



**AN INTERACTIVE FICTION GAME GUIDE for the GLULXE or ANDROID EDITION**

*3-18-2017*

*First Edition*

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

Release 1 / Serial number 170309 / Inform 7 build 6M62 (I6/v6.33 lib 6/12N)

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Standard Rules version 3/120430 by Graham Nelson

Disappearing Doors version 1 by Andrew Plotkin

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

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

Well, I can tell you right now:

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

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

**WARNING!!!**

**THIS GAME MANUAL CONTAINS STRONG  
LANGUAGE!!! (AND SO DOES THE GAME!!!)**

**IF YOU ARE NOT 18 OR OLDER, PLEASE MOVE  
ALONG!!!**

**IF YOU ARE OFFENDED BY ANYTHING AT ALL  
– EVER, THEN PLEASE MOVE ALONG!!!**

**BY READING THIS DOCUMENT ANY FURTHER  
THAN THIS PAGE, YOU HAVE AGREED THAT  
YOU ARE 18 OR OLDER AND THAT YOU ARE  
NEVER OFFENDED BY ANYTHING!!!**

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

## **THE STORY**

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

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

## **THE MAIN CHARACTERS**

### **The Dickhead Kid**

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

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

Reor is a *pussy-dragon*.

He can be helpful.

...sometimes...

...depending on the circumstances.

### **Jerry**

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

### **Pop**

If you run into Pop in this game, you're probably just hallucinating.

### **Ralph**

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

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

## **SOME OF THE ITEMS**

### **THE SPROUT POUCH**

Can you figure out what in the hell it's for?

### **YOUR MARBLES**

If you ever find them, don't lose 'em!!!

### **REOR'S POUCH**

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

### **THE CLOCK**

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

### **BEER GOGGLES**

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

### **TIME**

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

### **LIGHTER**

Hmm... Why would you have a lighter? (Did I mention that Reor's Bush-Cave is in Colorado?)

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

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

## **COMMANDS**

Now, this is where the profanity runs rampant, so, last warning: STOP READING!!! THERE ARE DIRTY WORDS ON THIS PAGE!!!

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

**To go NORTH:**

NORTH

GO NORTH

N

GO FUCKING NORTH

FUCKING GO FUCKING NORTH

FUCKING N

GO FUCKING N

**The other available directions are:**

SOUTH (S)

SOUTHWEST (SW)

SOUTHEAST (SE)

WEST (W)

EAST (E)

NORTHEAST (NE)

NORTHWEST (NW)

UP (UP)

DOWN (D)

IN

OUT

## **COMMANDS (CONTINUED)**

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

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

*(See how to work it?)*

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

What else? Oh...

**To fuck something or someone (or to at least attempt to):**

FUCK THE whatever

or

FUCKING FUCK THE FUCKING whatever

**If reading the word FUCK doesn't bother you at all, but you don't like typing it, you can always substitute 'F':**

F THE whatever

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

## **COMMANDS (continued)**

### **Attacking euphemisms:**

FUCK THE noun UP

KILL THE DAMN noun

MURDER THE noun

ATTACK THE noun

FIGHT THE noun

SLAP THE noun

KICK THE noun IN THE ASS

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

ASK RALPH ABOUT AUTHOR

ASK REOR ABOUT GAME

RUB

JUMP

WAVE

DON (to put on OR wear something)

LIGHT

SMOKE

BURN ONE

DRINK BEER

EAT BROWNIE

RUBBER BABY BUGGY BUMPERS

INCINERATE

FLY TO location

REACH INTO something

***(AND... THERE IS ALSO A WAY TO MANIPULATE ... OH, NEVERMIND!)***

### **You can also argue with the game (just don't badmouth the actual game!):**

FUCK YOU

FUCK OFF

***(AND MANY MORE!)***

***(NOTE: If you type bad words, points WILL be collected!)***

## **THAT'S ABOUT IT**

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

Let's see...

The game will end if the clock strikes ten.

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

What else?

Oh!

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

**GOOD LUCK, AND HAVE FUN, AND TRY NOT TO FILL UP THE SWEAR JAR!!!**

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



## THE SPROUT POUCH

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

**WARNING!**

**PARENTAL ADVISORY**

**FOR MATURE READERS ONLY!**

The following tale includes **STRONG ADULT LANGUAGE** and **MATURE CONTENT**.

It is not recommended for the kiddies.

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(The Sprout Pouch pt 4) by Richard Headkid

Release 1 / Serial number 170309 / Inform 7 build 6M62 (I6/v6.33 lib 6/12N)

>read whole book

You read: "-----Page 1 THE SPROUT POUCH

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-----"

You read: "-----Page 2

The Sprout Pouch

Part One

1

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

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

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

I nodded.

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

"Yeah, up yours, too," I replied (because I knew that was exactly what he wanted to hear).

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

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

-----"

You read: " -----Page 3

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ya' got it?"

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

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

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

"Get them fuckin' feet to flappin, boy! Or I'll shove that fuckin' pouch so far up your narrow ass, they'll never fuckin' find it!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm just gonna show these shirt-tuckin' sons-a-bitches a little somethin'. Now GO!"

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

-----"

You read: "-----Page 4

2

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

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

I opened the pouch, dropped in three of the fuzzy fruits, and...

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

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

I opened the pouch, and I swallowed my pride (I try my best not to curse, since Pop curses more than enough for the both of us). Then, I said, "got one before you burned them, Kit. You fucked up," as I stuck my hand in the pouch...

...and then I realized that I had no choice but to wait for Pop to make his way back to The Barn in my time-line - which is the where and when to which he had sort of tricked me into going.

-----"

You read: "-----Page 5

3

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

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

"I said what you told me..."

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

"What the FUCK did you say to Carson, you dickhead?!?"

"Carson?!?"

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

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

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

"Who?" asked Pop.

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

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

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

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

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

"But listen up, Dickbrain:

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

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

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

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

---"

You read: "-----Page 6

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

"Wolves?" I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-----"

You read: "-----Page 7

4

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

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

"What were you thinking about, dickhead?"

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

"Whuuut?!?" from Pop. "Fucking Chicago?!? The Massacre?!? No fuckin' shit?!?!"

"Don't blow smoke up my fuckin' ass, Blood..."

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

"Well, goddamn! You're somethin' else, there, Dickhead!"

"Um, Pop..."

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

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

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

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

"Fuck that," said Pop.

...and then he was gone.

...across the field.

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

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

-----"

You read: "-----Page 8

5

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

"Hey, purty mama! I'll suck ya' fuckin' butt-hole 'til ya' eyeballs slam shut!"

"Dad!!!"

"What?!?!"

"Everybody likes gettin' kinky, Dickhead. They just like to act shy at first."

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

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

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

"Fuck those pigs," said Pop.

Then, he yelled it at the policemen. "Fuck you, you fuckin' pigs!"

Then, Pop picked up a rock, threw it towards the police, and let loose with a "YA' FUCKIN' PUSSIES!!!"

I quickly grabbed Pops arm, stuck one hand in the pouch -- just as he let loose with one final "DIRTY COCK-AH-SUCKAHS!", and...

-----"

You read: "-----Page 9

6

"What the fuck is this shit?" asked Pop.

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

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

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

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

...but he was right...

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

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

"We better get the heck out of here before this place blows it's top."

"What the fuck is a Crack-a-toe, dickhead?" Pop asked.

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



"Can we go now?"

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

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

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

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

Somewhere safe...

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

Island... island...

That was it!

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

----- "

You read: "-----Page 10

7

Pop looked around. "Still here, dumb-ass."

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

"Well, what island is it?"

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

"What book?" asked Pop.

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

"There's no way your momma wasn't fuckin' the milkman," grumbled Pop.

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

"Who are those three old women over there?"

Pop turned to see the silhouettes of three women about thirty yards away.

"They're passin' around a DOOBIE, Dickhead!" he exclaimed. "Come on! Let's go!"

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

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

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

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

"How's it goin'?"

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

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

"ITS A GOD-DAMNED EYE-BALL!!!"

-----"

You read: "-----Page 11

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

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

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

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

"No.

"Myth.

"Fiction.

"False."

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

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

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

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

Then, "fuck! I think I accidentally killed this motherfucker, Dickhead!"

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

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

-----"

You read: "-----Page 12

8

One afternoon (in the village in which Pop and I had recently arrived), all of the pretty milk-maidens were gathered together around the village's cows, laughing together and filling up milk buckets.

Pop watched from behind a nearby bush; I could almost see the gears in his mind turning - racing to come up with a scheme which landed his bare penis into any one (or more) of the holes that belonged to any one (or more) of the maidens.

I made my way over to the bush, and said, "hey, hey, hey, now...

"That's ungentlemanly, is it not?"

"Fuck you, you dickhead," replied Pop. "I'm figurin' on how to get my fuckin' dick wet; alright?"

"Hmm...", I prodded. "Just think of what that old, perverted, trickster god you read about so much would do, Pop."

Pop grinned, then said "I fuckin' love and respect that old bastard! What would he do, Blood?"

I just smiled and said, "he would probably employ the same tactics which led to the birth of the minotaur."

Pop was ecstatic.

"That IS what that horny, old trickster would do!"

---

I watched as Pop slaughtered a cow, skinned it, wiped it as clean as he could, and crawled into the hide.

"Moo," Pop mused.

I gave a golf-clap. "A wolf in sheep's clothing," I proclaimed.

"Moo," agreed Pop, as he pulled his naked junk through a hole which he had skillfully cut into an udder. Then, he was off towards the milk-maidens.

----- "

You read: "-----Page 13

9

Pop mooed and did his best bovine walk (which was really just him scurrying on all fours) and made his way towards the maidens.

"Moo," mooed Pop. (I think he hoped it sounded inviting: like it would call upon the soft, delicate fingers of the maidens to wrap around his "udder" and tug him off properly.)

"MOO!"

Pop must have thought that last 'moo' was the most enticing yet, because that was when one of the "beautiful maidens" took hold of his bait. (It wasn't really a beautiful maiden, though. You see, what had happened was... )

---

The most enormous woman I'd ever laid eyes on emerged from behind an over-sized hut and immediately pounced (which was an awe-inspiring feat in itself) towards Cow Pop.

Tears streamed down my face as she took a strong, firm hold of Pop's genitalia and yanked with all her might (it appeared that she had intended to empty this cow of its milk with one fell stroke). I almost laughed so hard that I fell over backwards as I witnessed Pop get plucked from within the cow hide by his member, and when I saw the look on the giant woman's face as she watched her cow deflate and drop to the ground, I nearly fainted.

I don't think I'll ever forget her look when she noticed Pop, dangling from her giant grasp by his pecker - like an apple dangling by its stem...

Pop opened one eye at her and said, "thanks, good-lookin'! I've been stuck in there for days!"

---

Later, Pop was telling me all about it...

"...so I agreed to dick her down in exchange for our freedom," he concluded.

"Well... Was it good?" I ventured.

"Sure," answered Pop. "It was just like fuckin' a buffalo.

"Big, smelly, and hairy, but still tight and wet!

"Where are we off to next, Blood?"

"Well," I replied, "I always thought it would be cool if...

----- "

You read: "-----Page 14

10

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

There was a slight problem, though:

There was no earth.

Only water.

Well...

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

"What the fuck?" asked Pop.

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

"Holy shit!" Pop exclaimed, looking around at all the nothingness. "Its the Void!"

"Exactly," I replied. "The world shall be created in exactly two hours (if the guy who counted all of the begats was correct).

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

-----"

You read: "-----Page 15

A Single Thought

## THE SPROUT POUCH: PART TWO

---

1

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

"What the fuck are we doing, Dickhead?" asked Pop.

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

"Maybe," replied Pop, "but I always filed that under bullshit."

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

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

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

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

---

2

"Where are we now?" asked Pop.

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

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

"Nineteen-oh-five."

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

"...before my pop was even a gleam in his fucking nut-sack!

"This is fucking great!"

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

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

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

"Us? Fuck up?" Pop wriggled his eyebrows up and down in a very Groucho-like manner. "Nah!"

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

"Scusi?!?"

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

"Holy shit, Blood," whispered Pop. "I think that's my goddamned granddaddy!"

-----"

You read: "-----Page 16

3

...and then, we were in a saloon.

"Blood!" Pop bellowed. "You cocksucker, you!"

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

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

"I see that, fuckface," returned Pop. "Fuck the old west. I wanna go back to fuckin' Italy!"

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

"What the hell are you babbling about, Dickhead?" asked Pop.

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

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

"What the fuck?" inferred Pop.

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

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

"Are you insinuating that this is my fault?"

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

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

"Pretty much," I replied.

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

"Where are you going?" I asked.

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

-----

4

I sat at the bar and said, "yes, please," every time I was offered whiskey - which was quite often.

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

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

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

—

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

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

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

----- "



You read: "-----Page 17

5

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I gave no reply.

I was completely frozen - lost in her eyes.

--- "

You read: "-----Page 18

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-----"

You read: "-----Page 19

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

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

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

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

"Who is that lady?" I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You want: I can buy you a beer, and we can palaver a bit."

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

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

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

"I don't give a good goddamn what that bastard knows!" roared Roscoe as he drew his six-shooter.

-----"

You read: "-----Page 20

6

Roscoe was fast.

I had never seen anyone move so fast.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

----- "

You read: "-----Page 21

7

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

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

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

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

"What in blue blazes happened?" asked Darlin.

"How did you do that?" asked Nadine.

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

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

"You ladies wanna blow this fuckin' joint?" he asked.

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

Pop sighed and said, "do you like to travel? Do you wanna fuckin' leave with me and The Dickhead Kid here?"

"I surely do!" exclaimed Darlin.

Nadine looked back towards the saloon for a split second, then at me (I was still mostly out of it, but I remember it clearly), and she said, "well, fuck yeah, Dickhead!"

Pop couldn't help but grin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No...

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

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

----- "

You read: "-----Page 22

A Matter of Perception

The Sprout Pouch: Part Three

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1

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

Pop had found him when he was just a tiny kitten. He had estimated that the kitten was around a week old, and he'd decided to take him in under his wing and raise him to be a proper dragon. (Don't ask me! ...but I can tell you this: watching the little guy attempt to breathe fire, which usually just resulted in him coughing up a hairball, just made you fall in love with the little fella. (The times that he tried to jump up and fly over my head were a totally different matter, though! ...but I digress...))

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

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

—

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Reor?" inquired Reor.

"Yes," I confirmed. "Pop."

"Reor?" pressed Reor.

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

"Reor?"

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

----- "

You read: "-----Page 23

Reor remained silent, awaiting my inevitable appendage.

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

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

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

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

...and nothing happened.

"Reor?"

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

"Reor."

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

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

The voice had come from behind me.

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

"Reor," said the cat.

"What's that?" asked Jerry.

"Reor!" Reor repeated.

"My dumbass cocksucker of a brother is in trouble?!?"

"Reor!" confirmed Reor.

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

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

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

I didn't, but I figured it wouldn't hurt to venture a guess. "Denver?"

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

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You read: "-----Page 24



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

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

"Don't interrupt!" Uncle Jerry exploded. "Fuck!

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

"Any other fuckin' questions? Or may I proceed?"

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

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

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

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

Uncle Jerry threw both hands up at the sky as he cursed and screamed up at it. "See?!? Of all the ignorant shit!" He stamped around in a little, angry circle, and then he continued his skyward rant. "That stupid cocksucker never even taught this worthless waste of fucking life ANYTHING!"

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

An offended gasp erupted from Uncle Jerry. "Why, you unappreciative cocksucker! It ain't my fuckin' fault that your goddamn daddy didn't teach you jack-shit! Or at least he didn't let you know that he did..."

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

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

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

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

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You read: "----Page 25

"Uncle Jerry?"

"What? Damn it, what?!?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Gee, thanks, Uncle Jerry!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm going to get a fuckin' beer," said Uncle Jerry. "You just sit down and marinate on that shit while I'm gone."

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

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" Jerry turned red in the face. "Just fuckin' THINK about shit! Goddamn!"

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

"Reor?"

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

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

-----"

You read: "-----Page 26

3

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

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

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

"Okay..." I said. "What's first?"

"You're not gonna like it, kid..."

"Just... What is it? I can do it," I replied.

"Alright," said Jerry. "I'm gonna need you to drag your scrawny ass over here so I can kick you square in the nuts."

"WHAT?!?!"

"I told ya" you weren't gonna like it..."

"What would THAT help?!?"

"Well, I'm actually glad you asked." Uncle Jerry couldn't help but grin now. "It's for the sake of the world; see, kid? Just to keep you from making any more like you and that fuckin' piece-of-shit brother of mine."

"That's funny," I said, "but what do we really do?"

"Alright, kid, shit... You ain't no fuckin' fun at all, so we'll just get down to brass tacks.

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

"What a vague profundity," I mumbled.

"What was that?" Jerry snapped.

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

"It depends," replied Jerry. "You ever really read anything besides Adams and Asprin?"

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

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

I nodded.

Jerry continued. "Okay...

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

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

"What matters is space-time.

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

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

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

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You read: "----Page 27

"Uncle Jerry?"

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

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

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

"When you say dimensions, are you talking about alternate universes? Or..."

"Kid?"

"Yeah?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You still with me?"

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

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

-----"

You read: "----Page 28

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I froze.

It WAS Reor!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You ready for your next assignment?"

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

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

"I'll be in The Barn.

"Good luck, kid!"

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

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

----

You read: "-----Page 29

4

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

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

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

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

I walked slowly towards Reor's Bush-Cave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I left this page blank just for kicks. (Clues on next page!)



## CODED CLUES

Just to prevent unwanted spoilers, I have shifted the letters up by 1 letter. (I borrowed the formatting from someone who posted clues on IFArchive.org. It's pretty smart.)

DECODER:

FROM:      BCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZA  
– TO:      ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
-----

!!! WARNING!

THERE ARE DIRTY WORDS AND ADULT THINGS IN THIS MANUAL AND THIS GAME!!!

## GENERAL QUESTIONS

WHAT'S THE POINT OF THIS GAME?

1. UIFSF JT OP QPJOU. KVTU BTL BOZPOF.

CAN MY COMMANDS INCLUDE PROFANITY?

1. THESE ANSWERS INCLUDE STRONG PROFANITY!!!
2. GVDL ZFBI, ZPV DBO!
3. KVTU USZ UIF HBNF PVU! TFF XIBU JU VOEFSTUBOET!
4. NJOE UIF TXFBS KBS, UIPVHI.
5. EPO'U UBML TIJU BCPVU UIF HBNF, FJUIFS!
6. USZ BTLJOH SBMQI PS SFPS UP GVDL EJGGFSFOU UIJOHT.
7. UIFSF BSF B GFX UIJOHT UIBU ZPV DBO GVDL, JG ZPV'SF B TJDL CBTUBSE.
8. KVTU USZ TUVGG PVU. MJLF: BOTXFS UIF GVDLJOH QIPOF or SBMQI,  
GVDLJOH LJMM UIF EBNO EPEP or HP GVDLJOH OPSUI

HELP! I'VE LOST MY MARBLES!!!

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

## WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE SPROUT POUCH?

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

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

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

## WHY IS THE BOOK SO STUPID?

1. TIVU VQ.

## HOW DO I INTERACT WITH OTHER CHARACTERS?

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

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THE SPROUT POUCH?

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

THIS GAMES SUCKS.

1. THAT WASN'T EVEN A QUESTION!

WHY WOULD I SAY RUBBER BABY BUGGY BUMPERS?

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

DURING THE SWORDFIGHT, HOW DO I DEFEAT FROTZBLORB?

1. ZPV BSF QMBZJOH UIF XSPOH HBNE.

HOW DO I MANIPULATE TIME?

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

WHY DO I STOMP LIKE A GIRL?

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

WHAT CAN I DO WITH THE CLOCK?

1. NOTHING, BESIDES CHECKING WHAT TIME IT IS.

HOW DO I CALL SOMEONE WITH THE PHONE?

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

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

1. SBMQI JT OPU ZPVS BWFSBHF QFOHVJO.

HOW DO I STOP THE THIEF FROM STEALING THINGS?

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

IN THE MAIN ENTRYWAY:

WHAT DOES THE DRAGON EXPECT ME TO DO?

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

WHO IS RALPH (THE PENGUIN)?

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

WHAT CAN I DO WITH THE PENGUIN?

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

WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH THE DODO AND THE PENGUIN?

1. ASK RALPH ABOUT THE DODO.

HOW CAN I DANCE WITH THE DANCING SQUIRREL?

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

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

1. UIF TUPWF JT JO UIF LJUDIFO.
2. UIF LJUDIFO JT OPSUI GSPN UIF IBMMXBZ.
3. UIF IBMMXBZ JT OPSUI GSPN UIF SPPN ZPV TUBSU JO.
4. JG UIF TUPWF XPO'U PQFO, ZPV EPO'U IBWF TPNFUIJOH.
5. PODF ZPV'WF HPUUFO SFPS'T QPVDI UIF TUPWF XJMM PQFO.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THE PHONE?

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

WHAT IS THE DEAL WITH THE STRANGE ANIMALS?

1. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF BOJNBMT?
2. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF BOJNBMT B TFDPOE UJNF?
3. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE FBDI, JOEJWJEVBM BOJNBMT?
4. FBDI BOJNBMT BDUVBMMZ FYJTUFE JO UIF SFBM XPSME BU POF QPJOU (JODMVEJOH UIF TOJQF).
5. UIF POMZ BOJNBMT UIBU FGGFDU UIF HBNF BSF UIF QFOHVJO BOE UIF EPEP.

WHY WON'T THE DOOR OPEN?

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

WHAT'S THE POINT OF THE HALLWAY?

1. UIFSF JT OPUIJOH UP EP JO UIF IBMMXBZ.

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

1. IBWF ZPV FYBNJOFE UIF CMPPE PODF PS UXJDF?
2. IBWF ZPV FOUSFE SFPS'T QPVDI PODF PS UXJDF?
3. ZPV TIPVME ESPQ SFPS'T QPVDI, UIF FOUSF JU B DPVQMF PG UJNFT.

WHERE CAN I GET SOME Z-FIZZ?

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

IN THE BARN

HOW DO I GET JERRY'S BEER?

1. IBWF ZPV BTLFE GPS POF?
2. IBWF USJFE UP HFU JU?
3. IBWF ZPV BTLFE KFSSZ BCPVU IJT CFFS?
4. IBWF ZPV BDRVJSFE UIF OFWFS-FOEJOH EPPCJF?
5. ZPV FJUIFS OFFE UP IBWF UIF EPPCJF (OPU KVTU B KPJOU) UP HFU UIF CFFS.
6. ZPV DBO FBTJMZ HFU UIF CFFS JG ZPV BTL SFPS UP HFU JU.
7. USZ HFUJJOH UIF CFFS XIFO QMBZJOH BT SFPS.

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

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

CAN I DO ANYTHING ELSE WITH THIS JUG?

0. THESE ANSWERS INCLUDE STRONG PROFANITY!!!
1. IBWF ZPV SVCCFE JU BU BMM?
2. EPO'U BTL SBMQI UP GVDL JU.
3. EPO'U BTL SFPS UP GVDL JU.
4. ZPV TIPVMEO'U GVDL JU FJUIFS!
5. XIBU IBQQFOT XIFO ZPV SVC JU UIF UIJSE UJNF EFQFOET PO WBSJPVT UIJOHT.

WHY IS JERRY SO MEAN?

1. IF XBT CPSO UIBU XBZ.
2. UIFSF JT BO JUFN ZPV DBO TIPX IJN UP HBJO B TNBMM BNPVOU PG IJT SFTQFDU.
3. TBJE JUFN DBO CF BDRVJSFE GSPN QPQ.

WHAT IS THE CORRECT TURN TO MAKE AT ALBUQUERQUE?

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

HOW ARE THERE ALWAYS THREE PEACHES IN THE DINGY ICEBOX?

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

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

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

WHAT PURPOSE DO THE BEER GOGGLES SERVE?

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

CAN I EAT THE CAT FOOD?

1. ZPV DBO XIFO QMBZJOH BT SFPS.



CAN I DRINK THE WATER?

1. ZPV DBO XIFO QMBZJOH BT SFPS.

BONUS QUESTIONS

HOW DO I OPEN REOR'S POUCH???

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

IS THERE REALLY A SNIPE SOMEWHERE?

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

CAN I DO ANYTHING WITH THE LIGHTER?

1. ZFT.
2. EPO'U CVSO UIF CVTI, UIPVHI.
3. ZPV DBO GJOE TPNFUIJOH UP CVSO JO JOUFSMVEF.
4. ZPV DBO HFU UP JOUFSMVEF CZ FOUFSJOH SFPS'T QPVDI B TFDPOE UJNF.

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

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

HOW DO I GET THIS MUSHROOM PAST THIS DODO WITHOUT TYPING A BAD WORD?

1. ZPV DBO QMBZ UIF DFOTPSFE WFSTJPO PG UIF HBNF.
2. ZPV DBO XFBS UIF CFFS HPHHMFT.
3. ZPV DBO KVTU FOUFS: SBMQI, G UIF EPEP.

HOW DO I GET ... FREE OF THIS JUG?

1. IBWF ZPV BTLFE SFPS PS SBMQI BCPVU JU?
2. IBWF ZPV USJFE SVCCJOH JU?
3. BTL SFPS UP LJMM UIF KVVH, PS SVC UIF KVVH UISFF UJNFT.

HOW DO I GET RALPH OUT OF THE JUG?

1. XIBU JT SBMQI EPJOH JO UIFSF?
2. JT IF USZJOH UP EJSF DU ZPVS BUUF OJPO TPNFXIFSF?
3. FYBNJOH ZPVS NBO QVSTF.
4. UIFSF JT OPX B QJFDF PG QBQFS JO ZPVS NBO QVSTF.
5. SFBE UIF QBQFS NPSF UIBO PODF. (FYBNJOH JT OPU SFBEJOH.)
6. UIF QBQFS TBZT UP QVU UIF KVVH JO UIF EPEP'T BTT.
7. EPO'U XBOU UP EP UIBU?
8. BTL SFPS BCPVU UIF KVVH, PS USZ SVCCJOH JU.
9. NBLF TVSF ZPV QVU TPNF XBUFS JO SFPS'T CPXM, UPP.
10. UFMM SFPS UP LJMM UIF KVVH, PS SVC UIF KVVH UISJDF.

HOW DO I GET REOR OUT OF THE JUG?

1. IPX EPFT B QVTTZ-ESBHPO GJU JOUP B KVVH JO UIF GJSTU QMBDF?
2. FJUIFS SVC UIF KVVH UISFF UJNFT, PS UFMM SFPS UP LJMM UIF KVVH.

HOW DO I GET THIS STAIN OFF MY PANTS?

1. YOU CAN'T. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN DOING THAT!

\*\*\*THE FOLLOWING QUESTION IS CODED FOR SPOILER PREVENTION\*\*\*  
XIBU DBO TQFDJBM UIJOHT DBO J EP XIJMF QMBZJOH BT SFPS?

1. ZPV DBO GMZ.
2. FOUFS: GMZ UP LJUDIFO or GMZ UP CBSO.
3. JU'T FBTJFS UP HFU B CFFS.
4. ZPV DBO TUPNQ BOE SFPS... J NFBO SPBS.
5. ZPV DBO JODJOFSBUF BMNPTU BOZUIJOH.
6. JG ZPV BUUFNQU UP LJMM TPNFUIJOH OFFEFE UP XJO UIF HBNF, ZPV XJMM TXJUDI CBDL UP CFJOH UIF EJD LIFBE LJE BT QVOJTINFOU!
7. ZPV DBO FBU ZPVS DBU GPPE BOE ESJOL ZPVS XBUFS.
8. ZPV DBO KVTU HFU UIF TOJQF (BT MPOH BT JU'T JO QMBZ).

HOW DO I GET TO THE LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT?

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

HOW DO I FIND POP?

1. FOUFS SFPS'T QPVDI UXJDF UP HFU UP JOUFSMVEF.
2. TNPLF BUUSBDUT QPQ.

HOW IS THERE A SKY IN INTERLUDE?

1. ZPV'SF LJOE PG OPU SFBMMZ UIFSF, BOE JU'T OPU SFBMMZ B SPPN...