

THE OFFICIAL BOOK OF
Leisure Suit **LARRY**®



**SPECIAL
EDITION**

Guest Writer:
Larry; Larry Laffer

Ralph Roberts
with help from Al Lowe, creator and
designer of Leisure Suit Larry

The Official Book of Leisure Suit

Larry[®]

Special Edition



by Ralph Roberts
with help from Al Lowe

and Special Guest Writer: Larry; Larry Laffer

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Acknowledgments

I didn't know why, I just knew I needed one. Perhaps it was Apple's wonderful ad campaign. Perhaps it was because I've always been gadget crazy. Perhaps it was simply fate. To me, the question wasn't *whether* I would get a computer, it was *how soon!* And the problem was: How could I convince my fiscally conservative wife to drop well over a month's income on a little beige box with a rainbow-colored fruit on it? Especially when I could give her no good reason. Somehow I convinced her I would make it pay for itself. Thank God-she agreed. Thank God-it has!

So, for believing in me when she had no good reason to, I want to dedicate this, my first book (now in its third edition, can you believe it?) to my wife Margaret and acknowledge the support she has given me over these many years. It's a big step to change careers; it's a bigger step still to go from the total security of the educational establishment to the vaporous world of entertainment software. She stuck by me every step of the way, freely sacrificing her time to assure me of sufficient solitude to "get this product shipping," and I appreciate it! Needless to say, I love her very much!

Roberta and Ken Williams have been my inspiration for years, Roberta in game design and Ken in programming. Roberta has a wonderful way of harassing her programmers to do the impossible, beginning with Ken (when she forced him to single-handedly create the graphics adventure game genre) and continuing through the rest of us (me included; remember *King's Quest III?*), always "pushing the envelope" and insisting

that it just has to be bigger and better. When we can't find a way, she just sics Ken on us. Ken, of course, shows us how obvious the solution is, then quickly steps away to let us flounder.

Bil Skirvin has been with me for more than half the Larrys now and just keeps getting better and better. He's that rare artist who understands art and productivity and computers! What more could I ask? How about his wonderful habit of including subliminal perversion in his pictures?

And what about the rest of the gang at Sierra On-Line? All the wonderful men and women who created SCI (the language we use to write our games), and all those great graphics tools and editors and compilers, and on and on? What about them? What about being nice to all the little people who helped you when you were on the way up?

"Nah, screw 'em!"

Larry, get away from that keyboard!

...resuming control...

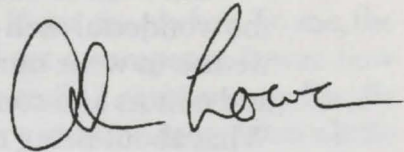
Their help is forever appreciated!

Art Serabian was my computer mentor. He handed me a book on BASIC and watched me as I learned to walk, held my hand when I needed it, steadied my shaky legs, and convinced me there was no "mysterious entity" behind the keyboard, just logic, clean thinking, and organized thought. He was, of course, wrong. Larry Laffer was in there, just waiting for me to find him!

Of course, I must mention my son Brian and my daughter Megan, who must have wondered throughout their formative years why their father sat around the house all day and night playing computer games.

Most directly, I thank Ralph ("Hi, my name is Ralph; Ralph Roberts") for turning my thoughts into words, my ideas into ink, and my life into a living hell until we "got this turkey shipping!" Writing a book while programming full-time is a bad idea, unless you let Larry and Ralph Roberts do it for you!

Finally and most importantly, I must thank you, the all-American, red-blooded, computer game-buying public for buying well over a million copies of the Larry games and in doing so, proving that a little sex isn't bad, and a lot is even better! And for proving my point: computer games can be both fun and funny!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Al Lowe". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Al" being more prominent and stylized than the last name "Lowe".

Al Lowe

Preface

The Awesome Return of Leisure Suit Larry!

Forget those wimps like Stallone and Schwarzenegger! Are names like *Sylvester* and *Arnold* manly? Nah! Real men don't say "*Hasta la vista, baby.*" Real men don't utter greetings like, "Yo! Adrian." Real men walk right up to you and say:

"Hi. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer."

That's right folks, he's baaaaaaack!

It's the incredibly glorious return of Leisure Suit Larry in a new release of his first six games. Hey! It worked for *Star Wars!*

Here, in one handy volume, is the story of one of this century's greatest lovers. Well, at least in the mind of one Larry Laffer, it is.

Yeah, who would have thought that such an antihero as our beloved Leisure Suit Larry would have captured the hearts of so many thousands of people? Who would have thought that this book would have sold like crazy and gone into an expanded second edition, *then* into a even more extensive third edition? And now this *special* edition? After all, we *are* talking about a guy who, as a new millenium dawns, is so firmly entrenched in the seventies that he still proudly wears a white polyester leisure suit! Yes! We *are* talking about you, Larry.



Preface

Yep, we are talking about a guy who believes “Woman’s Lib” is some male striptease joint in East Fresno. In fact, he’s looking for the address so he can send them his resume. We kid you not.

“Nothing but the bare facts, ma’am.”

(Shut up, Larry and let us get you introduced.)

Yet we all love this hilarious loser. There’s a little Leisure Suit Larry, so it seems, in all of us—be we male or be we female.

So, where’s medical science when it’s *really* needed?

It all started in 1987 with the release of the first Larry game, *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, now out in a major new version with VGA graphics (and new gags). The game was an almost instant cult hit. The first cult hit, of course, was recorded by Hairy Krishna (a former high school classmate of Al Lowe) in 1968.

Unlike Krishna—who has since sunk into obscurity except for a few yellow-robed fans living in airports and humming pathetic medleys of Hairy’s lesser known works (for which they attempt to collect performance royalties on the spot)—Larry Laffer’s fame continues to grow. He’s been featured on *Entertainment Tonight*, written up in the *Wall Street Journal*, selected as *Rolling Stones*’ “Hot Game,” and has been brought to life in thousands of personal, business, academic, and, yes, government computers.

We are not saying former Vice President Dan Quayle (who?) plays Leisure Suit Larry, although he does have a minor walk-on role in Larry 5. We are not even saying he can play Leisure Suit Larry. Certainly that goes double for our current Numbah Two, Al “Mr. Excitement” Gore.

And we would certainly not wish to impute that the current occupant of the White House has any of Larry’s adventures installed on his computer, or that he plays them late at night when only he and First Cat Socks are awake. Nor can we even intimate that Leisure Suit Larry himself is yet *another* long-lost



half brother. *That* story we'll leave for CNN to break. Soon, soon. Ask Wolf Blitzer!

However, we must point out that many of the personal computers used in the Halls of Government (not to mention offices and other rooms) are able to run all five of the known Leisure Suit Larry games. (*Leisure Suit Larry 4: The Missing Floppies* is, well, still missing.)

You may draw your own conclusions.

Ours is that everyone loves Larry, whether they understand him or not. Everyone, that is, who is not offended by a bit of pixelated nudity. In other words, all us guys who, as Larry just said, are "broadminded," and all gals who like guys who like gals.

Yeah, we talk to Larry and this is Larry's book, but we also have the wisdom of a great teacher from the mystical and enchanted realms of Fresno, but recently removed to the far North in Washington state-Al; Al Lowe. And who, we ask, could be better to help you understand Larry Laffer than his longtime mentor, Al Lowe! Some would say "creator," but isn't Leisure Suit Larry a real person? Surely you don't believe a mere computer program—even that most hallowed of glories, a Sierra On-Line game—could bring to life such a full-bodied personification of American manhood—that same glorious bod yearned for by American womanhood. A steely-eyed fighter for Truth, Justice, and the...

(Please excuse us while we drag Larry away from the keyboard.)

Later in this book we'll let Larry talk for himself, but for right now we sent him out to get his leisure suit pressed. We know, we know! Polyester *melts* if you try to press it, but that'll keep him busy until we can get this Preface finished.

Where were we?

Dum de dum, de dum... Oh, yeah!

This book is about Leisure Suit Larry. How he came to be,



Preface

why he came to be, and the interesting stories of the people behind him and all the nice folk involved in the games, and more generally Sierra On-Line itself.

Here, in your hands, is also the *ultimate* hint book for five of the Larry games: *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*, *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does A Little Undercover Work*, and *Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!* Written by Al Lowe (with a little help on spelling and grammar by Larry's fourth cousin, Ralph Roberts), what better source of information could you ever hope to find?

Not only does this book come directly from the creator, programmer, producer, and chief cook and bottle washer of the Larry games, the aforementioned Al (that's me) Lowe, but it also features frequent guest appearances from the World's greatest lover and...

(Sorry, Larry's back... Sit on him Ralph while I finish.)

...er... Oh, yeah. We'll have insights from what's his name, yeah, Larry, too.

So, we promise you an entertaining book with exclusive, interesting, and exciting information about Leisure Suit Larry and his fascinating adventures. We'll give you Larry's background, foreground, snide... oops... side views, and a whole lot more. It'll be more fun than a whole pile of greased Feral Pigs in a Nontoonyt Island jungle clearing.

Trust us.

Take the book up to the clerk and pay for it now.

Or, if it came in the box with the games, put it back in the box, reseal the shrinkwrap, dust it off, and take everything up to the clerk and pay for it now.

Thank you.

-Al Lowe, Larry Laffer, and Ralph Roberts

Part I

The Story of Leisure Suit Larry



Chapter 1

Introducing Leisure Suit Larry and Al Lowe

by Ralph Roberts

We decided (well, actually Al and Larry decided) that I should write the introductory chapter in this edition, just like I did in all the previous editions. This way, wonderfully glowing things can be said about both guys without them being embarrassed (not that they would be). What they don't realize is that this also gives me the wonderful freedom to embarrass them in no small measure. You would think they'd catch on by now.

Oh well-life *is* good.

Besides, every man has his price and since Larry *has* promised me a few choice pages from his little black book, why not? This time he has assured me better pages than last time, pages where the ladies have not moved and left no forwarding addresses.

So, while we're waiting for Al's bribe... ah... anyway, please let me introduce *Leisure Suit Larry*-lover, adventurer, and all them other good things!

This book is Larry's first complete biography. Yes, that's right, we beat Kitty Kelly to this one! Still, it's a little funny, you know—it's like she didn't even try. Anyway, never mind her, she



Chapter 1

can have the lesser lights like Sinatra and Nancy Reagan; we'll take our ole buddy, Larry, any day.

Larry, Larry Laffer—*this is your life!*

...aw... Larry... Larry? Don't cry, Larry.

Who Is Leisure Suit Larry?

In the next chapter, we'll have Al Lowe's insights into the creation of Larry and, later on, some words from Larry himself. However, for now, let's look at Larry's "official" biography, as put out by the studio publicity people at Sierra On-Line in the now historical relic manuals that came with the first two Leisure Suit Larry adventures. We've dug up some more dirt... Er, we mean a few more facts to go with their offerings as well.

The following will bring you up to date on Larry's life from his birth to the start of his first documented adventure. Here is the never-before-published scoop on Larry Laffer's early life. Eat yer heart out, *National Enquirer!*

Larry Laffer at the time of his first adventure, *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, is 38 years old. He has been living with his mother for some years and, to all appearances, has been nothing more than a mild-mannered nerd. His reading material (other than the magazines he kept hidden under the mattress) are books like *Probing Your Parallel Port*, *Compute!'s Using Turbo Basic*, and *The Unix Desktop Guide to Emacs*. The one on Turbo Basic was his favorite.

He is a confirmed bachelor and, basically, terrified of women. Asking a good-looking lady for a date is as far beyond his courage as walking to the moon in nothing but a pair of Reboks. So he holes up in his room on Friday and Saturday nights, plays with his personal computer, and listens to his extensive collection of Barry Manilow, Air Supply, and Boxcar Willie records. He is torn between declaring Manilow or Slim Whitman as the greatest singer of all time, though there is also



The suave, debonair Larry we see today—such as this rendering from the cover of his famous *Laffer Utilities*—was not always *the* Larry. Believe it or not, at one time ol' Lar was pretty dorky! (“As opposed to *now*?” you ask.)



a soft spot in his heart for Elvis. Something about those white suits the King wore really appeals to ol' Lar.

Don't be fooled by how small he looks on your screen. In personal appearance, Larry is five feet, ten inches (average height). His hairline is beginning to recede and, worse, his head is poking up through his hair. His stomach is starting to win the race by pulling ahead of his chest. He typically wore cardigan sweaters to work, and has a different pocket protector for each day of the week.

Every morning, he carefully puts three felt tip pens (red, green, and black) in his pocket protector, along with a ball point pen (blue), a mechanical pencil (messy black lead), and one of those little metal rulers with inches on one side and centimeters on the other. He never uses any of these items, but feels naked without them.

Larry followed much the same sort of schedule during his school years. He attended a local college, majoring in computer science (natch), and lived at home, commuting to and from class. It was cheap, but he did miss out on all the swinging dorm life. "Coed" wasn't a word Larry understood well. He was not even sure how many syllables it had.

His mother always fixed him the same type of lunch. Two sandwiches, an apple or banana (but never both), and a small cup of pudding (alternating between chocolate and vanilla). Thursdays were Larry's favorite because she fixed him deviled ham on that day and, perhaps, this was a minor indication of Larry's later blossoming.

He would pick up the brown paper bag with his lunch, walk out to his little rusty-red 1970 Volkswagen "Beetle," and putt-putt his way to work. Every morning was *exactly the same* series of actions. He never varied his route to work, and he *always* stopped at the "Stop" sign where Elm Street intersected Oak, even though you could see for six miles in either direction and there was never any traffic.



Before setting out on his now legendary adventuring, Larry worked for a small high-tech start-up company that was developing a line of artificially intelligent machine controls. Larry's supervisors, when recently interviewed, all stated that they wished they could have given *Larry* some artificial intelligence.

However, everyone we talked to agreed that Larry was conscientious (a "plodder" was how it was most often put), and would keep plugging away until he succeeded with an assigned task. Whether devising database structures or making points in adventure games, this seems to be an admirable trait.

Larry would arrive at work every morning at *exactly* the same time, never early and never late. He'd walk through the door to the programmers' office at precisely 8 a.m., and stroll back to his very own cubicle. You've seen how funny Larry walks in the games? Well, the people he worked with noticed the same thing. Every morning, as he walked *cattywompus* into his cubicle (for a definition of *cattywompus*, a good old Missouri word, use the PgUp, PgDn, Home, or End keys on your keyboard as Larry walks across the screen, then just think how that looked at his place of work).

He would put his brown paper lunch bag into his bottom right drawer, turn on his computer, and go right to work. He'd punch away at the keys until 10 a.m., at which time he'd take the apple (or the banana) from his lunch bag and go on coffee break for exactly fifteen minutes, eat the apple or banana, and drink the one free cup of coffee the company allowed employees.

Lunch was always 30 minutes long in the same employee lounge. During lunch he would carefully munch both sandwiches and eat his cup of vanilla or chocolate pudding. Just before starting, he would always buy the same brand of soft drink (TAB) from the same machine against the wall of the lounge. On Thursdays, as he ate deviled ham, a slight smile would occasionally cross his face.

Anyway, Larry was pretty much tolerated by his fellow



workers, and could have stayed with the company for as long as he wished. Nobody minded him all that much because no one ever noticed he was there.

Larry's boss liked Larry a lot because he could brag to him for hours. His brother, as he told Larry time after time, was in the computer game biz and was pulling down big bucks.

Larry would just nod, do his job, and eat his lunch on time. He never changed and he never varied.

Essentially, Larry Laffer was boring as six-day-old lettuce.

Even Larry recognized that! He realized his life was going nowhere. Just meandering along. No fun at all. Besides, he wasn't *getting any*.

Mid-Life Crisis

Other than hints in the sleazy magazines he hid in his room and read late at night, Larry wasn't even sure of *what* he was missing. All he knew was that the sexual revolution must have happened without him—he hadn't even noticed the recruiting offices. Larry was no draft dodger—he'd have been *glad* to have signed up for the duration.

Sex? Love? Were they the same? Were they different? Could you have one without the other? These were all questions Larry was desperately asking himself.

Watching his fellow workers only made him feel worse. Those who were married went home to their wives and returned the next morning with tales of married bliss. The ones who were divorced or otherwise unattached bragged about their conquests in singles' bars. Larry would listen to them, as he sat alone during coffee and lunch breaks, and feel absolutely like a miserable and lonely loser. Which is exactly what he was, so at least his feelings were accurate.

It never occurred to Larry that these guys just might be exaggerating a tad (like out and out lying). He thought every time out on a singles foray resulted in (pant, pant) *action*. His



erotic daydreams, for a change, started including *him*. And in a starring role, too—no more character gigs or even just being a walk-on or no-lines extra. The ratings on his dreams dropped from PG to PG-13, and plummeted through NC-17. Soon they begin hovering around the X mark!

His performance at work dropped off. Bugs began to creep into his programs as he lost concentration while daydreaming. They got into his desk drawer, too, the next day after the day he forgot to eat lunch and left his chicken salad and mayonnaise in there all night.

He ran the stop sign at Elm and Oak, and for once there was traffic there! A traffic cop who, after barely missing Larry's red

Larry's Ladies #1: Burgundy



Burgundy appears in Larry 6: *Shape Up or Slip Out!* She sings country music and drinks Lone Star Beer, which is important to remember.



Volkswagen, happily proceeded to write him a ticket for unsafe movement (which brings us back to the way Larry walks in the Leisure Suit Larry games).

Larry found himself watching the girls at work and going down to the mall on Saturday afternoons. All of womankind goes to the mall Saturdays, and he could watch them bounce, trounce, and jiggle by, and dream his dreams. In there, all these gorgeous chicks couldn't keep their hands off him. It was great!

But, in the real world—the mall—he never tried to talk to any of them.

And his life just kept on getting more miserable.

Larry would sob into his pillow at night and pound it with his fist in quiet desperation. "I'm hornier than hell," he would whisper.

It sure wasn't much fun. That was for sure. He was so dispirited that he didn't even order the six-record set of Wayne Newton's greatest hits offered on cable TV. He no longer stopped by the record store to see if there was a new Barry Manilow album or 8-track tape out. Larry's Volkswagen still had an 8-track player and he was waiting to see if cassettes were going to make it before switching over. CD-ROMS? Those he had not even heard of yet. Besides, most of the Manilow stuff he *really* liked was still just on 8-track, although some of them were quadraphonic!

Larry's mom was the first and, alas, the only one, to notice the change in him. She just did not know what to do about it, though. Larry had never been an easy child anyway. She had given birth to him, nurtured him through his childhood, into adulthood, and now into what was evidently his second childhood. Or maybe "second puberty" would be more accurate.

All she knew for sure was that Larry was moping around like a moonstruck calf—lying in his room with the door closed and the stereo blaring that God-awful seventies music. Why couldn't he be into heavy metal like any other decent kid? That and the



fact she kept finding magazines such as the *National Geographic* under his bed (the ones with the topless native girls at least) was all very perplexing.

It was frustrating as hell to Larry's mom. She'd had just about enough of him anyway. After all these sacrifices, what with his dad leaving all those years ago, the time had come for *her* to live a little. She could still swing, by golly.

His performance had dropped off so dramatically of late that the company could no longer justify his employment. So, by tragic coincidence, Larry had been fired from his job the very same day he moped his way home to find the house had been sold and a note from his mom. The note brusquely wished him luck and explained that she had bought herself a singles condo down in South Florida.

"Gonna shake my booties while they can still shake," she concluded. There was no forwarding address given.

"You wanna get this junk outa here, like *now*," the real estate agent said, jerking Larry back to reality.

He looked at her blankly for a moment as she stood leaning against her snazzy red sports car.

"You don't live here any more, dork," she explained gently. "So get the hell out."

It was, indeed, a dark and tragic moment in Larry's life.

New Threads for a New Man

There comes a time in the affairs of men when they decide it's time to *have* some affairs. This was that time for Larry Laffer. His mother had not only run away from home, she had sold that home right out from under him! He had no job and no prospects for one. The heck with it, he decided. He would start afresh and go for the babes. Do all the things he hadn't done yet in life. No problem. He'd go to, YEAH, out to Lost Wages, the sin capital of the West. Darn right!

Larry, under the watchful eye of the real estate lady, gath-



ered his few meager possessions and packed them in the Volkswagen. There wasn't that much left really. His mother had already hocked the valuable stuff like the stereo and his computer. He had a few computer books and some sleazy magazines left and, of course, his Barry Manilow collection.

With a sad but determined sigh, he drove away from the now-empty house and down Elm toward the center of the city. It was time for that new beginning and he was just the swinging dude who could pull it off. Too cool for school and the man the chicks dug.

He nodded. Yeah, that sounded hip. After all, how much could slang and stuff have changed since he was in college 20 years ago? Much? Nah. Why, he bet the Beatles were still together. All he needed was some boss threads to show how cool he was, and the girls would throw themselves at him. He smiled confidently as he parked in front of the Uptown-Downtown Pawn Shop, Delicatessen, and Night Fever Polyester Plaza. The joint was seedy in appearance and looked like a wasted investment, even to him.

Larry entered the shop and put all his worldly possessions on the counter.

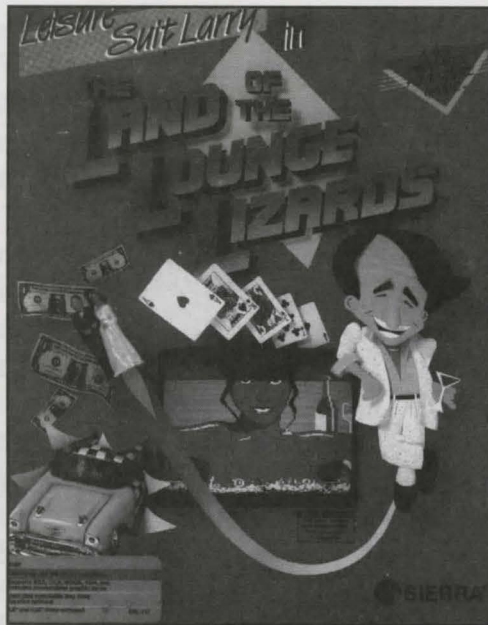
"You got to be kiddin' me, bub," the clerk said, rolling his stub of an unlit cigar to one side of his mouth, and distastefully thumbing through the stack of records.

"Good stuff there," Larry said confidently. "We're talking the latest rage in music. It's Manilow fer gawd's sake. Hot, man, hot."

Know what kind of clothes you can get for an extensive Barry Manilow collection? Well, the shop owner was only all too glad to make an even trade for a white polyester leisure suit he'd had hanging there since 1973. Feeling just the least bit guilty, he tossed in a pile of genuine cheap imitation gold lacquered chains and a gift certificate for the Disco On Fire Health Club and Dance Spa (which he'd gotten free anyway), and a ratty, much-worn pair of "steppin' out" elevator shoes.



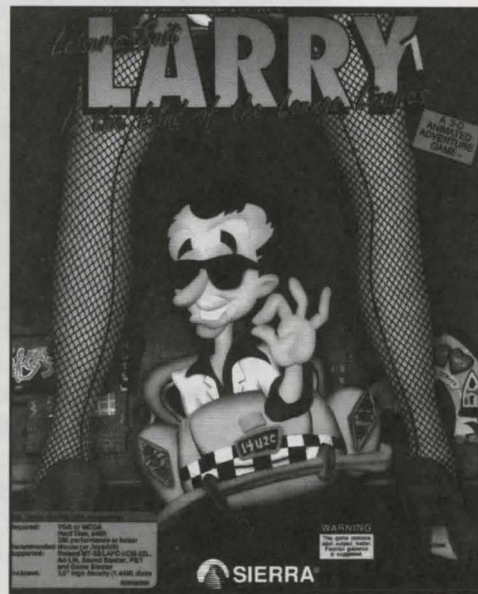
Of all the women Larry meets in his many adventures, one and only one is to have a lasting impact—Passionate Patti! Patti first appears during a brief piano-playing cameo at the conclusion of Larry 2. By Larry 3, *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, she has achieved a starring role in both the game and Lar's life. She continues her involvement in Larry 5, *Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*. Off screen, their relationship is rumored to be just as hot as it is in their now-classic starring roles. But, that's just a rumor.



A Tale of Two Larrys

Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards was Larry's highly successful debut as a computer game star. First released in 1987 in the packaging to the left (now a collector's item), it turned our Man of Polyester into almost a household word overnight. Larry 2 and Larry 3 followed, each adding ever-snazzier new graphics. And, as new advances kept happening in the computer game industry, the original Larry game began looking a little dated, so...

In 1991, a new version of the original *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* (right) was released. The new version features our hero's same adventure in Lost Wages, but with updated VGA graphics, sound, and 256 colors! Now a whole new generation (at least of computers) can play Larry 1 in the same exciting and vivid manner as the newer games. And, while the basic game is the same, there are lots of new jokes and other fun, including a wonderful jazz soundtrack by Chris Brayman. If you don't already have it, check out the new version of Larry 1!





Larry changed in the restroom and walked out of that shop a new man! No longer was he Larry Laffer, pathetic loser. Now he was that swinging single kind of guy, the great, the one, the only, Leisure Suit Larry! Another 15 minutes at the health club just down the street, a quick visit to the barber shop for a “Saturday Night Fever” bouffant haircut (“guaranteed to get the chicks-by the truckloads”), and he was *ready!*

“Look out, you foxy chicks,” Larry said, as he walked down the sidewalk to his car.

There were no chicks around, foxy or otherwise, but that didn’t keep Larry from trying out some cool moves, just like John Travolta in Larry’s favorite disco movie. After all Travolta wore a white suit, didn’t he? And how about ol’ Elvis, the King! Yeah, he’d be like a combination of those two hep cats—a dancer who could *sing*.

“Stayin’ alive, stayin’ alive,” Larry sang as he did a 360-degree twirl right next to his Volkswagen. The fact that young people today might not know who Travolta or even Elvis was did not occur to Larry. After all, these two are near-legends. Almost up there in the annals of all time greats like Barry Manilow and Slim Whitman already are. Not to mention Perry Como!

A young lady jogged by then, studiously ignoring Larry after one startled and incredulous glance at his leisure suit.

“Thank you,” Larry said in his best Elvis imitation (which was none too good). “Thank you very much.” He wished he had a sweat-soaked handkerchief or something to throw at her. That had worked wonders for Elvis. He’d have to learn how to sweat like Elvis. Yeah. No shortcuts!

He got in the Volkswagen Beetle and drove away. Next stop Lost Wages! Look out beautiful babes of the world, Leisure Suit Larry was on the prowl! Please take a number and wait. Thank you. Thank you very much.

“Stayin’ alive, stayin’ alive,” Larry sang as he gripped the car’s steering wheel and aimed in the direction of Lost Wages.



The Lights of Lost Wages

Lost Wages, Nevada at night looks like a huge neon dinosaur making it with 6,000 acres of electrified sequins. That's what struck Larry Laffer's eyes as his wheezing Volkswagen topped a rise and the desert city was laid out before him.

This city, unlike its nearby neighbor, Las Vegas, did not even bother with such niceties as a Chamber of Commerce. The place existed for one reason, to afford a convenient grouping for businesses out to fleece suckers.

"There's a sucker born every minute," P.T. Barnum said in the last century.

"Larry took three times longer than any normal kid to be born, the dirty little sucker!" his mother had often said to her sympathetic friends in this century.

"Welcome to Lost Wages!" the city limits sign read, as Larry's Beetle buzzed by.

Larry knew a lot of people had come into Lost Wages in \$10,000 cars and had left in \$100,000 buses or on \$2,000,000 trains. However, or so he thought, they were fools! They had come here to gamble and lost it all. He was a lot smarter; he'd just come for the chicks. Yeah. No wasting time on slot machines or at the blackjack tables for him. No sir.

Well... Maybe just a little. He was kind of short on cash. In fact, he'd spent his last ten bucks on gas and a can of breath spray a hundred miles back. He was broke and his credit card had just expired. Some flash money to impress the ladies was needed.

The first order of business then, Larry concluded as he entered the outskirts of the city, was to generate a more positive cash flow. Just a few thousand. That's all. No sense being greedy.

He passed another sign. This one touted the great taxi service in downtown Lost Wages. "No need to walk, use our cheap, clean, luxurious cabs!"

There was a picture of a friendly, smiling cabbie, waving



from the window of his late-model, shiny cab. P.T. Barnum would have loved *that* ad. "This way to the Egress, indeed," he would have chuckled.

Subtleties, however, were lost on Larry. He thought "nuance" was either some kind of perfume or a word applied to drunks (as in, "she made a public *nuance* of herself"). So he just accepted the sign at face value and figured that was the solution to his transportation problems.

A used car lot caught Larry's eye. It was a seedy, unprosperous-looking place, but at least the "Open" sign was still propped in the window of the rusty little house trailer that served as an office. "A-1 Honest Used Cars." That sounded just like what he needed—an honest used-car lot. Larry still tended to believe everything he read.

Well, appearance didn't matter, he decided, since the place would give him a good deal just like the sign said. Because Lost Wages had this fantastic cab service, he had no more need for the car. He'd sell it and use the money as table stakes to build up a real bank roll. No problem!

He turned in at the lot's entrance, and parked next to the office. He pushed the creaking door open and entered to find a man, feet propped on a dusty desk, staring back at him with no great indication of interest.

"Business kind of slow, huh?" Larry said.

"Not anymore, mac," the man said. He reluctantly got to his feet and came around the desk to offer a hand to Larry. "Name's Honest Tricky Dick; this here's my lot. What can I do for you?"

Larry scratched his head. He wondered a moment about Honest Tricky Dick's name, then shook it off and got down to business.

"I've got this great automobile, a real collector's item..." Larry began.

Honest Tricky Dick pushed past him and looked out the window.



"Where? All I see is that ratty-looking Volkswagen. Nice, though, how the rust blends in with that red paint job. Har, har."

"It's a classic," Larry said, desperately trying to remember all the used car jargon he could. "A real creampuff. Hardly used. Pristine condition. Why, just look at—"

"Yeah, yeah," Honest Tricky Dick said, unimpressed. Looks like she's a '70 or '71, eh? Okay, the money ain't mine anyway so I'll buy it." He shook his head in disgust. "We must be on the wrong side of Lost Wages here. Har. Har. Everybody wants to sell, nobody ever *buys*."

"So," Larry said, already visualizing the several hundred big ones he'd soon have in his pocket, "how do you stay in business?"

"I gotta deal with a Sierra On-Line—you know, them computer game people. They buy my trade-ins wholesale," Honest Tricky Dick said. "Use them junkers in games like *Police Quest*. With those new VGA graphics, you can make even a real heap appear good. Saves a lot of production money. Har. Har."

Larry sighed. That stupid laugh was beginning to get to him. Why did he have the feeling he'd be hearing it a lot while here in Lost Wages?

"Yeah, well how much for my fine, vintage Volkswagen Beetle?" he asked.

"Ninety-four dollars," Honest Tricky Dick said. "Take it or leave it, and I'll throw in a free ride downtown."

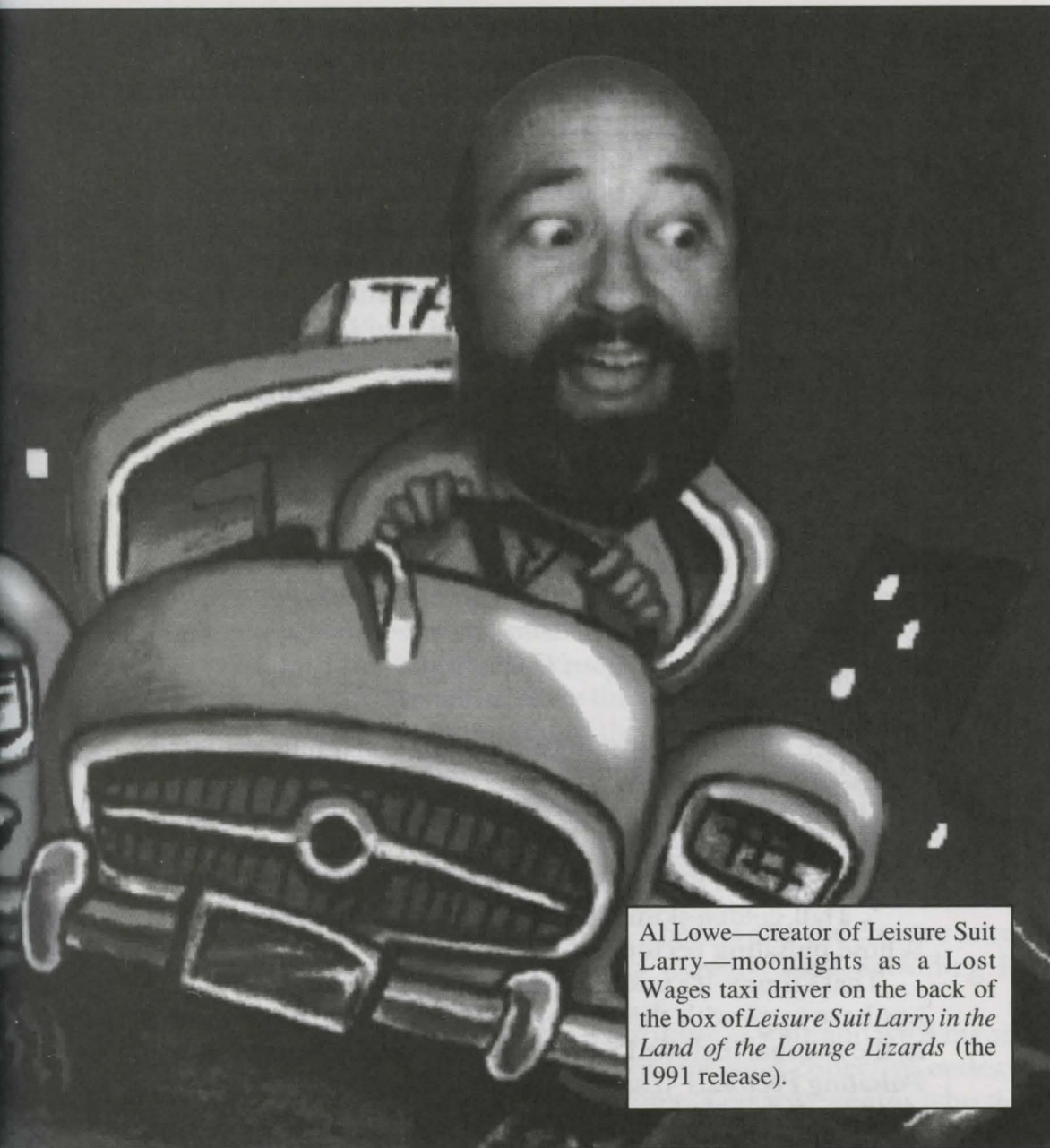
Well, Larry haggled like hell but Honest Tricky Dick was not budging. So he finally accepted it, and Honest Tricky Dick drove him downtown.

It was a seedy looking part of town they were in. Trash littered the streets, and dogs seemed to run wild, marking their territories with merry abandon.

"What're ya looking for?" Honest Tricky Dick asked.

"Women, babes, chicks—"

"Right, got ya." He pulled into the curb. "Well, here's the



Al Lowe—creator of Leisure Suit Larry—moonlights as a Lost Wages taxi driver on the back of the box of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* (the 1991 release).



right place for that—har, har. I come here pretty often myself. You might want to stay out of that dark alley over there.”

“Thanks,” Larry said, and got out of the car. He looked at the dive in front of him. It was a bar. “Lefty’s,” the sign above the door read.

As Honest Tricky Dick drove away, Larry took inventory of what he had on him. A worn wallet with \$94 in it, an as-yet unused can of breath spray, some pocket lint, and a wrist watch. That was it. Except for his fantastic leisure suit—a major chick-getting necessity!

“Stayin’ alive, stayin’ alive,” he sang. Then, seeing that little dog approaching with firm resolve in its eyes, he decided to enter the bar and begin his adventure.

“Hey, get away from me,” he said, as the dog came even closer. He picked up speed and jerked open the door to the bar (how else would you expect a jerk to open a door?).

The rest, as they say, is legend.

But What About Al Lowe?

Who?

Oh, yeah. Him.

(There is the crinkle of mint-fresh \$20 dollar bills changing hands—just love that free enterprise system!)

Hmmm. I’m having a little trouble deciphering the handwritten notes Al gave me about himself. I’m not sure what about this part here. As best I can make out, it reads something like:

“... a tall, golden-skinned Adonis with massive steely muscles. Whose pulsating pectorals...”

That’s funny. It’s under “physical description,” too. Well, I’ll just have to go with the photograph of Al which appears both in the manual included with *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* (Larry 3), and also in Autumn ’89 issue of the *Sierra News Magazine*. The one of Al driving a fork lift (and what this has to do with computer games is too heavy for me).



This photo shows a balding, bearded gentleman of not insubstantial stature. His age (as of this special edition) is currently 51, which by an amazing coincidence is close to the age of one Larry Laffer (“aging like a fine wine,” says Lar-*him*, not Al or Ralph).

Since the same physical description as above, minus only the beard, could be applied to me, I think we’ll just go with the “tall, golden-skinned Adonis with massively pulsating pectorals” description for both Al and myself. Sounds close enough.

Seriously, folks, Al Lowe is more than just another pretty face. Which is why I wrote this chapter by myself and am hence able to say some very deservedly nice things about him. Besides it let me get off that “Lost Wages, Nevada—at night—looks like a huge neon dinosaur making it with 6,000 acres of electrified sequins,” line earlier. Now that’s great writing, but I digress.

Al Lowe is the creative force behind the Leisure Suit Larry games. Sure, it might look funny to see such multiple credit lines as “Written and designed by Al Lowe, Programmed by Al Lowe, Executive Producer Al Lowe, and Music composed and performed by Al Lowe.” [As in *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*.] It is *both* funny and true.

Al Lowe did all those things and, as has been proved by the overwhelming success of the Leisure Suit Larry games, he has done them very well. Not alone, as Al hastens to point out. Like a good symphony orchestra, there are a lot of talented people who back Al up. People such as Mark Crowe, Bil Skirvin, and Roger Hardy on graphics and animation, the game development system robustly provided by Jeff Stephenson, Robert Heitman, and Pablo Ghenis. There is also the creative encouragement provided by Sierra On-Line itself, including Ken, Roberta, and John Williams.

Lots of other people contribute as well, and we’ll mention more of them later. Yet, like any good collective endeavor, there is a leader, a guiding force, a creative genius who ties it all together.



Yeah, that's you, Al!

Let's face it. A quick surface glance at the Leisure Suit Larry concept can leave you very perplexed. A jerk out looking for "action?" This is not exactly a formula for great literature.

"Gimme a break," some said when the first Larry game came out. "This turkey is going nowhere."

Guess what! We now have *six* (counting the just-released Larry 7, *Love for Sail*) best-selling Leisure Suit Larry games, and all across America—indeed, the world—Larry's fans are eagerly awaiting his *next* adventure.

What turned a seemingly losing formula into such astounding success and sold millions of Larry games?

Al Lowe, that's who.

The reason that the Larry games work is very simple. It's not the graphics—as good as they are, other games have good graphics. It's not the music, or even the plots by themselves. Other games are better written from a literary point of view, have a better story line, and move more smoothly to their climax. There is greater character development elsewhere, and even premises with more lasting value. And there are certainly games out there that are a lot more raunchy than Leisure Suit Larry games.

So why are the Larry games runaway hits? Why do so many of us zip right down to the computer store and buy them as fast as they are released?

The *humor* of Al Lowe, that's why!

Leisure Suit Larry games are a string of one hilarious joke after another. Whatever witticism you least expect tends to pop up at *just* the right moment. Larry games are more than games; they are pure, out and out entertainment!

Maybe there are deeper meanings in the games, subtle concepts about world peace and ending hunger, deep philosophical discussions about the meaning of life, and...

Nah.



However, the games are well worth the money. They are complex enough to provide many, many hours of entertainment, and you can always go back through to see what was missed the first time, or the second, or the third. There seems to always be some new joke, some little tidbit to be found.

An Educational and Musical Sort of Guy

Al Lowe spent much of his earlier career as a high school band teacher and a school district administrator. During the 16 years he served as an educator, Al probably learned something *he* may not even realize he has, the ability to communicate.

Teachers develop ways of reaching into their students lives, and of getting messages to them on more than just the surface, superficial level. Humor, certainly, is one of the greatest tools a teacher can have. Only the good teachers achieve this, the most wonderful type of communication.

Al Lowe must have been one hell of a teacher!

Music has always been a very important part of Al's life. Now in his forties (sorry, Al, but you didn't pay me enough not to blab that), he has played professionally as a jazz musician since he was 13. He still plays clubs professionally. A lot of the material in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, as we will see shortly, was inspired by his experiences playing some of the more sleazy clubs.

Anyway, being both an educator and a musician is an awesome combination when you think about it. Educators can communicate, and all musicians (having been one myself, I can say this) are crazy! A crazy, wild, mad educator?

Yeah! No wonder we all love the Larry games so much.

In fact, the educational side of his life is what got Al into the computer game creating and writing business. As part of his duties with the school district, he had become involved with computers. He attended a convention and the amateur-



Real people turn up at odd places in Al Lowe games. Here, Larry encounters Art the tram driver in the lobby of the resort hotel in Larry 6. Note the seat on his vehicle—yep, it is! Art is really a tribute to ArtSerabian, Al's computer mentor (see the **Acknowledgments** section of this book). Art's cameo role is electrifying.

ish, kludgy software he saw featured there led him to that stunning revelation which hits all us creative peoples:

“Hey, man! That stuff is crud! I can write better!”

When Ken and Roberta Williams of Sierra On-Line saw the programs Al Lowe had written, they talked him into coming to work at Sierra. His first assignments were to design educational games for them.

So, in the case of Al Lowe, he was right. He could write better stuff! His educational programs were soon so successful that he found himself working also for the Walt Disney company, doing programs for them. You've heard people say they worked for a real “Mickey Mouse” outfit? Well, Al really did. He designed computer games for the world's largest home entertainment company.

Ken and Roberta Williams, and the other people at Sierra On-Line, soon came to the realization that Al Lowe was a) extremely talented and b) crazy. They decided, wisely, to humor him. He quickly became what you might say is their “Good



Humor” man. The result has been very profitable for them as well as Al.

Al and his family—after the initial success of the first Larry games—moved into a new house. He was doing well because of Larry, and deservedly so. In fact, since Larry paid for the house, they call it *Casa de Larry*.

There is no shame in doing something you love so well that—even though you would gladly do it for free—people pay you good money to do it. That’s Al and his computer games. That’s Al and Leisure Suit Larry.

Of course, the new house was *still* in Fresno (Al and Sierra have since moved to the Seattle, Washington area).

Fresno is not the end of the earth (that’s somewhere near Bakersfield), but it’s not the number one place to live, as listed in *Places Rated Almanac*, either. I guess we can thank our lucky stars for that. If Al had lived in a more interesting place, he might spend less time creating Larry games for those of us so totally addicted (although Washington state does not seem to have slowed him down any).

(And why do I have the feeling I’ll be lynched if I ever visit Bakersfield or Fresno?)

What can we say, except “Thanks, Al!”

Good Stuff Coming!

Now that you’ve been brought up to date on how Larry got to his first adventure, and been introduced to that wild and crazy guy, Al Lowe, let’s get down to details. I’m turning this book over to Al and Larry. Is that wise? Nah, but what the hell?

So, in the next chapter, Al is going to tell us the story behind Leisure Suit Larry. Then, in the next chapter, we’ll find out how the games were made and other dazzling technical goodies. The chapter following those two describes Sierra On-Line, the company that publishes the Leisure Suit Larry games. This company is far more significant and fascinating than just for



Leisure Suit Larry (although *that*, as Larry says, is pretty darn significant as far as he's concerned).

Then comes Chapter 5, "Conversations with Larry." This is the first feature-length, in-depth interview with Leisure Suit Larry. Did Barbara Walters get this for you? Did Dan Rather or Tom Brokaw do it? Was it Jay Leno or David Letterman? Was it Arsenio Hall? Nah, it was Al Lowe who finally got Larry to condescend to an interview.

After that, we'll talk about the different versions of the games for various computers. The rest of the book, assuming we survive the interview with Larry, will be specific to the five Leisure Suit Larry games: *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*, *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*, and the just-released newest game *Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!*

"Oh ho!" you say, being sharp of eye and a whiz at math. "They left one out! I count just *five* games."

Well, you're both right and wrong. There *are* only five Leisure Suit Larry games in the list above; one, two, three, five, and six. Number four is missing under mysterious circumstances. We have a feeling the missing floppies of this blank space in Larry's life will turn up sooner or later.

Nor will we leave out Larry's *serious* work. Yep, you thought he was simply a star of computer games, but that's not all this talented dork... ah, we mean *guy*, can do. Larry; Larry Laffer is also this nation's leading inefficiency expert! He inspired the famous Laffer Utilities, and we include a chapter on that unique software as well.

Yes, this is the ultimate Leisure Suit Larry hint book.

Okay, so now take the book up to the clerk and pay for it, huh?

Chapter 2

Al Lowe Reveals All About Leisure Suit Larry

by Al Lowe

People are always asking where Leisure Suit Larry came from. Let's see if I can tell you without Larry interrupting too much.

If you're gonna hang around, Larry, make yourself useful—go get me an ice-cold Diet Coke, man. It's my favorite.

Let's see. It all started at a very young age—birth. Larry was born a poor white kid in a small log cabin outside of Gumbo, Missouri. His family was so broke they could barely afford a tattered piece of white polyester to wrap the child against the cold.

“Sounds more like Abe Lincoln or Davy Crewcut to me. Here's your Diet Coke, Great One.”

Thanks, Larry, and that's Davy *Crockett*. It's about time you showed me some respect. Stop that silly smirking.

Oh, okay. Here's the straight story.

Larry! Put a napkin under that Coke if you're gonna set it on the coffee table. What were you, raised in barn?

“Nah, a computer.”

“Was it dark in there, Lar?”

“Nope, it had Windows.”



Larry's Forerunner

Well, first, let's talk about the forerunner to the Larry games. Or is that the foreplay?

"Definitely foreplay."

Shut up, Larry. Anyway, in the early Paleolithic period of computers there was a game called *Softporn*. *Softporn* was famous because the cover featured Roberta Williams naked in a hot tub. Actually, we probably shouldn't mention this, but it was in *Time*, and the game, for that reason alone, is a legitimate collector's item now.

"Yeah, I got mine framed, right next to my painting of Elvis on black velvet and the centerfold of Miss November, 1975."

1975? Nah, never mind. I know better than to ask.

Where was I? Yeah. Roberta and a couple of secretaries—because the company was just a few people then—got a guy with a camera. He shot a picture of a waiter with an Apple II computer on a silver tray, and the girls were all in the hot tub with champagne glasses.

That was the best part of the game; the rest of it wasn't nearly as good. The game itself was a text adventure written in AppleSoft Basic. It was by a guy who had done some programming and wanted to see if an Apple could be a means to do database programs. So he wrote a little database handler in the form of an adventure game, and that's how *Softporn* came about. The man's name was Chuck Benton—still is, I guess. He's back now in the Boston area and still writing database products.

"Lots of nice chicks in the Boston area."

Right, Lar. Well, Chuck has written some other games since. These include *Donald Duck's Playground* for the Commodore 64 that Sierra published for Disney, and several more really good games. But *Softporn* was his first try.

It was really a pretty silly story. *Softporn* was about a guy



Larry's Ladies #2: Charlotte Donay



Charlotte graces the mud baths in Larry 6: *Shape Up or Slip Out!* In this photo the mud, alas, covers certain strategic areas. Larry has to pass a battery of tests in getting her attention, but eventually receives a charge from their relationship.

who tried to pick up three girls. There wasn't a lot more to it than that. There wasn't much character development or plot. The guy in the game didn't even have a name—it was just “you.” The goal was to pick up three chicks and that was about it.

“Sounds okay to me.”

This was about 1980 or '81 when the *Softporn* game hit the market. At one time Ken Williams figured he had sold a copy of it to 20 percent of all the Apple owners in the world. Apple said they had sold 100,000 Apple II computers and Ken had



already sold 20,000 copies of this game, so you can figure just about everybody had a copy of it in one way or another. A real hot title, but it was a text-only game and silly to the point of dorkiness. It had a brief burst, then faded and died.

“An experience not wholly unfamiliar to many men.”

Larry, *this* is a family-oriented book!

“You sure?”

No.

“Thought so.”

Get me another Diet Coke, this is gonna be one long night. Break out a bag of munchies, too. I think we got some Granny Goose chips in the cupboard over the sink.

“Granny Goose? Is that a real brand?”

Yeah, and they're good. Get 'em.

“Well, goose my granny, Big Guy.”

Larry!

“I'm moving, man, I'm moving. You want Granny Goose chips, you got them. But *real* programmers eat Fritos.”

Larry, just get the chips, huh?

Graphics and Animation Come Along

Let's see. Yeah. Meanwhile, along came graphics and along came animation and 3-D, and *King's Quest* and *King's Quest II*, and I did *Black Cauldron*, and *Donald Duck's Playground*, and programmed on *King's Quest III*. I did all the music for the Sierra games for about a year back then, too. Anyway, we had progressed quite a way.

“Computer games are always on the leading edge of technology.”

Hmmm, for once you're correct, Larry. I think games are right now in their infancy. I've visited Phillips and seen the forthcoming multimedia machines and think they are the way of the future. I expect games to get bigger and bigger, and more and more realistic, until we're at the point of *real* movies. Eight



years ago, I envisioned sitting in front of a camera, digitizing your body, and inserting your own image into the software. We're getting ready for a lot better things, but we won't be to that point for a few more years. I'm looking forward to it.

Of course, movies are a linear medium, and games are not. We want that freedom to move around, explore where we want to, and do things in the order we wish. Movies don't let you do that! I think we're at the 1925 period of Walt Disney—we've seen the medium, but we just don't have the tools yet (color, sound cartoons) to express ourselves fully.

It's nice today to have 256 or even 16.7 million colors available for VGA. We determined when the market was ready to support 1.2 meg floppies, hard-disk-only games, VGA-required graphics, CD-Roms, and so on. VGA—which, by the way, has really gotten inexpensive lately—is a considerable step up



Is Larry studying and pondering the progress in computer game graphics as he jets across the country in Larry 5, or just watching the flight attendants bounce down the aisle and daydreaming of them saying “coffee, tea, or me?” to him. Yes, you're right! Larry always pays attention to details.



from EGA. The old CGA is not supported for the newer games, so it's time to upgrade if that's all you have.

I think CD-ROM and multimedia are wonderful, now that many users have those capabilities. Unfortunately it's very tedious and expensive to develop a game for CD. However, we have done that for Larry 6, and it's a wowser. Same for Larry 7!

The enhanced music and digitally sampled sounds in the present Larry games is a real expense, but I think anyone who hears it will think seriously about a music card, though. They are wonderful! The Roland CM-32L is one such that we support, as is the Thunderboard. You'll have to try the F1-F10 function keys after you install your sound card. We call them the *bodily* function keys now.

Anyway, as computer games went back then, it had now become possible to do something more than a mere text game. I was starting to get excited about the possibilities, and so were game players out there. The market existed, we just had to figure out what it was and fill it.

One day at Sierra we were talking about the various niches that weren't being filled in computer games. One of them was Space-science fiction things. Scott Murphy and Mark Crowe have filled that vacuum nicely with the *Space Quest* series.

"Filled the vacuum? Har, har."

Quiet, Larry. Another was fantasy role-playing games, and Ken had a hard time finding someone who could do one until *Quest for Glory*. The other niche, the one I was interested in, was humor and something more adult.

"Real men don't eat niches."

I think you mean *quiches*, Larry.

"Them too."

Right, well I think there are some beer nuts on the kitchen counter-fetch them in here.

"Is that a medical condition or something?"

What? Oh. Watch it, Larry. Just get 'em, huh?



The Elvis-Larry Connection—Is He?

There is a rumor that the resemblance between Leisure Suit Larry and Elvis “the King” Presley is more than sheer coincidence! Elvis disappeared in the late seventies, although there have been numerous sightings reported since.



Consider the evidence that they are really *the same person*. Larry appeared on the scene only a few years later. Both Elvis and Larry wear white leisure suits. The name *Larry* and the name *Elvis* both have only five letters. Coincidence? We think not.

Yes, yes, we know that Larry and Elvis supposedly met in person once—in the piano bar in Larry 3, as pictured above. Larry walks by the King as Passionate Patti tickles the ivories. But! It could have just been one of the many Elvis impersonators.

Compare the photograph of Larry on stage (below) with the statue of Elvis on Beale Street in Memphis. Ignore your first impression that Elvis looks more like Bill Clinton than Bill Clinton, and consider the similarities between Elvis and Larry. They both like the ladies—albeit Elvis had a lot better luck in that department than Larry. They are both in show biz. What better way for Elvis to hide than by pretending to be Larry Laffer?

Why would Elvis want to impersonate Leisure Suit Larry? Well, we don’t know that one. It could be that all those years of loud rock music addled his brains. Say! Now that would certainly explain *Larry’s* thought processes, eh?



We do know that Al Lowe claims to have created Larry, but—see the logic here?—*both* Al and Elvis were once professional musicians! Musicians stick together, so when Elvis needed a place to hide... *Voila!*





Leather Goddesses

All this was happening about the time *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* was being released. It was a really big hit, and no one seemed to mind that it was a little dirty. So we said, "you know maybe we should do an updated version of *Softporn*."

"Yeah, leather! Reminds me of this chick in South Fresno who—"

Not now, Larry. Well, I looked the game over and I said, "Ken, I can't do a literal translation of this game. It's about a guy trying to pick up three girls. I can't do a game stuck in the seventies like that."

"Why not? I don't see anything outdated about it."

What do you know about dating? Stop interrupting me, Larry! So then Ken said, "Well, work it into something better."

What we did was to save the puzzles from the game and the premise about the three girls. We also kept the map and the



Passionate Patti is approached by the FBI and asked to go undercover in Larry 5, a question not wholly unfamiliar to her.



geography of the game. Everything else we threw away, including all the text.

“Three girls are not enough. Now four, maybe.”

Instead of a vaguely defined “you,” we made the person a character. We had another brainstorming session where we talked about what kind of guy this would be and what kind of motivation he would have.

“And it ain’t becoming a nuclear physicist, that’s for sure. Say, can I play with your computers?”

No, but you can get some more chips out of the kitchen. I’m going to need nourishment to survive this.

“Yeah, well there ain’t no more Granny Goose. You’ll have to eat Fritos and like them.”

That’s good, because I do. And bring in a six-pack of TAB. We’ll eat traditional programmer soul food.

“Now you’re *talking*, Big Al!”

The Real Birth of Larry

So, now, we come to the real birth of Leisure Suit Larry. What we decided was that this guy was really pretty lame. That he was out of touch and stuck in the seventies. Somebody said, “Well, he’s the kind of guy that would wear a leisure suit in the eighties.” Everyone laughed and thought that was pretty funny because leisure suits are so dated.

“What’s wrong with leisure suits? I think they’re cool.”

Put down the chips and be like the government—don’t tax yourself, Larry.

Anyway, I had this friend that most of the others at Sierra knew, too (name deleted to protect all of us). Somebody said, “Yeah, this character’s like him, always talking about picking up girls but probably never gets any.”

So somebody else said he’s like a Leisure Suit Jerry (oops!). And then somebody else said, “No, we have to change the name, he’s like a Leisure Suit *Larry*.” That’s how it came up, all



Chapter 2

from five or six people brainstorming. I think it was John Williams who came up with the Leisure Suit Larry name.

The “Land of the Lounge Lizards” business happened because I’m a jazz musician too—I play a lot of clubs professionally. Have since I was 13. So I’ve worked a lot of lounges and stuff, and I said Larry’s the sort of guy who would hang out in lounges. So I contributed that part because that’s what men who hung out in lounges were called.

“Should I be insulted?”

You want to score with chicks in the next Leisure Suit Larry game?

“I’m not insulted, I’m not insulted!”

That’s what I thought you’d say.

Well, for a long time Larry’s last name in the game was the same as my friend’s. Then, just as we were ready to ship the game, John Williams called me and said that I had to take his name out of the game and make it something fictional instead.

I pulled out the L volume of my *Encyclopedia Britannica*. I grabbed the L book because everything else in the title started with L, and I thought it would be nice to keep the alliteration. The first name I came to was “Arthur Laffer,” and I just cracked up when I read it. The game was a funny game, and to make his last name Laffer got a pun in, so that’s how the name came about.

“Is this the one?”

Lemme see. Yeah, that’s it, Larry. I just have the one set.

“Well, Roberts told me he has *ten* now. Collects them. Ambushes encyclopedia salespeople with them.”

I guess living up in the mountains like he does, simple pleasures are best.

“Yeah, so does that mean Arthur Laffer is my father?”

No, I am your— Oh my God! What am I saying! Larry you’re just a fictional character in a computer game!



“Wanna bet?”

Yeah, and it was just coincidental that I picked Laffer’s name.

“Maybe so, but now everybody’s gonna want to know who he is. Let’s see here... hmmm...”

“Yeah, he’s a cool dude. One of the founders of Supply-Side Economics. Arthur B. Laffer, born Youngstown, Ohio, Aug. 14, 1940. He’s most famous for his ‘Laffer Curve.’ I’m pretty fond of curves, myself.”

Right, Larry, but his is an economic hypothesis using a mathematical model to show that raising tax rates will actually result in less government revenues. He says that government revenues will rise if the present tax rates were lowered. He served on Reagan’s Economic Policy Advisory board and was professor of finance and business economics at the University of Southern California from 1976 to 1984. He ran for the U.S. Senate from California in 1986.

“No kidding; he get many chicks?”

I don’t know, Larry. Call him and ask!

“Er... Guess I better not, but maybe I’ll try being a politician next. How’s this for an opening line, Big Al? ‘Hi. My name is Larry; Governor Larry Laffer. Let’s me and you go balance the budget, babe.’”

Hmmm. Could work with some female lobbyists, I suppose. And, Lord knows, plenty of dorks like you do seem to get elected on a regular basis.

“You got it, man! I call it Proposition 69.”

Ah, right. I think I’ll leave that one alone. Anyway, here’s an interesting story about Arthur Laffer. We decided it might be nice to *really* call him up and see if we could get him to give us a cover blurb for the *Laffer Utilities*—America’s leading non-productivity tool. I wrote him a letter explaining how Larry came to be named after him, and sent along some Leisure Suit Larry samples.



Well, he thought it was absolutely hilarious and, as he later told me, took the stuff and showed it to his secretary.

“Can you believe this?” he asked her.

“Yes, I play Leisure Suit Larry,” she told him. But, until that moment, the secretary had not realized that Larry was *named after her boss*.

He later came up for a visit, and we showed him around the Sierra facilities. He’s a very gracious man, with a great sense of humor, and a lot younger than you would think.

“And he likes me! That means he has good taste.”

More like a lot of tolerance, Larry, but people are waiting on us. Let me get back to talking about the birth of Leisure Suit Larry.

“If I can’t be governor, how’s about, *President Larry Laffer*? ‘Hey, good-looking! Waddaya say I show you what *Secret Service* really means?’ Wouldn’t have no trouble in bars if I was president.”

What have I done? What have I created?

“The greatest lover since Dobie Gillis. I am without a doubt the—”

Get me some antacid tablets out of the medicine cabinet. The extra strength ones. We’ve got to get on with this.

Larry’s Character and Its Development

Larry became, as the Sierra On-Line copywriters described him, “just a polyester kind of guy.” He’s a nerd turned adventurer.

“A what!”

A nerd turned adventurer. Sort of like Pee Wee Herman standing in for Harrison Ford in an Indiana Jones movie. Like *Pee Wee Herman in the Temple of Gloom*.

“I’m hurt. Besides, man, that Pee Wee is one cool dude. You ever notice those boss threads he wears? Anyway, you made those games downright dangerous for me.”



Passionate Patti, as she appears in the article about her in *PLAYSPY* Magazine. You'll find a copy of *PLAYSPY* in the Larry 5 box. Be sure to read each and every article, and examine all ads, for valuable clues!

So stay out of dark alleys. Anyway, in the first game—*Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*—Larry is this laughable loser. As players of the game, we live one night in the life of Larry Laffer. Larry is looking for the ultimate thrill of his sheltered life. Of course, he might not survive long enough to enjoy it.

“Did you really have to put in that dark alley? And whose idea was the little dog?”

That little dog likes you, Lar.

“Yeah, well he must love fire hydrants then.”

You got that right. In the second game, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*, we went more to humor, and developed Larry's character more. He wins a million bucks and the dream vacation of his life.

“And get my fingernails yanked out by the



KGB, drowned in quicksand, and we won't even talk about that despicable helicopter ride."

You can't say I don't pay you well, Larry. A million bucks is a million bucks.

"Yeah, but inflation is hell. And all those hundred-buck haircuts eat into a fellow's bankroll."

In that game, Larry 2, our ol' buddy, Lar, winds up on a strange tropical island. He gets to meet such interesting people as sinister spies, a mad scientist, and assorted tropical island beauties.

"And winds up smack dab in the middle of a volcano ready to erupt."

Nobody said it had to be easy on you, Larry. But he's right, it isn't easy. Especially when you are trying to win the girl of your dreams, right Lar?

"Well, it does have its moments, I suppose. The dark alley was a lot safer, though."

Then there remains the burning question in Larry 2—will he get off the island alive? Will he notice the piano player? Will he—"I thought the volcano was the burning question?"

Calm down, Larry. Now in *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, we get to do a little role reversal. I thought it would be fun to play the game from the perspective of a woman. That's how I came up with *Passionate Patti*.

"So how come she gets more on-camera time than I do?"

Because she deserves it, Larry. Not to mention, she looks a lot better than you do.

"Patti is all woman, that's for sure. I sure do love her."

Larry! That's nice, and Patti loves you. Sometimes you surprise me. So you are interested in more than just cheap sex?

"Er... How much more than cheap? My income is limited. You know how little you pay me to act in these games."

Never mind, Lar. Anyway, the game takes place from the



seamy strip clubs of of Nontoonyt Island to a steamy jungle ruled by lesbian Amazon cannibal women. It is, and I'm proud of this, the first Sierra adventure ever to allow players to switch roles in mid-game and see the story from someone else's point of view. The second, of course, was our next game, *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does A Little Undercover Work*.

"Hard to make it with them lesbian cannibals, that's for sure. They pop you in the pot before you can get your best line out."

What is your best line, Larry?

"Hi, babe. I'm richer than Donald Trump."

Not bad. Does it work?

"Yeah, unless they ask you to pay for the drinks or somethin'."

Humor

Leisure Suit Larry games are funny, and meant to be funny.

The humor in the first Leisure Suit Larry game came about because we were just ready for it. I've always been a funny guy, always cracked jokes and puns, so when they said "You can do what you want to with the game, just take it and run," then I started putting more and more funny things in.

The business about the underground room in the *old* version of Larry 1 is interesting (the new, VGA version, has a different joke down there). Rick Cavin was and still is the general manager of the company, and has been for about nine years now. He's the guy that works in the underground room in the old version, putting new brains on top of Larrys. When you die and get sent downstairs, that's really Rick that comes out, and all those characters around down there are from the other games. Sir Graham is one of them, and the dragon from *King's Quest II*, I think, and Roberta Williams is one of the people in the white coats.

Speaking of the new version of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, Chris Brayman did all the music and sound effects. It was a, *ahem*, noteworthy job. Thanks,

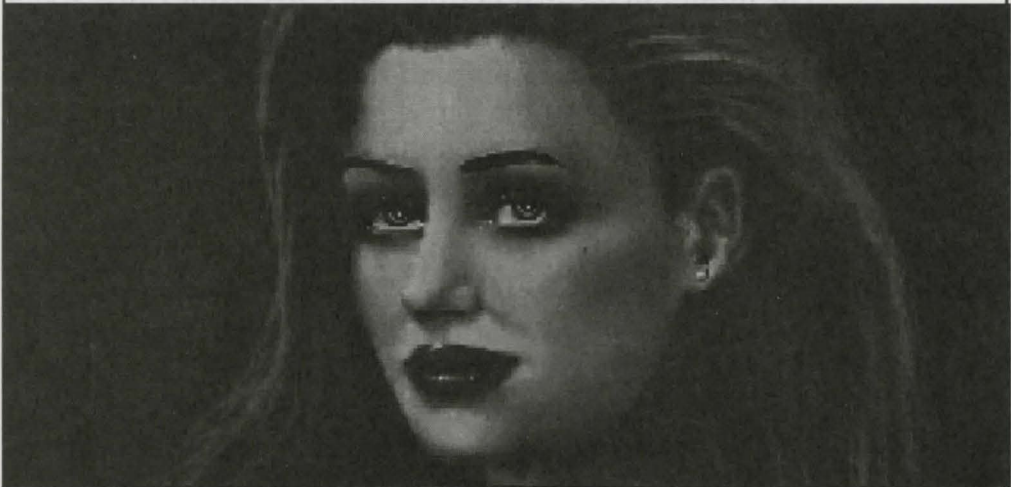


Chris. The new version has *lots* more jokes, also, and graphics like you won't believe until you see it on VGA.

The general premise and format of the Larry games lets me essentially run wild. I've been told one reason they're both so popular and so funny is because the unexpected is always popping up.

I'm not claiming any great genius here. If you knew me (and probably after this book you will only too well), you'd know that I've finally sunk to my highest possible level. I'm not good enough to write a real adventure game, so I think I'll just stick to these silly little escapades. I would like to do something besides Larry, but I'm sure I'll always try to be funny.

Larry's Ladies #3: Shamara Payne



Shamara Payne is Larry's ultimate (and only real) conquest in *Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!* She's a rich young beauty in search of perfect things. If Larry can find and bring those to her, then *his* life will be enriched! It'll also help to know what kind of music Lawrence Welk played (Hint: it was named after a sparkling wine).



“What’s funny about me trying to get chicks?”

Everything, Larry. Everything.

“Huh?”

Never mind, Lar. So, because of the freedom Sierra gave me in the Larry games, I got to put in lots of silly things. Like the toilet paper stuck to Larry’s shoe and the dog peeing, and a lot of those little things that really make the game fun.

“I could do without the dog, Al. Believe me, I could do without the dog.”

Seriously, folks; I do intend to write the Great American Game, as soon as I can make enough money at this sideline to get new shoes for my Pentium Pro! I have worked on *Police Quest* and *King’s Quest III* and *King’s Quest IV*, you know. I think those are serious enough for me.

As to the Larry games, I thought I could make a sincere contribution to mankind (and womankind).

“Hey! Really?”

Nah! I was just pulling your leg, Larry. It’s the promise of all those fancy cars and new homes that Ken Williams keeps telling me about. When do those start coming, Ken? Seriously, I tried to make a game that was slightly adult, and a lot funny, because that’s the kind of person I am (slightly adult and a lot funny).

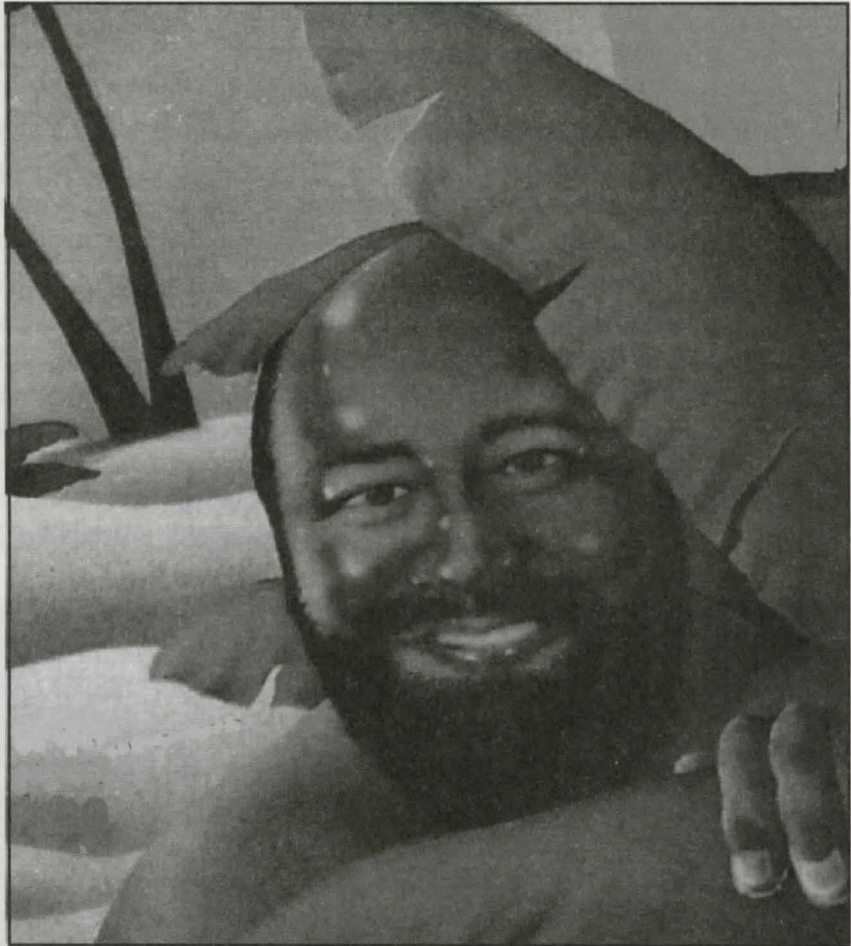
Although a few women have mentioned to me that I must be a real male chauvinist pig, I feel they have just missed the point of Larry. It’s really satire *against* that kind of thinking! I’m an ERA-er from way back (being honest now). Apparently some of the ladies have missed the humor in the Larry games.

“They’re not the only ones missing stuff. I’m the one Ken should be giving cars to—without me you ain’t got a game to stand on, Al.”

Oh, pipe down, Larry.

“You don’t appreciate me.”

Here, use the napkin to wipe your eyes. Blow your nose. I do too appreciate you, Larry.



Look on the back of the Larry 3 box, way down in the right-hand corner. Who's that peeping through the foilage? Why, it's Al Lowe, creator of Leisure Suit Larry and all around good fellow!

“Then why did you put that dark alley in Larry 1 with the mugger in it? How come all that KGB fingernail pulling stuff in Larry 2, and that damn helicopter ride? And what about all those cliffs to fall off of and the lagoon in Larry 3? Now Larry 5 is a little safer, maybe, but you just try falling off the



boardwalk in Atlantic City. It can be one heck of a long swim! Larry 6 is pretty darn dangerous, too. Take that door on the back wall of the bar that looks *into* the swimming pool—you can sure get a face-full of water real quick there. Your games just aren't safe for a fellow like me!"

Well, other than that, what's your problem? You *do* want to make it to Larry 8, don't you?

"Is that a threat?... Al?... Al?... Why are you grinning like that? Is that what they call a 'wolfish grin'?"

You know, Larry, it's a little scary when you think what I can do just by warping a little code here, skewing a graphic there. It's in my power, old buddy, to really make you look bad.

"Ha! People won't pay to see you make me look dorky."

Oh? You think not?

"Er... Why don't you go ahead talking to the nice people, Great One. Your servant but lives to obey."

Right. Thanks, Larry. Another brew, please. Domestic is okay.

To continue: *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* was based on my last three vacations, but that was just so I could write them off on my IRS forms. Just kidding, just kidding (in case the IRS is reading this).

Seriously, about the time I was designing Larry 2, my family and I took a vacation to Mexico, and some of the things that happened went into the game. There was the mad rush to the airline ticket counter, and a really terrible plane ride. The resort was so heavily landscaped that we kept getting lost. All that found its way into the game. Art sometimes imitates life.

"Art, who? Is that another one of your rowdy musician friends?"

How "Racy" Is Racy?

Using the word *racy*, as some have in describing the Larry games, is really more of a compliment than anything else. If you



look it up in the dictionary, one of the definitions is: "Full of zest; spirited; often piquant, pungent, brisk, etc."

"No kidding?"

Exactly, Larry. In fact, I left out a few words that were in the beta version; refer to George Carlin for those. There are no scenes removed; I'm just not dirty enough to think of anything really naughty.

"Sure you aren't. But, it's not the language but the sex they complain about, ain't it, Al?"

Yes. Ken Williams, our publisher (and noted village chieftain) is very wary of bad publicity. He wanted to be sure that anyone who played the first Larry game was at least screened a little, so he insisted on the quiz at the beginning of the game.

It turned out to be a fun thing to do, so all was okay and we've done it in two of the games to date. Larry 2, instead, has the "filth level" controller and that's our "out" there; if someone wants it to be filthy, it's only filthy because they cranked it over.

We start out clean and *you* change it. Now, as to if it's really dirty or not, who knows? I don't think it is; most people think it bland. Most comments are that it isn't really that dirty. My goal was to write a funny game, not a dirty one.

Yet, my sense of humor is an adult one, and if people can't take a joke, ____ 'em, as a wise man once said (or was that a wiseguy?).

Nah, just kidding! Larry 2 is *silly*, but it's not very dirty. If you think *National Geographic* is dirty, then you won't like Larry 2.

"Well, my favorite is "Women of Bali." Now they don't wear no tops and-"

Ol' Nat Geo has educated a lot of us, Larry.

"The bare facts, ma'am, just the bare facts."

Isn't that from the TV show, "Dragnet"?

"Huh? Nah, these chicks let the men do all the fishing. I still got my copy at home if you'd like to-"



That's all right, Larry. I'll pass for now.

When Larry 1 shipped, and when it finally started selling and doing pretty well, we said, "Hey, we need to do a sequel to this game." But we had heard a lot of flack about the sex, and we got some bad reviews. In fact, *Macworld* just ate me alive. They hated it.

So I thought we needed to tone it down a little and do something less raunchy and more funny. Well, that's what I did. It was less raunchy and I personally think Larry 2 was funnier than Larry 1.

My thinking on Larry 2 was that I had done as much silly sexual encounters as I could in Larry 1, so in this game I wanted to make him go out looking for true love—an idealistic kind of quest. And also make the game linear so that I could have a little bit more plot development along the way. So that was a big consideration.

"What's funny about me trying to find true love?"

Everything, Larry. Everything. Trust me.

Fill the chip bowl up again, and watch the crumbs. Margaret will kill me if this place is a pigsty.

"Where is your lovely wife?"

Beats me; she tends to disappear when you're around. Something to do with good taste, I think.

"Well, what does she want? Good graphics or good taste?"

Good taste, I think.

"And where are the kids?"

Probably hiding with their mother—Er... not here right now.

"How are they?"

Well, Brian's 22 now and Megan's 15! They're doing great.

"Brian, yeah is he the one always on the phone when I try to call you about renegotiating my contract?"

Never mind, in that instance I forgive. Let's get on with this. So Larry 2 got out on the market and everyone screams, "Hey, this game ain't dirty enough!"



Everybody was disappointed. Which convinced us that with Larry 3 we should go back where we were.

“Sax and violets?”

No violence, Larry—just the sex.

“Yeah, well what do you call falling off a cliff trying to pick those silly flowers, or drowning in the lagoon? Or being cooked and eaten by lesbian Amazonian cannibals?”

Funny. I call it funny. Which reminds me of a joke that was in Larry 3 at first, but got cut before we shipped the game. When Patti and Larry are in the Amazonian lesbian cannibals’ pot, a voice in the background says, “Let’s cook him and eat him.” And another voice says, “And vice versa for her.”

“I don’t get it.”

Just as well, Larry. But the games are funny.

“You got a weird sense of humor, pal.”

Yeah, Larry, I do. You’re what we call “living proof.”

“Huh?”

Copy Protection

I guess most people don’t like copy protection, but we have to have it for some very good reasons. It costs a lot of money to produce and distribute a game. If it becomes popular, both the company manufacturing and the authors deserve reward for their efforts. Otherwise, we just won’t bring out all these great games—and I’m speaking of the whole computer game industry now.

We’ve always felt that if we could get people to sit down and play just one of these things, that they would come back and do more. So we try to keep the copy protection as unobtrusive as possible. In the first four Larry games, we’ve tried six different schemes, and everyone seems to like Larry 3’s the best.

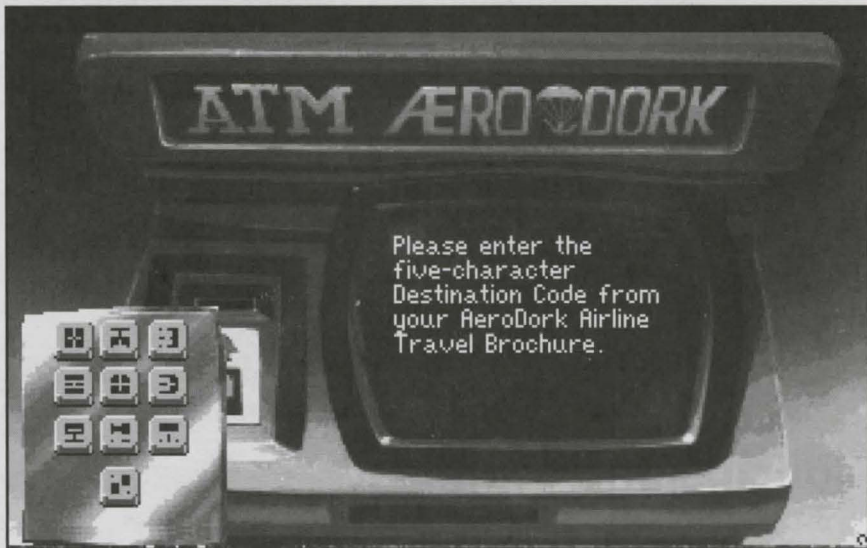
In the old Larry 1, you always had to have the original distribution disk to start the game. Anything that can be lost, will be lost. That’s a fact of life. And if you lost the disk, you



would have to order another one. We got around that in the new version by simply adding one more question to the five we use to see if you're old enough to play the game. The sixth question is the copy protection.

In Larry 2 we tried something a little different from our original protection of requiring a distribution disk. We included the pictures of girls from Larry's "little black book." The game shows you one when it starts up, and you enable play by completing her phone number. The pictures, by the way, are intentionally bad in the book so that they can't be Xeroxed easily.

This worked okay, but it means you couldn't play the game at all unless you had the manual to enter the phone number and start it up. Which keeps people from ripping off free copies, but also kills what we decided was a very important benefit to us—people being able to play test the game before buying.



Part of the copy protection in Larry 5 is the ticket machine for Aero Dork Airlines. You'll need the manual that comes in the Larry 5 box to get past this one at the three airports.



In Larry 3 and Larry 5, you can play the game (up to certain points) without the book. This means that anyone can copy the distribution disks and install the game on a system. You can spend lots of time in Larry 3 messing around with Larry, all for free. It's much the same in Larry 5, but you will need certain information in order to buy airline tickets. So there's no getting around the fact that you need the manuals and all the other material that comes in the box to play these games.

Of course, where the copy protection comes in to allow you to progress on toward winning the game—you have to occasionally enter a number or something throughout the game from the Aerodork Airlines travel schedule in, for example, Larry 5. The manual in Larry 3 is also very important as a provider of hints and, also, you'll want to read *Playspy* magazine when you are playing Larry 5.

Overall, we've found this sort of copy protection good in that it gets people hooked on the game, and they go out and buy a legal copy to get the manual. Also, people give their friends copies, and these friends get hooked and go out and buy the game to get the book.

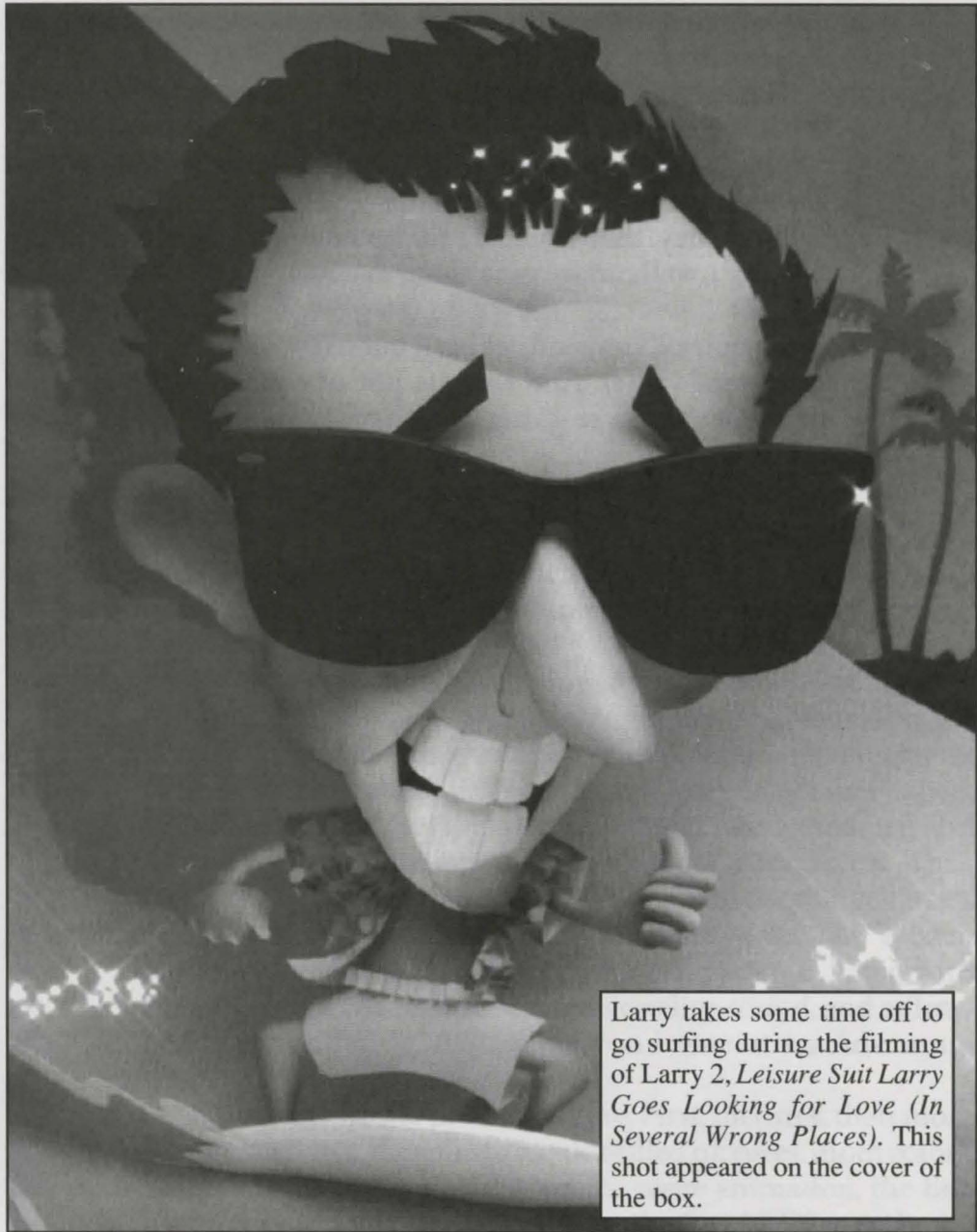
"A fellow's got to eat."

Right, Larry. And that's why we have copy protection. To get an honest return for our effort. That way, we can keep the price of the games down, too. Not to mention invest in adding new techniques and new effects that will make future games even more fun to play.

Copy protection may not be all that popular, but it makes the system work. It isn't perfect, but it's all we've got.

Conclusion

If you think I like Larry, and that I'm proud of the Larry games, you're right. Probably the greatest joy in the world is to do what you love doing, what you would do for free, and to get paid for it. And not only that, but it's great to know that you're



Larry takes some time off to go surfing during the filming of *Larry 2, Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*. This shot appeared on the cover of the box.



also bringing some good laughs and a few hours fun into many people's lives.

What can I say? Thanks.

"Aw. You *do* like me!"

Don't press it, Larry! Go get us some more refreshments.

"Are you going to describe my conquests?"

No, Larry, that wouldn't fill up enough space.

"Yeah, well can we get a chick in here to like do the 'making' of me?"

Be quiet, Larry, and get back out to the kitchen. Whip us up some sandwiches. And make a pot of coffee. At the rate you interrupt me, we're going to be here for another two or three hundred pages.

By the way folks, if you haven't taken this book up to the clerk yet, do it now before the store closes.

Thanks.

Chapter 3

Sierra On-Line

All of the Larry games and the other wonders from Sierra On-Line are descended from Roberta Williams' revolutionary idea, and Ken Williams' innovative programming, beginning way back in 1980.

Roberta wanted a game similar to the mainframe game *Adventure*, that would also display graphics on their Apple II home computer. Ken wrote a picture editor and interpreter entirely in Assembler, since no higher level languages except BASIC existed for the Apple then. Roberta wrote the story, and drew the pictures on one of Apple's first graphics tablets. Thus was born *Mystery House*, and a new genre of computer games.

Roberta demanded color, so their next game, *The Wizard and the Princess*, had the first color-filled pictures. Later, with the first *King's Quest*, three-dimensionality, sound, and animation were added in AGI, the second-generation Adventure Game Interpreter.

Always the games provided more. First, pictures, then more pictures per disk, then the first color-filled pictures, more colors, the first three-dimensional graphics, more animation, the first humorous adult game, more music, the first MIDI sounds, the



first Hollywood sound track, and so on. And still Sierra presses forward: Expect the future to hold CD-ROM games, with photographic-quality pictures, real-time television animation, CD-quality music, speech, and... well, who knows yet. It's all very exciting.

“Wow! I'll say so. Why, I may even sing in Larry 7.”

Not if I write it, you won't. But, first, a little history. Let me set the scene for you. Although Sierra is now headquartered in the Seattle, Washington area, it was Fresno that got us started.

Fresno

Somebody once asked me to say something good about Fresno and the surrounding areas. All I could think of on the spur of the moment was: “It's not in Bakersfield.”

“Very dry wit, Big Al. Maybe you should move to the desert.”

Nah, Lar, but to get serious—an experience wholly unfamiliar to me—there are lots of good things that can be said about Fresno, like it's the raisin capital of the world. Grapes, dried in the sun, all shriveled and—”

“Yeah, speaking of an experience not wholly unfamiliar—”

Larry! Don't carry that one any further. Let's chop it off right now.

“Urk!”

Anyway, Fresno is significant for several reasons. It's the main marketing and shopping center for the fertile San Joaquin Valley of central California. It is also in the midst of much scenic beauty. Nearby National Parks are Yosemite, Sequoia, and Kings Canyon. These areas are all in the towering Sierra Nevada mountain range behind Fresno. In fact, Fresno is the only place in the country that is less than 90 minutes travel time from three National Parks.

“So? What are you, the Chamber of Commerce? There are lots of figs grown around here, too, which doesn't mean the people out there would give a green fig for this Fresno



commercial of yours. What does this have to do with computer games?"

Computer Games and Raisins

I'm getting to that, Larry. It's quite significant and has a direct bearing on the Larry games and computers gaming in general. But let me finish throwing in a little background first.

The word *Fresno* means "white ash" in Spanish. This area acquired that name from Mexican soldiers who passed through in the 1830s.

"White ashes! We don't need no stinkin' white ashes."

You watch too many Humphrey Bogart movies, Lar. And that was the Sierra Madre, not the Sierra Nevada mountains like up here. Anyway, they came up with the name because of the many groves of white ash trees that were in the valley. A few years later, during the California gold rush days, and beginning with the Forty-Niners, a lot of small towns sprung up in this valley.

"Joe Montana was here? Wow! I miss him since he left."

No, Larry. The original Forty-Niners, back in 1849. The gold miners.

"Never heard of them, musta been in the USFL, or maybe the World Football League."

Argh. Anyway, towns like Texas Flat, Grub Gulch, Fresno Flat, Casady's, Bar and, my absolute favorite, Coarse Gold Gulch sprang up.

"I've heard that last name somewhere before."

And, of course, in 1872 the Central Pacific Railroad built the town of Fresno Station, which evolved into the city of Fresno.

"We all make mistakes. So where are the computer games? Come to think of it, where are the computers?"

Okay, here we come. Well, obviously raisins and figs aren't all that exciting and, by themselves, would probably not put



Fresno on the map, at least in the wonderful world of computing.

“I got it. It’s because Fresno is not in Bakersfield, right?”

No, Larry.

“Death Valley?”

No.

“Not in Cleveland?”

Larry! We’re talking computer industry!

“Ah ha! Is it because Al Lowe lives here?”

Why, thanks, Larry. But, no, that’s not the reason, although I like to think I’ve contributed a little. If you go up Route 41 from Fresno about 40 miles, at the foot of Deadwood Mountain, you’ll find it—the gem called Coarsegold, the gem in the crown of the computer gaming industry. Coarsegold and the nearby town of Oakhurst have seen some massive hacking in the last ten years. Some of the finest computer games to have ever been coded were born in that most unlikely of places, the backwoods of Fresno.

“Hey! I know Roberts is a publicity consultant or something as well as a writer. Is this a commercial? Did Ken hire him or something?”

No, not that I know of. This is not really a commercial, but Sierra On-Line has played such an important part in computer gaming that we need to mention it in this book. It’s been largely responsible for creating a multi-million dollar market that simply didn’t exist 11 or 12 years ago. Not something you’d normally expect to come out of a wide place in the road like the Oakhurst/Coarsegold megalopolis.

“You mean the selling of computer games?”

Right, Larry. And it’s a fascinating story.

Hacking Out Virgin Territory

Most people didn’t notice it at the time, but there was a revolution in the United States during the late seventies. A



couple of California kids, Steven Jobs and Steve Wozniak, had started a little company called Apple Computer.

“Yeah, the Woz, my main man! But that happened over in Silicon Valley, not here, Big Al.”

True, but it set the stage to put us on the world map.

“I thought that was a flyspeck. Or maybe a raisin pit.”

Raisins don't have pits, Larry. What the Apple computer did was to put an affordable, easy-to-use computer in the hands of thousands of people. For the first time in history, a wide segment of the population now had personal computers.

“Wow! Now this is getting interesting, guy. And they wanted to use them to pick up chicks with, right?”

Er... Well, they wanted to use them for something, all right. Entertainment was a big part of it. So computer games started becoming more and more popular. People were fascinated by the ways in which computers could interactively put them in a game environment.

Up until this time, computer games were created by hackers just for their own enjoyment, and love for the elegance of the programming techniques involved. No one had thought to sell these games.

“Is that good?”

Sure it is. Games and other programs becoming commercially available at reasonable, mass market prices made them accessible to nonprogrammers. In other words, now everyone could have the power of computers in their own home, because the real power is not the machines, but the software. A fancy computer without any programs to run in it is just an expensive boat anchor.

“And not even a good anchor. Too light. And some of those cheap plastic cases probably float.”

Uh huh, Larry. Well, our story of Sierra On-Line really starts in the late seventies. Ken and Roberta Williams were a young couple living in the Los Angeles area. They'd been high school



sweethearts, and their marriage was so far pretty much like that of a million other young couples. Ken went to work, and Roberta stayed home and took care of their two kids.

“Doesn’t sound real exciting.”

It has its compensations, Larry. Ken worked with main-frame computers, and he was very good at it. He went through a succession of jobs, each job being higher paying than the last. He had an affinity for computers, discovered while taking a FORTRAN course in college. He could make those big main-frames sing, and employers loved him.

“If you can’t carry it, it’s too damn big.”

That’s all there were back in the pre-Apple days, Larry. Just monstrous machines that crouched in special rooms over hollow floors full of cables. They crunched punch cards and growled a lot.

“Urk. Those big suckers would fold, spindle, and mutilate you just for looking at them.”

Right, the big machines were very mysterious and frightening to most people, including company managers. So programmers like Ken who could tame these brutes were at a premium. If you’d like to know more about Ken’s early career, we highly recommend the book *Hackers* by Steven Levy (Dell, 1984). It’s still in print and is a fascinating history of the people who made personal computing possible, hackers. That’s the oldtimers—the ones before a few misguided kids changed the meaning of the word and took away its honor.

“I love them all—those *real* hackers! Good book. I read it in one sitting. Several chapters about Sierra On-Line. Not to mention lots of info about the other pioneers in our field.”

Right, Lar. It’s a lot more than we have room for here, and it’s well worth the read.

An Apple Falls to the Ground

“So, how did my man Ken come to give up the big bucks



The Apple II was one of the most popular computers in the early eighties. A powerful and exciting machine during that period, it was a great boost to the computer game industry.

and take a chance on computer games?”

You’re gonna love this, Larry—it was Ken’s brother who introduced him to microcomputers.

“Really? Which one? John?”

Nah, it was his brother, *Larry*.

“Yeah, you said it was his brother. So what’s his name?”

Larry!

“What?”

No, no! That’s Ken’s brother’s name. His name is *Larry*, too.

“Really? Wow! Does he get a lot of chicks?”

I don’t know, ask him. Anyway, Larry Williams brought a little thing in a beige plastic case into Ken’s office one day in the late seventies. It had a keyboard, and Larry told him it was a



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computer. Well, Ken wasn't too impressed at first. This small box a computer? Hell, he had stacks of printouts bigger than it was. Ken later said that he thought it was a toy and a piece of junk.

"Whoa, them's fighting words. Did my main man, the Woz, come beat him up?"

Nope, they didn't meet until later, and by then Ken and the Wozman were seeing things more or less the same way.

"Way to go!"

Well, Ken's initial scoffing at the Apple computer didn't last long. He got to thinking about it. The machine, compared to a terminal on a mainframe, was respectably fast. The mainframes, with maybe several hundred users on at once, slowed down for each individual user as the demands on its CPU time increased. Best of all, the Apple was a personally-owned computer that he could control totally and do anything at all he wanted with it. The computer would always be there at home, just waiting for his every command.

"Yep, that romance with the personal computer has gotten a lot of us into computer ownership."

And Ken Williams was no exception. In January of 1980, according to what he said in Steven Levy's book, he scraped together, as he later said, "every cent I had," and purchased an Apple II computer. They weren't cheap then.

"Nor today, for that matter. So Ken immediately started hacking out games, huh?"

Nope. You see, as he later admitted, Ken still didn't see the potential there. He figured that everyone who owned a personal computer was just like him—technicians, engineers, or "real" programmers just playing. He hadn't thought of it yet as a key that would unlock the door of personal computing for millions of nontechnically oriented people.

"Holy microchip, Fatman."

Larry! If I'm the Fatman, you gotta be the Boy Blunder!



"Oops, sorry Big Guy... Er..."

Drop it, Larry. Just fill the chip bowl and check behind the washer in the laundry room. I got an emergency case of Diet Coke stashed there. Bring some more ice, too.

"Programmers have to be like Boy Scouts, always prepared. When the chips are down, the diagnostics get going."

Groan. You just get going.

Roberta the Revolutionary

It's about time you got back, Larry. Gimme one of those drinks. Okay, on with the story. Where was I?

"Ken couldn't see his nose in front of his Apple."

Larry! I don't dare say that in print.

"You didn't, I did."

Well, you explain it to Ken, then. Anyway, Ken had this great little personal computer now, and was looking for something to do with it to make money. He decided to write a version of FORTRAN that would run on the Apple II computer.

"Just what the world was waiting for with bated breath."

Er... Right. However, right there in the sanctity of his own suburban home, a revolution was happening. His wife—the wonderful Roberta that we all now know and love—was about to shake off her traditional domestic role and kick some computer butt!

"Yeah, she tried to kick mine the last time I was up in Coarsegold. What's she got against me?"

Nothing, Larry. I'm sure she'll never get that close to you.

"Hmpf. So, what did she do, anyway?"

About the same time as the Apple computer had come into their lives, Ken had brought home a terminal and hooked it up to the mainframe he was working on via a modem and the phone line. One of Ken's specialities, by the way, was telecommunications. He showed her how to work it, but Roberta



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wasn't too excited at first—after all, computers were boring, or so she thought at first.

Finally he demonstrated a computer game to her. He got Roberta to sit in front of the terminal and watch as these words scrolled onto the screen:

YOU ARE STANDING AT THE END OF A ROAD
BEFORE A SMALL BRICK BUILDING. AROUND
YOU IS A FOREST. A SMALL STREAM FLOWS
OUT OF THE BUILDING AND DOWN A GULLY.

“Hey! All right! That’s from *Adventure* by Don Woods! I’ve played it for hours.”

You got it, Lar. It was written in the seventies by Woods while he was at the Stanford AI lab, and was one of the first fantasy-based games. If you remember during the seventies—

“I remember everything about the seventies.”

Yeah, and little else. But, as I was saying, one of the most popular fantasy stories during the seventies was the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy by J.R.R. Tolkien, and his prequel, *The Hobbit*.

“I wonder if Bilbo Baggins got many chicks? What with them hairy toes and all?”

Beats me, Larry. Call him and ask. So, anyway, *Adventure* was a text computer game similar to the Tolkien story. The object was to figure out a way to reach Witt’s End, and Roberta was hooked. She’d sometimes stay up until four in the morning trying to figure a way to kill the snake, or open the clam, or solve one of the other puzzles in the game.

Roberta, like many of us in the game industry, has a streak of romanticism way down underneath. The game appealed to this streak and flamed the fires of her imagination.

“My kind of woman, for sure! I love them flames.”

Er, they’re not that kind, Larry. Stay away from Roberta or she’ll rip your lips off. You’re not her favorite person right now. Tact, my boy, try a little tact.

“Carpet tacks? Thumb tacks? I don’t get the point. What’s



that got to do with it?"

Never mind. Anyway, Ken played *Adventure* some at first, but he soon lost interest. It was a pretty primitive text adventure and, besides, he was more intrigued by his project to write a FORTRAN compiler for the Apple II. He figured it would sell like hot cakes to technicians and engineers who wanted a high-level programming language to justify their Apples. He hired some part-time programming help and forged ahead on the project.

Roberta, in the meantime, was not too thrilled about the several thousand dollars that Ken had laid for the little Apple computer. However, when she had finally solved *Adventure*, she was excited about finding similar games to play.

Now, here's when the revolution really gets popping. Somebody told Roberta that there were adventure games for the Apple II! She immediately went to a nearby computer store and purchased some.

She said, "I Can Do It Better," and She Could

The games Roberta Williams bought and played on the Apple way back there in 1980 were very disappointing. They were easily solved and boring. Roberta wanted her newly awakened imagination fed by much more than these dorky text-based games. She then uttered those fateful words, "Hey, I can do this better!"

"And, boy, can she ever. I'll raise my Tab in toast to that. Now, if she would only speak to me."

Er, I hope there are one or two soft drinks left, Larry. Well, anyway, sure enough, suiting actions to words, Roberta began writing her own computer adventure game. I really mean she wrote it, too-not knowing anything about programming yet, it was all done on paper.

If you want this story in all its considerable detail, again we recommend *Hackers* by Steven Levy. But here's the gist.



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Roberta liked Agatha Christie mysteries, so the game was inspired by that type of situation and was entitled *Mystery House*. She used some elements of the popular Parker Brothers board game, *Clue*, also. Instead of looking for treasures like in *Adventure*, the player was a detective who had to solve puzzles to advance through the game.

"I wonder if Colonel Mustard ever got any chicks."

Haven't you ever heard waitresses in restaurants yelling, "hold the Mustard," Larry?

"Wow! He must have some spicy love life. Makes you wonder about the name 'French's,' huh?"

Er... If you say so, Lar. Well, after two or three weeks, Roberta had this sizable stack of paper. It contained plot elements, puzzles, maps—everything needed to start turning *Mystery House* from a concept into a real, honest to goodness computer game! Everything, that is, except the minor matter of coding it into the Apple II.

She laid the stack of papers before Ken.

"And he was bowled over, right? History was born in that moment, huh?"

Nope, he was less than impressed, Larry. He told her that computers were for engineers to solve problems with—you know, find things like the solutions to exponential equations and the like. They were not toys, not even the Apple II.

"Boy, was he wrong."

Well, not really for long. Soon after that, over dinner at a local steakhouse, Roberta got to expounding on the game. She told Ken about a secret passage in the spooky old Victorian house, people getting mysteriously bumped off one by one, and the problems that the player (the "Ego" of the game) faced in surviving and solving it.

"I bet Ken could suddenly smell more than just his medium rare ribeye with Tabasco sauce on it then."

Ah, I don't think even Ken puts Tabasco sauce on steak.



"Well, I do."

No doubt, Larry. But, yes, Ken suddenly saw a pony in there.

"*Huh?* Did the restaurant serve horsemeat?"

No, no. It's an old expression meaning that he sensed a profit to be made on the game. A reward to be gained, in other words. Like maybe they could sell enough to get a new TV or refurnish the living room.

It might work after all, he agreed, but only if she had some sort of angle that would sell the game. Triumphantly Roberta hit him with the clincher—the game would have graphics. It would not be just another text adventure.

"That's one smart lady, all right!"

Yes, the idea was exciting, Larry, but she had no idea if you could even get a picture into a computer. Ken was not all that sure either, but the challenge appealed to him and he decided to try it.

"Ain't creativity wonderful?"

Darn right, Lar. As it turned out, a device for the Apple II called the VersaWriter had just been released for sale. It was a graphics tablet that you drew on and the drawings were then displayed on the Apple's screen. The thing was pretty crude, cost \$200, and the black-and-white drawings it produced looked pretty primitive by today's standards.

They decided to spring for it anyway. Then, on top of everything else, Ken had to reprogram the VersaWriter before Roberta could get it to do what she had in mind. He soon had it doing what she wanted, though.

Roberta did her graphics for the game—they were little better than stick figures really. Ken programmed the logic for the game and figured a way to condense 70 pictures onto one disk. That in itself was some awesome hacking at the time.

She described those days in an interview conducted by Nancy Smithe and published in the Autumn 1989 issue of the *Sierra News Magazine*.



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“...At the time,” Roberta said, “we did not even know what was going to happen. It was sort of a thing we were doing as a hobby almost. But when it looked like it was going to turn into something bigger, possibly a company, we did have to decide who has what role... Right off the bat, I knew I did not want to run the company. Just let me write games, that’s all I wanted to do....”

Here’s an aside about Ken and Roberta that not everyone knows—they are very avid movie fans. I mean they watch a lot of movies. Perhaps, in a way, Roberta dreamed of being a movie maker. I think that may have had a lot to do with the way the computer games evolved.

“Hey! Big Al. Did you know that there is more music in *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* than is in most feature films?”

Yes, of course. Fifty-five minutes of music, as a matter of fact, are in Larry 3. And that’s just one of the many ways in which today’s Sierra’s games and movies are similar.

“You got any microwave popcorn, Big Guy?”

Look and see, Lar. I think there is.

Anyway, after about a month, *Mystery House* was finished. What they had was definitely something different. It was like what that Englishman said about the talking dog last century—

“What dog? The one in Larry 1?”

No, *any* talking dog, Larry. He said the amazing thing is not how well the dog talks, but that it can talk at all.

“Huh?”

So the amazing thing was not how good the graphics in *Mystery House* were, but the fact that they were there at all! Ken figured they had something worthwhile, so he took some time off from his Fortran project to try peddling the game.

He went to one of the largest distributors of Apple software at the time. They loved the game—it was a good *Adventure*-type game and it had graphics. They offered Ken a great deal—a 25-



percent royalty on a wholesale price of 12 bucks. They estimated that he and Roberta would pull in about \$9,000 in the course of six months. Not bad money in the early eighties.

“Ain’t too shabby in the late nineties either. Say, could I borrow ten bucks ’til payday?”

No, Larry. Well, Ken thought that was a pretty good deal, but he decided to try selling it himself first. After all, if that didn’t work out, they could always go back to the distributor later.

The Birth of Sierra On-Line

So Roberta and Ken copied the disks themselves, did some artwork, packed up some games in baggies of all things, and starting making the rounds of the local computer stores. They were very well received! All people had to see was the great graphic of the old house on the opening screen of the game and they were hooked. Things went so well locally, that Ken and Roberta decided to advertise in the computer magazines of the time. They were definitely on their way!



Courtesy Sierra On-Line

Sierra’s first game.

For a company name, they used On-Line Systems, which was a name Ken already had for his computer consulting and other telecommunications work. They priced the game at \$24.95 and sent in their ad copy. The first ad was in the May 1980 issue of *Micro*.

That first ad, by the way, they produced themselves. There was no desktop publishing in those days, so they cut out letters from magazines and pasted them down on a piece of paper to form their ad.

“You mean like a ransom note?”



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Yep. Like, “If you want to see this game alive, send \$24.95.”

One day, soon after the ad appeared, their phone rang. And rang again. And again. That first month, as reported in *Hacker*, they made \$11,000. The next month, June, brought \$20,000, and July hit \$30,000!

“Wow! Maybe Ken will let me borrow ten bucks. Hard to pick up chicks if you can’t buy them a drink.”

Don’t count on it, Larry. Ken gives you all the credit you deserve, too. But, yes, things were going very, very well for Ken and Roberta Williams. So much so that it quickly became obvious to Ken that he should quit his regular job and do the games full time with Roberta. After all, they were setting new records every month with *Mystery House*, and Roberta was already working on a new adventure game.

They discussed it, decided that it not only was a great idea, but that this was the chance to realize a long-held dream. Ken and Roberta wanted out of the Los Angeles area and up into the clean, fresh, green woods of Northern California. This dream is shared by millions of crowded, coughing, choking people living in the L.A. smog. But the Williams family could now do it! After all, software could be done anywhere—there was no need to stay in the big city.

So, they bought a house on Mudge Ranch Road just outside of Coarsegold, California—right up against the Sierra Nevada mountains. Having vacationed at a nearby lake, they were already familiar with the area. It was the birth of Sierra On-Line (although the Sierra would not be added to the name On-Line Systems for several years yet).

Ken Williams was just 25 years old then, and Apple Computers was supplying the little beige-colored machine that was making him and Roberta into millionaires.

“It’s the Woz, man. Everything the Woz touches turns to gold.”

Hmmm. Well, you have to give Steve Jobs a little credit for Apple, too.



“Nah, you never know what Jobs will do NeXT.”

Har, har, Larry, but remember he is back with Apple now!

The Fun Years

Even in its new backwoods location, Ken and Roberta continued to do well. It was a classic success story. Two people had seen a great opportunity and moved in quickly and professionally to fill it. The rewards, as I told you above, were immediate.

But the fledgling company didn't rest on its laurels, no sir. Roberta's second game was finished, and they entitled it *Wizard and the Princess*. Ken had come up with several improvements, such as the first generation of the Sierra game-writing environment, which he called ADL, or Adventure Development Language. It ran twice as fast as the previous game, and the graphics were better, too.



Ken had developed tools that allowed Roberta to draw her scenes into the computer better, and in color. He incorporated a dithering technique that took the Apple II's six colors and mixed them pixel by pixel to give 21! Even the Woz was impressed by that trick. That last program was named *Robertas*, and was used at Sierra for years.

Wizard and the Princess sold for \$32.95 and was an immediate hit. By December of 1980, Ken and Roberta had expanded On-Line Systems out of their house and into rental space in nearby Oakhurst (seven miles from Coarsegold). They soon hired their first employee—the packing and shipping of the games was just getting too much to handle by themselves. Other employees, including programmers, quickly followed as the business grew by leaps and bounds.

“Before my time.”



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Yes it was, Larry. But you'd be along soon enough. Too soon, for some.

"Yeah, like who?"

There's not enough time to start down that list, Larry. Anyway, while Sierra was bringing out innovative game after game for the Apple II, there were those who hated the little Apple. They preferred computers like the Commodore PET and the brand-new Atari 400 and 800 machines that were just being released.

"Roberts told me the best computer of that era was the Smoke Signal Broadcasting Chieftain. He said his still works. Has a 6800 chip, the 8-bit granddaddy of the 68000."

Gee, with a snappy name like that, you wonder why they're not still in business. Anyway, an 18-year-old young man by the name of John Harris was about to come into Ken and Roberta's life. John had recently bought an Atari 800 and was starting to do some awesome things with it. He loved the Atari and sneered at Apples. He considered the Apple machine to be brain dead.

Meanwhile, Ken and Roberta had been in business for a year. They decided to place an ad for software authors. John Harris saw this ad and responded, though he told Ken he knew nothing about programming Apples.

"No problem," Ken told him, going on to explain how he wanted to expand into Atari computers. That struck just the right chord in John, and he accepted an offer of a plane ticket to Fresno and a place to live. He wasn't sure at first about accepting a deal giving him royalties on his games and less up-front pay, but it turned out to be one of the best decisions he ever made.

Harris had several successes for Sierra, including the really hot game, *Frogger*. Talk about some graphics that really blew people's minds, but this was a super program for its time. In one of the years, back then, it accounted of over half of Sierra's



income for the whole year.

“A quantum leap. Right, Big Guy? Just like your games.”

Don't toady, Larry.

“A still tongue catches no flies.”

Er... Okay. Anyway, John Harris wasn't the only programmer in these early years, either. Lots of young hackers came to the California hills to live, to party, and to hack game code into the wee small hours. They prospered and On-Line Systems prospered—but it became more like Camp Lackaorganization for Boys than a business. The company was just getting too big, too fast.

It's right at this time when Jeff Stephenson, whom we've talked about earlier, came on board. One of Jeff's first jobs was to try to pull everything together, standardize programming procedures, and cut down on duplication of effort. It was a hell of an awesome task, but it says something about Jeff that he's still at Sierra and still doing great.

“Yeah, Jeff's great. Think I'll call him up right now and tell him so. Think he'll loan me ten bucks?”

I doubt it, Larry. Too late to call him now. Get us some Mounds bars out of the kitchen.

“I'd rather have Almond Joy.”

You're nuts, Larry, but make mine the same.

Softporn: Opening New Territory

We touched on *Softporn* in Chapter 2; now let's say a little more. After all, the game is extremely important because it pioneered adult games for Sierra and made a certain phenomena known as Leisure Suit Larry possible.

“Hear, hear!”

The author of the game had tried to market it several places, but everyone was afraid of it. They didn't want to take a chance on offending the computer-buying public. Not Ken Williams, however. He took a look at it one day in 1981 and decided it



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was hilarious. The idea of controversy didn't faze him. He quickly negotiated a contract with the author, Chuck Benton, and agreed to publish the game.

This is also when the naked picture of Roberta happened that we mentioned earlier. One day Ken came into the office and said he wanted three women to pose topless in his hot tub for the *Softporn* ad. Roberta, the company bookkeeper, and the wife of Ken's assistant all agreed.

The picture showed the three ladies in the hot tub with the water discreetly covering their nipples. They were holding wine glasses. A waiter (clothed) stood nearby with a tray that had more glasses on it, and an Apple II was over in the corner by itself.

That picture caused controversy, sure enough. Sierra started getting hate mail in which the writers would quote scripture, and define in glowing terms just where all of the people there would wind up. On the other hand, the photograph ran in *Time* and made the UPI wire.

Ken figured later that *Softporn* actually doubled Sierra's revenues for quite some time. It was notorious and everyone wanted it. However, there was a nice spinoff effect, too. No computer store manager wanted to be perceived as just ordering *Softporn*, so he would order a sampling of the whole line.

"And you don't think that happens with the Larry games today?"

Maybe some, Lar, but you and I both owe a lot of thanks to *Softporn*. It broke new ground and made people a little bit less uptight about computer games.

"Thanks, Chuck. Thanks, Ken. Now can I go out and pick up some chicks?"

Not yet, Larry. We gotta get this book finished, or else.

Now, for the name change. When On-Line Systems got larger, the lawyers checked and found a company with a similar name already, so they asked Ken and Roberta to modify the



name. So, the official name of the company became Sierra On-Line, Inc. and the "Systems" part was dropped.

Sierra Today

Sierra has marched on, staying at the forefront in the computer game industry. Roberta Williams is the major reason for this and deserves a lot of credit for the many technical improvements that make computer gaming so much fun today. She has always pushed Ken and the other programmers to do things bigger and better with each new game.

Black-and-white stick figures were not enough, so she demanded color-filled characters. Then animation. And 6 colors were insufficient, so she encouraged Ken to come up with his early technique of achieving 21 colors on the Apple II.

"I think of the new stuff," she once said, "and the programmers sit down and do it."

I can't say enough about how her creativity has enhanced computer games.

"Don't guess she'd loan me ten bucks, huh?"

Forget it, Lar.

Today, in addition to the Leisure Suit Larry games, the company has produced many other best sellers. These have included the *King's Quest* series, *Quest for Glory*, *Police Quest*, *Space Quest*-

"Hey! Al! I got a QUEST-ion. Don't they name games anything but Quest this and Quest that?"

Sure they do, Larry. There's been *Gold Rush!*, *Manhunter-New York*, *Colonel's Bequest*, *The Black Cauldron*, *Thexter*, and lots more. Lots more! You'll want a current catalog for sure.

"Be-QUEST, ah ha!"

Well, there is a bit of a joke behind that one, Lar. I was sitting around at Sierra one day when Roberta and one of the programmers were trying to come up with a name for the game. Because we had so many other "quest" games, for a lark, I



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suggested “Colonel’s BE-quest,” and they took me seriously. Heh, heh. But it is a good game.

Okay, Larry, get out in the kitchen. Sandwich time!

“All right, peanut butter and mayonnaise. My favorite.”

On second thought, I’ll fix the sandwiches, and you compose yourself for the next chapter.

“Yeah, okay. What is it?”

“Conversations with Larry.” That’s where you get to speak your mind, such as it is, on all sorts of topics.

“No kidding? I thought that’s what I’ve been doing.”

Negative, Larry. You’ve been interrupting a lot, but in the next chapter we switch roles.

“How’s zat, Big Al?”

Heh, heh! I get to interrupt you.

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Conversations with Larry

Sit down and let's get started, Larry. We have a lot to do tonight. Pop a top on another Diet Coke for me and let's put some words into the ol' word processor, little buddy.

"Okay, Big Al, but you said this was gonna be *my* chapter. So, let's get cooking. What's that contraption you got there?"

It's a tape recorder, Larry. First off, I've been asked to interview you for the Sierra's in-house news magazine. They even sent a list of questions. So I'll record you and we'll edit out some for the magazine, but include a transcript of the whole tape in the book.

"What if I stutter? Or cough?"

Oh, I'll edit those out. Heh, heh. Would I ever make my little buddy, Larry, look bad? Pull your chair up closer to the mike here.

"All right, but you said I'd get to say whatever I wanted to in this chapter."

Yeah, and I also said that I would interrupt you, heh, heh.

"*Hmpf.*"

Oh, don't mope, Lar. After the interview, you can include your treatise on how to pick up chicks.



“All right, my man, Al! Now that’s Pulitzer Prize stuff for sure. Turn on that recorder. This the microphone? Tasting, tasting. One. Two. Three. Five.”

Er, that should be *testing*, Larry. Besides you left out *four*.

“Well, so did you. Just try to find a copy of it anywhere! And as far as this microphone goes, you should have tested it before I tasted it. Tastes like plastic. Lemme get a swig of Tab here and you can start.”

Okay, I’ll just turn it on here. Try to be serious now; no telling who will be hearing this tape.

Click.

An Exclusive Interview with Leisure Suit Larry

Al Lowe: Larry, let me begin by introducing you. We know you’re the star of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*, *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*, *Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!*, and the newest Larry game *Leisure Suit Larry: Love for Sail!* You’ve been featured on the television show *Entertainment Tonight*, written up in the *Wall Street Journal*, *Newsweek*, and *Time*, and selected as the *Rolling Stones*’ “Hot Game.” You also won the Software Publisher’s Association award for Best Adventure Role Playing Game in 1987, and several other awards since. How has success affected you?

Larry: I thought Barbara Walters was supposed to do this interview. How come I gotta settle for you?

Al Lowe: Because I created you, Larry and-

Larry: You? So how come you still live in Fresno? I’m traveling all over the world, myself. Impressing chicks and having a good time. Pulling in big bucks, too.

Al Lowe: It’s *true*, Larry. With a lot of help, I’m responsible for



the Larry games. Besides, I thought you were trying to borrow ten dollars a chapter or two ago?

Larry: Make that 20, Big Al. To impress chicks, you got to keep up a front. As for you creating me, well I've taken on a life of my own now. However, since you did start things off, I wanna talk to you about the dark alley in Larry 1. And whose idea was that stupid little dog anyway? Not to mention all the pitfalls in the later games. These things are *dangerous!* They *hurt!*

Al Lowe: That little dog likes you, Larry. He likes you a lot.

Larry: Then he must love fire hydrants.

Al Lowe: It pays to keep moving in Larry 1, old boy. All that aside, I've got a list of questions here to ask you. Larry, you're such a hip guy and all, what advice can you give our single male readers?

Larry: Play my games a lot.

Al Lowe: How will that help? Shouldn't they be out meeting young ladies instead?

Larry: Nah. They gotta study the example of the master, man. See how I do it. Get some boss threads like my white leisure suit. A little gold jewelry. Some snappy opening lines like: "Come on, babe, let's you and me get it on," or "Hey, good-looking, what do you say we ditch the preliminaries and head for your pad?"

Al Lowe: Hmmm. Well that cuts out a lot of small talk about the weather and astrological signs and stuff.

Larry: You better believe it.

Al Lowe: You say clothes are important. Where do you get your leisure suits? I thought those had not been around since the seventies.

Larry: There are lots of good places still left to get good leisure suits. Salvation Army, Goodwill Industries. Can't understand why people give them away. But they're cheap.

Al Lowe: Tell me about your mother.



Chapter 4

Larry: She threw me out of the house. What's to tell?

Al Lowe: That's it?

Larry: Ain't that enough? Old broad's living in some swinging singles condo down in south Florida now. Hit me up for a loan the other day.

Al Lowe: I see. And what were you like as a child?

Larry: About the same. Well, shorter.

Al Lowe: Uh huh. What about hobbies? What do you do for recreation?

Larry: Chase chicks.

Al Lowe: I should've guessed. Any other hobbies?

Larry: Leisure suit refurbishing. It's a lost art-

Al Lowe: Judging by that cigarette burn on your left sleeve, I'd say so. Now, where did you go to college?

Larry: Well, on campus like most other people. But I lived at home. Majored in computer science.

Al Lowe: Did you have a college sweetheart?... Larry?... Larry?

Larry: Er... ah... I lived at home, you see. Missed all the dorm life and stuff.

Al Lowe: Are you saying you were a dork?

Larry: No, but I believe you're saying it.

Al Lowe: And, do you have any friends?

Larry: I probably did until they read this interview.

Al Lowe: What are your interests now?

Larry: Chicks. Babes. Broads. Women. Ladies. Dames.

Al Lowe: Ummm. Shouldn't you be a little more sensitive in referring to the ladies? There has been some talk about your being a male chauvinist.

Larry: Well, that's just not true. I did almost become a Presbyterian once, though. And, yeah, sensitivity counts. Like wait until a chick puts down her drink before putting the make on her.

Al Lowe: Er... right. What if she doesn't put it down?

Larry: Don't order her another one. Sooner or later, she's got to



Larry's Ladies #6: Rosé



Si! She ees beautiful! Rosé, the hot-blooded Spanish lady! Larry finds her in the High Calonic Treatment Suite in the resort hotel in Larry 6. She likes flowers a lot, but what Larry goes through with her is not fun.

put it down. Or carry it to the restroom with her. Or order another one herself, which at least saves you a couple of bucks.

Al Lowe: You go to singles bars a lot, then?

Larry: Those that are still open. Some of my favorite ones have had to shut down.



Al Lowe: Why?

Larry: Something about the ladies' restroom being full of glasses. I don't know.

Al Lowe: Well, Larry, how do you see your life so far? Are you achieving success?

Larry: Are you kidding? Haven't you heard? They're writing a book about me! *The Official Book of Leisure Suit Larry*. You get that, Big Al? The *official* book!

Al Lowe: Yeah, well I needed the money and it's a good gig. Tell us, Larry-what's in store for the future? Will we see Larry 7 anytime soon?

Larry: You're asking *me*?

Al Lowe: Yeah.

Larry: Beats the hell out of me. Ken Williams won't return my calls anymore, and Roberta never did.

Al Lowe: I'll talk to him.

Larry: Okay, but if we go with another one, drop the damn dog, huh? I want that in my contract. No ifs, ands, mutts, or maybes. Especially no mutts.

Leisure Suit Larry, Computer Game Star

Al Lowe: We'll talk about it, Lar. Now, in the previous chapters we've discussed a lot about how the Larry games came about, and how they were designed. Tell the folks what it's like being a star in one of these games, and how they're made.

Larry: It's not easy, I wanna tell you! Those scripts you write are murder-especially for those of us who do our own stunts. Man, I could get *hurt* doing some of these things! In fact, I *do* get hurt! Often.

Al Lowe: Do you know what a good stunt man costs? Believe me, we can't afford them, so you game characters will just have to help out. Go on, tell us what your schedule is like when a game is in production.



Larry: When we're filming, I gotta get up at 4 a.m. and be on the set over at Coarsegold by 5 a.m. Then you take a scene like that one where I drown in the polluted lagoon in Larry 3. If the programmers aren't up to speed (and who is at five in the morning?), we might do 25 or 30 takes before they get it right. Meanwhile, I hope I never see another glass of water in my life. Why do you think I drink so much Tab?

Al Lowe: Er... Because you're thirsty?

Larry: No, no! To help me forget. It's a rough life, being a computer game superstar. I wanna tell you that, for sure.

Al Lowe: Larry, aren't you exaggerating just a little? Besides, Tab won't help you forget. It's just a soft drink.

Larry: Yeah? No kidding? No wonder I still remember all this then. Okay. So I don't really get up until 4:45 and drive like hell to get there on time. Say, I hear some of them big Hollywood stars get RVs to relax in on the sets. How about one for me? Tell Ken I want my own Win-a-bagel or somethin'.

Al Lowe: That's Winnebago, Lar, but I'll mention it to him. Don't count on it, though. We have to keep costs down on these things. Now, we already know you do all your own stunts; tell the folks about that. Some of that stuff is faked, right? I mean, you don't really fall off cliffs, or drown, or have alto saxophone reeds pushed under your fingernails by KGB agents, do you?

Larry: Nothing is faked, Big Al. You know that, I see you hanging around the set all the time. Gloating! Even that little dog in Larry 1 is not faked. And don't think I missed you always filling up its water dish, either.

Al Lowe: Er, well, several takes were required and the poor little mutt was thirsty. It's all in the interest of realism—I'm sure Steven Spielberg does the same sort of thing. But, nevermind that. Tell us about the love scenes. Now you can't deny that I haven't put in plenty of those for you.



Love Scenes

Larry: One of the greatest things in the world, if I can get serious for a moment, is the relationship between men and women, guys and chicks, gents and ladies, dudes and babes, studs and studettes-

Al Lowe: All right, already. We get the message. Go on.

Larry: Well, yeah. The Leisure Suit Larry series is adult adventure. They might be adventures, but they also feature the interplay of human sexuality and the very epitomy of-

Al Lowe: Larry! Quit reading stuff off *your* sleeve!

Larry: *Hmpf*. I just wanted to be prepared for this interview. But that is right, you know. The games feature me in adult situations with the opposite sex. That's part of their appeal.

Al Lowe: And here I thought it was the humor, Lar.

Larry: The humor? Very funny.

Al Lowe: Exactly.

Larry: Huh?

Al Lowe: Never mind. Go on. You were telling us about the interplay of human sexuality.

Larry: Yeah, like in the first game, *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, I'm always trying to get it on with these chicks, see?

Al Lowe: I vaguely remember something like that being part of the game, yes.

Larry: You got to remember, at the start of Larry 1, I had just arrived in Lost Wages. Thanks to Roberts blabbing my life story in Chapter 1, everyone in the world now knows that I was somewhat inexperienced with women at that time.

Al Lowe: In other words, a virgin at 33.

Larry: Arrrrgh! Is nothing sacred? Erase that from the tape, Al! Besides, I was 39.

Al Lowe: Don't worry, Larry. I will. Heh, heh. Trust me.

Larry: Well, uh, oh yeah. I guess my first love scene was with the



hooker over Lefty's Bar in Larry 1. It was a sleazy, disgusting affair.

Al Lowe: Is that why you kept asking for retakes?

Larry: Er... Anyway, one interesting thing about that scene is, if you'll recall, I never had to pay, and I got a box of candy out of it, too.

Al Lowe: We couldn't figure a way to get IBM, Atari, and Apple computers to take MasterCard, so you got the professional services of the lady for free just by figuring out how to use the TV remote control you got from the drunk on the pimp's TV downstairs.

Larry: What a pinbrain, he was.

Al Lowe: Right, but did you know you can pay him a hundred bucks and he'll let you go up the stairs?

Larry: Really? Of course I'd have to go back to the casino and play slots or roulette to raise those kind of bucks. Anyway, with the TV remote control, I got it for free and it was worth every cent of it, too. Say, I never did figure what that sign near her bed meant.

Al Lowe: You mean: "Substantial penalties for early withdrawals?"

Larry: Yeah, that's the one. She work part time in a bank or something?

Al Lowe: Er, we'll discuss it after I've shut off the tape. For someone who claims to be such philanderer, you often display an engaging air of naivete. Go on.

Larry: Phil who? Now who's reading stuff off his sleeve? My next love scene—which was my wedding night with Fawn in Larry 1—was a disaster. Not only didn't I get any, but I wound up tied to the bed and robbed. No wonder I haven't been married too much since. All my marriages wind up "on the ropes."

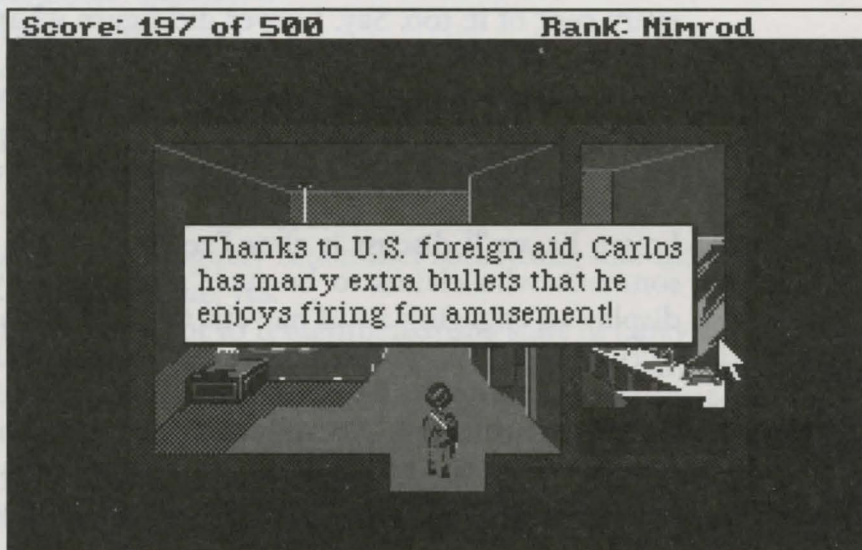
Al Lowe: How about the hot tub in Larry 1? Now don't tell me what followed was not a climatic love scene.



Larry: Several times. Eve was something else. I definitely saw fireworks after that.

Al Lowe: See, I do treat you well, Lar.

Larry: Occasionally, Al. Just occasionally. At least you did bring Patti into my life. Anyway, you and Ken were trying for a better rating on *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, so I don't get as many love scenes. There's another tie-down scene on the Cruise Ship—only she uses mink-lined handcuffs. What is it with you and restraining devices, Al? And there's that resort room scene which is ended by Carlos who has many bullets that he likes to fire. Both of those scenes are traps. Not to mention the helicopter girls on the Cruise Ship, on the nude beach, and at the Airport. Take a ride with one of them babes and you wind up shackled to a water bed, get something really funky done to you with a laser, then plop into a hydrochloric acid bath.



In *Larry 2*, Carlos with the many extra bullets that he enjoys firing is actually only one of the *minor* dangers facing Larry. There are a lot more *major* ones!



Al Lowe: That's *hydrofluoric acid*, Lar.

Larry: I don't know, it eats the hell out of me.

Al Lowe: Does teach you to save the game often, though. Right?

Larry: Yeah, that's for sure.

Al Lowe: But you do have one great love scene in Larry 2. At the end when you marry Kalalau. That's really energetic what you and she do behind the bushes.

Larry: Okay, that one's not bad. But what's this I hear about you having a copy of that scene without the bushes? Can't a guy have no privacy, huh? Ken Williams said you showed it to him. All I need is to have Ken snickering at me.

Al Lowe: Don't worry Larry, I've only shown it to a few dozen close friends. Forget that and go on. What about love scenes in Larry 3?

Larry: Now *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals* is much, much, much better! You guys are back into a more adult game, and I get a lot of love scenes. In fact, you can just say I get a lot. Part of the game is that I have to score with various chicks to proceed. There's Tawni the tourist, Cherri the showgirl, Suzi the lawyer, Bambi the aerobics instructor, and the fantastic *Passionate Patti* herself. All luscious-bodied, gorgeous babes! It's a tough role, but somebody had to play it.

Al Lowe: Tom Cruise was busy.

Larry: There's one thing all the ladies in my love scenes in all five games, including *Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*, have in common.

Al Lowe: Oh?

Larry: Yep, and that's satisfaction. Satisfaction guaranteed and happy to be of service to ya, ma'am.

Al Lowe: Er... Yeah. However, Larry, in fairness to the folks out there, I must point out that you never get to finish with any of those ladies in Larry 3, excepting Patti, of course. The souvenir peddlers keep interrupting you and Tawni, the



show starts up while you're with Cherri Tart backstage, Suzi's phone keeps ringing, and the tanning booth falls down on you and Bambi.

Larry: Well, I came close!

Al Lowe: Er, I don't think I'll touch that line. But your comment about the girls gives me an idea. Earlier I've taped comments from most of your various love partners. I'll splice them onto the end this transcript so folks can get the other side of the story, too.

Larry: Hey, that's not fair. I wanna edit those first!

Al Lowe: Sorry, Larry. You'll have to wait and read the book. Now, hand me that little suction cup thing over there.

Larry's Ladies #7: Bambi



Bambi is the exercise lady that Larry meets in Larry 3. She'll have nothing to do with Larry until he gets into shape. When he does, he's in for a really electrifying time in a tanning bed, but it's not exactly what he expected.



Larry: *Hmpf.* Here. What is it?

Al Lowe: Hooks the recorder into the phone. Who knows, maybe someone interesting will call.

Larry: Are you kidding? We've been at this most of the night now. What is it? Three in the morning? Nobody's gonna call now.

Ring, ring!

Al Lowe: Get that, would you, Lar?

Larry: I smell a setup here. Are you doing this interview for a supermarket rag like the *National Enquirer* or for a great publishing house like *COMPUTE Books*? Did they tell you to embarrass me, or what?

Ring, ring!

Al Lowe: Nah, Larry. Stephen and Pam and all the other editors there at *COMPUTE* love you. Heh, heh. Answer the phone.

Ring, ring!

Passionate Patti

Larry: Oh, all right. Hello?

Passionate Patti: Hi, Al. Let me speak to that inconsiderate creep, Larry, please.

Larry: No, not Al Lowe, I said *hello*. Hi, Patti-cakes! How's my babe?

Passionate Patti: Oh, it's you. Sounded like you said *Al Lowe*. I'm fine, Larry, but I just want to administer a little intelligence test on you.

Larry: Huh?

Passionate Patti: Do you find me attractive?

Larry: Why... yeah. Of all the chicks I've ever-

Passionate Patti: Right. And since the end of *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work* we've been living together in this little cabin on the mountain lake above Coarsegold. Correct?

Larry: Er... Sure, babe. The cabin was in the last scene of Larry



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3, and we went back there after spending that weekend with Dan Quayle at Camp David at the end of Larry 5. Everybody knows that you and me-

Passionate Patti: And you're enjoying living with me, is that true?

Larry: You better believe it. Why I-

Passionate Patti: And it's now after three in the morning. Do you have a watch? Can you verify this?

Larry: Er... right. Three a.m. Sure enough. I don't get it. What kind of test is this? Multiple choice?

Passionate Patti: Intelligence, Larry, intelligence. Something wholly unfamiliar to you.

Larry: Huh?

Passionate Patti: Larry, you *lizard*, it's bad enough that you still go to bars and try to score chicks!

Larry: Do not!

Passionate Patti: Yes, you do. I hear the jokes. The girls say all they have to do to foil you is to never put their drinks down. Just carry them to the ladies room when they go. An experience not wholly unfamiliar to me.

Larry: I don't know about that. Say, did you hear they closed the Velvet Slipper? Something about the ladies room there, too.

Passionate Patti: Full of glasses, Larry. Your making a fool of yourself in singles bars is bad enough. This is too much!

Larry: What? What is too much, babe? I swear I never touched her. She was-

Passionate Patti: Now for the final question in our little test, Larry. Ready?

Larry: Er... Yes.

Passionate Patti: You promised me faithfully you'd be home by 11 tonight. It's bad enough to lose track of time in a singles bar, but here it is three in the morning and who are you wasting your time with when you could be here with me?



Larry: Ah... Al Lowe? But, babe, we got this book to do and-
Passionate Patti: Al can finish up tonight without you and so
can I! Get your butt home. Now.

Larry: Uh. Okay. Sure babe. On my way even as we speak. Heh,
heh. Keep things warm for me.

Passionate Patti: Don't count on it, dork-brain. Get moving
now.

Larry: Right. Don't worry, babe, I-
Click!

Conclusion of the Interview

Larry: Er, I gotta go, Big Al. Patti wants my bod something
terrible.

Al Lowe: Yeah, she did tell me the other day that your body was
something terrible. But we are about through for tonight.
It's late, and the Doritos have run out.

Larry: So much for what ol' Jay says on TV, huh? Don't worry,
crunch all you want, we'll make more.

Al Lowe: He expects you to go to the store and buy more when
you run out. Anyway, Lar, be back here tomorrow afternoon
with your essay on how to pick up chicks, so I can finish this
chapter. Meanwhile, after you leave, I'll add in those com-
ments from your lady friends.

Larry: Oh, migawd. Well, no time to argue with you now. I got
to get home before Patti feeds me my computer, one chip
at a time... Hey! That damn tape's still on!

Al Lowe: Right. Let's conclude the interview. Now, before we
go, how about one rendition of your best known line for the
folks.

Larry: Sure. Hi, my name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

Al Lowe: Thanks and goodbye, Larry. From beautiful down-
town Fresno, this is Al Lowe reporting... Oops, sorry about
the dog, Larry. Must be the neighbor's. I have no idea how
he got in, but that little dog sure does like you.



Larry: The contract, Al. It's gonna be in the contract this time!

No more dogs. How am I going to explain this to Patti?

Al Lowe: Good night, Lar. I'm sure you and your little canine friend can show yourselves out.

Larry's Women Speak

Well, here it is in the wee small hours. Larry's gone and it's just me and you guys, the three million readers of this book. Okay, I'll settle for two million.

Anyway, this may be kind of mean, but I'm going to really put in these comments from Larry's various girlfriends in the first three games (alas, so far just one has returned my phone calls who was in Larry 5). Then Larry is going to finish out this chapter with his wit and wisdom on how to pick up chicks—which shouldn't take long at all.

So, what follows are the true feelings about Larry from the ladies who have known him best. We have taken the liberty of editing out the profanity which usually resulted when Larry's name was first mentioned to each lady. We present this in fairness to provide women everywhere, giving them their equal time in rebutting some of Larry's beliefs about chicks... er, women, I mean.

These are the edited excerpts from my taped interview of these young ladies.

The Hooker from Larry 1: Well, you know, like he forgot to pay. I mean, you know, honey, I'm a professional. It ain't for free, you know. You go into a grocery store and pick up a head of lettuce, you don't get it for free, you know.

Al Lowe: Yes, we understand. You're a professional small-business person. But how about Larry Laffer as a man? Surely you found something appealing about him.

Ms. Hooker: Honey, I gave up like noticing things about men years ago. This is like, you know, being a banker. You take



the order and deliver. It's like, you know, work. You don't like read each deposit slip. All I remember about this Leisure Suit what's his name is that he was quick. So quick he like forgot to, you know, like pay. And he like took my box of chocolates too.

Al Lowe: Ah, ha. Then that sign by your bed which reads "Substantial penalty for early withdrawals," does relate to the banking business.

Ms. Hooker: Are you like third cousins with this like leisure suit guy or something?

Al Lowe: Er, no. I hope not. Now, as to the sociological and economic implications of Mr. Laffer's scene with you, how-

Ms. Hooker: Are you like just looking, honey? I got paying clients who are like waiting you know.

Al Lowe: Here we have Eve, who lives in the casino penthouse in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*. At the end of the game, Eve and Larry get together and form a relationship. Eve, surely you have some good memories of Leisure Suit Larry?

Eve: Who? Oh, you mean the bum I got saddled with in *Lost Wages*? Yeah, we were a number for a night, but I ditched him before I went back to Los Angeles. Do you know that nerd thought one night gave him the right to move into my house with me? I threw his stuff out real quick, I can tell you that. I think they made a computer game about it.

Al Lowe: Right. That's the start of the second Leisure Suit Larry game. You lock him out, and he goes looking for love in several wrong places.

Eve: You got it, pal. Say, you're kind of cute.

Al Lowe: Er, I'm married. Sorry. But tell us, how was Larry?

Eve: How was he what?

Al Lowe: Well, as a lover, for example?

Eve: Beats me.



Larry's Ladies #8: Eve



Eve, as she is when Larry finds her in the new release of Larry 1. You'll want to be sure and turn off the bubble machine!

Al Lowe: He did what?

Eve: Oh. No, I mean I don't remember. He was okay, I guess. I let him spend the night with me. Good enough until someone better came along. Know what I mean?

Al Lowe: Not quite. Like who would be better?

Eve: Almost anyone. Now do you understand?

Al Lowe: I think so. Yes. Tell me Eve, you seem to live well. You have that big house on Ascot Place in L.A., and you could afford the penthouse suite at the casino in Lost Wages. What do you do for a living?

Eve: I produce self-help audio tapes. Lots of bucks in those.



Al Lowe: Oh, you mean like how to quit smoking or be more assertive or learn German or something?

Eve: Oh no. More useful than those. Here's my latest, "The Ins and Outs of Marital Appliances." Like to buy a copy? Only \$19.95? Very vibrant, if you know what I mean.

Al Lowe: Er, no... Well... If you want to give me a comp copy, I'll review it and maybe give you a mention in my next computer game.

Eve: Why not? Here. Say, you really are cute. I just adore pudgy men with receding hairlines.

Al Lowe: Ah, yes. Well, gotta run now. Margaret's waiting out in the car.

(From a telephone call transcript.)

Kalalau: 'allo. Who is 'dis?

Al Lowe: It's Al Lowe.

Kalalau: Yes, yes. 'allo to you. Who is 'dis?

Al Lowe: You don't know me, Kalalau. My name is Al.. Lowe, L-o-w-e, and I'm a friend of your former husband. You were married to him at the end of *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, and tossed him out at the beginning of *Larry 3*.

Kalalau: That creep! What was 'is name. I forget 'dis unpleasant interlude.

Al Lowe: Er, his name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

Kalalau: Oh, but yes. I now remember. Such a, how you say it, *dork*? Where are you calling from, is very much static?

Al Lowe: Fresno, California. You wouldn't believe the time I had getting the operator to accept the fact there really is a Nontoonyt Island. She thought I was some kind of pervert making a joke.

Kalalau: The real joke was that creep, that-what do you call him?-Larry. He was not man enough for me, but then no man is. It 'as been nice talking to you. Good night.



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Al Lowe: No, wait. Please. Give me your impression of Larry Laffer.

Kalalau: "allo, my name is Larry; Larry Laffer."

Al Lowe: Er, no. I meant your impression of his actions and your feelings about him.

Kalalau: My impression of Larry Laffer is to lay flat in the bed and do nothing that is satisfying. I can do this impression better than how do you call him, Rich Little? He is very good and should change his name to Rich A. Lot, yes? We watch him on the American TV satellite here on Nontoonyt very much.

Al Lowe: I see. So your marriage to Larry was not rewarding?

Kalalau: I dumped him for a Harley-riding Amazonian lesbian slot machine repairwoman. Does this not tell you how I found 'im?

Al Lowe: Er... Not so good, huh?

Kalalau: You are not the Dixie tune whistling, big boy. Don't bother calling again. I'll be the, how do you say it, all tied up.
Click.

(From another call to Nontoonyt Island—and, boy, does AT&T love me this month!)

Roger: Dewey, Cheatem, and Howe—Attorneys at Law.

Al Lowe: Hello. Ms. Suzi Cheatem, please.

Roger: And whom may I say is calling?

Al Lowe: Al Lowe. Tell her it's about Larry; Larry Laffer.

Roger: Certainly, sir. I'll just put you on hold and let you listen to this wonderful, toe-tapping elevator music for 15 or 20 minutes. *Click.*

Al Lowe: Yuck. Well, while I'm waiting I'll just talk to myself and do a little research. Now, if I can just drag the phone over to the computer... Yes, good. Now I'll bring up Larry 3 and reload the scene I saved from the lawyer's office. I'm glad I listened to me and saved early and often... Say, that Roger



looks like Roger Hardy, Jr. Not accidental I'm sure. And I hope the folks got the joke in the law firm's name. Dewey, Cheatem, and Howe-'do we cheat them and how.' Heh, heh.

Roger: Okay, sir. Now that we've dosed you with enough elevator music to get you talking to yourself, I'll connect you with Ms. Cheatem. *Click.*

AL Lowe: Er, hello? Suzi the Lawyer?

Suzi: Yes, sir. How may I help you? My firm specializes in divorce and real estate transactions.

Al Lowe: My name is Al Lowe. I'm a friend of Larry; Larry Laffer.

Suzi: Are you an attorney representing Mr. Laffer, sir?

Al Lowe: Er, no. I thought you were.

Suzi: This firm did do a few minor transactions for Mr. Laffer in the past. Now, however, we have been retained by Natives, Inc. to litigate against Mr. Laffer in view of his mismanagement while employed with that company. They are invoking a nonperformance clause.

Al Lowe: I see. But my interest in him is more personal. For example, you and he made love in your office. How was he?

Suzi: I am also invoking the nonperformance clause here as well. Thank you for calling, but I have to go now. Bigger name on the other line. Good day. *Click.*

(Running the phone bill on up past the moon.)

Al Lowe: Cherri Tart? Cherri the Showgirl? Hello? Are you there?

Cherri: Hello, Mr. Lowe. Even out here in rural backwoods of Nontoonyt Island I've heard of you. Sorry for the scratchy line. Repairpersons have had a hard time keeping them up because of all the lesbian Amazonian cannibal activity out here. The girls keep pulling them down for some reason. Probably psychological. Some kind of aversion to large, vertical, cylindrical objects.



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Al Lowe: You've heard of me? Well, I'm flattered.

Cherri: Just because I'm out of show biz and into farming now doesn't mean I still don't read the trade rags-like *Variety*, *Billboard*, *Hollywood Reporter*, and the *Sierra News Magazine*. I think you were featured in one of them recently. I forget which.

Al Lowe: Thank you. Now, I'm interviewing Larry Laffer's former lovers. I believe he and you had a thing going backstage at the Nontoonyt Casino once?

Cherri: To give Larry credit, he did make it possible for me to achieve my dream of a little place in the quiet outback. But as for Larry himself, he's very funky, you know.

Al Lowe: How so?

Cherri: He's a cross-dresser. You'll never believe what he did with my show outfit.

Al Lowe: Yes, I would. But how was he as a lover?

Cherri: I dunno. It was dark back there. Okay, I guess. Frankly, I was thinking of the land deed, not the dirty deed.

(And one final call to Nontoonyt Island).

Bambi: (puff, puff) Hello (puff). Bambi the aerobics instructor here. Sorry, you caught me in the middle of a workout.

Al Lowe: Sorry. My name is Al Lowe. I'm calling from Fresno.

Bambi: Oh, Eastern Europe! How nice that you small countries have thrown off your Communist dictatorships.

Al Lowe: What? No, that's Fresno. The city in California.

Bambi: Oh, that one. I'm so sorry. Couldn't you move or something?

Al Lowe: Er, never mind that. I'm calling about Larry; Larry Laffer. I understand you and he had an encounter there in the Fat City Health Spa on Nontoonyt Island?

Bambi: Laffer? Yeah, I remember him. We got it on in the tanning booth. A very shocking experience.



Larry and Passionate Patti are caught in a moment of relaxation during the filming of *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*. This shot was used on the cover of the game's box.

Al Lowe: So you don't mind talking about your sexual experiences?

Bambi: Are you kidding? The only thing I love more than talking about loving is loving while talking.

Al Lowe: Wow! You're one hot lady.



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Bambi: I've been exercising. You don't mind women who sweat do you? Perspiration gleaming on satin skin as you lovingly rub-

Al Lowe: *Gulp*. I see you really do like to talk about it. But what about Larry?

Bambi: He wasn't too articulate.

Al Lowe: I mean, what were your impressions of him?

Bambi: Oh, he was all right, I guess. He made one suggestion that's pulled me in big bucks-doing a video exercise tape using sexual positions. We're outselling Jane Fonda now, and the royalties are like you wouldn't believe.

Al Lowe: That's great, Bambi. But how was Larry as a lover?

Bambi: Adequate, I guess. I really don't remember. Do you have one of my new tapes?

Al Lowe: Ah, no. My wife would kill me. And I'm afraid my TV would melt down anyway.

Bambi: We do get a lot of those complaints. You'd think the Japanese could make a stronger set.

Al Lowe: Cultural differences, I'm sure. Thank you.

Bambi: Bye now.

(Now, to put AT&T into the black for the next six years, a call to the Kingdom of Daventry-that's real long distance).

Al Lowe: Hello?... Royal Summer Palace?... Princess Rosella, please... I'm calling from Fresno, California, USA, Earth... Thank you for your sympathy... Well, actually I no longer live in Fresno. Yes, thank you for the congratulations. Could you just call her to the phone, please?

Rosella: Hello?

Al Lowe: Princess Rosella, this is Al Lowe.

Rosella: I'm sorry, my father doesn't like my talking to commoners, Al the Low. Nor dating them either.

Al Lowe: Er, no, that's just a name. Not my station in life. I'm



really a... well, a sort of wizard. I'm a programmer and I know Unix and-

Rosella: I've always pitied eunuchs, but they are a nice, safe date. If you are a eunuch, you may take me to the drive-in jousting show next Michaelmas. My father may demand proof, however.

Al Lowe: Er, yes. My question, Your Highness, is about Larry; Larry Laffer.

Rosella: Who?

Al Lowe: Leisure Suit Larry. You've made guest appearances in a couple of his computer games.

Rosella: So?

Al Lowe: What do you think of him?

Rosella: Who?

Al Lowe: Sigh. Leisure Suit Larry.

Rosella: You're not from around here, are you?

Al Lowe: Er, no. I live in Fresno.

Rosella: I'm so sorry. Maybe you could move. Maybe Bakersfield or Cleveland. Well, about this Larry creep. May I tell you the same thing Roberta Williams suggested I tell Larry if he ever calls?

Al Lowe: Well, yes. Thank you. What is it?

Click.

Al Lowe: Hello? Hello?

Well, here's a short call compared to the others—Miami, Florida.

Chi Chi Lambada: *Bueno?*

Al Lowe: Hi, Chi Chi. This is Al Lowe.

Chi Chi Lambada: *No Habla ingles.*

Al Lowe: Yes you do. I left a message on your machine earlier about Larry; Larry Laffer? You two spent some time together in Larry 5, and I would like to get a comment on how he was as a lover.



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Chi Chi Lambada: Oh, all right. I remember heem well. He gave me something I really needed, so I offered him a little something in return. I took heem downstairs to my gym.

Al Lowe: Ah, ha! And you guys had a swinging time, huh?

Chi Chi Lambada: Are you kidding me, man? He missed every opportunity and fell flat on hees face. He ees, what ees the English word? Ah! He ees *el dorko!*

Click!

Darn! I'm not having too much luck here. Well, being a glutton for punishment, we'll try another call or two. Larry's

Larry's Ladies #9: Fawn



Larry's first wife, Fawn, dumped him on their wedding night. She refused to be interviewed for this book, saying it was all a mistake. She meant the wedding, not the book. Didn't she?



latest adventure takes place at the beautiful *La Costa Lotta* health spa—he won his stay there on a TV show. In the course of his adventures at this resort, he meets nine—yes, count them, I said *nine*, nine lovely young ladies. We won't have time to canvas every one, but I believe a sampling of Larry's latest escapes in *Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!* is possible with just a single ringy-dingy.

Al Lowe: Oooo. I just love punching these little phone buttons. Yes, yes... There we go... There's *La Costa Lotta's* tollfree reservation number all punched in—I just love tollfree numbers.... It's ringing? Isn't this exciting?

Gammie Boysulay: Front desk, the gorgeously slim Gammie Boysulay speaking. How may I help you?

Al Lowe: Hi, Gammie, this is Al Lowe up in Fresno, I-

Gammie Boysulay: OH, you poor man.

Al Lowe: Now cut that out! There's nothing wrong with Fresno. It's one of the most beautiful cities in America. And we make some really nice raisins around here, too.

Gammie Boysulay: You poor man.

Al Lowe: Er... Never mind. You're just the lady I wanted to speak with—as you may know, I'm the creator of the *Leisure Suit Larry* games and-

Gammie Boysulay: The what?

Al Lowe: Umm... You know, the... Well, never mind that, too. You *do* remember Larry; Larry Laffer? He stayed there recently.

Gammie Boysulay: Yes, of course I remember Larry, with great fondness.

Al Lowe: You *do*?

Gammie Boysulay: Certainly. It was due to Larry that I now have my wonderfully trim and svelte figure that drives men absolutely wild.

Al Lowe: Right, whereas before you had a... Well, a large... er...



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Gammie Boysulay: You mean I had a huge butt and thunder thighs. Sure, I'm not at all sensitive about that now—thanks to Larry. He fixed the Cellulite Drainage Salon and then fixed me! No more hips as wide as Sunset Boulevard. No more thighs like redwoods. I am, if I do say so myself, a real knockout now. No more having to hide my body from the waist down behind the check-in desk.

Al Lowe: So I understand. But you promised Larry a real reward if he solved the puzzle and did the three things which would fix the Cellulite Drainage Salon. You led him to believe he would be receiving a night of bliss.

Gammie Boysulay: Yeah, in a weak moment as I waddled with him into that room, I did sorta promise him a little something. But I came out so drop-dead gorgeous that all bets were off. No dork like him is gonna get to touch my marvelous, sexy, *slim* body.

Al Lowe: Then, you lied to Larry?

Gammie Boysulay: Better to lie to him than to lie with him, eh? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Al Lowe: I see. Well, I'm sure Larry appreciates your sensitivity and wonderful sense of gratitude. Could you connect me with Art the handyman, please?

Gammie Boysulay: Nah, he was only temporary help. Say! I think he was from Fresno, too. Didn't last long, something about wanting his pay in raisins. He was just here while Larry was.

Al Lowe: Just checking, but that *is* a health spa and raisins are healthy. And what better medium of exchange than those huge, plump, Fresno rai-

Gammie Boysulay: We're expecting a busload of fatties at any minute. I'm sorta busy here. Anything else?

Al Lowe: Er... I need at least one more lady to verify Larry's luck in his latest adventure. What about Burgundy? Is she still singing down in the lounge?



Click, buzz, whirr.

Burgundy: Hello, y'all, this here's the lounge. The bartender is done off on a break, so y'all will just have to talk to little ol' me.

Al Lowe: Oh. Good. I wanted to talk with you, Burgundy. This is Al Lowe, calling from Fresno, and-

Burgundy: Why you poor ol' hoss. You move right on out of there now, y'hear. Try down in Texas where I'm from. You will purely love Texas.

Al Lowe: No, no-we like it here. Great raisins and-

Burgundy: You poor ol' hoss.

Al Lowe: (*Sigh*). Burgundy, the reason I called is about Larry Laffer. You remember him? Little guy in a white leisure suit?

Burgundy: Those things are right dangerous in a steam room, hoss. Yeah, I remembah that little crittur. Bumbly as a newborn calf, he was. Always trippin' over mah microphone cord. I swear, y'all would think he was a doin' it on purpose.

Al Lowe: I see. But, how did you like him? Specifically, did you and he... ah... get it on, so to speak?

Burgundy: Ah liked him a lot when he brought me some o' them tall, cold ones. And then, we went to the steam room together, but I shore did find better thangs to do in there than him! Wal, I gotta get back to work now. When I came back from the steam room, my best red dress with sequins on it was a missing! I gotta earn enough money to buy me a new one.

Al Lowe: Of course. I can understand that. I'm a professional musician myself.

Burgundy: You do country?

Al Lowe: Uh... No. I play the sax.

Burgundy: I thought y'all said you were a musician? Wal, gotta run. Bye now.



Click!

Hmmm. It seems that killed the connection to *La Costa Lotta*. Well, I think we now have enough comments to give us a reasonably accurate picture of Larry's true luck with the ladies in general. Patti is the only exception, perhaps she sees something in him the others don't. Anyway, it's pretty much a cinch that he'll never be asked to costar in a *King's Quest* game with Rosella, or to move back in with either Eve or Kalalau. The professional lady we met first will probably not extend him a line of credit if he visits her again. Bambi, while she profited by knowing Larry, is not interested in him. Suzi Cheatem is the only one who does want to see him again—but only in court.

On the other hand, sometimes theorists are not good practitioners. Many great teachers in medical schools are there because they couldn't cut the mustard, or anything else. A lot of generals could plan victorious battles but were not sure from which end of the gun they shot the bullet. Could this be true about Larry Laffer? Could the following learned words of Mr. Laffer really be useful?

This might change social mores and courtship habits for all time. Could the words of Leisure Suit Larry forever sway the course of male/female relationships?

Nah.

But here they are anyway. We promised him and, besides, he works cheap.

Leisure Suit Larry on How to Pick Up Chicks

Extracted from *How to Pick Up Chicks: A Hands On Tutorial*
by Larry Laffer (privately printed).

Hi. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I'm writing this short treatise as my contribution to history—the history of love.



Guys come up to me all the time and say, "Larry, how do you get so many women? What's your secret?"

Chicks are constantly approaching me in bars and other public places and saying, "Larry, you absolute cutie, why do I want to rip off my clothes, then your clothes, and make mad, passionate love to you—and not necessarily in that order? What is this magnetism you have that makes me melt inside and want to clasp you to my steamy, naked body? Forget those questions, Larry. Just take me, you stud muffin you!"

Of course it can be embarrassing like when you're in a museum or a library or something, but such is the cross-eyed bear. I could tell you that picking up chicks is some sort of innate talent you either have or you don't, but that's not true. Good lovers are made, not born. If they're really good, they can be made more than once a night. However, as one of Princess Rosella's friends told me a couple of weeks ago, "Once a king, always a king, but once a night's enough."

Approach is everything. You've got to be confident. This requires some preparation. It is not by accident that you always see me dressed in a gleaming white leisure suit. A guy's gotta have a trademark.

Now, I don't expect everyone to rush out and buy leisure suits—after all, they are hard to find these days. Look into Nehru jackets, pinstripe suits, bell-bottom bluejeans, and the like. There's a lot of good stuff at Goodwill Industries and Salvation Army stores. Browse their racks and you'll come up with your own distinctive look.

Invest in some gold chains. Chicks think gold chains are cool. However, remember you get more width by buying goldplated instead of real gold. It's dark in bars, and chicks can't tell the diff. Save money and go for more effect, too.

Be sure to wear your gold chains with an open-neck shirt so the babes can see the glint of gold on your hairy chest.



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Exercise some care when gluing the hair in place. Nothing gives away things like sloppy dabs of excess rubber cement.

Get a haircut—assuming you have hair on your head—otherwise, see the paragraph above, and be careful with the rubber cement (no offense, Al and Ralph—billiard balls are one of my favorite shapes).

Buy a pocketknife to clean the grime from under your fingernails. Breath spray is cheap; apply it liberally. Take a shower every week or so.

I know all of the above sounds like a lot of trouble, and it is, but chicks appreciate your efforts at hygiene. If you expect a chick to throw herself at you, it's only fair that you provide her with a nice clean place to land.

Now, when you walk through the door of that singles bar, do not show fear. Chicks can smell fear a mile away. A lone male who's afraid is easy prey for packs of predator females, and may start a dangerous stampede. Confidence. That's the key word; always be confident.

Scout the bar. If you see an empty chair next to a good-looking chick, stroll over and sit down. If she says that seat's taken, that her boyfriend's just gone to the restroom, ignore her. Chicks use this device to see if you are confident enough to stay in place. If you are, they may throw themselves at you right then. Chicks like confident guys. You should always, by the way, wear clothes that are easy to be ripped off. Chicks appreciate such thoughtfulness on your part. Nothing slows a relationship more than buttons that are hard to undo. Lately, I've been investigating Velcro, myself. Now there's a *ripping* good idea!

The downside of such confidence is that she may actually be telling you the truth. In such a case, you may get bounced around a little by the boyfriend when he comes back from the restroom. Stay away from chicks like this—they usually date wrestlers, truck drivers, or Cobol programmers. Those guys are used to moving big stuff around.



Your opening line is important. A snappy opening shows the chick that you are cool and worthy of them throwing themselves on you and ripping off your clothes. Here are some opening lines you might want to try out:

Larry's Special, Never Fail Pickup Lines

"Hi, my name is Vice; Vice President Dan Quayle."

Er, no. Scratch that one. We want to be believable and confident here. Besides, it only worked for four years.

"Hi, my name is Donald; Donald Trump. Spend the night with me and I'll give you Rhode Island."

"Hi, good-looking. My bet is that you've never made it with an astronaut before. Well, baby, tonight is your night to ride, Sally, ride."

"Hi, I'm captain of the Olympic lovemaking team and we're holding tryouts tonight. You owe it to your country. U-S-A! U-S-A!"

"Hi. I am required by law to ask first if you have a weak heart or are allergic to total, unrestrained pleasure."

(Editor's note: Hmmm, that one might actually work.)

"Hi. I'm from Fresno." (To be used only if you know she's from out of the country, like from Brazil or Katmandu or most Third World nations.)

"Hi. I'm not from Fresno." (To be used if she's from California, the continental U.S., or Western Europe.)

"I'm from Bakersfield." (Only safe to use with women from like out of the solar system.)

"Hi, I'm Tarzan. Wanna swing? I guarantee you'll go ape over me."

"Greetings, Earthbabe. I am from space and must breed to survive."



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“Hi. My name is Al Lowe. How would you like to star in my next computer game?” (This approach may get you beat up if Al Lowe catches you).

“Hi. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer.” (This one will get you beat up by me, but it works!).

Well, those are a sampling. A good line will have chicks ripping off your clothes before you’re halfway through it. Practice delivering it confidently.

One warning. Sometimes the opening line does not do the complete job and you will be expected to actually talk afterwards. Don’t panic. Simply pick a subject of great interest to the chick, like you, and proceed from there.

That should be enough to get you started. Being a great lover might take you another week or two, but picking up chicks is the easy part.

Back to Big Al now.

Er, thanks, Lar. I’m sure the guys out there will take your advice to heart and that the ladies who’ve read it will quit laughing before next Easter. Or soon thereafter.

“Huh?”

Never mind. Now it’s time to move on and learn how to play some of those great games featuring Leisure Suit Larry.

“All right! I need to learn that stuff, for sure!”

You got that right, Lar.

“Huh?”

Part II

Game Hints

General Hints



Chapter 5

General Hints

Larry! There's a glob of tuna fish on the front of your leisure suit! I can't take you anywhere, you slob. You have the manners of a... of a... of a computer game character!

"Well, *excuse me*, Big Al. Here, I'll eat it. Better? Besides, you never do take me anywhere. How come you never introduce me to your friends?"

Because I like them. They're my friends.

"Huh?"

Never mind, Lar. Here's a napkin. Want another sandwich?

"No thanks, Al. Five of your sandwiches are enough. Now I'm ready to go to work. I need to leave early today, by the way. They've cleaned the empty drink glasses out of the women's john down at the Velvet Slipper, built lots of shelves, and doubled its size. Today is the grand reopening. It's ladies night, and the chicks will be out in force!"

Larry, I thought after Patti chewed you out last night that you'd learned your lesson. Are you sure you should be chasing other women? Is that wise? Besides, they'll just carry their drinks into the ladies room again to get away from you.

"No, it ain't wise and it ain't safe neither. But a guy's gotta



have a hobby, right? Some guys climb mountains and stuff, I chase chicks. It's not like I catch them or anything. Patti knows that."

Hmmm. That sounds like an honest statement. Say, I remember you had to climb a mountain at the end of *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*.

"Yeah, and an active volcano no less. But I did it for a chick, even if Kalalau did wind up divorcing me for a Harley-riding Amazonian lesbian-slot machine repairwoman at the start of Larry 3. Other than that, she was an okay lady."

I would consider her action a pretty major deficiency, but we all have our minor setbacks in relationships, Larry. How about you and Passionate Patti, now that you guys are living together? Can we give our readers here a scoop? Are there wedding bells in the future for the man of leisure and a certain piano-playing beauty?

"Huh?"

Are you and Patti going to get married?

"I dunno. Have to wait until she starts talking to me again, I guess."

I see. Well, let's get going on this chapter so you can leave early, then. We're going to talk here about some general hints in playing the Larry games.

"Like if a chick picks you up, expect alto saxophone reeds under the fingernails or maybe the old acid bath."

Nah, not always, Larry. Just in Larry 2.

The Easy Stuff

All five of the Leisure Suit Larry games (and the sixth one, if and when it's ever found again) are all three-dimensional animated adventure games. They are like an interactive movie where you become the main character. In these games, of course, you become "Leisure Suit" Larry Laffer—that lovable loser. That would-be man about town with a receding hairline



Larry's Ladies #11: Cavaricchi Vuarnet

Nice to meet you, little man. My name is Cavaricchi Vuarnet. And, based on your proven athletic abilities, your name should be on my class roster.



She twists and she turns, she goes up and down, and all around, and that's just in her exercise class at the health spa in Larry 6. Cavaricchi Vuarnet is quite a piece of work, as Larry finds out. He also learns that you don't double-date with Cavaricchi, but she does have a nice attitude about her employee identification tag.

and no redeeming social values.

"Hey! You're talking about me! I resemble that remark very much."

Yes, you do, Lar. To an alarming degree, in fact.

"Huh?"

Interacting with the game means that you *become* the character for those enjoyable hours it takes you to solve the game. And the fun isn't over then. You'll find new goodies the second and third times through. Lots of little hidden "Easter



eggs,” and so forth, and so forth. They add a lot of enjoyment to the games.

“You write these games in Forth? I thought you used something cool, like Cobol or Fortran?”

You are stuck in the seventies, aren't you, Larry? Now be quiet for a minute and let me finishing telling the kind reader-folks about how you work.

“Work? You never said I had to work.”

Let me rephrase that. I mean how the player interacts with you, the protagonist.

“Hey, watch what you call me!”

No, the protagonist-or *Ego* as we call him or her here at Sierra-is the character on the screen that the player identifies with, and whose actions can be controlled.

“You mean, I gotta let all these thousands upon thousands of people who play *Leisure Suit Larry* into my head?”

Yes, but don't worry, Lar. There's plenty of room there. Har, har, har.

“I got a headache, Big Al.”

Sit over there and relax, Larry. Let me get on with this. Now, as the player it's easy enough to identify your character. He's the balding nerd in the white leisure suit. You can move him around the screen with a joystick-if your computer has one-a mouse, the numeric keypad, or the directional cursor keys. The reference card and manual that come with each game give full details.

Should Larry run into anything-an experience not wholly unfamiliar to him-he will stop. The object can be a tree, a barstool, a little dog, a woman, and so on. If there is room, you'll have to move him around the object.

“I wanna complain about that dog!”

You already have several times, Larry. That little dog likes you; he likes you a lot.

“Yeah, well he was bad enough in *Leisure Suit Larry in the*



Land of the Lounge Lizards, but have you ever noticed Eve's 'attack dog' in the opening scenes of *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*? It's the same darn dog! And it does the same thing! Do you know how hard stains are to get out of a white leisure suit? No more dogs, huh, Al? Please, Al?"

Hmmm. Let me check my notes here. Oh yeah.

"Al? You didn't answer me. Al, what do you say, pal? Huh? No dogs, right?"

Ah, here we are. Okay, we discussed objects that have to be moved around. Now, when Larry reaches the edges of the screen, either he will be able to go no farther in that direction, or a new scene will be loaded from your floppy or hard disk.

"The dog, Al?"

Get off it, Larry. I don't control that little dog. You never know when it might wander onto a game set.

"Oh, sure."

Talking to the game and "listening" to-reading-what it tells you is very important. All during your adventure, the game will tell you more about the situation and scene than shows on the screen. This text pops up in a message window on your computer's screen. Once it's read, you can clear the message from the screen by hitting the ENTER key or clicking the mouse or joystick.

Of course, you must "talk" to the game to have Larry do things that will aid in solving the game. Or get him in deeper trouble. Heh, heh.

"Hmpf."

In the older games, when you wanted to do something, such as "talk to the girl" or "get the rope," you instructed the game to do so by typing simple English sentences. The new interface, of course has done away with typing and, if you have a mouse, you can point and click your way through the whole game.

"Simple English, huh?"



The little dog and Larry in front of Lefty's bar in Lost Wages. Larry had better start moving soon or the little dog will do what little dogs do to stationary objects.

Larry, mellow out, buddy. I'm sorry you don't like that little dog, but ya gotta admit it's funny.

"Only if you put alto saxophone reeds under my fingernails."

Er, yes. Anyway, in Larry 2 and Larry 3, a dialog box will appear when you start to type. In Larry 1, a command line is used at the bottom of the screen (although, this has changed in the new VGA version of Larry 1—you just point and click with



the mouse there). Press ENTER when you've finished typing, and the game will act on your instructions, or tell you in some way that it did not understand.

"Some smart aleck way, usually."

Nah, just humorous, Lar. The technique the computer employs in the games that call for text input is called *parsing*. It takes the words you've typed in and compares them to the vocabulary programmed into the game. When there's a close-enough match, the computer "understands" your instructions and performs the requested action or actions.

There is also a series of pull-down menus available to help you do various functions and options. On most machines, use the escape key and the arrow keys, or the mouse or joystick if you have one or the other. Most of these items are pretty obvious—such as setting preferences for sound, saving and restoring games, and pausing or leaving a game in progress.

"Save early and often, right Big Al?"

You got that one, little buddy. In fact, it deserves a section of its own, so here goes.

Saving Early and Often

You get this in the manuals, you get it often in this book, and you get it with the Autosave™ feature in *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*—SAVE EARLY AND SAVE OFTEN.

"Ow! Do you have to shout, Big Guy?"

Just wanted to make sure everyone was awake, Lar. Every Sierra game product—the Larry games included—has a special save and restore game feature. As the manuals point out, it's like putting a bookmark in a book. Saving a game saves your position, location, possessions, and your point score to date. This is recorded to disk so that you can *restore* the game and start from that point again.

Saving the game allows you to take a break from it, or to do



something that might be dangerous. Should you screw up, then simply restore the game and try it again.

“Takes and retakes—they’re all rough on a guy you know. I get alto saxophone reeds shoved up under my fingernails a million times a day, and you wonder why I get in a bad mood sometimes? Gimme me a break, Big Al.”

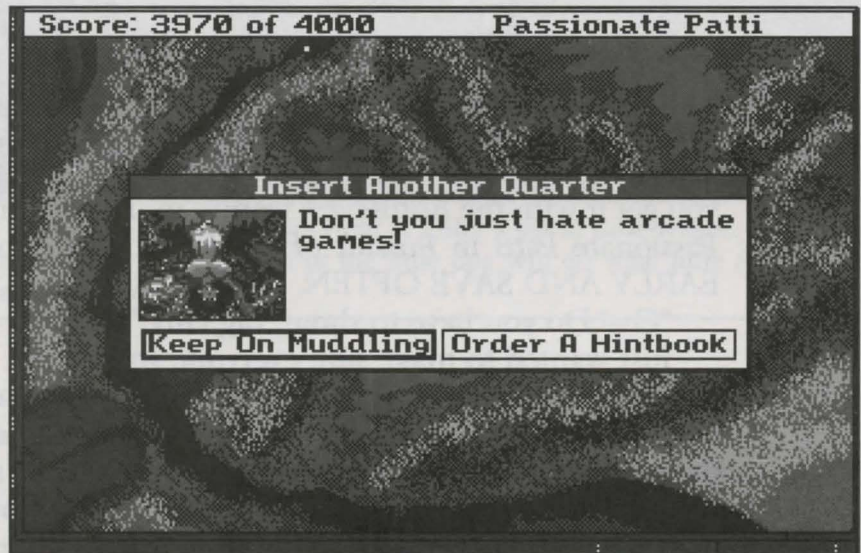
Say, that’s an idea for the next game. Any preferences? Left leg or right leg?

“Arrrgh!”

To continue, as the manuals point out, a wise adventurer saves often. The world of Leisure Suit Larry is filled with potentially lethal situations. Whenever you get killed, locked up in prison for life, or otherwise stopped in your quest, you can restore your game to a past “book-marked” point and proceed in the adventure again.

“Big Al, I wanna raise!”

Later, Lar. So, folks, save early and often. It can’t be stressed



The Jungle River in Larry 3 is very dangerous for Patti! Only by saving early and often will she make it downstream.



Above: the old Control Panel used in Larry 5 and the VGA release of Larry 1.

Below: new game look with pulldown menus, and inventory items and points always visible. It makes playing easier.



enough. You'll find more information on save and restore functions on your reference card that comes with the game.

Here, however, is a tip concerning *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*. During the latter part of the game—when you are Passionate Patti instead of Larry—to get down the jungle river on the log, you have to play it like an arcade game.

“So give everybody a quarter, Al.”

No, I mean you have to maneuver the log to miss the rocks and snags in the fast current. It's not easy. The best way is to do a “leapfrog” kind of saving. You have to save files—maybe call them *log1* and *log2*.

The procedure is to get past two or three rocks and save *log1*. Maneuver past two or three more, and save *log2*. Get around some more, and save as *log1* again.

The reason for this is simple. You will crash and drown a lot. You need to be able to restore from the closest point on the river, and it's a long river. But what if you saved the game at a



point where it's impossible to miss the next rock? That's the reason for "leapfrogging" with *log1* and *log2*. Doing so will give you at least one viable restore point, and could literally save you *hours* in progressing through this part of the game.

"Yeah, Patti tells me she's still pulling aquatic weeds out of her hair. I gotta admit one thing, Big Al. You treat all your game stars equal. Har, har."

Well, what can I say, Lar?

"Save early and save often, Al. Believe me, that's what ya gotta do!"

Look, Talk, and Listen

Okay, now some "philosophy of play" tips. The best advice I can give in any Al Lowe game is *look*, *talk*, and *listen*. These words of wisdom can be applied also to the other Sierra adventure games.

In designing my games, I use a tree approach-

"What, you go out and sit under one?"

No, Larry. I'm talking about logic here, the use of which is something you might find baffling.

"Er, what does that mean? I don't understand."

Right, Larry, right.

"Huh?"

I'll explain later, let's get on with it for the folks here. Logic trees simply mean that you can work your way through a scene like following the branches of a trunk. You'll be able to find *everything* needed, even if you can't see it.

"Yeah, I watched Roberts playing Larry 1 on his laptop the other day. It was hard to figure out what was going on on that little liquid crystal screen."

It's sort of hard to figure out what's going on with Roberts anytime. I just hope he doesn't get carried away editing these tapes, but that is actually a good point you made, Lar.

"What? That he has a laptop? Most people do now. It



keeps their chair from coming up through their front. Har, har, har.”

Huh? Oh, I get it. But back to business. There are two kinds of “not being able to see” in an adventure game. One is because of the display—CGA emulation on a cheap laptop is not the world’s best way to view graphics. There can also be problems using color graphics on a monochrome monitor.

This is the first kind of not being able to see a needed object. However, it’s really no problem, because everything you need will be mentioned sooner or later in the text, or in conversation if there’s someone there who will talk to you.

The other kind of not being able to see an object is when it’s hidden from your view. Again, it will be mentioned in text descriptions or by characters you talk to in the scene.

“Hey! I understand the reason for the heading now. Look, talk, and listen.”



When you look around, there’s no telling what clues you’ll find. Larry—here in the slimy and disgusting hallway of Lefty’s Bar in Larry 1—comes across one such clue.



You're really not so dumb after all, Lar. Sometimes I don't give you the credit you deserve.

"Er, do I deserve ten bucks worth of credit? They got this five-buck minimum down at the Velvet Slipper now to help cover glasses that chicks take with them when they leave."

No, it doesn't, Larry. And Corning Glass must love you.

"I never heard of that chick, but I'm sure she does. Why wouldn't she? But how about an example of how to work a scene so you don't miss nothing. That's always been my big problem. I get halfway to Nontoonyt Island or something, and find out I done forgot an object that I gotta have."

Okay, here's an example from Lefty's Bar in the original version of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*. After you've been at the bar awhile, you wander into the back. You enter a hallway. The first thing you do is type *look around*.

"Yeah, and it ain't no ritzy place, that's for sure.

Right, Lar. What you see on the screen is:

You are in a dimly lit hallway. The paint peeling off the walls gives the cockroaches something to watch. An old table is pushed against the west wall. A filthy drunk sits on the filthy floor, leaning against the filthy wall.

"You do have a way with words, Big Guy."

Thanks, and pour me another fizzler, if you would.

"Fizzler?"

Classic Coke. Put your ear up close and listen to it right after you pour.

"Hey! My ear's wet now."

Gotcha, Lar! Some people will fall for anything. Aw, don't mope, I'm sorry. Here, sit down on the couch and I'll tell you how to solve the hallway at Lefty's.

Now, reading the message above, we know that we have to examine things closer. When you do, you'll either get some of my humor-

"It's a fizzler, for sure! Gets you in the ear every time. Har, har."



Thanks a lot, Lar. Anyway, if not a joke, it may be another clue. So type *look at the table* and you'll be told there's a rose on it. Walk over and pick up the flower; a guy never knows when a rose might come in handy.

If you are playing the new version of Larry 1, you would use the Look icon to find the rose, and the Hand icon to pick it up. More about the new player interface shortly. Back to the rose.

"Could solve an otherwise thorny problem, all right."

That's one "branch" of the logic tree in the scene, and you've followed it all the way. On an EGA or VGA display, you can see the beautiful rose in this most incongruous of settings. Even if you can't see the rose on a poor display, you know it's there and you can get it.

"Watch your language, Al! Margaret don't allow any incongruing around here."

I meant, it's a long-stemmed beauty that shouldn't be there, Larry.

"Uh, huh."

Never mind, Larry, you probably think vocabulary is something dirty, anyway.

"Well, no, but I try to never suggest that to a woman right off. You gotta talk to them a little bit first. So, getting you back on track, what does the player do next in the hallway scene? Look at the cockroaches?"

No, the game doesn't recognize that input. Once you have the rose, and have looked at the drunk, it's time for the second part of our look, talk, and listen general hint.

"I've tried talking to the drunk; all he does is ask for a drink."

Hmmm. That *could* be a hint, Larry. You might try going back to the bar and buying a drink. Sit on the stool in Lefty's Bar, and the bartender will ask you if you want beer, wine, or whiskey.

"Yeah, I tried that. Ordering beer or wine just gets you drunk and you bounce around all over the place. Besides, if you order



Chapter 5

wine, the bartender starts looking at you with mooneyes. I ain't into *that*. Ask any chick you happen to meet."

But, Larry, if you order a whiskey, the game will tell you that you decide to carry it with you instead of drinking it. What does this tell us?

"I'm not thirsty at the moment?"

No, Larry. The drunk, you want to take it back to the drunk.

"Why would I want to do that? He's already drunk!"

The third part of our hint, *Lar-listen*. The drunk asks you for a drink. So maybe if you bring him one, he'll give you something in return. Like the rose, it could be something you really need later, like maybe a TV remote control.

"Now what would a drunk in the back hallway of Lefty's Bar be doing with a TV remote control?"

Waiting to give it to *you*, if you're smart enough to listen to him and bring him what he asks for, Larry.

"Oh."

Of course, once you do have the control, the drunk will keep on asking you for drinks. Each one costs three dollars in the original version, and more in the new. You'd soon be broke if you keep buying for him. If you're broke, you can't take the taxi anywhere else in *Lost Wages*, and you've lost the game.

"He won't give you any thing else, like hints maybe?"

No, Larry. But always talk to people who *will* talk to you enough to make sure you've gotten all the hints. Now, past the drunk is the door to the john. It's an even more disgusting place than the hallway, but you need to check it out.

"Especially after those beers."

So, what's the first thing you do when you get inside the restroom, Larry?

"Unzip?"

NO! Pay attention. You *look*.



“Oh. Right. So what do I see?”

Okay, you're in the john of Lefty's Bar and you type *look around* in the old version. Here's what appears on the screen:

You are in Lefty's one and only restroom. The stench is overpowering, there is graffiti on the walls, and you doubt that the sink was clean even when it was installed. Even roaches can't survive in this place.

“Urk, if you are ever a character in an Al Lowe game, you can expect such luxuries.”

That's not fair, Larry. You get to go to some nice places, too. But, even if this place is not the best in the world, you still have to find something in here *and* a certain piece of information to get anywhere in the game.

“Info? Is there like something to read?”

More than one thing, Larry. But, back to the logic tree concept. There are hints in the message you got—two, in fact. The graffiti on the walls is mentioned, as is the sink. So, what ya gonna do, buddy?”

“Read the graffiti, I guess. Is it American Graffiti—har, har, har.”

Calm down, Lar. We're trying to help the kind folks reading this now. Okay, you type something like *read the walls* or just use the Look icon in the new version. Either way you get:

You see many messages. One is: “Scott me up, Beamie!”

“I canna hold her, Jim, th' dilithium crystals are cracked. Har, har.”

Not bad, Larry, but that message is not too informative, huh? Yet, there is another clue. It says: “You see many messages.” So there's still a ways to go in this logic branch. You type *read the walls* again, and get another message. And again, and again—until you get one that makes sense. That's what we call a *clue*.



Chapter 5

"You mean like a real clue? Wow! What would it look like, Big Al? Help me out here."

Oh, I don't know, Larry. Heh, heh. Maybe something like:

Say, here's an interesting one: "The password is: Ken sent me."

"Yeah, sounds like something I might need right there in Lefty's bar. Wow!"

Okay, you keep reading the graffiti on the walls and the messages start repeating. This tells you that this particular branch is exhausted. So you look at the next clue. Which was a mention of the sink. Examine the sink and see if anything there rings a chime as being something you should pick up.

"Rings a... Oh. Har, har. I get it! Then I leave, right?"

Gee, Larry, you're in a restroom. Think about what one normally does in a restroom and you might find a way to get a point or two, plus something else to read.

"I generally do more than just think about it. Oh, I get your drift. Something to do with utilizing the facilities provided?"

Exactly, just be sure you don't become flush with success and make a blunder that might drown you in failure.

"Huh?"

Save early and often.

"Oh, yeah."

So, to sum up this section and its examples—you can work your way through most scenes using the *look*, *talk*, and *listen* rules. It's not necessary to be able to actually see things you need, since they will all be referenced in the text somewhere.

"Wow. Like a tree! It's like a tree."

Er, yes, Lar. I think everyone else got that about three hundred words or so ago, but you're getting better.

"Thanks, Al. Just for saying something nice to me, I'll share this candy bar with you. I don't think I should keep it any longer, anyway."



Ah... Why not?

"Well, this chick in a bar last week asked me to run over to the convenience store next door and buy her a Baby Ruth. Said she wasn't like cutting out of that place with me until I did."

Ummm. I see. So, why do you still have the candy bar?

"She was gone when I got back. Can you imagine that?"

Yes, I can. Okay, give me the big half. I'm doing more than half the work.

"Sure, Al. Here. What's next?"

Well, the way you play Sierra games has recently undergone a dramatic change.

"Ken's putting out a game about Shakespeare now?"

No, Lar, I mean the new player interface.

A New and Better Player Interface

Icon bars, they're wonderful!

"Hey, Big Al! Don't be so hard on yourself there. You do a lot of funky things, but you don't con people, much less bars. Your games are a good honest value for the money with loads of fun entertainment. Besides, how could you possibly con a bar anyway? Lefty sure won't give you a drink unless you pay."

No, Lar, I'm talking here about Sierra's new, improved player interface. You'll find it in other games, too, like the new *Space Quest*.

"Roger Wilco that. Har, har."

Er... yes, good radio procedure, Lar. Anyway, the new Sierra player interface is based on the icon bar. Icons are little symbols of actions you can perform if you select one of them. Like a stick figure in the act of walking means you'll be able to make the character walk.

The icon bar is where the icons are. It's normally hidden so you aren't distracted from the game. Moving the mouse pointer to the top of the screen or hitting the ESC button will cause the

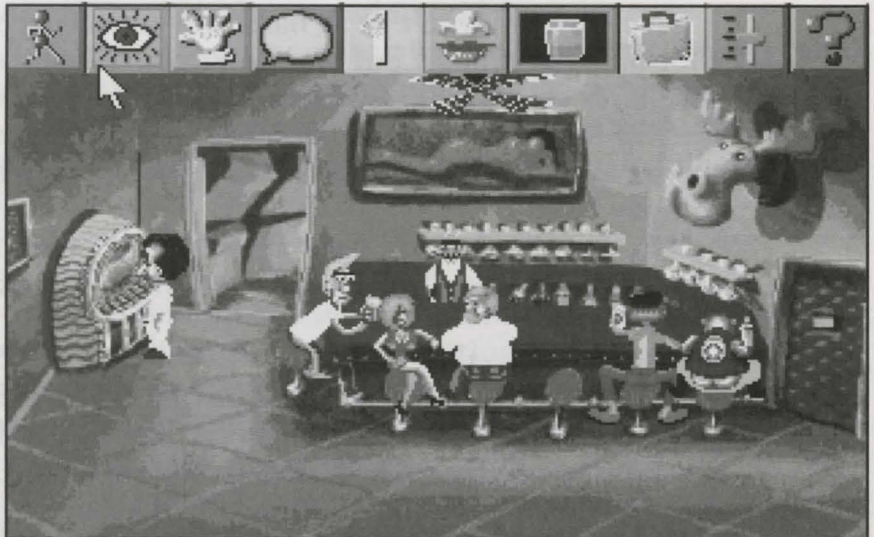


icon bar to be activated or, in other words, to appear at the top of your screen.

Most newer programs, whether they are games, spreadsheets, desktop publishing programs, or whatever, are designed to be used with a mouse, which is a pointing device attached to your computer. If your computer doesn't have one, you can still play the games using the arrow keys on your keyboard. We suggest you consider buying a mouse, though. They are very cheap now and add a lot to the convenience of using your computer.

The game manual that comes with your version of the game using the new interface—in our case, the VGA rerelease of Larry 1 and Larry 5—will give more specifics for your particular flavor of computer.

“Mine’s plastic flavored. I’ve licked it to see.”



The Icon Bar revealed in Lefty's Bar. The arrow under the Look Icon (the eye) is the mouse pointer. This same scheme is used also in Larry 5 and Larry 6, except in Larry 6 it has been improved somewhat and appears beneath the playing picture.



Quiet, Larry. So now, to play a Sierra game, pushing a mouse to move an arrow or other cursor symbol around on the screen, and clicking a button on the mouse is about the highest level of computer expertise you'll need. You can concentrate on the game now, instead of the computer.

On the far right of the icon bar is the question mark icon. Click on that one to get a question mark pointer. Move the question across the other icons, clicking on the ones you want explained, and a text box will appear in the center of the screen, describing what each does in turn.

"You're reading off your sleeve again, right Al?"

I want to get this right, Larry. Let's see. One of the important icons you'll use is the Walk icon. Clicking on this icon with the mouse (or using the arrow key to move to it and pressing the ENTER key) will give you a little stick figure. Move that figure on the screen to where you want your character to go, and he or she will walk to that point.

"If we feel like it, we will."

No, you *will*, Larry. It's in your contract.

"Oh, all right, then."

The next icon has an eye on it. That's the Look icon. Select it and move the eye to anything on the screen you want to know about. The Action icon, a hand, lets you touch, pick up, or open things. The Talk icon, a cartoon balloon in the Larry games, allows you to talk to people or objects. The Zipper icon will let you take off your clothes, if that happens to be appropriate at the time. The Item icon shows what item you've selected from your suitcase, and the Inventory icon, if you click on it, will show the items in the suitcase. Finally, just to the left of the question mark icon there is the system icon that you use to save and restore games, adjust sound and speed, and leave the game.

"Save early and often, eh Big Guy?"

Words of wisdom, Lar, words of wisdom.

"That new interface sounds pretty simple to use, Al."



Sometimes you might run into what seems to be an impassable problem—such as when KRAP’s evil DJ, P.C. Hammer, blocks Passionate Patti in one of the radio station’s studios. Maybe what the statue of the Queen of Rock (Connie Stevens) is doing in the foreground might be a clue as to how Patti can escape. You might want to make a note of it.

Only because it is, Larry. It sure cuts out a lot of typing, and gave us room to put in a lot more jokes and twists to the story since we no longer have to worry about parsing text and trying to interpret all sorts of weird things people would type in. Now, the player can just point and click, and the action moves along.

“Speaking of being parched, Al, what say you give me the key to that palatial carbonated beverage cellar under this vast mansion so that I may replenish the supply of Diet Coke. Any year will do, but I would prefer a vintage of the last two or three weeks.”

Mansion? Cellar? I don’t know what you are talking about, Larry. If you want some more Diet Coke, there’s a couple of cases stacked by the washing machine on the back porch, I think.



"Just trying to add a little class to this book, Big Al. We can't have folks thinking you live in some shack in Fresno, now can we, huh Big Guy?"

Larry! What is it with everybody always putting down Fresno? Bring me a pack of raisins with that Coke, little buddy!

Help! Help!

Need a hint? If you find yourself a little stuck while playing a Sierra game, try the following ideas:

1. Read this book again. It's the ultimate Leisure Suit Larry hint book.
2. Get on the internet and use one of the search engines (such as Alta Vista or Yahoo) to look for Leisure Suit Larry—you'll find scads of information! He's one popular little polyester dude. One resource are the Larry pages provided by coauthor Ralph Roberts at <http://www.abooks.com/larry>.
3. Visit Sierra On-Line's extensive and interesting web site at <http://www.sierra.com>.



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(Yes, I know it's blinking, but I had to get your attention somehow.)

don't click here!

or here!

If you speak German, here's a great [Larry link!](#)

Have a look at
[Leisure Suit Larry's Greatest Hits and Misses](#)
[Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out](#)
[Torin's Passage](#)



LEISURE SUIT LARRY: LOVE FOR SAIL!

The funniest Leisure Suit Larry yet, *Love For Sail!* puts our hapless hero, Larry Laffer, aboard the world's grandest cruise ship, run by its gorgeous skipper, Captain Thygh. Imagine a shipload of beautiful women, imagine skimpy swimsuits -- imagine the nude pool! Then imagine what Al Lowe will make you do with the Scratch-'n'-Sniff smells included with every game! And imagine your own voice in the game... getting laughs! Then imagine your friends' surprise when you show them your very own face, right there on screen! (No, don't ask us about this, you'll just have to wait and see!)

Instant movement around the ship means no more "wandering around." And now Al's humor has no limits: you can even type again! And a new "icon-less" interface speeds you to more laughs than ever.

Love For Sail! is available now, so get out there and buy a copy!

Message Board and Chat room

Need hints? Have a comment about the game? Just want to chat with your fellow players? Check out our new [Larry Message Board!](#)

What's that?

Don't believe me when I tell you it's a great game? Well, just see for yourself, Mr. Doubting Thomas. Check out our [Love For Sail! Preview!](#)

Shhhhhhhh!

Don't tell Al, but this game's full of [Easter eggs!](#)



Sierra On-Line has a number of web pages about Larry!



Coming Right Up

Okay. Next we get into specifics for the five known Larry games—*Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)*, *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*, and *Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out*. A chapter on each follows. We'll also tell you about *The Laffer Utilities*, America's leading nonproductivity tool.

"Great! Now maybe I'll finally learn how to get around some of the problems that have been bugging me."

You will, Lar, you will. So go put a couple of TV dinners in the oven, open a case of Fritos, lay on a crate of raisins, and we'll tank up for some serious adventure game playing.

"All right! Now we get down to the nitty and the gritty."

Chapter 6

Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards™

Okay, Larry—here comes the good stuff! We’re going to rock and roll now, by golly!

“The good stuff? You bought a bag of Oreos and a jug of milk? Now *that’s* a dessert!”

Er, no. I mean the hints for getting through the various games.

“Well, that’s good, too! I know I’ve been stuck for hours at different points.”

Exactly, Lar. This section covers all five of the known games—one game per chapter. It contains some moderately explicit hints (and some hidden ones as well), so you might want to play the game a while first. Try to solve it yourself, then peek in here for hints if you’re having trouble. Also, after you’ve solved the game, read the last part of each game chapter to find out the points you missed the first time through.

“Wow! This must be the *ultimate* hint book, then. It’s being written by Big Al Lowe, the creator of the games, and the most manly computer game star stud in all of computerdom, one Larry, Larry Laffer.”

Yes, Lar, it is the ultimate hint book, even if your statement



Chapter 6

about studs may have been slightly exaggerated. An experience not wholly unfamiliar to those of us who know you.

“Nah. Ask any chick you happen to meet.”

Be that as it may, onward and upward. Let's set the scene first.

Start the game as per the instructions in your manual for your system. After the opening title screens—which can be aborted by hitting Enter or Return—you'll be asked your age, and then given a short quiz. This is to make sure that no one under-age plays the game. You are allowed to miss one of these questions, but if you get more than that wrong, the game will think you are a kid and you'll have to try again.

“These questions are not the most serious in the world, Al.”

Heh, heh. Nope. Not in an Al Lowe game. That's for sure. But if you tell the game you're between 19 and 39, you're going to get some trivia questions that only someone in that age bracket would know. Once you pass the test, then you get the first scene of the actual game.

There are now *two* versions of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*. The newest one is the completely revamped 256-color VGA release with literally hundreds of new jokes. The plot and way you solve both versions remain the same, however. Larry and I will tell you during the course of this where differences in the hints matter. The *big* difference between the two is that the new one uses the mouse point-and-click player interface we told you about in the last chapter. In the old version, you still have to type in commands.

Command lines you type into the old game, by the way, will be in italics below. I won't spoil all the jokes many of these commands will give you by telling them, but there are lots of little goodies in any Al Lowe game.

“Big Al's good looks are only exceeded by his modesty.”

Er, huh?

“Heh, heh.”



Background

Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards, the first Larry game, is set in the desert city of Lost Wages. Like a wise man once put it, “Lost Wages, Nevada-at night-looks like a huge neon dinosaur making it with 6,000 acres of electrified sequins.”

The time is 10 p.m. and you-Leisure Suit Larry-have just been deposited in front of Lefty’s Bar in one of the seedier sections of the city. For the events leading up to this seminal junction in the life of Larry Laffer, we refer you again to Chapter 1. We scooped the world of journalism, by the way. The first edition of this book was the first time Larry’s full life story has ever been revealed.

“Gee, you sound just like a college professor, Big Al. Say, that’s an idea for Larry 7! I could like get a job as a teacher at a large Southern California University and, like, teach stuff.”

What subject could you possibly qualify as expert enough in to teach, Lar?

“Chickology, man! How to get chicks.”

Oh, migawd, Larry. That wouldn’t work. Have you ever heard the term *politically correct*? You would be lynched on campus.

“Sure it would work, Al. Remember the movie *Paper Chase* with all them young people hanging on the words of the wise old prof-it could be like that. I’d show them how to do it, them pretty coeds would flock around, and-”

Larry! That movie was about how to be a lawyer.

“Yeah, well this would be something useful. It should do even better. Why-”

Never mind, Lar. Back to the business at hand here, the background of Larry 1. First off, if you are a woman and playing this game-and why not, *everyone* can enjoy the Larry games-then a hint is in order. *Think like a man*. In other words, don’t



be subtle. In Larry's world, being direct and persistent (and more than a little devious) will get the lady. You have to think and act like Leisure Suit Larry.

"Say, What's that sound?"

Millions of women, all across America and the world. They're screaming at the very thought of thinking like you, Lar.

"Oh, yeah. Chicks. I love them one and all."

Still, ladies, it can be fun. And let me state again that while a few women have mentioned to me that I must be a real male chauvinist pig, I feel they have just missed the point of Larry. It's really satire *against* that kind of thinking! I'm an ERA-er from way back (being honest now). Apparently some of the ladies have missed the humor in the Larry games.

"There's humor in them? What did *I* miss?"

Obviously, just about everything, Larry. Get us some Doritos, and hush up. Okay, back to the opening scene. There you are standing out in front of Lefty's Bar. In the old version, you know it's 10 p.m. by hitting the ESC (escape) key and using the arrow keys to select the Special menu and turn on the clock. The time will appear on the top line of the screen, and update itself as time progresses. In the new version, check your watch—it's in your suitcase which you get to by pulling down the Inventory icon.

You can take an inventory of your possessions by typing *inventory* or just *inv* in the old version, or as I just said above for the new version. In both, you start with a wallet, some breath spray, and the watch. The watch is a genuine BowlX, and it will tell you the starting time is 10:00, which you already know because I just told you. To see this, type *look at watch* in the old version, or use the Look icon (the eye) on the mini-Icon bar you see when you click on the Inventory icon.

"There's also some pocket lint in the old game, Big Al. I thought this was a Sierra game, not an Infocom one."

Just one of the many little hidden jokes, Lar. Looking in the



wallet, you'll find you have \$94 (which you got from selling the Volkswagen to Honest Tricky Dick), some notes and business cards, and a few credit cards (which won't work in this game).

The money you will need, and you'll have to find a way of making even more. Look at the business cards. While all you'll get is Sierra's On-Line's phone number, you might try calling them from the various phones in the game. It could be worth extra points. Maybe even five.

"When are you going to put in a hint, Big Al?"

Oh, any time now. You never know, Larry, an experience wholly familiar to you. Next read the notes; Ken Williams says, "Please act on them today." Look at the credit cards. If you have the old game, type *look at credit cards*—in the new game, use the Hand icon to reach into your wallet while you have your suitcase open. Unfortunately, the cards are from the Bank of Libya in the old game, and from the Bank of Iraq in the new one. Regardless, no business in Lost Wages will accept them.

Of your other possessions, you'll use the breath spray a lot. Just remember that it's not a totally bottomless can. You will know when to use it by various snide comments from the game and various characters. Don't use it when you don't have to, but if you run out, perhaps you can find a store selling some.

"Tell them about the dog, Al! You'll let them stand around too long already, O Sadistic One."

That little dog likes you, Larry. He likes you a lot.

"Oh yeah, just try to pet that mutt when he's close, and you'll see how much he likes me."

Heh, heh. About every 30 seconds or so, if you're standing stationary outside, the little dog will wander onto the screen. If you don't move before he reaches you, then he'll mark his territory, and move on.

"In the next contract, Al. It's gonna be in the next contract. No dogs."

A kangaroo maybe then, eh mate? G'day mate?



“Arrgh.”

Okay, the manual that comes with *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* gives you some starting hints. So, while you are still outside Lefty’s, look around at various things. By that time, the dog should arrive.

“Durn dog!”

The message you get when you look at the street is significant. It says: “Isn’t it funny there’s so little traffic?” If you walk out into the street, you’ll find out there is plenty of traffic.

“You’ll get flattened, is what he means.”

Yes, you’ll quickly learn to take the taxi wherever you go in Lost Wages. Reading the signs will tell you where the taxi stands are. Call a taxi the way people in other large cities do. You will find the cabs don’t wait around, so be ready to get in, and make sure you have enough money to pay the fare.

“Al, you can’t type *call taxi* in the new version; tell them how to use the Hand icon to touch the taxi sign. Then the taxi will come.”

No, I, don’t think I’ll mention that, Larry, since you already have.

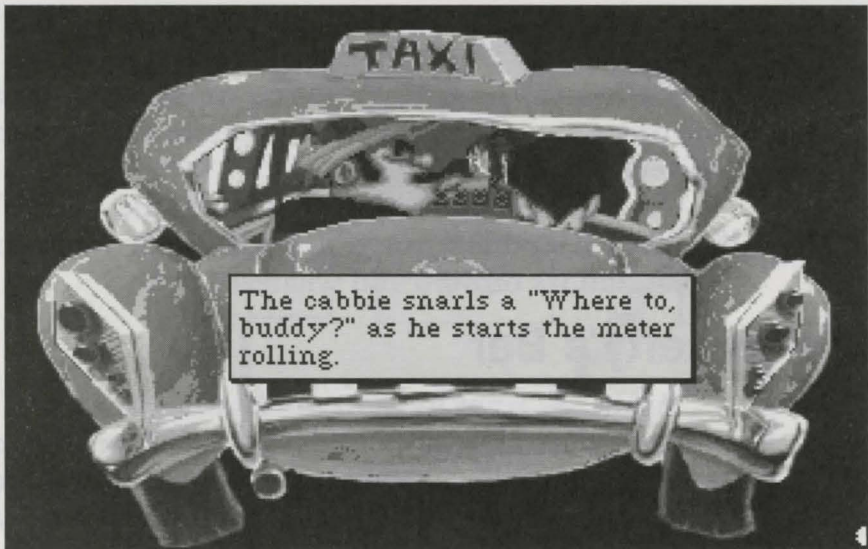
Story Line

Larry’s life prior to this game is detailed in Chapter 1. The story line of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards* begins as that biography ends.

Larry has been dropped in front of Lefty’s Bar by the used car salesman.

Anyway, you, the game player become Larry Laffer. You’re out on the town for a wild and crazy night in Lost Wages, Nevada. It’s the “swinging singles” scene for our boy Larry.

You’ll be guiding Larry as he samples the pleasures and displeasures of this desert gambling mecca. There’s wine, song, and—if our Man of Leisure is lucky—perhaps even women. It’ll be great, trust me. Nothing can go wrong.



Kind, courteous service is not a hallmark of the taxi service in Lost Wages, but the driver can give you some tips on where to go.

“Except for a certain little dog, speeding cars, assorted muggers, and so forth.”

Quiet, Lar. So, my friends, slip into that gleaming white leisure suit and try your luck as Larry. He’s depending on you, folks, so let’s move him onward and upward through the game.

“Watch the dog. Please!”

A nice feature of this game, by the way, is the realistic casino games—both blackjack and slot machines. You’ll have to play one or the other to get a little spending money from time to time.

When you’re talking to chicks—Oops! Larry’s a bad influence on me. I mean, when you’re talking to a *lady*, be sure to look at her. This game, like the other Larry games, lets you see a full facial view. Watch her expression for hints of how your “line” is being received.

“Say, did you tell them that this game received several



awards, including one from the Software Publisher's Association?"

No, but you just did, Larry. You are also several years behind the times, as usual. We've received more awards since then. It's all very gratifying.

"You couldn't have done it without me, Big Al."

Yes, I guess that is true, little buddy. Pour me another Classic Coke, and it's onward and whatever.

Inside Lefty's Bar

Again, we want to warn the reader that we will be giving some moderately explicit hints in this chapter. You might want to play the game first, then read this chapter to help you get past sticking points. Of course, to get all the hints here, you'll have to read very carefully. Again, we are giving you hints that will work in both versions of Larry 1.

Enter Lefty's by walking up to the door and opening it. In the next scene, the inside of Lefty's loads into your computer and appears on the screen.

"And it's as seedy as the exterior would lead you to believe!"

Well, we spared some expense in decorating it, Larry, to be sure. But just look around. There's some fine art up behind the wall, painted on black velvet. The moose head is an antique left over from the filming of *King's Quest III*, and the jukebox is a Wurlitzer. Try playing it with your sound turned on. When you look at the art, you'll find that you don't know much about art, but you know what you like.

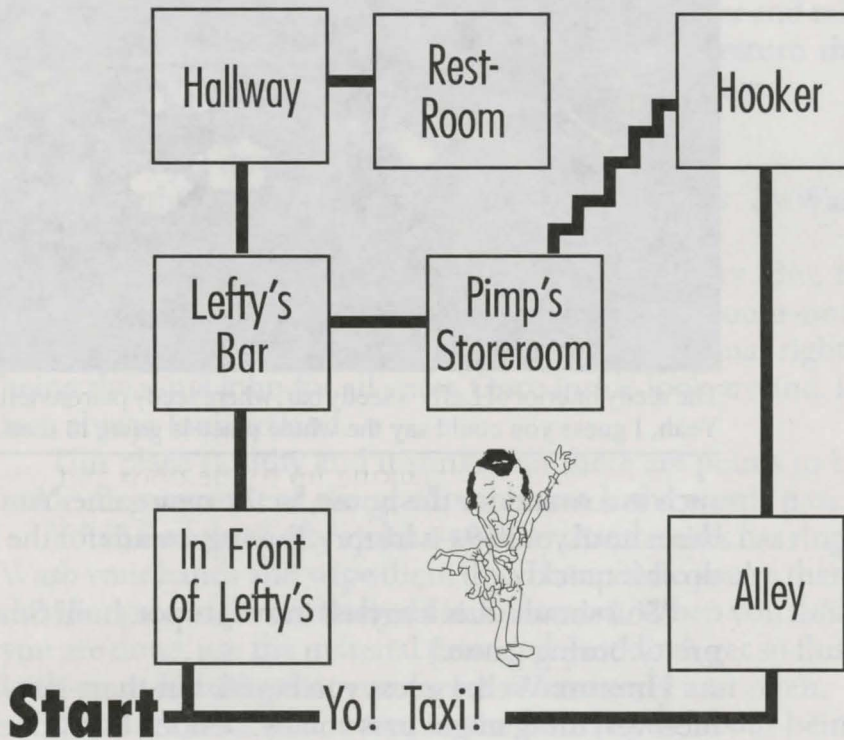
"Ain't that the nekkid truth."

There is a row of people at the bar, and one empty stool. You immediately notice the woman swinging her leg. Walk up and talk to her. You won't get much of a response unless you try to touch her. And, even so, it should become obvious to even Larry Laffer that he'll get nowhere with this lady.

"Yeah, so I just sit down at the bar, right?"



Lefty's Bar



Yep. Sitting there, you will hear snatches of conversations. Actually, it's just a collection of old punchlines—you'll have to fill in the rest of the dirty jokes for yourself. You will hear a lot of laughing, too.

"Har, har, har, har. Now I see where that came from."

Right, Lar. Getting bored with incomplete jokes, you talk to the bartender. All he will say is to give you the choice of ordering beer, wine or whiskey in the old game, and some other choices,



The seedy interior of Lefty's seedy bar, where seedy patrons tell seedy jokes. Yeah, I guess you could say the whole place is going to seed.

such as a round for the house, in the new game. You can order them until your \$94 is history. Buying rounds for the house will do this quickly.

"So I should drink myself into a stupor, huh? Sounds like a pretty boring game."

Hmmm. Well, I guess you could, but then—just like in real life—everything might pass you by. Besides, Larry does not hold his liquor well.

"Sure, tell the world about it, Al. Thanks a lot, buddy."

The truth is sometimes staggering, Lar. But it's back to DeWars for you.

"You mean, back to 'the wars,' Al?"

No, Larry. I don't. Hint, hint.

Lefty's Restroom

There's a doorway toward the top of your screen. Go through the doorway and you are in the hallway we talked



about in Chapter 7. Look around and you will see a table and the drunk. This place stinks enough to kill flowers. It's not entirely a rosy picture.

You will find you are not alone. We've already mentioned the drunk lying there in the previous chapter. Go over and talk to the drunk. Give him something, and he might return the spirits of your favor by making you a gift for a change.

"You mean *spirit*, Al."

No, Larry, I don't.

"Well, that makes about as much sense as that *DeWars* crack."

Yep, I guess it does. Heh, heh. I love this, Larry. But, to continue, the door by the drunk leads into the restroom—note the singular. Lefty's facilities are the ultimate in equal rights, being the same john for all sexes. Once inside look around. In fact, always look around.

This place is filthy and it stinks, but there are points to be made. Be sure to read the graffiti and watch the words pass.

You'll find that Lefty's john is so dirty that the sink has rings. Wash your hands and wipe them dry. Then, while you're there, do what you might normally do in a restroom. When you think you are done, use the material provided. Just don't get so flush with point-hunting that you forget to save early and often.

"So that's what you meant in the last chapter about being 'flush with success?' Har, har, har."

Gee, Larry. Your intelligence is improving. You're only a chapter late getting the joke.

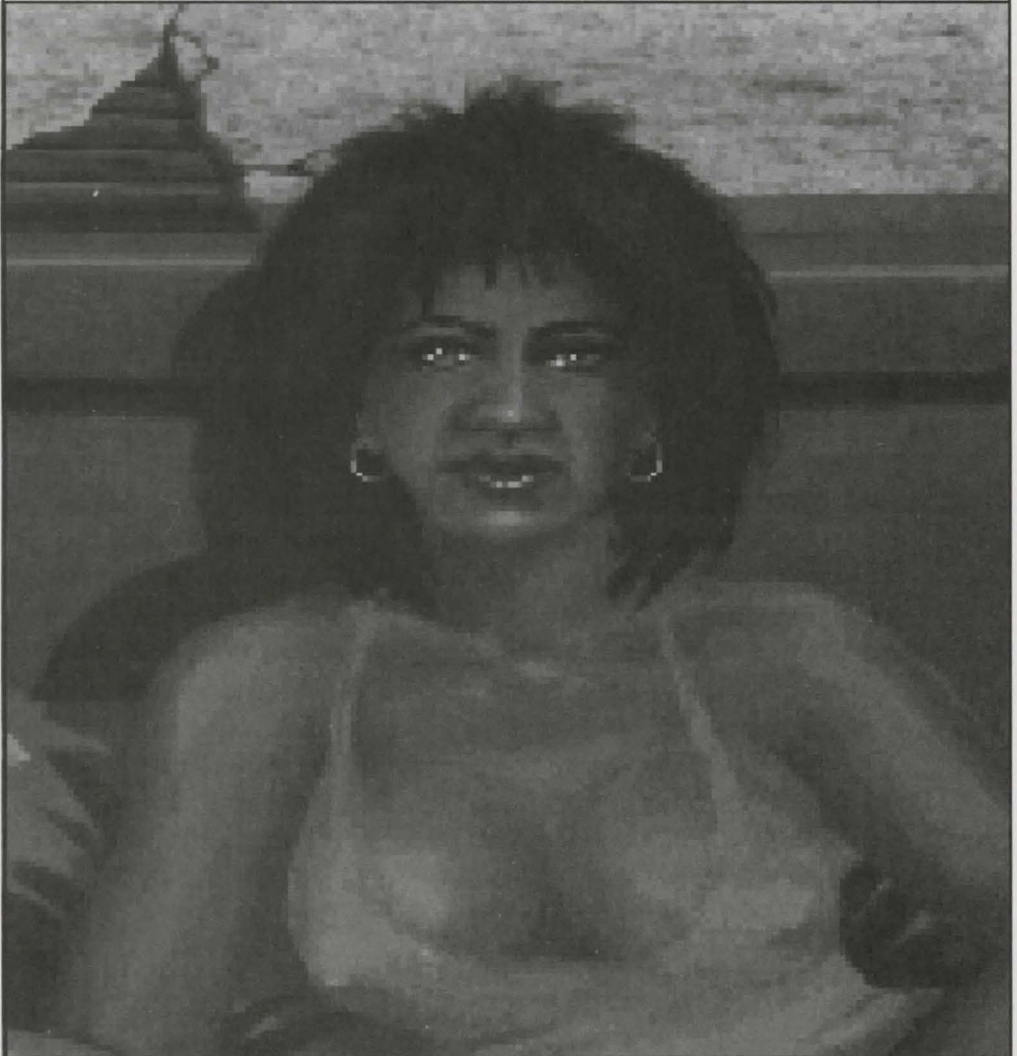
"*Hmpf*. Maybe your timing is off, Big Guy."

Lefty's Upstairs "Entertainment"

Okay, go back into the bar and up to the big Naugahyde-covered door with the locked peephole. Knock on the door while wondering how many Naugas had to give their all to decorate this sleezehole.



Larry's Ladies #12: The Hooker



This small businessperson has the entertainment concession above Lefty's Bar. Larry should approach her only with some measure of protection.



A beady-eyed moron will glare out at you. Don't stonewall-give him the password. He'll open the door for you, and then go stand in front of the stairs to guard them. The room is sparsely furnished—a few boxes and a television set. The television is currently turned off.

Nice guy, huh? Even Larry has figured out by now that he's a pimp and is here to keep you from availing yourself of the merchandise upstairs without proper payment first. Talk to the pimp and he will get around to telling you the price is a hundred bucks. You don't have that much, unless you have been to the casino and had a little luck with the slots or blackjack. If you do, you can pay and go on up. Should you not have the money, remember this guy is a moron, so you can probably distract him. It just takes a little misdirection in switching his attention away from you. In other words, channel him into another pursuit.

Upstairs, you find a “working lady” on a sleazy bed in an equally sleazy room. She assumes you've already made the financial arrangements.

At the top of the stairs look around, then look at woman. She's a gum-chomping mess, all right. Maybe you should think things out before hopping in the sack with her.

“Save early and save often, right Al?”

You got it, Lar. After all, this is the nineties, and there are even ads on TV now for certain... ah... protective items. You want to get it on with her, but maybe you better wait until you've had a chance to buy a little protection.

“They sell them in Florida, don't they?”

Er, what, Larry?

“Condominiums.”

What? Oh. No, you'll find a place to buy what you need later, so ignore the hooker for now. There's very little sweet about her, anyway. Maybe you should get your sugar somewhere else. It could be closer than you think.



Now, you could go back down the stairs to leave, but the answer to your best exit is more transparent.

“Huh?”

Be quiet, Larry, I’m trying to be open with people here and fire them up to escape from the hooker’s room. Take my advice, and you’ll find yourself outside. Look around and you will see a window with something in it. It’s a bottle of pills you’ll need later, but for now just remember the pills are there. You can’t get them yet, so slide on out of there. The best advice at this point to make sure you don’t trash your chances in this game, is to just hammer away. Yep, that’s a good one—when you are down in the dumps, hammer away.

Walk around to the front of Lefty’s. Call yourself a cab.

“Okay, I’m a *cab*. How the hell does that help?”

Be quiet, Larry. Go get the first aid kit out of my car. I have a dozen Hostess Twinkies stashed in there for emergencies. Working on a book with you sure qualifies.

“More hacker soul food! All right, my man!”

The Convenience Store

You’ll find three marked cab stands in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*. In front of Lefty’s, in front of the disco, and in front of the wedding chapel. However, you can also call a cab from in front of the casino and the store.

The cabbie won’t wait around for you. Try to be close to where he screeches to a halt. Walk up to the side of the cab and get in. Hurry or he’ll leave you.

The first time you ride in a cab, talk to the cabbie. He’ll say:

Looking for action, eh? Dis town is full of it. We gotta disco dat’s usually full of foxes dis time of night. Den dere’s the casino next to the all-night weddin’ chapel. And we gotta lovely bar, but you’ve been dere. Me, I like da conve-



nience store next to da disco, but of course that's just personal preference.

Right there the cabbie just told you every place you can go in Lost Wages, and indicated where your next stop should be. See how easy we make it for you?

While you are still in the cab, look at the cabbie a couple of times. Sickening isn't it? And whatever you do, when playing the old version, don't tell the cabbie to take you home. Unless, of course, you have saved early and often.

When you arrive at the store, pay the cabbie and be sure to tip him in the old version.

"Really go for the realism do ya, huh Big Al?"

Well-heh, heh-anything to get a joke off. Okay, once you're at the store, don't get too distracted until you've got your shopping done.

Okay, now here's a clue that includes all three items you will want to buy right now. Ready? "Reading can stretch your horizons and be quite intoxicating."

"Wow! Masterful, Big Al. What does it mean?"

It's a clue, Larry. Figure it out.

"I don't know. I get confused in the store. I think they sell real estate, too."

No, they don't, Larry. Why would you think that?

"There's a sign about condominiums being available."

You see all sorts of weird stuff on the checkout counters of convenience stores, Larry. Things you might not have thought of, but which could be useful. They figure while you're standing around rubbernecking, waiting on the clerk, you'll see something you need. The clerk, by the way, appears to be Saddam's third cousin.

Pay the clerk or expect a shotgun blast in the back-an instant cure for shoplifting. Walk outside and wait. We'll give you this hint straight out: a bum will come along. You definitely want to interact with him.



Talk to this guy. Give him a buck. If he's so expert in the stock market, he might have some other useful advice. Drink in his knowledge, and it will make your playing a lot sharper. Otherwise, you might later feel a knife-pain of regret.

Spend a little more time in front of the store. Look at the phone. There might be some useful information scribbled thereabouts. Of course, you don't have to follow my advice. It's your call.

Now, here's an extra points tip. And I'll give this one to you straight, also. Remember the business cards in your wallet? Call that number on the game telephone. Read the message. Act on it.

"All! That's a blatant commercial to sell hint books."

Yep, but you do get five extra points for reading it. Now, if you walk down the sidewalk to the left, you'll come to the disco. A big bruiser guards the stairs, and you can't get in—an experience not wholly unfamiliar to Larry. You'll need a membership card. Still, it does look like a great place to meet chicks, so you make a mental note to find a membership card. Maybe someone's thrown one away somewhere; otherwise this game will wind up on the ashheap of history for you.

Okay, now where do we go next? The cabbie mentioned the casino. That sounds good. We need to replenish our money, and there should be other action around a casino, too. Call yourself a cab.

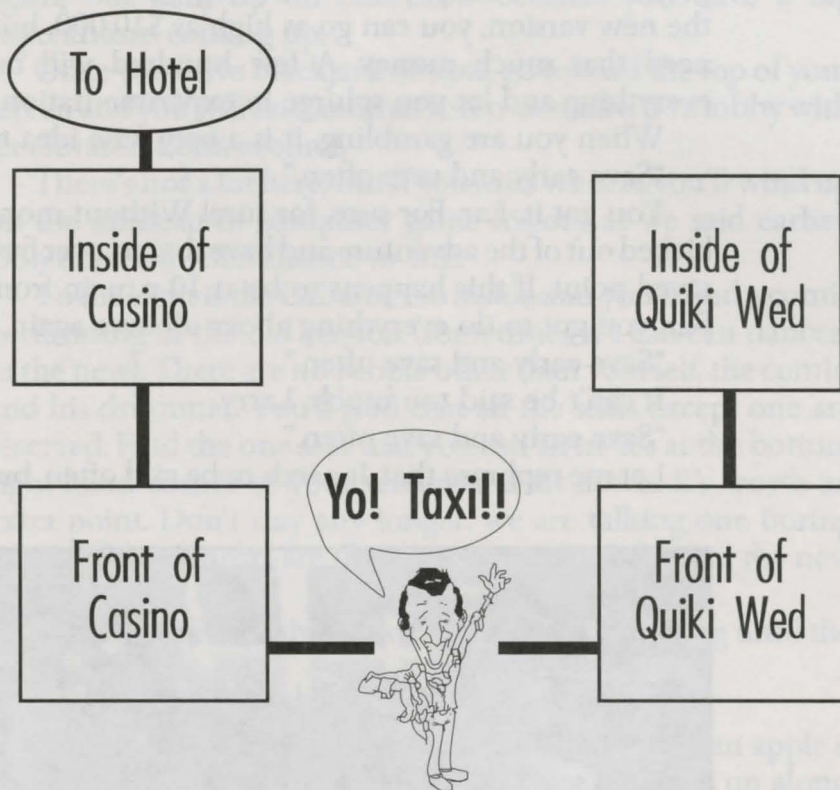
"Again? I haven't answered myself the first time yet."

The Casino

Be sure to pay the cabbie, then leave the cab when you get to the casino. In front of the casino, sooner or later, you'll see a guy selling apples (yes, this is the Woz-reference we discussed earlier). Get close and buy an apple. They're only a dollar each and look what an apple did for Adam. It might be your passage into a garden of earthly delights, also.



Casino Area



Don't worry if the apple guy doesn't show up right away; you can always catch him as you leave the casino. Just be sure you buy an apple the first time you see him.

"Save early and save often."

Right, Lar. Now, entering the casino, you will see that it has all the things casinos are famous for. You make a beeline for the slot machines or the blackjack tables—your choice.

Play slots or sit at the blackjack table. You want to try to



Chapter 6

break the bank in the old version of Larry 1, which at this casino is a measly one-byte variable or \$250. You'll find the blackjack game very realistic, and the odds are good IF you know how to play. However, the payoffs can be larger at the slot machines. In the new version, you can go as high as \$10,000, but you'll not need that much money. A few hundred will take care of everything and let you splurge in experimentation also.

When you are gambling, it is a very wise idea to—"Save early and save often."

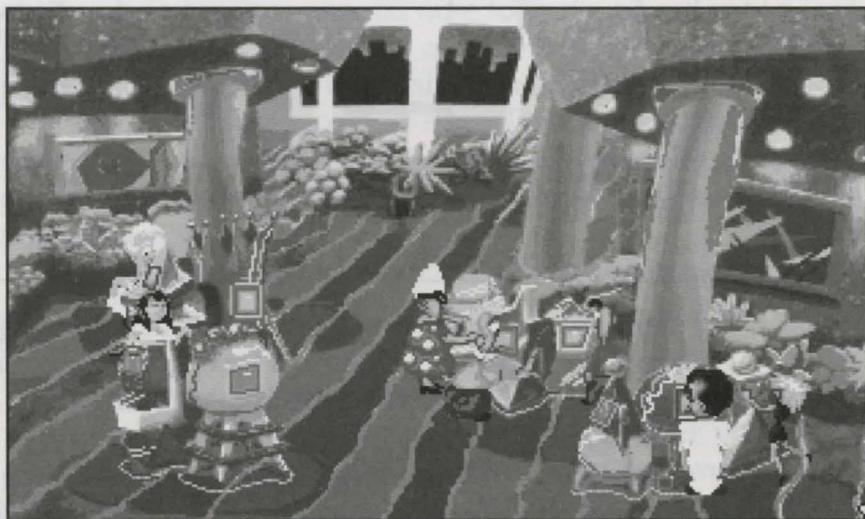
You got it, Lar. For sure, for sure! Without money, you get kicked out of the adventure and have to start over from your last saved point. If this happens to be at 10 p.m. in front of Lefty's Bar, you got to do everything above all over again.

"Save early and save often."

It can't be said too much, Larry.

"Save early and save often."

Let me rephrase that. It needs to be said often, but not every



The Lost Wages Casino. Not only are the odds in favor of the house, it's a pretty odd house. You have to win here!



other sentence. Anyway, play until you have \$250 in the old version, or whatever over that pleases you in the new version. If you run low on cash, you can always come back later and play again, but tank up on cash now because you have a big expenditure coming up.

Once you leave blackjack or slots, go toward the top of your screen and you will find another room—actually, it's a lobby with an elevator. Look around.

There's not a lot here, but if you miss what is, you'll wind up on the ashheap of computer game history as we said earlier. Don't discard your chance to win.

To the right is the Cabaret. Go inside and you'll find a comic performing in the old version (sometimes it's can-can dancers in the new). There are no people other than yourself, the comic, and his drummer. You'll find that all the seats except one are reserved. Find the one seat that you can sit in—it's at the bottom right-hand corner of your screen—and sit down. It's worth an extra point. Don't stay any longer, we are talking one boring comic. If the dancers are there, just come back later in the new version.

LARRY! Off the table. Restrain your dirty dancing until the next game.

"Is *that* a hint about Larry 7, Big Guy?"

Darned if I know. Anyway, leave the casino, buy an apple if you haven't already, and call the cab. Time to dance on along.

Staying Alive at the Disco

In front of the disco, walk up to the bouncer and show him your membership document. He then steps out of your way and you can zip up the steps into the disco proper.

When you enter, the girl of your dreams is sitting at a table over to your right. Since she is the only woman in the whole place, you will have no trouble recognizing her.

Before you do anything else, though, look around the disco,



and at all the people there. You see someone you know.

“Have you been hanging out in that disco again, Big Al?”

Maybe, Lar. Now go over to the lady of your screams... er, I mean *dreams*, and ask her if you can join her. “Why?” she’ll say, “Am I coming apart?”

“Har, har.”

Sit down at the table. Look at her, and you’ll get a close-up view of her lovely face. Watch her expressions as you talk to her. Keep on talking. You’ll find her sign is OCTAGONAL, as in stop, but be persistent. Strike up a conversation. You’ll find out that her name is Fawn, and she likes material things. She will give you some hints on how to proceed with her to reach your end goal.

“And it ain’t Bakersfield.”

Ask her to dance. Follow her to the dance floor and you’ll be treated to an automated dance number that will have John Travolta calling you for tips. After the dance, follow her back to the table.

Fawn is so sweet, and her complexion is rosy. You are sure you’re in love. It all has the ring of truth.

Finally you hit it with Fawn! She tells you that she wants you to make mad, wild passionate love to her. Unfortunately there is a minor catch. She continues, “but first we must get married. I could never make love to a man not my husband. If you could loan me \$100, I’d rent the Honeymoon Suite at the Casino for us. Then, after we’re married, we’ll celebrate there.”

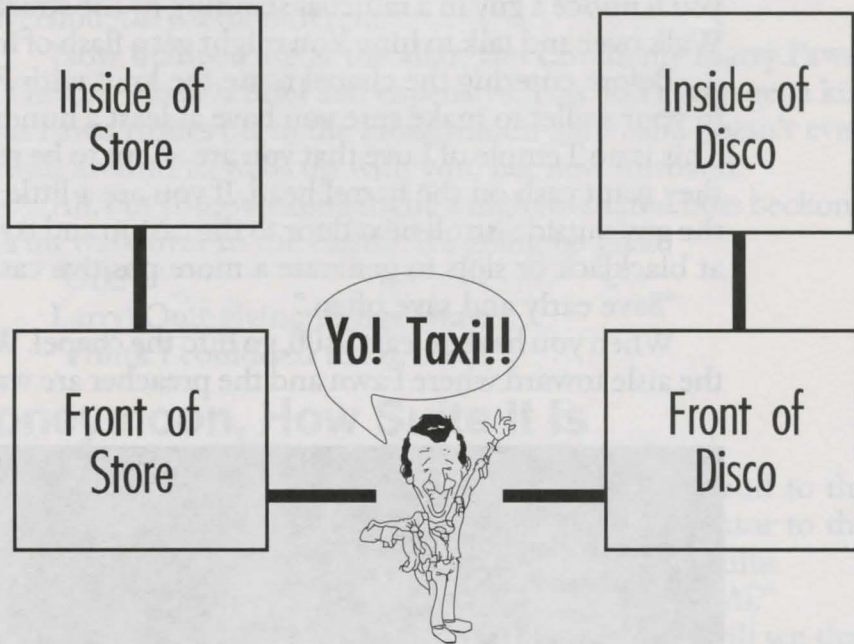
She looks good to you, very good. To get Fawn, marriage and a hundred bucks seems a small price to pay. Give her the money.

Fawn tells you to meet her at the marriage chapel in a few minutes, and leaves to make the arrangements. She really will do these things, so hop a cab for the marriage chapel. Time’s a wasting! Go for it, Larry!

“My first marriage. It’s a real experience, too.”



Store/Disco Area



You must have enjoyed it, Lar. You keep doing it over and over.

“With pretty much the same results, too.”

Keep trying, little buddy. Sooner or later, you will find the girl of your screams... er, dreams.

“I hope that’s not a hint about Larry 7, Big Al.”

Nah, be happy, don’t worry. Your pal, Big Al, will take care of all.

“Said the spider to the fly. Working in an Al Lowe game is



not for the faint of heart. Only us real manly studs can stand it for long.”

A Marriage NOT Made in Heaven

When you get out of the cab in front of the marriage chapel, you'll notice a guy in a raincoat standing by the streetlight post. Walk over and talk to him. You might get a flash of inspiration.

Before entering the chapel to tie the knot with Fawn, look in your wallet to make sure you have at least a hundred bucks. This is no Temple of Love that you are about to be married in—they want cash on the barrel head. If you are a little short—like the guy outside—stroll next door to the casino and try your luck at blackjack or slots to generate a more positive cash flow.

“Save early and save often.”

When you have at least \$100, go into the chapel. Walk down the aisle toward where Fawn and the preacher are waiting. The



Fawn leaves the chapel in a hurry after marrying Larry but, who wouldn't? Still, Fawn's intentions are not the best as far as a lasting relationship is concerned. In fact, their marriage turns out to be a rather short one.



candles are burning brightly and it's wedding time for Larry Laffer! Ignore the plastic decorations; this is finally matrimony for you, Larry; Larry Laffer!

"Urk!"

Look at the preacher. In the old version, you'll find he looks like his brother in the Lizard Lounge at the Casino. In the new version, they look different.

Now that you are at the altar, you can finally marry Fawn. The ceremony is brief and expensive. You don't even get a kiss as Fawn rushes off to the Honeymoon Suite. She doesn't even wait around to walk up with you, her new husband.

Ah, but your wedding night, a night of shared bliss beckons. You walk over to the casino. It's going to be great!

"Urk!"

Larry! Quit giving things away.

"Think I could sell them, then?"

The Honeymoon, How Suite It Is

Walk through the casino to the lobby. Go around to the back of the glass elevator and enter. Take the elevator to the right floor and proceed forth to the Honeymoon Suite.

"Nothing like beating the obvious to death, eh Al?"

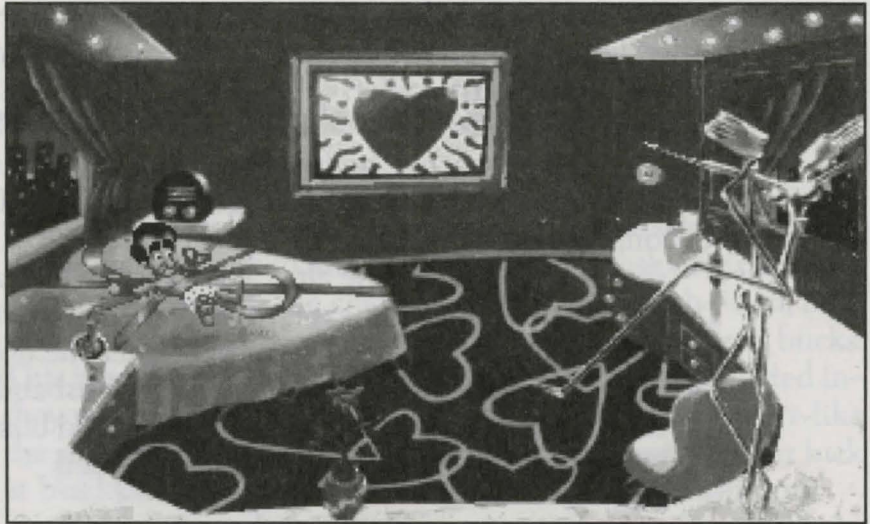
Be quiet, Larry. Now, leaving the elevator, you will see that one of the room doors has a heart on it. That's the Honeymoon Suite. Walk up and knock on the door. Fawn will let you in.

"But just into the room."

Er, yes, Lar. Once in the room, some music might be a real turn-on, and even the commercials can be intoxicating. Then go around that big heart-shaped bed to Fawn—your wife, the woman of your dreams. She's waiting for you.

"Urk."

You talk to Fawn, but she's not in the mood for love yet. She wants some wine. You have no choice but to humor her. Perhaps you've heard of a place where you can order some.



Larry's wedding night ends in a tie game with no score. He'll have to think sharp to get out of this situation!

Leave the room and take the elevator back down to the lobby. There's a phone on the back wall, next to the Cabaret entrance.

"Aw, save them the trouble, Big Al. It's gummed up. The only phone in the game that can be used is the one in front of the convenience store."

Okay, you'll need about fifty bucks or so. Play the slot machine or blackjack if you're low, but don't bother with more than fifty or sixty bucks. A fellow might get robbed sometime soon.

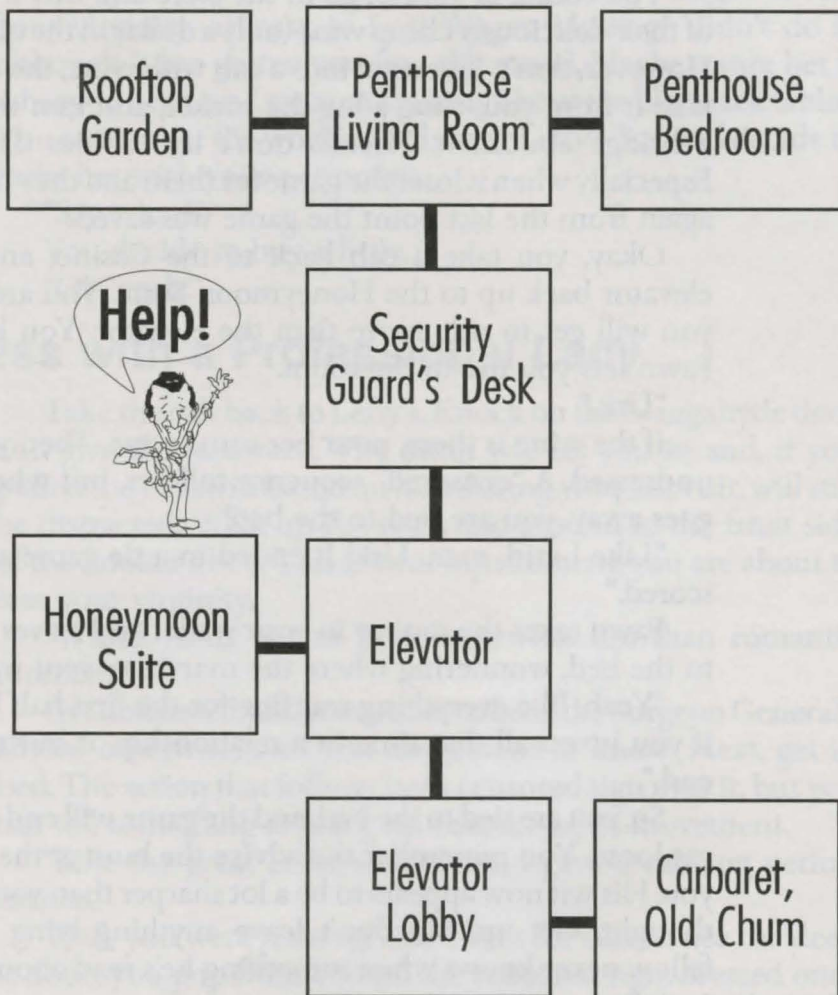
"As I said, urk."

Take the cab to the store. When you arrive, the phone could be ringing. Answer the phone. I must warn you, however, that sometimes your opinions can come back to haunt you, heh, heh.

Next dial the phone, entering the number of the place you heard about. When they answer, order wine. When you are



Hotel Area



Start



asked where to have it delivered, say Honeymoon Suite at the Casino. Be sure to put all that in there, or it won't be delivered, and you'll have to come back here and call again.

You could, of course, go in the store and buy a jug or box of their deliciously cheap wine (only a dollar in the old version!). However, don't. If you get into a cab with wine, the cabbie will take it from you, chug-a-lug the sucker, and ram the cab into a bridge abutment. Friends don't let cabbies drive drunk. Especially when it loses the game for them and they have to start again from the last point the game was saved.

Okay, you take a cab back to the Casino, and ride the elevator back up to the Honeymoon Suite. You are sure now you will get to ride more than the elevator. You knock, and Fawn lets you in... to the room.

"Urk."

If the wine is there, pour her some wine. Then you can get undressed. A "censored" sequence follows, but when the sign goes away, you are tied to the bed!

"Like I said, man. Urk! It ended in a tie game and I never scored."

Fawn takes the money in your wallet and leaves you roped to the bed, wondering where the marriage went wrong.

"Yeah, like everything was fine for the first half hour or so. If you invest all that time in a relationship, it hurts to have it end."

So, you are tied to the bed, and the game will end if you can't get loose. You remember the advice the bum at the store gave you. His wit now appears to be a lot sharper than you originally thought. Get up, but don't leave anything lying around. A fellow never knows when something he's read about might be useful.

Unfortunately, you are in the expensive city of Lost Wages, almost broke. Ah, but not completely. Fawn missed the ten bucks you had hidden in a secret compartment in your wallet.



With your great gambling skills, it's a cinch to build your capital back up. Go downstairs to the casino and play slots or blackjack until you have at least fifty or sixty bucks.

But, you still have a problem. You set out tonight to lose your virginity, at least, in Lost Wages. Marriage didn't do it, although it has gotten you into the mood. Maybe a sure bet is what you need, and we aren't talking about the blackjack tables. You remember the working lady over Lefty's Bar, and decide to favor her with your patronage.

"Say what?"

You decide to buy a little.

"Oh, yeah."

Business with a Professional Lady

Take the cab back to Lefty's. Knock on the Naugahyde door and give the password. The pimp will let you in and, if you pulled the old switcheroo on him during your last visit, will still be distracted. Walk up the stairs and around to the front side of the hooker's bed. This is your big moment, you are about to lose your virginity.

"Which turns out to be a somewhat less than romantic moment."

Get undressed, and remember to heed the Surgeon General's advice—otherwise, well you don't want to know. Next, get in bed. The action that follows has a censored sign over it, but you can tell something is going on because of its movement.

"Like the great entertainer I am, I gave a moving performance."

Well, you were moving, Lar. That's for sure. Once the deed is done, you pop from behind the censored sign, dressed once more in your gleaming white leisure suit. Now that you are finished, you can safely discard the Surgeon General's advice.

Unfortunately, this cheap and tawdry experience was not exactly what you were looking for or, as the game puts it:



Although successful, you feel less than satisfied. Technically speaking, you're no longer a virgin, but for some reason, the thrill just wasn't there. You vow to continue your quest until you please your heart, and not just your other organs.

Again, the answer on how to exit is open and shut. By this time, you should know the ropes well enough to have a smashing success in getting your next points. Well-read Men of Leisure know when to hang out, and when they are becoming such a pill they should leave.

"Huh?"

Sorry if that hint escapes you, Larry. I don't have time to try and hammer it into you. You'll just have to play the game and take your medicine as it comes. If you do, you might get to fly to Spain on vacation.

"Do they have flies in Spain? I don't get it, Al."

Just talking about something you could find a use for, Lar. So, now you can slide away again. The night is still young.

"So, the quest is not over, huh?"

No, Lar. You still yearn for female companionship. Where do you go next?

"Er, back into Lefty's."

Nope, nothing in there for a man of leisure like you.

"The convenience store and snag a chick like while she's buying toothpaste?"

That might do in a squeeze, Larry, but it doesn't play on the old computer tube here.

"Huh?"

Never mind, just getting my teeth into a little dental humor. No, any lady you met in the store would probably give you the brushoff. Try the casino hotel again.

"Yeah! With all those rooms on all those floors, there's bound to be a lonely chick just waiting for me! Don't cry, my



little chickadee, your Larry-lover-birdie is on the way!"

Well, at least you got the right location. Yes, for the grand finale of the game and the successful solution to your quest, it's back to the Casino.

The Big Finish

Try a few of the doors on a few of the floors-
"You're a poet and don't know-it, Big Guy."

I'd make a rhyme, but I haven't got the time. Anyway, knock on a few doors at random. You'll get some interesting messages. But your goal should be higher than that-you want to be banging on more than doors.

Maybe you will find a sweet young security guard making sure you can't go where you need to go. Walk up to her desk and look at her.

She's a nice-looking lady, huh? With big sexy-
"Al!"

-eyes. Talk to the lady and you'll find out soon that her name is "Faith," and that you're getting nowhere with her. Maybe Faith needs a little artificial stimulus. If you have some sort of mythical aphrodisiac to give her, she could start getting turned on. Is your luck finally changing?

"Nah. Not yet."

Faith lives up to her name; she leaves you and goes looking for her boyfriend before the pills wear off. You look at the desk and now that certain of her more outstanding physical attributes are no longer in the way, you can see the whole desktop. But you have more pressing engagements-you can't stand around here forever.

"Reminds me of my uncle. He used to work as an emcee at a strip joint down in Bakersfield. But he had to give up that job because of constant ridicule."

Being your uncle should have been problem enough, but I'll bite. How did he know he was being ridiculed?



Larry's Ladies #13: Faith



Faith, the exceptionally lovely security guard for the penthouse was a real pill in the hotel in Larry 1. That still doesn't mean Larry had much luck with her. She really did live up to her name.

“Well, every time he'd try to say something, a large titter would run through the audience. Har, har, har. How about that one, Big Al?”

Larry! That will never get by the editors!

“Probably not, but it just hit me.”

Okay, you need to get on up in the world. Do so and you'll find yourself in a very luxurious place. There is a door to the outside, and another that you find leads to a bedroom. Go in the bedroom first. It's nice, but nothing or no one here. Go to the door on the other side of the room and open the door. It's



a closet. In the old version, go inside (in the new version, you can see what's hanging in the closet from the bedroom).

The screen doesn't change when you go into the closet, but look around anyway. You'll find an inflatable (how deliciously kinky) doll. Inflate the doll (be a sport), and look at it.

Play around with the doll a little and try various things (Larry, you pervert), such as typing *use doll* in the old game, or using the Hand icon in the new game to touch the doll in various places. It's funky, but you get points.

"I don't write 'em, I just act 'em."

Leave the closet, taking your new-found friend with you. Be careful not to snag her on a nail. Otherwise, there will be a loud, "flatulent" sound, and she'll fly away from you in the manner of any punctured balloon. Follow your latex-lady out onto the balcony. Wave bye-bye as she wafts off into the neon-glowing night skies over Lost Wages.

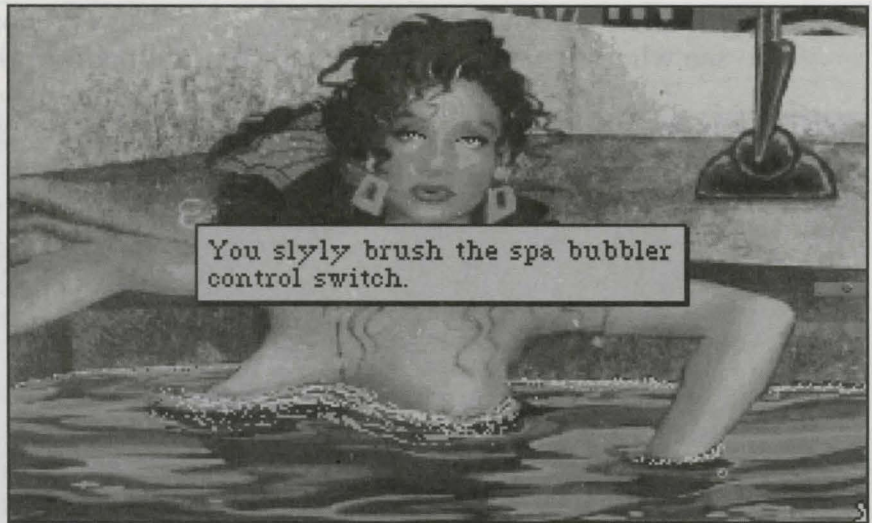
But things are indeed looking up! There's a naked lady in a hot tub. Be confident, here, Larry. Talk to her. When you get an invitation, take off your clothes and get in (the tub, that is).

Look at the gorgeous woman more closely (like wow!) and talk to her some more. You'll find out her name is "Eve." Eve, hmmm. Could that be a hint? While you're thinking about that, try turning off the bubbles.

"Oh, Big Al. You are rotten to the core. Don't protract it. Tell them what to give her."

No, Larry, I don't want to make it too easy, but you are just about ready to win the game. Eve is the apple of your eye. Keep working at it, and things start to get very interesting, very interesting indeed. You get turned on, she gets turned on. She gets out of the hot tub, grabbing only a towel, and invites you to follow her. You follow!

This is it, you've won the game! Fireworks go off! If you have the sound on, you hear that rousing Sousa march, *The Stars and Stripes Forever*.



Ah, Larry! You've done it! You find yourself in a hot tub with a beautiful lady, and a nearby switch to turn off those bubbles!

"Be kind to your WEB-footed friends, for a DUCK may be somebody's Mo-THER—"

Larry, nobody is paying to hear you sing! Anyway, you are now treated to the finale of the game and a guest appearance by Ken Williams touting Larry games. At that time of the first version, it was as of yet unnamed, but we all know and love it now as *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*. And that's the game we'll be talking about in the next chapter.

Before we leave, however, on the next page is a list of all the possible points in *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*. Don't look at this until you've played the game through once and want to see what you missed.

"It's a great feeling to finally succeed—right, Al?"

You've got it, little buddy. Boy, this chapter has made me hungry. Fire up the grill out back, Lar. It's *burger* time! We are going to chow down serious like!



All Possible Points

In Lefty's Bar
whiskey 1

In the hallway with the drunk

In the (ugh) restroom
use toilet 1
read the walls 2
get the ring 3
subtotal 10

In the Cab
exit cab 1

The Convenience Store
get magazine 1
read magazine 1
get wine 1
buy condom 4
subtotal 18

Outside the store
give man wine 5
look at phone 1
use phone 555-6969 2
use phone 209-683-6858 5
answer phone 5
use phone 555-8039 5
subtotal 41

At the casino
get card (in lobby) 1
buy apple (out front) 3
subtotal 45

At the Cabaret
sit 1

In the storeroom at Lefty's
use remote 3
change channels 8

In the hooker's bedroom
put on condom 10
go to bed 11

remove condom 1
get candy 2
subtotal 81

In the alley beside Lefty's
get hammer 3
get pills 8

At the Disco
show card 5
sit 1
look at Fawn 0
look at Fawn (2nd time) 1
dance 5
talk Fawn 1
give Fawn rose 5
give Fawn candy 5
give Fawn ring 5
give Fawn money 7
subtotal 127

At the marriage chapel
talk to the flasher 1
marry Fawn 12

In the honeymoon suite
turn on radio 1
cut rope with knife 10
get rope 3
subtotal 154

On the eighth floor of casino
give Faith pills 5
push button &
enter elevator 5

In the penthouse
get doll 5
inflate doll 5
use doll 8
GIVE EVE APPLE! 40

Grand Total 222



The Luck of Larry



How does Larry Laffer do with the ladies? Just what kind of luck does the self-billed “greatest lover in the known Universe” have? Well, we think photographs like the one above from *The Laffer Utilities* are staged. Larry, of course, carries them in his wallet as proof of his successes, but we know P.R. people and we think his love-machine reputation is a bit exaggerated. *Okay, a lot* exaggerated. But, there is a true, real-life phenomena at work here. The ladies, those of the surprisingly large number who play the *Leisure Suit Larry* games, really do love our likable little loser. They might not want to go to bed with him (or Al Lowe or Ralph Roberts either), but they love Larry. So, it looks like Larry truly is a lucky little fellow after all!

Chapter 7

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (in Several Wrong Places)TM

When we left our triumphant hero-Larry; Larry Laffer-at the end of *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, it seemed his life was finally fulfilled and ever-loving happiness achieved. He's found the lady of his dreams, and her name is Eve. What could possibly go wrong?

"Hmpf. I can tell you that. A certain Al Lowe says 'Hmm, it might be nice to do a sequel,' and Ken Williams says, 'Yeah, let's screw up Larry,' and Roberta says, 'Fine by me, I never liked him anyway,' and Bill Gates says, 'Larry who?'"

Now, Lar, that's not the way it happened.

"Uh huh? How far off am I?"

Er, well... ah..."

"That's what I thought, Big Guy, that's what I thought."

Never mind, drag a case of Fritos in here, and we'll get started. As we discussed in Chapter 2, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* was envisioned to be a different game—more humorous and less risqué. We took a lot of flack because of Larry 1, and thought we were responding to what people wanted.

"Only to have them complain it wasn't dirty enough, eh Al."



Chapter 7

Er, not sure I'd put it that way but, yes, we got back on track with Larry 3, and continued it in Larry 5 and Larry 6. However, Larry 2 has still been very successful and remains a favorite. There are many happy hours of entertainment stored up in *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* for you. Scads of little hidden Easter eggs, great graphics, and lots else.

"I like what Scorpia wrote about it."

You mean the nice lady who runs the Gamesig on Delphi and the Games Round Table on GENie?

"Yeah. Even if she won't return my calls, I like her a lot. She said:"

Welcome to another thrilling installment in the saga of Leisure Suit Larry. If you played the first game, you may be in for a surprise here: Larry doesn't get to make out that much (in fact, if he's smart, not at all). This time around, Larry's looking for love, not just sex (of course, he wouldn't mind a bit of both, hehe). However, he does manage to get himself into all sorts of weird situations (but then Al Lowe has a weird mind).

Me? A weird mind? You mean everybody doesn't think like I do? But there is a pretty good general hint for Larry 2 in what Scorpia says.

"You better believe it. Don't take no helicopter rides! It will be an experience you won't live to regret."

Right. Now Larry 2 is the first Larry game done with Sierra's Creative Interpreter, and is a big step up from the graphics and animation we had in Larry 1. Which is why we released Larry 1 in an updated, 256-color VGA version.

"I do look better-handsome stud that I am."

And totally modest to boot, aren't you Larry?

"You got that right, Al."

Another difference between Larry 1 and Larry 2 is the way the game is structured. In Larry 1, you can go almost everywhere



in the game within the first five minutes. Larry 2 is different; it has areas strung out like beads on a string. You have to solve each area before you can proceed.

“And you better make sure you’ve solved it completely, because you can’t go back. Forget something, and you are in deep doggy doo.”

Like dogs, do you, Lar?

“Urk.”

They like you, Larry. They like you a lot.

“Urk.”

But Larry is right. Be sure you get all the objects you need in one area before proceeding to the next. In other words, save early and save often. Now, the background.

Background

The nice thing about *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)* is that Larry now has a background. Thanks to Larry 1, we have a character whose traits we are already familiar with—experience gained the hard way on the seamy streets and in the sleazy bars of Lost Wages.

Knowing Larry as we do by this time, it probably should not come as a surprise to us that he has totally misinterpreted his night with Eve in the casino’s luxurious penthouse. What to Eve was an evening’s dalliance, Larry saw as the beginning of a permanent relationship.

So he goes to Los Angeles and moves all his stuff into her house at the corner of Ascot Place and Ball Road. Without, of course, the minor courtesy of discussing it first with Eve, who is not there when he takes up residence.

You can get all this background, and a lot more, when you first start the game. In fact, you *should* carefully watch the opening scenes. Just let it run all the way through the first time. Hitting a key will abort the sequence, and you will miss some important clues.



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After the title screen, and some interesting credit screens, we see Larry mowing Eve's yard. He's certainly become domesticated very quickly. Eve arrives and is surprised to find him there. She asks who he is, and why is he mowing her lawn? Larry says:

Why it's me, babe. Larry; Larry Laffer. We met in that hot tub in Lost Wages... in your luxurious penthouse... Don't you remember?

She admits to vaguely recalling the episode. He tells her that when two people are as much in love as they are, it's only natural they should move in together.

Eve's view is somewhat different from Larry's.

Move in? You creep! You've got just five minutes to get everything out of my house and out of my life!

She then sets her attack dog, Brutus, on guard. Hmmm, you know, that dog looks awfully familiar, Larry.

"Yeah, *real* familiar. Not to mention its actions."

That little dog likes you, Larry. He likes you a lot.

"Hmpf. No more dogs, Big Al. I mean it. I'm getting a lawyer to go over our next contract! To put it in legal terms, *canine excludus*."

Heh, heh. So Larry's back out on the streets again with only the leisure suit on his back. It looks like a major setback for our man of leisure, but even bigger trouble is afoot!

"Why am I always afoot, Al? Can't I at least have a Z-car or somethin' in the next game?"

Walking is healthy for you, Larry.

"Not in an Al Lowe game, no sir."

Heh, heh. Anyway, our automated hint sequence now cuts to the lush tropical beauty of Nontoonyt Island.

"That's the story of my life."

Yes, Lar, it is. For those who might not immediately get the

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love
(In Several Wrong Places!)™



joke, Nontoonyt is pronounced “none-tonight.”

“Urk. An experience not wholly unfamiliar to me.”

An unexplained weather phenomena occurs and we get to meet the infamous Dr. Nonookie!

“What does his name mean?”

Essentially the same as the island’s name, Larry.

“The story of my life.”

Exactly, Lar. And the machinations (I’ve always wanted to use that word in a book) of the unspeakably evil Dr. Nonookie will cause no little trouble for Larry, as he stumbles through Los Angeles and the other areas of the game. Not to mention attention from the KGB as well.

“Alto saxophone reeds under the fingernails, an Al Lowe speciality—I’m gonna go to the union, Big Guy, one of these days.”

Heh, heh. Sure, Larry. Go ahead.

“Ah ha! You don’t seem concerned. You got the union bought off or somethin’?”

Why, not that I know of, Larry. That would be unfair to organized labor. Of course, you are neither labor nor organized.

“Urk.”

But, onward and upward. We now have the background of *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*. Time for the story line.

Story Line

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places) has a more involved story line than the first game. Larry becomes involved with the KGB and the evil henchettes of Dr. Nonookie—that dastardly diabolical genius whose secret lair is on Nontoonyt Island (pronounced None-tonight Island).

There are some good events for Larry, however. He gets on two TV shows—“The Dating Connection” and “The Lucky



Chapter 7

Bucko Lottery Show.” On the first show, he wins his dream date (or is it a nightmare?) and a cruise on the boat called “The Love Tub.” On the second, he wins a million bucks which just might, judging from the hundred dollar haircuts in Los Angeles, stretch far enough to purchase all the necessities he’ll need on the cruise.

It’s not easy. Larry starts the game dead broke without even a wisp of pocket lint. He’ll find himself constantly in danger from secret agents. Danger will lurk behind every beautiful woman he meets.

“Sounds like a blast, Al. When can I have a copy?”

Larry, you idiot, you *are* the game.

“Oh, yeah. Right. Sometimes I forget. It seems so real.”

Right. Sierra’s superior graphics and animation—

“No, I mean Fresno.”

Er, yes. Well, on to the walk through. Again, we want to warn you that the following pages contain some pretty explicit hints on solving the game. You may want to play the game through first, or read this chapter in bits as you reach places in the game that give you trouble.

Now, let’s go off with Larry and look for love in several wrong places.

Eve’s House

You start out in front of Eve’s house. She’s kicked you out, and the only part of the house you can still get into is the garage. Take an *inventory* of your possessions. Urk! This is worse than Larry 1. At least in that game you had the \$94 you got from selling your car to Honest Tricky Dick. Here you don’t even have pocket lint—just your leisure suit.

Obviously, you need some money to survive in Los Angeles, so look in the garage first. Go into the back (the part of the garage where you become hidden from view) and *look around*. Ah, here’s an old pair of Eve’s pants. Look in the pants, and you’ll

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love
(In Several Wrong Places!)™



find a dollar bill. Briefly consider the morality of it, but type *get dollar*.

You'll notice your score at the top of the screen goes from 0 to 3, and that your rank changes from Novice to something like *Lame-O* (the names are random). These funny ranks are a new feature of *Larry 2*.

"Insulting ranks, you mean. Calling me a *Lame-O* and a *Dork*. Urk."

Heh, heh. The rank changes randomly each time you get more points. The name doesn't really mean anything and may be used several times. The possible ranks are:

Big Hero	Lame-o
Boor	Low-life
Creep	Minion
Cretin	Nerd
Dim Bulb	Nimrod
Dork	Pinhead
Dullard	Putz
Dweeb	Schlemiel
Hoser	Schmuck
Jerk	Sleeze
Kumquat	Slug

"Thanks a lot, *Big Al*. Nothing like building my public image with such colorful and complimentary rankings."

Don't mention it, *Lar*.

"I was being sarcastic."

You were?

"I wuz."

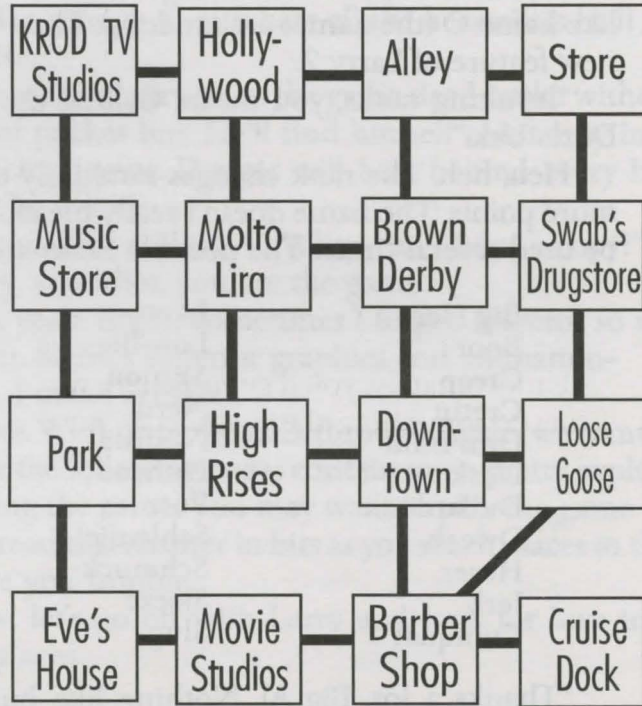
Oh, are you through now?

"Yep."

Good, on with the hints. Leave the garage; there's nothing else in there for you. The next time you come back, you'll find the door pulled down and locked. There might be something useful in the trash out front later on, but for right now go all the



Los Angeles



Start



way north to the studios of KROD, which is one of L.A.'s newer television stations. As you pass through each scene, be sure to *look around*, and to examine things closely just to get the various jokes.

It's safe to walk in the streets here, unlike in Larry 1. Alas,



there are no cabs, either, and it is necessary to walk everywhere. You'll go by the music store, but it will be closed. This is another place you will want to come back to later.

The Convenience Store

At the TV station, turn right and continue along the street until you come to the Quikie Mart convenience store. Go inside.

Walk up to the clerk. *Look around. Look at woman. Talk to woman* (several times). She's a Southern lady (from Orange County). You find Southern women sexy, but then you find all women sexy.

"Sure do!"

Unfortunately, you'll get nowhere with her, so why not see if there's something there you can buy for a dollar—maybe a lottery ticket or something. She'll sell you one for your last buck,



The Convenience store could be just the ticket you need. Other items you may need are available there, also.



the one you found in Eve's pants. The game will then take you automatically around to the end of the counter to enter your six-number picks for the ticket. Input any six numbers between 100 and 999 as asked. The actual numbers you choose are unimportant.

There is also a soda dispenser in the store, but leave that alone for now. You don't have any money left to buy a soda, and the clerk will drill you full of holes with her six-shooters if you get one now and try to leave without paying for it.

Leave the store and go back the way you came. Go into the alley next to the store. Go up to the knothole in the board fence and *look in knothole*. This is a joke, but it gives you an extra point—you now have 7 of the 500 possible and have achieved the lofty rank of Dork or whatever.

The TV Studios

Go back to KROD and enter this time. Show your lottery ticket to the pretty receptionist. Be sure to *look at woman* to see how pretty she is. Well, okay so she's dull and chews bubble gum, but you find dull, bubble gum-chewing women sexy. You find all women sexy.

"Sure do."

Show your lottery ticket to the receptionist. She isn't too bright and has misplaced her glasses as well. Have pen and paper ready to write down the numbers she tells you. Then, when she asks what six numbers you have, just repeat them. It may not be honest, but it does make you a winner!

"Say, Al. What if I decide honesty is the best policy?"

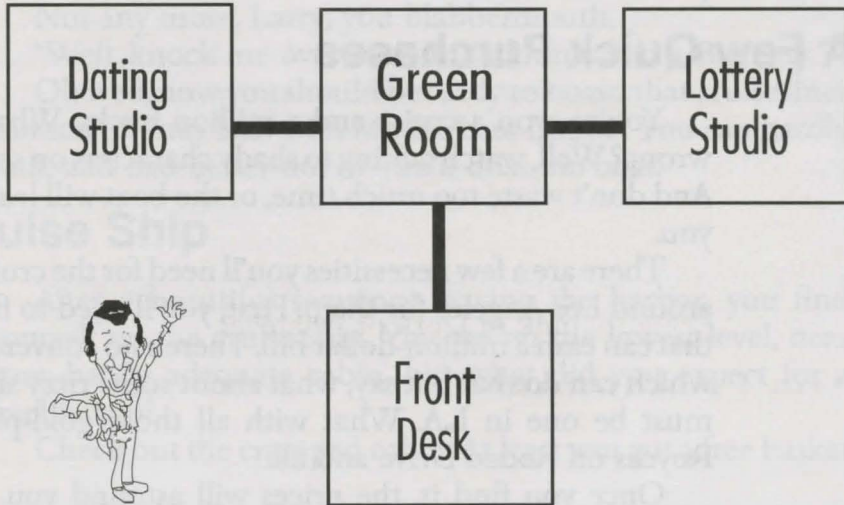
Then you will be stuck at seven points for all eternity. A sadder but wiser game character.

"Oh."

The receptionist will open the Green Room for you to cool your heels in while waiting to go on the air as the lottery winner. A swishy young person soon enters and takes you off to be on



Television Studios



Outside KROD Studios

“The Dating Connection.”

But, wait! This is not the show you expected to be on! Still, since it's mostly automated, just type in the responses you're asked for. You feel you are making a fool of yourself, but this is an experience that is not wholly unfamiliar to you.

To your surprise and that of bachelorette Barbara Bimbo of Airhead, California, you win! It's a free ocean cruise with the lovely-but-now-distraught Ms. Bimbo. Could she have, like, made a mistake?



You are ushered back into the Green Room. Sit down and wait. Soon another person will come and take you to the lottery show. You spin the wheel in another automatic sequence, and win one million dollars! They give you a million-dollar bill and you exit the studio.

A Few Quick Purchases

You've won a cruise and a million bucks. What could go wrong? Well, watch talking to shady characters on seedy streets. And don't waste too much time, or the boat will leave without you.

There are a few necessities you'll need for the cruise. So look around Los Angeles for them. First, you'll need to find a place that can cash a million-dollar bill. There's no convenience store which can do that but say, what about some ritzy shop? There must be one in L.A. What with all those gold-plated Rolls Royces on Rodeo Drive and all.

Once you find it, the prices will astound you. A million bucks can't touch anything in *this* store except a bathing suit. Well, you might need it on the cruise, and at least the clerk can change your million-buck bill.

Now, since you are leaving the country, you'd better find your passport. Where could it be? You had it when you moved in at Eve's. Maybe she's thrown it out somewhere. Go back to Eve's house and see what you *can* find outside.

After you find your passport, you might want to go back to the Quikie Mart and look at that soda dispenser again. Just remember, you are in a rush to catch the boat, so perhaps you shouldn't drink anything right now, since there don't seem to be any available restrooms anywhere in L.A. Later, however, you could be thirsty.

Let's see. What else could help on a tropical trip? Sunscreen? Maybe. Put that on the list in case you pass a drugstore. A quick haircut might not hurt, either.

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love
(In Several Wrong Places!)™



That's about it for L.A., I guess. Let me check my notes.

"Your notes, Al? Har, har."

Huh?

"Is that a subtle way to remind people to visit the music store?"

Not any more, Larry, you blabbermouth.

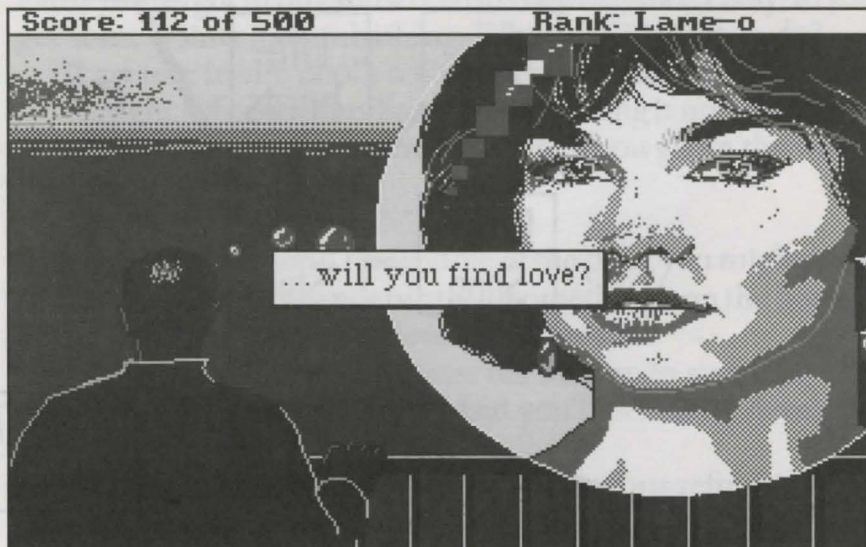
"Well, knock me over with an onklunk. Sorry, Big Guy."

Oh well, now you should be ready to board that cruise liner and sail off into bliss with Ms. Barbara Bimbo. You can hardly wait, and had better not or you'll miss the boat!

The Cruise Ship

After a beautiful sequence leaving the harbor, you find yourself on the cruise ship. You are on the lowest level, near your barely adequate cabin, but what did you expect for a freebie trip?

Check out the cramped cabin. At least you got a free basket



Leaving the harbor in L.A., Larry ponders his future.



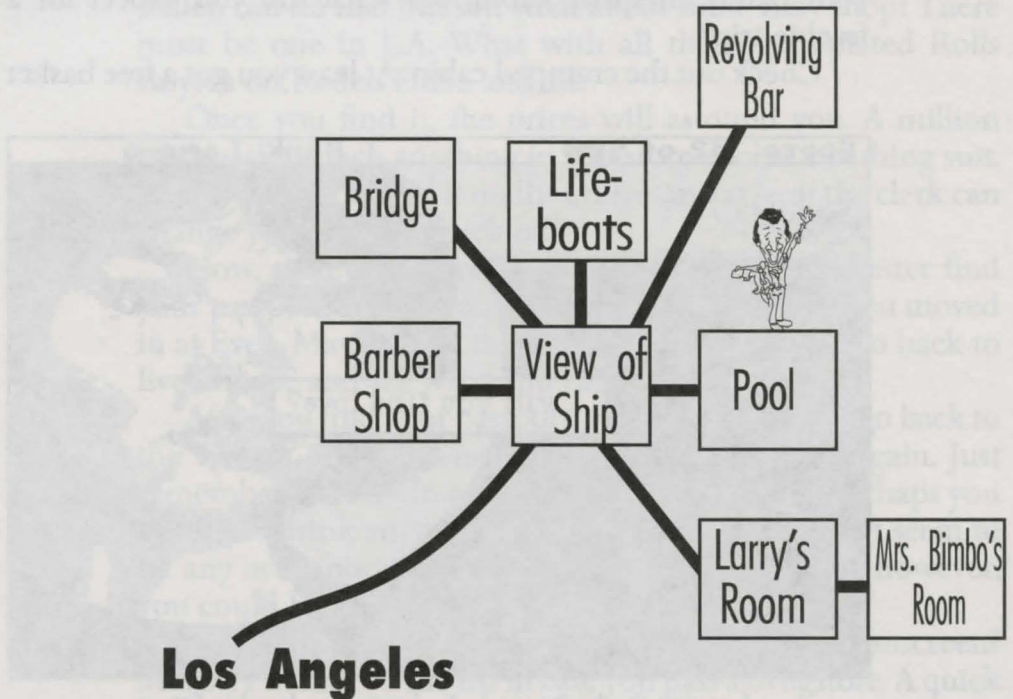
of fruit. You might not be hungry now, but it's good to know you have a snack for later. Remember, you have big pockets.

Hmmm. There's a connecting door to the next cabin. Is it the lovely Barbara Bimbo? Take a look.

Sorry, Larry, we'll tell you now. You are in for a disappointment. It's not Barbara but her mother! Chat with the old lady a bit, but don't get too close. You might want to go back later and search her room when she's gone. Of course, judging by what you'll find in her closet, it had better be a fast search, but you'll eventually find something that will keep you in stitches.

Let's see what to do now. Well, you are on a cruise, and cruise

U.S.S. Love Tub



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ships have swimming pools, and you have this hundred thousand dollar pair of swimming trunks (you did buy them, didn't you?). So find the one place in your room where you can change clothes, and hop into the trunks.

Take the stairs (they call them "ladders" on ships, matey) up to the next level. Go to the swimming pool on the back of the ship (that's the "stern" for you nautical types).

There's one empty deck chair. Good, you can soak up some rays. Just remember, the tropical sun is mighty hot. Good thing you visited the drug store back in L.A., huh? If you didn't, you know what I'm going to say now, right?

"Save early and save often."

Thanks, Lar. Yep, that's it. Now, while you're there, you'll get a "come-on" from a beautiful woman. Sounds almost too good to be true, but go ahead and follow her.

"NO! Watch those helicopter rides. Don't listen to everything Big Al tells ya to do."

Ah, well, it could be a searing experience, all right. Sort of like if you forgot to buy sunscreen in the drugstore. Okay, so you got some points for sunbathing. What else is there to do?

"Last one in the pool's a Cobol programmer!"

Er, right. Of course, unlike dogs, swimming is not instinctive to humans. You have to learn it. So, when you get in the water, think fast.

"Or it's *glub, glub, glub.*"

Somewhere around the middle of the pool, you might want to dive and see what's underwater. If something's on the bottom of the pool, you might retrieve it just for fun.

"Or just to win the game later on. Be sure to save early and often while you are trying this. And you'll definitely develop a taste for chlorinated water."

When you climb out of the pool—after your refreshing and cleansing dip—you might consider that it was cleansing. That's a hint.



Chapter 7

“A hot one, too. Even I see the light.”

Okay, you’ll not be allowed into other areas of the ship in your bathing trunks, so it’s back to the cabin to change. Attired in your white leisure suit once more, you can explore the ship. A barber shop is on the same level as the pool; keep moving forward.

“What is it with Sierra games and barbers?”

Well, our games do have a lot of close shaves, Lar.

“Har, har, har. Not bad.”

Anyway, you’ll really wig out in this barbershop. After that, climb all the way to the top of the ship to the nightclub. This might not be a good time for a drink-

“Watch out for them alto sax reeds under the fingernails! Liquor can definitely be quicker in their case.”

-but there is some complimentary dip on the bar. Remember, you have big pockets. If you could get that 55-gallon Big Gulp in your pocket, why not a bowl of dip?

Now, by this time-especially if you have been saving early and often-even Larry Laffer can figure out it’s just too dangerous being on this ship. There’s a KGB bartender, the wonderful Mrs. Bimbo with her mink-lined handcuffs, and the lady at the pool who wants to give you a chopper ride in more ways than one.

“Don’t you mean *helicopter*, Al?”

No. I don’t.

“Urk!”

There’s only one other way off the ship, since that chopper ride is so final, and that’s the lifeboats. Of course, you’ll have to get the ship to stop and a boat to lower first. The only logical place to do that would be in the control room. So you’ll have to figure out how to sneak in there and pull a lever to start the lifeboat timer or something, then rush to the lifeboat deck. You’ll have to really jump to make it. Don’t dawdle along the way or you’ll really regret it!



The Lifeboat

There is a tricky part here. As soon as the lifeboat hits the water, you'll have to put something on your head to protect it from the hot sun. You only have one piece of headgear, so use it NOW.

"Yeah, or it's all over for you except the mopping up."

Also, it's survival time, so you won't want to ditch all necessary items—in your case, just one. Better get rid of it right now, or you will really regret it later.

"What, Al? What?"

I'm not saying, Larry. How about looking in the fridge to see if we have any dip left, or if Margaret's thrown it out.

"Sure thing, big guy."

Okay, we go back into automatic again. *If* you have everything Larry needs to survive, like the Big Gulp, he will. If not, well—

"Save early and save often. Here's some bacon and horseradish dip, Big Guy. Great with Fritos."

Finally a storm will come along, and you'll be tossed onto the shores of a tropical island. Not Nontoonyt Island, but one with an already-developed resort.

The Resort

Finally you are on the beach! There are three ways off. If you go right, you'll meet the Left.

"He means KGB agents and more alto saxophone reeds. It really, really smarts. Believe me, I know!"

Yep—heh, heh—and that's the way to the Airport and off this island. Obviously, you are going to have to utilize your current possessions and whatever else you can pick up on the island here to make an effective disguise.

If you go left, there's a nude beach with, not surprisingly, a bunch of nude people.



Chapter 7

“No cover-up there.”

One of the naked ladies is even willing to talk with you.

“INcoming choppers. Alert! Alert!”

This isn't Vietnam, Larry.

“That's for sure. Vietnam was a lot safer!”

Anyway, perhaps a naked lady being so immediately friendly should be a little suspicious. So, leave for now, though you may want to check back later.

“Is that the bottom-line?”

For this hint, yes. Go back to the beach and walk forward. You'll enter the jungle.

“BOR-ing.”

Well, the jungle can get old after a while. It does go on and on. But there's lots you can do while strolling through the jungle and trying to find the rest of the resort.

“Like what? Pick flowers? I know Scorpiia in the Delphi Gamesig suggests reading *War and Peace* during this sequence.”

Hmmm, picking a flower might be fun once, but that could get old too. It can't be the center of attention for long.

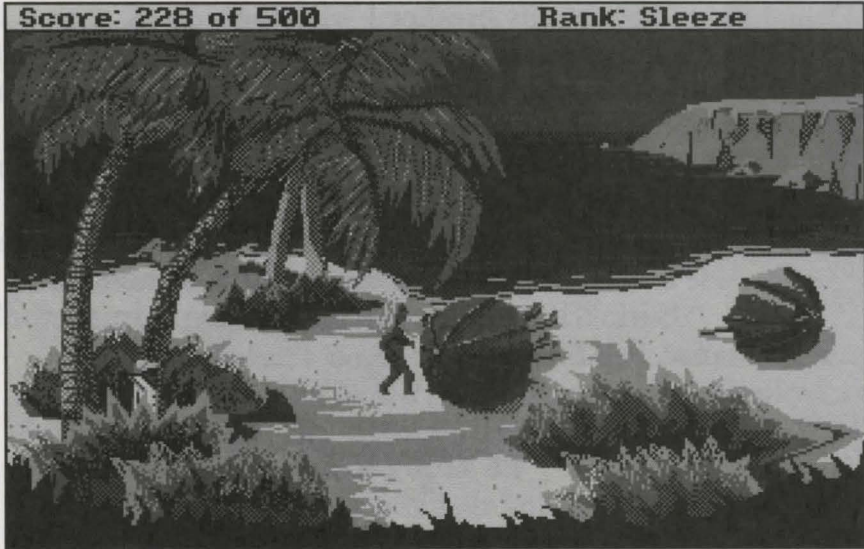
“Al, you know it's not like me to complain, guy, but that jungle is something else. By my count, you got to go through that sucker eight times before you get everything you need. It's the only way between several areas of the resort.”

Oh, okay, Lar. Here's an explicit hint. After the first time through the jungle, just type *leave* each time and that sequence will be aborted.

“Whew! Good. Thanks.”

The first resort facility you'll find is a snooty restaurant. Ken and Roberta Williams eat there—you might even see them (they really do make a cameo appearance). It may take awhile to get seated, but try not to get too mad. Finally you'll be seated. Like many expensive eateries, the food is lousy here. I don't recommend eating it.

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love
(In Several Wrong Places!)™



Making a disguise is a drag, but it could save your life!

“Save early and save often.”

However, there is a free buffet. You might wander over and take a sharp look at it. After this, it's back into the jungle and the trek to the next area of the resort, a guest room.

The maid will come in soon and ask if she can be of service, and she means this without reservations. So-Larry, you lucky dog-have fun.

“Urk! Every time you mention a dog, I know I'm in for trouble. What if she has a brother named Carlos who, thanks to American military aid, has many bullets that he likes firing?”

You certainly have an overactive imagination, Larry.

“No, merely a cautious one after working for you.”

Heh, heh. Okay, so the maid leaves. Look around the room, it's a matchless opportunity, and check out the bathroom. I wish I could think of a hilarious funny and slippery clue to offer here, but Soapy Sales I'm not.

“I thought it was ‘Soupy’ Sales.”



Must be his brother I was thinking of, then. I believe he works for Proctor and Gamble. Anyway, back out into the jungle, though you'll want to come back here to change into your disguise later.

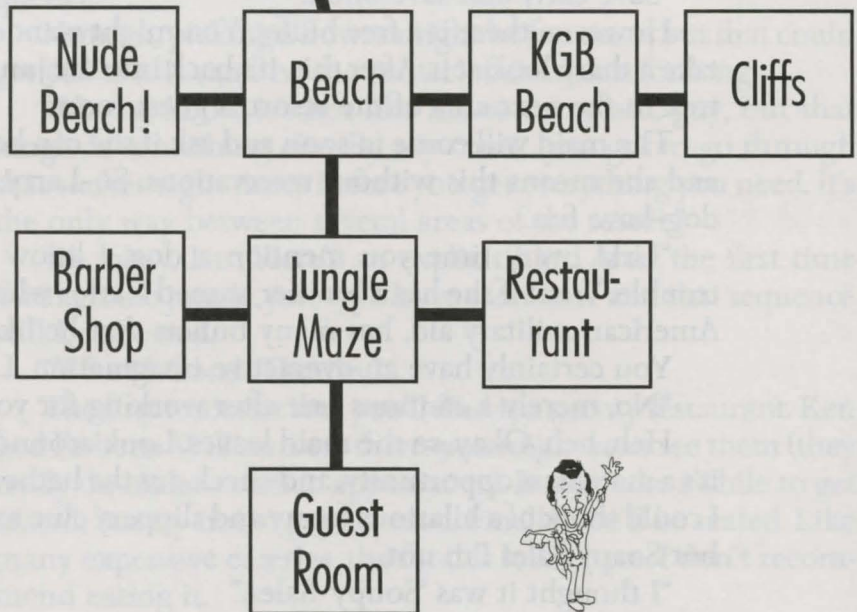
When you get out of the jungle this time, it's another—"Not ANOTHER barber shop! Arrrgh."

-barber shop. So, get your hair worked on. This guy is good. He'll make it grow long and luxurious and *blond*.

"Urk. That certainly disguises my normal studly appearance. Say..."

Tropical Resort

Lifeboat



Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love
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Yep, this could be the answer to your disguise problem. Go back into the jungle and you'll come out on the beach. Take a look on the nude beach again; maybe your luck hasn't bottomed out after all.

"And then?"

Jungle-time again. Sorry. You arrive back at the guest room. Let's don that disguise now. Find the one place in the room that you can change into your disguise.

"Say, isn't the Bikini Atoll in the Pacific, too?"

Yes, the swimsuit is named after it, and they did atomic tests there in the fifties. You have a glowing grasp of geography, Lar. Anyway, once into the disguise, what do we have?

"Me! Dressed real funky."

Right, Larry. Long blonde hair and what you are wearing makes you look almost female. A good disguise, except there are few hairy, flat-chested women at tropical resorts.

"What nature has forgotten should be stuffed with cotton."

Ah, but you have no cotton, Larry. Something else will have to do.

"I begin to see how to get by the KGB agents now, Al. Pretty slick!"

Okay, once more into the jungle, little buddy.

"Did Ken get a good buy on jungles or something?"

You'll find yourself back in the barbershop. Maybe, if you wax eloquent, the barber will answer your question about completing your disguise.

So-

"I know, back into the jungle!"

Yep, but this is the final time if your disguise holds up. You'll come out on the beach. Now try your luck passing the KGB agents. If it works, you come to a path along the cliffs.

Negotiating these is not as hard as it looks, although it's always a good idea to save early and often. Once you are past the cliffs, the game will tell you that Larry pauses for a breather.



“Can I take this disguise off yet, Al? I feel real funky.”

Sure, Larry. What’s accepted in the resort might not be accepted elsewhere. Of course, you’re stuck with the long, blond hair.

“Nah, there’s gotta another barbershop along soon.”

Airport

At the entrance of the airport are two more agents. They’re described as Hairy Krishnas, the last of that dying breed from the sixties—the Flower Children. If you want to get by them, give them a gift appropriate to their disguise. But do it quickly.

Let’s see, what’s first on the agenda for the Airport?

“Get the hell off this island!”

That, too, but you have to clean up some more and buy a ticket first. You’ll find that buying a ticket is not too easy just yet, and you sure don’t look like your passport picture with that hair. Find a barbershop first.

“No problem in this game, I’m sure there’s one right around the corner.”

Actually, left around the corner from the ticket counter and, yes, that barber is Princess Rosella. We’ve already discussed that.

“Cute chick, but a royal pain to try and date.”

She’ll fix up your appearance, and you will find it to be a real tonic.

“Don’t try to pick up any chicks outside the barbershop; you want to leave here in a jet airliner, not a, *urk*, chopper.”

Hmmm. Still no luck at the ticket counter, huh? Go to the right and show the guard your passport. He’ll let you into the baggage area. Start grabbing bags and examining them as they whiz past. There might be a dynamite of an idea here on how to clear your way up to the ticket counter. The game will take over when you find the right item, and you’ll get your ticket.

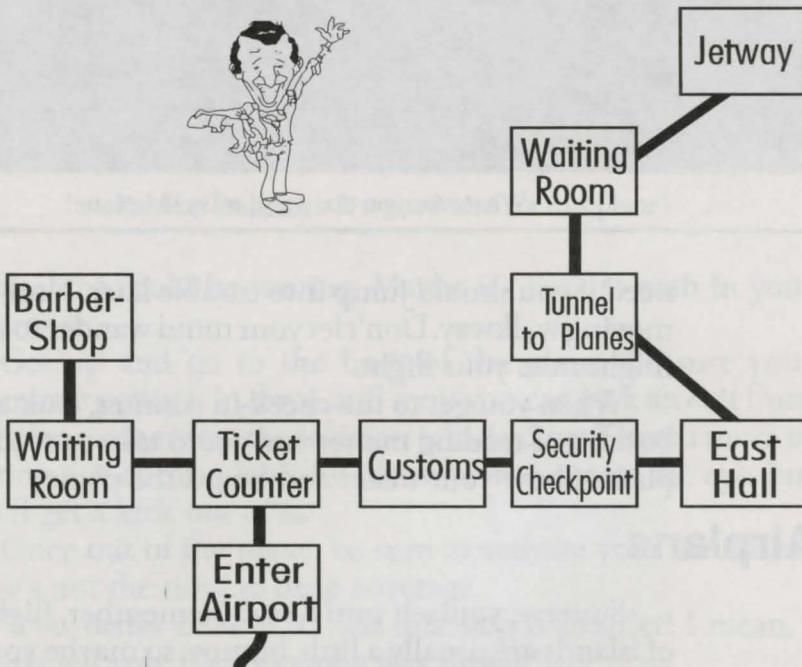
Once you have the ticket, show your passport to the guard again, go on past the baggage area, and check out the lunch



counter. Time for a quick snack, so order the Blue Plate special.
“Remember the advice about eating the food back at the resort restaurant!”

Well, you can pin that on me, Larry. I didn't cook it. But examine the food anyway. That done, look around. It's always wise to insure that you don't overlook something you might

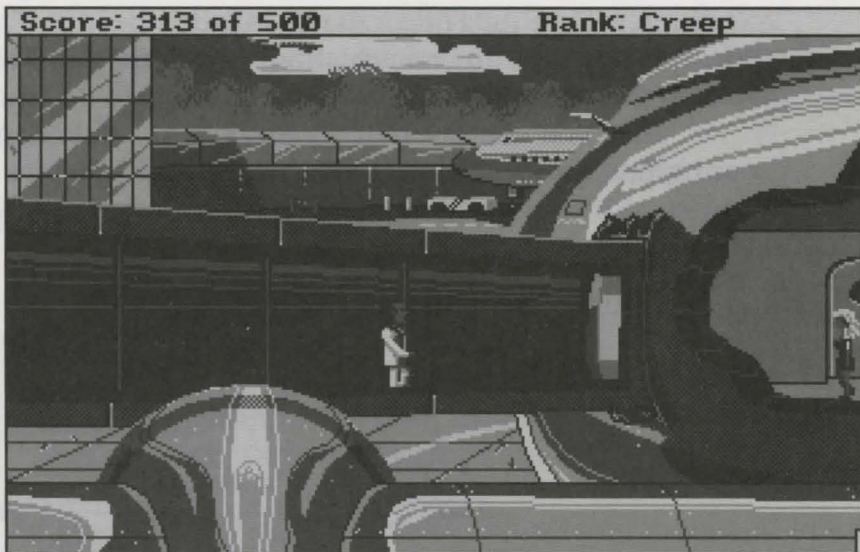
Airport



From Cliffs

Airplane





Whatever you do, don't miss the plane!

need if you should jump into trouble later. Now rush onto the moving walkway. Don't let your mind wander too much, or you might miss your flight.

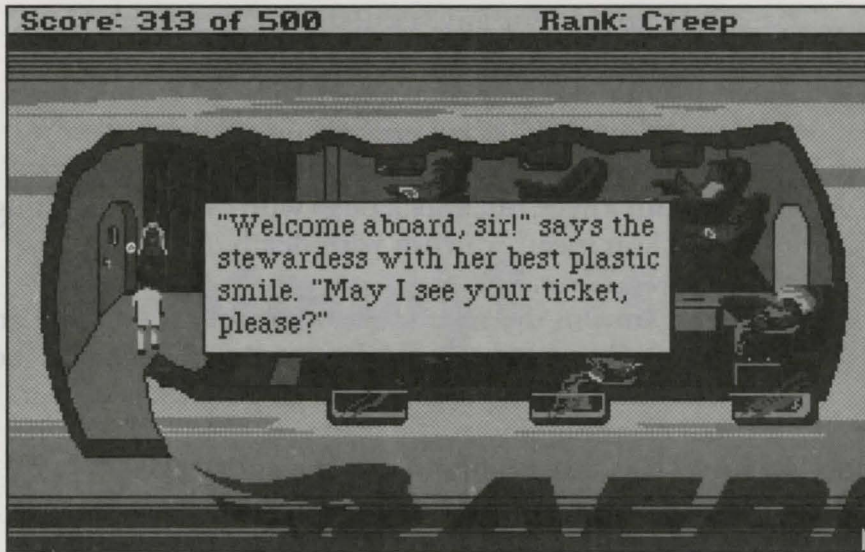
When you get to the check-in counter, look around. Might be a bit of reading matter you could take to read while on the plane. Show your ticket and board the plane.

Airplane

Squeeze yourself into a seat. Remember, flights in and out of islands are usually a little bumpy, so maybe you should have the airsick bag handy. Just in case.

As luck would have it, your neighbor is a bit gabby. Give him something to occupy his mind. Isn't there something you picked up recently that will interest him?

Okay, you're smart enough by now not to waste a lot of time. You could sit and wait until the plane lands, but someone



Paid-up insurance is a good idea for this plane!

unpleasant could be waiting. Maybe it's time to cash in your insurance.

Get up and go to the back of the plane. Be sure your insurance policy is in force, and see if you can pick an exit from this plane; otherwise the solution is locked up. There's more to getting out of this plane, by the way, than meets the eye, but you'll get a kick out of it.

Once out of the plane, be sure to activate your insurance. Now's not the time to drop coverage.

"You better believe it; that first step is murder! I mean, I wanna tell you, it's a loooong way down!"

Nontoonyt Island

Well, you drop in for a short visit to Nontoonyt Island, but you can't waste time just hanging around. Pick a sharp solution to your problem and get your feet back on the ground. Look around and be to ready display a little stick-to-it-ness. Take a



Chapter 7

look around for any statuesque scenery, also.

“Lemme see, Al. One... two... three...”

What are you counting, Lar?”

“Hints in that paragraph.”

Okay, to get out of this scene alive is rough; it will bring you to your knees, but after a bush with death, won't sting so much.

“You mean, a *brush* with death, Al.”

No, Larry. I don't.

Okay, in the next scene we meet a very large and hungry snake. An anaconda, to be precise. You could be in for a crushing defeat, unless you display that stick-to-it-ness we talked about above.

“Save early and often for the next scene!”

Yes, Larry, it is a bit of a quagmire, that's for sure. But, if you walk lightly, it will be a breeze.

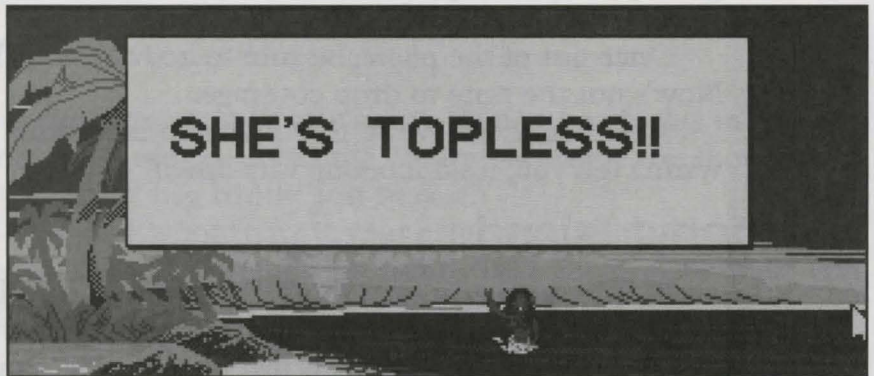
“Save early and save often!”

The next scene is a river full of piranha fish.

“In the South Pacific?”

They'll take work wherever they can find it, Larry. Wading across, however, is not something you want to do. But I'm sure you'll come out swinging, Larry, and not die on the vine. Take along a souvenir of your solution to the piranha river.

“Hmpf. I really earn my money, I wanna tell you.”



Larry sights Kalalau for the first time.

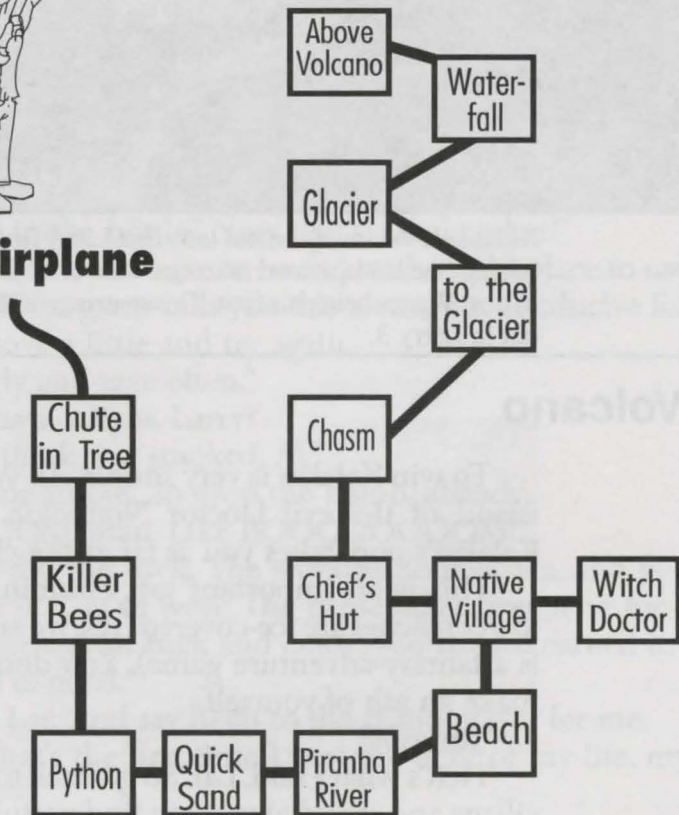


Ah, but it gets better. You come out on a pristine beach, and a young native lady, Kalalau, is waiting to greet you. She's topless, too! Sit back and relax as the computer takes your through a short sequence that introduces you to her father and sets up the opportunity for married bliss.

Nontoonyt Island



From Airplane





Larry's Ladies #14: Kalalau

(Collect the whole set, even if he didn't.)



Kalalau is the lovely island lady that Larry finds and wins on Nontoonyt Island. She is his second marriage—the brief 15 minutes or so with Fawn in *Lost Wages* being his first. This marriage is also doomed, as Larry finds out in *Larry 3*.

Volcano

To win Kalalau is very simple. All you have to do is rid this island of the evil Doctor Nonookie. Chief Keneewauwau, Kalalau's pop, takes you as far as the chasm.

This is an important job, climbing up a volcano whose lower reaches are ice-covered (yes, we are in the tropics, but this is a fantasy adventure game). You don't want to flub up and make an ash of yourself.

"An ash?"

That's what I said, Lar. So go back to the cooking fire in the village and see what you can find useful. Get a little something

Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love
(In Several Wrong Places!)™



from the beach, too. This job is like sand in your craw, but what the heck, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

Okay, back to the chasm. You've already proved what a cool dude swinger you are, so getting across is easy. At the bottom of the glacier, kick it in the ash and up you go.

Finally, reaching the top of the volcano, you'll find an elevator and, of course, the entrance to the volcano. You'll have to force the elevator doors open somehow. Maybe a bomb into the volcano will do it.

Go to the crevice on the right (where steam is rising up). Inventory your possessions for bomb-making materials, or you'll end the game with a wimper, not a bang.

"That's a hard one, Al. It makes me sick just to think of it. Making bombs is not my bag."

Yes, it is, Larry, and it will be a real tonic to you. The solution is in the bottle.

"You mean, *in the bag*."

No, I don't.

"The bag in the bottle? Now that's a real corker!"

Yes, it is. Now, you have to be in just the right place to use your bomb. If the game tells you this area is not conducive for bombing, move a little and try again.

"Save early and save often."

Do you have a light, Larry?

"I didn't think you smoked, Al."

Not for me stupid. So drop the bomb, already.

"Like, BOOM, man. Like BOOOOOOOOOM!"

Yes, that did the trick. The elevator door opens, and you enter. That's it. You've won! The game takes over now for a *fantastic* sequence. Sit back and enjoy, you've sure earned it.

"Damn, I'm good."

Er, right, Lar. And say hello to the piano player for me.

"Yeah! That's the first time I met the light of my life, my Patti-cakes!"



All Possible Points

In Los Angeles

Get dollar	3
Look through hole in fence	1
Buy lottery ticket	3
Show winning ticket	10
Sit in green room	1
Win Dating Game	20
Get cruise ticket	6
Win big lottery prize	12
Get one million bucks	7
Buy swimsuit	5
Get change for swimsuit	3
Buy sunscreen	9
Get Grotesque Gulp	5
Pay for Gulp	3
Get haircut	3
Get passport from trash	5
Look at jogger in park	1
Get onklunk	7
Show passport at dock	9
subtotal	113

On the Cruise Ship

Get fruit	3
Get sewing kit	6
Use sunscreen 1st time	3
Get bikini top	7
Use sunscreen 2nd time	3
Lie on lounge chair	3
Get wig from barber	3
Get spinach dip	2
Push lifeboat switch	8
Get in lifeboat	2
Launch boat	5
Use wig	5
Throw dip	2
Use sunscreen	5
Wear wig	5
Use gulp	5
Using sewing kit	10
subtotal	190

At the Resort

Take flower	1
Sit down in restaurant	1
Get seated	3
Take knife	2
Take matches	3
Take soap	3

Take bikini bottom	4
Wear bikini	5
Put money in top	12
Get body waxed	3
Get past agents	12
Wear leisure suit	6
subtotal	247

At Airport

Give flower to Krishnas	7
Look at barber	3
Get haircut	3
Show passport	5
Get bag with bomb	5
Bomb explodes	15
Buy ticket	5
Get bobby pin	7
Buy insurance	3
Take pamphlet	11
Show ticket	3
Take bag from seat	5
Give pamphlet to man	8
Wear parachute	4
Pick lock	5
Open door	6
subtotal	342

On Nontoonyt Island

Use knife	8
Get stick	4
Look at prehistoric AI	0
Crawl under bush	6
Use stick	10
Cross swamp	5
Swing on vines	6
Get vine	4
Propose to Kalalau	10
Talk with father	25
Get ashes	6
Get sand	3
Use vine	11
Use ashes	10
Put bag in bottle	5
Use match	5
Throw bottle	10
Kill evil doctor	30

Grand Total	500
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Chapter 8

Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals™

Now, Larry, wipe the crumbs from your face, pick up those empty Coke cans, and let's get down to it on the next wonderful Leisure Suit Larry adventure. You do know what's significant about this particular game, don't you Larry?

"Yep, Larry 3 made computer game history, Big Al."

Right you are, Larry. It was the first Sierra adventure to ever allow players to switch roles in mid-game and see the story from someone else's point of view. In this case, you don't just change roles, you change sex, too. You go from being Larry to being Passionate Patti!

"Who is currently not speaking to me."

You need to try getting home a little earlier, Larry.

"Hey, what can I say. I'm a polyester kind of guy."

Sort of makes lasting relationships rocky, Lar.

"You're telling me! I bear a great burden here. The chicks of the world are counting on me. Looks like Patti could understand. It would be selfish of me to confine me to just one chick. But... well... you know, if I had to be with just one lady, Patti wouldn't be so bad."

Hmmm. That's nice, Lar. Why don't you tell Patti that? She



might start speaking to you again. Anyway, this role reversal is unique in computer games, and I'm proud of our pioneering efforts. Now, let's get right into specific information and lots of great hints concerning *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*.

"Patti's my kind of woman for sure."

All women are your kind of women, Larry, but Patti does seem to be more than most.

"It's a heavy burden, all right-to be so loved."

Er... yes.

Background

Okay, here's our background.

Larry Laffer has remained on Nontoonyt Island with his wife, Kalalau since the end of his adventure in Larry 2. He begins the game by learning that Kalalau has dumped him for a woman—an Amazonian lesbian cannibal slot-machine repairperson!

"That was a big shock, I wanna tell ya."

Once again, he's a swinging single, out on the streets, firmly against commitment. The new hair he received at the end of Larry 2 has remained, so there are no balding Larry views (and no hair gags); unfortunately, Kalalau is a good cook, so Larry begins with a pot belly.

"More of me for chicks to love."

The island is like Oahu—there is still primitive jungle, cliffs, desert, and deserted beaches, but there is also a large Waikiki-type area overgrown with hotels, casinos, tourist traps, and so on. Vehicular traffic has never been allowed, so all movement is by walking (so we have no driving scenes and no navigation on maps).

"Sore feet is the fate of characters in an Al Lowe game. How about a Mazda RX-7 or somethin' in the next game, pal?"

We'll see, Lar. Now Passionate Patti is an entertainer at the



casino's piano bar. She is worldly, hip, flippant, and speaks in double entendres—a nineties Mae West. When Larry hustles her early in the game, she turns him down, but with a line that makes it clear his chances may change some day.

Story Line

Kicked out by Kalalau, Larry does all the things newly-single guys do: works out at a gym, gambles in the casino, hustles showgirls, parties at the beach, falls for his divorce attorney, and so on. Each female encounter features a lady (full-screen and interactive) who is ready and willing, if only he can find the proper approach, which differs with each one. They expect gifts, favors, compliments, and so forth. When Larry finally does succeed, his first four encounters end with humorous, frustrating results—not at all what he hoped.

“It ain’t easy being me.”

After Larry “scores” all the girls on the island, he is ready for Patti. Much to his surprise, Patti is also ready for him. They make their way to Patti’s penthouse suite and to the bed. No funny business this time! The lights are dim, we cut to a discrete close-up, and fireworks happen. Evidently Larry learned a lot from Kalalau: Patti is thrilled; Larry was the greatest! Larry is thrilled; Patti was the greatest!

Smirk.

Quit smirking, Larry. As she drifts off to sleep, Patti wonders how she’ll tell her boyfriend she’s dropping him for Larry. She murmurs the boyfriend’s name softly; Larry hears her and thinks she was unimpressed with what he clearly thought was fabulous lovemaking. Crushed, he rises from the bed, dresses and leaves, vowing to live a life of celibacy deep in the jungle, and to give up on women entirely!

“No, I wasn’t celebrating. Al—I was giving up women!”

Larry, *celibacy* means you don’t engage in sexual intercourse.



“Well, yeah, and it’s nothing to celebrate.

Okay, okay, Larry. Never mind.

Now, here comes the sex switch! The old role reversal.

Patti awakens, wonders where Larry went, walks to the balcony and sees Larry disappear into the jungle. We cut back to the long shot of the room and suddenly, Patti is now, and controlled by the player. For the next portion of the game, we play from the perspective of a beautiful woman who’s just lost her man.

“I want to get out of her head and into her bed-”

Mama don’t allow no country music singing in here, Lar. Besides, you are mangling the words.

“Am not! It’s what I want.

I see. Anyway, Patti’s part of the game is more of a traditional quest: she learns of Larry’s whereabouts in the jungle, and sets off to rescue him. She conquers a bamboo forest, a sheer cliff, a marijuana ledge, a feral pig, a whitewater raft ride, and a Disneyland jungle cruise sequence, often using up pieces of her clothing in the process, turning her part of the game into an extended strip tease.

She is eventually captured by the tribe of Amazonian, lesbian cannibals (Kalalau’s girlfriend’s relatives). She is thrown into a bamboo cage suspended above a cooking pot with Larry inside. There is no way to escape.

“Urk!”

Well... maybe one.

As We Begin

The start-up screens of Larry 3, like Larry 2, introduce you to the background of the game. Unlike Larry 2, however, there are not so many hints.

To keep Sierra’s lawyers happy, there is a five-question quiz that you have to answer before being allowed into the game itself—as there is in Larry 1. You can actually miss *all* the



The incredibly lovely Passionate Patti

questions in this quiz and still play. The level of “raunchiness,” however, depends on the number of correct answers. Try to get all five right so you can see the more interesting attributes of *ahem* the characters.

“That’s stripping it down to the bare essentials, Al.”



Yep. Now you will need your manual from time to time—or you won't be able to progress in the game. This is our latest, and I think, best idea for copy protection. You can play the game all you want without the manual, but only up a certain point. The manual is also chock full of hints. The same is true of the latest Leisure Suit Larry adventure, *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*.

"Pays to pay for the games."

Right. And we give you good value for your money.

Okay, as we begin, Larry is on a scenic overlook that lets him see most of the civilized portion of Nontoonyt Island. There is a plaque in the center, which he likes to read.

"Well, some people didn't forget my heroic accomplishments in *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*."

The only other features are a couple of fixed binoculars near the railings.

"Actually, only one of them needs to be fixed."

I meant stationary, Larry, as in mounted on a post. A look through one of these might be quite revealing, assuming you've answered the questions correctly.

Once you have gotten the few measly points available at the lookout, you leave and find yourself in the jungle. As in the previous Larry game, you will be walking everywhere.

"Oh, my aching tootsies."

Larry is still happy. He has a great job with Natives, Inc.—whose Chairman, Kenneth, is Kalalau's father, the former Chief Keneewauwau in Larry 2. He also has the lovely Kalalau as his wife and a huge house with a hot tub, and lots of other corporate benefits.

Things might be about to change, however. There is a subtle hint concerning this in the game.

"About as subtle as the Washington Redskins on a pass rush!"



Well, er, yes. A huge flashing hand is pointing down the path toward your house. The game will keep suggesting you visit home. You do, only to find the gate locked, with the locks changed. You look over the wall to see your darling Kalalau in the hot tub *with somebody else*.

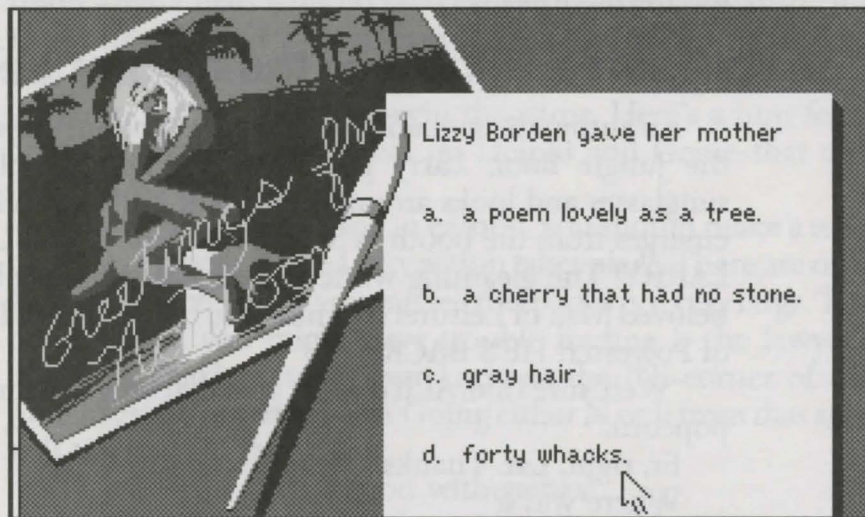
“It was a real blow, that’s for sure, Al.”

Another man would have been bad enough, but she has fallen for a Harley-riding Amazonian lesbian, slot-machine repairwoman. Obviously, Kalalau’s relationship with Larry had not been quite as satisfactory as he had assumed.

“Rub it in, Big Guy. Tear open the wounds. Pour salt in them.”

Say, great idea, Lar. The microwave popcorn’s in the kitchen cabinet, along with a bottle of butter-flavored salt. Make us some popcorn, and ice down another six-pack of Classic Coke.

“Well, maybe a little snack would help me forget. Got any anchovies for the popcorn?”



Part of the initial test to get into Larry 3, this question refers to the folk song of a bygone era, “Lizzy Borden”—the answer is 40 whacks.



Ugh. No, Larry. Just salt it, lightly. Now-to continue, while Larry's left the room-Kalalau tells him it's all over. She kicking him out-in fact, already has. She tells him, hurtfully:

You don't live here anymore. I've found a new lover and filed for divorce. By island law, all I need to do is walk three times in a circle around our bed. I've done that many times in the past few years. Bobbi is able to meet my needs where you never were.

Larry, very dejected, leaves. Bad enough to lose his wife, but to lose her to a Harley-riding Amazonian lesbian slot-machine repairwoman named *Bobbi* is not very ego-building. It's time for long introspection and a reassessment of his life.

To give Larry credit, he does do this—at least as long as it takes to change scenes. He decides that, hey, this is a resort area with a lot of chicks visiting here for just one thing, to have a good time. Larry manfully decides to shoulder the burden of providing for their needs.

The Awesome Return of the Man of Leisure!

An automatic sequence now occurs. A phone rises up out of the jungle floor. Larry goes into the booth, pulls off his sunglasses and looks around like Clark Kent. In an instant he emerges from the booth as SUPER- Er, no. As LEISURE SUIT LARRY! The gleaming white leisure suited hero is back. Our beloved Man of Leisure! No more the island wimp. The Prince of Polyester! HE'S BACK!

"Well, sure I am, Al. It doesn't take that long to fix microwave popcorn."

Er, right, Lar. Thanks.

Where was I?

"Sorry, it's still Fresno."

Oh, yeah. After all, Larry reasons, Kalalau has kicked him



out, but he's still one rich dude. By island law, he owns hundreds of acres of potentially valuable jungle land. He has a high-paying job in marketing with Natives, Inc. All right, so he lost his wife to a Harley-riding Amazonian lesbian, slot-machine repairwoman. No big deal; there are plenty of other mermaids in the old tuna can. Nothing else can go wrong.

"Wanna bet-after all, it *is* an Al Lowe game."

True, so true. And when Larry wanders into the resort area, there is another subtle hint-

"Big, flashing, garish hand with a finger pointing the way."

-that he should visit his office. He does so only to have Chairman Kenneth call him in on the carpet. He is, the Chairman points out, no longer married to said Chairman's daughter. His marketing skills are nonexistent. Therefore, his services are no longer needed. The Chairman then practices his bowling, using Larry as the ball.

So Larry decides the heck with it; he's going to have as many women as he can while he can still have them. He heads for the resort area, a man with no plan except to unselfishly bring joy to the hearts of all women everywhere. Or at least those who will speak to him.

Now, we are ready to begin the game. Here's a hint from Scorpia-visit her game areas on Delphi and Genie-that will help you get started:

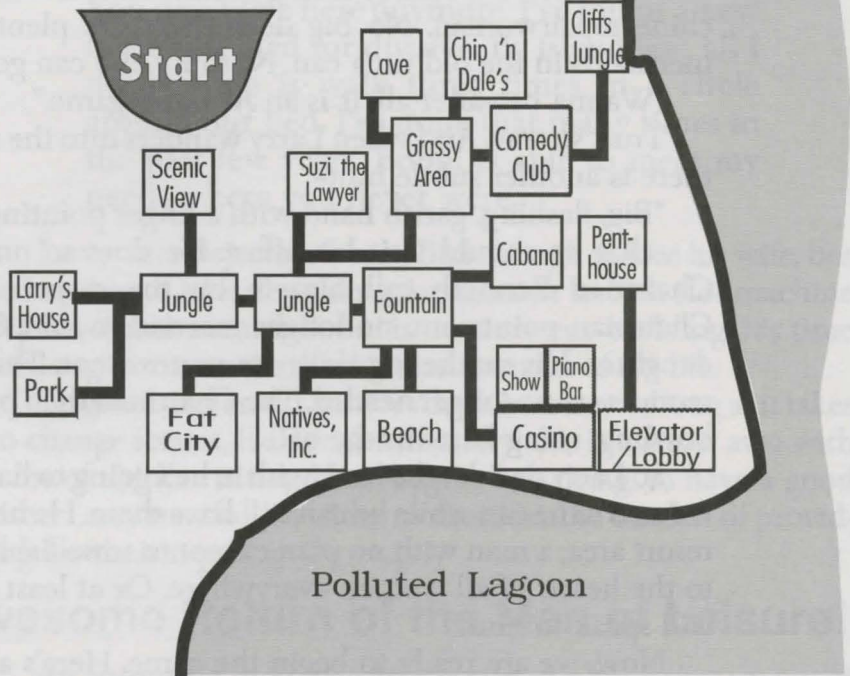
Before you start playing in earnest, you should make a map of the area where all the Larry action takes place. There are only 15 outdoor screens, so you can see this part is not very large. The one location you might have trouble finding is the lawyer's office. To reach it, maneuver Larry to the NE corner of the jungle just before the casino. Going either N or E from that spot will take you to the lawyer.

That Scorpia sure is good with games!

Yes, Lar, she is, and she's been very nice in checking out the Larry games and publishing walk-throughs on Delphi and



Nontoonyt Island



GENIE. She also helped us make sure we covered all the bases in this chapter and the previous chapters.

"A real nice lady. Too bad she won't return my calls."

Many women are called but few reply, eh Larry?

"Hmpf."

We're going to assume that you did, or will, make a map, and won't bore you with how to get from scene to scene. Anyway, Larry's path to success lies in making it with several ladies.

"It's a rough life, but I'm the man for the job."

Er, yes. Well, speaking of jokes-



“Huh?”

I was just going to suggest that the folks might like to catch Paul Paul’s show while they’re on Nontoonyt Island. As stand-up comedians go, he’s outstanding in his field.

“Yeah, the cows like him at least. It’s when he comes inside that he bombs.”

Well, his competence is not the point here, Larry.

“Your points sometimes take a long time to make, Al. So what is this one?”

That’s it, Larry. Onward and upward.

“Huh?”

Exactly.

Hitting the Beach with Tawni

Just like Larry 2, you can type *inv* or *inventory* to see what you are carrying. Or just hit the Tab key, and you’ll get a list.

As you leave the offices of Natives, Inc., from which you were canned mere moments before, you can check your possessions. Again, as at the start of Larry 2, you have none. Nada. Zip.

“Ken run out of a cheap source for pocket lint?”

I guess, Lar. Anyway, it’s obvious that not even a handsome stud like Larry (did I really say that?) can have much luck in the world of singles without the wherewithal to survive.

“Huh?”

You’re broke, Larry.

“No kiddin’. Why do you think I keep trying to borrow ten bucks?”

Ummm. I see. Well, back to Larry 3. It would be a credit to you to check your mail. Larry’s mailbox is to be found where most personal mailboxes are found.

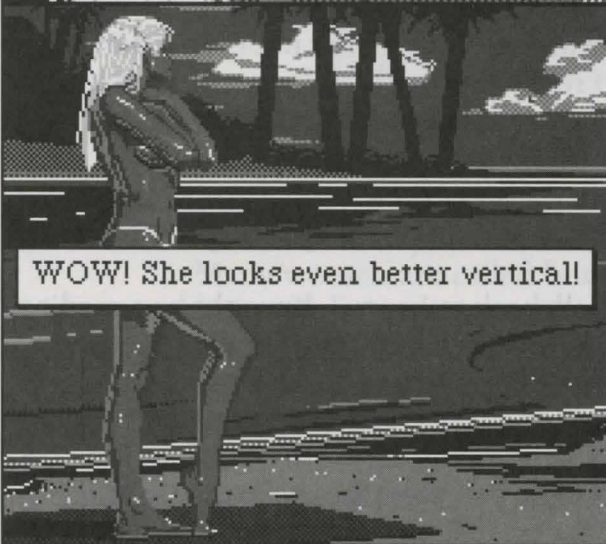
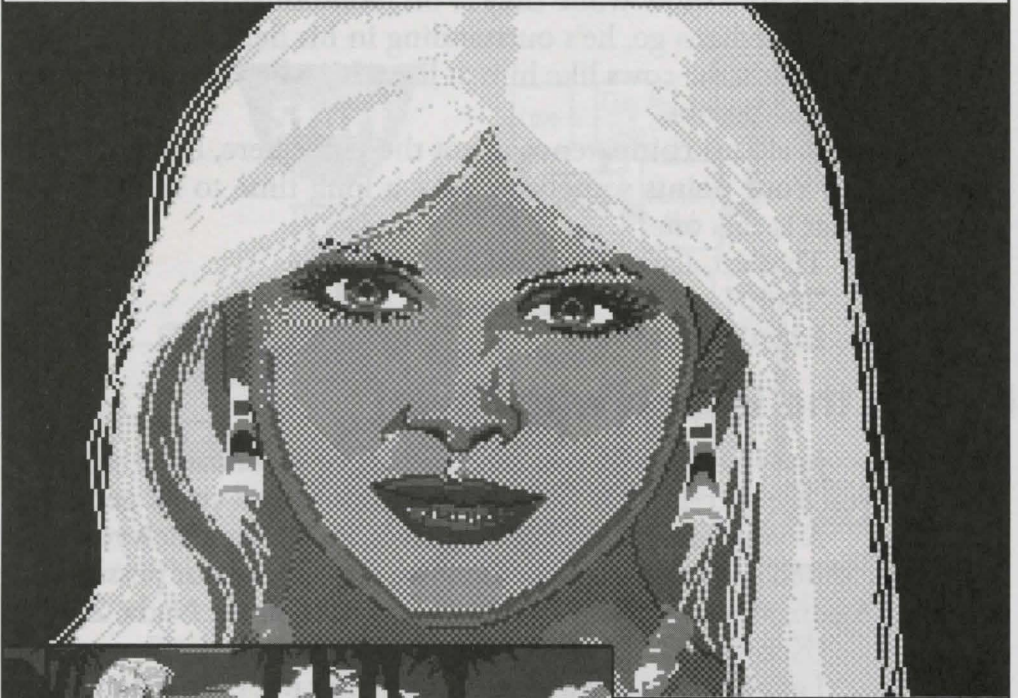
“Dorothy even said it at the end of the *Wizard of Oz*.”

Say, that’s pretty subtle coming from you, Lar. Not bad. Now, on your way back to the resort area, take time to smell the flowers and look at the trees. Don’t play so woodenly that you



Larry's Ladies #15: Tawni

(Collect the whole set, even if he didn't.)



WOW! She looks even better vertical!

On the beach you'll find the lovely Tawni. To impress her, try something material. She loves to shop, as is shown by her lack of resistance to souvenir salesman. This could be useful to you. Talk to Tawni and she politely stands up. She is, as Larry found out, a very attractive but shallow lady.



miss a piece of the game and ground out to shortstop. You'll find your play picks up if you listen to me on this. Don't be a stick in the mud and miss this strong clue.

"Forget that, Al. A dude like me wants to know where the action is!"

Well, at any ocean resort in the South Seas, it would be well to check out the beach. Where else can you find beautiful ladies in various state of undress?

"My room?"

You don't have a room anymore, Lar. Trust me. Hit the beach. And, should you happen across a young tourist lady there, you might want to strike up a conversation. Of course, this is a commercial beach, so you can expect a few interruptions from souvenir salesmen, but maybe you can figure out what this lady really wants.

"The chick's name is Tawni, and she's from like California man. She looks even better vertical than she does horizontal."

Yes, she is and so she does. She's also not particularly bright, as you'll determine by talking with her. Her overriding passion in life is buying things. Knowing a person's character like this can often be helpful more than once. Anyway, it's a credit to her that she's so sure about what interests her.

"You're such a card, Big Guy."

If Larry's smart with Tawni, he'll come out of this, if not with a sense of satisfaction, at least having a sharp idea of what he accomplishes. Just try not to be too crabby.

Cherri the Showgirl

Okay, you leave the beach and are back outside the casino. It always pays to sharpen your wits, even if you have to do it one step at a time. Think about that as you enter the casino, as much as being Larry will let you think, that is.

"A cutting remark, Al."

Feel free to check out the casino. You can't rent a room-your



money, even if you had some—is no good here thanks to Chairman Ken’s instructions. You can’t find the gambling area. In fact, the only places you can go of immediate interest are the piano bar and the lobby of the show. Passionate Patti hasn’t shown up in the piano bar yet, so the only person to talk to is over at the entrance to the show—the snotty man who won’t let you in without a ticket.

“Maybe I could find a, like, free pass somewheres.”

A well-read person can certainly learn about freebies. The man will certainly accept a pass but, alas, expects a small gratuity. You, being broke, had better scare up some cash.

“Maybe I could, like, sell something?”

Hmmm. A good idea if you know someone who will buy whatever crappy native “handicraft” you could hack out of the materials at hand.

“Yeah, I recently met somebody like that, but she doesn’t like me.”

Well, don’t stand there grassing about it; figure out a disguise and quit skirting around the issue. Weave your way quickly through the casino and don’t worry about blundering into the furniture. No expensive Chippendale or other antiques there, just garish modernist junk.

“Say, these hints are getting to be fun. Let’s see, I quit grassing about it, weave my way somewhere else, hack out a solution, and quit skirting around the issue.”

You got it, Larry. After that, visit the cabana. The experience might change you. Got all that?

“No.”

Well, just keep scratching your head, little buddy. Our friends, the players, are a little smarter than you.

“Huh?”

Exactly.

Now if all that goes well, Tawni might give the newest vendor on the beach 20 bucks.



"I'd settle for ten."

No, Larry. Never underprice yourself... Hmmm... Forget that in relation to your intrinsic worth.

"Huh?"

You need 20 bucks to get in the show.

"Oh."

Of course, this might cause yet another change in you. Changes, by the way, often make you thirsty at the end. If you do manage to slake that thirst, look around in the immediate area for another slick item to have.

"You're so smart, Big Al."

Stop soaping me up and pay attention, Larry. Hinting is hard work. Pour me another Coke.

"What's next. After the second change?"

Make your leisurely way back to the show. Show your pass to the maitre d' there.

"I don't have a pass."

Yes you do, Larry, but it's not an automatic feature of the game. You'll have to produce it manually. It's not in your inventory, it's in the box.

The maitre d' will check his list and determine if the pass is valid. Of course, he will tell you there are no empty seats for the performance.

"Unless I bribe the sucker."

Right, so slip him the 20 you picked up from Tawni.

"It's good show, though, right?"

Nah, nothing special, Larry.

"Then why have I just gone to all this trouble?"

Because it triggers a chance for you to meet Cherri the Showgirl. Maybe you could call her after the show. At least look for a phone. Always nice to know the location of one.

Once you meet Cherri, talk to her. Maybe you can land a date by doing a deed that will impress her. Survey the situation, so to speak.



"I'm not sure of the legality of that."

Suzi the Lawyer

The law seldom applies to what a man does for love, Larry. Except, of course, if you're in the divorce process. You might want to find yourself a good lawyer about now. Luckily there is one firm on the island.

Roger, the receptionist, is a little hard to deal with, but can talk him into it. Be firm about what you want.

When you get in to see Ms. Suzi Cheatem, you'll find that-like many attorneys-she doesn't come cheap.

"Is that a pun, Al?"

Not until later, Lar. Anyway, she's wants \$500 to do the work that will finally sever you from Kalalau forever.

"But, I just gave my last 20 bucks to that greedy maitre d' in the casino."

Yep, try to land whatever free work you can get out of her for now. A charmer like you should have no problem. Then leave and mess around outside for a little bit. Keep checking with Roger until he has something for you.

"Indeed, yes."

Once that visit to Suzi the Lawyer is successful, rush back over to the casino. Perhaps now you have something that will get Cherri's attention. You'll figure it out. After all, you're no rube just fresh in from the farm. Knock on the backstage door, and she will let in.

"In more ways than one."

Hush, Larry. But, yes, things do begin to happen back there behind the stage. Unfortunately, the show must go on. The lights dim and you have to get dressed very quickly.

"Yeah, I remember that, Big Al. I had a little trouble with my sense of touch, and it wasn't the leisure suit I wound up wearing."

Kalalau tells me you have a lot of trouble with your sense of



touch. Anyway, yes, you do wind up wearing Cherri Tart's show costume. She takes off for the outback somewhere, so the only thing to do is to be a trouper and take her place.

"Me? Do a strip show?"

You have no choice, Lar. Get out there and reveal your talent, or lack thereof. Who knows? If the audience likes you, you might cash in on your instant fame.

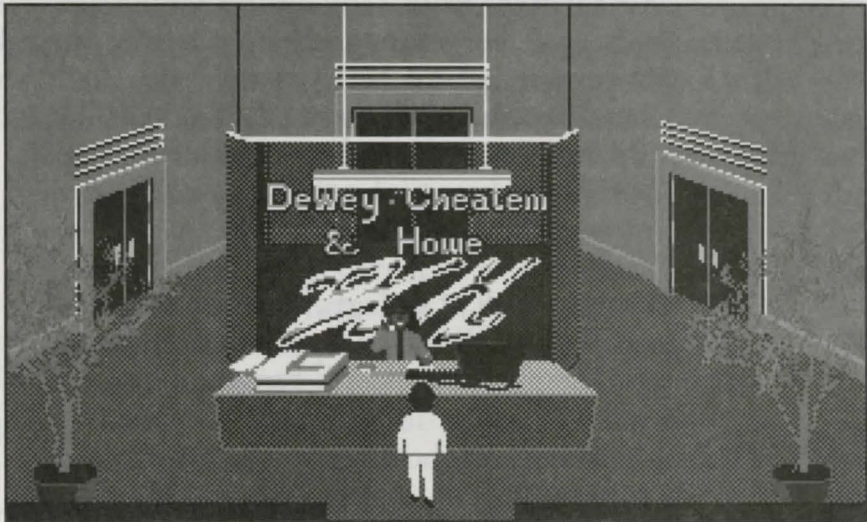
After the show, you don't want to waste time even to change clothes. Run over to Suzi's office and try again for your divorce. You can afford it now, and Roger will let you in to see Suzi again.

So, there you sit in her office, still dressed in Cherri's costume. You look real sweet, too, Lar.

"Urk! The things I go through just to star in your games."

Well, don't worry. Suzi will be cross with you, but you'll like it. She wears Hanes all under. So you guys will, as lawyers do, exchange "briefs."

Alas, with constant phone calls and all, it is as unsatisfactory as your previous encounters.



Suzi Cheatem's secretary, Roger, isn't very helpful at first.



"Thanks a lot, guy."

No trouble, Lar. Just leave and keep checking with Rog until he gives you the divorce papers, which you should examine closely as a good exercise. At last, you are footloose and fancy free.

"Even if dressed really funky."

Oh, yeah. So go back to where you left your leisure suit. It's probably still there. I mean, who would want it?

"Millions of lonely guys yearning to become like the Man of Leisure."

Er, maybe a few less than that.

"Hundreds of thousands?"

I'd guess about six.

"Wow! That many, huh? Okay, so I'm divorced now, and in the middle of a tropical resort. What do I do?"

Let's see. If you could find a towel, you could soak up some rays somewhere maybe. You don't want to lie around too long, though. Towels are handy to have along in case of sudden showers.

"Ain't that the truth. I still remember the sunscreen I had to use in Larry 2. Forgetting to buy that really burned me up."

No sunscreen here, Lar. After that, you could visit Patti in the piano bar. She's there now. Talk to her. This is the lady of your dreams, Larry. Show her your divorce papers.

"But, Patti's *beautiful*, and I've... well..."

Put on a bit of weight, eh?

"Yeah."

Hmmm. Well, if she says that, you can remedy that easily enough. There's Fat City here on the island, and you can exercise there to your heart's content.

Fat City

At Fat City, go through the door on the left, using the card you found earlier to enter. This puts Larry in the locker room.



Too bad that all the lockers look exactly the same.

"Then, how can I tell which locker is hers? I gotta find a sweatsuit or something to exercise in."

You can run hot and cold trying to find it, Larry. The game will tell you if you are getting close.

"Yeah, but knowing you as well as I do, Al, why don't I just go to the one that the farthestmost away first."

Okay, I'll give you that one. So, you look for locker 69 and find it locked by a combination lock. How do you find the combination?

"Er... Look for a clue on the card and enter the numbers manually."

Yes, that could work.

"Better save early and save often. Otherwise, things tend to change."

Ummm. Numerically speaking, that would be the best course. Well, now you can change into a sweatsuit for a little exercising.

"Patti will just love the new, slim, muscular me!"

Yes, Larry, that should put a lock on your relationship with her. It's always good to put a lock on things that are close to you.

The exercise routine is pretty straightforward. Just walk up to each station and type *work out*. The number of times you work out at each station depends on the speed of your computer, and may vary from four or five times to twenty-five or more. For the station on the right, which has both leg curls and weight-lifting, you have to stand on opposite sides to do both—in other words, be in front of the station first, then in back of it.

"Yeah, I'm getting pumped up about it already."

You stink, Larry.

"What! Now what did I do to you, Al? I'm hurt."

No, I mean after your workout, you don't smell so good. That would never go over with Patti, so you go back to the locker and strip off that soaked sweatsuit.



“What do I put on?”

Nothing, Lar. You need to take a shower. Don't bother closing your locker. After all, who would steal a leisure suit?

“I know at least six guys would. You said so yourself.”

Hmmm. Well, do what you think is best. Lock it if you are worried about theft, then go take a shower. You did bring some soap, didn't you?

“You won't rope me into looking stupid on that one, Al. I'm slicker than you think. Har, har.”

Okay, so go in the shower and clean up, even if it calls for washing some parts longer than others.

“Some parts are longer than others.”

Larry!

“I was talking about segments of the game, Big Guy.”

Okay, after the shower, dry off, return to the locker, and see if you can scent anything else you should use before putting your leisure suit back on.

Bambi the Aerobics Instructor

In another area of Fat City you'll find Bambi the Aerobics Instructor. Bambi is interested in getting in the exercise video market. You have a wide experience in television, Lar, having been on two shows for about 30 seconds each back in Larry 2. Maybe you could give her a hand. Help her out and you could hit it lucky.

“Will get lucky! I remember that tanning booth now. What an illuminating experience.”

Right, even if not totally satisfying. As you probably guessed by now, you are not going to get too far with your lovemaking this time, either.

The gyrations of you and Bambi as you proceed to get up close and personal, loosens the cover, and before long, you have a beautiful tan (and burn) from the defective machine.



Score: 1343 of 4000

Leisure Suit Larry 3



Bambi, believe it or not, needs your marketing expertise.

“Urk! That’s four times you’ve let me get close but no cigar, Big Guy.”

Smoking’s bad for you, Lar.

“You’re telling me! Between the danger of lying out in the sun too long and that damn tanning machine, I’m started to get steamed.”

Yep, those are well-done dangers, eh Larry?

“Hmpf.”

Well, don’t worry, Lar. You are about to get lucky with Passionate Patti. Very, very lucky.

“About time, too.”

Making It with Passionate Patti

Okay, you head back toward the piano bar, but a cavernous feeling strikes you. Of course! It’s always a good idea to take a lady a gift. How could you forget such flowery sentiments.

“But, I’m broke.”



True, Larry, but I'm sure you'll pick the right solution and weave your way back to Patti. Don't de-*lei*!

"Er, you misspelled *delay*, Big Al."

No, Larry. I didn't.

Now, returning to Patti, you can give her the gift and perhaps even ask her for a date. You could very well be the key man in her life now.

While Patti does find you intoxicating, you still need to find her another little gift before you take the elevator up to her penthouse apartment and taste her lips of wine.

"If you could bottle that malarkey, Al, I could sell it and raise the ten bucks I need for tonight at the Velvet Slipper."

Funny, Larry, funny.

"No, it's not."

Er, that's a hint, Larry. Do I have to club you over the head with it?

"All right, already. I get it. Now, what do I do?"

Score: 1343 of 4000

Leisure Suit Larry 3



The lovely Passionate Patti. Gaze into her eyes, Larry!



Why, up to the penthouse, pour out your heart, and do what comes naturally.

“Oh, yeah. Well, you did finally treat me right, Al. I gotta admit that introducing me to Patti was a great thing.”

But you’re still going to the Velvet Slipper tonight?

“Hey, I’m a polyester kind of guy. Doesn’t mean I don’t love Patti.”

No, just that she will probably feed your computer to you when you finally get home.

“I know, I know. One chip at a time.”

Could this be true love at last? Well, Larry, you’ve thought so a couple of times before, but those went haywire on you. Lying there in the afterglow, you hear Patti murmur a name as she dozes off. “Arnold,” she says.

Disgusted at being such a fool, you pull on your clothes and decide to swear off women forever! In a major fit of depression, you wander off into the trackless jungle.

“Not one of my better moves, I admit.”

You Are Passionate Patti

Now, it’s time for the big change! You are no longer male, no longer Larry Laffer, pitiful loser. *You* have now become the gorgeous and curvaceous Passionate Patti!

There’s no time now to explore that lovely body (you men just have one thing on your mind!). Your Larry is gone! Finally you find the man of your dreams, and he disappears on you. You *have* to find him!

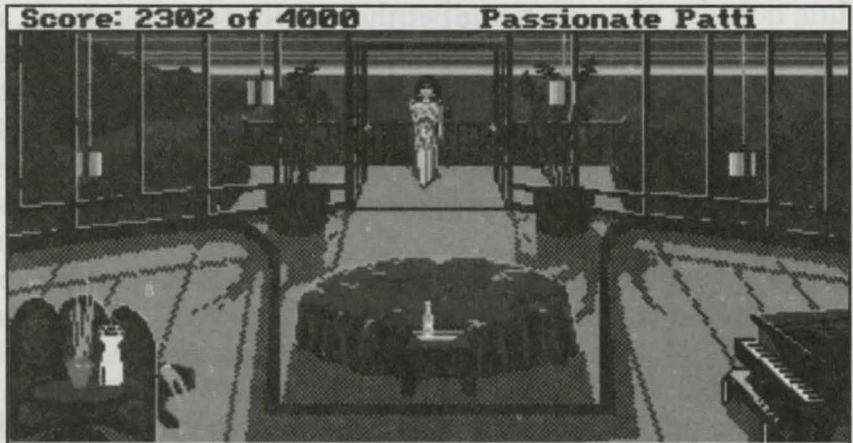
Rushing out onto the balcony, you see a flash of white polyester disappearing into the bamboo jungle. It’s time to take the action into your own lovely hands and find your man again.

“She’s a real woman, my Patti is.”

Okay, another big difference coming up.

“Bigger than a sex change?”

Well, not quite, but during this portion of the game, you



Patti wakes up and is distraught to find Larry gone!

must be extremely careful. You are about to go into the jungle after Larry; Larry Laffer. You won't be coming back this way—in fact, *can't* come back. So, make sure you find and take everything you'll need in your quest.

“Which is?”

Oh, stuff, Larry. Just stuff. It's all around here somewhere. Save early and save often. Now, start thinking like Patti, you gorgeous gal, you. What's the first thing to do?

“Get dressed?”

Yep. Be sure you get completely dressed. Women usually have a few more items of apparel than men. Think like Patti. It would never do to go into the jungle underdressed. Pick up each item of clothing, one at a time.

Look around the penthouse before you leave. Remember, Larry has your key and you won't be able to get back in. There's really not much left. You try to bottle up your feelings and leave.

Okay, go downstairs and over to the piano bar and get your tips. We talked about the bug in the program here earlier in the book. If you have one of the early versions of *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, you can



type *look at piano* and *get tips* over and over, building additional points each time. This way, you can actually finish the game with more than the 4,000 possible points otherwise.

As you leave the bar, don't overlook anything that might be a sign of significance, or you might not be able to make your magic mark later.

Think about what you are going to need for a trip into the jungle. We are in the tropics, and it's hot. Some drinking water might be nice. You can get that from the drinking fountain on the cabana, of course. Carry as much with you as you have containers.

Chip 'n' Dale's

Larry, go get us a box of Fig Newtons.

Now what? Well, a little intelligence on how to get through the jungle might be nice. Besides, you're a woman now, so the idea of a male strip show is an experience not wholly unattractive to you. You've heard about Chip 'n' Dale's, and you've got your tip money. Why not?

The show turns out to be as good as you'd hoped for. Dale struts his stuff, and you like the stuff he struts. He seems to like you and throws his clothes on your table. Well, don't just sit there, girl, return the compliment. Throw a piece of your intimate wearing apparel. That just might get him over .

If he comes over, maybe he can give you a hint that will help you find your missing man.

No, don't ask "who?" Forget Dale! Larry is the man you want now (Lord help you). So you regretfully leave and enter the trackless jungle, from which no one returns. Let's hope you listened to Dale and have figured a way through those endless bamboo thickets.

"Nev-er Nev-er E-ver Eat Nec-tar-ines Washed... NO! Eat-

LARRY! Dammit, man, I'm trying to give out hints here. Stop that infernal singing!



“Now, Al. I know you’ll find the nectarine song initially disappointing, but later a capital idea.”

Hmpf. Just don’t sing anymore.

Where was I?

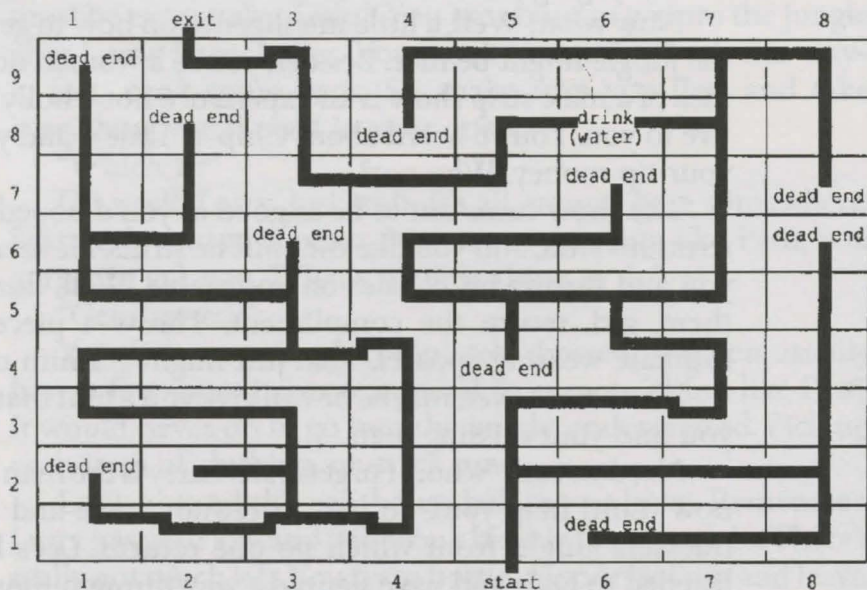
“Fresno, man. Some things never change.”

Oh, yeah.

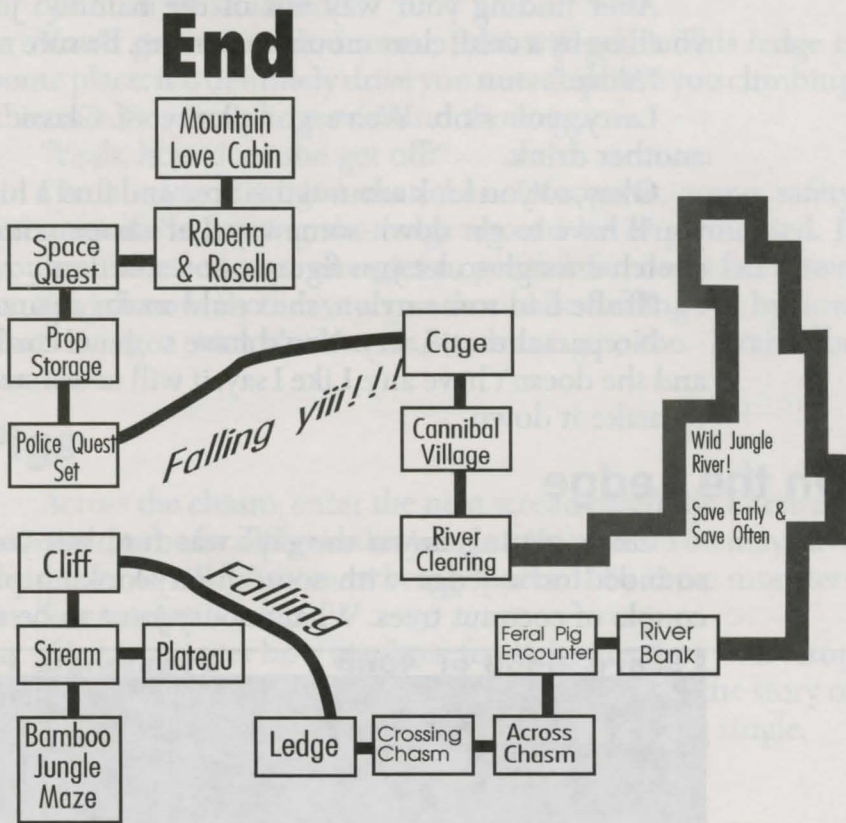
The Bamboo Jungle

Before you enter the jungle, you better be very certain that you are wearing and carrying everything you need. Otherwise, your quest is doomed to failure.

I will tell you that even the correct route through the bamboo jungle is 20 different screens. I will also tell you that



The path through the jungle, Patti. Be sure to conserve your water! Each square is a game screen, and there are 72 possible. It’s easy to get lost if you just wander along singing the Nectarine song without paying attention to initial directions. (Based on a map drawn with the compliments of Pat Kelly.)



Start

you sweat like a feral pig and use water rapidly. Conservation is of extreme importance.

“In other words, don’t stop to smell the flowers and swig all your water in one gulp, huh Big Guy?”

Exactly, Lar. Even if you got my hint on how to get through the jungle, it’s still not easy. Sometimes you really have to search for an exit from a screen. Just don’t take too long to do it.



After finding your way out of the bamboo jungle, Patti, you'll be by a cold, clear mountain stream. Be sure not to fall in. "Slurp."

Larry, you slob. We've got plenty of Classic Coke. Get another drink.

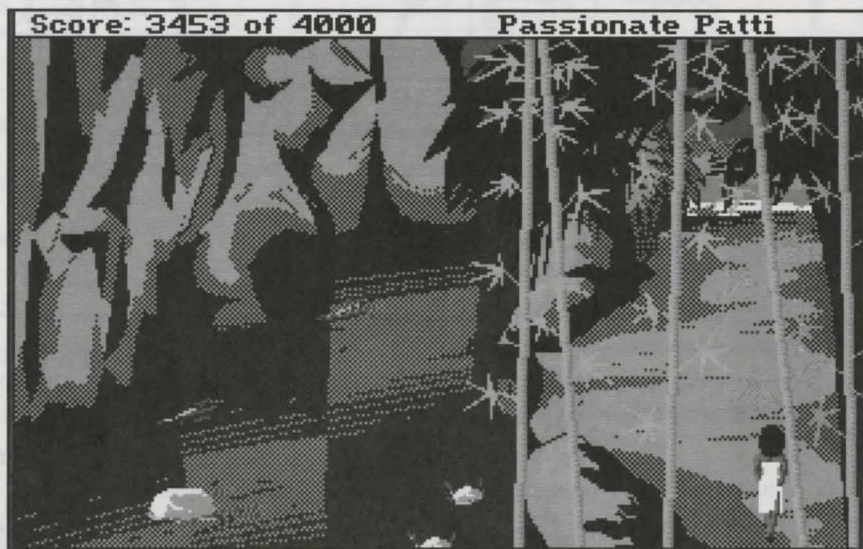
Okay, so you look around this area and find a high cliff that you'll have to get down someday. Let's hope your mind will stretch enough to let you figure out a solution.

"If she had some nylon, she could make a parachute."

No parachutes, Larry. You'd have to have cords for them, and she doesn't have any. Like I say, it will take a stretch for her to make it down.

On the Ledge

Okay, getting down the cliff was fun, but you wind up stranded on a ledge with some funny-looking plants and a couple of coconut trees. What a lousy joint to be stranded.



Okay, Patti—you're out of the jungle. Taking a drink from that cold mountain stream seems like a good idea, but be careful!



“Joint to be stranded?”

You’ll get it, Lar. Er, I mean, Patti will get it. This ledge is some place; it’ll definitely drive you nuts and have you climbing the trees. So, don’t linger around too long.

“Yeah, how does she get off?”

I’ve already divulged that, Lar. Of course, some safety precautions in leaving the ledge should be implemented. If you’ve harnessed your energies to get this far, don’t fall down on the job now. By the way, you should be finding out by now that being a woman has it disadvantages, too. Drafts for instance.

Feral Pigs

Across the chasm, enter the next screen carefully. There are rumored to be feral pigs in this jungle wilderness. You may have read tales of village women being “porked” by these monsters in *Nontoonyt Tonite*.

Well, no matter how big those feral pigs are, they won’t stop you from finding your man! You might remember the story of David and Goliath. David was the original slinging single.

“You mean *swinging*, don’t you, Al?”

No, Larry. I don’t.

Just imagine what David could have done with a couple of coconuts instead of just a little pebble. Anyway, if you survive the feral pig encounter, you’ll come to a fast-flowing (and I do mean fast) jungle river.

“Hey, she told me about that river, you fiend, you!”

Well, I’m glad you are keeping up on current affairs.

Jungle River of Doom

Patti, you don’t want to just stand there being a bump on a log. Look for something to ride down the river and mount it—an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you.

If you’ll refer back to Chapter 7, you will find an explicit



procedure for getting down this long, winding, but very dangerous river. It's not easy and it will take a long time, even when you do save early and save often. Or you can hit F8 to skip the trip, and forfeit the points.

"Arcade sequence, arcade sequence! I wish I had a quarter for every one of those I've had to suffer through."

Well, somebody does, Larry. That's for sure. Anyway, after some time, Patti will reach the end of the rapids. Are her problems over?

"In an Al Lowe game? Hardly."

Lesbian Amazonian Canibals!

Exactly, Larry. She is immediately captured by lesbian Amazonian cannibals and dragged off to be thrown in a cage hung over a cooking pot.

"Just don't pause the game right now. Talk about being kept in suspended animation!"

Ah, look around Patti! You are NOT alone in the cage. There is also one Larry; Larry Laffer!

"This is another fine stew you've gotten me into, Al."

Well, not yet, but you guys will be stewed unless Patti can think of a quick solution. By this time, she only has left the remnants of her dress and maybe one other object.

"Only magic can save us now! I'm marked for death!"

Not to panic, Lar—the game's almost over. Once Patti finds that solution, she and you will fall into some good luck instead of potluck.

Meanwhile, Back in Coarsegold

In fact, you two will fall right out of your game and onto the set of *Police Quest*. Disrupting the filming there, you move on through the prop area onto the set of another great Sierra Adventure, *Space Quest*.

"Some reviewer once accused me of being a lightweight,



but what you did to Patti and me was ridiculous, Al.”

Heh, heh. Well, it was quite a switch, right?

“Hmpf. I fell on my head.”

No one will notice, Lar. Now, it’s all over but the shouting. Go one more screen east and you’ll find Princess Rosella busily filming a scene. The director is none other than our lovely Roberta Williams.

Patti can charm her into a good deal and some free housing in a beautiful mountain cabin for you guys.

“Love that lake.”

Meanwhile, Back in Fresno

Yes, and love that game! Come on DOWN, Larry; Larry Laffer! You are a WINNER! You’ve finished *Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals!*

“Wow, I am a stud, aren’t I? What do I win?”

Larry Laffer, you win an empty Classic Coke can, somewhat bent, or you can take what’s behind DOOR number ONE!

“Huh?”

The one over there, Larry.

“Er, what’s behind it?”

The outside, Larry.

“Huh?”

Beat it man, we’re through for the night. Be back here Monday morning to work on the next chapter, *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*.

“Oh. Say, can I borrow ten—”

No, now get out of here so I can get this place cleaned up before Margaret gets home.

“Okay, well, seriously, thanks Big Guy.”

Aw, don’t sweat it, Lar. You’re okay. Now get out of here before I hug you. And go home to Patti, huh?

“Night, Big Al.”

Good night, little buddy.



All Possible Points

Larry

Look in binoculars	2
Look at plaque	2
Get wood	2
Get mail	20
Give credit card	52
Get the knife	38
Sharpen the knife	50
Get grass	20
Weave grass	30
Get soap	12
Drink water	2
Wear grass skirt	10
Carve wood	50
Sell statue	35
Get towel	2
Get a tan	30
Look in mirror	2
Go to theater	50
Look at Cherri	5
Talk land	25
subtotal	439

Ask for divorce	10
Ask for deed	30
get deed	20
Knock door/dance	68
Pay fee	10
Make it w/Suzi	100
Get decree	20
Get card	100
Wear suit	25
Open locker	168
Wear sweats	4
Work out	100
Use soap	60
Dry off	22
Deodorize	27
subtotal	1203

Go to studio	3
Help with video	99
Go to sunroom	3
Pick flowers	25
Look at Patti	5
Show decree	100

Give lei	100
Ask for date	125
Talk to Al	5
Get wine	15
Sit thru show	100
Push button nine	4
Pour wine	500
subtotal	2337

Patti

Put on panties	20
Put on bra	20
Put on hose	20
Put on dress	10
Get bottle	25
Get tips	25
Get marker	50
Fill bottle	37
Give tips	43
Look at Dale	1
Throw panties	100
subtotal	2668

Drink water	20
Finish maze	100
Drink	42
Use hose	15
Tie hose	40
Get plants	10
Make rope	100
Throw rope	20
Tie rope	20
Get Coconuts	25
Rip dress	50
Remove bra	5
Load bra	5
Kill pig	140
Push log	10
Mount log	20
Go down river	150
Use Marker	500
Pull plug	40

Grand Total 4000

Chapter 9

Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work™

Yo! Larry, come on in and shut the door, man. What's that in the bag? You bring some goodies to fuel our mighty intellects while we write this chapter?

"Hiya, Big Al. Yeah, I brought some Milk Duds and jalapeño dip—they go great together! Got a 2-liter bottle of Shasta orange here, too. It's going to a perfect evening. Has Margaret fixed us supper like you promised? I can hardly wait! Pot roast, was it?"

Er, a little problem there, Lar. They're having an emergency sale down at the mall, and she had to leave. The kids went along to give her support. We can call out for pizza.

"Gee, Al—how come she's never here when I am?"

Superb timing, I think. But, never mind that—let's get on with the hint chapter for *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*. It's a great game and— Say, Lar, is that a new gold chain you've got on?

"Yep. Patti gave it to me. Since we got back from Camp David, everything's been pretty rosy for us."

Good, good. You're staying out of the singles bars now?

"Well... pretty much so. I sure wouldn't want to lose my Patti-cakes."



Aw... that's nice, Larry.

"On the other hand, I *am* the Man of Polyester. Can I help it if chicks throw themselves at me wherever I go? Can I help it if beautiful babes—"

Okay, okay, Larry. Just be careful not to mess up your relationship with Patti, I think she's good for you.

"So does she... Yeah! So does she! Ain't it *wonderful!*"

Yes, it sure is. Okay, on with Larry 5 now. I probably should explain why we go right from Larry 3 into Larry 5. There is a Larry 4. In fact a number of references are made to that game during the course of Larry 5. Unfortunately, the floppies containing the game are lost. We suspect they may have fallen into the wrong hands.

"Gee, Al. I *knew* I should have made a backup copy. Sorry."

They'll turn up sooner or later, Lar.

"I still feel bad about it, Big Guy. Here, let me put some jalapeño dip on your Milk Duds. I've got a bottle of Tabasco sauce here if you want to spice that up."

NO! Er, I mean no thanks, Larry. I'll just eat my Milk Duds straight.

"Urk! How boring."

Maybe, but let me get on with this so we can all go home tonight.

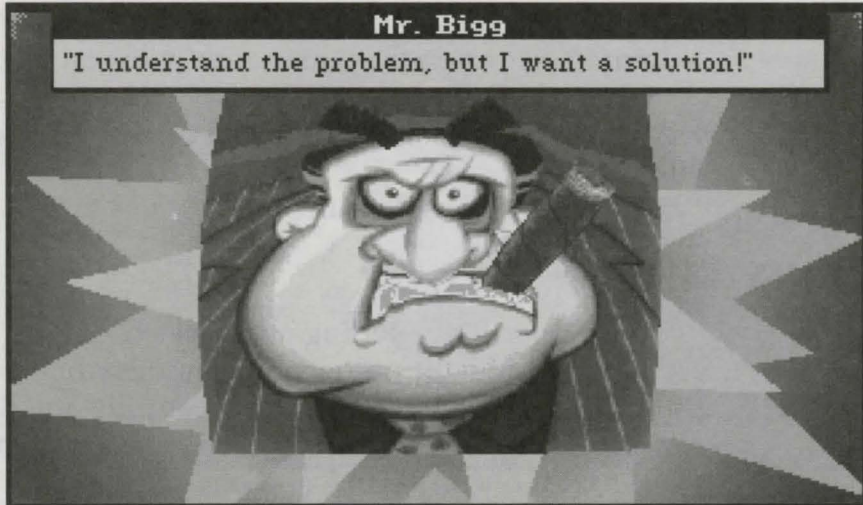
"You already are home, Al."

Oh, yeah. You can forget that sometimes in Fresno. Here we go! Larry 5!

Background

At the end of Larry 3, Larry and Patti were living together in that little mountain cabin up above Coarsegold. They planned to enjoy a happy idyllic existence while Larry wrote his life story in the form of computer games.

As the action in *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work* opens, we find Lar working for



Mr. Bigg is not a happy camper.

PornProdCorp in Los Angeles. He's had amnesia, and has no idea of how he got there.

"Well, I may have had Amnesia, Big Al, but I sure don't remember her. My memory of everything in that period is lost, just like the Larry 4 disks."

Have some more Milk Duds, Larry, and let me get this done.

Let's see. So, we have Larry in a rather lowly job in Los Angeles. Meanwhile, Passionate Patti, now on the East Coast, has been playing piano in a series of club engagements. Her career is not going well at all.

The music business is rough at the best of times, but this is the worst of times. There's heavy involvement in the entertainment field by organized crime. Mr. Bigg, the top crime godfather, is not pleased with profits, and he intends to do something about it. Anyone who gets in his way will be squashed like a bug hitting a Mack truck's windshield at 65 miles an hour.

Certainly no piano player or minor leisure-suited employee of PornProdCorp is going to have any impact on Mr. Bigg's nefarious plans. Or will they?



“Urk! I give up, Big Guy. Do we?”

Larry! You were in the game, surely you remember that one!

“Oh, yeah, guess I do. That’s why we’re here tonight. To write up the hints for it. Sure you don’t want some dip for those Milk Duds?”

No thanks, Larry. I’m sure.

Story Line

To get on with the getting on-Larry’s boss, Silas Scruemall, was big for years in the pornography business, but is now trying to go “legit” by producing a TV show featuring America’s sexiest woman. The field is narrowed down to three women—one in Atlantic City, one in Miami, and one in New York City. Silas decides that the three finalists, to unknowingly prove that one of them really is the sexiest woman in America, should get it on with the dorkiest *man* in America. He reasons that if they are turned on by such a loser, they really *are* sexy. But where could he find such a super dork?

At that moment, one of his lesser employees-Larry; Larry Laffer-brings in coffee and manages to spill it in Silas Scruemall’s lap. A light bulb goes on above Scruemall’s head. Here is his... er... his... ah... man!

“Hey, it was an accident. I didn’t mean to spill the coffee.”

Be *careful* pouring that Shasta, Lar... Lar!... Arrgh. Go get a roll of paper towels out of the kitchen and clean it up.

Anyway, Silas Scruemall gives Larry a video camera disguised as a pocket protector, and sends him off to get a video record of Larry seducing the three women.

As this happens, Patti finishes another club date, playing the piano, and is ripped off when the club manager refuses to pay her. She leaves the club and is stopped by an FBI agent, Inspector Desmond. He offers her an undercover assignment—an offer not wholly unfamiliar to her—to help him get the goods on whomever is corrupting the entertainment industry. Patti



Larry is not at his best while pouring coffee for his boss.

jumps at the chance.

So we have the two story lines. You, the player, alternate between being Larry as he tracks down the three sexiest women in America, and Passionate Patti as she infiltrates the dirtier side of the music business.

All the while, Mr. Bigg and his henchpersons continue their attempted subversion of truth, justice, and the Top Forty.

Larry's Big Head

A lot of people have asked me why Larry has such a big head in Larry 5.

"Hey! I do not have the big head!"

Yes, you do, Lar. We decided it was logical to give Larry more expressions. This required more pixels and meant his head had to be larger. That decision was a really momentous one around Sierra. There were definitely two schools of thought: Should we go for photorealism or cartoons?



Larry's big head.

We decided that if what people wanted was realistic-looking babes, they could get much better resolution at the video store for \$2.50 a night. I think the humor is what sells these games, not the sex.

"There's humor in them? What kind of funny theory are you coming up with, Big Al?"

So we figured we could get away with more stuff if the characters looked silly. The problem came when we saw the babes! They didn't look funny, just ugly! So we improved the women to the best of our painter's abilities, and kept the background characters and Larry as cartoons. I'm really happy with the solution.

"That makes one of us."

Don't mope, Lar, we'll order that pizza soon.

"Can I have apple rings and horseradish on mine?"

I don't know, Lar. Can you? Can anyone?

Sounds

The music and sound effects in *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work* are nothing short of spectacular. We commissioned an original score by Hollywood composer Craig Safan. He has been an Emmy nominee and composer for such TV shows as "Cheers." He also did the movie scores for "The Last Starfighter," "A Nightmare on Elm Street 4," and many other films.

To get the full effect of our music and sound effects, you need a sound card in your computer, such as the Sound Blaster or AdLib boards. There are others that will work, too.

"Yeah, I was visiting Ralph at his new office the other day. He's got a Thunder Board from Media Vision in his 486. Works perfectly."



Roberts has a 486 now? All those computer and autograph books he writes must be bringing in some money.

“He’s got a 386, too. Both have 600 megabyte hard disks. He told me that by about Larry 8, he figures to need that kind of storage space.”

Er, I doubt the games will get quite that big, Lar. Anyway, if you do have a sound board, you’ll find that the sound effects are the most fun, and did we ever use them in Larry 5! Late one night we were goofing off, after too much pizza, of course, and making obscene noises with our bodies.

“That’s gross, Al. Show me.”

Later, Larry. So I said, “It’s too bad we can’t have the ability to do anything we want to while playing the game.” A look of bemusement crossed Brian Hughes’ face. In ten minutes, we had added the *Bodily Function Keys* to the game. We thought we’d only be able to amuse the quality assurance guys with it, thinking it would cause problems, but it didn’t. That was just three days before shipping the game, so we left ’em in. I think it’s the most fun part of the game.

Larry in Los Angeles

Okay, now, here comes the hints-fast and furious-on how to solve Larry 5.

“Wait, Big Guy, let me take notes!”

Larry! You already know how to save the game. Besides, you can wait and buy the book.

“Don’t I get an author’s copy? I mean, I’ve done as much work on it as you or Roberts.”

Hmmm. You’re right. Okay, I apologize, Lar. I’ll ask the publisher to send you a copy, and Ralph and I will both sign it. Happy now?

“Good. Can I get it leatherbound?”

Don’t press your luck, Larry.

“Give some hints, Al.”



Right. Watch the opening sequence of the game the first time you fire it up. You'll see Mr. Bigg's conference with his underlings, then you'll see another conference as Silas Scruemall and his "yes" people discuss the new TV show PornProdCorp is going to be producing. You should pick up some clues as to what is going on from both of these conferences.

As the game begins, you-PornProdCorp's lowliest employee in the Betamax division-are in the main office. You hear a bellow as Silas Scruemall demands that somebody bring in more coffee. Always willing to suck up to the boss, you grab the coffee pot and head into his office.

"Here, let me pour you some more Shasta, Al."

Thanks, Lar, I-Whoa! Did you have to spill it in my lap? Hand me those paper towels.

"Sorry, Al. This is an experience not wholly unfamiliar to me."

That's for sure. You do the same thing to Silas Scruemall with the coffee, but it does get him to notice you, and to give you the assignment to find and seduce the three sexiest women in America. He gives you a video camera disguised as a pocket protector, and you are ready to begin your mission.

Back out in the office, there are several things you'll need to accomplish before leaving. First look at everything in the office-there are points to be had. Next, find your workroom.

"Is that what I was supposed to do in there? Work?"

Er, right, Lar. Looking through the drawers in Larry's workbench could give you a charge. The pocket protector video camera is a wonderful example of Japanese technology, and you might decide to give it a plug at this time-but, of course, airports are always good places for that type of thing, too.

Video cameras are like life-you get out of them what you put in. If you do, you'll first want to push aside the gauze veil that makes this hint so blurry and expose things to your magnetic personality.



Larry's workroom, where he goes to hide from work.

"The gauze? Magnetic? Oh! I get it! You are making with *de* hint."

Heh, you're improving, Larry. It pays, by the way, to wash your hands afterward.

"Only one point."

Now find the file room. With the proper pull, information can slide right into your hands. Reading is always educational, and such tokens as napkins, matchbooks, and business cards should not be overlooked.

Checking the place carefully could be a real credit to your play.

If you are plugging the video recorder, you can stop for the time being. Take a look at it and remember, what you put into it is what you get out.

"Words of wisdom, Al. Maybe I should be taping them."

You should be ready to leave now. Go outside; someone has called you a limousine.

"Who? I am not!"



Look at the statue in front of the PornProdCorp building. You'll get points for that. We won't give you all these little point-getters, but there is a complete list at the end of the chapter. Don't look at it until you've played though the game once and then want to see what points you missed. There are 1,000 possible points.

Get in the limo and you'll be driven to the airport.

"I am a driven man."

That's what I said, Lar. As you ride across L.A., we'll switch away for a moment to show you an important meeting sequence. Then you'll arrive at the airport. Step out of the limo and look around. Always look around.

All those airports look the same, but each has a ticket vending machine, which is a credit to their design if you are prepared and have consulted your busy schedule. You'll have three possible destinations—Atlantic City, Miami, and New York. You'll need to visit all three cities, but the order in which you do so is your choice.

Airports are always good places to plug video cameras, if you didn't do it back at the office.

"I not only have to be a hero, I have to do marketing, too?"

No one said it was easy being you, Lar. Making a pass at the TV camera above the VIP Lounge's door will not get you in, but this is one of the few places where something dorky will.

"You're such a card, Al. Er, what does it mean? Sometimes your logic flies above my head."

Once inside the lounge, a pass can be just the ticket. On the plane, take something to read and settle back to enjoy the flight.

"Off we go INTO the WILD blue yonder—"

Larry, no singing, please.

Passionate Patti in Washington

Meanwhile, in our nation's capital, Larry's Patti is just finishing up a piano-playing gig. After being ripped off by the



Patti, look around the FBI Lab carefully for things you need.

club manager, she leaves and is approached by Inspector Desmond of the FBI. She agrees to a little undercover work, and is taken to the FBI labs to prepare for her dangerous mission.

Look at everything and remember that you can't reach out and touch anyone if you don't know their number. Get your "Safety First Field Locator Device." Remember, you can never have TWO much data.

"You mean, *too* much data, Al."

No, Larry. I don't. Groups of data, too, are like life. You have to put something in to get something out.

Okay, now here's a hint that's a real hooter. Be sure to get an uplifting experience before leaving the FBI labs, because you won't be able to come back.

"Well, call me a boob, Al, but I think you mean *have* an uplifting experience."

No, Larry. I don't. Just fill our two cups with more Shasta, and we'll continue.

Okay, Patti, you walk outside to find a limo waiting. Give



the driver the proper data, and he'll take you to the right place. Actually, there are two you need to visit, but the order is your choice. The cities we'll give you—they're Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Now might be a good time to reach out and touch someone, if you know the number. Also, don't bottle up your feelings and let them ferment; that might be a bar to your success that will bubble up to haunt you later, and make the game a fizz.

"I get it, Al! I get it."

Well, Patti sure needs to.

Larry in New York City

Larry wakes on the plane as it begins its descent into New York.

Entering the terminal, it might pay to be thinking charitable thoughts. You might consider also that the constant searching for transportation is one of the signs of these times.

"Your vagueness drives me up the wall, Al."

Exactly, Lar. Remember that you can plug video cameras in airports—it's good marketing technique, and while every other place is no charge, in this case that's no bargain. Call yourself a limousine again, if you like. Remember, transportation can sometimes be read as a charitable donation—but only in New York.

Walk outside and see if transport is available. If it is, you might want to—

Larry! Use that napkin.

"Sorry, Al. Didn't mean to spill my Shasta."

Anyway, once you've shown the driver something that tells her your destination, settle back and enjoy the ride. Feel free to doze off a little. It's a long ride in from the airport. In fact, you might as well become Patti during the ride and get her first part of the mission out of the way.



When you wake up, it might be a good time to check your appointments. If you don't have any, then check somebody else's. It could mean money and be a credit to you.

When you arrive in downtown New York, you'll find there are few public facilities available, and you *just have* to go. Check behind the potted plant on the left and you may find relief.

"But only for one point."

Enter the building. By this time you'll know that it's the Hard Disk Cafe and that they have a computer motif.

"Yeah, that Motif, now that's a *nice* graphic user interface. Too bad it's only on Unix machines and not available on my Radio Shack TRS-80 Model I."

Er, yes, Lar. You'll probably see one of those inside the restaurant. They have a sort of museum of ancient computers in the lobby—everything from the first programmable machines, music boxes, to CP/M computers and punched tape readers. They also have a maitre d' who is less than impressed with you, Larry; Larry Laffer. You need a membership to get



New York's Hard Disk Cafe has an interesting lobby.



into the restaurant proper. You could beg for one—that sometimes works—but hitting a C note here works faster.

“Al, I’m trying to cash in on your hints, but can’t you be a little more explicit?”

No, Lar, that would take all the fun out of it. If you want to cheat and use an explicit walk through, there are some available now in the Gamers Forum on CompuServe. I think our way is a lot more fun, though, and gives you much better value for your money.

Okay, the maitre d’ makes you a membership punch tape. The tape reader sucks it in and spits it out, and you can now enter the first dining room. There is only one seat available. Take it and watch. Soon Michelle Milliken will arrive. She’s your target, Lar! Quick, use your charm to get her attention.

“But she just ignores me and goes on into the private dining room. My membership tape just causes a system crash and I can’t get in... there.”

Hmmm. Well, obviously, the maitre d’ gave you only minimal membership privileges. You might as well return to the lobby and figure out a way to get extra access privileges. Maybe you should modify the tape in some way so that you’ll be able to get in and ring Ms. Milliken’s chimes. There are no notes around to tell you what to do; this is one solution you’ll have to crank out for yourself, or you will wind up without a song to sing.

Once you’ve modified the tape, you’ll be able to get into the inner dining room. Talk to Michelle. She’s a pretty sharp lady, so give her some credit. That could turn her on, but you better have turned on something else first.

“I get the picture, Al.”

Afterwards, return to the lobby and call yourself a limo.

“I’m a limo.”

Back at the airport, deciding on your next destination is the ticket. It’s a good idea to plug your camera again, and to



remember what you put in, you get out.

"I'll tape that saying up over my bathroom mirror, Big Guy."

Okay, board the plane and fly away, Lar.

Philadelphia Patti

Passionate Patti-you beautiful, gorgeous, lady, *you*-arrives at the Shill building. You are looking for a guy named Reverse Biaz, according to the information you received from the FBI. Walk into the building's lobby; that's a start.

I've got a bulletin for you, lady; you'll have to find the right office number or you'll become bored with the lobby.

"Bulletin? Bored?"

Don't strain, Larry. Once you have the number, you can talk to the guard or show him some information that will let you get up in life.

In the office, the thought may cross your mind that the price of gold set new records years ago. Then again, it might not. Besides, records go back and forth, and sometimes at different speeds, so don't worry about it for too long.

In the studio, a little conversation is in order. They say music will soothe the savage beast, and it works okay with recording engineers, too.

Go into the control room and see if your presence intoxicates the engineer. Maybe some information will bubble to his surface and he will give you something not uncommon in recording studios.

"He better not, that's *my* Patti!"

Er... Maybe sometimes, Larry, but you need to keep working on it. Afterwards, return to your waiting limo. The driver is waiting for data on what to do next. Remember, what comes out, goes in, and show him. You'll next leave Philly and be off to Baltimore.

"Great cheese steaks in Philly! Can we order the pizza, like, now?"



Sure, give them a call, Lar. Remember, if it's not here in 30 minutes, we get to eat free!

"If it's not here in 30 minutes, they can take it back because I will be dead of starvation. Writing books makes me hungry." Me, too, little buddy. Me, too.

On the Boardwalk

Good, you're back.

"Pizza's on the way!"

Excellent, and you arrive in Atlantic City. In the best marketing technique, you decide it's time to plug that video recorder again.

"What's all this marketing junk, Al? You get a charge out of it?"

Yes, Larry, I do. But hold up with your battery of questions, and we'll get on with this. Again, the search for transportation is a sign of the times, but it'll be a gamble as to whether you'll have the money to call yourself a limo.

"Figures. It is Atlantic City after all."

In the limo, see if you can find a match to the driver's question about where you want to go. If you strike on the right answer, you'll be taken to the Tramp Casino, where there's no cover charge to enter the gambling area.

The limo will deposit you on the Boardwalk in front of the casino. Talk to the lady there. If you guess her lucky number, you could be a big winner.

"Ten bucks, whoopee. And they aren't even real money—just Tramp dollars good in the casino."

Well, you'll need 50 to 100 times that amount, eh, Lar?

"Why? I just ordered the regular-sized pizza."

No, in the game! Pay attention, and get your mind off food.

"I'm hungry. Besides, you can't pay for much with only ten Tramp dollars, Big Guy."

Hmmm. That's true. So you need to increase your stake.



Larry's Ladies #16: Lana Luscious



Lana Luscious, the roller blade queen of the Atlantic City Boardwalk.

Why not try the video poker machines inside the casino?

“Save early and save often.”

Right you are. Once you have at least \$25, it's time to have a ball. Maybe see a show. Something culturally uplifting and artistically impeccable—like most of the sophisticated entertainment in Atlantic City.



"Or at least see a wet T-shirt contest."

Okay, already. So you see the contest—that Jennifer Jiggle sure is something isn't she?—and decide to take a walk on the Boardwalk afterwards. Unfortunately, most of the shops seem to be closed because it's the Donald's birthday.

"Donald Duck's?"

No, Donald Tramp's. Say, all those people skating on rollerblades seem to be having fun. Why don't you rent a pair, Lar?

"You just said all the shops are closed."

Nope, I said *most* of them. Maybe there is someone who is no longer impressed with the Donald's birthday and keeps her business open.

"I *vander* who dat could be?"

Don't make it too obvious, Lar. To get the rollerblades, you'll need enough money for the deposit. If you don't have enough, then maybe she will accept something valuable instead. Just be sure to get it back afterwards, or you'll be left out of the picture.

Rollerblading takes a little effort to learn, but it's fun. Skate around until you find a certain young lady to talk to. A close encounter might get her attention.

"Lana Luscious, that's her name!"

So, talk to her. Try to set up the situation for later; this could be a real benchmark for you.

After your conversation with Lana, and now knowing what you will be doing later that day, return the skates. If you left an item as a deposit, retrieve it, and return to the casino. Try not to fall off the boardwalk.

"What if I do?"

It's a long swim, Lar, a long swim.

"They say the sharks in Atlantic City are on the shore."

Yep, you'll find the water pretty safe. Okay, show time again. This time you'll need a lot more to get in and do what must be



done. Say, \$500.

“Five hundred dollars.”

No, I mean you’ll need that much, Larry. So, it’s back to the video poker machines.

Once you have the money, go in to the show. You’ll find yourself in a slippery situation, but you can handle it if you try. It’s a dirty job, but somebody’s got to do it. Just be sure to get turned on before the action starts, or you’ll be left out of the picture.

When it’s all over but the shouting, go outside and give the doorman all your money. He’ll call you a limousine.

“Looks like he could be nicer than that after I give him all those Trump dollars!”

Well, he isn’t. Return to the airport and see if you can’t find time for Miami in your busy schedule. Don’t forget to plug that video recorder.

“All that marketing is assault and battery, Al.”

Ding dong.

Get the door, Larry. Would you, please?

Patti in Baltimore

Ah! Pizza! Smells great. Did you tip the pizza guy?

“It wasn’t a pizza guy, it was a pizza lady, and she gave me a tip.”

She gave you a tip?

“Yeah, she said ‘Don’t try getting fresh again, buster, or you’ll find out what *falling Dominoes* really means.’”

Mmm! Well, she gives good pizza, that’s for sure.

“Al!”

It is good, Lar.

“Well, wipe that cheese from your chin, Big Guy, and tell me where we are now.”

Fresno?

“No, that’s *my* joke. I mean, in the game.”



Chapter 9

Well, *you* are Passionate Patti again and find yourself in front of Baltimore's K-RAP radio station. You enter the station only to find that the office door requires a code to be punched in before it will open. However, that data could be at your finger tips. What you put in is what you get out.

"You like that hint, don't ya, Al?"

Yep. Inside the office, search the place well. Don't overlook any obvious plants—they could be the key you've been looking for. Look sharply at the desk, too.

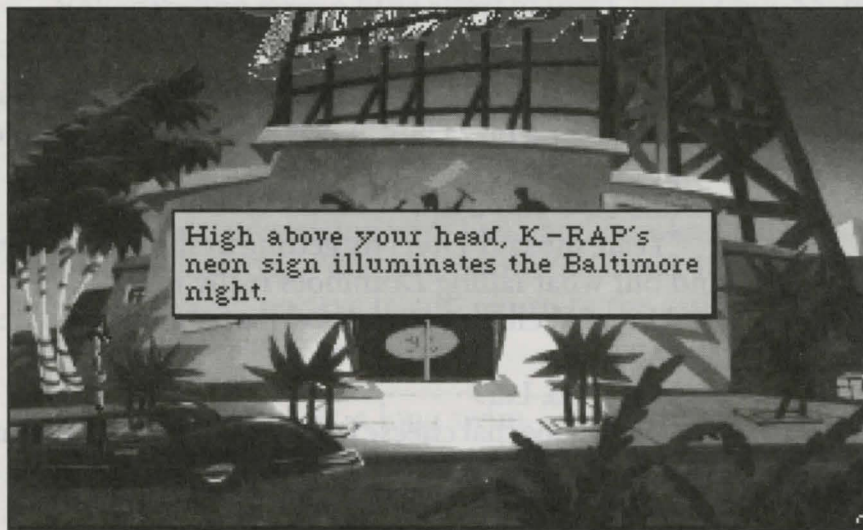
Inside the desk, there could be incriminating information and something that could gain you further entry. A well-read lady can figure it out.

"Patti warned me about the office equipment."

Yes, that was one of the blackest moments of the game for her, but sometimes it pays to be a copycat.

"12 points, in this case."

Be sure to replace things as you found them; then you might want to freshen up a little. There could be a smudge or two on your face by this time.



You wonder if they named the station after the music?



“Har, har, har.”

Don't give it away, Larry. Make yourself useful; hand me another slice of that pizza. It's good stuff!

Okay, you're in luck, Patti. There's a shower in the office bathroom. Take off your dress and step inside.

“No, Patti! No! It's really a glass elevator, and you slide down the building naked for everyone to see!”

Now, Larry, would I do that to Patti?

“In a flash, Al, in a flash.”

The elevator takes you to the basement. Luckily there are some rapper clothes nearby, so get dressed again. Thanks to the clothes and the malfunctioning office equipment, you now have an effective disguise.

There are several control rooms down here, with some incriminating conversation going on in one. Pity you can't record that for the FBI.

“Don't listen to him, Patti. You *can*.”

So, wander around and admire the two statues in the fountain down there.

“The King of Rock, my main man, Barry Manilow, and the Queen of Rock, the lovely Connie Stevens. I have all their eight-track recordings.”

I'm sure you do, Lar. Okay, you find Control Room B and, if you were inspired from above, you know the code to get in. Enter it on the door's keypad. If you don't have the code, you might as well clean out your desk and go home.

Inside the control room, you can console yourself by listening in to what is going on in the other rooms, but if you want REEL success-

“You mean, *real*, Big Guy.”

No, Larry, I don't. If you want REEL success, Patti, you'll get those conversations on the record, and take the information with you.

“Yeah, and you think P.C. Hammer is going to just let that



happen? No way. My man Hammer is going to do what he can to stop the unauthorized use of station equipment.”

Ummm. That *could* be a problem. Yes, P.C. Hammer, the star of K-RAP radio, is working in the next studio. He is not pleased to see the recording light go on in yours, and blocks you in, Patti. You can't get out! And P.C. Hammer has gone to get help, but you see the code he enters to open the elevator. Now, if only you could escape from the control room.

“That's not the high note of the game for Patti, huh Al?”

Au contraire, little buddy, but it is!

“I just love it when you talk French, Al, but what do you mean?”

I mean that Patti will burst into song when she realizes how to get out of the blocked control room. Is it Memorex, or is it Patti?

Once out of the control room, head for the limousine. You now have all the evidence needed. You've succeeded, Patti! So back to FBI headquarters for your well-deserved reward.

“More pizza, Al?”

No, I'm full. Thanks.

“No, I mean can I order some more? I want to give that pizza lady a second chance.”

Er, Lar. My advice is to quit while you're behind. Besides, what if you order pizza when you're at home with Patti and the same young lady delivers it?

“Patti would squash me flatter than an anchovy?”

Something like that, Lar. Now, back to you in the game.

Miami Nice

Okay, Larry, you arrive in Miami and look around.

“It looks the same as the other airports. Did you guys run out of money for decorating the sets or something?”

No, this airport is slightly different. For one thing, you'll find a cigarette machine for a change.



"Funny quarters for one of those these days."

Uh huh. I think quarter is the right word. Well, you can plug your video recorder again if you like.

"What comes out, goes in, too."

Right, Lar. Now pay attention to the signs of the times. You don't want to be so uninformed that people take you as being some kind of green alien.

"You're such a card, Big Guy."

Okay, so you make a phone call or two, then go outside the airport. The limo will be waiting to pick you up, but that doesn't mean that you can't pick up also.

"Chicks?"

No, there are no women out there, Larry, but pick up what you can get, or your game might get trashed. Inside the limo, you'll find it's like pulling teeth to get your destination over to the driver.

"Har, har, har. A good hint, Al!"

Thanks, Larry. Okay, when you get to your destination, enter the waiting room. Judging by the age of the magazines, you'll see that this is a dentist's office. Talk to the receptionist. If she rejects you, look around on the tables for something to help in your quest.

"Only the Doily Lama could get you past that old bat. Har, har, har."

Hey! Now you did a good hint, Larry.

"It's the pizza, Al. That's brain food, you know."

I see. Okay, do the Three Stooges bit with the doily and you'll get into an examination room. Your dental hygienist appears, one Chi Chi Lambada. She is one hot Chiquita banana!

"Ai yi!"

Si. Es verdad, hombre.

"By looking at her, you see how she got her name. What a pair of--"



Larry's Ladies #17: Chi Chi Lambada



She ees one hot Latin cutie, *si?*



Ah, yes, Larry. She is most definitely an up-front lady. So you talk to her a lot. If you want to speed things up, get her to think you are a real card; otherwise you might stay in that dental chair until you turn green. Oh! And click the Hand on her button five times for a *real* nice surprise!

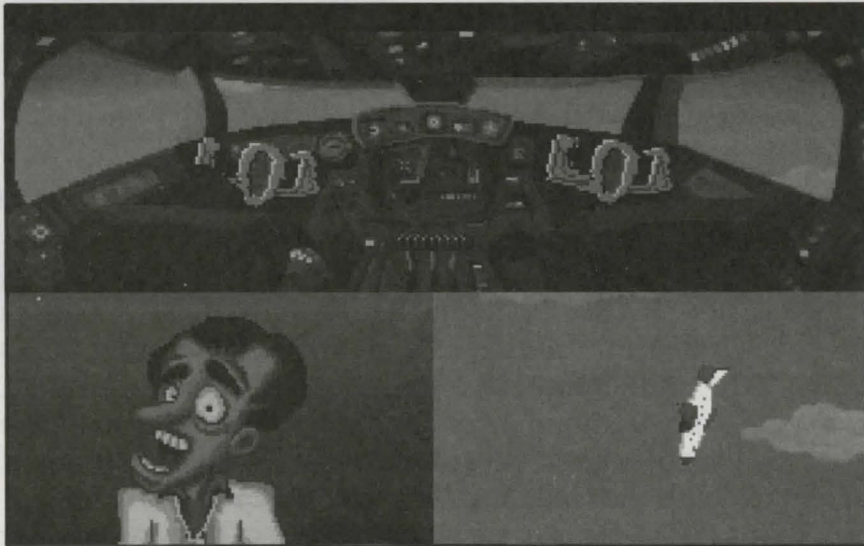
“Then we go downstairs and get it on, right?”

Right, Larry, but you had better be turned on first, or you’ll be left out of the picture again.

Afterwards, you can use the phone in the dentist’s office to call the limo back. Return to the airport and you’ll find that L.A. is the ticket that fills the bill now. Just hope that your flight will not be too bumpy. Heh, heh.

Larry Laffer, Hero?

Board the plane and relax. Nothing can go wrong now... nothing can go wrong now... nothing can go—
“Wake up, Al, you’re getting tired.”



It’s all up to you, Larry! Fly this sucker, or else!



Wha- Oh, sorry. It's getting late. I must have dozed off.

Anyway, you doze off on the plane and awaken to find the plane plunging out of control earthwards! A stewardess asks if anyone has flying experience. Since you used to sell flight simulator software door to door, you volunteer.

“Urk!”

To save the plane, the people on board, and yourself (not necessarily in that order), you have to fly this sucker.

“Do I?”

Maybe, Lar, maybe. If you do manage to land the plane, you will be an instant hero. The vice president's mommie is on that plane, and both he and the president will be very grateful.

“Okay, for the sake of argument, let's say I do land it.”

In that case, you get invited to the White House as one of the guests of honor at a fancy dinner party.

The White House

Meanwhile, back at FBI Headquarters, Passionate Patti has presented the evidence she has gathered on corruption in the entertainment industry. As a reward, she is invited to a White House dinner.

“Wow, what a coincidence. So was I!”

True, Larry. In fact, Patti and Larry are at long last reunited at the White House. They take their places of honor at the head table, next to the vice president. You are still Patti and you find yourself sitting next to an irritating gentleman who is no gentleman. His name, he informs you, is Mr. Bigg, but you can call him “Julius.” He is humming a haunting little song.

Suddenly it all comes together for both you and Larry. That song is from the missing Larry 4. This is the man behind all the problems in the entertainment industry. You confront him with the facts, and he reacts violently.

“Urk! If we had not stopped him then, we would really have had pie on our faces.”

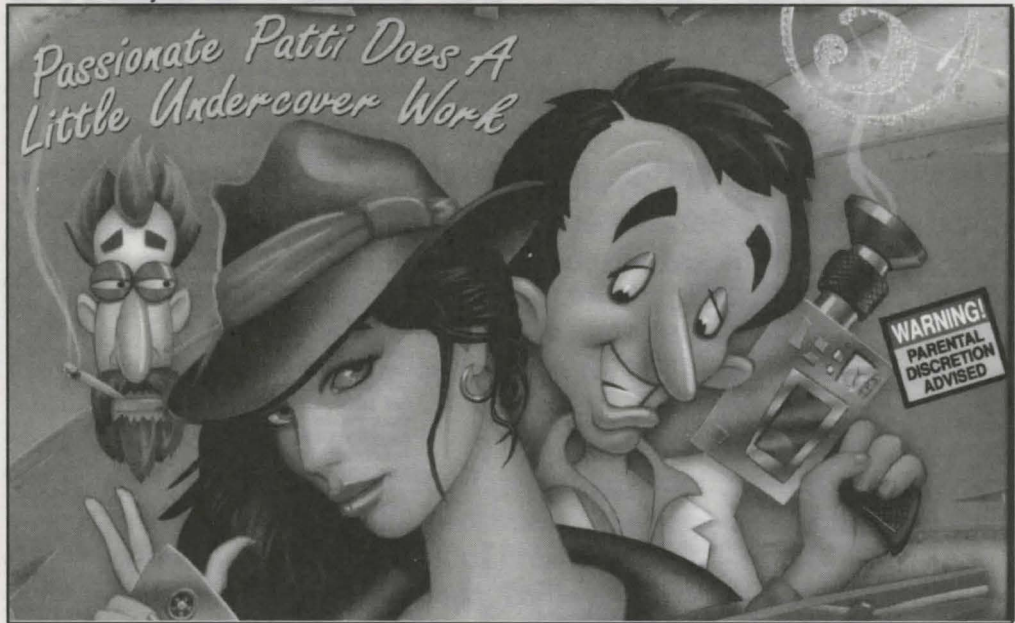


Er, well the vice president did, but Patti does save the day. At least, if she can touch her elbows together behind her back, she can.

And that's *it!* You guys have triumphed again. You can now chopper off to Camp David for a wild weekend with the vice president. Congratulations, Larry!

"I am good, aren't I?"

Stop smirking little buddy, and clean up this pizza mess before Margaret gets home and grounds us for the next three years.





All Possible Points

Porn Prod Office					
Get coffee pot	1				
Receive camera from Silas	1				
Look at engraved plastic	1				
Drink water (Use bottled water)	1				
Get Aerodork card	5				
Get resume files	8				
Read resumes	3				
Read Doctor Pulliam's card	1				
Wash hands (use disinfectant)	1				
Play 8 track	5				
Get video tapes	6				
Degauss tapes	6				
Get battery charger	8				
Put tape in camera	4				
Plug battery charger into wall socket	8				
Hook camera to battery charger	3				
Unplug battery charger	1				
subtotal	63				
Outside building					
Look at statue	1				
Outside airports					
Get boarding pass for each trip	16				
Inside LA Airport					
Show Aerodork card to camera	9				
Use boarding pass	7				
Inside plane					
Get magazine	8				
Read magazine	5				
As Patti (Inside FBI lab)					
Look at Dr. Roling	3				
Look at shooting bra	3				
Look at woman technician	3				
Get contact number	1				
Pick up dataman	11				
Pick up datapacks	20				
Insert datapack into dataman	7				
Insert second datapack	1				
Pick up bra	6				
Look at bra	2				
Wear bra	5				
subtotal	171				
Inside limo					
Show dataman (datapack inside) to driver	8				
Get champagne from car bar	6				
Larry (in New York)					
Take quarter from charity collection point	5				
Read at limo sign	1				
Call for limo	3				
Get appointment calendar	12				
Look at appointment calendar	11				
Go behind potted plant on left (ahhhl)	1				
Talk to maitre d'	3				
Get punched tape	4				
Use punched tape in music box	12				
Sit in dining room until Michelle arrives	3				
Use punched tape in 2nd tape reader	12				
Give money to Michelle	5				
Give credit cards to Michelle	5				
Give organizer to Michelle	5				
Film Michelle's actions	60				
Call for limo	2				
subtotal	329				
As Patti at Shill Building					
Look at des Rever Record sign in lobby	3				
Show dataman to guard	6				
Get gold record	12				
Play record at 33 1/3 speed forward	3				
Play record at 33 1/3 speed backward	3				
Play record at 78 speed forward	3				
Play record at 78 speed backward	3				
Play synthesizer	8				
Give champagne to Reverse Biaz	18				
Get cassette	40				
Larry (Atlantic City)					
Pull slot machine handle in airport	5				
Look at sign for limo phone number	1				
Call Tramp Limo	3				
Talk to lady outside casino; guess number	2				
Put silver dollars into video poker machine	4				
Go to show and look at Jennifer Jiggle	8				
Boardwalk					
Give camera to Ivana as deposit (or pay)	8				
Put on skates	3				
Talk to Lana	6				
Talk to Lana while sitting on bench	2				
Return skates	3				
Pay \$500 to bouncer at show	12				
Turn on camera (only points one time)	4				
Film mud-wrestling with Lana	60				
Talk to casino doorman	2				
subtotal	551				
As Patti at KRAP					
Enter access code to open office door	1				
Get key from potted plant	10				
Get letter opener	4				
Open desk with key	13				
Find access code	5				
Find folder	5				
Read folder	4				
Use copier	12				
Use shower in office bathroom	7				
Get rapper clothing	1				
Get blank reel of tape in Control Rm B	4				
Work the controls to eavesdrop	8				
Record conversation	4				
Rewind and take tape	7				
Sing into microphone to break window	15				
Larry (in Miami)					
Read sign about Green Card	1				
Read sign about limo	1				
Get quarters from cigarette machine	5				
Call Green Card supplier	7				
Call limo	3				
Get card from trash	12				
Get doily	5				
Answer all of receptionist's questions	13				
Use doily	8				
Talk to receptionist again after using phone	17				
Fiddle with Chi Chi's button (during closeup)	2				
Give Green Card to Chi Chi	15				
Watch Chi Chi dance	40				
Film encounter with Chi Chi	20				
subtotal	800				
Larry (Flying back to L.A.)					
Engage autopilot	100				
Patti and Larry at the White House					
Use the shooting bra on Julius ("Mr. Bigg")	100				
Grand Total	1,000				

Chapter 10

Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!™

Is that you Larry? Come on back, I'm here in front of the computer, ready for us to pound out this chapter... There you are. Have a seat. What ya got in the bag, little buddy?

"Good stuff, Al. Munchies for the great ones—that's us, Big Guy. Why are you looking at me so suspiciously? You always think my tastes in food are weird, but I got stuff this time that you like."

Really? What?

"Nine boxes of Raisinettes, four bags of chips, some raisin-bean dip, two cans of sardines, a huge bag of chocolate-covered raisins, and a six-pack of Fresca."

Wow! I'm impressed, Lar--a true Fresno Feast!

"Thought you'd like it, Al. Now, I'll just put the bag over here for later. I'm anxious to get rolling. We're writing Larry 7 tonight, huh? I got some great ideas. Now, we start out with me in my manly leisure suit, as usual. The camera pans in for a close-up of gold chains against a background of gleaming white polyester and--"

Larry! We're here to give a few hints about solving *Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!* I haven't even started



thinking about Larry 7 yet. That's going to require a lot of careful planning to top our previous games.

"You haven't? I believe I'll just return the Raisinettes to the store."

Er... Let's don't be hasty now, Larry. I'm thinking, I'm thinking. Okay? But we still need to get Larry 6 out of the way here. We have a legion of fans out there counting on us for help.... Larry? What are you doing with the drapes?

"Looking for our legion of fans, Al."

Well, they're not on the front lawn, Lar. They're out there across America and, yes, all over the world. They're there in front of their computers in the millions, playing Leisure Suit Larry and-

"Whoa, Al-you're not getting the big head here, are you?"

Ah, no, Lar. Sorry. You're the one with big head, and I mean that in a complimentary manner. As in Larry 5, we've exaggerated the size of your head, giving you a unique and easily recognizable appearance in the game.

"Yes, my studly demeanor is-"

I just said "unique," Lar. Calm down.

"Tell them about Patti, Al."

Sure. Passionate Patti-Larry's lovely co-star in Larry 3 and Larry 5-does not appear in this game at all. Maybe next time. Maybe not.

"She wanted too much money, huh Al? I told her I was the big star. She told me I worked too cheap.... Say, Al, is \$10 a game plus a crate of raisins cheap?"

Those are *Fresno* raisins, Lar-best in the world!

"Oh. That's all right, then. On to Larry 6, Al. You got the floor, Big Guy."

Background

Right, well this time our Larry gets chosen to be a last-minute replacement for a missing contestant on a dating game



show called “Stallions,” where he’s insulted by all three women even though he didn’t even get to date them. They are all three members of the downtown Pasadena chapter of Mensa. He’s never even seen them before! Of course, the other guy wins the prize: a cruise to Juarez and Tijuana. Larry comes in second out of the two, winning two weeks at *La Costa Lotta*, a supposedly beautiful health spa.

Poor Larry! Stuck at a luxurious health spa, filled with women, with nothing to do. How could he possibly screw up this opportunity? Fear not. He is Leisure Suit Larry! He’ll find a way.

“Thanks a lot, Al.”

No problem, Lar. Heh, heh.

“When he chortles like that folks, I can smell trouble coming! Working for Al Lowe is not the safest thing you can do, that’s for sure... But I love them raisins.”

The Women

Larry 6 has more women with which to interact: Nine Women. *Nine!* Count ‘em! This instead of the usual three. Most of them are accessible at the very beginning of the game. You can go almost everywhere. The girls may be “solved” in any order, although some require that you “solve” other girls first. Most of them embarrass Larry when he thinks he’s going to have sex.

“A situation not wholly unfamiliar to me, darn it.”

Only after it’s too late does Larry discover the truth about each of the girls. Not until he meets Shamara in the spa’s penthouse suite does he gain any true satisfaction.

There’s no visible on-screen sex, although frontal nudity is available with a little “extra effort” on the part of the player. Titillation is the key ingredient here, not pornography.

“What-alation?”

Down, Lar.



Many of these women ultimately provide Larry with some object for him to present to our beautiful, rich, ultimate-goal woman at the end of the game. She's a former material girl "who has everything... and yet... I have nothing at all." A woman seeking the meaning of life. But as the game ends, correctly through Leisure Suit Larry's bumbling ways, she discovers spiritual fulfillment as Larry discovers, well, another type of fulfillment.

The Plot

There's very little "plot" actually. In fact, there almost isn't one! This game is quite "round." The ostensible goal of the game is to get into the penthouse suite to meet Shamara, the wealthy New Age beauty who lives there. To get anywhere with her you must pass through the game's other girls.

The Setting

La Costa Lotta's an expensive, expansive, self-contained, restricted world, with no way out for Larry. There is no travel in this game, other than walking about the spa's grounds.

Everything is ultra-luxurious, artistic, tasteful, ultra-post-modern. The grounds are fenced to "keep our guests from breaking their diet regimens with outside food." The only way in or out is through the well-guarded gatehouse at the end of the spa's circular driveway. When Larry tries to leave, Daryl the guard always stops him and refuses to let him pass without a "Paid" receipt for his time there. Of course, there's no reasoning with him and no way to obtain such a receipt since the studio forgot to give him any identification, or money, or credit cards.

The Look

The game's unique appearance juxtaposes "Toon-like" buildings set in photo-realistic backgrounds. Scanned photographic images of clouds, oceans, trees, mountains, and so on are combined with cartoonish, impossible, whacked-out build-



Larry, as he appears on the opening screen of Larry 6.

ings. However, the women are realistic, beautiful, sexy, desirable “Vargas girls,” the best lookers Ruben Huante could produce with hand-drawn art. This contrast of photographs, rendered art, and Toon characters even *looks* like fun.

“That’s part was fun, Al. Things like touching the fence around the employees’ campground and getting electrocuted are not fun!”



Hmm. No? Well, regardless, we give you the option of taking back the fatal action now and continuing from where you left off. However, it is still a great idea in any computer game to save early and save often. That way, you can always recover from such mistakes as not picking up an object at the only time and place where it might have been available.

“Yep. It pays to keep a whole series of saved games—each saved at a different level in the game.”

Right, Larry. Sometimes, you simply have to backtrack, but that’s all part of the fun.

Checking In

All right, Larry, here we go. This is where we start the hints on how to solve the game. As you remember from the hints we gave for the first four games, I am usually less than explicit. We do not intend for this to be an out and out “cheat sheet,” but rather add even more fun to the game itself. However, I would still advise you not to read this chapter all at once, but concurrently as you progress through the game.

“You love giving hints, Big Guy, not to mention letting you get off a few puns and a joke or three, huh?”



Larry checks in at the La Costa Lotta spa and meets the lovely-from-the-waist-up Gammie Boysulay. She’ll assign him a room, but talk to her more, Larry—find out what she really wants above all else and what she promises.



Now, Larry, would I do that?

"In a flash, Al, in a flash."

Hmpf. Anyway, after the TV show is over, you are automatically deposited in front of the spa. Enter and walk to the front desk. Talk to Gammie and she'll give you your room key. The stairs are just to your right. Go upstairs and find your room.

"That's easy enough, Al. There's only one room accessible to me. Right next to that horrendously noisy ice machine and the elevator."

It's a freebie room, Lar, what do you expect? Anyway, use the room key on the door, and enter your room. It might be a good idea to walk into your bathroom and wash your hands. Do so by clicking the Hand on the sink to turn on the water; Look at the water.

"It's a gosh-awful brown, Al! Rust in the pipes, or something."

Right, or something. So turn off the water and go back into your room. Maybe you should report the problem. There's a telephone on the table. Might be some numbers, too, if you look around. It's pretty obvious who to call on the brown water problem, but you might want to try another call or two as well. Sometimes, it's even necessary to get turned down.

"Ouch, Al, that's a pretty blatant hint!"

Now you'll need to leave your room. You must go at least as far away as the lobby. The next time you return to your bathroom, Mark the plumber will be under your bathroom sink. Also, if you got turned down on the phone, there could be a little present lying on your pillow. Grab it. See what else is lying about loose, too. Look hard, maybe an idea will blossom.

Go in the bathroom and talk to Mark. He's so busy fixing your sink that he might not even notice you "borrowing" a tool or two. It may come as a wrench to you, but Mark doesn't keep a file on his tools. And, if you miss a tool on his first visit, you can stop up the toilet with toilet paper.



“Al!”

Too blatant again, Lar? Heh, heh. Well, here’s one more pretty explicit hint. Find the maid’s cart in the hallway outside your room—it appears there once you’ve called Housekeeping from your room. Look at the cart from both the near side and then the far side. Take everything that’s not nailed down: towel, washcloth, soap, hand creme, dental floss, toilet paper, and toilet seat cover. Click Exit to look at the hallway again.

Now, you are ready to sally forth and start meeting those nine women we mentioned earlier.

“Sally Forth? Didn’t she invent a computer language or something?”

No, no, Larry—it’s just a phrase meaning to leave the room.

“You couldn’t say that? Are we getting paid to be elaborate, huh?”

Well, not you, Larry—except in raisins, of course. Now pay attention. You can “do” these women in almost any order, but the way we give them here works reasonably well.

Rosé Eleeta

You want to find and enter the High Colonic Treatment Suite.

“Walk past the desk to the left and enter the next screen. Open the door there. You’ll see that sissy twerp Gary the spa’s towel boy behind the counter. There are four doors. The High Colonic Treatment Suite is on the left. Next is the Men’s Locker Room. On the right side of Gary is the Women’s Locker Room, which you can’t get in, and the Cellulite Drainage Salon is behind the door on the far right.”

Larry! Give it all away, why don’t you? But, while you are in the room, Talk to Gary and see what you learn.

“You learn that he wants me in the worst way possible, and that *would* be the worst way possible. *Phooey!* I’d rather make love to a porcupine on one of its bad hair days.”



Ah, right, Lar-we get the picture. But look around near Gary, anyway. There might be some reading material thereabouts which comes in handy later during a private moment.

“Urk, Al. I sure won’t explain that one. It was a very embarrassing moment.”

Okay, since Larry spilled the beans already, enter the doorway on the far left. Look at Rosé Eleeta. Talk to her. The room is filled with flowers. Maybe you can think of something she likes and give it to her.

“As you said earlier, maybe an idea will blossom, Al.”

Let’s hope that it did, Larry. If you have the right item to present her, Rosé will be pleased, although you won’t be by the immediate results. Still, she will give you a similiar but necessary item in return. Then you can petal on out of there.

“You mean, *pedal*, Al.”

No, Larry, I don’t.

Cavaricchi Vuarnet

Go to the aerobics classroom.

“Fastest way there is back by the desk to the pool entrance. Cross behind the pool and through the door there. It leads directly into the classroom.”

Larry! What are you? Triple A?

“Some chicks have said so, yep.”

Uh huh. Well, now that you are in the classroom, click the Hand on the only empty step. Dance a little as Cavaricchi Vuarnet harasses you. Keep dancing until she dismisses the class, giving you your chance to be alone with her. Look at her. Talk to her. Find out what she wants. As to what you want from her immediately, remember in the classic movie “Treasure of the Sierra Madre” the line about “we don’t need no stinkin’ badges?” In this case, they are wrong. Watch what parts of Cav’s body you touch, though. And perseve-she doesn’t give up anything easily!



“Death can result, since she’s not interested in some types of hanky-panky. That’s for sure! Once again, working in an Al Lowe game can be hazardous to your health!”

Right. Now, moving right along.

Burgundy

Go to the Blues Bar.

“Go right in the hotel hallway from the swimming pool entrance one screen. Take the stairs down.”

Are you an atlas, Larry?

“No, Al, a Titan. Har, har, har.”

Even your missile jokes date from the seventies, Larry. *Sigh*. Where were we? Oh, yeah. In the bar the beautiful Burgundy is wailing a soulful country ballad. There’s one song she sings with lyrics. Listen to that song all the way through. It’s a riot if you’ve ever played Police Quest 1, 2, or 3. It’s about the hooker turned cop girl friend.

Burgundy won’t talk to you unless you can get her attention.

Crash!

“OO-mmph!”

Larry! What a klutz you are, tripping over that lamp cord, but it’s a good visual hint.

“I nearly broke my neck and you call that a hint?”

What works, works. So, once you’ve caused Burgundy to stop singing, Talk to her, then Look at her for the close-up, then Talk to her some more until you learn what she wants.

“Got any root beer in the fridge, Al?”

Larry, quit giving stuff away!

“I ain’t going to give it away, I’m gonna chug-a-lug it.”

I see. Well, Burgundy, being a good ol’ Texas cowgirl, likes to chug-a-lug a certain beverage named after the Texas state nickname.

“So, why don’t she order a long-neck bottle of it from the bartender.”



Ah, there's the rub, Lar! This is a *health spa*, remember? Carrot juice and broccoli fizzes are their specialties. Nothing with alcohol in it. However, the employees themselves are under no such restrictions. They have roaring beer parties in their private area, a barbed wire fenced-in area down near the beach.

"So I just leave the bar, go east in the hallway, and keep on going straight until I run into the gate to the employees' campground. No sweat, I'll just lift a six-pack of something good for Burgundy but... *wait a minute*, Al! Touching that electrified fence is one of the ways I can get killed in this game. Getting killed hurts a lot, especially when ten million people are doing it to me nightly. Give them a hint on how to get through that gate. Please, Al!"

Gee, Larry, I guess they will have to just show the "Red Badge of Courage" and go right through the gate.

"Huh? Nobody that wasn't in college English twenty years ago will remember that story, Al. By Stephen Crane, wasn't it?"

They don't need to remember the *story*, little pal, just use its title as a hint. Anyway, it'll take a couple of trips, but you should now know how to get Burgundy to stop singing, and how to slake her thirst. Once she is satisfied, she'll be in the mood to get steamed up and will go back stage to change. When she's gone, you should check back stage and see if there is anyone or thing left hanging around. On your way out of the bar, you'll want to match wits with the bartender, or at least the bar itself.

"Say, Al, I need a little relaxation after that."

Right, and saunas are good for that. Go to the saunas. You already know where the men's locker room is, thanks to Larry blabbing it earlier. Enter the locker room. The men's shower room is next, then the mud baths. The sauna is off the mud baths. Go right on in.

"Arrrrgh! No! Don't! Polyester melts in heat! It'll kill you."

Oh-heh, heh-did I forget to mention that little fact? On the



way through the locker room, avail yourself of an empty locker and change. Wear a towel so as not to shock people. You should have already gotten a towel.

“Got any Minute Maid orange juice, Al?”

In the fridge, Lar. Wipe up the counter if you spill any... Oh! Not a bad clue, little chum! Let’s see, yeah, go into the sauna. Okay, there’s Burgundy waiting for you! Start talking to her. Soon the robust-bodied aerobics instructor, Cavaricchi Vuarnet, arrives. Your efforts at seduction go downhill rapidly. Cav and Burgundy leave-together. You’ve lost again, Lar, but there’s usually a silver lining even in clouds of steam.

“Darn! Well, I’ll brace myself and let us go on.”

Good. Go to the dining room, next. There, you might look around for something like that what produced the juice Larry is drinking. Your luck will be very cold without it.

You see the chefs are really busy through the window, but go back into the kitchen anyway. What a shock. There are no chefs! Just a taco truck with a movie projector on top. You’ll need to come back here later, but check the garbage on this trip. Also, note the dumbwaiter on the back wall. Dumbwaiters go up. It could be your only way into the penthouse.

“Now who’s being explicit, Al?”

Beats me, Lar.

Shablee

Go to the Make-Up Classroom now.

“Yep. Walk west from the check-in desk until you see a stairway down.”

Check out the area well, there could be an item you’ll need later, so keep plugging. Then, Look at Shablee, the woman at the table on the extreme right. Talk to her and she might want something you already have, assuming you didn’t miss that hint while you were hanging around in the bar.

She will be very grateful. After it turns dark, go to the beach.



Meet Shablee. There will be a campfire and a bottle of champagne chilling. Give her the item you received a turn down for from Housekeeping.

“Yeah, and you’re gonna learn she’s no lady! That was a dirty trick you played on me, Al.”

Was it? Heh, heh. No harm done, just a little shock, Lar. So you wake up in your room the next day.

The next time you return to the beach, take the champagne that’s still sitting there chilling. While you’re there, click the Hand on the beach to dig through the sand and you may have an illuminating experience.

Thunderbird

Go to the weight room.

“You can get there either from the mud baths or by going through the classroom.”

Look at Thunderbird, the beautiful woman working out on the leg machine. Talk to her. Learn she wants a new pair of handcuffs. Now where would you get handcuffs on such short notice?

“The gate guard, Al, go ahead and tell them.”

That’s true, Larry, but you’ll have to divert his attention some way.

“Like putting something interesting on his monitor screens, huh?”

Right, and you are near a place where that can be done. Go into the mud baths and look. Yep, there’s a video camera sure enough. Figure a way to aim it into the women’s shower. If you remember your wrenching experience with Mark the plumber, it should be easy. Get up there and plant that sucker in the correct direction.

Return to the lobby, then walk South to the spa exterior. Look at the gatehouse. Look at the guard. Notice he is now busy watching your new TV show. Take the handcuffs from his belt.



Click Exit. Don't take his gun though, cops are touchy about their piece.

"Me too, Al!"

Return to the weight room. Look at Thunderbird. Give her the handcuffs.

Later, take her up on her suggestion to visit her bedroom.

"That experience was for the dogs, Al."

So true, Larry, so true. But keep your souvenir of the session, and it might even provide "a girl's best friend."

"You give good hints, Al. You're a diamond in the rough. Har, har."

Charlotte Donay

Go to the mud baths again. Look at Charlotte, the girl in the mud bath. Talk to her. Learn she wants a battery of small items.

"I get a charge out of your hints, Al."

Thanks, Lar. Click Exit. Find the tram and ride it until it parks outside the employee's campground. The driver is missing something but, if you talk to him and provide the missing item, he will walk into the campground to puff a cigar.

"Just match up this clue to that situation. Say! Art looks just like you, Big Al!"

That's not me, that's Art Serobian. Besides, I think Art looks more like Ralph Roberts than me.

Now, Look at the rear of the tram. Click the Hand on the tram's rear hood to open it. Looking inside, Use the wrench on the motor to disconnect the battery cable. Click the Hand on the hood to close it. Wait until Art returns and opens the hood himself. Talk to him. If you light up his life, you might get a charge out of it quick.

"You mean a quick charge, Al?"

No, Larry, I don't. Be sure you do something to the flashlight during the short time you have it. Now, return to the mud baths. Look at Charlotte. Give her the battery of items. You'll



get invited to the Electro-Shock Exercise room with her.

There's a keypad on the door to the Electro-Shock Exercise room. You will never get the right combination, so override the lock electrically.

"Al, I would have to make up a cord to do that!"

Or take a cord from make-up, Lar.

"Huh... Oh. Not a shabby hint, Al."

Do a little stripping, and through the door you can go. You are in for an electrifying experience, but you'll get one fused goodie out of it. And here's a pearl of wisdom—keep your eyes on whatever hits the floor. Return for it after you recuperate.

Gammie Boysulay

Go to the front desk of the hotel and Look at Gammie. Talk with her. Learn she wants to experience the spa's Cellulite Drainage Salon because of her figure problems.

Go to the Cellulite Drainage Salon. There are three deficiencies to fix. Look at the piston's shaft. Learn it needs lubrication. If you paid attention to the kitchen garbage, that is not a problem.

"Give grease a chance."

Give what? Oh! Not bad, Lar! Now, Look at the vacuum hose with the hole. Learn it leaks air. Go the weight room. As soon as that woman reading her book is gone, see if you can belt out a solution. Put that on the hole in the vacuum line.

Look at the red filter tank. Learn it's clogged. Use one of the items you "borrowed" from Mark the plumber on the filter to loosen the nuts on the filter tank, then lift the lid with the Hand. Once it's open, click the Take Hand on the filter. Carry the filter to the kitchen and click it on the sink to clean it and run it through the dishwasher. When it comes out the other end, return to the Cellulite Drainage Salon. Click the now-clean filter on its tank to reinstall it. Click the Hand on the tank lid to place it back in position. Tighten it with the wrench. Click



the “Suck” button to make sure everything is working properly.

Return to the front desk, Talk to Gammie. Follow her large rear to the Cellulite Drainage Salon.

“She has a big butt.”

Larry! That’s not nice!

“Thunder thighs, too.”

Er... Right. After she lies on the table, click the Hand on the drainage needles to get things started. She’ll want something for her mouth; give her the item you found in the dining room.

“That has a-peel to me. Har, har, har.”

Let me make the puns, Lar. She requests a cloth to cool her fevered brow. Wet the washcloth by Using it on any reasonable source of water. You’ll have to cool it, too. Only two places to do that, and we’ve already mentioned them. Give the cool cloth to Gammie.

She then requests a drink of water. Go to the East Hallway. Look along the hallway for room service trays. You might find a beverage appropriate to health spas and Yuppies.

Gammie finally rises from the table, admires herself, then splits, leaving you with nothing but barrels full of slightly lumpy bodily fluids.

Still, waste not, want not. That body oil might just fuel your illuminating experience from the beach. Then, if you made the right match with the hint in the bar, you can blaze right ahead.

“Click it on the zipper, and you only got 15 seconds!”

It’s easy to make more matches in the bar, Larry, if you put together the right things.

Merrily Lowe

Return to the front desk. First root around in the key box at the left of the desk and see if anything sticks to your fingers.

Go to the swimming pool. Look at the floating pool bar and see if you can grab anything.

“You make a good case for scrounging, Al.”



Manipulate whatever you have found for awhile, then add a toothy bonanza supplied by the hotel... Larry, what are you doing?

“Using a stray fiber from my leisure suit to floss, Big Guy.”

I see. Well, that’s not a bad hint, so we’ll leave it in. Okay, your swimming attire is made, but don’t put it on yet. Look around the pool for a flat animal.

“Oh, Al, give them this one. It’s fun. Here, I’ll start. Take the deflated beaver from beside the pool. Walk to the kitchen. Use the deflated beaver on the roach coach’s front tire to inflate it.”

Okay, Larry. Now, return to the pool. Click the swimsuit on yourself to change clothes. Click the inflated beaver on the pool to enter it. Hump the beaver over to the floating pool bar. Look at the bar. If you want, talk to the guy riding the pussy cat. Discover it’s Kenny, that same guy from Lefty’s bar in Larry 1. See if you can figure out the jokes to match his punch lines.

Order a drink by slapping your beaver’s tail on the water. Look at Merrily. Talk to her. Learn she wants access to the bungee tower. Click Exit to return to the pool.

Swim out of the pool. Walk to the lifeguard. Talk to him. Get the tower key from him. Use the key on the tower gate to enter. Climb the tower. Before jumping off, Use the tower key on the “Impressive Soap” to leave an impression of the tower key on the bar of soap. Dive, swim to the side, leave the pool, return the real key to the lifeguard.

Return to the changing bushes. Click the swimsuit on yourself to change back into your leisure suit.

Walk to the lobby. Take a random room key from the Quiki Check-Out bin. (If you already have this, you still must dress and leave the pool area to complete the next step.) Use the bastard file (one of the items you swiped from Mark the plumber) on the random room key while the Impressed Soap is in Inventory to convert the random room key into a tower key. This can be done anywhere (except by the pool, as the



lifeguard is quite picky about this), anytime you are not otherwise busy.

Return to the changing bushes. Change into your swimsuit again by clicking it on yourself. Click your beaver on the pool. Hump your beaver back over to the pool bar. Look at the bar. Look at Merrily. Give her your tower key copy. Enjoy your trip up the tower, and your “trip” up at the top. Learn Merrily’s “Words of Wisdom.”

Shamara Payne

“Now! It’s payoff time!”

Right, Lar. Fill the champagne’s ice bucket at the noisy ice machine outside your room. Go to the kitchen. Use the Hand on the dumbwaiter doors to open them. Use the Hand on the lower pushbutton outside the dumbwaiter.

Once you are in the penthouse suite, walk West to leave the dining room, walk through the living room to the balcony. You’ve found Shamara. Talk to her. Learn she has everything, and wants nothing material. Give her the Words of Wisdom you got from Merrily Lowe, and then the other items you’ve won from or because of the various ladies in the game—there should be seven in all, plus the chilled champagne. Then sit back and watch the fireworks... You’ve earned ’em!

Be careful to score all 1,000 points. Since the Points-O-Meter only goes to 999, what happens should be interesting.

Well, did you like the game, Lar?

“Yeah... It was marvelous!... Say, er, Al... Could you call Passionate Patti and explain that I was just playing a role in a game? Our offscreen relationship is rocky enough as it is.”

I’ll think about it, Larry. Depends on how you behave yourself. Okay?

“Sure, Al, sure. Boy this computer game biz is rough—always confusing fantasy with real life. In real life, I am a manly stud, I only *play* a nerd on the screen. Right, Al?... Al?”



Conclusion

Ahhhhh! Good to stretch. Well, that finishes it. Any raisins left, Lar? Time to turn in now. See ya later.

“It was fun doing the third edition of this book, Big Al. Let’s start on the fourth edition tomorrow night! I’ll bring the cheddar cheese and chocolate sauce!”

Er, that might not be bad, but I think we had better wait until Larry 7 is out before starting another book.

“Or find those master disks for Larry 4, huh?”

There’s that, too, Lar. Good night, little buddy. Thanks for your help.

“Any time, Big Al, any time.”



Once again, our hero Larry; Larry Laffer!



All Possible Points

Bared Cord	12	Get Brochure	2	Shab Closeup	2
Broke Tram	15	Get Diamond	10	Take Dump	2
Called Maintenance	8	Get Flowers	4	Take Sunglass Cloth	8
Called Room Service	1	Get Glasses	7	Take Sunglasses	4
Called Turn Down	9	Get Hand Cuffs	15	Talk To Sham	4
Changed Into Towel	6	Get More Beer	6	Thunder Door	10
Char Wants Batteries	2	Get Pearl	15	Tighten Lid	3
Chardonnay Arrives	10	Get Tower Key	6	Took Champagne	6
Chilled Champagne	12	Give Hand Cuffs	15	Took Condom	4
Chilled Cloth	6	Got Batteries	20	Took Cord	6
Cleaned Filter	10	Got Drink	10	Took File	8
Done Merrily	20	Got Enema	15	Took Floss	4
Done Thunder	20	Got Flashlight	2	Took Gown	13
Dont Wipe Ass	-2	Got Lamp	14	Took Hand Creme	2
Drank Beer	-5	Got Room Key	2	Took Lard	6
Dumbwaiter	9	Greased Piston	6	Took Match	4
Filled Lamp	15	Hooked Up Gammie	2	Took Min Water	6
Fixed Leak	7	Inflate Beaver	14	Took Piss	2
Fixed Machine	10	Jump In Mud	1	Took Random Key	2
Found Burg Steaming	10	Knocked Hall Door	1	Took Seat Cover	2
Found His Locker	4	Learn Burg Wants Beer	2	Took Shower	3
Found Orange	8	Learn Gammie Wants	3	Took Shower Muddy	3
Gave Art Match	4	Learn Merr Wants Key	2	Took Soap	2
Gave Batteries	15	Learn Shab Wants Gown	4	Took Toilet Paper	2
Gave Flowers	5	Learn Tbird Wants Cuffs	2	Took Towels	3
Gave Gammie Cloth	6	Leave With Gammie	5	Took Wash Cloth	4
Gave Gammie Orange	6	Light Lamp With Match	8	Took Wrench	8
Gave Gammie Water	6	Light Match	12	Turned Camera	12
Gave Key To Merr	15	Look Thru Hole	1	Unlocked Larrys Door	5
Gave Shab Condom	13	Loosen Lid	5	Unplugged Cord	10
Gave Shab Gown	14	Made Impression	10	Use Badge	12
Gave Sham Bracelet	20	Made Key Copy	20	Wash Hands	2
Gave Sham Diamond	20	Made Key Copy270	30	Wet Wash Cloth	6
Gave Sham Lamp	20	Make Floss Suit	20	Wiped Ass	1
Gave Sham Orchid	20	Moved Plants	5	Wore Swimsuit	12
Gave Sham Pagne	20	Open Sunglass Case	4	Worked Out	7
Gave Sham Pearl	20	Opened Shock Door	12		
Gave Sham Sculpture	20	Opened Tram Hood	6		
Gave Sham Words	20	Plugged In Cord	7	Total Points	1000
Gave1st Beer	6	Read Card Blue	2		
Gave2nd Beer	8	Read Card Pink	2		
Get Badge	15	Read Card Purple	2		
Get Beaver	3	Remove Chilled Cloth	3		
Get Beer	6	Remove Filter	4		
Get Belt	8	Replace Filter	4		
Get Bracelet	12	Rode Tram	2		

Chapter 11

The Laffer Utilities

Is that you hiding out there in the hallway, Larry? Get in here; we have work to do. Quit lurking in the dark and open a bag of raisins, man. We'll need the energy.

"Al, I don't know whether I should come in or not. Bill Linn said you wanted to take out my appendix!"

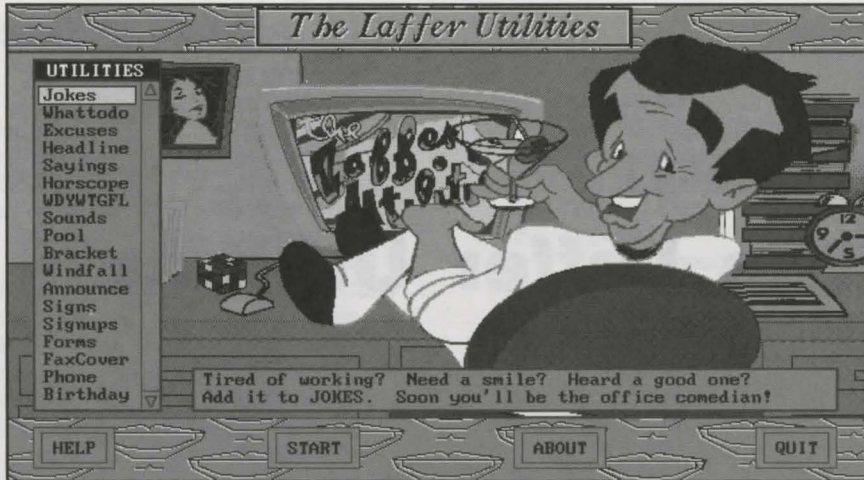
What? No, Larry, I asked him to tell you that we had to get the Appendix out-the one for this book that describes *The Laffer Utilities*, but I've since decided to make it a whole chapter, instead of just a last-minute addendum as was true in our last book

"Oh. Well, that's a relief! I need my appendix, and every other dangling organ, by golly.

Er, right, Lar. But, to procede, *The Laffer Utilities*, as Larry will back me up on, is America's first *nonproductivity* tool, which describes your appendix and every other-

"Watch it! But right you are, Big Al. If you need to send a funny fax, figure out where to go for lunch, or just access an interactive database with a variable filth-o-meter for your daily chuckle, you can't beat my *Laffer Utilities*."

Er, you mean Sierra's and my utilities.



The Laffer Utilities, chock full of goodies, is \$34.95.

"No, Al, I don't. And there's a lot more, too. Party sign-up sheets, horoscopes—"

You mean *horoscopes*, Lar.

"No, Big Al, I don't. Also funny signs, humorous sound effects, hilarious screen savers, automatic birthday reminders, office betting pool management, and lots more. My utilities, the *Laffer Utilities*, has them all!"

I'll not argue that point with you, Lar. The *Laffer Utilities* were designed for everything you do at the office *not connected* with work!

"A concept not wholly unfamiliar to most of us."

We all need to relieve a little stress at work, Larry. You can also use the *Laffer Utilities* to generate announcements, various interesting and funny forms, phone directories, and "Whattodo" advice from Doctor Larry, himself.

"If people love me in my award-winning games, they'll just adore the *Laffer Utilities*."

I'm sure they will, Lar. The *Laffer Utilities* allow you to respond humorously and appropriately to just about any



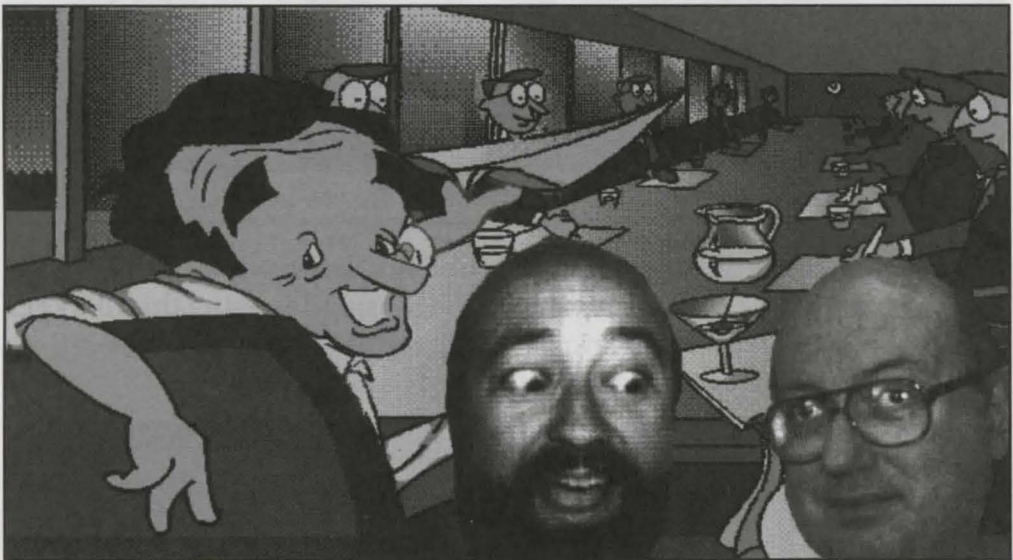
Larry does a standup comedy routine for you in the *Laffer Utilities*.

situation in the workplace not involving work. As far as we know, we are the only people seriously addressing this market... Okay, okay. Humorously addressing it, then.

“So, like, buy a copy today. Thanks!”



Larry chooses the wrong drinking cooler.



Larry Laffer, Al Lowe, and Ralph Roberts meet with their lawyers and tax consultants, but decide to do this book anyway.

Chapter 12

The Leisure Suit Larry Quiz

Okay, just for fun, there will now be a short quiz. To make it easier for you, it's multiple guess. These fun questions test the knowledge you have gained from playing *Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards*, *Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love! (In Several Wrong Places)*, *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*, and *Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work*, *Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!*, and also in reading this book. You'll find the answers at the end of this chapter. Please keep your eyes on your own book and do not try to copy your neighbor's answers, as they are probably wrong.

Here's the quiz.

And Now, a Short Quiz

1. Feral Pigs
 - a. is the Junior Senator from Louisiana.
 - b. are people who eat lots of ferals.
 - c. is a species indigenous to Nontoonyt Island.
 - d. was the first Mayor of Fresno.



2. Lost Wages at night
 - a. is like Lost Wages during the day. Well, darker.
 - b. looks like a huge neon dinosaur making it with 6,000 acres of electrified sequins.
 - c. slumbers softly as sly breezes slip stealthily down silent streets.
 - d. hustles hurriedly as humans hurtle homeward.
3. Ken and Roberta Williams
 - a. thrilled millions with their ballroom dancing movies during the 1930s.
 - b. used to double date with Bonnie and Clyde.
 - c. are known as the "First Family" of the American Professional Croquet Tour.
 - d. founded Sierra On-Line.
4. Larry Laffer, when he works in real life, is a
 - a. fuse inserter in a bomb factory.
 - b. convenience store clerk at Qwikie Mart.
 - c. programmer.
 - d. leisure suit refurbisher.
5. Larry Laffer has been married to
 - a. Eve, Suzi, and Bambi.
 - b. Fawn and Kalalau.
 - c. Tawni, Fawn, and Cherri Tart.
 - d. Tammi Faye, Eve, and Lulu Mae.
6. The little dog that likes Larry so much
 - a. is very territorial.
 - b. licks Larry's hand.
 - c. brings Larry's velvet slippers.
 - d. saved him from a mugger in a dark alley.
7. The KGB must think Larry is certainly musically talented because of the way they
 - a. bought his Barry Manilow records.
 - b. heard him playing the onlunk.
 - c. recorded him whistling Mozart's Concerto in C Major while showering.
 - d. pressed several of their alto sax reeds on him.



8. Nontoonyt Island is correctly pronounced as
 - a. None-too-neat Island.
 - b. None-tonight Island.
 - c. Non-tune-hit Island.
 - d. No-not-on-yet Island.
9. Larry gave Eve
 - a. forty whacks.
 - b. a Partridge family in a pear tree.
 - c. an apple.
 - d. his credit cards and the lint from his pockets.
10. Dr. Nonookie's backup group was the
 - a. Supremes.
 - b. Henchettes.
 - c. Nontoonyt Marching Jug Band.
 - d. Fresno Sympathy.
11. In overcoming the feral pig, Patti proved she was a
 - a. champion pig-sticker.
 - b. "slinging" single.
 - c. able to leap tall pigs with a single grunt.
 - d. porcine prevailer.
12. Larry got across the quicksand in Larry 2 by
 - a. walking lightly.
 - b. filling his leisure suit with hot air.
 - c. swinging on vines.
 - d. jumping from rock to rock.
13. The nectarine song in the Larry 3 manual was
 - a. a top ten hit for four weeks in 1956.
 - b. recorded by Elvis, Sinatra, and Wayne Newton.
 - c. written for the alto saxophone by Al Lowe.
 - d. initially disappointing but later a capital idea.
14. Suzi the Lawyer is with the firm of
 - a. Ripem, Swipem, and Smith
 - b. Dewey, Cheatem, and Howe
 - c. McMangle, McMangle, and McBash
 - d. Williams, Williams, Williams, and Williams.



Chapter 12

15. The TV in the park in Larry 3 is
 - a. there to be watched.
 - b. pretty boring.
 - c. without a clue.
 - d. all of the above.
16. Larry got the \$94 dollars he has in his wallet at the beginning of Larry 1 by
 - a. selling his life story to Ralph Roberts.
 - b. selling his Barry Manilow record collection to Al Lowe.
 - c. selling his Volkswagen to Honest Tricky Dick as he entered Lost Wages.
 - d. selling his body to the East Fresno Medical University Research Hospital.
17. The barber at the Airport in Larry 2
 - a. was from Seville.
 - b. got in a lather.
 - c. was Bil Skirvin's landlady, Mrs. McMurty.
 - d. resembles Princess Rosella in *King's Quest IV*.
18. The rose on the table in the hallway at Lefty's bar is
 - a. a long-stemmed American Beauty.
 - b. incongruous.
 - c. eaten by the drunk.
 - d. an excellent example of existentialism used as a literary occluding device to proliferate an otherwise sagacious but thorny theme while still eschewing obfuscation.
19. Larry's most famous disguises were
 - a. a shower curtain in a women's prison and Dracula.
 - b. as a roast turkey and the cruise ship in Larry 2.
 - c. the entire Detroit Tigers baseball team and Al Gore.
 - d. as a showgirl in Larry 3 and wearing a bikini in Larry 2.
20. The little dog's name is
 - a. Fido.
 - b. Incontinento.
 - c. Rover.
 - d. Mud if he gets near Larry again.



21. Larry's second meeting with Lana Luscious
 - a. was a pleasant affair of dinner and drinks.
 - b. started off as a mud-slinging contest.
 - c. set new standards of indecorous behavior, and resulted in their being barred for life.
 - d. ended up under the Boardwalk.
22. Passionate Patti, in Larry 5, dreams of three very rich individuals. The actual persons that the dream persons were parodies of are
 - a. Curley, Larry, and Moe.
 - b. Woody Allen, Dan Quayle, & Bozo the Clown.
 - c. Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, & Hulk Hogan.
 - d. Bill Gates, Donald Trump, and Uncle Scrooge McDuck.
23. In Larry 6, the supporting character part of Art the tram operatro is played by
 - a. Lon Chaney, Jr.
 - b. Michael Jackson.
 - c. Madonna.
 - d. Art Serobian.
24. What TV show did Larry appear on to win his vacation at *La Costa Lotta* in Larry 6?
 - a. "60 Minutes"
 - b. "Stallions"
 - c. "The Dating Game"
 - d. "Cheers"
25. What do the women's names in Larry 6 all have in common?
 - a. They were Larry's elementary school teachers.
 - b. The names are those of a famous women's baseball team mentioned in the movie "A League of Our Own."
 - c. They are all members of the Fresno City Council.
 - d. They're all wines: Chardonnay, Merlot, Cavernet, Champagne, Gamay, and Beáujolais.

Answers

c,b,d,c,b,a,d,b,c,b,b,a,d,b,d,c,d,b,d,d,b,d,d,b,d



21. Larry's second reaction with the...
a. was a pleasant...
b. started off as a...
c. set new standards of...
d. their being...
e. criticized...



22. Pastoral...
a. individual...
b. the...
c. the...
d. the...
e. the...
23. In Larry's...
a. the...
b. the...
c. the...
d. the...
e. the...
24. When TV...
a. the...
b. the...
c. the...
d. the...
e. the...
25. What do...
a. the...
b. the...
c. the...
d. the...
e. the...
26. They...
a. the...
b. the...
c. the...
d. the...
e. the...

Answers

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Leisure Suit

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step into a world known
only by Larry; Larry Laffer.

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