limo and getting inside. I had never ridden in one before, and quickly discovered that it was much more comfortable than a bus. The driver was better, too. Her name was Bobbi Bang, a fact which she did not tell me but which I discovered as she held the door so I could get inside (the limo). Blond enough to be featured in many a grade-B sci-fi flick, she kept her dual lasers on full alert—even though they were gallantly trying to escape their holsters. She was dressed in full LA limo uniform and regalia, with pants so tight that you could read her driver's license through the material. Bobbi Bang, it read, and she lives in TightBuns, a small community in the Valley. Where else? I could also tell that she's a natural blond. Oh, I do so love limos!

"To the aeroporto!" I commanded. "I have a Gold Card in my pocket, an airplane to catch, and a woman to woo. Take me to AeroDork." I settled back to enjoy the ride.

The limo was stocked with a bar, refrigerator, car phone, fax machine, and aquarium. However, my executive clearance wasn't high enough for me to use them. Oh well. Even the fish in the bowl wasn't paying me any attention. I considered sushi for a moment, but passed on the idea. While many people prefer sushi raw, I have never enjoyed it that way. I have always felt that barbecued or microwaved sushi is more traditional and appealing.

I tried engaging Bobbi in conversation. Who knows; there are a lot of stop lights between PPC and the airport, and the limo did have a big back seat.

"Hi there, Bobbi. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?" The opening came to my lips from nowhere, as if I had known it all my life. It felt good. It felt like me.

"Airport, Next 3 Exits." A witty, if cryptic, rejoinder. But before I could follow up on the inviting opening Bobbi had given me, she screeched up to the curb in front.

"Here ya are, buster. AeroDork." Bobbi held out her hand expectantly. With a quick, knowing slap, I gave her a low five, turned my palm to the sky,

and waited for her to return the gesture. Slowly, she put her fingers to her lush mouth, took her gum out, and placed it in my hand.

"Later, big spender," she promised, then drove away. I think she likes me.

I am, of course dear diary, a man of the world, one who has travelled broadly by both ship and plane. This, of course, was of no use to me at the time, since my amnesia prevented me from remembering that. So, instead of immediately entering the airport lobby to find the ticket counter, I looked around outside the terminal while I tried to figure out how to get a ticket. As I know now, AeroDork provides curbside ATM machines for passengers with Gold Cards. The ATM stands for AeroDork Ticket Maker, and it makes a ticket for you right on the spot.

I saw the ATM, walked over to it, and was delighted to realize that it was the solution I had been looking for. I put my Gold Card into the ATM and, like magic, was immediately faced with a choice of destinations. Hawaii, Fresno, Detroit, Yakima—all the glamour destinations of the world beckoned me. But I had a job to do, and there was a flight to the Big Apple leaving shortly. My choice was made: New York and Michelle Milliken. The flight would get me there in time to enjoy a world famous Afternoon Delight, and I've always had a fondness for sweet dark chocolate. I punched in my destination code, took my first class boarding pass, retrieved my Gold Card, and entered the lobby.

Inside was like all the other airline terminals which I couldn't recall being in in my life. Some easy listening Metallica droned on in the background, hardly muffling at all the announcements being made over the PA system. As usual, the gate changes and departure times were given in Albanian, the international language of the air travel industry. A brief, but cursory, glance around the terminal showed few travellers about at the time. Most likely it was because LA was holding an official victory parade that day for our brave lawmakers and accountants who served so bravely in the S & L Bailout campaign. I had looked forward to attending the parade myself, but was sure there'd be another one soon. Maybe by then I'd have a savings account passbook to wave joyously at the passing marchers.

There were few people and absolutely no boarding gates to be seen anywhere in the lobby. However, there was an AeroDork Airlines VIP Lounge near the ticket counter. This highly exclusive club is for the use of AeroDork's Gold Card holders only, and PPC's travel card was the right

color. Arrogantly, I held the card aloft for the security camera, as if I had been doing it all my life. The door opened inward, and I followed.

Boy, was I disappointed. I had expected free drinks, overstuffed chairs, and underdressed but compliant flight attendants to be awaiting my slightest whim on the other side of that chartreuse door. Instead, there was just an empty coffee pot, and one empty plastic folding chair which folded under me when I attempted to sit in it. As I picked myself up off the floor, crumbled asbestos snowed down on my head from the ceiling. Some of the flakes came to rest on the curled leaves of peeling paint that hung from the walls. It was so much like my little room at PPC that I couldn't become angry. Indeed, the lounge made me a little homesick, and a tear threatened to make itself public. Then, another Albanian announcement, accompanied by the flashing of the Now Boarding sign, told me that my flight was about to leave. I slipped my boarding pass into the lounge's automatic boarding pass suction device, and I was allowed on board. In the deregulated jumbo jet that is life, Larry Laffer was now a first class passenger.

Never having flown first class before, I had been unaware of the fact that the in flight magazines found there were exactly the same as those in both the super-economy and extra-cramped classes. The spilled drinks which stain them, though, are of a much higher quality. And, they're complimentary drinks. I even had almost enough room for my legs and my fine, fine, superfine posterior. Quickly I settled in, grabbed a magazine, and was deep in literature when the pilot announced that we were airborne, and that passengers caught smoking would be hung when we landed. At least that's what I thought she said. It could have been something about hung passengers having to report to the cockpit at once. Whatever. I was too deeply engrossed in an article about how to convert a computer's floppy drive into a combination portable drill press and desktop music box to pay much attention. Finally, I slept. As I snored peacefully, I dreamed of Passionate Patti.

I must pause here for a moment, dear diary, and talk about my Patti; Passionate Patti, queen of the keyboards, lounge pianist to the gods, golden-throated thrush, wonder woman of the Wurlitzer, sex kitten of the Steinway, appassionata of the arpeggios, raven haired ravisher, and languid lover of this Larry Laffer kind of guy. Passionate Patti; she got her Ph.D. in musical knowledge from Julliard, and her bachelor's degree in love from me. I had

promised my Patti that I would never forget her. I had not planned on amnesia.

As Patti tells the story, I had just completed the masterwork of my creative life, Leisure Suit Larry 4. Patti had composed a most tasteful disco-flavored score for that epic adventure, and we had delivered the master disks for duplication when they mysteriously disappeared. Worse yet, they were destroyed; erased by organized crime thugs who were trying to muscle into the lucrative computer game industry. When the disks were trashed, my life dissolved into bits and snatches. Even these disappeared when we discovered that I had neglected to make a backup of my work. The shock was so great, we suspect, that I forgot everything so I wouldn't have to face life as just partly a man.

Patti, too, began to forget everything that had happened to her from the time we had arrived in California to the moment our work was recycled into yet another boring flight simulator. She remembered her tunes and the fact that she had been stiffed, and not by me. When she turned around to assure herself that she remembered me, I was gone. Disappeared. My lunch sat on a table uneaten. The door to the deck was ajar; the sounds of KC and the Sunshine Band had covered my apparently absent-minded exit. When her search of the neighborhood turned up no trace of me, she fled without even returning to our love nest, distraught that I had deserted her and confused as to just why. She drove for days, finally ending up playing country and western standards for the lunchtime crowd at a McDonald's fast food joint in Lumbago, New Mexico. The tips weren't very good, she says, but they were better than the food.

That's the way it went for the next uncounted months—fast food emporium, to juke joint, to body shop, to meat market, to airport motel lounge. Her days were filled with heartache, loneliness, and the occasional strange nameless man with a paper bag over his head. Her nights were filled with music, true, but they were the sad songs which could only be washed away with fifty-cent beers. Lots of them.

She reached bottom in DC, the capital of these U.S. of A. It was in no trendy Georgetown bistro frequented by smug men in power ties accompanied by their "secretaries," "special administrative assistants," or former winners of forgettable beauty pageants—often all the same person. Nobody from Kennedybushport was there to hum along with her Helen Reddy medley. No. It ended in a dark dive across from the bus repair yard in a place called The Piano Pit. The place lived up to its name.

Her last set finished as the clock struck 10:45—it was running ninety minutes late, as usual. Saturday night had turned into Sunday, but few of the patrons had the wit to realize it. Patti had finished up with an especially mellow version of “The Ballad of Davy Crockett.” It was her final attempt to leave the sodden crowd on a patriotic up-note. As usual, they were more interested in picking each other’s navels than in fine music.

Patti left the stage and went to the club manager’s office so she could get paid and get out. She hoped his hands would not be too dirty, or that he’d be too drunk to paw her. They weren’t, he was, and his cigar was less foul than usual. That was the good news. The bad was that she was being stiffed again. The second week of her unbilled run was being cancelled, and her paycheck was being withheld on orders of the bar’s absentee owner, Big Julius.

“Maybe if you’d taken your clothes off while you sang, or had played something other than that classical stuff, things might have been different,” she was told. “As it is, Big Julius says you’re in breach of contract because you didn’t put out enough while you were here—if you know what I mean. Hey, don’t take it so bad. We’re not charging you for your drinks. Just remember, don’t make trouble about this or you will never work in this town again. Now, how about a little kiss for big daddy before you go?”

My poor, poor Patti. Once again, in that great elevator that we call life, she was left with the shaft. But my poor brave Patti gave that scumball manager neither a kiss nor an extended digit. No. Head high, and butt tucked tight, she picked up her trench coat and walked out of the Piano Pit, a true artiste to the last. Someday, she vowed to herself once again, payback time will come, and when that time does, the clock over the bar will not be giving yesterday’s time. It made profound sense to Patti at the time, although I am not sure why.

Outside, fog had rolled in off the Potomac river and turned into a close approximation of swamp gas in the bar’s back alley. It did little to conceal the man staring at Patti as she emerged into the night. Before she had time to slip on the brass knuckles which she kept in her coat pocket, the mysterious man whipped open his trench coat and flashed something hard and shinney at my darling. It was a badge, and it read FBI. A profile of J. Edgar Hoover was proof of its authenticity. “Pardon me, ma’am. My name is Inspector Desmond, FBI. I have a proposition for you.”

“Bug off,” replied Patti. “I just had one of those a few minutes ago. Try laying your unclean charms on someone bigger than yourself. I’m not interested.” Let it not be said that my Patti can’t look a Federal dick straight in the eye and shoot him down in flames.

“Not that kind of proposition, Patti. Listen. Organized crime has been infiltrating the entertainment industry for some time. We need someone with your musical talents to go undercover and help bust this crime ring. With your bust, and your understanding of the music business, we think you’re the right woman for the job. It’ll give you a chance to get even with the scum who’ve been screwing you around, in more ways than one. What do you say Patti? Will you give your all and go undercover for your country?”

What could any red-blooded American girl say to an appeal like that, dear diary?

“Does it pay well, and is the money good, Desmond?”

“As good as the lack of congressional oversight can make it, Patti.”

“Since I’m temporarily between gigs at the moment, I’m all yours.”

“I was hoping you would say that, Patti. Care to come over to my place so I can fill you in?”

My Patti ignored Desmond’s clumsy come-on, but did meet with him at FBI headquarters early on Monday morning. There he revealed the full scope of the Bureau’s investigation. Those sworn guardians of America’s traditional values were convinced that the mob was using the recording industry to undermine the morals of the country’s youth. At considerable risk to their own sense of decency, they had pinpointed what they felt were the two main spigots of corruption:

First, subliminal messages hidden in popular recordings. More vile even than the legendary “Paul is Dead and living in sin on Nontoonyt Island with Elvis” message that had been recorded backwards on a string of Spiro Agnew hit records in the early ’70s, this outbreak of hidden mind poison seemed to be directly responsible for both the steep rise in crime during the latter half of this century and suspiciously vigorous sales in over-the-counter drugs. Des Rever Records in Baltimore, and it’s chief engineer, Reverse Biaz had been pegged as the chief culprits. The evidence was staggering: des Rever spelled “reversed” in reverse. And Biaz’s first name itself publicly defied duly constituted authority.

Second, obscene lyrics in Rap music. So obvious and shocking as to be often overlooked, the mob was using pornographic Rap lyrics to disgust law-abiding adults and to undermine the moral fiber of an entire generation of future taxpayers—assuming they survived that long. The words to the so-called songs were even worse. The very center of the Rap garbage epidemic

had been traced to K-RAP Radio ("The Fine 69") in Philadelphia. Not only was it the home base for the insultingly popular group 2Live2Screw, its chairman and leader PC Hammer, and Eva Destruction, the FBI was sure it was also the key location of organized crime's entire involvement in the music industry. Since Philadelphia is the original home of that greatest of all music television shows—the original MTV, American Bandstand—K-RAP and all it concealed was also a blasphemy on the lips of liberty.

The evil mastermind behind the two obscene conspiracies was thought to be big thug who went by the name of Julius, a name which sounded vaguely familiar to her.

My sweet, innocent Patti was instructed to check into both dens of iniquity, and bring back hard evidence. If caught, captured, or otherwise compromised, the Bureau would disavow all knowledge of her involvement. The risk of her personal life was great, but the risk to the American Way of Life was greater.

As a cover, a concert tour had been hastily arranged for Patti where she would perform while being backed by the FBI's own secret house band, Five Jive White Guys in Bad Suits. All travel would be by limo. Also, a fill-in studio keyboard session had been arranged for her at des Rever that very afternoon. It was hoped that, once inside, she'd be able to turn a few tricks and get the goods on the bad guys. I still don't like the way they phrased that part of her job.

Briefed in full, Patti was then taken into the Bureau's super-secret experimental field equipment testing lab to be outfitted for her assignment. While she has sworn, as a matter of national security, not to reveal all she saw there, she has dropped hints about an advanced stealth dildo, heat sensitive exploding vibrators, super intelligent clockwork ducks, and an easily transportable tactical flatulence device. The double breasted, double barreled, armor plated, .45 caliber self-defense brassiere—the Hooter Shooter—has, of course, had a lot of national publicity. Patti checked everything out, and tells me she sleeps easier now, knowing that all the highest of technologies have been harnessed in the fight against crime. She was also given a secret, unlisted, FBI contact phone number, code name, password, and official numerical designation.

Finally, Patti was taken to see the staff physician and "Learn Gynecology at home in 10 days using video!"-certified gynecologist. Using only his hands, a flashlight, grease gun, a stiff tool or two, and a cordless electric

screwdriver, he took entirely too much time fitting my Patti with a miniature field locator device in a place where even the clergy need special clearance to operate. It took the doc several insertions before he was finished, but it was only uncomfortable a couple of times, when the grease gun went off prematurely and half-cocked. Patti says the procedure brought back memories of me, but then, that's only natural.

Finished at last, Patti returned to the lab to pick up the Hooter Shooter that had been demonstrated earlier. As she went to take it from the bench in the now deserted lab, she discovered three other items that she was sure would be useful. The first was a small portable computer read-out device known as a DataMan. Next to it were two small plastic boxes, that looked a lot like videogame cartridges. One had Reverse Biaz inscribed on it, the other PC Hammer. These DataPaks were obviously designed to fit into the DataCart. Assuming they had been left behind for her, Patti took them all. Inserting the Biaz cart into the DataMan, she saw that it contained the address of des Rever Records in Baltimore, along with some sketchy background information. She was sure she would find the same kind of info in the Hammer DataPak.

Satisfied that she had all the information on her suspects that the FBI could give her, Patti went and took the Hooter Shooter which had been freshly loaded while she had been in the "fitting room." Once it was in her hands, she inspected it closely, looking for the trigger. Then she remembered that all she had to do to fire it was to touch both her elbows together behind her back. Of course, to do that she had to be wearing it, so after pulling down the top of her dress, she squirmed into the bullet proof bra. Oh, I wish I had been there to see that. Its touch, though, made Patti twitch, and she suspected that it was normally kept in the lab refrigerator between wearings. But the fit was quite good, she observed, and it provided firm uplift.

Looking around one last time, Patti saw there was nothing left to do in the lab, so she stepped outside to meet the limousine that was to take her to Baltimore. It was there as promised, thanks no doubt to the governmental efficiency which makes this country great. Once inside, the rookie under-world spy experimented with calling the FBI phone number she had been given. It was Desmond who answered. He made sure that Patti had found the DataMan and cartridges he had left for her, and informed her he would have faxed the information to her if she had overlooked them. Desmond wished her luck and told her that the bottle of chilled champagne in the car's bar was for her.

"No good spy leaves home without a bottle of good champagne," he said. "Perhaps we can share it together when you get back?"

Remember, dear diary, my Patti thought I was gone forever. She had had her extended period of mourning over me. Desmond might be an insufferable smug prig, but Patti thought he was a hunky one. She took the bottle of bubbly and thoughtfully stroked its neck.

"I'll keep you, and your suggestion in mind. It might be fun to watch you pop a cork."

Patti hung up the phone and showed the DataMan readout on des Rever Records to her driver.

"Take me to this address in Baltimore. And stop trying to look up my skirt."

We will leave dear Patti to her own dreams for a while, dear diary. I am sure they were of the moister variety. With no Larry Laffer around to occupy her, she had to take her comforts—scant as they must have been—where she could.

When we last left me, I was dreaming of Patti. We had reached a really good part when the pilot's announcement woke me with the demand that our tray tables need to be returned to their uptight and locked positions. Mine was already part way there, so I crossed my legs and completed the job, hoping no one had noticed my gallant reflex. Unless she was a beautiful woman. Or an interested one.

The landing in New York wasn't half bad, just three bounces. Soon, I was off the plane and looking for a ride into the city that Sinatra made famous. Stepping outside, I paused for a moment to sniff the fresh Manhattan air. It smelled so clean and natural after Los Angeles.

But enough of nature appreciation. I needed a limo and there was none to be seen. Of course that proved no real problem for my finely tuned Larry Laffer kind of mind. Walking back into the lobby, I began reading signs, looking for one advertising limousines for hire. I knew one had to be buried somewhere among the ads for last year's Broadway shows, ticket scalpers, ptomaine pizza parlors, psychics with money back guarantees, sex toys (which I found especially thought provoking), and vaginal deodorant sprays. It didn't take me too long, though, to find the placard for the Checker Limo Company—"From coast to coast, we give you more Bangs for the buck. Checker us out! AeroDork cards welcomed. No reasonable offers accepted."

Checker sounded like my kind of company. It was also the only limo service that I could discover.

The pay phones were minding their own business near the lost baggage claim area, and I actually found one that worked. It was at that very moment, however, that I found myself financially embarrassed.

Now I seldom travel, dear diary, burdened with baggage. All I need is my virgin-white leisure suit and little else to be a stand-out in any crowd, vibrant and shining as if illuminated by some inner light. It seldom gets ruffled, and just a few quick and patented Larry Laffer shakes and shimmies is all it takes to cast any randomly acquired stains and soils from its tefloned fibers. However, in my flush and rush to get on my first-class way, I had neglected to raid the company petty-cash kitty. I was broke, and didn't even have a quarter to call a limo. What to do?

Now for a big secret which you must promise never to tell, dear diary. As I walked out of the VIP lounge and into to lobby, I had noticed a small can—a charity cannister—quietly begging beneath the security camera. It was asking for coins to help cover cost overruns on the Stealth bomber. In an awesome show of Larry Laffer stealth, I snatched a quarter from beneath the eyes of the security camera so that I could make my phone call. I'll pay it back someday, I think.

Anyhoo, the phone was still working when I got back to it, so I was able to arrange for a limo to come right over. It really was quick; by the time I had stepped outside the terminal, it was there waiting for me. As the driver opened the door to let me in, I noticed that she bore a striking resemblance to Bobbi Bang, my driver back in LA. Once seated inside, I attempted to find out if the two were related somehow.

"Hi there. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?" If a good opening line works once, it'll work forever.

"Dork Free Zone. My name is Bobbi Bang, and I'm your driver. Where to?"

"Are you, by any chance, related to a Bobbi Bang in Los Angeles?"

"Nope. Where to?"

"She looks exactly like you, and drives a limo just like this one. You're sure you don't know her?"

"Never heard of her in my life. Where to? This is your last chance."

I showed Bobbi the napkin with the address of the Hard Disk Café, and settled back to see the sights. What I saw first, however, was an appointment book—a genuine vinyl DayTrotter at that—abandoned on the back seat.

Taking it, I began to leaf through; perhaps the owner was offering a reward for its return. To my surprise, inside was quite a bundle of cash, more credit cards than I could count on all my hands and feet (and I am equipped with the full four), and the account numbers for what appeared to be several secret Swiss bank accounts. The name on the cards was O. North. I decided to hold on to the stuff for safe keeping, but I did have the a suspicion that Mr. O. North would deny any connection with any of it when I did try and return it. What the hay. If he was going to be that way about it, then it was finders-keepers time.

I was still counting credit cards in my head when we pulled up outside of the world famous, and extremely exclusive, Hard Disk Café. The HDC was a combination restaurant, dance club, and computer museum. Many rare and wonderful items are said to be in the collection including Elvis' first computer, the actual computer game that Jimi Hendrix played on stage at Woodstock, and the floppy disk that Jim Morrison got busted for exposing to an overflow crowd in Madison Square Garden. It is said that Michael Jackson's own virtual reality glove is soon to be displayed at the HDC, as is Axl Rose's tattooed FAX modem. It is a most awesome collection indeed.

Also most awesome was the pressure which had built up in my bladder as I dreamed my way across the country. Now the HDC has a tall canopied and carpeted entryway flanked on either side by tall potted bushes. Quickly I dashed behind one, and then the other, providing nutriment to the grateful plants as I did so. Few saw me answer nature's call, and those that did acted unimpressed. I'm sure it was all an act.

I made sure that I was zipped up tight, and that no stray drops of amber color remained on my white threads or blue suedes. Then it was into the Hard Drive to look for sexy woman numero uno.

Gosh, dear diary, the inside of the HDC was exciting. Vintage computers dating back almost two decades were scattered about the waiting room just daring the technologically deficient to figure out what they did. An ancient punch card reader sat in one corner as if waiting for a referee to ring a bell to start the next round of a fight. Several even more venerable devices, all with names ending in the letters -AC, were taking more space than was environmentally correct. The sense of history the HDC's lobby invoked led me to the certain conclusion that in HDC English was at best a second or third language to FORTRAN, COBOL, C++++, or that most sublime of all tongues, machine language.

Fortunately, there was no bouncer present to challenge my presence, just a patron or two who were presided over by—heavens, it really was!—a Maitre d'. I had thought our country's immigration policies still excluded both their kind and their life style. I guess not. The world would be a better place if Maitre d's were confined to their ancestral home in the snootier restaurants of the South Pacific, but I guess we must all learn to live with each other no matter what our race, national origin, skin color, gender, sexual orientation, snack food proclivity, political affiliation, funny walk, or unctious affectation might be. Maitre d's hold most of the patents on the last two categories.

Anyhoo, I had the advantage, having dealt with their obnoxious kind before. Head high and gut tucked in, I approached the creature.

"Hello. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I suspect you have heard of me, and often. I desire the best table in the establishment."

After a moment of silence, the maitre d' exhaled the contents of his proboscis onto the back of his hand, flagrantly wiped it on the seat of his unnecessarily tight pants, and told me that the HDC was for members only. This answer, of course, was unacceptable.

"Well," I insisted, "I'm a member."

"Of what, sir? Dorks Unanimous? Where are your credentials?"

Pointing to my neat pocket protector, I again pressed my claim for admittance. "This should be credential enough."

"I spit upon you false credentials," the minion expectorated, barely missing my groin.

"I have crossed this country just to come here, meet a fabulously sexy woman, and partake in a Whipped Cream Afternoon Delight. I demand you let me in. Anyway, there's hardly anybody here. You must have plenty of tables."

Again I was rejected, so I put the fabled and patented Larry Laffer mind to work, and set my world class golden tongue into a higher gear. I began to whine. No luck, but the Maitre d' seemed to weaken a little. I pleaded. I begged. I groveled. Finally, he gave in just to shut me up. My plan had worked, and I didn't even have to give him money. His hands were greasy enough anyway, and he used them to prepare for me a quaint membership pass made out of a strip of punched paper tape. When it was finished, I took it myself from the side of the extinct mainframe computer from which it dangled like a paper streamer after a hard night of partying. I then reinserted it in another orifice in the machine which punched some more holes in it, spat

it into my hands a second time, and automatically opened the door to the café proper. The tape read, "Larry Laffer. Admit One. Good for one hour only." Not much, I admit, but enough. I entered.

Somehow, the inside of the HDC was not what I expected. No foxy females and cool guys quipping computer code while flashing hot looks at each other. No jugs of caffeine-free Diet Jolt, or Chateau Quiki Brute chilling in silicon ice buckets. There was an empty table waiting for me, so I sat my buttery buns down to wait for either a waiter or a glimpse of Michelle Milliken, whichever came first. I hoped it would be her, and chuckled at my own humor.

I hadn't been seated long when my eyes were dazzled—no, blinded—by the sight of the woman I had come to secretly audition. Dressed in a pair of the longest legs I have ever been privileged to witness, and a power suit designed for a woman much shorter than her, Michelle entered through the same set of doors that I had, approached a second paper-tape reader (one which even I had not noticed before), inserted her membership tape, and disappeared into the HDC's super-secret private dining room. So stunned was I by her looks and blatant sexiness, I stayed stapled speechless to my seat. Good thing. I would have embarrassed myself if I had stood at that moment. Getting myself under firm control again, I rushed over and inserted my pass into the machine she had used. ACCESS DENIED the computer's screen screamed at the world, and contemptuously puked my ticket back at me. DORK ALERT! DORK ALERT! Curses. I was foiled again.

At a loss for what to do, and having lost my appetite for food, I went back to the HDC's lobby. No, I decided, I will not deal with the maitre 'd again. There must be another way in. There must.

I'm sure there is no doubt in your mind, dear diary, that I would succeed despite the odds. The article I had read in the in-flight magazines blazed unbidden into my fine brain, for in my moment of quandary, I had spied an old music box among the museum exhibits. Music boxes, of course, work the same as punched paper readers, and close inspection showed that my membership tape would fit perfectly into the musical contraption. With nothing to lose, and a promotion to gain, I slipped my tape into the box (Oh, such an image!), slid it around a bit, and punched some extra holes into it. Praying that I had done enough to fool the HDC's membership computer, I reinserted the doctored tape into it and was rewarded with a message that it now thought I was a "Super User" with unlimited credit, and access to all of

HDC's facilities. But the test of a sweet pudding is, Will it catch flies? Or in this case, Will it let me follow Michelle?

Sucking up my membership tape like a Hoover in heat, the second guardian allowed me into the private dining room. There, the African Aphrodite sat in a private booth, alone by herself, preparing to consume the special giant banana split that is known as HDC's Afternoon Delight. A small, wheeled serving table, unoccupied at the moment, rested near her. I sat down and stared at her. What else could a red-blooded man like me do? I tried talking.

"Hi. My name's Larry: Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"\$." Wow! Lots of bucks.

"What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

"Well Larry Larry, I always said that a hard drive was good to find. You wouldn't have a hard drive for me, today, would you? Would you care to join me for an Afternoon Delight?"

"Since you insist," I bluffed, and practically ran to sit across from her in the booth. As soon as I got there, I unobtrusively diddled with my pocket protector and "Super-Duper, Rob Lowe Model, Cable Nudes Network News Crew in Somebody's Pocket" Thingamijig. I was rolling, and in the great casting couch of life, it was audition time.

"Hi, Larry Larry. Is your wad really as big as it looks, or are you just glad to see me?" I vaguely recalled having heard that line before, but I forgave her the little indiscretion in hopes of a much bigger one.

I looked deep into Michelle's eyes, soft and brown like the chocolate ice-cream balls in her split.

"Actually, I am glad to see you Michelle. I've been searching from coast to coast for a woman like you. I understand you're into junk." How easily the powerful insider trading lingo came to my lips.

"I prefer to think of it as bonding, Larry Larry. Would you care to do a little with me right now, if you know what I mean?"

Did I know what she meant? Quickly I thrust my hands into my trousers and pulled out the hardest thing I could find there.

"Would you accept these credit cards so that I could open a line of credit with your brokerage?" I inquired. Her baby browns lit up, and it was obvious we were both talking the same language. Money.

"Oh, Larry Larry, my firm of Keating, Cranston, DeConcini, McCain, Riegle, and Glenn have a policy of taking credit where credit is due."

Michelle idly coated one of her longer fingers with whipped cream and then slowly sucked it clean.

"But isn't there anything else of yours that you'd like me to put my hands on? Would you like some of my cream?" she murmured. By then, I was sure of her meaning. I whipped out my new-found cash and laid it in front of her.

"How about some of this lettuce. There's a lot here. Do you think you can make it grow?" The size of my wad made Michelle's jaw drop, followed quickly by her tongue. I have never, dear diary, seen a woman so well hung. Although she spoke with an Ivy League accent, with a tongue like that, I was sure she was French. As she considered a reply to my question, she used her awesome organ to gently pick the fruit off of her desert, tie a pair of square knots in its stem, and extend it across the table to me.

"Care for my cherry, Larry Larry? There's more where this came from." It was amazing that she could talk so well with her tongue in that position. Michelle took the stunned shake of my head for a negative reply, and coiled the stemmed tidbit back into her mouth. She swallowed the whole thing, whole.

"You know what it's time for now, don't you Larry Larry?" I wasn't sure, but there was a good chance that she looking for more from me than I had already offered. I took out the DayTrotter, as if to check my schedule. Hah! The answer was right in front of my eyes.

"I bet it's time for me to give you the numbers of my secret Swiss bank accounts and hidden off-shore funds, isn't it, my money manager most fair. Here, take this handy-dandy daytime organizer. It has all the information so you'll be able to properly manage my investments. I'd like to get in at the bottom of a rising market and be ahead of the game." Michelle's eyes widened and her nostrils flared. I knew all that was left was to add up my score, and calculate my buxom broker's commission.

"I just love it when you talk dirty to me Larry Larry," she gasped. Reaching out with one hand, my Jezebel of the junk bond hastily pulled the private booth's curtain shut. The other hand groped under the table for my fine flesh.

"I think your market's rising already," she grinned. "You should really consider investing in hardware futures. You seem to have a little bit of natural talent for the field." Not one to let an opportunity, no matter how small, slip from her grasp, Michelle immediately set to work pumping up my portfolio. Like a banana in this giant split we call life, it was a job she could sink her teeth into.

"Please be gentle," I whispered. "Don't worry. My commission is only a small bite."

It's all on tape dear diary. Audition #1 - Michelle Milliken. After only one woman, I had a leader in the race for the title of America's Sexiest Woman, and she was in front by a head.

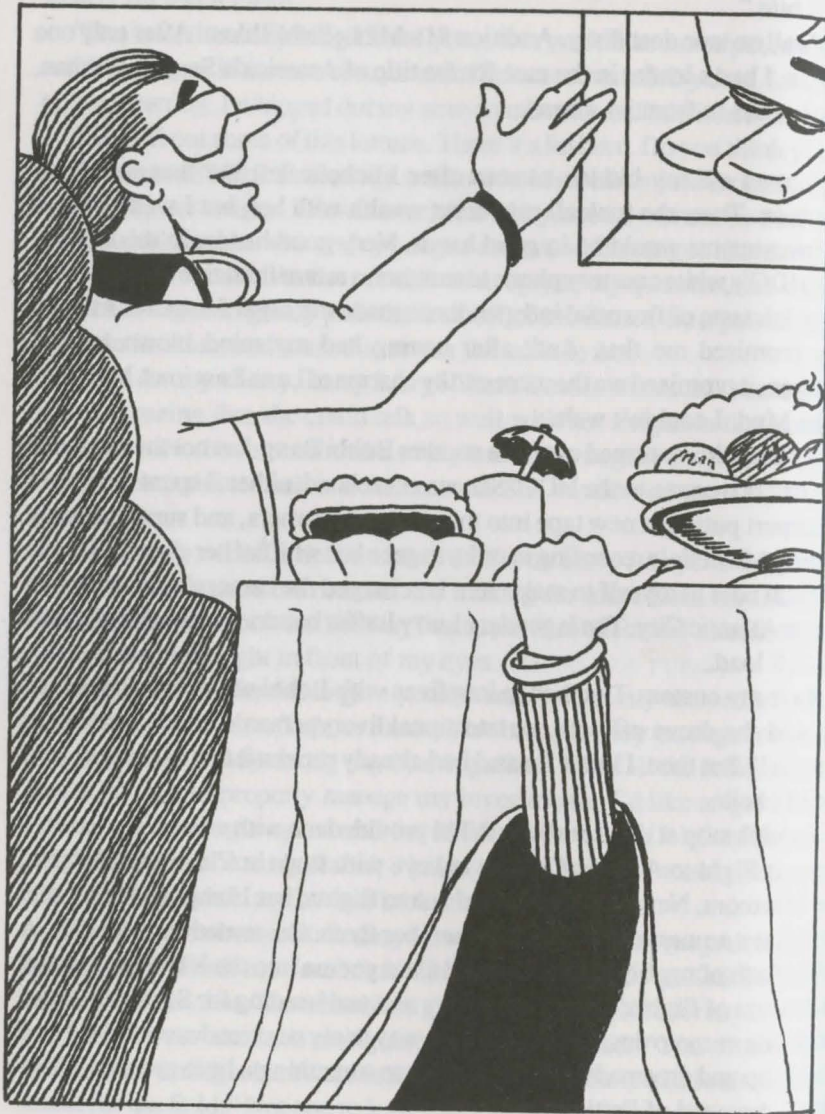
I turned off my hidden camera after Michelle left me that wondrous afternoon. True, she took all my recent wealth with her, but I was sure that my investments would be in good hands. Very good hands. In the lobby, I used HDC's white courtesy phone to summon a return limo ride to the airport. My quick taste of financial independence made me eager for more. Atlantic City promised me that. And, after having had my mind blown by Ms. Milliken, it promised me the more earthy charms of Lana Luscious, Madonna of the Mud. I couldn't wait.

My limo driver turned out to be another Bobbi Bang, but not the same one who had driven me to the HDC. She wasn't related, either. I spent the ride to the airport putting a new tape into the miniature camera, and surreptitiously sniffing Michelle's recording in order to get a last whiff of her charms. I made a mental note to myself to make sure I recharged the camera's battery when I got to Atlantic City. The legendary Larry Laffer batteries were already back to a full load.

As is my custom, I exchange low fives with Bobbi when I got out of the car, and she drove off with the traditional liveryperson's goodbye of, "Big spender!" But then, I knew I was. I had already proven it that afternoon. Just ask Michelle.

A quick stop at the AeroDork ATM provided me with a boarding pass for the next flight to Atlantic City—a red eye with stops in Cleveland, Atlanta, and Marmora, New Jersey. I've had worse flights; but I keep forgetting that I still have amnesia, and I don't remember them. Or, something like that. A quick flash of my highly prized Gold Card got me into the VIP Lounge, and after hours of flight delays, I was in my seat and heading for Sexiest Woman candidate numero dos. As I winged my way to my next rendezvous, I slipped into sleep and dreamed about slipping into something a little more comfortable. I dreamed of Patti.

By this point in my journey, I had already risen from lowly tape rewinder to that of world class video producer/director, and soon to enter the hallowed sanctum of marketing. Success seems to follow me like a \$100 hooker at a



Getting ahead with Michelle.

television evangelists' convention. I'm sure my cinema verité footage of Michelle, Lana, and Chi Chi would win awards in any festival I might enter them in. (Of course, at that point I hadn't met Lana or Chi Chi yet, but the point is still valid.) Let me now put my new found talents to work and cut for a bit to Patti, my statuesque soul-mate, outside the Shill Building in Baltimore, the home of des Rever Records.

Patti's limo driver turned out to be an abrasively good looking moron by the name of Bobby Bang—no relation I'm sure to my Bobbi Bangs who are, by the way, most female. This one was also a professional back seat wrestler who tried to lay a body slam on my Patti. Mr. Bang paid a stiff price for that mistake, if you know what I mean. Way to go Patti!

The Shill Building is the nifty '90s version of Tin Pan Alley, home to some of the most successful music makers in the known world, and birthplace of the soulful "Fab Crab" sound. Both of the great musical Neils—Sedaka and Diamond—have offices there. Neil Young often flies over it while he's on tour. Recording studios grow there like Debbie Gibson records on the MTV Hot 100 of life. For my Patti, to walk into the Shill Building lobby was much the same as walking into the Sistine Chapel of rock 'n' roll.

Inside, the lobby was deserted except for the snoring form of an alertly sleeping security guard. There was a building directory, however, and Patti scoped it out to make sure she was in the right place. There it was, snugly listed between Ship heads ("Providers of ocean-going out houses") and some pseudocharitable scam. Room 900, most likely on the 9th floor. She looked at the listing again to make sure. Sure enough, it still read the same. However, there was no way to get to the 9th floor since the elevator doors could only be opened by the guard.

Patti felt bad about waking the man up, so she spoke quietly to him so that he wouldn't become startled.

"Eh? Are you some kind of a groupie? Speak up." he asked, cupping a hand to his ear. The old guard was either a retired radio announcer or deaf. Patti showed him the Reverse Biaz readout which she had called up on her DataMan.

"I have an appointment to do a recording session with this man. Would you summon the elevator for me?"

"Sure thing, honey. Hop aboard, if you know what I mean." Patti wiggled her darling derriere a bit to give the dirty old coot a thrill, and then entered the elevator. She was right, it stopped at the 9th floor. Oh, such a clever girl is my Passionate Patti.

As she stepped off the elevator, Patti saw that the lobby of des Rever Records was decorated from floor to ceiling with years of jacket covers from all the label's hit artists. The Elvis album of traditional Arbor Day songs, Aretha's "Sole Music and Other Great Fish Ballads," The Bee Gees Live in Terra del Feugo, and "Lyin' Ayes" by the Keating Five were only a few of the classics on display. There was even a gold record mounted above a small stereo system. When Patti walked over to examine it, she saw that the record had been awarded to Reverse Biaz himself for his work on Richard Nixon's comeback album. Given its proximity to the stereo, she assumed it was alright to play the platter, and she had always wanted to hear Nixon's rendition of "Pardon Me." Carefully, Patti took the gold record out of its open display case, and placed it on the turntable, and noticed that she had a choice of either 33 or 78 rpm speeds.

That's strange, she thought, nobody makes 78s anymore. There is something suspicious here. She set the player to the fast speed, pressed the FORWARD button, and placed the tone arm on the madly spinning record. For a few moments, the sounds were just what she expected to hear, too many notes going by in too little time, like a bad soundtrack to a silent movie farce. Then, coming out of hiding from between the notes, came a suggestive voice purring, "Use a condom, go to jail. Use a condom, go to jail." Yes, buried between the speeding grooves was a subliminal message aimed at corrupting the youth of America. Shocked, Patti pressed the REVERSE button. "Porn Again! Porn Again! Dear Lord, I'm porn again!" came blaring out of the speakers like the call for cash from a TV preacher. Still running the platter in reverse, Patti changed the speed to the more common 33 rpm. Within moments, a blatant pro-drug message fouled the air. "Don't say 'No!' just say 'Yo!' Don't say 'No!' just say 'Yo!'" So hypnotic was the chant that Patti began having cravings for controlled substances. Desperately, she punched the FORWARD button again and sanity returned. The mellow tones of Dick Nixon filled her ears, and while Patti doesn't normally care for country music, it was far, far better than the other filth the record concealed.

Desmond was right, Patti muttered to herself. Subliminal messages promoting drugs and pornography are being sold to our children, hidden in their favorite music. She turned off the turntable, and making sure that nobody was observing her, confiscated the record for evidence.

Moving away from the stereo, Patti realized she still had a backup recording session to do. Looking around, she saw a door on the other side of the room. The sign on it read STUDIO A, and through a window next to the

door she could look into the control room. The man working there looked up and waved her inside. It could only be the man she was looking for, Reverse Biaz.

Inside, Studio A looked much like the last recording studio Patti had worked in. That one had been in LA, and it was there that she had recorded her masterpiece, the soundtrack to Leisure Suit Larry 4. Months of hard creative work disappeared when the game disks were destroyed, and the owner of the recording studio disappeared, along with Patti's master tapes. She was left with no music, no paycheck, a bill for studio time, and a grudge against a certain Mr. Julius.

She didn't have much time to dwell on the past, though. Biaz's voice came through the studio PA, "Hi, Patti. I'm Reverse Biaz, and I'm handling today's session. Glad you could fill in on such short notice. Maybe, when we're done, I could fill you in some more, if you know what I mean." Patti did.

"The keyboard's already programmed, so we can start any time your ready. The charts are on the stand."

For the next hour, Patti was back in professional musician heaven, playing background fills, some occasional lead, and a lot of improvising. Biaz told her that the track was for the new Pee Wee Hermann album, and that gave her the inspiration to wail even harder on the keyboard. From the first few bars of the preliminary playback, she knew that this version of "Like a Virgin" had Number One written all over it. Even though the session was just a cover so that she could get near Biaz, Patti knew her art came first. Next to Larry Laffer, music is her life. She played that day as if the soul of all reality depended on it. Yes, I know, it's too metaphysical even for me, but she made music for the ages in that studio.

It took three takes before Biaz was satisfied that he had what he wanted on tape, and that it would meet with the approval of des Rever Records Czar, Big Julius.

"Patti, I'd like you to come in here and listen to this. I think we've got a keeper." This, of course, was just what she wanted, to get close enough to the engineer to get more evidence out of him. Inside the control room, they listened for a bit to Patti's playing. They were both impressed, and Patti held up the bottle of champagne she had taken from the limo. She had been keeping it inside of her ample cleavage.

"Oh, Reverse," she crooned, "We make such beautiful music together. Let's have some champagne and celebrate." Biaz scrounged up some plastic glasses and dumped the cigarette butts out of them. Patti poured. Reverse

drained his glass. Patti pretended to sip hers, and poured Biaz a refill. Gulp. Another refill. Gulp, gulp.

"Ya' know Patti, it's a rare woman who can hold her champagne the way you do, if you know what I mean." Biaz was slurring his words and misspelling her name at the same time. Patti poured some more. Her ploy worked. If loose lips sink ships, dear diary, then all the navies in the world took on water that day as Biaz took on more and more bubbly.

"I've got something else you can play, Pat E.," he misspelled again. "It's called 'You show me yours, and I'll show you mine.'"

"Sounds like fun, Reverse. Just what of yours do you want to show me?" Biaz had to think about that for a moment, and reached into his pants. After fumbling around for longer than necessary, he took a cassette tape out of his pocket and showed it to her.

"Gosh, Reverse. I thought you had more on the ball than that, if you know what I mean." He didn't. In his attempt to get my Patti to reveal her all to him, he revealed all to her about the subliminal messages which that small tell-tale tape contained. Then he collapsed.

Patti emptied her glass of champagne in one swallow and left the control room with the last of her evidence.

"Sweet dreams, Biaz. I hope you're not too put out because I didn't. You don't have me to add to your list of greatest hits, if you know what I mean."

A still sore Bobby Bang was still waiting for Patti when she returned in triumph to the FBI limo. His voice had risen an octave in the meantime, but he deserved it. Settling into the back seat, Patti dialed up Desmond on the car phone and told him what she had discovered. He was ecstatic; dozens of experienced field agents had worked for a year with less success.

"Great work, Patti," he gushed. "The assignment was a hard one. To tell the truth, we were afraid you might blow it. We're real glad you didn't."

"So was I," said Patti. "That would have really sucked." Patti hung up, took Biaz's DataPak out of the DataMan, and replaced it with PC Hammer's. She looked at it for a moment, wondering what that particular future had in store for her, and if she would have time to pick up some condoms first. It is the City of Brotherly Love, she reasoned. On the other hand, Patti was an only child, so she let the condom idea pass, and showed the readout to Bobby.

"Philadelphia," she ordered. "Keep your mind on your driving, buster. Keep your sweaty hands on the wheel. And keep your dirty filthy eyes on the

road ahead," Patti paraphrased from a classic folksong. In a firmer tone she added, "Or you'll be very, very sorry."

While Patti is driven north, dear diary, we'll cut back to me landing in Atlantic City. In the award winning video documentary that we call life, I exit the airport terminal to find a suspicious lack of limousines for hire. So, it's back inside for me to look for a limo ad, and I finally find one hanging precariously above the AeroDork ticket counter. It's for Tramp's Limo—"From one end of the boardwalk to the other, we give you more Bangs for the buck. AeroDork cards welcomed. Easy credit terms available. No reasonable offers accepted."

I committed the phone number to my steel trap Larry Laffer memory cells, and while there remembered that I still needed to recharge the battery on my secret camera. Well, I knew there'd be an electrical outlet somewhere in the lobby, and sure enough, it was right next to the terminal's slot machines. Plugging the camera and battery charger into the wall, I decided to check out the one-armed bandits while my equipment juiced up. That's when, dear diary, I discovered that not only did I not have any coins with which to play the slots, I didn't even have enough change to call the limo.

It is in times of crisis like this that I become truly alive, and the Larry Laffer mind, which is so fine that it is patented, kicks into warp drive. I knew that this 25¢ pay phone that we call life often rewards us with spare change if we push the enough COIN RETURN buttons. In my case, the slots were the nearest mechanical device which accepted hard currency. Of course I was right; on the second or third machine I yanked on, I was rewarded with two bits. I had found my stash in just a quarter of the time than I had expected.

Smug with success, I retrieved my "Super-Duper, Rob Lowe Model, Cable Nudes Network News Crew in Somebody's Pocket" Thingamijig and battery charger, and crossed to the phone on the far side of the terminal. My new found money was good enough for the phone, and the Tramp dispatcher said my ride will be there when I left the terminal.

It was, and the driver looked exactly like Bobbi Bang. As she held the door open for me, I asked what her name was, and she said it was, indeed, Bobbi Bang. No, she wasn't related to my previous driver. Just a coincidence, I told myself, and then remembered the Limousine Association of America's official motto. It was the one reprinted on every piece of limousine literature in the country, "More Bangs for the buck." I finally knew what it meant. It

was another great mystery of life solved by the Larry Laffer mind. James Bond would have been proud. I shouldn't have been surprised.

I showed Bobbi the matchbook I had taken from Lana's file, told her to take me to Tramp's Casino, and spent the rest of the ride looking at Lana's photo. I find blond, blue-eyed mud wrestlers quite attractive, but I say that about most women who are still breathing.

Even though the casino was at the very end of the Atlantic City boardwalk, Bobbi took me there anyway. After another quick low-five/big spender bit of repartee, I turned to face the pleasure palace of the Jersey shore. The Donald Tramp had built well when he erected his casino. Gigantic naked neon women in poses too raw for Cosmo made staring upward a pleasure. From within the sliding glass doors came the exciting sound of thousands of people taking tinkles at the same time. On one side of the door was a disgraced Maitre d', whose station in life had been reduced to opening automatic doors and whistling for limousines. On the other, a former beauty pageant runner-up impaired blond held the job of official casino greeter. The position taxed both her intelligence and imagination, much the same as her bazooms taxed the fabric of her low-cut top.

"Hi, big spender," she greeted, and then asked me to guess the day's lucky number. If I was correct, I could win some serious bucks.

"Do I get a hint?" I asked.

"Yeah, the number is between 1 and 1,000. I think it's either odd or even, but I'm not sure. Anyway, it don't cost nothing to play."

What the hay, I've faced worse odds in my life, although I couldn't remember when just then, and the price was right. I didn't even use the fabled Larry Laffer mind, so sure was I about the answer.

"My guess is that the correct number is . . ." Before I finished, the woman squealed, clapped her hands, and screeched that I had won. She handed me \$20 in a plastic coin that was only good to spend in the Tramp Casino, and told me that I was ". . . Oh so much smarter" than she. I couldn't argue about that. I suspect that she'd have put out the play bucks for any number I might have blurted out—even if 69 was correct, as I knew it was.

As much as I know and enjoy the high-class gaming emporiums of the world, dear diary; as much as I am in my element there, like a David Niven with Tina Louise on his tuxedoed arm, I realized that Tramp's was wrong. No baccarat table whispered "Banco, Mr. Bond" to hushed, rich onlookers. In fact, there were no dealers or players at any gaming table, and there weren't even any slot machines. It was as if the casino floor was waiting without

excitement for the next bus load of day trippers from Camden. All that was available to play was video poker. Despite my aversion to that particular form of computer game, I decided to play. True, baccarat and roulette have all the glamour and sex appeal, blackjack the mind-numbing excitement of hitting on female dealers, and craps and slots provide a satisfactory cardiovascular workout if you alternate hands occasionally. Video poker does none of these, but if you do it right you can win money.

I did it right. Throwing caution to the wind, I bet all I had on one press of a button. I lost. No matter, I just went back outside and talked to the official greeter again. I won again out there, and put those casino dollars back in another poker machine. This time I won. Over and over I played, settling into an unbidden gambling frenzy that finally burned itself out when I held nearly \$800 plastic dollars in my hand. As I cashed out, the background noises which I had ignored while I played became cleared to my ears. It was the sound of loud whistles, energetic applause, and uninhibited shouts of "Take it off!" The clamor was coming from beyond the casino, in the hotel ballroom. It was a joyous noise which I refused to ignore. I rushed there to discover that the day's wet T-shirt contest was underway. I hoped I wasn't too late to see Lana Luscious (Ms. Audition #2) compete.

The goon at the door wouldn't let me in until I paid the \$25 price for a seat, which I gladly did from my ample winnings. It got me a ringside seat, close enough to smell the action. The heavy had neglected to tell me, however, that there was only one woman who hadn't yet strutted her stuff. Just one, it wasn't Lana, and she had forgotten to rinse before coming on stage. That part, at least, was worth the ticket price. As I left the ballroom I heard an announcement that there would be ladies' mud wrestling later that evening. There was no way that I was going to miss that.

What I was missing, dear diary, was my daily dose of exercise, so I decided that a stroll down the world famous Atlantic City boardwalk was in order. After all, the sun was warm and in the sky, the air blue, and the boards level. If I paid attention, there would be almost no danger of me falling off the walkway.

Ah, it was nice walking there, surrounded by the smells of salt water taffee, rancid sunscreen, sea gull droppings, and the occasional fresh dog surprise. I was alert, though; not even doing much window shopping, even at the marital aid supply store where they were having a clearance sale on only slightly used intimate small appliances. The rollerbladers were out in

force that day, and the sights and smells of all those sweating women made me want to join with them in several interesting ways. The guys looked jive or fat enough that I knew I'd have little competition from them.

I hadn't walked very far when I finally came upon a rollerblade rental store sandwiched between a hoagie shop and a McDonald's. Imagine my surprise when I entered the shop and discovered that Ivana's Skates was owned and operated by the former wife of The Donald Tramp himself. Once the richest woman in the world and living in the height of luxury, she had fallen far when The Donald had divorced her for the carnal favors of a hardwood floor—maple, I believe. It is a little kinky for my taste, dear diary, but the rich are different from the rest of us. They can afford to be.

Ivana was scratching out a living renting rollerblades, and endorsing feminine hygiene sprays. Her taste in clothes had gotten no better since the divorce, and her hair, though styled with a tasteful clear-vinyl varnish, was in desperate need of fresh Clorox. By the cut of her accent as she waited on me, I was sure she wasn't French. Actually, for a fallen woman, she wasn't a bad package. A Zsa Zsa Gabor for the nifty '90s, Ivana the Tramp (she still used her married name) was a most foxy 40, with a bust to match. I took my eyes off it long enough to enquire about renting a pair of rollerblades.

"Do you skate?" Ivana asked. The scent of heavily paprika'd food reminded me that she was some spicy dish.

"Yes," I lied, "but I'm a fast learner."

"That will be \$10.00 an hour, and a \$250 deposit," Ivana demanded. She still had expensive tastes.

"Would you accept my 'Super-Duper, Rob Lowe Model, Cable Nudes Network News Crew in Somebody's Pocket' Thingamijig as security instead," I asked.

"It's better than those plastic dollars, I guess." With that said, the deal was struck and I left the shop with the blades.

Now, as you know, dear diary, as I sat on the bench across from Ivana's emporium and put on those skates, I had never skated in my life. I wasn't too worried, because the blades were narrow enough to fit in the cracks between the boards. And I was right, using that new Larry Laffer method of rollerblading, I was soon gliding my way straight between the boards, scoping out babes, and getting ready to pounce.

It was this very alertness which stuck my attention to a certain spectacular blond like a fly on an open-faced peanut butter and raisin sandwich. Lana Luscious herself was skating along just ahead of me. The hair, the figure, and



Skating down the Boardwalk of Life.

the slight smudge of mud on her cheek were enough to identify her. Skating harder, I caught up and called out her name.

"Lana, Lana Luscious." She stopped, turned, and looked at me. At that moment, despite my amnesia, I almost completely forgot about my Patti.

"That's my name," she answered. Lana skated to a romantic bench overlooking an ocean which I hadn't noticed before.

"Care to sit with me for a moment?" she invited. I wrestled with the question for a few moments, and then thought better of it. I would much rather have wrestled with her. I skated over, sat, pretended to sniff the sea air for a bit, and looked her straight in her pale, bottomless baby blues.

"Hi. My name's Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"SLIPPERY WHEN WET, Larry Larry. Are those your shoes in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

"Lana, if I told you that you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?"

"Of course Larry Larry. I just love it when people talk dirty."

"Lana, I think I love you."

"Oh, Larry Larry, all men say that to me. For me to love a man, though, he must prove he can hold on to me. How would you like for you and me to get down and dirty tonight?"

"Yes, Lana. Anything for you. Anything for that," I gasped.

"Well Larry Larry, I'm wrestling against all comers tonight. If you think you're man enough, and have enough cash, I'll give you a chance to try and put your dirty paws all over me. If you can hold on to me, you can have me."

"I'll be there Lana. I'll come," I ejaculated.

Seeming satisfied with my answer, Lana skated away, and then waved back at me. "Here's to mud in you eye," she saluted, then disappeared into the crowd.

I skated back to Ivana's in a daze, barely daring to breathe. I sat on the bench outside the shop, changed footgear, and returned the rollerblades to The Tramp, all the while imagining the things I was going to do with and to Lana. I made sure that Ivana returned the camera I had left as a deposit for the skates. There was no way that I wasn't going to tape our encounter of the most slippery kind.

The Casino's ballroom was filled to overflowing by the time I arrived that evening. The small ring which had supported the wet T-shirt contest earlier, was now filled with soft, wet mud several inches deep. The same goon, or his

twin sister for all I knew, was still in the same spot collecting another \$25 dollars for a seat to the main event. I paid gladly; Lana would be a bargain at half the price. I even got the best seat in the house.

The first thing that I did as Lana entered the ring and removed her robe was to stare dumbly for a second. I know that is hard for me to do, dear diary, but the sight of her well-tuned, well-muscled, oiled body was enough to gasp for the second time that day. While I still had my wits about me, I diddled with my neat pocket protector and turned the "Super-Duper, Rob Lowe Model, Cable Nudes Network News Crew in Somebody's Pocket" Thingamijig to ON. As I did so, Lana looked out over the crowd, daring anyone to approach the ring and her. Picking me out, she smiled a secret smile, pointed, and dared me to join her.

"Are you man enough for me?" she growled. It was a moment I had been waiting for all my life (or at least as much of it as I could remember). "Get up here," she challenged. "I want to see what kind of man is hiding inside of those polyester pants."

I could hold back no longer. I ran to the goon and paid him (or her) the \$500 dollar entry fee, then dashed into the ring to be with Lana. Looking her in the eye (making sure the camera was pointed in her direction), I reached out to hold her, to make her mine. That's when she picked me up and body-slammed me into the warm muck. Looking up at her, I announced, "I got dirty for you, my heavenly Hulkster. Now it's time for you to go down for me." The crowd roared their approval at my majestic words. With a flying leap, Lana came down on me, and the battle was on.

I'll spare the dirty details, dear diary. There is no need to write them down to ensure they're remembered. The memories are so solid in my brain that they will survive multiple amnesias, and even more *déjà vu*. I'd be in her grasp, then out. I'd be on her, then she'd be off grabbing something else. That's the way it went—on her, off her, in and out, out and in, for the entire match. By the end of the scheduled event, her jungle grunts had turned into gentle groans. The crowd went crazy. Finally I was able to hold on to her tightly, and we both rolled out of the ring. Our clothes scattered. The main event began.

I am a man, dear diary. A man's man. A man with all the strengths of a man, and his occasional weaknesses. A collective cry of astonishment filled the ballroom when the glory that is Larry; Larry Laffer was revealed in all its glory. What would you do, dear digital diary, if you suddenly realized that you were performing live in front of a packed house, if you know what I



Here's mud in your eye!

mean. You bet, it would lead to immediate hardware failure. The boos began. Lana looked at me as if she was the one being let down. Millions of people buy my computer games, but that night my software was rejected out of hand.

It was hours before I was able to face the world again. Returning to the front of Tramp's, I asked the doorman for a Bang. At first he just snickered. Then he pointed to just below my belt and guffawed. Then he called the limo for me. So, I tipped him by jamming all remaining casino dollars I had as deeply into his open maw as I could. I had lots to do it with. As I was driven to the airport, I realized that the doorman had not thanked me for the gratuity. I guess he was all choked up over its size.

I was still feeling somewhat down (oh, I hate that word!) when I arrived at the airport. I Used the ATM and got a boarding pass for the next flight to Miami. Retrieving the Gold Card, I was at least grateful that my credit line was still holding up (I hate those words, too!). To give myself a chance to calm down, I spent (not another bad word!) a few moments replacing Lana's tape (I will never view that tape, I swear!) with the last unrecorded one, and by recharging the camera's battery, which by this point had flatlined to no charge at all because I had neglected to turn off the camera after my public humiliation. By the time I entered the VIP Lounge, I was feeling a lot better. By the time I was in my seat, the joy of flying first-class had restored my confidence and good humor. Maybe sexy woman numero tres, Chi Chi Lambada, and a little Miami spice, would improve it further. With that happy thought, I dreamed my way to Florida.

Show Biz, dear diary, can be a very dirty business, especially the more pornographic side of it. I told you earlier that PornProdCorp was in the porno business, but I didn't mention that, at its highest levels, it was controlled by organized crime. When those boys and girls get into a business, they like to make sure it makes a profit. Unknown to me as I was winging around on the sexy woman audition circuit, the mob was laying the groundwork for making America's Sexiest Home Videos the mega-hit of the decade. Knowing that the more controversial a TV show is, and the more immoral and dirty it is accused of being, the more people will watch it—and want to watch. The mob started greasing the wheels of the self-appointed guardians of American morality and decency.

They started making a series of anonymous and large cash donations to a group known as CANE—Citizens Against Nearly Everything. CANE was told there were no strings attached to the money, only that it be used to battle pornography on television. If that part of the plan worked, it would be worth several million extra viewers for each program. At the same time, the mob began making substantial campaign contributions to selected lawmakers in Washington. It was suggested that televised hearings be held on the lack of wholesome television programming. One by one, the handful of senators and congressmen, The Bleating Five as they are now known, fell in line like sheep behind the money. PPC began counting the extra rating points before a single episode of the program had even been produced. If I had known then what I know now, dear diary, I would not have been a dupe, or the dope, in their nefarious plans. On the other hand, if I hadn't, I wouldn't be the national hero and vice-presidential-candidate-to-be that I am today. I guess I owe the mob a big Thank You.

I owe you guys one.

I almost forgot about Patti, but amnesia does that to you sometimes. She had arrived at the studios of K-RAP Radio (The Fine 69), and when she entered the station's lobby she found no one around. Perhaps this was because it was after normal office hours, or the receptionist was on break, but Patti found herself alone there. One particular door leading off of the lobby caught her attention. It was the door into the office of K-RAP's founder, vice-president, general manager and namesake, John Krapper. A self-made millionaire, Krapper was a man who did not make a name for himself at an early age.

The FBI was sure Krapper and K-RAP were controlled by the mob. In the DataPak Desmond had left for Patti, there was listed an access code to Mr. Krapper's office. Krapper had one of those doors that either refused, or was unable to accept keys. Instead, it had a keypad. By entering the proper access code, the door would unlock. When Patti tried Desmond's, the door uttered a "click," and Patti was able to slip in unnoticed (something I've always wished that I'd be able to do). As the door closed behind her, my brave darling heard someone enter the lobby and sit at the reception desk. Until the situation changed, she was trapped in Krapper's office. Worse, if Krapper returned before she got out, she'd have a heck of a lot of explaining to do.

Well, if that's the case, Patti told herself, I'd better make whoopy while the moon shines. Quickly, but most thoroughly, she began searching Krapper's

office. His desk was locked, but there was a letter opener on top of it that she was sure could be used to pick the lock. Considering the current state of the art in furniture locks, it might have been overkill, but she took it anyway. From the corner of her eye, she spied a metallic glint near the base of a potted tree. A closer look revealed a small key. Patti tried the key on Krapper's lock and it worked. She began looking through the file drawer and discovered a new access code number written on a piece of paper taped inside the drawer. She memorized it in case it would come in handy. Looking some more, she found a file marked "Personal" and "You toucha dis, you die real slow." Opening the cardboard folder, Patti read a series of letters and memos between Krapper and someone name Julius. According to the information, K-RAP was growing rich playing the records that the mob wanted people to hear. Patti was looking into the face of white collar crime, and it was spelled "Payola." Sure that the FBI would be very interested in the papers, Patti realized that it would be too dangerous for her if Krapper discovered the papers missing.

My dear Patti has long been a fan and admirer of vice-presidents, especially VPs of these U.S. of A. She remembered one in particular who had spent his combat years on the front lines in some Third World beach, armed only with a portable photocopier. Often decorated for uncommon valor in the face of enemy tanktops, his valor under sunscreen propelled him to the very pinnacle of national power. With the veep for inspiration, Patti took the file to Krapper's personal copier and began duplicating. Such fine thinking, Patti. Perhaps when I am vice-president, I can can inspire you as well.

As the last page whooshed through the machine, a sharp clanking sound came from the machine and it stopped working. Paper jam, or something like that. Patti fiddled with the machine for a few moments, trying to get it to work again. That's when the toner drum belched a huge cloud of the black stuff all over her face and bodacious bod.

I think it's time to get out of here before someone some comes and checks out what the noise was, Patti decided. Hurriedly, she returned the folder to Krapper's desk and locked the drawer. Then she returned the key to its tree house, and made sure the letter open went back on the desk. There was nothing she could do about the mess that the toner had made, and she hoped it would draw attention away from the possibility of the desk being opened. Now to get out.

The lobby was still a no-no, dear diary. A peek through the door showed a young couple doing astounding things with a condom to each other on the

receptionist's desk. Patti would have liked to watch longer, but knew that was impossible. Her only option was the door next to the copier. It had a sign reading "Krapper's you-know-what" on it, and Patti was sure she knew what. At worst, she might be able to wash the toner off of her outstanding body. At best, there could be a window she could crawl out of, the same as many men had crawled out of her life.

Patti entered Krapper's eponymous room, and found herself in the biggest outhouse she had ever seen in her life. Gold fixtures and throne, marble tile, and a floor to ceiling window that did not open. As she went to one of the several sinks in order to wash up, she noticed what looked like a glass shower against the far wall.

A fast shower should wash all of this off, she thought. Stripping off her clothes, her nearly forgotten Hooter Shooter, and everything she was carrying, Patti opened the glass door and stepped inside. The door clicked shut behind her, and the shower began to sink through the floor. It was no shower. Oh, no. My Patti was riding a glass elevator down through a seven-story atrium at rush hour. Stark naked she rode, people rushed from everywhere to see her as she flashed by, if you know what I mean. I know what it's like to be naked in public, dear diary, and my heart cries even now over her ordeal. I do wish I could have seen her, though. Next to Patti naked, I prefer her wearing nothing at all.

I don't understand, dear diary, why there were clothes waiting at the bottom of the elevator, and women's clothes at that. Could it be that Mr. John Krapper, heavy-duty media mogul and lackey of organized crime liked to dress up in female threads on occasion? Did he ride naked down that elevator to do so? Did he enjoy it? Do he and Patti really wear the same size? It is a conundrum too deep for even the fabled Larry Laffer mind to unravel.

The upside of this, of course, was that Patti had threads to wear when she stepped off the elevator outside of K-RAP's studios. In the distance, she could see 2Live2Screw in one of the studios. They were either rapping or rappin', but she couldn't tell which. One of them looked up and noticed her, but by then she was already dressed and he missed the thrill of his young life. With the black toner still coating her, and the cool Janet Addul music video threads she was wearing, she figured she'd fit right into the studio ambiance. If anyone challenged her, she would say she was Queen Passionate Patti P, the one woman posse:

"... and you'd better rap that right,
Or you got yourself a fight
From a stone cold bitchin' lady
That you'd better not call baby.
Can you dig that, home?
Cold chillin', chillun
The posse's in effect."

Anyhoo, after strutting around for a bit, Patti discovered a keypad which opened to the touch of Krapper's secret code. It led into studio B. Once inside, Patti saw that the main mixing board would allow her to open the microphones and listen in on what was going down in the other studios. There were also windows where she could look at what was going on in them. Studio C was empty; control room B just fed back her own breathing to herself; in Studio B, PC Hammer, rapper and radio personality ("the baddest dude with a rude, on the air, anywhere") was recording news reports to run later that week. When she opened the fader for Studio A, however, there was 2Live2Screw and they were discussing even more disgusting pornographic lyrics for their next record. They were laughing about how the mob was going to make sure it went straight to number 1.

Let them laugh, Patti laughed. You should always watch what you say in a recording studio. Patti found some blank recording tape on a self, and put it on the control room's reel-to-reel recorder. When she turned it on, and 2Live2Screw's obscene plans, chuckles, and lyrics were recorded for posterity. And the FBI. And evidence.

But even as those words went on tape, Patti noticed movement out of the corner of her eye. PC Hammer had noticed the recording sign flashing over Patti's control room, and suspected that the soul sister at the board had dipped her stick in a place that she shouldn't, or perhaps some other more appropriate simile. The self-styled "second cousin of soul and raconteur of rap" disappeared out of his studio, reappearing moments later to jam something heavy across the control room B door, blocking my baby's only means of escape. He then hurried away, presumably to return shortly with gang of mobsters and thugs. My Patti's very life was in danger, and I was nowhere near to save her.

You're right, dear diary, I did call her baby. But I'm the only person allowed to do it. I hope.

Well, I have been in tougher situations than that before, but Patti is a musician and that sometimes makes us even. When she had been experimenting with the main mixing board, she had opened the control room's microphone just enough to hear herself breathe. It gave her an idea that would do credit to Carnegie Hall himself, if the dude still gave concerts.

First though, she turned off her recording of 2Live2Screw—she was sure she had more than enough evidence. She rewound it and took the tape off of the deck. All that was left was to put plan A into action—even if she was in control room B. With her microphone open, she turned the playback volume as high as it would go. She prayed the glass would shatter before her eardrums did.

Patti, dear Patti, is more than a mere world class piano player who had trained at Juilliard, and gotten her Ph.D. from there. She is also a lounge pianist and singer. She knew that the note of high C, sung with perfect pitch and loudness, could shatter glass. Patti had even seen it done in a commercial once, and was aware of the high levels of truthfulness and accuracy demanded of those 30-second masterpieces. But my masterful Patti, would break out of her trap with no mere pedestrian high C. No. Not high D either. Or F. My Patti sang a high G, a sound considered by most authorities to be too high for the human throat to sound. But years of practice trying to emulate the sound of a G-string finally paid off.

My Patti has a throat the gods would die for. She uses it often, and she uses it well. Very well. When she sang into the microphone, the control room window didn't just shatter, some of it actually melted from the purity of the tone. It was much like the way I melt when she uses that sublime instrument in my presence.

Free at last, Patti was able to make her way back to the glass elevator and return to Krapper's office. With both her clothes, and the copies of Krapper's file safely retrieved, she waited quietly for the acrobatic couple on the front desk to stop their repeated couplings. When they finally finished for the last time, she was somewhat sorry to see them go. That, however, didn't stop her from taking the rest of her stuff and following them out. The next morning, Patti presented all the evidence she had obtained in Baltimore and Philadelphia to Desmond at FBI headquarters. As an extra reward for a job well done, she was offered a gig to play her music at the White House.

"Will the vice-president be there?" she asked.

"Of course. Attending White House dinners is one of his highest and most official duties."

"Great. I'll do it. Maybe he'll give me a photocopy of his autograph."

Let's use another of my potential Emmy award-winning scene switches here, dear diary. When I last saw me, I was on my way to Miami in search of Chi Chi Lambada. Well, the plane landed while we were writing about Patti running around butt naked in Philadelphia without me around to appreciate her. Since I had already charged the camera's battery before I left Atlantic City, I had nothing much to do until now. A cigarette machine was prompting the only electrical outlet I could find, so I might have had a hard time getting a charge there.

By the way, don't ask. I didn't have a quarter to call a limo and a new Bobbi Bang. The AeroDork Gold Card was still good, but I've never been able to fit stiff, rectangular plastic things into small round holes. Patti says she has the same trouble sometimes.

Anyhoo, I started looking around and finally decided to do the coin return technique on the lung cancer machine. Not only did I score a quarter for a limo, I found two. If I didn't spend it all in one place, I'd have money for a rainy day.

You know, dear diary; I have often thought that one career I could always pursue—and successfully, I might add—is that of a professional coin-op return-slot hunter. There are millions of unclaimed dollars in this country just waiting for the COIN RETURN lever or button to be activated, or a swift kick or bump to the front of the machine to be applied. It is a field which few people know about, but I do think it's an industry with enormous growth potential.

But, I digress.

No, I think. Therefore, I am. A dead philosopher couldn't have said it any better than that.

In the Miami airport, the limo company's advertisement is placed directly above the pay phones. This is quite convenient, and thoughtful of the North Beach Limo company. They even have the phone numbers in big print. However, immediately next to the limo ad is another for some shady joint called "Green Cards 'R' Us." Green Cards 'R' Us specializes in helping aliens (and people from other countries, I should add) obtain the proper

documentation to live and work legally in these U.S. of A. They are very expensive, of highly dubious legal standing, and the ads have their phone numbers in big print. Imagine my embarrassment, then, when I popped a quarter into the pay phone, and dialed the wrong number. I had already explained that I was at the airport and needed to be picked up, before I realized my slip-up. The voice on the other end babbled something in Spanglish about me picking up something from off the top of a trash can, and replacing it with ten thousand Galapagos Island pesos. Well, there went my spare quarter. I had to use the other one to hire the car, and that time I made sure that I dialed the phone very carefully.

You know, dear diary, most airports I have visited look much the same, both inside and out. Miami is no different, but because of my accidental conversation with the green cards folks, I did pause a moment when I got outside the terminal to see if the trash cans of the Carribean are any different from those of Los Angeles. Not really. However there was a green envelope resting unprotected atop it. The words "You-know-what 'R' Us" were printed on the envelope. Picking the envelope up, I found what looked to be a perfectly legal alien residence card inside of it. I wasn't so sure about the picture of José Canseco on the flip side of the document, but for all I know the president has appointed José ambassador to Carte Verde. Anyhoo, another Bobbi Bang was waiting, and I needed to be on my way. A quick glance at Doc Pulliam's business card was all the directions Bobbi needed. I made sure to take the green card along; it was too expensive a thing to be left out in the open where anyone could come along and steal it.

Doc Pulliam's Dental Hygiene Heaven is a Miami landmark. Featured prominently in many episodes of Miami Lice (in order to give the cop series a little more bite), the giant revolving molar on Doc's roof is an eternal symbol of civic pride to Miamians of all oral persuasions. Oral Roberts and Oral Hersheiser were both named in honor of the tooth, and commercial airline pilots routinely use it as a landmark on the flight path into the airport. The Haven is also the workplace of Sexiest Woman in America candidate #3, Chi Chi Lambada.

There were no patients in Doc's waiting room, which gave me hope that I could get in and audition Chi Chi without much delay. After two days on the road, I was already beginning to suffer from homesickness, and smog withdrawal from being away from LA too long. I knocked on the receptionist's

window a few times before she put down her PlayBoob centerfold and asked me what I wanted, and why was I bothering her.

"Hello. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I'd like to see Ms. Lambada, your dental hygienist. The matter is quite urgent."

"Sorry, bub. She's dead. Why aren't you?" Sure she was. The receptionist was one tough piece of Hassenpfeffer. To prove it again, she slammed her service window shut, and held her magazine up sideways again.

Knock. Knock.

"Who's there?"

"Larry; Larry Laffer."

"Larry; Larry Laffer who?"

"Could you please repeat the question?"

Even suffering from amnesia, I knew I had played that game before. But it didn't help me much. I had no idea what to answer.

But this didn't stop my antagonist. For the next twenty minutes she talked me through the doctor's new patient information form:

"Do you smoke after sex?"

"From what parts of your body?"

"Do you know full Latin names of those body parts?"

"Why?"

"Are you a fan of the Spanish Inquisition?"

"Why not?"

"Whose picture is on the three dollar bill?"

"Whose picture is on the Susan B. Anthony dollar?"

"Do you use a condom when you brush your teeth?"

"Why not?"

You get the picture, dear diary. The quiz was tough, but I got all the answers right. Finally, the woman finished and said she could squeeze me in in a month or two. I told her that she didn't turn me on at all. With that, she closed her window of opportunity on me again. A new approach was needed, a ruse even.

Well, dentists love pain, and their assistants even more so. I looked around the office a for a bit, and a large doily covering a cheap imitation plastic table suggested to me all the ruse I needed. Taking the doily off of the table, I wrapped it under my jaw and secured it to the top of my slightly hirsute-impaired head. When I finished, it looked as if I had the world's worst toothache. I went back to the window.

Knock. Knock.

"Who's there?"

"Mmmpf. Mmmpf. Mmumpf."

That caught the harridan's attention, and with a smile of recognition over how much pain I must be in, the receptionist sent me right in to see Chi Chi Lambada, Audition #3.

What makes a woman worthy to be a finalist in America's Sexiest Woman Contest, dear diary? Intelligence, of course. Michelle had a good head on her shoulders. Physical fitness was Lana's strong point, so to speak. But Chi Chi? Chi Chi didn't have one, but two assets. They were both great, and they entered her humble tooth cleaning cubicle well before she did. Chi Chi, the Helen of Troy of the high-speed drill. Chi Chi Lambada, the only woman I have ever known who has needed two first names.

As soon as the rest of Chi Chi caught up with the first part, I looked at her long and hard. Daring not take my eyes off of her, I began diddling with my neat pocket protector until I turned it on. For the first time in my video career, I was sorry that I couldn't shoot in 3-D.

"Hello, Chi Chi. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. What's your sign?"

"TWIN PEAKS . . . Say Larry Larry, is that a burrito con carne in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

"Chi Chi, I love you." Then I turned my head slightly. "And I love you, too. Don't you have anything to put in my mouth? Please!"

"Oh, Larry Larry. You norte americanos are only interested in one thing—clean, straight teeth."

"No Chi Chi, I am interested in two things."

"And what might they be, Larry Larry?"

"Clean, straight teeth and . . . this" I took the green card out of my pocket and showed her the picture of Canseco. "Is this man really the ambassador to Carte Verde?"

"Larry Larry, where did you get that green card. May I have it? I want so much to be able to stay in this country, and open an olympic development gymnastics center and discotheque."

Chi Chi bent to take the card from me as I reached to give it to her. How was I to know, dear diary, that my fingers would get entangled with the one gallant little button that was constraining her bosom? How was I to know that it would take a half dozen pushes and pulls to free myself from the straining fabric? Really, it was an accident. I didn't try to unbutton Chi Chi's blouse.

But I'm sure glad I did.

Chi Chi just smiled. "Surprise. Surprise," she said, not at all redundantly. Then Chi Chi began to dance for me; and then the other Chi. It was a slow undulation—part lambada (of course), and part funky chicken. It started at her knees and ended at her shoulders. In between, the tempo accelerated to the point that I had to push back away from her as far as I could to avoid serious contusions.

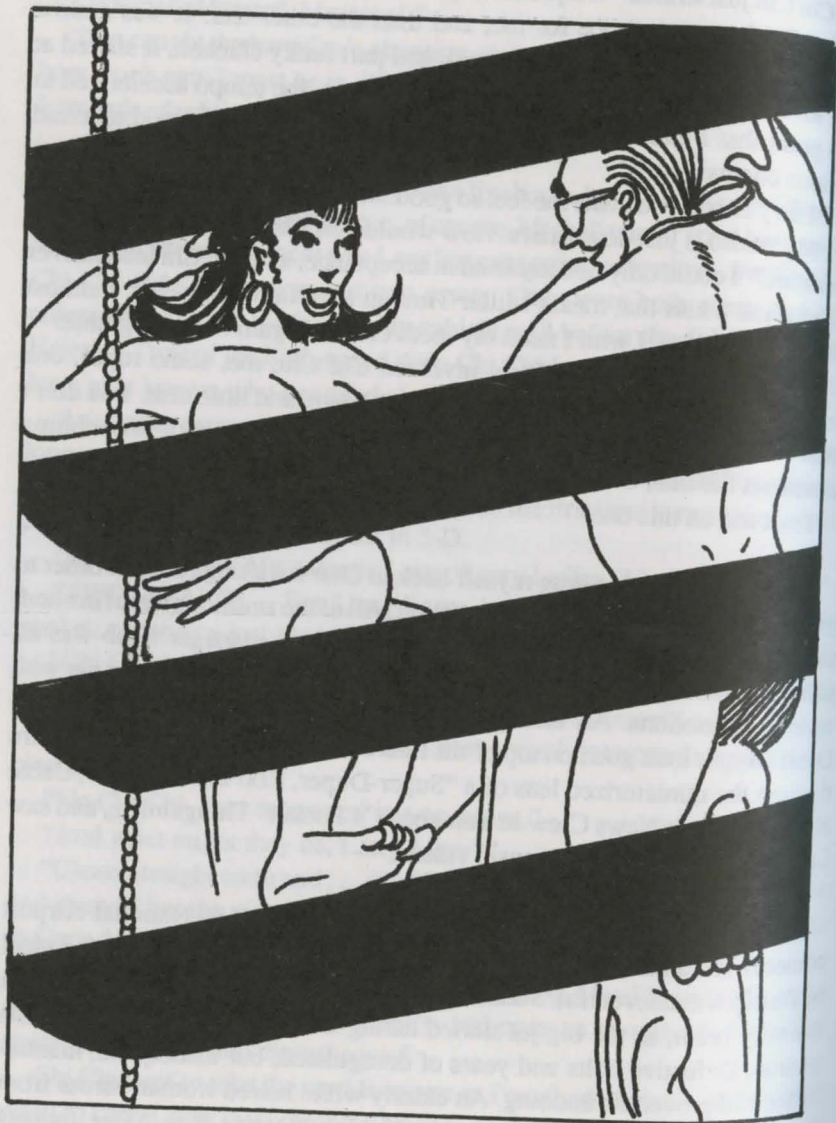
"Larry Larry, you make me feel so good. My dance was just a little warm-up. My studio is just downstairs. How would you like me to give you a real workout?" I could only nod my head in acceptance, and Chi Chi leaned over to give me a kiss that meant Miller Time in a million languages. I almost smothered. Twice. I won't need my teeth cleaned again for a long time.

The real workout, dear diary, involved Chi Chi, me, some ropes, one trampoline, a vaulting springboard, balance beam, and little else. You don't want to know any more of the details, but it involved a lot of time rolling around on the mat.

Trust me on this one.

Afterwards, I had to drag myself back to Doc's waiting room in order to call the limo to be taken back to the airport. All of the auditions were finished, and I had to return home. The assistant marketing manager's job was all mine. No one could view the videos I had made without rewarding me with several promotions. An Emmy was not beyond the realm of possibility. Oscars might look good on top of the microwave. I had looked at my future through the miniaturized lens of a "Super-Duper, Rob Lowe Model, Cable Nudes Network News Crew in Somebody's Pocket" Thingamijig, and saw Larry Laffer—the king of music videos.

It may still happen yet, dear diary, unless the call to National Airport comes first. At the airport, I got my ticket for the flight back to LA, and most of the trip was uneventful. Suddenly, my dreams of Patti were snatched from my very brain, as the big jet started taking the big header straight for the ground. Defective bolts and years of deregulated, but inadequate, maintenance had proved its undoing. An elderly white haired woman across from me started praying, and then began singing "Danny Boy." Her Indiana National Guard windbreaker appeared to be breaking wind for the last time. My life flashed before my eyes. That didn't take very long, of course, because amnesia had taken away almost all of my memories.



Larry gets Lambada-ed.

One of the flight attendants came into the cabin, asked us to return our tray tables to their uptight and locked positions and, by the way, does anybody know how to fly a jumbo jet? Not only was the plane plummeting out of control, the entire flight crew had become incontinent from the coffee. They were wizzing their lives away in the forward lavatories, and someone had to step in and attempt to play the hero.

Dear diary, I have worked as a professional videotape rewinder in the show biz capital of the world. I have watched *The High and the Mighty* several times, as well as *Top Gun*. *Airplane* is one of my favorite films, and I have learned much from *The Poseidon Adventure*. If anyone could save the plane, it must be me.

Unbuckling my seat belt, I stood up. Then I rolled down into the cockpit. Gosh, the place didn't look anything like in the movies. But have no fear. The patented Larry Laffer brain kicked into life-and-death mode. It directed my hands to poke randomly on all the buttons, switches, and levers I could reach. After that, I went for the bells and whistles. Somewhere in my groping, I must have hit the automatic pilot.

Like Roadrunner putting on the brakes before he runs into a camouflaged cliff, the big bird pulled back its flaps and began leveling off. I sat down in the captain's seat, grabbed the wheel too tightly in my fists, and started bringing her in for a landing. From over the radio, the voice of George Kennedy began to talk me in. I put my brain on its own automatic pilot, followed his orders, and my own instincts. What the hay, we only bounced four times when the big jet touched down—and down, and down, and down. I've paid money for worse landings than that.

We made it. Larry Laffer was an American hero. It was about time. When I stepped off the plane and into the VIP Lounge, what seemed like all the TV cameras in the world were there. CNN carried my arrival live, interrupted only occasionally by a live Pentagon report by Bull Wizzer. He might be an inflatable sex toy when he's off the air, but on camera he's Mr. Credibility. Larry Laffer, though, was Man of the Moment.

In the midst of the joyous celebration, the telephone rang. Moments later, it was handed to me. On the other end was the President of these U.S. of A. Remember, dear diary, I told you about a little old lady who was praying her way to a crash landing? She was the vice-president's mommy, and the Prez himself was calling to thank me for rescuing her. Dear diary, he called me person-to-person, and didn't reverse the charges. And I hadn't even voted for him (or, if I did, I've forgotten about it).



Larry saves the day.

Well, Mr. Prez invited me to a big White House dinner and photo op to be held in my honor the following week. It was going to be hosted by the vice-president himself, and I was even invited to attend. Of course I accepted; I almost never turn down a free meal.

And thus, destiny was fulfilled. Guess who the entertainment at the White House dinner was? As I walked into that star-spangled banquet room to the huzzahs of a grateful nation, a strangely familiar foxy woman came running towards me. It was the same woman I had been dreaming about these many days, although now she was clothed. It was my own Passionate Patti.

"Larry," she shouted. "Oh, Larry, I thought you were gone forever." Patti threw her arms around me, and gave me the kiss that finally put me on the cover of *People* magazine. Patti was even on it with me.

In my consummate joy, I asked Patti to join me at the head table where I was to sit next to the vice-president.

"I'd love to—I'd like to get his autograph," she whispered. "But, can I bring my date. We can always ditch him later." I couldn't refuse my Patti anything, but I almost did that time. But, I didn't. Inspector Desmond, unwashed trench coat and all, sat down with us at the head table. In this great state dinner we call life, dear diary, the table was finally set for the final denouement.

As I traded idle small talk with the vice-president, Patti was being hit on by Desmond on one side of her, and a sinister looking swarthy gentleman on the other. Well over six feet tall, he was wearing too much bad cologne and an expensive suit in a worse choice of colors. Well over six feet tall, and broad as an ox, there didn't seem to be an ounce of muscle on him.

The man introduced himself to Patti as Mr. Bigg, a major east coast businessman, and an equally major west coast media mogul. When he wasn't trying to put his paws on Patti's thighs, he would hum snatches of a catchy love tune. Finally, he laid his best move on my sweetheart.

"You know, Patti, one of my companies has been out searching for the perfect woman to be named America's Sexiest Woman. They'll never find anyone to compare to you. How would you like the job as hostess of America's Sexiest Home Videos? By the way, don't call me Mr. Bigg. You can call me Julius." Smugly, he sat back and resumed humming his melody.

I had overheard everything Bigg had told Patti. It was Silas Scruemall's boss, and PPC's chairman of the board, Julius Bigg. I had always wanted to meet him. I stood up and reached across Patti.

“Mr. Bigg. Julius Bigg. Aren’t you the money behind PornProdCorp? My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. Nice song you’re humming.”

“Julius!”, Patti cried. She leaped to her feet and pointed at him. “I know that music. I wrote it for Leisure Suit Larry 4, but a slimeball name Julius destroyed the master disks and tapes. Larry, this man is the reason you have amnesia. He’s the man who didn’t pay me for all the work we did on that game. And he must also be the Big Julius who stiffed me at the Piano Pit. It’s all coming together now. Desmond, arrest this man, he’s the evil mastermind behind Reverse Biaz and des Rever Records. He’s also got to be the Julius in the K-RAP payola scam. And that means he’s also behind 2Live2Screw and PC Hammer’s dirty songs! With his poor taste in clothes, along with everything else, this man might be the biggest danger our society has ever faced.”

Bigg stood and pulled a gun out from under his jacket.

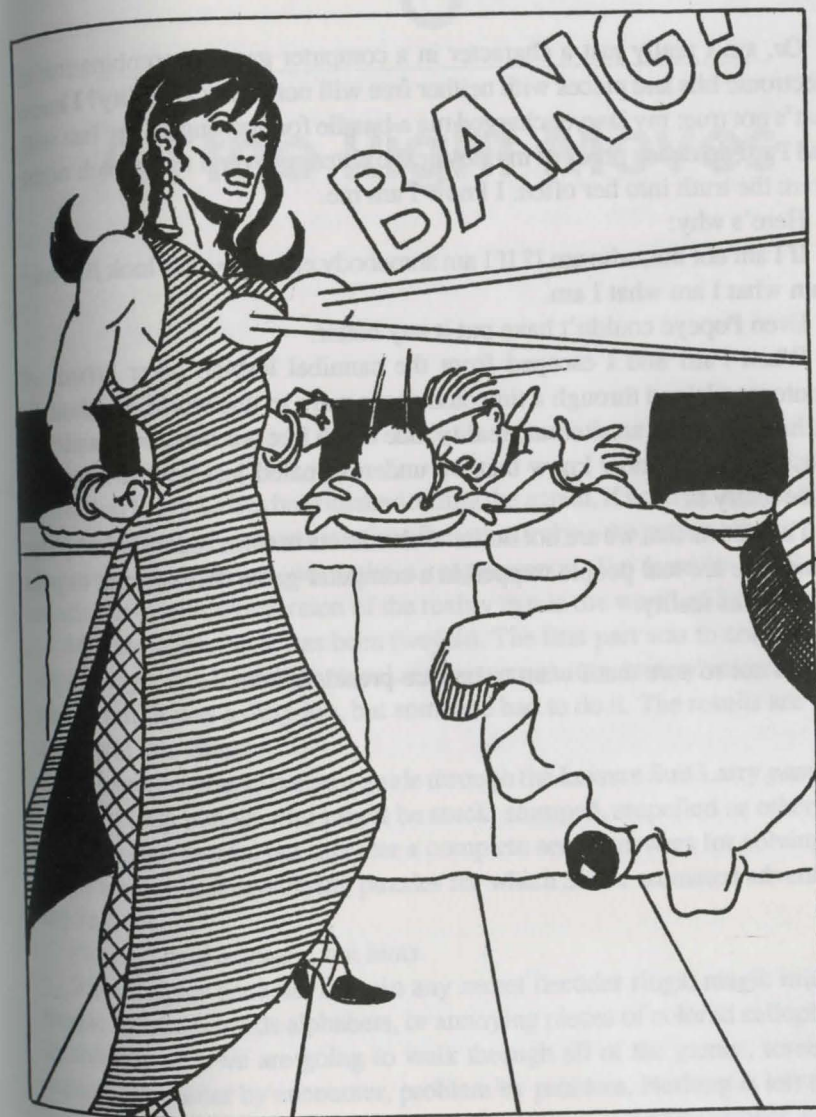
“Be that as it may, Patti, this gun is the biggest danger you have ever faced. If I’m going down, I’m taking you with me. To think, we could have gone down under much more pleasant circumstances.”

Chaos, of course, ruled at that moment. From the direction the gun was pointing, I thought Bigg was going to shoot the vice-president. Heedless to the possible consequences, I flung my body across our president’s closest confidant—and true power behind the presidential throne. A lemon custard pie cushioned his face as I covered his body with mine.

Patti, on the other hand, knew that Bigg’s single .45 was aimed squarely at her dual ones. But my dear, brave, Patti had not come to dinner unarmed. Explosively thrusting her arms, and touching her elbows behind her back, she fired a double shot from her Hooter Shooter. Julius Bigg never had a chance—both Patti and the vice-president were saved. Morality, good taste, and decency had been given another chance. Bigg was led away in handcuffs, still wondering what hit him.

That’s just about it, dear diary. As a reward for saving the vice-president’s life, Patti and I were invited to spend a week in the presidential retreat and bachelor pad at Camp David. Patti and I have spent a lot of time getting to know each other again, and have found the fit good. We have found lots of different fits good. Very good.

But something has been bothering me, dearest of dear diaries. Why did I get amnesia—and also forget everything—when Bigg destroyed Leisure Suit Larry 4: The Missing Floppies? How can that cause amnesia? Am I not



Patti saves the day.

a man? If I hit myself on the head with a hammer, do I not bleed? If I prick myself, do I not grow hair on my palms?

Or, am I really just a character in a computer game, a combination of electronic bits and pieces with neither free will nor physical reality? I know that's not true; my lawyer charged me a bundle for drawing up my last will, and Patti demands proof of my physical existence several times each night. I ram the truth into her often. I know I am me.

Here's why:

If I am not me, who am I? If I am somebody else, why do I look like me? I am what I am what I am.

Even Popeye couldn't have put it any better.

When Patti and I escaped from the cannibal lesbian biker broads of Nontoonyt Island through a time and space warp to this world, we thought we had arrived in an alternate reality, one much like our own, only weirder. Much weirder. I now know that we underestimated just how strange this place really is.

The truth is that we are not fictional characters in some reality's computer game. We are real people trapped in a computer game that's trying to pass itself off as reality.

I'm not so sure that I want to be vice-president here.

8

All the Right Moves

Now that Larry Laffer has finished telling the actual, if not true, stories of his escapades and adventures, it's time for yours truly—the person whose name is on the front cover—to make a reappearance. I'm here to handle the *made-for-computers* version of the reality that is the world of Larry Laffer.

My job in this book has been twofold. The first part was to compile and edit Larry's diaries and personal reminiscences into somewhat more readable form. It was a dirty job, but someone had to do it. The results are what preceded this chapter.

The second was to create a guide through the Leisure Suit Larry *games* in order to help people who might be stuck, stumped, stupefied or otherwise lost. In other words, put together a complete set of answers for solving the often strange and mystifying puzzles for which Sierra animated adventures are famous.

Notice I said *answers*, not *hints*.

This chapter does not contain any secret decoder rings, magic mirrors, magic ink, backwards alphabets, or annoying pieces of colored cellophane. In this chapter, we are going to walk through all of the games, screen by screen, encounter by encounter, problem by problem. Nothing is left to the imagination. We'll take the shortest routes. If you want a fast answer, it'll be right in front of you. You'll see how everything should and should not be done. All the answers are here—just find the proper game, and the part of it you're interested in, and look it up.

The danger with short-cuts, however, is that you sometimes miss the best sights (they're not called scenic routes for nothing you know). You also run the risk of being places that you never wanted to be in the first place, and seeing things you hadn't planned on. A lot of information is crammed into a tight space. You might *not want to know* what's in the sentence or paragraph that follows the one you're looking-up. Be careful; too much knowledge can be dangerous. Remember Dr. Frankenstein.

Consider this—please. The Leisure Suit Larry games are rich in detail, visual gags, and sick humor. To race through the game in a few short hours is to miss much of the sometimes strange experience of the world I think of as “Larry Land.”

The games are not just exercises in problem-solving. You get no extra points for getting through fast. They are interactive entertainment; relax and enjoy. Settle back with your favorite flavor of Grotesque Gulp or Chateau Quiki and spend some time with Larry. Prove to yourself that *you* are smarter than he is, and that your mind and wits are equal to the “. . . patented Larry Laffer brain.”

Used in conjunction with the two chapters that follow (How to Score and The Lay of the Land), you have everything you need to *easily* complete the adventures of Larry Laffer. Use it as a last resort, or a first resort. Use it when you just can't come up with the right answer, when your head aches from being beaten against the wall too often, or begins to bleed from all the scratching.

I know you would never think of using it to cheat.

LEISURE SUIT LARRY 1: IN THE LAND OF THE LOUNGE LIZARDS

The Story So Far . . .

Your name is Larry; Larry Laffer. You have arrived in the city of Lost Wages for a Night-on-the-Town. You're looking for cheap, quick thrills and wild, fast women. A one-night stand is all you're after. It is the night you have prepared yourself for all your manly life. If you don't score by dawn, you'll die trying.

About the 1991 Version of the Game

In July 1991, a new version of this game was released for IBM and compatible computers. The art and graphics were completely redrawn, and new music and sound support were added.

In addition, a brand new interface was given to the game. Instead of typing in what you want Larry to do or say, all a player has to do is click on one of a number of icons which appear across the top of the screen. The screen cursor then changes to represent the icon, and are used to perform the intended action. These icons are explained in detail in the game's documentation, but here's a quick rundown (starting from the left of the screen):

Walk	Click on the spot you want Larry to walk to
Look	Click the “eye” on something and it will be described
Use (Action)	Click the hand on something to perform an action
Talk	Click the balloon on someone or something to talk to it
Zipper	This works like Action , but in a very adult context
Face	This icon is used for things like eating or smelling
Item	This shows an item from inventory that's ready to use
Inventory	Click on this icon to see or ready Larry's items
System	Click on this to save and restore games, and other things
Help	Click on this to find out how the other icons operate

Despite the great new high-resolution graphics, sound, and interface, the new version of Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards is almost exactly the same *game* as before. The settings, problems, characters, and situations haven't changed. The differences are slight:

- You can't type in colorful words or actions
- Things cost more than before
- You can now win \$25,000 in the casino
- You can turn off the bubbles in Eve's hot tub

That's it.

Because the icons are so self-evident, and because there are hundreds of thousands of copies of the older game in circulation, we have decided to leave the walkthrough of the game essentially the same as it appeared in the first

edition. If you have the new version—it says “256 Color Version” on the box—you will have no difficulty at all following along.

How to Avoid the Trivia Test

After you get past the game’s opening screen, you will be notified that the game contains plot elements and material that may not be considered appropriate for younger players, or people who are easily offended. You are then asked to enter your age. If you’re more than 100 or less than 18, you’re not allowed to play.

After you enter an age between these two numbers, you are asked to take the Official Leisure Suit Larry Trivia Test. It’s five questions long, and its purpose is to determine if you are as old as you say. The theory is that someone 18 years old doesn’t know the same cultural trivia as a 40-year-old. Also, the game is raunchier and more explicit for older players.

By the third or fourth time you play, though, you may find taking the test becoming an annoyance. There is a way to bypass the Trivia Test anytime you want, however:

Wait until the first question appears on the screen. Don’t answer it. Instead, press the following keys on you keyboard *at the same time*:

ALT
X

That’s the ALT (Alternate) key and the X key. In the 256 Color (1991) edition of the game, the bypass is:

ALT
CTRL
X

That’s the ALT (Alternate) key, the CTRL (Control), and the X key. For computers that might not have an ALT key, the proper combination is

OPTION
X

That’s the OPTION key and the X key.

If your computer has neither an ALT or an OPTION key, look for their equivalent, such as the OPEN-APPLE key, and press it in combination with X.

In any case, you will jump past the trivia test and into Leisure Suit Larry at its raunchiest level. Use this bypass with care!

A Note on Language

Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards will accept just about any verb or noun you care to use. These include those of the four-letter kind, the scatological, the anatomically correct and their crude, vulgar, or disgusting equivalents. Use whatever words your whim, good taste or breeding feels is appropriate for the situation. If they are things that your mother or father never taught you, or they are words you would be embarrassed to have the girlfriend, boyfriend, mate, or whatever of your choosing read, it’s your decision. The game only uses those expressions if you do first.

Remember, you are playing the role of Larry. What would *your* Larry say in the situation. These games are good and they are fun. That doesn’t mean they have to be good, *clean* fun.

What You Have to Start With

The *pocket lint* is useless.

The *wristwatch* tells you the time. You die at 6 AM!

The *breath spray* must be used whenever the game tells you your breath smells bad—or worse. If you don’t, you won’t get very far with any of the folks you meet.

The *wallet* contains a business card with a phone number you’ll be needing later, and \$94 cash. There is also \$10 of mad money hidden in the wallet, but you will be unable to find it until after Fawn has her way with you.

You are wearing a *white leisure suit*, and are armed with your magnetic good looks and your sharp wits.

Good luck.

All the Right Moves

The First Time at Lefty’s

As the game starts, you are standing on the sidewalk in front of Lefty’s Bar. You are next to the taxi stand. If you step into the street, you will die and end up in the computer game spare parts recycling center—where dead digital

adventurers go. Go ahead, die now and get it over with. The sequence is humorous, and the game is young. Ouch! That hurt!

There are alleys to both the east and west of Lefty's. There's a mugger in each. If you go to either location, the mugger will end the game for you. If you walk there by mistake, step out of the screen at once—don't wait. Often you can avoid dire consequences if you are quick. You can walk to the northeast (the upper right of the screen), but there is no need to go there from here.

Open the door, enter, and look around. Walk to the empty seat at the bar and sit. Order a whiskey—you will decide not to drink it. If you order beer or wine, you will automatically drink it. After two you get very woozy, and if you stand up, you're treated to Larry trying to walk it off while under the influence.

If you wish, talk to the man on your left. Kiss the man. Stand up and talk to the woman at the end of the bar—you can't score with women without trying. Touch the woman and get what you deserve. Use the breath spray if asked.

Walk past the jukebox and through the doorway past the bar. Look around. There is a flower—a rose—on the table. Take the flower. Look at the drunk on the floor. Talk to him, then give him the whiskey. You will be given a remote control. Step real close to the man until something happens. Open the door to the lavatory and walk in.

Look around, then smell. Sorry. Go into the stall and sit on the toilet. (This is a good time to check "Bodily Function" on the game's menu bar—it's probably listed under "Special" or "Action." It's only there in case you feel like doing something scatological in your odd moments.) While you're occupied, read the walls. Keep reading them until you see the password: "Ken sent me." Stand up. DO NOT FLUSH! A watery grave awaits if you do. Go to the sink. Look in the mirror, then look in the sink. Take the ring. Turn on the water—oh, well! Open the door and return to the bar.

On the other side of the barroom is a red door. Look at it, then knock. Give the password when asked, and enter the back room. Look around. Look at the pimp, then talk to him. Stand in front of the TV. Look at it. Use the remote control. Keep changing channels until the pimp walks over to watch (this takes a while, so enjoy the shows). Walk upstairs.

You are now in the hooker's bedroom. Look around. Look at the hooker. She (and her charms) might be tempting, but if you make love (or whatever you call it) to her now, you will soon die from a very un-social disease.

Remember: SAFE SEX! The same goes for Larry. Leave her alone for now and walk to the table. Take the box of candy. Look at the clothes and try to take them. Walk to the window and open it. Climb out.

You are now on Lefty's outside fire escape. Look around. Walk to the east side of the escape and look at the east window—you can't get the pills now, but you know where they are. Walk to the west side of the fire escape. Don't worry, you can't keep from falling into the trash bin. Yuk! Look in the trash bin and take the hammer. Climb out and walk west. You are now finished with Lefty's for the time being.

Riding the Taxi

Stand on the curb by the taxi sign. "Hail a cab." When it pulls up, look at it and walk to the rear door (not on the road side!). Open the door. The cabbie will ask you "... where to?" Talk to the cabbie and he'll tell you your choices. Say, "Casino." As you ride, look at the cab, the seat, the floor. Look at the cabbie—twice. When you arrive, pay. Get out. If you ever leave the cab without paying, the cabbie will violently end the game for you right then.

You are now in front of the Casino & Hotel.

At the Casino

Look around. As you face the casino, there is another alley with mugger on your left (west). Stay away from there. In the screen to the east is the wedding chapel, but we don't need to be there yet. Feel free to check it out if you like. Crossing the street has its usual fatal results.

When you first arrive, you will see a man wearing a barrel. Go up to him and talk. Buy an apple. DON'T EAT THE APPLE—if you do, you cannot win the game! If the man is not there when you arrive, walk into the wedding chapel scene, then return at once to the front of the casino. Keep doing this, if necessary, until the apple man shows up. You need the apple to win the game.

Enter the casino and walk straight back. Go left or right—it doesn't matter—and enter the next scene. When the screen changes, you'll be standing in front of a tall ashtray. Look in the ashtray. Take the card, then look at the card. It will allow you to enter the disco later.

Walk back past the elevator and enter the cabaret. Look around. There are dancing girls doing a can-can! The only place you can sit is in the bottom right seat. Sit down. Whoopee! You don't have to stay and listen to the comedian.

His jokes are bad, but he has a lot of them—it's your decision. Stand up, leave the cabaret, and return to the casino. (You might take this opportunity to ride the elevator to the top floor and meet Faith. On the way, notice the heart on the door on the fourth floor. That's the Honeymoon Suite. However, you don't need to make this ride now.)

You are going to need more money. In the casino, take your choice of slots or blackjack. Look around, then sit at the game of your choice. Increase your bet to the maximum. **SAVE THE GAME**—if you lose all of your money gambling, you lose the game at once. Play. If you win, save again. If you lose, restore. Keep doing this until you have the maximum amount of money the game allows—\$250 (go for a grand in the 256-color version). If you prefer, play a little of both games. When you are finished, exit the game and leave the casino. Hail a cab. When it arrives, follow the same procedure as before, except tell the driver you want to go to the disco. Pay, and get out of the cab.

At the Disco

You are facing the outside of the disco. Look around. To the right is another mugger alley—forget it. To the left is the 24-hour convenience store, the Quiki Mart, and we'll visit there later. You know about the street.

Look at the bouncer. Talk to him and then show him the membership card. Walk up the stairs and into the disco.

Look around. There is a woman by herself at a table. This is Fawn. Walk over, look at her, and sit down. Look at Fawn several times. Talk to Fawn and keep talking until the messages repeat. Give the candy to Fawn, then the rose, and then the diamond ring. Ask Fawn to dance. Stand up and then follow her onto the dance floor. Watch with amazement as Larry struts his stuff! After the dance, return to the table and sit. Look at Fawn and then give her the money. Remember where she tells you to meet her. After she leaves, stand up and walk out. You are now finished with the disco.

Hail a cab, and tell the driver to take you to the wedding chapel. Pay and get out when you get there.

Getting Married to Fawn

Look around. You are outside of the Quiki Wed chapel. To the east is the generic alley with mugger. To the west is the casino. The street still lurks, waiting for the unwary. A man in a trenchcoat is on the sidewalk when you

arrive; walk over to him. Look at the flasher then talk to him—it's a short encounter. Walk up the steps and open the door.

You are now inside of the Quiki Wed. Look around, your bride is at the altar. Go and stand beside her. Look at the minister. "Marry Fawn!!!" She'll tell you where to meet her. Leave the chapel.

Walk west to the casino and enter it. Walk back and enter the elevator. Look at the elevator. Press "Four." When you get there, leave the elevator and knock on a few doors—just for the comments. The Honeymoon Suite is on the left side of the screen; it's the one with the heart on the door. Knock on the door and join your bride inside.

Look around, and go to the radio on the other side of the bed. Turn on the radio. Wait until you hear the commercial and jot down the Ajax Liquors phone number. Walk over to Fawn and look at her. Try getting into bed, then talk to Fawn. Open the door and return to the elevator. Press "One." At the bottom, return to the casino because you're low on cash. Gamble (using the save and restore method) until you have \$60. Exit the gambling and go outside. Hail a cab and go to the convenience store. Pay, etc.

At the Quiki Mart

Glad you made it. You are in front of the Quiki Mart convenience store. To the east is the disco. To go anyplace else but the store or there is death. You see a pay phone and a wino. Go to the wino and give him money when he asks. Walk over to the phone. Look at it and dial the phone. Use the number on the side: 555-6969, when asked. Answer the questions creatively. Enter the Quiki Mart, and look around.

You can see the fronts of two sets of shelves near the bottom of the screen. Look at the shelves on the left. Take the magazine and open it. You'll read an article on window washers. Walk to the back of the store and look at the shelves on the far left. Take the wine and go to the front counter.

Buy breath spray, then ask about condoms (or however you think of them). Respond to the choices. When everything is paid for, go outside and wait for the wino to return. When he does, look at the wino and then talk to him. Give your wine to him.

If the phone hasn't rung by now, wait for it. Answer the phone—where have you heard those words before? Dial the phone two more times:

First time: 209-683-6858 (this is the phone number on the business card in your wallet). In the VGA version, this number is 209-683-8989.

Second time: 555-8039. This is Ajax Liquors. Order wine and have it delivered to the "Honeymoon Suite at the casino." We are now done—for this game, at least—with the Quiki Mart. Hail a cab and return to the casino. Your honeymoon is about to begin.

The Honeymoon

Return to the Honeymoon Suite on the 4th floor. Knock on the door, and enter the room. Ajax Liquors has made its delivery; pour the wine. Now, either "Climb into bed" or some creative variant of "Make love to Fawn." Somehow, it was not what Larry expected.

After Fawn leaves, if you try to look at the bed or the sheets or anything else, you're told you can't because you're tied to the bed. Type, "Cut the rope," though; you'll free yourself and discover Fawn left you everything but your cash. You'll also find the wallet's hidden \$10 that we told you about earlier. Look at the bed; your eyes should show you a rope lying there, but the game will tell you that you just see the bed. No matter; "Take the rope." You can't win the game without the rope and when you leave the Honeymoon Suite, you can't go back to get it. It is very easy to miss or forget. **DON'T FORGET TO TAKE THE ROPE!** Have I made myself clear enough?

Rope in hand, open the door, leave the suite and return to the casino floor. Gamble until you have \$100 or more. You have now finished with gambling. Leave the casino and hail a cab. Go to Lefty's.

The Second Time at Lefty's

Enter Lefty's and knock on the Naugahyde door. Remember, the password is "Ken sent me." The pimp should still be watching TV. If not, run the remote routine on him a second time. Go upstairs to the hooker's room. Undress. Save the game. Wear the condom, if you want to live. Either get into bed or make love to the hooker. **WARNING:** Do not combine eating with sex. You have finally scored! Look at the hooker.

After you have dressed, you realize that there is more to life than quick thrills, and that the game is still not over. You are also still wearing the condom. Remove the condom. If it makes you feel better, go to the bottom left corner of the screen and select "Bodily Function" from the game menu.

Go to the window and climb out. Walk to the safe side of the fire escape. Tie the rope to the fire escape, and then tie the rope to your waist (or vice-versa). "Get the pills." Break the window with the hammer. Get the pills.

"Go back." Look at the pills, but do not open the bottle. If you open the bottle, you will die of an overdose of Spanish Fly. Untie the rope. Walk to the other side of the fire escape and fall back into the trash bin. Climb out and go to the front of Lefty's. We are done with Lefty's Bar. Hail a cab and return to the casino.

Eve

It's now time for our assault at the top of the elevator. Press "Eight" and get off when you get there. Look around. Go to the woman at the desk—this is Faith. Look at her several times. Talk to Faith several times. Give the pills to Faith. Sorry, Larry. It looks like another one got away.

Look at the desk. Press the button, and then enter the penthouse elevator (not the one you came up on).

When you get off, you are in Eve's apartment. Look around. There is an open sliding glass door on the left side of the screen. You can go outside and meet the beautiful Eve right now and win the game. Or, you could score the last few cheesy points. Why not?

Go to the top of the screen and walk off to the right. You are now in Eve's bedroom! Look around. Go to the door there, open it, and enter the closet. Look around. Get the doll. Inflate the doll. Make love(?)—or some other more descriptive term—to the doll. Type the command a second time. Follow the deflating toy out to the terrace, and meet the woman of your dreams.

You are on the terrace by the hot tub and Eve has noticed you. Look around. Walk to the far side of the tub and look at the towel. Look at Eve. Undress and get into the hot tub. Look at Eve several times. Talk to Eve several times. Give the apple to Eve.

Larry has just scored big, and you have completed the game with maximum points. Relax and watch the fireworks.

LEISURE SUIT LARRY 2: LOOKING FOR LOVE (IN SEVERAL WRONG PLACES)

The Story So Far . . .

Your name is Larry; Larry Laffer. You have arrived at Eve's home in Los Angeles and found out that the love of your life no longer considers you the

love of hers. In fact, she doesn't even remember who you are! You are locked out of both her house and her life. You could mope and look on the dark side of life. Instead, you decide to go looking for *****TRUE LOVE***** . . .

How to Avoid the Trivia Test

There is no trivia test because this game is a little less raunchy than Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards. However, the game does allow you to set its "filth level" to your own taste.

A Note on Language

Looking for Love in Several Wrong Places will accept just about any verb or noun you care to use. These include those of the four-letter kind, the scatological, the anatomically correct and their crude, vulgar, or disgusting equivalents. Use whatever words your whim, good taste or breeding feels are appropriate for the situation. The game also allows you to enter some favorite expression, expletive or trite phrase for use during play. It does not censor the phrase.

What You Have to Start With

Your *fine white leisure suit*.

No *possessions*.

No *money*.

You are armed only with your magnetic good looks and your sharp wits.

Good luck.

All the Right Moves

LOS ANGELES

Before You Do Anything

When they see the title screen after starting the game, many people just hit Return/Enter to bypass the opening titles. The first time you play LSL2, **don't!** After the obligatory who-did-what's to produce the adventure, there's a movie that sets up the action. Watch it once. Otherwise you might make

some wrong assumptions about Larry and Eve's relationship. It will not affect the outcome of the game, but it does let you know what's really going on.

The First Time at Eve's

As the game opens, you are standing in front Eve's house in LA. The house is locked, but the garage is open. Enter the garage and look around. Take the dollar and leave the garage.

Los Angeles is a four-screen by four-screen area, and you can only walk east and north from Eve's. Our first stop is the Quiki Mart, and it's three screens north and three screens east—as far away from Eve's as we can get. Take the north by east route and note the location of the music store and TV studio as you do. Look around—and nose around some as you go—but don't worry about being hit by cars or attacked by muggers.

There is an alley in the screen past the Hollywood sign. Look around. Go to the fence and look in the knothole. Walk behind the trash bin to where the wall and the bin come together, and don't get your shoes wet. Continue one screen east to the front of the Quiki Mart. Look around and then enter the store.

The First Time at Quiki Mart

You are now inside the Quiki Mart. Look around, then walk up to the clerk. Look at the clerk, then talk to her several times. Buy a lottery ticket. Walk to the front of the lottery machine and enter your favorite numbers when asked. Leave the store and walk three screens west to KROD-TV. Walk up the steps and enter the building.

At KROD-TV

You are in the lobby of the TV studio. Look around and walk up to the receptionist. Look at the receptionist, talk to her, and then show her the lottery ticket. **WRITE DOWN THE SIX NUMBERS THE RECEPTIONIST MENTIONS!** She will ask you which ones you have—enter the numbers she gave you and *not* the ones you picked at the store. Start walking to the door at the top center of the screen. It will let you into the Green Room.

Sit down on the bench in the Green Room and look around. After the production assistant has left, stand up and follow him through the open door into the Dating Connection studio. It's show time!

The Dating Connection sequence is pretty much automatic. Keep using the RETURN/ENTER key to keep it moving. When you're cued, type in any answer you wish—it will not affect the outcome of the TV show or game. This will happen twice. At the end of the show, you'll be back in the Green Room with the cruise ticket. Sit down. Follow the second production assistant into the Lottery studio. Show time again!

The Lottery show is another automatic sequence, and you do nothing during it. When it's over, you find yourself back in the lobby with a million dollar bill in your pocket. There are no photographers. Leave KROD-TV and go down to the sidewalk. With one exception, you can buy nothing with your million dollar bill. You need change.

Go one screen east, then one screen south. The awning will say Molto Lira and that's where we're going.

At Molto Lira

While outside, look around. Just before you enter, look at the ground. Enter the store and look around. Look at the suits on the side wall, then walk to the rack beneath the SALE sign. Look at the swimsuits. Take the blue bikini and go to the front of the counter. Look at the clerk, talk to her, then pay for the swimsuit. Leave the store with a wad of bills in your pocket. Walk east one screen to the Brown Derby and look around. Walk east another screen to the front of Swab's Drugs. Look around, and go inside.

At Swab's Drugstore

You cannot pay for anything here until you've broken the million dollar bill. Once inside, look around. Go to the middle of the far left aisle and look at the shelves. Take the sunscreen and go to the clerk at the counter. Look at the clerk, talk to the clerk and pay for the sunscreen. Leave Swab's.

Quiki Mart the Second Time

Going north one screen finds us at the Quiki Mart again. Enter, and go to the soda machine. Look at it, then "get Gulp." Take the Gulp to the clerk and pay for it. Leave. We are now returning to Eve's via a scenic route.

The Second Time at Eve's

Walk south two screens until you see the Scurvy Dog Saloon. Look around and turn west at the sidewalk. Continue two screens east until you're at the park in front of the glass high-rises. Look around, stop, and wait for a jet to fly through the screen. Wait until the jogger appears (the jogger can be hard to see) and look at the jogger. Continue west to the amusement park and turn south one screen to Eve's.

At Eve's you'll notice that the garage has now been locked, but the trash as been put out. Go to the trash. Look at the trash twice. Take passport. Larry is now done with Eve forever. It's time to get his hair cut. Walk east two screens to Hairy Reams Clip Joint. Look around and then enter the barber shop.

At the Hairy Reams Barber Shop

You are inside the barber shop. Look around. Look at the barber, talk to the barber, then sit down in the barber chair. When the barber is finished (this is an automatic sequence), leave.

There is one more stop to make before we board the Love Tub—the music store. It will not open until after Larry has had his hair cut. Go there now; it's two screens west and two screens north of the barber. If you prefer, it's two screens north and two screens west.

At Ye Olde Ethno-Musicology Shoppe

We are outside the music store. Look around and then enter the store. Look around. Go to the clerk, look at the clerk, then talk to her. The game goes on auto-pilot again: watch as the plot unfolds and Larry gets a little Onklunk! See Larry leave the store and get followed! Gasp in awe as a Larry clone enters the picture and explicates the plot further!

We pick up Larry in a seedy part of downtown L.A. Go one screen south and you'll be back at the barber shop. One screen east will take us to the USS Love Tub.

Look around. Go over to the purser, look at him, then talk to him. Show the ticket to the purser. He'll look at your passport, and let you aboard. Walk up the gangway onto the Love Tub. After a few moments contemplating the future, it's "Bon Voyage!" time.

ABOARD THE LOVE TUB

You are now looking at a cut-away section of the USS Love Tub. Look around, swabbie. You can see Larry on the lowest deck. Walk east and arrive at Larry's cabin. Look around, then get the fruit. If you wish to nap, this is the one time you can do it safely. After you meet Mrs. Bimbo, sleep becomes deadly. Anyway, sleep is not necessary in this game.

Go to the door on the right side of the screen and open it. Meet Barbara's mother, Mrs. Bimbo. After she is done with her rap, look around. Look at the woman, then talk to her. **DO NOT GET CLOSE TO MAMMA BIMBO, GET ON THE BED WITH HER, OR ATTEMPT ANYTHING PHYSICAL WITH HER. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!** On the other hand, save the game and do one of the above. Make sure you save first.

After you've met Mamma, return to your cabin. Close the door, then attempt to lock it. OK.

Open the door again, mamma should be gone. If not, leave and re-enter till she is absent. Go to the nightstand and open the drawer. Look in the drawer and take the sewing kit. Close the drawer. Go to Mamma's closet and open it. Yipes! Look in the closet, then close it. Return to your cabin; make sure you close the door.

Go to the top of the scene in your cabin and go right. After you are mostly concealed by the closet, wear the swimsuit. Use the sunscreen, then leave the cabin. Go west, then up the steps. West again, then up the steps. You are now two decks above Larry's cabin. Go east as far as possible—you have arrived at the ship's swimming pool. Don't go there without first applying the sunscreen.

Look around, then lie down in the empty lounge chair and wait. Soon, a blonde in a bikini will enter the scene and try to seduce you into returning to her cabin—this is one of Dr. Nonookee's henchettes. If you do, you will be captured and die a gruesome death. (To discover just how gruesome, save the game and take her up on her offer.) Ignore her. After she walks off the screen, stand up and walk into the pool. "Swim." Save the game. Swim to the center of the pool, then dive.

You are under water. Look around. Go directly to the bottom and get the bikini top. Return to the surface as soon as you have it; you will drown if you take too long—that's why we saved first.

On the surface, "Get out of the pool." Use the sunscreen a second time. If you want to sunbathe again, OK, but the henchette will make the same

approach to you again, with the same terminal outcome. Return to the cabin, go to the changing spot, and "Wear the Leisure Suit." Leave the cabin—we will not be returning.

Wearing the leisure suit, Larry can go anywhere on the Love Tub. First: the barber shop. Go to the deck the pool is on. Walk left (west) as far as possible. We are now in the barber shop.

Look around. Look at the barber, talk to the barber, then sit in the barber chair. When the barber is finished, you will see the cut-away view of the ship. Walk east to the stairs at the center of the deck, and climb up all the way to the top (the lifeboats are about one-third of the way up, but we'll go there later).

Arrive at the ship's lounge and look around. There is an empty seat at the bar. If you do sit there and order a drink, you will be sorry. If you wish, save the game, sit at the bar, order a drink, and watch Larry experience the KGB.

Look at the bar. Go to the left side of the bar and look at the spinach dip. Take the spinach dip, but do not eat it. Leave the bar and return to the pool deck. Go west, as if you're returning to the barber, but go up the stairs that are just before the shop. At the top, go west and enter the Love Tub's bridge.

Look around. In the right-center of the screen is a console with a large switch. It is directly behind the captain. Go there and no farther. If you get too close to the captain, or talk to him, you will be thrown into the ship's brig and die. If you walk past the captain, the KGB will try to shoot you and hit the captain instead. Nonetheless, you (and the passengers of the Love Tub) will die. Save the game at the beginning of this scene, before you walk.

From your position behind the captain, look at the switch. Throw the switch. Making sure the captain doesn't see you, leave the bridge the way you came in. Return to the pool deck, walk east and up the stairs to the lifeboat deck. Go west. You are now at the lifeboat.

Look around. Walk over to the opening in the rail and jump into the lifeboat. You will automatically be lowered into the water, and you will see another side-view of the ship. Larry's boat is the far-left one.

As soon as Larry's boat begins drifting away—and before the screen changes—do the following three things:

- Use the sunscreen.
- Wear the wig.
- Throw away the spinach dip.

If these things are not done, you die! (Actually, if you don't have the sewing kit, but do have the fruit, you won't starve. You won't score as many points though.) Larry will now drift at sea for ten days and finally be washed ashore.

ON THE TROPICAL RESORT ISLAND

The Resort

After you've dusted yourself off, check your inventory. OK. To the north is the ocean, forget that. To the west is a nude beach, but we'll go there later. To the east is the way the airport, and it's your way off the island. The KGB is waiting for you there, however, and you can only pass them if you are disguised. If you want to check it out now, save the game and go east. You can escape from the bad guys if you don't go in very far, and move out of screen as they start after you. Save first anyway.

Walk south. You are now in the garden maze. Look around and look at the flowers. There is one under the palm tree that you need to get. The trouble is, the flower maze is pretty much an automatic sequence. The game controls Larry, the player doesn't. Therefore, you can't move Larry over to get the flower.

After the computer starts walking Larry around, it will have him exit to the left of the screen and reappear next coming from the right. When he does this, he walks right up to the flower; it's on the edge of the north-south path at the base of the palm tree. As soon as Larry reaches this point, type "Get the flower." From here on, there is nothing you can do but wait until the sequence is played out. It's fairly humorous, but quite long.

The first time through this maze (there are many more trips to come), you are deposited in the resort's restaurant. Look around. Look at the maitre d', then talk to him. Sit and wait until five couples are seated. When it's your turn, you follow the maitre d' to your table. When the maitre d' has moved away, don't sit. Go to the buffet. Look at the buffet. Eat some of the cheddar, if you like. Take the cheese knife and leave. You will take a second trip through the maze.

You are now in a guest room in the resort. Look around. Go to the nightstand and take the matches. Go to the bathroom and look. Take the small bars of soap. At some point, a maid will enter the room. Look at the maid and

talk to her. Do not do anything funny with the maid—death awaits. Save the game and find out if you'd like. Ignore the maid. When you have the matches and soap, leave. You enter the maze a third time.

You arrive at the resort's barber shop. Look around. Look at the barber, talk to the barber, then sit in the barber chair. When the barber is finished, look in the mirror. Leave and enter the maze for the fourth time.

You arrive at the beach where you came ashore. The KGB are still waiting to the east. Long, blond hair is not sufficient disguise, but if you don't believe me . . . I hope you saved the game. Go west to the nude beach. Look around. Walk to the rock and take the bikini bottom. Admire the sights for a moment if you wish, then leave. From the "washed ashore" beach, go south and do the maze for the fifth time.

You arrive at the restaurant for the second time. There is nothing to do here, so leave. Maze trip number six.

You're back in the guest room. Walk to the top of the screen and go right until you are out of sight. Wear the bikini. Put the soap in the bikini top. Look at yourself in the bathroom mirror. Leave the room for maze trip seven.

You are at the barber shop. Sit in the barber chair and ignore the pain. When the barber is finished, leave. Enter maze for the eighth, and last, time.

From the beach, walk east. Look around. Continue east, the KGB won't bother Larry now. You can even walk right up and look at a KGB man. Leave this scene via the east.

The Cliffs

You are at the beginning of a long, treacherous, narrow path to the airport. Stay close to the side of the cliff and make your way to the end of the path. Expect to fall a few times, but don't worry—you can't die here. Each time you fall, Larry will save himself and you will score an extra point. You will lose those points at the end of the sequence, however, and get a snide message boasting about that fact.

What you must worry about is when Larry goes around the last bend in the path. A message appears saying that Larry pauses before crossing the airport parking lot. Don't wait—immediately type "Wear the leisure suit." If you don't—and you have very little time to do this—you will appear at the airport in your bikini, with no way to change. Cross-dressing is not appreciated; you will be arrested and the game will end.

The Aeroporto

You are standing outside of the airport. The two armed guards will not bother you if you're in the leisure suit. The two Hairy Bishnas at the door are really the KGB in disguise. Walk toward them, and just as you get close—not too close—type, "Give flower to men." You can now enter the airport building.

Inside, you see a ticket counter with lines of people in front of it. Do not get in line now, you cannot buy a ticket until later. Walk off the left side of the screen. Look around, then enter the barber shop. Inside the shop, look around. Look at the barber (it's Rosella from King's Quest 4). Sit in the barber chair. When Rosella is finished, leave. Occasionally, there is a woman reading in the chair by the door to the shop. She is a Dr. Nonookee henchette. If you talk to her and accept her invitation, you will suffer the consequences.

Go east, and continue past the ticket lobby. You arrive in customs. Go to the man at the counter. Talk to him, then show the passport. Walk east—the gate will open for you. Continue east through the baggage area. This brings you to the snack bar and the start of the moving walkway. Look around. Go to the vending machines and stand in front of the one on the left. Look at the vending machines. Buy insurance.

Go to the counter. Look at the sign. Order the special. When the food arrives, don't eat it—it's deadly. Take the food. Oops! Search the food, then take the bobby pin. Leave and return to the baggage area. Look around.

Stand next to the conveyor belt where the bags come out and watch the X-ray screen. The tenth bag has a bomb in it which you can make out on the X-ray. You can also tell which one it is because it's in a camouflage cloth case. When the bag comes out, take the suitcase. If you miss it, the entire suitcase sequence will recycle and the bag will return.

After the smoke clears, Larry will be back in the ticket lobby with no one in line. Go to the clerk. Buy a ticket. When the questioning is finished, return to the customs inspector. Show the passport. Continue to the moving walkways and step on the one to the right. The game will take over for a bit, so let your mind wander.

When you get off, look around. Go to the left side of the ticket counter and look at the counter. Take the pamphlet. Move to the clerk, show the ticket, and get on the plane.

ABOARD THE AIRPLANE

After a brief conversation with the flight attendant, you will end up seated in the coach compartment of the plane. After the man in the seat recognizes you, look around. Take the airsick bag. Give the pamphlet to the man. Stand up.

Larry must get off the plane before it lands. The KGB are waiting to capture him with predictable results. If you don't give the pamphlet to the man, the stews will begin serving drinks and you won't be able to escape.

Go to the back of the plane. Look around. Walk to one of the two restroom doors. Look at the door. You find that there are really *three* doors. The emergency exit, though, is hard to find. Go to the cut-out bulkhead of the plane just to the right of the back of the wing. Look at the emergency exit. Even if you are having trouble finding the right pixel to stand on, type "look at the lock." Pick lock with the bobby pin. Look at the door. Move the handle. Wear the parachute. Open the door. As soon as the screen changes and you see Larry falling, open the parachute.

NONTOONYT ISLAND

Kalalau

You are hanging from the trees in your parachute. Look around. Cut the harness with the cheese knife. Thump.

On the ground, look around. Look on the ground, and take the stick. Go south, staying in the middle of the screen. You will be stopped by some rocks. Take a step or two to the left and look at the bush—it's just past the small tree. Look at the bees. Crawl under the bush. OK!

Go south to the next scene. There is a big snake in the tree next to the stone face. Look around. Walk under the tree branch and, as soon as the snake appears, put the stick in the snake's mouth. Don't wait, do it at once. Standing still does not work.

Walk east and stop as soon as you enter the next screen. Look around. You are about to cross the swamp. If you look closely at the screen, you will see the markings of a faint path. That's your route. Save the game and follow it—use the game's slowest speed setting. Save the game again every few successful steps until you are across. Exit to the east. Look around.

The stream contains piranhas, and if you step into the water at all Larry will be eaten. Save the game. Go to the edge of the bank against the big rock.

Type, "Swing on vine." As Larry starts moving, swing on vine again. Ditto on the second vine and the third. Keep swinging Larry until he's on the ground. Look around. Take a vine. Walk east to the next screen and meet Kalalau.

The following sequences are automatic: meeting and proposing to Kalalau, more plot development, following her to the village, meeting her father, passing the test of manhood, and being shown the secret path to the volcano.

Dr. Nonookee

As soon as Chief Keneewauwau leaves, return south one screen, then east one screen. You are in the center of the village. Look around. Go to the dead campfire and take some ashes. Go south again to the beach and take some sand. If you forgot to take the vine after crossing the stream, go back there now and get it. Return to the chasm.

You are on a tongue of rock overlooking a deep chasm. Save the game, and walk to the edge across from the dead tree. Throw the vine over the limb (this may take you a few tries). On the other side you will continue north towards the glacier and volcano.

There is nothing important in the first screen north, but look at the big plant growing about half-way up the path. Continue north to the next screen.

Look around. Walk to the edge of the ice and spread either the sand or the ashes on the ice—it doesn't matter which, you collected them both for their point values. Larry will climb the coils and arrive at another section of path. Again, there is nothing to do here, but look at the clouds. Follow the path north to the top of the volcano.

You have arrived at the summit. Look around. The elevator is locked. Walk past the elevator to the edge of the crevice (the center of the screen). Type the following exactly:

Put the airsick bag in the rejuvenator

Next, light the bag. Throw the rejuvenator in the crevice. Boom! The bomb will open the elevator door. Enter the elevator; the rest of the game is automatic.

You have completed the game with maximum points. Relax and enjoy the exciting finale as Larry Laffer defeats Dr. Nonookee.

LEISURE SUIT LARRY 3: PASSIONATE PATTI IN PURSUIT OF THE PULSATING PECTORALS

The Story So Far . . .

Your name is Larry; Larry Laffer. You have been living on the tropical paradise of Nontoonyt island. You are married to princess Kalalau, daughter of Chief Keneewauwau.

Several years have passed since you rescued the innocent islanders from the evil clutches of the sinister Dr. Nonookee. In that time, the natives have developed their land into a major resort run by Natives, Inc™. Your father-in-law is the corporation's president and CEO, and you're the vice-president of marketing. You are out taking a morning stroll, unaware that your idyllic life is about to be destroyed . . .

How to Avoid the Trivia Test

Depending on how you answer the age question, there may or may not be a trivia test.

- | | |
|------------|---------------------------|
| • Under 12 | You're kicked out of game |
| • 13-17 | No test—cleanest level |
| • Above 18 | Trivia Test |

The test is designed to protect impressionable minds, and to adjust the "filth level" to one appropriate to the player's stated age. You will be asked a series of question, and if you answer enough correctly, the game will begin. If you haven't read them already, look at my notes on the test earlier in this chapter. They are before the LSL 1 walk-thru.

However—the ways to bypass the trivia test for LSL 1 do not work in this game. If you are tired of taking the test each time you play, don't despair. There are ways.

Bypass #1 has been documented before. After you pass the test the first time at your stated age, Save the game. From then on, every time you boot (start up) the game, select the age group choice of 13-17. There is no trivia test at all for this level, and you will be sent directly into the game at the cleanest level. Don't worry. As soon as you get to the first scene of the game, Restore Game. Your saved games will be at the level you passed the trivia

test at, as opposed to what Al Lowe, the game's programmer, calls the "Mother Goose Level."

For this bypass to work, you must pass the trivia test and then have saved. This works on all computers.

Bypass #2 is the secret bypass. **This bypass only works on IBM or IBM compatible computers—DOS machines.** As of this writing (July 1990), only DOS and Amiga versions of LSL3 have been published. **This method freezes LSL3 on the Amiga, and you'll have to re-boot if you try to use it.** It will most likely *not work* on other computers either, when their versions are published.

But if you have a DOS machine, you can use this one even if you have never taken the trivia test. When the game asks you your age group, select either of the *Over 18* picks. This will bring up the test. When you get to the first question, press these three keys at the same time:

CTRL

ALT

X

You will get a message that calls you a CHEATER!!! and tells you that you can pick the level of your choice. Press ENTER. Type in a number from one to five. Press Enter again. You are now at whatever level you want to be without having to take the test every time you play. Bypass #1 is the quicker method, however.

A Note on Language

Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals will accept just about any verb or noun you care to use. These include those of the four-letter kind, the scatological, the anatomically correct and their crude, vulgar, or disgusting equivalents. Use whatever words your whim, good taste or breeding feels is appropriate for the situation. The game also allows you to enter some favorite expression, expletive or trite phrase for use during play. It will not censor the phrase.

In the Comedy Hut sequence you will be asked to enter the names of three of your favorite ethnic groups. The ethnic jokes can be pretty nasty, and you must sit through this entire sequence to score the maximum number of game points. This has been a gentle reminder to be careful.

What You Have to Start With

No *fine white leisure suit*.

No *possessions*.

No *money*.

You are armed only with your magnetic good looks and your sharp wits.

The game assumes that Larry and/or Patti are always carrying a copy of *Nontoonyt Tonite*—that's the colorful booklet that comes packaged inside the game box. You need this book to play the game, much less complete it. Don't lose it. Good luck.

All the Right Moves

Before You Do Anything

When they see the title screen after starting the game, many people just hit Return/Enter to bypass the opening titles. The first time you play LSL3, don't! When the titles are finished, there is a movie that sets up the action, and updates you on what's been happening on Nontoonyt since Larry and Kalalau were married. Watch it.

In the Beginning

You are the the guy in the ugly shirt at Vista Point. Look around. There is a plaque in front of the small patch of grass. Look at the plaque. Exit. Go to the binoculars on the left side. Use the binoculars, and watch until you see the message about wiping sweat. You are now finished with Vista Point. Leave the scene—you will find yourself in the woods. There are two ways to walk west. The southeast corner exit takes you to the park with a TV set in it. There is nothing you need to do there; visit it if you'd like.

Due west—where the finger points—is Larry's home. This is just above the exit to the park. Walk west and watch Larry lose Kalalau to another. When your now ex-wife is done talking, look around. Leave. Walk east, through the screen after Vista Point, to the next screen east. This is Larry's secret spot. When the automatic telephone booth sequence is finished, return west the way you came. There is a small tree in the right-center of the picture. Look around. Look at the tree. Take the wood that's on the ground—it wasn't there until now.

Continue west to Larry's house. Go to the mailbox in the wall. Open the mailbox. Look in the mailbox. Take the envelope—you now have a credit card. Return east to the secret spot. (It's where the phone booth appeared.) Go to the southeast corner of this screen and exit either south or east—it doesn't matter. You are now in front of the casino. Leave this screen via its southwest corner (you should see the pointing finger). You are in front of Natives, Inc. Walk in the front door.

You are now in an automatic sequence where Larry gets fired. You can move it along by pressing Return/Enter after new messages appear. Get fired and tossed out. You will never have to return to Natives, Inc™.

Tawni

Return to the front of the casino. Look around. Exit this screen to the south of the fountain. You are now at the beach. Look around. Wait and watch while Tawni buys her first souvenirs. When she's finished, walk up to Tawni. Look at Tawni. When you see the vertical shot of her, look again. Talk to Tawni. Keep talking to her until you repeat yourself. Give the credit card to Tawni. Have some fun with Tawni and watch her buy the knife. After the crab sequence, leave the beach.

You are in front of the casino again. Walk over to the steps. Look at the steps, then sharpen the knife on the steps. Walk west to the secret spot. From the center of this screen, find the path that goes due west—it's between the big tree and the bushes. You are in front of Chip 'n' Dale's. Go to the patch of high grass in the center of the screen. Cut the grass with the knife. Weave a grass skirt. Carve the wood with the knife. Return to the front of the casino.

Exit east, behind the casino steps. You are now at the cabana. Look around. Walk into the stall on the left—this is the only place Larry can change clothes. Wear the grass skirt. Leave the stall and return to the beach. Larry is now the souvenir vendor. Let the automatic sequence finish—you will leave the beach \$20 richer. Return to the cabana and enter the stall again. Wear your leisure suit and leave the stall.

Go to the sink on the left side of the cabana. Look at the sink. Take the soap-on-a-rope. Drink. Larry is now done here, but Patti will be back later.

Return to the beach. Go to Tawni's towel. Take the towel. Sunbathe. When you see the message about your tan looking *mah-velous*, stand up at once. If you don't, I hope you have a recently saved game. Exit the beach and return to the casino.

Cherri and Suzi

Walk up the steps and enter the casino. Look around. The hotel lobby and elevator is to your right. Don't go there, just remember where it is. Continue walking straight up the ramp until you are at the big painting. Look at the painting. Go left to the next screen. Look around. Look in the mirror. Continue west to the casino showroom lobby.

Look around. Look at the posters. Walk up to the maitre d'. Look at the man. Talk to the man. Give your pass to the maitre d'.

(What? You don't have a pass? Yes you do; it's in *Nontoonyt Tonight*. I told you that the game assumed Larry had a copy; however, it never shows up as a part of Larry or Patti's inventory).

Tip the maitre d', and enjoy the show. When it's over, you will be back in the lobby. Cherri will appear before you can leave. Go to Cherri. Look at Cherri. Talk to Cherri's close-up until she mentions that she's looking for land. Offer your land to Cherri. She'll make you an offer you can't refuse—but then Larry has trouble refusing any offers from women. Leave the casino and return to Larry's secret spot.

From the center of this screen, walk northeast from the path to Chip 'n' Dale's. You want to exit at the northeast corner of the scene. Keep futzing until you find it. Exit the screen.

You are outside of the law offices of Dewey, Cheatem and Howe. Look around. Walk in the door. Look around. Go to the front desk. Look at the man. Talk to Roger. Keep trying; he often won't talk unless he's just looking down and not talking or doing anything else. Ask Roger about your deed, and you will meet Suzi. After she asks you to sit, look around. Sit. Look at Suzi. Talk to Suzi. Ask Suzi about your land. When she's done, stand and leave the office. Walk outside—you must leave the building before your deed will be ready. Return at once. Ask Roger about the deed—be persistent. Leave and return to the casino showroom lobby.

Go over to the stage door. Look at the door. Knock; you'll give the deed to Cherri, and she'll try to reward you backstage. When you finally get to the message asking about what you're going to do, **dance**—if you don't you just might die of embarrassment. When you finish, you will be in the lobby again.

Despite your appearance, leave the casino and return to Dewey, Cheatem, etc. Ask Roger about divorce. Pay Roger, and you will be admitted to Suzi's inner sanctum. Enjoy the experience, and fax me when it's over.

When it is over, leave the building and return. Ask Roger about your divorce. Leave again. Look at the divorce and find Suzi's Fat City card. Look at the card. Read the divorce. Head back to the casino lobby. Open the stage door. Backstage, that dark lump on the floor is polyester. Wear your leisure suit, and leave the casino. Notice how the game speeds up when Larry isn't wearing Cherri's costume.

Bambi

Return to Larry's secret spot. Continue straight west on the path Larry is walking, and exit at the southwest edge of the screen. You are now outside of Fat City. Look around. Go inside.

Look around. Walk to the door on the left. Look at the door. Use the keycard. Inside, look around. Look at the card again. Turn the card over. There's Suzi's locker number—but there's more. Write down the three businesses listed on the back in the order they are listed. Find their ads in *Nontoonyt Tonite*, and write down those page numbers in the same order. You now have the combination to the lock on Suzi's locker.

Follow the maze to its end at the upper left-center of the screen. If you type, "Find locker 69" as you near there, you will get hot/cold messages. In the last corner, stand so that the vertical line denoting the corner is clearly visible to the left of Larry's bod. Type, "Open locker." Enter the numbers you have written down. If it doesn't work, double check the numbers. If they're OK, try moving a tiny bit. The game is a little finicky here, so keep trying. It is very important that the corner is clearly visible next to Larry.

OK, the locker's open. Look in the locker. Wear Suzi's sweatsuit. Close the locker—if you don't, you'll lose everything. Walk to the door at the upper right and go in. Welcome to the exercise room. Look around.

Go to the top side of the part of the exercise machine closest to Larry. Type "Exercise." Use the cursor **up** and **down** arrow keys to exercise Larry's improving bod. Continue until you get a message about the number of reps or the amount of weight. Make sure the numbers are changing in the middle of the screen, otherwise it's doing Larry no good. Stand up. Go to the other side of the machine. Exercise until message. Stand up. Move to the front of the machine. Exercise. Stand up. Move to the front side of the first machine. Exercise (this is a different exercise than the first time). Stand up and admire the world famous Pulsating Pectorals!

After Larry deflates, return to Suzi's locker. Open the locker (I hope you haven't forgotten the combination). Undress. Close the locker—if you check Larry's inventory, you will see that he's carrying a towel and the soap-on-a-rope. If you'd prefer not to see our hero naked, have Larry wear the towel before he closes the locker.

Go to the door next to the weight room and enter. You are now in the shower, as seen from below. Go to the top-center of the screen. Turn on the water. Walk to the center of the screen. You are now under the shower head. Use the soap. When it's all gone, rinse. Go back and turn off the water, then exit the shower. Return to the locker, and open it for the last time. Dry off. Use the deodorant. Wear your leisure suit. Close the locker for politeness sake, and return to the Fat City lobby. Walk to the door at the top of the screen. Look at the door. Use the keycard and you will enter through the door.

You are now in Fat City's aerobics studio. Look at the woman. Talk to Bambi until she tells you how grateful she'd could be. If you haven't showered, used the soap, and used the deodorant, she'll have little to do with you. Type "help Bambi with her video." After Bambi finishes her demonstration, you will automatically follow her to the tanning booth. After you survive the experience, you will once again be in Fat City's lobby. You are now finished here. Leave.

Patti

Return to where Larry cut the island grass—this is in front of Chip 'n' Dale's, which is due east of Larry's secret spot. There is a cave in the rock wall next to the grass. Enter the cave. Look around. Move over to the flowers on either side of the cave—the ones you didn't see when you typed "look." Pick the flowers. Make a lei. Exit the cave and return to the casino.

Note: You may be asking yourself at this point, "Wouldn't it have been more efficient to have gone to the cave and made the lei when I was in this vicinity making a grass skirt?" I thought that way once. Unfortunately, flowers wilt, and Patti will not accept a limp lei. That's why we wait till now.

Enter the casino and walk up to the big painting. Turn right and continue walking until you enter the piano-bar and lounge. Look around—yes, that's Patti. (Sometimes, Elvis will be there; if not, walk out of the bar and return at once. Keep trying until he appears. If you'd like, try talking to him. Offer to help him. Another person sometimes appears with Elvis. He is Roger Wilco making an occasional unbilled guest appearance from Space Quest.)

Sit down. Look at Patti. Talk to Patti until she repeats herself. Ask Patti for a date. Show your divorce to Patti. Ask Patti for a date. Give the lei to Patti. Ask Patti for a date. She'll give you the key to her apartment and leave. Do the same yourself—stand up and leave. Walk to the Chip 'n' Dale's screen. Go one more screen east.

You are now in front of the Comedy Hut. Look around. Enter the Hut. Look around. Go to the empty table in the center of the screen and sit down. Look at the table. Take the bottle. Sit through the entire comedy routine of Paul Paul. Feel free to hiss, boo or heckle if you'd like. After he has done his duck imitation and has left the stage, stand up. Look for the bald, bearded man at the table near the door. Look at the man. Talk to the man. Type something—anything. Leave the Hut and return to the casino.

Enter the casino and go east. Continue into the lobby. Look around. Stand between the elevators and press the elevator button. Once inside the elevator, look at the panel. Press button. Press "nine," or press "penthouse." You will soon arrive at Patti's place. Look around. Walk up to the bed and pour the wine. Watch Larry and Patti fall in love, etc., etc. Eventually Patti will be by herself and have seen Larry disappearing into the bamboo maze. The game's point of view changes to that of Patti—a slick piece of digital role reversal.

Pursuing the Pulsating Pectorals

You are now Patti. Stand behind the dressing screen in the lower left side of the screen. Look at the dressing screen. Wear panties. Wear bra. Wear pantyhose. Wear dress. Go to the table by the bed and take the wine bottle. Inside the elevator, press "lobby." Once you're off the elevator, go back to the piano bar. Walk over to where Larry had been sitting. Look at the piano. Take the tips. Count 'em if you'd like.

On the way out, stop at the rectangular sign. Look at the sign. Take the marker. Leave the casino and walk around back to the cabanas. Go to the sink and fill the bottle. Leave the screen and go to Chip 'n' Dale's. The place is now open, and a maitre d' is on duty outside. Look at the man. Talk to maitre d'. Pay the maitre d', and you will enter the male strip joint. Look around.

Go to the table with two empty seats, and sit down. Dale will soon dance. When his shirt lands on your table, throw your panties at Dale—do this as soon as the shirt lands. After his performance, Dale will come to your table and join you. If you haven't thrown the panties, or threw them too late, he

won't come. Look at Dale. Talk to Dale. Ask Dale about Larry. Exit the close-up of Dale. Stand up, and leave the club.

Walk east to the Comedy Hut, and exit the screen up the path in the northeast corner. Look around. Walk up to—but not into—the bamboo thicket. Look at the bamboo. Save the game.

OK. Once you're inside the bamboo maze, you must exit in the proper direction or get lost forever—or something like that. Ready?

From outside the maze, walk north to the bamboo, and west into it. The screen will change to one with a path through the bamboo. Follow the path and exit to the north. As you might notice, the path is sometimes hard to see. Don't fret, it's there, you'll find it.

You are now in the second screen of the maze. Here is the proper order for exiting from here on out:

N - E - E - N - W

N - E - N - N - N

W - W - S - W - W

N - N - W - N

Patti will get very thirsty during her hike through the bamboo, and will even crawl from thirst. You will be given a number of messages about her thirst. Wait until the message that contains the word "Delirious." Drink the water. Finish the maze. Save the game—you don't want to do that again.

You emerge from the maze next to a river. Look around. Go to the edge of the river and drink. Yum. Be careful not to step in the water or you will be swept away. Exit to the north. Look around. Go to the rock at the right-center of the screen (not the rock arch). Look at the rock. Remove your pantyhose. Tie the pantyhose to the rock.

When you're back on your feet, look around. You are on a ledge with some strange plants. Go to the coconut tree on the right. Climb the tree. Look at the leaves. Search leaves. Pick coconuts. Climb down. Go to the bottom-center of the screen. Look at the plants. Pick the plants—you now have an armload of marijuana. Type "Make rope."

Go back to the coconut tree. Throw rope. After it catches the rock, tie the rope to the tree. Rip your dress. Type, "Cross chasm." Just as you get to the other side, you'll get a message asking if you've forgotten anything. You will always get this message, whether you've left anything behind or not. If you have, you haven't been able to go back for a long time anyway.

Exit this screen at the northwest corner and stop at once. Save the game. Look around. As you get close to the river, a feral pig will come from the bush, attack, and quickly kill Patti.

Have your finger on the **R** key. The instant that the pig appears, type "remove bra." As soon as possible, put the coconuts in the bra. Throw the bra at the pig. There is no time for extra commands—there is just enough time to perform this series of actions efficiently.

Walk into the edge of the river, and the screen will change. Look around. Enter the river and get over to the log you can just see in the water to Patti's left. Move the log. When you get into the current, ride the log. Save the game.

When the screen changes, you will be in a long arcade sequence. The object is to steer Patti's log to either side of obstacles that will appear. The big picture is where she is in the river, but the small picture is what you've got to control. Here's what it takes to get through:

1. Change the game speed to the slowest setting.
2. Using the down arrow, position Patti so that all you can see is her head. This will give you the maximum amount of time to see the stuff ahead.
3. Try and keep Patti in the center of the screen so that she has maximum flexibility in dodging.
4. Save the game after every few obstacles. However, instead of one save position, use two and alternate them. Give them creative names like River and River2, or Wet and Wetter, or whatever amuses and informs you. The reason for this is that it is possible to save just as you reach a point where you will inevitably perish. So use two.

Well, you've finally made it through the river. Congrats! The game is almost finished.

After the river, the game goes on auto-pilot for a while. Patti will be captured by the amazons and reunited with Larry. When Larry finally tells Patti that he expects the two of you to be cooked, use the magic marker.

After your trip through time and space, you will be under the set of Police Quest. Look around. Go into Studio C in the northeast corner of the screen. Look around a bit, then exit east.

You are floating, weightless, on the set of Space Quest. Look around. Using your joystick or arrow keys, maneuver Patti to the anti-gravity generator. When she is next to it (or in front), and upside down, pull the plug. The only thing now left to do in the game is to exit to the east, and arrive on

the King's Quest 4 set. The rest is automatic. We sincerely wish Larry and Patti well.

You have now completed the game with maximum points.

LEISURE SUIT LARRY 5: PASSIONATE PATTI DOES A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK

The Story So Far . . .

Your name is Larry; Larry Laffer. You are working as Chief Videotape Rewinder for the PornProdCorp in Hollywood. Much has happened since you and Patti settled down for a happy and passionate life together. Exactly what has happened is a mystery, since you remember little of what has gone before. You do remember Patti, and dream of her often.

Your name is also Patti; Passionate Patti. Separated from Larry, you have returned to your former occupation, lounge pianist in sleazy bars. It isn't much, but it is show biz. You dream of better things.

What has happened to bring our hero and heroine to these cul-de-sacs at the middle of that one-way street we call life?

How can there be a cul-de-sac in the middle of a street?

Will Larry ever remember what happened to his memories?

Will Patti ever get paid?

Will they ever see each other again?

What did happen to the missing floppies?

How to Avoid the Trivia Test

There is no trivia test. That was easy.

On the other hand, LSL 5 does provide optional password protection to help prevent anyone who doesn't know the password from playing the game. This is quite useful for adults (or others) who might be concerned about children being exposed to the adult material, situations, and pixelated nudity contained within the games. It is also useful for younger people who don't want their parents to know just what this game is about.

Don't forget your password; if you do, you must reinstall the game.

A Note on Language

There is no typing necessary to play this game. Therefore you do not have the option to using words of the four-letter kind, the scatological, the anatomically correct and their crude, vulgar, or disgusting equivalents. Heck, you don't have the option of using any words at all.

What You Have to Start With

AS LARRY

Your *fine white leisure suit*.

One *auto-focus studio-in-a-pocket-protector "Rob Lowe" model Camcorder*.

No *possessions*.

No *money*.

One *patented Larry Laffer brain*.

AS PATTI

The *clothes on your back*.

No *possessions*.

No *money*.

Ten *talented fingers (trained at Juilliard)*.

A *mind and body to match*.

In this game, you will play the roles of both Patti and Larry as they follow their separate paths to the game's eventual climax (oops, I meant conclusion). Good luck.

All the Right Moves

Before You Do Anything

Many people just hit Return/Enter in order to bypass the opening titles when they see the title screen at the beginning the game. This doesn't work in LSL5.

If you wish to bypass the opening title and credits, there is a "fast forward" icon provided on the menu bar at the top of the screen. Just move your cursor

and click on it. This will take you to the opening cartoon which sets up the story. Watch it at least once. If you do wish to bypass it, use the fast forward button.

This feature can be used throughout the game, and is very helpful when you restore a saved game and need to quickly move ahead past a sequence you are already familiar with.

At PornProdCorp

We find Larry standing in the lobby of PornProdCorp. He is being yelled at to bring coffee. Look at the coffee maker. Click the "hand" icon on the coffee maker; this allows you to take the coffee and automatically carry into Silas Scruemall's office.

After the cartoon finishes, Larry is back in the lobby. If you click on the "briefcase" icon, you will see that Larry now has the camcorder in his possession. While still in this "inventory" view, look at the camcorder. Click again—you will see that the power is off and it has no charge. Click the "hand" on the camcorder in order to turn it on. Hmm. Let's find some videotape.

But, first things first. Look around—you don't have to at this point, but if you've never used a mouse/icon interface before, this is a good time to practice. Anyway, as Larry wanders around the lobby and offices, he reminisces—remembering that he has amnesia, and has forgotten much of recent events. This sets up how Larry got to be where he is. Click the "eye" icon wherever you feel like. Click the eye near the lower right corner of the screen, and on what looks like a pair of coffee cups. Click the hand on you water cooler. Ahh! You should have heard a tinkling sound when the performed the last two actions. This sound indicates that you've just scored one or more points. You'll hear it throughout the game.

Exit the screen through the hallway in the upper-left corner. You are now in Larry's workroom. Look around. Click the "hand" on the disinfectant in order to use it. Larry rinses his hands. From now on, when we say to use something, or to open drawers or doors, we're telling you to use the "hand" icon.

Larry's workbench is in the left center of the room. Look around on the workbench at the end closest to the door. When you see the degausser, remember where it is. There are three drawers in the workbench. Open the drawer farthest from the door. You now have the battery charger. On the

bench above this drawer is an 8-track audio tape player. Turn on the tape player (choose a selection if you'd like—no points, different music). Go to the monitor at the lower-right corner. If you look next to it on the table, you will find videotapes. Take the videotapes.

Return to the degausser, then look at Larry's inventory. If you click the "pointer" icon in the inventory's box's icon bar on a videotape, you will see the screen cursor turn into a videotape. Click on OK. Click the videotape on the degausser. One tape is now degaussed. Return to the inventory box and repeat this action on the other two tapes. If you're not sure if you've degaussed a certain tape, click the "eye" on it and look. You must degauss all three videotapes. When you're finished, exit the office (click the hand on the door). Save the game.

You are back in the lobby. The door at the top right of the screen goes to the file room. Enter the file room. Look around. Look at the desk, and you will find a credit card imprinter. Take the credit card that's in it. The file room is full of (what else?) filing cabinets. Open the top drawer of the filing cabinet at the lower right part of the screen. After the drawer opens, take the files. In the inventory window, look at each file. These are the women Larry must audition. Besides info on the three luscious lovelies, Larry will also find items which contain the addresses of the places where he must visit to find the women. Look at the napkin, the match book, and the business card. Exit the file room by walking to the bottom of the screen.

On the lobby wall between the coffee maker and Silas Scruemall's office there is an electrical outlet. Look at it. Select the battery charger from inventory, and plug it into the outlet. Select a videotape, and click it on the camcorder. Select the camcorder and insert it into the battery charger. The tape is now in the camcorder. Look at the battery charger/camcorder. It takes about a minute to fully charge a battery, and the battery will run for five minutes of game-playing time. When battery strength is 100%, take it from the wall socket. Save the game. Congratulations; you are now finished at PornProdCorp.

Leave the lobby by exiting the screen to the far right. You are now outside of PornProdCorp. Look around. Look at the statue. Talk to the statue by clicking the "balloon" icon on it. Look around some more if you'd like. There is a limo here. It will not appear until you have found the videotapes, battery charger, credit card, and files. Before you get into the limo, let's check out the one icon we haven't discussed. Between the talk balloon and the fast forward is the "zipper" icon, although some people think it looks more like

a mutated giraffe. This icon takes the place of sexually and scatologically explicit words. Click the zipper on Larry. Now we can get in the limo by clicking the "hand" on it.

Inside Limos

Larry and Patti will take many limo rides in this game, so sit back and relax. With one exception in New York, Larry will not be able to do anything during these rides but tell his driver, Bobbi Bang, where to go. This is done automatically when he's going to and from airports. Patti will be able to use the phone, use the bar, and receive faxes. She too is able to tell the driver where to take her.

During the limo rides, short "Meanwhile . . ." cartoons will be seen that help carry the plot along.

LA Airport

Larry is standing outside the limo. Look around. At the center of the screen is an AeroDork ATM machine. Click the AeroDork Gold credit card on the ATM. You will see a choice of three possible destinations. It doesn't matter which one you choose because Larry can travel to any of the cities he needs to go to in any order he chooses. We're picking New York. Select New York by clicking on it, and you will be asked to enter a destination identification code from the travel brochure which comes as part of the game's documentation. This code is the copy protection for the game. Enter the code by clicking on the keypad. Take the boarding pass. Take the Gold Card. Enter the airport lobby through the doors by the limo.

You are now in the airport lobby. All the lobbies in all the airports are the same except for certain details. These exceptions are important and we'll get to them when we get to them. For now, look around and walk around everywhere. Note the electrical outlet in the next screen left, the pay phones to the screen right of the center one, and the partial signs at the top of the screen. All signs at all airports can be read, and you should read them all. They can be quite amusing, and some contain important phone numbers.

Finished? Return to the center lobby screen. There is a door, and a sign which reads VIP Lounge. Look at the security camera. Show the Gold Card to the camera by clicking the card on it, then enter the lounge. Look around. Sit on the chair. Oops.

Next to the boarding door is a boarding pass machine. After the *Now*

Boarding sign flashes on, put the pass into the machine. Through the magic of splendid computer game programming, you and Larry are now in the air. Marvel at the special effects as the airplane flies across the continent.

Larry is seen seated in first class, with his tray not in its upright and fully locked position. As soon as you see Larry, look around on the seat back in front of him until you find the inflight magazine. Take it at once, before Larry falls asleep. If you have time, read it by clicking the "hand" on it while in the inventory view. It contains a big hint for a later problem.

Patti Makes Her Entrance

As Larry sleeps, you will see a sequence where Larry dreams of Patti playing a concert at the Parthenon in Greece. He dreams of her as a world-famous musician. This segues into Patti's reality, a grimy bar in D.C. There is nothing you can do for a while until Patti is at FBI HQ, and in Commander Twit's lab.

At the FBI

Patti is briefed by Desmond as to what she has to do, and is taken into Twit's Lab. She is allowed to wander around here for a bit and ask about the different equipment that is being tested. Look at the man with the vibrator. Look at the man wearing the bra. Walk across to the next screen. Twit will give Patti a lot of spy-type code words and stuff. You need only to note the telephone number: 556-2779. The other information is superfluous. Look at the man with the test tube. Talk to Twit. To the far right side of the lab is the examining room. In there, Dr. Hopian will fit Patti with her special tracking device. Open Hopian's door. When he is done, Patti will be back in Twit's lab.

There is a long workbench in Twit's lab which extends across two screens. Look around at the end nearest the examining room. Take the DataMan and the two DataPaks from the bench. One will say P.C. Hammer, and the other Reverse Biaz. Put the P.C. Hammer DataPak into the DataMan. Look at the DataMan and you will see where you can find Hammer. Click the "hand" on the pack to remove the cart. Insert the Reverse Biaz DataCart and look again.

If Patti looks on the bench in the lab screen nearest Desmond's office, she'll find the Hooter Shooter. Take the Hooter Shooter. Look at the Hooter Shooter. Wear the Hooter Shooter. You are now finished at the FBI. Exit through the door at the top left of the west side of the workshop.

Patti's First Limo Ride

Patti is on the street outside of the FBI's secret HQ. Enter the limo. Once inside, look around. The driver's name is Bobby Bang. Take the bottle of champagne. If you did not take the DataMan and the DataPaks at FBI Headquarters, use the car phone and dial the 556-2779 (the FBI number). Choose Reverse Biaz. When the FAX arrives, take it. Dial the FBI again. Take the second FAX.

While it doesn't matter in what order Patti visits her suspects, she'll do Biaz first—in a manner of speaking.

If you have them, look at each of the two FAX messages in the inventory screen. They contain the same information as is in the DataCarts. Many problems in this game have more than one solution. To get to Reverse Biaz in Baltimore, you need to show Biaz's address to Patti's limo driver. Either click the Biaz FAX, or the DataCart with the Biaz DataPak inside of it. Either way works and scores points, but you will only be able to perform one of the actions. Patti will drift into sleep, and the game will switch over to Larry.

New York Airport #1

Larry is still on his way to New York (or wherever you have chosen), and is dreaming of Patti. After the plane lands, we find Larry in the VIP Lounge at the New York airport. Sit in the chair. Oops! Exit the lounge by way of the bottom of the screen.

Larry is now outside of the VIP Lounge. Look around. There is a charity canister located beneath the security camera. Look at it, then take the money from it. Walk to the airport screen west of the lobby. Read the signs at the top of the screen until you find the ad for the Checker Limo. It contains a phone number: 552-4668. Jot it down. (Note: If you look around this screen, you will see an electrical outlet against the wall on the left side. If you did not charge the camcorder in LA, do it now.)

Walk two screens east to the pay phones. Look until you find a phone which works. Click the coin Larry "liberated" from the charity container on the phone. Dial 552-4668. After the conversation, exit via the bottom of the center airport screen. Outside, enter the limo.

Larry's NY Limo Ride

Larry is inside the limo. Look around. There is an appointment calendar on the seat next to him. Take it. Open it. You will find money and a credit card. If you haven't read the inflight magazine yet, do it now.

Look at the napkin in inventory—if it's not there, look inside Michelle's folder. The napkin contains the address of the Hard Disk Café. Show the napkin to the driver, and she will take you there.

At the Hard Disk Cafe

Larry is standing outside of the Hard Disk Café. Walk behind the potted plants to the right side of the entrance, and Larry will relieve himself. This scores a point. Enter through the door. Look around, and look at everything. Talk to the maitre d'. The problem here is to obtain a membership tape from him. There are several solutions. You can give him some of your money, the Day Trotter appointment book, the credit cards, or keep talking and whining until he gives in to you. Let's use the last method. Talk to the maitre d'. Again. Again. Keep talking. Eventually, the maitre d' will make you a tape. Take the membership tape from the machine next to the door. Look at it. Use the tape on the machine and you will be allowed inside. Sit at the table and wait for Michelle to walk by into the next room. You are unable to follow here. Return to the lobby by exiting to the bottom of the screen.

In the lobby there is a music box at the lower-left corner of the screen. Now you know why you read the magazine. Go there. Put your membership tape in the music box. Use your improved membership to return to the main cafe, and use it again on the second machine. This allows you to enter the room where Michelle is. You can also enter this room if you give the credit cards to the maitre d', but you score fewer points that way. Save the game (just a reminder).

Larry is now sitting alone at a service cart. Look at Michelle. Talk to Michelle. Again. Keep talking until she invites Larry to sit with her. As soon as Larry is seated, go to inventory and turn on the camcorder. Just click the "hand" on it. Look at the camcorder to make sure it's working. Talk to Michelle. Give the money to Michelle. Give the credit card from the Day Trotter to Michelle. Give the Day Trotter to Michelle. Watch what happens. Audition number one is now finished. Larry, by the way, can talk Michelle into sex, or can use a combination of gifts and talk. Our method scores the most and is the most fun to watch.

We return to Larry standing in the lobby of the Hard Disk Café. The woman is now off the telephone. Use the phone to dial the limo company again—552-4668. Exit the cafe via the lower-right corner. Get into the limo. Look at the camcorder. Turn it off. Place a different tape into the camcorder. Enjoy the ride to the airport.

New York Airport #2

Larry is standing outside of the limo. Use the AeroDork Gold Card on the ATM machine. Choose Atlantic City as his destination. Take the boarding pass. Take the Gold Card. Enter the airport.

Every time Larry videotapes a woman with the camcorder, he runs down the battery, and the camcorder must be recharged. This can be done at any airport, either before or after Larry gets onto, or off, a plane. We'll do it now.

Walk to the far western end of the lobby. There is an electrical outlet there. If you have not changed tapes in the camcorder, do it now. Plug the battery charger into the outlet, and the camcorder into the charger. Look at the camcorder. When it shows 100% charge, take the camcorder. Look at the camcorder to double-check that the power is off.

(Note: It is possible to tape all three women on one battery charge. However, this means turning the camera on and off very efficiently. It's best not to chance it, and we won't. If you'd like to try, be our guest.)

Return to the center lobby, and show the Gold Card to the security camera. Once in the VIP Lounge, sit in the chair. Oops! (OK. I know it's a stupid gag.) Put the boarding pass into the ABM machine, and Larry's soon off in Dreamland on his way to Atlantic City.

Patti in Baltimore—The Shill Building

The scene dissolves to Patti. She is in front of the Shill Building. Walk inside. Look around. On the left of the screen is the building directory. Look at it. Those are strange company names. Look at the des Rever Records listing, then look at each company name. Exit the screen by clicking on the upper-left corner of the screen—there's an exit button where the "walk" icon normally is.

Walk to the sleeping guard and talk to him. He'll ask Patti what she wants. Since we've read the directory, if Patti talks to the guard a second time, he'll summon the elevator for her. Talk to the guard only one time. Show him

either the Biaz FAX, or the DataCart with the Biaz DataPak inside of it. He'll now summon the elevator, and you'll score six extra points.

When Patti gets off of the elevator, look around. She is in the waiting room of des Rever Records. Walk to the Gold Record and stereo setup at the bottom of the screen. Look at the Gold Record. Take the record. Look at the stereo. The turntable has two speeds, 33 and 78rpm. It can also run in reverse.

Put the record on the stereo. Turn on the stereo by pressing the Forward button. Put the tone arm on the record. After the record plays for a few moments, press "Reverse." Yes, that's it. Press the 78rpm button—more evidence. Press the Forward button again. Will these fiends stop at nothing? Patti should listen to the record at both 33rpm and 78rpm, both backward and forward.

Press the Off button, take the record, and exit the scene. Patti will be recognized and allowed to enter the recording studio. Walk to the door at the top of the screen and enter through it.

Patti is now in the recording studio. Walk to the synthesizer at the left-center of the screen and begin to play. Biaz will cue Patti to play, and you'll be able to make music by clicking your mouse on the synth's keyboard, or by using your computer's keyboard. It doesn't matter which way you play along, as long as you do. It also doesn't matter how well you do. On either the third or fourth try, the computer takes over your playing and Patti will do well enough for Biaz to invite her into the control room to listen to the playback.

After listening for a bit, Biaz will tell Patti she has wonderful technique. At this point, you should do one of three things: either offer the champagne to him, talk to him, or click the "zipper" icon on him. If Patti uses the wine, he will become drunk and reveal all to her. This solution scores the most points. If she talks to the engineer several times, he'll still do the same, but Patti will have a much better time in the process. A much better time. The "zipper" solution is more from the "Wham, bam, thank you, Sam!" school. It is *very* effective.

Patti's Second Limo Ride

Patti is back in the limo. Take Biaz's DataPak out of the DataMan and replace it with P.C. Hammer's DataPak. If you haven't called for Hammer's FAX, do it now. Show either the P.C.Hammer FAX or the DataMan to the limo

driver, and he will begin taking Patti to Philadelphia. Patti will drift into sleep.

The Atlantic City Airport

Larry is in the VIP Lounge. Sit in the chair. Exit to the lobby.

Larry is in the center lobby, standing under the security camera. The limo phone number is on one of the signs here. It is: 553-4468. Walk to the lobby's west end. Pull the handle on the slot machine that's second from the left, and receive a coin. (Larry doesn't need any money to do this.) Walk to the phones at the far eastern end of the lobby. Dial the limo company, and walk outside. (If you haven't recharged the camcorder since the last audition, this is your last chance to do so. The outlet is by the slot machines.) Enter the limo. Show the matchbook with the casino address on it to the driver, and she will take you to Tramp's.

At Tramp's Palace

Larry is on the boardwalk standing in front of Tramp's Palace. Look around. Talk to the Change Girl. Pick a number, any number. If Larry has no money with him, he will always win. If he has cash, he will always lose. In our case, Larry has no money. Don't tell me you picked 69? OK. Larry now has ten casino dollars. Enter the casino.

Larry is in the casino. Pick an empty video poker machine and click the "hand" icon on it. Save the game. Larry needs to win a bunch of money, but how much depends on how upcoming situations are handled. In the worse case he needs to win \$800. That's how much we're going to win. As always, we save before we start, save after each win, and restore the game after each loss. On the other hand, if Larry does lose all his money, the change girl in front of the casino is always there. As we said, if Larry has no money he always wins when he plays the guessing game. The maximum bet is \$100. We'll wait until Larry's finished gambling, but it may take some time.

That was exciting. Cash out of the poker machine, and exit the casino through the doors at the top of the screen. Larry is now in the ballroom. Talk to the bouncer, then pay him \$25. Walk to the front row and watch the wet T-shirt contest. There is only one contestant. Leave the ballroom via the bottom of the screen, then leave the casino the same way.

Larry is now outside of Tramp's. Walk east (right) four screens until you see Ivana Skates. As you go, look around, and look at the various other stores.

Larry can fall off of the boardwalk. If he does, he must swim west. Eventually he will end up outside of the casino. Larry cannot die, though.

Enter Ivana's. Look around, then walk up to the counter. Talk to Ivana. If Larry has no cash, she'll take casino dollars or the camcorder as a deposit. To score the most points, give Ivana the camcorder as a deposit, then leave the shop. Back on the boardwalk, sit on the far left side of the bench. If necessary, sit on the bench a second time. Larry will put on his rollerblades. This only works on the left side of the bench.

Start skating either east or west. When you see the tall blonde, it's Lana, the woman you're looking for. Skate after her until you catch up. Talk to Lana. Keep talking. Finally, Lana will skate away. Return to the screen where Ivana's shop is. Go to the bench and sit on the far left side. Larry will remove his skates. Enter Ivana's. Return the skates to Ivana and have your deposit (or, most of it) returned. Leave the shop and return to Tramp's. Enter the casino, and continue on to the ballroom. Pay the bouncer to watch. Sit in your usual seat. As soon as Lana enters, turn on the camcorder. As soon as Lana makes her challenge, pay the bouncer again. As you wrestle, try to grab Lana's body parts as they appear. This is just an arcade game spoof, but why not? It also scores you points.

At the end of the wrestling, Larry is outside of Tramp's. Turn off the camcorder, and insert the last degaussed tape. Talk to the doorman and have him summon a limo. It will return Larry to the airport, while a slight aside carries the plot along. At the airport, use the Gold Card to buy a ticket to the last city Larry must visit; in our case it is Miami. Take the boarding pass, take the Gold Card, and enter the airport. Go to the electrical outlet in the west lobby, plug in the battery charger, and then the camcorder. When the camcorder is fully charged, return it to inventory. Show the Gold Card yet again to the security camera, enter the VIP Lounge, and try to sit in the chair again. Insert the boarding pass in the ABM. Soon Larry is dreaming again.

Patti in Philadelphia—K-RAP Radio

Patti is standing in front of the studios of K-RAP Radio. Look around, then enter the building.

This is the Lobby of K-RAP. Look at the P.C. Hammer info on the DataMan. Walk to the door at the left side of the room, and look at the keypad. Enter the access code from the DataMan: 45954. Open the door and enter the next room. Patti is in John Krapper's office. Look around. Look at the potted

plant, then take the key hidden there. Take the letter opener from the desk. Either the letter opener or the key will open Krapper's desk. Open the desk. You are going to find a number there; it is different each time. Look at the desk. Write down the number, it changes each time this sequence is played. (If you miss it, you can come back later and try once more.) Look at the desk again. You find a folder. Look at the folder.

On the left side of the screen, next to the door, is a copier. Copy the folder. Oops! Return the folder to the desk. Return the key to the plant, and the letter opener to the desk. Fine; everything is the way you found it when you entered. Exit the office through the door next to the copier.

Patti is now in Krapper's bathroom. Cross the room and use the "shower." When Patti gets to the bottom, take the set of clothes that are conveniently hanging by the elevator. Look around. Leave this screen by walking across to the far right side, and continue to the right side of the next screen. There are two doors with key pads here. Choose the one facing north. Use the keypad, and enter the number you found in Krapper's desk. Enter the control room.

Patti is in Control Room B and can see P.C. Hammer through the window. Walk to the mixing console and turn it on. Continue doing this until you get a message saying you can overhear the conversation in Studio A. Look at the tall cabinet at the top center of the screen. When you find the reels of tape, take one. Put the tape on the recorder at the lower left part of the screen, then turn it on. After a moment, Patti discovers she is in big trouble. Turn off the tape recorder. Rewind the tape. Take the tape. Return to the mixing console.

Use the mixing console to bring the control room monitors up to ear-piercing level. Sing into the microphone, Patti's superb high C will shatter the glass, and she'll escape to the safety of the limo, picking up her clothes and possessions *en route*. Passionate Patti has successfully completed her FBI undercover work.

Miami Airport

Larry wakes up and is soon in the VIP Lounge. Sit in the chair. Exit to the lobby. (This is your last chance to charge the camcorder, if you haven't already. You don't have to unplug the cigarette machine to do so.)

There is a cigarette machine in the west lobby. Use it and find a pair of quarters. Walk to the east lobby by the pay phones. If you've been looking at the signs (as we earlier suggested you do), you will find two phone

numbers. The limo is: 554-8544. The second phone number is for "Just Green Cards": 554-1272. You need both numbers.

Phone "Just Green Cards". Dial the limo. Exit the airport.

By now you may have noticed that there has been a trash can near all the airport ATMs, although they have had no part in the game. Their big moment has come. Before you enter the limo, look at the trash can near the ATM. Take the envelope. Enter the limo. Show Doc Pulliam's card to the driver and she will take you there.

At Doc Pulliam's

Larry is in front of the dentist's office. Look around. Look at the giant tooth. Enter through the upstairs door.

Larry is in Doc Pulliam's office. Look around. Knock on the window. Save the game. There are 13 questions that must all be answered correctly in order to score 13 points. You'll know if you've given the wrong answer if Larry's told that there are no more appointments available this century. If you wish, restore, and try again. If you really want to know, the answers to questions 3,4,11,12, and 13 are No. The rest are Yes. Answer the questions.

There are two ways to get inside and meet Chi Chi.

The first scores fewer points: Look at Doc P's card in your inventory. The phone number on it is: 554-3627. Dial the Doc's number on the waiting room phone. After the call, knock on the window and Larry will be admitted.

The second way scores higher: Go to the table at the bottom right corner of the screen. Look at the table. Take the doily. Use the doily on Larry. Knock on the window, and Larry will be admitted.

(This problem can also be solved by entering the office and using the phone before Larry knocks on the window or talks to the receptionist. It doesn't score as much as the other two ways, though.)

Larry is now being administered to by Chi Chi. Look at Chi Chi. As soon as you see Chi Chi in close-up, turn on the camcorder. In the Chi Chi close-up, click Larry's hand on the button of her blouse. Click on the button six times. Chi Chi's Chi Chis are worth a pair of points (what else?). Talk to Chi Chi. Give the green card to Chi Chi. Enjoy the experience.

(Larry can also score with Chi Chi if he keeps talking—fewer points. Remember to turn on the camcorder when Larry first begins to talk.)

After Chi Chi, we find Larry on the sidewalk outside of the Doc's office. Return to the office. Use the phone. Dial the limo again: 554-8544. Go

outside and meet the limo; it will take you to the airport. Use the Card to buy a ticket back to LA. Take the boarding pass, take the Gold Card, enter the airport, and show the Gold Card to the camera. If it makes you feel any better, you can make Larry sit in the chair one last time. Use the ABM machine, and soon Larry is airborne.

After a last dream sequence, Larry faces death. In the cockpit, click the "hand" icon anywhere, but it has no real effect on the action other than scoring points. Larry can pull through without our help.

The rest of the game is on autopilot (so to speak), with one exception. By now you may have forgotten Patti's Hooter Shooter. She hasn't. Near the end of the White House dinner in Larry's honor, Mr. Bigg pulls a gun. When this happens, Patti must use the Hooter Shooter by clicking it on Mr. Bigg. The rest is history, and Larry and Patti fly off into the sunset.

You have successfully completed Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work with maximum points. Congratulations!

9

How to Score

We are talking about the Leisure Suit Larry games, of course. I hope you weren't expecting something else.

When Larry Laffer was out to score during the well-documented amatory escapades of his life, he was most definitely looking for rewards somewhat more tangible than one gets from doing well in solving computer adventures. His rewards, too, usually smelled a lot better than *Eau de disque floppy*. On the other hand, depending on your level of personal kinkiness, one does not normally have to wear a condom while playing same. I don't, anyway.

By the way, no sexism is implied in the above remarks. Female players are cut no breaks while playing the role of Larry—the game program doesn't check (nor care) on your number of X or Y chromosomes, your sexual preference, or whether or not you like to cross-dress. Points are awarded for brain power and problem solving, not gender.

I don't care if you think it's cool to play the games while wearing a condom on one appendage or another—take your choice which appendage. I might think it's *extremely* strange, but I don't care.

Anyway, most computer adventure game players seem to like to have some visible way of knowing how well they're doing as they play. To this end, scoring systems are used so people can track their progress, or get some idea, after they finish, that something was missed as they went along. In many, if not most, computer adventure games, it is perfectly possible to

“win” the game—that is, do whatever you were ultimately supposed to do—and still not have a perfect score.

Personally, if I’m told the object of a game is to rescue the handsome and dashing wizard-prince of Oklahoma from sub-mutant investigative reporters from the 23rd dimension, while batting .428 with 27 home runs and 109 stolen bases, and leading the league in 3-point goals, as I take the Cleveland Indians to the Stanley Cup finals against Argentina while, at the same time, keeping my virginity and the secret recipe for *Frijoles con Carne molé*, that would be reward enough. I would not be overly disappointed if I discovered that I had come up 7 points shy of a perfect score because I hadn’t looked at my pocket lint *twice*.

But then, there is no accounting for taste.

Here then are complete scoring lists for the first four Leisure Suit Larry adventures. “What,” you may ask, “does this guy know something we don’t? Has the missing Leisure Suit Larry 4 been recovered? Will there be more than four Leisure Suit games published—Larry laughers, if you will?”

That’s a good question. I’ll let you know.

LEISURE SUIT LARRY 1: IN THE LAND OF THE LOUNGE LIZARDS

The Moves to Make

Your Score

At Lefty’s—the first time

Get rose	1
Get diamond ring	3
Sit on toilet (use toilet)	1
Read walls (get password)	2
Order whiskey	1
Give whiskey to drunk	2
Turn on TV (with remote control)	3
Change channels (till pimp watches TV)	8
Get candy	2
Get hammer	3
Ride/exit cab (first time only)	1

At the Casino

Buy apple	3
Sit in Cabaret	1
Get membership card	1

Meeting Fawn

Show membership card	5
Sit with Fawn	1
Look at Fawn twice	1
Talk to Fawn	1
Dance with Fawn	5
Give rose to Fawn	5
Give candy to Fawn	5
Give ring to Fawn	5
Give \$100 to Fawn	7

Marrying Fawn

Talk to flasher outside Wedding Chapel	1
Marry Fawn	12
Turn on radio	1
Cut rope	10
Take rope	3

At the Quiki Mart

Read side of telephone	1
Dial: Sex survey	2
Dial: Sierra On-Line	5
Dial : Ajax Liquor (order wine)	5
Answer telephone	5
Get magazine	1
Read the magazine	1
Buy condom	4
Get bottle of wine	1
Give wine to wino	5

At Lefty's (with hooker)—the second time

Wear condom	10
"Sleep" with hooker	11
Remove condom	1
Get bottle of pills (from outside windowsill)	8

At the Casino Penthouse Suite

Give Spanish Fly to Faith	5
Enter Penthouse elevator (push button)	5
Get doll	5
Inflate doll	5
"Use" doll	8
Give apple to Eve	40

Maximum Score

222 points

**LEISURE SUIT LARRY 2:
LOOKING FOR LOVE (IN SEVERAL WRONG PLACES)**

*The Moves to Make**Your Score**Los Angeles**Eve's*

Get dollar bill	3
Get passport	5

Quiki Mart

Look through knothole	1
Buy lottery ticket	3
Scratch lottery ticket	-2 (lose points)
Get Grotesque Gulp	5
Pay for Gulp	3

KROD-TV

Show lottery ticket to receptionist	10
Sit in Green Room	1
Win on "Dating Connection"	20
Get cruise ticket	6
Win \$1,000,000 spin	12
Get \$1,000,000 bill	7

Around town

Get blue bikini	5
Buy swimsuit	3
Buy sunscreen	9
Look at jogger	1
Sit and get styled	3
Talk to clerk in music store	7

The Love Tub

Show passport	9
Take fruit	3
Eat fruit	-2 (lose points)
Get sewing kit	6
Use sunscreen first time (must be in swimsuit)	3
Get bikini top from pool	7
Use sunscreen after swimming	3
Sunbathe (lounge chair)	3
Get wig	3
Get spinach dip	2
Eat spinach dip	-5 (lose points)
Throw switch on bridge	8

In the Lifeboat

Get in lifeboat	2
Lifeboats launched	5
Wear sunscreen	5
Wear wig	5
Throw away spinach dip	2
Drink Grottesque Gulp	5
Catch fish with sewing kit	10

Tropical Resort

Pick flower	3
Sit in restaurant waiting area	1
Be shown to your table	1
Take cheese knife	3
Become blond	3
Get bikini bottom	4
Wear bikini	5
Take soap	2
Put soap in bikini top	12
Take matches	2
Light matches at wrong time	-2 (lose points)
Get body waxed	3

Walk past KGB	12
Wear leisure suit (after cliffs)	6

Aeroporto

Give flower to Krishnas	7
Show passport	5
Get bobby pin in food	3
Buy insurance	3
Look at barber	3
Get hair done	3
Pour out hair rejuvenator	-2 (lose points)
Get suitcase with bomb	5
Bomb explodes	15
Buy ticket	5
Get pamphlet	11
Show ticket	3

In the air

Get airsick bag	5
Use airsick bag at wrong time	-2 (lose points)
Give pamphlet to man in next seat	8
Wear parachute (smoking section)	4
Open parachute in plane	-3 (lose points)
Pour hair rejuvenator on exit lock	-5 (lose points)
Pick lock with bobby pin	5
Open emergency exit	6

Nontoonyt Island

Cut parachute harness	8
Get stick	4
Crawl under bush to avoid killer bees	6
Put stick in snake's mouth	10
Cross swamp	5
Swing on vine	6
Take vine after crossing river	4
Take sand	3

Take ashes	6
Propose to Kalalau	10
Talk to her father	25

Larry vs. the Volcano

Throw vine across limb	11
Spread ashes or sand on glacier	10
Pour hair rejuvenator on glacier	-5 (lose points)
Put airsick bag in bottle	5
Light bag	5
Drop bottle into crevice	10
Vanquish Dr. Nonookee	30

Maximum Score 500 points

**LEISURE SUIT LARRY 3:
PASSIONATE PATTI IN PURSUIT OF THE PULSATING PECTORALS**

*The Moves to Make**Your Score**First things first*

Use binoculars	2
Look at plaque	2
Get credit card	20
Get granadilla wood	2

Pursuing Tawni

Make it with Tawni	50
Get ginsu knife	40
Sharpen knife	50
Carve wood	50
Cut grass with knife	20
Make grass skirt	30
Wear grass skirt	10
Sell carving to Tawni	35
Get soap on-a-rope	12
Drink from sink	2

Casino

Look in mirror	2
Tip maitre d'	50
Look at Cherri—after show	5

Land deed

Ask Roger about land	10
Ask Suzi about land	30
Get deed from Roger	20

Pursuing Cherri

Give deed to Cherri	25
Make it with Cherri	25
Dance	43

Pursuing Suzi

Pay Roger	10
Make it with Suzi—in costume	100
Get divorce from Roger	20
Read divorce and find keycard	100
Wear leisure suit	25

Pursuing Bambi

Get towel from beach	2
Sunbathe	30
Enter locker room	3
Read back of keycard	65
Open locker	100
Wear Suzi's sweatsuit	4
Use all exercise machines	100
Use soap-on-a-rope in shower	60
Dry off	22
Use deodorant	27
Enter aerobics studio	3
Enter tanning booth	3
Make it with Bambi	99

Pursuing Patti

Pick orchids	25
Make lei	50
Look at Patti	5
Show Patti divorce decree	100
Give Lei to Patti	100
Ask Patti for date	100
Get key	25

At Comedy Hut

See Paul Paul's duck impression	100
Take bottle of wine	15
Talk to Al Lowe	5
Press 9 in elevator	4
Make it with Patti	500

In pursuit of Larry

Wear panties	20
Wear bra	20
Wear pantyhose	20
Wear dress	10
Take bottle	25
Get magic marker	50
Take tips	25
Fill bottle with water	37
Tip maitre d'	43
Throw panties	100
Look at Dale—after act	1
Drink water in maze	20
Exit maze	100
Drink from stream	42
Remove pantyhose	15
Tie pantyhose to rock	40
Take coconuts	25
Get marijuana	10
Make rope	100
Throw rope across chasm	20
Tie rope to tree	20
Make safety harness	50
Remove bra	5
Put coconuts in bra	45
Throw bra at pig	100
Get log	10
Get on log	20
Finish log ride	150

Happy ending

Use magic marker	500
Unplug machine	40

Maximum Score 4000 points

It must be noted that in early copies of this game, it was very possible to score *more* than the maximum 4000 points. For example, you could drink from the cabana fountain more than once and score each time, take Patti's tips more than once for scores, and a couple of other things. I've scored 4100 out of 4000, for instance. These were bugs in the game that have been since fixed. Therefore, the 4000 point maximum is basically true.

If you have one of the 4000-plus points copies of the game, you have a collectors item. I know of no collectors market for these games yet, but I didn't know some of my baseball cards, comic books and trash paperbacks would be either. You can never tell.

**LEISURE SUIT LARRY 5:
PASSIONATE PATTI DOES A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK**

The Moves to Make *Your Score*

At PornProdCorp

Get coffee pot	1
Get Camcorder	1
Look at Titty	1
Drink water	1
Sterilize hands	1
Play 8-track	5
Get Battery charger	8
Get videotapes	6
Degauss tapes (2 points each)	6
Get AeroDork Card	5
Get finalists' folders	8
Open Michelle's resume	1
Open Lana's resume	1
Open Chi Chi's resume	1
Look at Doc's card (get phone number)	1
Look at statue	1

PornProdCorp or Airport Lobbys

Put camcorder into charger (first time only)	3
Plug in charger (first time only)	8
Unplug charger (first time only)	1
Put tape in camcorder (first time only)	4
Start camcorder (first time only)	4

At Airports

Get boarding pass (four points each)	16
Enter lounge (first time)	9
Use boarding pass (first time)	7

NY

Get NY limo number	1
Call NY limo	3
Steal quarter	5

Atlantic City

Pull slot machine handle	5
Get Atlantic City limo number	1
Call Atlantic City limo	3

Miami

Get Miami limo number	1
Get green card number	1
Call green card number	7
Get green card	12
Call Miami limo	3
Get coins from cigarette machine	5

Flight to NY

Take in-flight magazine	8
Open in-flight magazine	5

At FBI HQ

Look at vibrator man	3
Look at bra man	3
Get FBI phone number	1
Look at flatulence man	3
Get DataMan	5
Get P.C Hammer DataPak	13
Get Reverse Biaz DataPak	13
Take Hooter Shooter	6
Look at Hooter Shooter (after taking it)	2
Put on Hooter Shooter	5
Take off Hooter Shooter	-5
Put DataPak into DataMan (first time only)	7
Get K-RAP code	1

Limo rides

Take champagne	6
Call FBI	
Get Reverse Biaz FAX (no DataMan only)	13
Get PC Hammer FAX (no DataMan only)	13
Get K-RAP code (no DataMan)	1
Give address to driver (Larry or Patti, first time only)	8
Take DayTrotter	12
Open DayTrotter	11

At the Hard Disk Café—New York

Empty bladder	1
Get tape fro maitre 'd	3
Take tape from machine	3
See Michelle	3
Make Gilbert Hyatt tape	12
Give credit cards to maitre d'/Get "super user" tape	5
Use Hyatt tape	12
Use "super user" tape	8
Tape Michelle	20
Talk Michelle into sex	5
Give DayTrotter to Michelle	5
Give credit cards to Michelle	5
Give cash to Michelle	5
Have sex with Michelle	40
Phone cab	2

At the Shill Building—Baltimore

See office number on directory	3
Show Reverse Biaz FAX to guard (no DataMan)	6
Show Reverse Biaz DataMan to guard	6
Take record	12
Play record @ 33rpm	3
Play record @ 33rpm in reverse	3
Play record at 78rpm	3

Play record @ 78rpm in reverse	3
Finish recording session	8
Jump Reverse (have sex)	10
Talk Reverse into sex	16
Give champagne to Reverse	18
Get tape from Reverse	40

At Tramp's Palace—Atlantic City

Talk to change girl twice	2
Play video poker	4
Rent skates with money	4
Leave camcorder as skate deposit	8
Put on skates	3
Meet Lana	6
Talk to Lana	2
Return skates	3
Pay bouncer to wrestle	12
Tape Lana	20
Mud wrestle	8
Have sex with Lana	40
Have doorman call limo	2

At K-RAP Radio—Philadelphia:

Enter Krapper's office	1
Get desk key	10
Take letter opener	4
Unlock desk with key	13
Pick lock	5
Look at desk (after opening)	1
Open desk	4
Get folder	5
Look at folder	5
Look inside folder	4
Make copies	12
Use shower	7
Wear rapper clothes	1
Get blank tape	4

Hear 2Live2Screw talking	8
Turn on tape recorder	4
Take recorded tape	7
Sing	15

At Doc Pulliam's—Miami

Take doily	5
Wear doily	8
Complete questionnaire	13
Get in by calling Doc's office	13
Get in by using doily	17
Give green card to Chi Chi	15
Open Chi Chi's blouse	2
Talk Chi Chi into sex	5
Sex with Chi Chi	40
Tape Chi Chi	20

In the end

Save plane	100
Shoot Mr. Bigg	100

Maximum Score 1000

Note: If you total the scoring list for LSL5, you will notice that there are more than 1,000 points in the game. However, many problems have alternate solutions, and these solutions have alternate scoring. Also, solving certain problems certain ways can affect how another problem is solved. For example: if you give the credit cards to the maitre 'd, you can't also give it to Michelle. The game may be solved successfully several ways, and the 1,000 point maximum is just that—the most points you can obtain. It doesn't indicate a better solution.

Don't neglect replaying the game (or sections of the game) in order to experience the alternate solutions. Or, for that matter, replaying the game and visiting the cities in a different order. You'll miss some good gags and scenes if you only play through this game once.

10

The Lay of the Land

Once again, Larry Laffer would have a completely different interpretation as to what exactly constitutes the lay of the land. More accurately, he would likely think in terms of *who* as opposed to *what*, and consider it an apt description of himself. Knowing the guy as I do, I wouldn't be surprised at all.

However, we are not talking anatomically correct here. We are talking cartographically correct, as in good maps. It's one thing to know that you can find half of a bikini on the nude beach, but finding the nude beach is a separate problem.

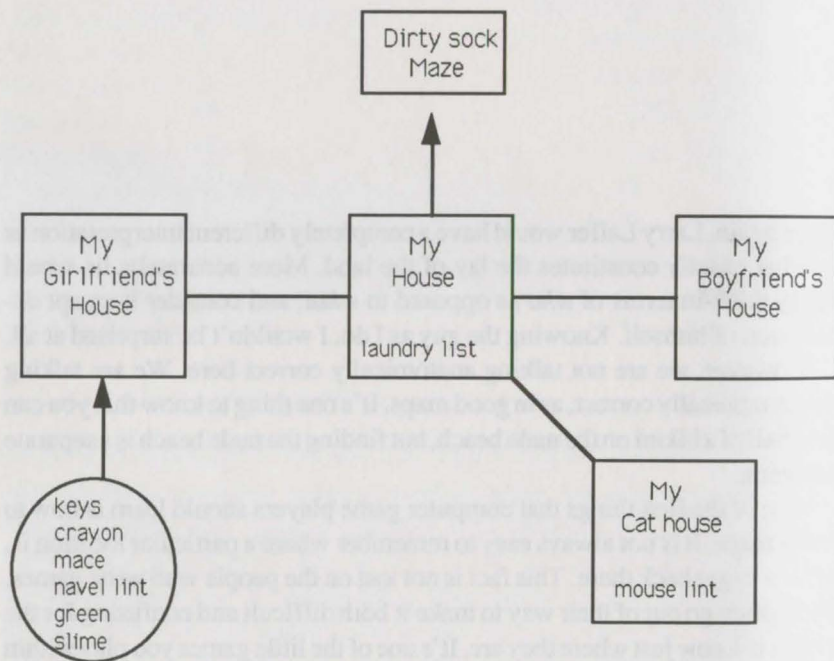
One of the first things that computer game players should learn is how to make maps. It is not always easy to remember where a particular location is, or how to get back there. This fact is not lost on the people who write games. They often go out of their way to make it both difficult and confusing for the player to know just where they are. It's one of the little games you play within the games.

How you map is up to you. Paper and pencil is a good idea, although I've never understood why somebody hasn't written a map-making program that you could run at the same time as you were playing a game. I'm sure there are lots of good reasons, but there were lots of good reasons for Columbus to not sail west in 1492. Anyway, make your maps in any form with which you feel comfortable.

We'll be using the official, un-certified, non-organic, but used by just about everybody, method of adventure game mapping. It's easy and simple and consists of just a few elements:

Boxes represent individual areas—screens—what you see when the picture appears—the areas within which you move Larry (or Patti) around.

Lines represent how different areas—screens—connect. North is at the top, South at the bottom, etc. Northeast, southwest, etc., are the corners (although, at times, these lines might be placed slightly off the corners for artistic reasons or whim). Anyway, they're pretty self-evident. Here's an example:



The names at the top or center of the box are descriptive names that I give the areas. The smaller print on the side, or at the bottom, are reminders of things I find in the areas—a laundry list of objects. I'll find mouse lint somewhere in "My Cat House," and a laundry list in "My House." Since "My Girlfriend's House" contains more things than I can fit in the box, I've added

a *Circle* containing that stuff nearby, with an *Arrow* pointing to it. The arrow pointing to the "Dirty Sock Maze" indicates that there is another map by that name.

The lines show that from "My House" I can go to "My Boyfriend's," "My Girlfriend's," "My Cat House," or the "Dirty Sock Maze." However, I can't get to the maze from "My Girlfriend's House."

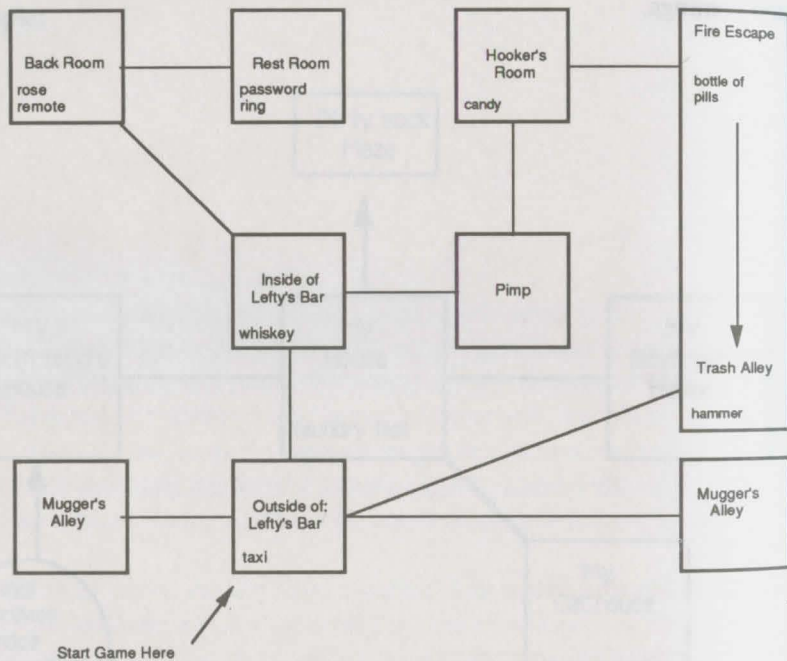
If you see a dotted-line or an odd-shaped box, don't worry. They're special cases and will be self-evident when you get to the locations they represent.

That's all. Here are the maps to the games. May they aid you in your goings and comings.

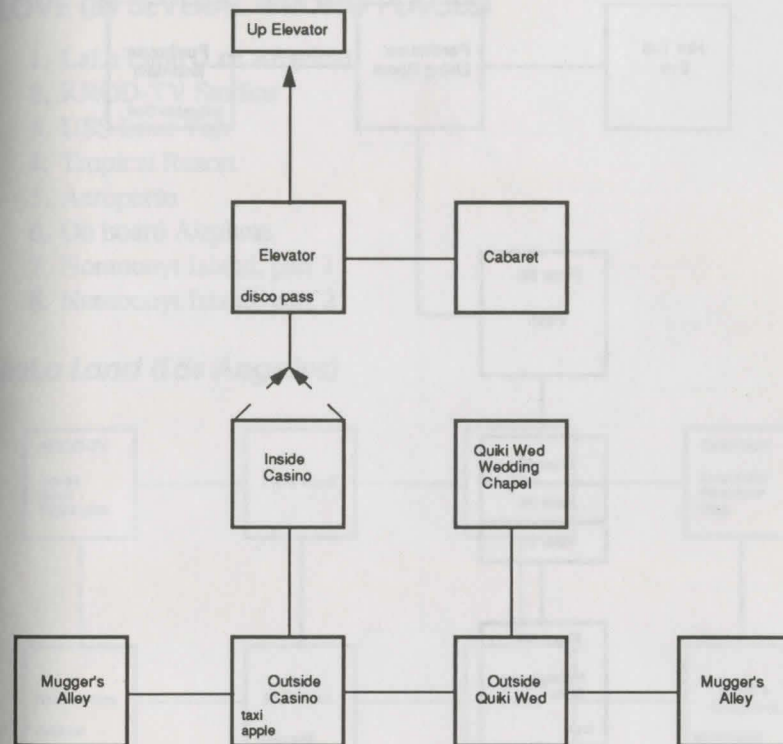
MAPS FOR LEISURE SUIT LARRY 1: IN THE LAND OF THE LOUNGE LIZARDS

1. Lefty's Bar (and Room of Ill-Repute)
2. At the Casino
3. Quiki Mart and Disco
4. Up the Elevator

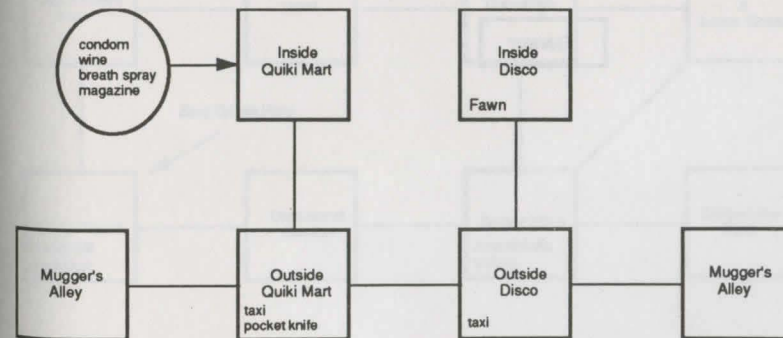
Lefty's Bar (and Room of Ill-Repute)



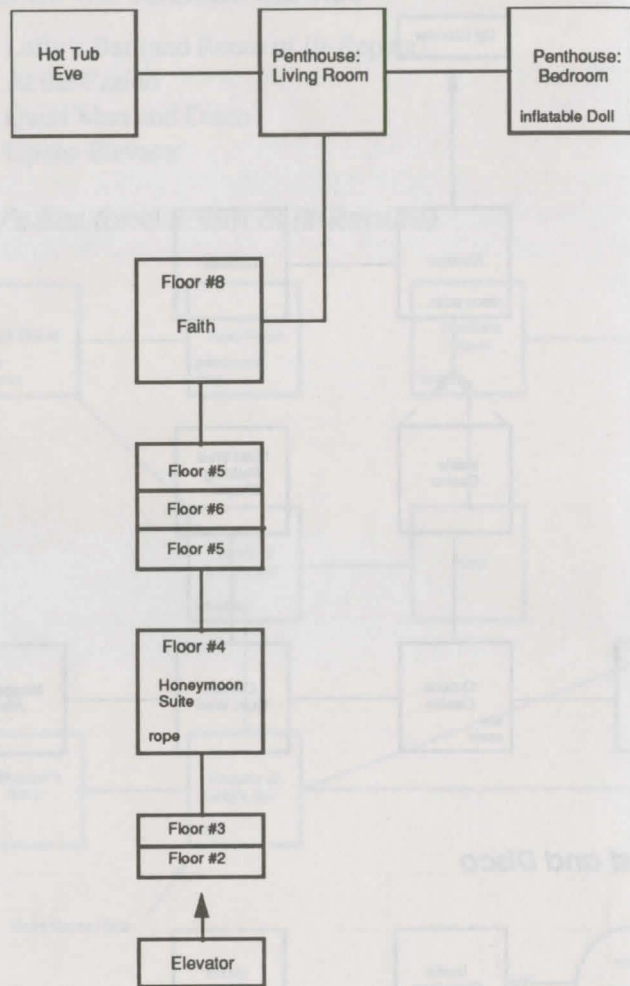
At the Casino



Quiki Mart and Disco



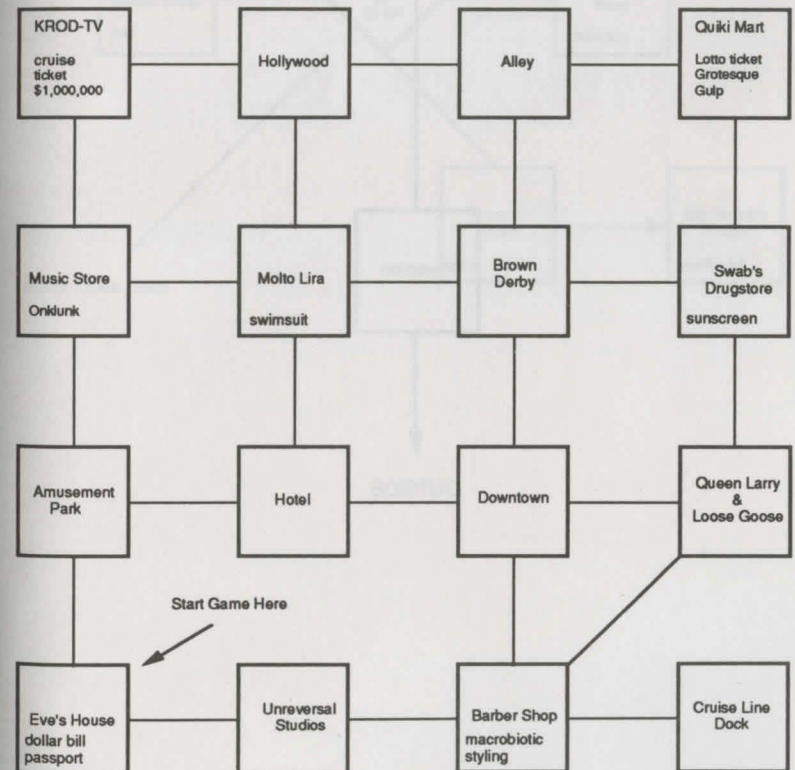
Up the Elevator



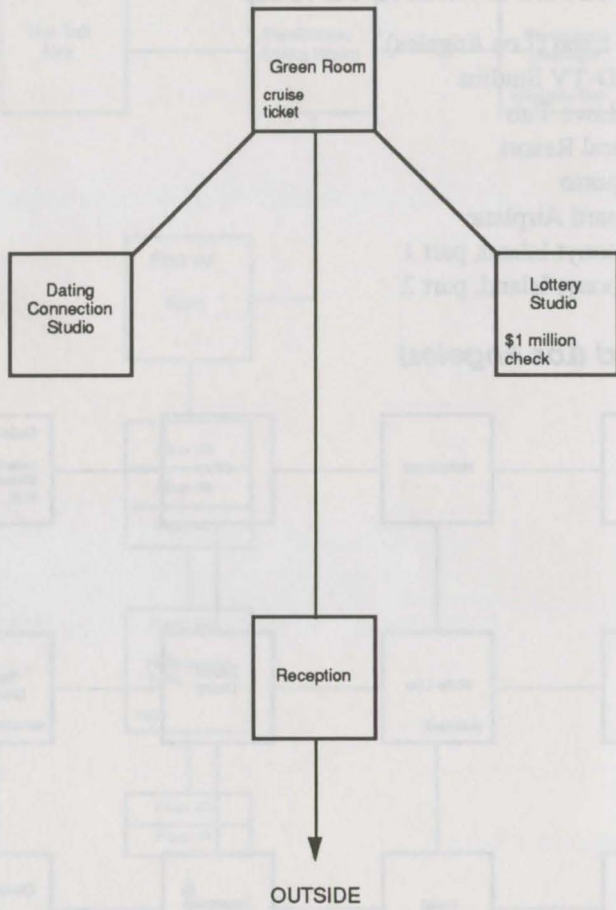
MAPS FOR LEISURE SUIT LARRY 2: LOOKING FOR LOVE (IN SEVERAL WRONG PLACES)

1. LaLa Land (Los Angeles)
2. KROD-TV Studios
3. USS Love Tub
4. Tropical Resort
5. Aeroporto
6. On board Airplane
7. Nontoonyt Island, part 1
8. Nontoonyt Island, part 2

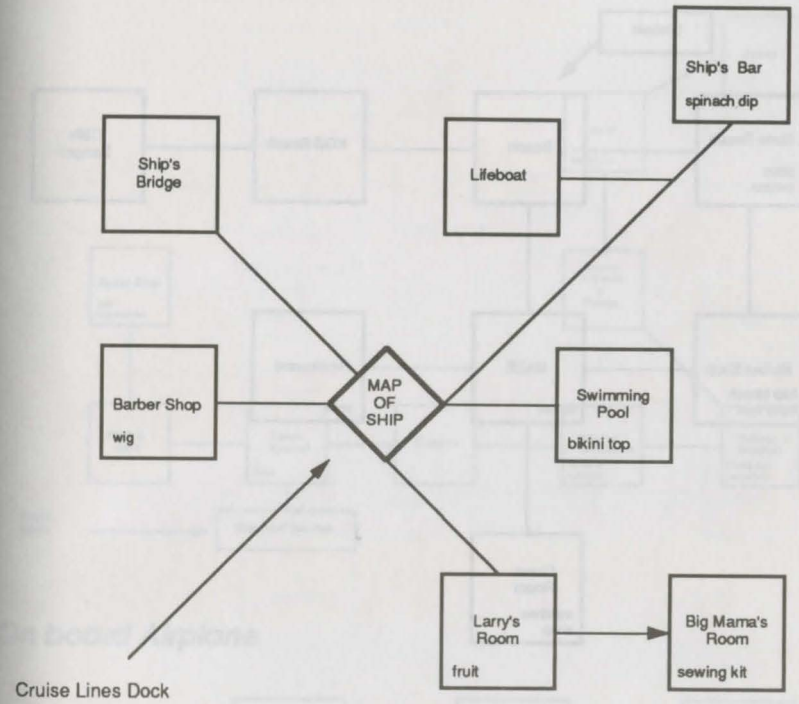
LaLa Land (Los Angeles)



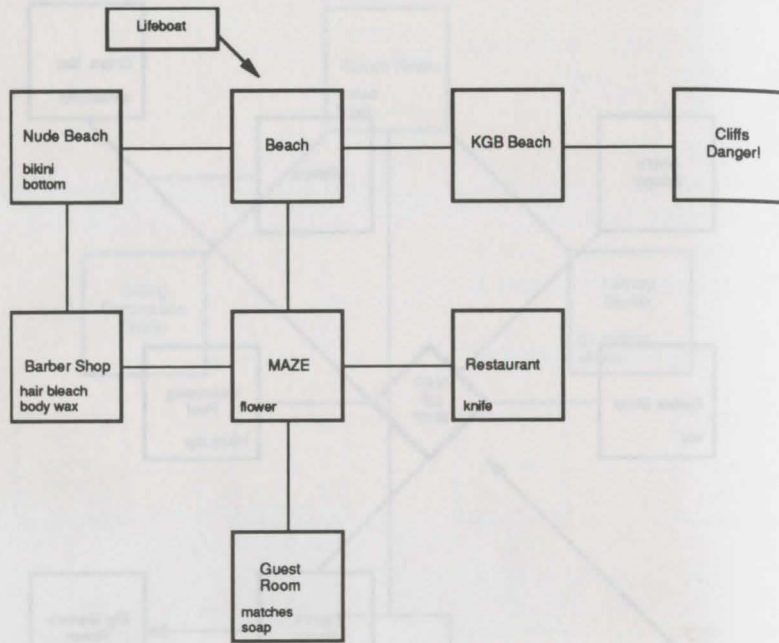
KROD-TV Studios



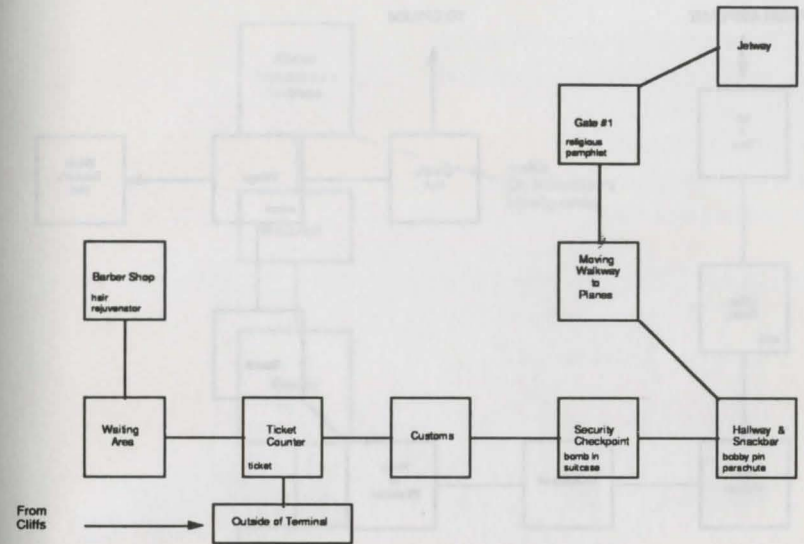
USS Love Tub



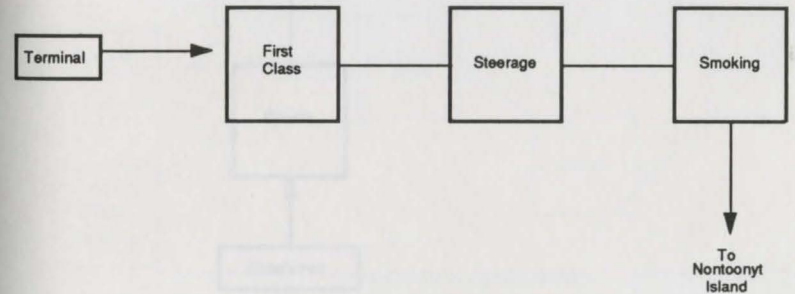
Tropical Resort



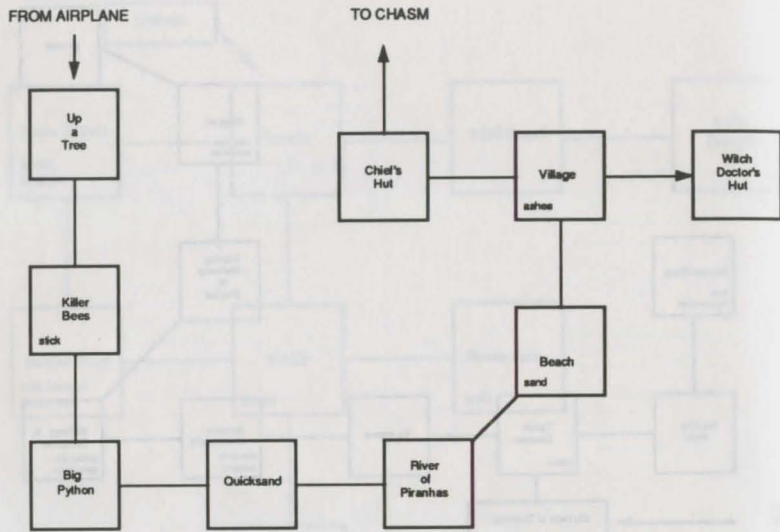
Aeroporto



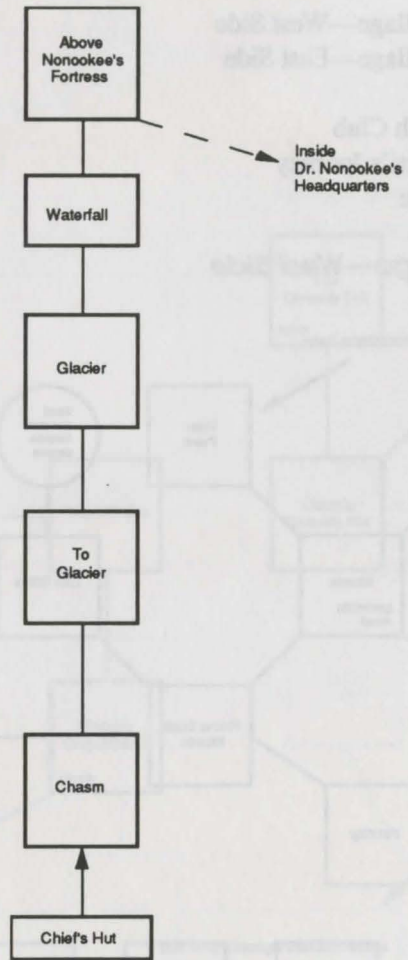
On board Airplane



Nontoonyt Island, part 1



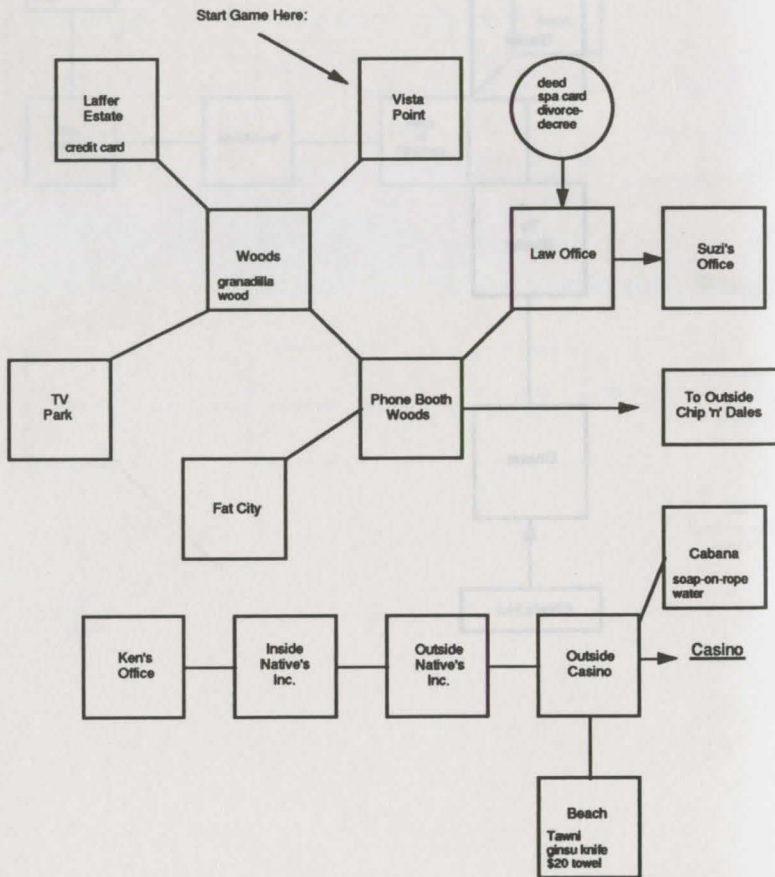
Nontoonyt Island, part 2



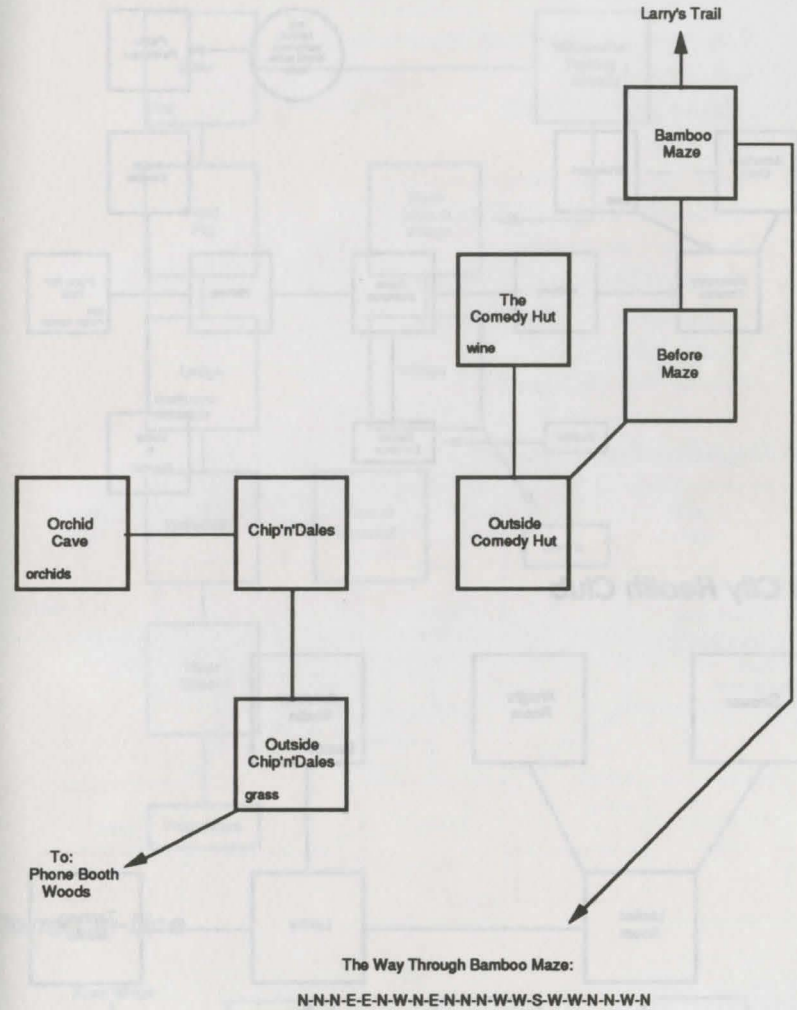
MAPS FOR LEISURE SUIT LARRY 3: PASSIONATE PATTI IN PURSUIT OF THE PULSATING PECTORALS

1. Nontoonyt Village—West Side
2. Nontoonyt Village—East Side
3. Island Casino
4. Fat City Health Club
5. Passionate Patti's Journey
6. Sierra On-Line

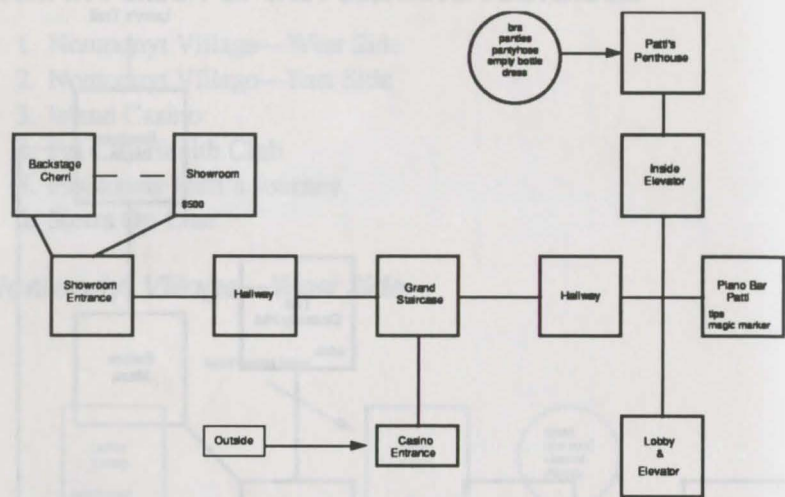
Nontoonyt Village—West Side



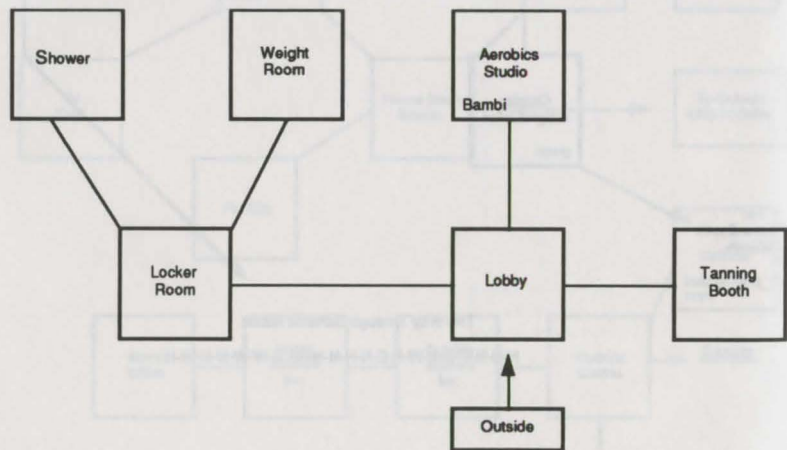
Nontoonyt Village—East Side



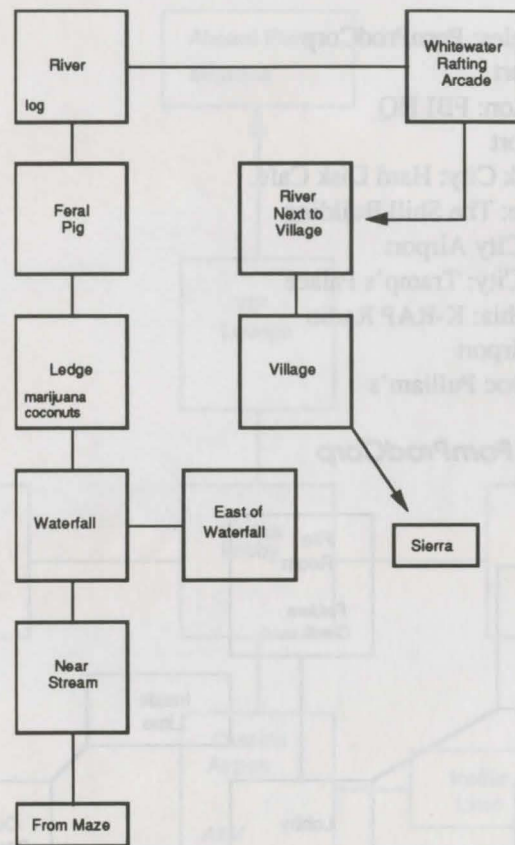
Island Casino



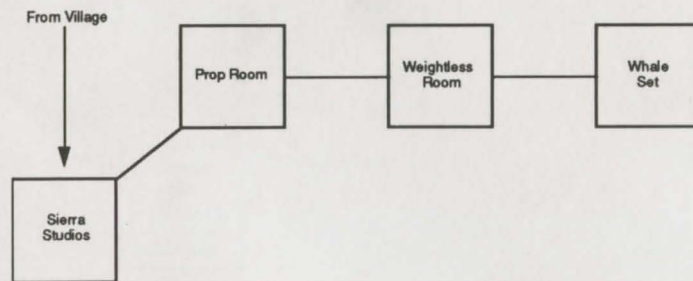
Fat City Health Club



Passionate Patti's Journey



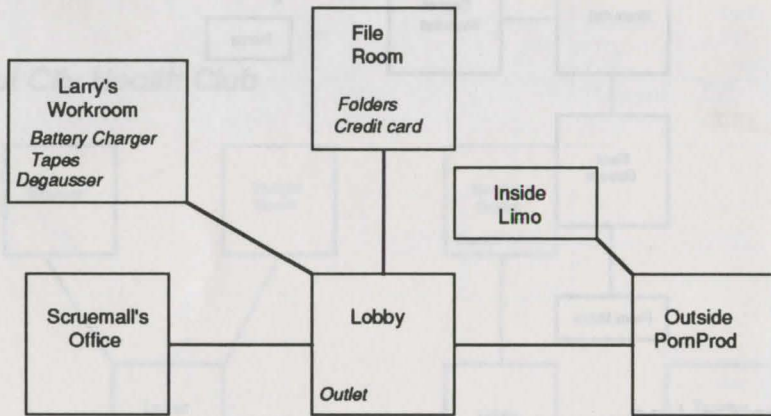
Sierra On-Line



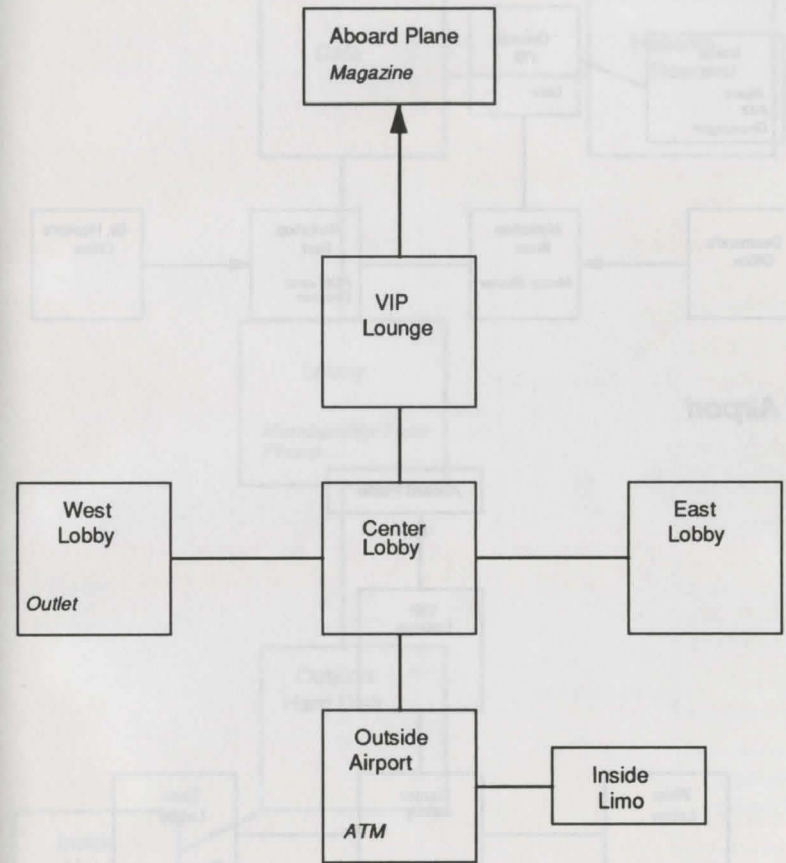
**MAPS FOR LEISURE SUIT LARRY 5: PASSIONATE
PATTI DOES A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK**

1. Los Angeles: PornProdCorp
2. LA Airport
3. Washington: FBI HQ
4. NY Airport
5. New York City: Hard Disk Café.
6. Baltimore: The Shill Building
7. Atlantic City Airport
8. Atlantic City: Tramp's Palace
9. Philadelphia: K-RAP Radio
10. Miami Airport
11. Miami: Doc Pulliam's

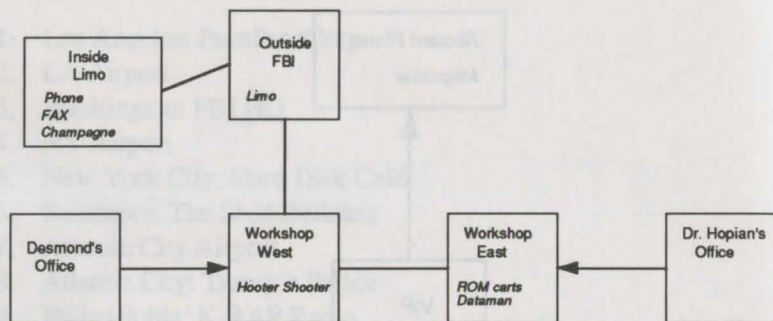
Los Angeles: PornProdCorp



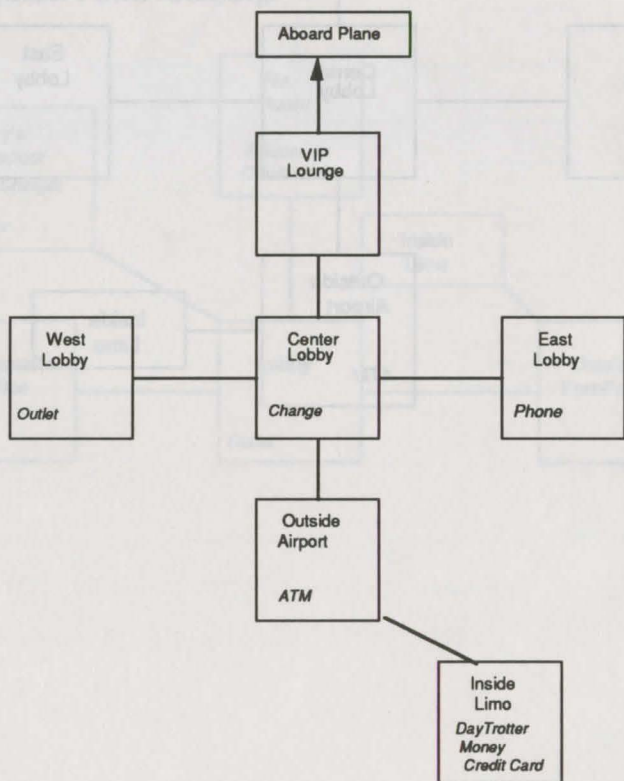
LA Airport



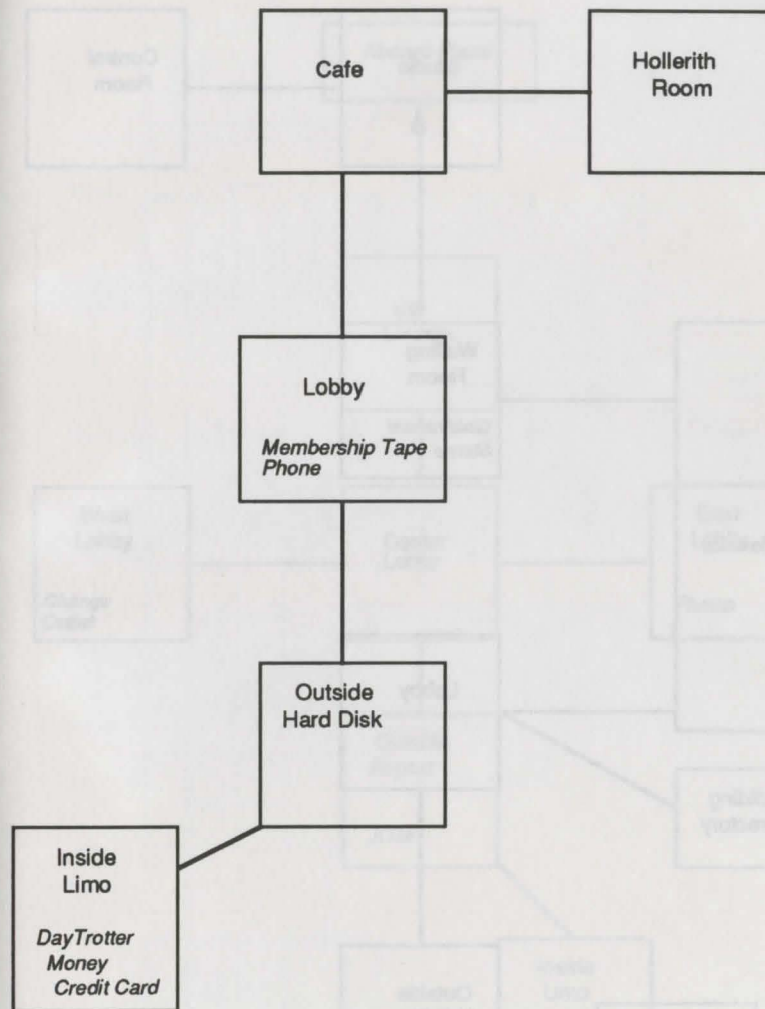
Washington: FBI HQ



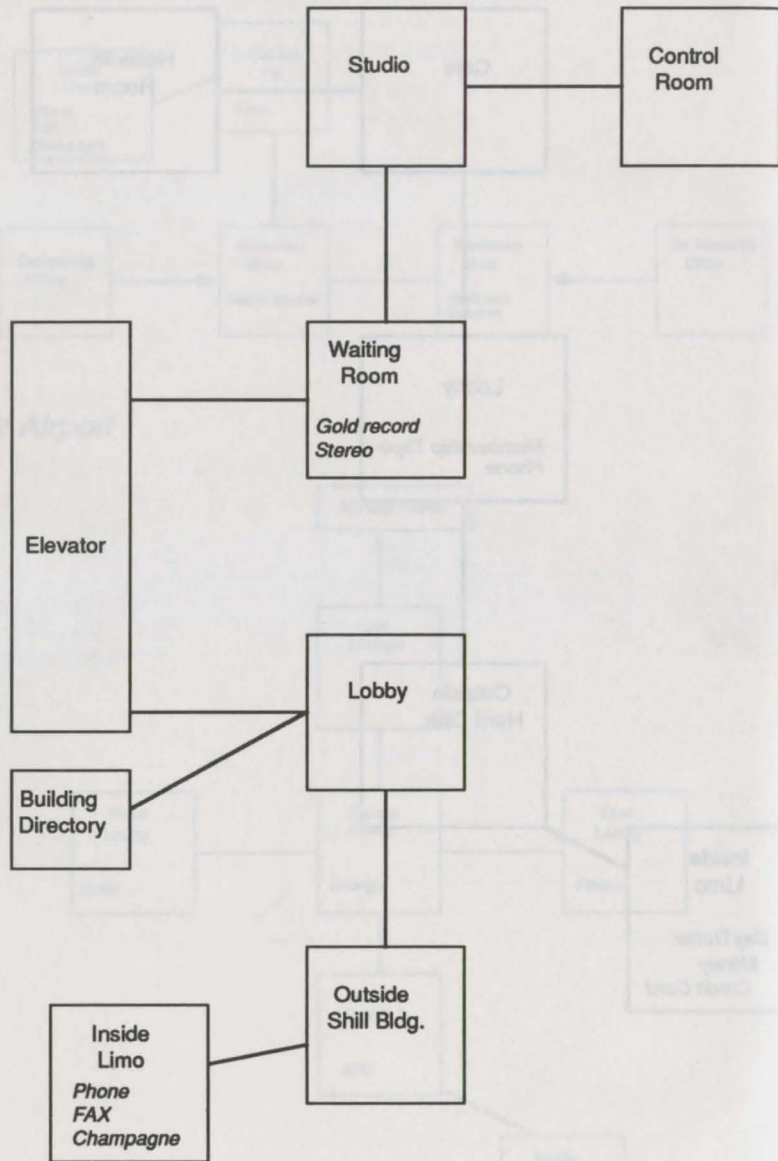
NY Airport



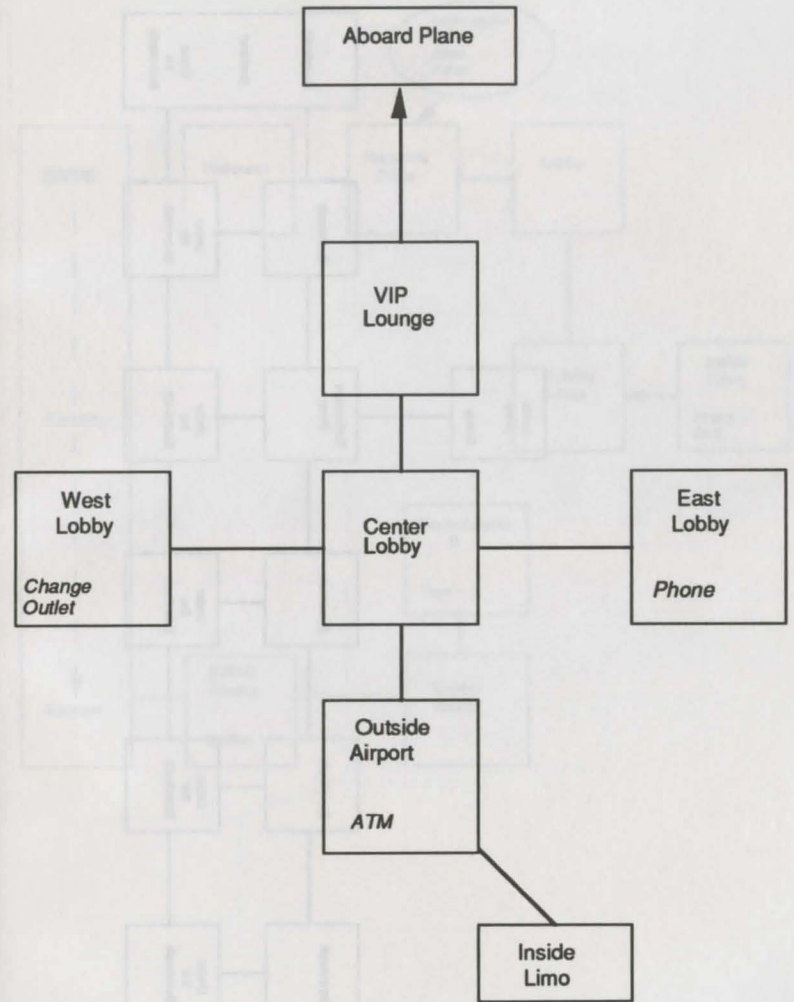
New York City: Hard Disk Café



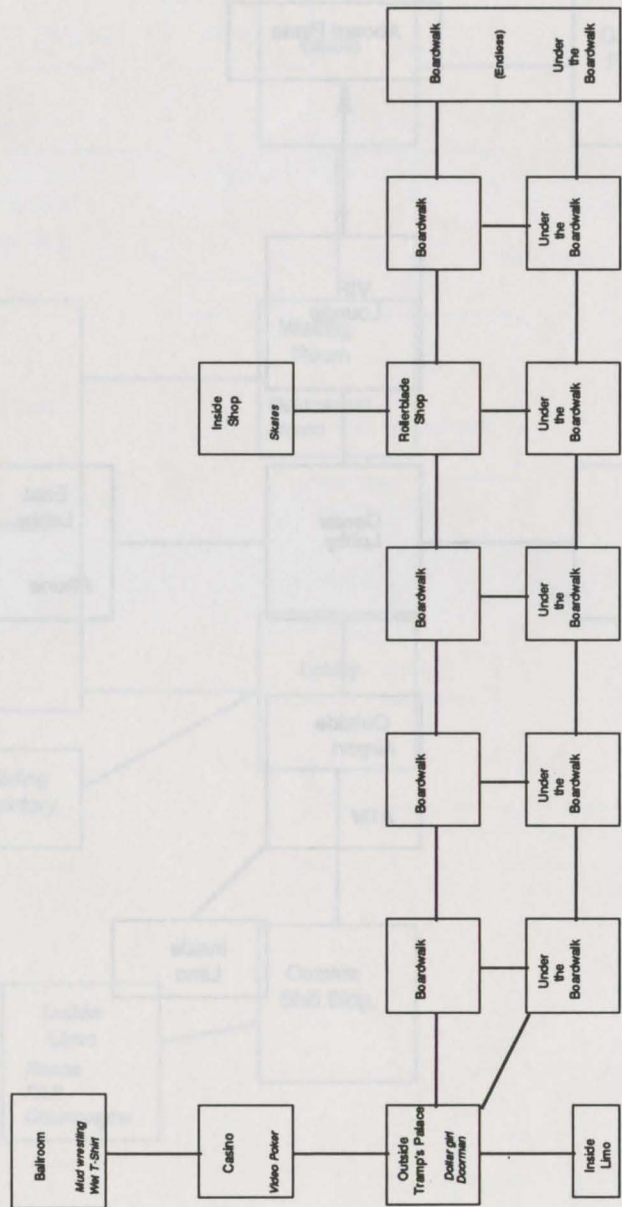
Baltimore: The Shill Building



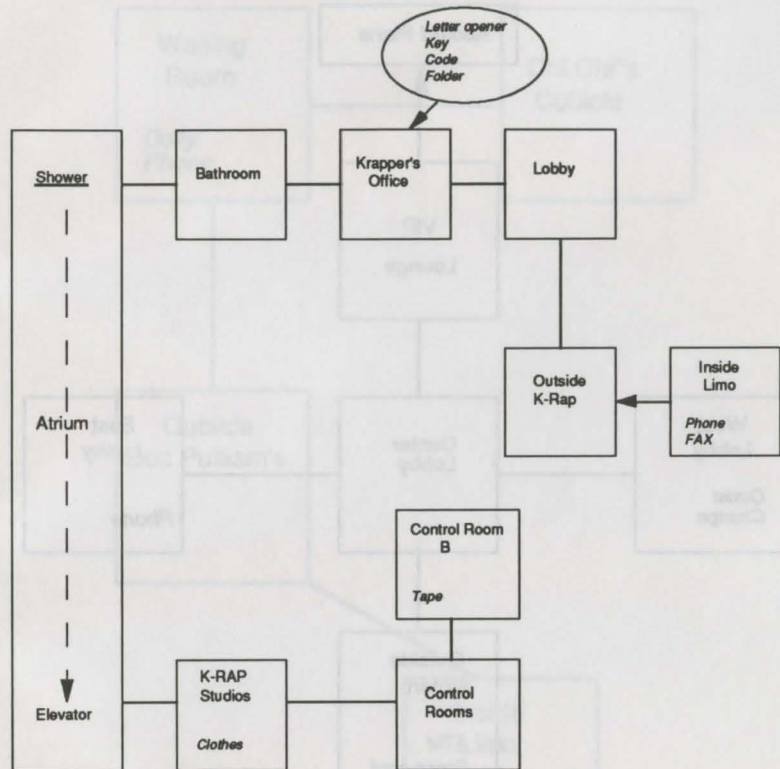
Atlantic City Airport



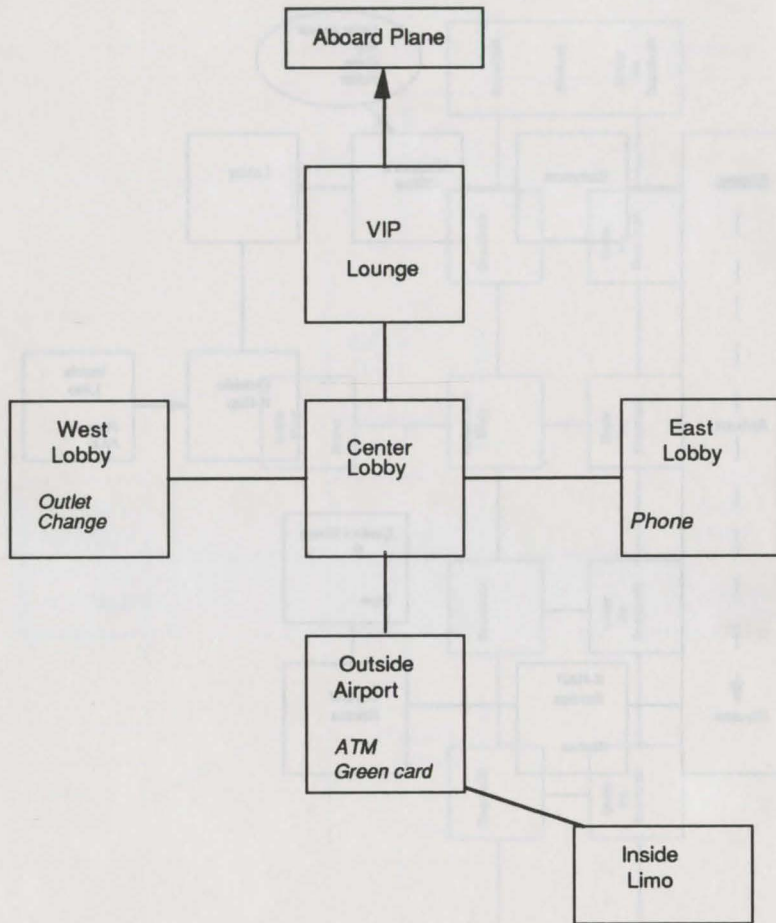
Atlantic City: Tramp's Palace



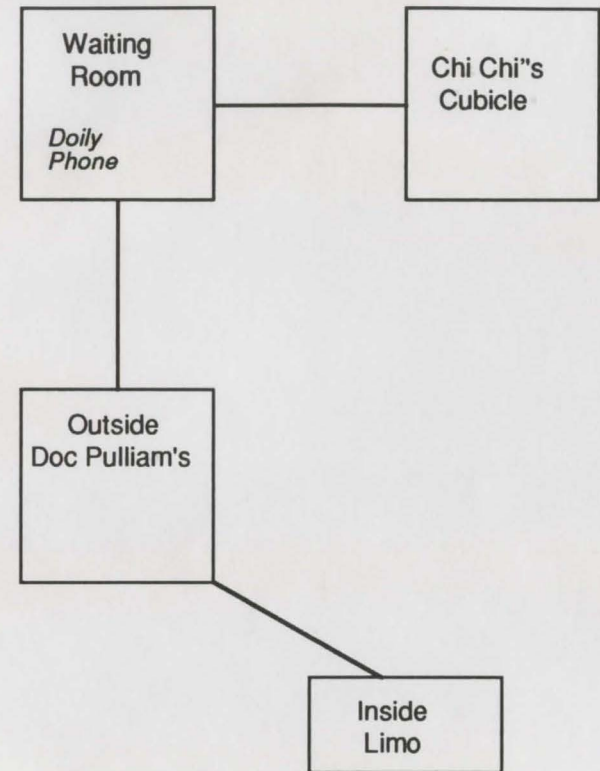
Philadelphia: K-RAP Radio



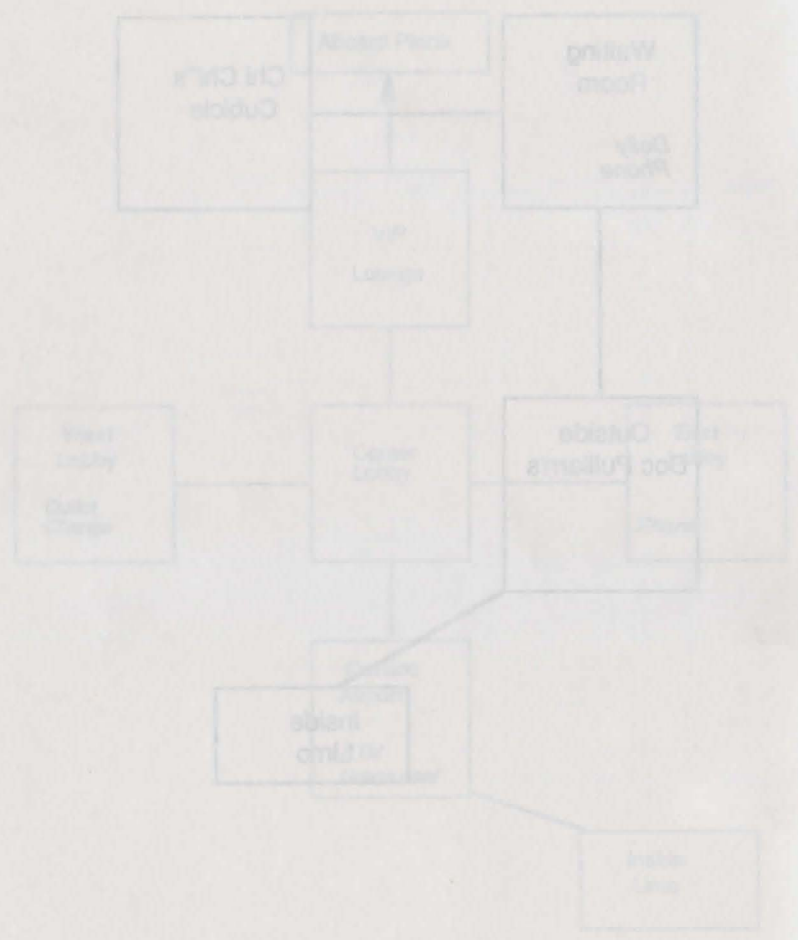
Miami Airport



Miami: Doc Pulliam's



3333
 Mirror: Doc Fullon's
 noddy 1/20/01















More of Leisure Suit Larry's Love Secrets!

He's been profiled in *The Wall Street Journal*, *Newsday*, and *Rolling Stone*. He's been on "A Current Affair" and CNN. His favorite movie: *Saturday Night Fever*. His favorite musicians: Barry Manilow, Neil Diamond, Donna Summer, and, of course, The Village People. His favorite ethnic group: women. Leisure Suit Larry is a national icon and the epitome of gold-chained manhood.

Now Larry's back in this pumped-up and revised second edition of last year's hilarious hit book, **The Authorized Uncensored Leisure Suit Larry Bedside Companion**, covering in full steamy (and sleazy) detail Larry's newest hit adventure, *Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*.

The book also covers all the other games in the Leisure Suit Larry Series, including *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*, and *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*.

Explicit answers as well as clues and hints are buried in the book's hilarious and sometimes raunchy narrative. Inside you'll find:

- Larry's own descriptions of each of his amorous adventures, told as only he can.
- Step-by-step walk-throughs of each game.
- "How to Score" lists for each game.
- Maps for every locale Larry visits.
- "Larry's Favorite Things," his "First Time," and his safe sex sermon.

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