

Freddy Pharkas, Frontier Pharmacist Script

This script was based on the text version of the game. This version has a massive amount of inventory, 40 pages in this script; the first few inventory lines were one of the first sections I did, but when I reached the end of the process I found the many script files for other inventory items. I tried copying double messages and identified lines as much as I could, but there are still a few mystery objects you can puzzle along with.

Index:

That infernal song
Trite
In the streets
Anthill
Over the bridge
Smithee and bank
Outside the saloon
Outside the barber shop
Outside the pharmacy
Schoolhouse
Water tower
Cemetery
Church
Water supply
Brothel
At the brothel
Madame Ovarree
Little yard
Pharmacy
The lab
Lab table
Bedroom
Barbershop
General store
Mom's Coffee Shop
The bank
Police station
Inventory
Endgame
Deaths
Credits Tomfoolery
Credits
Freddy Pharkas Frontier Pharmacist Script Code!

That infernal song

He was born in old St. Louie,
By the age of four Dad knew he was the
Best little crackshot the West had ever seen.
By the time he reached pubescence,
He could outshoot all the adolescents
West of Durango and North of Abilene.
Pharkas, Freddy Pharkas.
Famous gunslingin' deputy.
Freddy Pharkas, Freddy Pharkas,
Frontier hero-to-be.
Then one day young Freddy Pharkas
Stared at eyes as black and dark as Night, the
Eyes of an outlaw, well-known throughout the West.
Oh, the tough kid's name was Kenny,
And he outdrew Freddy Pharkas when he
Shot Freddy's ear off, to prove who was the best.
Now our hero, Freddy Pharkas,
With his wounded pride and earless carcass,
Vowed to the heavens to give up gunnery.
He'd be better off, he reckoned,
With the lifelong dream that always beckoned:
Pestles, not pistols, and pharmacology.
Pharkas, Freddy Pharkas,
Highest score on his S.A.T.,
Freddy Pharkas, Freddy Pharkas.
Five-year college degree.
After Fred matriculated,
Got his Ph.D. and graduated,
Moved out to Coarsegold and bought a pharmacy,
He's a real prescription writer,
And they don't know he's an ex-gunfighter,
Locked up his mem'ries, repressed them totally.
But his peaceful new survival
Soon was shot to hell upon arrival
Of Coarsegold's schoolmarm, the sweet Penelope.
She has captured Fred's affection,
But he's scared he'll get a huge...rejection,
Can't bear to tell her just what he used to be.
Pharkas, Freddy Pharkas.
Frontier Pharmacist bourgeoisie,
Freddy Pharkas, Freddy Pharkas.
Peerless, earless and free!

Trite

That would probably do something, but nothing you need to do now.

There's no need to touch that.

That just doesn't work like that.

That's just another bit of authentic Western scenery.

You can't think of anything to say to that.

You can't walk there; at least, not thisaway.

You're too busy right now to do that. Please try again later.

Click here (or press <Ctrl-C>) to bring up the Control Panel, where you may adjust how the game works.

Click here to change to the Hand cursor, then click the Hand cursor on the main screen to do things.

Click here to leave the present scene.

When this icon is available, you may click here to "Fast Forward" to the next interactive part of the game.

Yes

Oops

Do you really want to skip ahead and possibly miss the best part of the whole game (heh, heh, heh)?

You're so impatient!

Click here to change to the Question Mark cursor, then pass the Question Mark over the other icons to learn what they do.

Click here (or press <Ctrl-I> or <Tab>) to see what you are carrying in Inventory.

After you select an inventory item, it is displayed here. To use that item in the game, first click here to make it your cursor, then click that cursor on the main screen.

If this window is empty, click on the inventory icon to open the inventory window, then select an item there. (The inventory icon is the saddle bag just to the right of your Question Mark.)

Click here to change to the Look cursor, then click the Look cursor on the main screen to look at things.

Ahh! Now you can see this prescription the way Doc wrote it.

You're feeling a little light-headed. Better use your gas mask!

Going to spend a little time catching up on your professional reading, Freddy?

Oops

Don't quit now!

Quit

Copyright (c) 1993 Sierra On-Line.

Copyright (c) 1993 Screw Loose Amusements.

Thank you for playing FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST.

Your Password Code is: 100101110101100011010101011010001.

Copyright (c) 1993 Sierra On-Line.

Copyright (c) 1993 Screw Loose Amusements.

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance between the characters and the events in this game is strictly a result of your overactive imagination. Deal with it.

Copyright (c) 1993 Sierra On-Line.

Copyright (c) 1993 Screw Loose Amusements.

Thank you for playing FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST.

Now go out and play. Get out of the house. It's a beautiful day outside.

Copyright (c) 1993 Sierra On-Line.

Copyright (c) 1993 Screw Loose Amusements.

Thank you for playing FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST.

If there are any other games you'd like us to make for you, just let us know.

Copyright (c) 1993 Sierra On-Line.

Copyright (c) 1993 Screw Loose Amusements.

Thank you for playing FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST.

Can we go home now?

Copyright (c) 1993 Sierra On-Line.

Copyright (c) 1993 Screw Loose Amusements.

Thank you for playing FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST.

Remember: our game is YOUR game. Play it whenever you like.

Copyright (c) 1993 Sierra On-Line.

Copyright (c) 1993 Screw Loose Amusements.

Thank you for playing FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST.

Remember: real life rots your brain. Play more computer games.

Copyright (c) 1993 Sierra On-Line.

Copyright (c) 1993 Screw Loose Amusements.

Thank you for playing FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST.

Freddy Pharkas rules! All other games...TAKE A BURN!

Oops

Restart

Do you really want to start the game over again from the very beginning?

Restart the Game?

This area displays the number of points you have earned so far, followed by the maximum score possible.

Click here to change to the Talk cursor, then click the Talk cursor on characters in the game to speak with them.

Restore

Continue

Play

Help

Quit

Prologue

Restart

Click here to change to the Move cursor, then click the Move cursor on the main screen. Freddy will walk to that spot (or as close to it as he can).

If you have a two-button mouse, click the right mouse button to cycle through all the available cursors without returning to this Icon Bar.

If you have a three-button mouse, click the middle mouse button to switch between the Move cursor and the previous cursor.

Raise this poor fool to increase the amount of incidental animation. Lower him if Freddy seems to slog around like a wagon knee-deep in manure.

Here's where y'all learn more than you wanna about the fellas that put this here game together.

To learn more about the other items in this here window, first click here, then pass yer question mark over those other items there.

Use this here to close this panel here and resume game play.

Use this here to slowly back outta the game, real careful-like.

Use this here to restart the game all over again, from the very beginning.

This restores a game y'all saved earlier on.

Use this here to save the current state of your game. When you later select Restore, everything'll be right normal, just like it was before, when ya hadn't messed with it.

This varmint here adjusts Freddy's walkin' speed, within the limits of your computer's advanced caperilities.

Lower this poor fellow here to make text remain on the screen longer. Raise him if you are a fast reader and got a lot of book learnin'.

This poor fella here turns up the noise on sound boards and syn-thee-sizers.

This door is locked.

You don't hear anything.

This door won't open this way.

This door is already open and there's really no need for you to lock it.

In the streets

The aroma is simply too overpowering. You daren't touch the horse until you have some way to protect yourself from the stench.

You've got better (and more polite) uses in mind for those boots!

The sheer force of the wind would break the wax seal instantly.

But you get an "A" for creativity.

They'd probably stay in place for a minute or two, then |c0|BANG!|c| You'd blow out windows all up and down Main Street.

You'd have to shoot it. (The Church Key, not the horse.)

You're gonna |c0|need|c| that claim check sooner or later, and if you put it there, you're not gonna want it anymore.

They're not rags, you know, they're your old official Cowboy duds!

You carefully pour the Deflatulizer into the horse's water trough.

The horses greedily lap up the delish and nutrish medicated water.

WILLY Seein' as how his home-brewed "Patootie Sealant" done the trick on the horses so well, Freddy ran 'round and dumped the stuff into all the troughs in town.

It warn't long 'afore the folks o' Coarsegold wuz all breathin' a sigh of relief!

Freddy tossed away his homemade gas mask, kind of a shame since he'd have made a pretty penny off'n the patent rights. Life returned to normal, fur a short spell anyhooch, until one o' the town inbreeds come runnin' up wif the latest calamity.

You could try that, but then you might have to go looking for it again, and that would be just TOO disgusting.

FREDDY Nice horsey!

(You'd BETTER be nice to the horsey. It has the power to cloud men's minds!)

You don't have nearly enough keys to plug up |c2|all|c| the horses in town!

She can't take any more, Captain! Any more and she'll BLOW!

Yes, it's very possibly the most revolting thing you've ever done, but hey, a pharmacist's gotta do what a pharmacist's gotta do.

You hold the folded bag up to the horse's anal sphincter and wait.

With a reverberating "bbrrraatt," the bag inflates, capturing a sample of foul wind.

You quickly twist the bag shut, locking in freshness.

A really terrifically disgusting idea! Unfortunately, the horse's tail is momentarily blocked.

You'd need a lot of gas masks, but that was a swell idea.

You really think that giving the horses hemorrhoids will make them stop farting?

You are truly a sick and cruel person.

That might make sense if you were trying to remove their intestinal polyps, but that's not their

problem.

Yeah, spank 'em, that'll keep the horses from farting.

NOT.

That's not a very safe place to keep the letter.

It's somebody's poor horse.

It seems to be dispelling huge quantities of a methane compound.

The horse's tail is fluttering in the breeze! (And what a breeze!)

The horse's ass doesn't accept tips. It's just doing its job.

You briefly consider pouring beer into the horse's nether regions, but you quickly realize it would only worsen the horse's flatulence...

And the recycling company wouldn't take the bottle back.

The horse would undoubtedly appreciate the "seven knots to heaven" trick, but you've got better uses for that rope in mind!

FREDDY Hey, you're a purty li'l paint, aren't ya? Yes, you are! Yes, you are! What a little cutie! I like you, horsie! I sure do! Can I take you home with me? CAN I take you home with me?

You'd like that, wouldn't you? Yes, you would! Yes, you would!

(You need to get out more often, Freddy.)

Yes, if you wanted, you could capture the "effluvium" in the tin can, but since the tin can doesn't have a top, the effluvium wouldn't stay in there.

You gingerly pick up the steaming pile and place it in your (eccch!) pocket.

(You make a mental note to burn these clothes when you're done with the game.)

Someone's horse (at least, you HOPE it was a horse) has decorated the street with a steamin' hot, fly-attracting "pie."

You'd look a mite silly, walking around with that big lump of clay stuck to the side of your head.

If this message appears, it's a bug. (ego noInventory)

You foolishly ingest several sacks of the baking soda, creating a major eruption of the worst kind!

You rub the bottle cap across your lips, just enough to make sure that everybody knows what a macho stud pharmacist you are!

You will want to wear them later, but only after you have completed your outfit.

Just where did you intend to stick those bullets, Freddy?

Trying the ol' hot wax treatment? You're SUPPOSED to have hairy legs, Freddy.

You briefly consider altering your appearance with the application of a little charcoal, but there are better uses for it.

You are amazed to find its shape precisely fits your navel, making a perfect belly-button lint remover.

You've already got the Claim Check.

Just like you've seen it done at the spas, you apply the clay to your face for a few moments, then scrape it off. Now your complexion is as soft and smooth as a newborn hog's butt!

It won't clean THAT "deadly weapon," Freddy!

You wouldn't |c2|dream|c| of wearing your cowboy clothes around town until you have both your whole ensemble and a damn good reason!

Ummm, good to the last drop!

That Mom sure can make a good cup of Instant Hazelnut Vanilla Mocha Java.

(Maybe she has friends here from Europe!)

You've already got the corrected prescription!

Unfortunately for you, this Deflatulizer is highly concentrated, far too powerful to be ingested in undiluted form!

You find it fits perfectly into several orifices! (adapted key)

You cleverly attempt to unlock your head by inserting the key into your nose.

Apparently this isn't the right key.

Ahhh! Scratching right there sure feels good, eh, Freddy?

How almost poetic...the dorky and the door key!

You uncork and swig the elixir, finishing the bottle before you know it.

You coyly avoid a trip to the outhouse...but you refuse to carry that bottle around any more!

You sniff around in the empty mold, but true to its work, it's empty.

You are a sick, sick little pharmacist!

You will NOT need to hyperventilate in this game!

You take a few deep breaths from the gas mask, clearing your head and enabling you to go on awhile longer!

Fortunately, the aroma hasn't permeated the interior of the building. You won't need to use that gas mask in here.

You can't fiddle with that while you're on the ladder.

You can't keep your balance up here AND use the gas mask properly at the same time, Freddy.

How disgusting!!

Congratulations! Nice form, Mr. Ripper!

Good idea! Those fingernails were getting a little dirty!

You rung? (ladder)

You strongly consider lynching yourself, but you decide you're hung well enough already!

You glance around to make sure no one is watching, then you flagellate yourself just a little bit.

Taking a serious look at yourself, you decide you like what you see.

You take a sip of the medication.

Unfortunately, the first rule of the Old West Medicine Chest is: never trust nobody else's prescription!

You thank yourself for last night, and pay yourself the usual amount.

You will want to wear it later, but only after you have completed your outfit.

You open the valve on the tank of nitrous oxide, and you soon die laughing!

You take a drink of the beer.

FREDDY BURRRRRRRRRP!!

(Fortunately, you've got MUCH more beer left. You could never drink that much beer, so don't even try!)

You just can't resist nibbling off a little corner of the crust. No one will ever notice that!

(If this message appears, we should go directly to DOS without displaying this msg.)

Trying to hold yourself up? Who do you think you're trying to kid?

Those pistols aren't loaded!

Don't French postcards. You don't know where those postcards have been!

You heave...

...a sigh of relief! (prep G)

You rub the paper all over your hands, but it's still legible!

You rub it all over your hands, but it's still legible!

You rub it all over your hands, but it's still totally illegible!

You take a swig of the concentrated water purification solution.

That'll clean your clock!

Giving yourself enough rope? We're sure you'll hang yourself soon enough!

It's too sharp to wear! Turn your head to the right and you'd cut your own jugular!

Not necessary. You already dig yourself.

You will want to wear it later, but only after you have completed your outfit.

It's too late to wear that thing. Penelope's already seen through your disguise!

What? No garlic butter? AUGGGH!

It's bad enough that Penelope's trying to kill you. Now you want to run yourself through?

These little self-introspective chats are fun, aren't they, Freddy?

You try the old trick of flattening the can against your skull.
Ring around the forehead! Ring around the forehead!
You take a swig of the water from the water tower.
Uh-oh.
Your stomach starts to make strange sounds.
Your small intestine begins to whine.
Your lower intestine starts complaining loudly.
You had a drink of water just before you went to bed!
Fighting crime is thirsty work, but wait 'till you've dealt with the situation at hand to take your refreshment.
You're having enough trouble balancing on the ladder as it is; now's no time to juggle your inventory items.
It's not a good idea to try that up here! Lose your balance and you'll be nothing more than a particularly large road apple.
There's not enough whisky in the glass to drink, and you're not particularly hungry for that sodden piece of paper!
If this message appears, it's a bug. (ego walk)
You don't need any extra ear wax!
Doc's already drained it, but hey, nice try!
Mmm...wax and clay! You're not THAT hungry!
If this message appears, it's a bug. (ego do invItem)

Freddy, you don't need to steal that bird. You can buy one for chicken feed.
You want to give that to a CHICKEN?
What the pluck is he going to do with that?
Henny Penny she ain't.
Ever tried to pick lead out of a chicken carcass?
No?
Well, you don't wanna start now!
CHICKEN Buck buck-AKKK.

FREDDY Hello, Hopalong Singh!
HOP Hi-yah!!!
HOP This not my table!
Hop Sing is the only chinese person left after the railroad was built. He took a shine to Helen at Mom's Cafe and stayed to help her make a go of it.
Hop Singh's a friend, not a foe!
So quit pointing that thing at everyone.
Hop Sing doesn't speak English, and your Mandarin is a little rusty.

ROVER Grrrrrr.....
Best leave him alone, Freddy. Sounds like he got up on the wrong side of the doggy bed.
That dog has pride. He doesn't need your CHARITY!
Rover earned his name the hard way. He lives from paw to mouth all around the town.
What are you trying to do, put him out of his misery?
How would you like it if that dog decided to put YOU out of YOUR misery?
ROVER Arf.

DUCK Quack! <hic> Quack! <hic>

The duck can't have it.

(He's already got an unpaid bill.)

Contemplating duck dinner, Freddy?

That's Doc Gillespie's duck, Duck Gillespie. The ol' Doc wouldn't appreciate your cooking his goose.

Talking to ducks? Desperate for company?

BRAT Don't try it mister! I know haiku!

BRAT Stow it, Mister! I don't need that, I don't know where it's been!

The snot-nosed brat adds a lot to the charm of downtown Coarsegold.

Sure. You'd be doing his parents a favor, but even so, tough luck.

BRAT What do YOU want? Can't you tell I got things to do?

My, but the children in this town are polite!

KID You and what army, mister?

KID My Dad already has one of those, and it's bigger than yours!

(Gee! How did he know THAT?)

The child appears perfectly happy with her lot in life. Of course, what child wouldn't be happy to be dirty?

That's morbid, cruel, and entirely uncalled-for.

(Besides, we were too cheap to put in the animation of you shooting a child!)

FREDDY Say, shouldn't you be in school?

KID Yeah, and who's gonna make me?

EZEKIAL Jeez, buddy. Get yer hands off me!

EZEKIAL My parents say I'm not supposed to accept inventory items from strangers.

It's Ezekial Jacob Methuselah Andrew Washington Madison Johnson Hallelujah, the preacher's kid.

(shoot) A good thought, but let his father take care of him.

EZEKIAL I ain't got time. I put peanut butter in the offering plate and now my pa is after me!

EZEKIAL He said I was wasting good peanut butter!

CARRIE MA! MA! THAT MAN TRIED TO TOUCH ME!!

CARRIE No thank you, sir! I'm in a hurry!

Carrie Sue ought to be in school, but she's wandering the streets instead.

That's a little severe punishment for playing hookey, don't you think?

CARRIE My mama sez I'm not spozed to talk with strangers.

CARRIE And you're stranger than most!

DOG Pant, pant, pant...

He's not very stable on his three legs. If you pet him he'll fall right over!

DOG Bowff.

(Translation: No thanks, but if you run across any wooden doggie legs, I'll take two...one for a spare.)

Once Lucky was as coordinated as any other mongrel, but that was before he had that run in with the owl at the west end of town. Now he hates the owl as much as the rest of us!

Now, now. Lucky's had a hard enough life without you ending it suddenly.

DOG How are you?

FREDDY Wh-wh-what did you say???

DOG Bow arrooo?

MAN You touchin' ME?

FREDDY I was just...

MAN Maybe you're tryin' to pick my pocket?

FREDDY Not at all, I just...

MAN Maybe you need a lesson! Well, I'm just the guy to teach it to you!

FREDDY But...

MAN If you're going to pick someone's pocket, you have to simultaneously apply some sort of pressure to another part of their body. F'rinstance, squeeze their upper arm, and at the same time, gently remove their wallet. Here, let's run through it a few times...

FREDDY I'm sorry, I really don't have the time. Thanks anyway.

MAN Okay, well, let me know!

MAN Don't GIVE it to me! Hide it my pocket! Sneak it into my jacket! Try to...oh, never mind, you'll never be any good at pick-pocketing.

One of the few remaining townspeople. Why they stay, no one knows...

No need to waste your ammo on HIM. You could pump twenty rounds into him and he STILL wouldn't shut up.

MAN You talkin' to ME?

FREDDY Well, I...

MAN What am I, some sort of CLOWN to you?

FREDDY No...

MAN What, do I walk funny or something?

FREDDY No, and please don't hurt me...

MAN Good! Nice talkin' to ya. Seeya 'round.

MAN You like the poncho, eh? The poncho, she's pretty, eh? I getta you a poncho some day!

MAN No thanks, sonny, but have you thought about purchasing some life insurance?

You know, in these days of toil and strife, we have to prepare for the...

FREDDY Pardon me, I think I hear someone burning or something.

One of the few remaining townspeople wanders around, trying to find a decent opera house that's still open.

(shoot) You can't be serious!

What's his crime?

What did he ever do to you?

MAN Hi.

Talkative fella, ain't he?

PETE Now, doncha try it. I'm right ticklish!

PETE I couldn't take nothin' from ya, kiddo. You keep that and put it towards yer edukashun.

Don't never stop gettin' an edukashun. I dropped outta school when I was eight, and I ain't never had no fiduciary solvency to fall back on.

Old Pete's been around since the gold was here. He and Willy are the only two codgers left.

Careful, you don't want to be arrested for assaulting a miner!

PETE Well, by gum! How ya doin', young feller, by gum! Nice to see ya, by gum!

FREDDY Hey, old timer! Ain't seen you around in a dog's age. What're you up to these days?

PETE What does it LOOK like I'm doing, by gum?

PETE I'M TRYIN' TO SELL GUM!

PETE Damn ijit.

You contemplate capturing the pig, but think twice when you realize that every single inventory

item you have is carried in one pocket. After all, pigs are not the cleanest animals and their fragrance can be unusually pungent. Not the best way to make friends and influence people. The pig turns up its snout at your offer.
Pork chops on the hoof!
You're not interested in makin' bacon right now.
PIG Carpe oink. OINK Emptor. Carborundum squeal. Angelus oink. SQUEAL sic transit OINK!
That pig is one smooth conversationalist! If only you spoke pig-latin.

You'd be trampled by the horse, silly.
RANGER No thanks, son! Travelin' light, travelin' light!
Why, he's with the Texas Rangers! What's he doing here?
He's on a mission. Don't interfere.
RANGER No time! Gotta save the country!

He'd knock you down and let his horse trample you. After all, the Pony Express must get through!
Sorry, it ain't got no stamp on it.
Why, he's with the Pony Express!
Tampering with the Pony Express by shooting the rider is frowned upon.
RIDER No time! Gotta deliver the mail!

SHEEP Baaad boooy!
Trixie's well provided for by her new boyfriend.
(Supposedly, he's quite the wolf!)
Everybody in town knows Trixie the Accommodating Sheep. She used to belong to a bachelor farmer, but he died of some strange disease.
There are better ways to get sheep thrills in this game than by shooting Trixie!
SHEEP Baaaaaa.
(Translation: I'm terribly sorry, sir, but I can't accommodate you right now.)

VETERAN Hands off, sir. I'm spoken for, sir.
VETERAN No thank you, SIR! Uncle Sam gives me everything I need, SIR!
VETERAN This poor guy got left behind when his troop went through. He had dysentery. He's since recovered, but Doc Gillespie's cure seems to have affected his mind as he still thinks his company will return for him.
That would be the ultimate indignity, wouldn't it? Shooting a down-on-his-luck soldier who'd never done you any harm.
Well, you can't. You just can't.
VETERAN Yessir. Nice day sir. Good to see you sir.

And get your hands all full of prickles?
WEED "Rollin', rollin', rollin', got to keep on rollin'...."
Don't practice your target-shooting in the middle of Main Street!
It don't say nothin'. It just keeps rollin' along.

You'd fall off the balcony if you tried to reach them from here!
You can't try that from up here!
Main Street is its usual busy self today.
Don't waste your ammo shooting at innocents!
What are you going to do? Holler loud enough for the whole town to hear?

Obviously she's a married lady, and that kid looks like he might bite!
HANAHAN Land sakes, I don't need one of those. My Salvatore gives me everything I need!

HANAHAN And I DO mean "everything."

HANAHAN Why, just the other day, he plum near worn me out...

FREDDY Gee, I'd love to hear all about it, but I've got to run.

Why, it's Mrs O'Hanahan and her darling little boy, Rocko. The last time they were in your shop you only lost \$17.39 in breakables. God willing they won't need any prescriptions today!

(shoot) Yes, they're offensive, but try to avoid retaliation. Remember, you're here to HELP!

HANAHAN Do I look like I have time for idle chit-chat? Honestly! Some people think that just because a woman works at home she has scads of free time. Well let me tell you, I don't! I have the washing, the ironing, the cow to milk, the butter to churn, the barber shop to sweep out, the books to keep... Why, I could just go on and on. But as usual, I'm in too much of a hurry and a lady never complains about her lot in life.

Not that all the women around here are ladies of course! Why the stories I could tell you about SOME of these women! Not that I know any of them personally of course, but one does hear talk around the barber shop, you know.

But really, I am TOO busy to be standing around like this. Good day!

TUCKER Please! Do you always go shoving people?

FREDDY I didn't shove you.

TUCKER I accept your apology.

TUCKER I work for what I have. I don't want people giving me things.

FREDDY Golly, I was just trying to help.

TUCKER Hmph!

That's Mrs. Tucker, one of the respectable women of the town. ("Respectable" meaning she doesn't SELL it!)

(shoot)Just because she's unpleasant doesn't mean she deserves to die.

TUCKER Nice day, ain't it?

IMA Ooooh! Right here? In front of everyone?

FREDDY I suppose that would be indiscreet.

FREDDY Meet me in the parking lot, after the game.

IMA Okay! <tee-hee> My, you're CUTE!

She casts her eyes downward, as if to indicate that she's too shy to accept such a gracious offer.

Isn't that endearing?

That's Ima Flurt, the lunch room lady.

Of course, since the schoolhouse only consists of one room, there's not much for Ima to do but waltz around town waiting for someone to build a cafeteria.

Nice work if you can get it!

(shoot) Hey, you're supposed to be one of the GOOD GUYS! You LIKE this woman! Remember?

FREDDY Howdy, ma'am.

She smiles at you. If your heart didn't already belong to Penelope, you might be tempted to ask her to join you for a glass of sarsaparilla.

Anthill

You really have no desire to touch that anthill, nor do you wish to further your entomologic collection at this time.

Don't leave the ladder lying around unless you have a specific reason to do so!

FREDDY I've got it, Srini! I know how I can help you!

FREDDY Here you go, pardner. Hoof your way across this!

SRINI Ooooh! My balance sense is stretching now.

FREDDY You made it!

SRINI Oh, thank you, Mr. P! You saved me!

FREDDY Please, don't call me that.

The local insect population has been thriving, what with all the dry weather Coarsegold's been having lately. This is one of the smaller anthills around the town.

The ants aren't hurting anyone! Why dig up their home?

How would you like someone to come along and throw dirt around YOUR home?

Okay, bad example.

FREDDY Hey, what are you ants dune here, anyway?

They don't even stop, let alone crack a smile!

The dense swarm of dense fire ants diligently attempts to collect plenty of sand for the coming winter.

Just a few more trips and they'll have it all!

Nasty fire ants are swarming around the poor potential Indian Sidekick seated at the top of their anthill.

Why, a hungry gaggle of ants like that could strip the flesh off an Indian Sidekick in minutes, leaving nothing but white Sidekick Bones. Better find some way to get him offa there!

But...but...but that's the piece that holds together the ENTIRE BRIDGE!

(Actually, it's not, but do you think we're going to be so stupid as to tell you which piece actually DOES hold the entire bridge together?)

The rickety old bridge over Blackwater Creek has seen better days. At least it's in better shape than the railroad trestle over there.

While you might want to do something to those buzzards, they're simply living out their portion of the West's ecology.

As much as you want to join in, leave Cedric's carcass for the buzzards.

A few buzzards have landed here, waiting for some unfortunate life form to become "Vulture Chow."

Poor Cedric the Owl! He'll never delay another scene change!

FREDDY Leave that poor owl alone, you vicious fiends!

They ignore you completely.

Farewell, Cedric! We hardly knew ye.

You simply can't stand the thought of pricking yourself.

Prickly pear cactus is one of your favorite examples of the species.

You can't face exploring that cliff face!

The locals say this creek wasn't nearly so deep back in the old days. You suppose it's just another example of the creative activities of that famous Armenian landscape artist: Soil Erosion.

You're not thirsty for cactus juice right now!

Some splendid Saguaro cacti dot the countryside.

WILLY So Freddy headed on back to the Pharmacy, followed by the eternally grateful Srinilalkaka Bagdnish. Seems like Freddy'd not only found himself a new assistance at the Pharmacy, but also a good friend as well!

HOP Please! Not in front of grasshopper!

HOP No thanks, Freddy...I'm travelin' light!

Looks like Hop Singh is headed out of town, along with his student, Kwai Chang Grasshopper.

You'd never do something like that to your friend Hop Singh!

It would be a waste of ammo.

FREDDY Hey, Hop!

HOP Freddy! Hey, take care, man. I'm outta here.

FREDDY But...why?

HOP Well, Mom's closed, and I hear the streets of San Francisco are paved with snails.

HOP So I'm going to take my unique blend of culinary expertise (specializing in traditional American frontier fare executed with a Near Eastern blend of herbs and spices) and quaint, rustic Chinese movie dialect, and open a restaurant with my old partner, Dhap Dhance!

Oh, no! Singh and Dhance, together again!

FREDDY Well, take care, Hop. Good luck to you.

HOP Same to you, Freddy!

You've cleverly used the ladder as a bridge between the rocks and the anthill, allowing Srini to escape without crushing any ants.

And you got points for it, too, so there!

Gee whillikers, you can't quite reach that owl from here.

(Too bad; you'd like to wring his neck!)

You daren't; those buzzards will vigorously defend their capture.

Cedric the Owl looks lost and out-of-place in the hot desert sun.

If you listen close, you can almost hear him say, "Freddy, if you're going to go in THERE, I'm going to wait out HERE."

He always has some flimsy excuse!

It's the torn, bloody remains of a talking owl.

FREDDY Hey! You!

"I'm waiting here! It's too dangerous out there!"

Apparently there's some adventurer out in the desert, and the owl's waiting to annoy him when he gets back.

FREDDY Cedric? Can you hear me?

You almost believe you can hear a weakly-croaked, "Ohhhhh nooooo...I'll...stay...out...here...<gasp>"

The road is dusty and uninformative.

The road leads off around the Sierra Nevada foothills to Oakhurst... and its famous floppy disk mines.

The road is packed solid. You can't dig it, man.

As far as the eye can see, the landscape is filled with rocks... and not much else.

The desert and sky are much too far away for you to feel anything except a rapidly-approaching sunburn.

The majesty of the painted desert stretches out into infinity, seemingly lasting forever yet going nowhere at all...

...just like life in Coarsegold!

There's nothing under the sand and rocks but more sand and rocks.

Oh, and a few scorpions out trolling for adventurers.

There's nothing there to talk to except dust and dirt (none of which makes for stimulating conversation).

There's nothing you can do from this far away, Freddy.

Your sharp eyes spot a distinctive cloud of dust. It's snailsign! That's a stampede a'comin'!

They can't hear you from this far away.

You could try to kill all those snails by smashing each of them with your beer bottles, but it would take forever.

However, they DO look thirsty.

You grab a couple of snails from the front of the pack while imagining the aroma of warm drawn butter.

You have more than enough snails already!

FREDDY Umm. Skewered snails sound so special!

FREDDY But wrong.

These snails are the leading edge of a stampede of imported French escargot, recently escaped from a haughty San Francisco restaurant, being chased by a posse of snooty San Francisco chefs. They appear to stretch to the horizon, and they're heading straight for town. If you don't do something soon to prevent them, they'll slime the entire city.

FREDDY Hey, boys! It's Miller time!!

And with that, you cleverly pour bottle after bottle of Sam Andreas's St. Louis brew onto the dusty road in an attempt to divert the stampede.

Will it work?

Will the snails fall for your ruse?

Will they accept a "domestic?"

Slurping their little hearts out (if snails may be said to slurp, or to have hearts for that matter...), the little guys "follow your lead" straight over to the cliff beside Blackwater Creek.

Isn't that cute? They're so gullible!

Don't they look just like little lemmings, marching over that cliff?

FREDDY Here, snails. Here, boy! Er, here, girl... ah, Here, whatever!

Oh, what's the use? You decide you'll never be able to train a snail to come when you call, let alone sit up and beg!

SNAIL Slurp.

SNAIL Slurp!

SNAIL SLURP!

SNAIL Ahhhhhh.

FREDDY Wanna put the boots on? That way, at least you wouldn't be walking on ants in your bare feet!

SRINI Ah, that is generously of an idea, but I still would end up putting to an end the lives of many precious ants.

SRINI A candle wax is a most beautiful thing to become one with, but I am afraid my ability to commune with paraffin has been impaired upon my present situation.

SRINI The charcoal is a most gracious offer, however I am having no hibachi at this moment.

SRINI I am thinking a key is not opening the way to escape for me, though yours is a most gracious offer.

SRINI It will be ready Tuesday.

SRINI Just having a joke upon you. I know nothing of this claim check.

SRINI I am appreciating the offer now!

SRINI However, no matter which clothes I am appareling, my predicament remains a puzzlement.

FREDDY Allow me to brush that dust off your robe, my friend.

SRINI My thank yous are very much, Mr. Freddy!

FREDDY May I help you down?

SRINI While I appreciate your offer of help, I must remain here. I simply cannot harm an ant, and I can presently ascertain no effective means of dismounting this anthill without hurting another living creature.

SRINI I am not needing empty bottles. I have already evacuated myself several times, with great ceremony.

SRINI I am afraid the ice pick will not present me with any assistance.

SRINI I prefer not to ingest the prescriptions of others, although I am thanking you presently.

SRINI The ladder might assist my situation, however I am not in positioning to maneuver it thusly to facilitate escapage.

SRINI I am not caring to be lassoed, thank you! I prefer to die with dignity than be yanked so unceremoniously like a most common livestock.

SRINI Rein? Rein? Go away, come again another day.

SRINI That is a poem which I just conceived.

SRINI I am not caring to read your personal mail right this dying moment!

He looks like he could be a faithful Indian sidekick.

Look out, Freddy--Injuns!

No, wait! This one's an Indian.

A REAL Indian.

From India!

An Indian sits atop an anthill, surrounded by swarms of ants. He looks trapped. You feel sorry for him. If there were only some way you could help him.

An Indian sits atop an anthill, surrounded by swarms of ants. He looks trapped. You feel sorry for him. If there were only some way you could help him.

SRINI Unfortunately, I am not conversant with the traditional rope-climbing trick of my countrymen, and thus your rope will not be of helpage.

SRINI I do not eat beef, snails, or ham.

I do not eat them, Fred, I am.

SRINI Thank you again, Mr. F. I am so much grateful!

FREDDY Oh? Grateful enough to accept the assistant's position I mentioned earlier? I could really use some help out around the shop.

SRINI I would be honored! Where do I begin?

FREDDY Hello, stranger. I haven't seen you around these parts before.

FREDDY I know it's none of my business, but why are you sitting on top of an active anthill in the heat of this semi-desert sun?

SRINI Oh, my formal fellow, I am but a weary traveler from a land far, far away, journeying here peacefully merely to experience the curative powers of your local mineral waters.

SRINI The other members of my stagecoach party, claiming a frustration with my excessive verbosity and sesquipedalian inclinations, forcefully placed me in my current sitting position on this lovely feature of your landscape...

SRINI ...knowing full well that, because of religious reasons, I would be unable to climb down by myself.

FREDDY How cruel those Yosemite-bound tourists are!

FREDDY My name is Frederick Pharkas. I own the local pharmacy here in Coarsegold.

SRINI How do you do, Mr. Pharkas? My name is Srini Lalkaka Bagdnish. Pardon me if I don't get up.

SRINI Hmmm, you think to yourself, I've been considering taking on a "loyal Indian sidekick!"

SRINI I'm seeking a new assistant down at the pharmacy? Would you be considering a relocation to this area? You know, Coarsegold offers extremely reasonable housing costs and an abundance of sunny weather.

SRINI Well, no, not really, but yes. Perhaps I would be willing. But, as you can readily see, I'm quite busy at this current moment.

SRINI I am here standing myself beside! What can I to do?

FREDDY Have you considered climbing down and walking away?

SRINI I can not possibly do that! Life is sacred. If I were to move, I should indubitably injure some of these small six-legged lifeforms. I'm sure someone will come along soon to the aid of me.

FREDDY I'll see what I can do, Srini.

SRINI How gracious to offer me an empty can of beans!

SRINI I am afraid I am having not a use in mind for such a can of nothing.

Oh, no! You've taken too long! You'll NEVER turn those snails back now!

While you love the drama of breaking open a bottle of beer on a ribbon of steel, you'll retain more brew by using a bottle opener.

The rusty tracks now feel a little sticky from the sun-dried beer that the snails missed.

You slide your hand back and forth across the rusty tracks, getting a little rust-burn in the process.
The rails glisten in the sun, covered with homebrew.
Old timers tell of bygone days when the Fish Camp & Pacific Railroad's heavy industrial traffic kept these rails as bright as new.

No more.

Once the Fish Camp & Pacific Railroad ran through here, but when their trestle washed out back in '73, they never got around to rebuilding it. It remains there today, a blatant assault on liability standards everywhere.

xxx don't display this message; handle this condition exactly as if the player poured the beer on the snails.

You don't have time to be walking around dumping beer all over the place. You've got flatulent horses to attend to!

FREDDY Oh, railroad tracks, what do I DO? What do I DO?

You hope they'll put you on the right track.

But they don't answer.

And now you've lost your train of thought!

Over the bridge

You can't reach that heep from here!

And you're not sure you want to!

The horse is humming "Don't Fence Me In" and doesn't care to be petted.

You don't need a sheep to finish the game.

(Though we wanted to put one in the box for each and every one of you!)

It's a horse!

No, it's a sheep!

No need to fight, kids! It's BOTH! It's a shorse! (Or a heep!)

One of Reverend Sy's horses is out frolicking in the spring sun.

Well, maybe it's not FROLICKING exactly.

How nice! Clarice, one of the Reverend's sheep, is grazing in the grass where the horses once frolicked.

(No doubt the Reverend, sooner or later, will have both sheep for dinner!)

FREDDY Here, heep, heep, heep!

This creature ignores you, so you try again.

FREDDY Here, shorsey, shorsey, shorsey!

This one is apparently way too concerned with racial separatism and the effects of cross-breeding in the barn to bother with you.

FREDDY Here, horsey, horsey, horsey!

There's no response. Maybe he's too horse to talk right now!

FREDDY Here, sheep, sheep, sheep!

Clarice the Lamb remains silent. She seems to be smiling quietly to herself about something. How mysterious!

The shorse is way out of reach.

Which is probably a good thing!

The horse is too far back from the fence for you to touch.

The sheep doesn't need any of your help to climb over the fence!

Hmmm, maybe the Reverend should separate the horses from the sheep in the stables from now on!

This is one of Reverend Sy Hallelujah's horses.

(Or so you've herd!)

The good Reverend has set Hannibal, one of his sheep, out to graze.

FREDDY Here, heep, heep, heep!

He...she...IT...doesn't even look your way, so you try another approach:

FREDDY Here, shorsey, shorsey, shorsey!

This one seems to be way too burdened with its own identity problems to bother conversing with you.

FREDDY Here, horsey! Here, horsey!

FREDDY The horse seems to be saying, "Here, meaning what? Here, meaning if I come over there, I'll get a patronizing pat on the nose for my trouble? I smell no carrots on you! I smell no lumps of sugar! Forget you!"

FREDDY Here, sheep, sheep, sheep!

Hannibal the Lamb remains silent. He appears to be stealing glances back at the stable, where the horses are hanging out. What GIVES between these animals?

But...but...but that's the piece that holds together the ENTIRE BRIDGE!

(Actually, it's not, but do you think we're going to be so stupid as to tell you which piece actually DOES hold the entire bridge together?)

It's the Old Bridge.

Coincidentally, the only thing that keeps this Bridge from falling into the mouth of the river is Poly-Grip.

(use shovel) That's too stupid an idea to even justify a funny response.

Whew! That was a close one! Considering the condition of this old bridge, you may only have about three crossings left.

You can't reach the cliffs from here. Besides, your specialty is pharmacology, not geology.

The cliffs here drop off sharply, plummeting dramatically to the water below. A guy could get killed walking off there! You make a mental cliffs note to avoid doing so.

What were you going to try to do, MOVE the cliff one shovelful at a time?

Don't open the corral! There's nothing inside to see.

Don't open the corral! You'll let the...the...what are they, anyway? Shorses? Heeps? Anyway, you'll let them out.

Don't open the corral! You'll let the horses out.

Don't open the corral! You'll let the sheep out.

Reverend Sy Hallelujah's corral is empty.

Say... what have those horses and sheep been up to, anyway?

Reverend Hallelujah's horses mosey around in his corral.

Reverend Hallelujah's replaced his horses with sheep. Perhaps it's their day in the sun.

You can't go digging in the Reverend's corral!

Even during these violent and lawless times, kidnapping is frowned upon.

This child's parents always said not to take strange objects from pharmacists.

Ah, a child is playing by the side of the bridge. How delightful!

FREDDY 'Morning! Say, I remember playing right by this very bridge when I was your age!

KID "What a liar you are. You were born in Old St. Louie!"

FREDDY Oh, yeah?

KID "Yeah, I listened to the Prologue like everybody else. In fact, I can't get the darned thing out of my head. I've been hearing it in my sleep."

KID "Thanks loads."

You can't reach it from here...fortunately for you! It looks disgusting!

A gush of some sort of thick gooey sludge slops over the rapids below.

Wouldn't it be nice to trail your hand lazily in the cool waters of Blackwater Creek?

No, it wouldn't, because the currents would lazily rip your arm off.

You wonder why the waters of Blackwater Creek are so black.

And gooey.

And disgusting.

Yes, the scenery is so beautiful that you'd love to take it with you. But you can't. This is real life, not some weird computer game.

The Robertson Cliffs overlook the thick, beautiful, shimmering waters of Blackwater Creek. The Old Bridge still offers shaky access to the desert to the west.

There's nothing there to be dug up!

Who, or what, do you think you're talking to?

You slide your hand back and forth across the rusty tracks, getting a little rust-burn in the process.

You never dreamed this rusty track would be slick enough for those snails to slide off into Blackwater Creek.

The rusty tracks of the Fish Camp & Pacific Railroad used to continue across the trestle here, and wended their way to exciting, far-off places like Fresno.

The train doesn't come here anymore, ever since the trestle collapsed and the train sunk into the swamp. No more lumber shipments.

No more ice deliveries.

No more personal hygiene products.

Smithee and bank

That block of iron is just a wee bit too heavy for you to cart around.

It's an anvil, cast of iron and really really very heavy.

It's a street, it's staying right where it's been sorta not paved.

Balance Street leads to the north side of town between the bank and the saloon.

The Bank's locked. That's odd! Where's P.H. Balance?

It's night. The Bank is locked. You can either wait 'till morning when it opens again, or wait 95 years 'till they install a 24-hour autoteller.

Here stands the only bank in town, The First Bank of Bob. The original owner must've had a hard time coming up with an original name for his establishment.

You daringly insert your finger into the bullet hole for no good reason.

That bullet hole has been in the front window of the bank ever since that outlaw came through these parts way back in the demo.

This is Reverend Sy Hallelujah's corral.

As generous as he is, Reverend Hallelujah wouldn't appreciate your digging up his corral.

For one brief shining moment, there truly was a place called "Cattle Lot!"

You've already taken the really great charcoal hunks.

Digging through Smithie's formerly white-hot forge, you find an unused hunk of charcoal which you decide may well be of use to you.

So you keep it.

You better keep your hands outta that forge, Freddy... it's hotter than a Fresno roofer in August!

(To use the local vernacular.)

Smithie's once-proud forge is cold and dark.

Smithie is proud to have the biggest forge in the Sierra!

Hay is for horses.

Smithie keeps some hay baled up here, just for while the horses are in the shop.

You bravely, stupidly grab ANOTHER steaming, fly-laden horse plop. This is getting old!

How convenient! There's another horse plop on the street.

(Why don't people learn to curb their horses?)

Never approach a horse from the rear!

(For several reasons, at least one of which is utterly disgusting.)

Apparently, most of the lower half of the horse is in a chop shop somewhere in Los Angeles by now!

FREDDY Poor girl! Did some vandals come by and strip you down?

(Stop being silly. No one can talk to a horse.)

(Of course.)

WILLY With his refurbished shootin' skills, Freddy wuz able to blast the Lever Brothers to smithereens!

WILLY Now, with those varmints outta the way, Freddy'd figured that wuz the end of the story...that somehow the Lever Brothers wuz responsible for ever'thang that'd bin goin' on in town.

WILLY But Freddy wuz WRONG!

WILLY The Lever Brothers had been hired fer the task of gittin' rid of Freddy, by whomever'd hired the cowhands...and whomever wuz in cahoots with Sheriff Shift and P.H. Balance!

WILLY And no sooner had Freddy's guns stopped smokin', than he heard a familiar twang and a few chords o' someone's theme music.

What was that?

Could it be?

Nah. What would he be doing way out here, in the middle of nowhere?

You haven't heard that chord in years, and yet, here it is again, strangely recognizable after all this time...

In your heart, you know it must be him. And, yet...

How did he find you?

Will he be fooled by your disguise?

Does he still eat paste?

What's that rotten smell?

Oh, no! It can't be!

You recognize that smell from your old days as a lawman...

More dangerous than Jesse James...

Meaner than Johnny Ringo...

Deadlier than William Muny...

(More fun at cocktail parties than Rooster Cogburn!)

It's the legendary Lever Brothers!

Yep, it's us, handsome silver-eared stranger!

And we're here to put you six feet under!

FREDDY Under what?

Your fervent prayer is that your few minutes of target practice with Srimi will be sufficient preparation for odds like this....

You tug on the rail, but it seems firmly planted.

This is a good place to get hitched!

The corner of Balance and Main isn't going anywhere.

(At least, not until the next big quake hits California!)

You're here at the busy corner of Balance Street, which runs north-south, and Main Street.

Well, it's USUALLY busy.

Well, it USED to be busy.

Your shovel would break.

And you'd get splinters in your hands and dirt in your eyes.

Funny, there's no answer from that.

You take the rope. Now that Smithie's closed up shop, he won't be missing it.
Smithie left behind a coil of rope.

You can't reach him from here!

Matt Shaker is shaking his doormat out the window again.

It's best not to walk underneath.

FREDDY Hey, Matt! Quit that! You're getting dust all over everything!

Funny, Matt pays no attention to you.

You don't have a horse, whatta you need a saddle for?

If this old worn-out saddle could only talk...

...it would probably complain about the prevalence of beans in the standard cowhand diet.

From the condition of Coarsegold's sidewalks, it's easy to surmise the town lawyer left for greener pastures years ago!

You know it does no good to close the barn door once the Smithie's gone away!

Let Smithie decide if he wants his doors open or closed.

Smithie has truly left town for good.

It's the door to Smithie's Blacksmith shop.

SMITH I don't use none o' that moustache wax, Pharkas! I let muh soup keep muh moustache plastered in place!

SMITH Dab-nab it, Pharkas! Real men jes' don' go 'round a'touchin' other real men! 'Specially when they're as homophobic as we is!

SMITH Har! Muh hide's tough as leather, Pharkas. That thang'd just break off at the handle. (ice pick)

Smithie, the village blacksmith, is a real hulk of humanity.

SMITH Whut the Sam Hill y'expeck me to do with that medicine, Pharkas? I'm a strong, beefy kinda guy, I don't need no wuss medication!

SMITH I don' know nuttin' 'bout writin', Pharkas. That's more in your depar'ment.

FREDDY You know, Smithie, I've been wondering about that horse of yours. What happened?

SMITH Consarn neighborhood kids! Ya jes' can't leave anything outside at night any more without 'em strippin' it right down to the axles!

FREDDY How's business, Smithie?

SMITH Flatter'n cow plop, Pharkas! An' you?

FREDDY Actually, I'm doing okay. Not great, but I'm making it... in spite of this mild economic downturn we've been experiencing.

SMITH Bah! If'n I could find me a buyer, I'd unload this dump in a second!

SMITH Whoa! Thank ya, Mr. Pharkas. I always love a belt about this time o' the mornin'!

You recall with fondness, that wonderful old blacksmith who used to operate this shop.

What the hell was his name, anyway?

"Under the village chestnut tree,
the spreading smithie stands..."

...No wait, that's not how it goes.

Mr. Smith, the village blacksmith, is locally known as "Smithie" to his friends and customers.

To the best of your recollection, you've never even heard his first name, not that it matters much.

"Smithie" seems like a perfect name for a smithie!

FREDDY Hey, knock off the sound effects already!

You take the leather strap. Smithie won't be needing it now, wherever he is!
A length of leather bridle hangs on the Smithie's door.

Feels just like the streets of St. Louis (only the streets of St. Louis are supposedly paved!).
Once Coarsegold's brave pioneer settlers predicted Main Street would rival the Champs d'Elysee,
Van Ness Boulevard, or Broadway.
Now it rivals the Oregon Trail, and is about as smooth!
There's nobody buried under the street here.
(After all, this is before the Teamsters!)

You don't need any algae.
Horses always appreciate a drink of nice fresh water from these green slimy troughs.

It's just an old wreck. It won't help you.
This wagon has been lying here in this sad state of disrepair ever since Mr. Leech, the carriage-maker, headed back East to Detroit.

Outside the saloon

"Oooph!"

No, no, no!

|c2|Tuesday|c| is your turn in the barrel!

Rain barrels are such an important aspect of life in an arid, drought-scourged landscape like this.

Water running off the buildings' roofs is channeled through gutters and downspouts into storage...

...Oh, wait a minute. This is just an old whisky barrel. Forget it!

The fabric has been pre-treated to resist those pesky dust storms, stampedes, flash floods, tsunamis, monsoons, and droughts.

It reads, "Coming soon -- Open Megaphone Night. Take your best shot! You'll die laughing!"
Apparently Mom's jumping on the comedy bandwagon. You can see it now..."Evening at Mom's."

(It sure beats "Evening at Pop's!")

It's too dark to make out what's written on that bunting.

Not from down here, you can't!

You've got no reason to put the canister on the railing.

At least, not YET.

|c0|FORESHADOWING ALERT! FORESHADOWING ALERT!|c|

You can't reach it from here, but you can just see that thin layer of cooking grease glistening off the building.

Mom's Cafe must have good food-- it's where all the stagecoaches stop!

You decide that the canister of nitrous oxide would look better somewhere else.

Just fly there.

(NOT!!)

It's the canister of nitrous oxide. You put it there yourself. Remember?

CHESTER Please, stranger. I'm simply not in the mood. Why don't you go bother Trixie, the Accommodating Sheep?

FREDDY Here, Chester. Maybe it'll help you through these tough times.

No thank you, sir. I still have my dignity. That's the one thing they can't take away from

me.

You've never seen Chester Field look so downtrodden. Why, he looks like he's lost his best friend. He's wearing a sandwich board, upon which has been VERY hastily scribbled, "Will polish ears for stagecoach fare."

CHESTER Polish your ear, Mister? I'm trying to get stagecoach fare to Chicago.

FREDDY No thanks, Chester. I'm broke. But hey, doesn't the trip to Chicago by stagecoach take just about forever?

CHESTER Well, yes, but I've always wanted a life on the stage!
(ba-dump bump!)

Hoping Chester won't recognize you with your new disguise, you approach him with a friendly //// smile.

FREDDY Say, pardner, that's a woeful little sign you're carrying there, 'Will polish ears for stagecoach fare.' What's the problem? Why so down on your luck?

CHESTER Well, I'll tell you, even though I usually don't talk to silver-disguised strangers. There's a man inside who's the best gol-damned poker cheat I've ever seen. I never even knew he's was stealing my store until it wuz all over.

CHESTER You see, I bet everything I owned, including my store, on a queen-high straight flush!

CHESTER And that son of a gun was holdin' a king-high!

FREDDY Don't feel bad, fella, I would have probably done the same. By the way, did you get this gambler's name?

CHESTER Name? Shore did. Wheaton Hall is his name, but everybody calls him 'Aces.' And I kin see why!

FREDDY Thanks for your time, and I hope things work out for you! I think I might just pay Mr. Aces a little call!

CHESTER Good luck to you stranger, if yur a'gonna git inta that game!

FREDDY Thanks. I'm wearing my lucky neckerchief, so I'm not too worried. Shhyeah, right.

Don't go poking in that hazardous eyesore.

(The same warning applies to the Brothel!)

The remains of the Sugar Pine & Coarsegold's Engineer's Shack lie rotting on the south side of Main Street.

Considering all the abuse given to this balcony over the years from stuntmen, it's in surprisingly good shape.

Ah, many's the young cowpoke who had to quickly lower himself off of this balcony with a bunch of knotted sheets.

(Usually stark nekkid!)

You yank the knob a few times, but nothing happens.

Then you try to open the door to the closed Hotel. No luck there, either.

That would be quite a trick...opening the Hotel door from the balcony.

You're not quite up to it.

(Or down to it, as the case may be!)

The door to the Hotel is locked. The hotel was shut down unexpectedly.

This put a total of two desk clerks and five working girls out of jobs.

(Fortunately, there weren't any maids, or they'd have been fired, too!)

You shout:

FREDDY Anybody in there?

There's no response.

FREDDY Okay, I'll take that as a "no!"

You rip the porch off of the hotel and put it in your pocket, just in case you need a porch later in the game.

Kidding. Just a little adventure game humor there. Don't bother looking in your inventory. You can't reach the porch from here.

Peering between every crack in the hotel's board sidewalk makes you 'board' yourself!

Rubbing your finger on the hotel window barely removes any dirt.

(Apparently there was more dirt going on INside than OUTside!)

You really can't reach that window from here. But hey, a Pharmacist's reach should exceed his grasp!

You do your "Peeping Freddy" routine with the Hotel window.

Furtive shadows steal across the walls inside. What little light seeps into the Hotel plays teasingly at vague forms and shapes.

(How nauseatingly poetic!)

Your arms aren't quite that long!

It's locked, stock and barrel!

Mom's seems to be locked.

It's locked! Mom's is closed!

Sheriff Shift strikes again!

(And stomachs all over town are heaving sighs of relief!)

Mom's Cafe awaits the hearty traveler who has a thing for good food-- but isn't afraid to eat here anyway!

Mom's closes up at night, ever since the Great Kerosene Shortage of '85.

A crudely-lettered sign reads, "Mom's's Cafe's dun bin closed by order of the sheriff. Health Code violations is all the reason he needs!"

FREDDY Mom! I'm hungry!

From inside, you hear Mom reply, "You'll get indigestion! It's not good to eat so close to bedtime! Come back tomorrow!"

FREDDY Heeeellllloooooow!

But there is no response from within Mom's Cafe.

Mom's front porch is almost as large as her rear entry.

Mom. You almost wish you hadn't dumped that horse patty inside her eating area. But-- you vow to make it up to her somehow!

Peering through Mom's greasy glass, you can see she's open for business. You've always been fond of Mom's cooking...

...at least, the first time it goes down!

You feel a twinge of guilt, knowing you were at least partially responsible for Mom's closing. You vow to make it up to her, somehow.

You deliver a swift karate chop to the post.

Excellent! One or two more and you'll have it completely broken.

(Your hand, not the post.)

These hitching posts serve as an excellent means of stabilizing unmanned horses.

It feels like part of the ambience that makes Coarsegold so priceless!

(Or should that be "worthless"?)

Once the heart of a thriving business district, there's not much left of beautiful downtown Coarsegold now.

What are you gonna do, hang off the balcony and steal their hats?

Dream on!

A whole fleet of rowdy cowhands seems to have invaded Main Street. They're shooting around indiscriminately (the barbarians!).

Did they do this just for the fun of it? Or did somebody put them up to it?

That's the germ of an idea. Unfortunately, you need some way to make SURE that gas gets set off!

FREDDY |c0|Hey, you guys! CUT IT OUT!|c|

They can't even hear you above the sound of their own obnoxious yelling and the frequent gunshots.

Looks like you'll have to be just a |c2|bit|c| more forceful.

You encounter dozens of rowdy cowhands from that cattle drive outside of town who are carelessly firing their guns everywhere and frightening (not to mention killing) the locals.

"Let's stampede the women and rape the cattle!" they shout.

Luckily, the rowdy cowboys don't notice you from down below.

You leave that Saloon right where it is, buckaroo.

You've always assumed the Golden Balls Saloon must once have been a pawn shop.

Going to swing down like Tarzan?

Wrong kinda movie!

The Golden Balls Saloon is presently open.

Since it only has swinging doors, it's ALWAYS open!

They hang porch-rustlers in these parts.

Many an early-morning customer of yours has spent the night sleeping on these well-stained boards.

Careful, you never know when some airborne wino is going to come flying outta that window.

Sam Andreas has a tough time keeping these large plate glass windows intact, since he's developed a habit of throwing rowdies out through them!

Outside the barber shop

The Barber Shop is locked up tight at night.

This door leads to Salvatore O'Hanahan's combination barber shop and dental emporium. Just don't ask him about his heritage. He's VERY confused.

Salvatore O'Hanahan, the town barber, doesn't appreciate men touching his pole.

Like all proud red-blooded Italian-Irish-American barbers, Salvatore O'Hanahan is extremely proud of his pole.

(Actually, he almost had to give it up when they levied an expensive pole tax!)

"Do you have any relatives named Gallup?" you ask the barber pole.

Salvatore O'Hanahan's barber shop and dental emporium is still open for business.

Hey, don't take that sign, it isn't yours.

It's Salvatore's. He stole it from a barber shop in San Jose!

The sign says "O'Hanahan's Barber Shop."

You can't talk to the sign!

(It only knows sign language!)

You wipe a smudge of something off the window.

FREDDY Hey, this isn't road dirt! It's hair oil!

Peering through the window, you think you see a barber inside!

WILLY The stage wuz set fer Freddy's showdown.

WILLY Wait, did I say "slowdown?" I meant "showdown."

WILLY No, I DID say "showdown," didn't I? I thought I did, I warn't sure.

WILLY Anyhoo, now that Freddy wuz wearin' his silver ear-thang and his ol' gunslingin' duds, nobody 'ceptin' Srini rekanized him. Not even Sadie Ovaree or Penelope knewed who he wuz. They thought Freddy had skipped town!

WILLY And they thought this new guy wuz jus' a handsome silver-eared stranger who happened to be espeshully up on his pharmacology.

WILLY Now, Freddy didn't have a lotta time to lose, becuz things in Coarsegold wuz gettin' worser and worser.

You can't reach it from here.

Be VERY thankful!

Apparently old Mrs. Murphy is either having a bladder control problem or some sort of lower gastro-intestinal difficulty.

In either case, she's certainly doing her part to add to Coarsegold's unique "ambience!"

Hey, Mrs. Murphy! Stop by the Pharmacy, maybe I can help you out.

She calls you something under her breath.

Nothing in there worth sticking your finger in.

(The same can be said of the brothel!)

The south side of Main Street holds the remains of the railroad's telegraph office.

Yep, solid Hotel!

The Dirty Sheet Hotel is the latest victim to the present Coarsegold business slump. They suffered from a severe lack of marketing expertise, as witnessed by their choice of names.

You can't get the Post Office to move no matter how hard you push it.

(And it's been that way ever since!)

The town Post Office was one of the first victims of the city's demise. It's been closed for years

No need to touch it; it's about to fall off entirely.

(Much like tourism in Coarsegold!)

This sign proclaims this as the "Post Office."

You can't talk to the sign.

(It only knows sign language!)

From inside, you think you can hear a voice say:

"Sorry, it's not my window."

The former post office is staffed by a complete work crew. None of them has yet noticed the place closed down years ago.

Those boards are nailed in place with rusty, self-tapping 10-penny locking nails with barbed ends.

(In other words: no, you can't pry them off!)

Looks like the door to the Post Office has been removed and replaced with a less attractive barrier.

It feels rough, unpleasant, and cheap (just like life in Coarsegold!)

Coarsegold's Main Street was once the center of a thriving metropolis, driven by the tons of gold found hereabouts. Now it's only a shadow of its former self. Mercantile Street leads away into the distance.

The road doesn't need any more potholes, thank you!

(But there'd probably be plenty for you to do in Illinois, where potholes are a source of pride!)

In general, you'll have better luck if you try talking to things with MOUTHS!

You encounter dozens of those silly ol' rowdy cowhands from that cattle drive outside of town who are carelessly firing their guns everywhere and frightening (not to mention killing) the locals.

"Let's stampede the women and rape the cattle!" they shout.

Suddenly you feel a sharp pain in the chest...

You won't need any shrub.

An unusual plant grows here; it's a cross between scrub grass and shrubs.

It's called "Shcrub."

Chester Field runs one of Coarsegold's few remaining shops. Inside you'll find anything you want (if you don't want anything!).

The store's sealed up tight. Locked. Shuttered. Off-limits. Verbotten. Out of Service. Padlocked. Folded. Bolted. Latched. Finished. Kaput. Ceased to be. It has expired.

This is an ex-General Store.

If it wasn't nailed to the sidewalk, it would be pushing up the daisies.

Incidentally, if you're wondering what happens to Chester Field as a result of what happens in this story:

He went to Illinois and opened up a store there. They also made him Town Marshal, and he adjusted the name of his store accordingly.

That's right!

He opened up the first Marshal Field's.

(Gaak! Ptooy! Hork!)

The General Store looks closed.

Maybe it's your keen intuition. Maybe it's that razor-sharp second sense you have.

Maybe it's that "closed" sign on the door that you'd trip over if it were any bigger.

Chester Field's is closed at night.

If you pushed this door, it might open.

You can't take it, it's been specially designed to blend in with Coarsegold's unique and progressive skyline.

This sign says, "Chester Field's Mercantile Co." It may indicate there's a store inside this building.

You can't talk to the sign.

(It only knows sign language!)

You consider writing "wash me" in the dust in the window, but you're way too mature for that.

You just love to window-shop through windows so dirty you can't see through them. Maybe you should give Chester some window cleaner for Christmas.

With superhuman effort, you lift the wagon and rescue the little girl who was trapped underneath for God-knows-how-long.

You and the girl are whisked off to San Francisco, where you're hailed as the hero of the decade. You adopt the little girl...

...and the two of you move into a luxurious mansion, provided free-of-charge by the girl's grateful long-lost rich Auntie, who turns out to be a brilliant and beautiful young woman...

You and the Aunt get married, and the three of you live happily ever after off the coast of

beautiful Cape NOT!!!!
Chester Field has been unloading this wagon since last winter.

Outside the pharmacy

Summoning up superhuman strength, you heft the huge pile of baking soda!

Then, with a horrible wrenching, tearing sound, you cram the sacks of baking soda into your pants pocket.

A gigantic pile of 50-pound sacks of baking soda fills the sidewalk in front of your store, nearly blocking the entrance.

The baking soda is the "LeGand Hammer" brand, named for the famous international industrialist.

His slogan: "Keep one sack in the smokehouse...and another in the stable, to help keep IT clean and fresh-smelling!"

WILLY So Freddy wuz forced to shut down the ol' Pharmacy agin his will. But he vowed to keep the place up, knowin' that someday he'd be openin' it up again.

WILLY Problem bein', the Sheriff, an ornery cuss if ever there wuz one, wuz doin' this all over town: the hotel, the Playhouse, the Smithie, the Tall 'n Thin Shop, closin' 'em all down on some flimsy pretext.

WILLY There wuz no tellin' who was gorna be next! Who'd put the Sheriff up to it? And whut wuz happenin' with the horses, fer cryin' out loud? It were a mystery, sez I!

You'd better leave it up until you've settled this matter once and for all.

It's a "closed" sign. The Sheriff had Billy nail it up after he shut you down as a fire hazard. Hmph! You can't talk to it.

(It only knows sign language!)

This clutter is a local landmark, and as such is protected under the Eastern Madera County "Don't Touch That, It's A Landmark" Act of 1855.

The remnants of the Coarsegold depot, all tumbledown and shot to heck.

You bravely, stupidly grab the steaming, fly-laden horse plop. Fortunately, it seems to be holding together well as you place it in your pocket.

Those flies are really enjoying that by-product!

DOMINICK Please don't take my cigars, Freddy. This is how I make tips. Standing out in front of the store doesn't really do much to guarantee me a secure retirement.

DOMINICK No thank you, Freddy. I've already got the sun in the morning, and the moon at night.

FREDDY Use any more and you'll have to pay a royalty.

It's Dominick, one of your part-time Native American employees. He works under the professional name "Running Gag."

The Union told you that you had to have a "Cigar Store"-style Indian out in front when you opened your pharmacy, but as there were a lot of out-of-work real Indians in the neighborhood, you decided it was more politically correct to hire some real ones.

FREDDY 'Morning, Dominick.

DOMINICK 'Morning, Freddy.

FREDDY What's new?

DOMINICK Let's see. I finished reading "A Century of Dishonor" last night, quite impressive. That Helen Hunt Jackson really knows how to evoke an image of the white man's treachery. Do you know how many treaties your people have signed and then broken in the past 20 years alone?

FREDDY Er, excuse me, I think I hear someone calling me or something.

HERB We've spoken about this before, Mr. Pharkas. If you keep touching me, I'll have to speak up if you ever run for office.

HERB What a generous offer, Mr. Pharkas!

HERB Unfortunately, Union rules specify that I must turn down tips or gratuities of any sort, unless they're in the form of canoes.

FREDDY What? You expect me to tip a CANOE?

It's Herbert, one of your part-time employees.

Herbert spent the past five years as a Security Guard at F.W. Fleeceworth's in Utica, New York. They downsized, so Herbert moved out West to be closer to his family.

You took a chance in hiring him, figuring that as a Security Guard, he was perfectly qualified to stand around for hours and hours without doing anything productive.

Turns out he's overqualified.

FREDDY Herbert, how's it hanging?

HERB As usual, Mr. Pharkas. Er...permission to speak freely?

FREDDY Of course.

HERB I've had an offer from a Bank in Scottsdale. They'd like me to stand inside the lobby and hold checking account brochures.

FREDDY How much are they offering you?

HERB Five cents a day, plus a commission on the brochures.

FREDDY Let me look at the books and we'll talk in a couple days. I don't want to lose you.

HERB Thank you, Mr. Pharkas. I don't want to lose you either.

PETE What's the matter? Did I do something wrong?

FREDDY No, Pete, I was just picking a hair off your outfit.

PETE Oh. Yeah, my buffalo is shedding again. Happens every spring. The teepee's a mess.

PETE That's an extremely nice offer, sir!

PETE But I've already got one!

FREDDY Are you sure?

PETE Oho, yes, it's very nice!

It's Pete, one of your part-time employees.

Pete used to work for a lawn jockey company, but he was fired after puberty and he grew too tall for the business.

He's insecure, but he's a good worker.

FREDDY How goes it, Pete?

PETE Just fine, Mr. Pharkas, just fine! Sure is a nice day today!

FREDDY Yes, Pete, it's beautiful out.

PETE I was wondering if it might be possible for me to knock off a little early today.

FREDDY Something in particular going on?

PETE Well, it's just such a nice day, I thought I'd spend a little quality time with the buffalo. Maybe take him to Yosemite, let him run around and do some grazing. You know, the usual.

FREDDY I suppose that'd be okay. Sure, you can leave early. Just watch out for poachers now, hehe!

PETE Haha! That's a funny one, Mr. Pharkas! I'll be sure to do that!

PETE Poachers. Haha! Like anyone would want to do THAT to buffalo! Hehehe!

PETE How!

HERB Yeah, yeah.

PETE Time for you shift over!

HERB Oh, puh-leeze. You've been reading too many dime novels. Stop talking like that.

PETE Just trying to please the tourists, Herb.

HERB Sure, sure. Tourists. Whatever. Seeya later, I'm goin' to go soak my corns.

PETE My people call it "maize."

HERB Sheeeeesh.

BRAT Board up yer winders 'n' doors! Lock up the wimmen and children! Run fer the border, Louise!

BRAT Thar's a |c2|stampede|c| a-comin'! A |c2|stam-peeede!|c|
BRAT Hurry up, Freddy! Ya only got a week and a half a'fore they git here.
FREDDY A week and a half?
BRAT They'se SNAILS!
FREDDY Snails? SNAILS??
Good heavens, this is the worst thing to happen to Coarsegold since the great Hail of Clams
back in '83!

You don't have room in your pockets for an entire pharmacy.
This is your pharmacy, your home, the center of your universe. The Pharkas Pharmacy.
You envision a day when there'll be a string of Pharkas Pharmacy phranchises phrom coast-
to-coast.

The pharmacy door is locked. This ain't Mayberry, pardner!
That's the wrong key for this door.
That's not the right key for the Pharmacy door!
Whoops! Wrong key!
You unlock the door. Ta-daa! You're halfway through the game.
You cleverly lock the door.
You unlock the door.
Dang it, no points this time.
It's the door to your pharmacy.
("I knew that," you think to yourself.)

You'll smudge the dirt.
That's the left pharmacy window.
With all the dust out here, it's a pane to keep clean.

You give a resounding thump to the columns.
The termites hold their collective breath.
The columns seem to be holding!
You and the termites heave a sigh of relief.
You opted for a Colonial-style pharmacy.
You'll smear the filth.
That's the right pharmacy window.
With all the dust out here, it's a pane to keep clean.

You're too short to give it the white-glove test.
The sign says "Pharkas Pharmacy." This must be the place.
You can't talk to the sign.
(It only knows sign language!)

Leave it to the wrecking crew.
This was Coarsegold's opera house, P.P.'s Playhouse. It was shut down by unpopular demand
several months ago, after the owner was found necking with a lamb during a performance of
"Ba-aa-aa-bette's Feast."
You rattle the doors a bit, but they seem locked for good.
Can't you read? The sign on the door says CLOSED.

You can barely reach that first letter, but even so, you don't feel like taking a big "p" right now.
The sign says "PP's Playhouse."
Or it used to, anyway. Now it looks more like "PP's dlayhous."

You can't talk to the sign.
(It only knows sign language!)

You can yank on that hitchin' post all you want, but you won't get it up.
(You may, however, get a hernia.)

You added this hitch a few years ago, out of necessity.
As they said when you moved in, "You'll never get this pharmacy off the ground without a hitch."

Leave the street alone. It hain't hurtin' nobody.
This is one of the Eastern legs of Main Street.
You must have this game confused with the arcade smash "Dig Dug Dog."
That right there is one lousy conversationalist!

The Sheriff must be out.
Where could he be? It's over 550 miles to the nearest Dunkin' Donuts!
The door to Sheriff Checkum P. Shift's office.
The office also contains a small jail cell, just big enough to hold one or two innocent bystanders.

It's the most solidly-built structure in town.
This is Sheriff Checkum P. Shift's jail and armory.
The Sheriff does a mighty fine job of infiltrating the criminal element in town.
In fact, he IS the foremost criminal element in town.

Stealing the Sheriff's sign is something you might've done in your college days, but now you're too...
...chickenshift.
Someone with a higher I.Q. than most of the folks in town correctly painted "Sheriff" here.
You can't talk to the sign.
(It only knows sign language!)

The bars are set solidly in the mortar. Give it up!
The Sheriff's window.
Not very good at keeping out the rain, but at least nobody's liable to break in.
'Course, who'd wanna break IN?

This place is boarded up tighter than a sheep's heinie on the Ponderosa.
The Tall & Thin shop. The owner narrowly escaped with his life once when he was discovered shortchanging customers.

Leave the sign alone. Let it serve as a reminder to other shopkeepers who would incur the wrath of the good citizens of Coarsegold.
The sign says "Tall & Thin Shop." And hey, it's right! That's just about the tallest and thinnest shop you've ever seen!
You can't talk to the sign.
(It only knows sign language!)

You stick your hand into the stagnant water, and all you get is a damp, muddy forearm with a lotta dead flies stuck to it.
You don't wanna get that all soaked with mucky ol' water!
It's your ordinary water trough, favorite hangout of Coarsegold horses and town drunks.
In brighter days, this trough would be filled with sparkling clear, pure mountain spring

water, the kind they make into lousy domestic beer.

These days, though, all you see in the trough is muddy, dirty ol' stagnant water with a bunch of dead flies floating on top.

Stop teasing him, he's too easy a mark.

He just wants to be left alone!

That's "Gluteus" Maximillian and his horse (who appears to be wearing one of those hilarious "Whoopee Saddles").

They call him "Gluteus" because he's the butt of every practical joke in town!

There's something to be said for putting him out of his misery...

...but he'll recover.

FREDDY Hey, Max!

Max ignores you, but he seems to flinch a bit.

Perhaps he thinks you're in on yet another nasty prank!

Schoolhouse

You don't need any more activated charcoal!

It's boarded up, but there's nothing in there anyway except some worthless old rocks and few petrified cinnamon rolls.

(Insert nauseating joke about "rock and roll" here!)

No can do! Hot! WHOA, that's hot, boy! Very, very hot!

The char-broiled and blackened remains of the Old Abandoned Assay Office stand on the corner of Main and Edukashun.

You suspect that this was the work of either whoever's behind all the destructive goings-on in town...

...or voracious Louisiana chef Paul Prudhomme!

It's the Old Abandoned Assay Office, once owned by a subsidiary of the Old Abandoned Mine Company.

Before the mine shut down, this is where you got your nuggets appraised.

(Now you have to go to Madame's for that!)

It's the Old Abandoned Assay Office, once owned by a subsidiary of the Old Abandoned Mine Company.

It's burning merrily, which is a source of some concern to you since your pharmacy is right next door.

Did somebody purposefully torch it?

Wasn't this supposed to be a "no-burn" day?

Leave it alone. It's too burnt out to talk right now!

<rim shot!>

You just went cow-tipping last night. You can go shanty-tipping some other time.

(What percentage does one tip a shanty, anyway?)

It's a sea shanty.

(See? Shanty!)

WILLY Freddy dragged his bleedin' self over to the Schoolhouse...the anger and hurt wuz jus' rippin' at his gut like a swarm of botflies on roadkill, only worse 'cuz Freddy, unlike roadkill, wuz still alive.

WILLY The schoolhouse door wuz unlocked fer once, and Freddy walked right on in. The Old Abandoned Assay Office is ablaze, threatening to burn down not only itself and your

pharmacy, but the whole town!

Don't go poking in there, that's where the tramps hang out.

(Go to the Brothel if you wanna poke some tramps!)

Shrubs and weeds grow amongst the wreck of the old train depot.

Stop trying to horn in on their game. This one's for high rollers only.

The boy doesn't look very receptive to your offer.

It's one of the young townsboys, diligently trying to make his point.

(In this case, it's a six.)

Are you trying to make a point? Because the best way to make a point is to explain your position calmly and succinctly.

(The boy looks at you with exasperation and returns to his game.)

The boy shrugs you off. He seems awfully intent on getting control of the dice.

He doesn't want them unless they're a new pair of shoes for Baby.

It's a little boy, rolling dice and muttering something about baby shoes.

FREDDY So, you boys playing jacks? Where are the jacks?

They snicker at your naivete and return to their game.

Penelope keeps this door locked all the time, to keep the kids in and the rabble out.

Thank goodness there's no such thing as a fire code yet!

This is the schoolhouse door.

You try to get close enough to throw it, but are forced back by the extreme heat and accomplish nothing but a large white splat on the ground.

Don't be a fool! You may be tough, but you're not THAT tough!

Throwing that into the fire will only make the conflagration worse!

Flames jut from every loose board and hole in the old Assay Office!

It must be arson!

('Cuz everything flammable in the Assay Office was stolen ages ago!)

The ladder, held in place by a couple of old loose screws, easily comes away from the rest of the slide assembly. You somehow cram it into your pocket along with the rest of the junk you've got stockpiled in there.

Good job, Freddy! Wreck the little kids' playground equipment!

(If only they knew how good and true your heart is.)

Someone's using the ladder this very moment.

It's a ladder, propped up against the slide so the kids can play.

PENELOPE No thank you, Frederick. I don't drink, and I hope you don't either.

PENELOPE After all, lips that touch liquor will never touch mine!

FREDDY Hey, I hear ya, Penelope! Lips that lick...yes, what you just said!

PENELOPE A pair of cowboy boots. The kind that ruffians and hooligans wear. Wherever did you find these?

FREDDY Oh, I just...they were in...um, I forget.

FREDDY Yes, that's it, I forget.

PENELOPE Hm. Well, I'd get rid of them immediately before somebody gets the idea that you're some sort of gunslinger!

FREDDY Look, Penelope...candle wax!

PENELOPE Why, yes it is, Frederick. How lovely for you. Are you starting some sort of collection?

FREDDY No. I mean, yes.

PENELOPE Oh. Well, if I run across any myself, I'll be glad to save some for you.

PENELOPE How quaint, a handful of charcoal.

PENELOPE You'll pardon me if I don't take those off your hands, won't you? I don't want to muss my dress.

FREDDY Shoot, no problem, Penelope. I'll take care of this.

FREDDY Look, Penelope, see what I have here!

PENELOPE A key?

FREDDY Yep!

PENELOPE I'm very happy for you, Frederick.

FREDDY See this claim check, Penelope? Does it mean anything to you?

PENELOPE I'm sure it doesn't, Frederick. I'm sorry. Perhaps one of our local shopkeepers would recognize it.

FREDDY Look, Penelope! Clay!

PENELOPE Hmm, this is quite interesting. Hydrous aluminum silicate, mixed with powdered feldspar, quartz, sand, iron oxides and other minerals. Very malleable!

FREDDY Penelope, you've never looked more beautiful to me than you do now, analyzing the chemical makeup of this compound.

PENELOPE Thank you, Frederick. I like looking at you, too.

PENELOPE Freddy, I beg of you! Not in front of the children!

PENELOPE Why, isn't that the key to your Pharmacy?

FREDDY Yes, it is!

PENELOPE Well, for goodness' sake, Frederick, don't be waving it around so! Somebody might steal it and rob the store!

You chuckle smugly to yourself as you pocket the key.

FREDDY Here, Penelope.

PENELOPE I'm sorry, Frederick, you know those drugstore remedies don't do me any good!

FREDDY Some empty bottles, Penelope?

PENELOPE What a...^{c2}[thoughtful]^c...gift, Frederick. Tell you what: why don't YOU hang onto these for me, since I'm at work right now. Thank you so much.

FREDDY Sure. A-yuh. A-yuh.

PENELOPE No thank you, Frederick. My, I haven't purposefully hyperventilated since my college days!

PENELOPE That certainly looks sharp and pointy, Frederick! Please, take it away before I cut myself!

PENELOPE This looks like somebody else's prescription, Frederick! You'd better get back to work and give it to him right away. It might be important!

FREDDY Good thought! You're so smart, Penelope.

PENELOPE You're so obedient and puppy-doggish, Frederick. Now straight off with you!

PENELOPE That looks like the ladder from our playground slide, Frederick.

PENELOPE Now I'm not saying you took it, but I'm going to close my eyes for a count of five, and when I open them, I want that ladder returned...IF that's our ladder. Ready?

FREDDY Penelope closes her eyes and count to five, while you stand there awkwardly hiding the ladder behind you.

PENELOPE I see the ladder is not back in place. Perhaps it was somebody else who stole it. I apologize for wrongly accusing you, Frederick. Can you forgive me?

FREDDY Oh, for ANYthing, Penelope!

FREDDY Look, Penelope! It's my lasso! I made it out of rope!

That's VERY good, Frederick. VERY good!

PENELOPE I certainly hope you're not expecting ME to use that leather strap, Frederick. I do not go in for those unusual games.

FREDDY Uh, no, I was just showing it to you.

PENELOPE Well, then, that's fine.

PENELOPE Oh, did you need me to read this to you?

FREDDY No, no...I was just seeing if you wanted it.

PENELOPE It's addressed to you, Frederick. Why would I want it?

FREDDY Well, I...

PENELOPE Don't tell me you were just wandering around, trying to give items to people at

random? That's no way to be a Western Hero.

FREDDY No, no, I wasn't, I swear.

PENELOPE That's good, let's keep it that way, all right?

FREDDY Yes, yes, whatever you say, Penelope.

It's Penelope Primm: Full-time Schoolmarm, Full-time Single Frontier Woman, and Part-time Heartthrob!

How does she do it all?

Easy! She's incredibly uptight and has numerous stress-related diseases!

PENELOPE You don't owe me any money, Frederick. You take it, I insist.

FREDDY Yes, I was just showing you.

PENELOPE Oh! Well, it's a very nice bankroll, Frederick.

FREDDY Thank you.

FREDDY Would you like some beer, Penelope?

PENELOPE Brewed malt beverages are an acquired taste, preferred by lowbrows and ruffians. Surely you don't drink them, do you, Frederick?

FREDDY No, but this is beer.

PENELOPE Beer IS a brewed malt beverage.

FREDDY Oh.

FREDDY I knew that.

FREDDY No, I don't drink beer, that's why I was offering it to you.

PENELOPE Oh. I see. Hmmmm.

PENELOPE Are you insinuating that I might have a need for such a...a.. (20)

FREDDY No, no, no, I was just thinking...um...this is something I have in the store, see?

PENELOPE Frederick, have you been out in the sun too long? Perhaps you should go back into the store and attend to your customers!

FREDDY Uh...yes, I'll do that! Thanks!

PENELOPE This is somebody's prescription, Frederick! I shouldn't been looking at this.

FREDDY You're right, as usual, Penelope. You're always right.

PENELOPE Thank you, Frederick Pharkas. I try to be.

FREDDY Penelope, I just whipped this up in the lab. It should purify all the contaminated drinking water in town, if I can just figure out how to get it in the water supply!

PENELOPE That is a daunting task, Frederick. But if I'm not mistaken, don't we all get our water from the same place?

FREDDY Say, you're right! No wonder you're the schoolmarm!

PENELOPE Thank you, Frederick. And you're a whiz in the laboratory!

FREDDY Oh, I'd never do that.

PENELOPE Pardon?

FREDDY Oh, you mean...I mean, never mind.

FREDDY Look, rope!

PENELOPE Yes, Frederick, it certainly is.

FREDDY Want it?

PENELOPE No. Don't you?

FREDDY Yes, but I was just checking.

PENELOPE Oh! That was considerate of you, thank you!

FREDDY These are snails from the stampede. Do you like snails?

PENELOPE I find them fascinating from an academic standpoint, but I would not care to carry them around or ingest them.

FREDDY That's exactly the way I feel.

FREDDY I love you, Penelope.

PENELOPE Frederick! You do surprise me sometimes.

FREDDY Penelope!

PENELOPE Freddy! How nice to see you!

PENELOPE Did you leave work just to come see me?

FREDDY Er...uh...YEAH!

FREDDY Just being able to look at you makes my day seem to fly by.

Penelope titters and tilts her head coyly.

PENELOPE You do know how to flatter a girl, don't you? Now you get back to work, so you'll have enough money to take me to the Sadie Hawkins Day Dance next week!

FREDDY As you wish, milady!

PENELOPE Tee-hee!

FREDDY Hello again, Penelope.

PENELOPE Freddy, you rogue! Courting a girl in broad daylight and all. Why, I'm going to get a reputation!

FREDDY I just needed to hear the music of your voice. Now I can muddle through the rest of the day with the memory of your smile and your kind voice.

PENELOPE You do lard it on, don't you? You make me all giggly.

FREDDY Only because I love to hear you laugh.

PENELOPE Tee-hee!

FREDDY Penelope...

Hold on, at least wait 'till she's out of the schoolhouse!

FREDDY Hello, Penelope!

PENELOPE Frederick, my sweet! This is turning out to be quite the busy day for you, isn't it?

FREDDY It sure is. But I'm really looking forward to that Sadie Hawkins Dance.

PENELOPE And I as well, Freddy. Romance does make my heart flutter so!

FREDDY 'Till later, my dear!

PENELOPE Till then, my sweet!

PENELOPE Tee-hee!

<gag>

FREDDY Penelope?

PENELOPE Yes, Frederick?

FREDDY Uh...we're still "go" for that dance, right?

PENELOPE Yes, Frederick, a thousand times yes!

FREDDY Penelope!

PENELOPE Frederick! You were magnificent, the way you stopped that stampede and cured those capulent horses.

FREDDY Gosh, Penelope...you know I'd move a mountain for you, if I could.

PENELOPE I think maybe I've misjudged you, Frederick.

FREDDY Misjudged me?

PENELOPE I used to think you were a little...you know...mild-mannered. But I like a man who knows how to use his wits AND his muscles.

PENELOPE I do believe we may be ready to take this relationship to its next step.

FREDDY YEEE-HAW!

FREDDY I mean...oh, that would be something I think is feasible.

PENELOPE Yes, I'm quite sure of it. The upcoming Sadie Hawkins Day dance should be a memorable one.

FREDDY Penelope, you've made me the happiest...I mean, you're going to make me the happiest...aw, heck.

FREDDY Penelope, you're a pal!

FREDDY Hi, Penelope!

PENELOPE Frederick, you've certainly got a gleam in your eye!

FREDDY Don't be teasing me, now, Penelope. You KNOW why!

PENELOPE I believe I do.

PENELOPE Tee-hee!

FREDDY Penelope, quick, you're in danger!

PENELOPE Why...Frederick, you're all flushed! What's wrong?

FREDDY There's a stampede headed this way. Well...slowly, but still. If I don't act quickly, the whole town's gonna get slimed.

PENELOPE I don't understand! Slimed? That sounds distasteful!

FREDDY It's snails, Penelope. You've got to get the children inside!

PENELOPE If it's only snails, Frederick, I'm sure we've got enough time for recess, don't we?

FREDDY Well...yeah.

PENELOPE Frederick, why don't you run be a man and divert the stampede or do whatever a real hero would do? I'll keep my eye on the children for the time being.

FREDDY I'll make you proud, Penelope. You'll see!

FREDDY Penelope, I'm doin' my best to get rid of that pesky snail stampede.

PENELOPE You know I'm right behind you, Frederick. I'd help you if I didn't have to look after the children.

FREDDY That's okay, Penelope, I'm on the job!

PENELOPE Thank you, Frederick. We're all depending on you!

FREDDY Oh, Penelope...

She ignores you. Looks like Penelope's headed inside the school for a while; maybe you can catch her on the way out.

It's only natural to want to speak to Penelope. But wait 'till she's out here and paying attention.

FREDDY Empty can of beans?

PENELOPE No, but thank you for asking!

FREDDY You're most welcome.

FREDDY Care for a sip?

PENELOPE No, thank you, Frederick. Beer is the opiate of the masses, I always say.

FREDDY This isn't beer, it's water.

PENELOPE Tsk, tsk. Lying about your drinking is the first sign of addiction.

FREDDY I'm not lying.

PENELOPE Uh-oh, denial. That's the second sign.

FREDDY Look, it's only water, I swear! Here, I'll drink it myself!

PENELOPE No, don't do it! Drinking by yourself is the third sign! Frederick, you really ought to get some help for this problem.

FREDDY Penelope, see how I've put this illegible prescription under the whisky glass? Now I can see what Doc Gillespie was writing!

PENELOPE That's excellent, Frederick! I do hope you got a good deal of points for that.

FREDDY Yep!

PENELOPE What's this?

FREDDY Doc Gillespie's whisky glass.

PENELOPE Frederick, you are a dear, sweet man, and I am growing more fond of you each day.

PENELOPE But I don't think that taking away his glass is going to keep that poor, sad old man from drinking. He'll just find another one somewhere.

FREDDY You're right, as always. But it was worth a try.

PENELOPE You are so very noble, Frederick!

Leave the roof on the schoolhouse. It's doing such a bang-up job of keeping meteorites from hitting Penelope and the schoolkids.

(But, you cry, there are no meteorites anywhere around here!)

(See, we say? It's working!)

The steeply-pitched schoolhouse roof.

Sorry, you'll have to leave the scenery right where it is.

This is the corner of Main and Edukashun Street. The assay office and the schoolhouse are on the west and east sides of the street, respectively; clutter prevents your passage to the south.

If you dug here, some little schoolchild would be liable to trip and break his neck!

(Hee hee hee!) (No, wait, better not.)

You simply have nothing to say to that.

Keep your hands off the kids! They're Penelope's responsibility!

She's got her hands full with that jumprope.

It's Weebix, one of the little orphan girls.

FREDDY Hello, Weebix! How are you this morning?

She pointedly stares away from you, counting to herself and looking just a bit peeved.

FREDDY One, five, nine, three, four, seven, two, six...hehe! I've confused you now, haven't I?

Weebix's eyes get very large and well up with tears. She sets her jaw firmly and keeps jumping...starting with "one."

Hope you're proud of yourself!

Hey, be careful! It IS a solidly-built structure compared to most of the buildings around here, but that's not saying much.

This is the old red schoolhouse, one of the few buildings that still seems solid and safe.

You've teetered enough.

Of course you want to play on the children's equipment, don't you? But shouldn't you put out the fire first?

You can't play now.

You're going to play on the seesaw, when the whole town is about to be gassed?

I think not.

You're not quite skillful enough to make a perfect three-point landing from the swing to the seesaw without breaking every bone in your body.

(In other words, try it and you'll be the man with the flopping trapezium!)

You've got no reason to put that particular item on the seesaw.

It's a long plank firmly attached to some sort of axle, allowing one side to pivot upwards while the other side descends.

When kids play on it, one of them teeters at the top and the other totters at the bottom. Say, you've got an idea for what you could call this thing!

FREDDY A kiddee-pult!

The seesaw and the whole playground is deserted, no doubt because of the aroma.

Funny, considering how infrequently the kids around here bathe, you wouldn't think they'd have noticed the horsey smell!

Sissy is in a foul mood. He'll bite your finger clean off.

The child's sullen stare prevents you from attempting to interact in a constructive way.

It's Sissy, playing on the slide!

(No wonder the boys call him "Sissy." His mother really dresses him effeminately!)

Hello, Sissy. My, your golden locks are looking pretty today!

Sissy glares at you with a look that says, "I know 1,000 ways to cause pain to a human body.

You wanna start counting?"

After you went to all the trouble of stealing the ladder, now you want to try and redeem yourself by putting it back?

Too late! You'll burn for this, fella!

A long, curved plank. Kids climb to the top and then slide down.

Geez, isn't technology wonderful? Where do children get these wonderful toys?

It's not polite to point at the street.

It's Edukashun Lane. Which reminds you of a little joke.

What does the "N" on the Nebraska Cornhuskers helmet stand for?

Knowledge!

You've swung enough.

The swing is in use.

Yes, the swing would let you get up a few feet in the atmosphere and perhaps escape the horrible fumes, but it wouldn't last long.

It's a short plank on two ropes, hung from a tree. Another high-tech child's amusement device!

There's nobody playing on the swing right now, doubtless due to the toxic fumes.

You consider shimmying up the tree, but your pelvis is simply too narrow to accommodate the girth of that trunk!

(A feeling not entirely unfamiliar to Madame Ovaree!)

It's either a spreading chestnut tree or a shedding sprucenut tree.

The windows can only be opened or closed from the inside.

You can see the inside of the schoolhouse through the windows.

It looks pretty much like the interior of a schoolhouse.

Water tower

Yuck! Your skin crawls at the very thought.

Chances are you'll need that. Don't be tossing it into the swamp.

Something awful and fetid is bubbling up in great big blurps from the murky depths of the swamp.

Why not just walk on out there to the bubbles and try to do some digging?

FREDDY Guess I misjudged the surface tension.

You can't possibly reach that house from here.

Over yonder is the Old Abandoned Miner's Commissary, where the miners used to eat before the mine closed down.

Of course, the food over there is as fresh now as the day it was made!

The Old Abandoned Mine Office is too far away to reach.

The Old Abandoned Mine Office is no longer used.

But it's still fondly remembered!

You've got no use for these sickly shrubs.

Some unhealthy-looking scrub grows in the area.

You don't want to be carrying around any sickly plants.

The shrubs here by the swamp are particularly sad-looking.

You can't take it, it's not yours!

It's MINE!

Besides, there's no way over to the mine anymore, what with the swamp getting wider, thicker and deeper all the time.

That's the Old Abandoned Mine, once run by the Old Abandoned Mine Company, Inc. You remember blowing it up in the demo!

(It was Coarsegold's original "'Ore House!')

The swamp seems thick enough to hold your weight!
You leave that right where it is, ya young whippersnapper!
Main Street comes to an end here in the thick, mucky swamp; beyond it lies the Old Abandoned Mine.

It would be like trying to dig up mud.

Your words bounce over the swamp and echo into nothingness.

You don't want to touch it. It gets all over everything, smells bad, and won't come off.

This is the thick, bubbly, foul dark water that seems to be oozing from the ground all through town and creating nothing but a messy problem for the townsfolk.

Why not just walk on out there to the middle of the swamp and give it a try?

You can't reach those tracks from this side of the swamp!

These old mining car tracks are rusted and beyond their useful lives.

You don't feel like taking the train right now!

(And you can't get over to it, nohow.)

It was the last train to Coarsegold, and it's sunken at the station.

"I |c2|thought|c| I could, I |c2|thought|c| I could, I |c2|thought|c| I could..."

It feels solid on the outside.

(But it's retching on the inside!)

This tree isn't doing too well, what with its roots soaking up all that mucky swampwater.

The leaves are far out of reach, along with everything else on the far side of the swamp.

You remember a time, not too long ago, when these leaves were glossy and healthy.

You wouldn't want those leaves even if you could reach 'em.

The tree leaves here are dying and diseased.

It's dangerously rickety; you don't want to go around disturbing it.

It'll fall over eventually anyway.

There's no need to lasso the water tower; you'll yank it right down!

This big ol' water tower was previously used by the train station; now it's junk.

You've got more important matters to attend to than pulling down this old wreck of a water tower!

Cemetery

You give the angel a friendly pat on the behind.

She seems to glare at you.

(Apparently she doesn't love you THAT much!)

Perched on top of the post is an angel, her arms outstretched.

At the base of the statue is a small plaque which reads, "I love you |c3|THIS MUCH!|c|"

(Couldn't you just surrender your lunch?)

FREDDY Teen angel, can you hear me?

If she can, she's not interested in chatting.

The place appears to be locked and shuttered. Come to think of it, you haven't seen Hyman in a couple of days.

Ordinarily, that would be suspicious. But given what's been happening in town lately, it seems pretty normal.

That's Hyman Untertaekker's shop. He's the town undertaker.

You can't reach it, which is a damn good thing. Otherwise you'd have the weight of the world on your shoulders!

This is world-famous "Bad Rock," so-called because of the day many years ago that part of it dislodged and just missed a carriagefull of students on their way to Chowchilla.

It was a black, black day.

(Which is why they eventually turned it into a movie, "Black Day at Bad Rock.")

Go prick on somebody your own size!

A robust, healthy prickly pear cactus grows near the edge of ReBoot Hill.

(Must be all the nitrogen-rich fertilizer in the local soil!)

SRINI Say, Freddy Pharkas! You are not so bad after all at this shooting gig!

FREDDY Why, thanks, Srini. My life -- and the lives of every man, woman, and ruminant in this town -- depend on my being quick with a gun.

SRINI Did you not mention earlier that your life is in danger most forthcoming?

FREDDY Something like that.

SRINI Might I then suggest that you might be excellent to placing a disguise upon your person, thereby making it to appearances that Freddy Pharkas has no longer around in this locality?

FREDDY Good thinking, Srini.

FREDDY I need a disguise of some sort, something that will strike terror into the hearts of the bad guys.

FREDDY I know, a BAT! I'll disguise myself as a bat, and you can be Srini, the Boy Wonder. Have you got leotards?

SRINI Pardon me for asserting, but this "bat" thing is really hokey.

FREDDY You're right, too juvenile. Let's see. How about...

SRINI Might I suggest a skin-tight costume with flowing cape, and placed upon the manly chest thereof a large "F," for "Pharkas?"

FREDDY No, that'd never work. I don't want people to know I'm Freddy, remember?

SRINI Then perhaps you are needing to do something about that right ear. Or rather, the lack of that right ear.

FREDDY Dang it, you're right! Everyone knows me as the one-eared Pharmacist. I need to make a new one somehow...maybe forge one out of metal, or something.

FREDDY I'll give it some thought and meet you back at the Pharmacy once I've completed my disguise.

The horizon is way off in the background. You can't reach it from here.

(Or should that be, "The background is way off on the horizon?")

Someone made a mesa the desert!

You've taken your clay; now lie in it.

You grab a handful of clay from the pile beside the grave.

(Well, you never know, it COULD come in handy.)

You can't reach that pile of dirt from here.

You've already got enough clay for one game.

It's a pile of rich, reddish dirt from the grave.

(In fact, it's more clay than dirt, which explains all the lush growth around here!)

The Synagogue is closed. There are no Jews in Coarsegold, there never were. But the building contractor and the architect sure had fun scaring the folks of Coarsegold!

It's Temple Beth-Gesundheit.

You can't take an empty hole! This is REALITY!
You can't reach the grave from this side of the fence!
This grave has yet to be filled. There's nothing in it.
You can't see into the grave from this side.

You give it a shake, and the whole length of fence quivers. Dry rot and bullet holes have sapped the wood of its strength.
You can't reach the fence from here. But keep stretching; you'll add inches to your biceps and tone those lateral obliques!
There's no point in setting up target practice until you're ready to start shooting!
A rickety old fence stands by Collier Bluff, ready to fall down at any second.
One of those bottles is full of water; drink it before you do anything else!

The fenceposts feel pebbled and rough from years of wind, rain and tourists. Of course, you could have known THAT just by looking at them!
The tall stone fenceposts are pebbled and worn from years of rain, wind and tourists.

It's bad enough that you want to take dirt from someone's grave...
...but do you have to do it with your bare hands, too?
You can't reach the grave from this side of the fence.
You don't need any more clay from the grave.
There's a recently-filled grave in ReBoot Hill.
Finally, after digging for what seems to be hours (but through the miracle of computer animation, only takes YOU a few seconds), you uncover the casket of...
...your ol' buddy Phil! You open up the casket and take a look.
Y'know, most people can't carry off this "rigor mortis" thing and still look stylish and relaxed. But Phil wears it really well.
You start to dig up the freshly-laid grave.
Muscles that haven't been used in years begin to groan and whine.
But with the gritty determination of a professional grave-robber, you toil on...
...and on...
...and on...
You can't dig up the grave from here!

You leave that graveyard right there. It's being used by the residents.
Reboot Hill isn't a very creepy cemetery.
(The Coarsegold Founding Fathers couldn't afford creepy. Creepy is extra.)
What makes you think there's something under THAT plot that you need?

Don't bug Doug 'till his digging's dug.
Doug McCarkus, the town's lone gravedigger, performs his sad, solitary task at graveside.
(If you listen close, you can hear him muttering something about Union rules.)
FREDDY Hey, Doug, you big lug! How's it going?
Doug shrugs.

High in the sky stands the town gallows.
(Gallows\08 Brand Lynching Equipment: "We will hang no man before his time.")

But it's knot within reach!
A noose swings lazily in the breeze...always a gloomy sign.
(No noose is good noose!)

FREDDY Hey, what's noose? How's it hangin'?

"Knot too well. Talk to you later, I'm tied up right now."

That's okay, you just keep that key. Phil doesn't need it back.

You carefully search through the many pockets of Graves's three-dollar suit, until you discover...
...the safe deposit box key you entrusted to Phil so many years ago!

You can't reach the open grave from here.

What are you looking for, gold fillings? C'mon, you've defiled Phil Graves' unfilled grave enough already!

In a touching display of emotion (and a hidden desire to carry a little less around with you), you fold up Philip's letter and place it under his folded hands.

Now he's a correspondence corpse!

It's an open grave.

Even a world-weary, seen-it-all Pharmacist like yourself, one who deals with cold sores, headaches, and diarrhea on a daily basis, still can't shake that uneasy feeling one gets when standing close to Death.

Finally, after what seems like only a few seconds (but through the miracle of bad programming, actually takes you several hours), you carefully fill up Philip's grave!

You begin the arduous task of replacing the heaping mound of dirt, one shovelful at a time...
...over and over...

You can't use the shovel on the grave from out here.

It seems unusually wobbly, even for an outhouse.

They started to build an outhouse here, but the municipal funds must've run out during construction.
Whoever built it sure did a half-assed job!

Hmmmm...not much privacy, but the ventilation is EXCELLENT!

You can't get to the outhouse from inside the cemetery!

The door to the outhouse is the only part they got right! They did a real half-assed job on the rest of it.

Bluff Street is just a little too large to take with you.

This is the west end of Bluff Street, which runs parallel to Main Street. Collier Bluff sweeps across the north side the street here; beyond it stretches the great painted desert.

But you can't get there from here!

(In fact, you can't get there from anywhere.)

The ground here is too hard for digging.

You start to say something to that, but think better of it.

Glancing furtively around to see if Doug's within sight, you grab his shovel.

You can't reach the shovel from out here.

That's a Shears Craftsperson\08 Graveyard-Quality Shovel standing in the dirt.

You consider doing your crooning routine, using the shovel as a mike stand.

But hey, where's the audience?

If you're looking for a sign, maybe you should play one of those Bible Trivia games.

The sign says "Hyman Untertaekker...Und You're Not!"

You can't talk to the sign.

(It only knows sign language!)

SRINI Yes, they are truly boots worthy of a Western Hero! May you have an opportunity to wear them with pridefulness.

SRINI They appear as though to be most effective, they are having to be propelled with much force from a firing chamber!

SRINI You are a most fortunate individual to be holding keys. I struggle much of my life to find keys.

FREDDY Srini, my boy, you just have to know where to click.

SRINI You do? Humph and humph! I have never thought of clicking!

SRINI As, yes! It will be ready on Tuesday!

SRINI Hee hee hee. I have made a funny. Excuse my jocularly. I do not know whence this piece of paper comes.

SRINI Oh! You have clay! Now you are really the hero I thought you were!

SRINI Ooh, you keep that now, Freddy Pharkas. You can be using it to ensure guns are clean enough to use with impunity.

SRINI You keep those, Freddy Pharkas! They can help make you look like a real Western Hero!

SRINI I prefer Golden Shower\08 Herbal Tea. (coffee)

SRINI I like mine tepid...with a twist!

SRINI Close physical contact between men is frowned upon in your country, is it not?

FREDDY I guess so.

SRINI Good! Please to keeping it thusly.

You can't poke Srini from here!

SRINI Provided you are prepared to practice shooting, set the bottles upon the fenceposts and we can commence to begin starting!

SRINI That appears most empty! Perhaps it needs to be filled with a substance that will make an impressive ear!

SRINI I am full up of that. But thanks to you anyway.

SRINI In my country, we have struggled for years to learn to do without the need for ice picks. You'll have to get closer to him.

SRINI Do not threaten me, Freddy Pharkas! I am working out as well as I am!

SRINI The ladder that saved my life! I remember it finely!

SRINI This is your personal mail. I am not reading it now or ever!

Srini is patiently waiting for you to get your gunslingin' outfit together.

Srini's waiting for you to start your target practice.

From here, it looks like Srini, your faithful Indian sidekick!

SRINI I do not recognize it, but it is a handsome addition to any wardrobe.

SRINI Ah, apple pie.

SRINI I look at it and can think only of the screams of thousands of apples dying for your pie. I do not understand how a thinking person can partake of it.

SRINI But I love us both for our differences.

I am dodging too fast for you to see. That is the way of my people.

SRINI Are these for keepsies?

FREDDY Um...I was just showing them to you.

SRINI I do not want them. Your American women are too skinny as it is.

SRINI You are walking around with a shovel. Surely that is unusual.

FREDDY I guess so.

SRINI That Freddy Pharkas! I never know what to expect from you yet!

SRINI That is a most handsome and clever use of my medallion! Now all you need is other things for your disguise.

FREDDY What else do I need?

SRINI I believe you should have something different than your current shoes, something other than your current clothes, loaded and cleaned pistols, and something for good luck!

SRINI Then wear your ear, and I will know you are ready to be all dressed up like a big cowboy!

FREDDY Srini, what are you waiting for?

SRINI You!

SRINI The soonest you can arrange a disguise of your right ear, and complete an outfit most befitting of a gunslinging-type person, the soonest we can get you dressed!

FREDDY Welp, Srini, I think I'm ready to try some target-shooting. You ready?

SRINI Of certainly. I am without a desire to wait any further for to stand in front of your blazing guns and take my life in your hands to help you perfect your shooting.

FREDDY How do you wanna start?

SRINI Perhaps it would be besting if you placed some targets upon the fenceposts, for a commencement.

Don't yell from here. You'll wake the dead!

SRINI Those bottles would be making excellent target practice targets, Freddy! If it were not for the filling of water in one of them. Drink up!

SRINI That is a most beautiful likeness! But it is of your left ear. You need one of your right ear.

FREDDY WHAT??

Haha, I am pulling down your pants! You have carved correctly!

You are a lost-wax casting fool, Freddy Pharkas! Ways to go!

You're not going to do any gravestone-tipping in THIS game, buster!

"Here Lies Eric DeUnreddie

1830-1875

He Had a Fatal Error Reading Drive B."

FREDDY Hello down there!

You think you hear some worms, trying to talk with their mouths full.

The heavy gravestone is being held in place by a mysterious force!

Perhaps it's "gravity."

"Here lies Les Moanly.

He died with his shrinkwrap still on.

1861-1883"

FREDDY Yo! Wake up and help me!

You hear a disembodied voice telling you that there are no on-line hints in this game.

Hey, these temporary headstones are set in place real good!

"Pardon our Dust, but Here We Grow Again!"

"A New Grave is Being Erected on this Site in Honor of Philip D. Graves."

Looks like your dear friend Philip has passed on. Gee, it seems like only a day or two ago you filled a prescription for him.

Uh-oh.

FREDDY Hey! Is there life after death?

There's no answer.

FREDDY Should I take that as a "no"?

This stone seems to be set in place with cement overshoes.

"Here Lieth James Ernest Haupher.

1824-1880"

Ah-ha! You'd always wondered where Jim E. Haupher was buried!

Hey, how'd you die, anyway?

A ghostly voice carries in the wind, saying, "Violently!"

Don't steal this headstone.

That's the worst kind of graverobbing.

"Here Lies Butch Casualty.
He Also Cheats, Steals, Murders,
And Writes Bad Checks.
1849-1882"

FREDDY Hey, tell me something only you dead guys would know!
You think you hear a muffled, faint voice saying, "Okay, you asked for it...
...April 23rd, in your sleep!"

The stone wobbles slightly, but it's far too heavy to move any more than that.
The stone is immovable.

"Under this rock lies Ernie Fleabeak.
Mere text cannot describe
how he'll be missed.
1858-1886"

FREDDY How's the weather down there?
A voice filters up: "Rottin'!"

You'd give yourself
A hernia,
And hear from Ed's
attorneya.
Burma-Shave

Oh, boy! It's one of those rare "Burma Shave" headstones:

"Beneath This Plot
Lies Edward Fiskers.
His Time Grew Short,
But Not His Whiskers.
Burma Shave
1845-1885"

FREDDY Hey! I like your gravestone!
A voice drifts up from somewhere beneath your feet, and says:
"I'm in a box
That's six feet deep,
So shut your mouth
And let me sleep!"

Poor Prudence Brown
Would moan and groan
If you attempt
To steal her stone.

The epitaph reads:
"Poor Prudence Brown
Was Merely Dozing.
Never Woke,
Now Decomposing.
1839-1880"

FREDDY Sorry to hear you're decomposing!
You think you hear a voice say, "Yeah, I'm all broken up about it myself!"

These branches are high out of reach.
It's a perspective thing.
The trees of Coarsegold, like the citizens, grow gnarled and bent.

Hands off, this property belongs to the Old Abandoned Company.
An Old Abandoned shack stands by the alleyway between Bluff and Main Streets.

Church

You can't reach the belfry, which is just as well since you'd disturb the bats.
The Church has a belfry.
(So named because somebody donated a bell!)

The Reverend's house is locked and shuttered. Has he left town? Who's running the Church?
Reverend Sy Hallelujah lives here.

You would never dream of stealing a candle from a church.
But... they wouldn't miss a puddle of this candle wax.
You've already got as much wax as you'll need.
The candles in the Church foyer are glowing with a holy light.

The Church is feeling a little warm.
Maybe it's got shingles.
This is the Reverend Sy Hallelujah's Church.
Nobody's going in or out. What with everyone leaving town, the Reverend seems to have
lost his following.
(In other words, he's been deflocked!)

You locked it, remember?
You unlock the Church door.
You lock the Church door.
That key doesn't seem to fit in this lock!
That's the wrong key for this lock.
That key doesn't work in the church door.
The door clearly shows the beauty of natural wood-grain finish. (In other words, it needs a coat of
paint!)

This looks just like the door where you stole that church key.
You can't look through the keyhole; it's blocked.

You rap on the coffin, but hear nothing special.
You attempt, and fail, to snail the coffin shut.
FREDDY Hello? Anyone in there?
There's no answer. Apparently there's nothing in there but old jokes that have gone to die.
You slowly open the coffin.
<Cough!> <Hack!> <Cough!>
FREDDY Say! You'd better do something about that coffin!
One of Hyman Untertaekker's coffins is lying in disrepair off near ReBoot Hill.
(It looks like a Cedar Model #7: "Eternal Slumber...and no moths!")
FREDDY Hello? Anyone in there?
There's no answer. Apparently there's nothing in there but old jokes that have gone to die.
Feels like wood. Smells like termites.
(Don't fight, kids...it's BOTH!)
The Church door is chipped and yellowed.
(Which reminds you...you're supposed to have your teeth cleaned next week! Yikes, a trip to
Sal's infamous Chair-O-Torture!)

Feels like the life cycle is beginning anew here, as we go from the top of the food chain to the bottom.

ReBoot Hill was opened in 1849. Disease and violent death were so popular back then that the cemetery plots were auctioned off at the Coarsegold Plot Exposition of '52.

Ten years later, due to overcrowding, the bodies were exhumed and buried off the top of Half-Dome in Yosemite. The plots were re-auctioned off. It's been that way every ten years.

Thank you for reading this plot synopsis.

You see some votive candles burning just inside the door.

You take the key to the Church.

There seems to be something in the lock!

What? You want to steal something ELSE from the church?

Haven't you committed ENOUGH sacrilege for one game?

The keyhole appears to be empty.

And whose fault is THAT?

You wisely reconsider your idea of pushing on the stained glass to see if it's still in good shape. The stained-glass windows are, miraculously, intact.

You take Bluff Street and put it in your pocket.

(Sorry, just bluffing!)

This is the central area of Bluff Street, which runs parallel to Main Street.

You can't find a good spot to dig here.

That's not one of the more talkative inanimate objects in the game.

Don't touch the cacti, you'll go prick yourself.

A variety of polypetalous, green, fleshy, spiny members of the family `|c3|Cactaceae|c|` grow in spurts around the foundation of the Church.

(Aren't you sorry you asked?)

Feels like a wrecked hearse.

A stagecoach converted to a hearse is mired in the mud here, minus one wheel.

This used to be a one-hearse town...now it's a NO-hearse town!

You can't reach the tree from down here.

A gnarled old tree stretches above the Old Abandoned Synagogue.

You can't reach that sheep weather vane; it's way up on Sy Hallelujah's roof.

An old squeaky sheep vane turns gently on top of Reverend Hallelujah's house.

Perhaps he's trying to get people to join his flock.

FREDDY You're so vane! I bet you think this game is about you?

FREDDY Don't you?

FREDDY Don't you?

You can't get into the Synagogue. You're not one of the Chosen People.

It's the Old Abandoned Synagogue.

The ladder is falling apart. You can't get to the top of the windmill tower.

A creaking old windmill tower, haphazardly assembled from now-rotting timbers, graces the beautiful Coarsegold skyline.

Have you ever had your hand sliced off by a propeller?

Would you LIKE to?

Then don't try sticking your hand in the windmill!

The windmill turns steadily in the arid Coarsegold trade winds.

FREDDY I'm one of your biggest fans!
(Now THAT'S the pot calling the kettle black!)

Despite the years of wear, the archway seems solid.
A wrought-iron and stone archway beckons all to ReBoot Hill.
Perhaps YOU'LL be the next occupant! Bwah-ha-ha-haaa!

Water supply

The back door to the Barbershop is currently locked.

Your arms are too short to do any roofing work from down here.
You can see the roof of one of the Main Street buildings from here.

You can't walk that way. It's too treacherous!
(Not that we won't let you walk into OTHER too-treacherous places elsewhere in the game!)

The bakery's closed for good.
This used to be the Bakery, where Letta Rysawyle sold all sorts of delicious breads, pies, and cakes.
There was a sudden surge in muffin popularity on the East Coast, so Letta closed up shop
and moved out East to take advantage of it.
Now that she's out East, she misses the fields of the San Jokin' Valley.
So she named her new chain of bakeries "Misses Fields."
You just can't do that while you're up here, where the air is thin and the walking uncertain.

BILLY Well, howdy, Mr. Pharkas! Er...I wuz just leavin', I swear. Gimme one more minute.
FREDDY Perfectly okay, Billy, no need to get up. Just move over a little.
BILLY Umm...well, I...
BILLY ...geez, Mr. Pharkas, invade my personal space, why dontcha!
The water, obviously contaminated, has really "opened up the sluices." You spend a few minutes in
extreme discomfort.
Looks like half the town's lined up for the outhouse!
That's very odd.
Usually, they just follow the staggered schedule.
This is particularly alarming, given the recent horse-feed poisoning!
You turn the faucet off.
You turn the faucet on, and water gushes out.
There's a spigot at the base of the water tower.

Holy cow, you've never seen such a long line at the outhouse!
FREDDY Something's rotten in the state of Coarsegold's bowels!

FREDDY Those damn kids! Don't they have anything better to do than hide joy buzzers under the
outhouse seat?

Don't go over there; they shoot strangers, Revenooors, horses, and Pharmacists.
This used to be the Mayor's mansion, before he turned old and gray and eventually retired.
Yep...the Old Gray Mayor ain't what he used to be.

It's abandoned.

That house used to belong to the Mine foreman, back when the Mine was still operating.

JIM Pardon me, this stall is occupewed.

JUDGE Excuse me VERY MUCH! I believe this stall is taken.

FREDDY Oops! Sorry, Judge. Everything comin' out okay in the end?

JUDGE Of course, same old story. Thank you for asking.

JUDGE Hey! Didn't we talk about this? You're really upsetting my concentration.

FREDDY Oops, sorry, I forgot you were in here.

FREDDY You going to be long?

JUDGE Every time you open this door, it gets longer and longer!

FREDDY Judge, I was just wondering...

JUDGE Jumpin' Jehosophat, sonny! Close that damn door, I've got business to attend to!

You grab the ladder.

The ladder is propped up against the water tower's infrastructure.

It feels as solid as it looks.

The lasso won't reach from down here.

This water tower still has a solid infrastructure and a good strong base. It seems to be holding up well.

You've seen more than enough dismembered limbs to know better than to fool around with old farming equipment.

Some old farming and milling equipment sits in disrepair further back on Collier Bluff.

You can't get into the mine, no way, nohow.

It's one of the entrances to the Old Abandoned Mine, now boarded up for safety's sake.

The town's only working outhouse stands here.

It may be awhile. Seems like everyone's exercising those lower abdominals!

You'll have to wait your turn. Other people want to make their deposits first.

You can't reach the outhouse from up here.

There's the outhouse door, with its signature half-moon cutout.

The engines are already at maximum reverse thrust, Captain! They're givin' it all they've got!

You haven't seen this long a line at the outhouse since the day Mom served her famous Chicken

Sushi w/Egg Tartare.

Hey, you guys! You feel okay?

The only response is a chorus of churning stomachs, roiling bowels and floodgates straining to open.

|c2|"Hey, buddy, no cutting!"|c|

c3|"It's people like you that give people like you a bad name!"|c|

A few moments later, you emerge feeling refreshed.

FREDDY Gee! That water's got a nasty kick to it.

Don't touch him, Captain! He's liable to blow any second!

He's really gotta make.

Don't talk to him, he's concentrating.

(Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze...)

I canna tell how much more she kin take, Captain!

How long can she hold it? Not long, if she keeps bouncing like that!

She can't hear you over the mighty roar of her lower gastro-intestinal tract.

He's gonna explode, Captain, and neither you or I or anyone in the Universe can stop it!

This one appears to be practicing the Jitterbug.

Say! Do any of you guys know how to Madison?

Nobody's laughing.

Boi-oi-oing! That one hit a 9.0 on the Free Plug-O-Meter!

FREDDY Plug-O-Meter\05

That pulley never worked right in the first place. It's not going to work for you now.

A block-and-tackle was erected here for unloading wagons.

Unfortunately, it couldn't block and tackle at the same time.

When you reach the top of the water tower, the crowd cheers!

|c2|"Thank God, It's Freddy!"|c|

|c3|"We're number one! We're number one!"|c|

|c0|"What are you going to do now, Freddy?"|c|

FREDDY I'm going to LarryLand!

You reached the top.

Too bad nobody was here to applaud your achievement!

The bluff stays put, no matter how hard you tug.

This is the eastern portion of Bluff Street, so-named for scenic Collier Bluff.

Didn't anyone ever warn you about digging anywhere near an outhouse?

You're tongue-tied. (Wheeee!)

You can't reach the rope from here!

The lasso dangles from the top of the water tower.

Your snare the tower top! The crowd eats it up!

|c3|"Who's that shmuck with the rope?"|c|

|c2|"If you break your fool neck up there and die, don't come crying to us!"|c|

|c3|"Will you come by an' entertain us EVERY time we line up to go the bathroom, sir?"|c|

Hot dog, you roped the top of the water tower!

What a shame there's no audience to appreciate your deed.

You wash your hands.

(A feeling almost entirely unfamiliar to you!)

You don't need any water right now!

You fill one of the empty beer bottles with water from the water tower.

You don't need any water at the moment.

You've got enough water in one of the bottles.

You can't do that from up here!

Water's running from the spigot.

The water just babbles.

You don't need to fill the whisky glass with water.

(Besides, some folks in town would consider it sacrilegious!)

Trying to make the World's Largest Fizzy? (baking soda)

The Deflatulizer is for the horses only. That's the water supply for the whole town!

You can't reach that hatch from down here.

There's a small hatch on top of the tower.

That would taint the town's water supply!

Yuch! Watered-down beer for the whole town?

That would be hornning in on Sam Andreas's line of work!

You can't pour the purification solution into the tower from down here.

Maybe you should open the hatch first.

You carefully pour the purification solution into the town's water supply.

Excellent job!

WILLY It warn't more 'n a few hours, the folks of Coarsegold wuz feelin' a whole heckuva lot better, their bowels all settled down and happy.

WILLY It wuzn't 'til late that night, round 'bout midnight, that trouble struck again. Freddy was sound asleep...

FREDDY Hello in there!

"There's nobody in here but us E. Coli!"

You can't seem to get a good grip on the shingles.

You can't reach the roof of the tower from here.

The shingled roof of the water tower protects the water supply from dust, dirt, and bird droppings.

The building's closed. No use milling around here.

It's the Old Grist Mill.

Now that Old Man Grist has moved out of town, there's nothing happening there.

The metal top of the tower is held very firmly in place. No amount of pulling could possibly budge it.

You can't quite reach the tower top from here with the lasso.

Using the lasso, you manage to climb up to the tippy-top of the tower.

A metal pole projects up from the roof of the water tower.

You remember your father's words of warning about never using the topmost rungs of a ladder, so you stop just short of the ladder top.

You can't reach the ladder from up here.

You can't seem to pick it up. It seems much heavier now, for some strange reason!

The ladder is propped up against the side of the water tower tank.

You'll have to climb back down the rope first.

It's wood, what more did you need to know?

The ladder doesn't quite reach far enough.

You can't get a good throw while standing on the ladder.

Dammit, Jim, you're a Pharmacist, not a cattle rustler!

This is the tank portion of the water tower. The whole town's drinking water supply is stored here.

There's nothing inside or outside of the wagon worth taking.

By the side of the road sits an old covered wagon.

(It's covered for theft and fire.)

The tower is falling apart. You can't get to the top of it safely.

A creaking old windmill tower, haphazardly assembled from now-rotting timbers, graces the beautiful Coarsegold skyline.

Have you ever had your hand sliced off by a propeller?

Would you LIKE to?

Then don't try sticking your hand in the windmill blades!
The windmill turns steadily in the arid Coarsegold trade winds.
FREDDY I'm one of your biggest fans!
(Now THAT's the pot calling the kettle black!)

Brothel

You briefly consider showing P.H. Balance what you think of him...with a knuckle sandwich!
But if it was YOU they were talking about, the Sheriff is probably just itching to get you out the way. A fight would give him all the provocation he needs.
Discretion wins out over raw virile manliness.
PHINEAS Now then, Frederick. Please don't disturb us anymore.
It's P.H. Balance, the bank owner, relaxing on the brothel porch with a good cigar.
The thought of him "conversing" with one of Madame's nubile young professionals is enough to make you swear off banking forever.
FREDDY Am I interrupting anything?
PHINEAS OH! Er...why, of course not, Mr. Pharkas, we were just talking about y...
The Sheriff surreptitiously elbows Phineas in the ribs.
PHINEAS Oof!
PHINEAS That is, we were simply chatting after an invigorating workout.
FREDDY Did I hear you fellas say something about getting rid of somebody?
PHINEAS No.
SHERIFF Yes.
PHINEAS That is, we were talking about getting rid of rats. Lots of rats at the Bank, terrible problem. Sheriff Shift was simply helping me think of ways to eradicate the vermin.
Under your voice, you add:
FREDDY |c1|You're the only rat at the bank.|c|
PHINEAS I'm sorry, what was that?
FREDDY I said, "If only you had a cat at the bank."
PHINEAS Oh. Yes, I suppose that would work.
FREDDY Well, I'll leave you gentlemen to continue your conversation.
They snicker softly to themselves.

Get real.

The cupola on top of the Bank of Bob is faintly visible over the Brothel's roof.

You can see it as plain as day, but you can't possibly reach it from here.
It's a pressurized metal canister of NO₂, also known as Nitrous Oxide, alias "laughing gas."

The wood on the outside of the brothel is chipped, rotting, and nearly useless.
(In other words, it's pretty ex-siding!)

Located on this rocky hillside is Madame's place of business, a custom-built bawdyhouse built in the fashion of the Pastel Gothics.

Of course, they had to get the rocks off the property before they could build here.
You wanna touch that bunting from HERE? You must be thinking of PLASTIC MAN, FRONTIER PHARMACIST.

The bunting is clearly advertising an Open Mike Night for comedians at Mom's Cafe.

Now that the Hotel is out of business, Mom gets free advertising space!

You can see the bunting on the Hotel balcony clear as day from here. The canister of nitrous oxide is sitting on the top rail, just minding its own business.

No, sir! You can't shoot from this complimentary close-up screen!

Try it like a REAL man...from far away!
You can't reach that bunting from here.
It's too dark for you to make out any details of that thing hanging from the hotel balcony.
You can't see through hotel through the brothel. You left your X-Ray glasses at the Pharmacy!
There's no longer any need to shoot at the bunting.
You take careful aim with your pistol, slowly squeeze off a shot...
 Good idea, but you missed!
Good idea, but you just don't have a straight shot from here.
You're just going to take potshots at the hotel from here?
 Save your ammo!
Don't touch it, you'll get a little prick.
It's a cactus, growing just beyond the fence.

Far away, you can see a glint from the nitrous oxide canister.
You take careful aim with your pistol, slowly squeeze off a shot...
 You did it! You shot off the canister's valve.
Oh, no you don't! You can't shoot the canister the EASY way, from up close!
 Try it from far away, just like you'd HAVE to in real life!
Good idea, but you just don't have a straight shot from here.

WILLY Yiparooni, Freddy done made them cowhands laugh themselves to death with a well-placed bullet.

WILLY 'Course, he didn't have much time to celebrate. The Sheriff and the Banker an' their mysterious employer had figgered that the "mysterious silver-eared stranger" might be a little too much for them amateur rowdies to handle.

WILLY So they'd called in some big guns from down south, just as backup, dontcha know.

PHINEAS The boss is more than a little upset. Seems that our "friend" has been thwarting every plan so far.

SHERIFF Yep. Sumpin's gots to be done about it.

PHINEAS Absolutely. Now let's get down to business. What is the best way to get rid of our little problem -- PERMANENTLY?

SHERIFF How 'bout hanging?

PHINEAS No. Too quick and merciless. Poison?

SHERIFF Nah. Too unsure. Ancient Egyptian dagger?

PHINEAS I can't find mine. You got yours handy?

SHERIFF Not at the moment. It don't matter how we do it, s'long as we do it soon. And we don't want no proof it was us, neither, and nuttin' to connect it to da Boss.

PHINEAS Excellent thought. And the Boss has arranged for a bit of muscle to come on in and make sure the entire town's cleaned out PDQ. We'll be rid of that do-gooder and all his flea-bitten friends in no time!

(They laugh cruelly, then sit back to reflect on their villainy.)

There's nothing in the Engineer's Shack worth toying with.

You can see a corner of the old Engineer's Shack from here.

You couldn't possibly reach those curtains from here.

(Besides, you don't know where those curtain have been!)

(Actually, you know EXACTLY where they've been, which is why you don't wanna touch 'em.)

The curtains are flappin' lazily in the warm spring breeze...

...carrying the scent of...well, you don't wanna know.

Freddy! Your store is ready to burn. You must save your town from sure destruction!

Ye Olde 'Orehouse usually isn't open during the day. Wait until dark, Freddy!

That's the door to the brothel.

Don't picket, it'll get worse.

It's a white picket fence, separating Madame's property from the Great Desert Valley to the south.
Fudd's First Law: If you push it hard enough, it will fall over.

It's the old gazebo. Madame had it built for those who wanted the Real Ol' Fashioned Romance
Special, an additional \$1.50.

It was never used.

Apparently Coarsegold is filled with unromantic cheapskates.

In your dreams.

You can kinda see the front of Mom's Cafe from here.

(The only 1-and-a-half star dining experience in the entire San Jokin' Valley!)

Looks like somebody's burning the midnight oil...

...or rubbing it on something!

That's going to stay right where it's painted.

Here on the "other side of the tracks," in the baddest part of town, stands Madame Sadie Ovaree's
"Ye Olde 'Ore House," a gazebo, and a lot of foxtail, scrub, and brush.

(Or "Scrub Brush," as Madame's fond of calling it.)

You can also see parts of Main Street off in the distance.

Sadie Ovaree would probably not appreciate you digging up her carefully cultivated dirt.

You don't say! (Though you certainly try.)

You'll have to go over to Main Street if you want to do that.

Sam Andreas's Golden Balls are...is...right there at the end of the dirt path and over the railroad
tracks.

Figuring that you were the topic of the Sheriff's plotting, you have an irresistible urge to knock his
block off.

But the TRULY amazing thing is how you manage to RESIST the irresistible urge!

SHERIFF Hey, now! Don't bother us, Pharmore. We're tryin' to have a conversation here.

It's Sheriff Chicken P. Shift, sitting on the porch, smoking cigars with the Banker. While it's
difficult to see in this light, you are certain you can smell coal oil on him.

The thought of him messin' around with one of Madame's working girls makes you thankful
you don't participate in any disease-tradin' activities!

FREDDY Sheriff, you know about the fire down at the Assay Office?

SHERIFF A fire?

PHINEAS No!

SHERIFF Ya don't say!

PHINEAS That's dreadful.

SHERIFF Why, iff'n ah'm not mistaken, a fire could wipe out mosta Main Street! And say,
it'd take yer Pharmacy right up along with it!

SHERIFF Ah hates to contemplate it!

They snort and giggle like a couple of schoolchildren.

FREDDY Fortunately, I put the fire out. A bit of baking soda did the trick.

SHERIFF Yew WHAT?

PHINEAS Put the fire OUT?

SHERIFF Whut'd yew go and do THET fer?

FREDDY Somebody could've gotten hurt! Surely you didn't want me to leave the fire
BURNING, did you?

Sheriff Shift and Phineas exchange glances.

FREDDY Well?

SHERIFF 'Course not, Pharkwell. Yew done a good job there. We're right proud of yew.

PHINEAS Uh...yes, Frederick, very commendable.

FREDDY Well, have a lovely evening, gentlemen.

SHERIFF Yeah, whutever. Same to you.

Leave Madame's sign alone. You wouldn't want her running off with the Pharmacy sign, would you?

In chipped, faded letters, it says:

|c2|Ye Olde 'Ore House

est. 1869

George Armstrong Custer

Slept Here Repeatedly|c|

(And while it may be an 'orehouse, they do an entirely different sort of mining and rock-collecting there!)

You can't talk to the sign.

(It only knows sign language!)

You can't possibly reach it from here!

A bit of the Blacksmith Shop sign is visible from here.

At least, you |c2|think|c| it's the Blacksmith's Shop. Either that or somebody erected a store called "ACKS" while you weren't looking.

You have neither the desire nor the talent to climb trees.

That's just one of the many dried-out, half-dead trees found in the area.

You consider writing "Wash Me" with your finger in the dirt on the glass.

However, Madame would probably assume you're talking about something other than the window!

Unfortunately, you can't see into the brothel from out here.

(Madame does cater to Peeping Toms, though, at a slight discount.)

At the brothel

FREDDY Wow, Chastity! You sure know how to kiss!

CHASTITY All in a day's work, Freddy, all in a day's work.

There's nothing worth snatching in the anteroom.

This chamber leads into Madame's private boudoir.

(Entry only permitted in Madame's company!)

Opening the cabinet and touching the girls' dainty underthings is two bucks extra.

Just send \$2 to Sierra On-Line, Dainty Underthings Dept.

(No, wait, don't. We'll get in trouble.)

The working girls keep their clothes in here.

These are fancy-shmancy imported candles; they're dripless.

(Unlike most of Madame's customers.)

(Hey, you've got a dirty mind. What we meant was, most of Madame's customers are the biggest drips around!)

There are some candles burning in the anteroom.

They not only add atmosphere, but the fresh Springtime scent covers up those embarrassing odors!

You won't need any plush red velvet chairs in your quest for truth, justice, liberty, and a good time. A couple of plush red velvet chairs have been strategically placed in the room so as to offer customers the girls' best profiles.

You have a thing for swinging from chandeliers, eh?
A splendid chandelier hangs in the center of the room.
(How do they LIGHT that thing, anyway?)

CHASTITY Oooh, Freddy! When you touch me, I get all weird inside!

FREDDY Hope you mean it!

It's the lovely and winsome Chastity, a girl who really knows her stuff!

(In fact, just about every man in town knows her stuff!)

FREDDY Howdy, Chastity!

CHASTITY Howdy to you, you big ol' sloppy hunka manly macho woman-lovin' man!

FREDDY Layin' it on a little thick tonight, aren't we?

CHASTITY Yeah, business is slow. But I gotta keep in practice.

The clock never needs winding...
...just a little jiggle now and then.

The pendulum clock swings constantly.
(As do Madame's girls!)

There's no reason to move the coffee table.

It's a coffee table.

It's also big enough for those extra-kinky encounters.

You'd love to sit and chat, but you're not here for relaxation.

It's a plush red velvet loveseat.

You can't open or close them; they're nailed just the way they are, with sensuous curves and folds vaguely suggestive of female anatomy.

(Or Shar Pei puppies, depending on your point-of-view.)

The windows and entryways are festooned with plush red velvet curtains.

(Festooned: from the Latin "festus," to drawl in a southern accent and shlep around in a lazy fashion and just sort of drape yourself over the furniture.)

The curtain's upstairs, and you NEVER go upstairs at the Brothel!

(Madame insists on keeping you all to herself.)

From down here, that looks like a curtain of rich, crushed velour.

It's upstairs, and you can't reach it from here.

The balustrade lends an opulent ambience to the brothel's ornamentation.

(Shoot, where'd all them ten-dollar words come from?)

You snatch the French Postcards.

A stack of naughty French Postcards sits on the coffee table, in order to titillate some of the less forward customers.

Mmmmm! You do so love the smell of scorching flesh as you feel the lamps under your calloused pharmacist's fingertips.

A variety of plush red velvet and green glass lamps can be found here.

You touch the statue gently. Shmeros glares at you as if to say, "I trusted you to just BE FRIENDLY, and what did you do? I told you, we no longer have a physical relationship."

It's a large statuette of Shmeros, the God of Can't We Just Be Good Friends.

FREDDY Shmeros, will Penelope and I be married and live happily ever after?

A small window in the statue's head reveals the message, "All signs point to yes."

OVAREE Hey, big boy. It's about time you showed up. Shall we take that pharmacy bill out in trade?

FREDDY <gulp> Sure!

OVAREE Then get over here before I have to come get you, sweetie!

OVAREE xxx Right here in public??

There's nothing behind the painting except plush red flocked wallpaper.

Why, it's a lovely painting of Fred and Ginger.

(You know, Fred Mertz and Ginger Grant, that hot new vaudeville team!)

FREDDY Someday, I'm going to go to the big city and see your act!

The painting isn't impressed by your empty promises.

PURITY You're such a handsome man! Girls like me really go for men like you!

FREDDY Hope you mean it!

That's Purity. She's 99 44/100ths percent impure...

...but she still floats!

FREDDY 'Evening, Purity!

PURITY 'Evening, Freddy! Has Madame still got you under lock 'n key, or are you gonna let us get ahold of you one of these days?

FREDDY I'm afraid I'm all hers, for the time being.

PURITY Well, if you ever change your mind, honey...you know where to find us!

(And when, and how often, and for how much!)

You can't take the whole brothel, you'll have to take it one piece at a time.

The room is a riot of plush red velvet. The girls are impatiently waiting for customers so that they can go upstairs and lie down awhile.

The room is a riot of plush red velvet. The girls are upstairs, lying down.

(On their stomachs this time.)

The plush walls effectively deaden the sound of your voice as you try to talk to the accoutrement.

You cautiously peek beneath the rug, and see a maze of twisty passages, all alike.

Just kidding. There's nothing under |c0|this|c| rug.

It's a plush red velvet carpet!

You love the way it squishes between your toes.

(Er...not that you were ever bare-footed in here...certainly not...)

OLGA Ba-aa-aa-aa-aa!

(Translation: "Say, you're a goodlooking human with a gentle touch!")

FREDDY Ba-aa-aa baa-aah!

(Translation: "Hope you mean it!")

It's Olga, for those who don't want to spend another sheepless night!

FREDDY Baa-aaa-aa-a!

(Translation: How much do you charge, anyway?)

OLGA Baa-aa baa-aaa!

(Translation: I'm sheep at twice the price!)

FREDDY Ba-ba baa-baa!

(Translation: Sounds like a deal!)

OLGA Baaaaaaaaa!

(Translation: Yes, it costs next to mutton!)

You prefer sarsaparilla, thank you very much.

(In a cracked, dirty bottle.)

There's a handsome silver tea set on the coffee table.

(It stands out, since it's just about the only thing in the room that isn't plush red velvet!)

There's nothing in the spittoon that you can't come up with on your own.

A brass cuspidor (also known as a "spittoon") sits next to the plush red velvet armchair.

(Spittoons for FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST were furnished by Louie Loogie, Phlegmy, Mass.)

You can't go up there, Freddy. Penelope would never forgive you.

(And neither would Madame! You're her favorite boy toy!)

The stairs lead to the girls' private rooms.

Aren't they just too too?

These cupids decorate the stair banister.

The touch of your manly hand and the sight of your bulging muscles really brings out the raw animal passion in me!

What she really means is, the sight of a manly bulging WALLET really brings out the raw animal passion in her!

It's Virtue, one of the Madame's best-laid plans.

FREDDY Howdy, Miz Virtue! You sure are a vision of loveliness!

VIRTUE Thank you ever so much, Freddy! And you, sir, are a study in buff!

FREDDY What does that mean?

VIRTUE Just that you're the manliest prescription-fillin' man I ever did see!

FREDDY Thank you!

Madame's windows don't open. She doesn't want anyone chickening out at the last moment.

A charming picture window looks out over the side of the house.

The view's a little blurry, though, owing to all the slobber on the outside of the window.

No wine for you, Freddy Pharkas!

You need to maintain a clear, unmuddled head in order to uphold crime and defeat justice!

(Or something like that.)

Madame's set out some wine and glasses. A few drinks helps the customers loosen up.

(The girls are already loose enough.)

(Or wait a minute...the customers drink the wine and get tight, and the girls aren't...oh, never mind.)

Madame Ovaree

OVAREE Freddy, I...I think you should leave.

FREDDY You mean because I'm just using you for cheap, tawdry pleasure, and my heart really belongs to Penelope Primm, the gorgeous, young, and obviously more virtuous Schoolmarm?

OVAREE |c0|What??? WHO???|c|

FREDDY Oh, nothing, never mind. What were you saying?

OVAREE Oh...I was just saying I think you should leave. That is, leave TOWN!

There's...oh my, there's just no good way to say this.

OVAREE The girls have said that the Sheriff and the Banker talk in their sleep. They hate you, Freddy. They want you dead. They're out to get you.

OVAREE It was something about you foiling the plan, and how they had to get you out of the way.

OVAREE You have to run, Freddy...you have to get out of town by sundown!

FREDDY Now don't you worry, Sadie. I've been doing a pretty good job up 'till now using just my wits and my pharmacological knowledge, haven't I?

FREDDY I'm not gonna just turn tail and run and leave you and Penelope and Coarsegold behind me to fend for yourselves.

OVAREE You're not LISTENIN' to me, Freddy Pharkas! Thar's MEN a comin', men with GUNS.

OVAREE BIG guns!

OVAREE Guns with long barrels. Long, HARD barrels.

OVAREE Long, hard, steely barrels and low-slung holsters...and...and...

FREDDY Sadie, snap out of it.

OVAREE Oh, sorry, I was just visualizin'.

OVAREE Anyway, you're not gonna be able to outthink your way out of men with GUNS!

OVAREE If you're set on stayin' in town, you'll have to...you know, take up gunslingin' again.

FREDDY That's out of the question. I left all that behind me years ago. I'm just not that kind of boy anymore, and I don't want to discuss it.

OVAREE Stop it. You've got a choice, an' that's all there is to it.

OVAREE You either leave town and save yer hide, or you pull yourself together and face reality. Quit yer talkin' about potions and liniments; they're not gonna stop no bullets.

OVAREE It's time to get offa yer cute li'l butt and give these men a taste o' Frontier JUSTICE!

OVAREE Now, what're you gonna do?

FREDDY I don't know...I don't know...

FREDDY Hold me, Sadie. Press me to your ample bosom, and let me decide tomorrow.

OVAREE 'Kay!

Little yard

Don't bother trying to open the barrels. They're empty. There's nothing left but the smell. Some old empty half-kegs are sitting outside the Saloon.

Oh, leave it alone, it's part of Americana.

Hung crookedly on the side of the Hotel is an advertisement for Atticus's Bath House, a local institution that didn't last a year.

Folks in Coarsegold have traditionally been fiercely proud of how unwashed they are.

You surreptitiously swipe the elixir, looking around to see if anybody is watching.

Fortunately, nobody is.

Wow! Some of Dad Gumm's Magic Elixir. This stuff can be used to cure a wide variety of conditions...

...the foremost being "sobriety."

Dad Gumm's Traveling Medicine Show wagon sits nearby, awaiting the return of Dad Gumm and start of the Traveling Medicine Show season.

Hop Singh's moving too fast to be caught!

HOP This window not for handing things back-and-forth! You have something for Hop Singh, you come in front entrance like normal people!

Hopalong Singh's in the kitchen, cooking up a storm.

(Or something equally inedible!)

HOP This not drive-up window! You ahead of time, Freddy Pharkas!

HOP Hah! Missed me!

FREDDY Howdy, Hopalong!

HOP Freddy Pharkas! You no hang around my kitchen! Go away! Get lost!

FREDDY Nice to see you, too.

You can't take it, push it, pull it, turn it, open it, close it, or basically do anything with it.

This is the back of the Dirty Sheets Hotel, or what once was the Dirty Sheets Hotel.

Now it's the Dirty Sheets hangout for vagrants, hobos and bums.

(Come to think of it, nothing's changed except the prices!)

You pull the ice pick out of the barrel and gingerly place it in your pocket.

Just don't bend over suddenly. You'll circumcise yourself.

(It won't be any skin off YOUR nose, though!)

There's an ice pick stuck into a barrel here.

You're not interested in co-ed rodeo.

(Though you've met more than your share of Rodeo Mimes you wouldn't mind hog-tying and branding!)

Somebody's posted a flier here, trying to convince the Town Council to bring co-ed rodeo to the San Jokin' Valley.

Knocking on the wall here will dent Mom's durable and attractively-painted masonite siding.

This is the back of Mom's Cafe. She used to have a door here instead of a window, but nobody wanted to come in Mom's Rear Entry.

(Notice how Mom's Rear is sagging a little? Typical!)

Mom wants it open. And you don't want to cross Mom!

This window looks in on the kitchen of Mom's Cafe.

FREDDY Hey, Mom! Come to the window, why don't you!

You wait.

Apparently Mom hasn't caught on to the "drive-up window" concept yet.

Good move, Freddy! Dropping one steaming hot pie to get another!

You slyly attempt to swipe the apple pie from under Hop Singh's nose!

HOP Nice try, Freddy Pharkas! You want me remove your hands with Ginfu Knife? I happy to accommodate!

On second thought, maybe that wasn't such a good idea right now.

How tempting! Fresh apple pie, still warm from Mom's oven. What could be more American?

You've got a great eye for memorabilia. Unfortunately, it won't be collectible for another 100 years.
A colorful poster for Nunstyle Beer hangs on the back of Mom's Cafe.
|c2|"Nunstyle Beer...pure-brewed in God's Country."|c|
(Now in redeemable bottles!)

The Reverend's house is locked and shuttered. Who's minding the Church?
It's the roof of Reverend Sy Hallelujah's house.

The sign says, simply, "Rooms." It probably refers to the rooms at the Dirty Sheets Hotel.
(Or could it be the rooms in the game?)

It ain't goin' nowhere.
This small yard opens up to Bluff Street on the north side; the south side faces the back end of the
Saloon and Mom's Cafe. The Hotel flanks the east side and the Old Abandoned Synagogue
lies to the west.
The ground here is too hard and dry to be moved.
(Much like Mom's heart!)
It's speechless.

If you want to get into the Saloon from here, try the back door.
This is Sam's Rear.
This is Sam's Rear with a couple of barrels by the back door.
Any questions?
This is the alternate route into the Saloon.
It lacks the characteristic Western feel of swinging doors...but it has the distinct advantage of
being lockable!

They feel solid enough, though they sag a bit.
These stairs lead up to the balcony of the closed hotel.

The blue sign is advertising "large, clean rooms, daily & weekly."
No wonder the Dirty Sheets Hotel closed. How stupid...advertising the competition on the
side of the building!

The lowest branch is far too high up for you to climb.
A gnarled old tree grows next to the Synagogue and stretches up, canopy-fashion, over the yard.

You can't reach them.
There's nothing in them.
They're not your property.
They'd crumble if you'd touch them.
Basically, you're too lazy.
There are a few assorted old trunks sitting on top of Dad Gumm's wagon.

Pharmacy

There's nothing there to be taken.
(You keep your business tidy...which is easy to do when there ain't much business!)
It's the back counter where you, Freddy Pharkas, Frontier Pharmacist Extraordinaire, dispense your
wares.

It's the door to your back office, laboratory, and the stairs to the second floor.

FREDDY Nope, won't need that one.

The top shelf is where you keep all the newest, most scientifically advanced medications safe from shoplifters:

Dr. Winterhalter's Magnetic Effluvium Tonic...

Professor Munson's Deep-Wound Iodine Salt Balm ("A Little Goes a Long Way")...

and Chas. Berksquire Ph.D.'s Effervescent Enema Granules.

FREDDY Nope, won't need any of that particular one.

Here on the second shelf, close at hand, is where you keep the most expensive medicines out of reach of the customers:

Doc Hallifax's Platinum Eczema Tonic...

Montgomery's Digestive Granulated Plutonium...

Dentist's Choice Do-It-Yourself Silver Amalgam Fillings (hand drill included)...

...and California Cowboy Aluminum Snuff.

(The California Cowboy Aluminum Snuff is actually made in New York City.)

FREDDY NEW YORK CITY?!?!?

Certainly you're desperate for a sign of some sort, but not THIS kind of sign.

This hand-painted sign adds a real touch of friendly, folksy atmosphere to the place.

(It also spells "Pharmacy" phonetically, inbreeding being as popular as it is around here.)

Nope, that's not one of the pills, poultices or preparations you'll need.

Here, on top of your "Reduced!" table:

Madame Gazonga's Parfum d'Eau (Springtime Fresh Scent)...

Aunt Lily's Toilette Essence Champough (pronounced "sham-poo")...

French Woman's Brand Breath DeToxifier...

Pinkham Edible Depilatory...

Hollywoodland Ruminant Suppressant ("Hollywood Stars don't chew their cuds, why should YOU?")...

The new EpiSheep EZ Shearer...

...and Preparation G, though you don't always have that on hand.

You won't need any Limproot Hair Oil Creme or Rustler's Stove Chocolates today.

On top of this cabinet, you have a stunningly arranged display of Old Snuffy's Limproot Hair Oil Creme (in the 8 oz., 16 oz., and Giant 64 oz. "Baby Huey" jars), as well as a few dusty boxes of Rustler's Stove Chocolates.

"Rustler's Stove, the Standard of Drugstore Chocolates for over half a century."

The Symphonium hasn't worked since 1885, when old Manny Rivberg put his fist through it.

(Ol' Manny Rivberg...That Ol' Manny Rivberg. He just keeps...

FREDDU That's enough! Don't say it!

This multi-instrument piano-roll-style juke machine is called a "Symphonium."

Trouble is, the company that sold it to you went out of business after producing only one roll.

And how many times can one person listen to "Does Your Chawin' Tobacco Lose Its Flavor On the Bedpost Overnight"?

FREDDY Srini! Who let you in?

SRINI Your most gracious Native American, Running Gag, permitted me egress from the outside of the street. It was then that I allowed him to knock himself off for the remainder of

the day, since we are still closed.

FREDDY That's fine, Srini. Look, I've reached a decision. My life is in danger. I have to take up gunslinging, and I'll need your help.

SRINI Pardon this for being said, Freddy Pharkas, but you are a humble Pharmacist.

Shooting as perfectionally as a gunslinger is a skill requiring most years of tireless practice. You are ill-equipped. Perhaps you should make peace with your chosen deity and prepare to go to the great Pharmacy Counter in the sky.

FREDDY Srini, you'll have to trust me on this. I used to be a gunslinger before I took up Pharmacology. I did it before, I can do it again. It shouldn't take me too long to brush up on my skills. Just gotta find my guns, and do a little practice shootin'.

SRINI Very well, Freddy Pharkas. When you are prepared, meet me at the edge of town and together we shall practice what little must be left of your shooting skills, yes.

Seems sturdy enough...for now.

Back then, this is what was known as a "support system."

It took you weeks to get the bottles arranged just so. Don't blow it now.

That's another table upon which to display your many valuable patent medicines and innovative treatments.

But it's hung so well!

Ahh, your Diploma from the University of Hicksville School of Apothecary Sciences and Other Good Guesses. The old alma mater. What memories!

(Good question!)

Don't touch Srini's handiwork! You never know when one of the roving judges will stop by and check out the display!

That Srini! What a guy! He's made a grand and yet peculiarly inviting display of "Ol' Gampy's Fisherman Throat Gullet Descaler Lozenges."

He must have heard about that promotional contest being run by the American Society of Salves, Holistic Ointments, Liniments and Emollients Salesmen.

FREDDY Sorry, I just had an errand to run.

HELEN It's about time. Where the hell have you been? I've been worried sick.

HELEN For all I knew, you were lying dead in a ditch somewhere.

(Gee, no wonder they call her "Mom!")

FREDDY I'm back, Sadie. Sorry for the delay, I just had to check a few things out.

OVAREE Perfectly okay, Freddy, hon. I was just admiring the way you display your goods!

FREDDY Look who's talking!

FREDDY I'm back, Penelope!

PENELOPE I'm glad, Frederick. I was concerned. Is everything all right?

FREDDY Everything's fine, now that we're together again.

(Blecch! Accceck! Horrrrk!)

FREDDY Hiya, Smithie! I'm back! Everything okay?

SMITHIE No, everything's NOT okay, m'tushie feels like I just sat on a branding iron!

SMITHIE Now gimme my soothin' Preparation G! I |c2|need|c| my Preparation G, Pharkas!

FREDDY Okay, okay!

SRINI You return!

FREDDY Yep.

SRINI It is good to look upon your eternally smiling countenance of face again!

FREDDY Yeah, yeah, I missed you, too.

FREDDY Helen, I've got to run out for a minute. I'll be right back, okay?

HELEN Perhaps. Perhaps I'll still be here when you get back. Perhaps I'll take my business to another pharmacy. You'll find out, won't you?

FREDDY Excuse me, Sadie, I've got to run out for a bit. Hang on, I'll be right back.

OVAREE Okay, Freddy, but hurry back.

FREDDY Penelope, I have to run out for just a minute or two. You'll wait for me, won't you?

PENELOPE Forever, Frederick! But do hurry back, won't you?

FREDDY I'll be back in a minute, Smithie. Hang in there.

SMITHIE You dang well better be, Pharkas! These piles are killin' me, I'm fixin' to nail someone to a wall unless I gets some RELIEF, dammit!

FREDDY Mind the store, Srini. I'm off to uphold justice and stuff.

SRINI Okee the dokee!

The counter gate. You've always wanted one of these. Now you have one.

And now you know what a pain in the rear they are.

You were just informed that your prescription-fillin' work was SHODDY. You're not going to hand them the same bad prescription back, are you?

No, you're not.

FREDDY Groovy!

"I'll swallow your soul!"

(We were going to put in this elaborate animation of you touching the giant finger, like the CREATION OF ADAM mural on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel depicting God touching Adam's finger and all these lightning bolts crackling around.)

(But screw it.)

The sign clearly lets the townsfolk know that the prescription counter is in the back of the store.

Someday, you hope, there will be some sort of glass tube mounted on the back wall, bent in the shape of the word "prescription," and filled with a rare gas that will glow in a bright, colorful fashion.

Wouldn't that be wonderful? That would make people actually WANT to buy drugs!

You can't talk to the sign!

(It only knows sign language!)

HELEN Good day, Freddy...Freddy Pharkas!

HELEN That's better, Freddy Pharkas.

FREDDY That'll be \$0.22, Miss Back.

HELEN Put it on my tab, I don't have it with me right now.

HELEN Mr. Pharkas!

FREDDY Yes, Helen?

HELEN I accidentally gave a bit of this so-called "medicine" to one of my pets.

HELEN AND IT DIED!

HELEN Obviously, this is not fit for consumption. Now take back my prescription and get it RIGHT this time.

HELEN Or you'll feel the wrath of my handbag!

FREDDY I'm so sorry, Ms. Back. I'll take another stab at it, and I'll remove the charge from your tab until I get it right.

HELEN Humph!

FREDDY Well, g'day to you, Ms. Back! What can I do for you today?

HELEN Well, Freddy Pharkas, Doc Gillespie, that no-good, gin-soaked sodden ol' lush, wrote me this damn prescription that'll probably cost me an arm and a leg.

HELEN Here. Take this prescription, the rotgut from that old wino doctor is making my

new ensemble stink to high heaven.

HELEN Frederick Pharkas!

FREDDY Yes, Mom? What can I do for you now?

HELEN Are you trying to pull the sheep over my eyes?

FREDDY Huh?

HELEN This prescription! Oh, the medication seems just fine, but the quantity is wrong. I want exactly how much is prescribed, no more, no less. Is that understood?

FREDDY Jeepers, I'm sorry, Mom. I'll do it right this time, just you wait and see.

HELEN See that you do! And don't you dare charge me for this until you get it RIGHT!

FREDDY I won't, I won't, consider it stricken from your tab.

HELEN Hands off, buster. What do I look like, one of the Madame's girls?

HELEN I'm a respectable woman! I run Mom's Cafe! I've got children your age, though of course you wouldn't know it to look at me!

HELEN I'M SOMEONE'S MOTHER, for corn sake! So show me some RESPECT and just KEEP your HANDS to yourSELF!

HELEN Now fill my prescription or I'll break your fingers.

HELEN That's not mine. Now get back to my prescription.

HELEN Does that look anything like my prescription?

FREDDY No, but...

HELEN Well, that's what I'm here for, and I'm not interesting in being sold something else!

It's Helen Back, proprietor of Mom's Cafe.

("Want sumptin' to eat? You'll have to go to Helen Back to get it!")

HELEN Certainly you don't expect ME to fill this prescription!

FREDDY So, how's the restaurant business?

HELEN Heh. Don't ask.

FREDDY Okay, sorry.

HELEN I swear my delicate constitution ain't up to the heat and flies this year. Hop Singh's spendin' more time swattin' flies than he is in the kitchen, he hardly has time to wash his hands.

HELEN 'Course we ain't gettin' nuthin' delivered on time anymore 'cuz of the train; we gotta get our produce by Pony Express, and it ain't too pretty oncet gets here.

(Pony Express: When It Positively, Absolutely Has to Be Here By The Industrial Revolution.)

HELEN But I don't wanna complain. Just get my prescription filled, will you? There's a lad.

Yes, you often feel like ripping this Iced Cream Stand down and binging on the dregs of the leftover toppings.

But you have to watch your heroic, girlish figure.

-t's your Iced Cream Stand. You thought it would attract customers.

It mainly attracts cockroaches. (Especially now that the Iced Cream deliveries have stopped.)

You won't be needing any leeches in this game.

It's a bottle filled with this century's most incredible medical breakthrough.

No need to turn on the lamps. The dry rot gives off a dandy phosphorescent glow.

Your designer overhead lamps. You rarely use them, since the pharmacy closes at sunset.

You don't need any of these items, and even if you did, they're expired.

The items on the top shelf here are one or two weeks past their expiration dates:

A bottle of Liquid Podiatrist...

Several tubes of Mademoiselle Lulu's Leprosy Cover Stick...

A jar of Cap'n Jack's "Chancres Away!"...
...and a tin of Hired Hand Brand Illicit Amore Attractant.

You don't need any of these items, and even if you did, they're expired.
The items on the second shelf are about a month past their saleable shelf life:
Runyon Bros. Healthful Suet Gum...
Rancher's Pick Nostril Delousing Nostrum...
Indiana Brand Industrial Chewable Suppositories...
...and a box of Lumpkin & Sons "Bile-Be-Fresh" Liver Deodorizer Lozenges.

You don't need any of these items, and even if you did, they're expired.
The items on the third shelf are 3-4 months past their useable shelf life:
Lady O' Scotland Haggis Queen Conception Preventors...
Olde Worlde Belladonnae Derivative Bloode Rejuvenatore...
Little Miss Perfect Figure's Daily Purge Syrup...
...and Uncle Al's A-OK Bowel-Resection-In-A-Jar.

You don't need to use any of these items, and even if you did, you'd expire.
The bottom shelf holds the items that are a year or more past their shelf lives, OR have been found to be poisonous and/or illegal...
...OR have inexplicably reproduced on their own:
Allbright's Amazing Cataract Thickener...
Professor Oppenheimer's Clotz-No-More...
Haley's Uh-Oh Morning After Intrauterine Scrub -- in five flavors ("If it tastes good, maybe she'll brush longer!")...
Father O'Flaherty's Certified Heroin Pepper-Upper...
...and a pouch of Chief Waldo's Authentic "Native Delite" Smoking Herbs.

They're already arranged in a pleasing yet sales-conducive manner.
A deluxe shelving unit, featuring polished mahogany inlays, filigreed endcaps, extra-wide midheight shelf and no-skid recessed legs.
(Shelving units for FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST provided by Crate & Barrel & Old Used Whisky Keg & Termite-Infested Rotting Old Wooden Leg.)

You briefly consider shoplifting some of these items, but hey, you really already own them, so where's the excitement?

On the upper shelf of the left-hand cabinet, you find:
Pearls of Pauline\08 Anti-Prunefinger Bathing Gel...
My Little Cleft Palate Mouth Repair Putty...
Dr. Limbaugh's Chuckle-A-Day Cannabis Extract...
Cremation Non-Dairy Coffee Ash...
Peaches 'n Cream Brand Creamed Peaches...
...and Chinaman's Choice Real Oriental Curative Straight Pins.

You don't need any underarm oatmeal packs; you took care of THAT little problem this morning!
(And, fortunately, you don't need any of the OTHER items on this shelf, either!)

On the bottom shelf of the left-hand cabinet are:
Redeye Brand Deep-Cleaning Chlorine Abrasive Facial Scrub...
Whoopsy-Daisy Fashionaire Adult Incontinence Pads...
Slick 'n Pretty Linseed Oil Shampoo...
Luck O' The Irish Underarm Oatmeal Packs...
...and I Can't Believe It's Not Opium Hallucinogen Stick.

OVAREE Freddy, honey! Just slide that handsome pharmacist butt on over here, I got something I need from ya.

OVAREE Thank you, Freddy dear!

FREDDY That's gonna be 22 cents, Sadie, but for you, I'll make it 19.

OVAREE Whaddaya say we just sorta "take it out in trade," Freddy? I'm a mite short this week.

FREDDY Well...

OVAREE Thank you, Freddy, you're a lambikins. Catch you tonight, maybe? Ta-ta!

OVAREE Oh, Freddy!

FREDDY Sadie! Back so soon?

OVAREE I hate to say this, but one of the girls tried a swig of this.

OVAREE Now I'm down one girl! I'll have to send out to St. Louis for another!

OVAREE Would you mind very much looking at this and seeing what's up, honey?

FREDDY Hmmm, very strange. OK, I'll give it another try. Dunno what went wrong...

FREDDY 'Morning, Sadie. What've you got?

OVAREE I gotta prescription here I need filled...sumpin' that'll increase my womanly powers, iff'n you know whut I mean.

OVAREE Be a dear and fill it for me right away, won't you? I simply can't wait to try it out.

FREDDY Your wish is my command, Madame!

You take the prescription from the Madame.

What a busy morning! You haven't had to fill this many prescriptions since Custer's troops stayed at the Dirty Sheets Hotel.

OVAREE Freddy, sweetums?

FREDDY Sadie! I wasn't expecting to see you again so soon!

OVAREE I hate to tell you, but one of the girls tried a smidge of this, just for fun.

OVAREE Now she's got a goatee.

OVAREE Can you figure out why this stuff seems to |c0|de|c|crease womanliness rather than |c0|in|c|crease it?

OVAREE That's a tough one. I'll do what I can, though. Hmmmmmm.

You reclaim the prescription from Mme. Ovaree.

OVAREE Now now, Freddy Pharkas!

OVAREE Normally I'd love to oblige, but I'm off-duty right now.

OVAREE Feel free to drop by tonight, though!

OVAREE Freddy, darlin', you know I just LOVE to see your stuff, but let's stick to business for the moment, shall we?

It's Madame Sadie Ovaree, proprietor of Ye Olde 'Orehouse, and your closest friend and confidant.

(In fact, she knows EVERYTHING about you!)

OVAREE Why don't you keep it 'till you're finished with it?

FREDDY How's business, Sadie?

OVAREE It has its ins-and-outs! Oh, my, I do make a good funny now and then, don't I?

FREDDY Yes, Sadie, you sure do.

You carefully take the medallion off the wall, thinking "Srini will never miss it."

SRINI \Freddy Pharkas! What in an entirely unsatisfactory afterlife are you doing with my finely-earned silver medallion?

FREDDY It's going to a good cause, Srini. It's going to help make Coarsegold a safer, saner place to live.

SRINI I am hoping so, Freddy, for all the sakes!

You can't reach the medallion from here. Perhaps you should set up some sort of pincers and mount it on a pivoting armature and get it that way.

(Or you could simply walk over there and take it off the wall yourself!)

It's a silver medallion, recently awarded to Srini by the American Society of Salves, Holistic Ointments, Liniments and Emollients Salesmen.
It was in honor of his impressive and yet oddly comforting display of Ol' Gampy's Fisherman Throat Gullet Descaler Lozenges.

PENELOPE Frederick!

PENELOPE Thank you, Frederick, this looks perfect! You are a scholar and a gentleman.

FREDDY Shucks, I'm just a poor pharmacist tryin' to please m' favorite customer.

FREDDY Will I see you again soon?

PENELOPE I think that can be arranged, Frederick. See you soon.

FREDDY I'll be waiting. S'long, now, Penelope.

(Unfortunately, you were so taken with Penelope's angelic presence that you forgot to charge her the 19 cents she owed you!)

PENELOPE Frederick!

FREDDY Penelope! It's so good to see you again!

PENELOPE I'm afraid this isn't good news, Frederick. This prescription you filled for me?

FREDDY Yes? What about it?

PENELOPE Well, one of the children tasted a bit -- just a bit, mind you, on the tip of his finger, just to see what it tasted like.

FREDDY And?

PENELOPE I had to send him home. Chills, fever, bloody stool, the whole thing.

PENELOPE I do hate to be a pest, but I'm terrified that this may be incorrectly prepared. Could you take another look at it?

FREDDY For you...anything.

FREDDY Why, Miss Primm, you sure are lookin' purty today!

PENELOPE Now, Frederick, you can call me Penelope if you please. After all, I think we're...to that point in our relationship.

(She must be talking about the hayride you both went on last month...or the square dance you both went to last week...or the cow-tipping expedition you both went on last night!)

FREDDY Well, then, to what do I owe the pleasure of your company this fine morning?

PENELOPE This isn't a social call, I'm afraid. I have this rather important prescription Doc Gillespie gave me. I was hoping you could fill it as soon as possible.

FREDDY My pleasure, Penelope.

PENELOPE I apologize for the scruffiness of the Prescription. Doctor Gillespie was in his cups again.

FREDDY No trouble, Penelope, that's as usual.

PENELOPE I'll just wait right here if you don't mind, Frederick.

FREDDY Well now, I admit you're somewhat of a distraction to me, Penelope, but I'll do m'best!

Penelope hands you the prescription.

PENELOPE Frederick! Oh, Frederick!

FREDDY Penelope, dearest! My heart leaps at seeing you in my humble store again.

PENELOPE I'm afraid it's not a happy occasion, Frederick. This prescription seems letter-perfect, except for the amount. Can you take another look at it? I'd hate for either one of us to be cheated.

FREDDY Goodness! I'll remake it right away, Penelope, and I'll get it perfect. This time, for sure! Wait right here.

PENELOPE Please, Frederick! Not in public!

PENELOPE And not in broad daylight!

PENELOPE And never, ever before our nineteenth date!

FREDDY I'm sorry, Frederick, I'm only interested in picking up my prescription just now.

PENELOPE I'll be happy to look at your toys any other time!

It's Penelope, love of your life and lime in your beer! Right here in your pharmacy! And she's as beautiful as the day she stepped off the stage!

PENELOPE Yes, Frederick, it's my prescription. Do you think you could fill it for me?

FREDDY If I'm any sort of a pharmacist, I should be able to. I'm not sure what's taking me so long.

FREDDY I sure have been having a swell time with you these past few weeks, Penelope!

PENELOPE Why, thank you, Frederick. I have, too.

FREDDY I do believe I have a...a growing...uh...

FREDDY ...a growing AFFECTION for you!

PENELOPE That's sweet of you, Frederick. I think you're very cute...for a pharmacist, that is. And considering that you've only got one ear, and you're a bit scrawnier than the other men around town.

(You think to yourself, "She thinks I'm cute! She thinks I'm cute!")

FREDDY I really can't wait to get my ha...

PENELOPE Frederick, please! I need to get back to school as soon as possible!

FREDDY Of course, of course, of course. Right away, Penelope.

FREDDY How's school, Penelope?

PENELOPE Oh, how I love filling those impressionable young minds with knowledge, their eager faces turned upward in the quest to learn. It's so satisfying!

FREDDY I was wondering if you were going to go to the Rotary Club luncheon next week, and if so, if you had anybody else to go with.

PENELOPE Forgive me, Frederick, I do so hate to be short with you, but I DO need this prescription... otherwise I'd love to stay and chat. Please don't think me impertinent!

FREDDY Not at all, it's my fault for prattling on so. I'll get right to it.

Leave her where she is, as a shining beacon to all who gaze upon her serene countenance.

(Incidentally, have you heard about her scandalous affair?)

It's the President's wife.

She's the head of the "Just Say No to Ether" campaign.

Mrs. Cleveland, I just want you to know that your "Just Say No to Ether" campaign has really inspired me. I'm totally committed to wiping out anesthetic abuse in our lifetime.

(Yeah, you keep talking to photographs and you WILL be committed!)

You pick up a tube of Preparation G, in the handy 25 oz. "Crabby Elephant" size.

You can't reach the Preparation G from back here.

It's a tube of Preparation G, "The Wells-Fargo Wagon Driver's Friend for Over Half a Decade."

Pharmacists in the know (like yourself) know that there's no value to these phony curatives.

(Though that doesn't stop you from selling them!)

Up on the top shelf here, you keep your overstock:

Geez, Bro & Palms Athlete's Foot Solvent...

Apex Earhair Wax...

Dr. Lecter's Open Wound Bracer & Hangnail Meltaway Compound...

Impurina Slug Chow...

...and Vester's Guaranteed Pumice Acne Treatment.

Savvy druggists (like you) eschew the use of trashy medicinals like these.

On the middle shelf, you store discontinued items:

Grecian Horse Formula 99 ("Who Says the Old Gray Mare HAS to be Gray?")...

LaVorhees's Limburger-Sachet Sulphuric Foaming Mouthwash...

Butler & Butler "No More Tears" Infected Toenail Rinse...

...and Taste O' the Southwest Mouth-Tingling Mica Toothpaste.

Chemists who keep up on their trade journals (like you always mean to do) know that these preparations aren't worth the bottles they're bottled in.

On the lowermost shelf of this case, you keep slightly scratched, dented, or previously-used items:
Worthington's Emulsified Balsamic Emollient Demulcent...
Silver Gullet Corrosive Phelgm Wash...
Fuddrucker's Therapeutic Sucking Chest Wound Patch...
...and The Screaming Cowboy's "Oh-My-Lord-I-Done-Shot-My- Damned-Foot-Off"
Specific Ointment.

Quit picking at everything. That's the sign of an obsessive/compulsive personality disorder.
(But that's...okay!!)

This picture closely approximates the pharmacy where you work.
You and that thing are not on speaking terms.

They're already arranged in a pleasing yet sales-conducive manner.

A deluxe shelving unit, featuring polished mahogany inlays, filigreed endcaps, extra-wide midheight shelf and no-skid recessed legs.
(Shelving units for FREDDY PHARKAS provided by Crate & Barrel & Old Used Whisky Keg & Termite-Infested Rotting Old Wooden Leg.)

Your survival instincts narrowly prevent you from using any of the items on this shelf.

On the upper shelf of the right display case, you keep some of your hot sellers:

Prospector's Pride Uranium Hair Highlighter...
Her Majesty's Second Favourite Real Cream Toffee Lumps...
"Where'd You Get Those Rosy Cheeks?" Face Pincers...
Chapsit Mucous Membrane Astringent Balm...
Ol' Craterface's Arsenic Complexion Tablets...
...and Smathers & Smathers' "Scrape Me Off the Ceiling, Lord" Jalapeno Arthritis Rub.

You wouldn't recommend any of these preparations to your worst enemy.

On the lower shelf of the right display case, you keep some old, reliable, steady sellers:

Doc Malarky's Instant Redneck Tanning Fluid...
Phelgm-B-Gon Extra-Strength Expectorant...
Oil of Ol' Lady Demoisturizer...
Flaky Pete's Psoriasis and Dandruff Declumping Unguent...
"I Can't Believe It's a Jock Strap" testicular support undergarment ("It lifts and separates!")...
Detainzall Saltpeter Crystals...
...and Rabbi Johnson's Home Bris-In-A-Box.

SHERIFF Fire inspection! I'm here to check out chur fire safety, per the new town regulations.

SHERIFF Whoa! Good thing I came, too! Pharkas, I'ma gonna havta shut this place up tighter than a pissant's scrotum.

FREDDY But, Sheriff! How could you? What's the charge? I haven't done anything wrong!

SHERIFF Fire hazard! Why, this buildin's a terrible fire hazard, Pharkas! I do believe this whole buildin's made outta wood!

FREDDY But, Sheriff! Every building in this town is constructed of wood!

SHERIFF I dunno nuttin' 'bout that, son. Tough luck, Pharkas. From now on, keep the front door locked.

FREDDY But what am I supposed to do, Sheriff? This is my livelihood.

SHERIFF I'd talk to the bank, if'n I was you. Ga'day!

FREDDY That's be 15 cents, Smithie. But I don't suppose you can pay me.

SMITHIE Are yew sayin' I can't pay m'bills fair and square, Pharkas? Heh! Here, I'm a-gonna settle up tabs with you anyway, since I'm leavin' town. Here's whut I owes ya. Smithie pays you his tab. A whole \$4.87! Holy moly, a windfall! YOU'RE RICH! (Well, kinda sorta.)

SMITHIE And if yew takes my advice, yew'll get outta this town, Pharkas. Sheriff's closin' people up right and left. Sumpthin' stinks. An' I mean them horses, 'cuz they's fartin' up a storm!

SMITHIE I'm tellin' ya, I wuz like to pass out. Sumbuddy musta put sumpin' in their feed, and I don't know what, but I'll tell ya, don't be strikin' no matches out there!

SMITHIE Good luck to ya, Pharkas. You wuz always one o' the gooduns.

FREDDY Good luck to you, Smithie. Your strong back and gruff-but-good-hearted demeanor will be sorely missed.

SMITHIE You're a strange 'un, Pharkas.

SMITHIE Hey, Pharkas! M'butt's killin' me.

(He really knows how to make an entrance, doesn't he?)

FREDDY Sorry to hear that, Smithie.

SMITHIE Yeah, so gimme some o' dat Preparation G.

SMITHIE That ain't whut I come in here fer!

SMITHIE C'mon, Pharkas, I'm itchin' to blow this taco stand. Gimme my Preparation G, willya?

It's Smithie the Blacksmith, owner of Smithie's Blacksmith (and a durned clever fellow).

He seems to be in pain.

FREDDY Why not your usual six-pack of liniment, Smithie?

SMITHIE Wall, Mr. Pharkas, I'ma fixin' to take a long ride. I'ma gonna leave town. The Sheriff shut me down for operatin' without a Smithie License, whutever the hell that is.

SMITHIE So I sold that lousy property offn to that cheap snake of a banker, P. H. Balance, down to the Bank of Bob. And good riddance, sez I!

FREDDY I'll be sorry to see y'all go, Smithie.

SMITHIE Yeah, well, this town's goin' ta hell in a hand-me-down, anyway. Sumpthin's wrong with them horses out there, they's pooting up a storm. Cain't hardly take the smell, I wuz like to pass out around there!

SRINI It is looking better and better, more like an ear all the time!

SRINI Freddy Pharkas, you are truly a Renaissance lost-wax caster!

Srini's on the other side of the counter. So be polite if you want to do that, and join him.

SRINI Ah, yes, the shipment of baking soda. It was delivered while you were out.

FREDDY It's a little much.

SRINI I am being told so now by you!

SRINI Yes, they are truly boots worthy of a Western Hero. May you have an opportunity to wear them with pridefulness.

SRINI They appear as though to be most effective, they are having to be propelled with much force from a firing chamber!

(Translation: you need a GUN, Einstein!)

SRINI Ah, wax, a most remarkable substance. You are truly fortunate to possess some.

SRINI I am loving your charcoal, Freddy Pharkas! It is most crumbly and clean-smelling!

FREDDY Thank you, Srini!

SRINI You are a most fortunate individual to be holding keys. I struggle much of my life to find keys.

SRINI Srini, my boy, you just have to know where to click.

SRINI You do? Humph and humph! I have never thought of this!

SRINI Ah, yes! It will be ready on Tuesday!

SRINI Hee hee hee! I have made a funny. Excuse my jocularly. I do not know whence this piece of paper comes.

SRINI Oh! You have clay! Now you are really the person I thought you were!

SRINI Ooh, you keep that now, Freddy Pharkas. You can be using it to ensure guns are clean enough to use with impunity.

SRINI You keep those, Freddy Pharkas! They can help make you look like a real Western Hero!

SRINI I prefer Golden Shower\08 Herbal Tea.

SRINI I like mine tepid...with a twist!

SRINI Do not give that to me, Freddy Pharkas! You are the dispensing pharmacist in these parts!

SRINI Ooooooh! You are giving me a tickles!

SRINI Perhaps you may put these to good use soon!

SRINI That appears most empty! Perhaps it needs to be filled with a substance that will make an impressive ear!

SRINI I do not wish to be left holding the bag.

SRINI But you are a thoughtful employer for making the offer of such a rare and unusual substance to me.

SRINI Ah, I see you are doing lost-wax casting! You are truly a guy!

SRINI I do not need a bag. All I need is all I have.

SRINI I do not wish it. Please to use it by yourself. (gas mask)

SRINI I am full up of that. But thanks to you anyway.

SRINI In my country, we have struggled for years to learn to do without the need for ice picks.

SRINI Do not threaten me, Freddy Pharkas! I am working out as well as I am!

SRINI The ladder that saved my life! I remember it finely!

SRINI Hey there, some buckaroo! With that lasso, you are looking very cowboy-style!

SRINI I have no use for the strap of leather. Perhaps you should save it for an emergency that requires leather in some way.

FREDDY What would I do without you?

SRINI This is your personal mail. I am not reading it now or ever!

It's your faithful Indian companion, Srin, hard at work getting the store ready for its grand reopening...someday soon, you hope.

SRINI You have taken it for some reason. I am not needing it back. I am no Indian-giver. Please keep it until you find a use for it.

SRINI I do not recognize it, but it is a handsome addition to any wardrobe.

SRINI A metallic canister of some substance! That is certainly high-tech for the 1800s! Are you sure it is not an anachronism?

FREDDY Not really.

SRINI Well then! I do not know what more to add!

SRINI Ah, apple pie.

SRINI I look at it and can think only of the screams of thousands of apples dying for your pie. I do not understand how a thinking person can eat of it.

SRINI But I love us for our differences.

FREDDY You aim the pistol at Srin...and FIRE!

SRINI I am dodging too fast for you to see. That is the way of my people.

SRINI Are these for keepsies?

FREDDY Um...I was just showing them to you.

SRINI Then I do not want them. Your American women are too skinny as it is.

SRINI You have a rope! What can happen next?

FREDDY What do you mean?

SRINI Do not ever mind, it was a rhetorical answer!

SRINI You are walking around with a shovel! Surely that is unusual.

FREDDY I guess so.

SRINI That Freddy! I never know what to expect from you so far!

SRINI That is a most handsome and clever use of my medallion! Now all you need is other things for your disguise.

FREDDY What else do I need?

SRINI I believe you should have something different than your current shoes, something other than your current clothes, the pistols you used during the practicing you recently completed, and something for good luck!

SRINI Then wear your ear, and I will know you are ready to be all dressed up like a big cowboy!

SRINI I do not eat beef, snails, or ham.

SRINI I do not eat them, Fred I am.

Don't shout at Srini from behind the counter.

Walk over and talk to him like a human being!

Where were you born, in a barn?

FREDDY Hey, Srini! Let's get me dressed up, I'm ready to get into disguise.

SRINI No may do, Freddy Pharkas!

FREDDY What? Why not?

SRINI You still lack for a way to disguise the mostly-missing right ear.

FREDDY Srini, there's trouble down at the Saloon.

FREDDY The whole town's losing their deeds and cash to some slick riverboat gambler-type. He MUST be cheating, but dang'd if I can figure out how!

SRINI Freddy Pharkas, Freddy Pharkas! You must catch such a gambler red-handed. It will be the only way to prove such an accusation!

FREDDY Durn it, I wish I knew how.

SRINI Many things are durned in these days of trouble.

FREDDY Srini, are you going to help me put out the fire, or what?

SRINI There is much stock work yet to be done.

FREDDY It's midnight.

SRINI I am still on Pakistani time.

FREDDY That's a pretty poor excuse for not helping me put out the fire!

SRINI I have many other excuses ready if you do not like that one.

FREDDY Never mind, I'll do it myself.

FREDDY Srini!

SRINI Dude!

FREDDY Everything going OK in here?

SRINI What is it looking like? I am having everything under control. You have merely to go be a hero and I will continue holding up the fort.

FREDDY Thanks!

FREDDY It's crazy out there, Srini! A whole buncha rowdy cowhands are busting up Main Street. I almost didn't make it back alive!

SRINI Yes, I have been hearing their obnoxiousness. You are outgunned, Freddy Pharkas!

FREDDY How do you propose I should deal with them?

SRINI I find humor a way to defuse hot tempers. But I am a humble pharmacist's assistant. Perhaps I am looking at the situation from too far away.

FREDDY The fire's out, but I don't feel like sleeping.

SRINI Yes, too much excitement for Freddy. You will be overtired tomorrow morning.

FREDDY I hate it when that happens.

SRINI Try to relax and reduce stress. Visit friends.

FREDDY It's midnight! What kind of friends can I visit this time of night?

SRINI Indeed that is a question you have well asked.

FREDDY Srini, I'd like to get into my cowboy outfit now.

SRINI I do not think you are ready! You are mostly missing some stylish cowboy-style footwear.

FREDDY Dang!

FREDDY Srini! Let's get me into outfit, I'm ready to start blowing away some varmint butt!

SRINI Not so fastly! Where have you got dissimilar duds? You cannot be a gunslinger with pharmacy owner clothing.

FREDDY Doggone it!

FREDDY Srini, I've got everything I need...silver ear, pistols, clothes, and boots. Let's get me dressed!

SRINI Not yet, not yet!

FREDDY What in tarnation are we waiting for?

SRINI You will want to wear something lucky. Have you any such thing?

FREDDY Not on me. Hmmm. Doggone you anyway, Srini!

FREDDY Srini! Hey, I've got my complete disguise!

SRINI Not hardly so, Freddy Pharkas!

FREDDY Why the hell not?

SRINI You are desiring of being a gunslinger, but you are not having any guns! Where have you forgotten them?

FREDDY Oh. Whoops. Be right back.

FREDDY Srini, let's go practice my target shooting.

SRINI Freddy, you have come up with a surprise! But you are needing ammunition before we can commence to start beginning such an undertaking.

FREDDY Srini, let's go practice target-shooting.

SRINI That is a good leisure-time activity for us to do, yes all right! But how are we even to begin without such that until you locate some sort of shooting mechanism, I must wonder?

FREDDY Oh, details, details. Harumph.

FREDDY Shall we go do some target practice, Srini? I'm all set, I think.

SRINI Looks like you are ready to begin commencing the start of our target practice outing, Freddy. Please to meet me forthwith nearby to the cemetery, where I have scoped out a location of perfection!

FREDDY Srini, I think I'm ready to get dressed.

SRINI Very good then! You start to dress and I will assist you in shortest order.

SRINI You offer me an empty can?

SRINI Ah, by doing so, you are offering me the clean air that fills this can!

SRINI You are most generous! I give this can back to you with gladly thanks and best wishes for continued good health!

SRINI Mazel tov!

SRINI That is a most beautiful likeness! But it is of your left ear. You need one of your right ear.

FREDDY WHAT?

SRINI Haha, I am pulling down your legs! You have carved correctly!

SRINI You are a lost-wax casting fool, Freddy Pharkas! Ways to go!

If you pick it up, all the luck will run out of the bottom.

It's Saint Joseph, patron saint of chewable aspirin.

A short while later...

The lab

The only book you'll need to finish this game is the Home Medical guide that came packed in the box.

(Oh, a good 10-volume encyclopedia of Western folklore, if you happen to have one. Otherwise give it up now.)

Your reference book shelf, complete with such top-ten medical reading as:

"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Pustules (But Were Too Revolted to Ask)"...

"Tife/Lime Book of Blackhead Removal, Boil-Lancing and Facial Renovation" ...

"The Dermatologist Who Came In From the Cold Sore" ...

The 1882 edition of "What Color is Your Parasite?"...

"The One-Minute Mandibula" ...

...(So that's where that book got to! You'd been wondering where your "Mandibula" was!)"...

...a globe...and some souvenirs of your first customers.

FREDDY ...so I've been thinking about hiring an assistant to help me around the store, clean up, y'know, the usual chores. Think you'd be interested?

SRINI Oh, I would be highly gratuitous of your bending over to display me such a position! Would you be offering as well a form of payment?

FREDDY I'll pay ya 10 cents a day and all the Rustler's Stove chocolates you kin eat.

SRINI That is an agreement!

FREDDY Excellent, uh...um...what was your name again?

SRINI Srini Lalkaka Bagdnish, but you may call me Srini and I will be calling you Freddy, hokay?

FREDDY Hokay. Now let's get cracking, Srini! I'd like you to go out there and create some nice displays for the skin lotions. We may be closed temporarily, but we'll be opening up sooner or later, and we've GOT to be ready!

SRINI What it is, Freddy! I will be getting on that now!

You peek underneath the rug, but other than a trap door, you see nothing at all.

You wisely decide to avoid investigating it until another day.

Waitaminnit, a TRAP DOOR?

Oh, that's just the way the floorboards are laid. Never mind, there's no trap door there.

It's your hand-hooked rug.

(One of the hookers handed it to you!)

You rarely use it. It's uncomfortable, unstable, and unattractive.

This chair was left here by the previous owner of the pharmacy, Franklin Pharquat.

You haven't been able to open this closet since you tested your new formula, Loony Glue, on it several years ago.

("Loony Glue, did you have to be THAT good?")

You keep your anatomical models in here.

(But don't worry, you're not the only one in town with a few skeletons in your closet!)

Why, it's your old roll-top desk.

(What happened to that roll you recently left on top of it? You've must've eaten it!)

You can't lock or unlock the desk with THAT key!

That key doesn't work in the desk.

You lock the desktop. You never know who's gonna sneak in here and try to get their hands in your drawers.

Been out in the sun too long? You can't lock the desk until you close it.

You unlock the desktop.

The desktop's locked. Damn this crude desktop interface!

That's the wrong key for the roll-top desk.

The desktop, closed and locked, the way you normally keep it.

You lock the drawer.

Funny thing about drawers. You can't lock them when they're wide open.

You unlock the desk drawer.

The drawer's locked.

It's an interesting drawer.

(You wonder if it's made any famous sketches!)

As some of the ladies down at Madame's have told you: there isn't anything in those drawers worth looking at!

That's the pharmacy laboratory, where you concoct and bottle your formulas.

The lamp doesn't work.

You make a mental note to change the filament. The last piece of cotton thread you used in the bulb only lasted about 45 minutes.

It's a lamp.

(And a really bodaciously ugly one, at that!)

Don't move it, it's covering up the remains of a failed experiment in which you tried to cure the common cold by building up a resistance to mucus.

Some buxom lady's portrait.

Notice how the painting seems to follow you around the room?

(And I don't mean her eyes!)

You take the letter out of the drawer.

It's an old letter, cobwebbed, yellowed and faded.

But you just washed your face last February!

You keep a pitcher of water in a basin, so you can occasionally wash your face.

Don't move it, it's covering up the remains of a failed experiment in which you attempted to apply a tourniquet to a sucking chest wound.

It's a picture of some nearby big rock.

The pharmacy is falling apart as it is; don't pick at it, you'll just make it worse.

The cozy little back room of your pharmacy, where you do your heavy thinking.

(In other words, you don't spend much time back here!)

You open your mouth to say something to it, but words fail you.

These stairs lead up to your tiny bedroom.

Leave it where it is until FREDDY PHARKAS 2: FREDDY DOES SOME INFERIOR DECORATING.

An old table left over from your college days.

Lab table

Alcohol lamp

Measure your chemical and place it into a mixing device first, then heat it here.

Enough already with the melting silver! It's melted, it's melted!

There is nothing inside the crucible to melt.

You might want to light the alcohol lamp first, otherwise you'll be standing here a long time waiting for that silver to melt!

The alcohol lamp feels cool to the touch.

You quickly lick your fingers and pinch out the alcohol lamp's flame.

You fill the alcohol lamp with Dad Gumm's alcoholic elixir.

Allowing only a slight portion of your sample to escape near the alcohol lamp, you notice it turns the flame an unusual color.

Whew! What an aroma! You'd better do something about it before everyone leaves town.

The lamp is already lit.

The alcohol lamp is empty. You must first fill it with fuel before you can light it.

You can't heat the medallion directly. You'd burn your hands.

The silver medallion slowly begins to melt.

The medallion is nearly completely melted now.

You now have a crucible containing molten silver.

Excellent idea, but wait until you have somewhere to put the molten silver!

The medallion looks nice beside the cold alcohol lamp.

The chemical warms slowly over the alcohol lamp.

Now it's getting pretty hot. Good thing your callouses are thick!

The chemical rapidly reaches a full, rolling boil.

There's no need to heat up the mixing device if there's nothing inside it.

(In other words, no preheating is necessary!)

The mortar and pestle is not to be used for heating chemicals.

The alcohol lamp must be burning before you can use the gaseous spectroscope on it.

The wax in the mold slowly starts to melt.

The melted wax runs out of the mold and spatters on the work table, resulting in...

...an empty ear-shaped mold! Hot doggie!

(And a waxy table-top, but that's not important right now.)

Nothing much happens.

(Maybe because the lamp isn't lit.)

Balance

You must first place the balance pan on the balance.

Your finger weighs as much as it did yesterday.

You can't mix chemicals in the balance. Weigh one item at a time.

You don't need to weigh that mixture.

Balance pan

You can't mix chemicals in the balance pan.

The balance pan is only for measuring unmixed chemicals.

Beaker

Bismuth Enterosalicyline

Nitrarylocynine

Medicine Bottles

Water

Sorbitalic Acid

Potassium Cupri-tartate
Phenolsulphonphthalein
Furachlordone
Pepticlymacine Tetrazole
Bismuth Subsaliolate
Mercuric Chloride
Orphenamethihydride
Tyloxpolynde
Burner

Place the chemical into the container, not vice versa.

Click the chemical on the mixing device, not vice versa.

This container is for your finished product, not for mixing. Do your mixing in the proper device.

There's no reason to cork an empty bottle!

The medicine containers are for finished medications only. Once you've placed something in a container, you should discard it if you want to start over. Mix chemicals in a mixing device only.

Cork

Corks

Crucible

The crucible is only for melting pure (or almost pure) metals.

You quickly pour the molten silver into the empty mold.

Waste Receptacle

Yucch! There's all sorts of discarded chemicals down there.

You drop the contents down the waste receptacle.

Don't throw that away!

You toss it into the waste receptacle.

Disgusted at your inability to prepare the proper concoction, you discard your attempt in the waste receptacle and leave your laboratory.

You carefully label the jar, 'Aminophyllic Citrate.' Congratulations. You've just created your first batch of "Pharkas' Deflatulizer\08."

You carefully label the bottle, "Bisaliolate Antitoxidene." Congratulations. Be careful; this stuff is mighty concentrated.

You carefully label the container 'Miss Penelope Primm -- for internal use only.' And what internals they are! You dream about them day and night!

You carefully label the container 'Mrs. Helen Back -- take three times daily, just before meals.'

You carefully label the container 'Madame Ovaree.'"

Well, that was a fun experiment, but it's not going to help you out of your present mess! You throw it all away as you exit your lab.

Your fruitless experimentation completed, you exit your laboratory. Perhaps a chemical solution is uncalled for right now.

You study Penelope's prescription and prepare to carefully fill it. You wouldn't want to make a mistake with her medicine.

You study Helen Back's prescription and prepare to carefully fill it.

You study Doc's corrections to Madame Ovaree's prescription and prepare to carefully fill it.

As you study Madame Ovaree's prescription, you realize you cannot read it. The writing looks so blurry.

You were so clever to use Doc's whisky glass to read Madame Ovaree's prescription. Now you prepare to carefully fill it.

Graduated Cylinder

You must empty the graduated cylinder before using it to measure something else.

The graduated cylinder is full.

The graduated cylinder should only be used for measuring liquids.

Solids must either be weighed or scooped with a measuring spoon.

This bottle of Tyloxpolynide is empty! You never seem to have enough.

Matches

Click the measuring device on the container, not vice versa.

There's no need to measure it now, it's already mixed.

Before leaving your lab, you remove the medallion from the crucible.

Medicine Bottle

You only need to work with one medicine bottle at a time. Dump the contents if you need to start over.

It is advisable to measure your ingredients instead of just dumping them together.

Click the mixture on the container, not vice versa.

The mortar & pestle is for grinding solids only.

Only place one chemical at a time into the mixing device. Thank you!

Mortar & Pestle

You knock them together, but otherwise accomplish nothing.

Medicinal Papers

Medicinal Paper

The medicinal papers can only hold 5 grams.

Pill machine

The pill machine's empty, so there aren't any pills to collect. You must first put a mixture into the pill machine.

Different types of pills shouldn't be mixed in the same container!

You can't mix pills in with what's already in this container.

The pill machine is empty. You must first place a mixture into the machine before attempting to make pills.

You can place the pills into a medicine bottle by clicking the bottle on the pills.

To make pills, you need a |c0|mixture|c| which contains at least one solid.

You should use up the current batch of mixture in the pill machine before adding some more.

You must have at least one solid ingredient in a mixture to make pills.

(It'll be years before "gelcaps" come around.)

Stirring Rod

This is where you concoct all your potions, pills, powders. It's here that you truly earn the right to call yourself, "Freddy Pharkas, Frontier Pharmacist."

You've got a crucible of molten silver! You shouldn't leave the lab until you figure out something to do with it.

Phenodol Oxytriglychlorate

Bimethylquinoline

Enteromagneline

Sodium Bicarbonate

Reserpiline Oxide

Calcium Carbonate

Metyraphosphate

Magnesium Sulfate

Prescription Box

You only need one prescription box at a time.

The prescription box is for finished prescriptions ONLY, not for mixing ingredients.

You can't mix items in the prescription box. It's for finished powders only.

You can't mix powders in with what is already in the prescription box.

Prescription Boxes

5 gm. Measuring Spatula

The spatula is already full of something. Empty it into an appropriate container before you do anything else with it.

The spatula isn't suitable for measuring liquids.

Click the spatula on the mixing device, not vice versa.

Gaseous Spectroscope

Good idea, Freddy. The spectrum lines on that etched glass viewer reveal volumes to those who know how to read.

The gaseous spectroscope doesn't work unless the alcohol lamp is lit and the spectroscope has been placed in front of the lamp.

Stirring Rods

Putting the stirring rod on the table will contaminate it. Just use it to stir chemicals in the beaker, then discard it.

Test tube

Your work area is a little dusty, but it's more than clean enough to continue your work.

Bedroom

You can't sleep. You're too restless. Maybe because it's broad daylight.

You'll never get back to sleep now. There's trouble afoot, and that gnaws at your gut.

(Or maybe it's that whole pouch of "Gummy Buffalo" you had just before you went to sleep!)

It's your Silly Pasturepedic 100% rawhide-filled mattress. You bumped into it at a sidewalk sale. And fractured your shin.

They let you take it home, which was cheaper than paying to have your leg fixed.

You don't really need those grooming aids, you're a Western-style hero. Your hair is always in place and your gums are always sparkling pink.

Your grooming aids:

"Swedish Leather Lice-B-Annoyed Scalpicide"...

"Santa Fe Ear Hair Revitalizer"...

...and "Ol' Mister Smather's Preferred Gum Pinkener."

This is no time to sit and read books. You're in the middle of a stirring saga of the Old West!

A lovely old glass-fronted bookcase, containing some of your favorite leisure-time reading material:

"Thoracic Park" by Michael Crouton...

"A Brief History of Slime," by Loogie J. Hawking...

"Diabetics" by O. Mom Hubbard...

"Nasal Passages," by Gail Sheewhiz...

and "How to Satisfy a Sheep Every Time and Make It Baa For More," which you keep out of sight behind the other volumes.

WILLY Now let's see. Where wuz I?

WILLY Oh, that's right. Madame Ovaree begged and pleaded with Freddy to either leave town or take up his ol' gunslingin' ways, sumptin' which Freddy was just a mite reluctant to

consider.

WILLY So they decided to sleep on it, and though they didn't get much sleep, Freddy did mull it over somewhat.

WILLY The next mornin', he decided to...<cough cough>

WILLY <WHEEZE> <cough> <cough> <haaaaack haaaaack> <COUGH>

WILLY <cough> Mebbe I better...<cough> <wheeze>...mebbe I better wait... <haaack> <cough>...

WILLY Never mind...<cough>...just go on... <haaaaack> <p-TOOie!>

FREDDY Penelope...Coarsegold...Madame Ovaree...

FREDDY I know I've got to get out of this town before they gun me down, but I CAN'T! Coarsegold's my home, and darn it to heck, I'm not gonna let some cheap criminals run me outta my home!

FREDDY Sadie's right. I've got to be the man I once was. I've got to dredge up my ugly past, meet it square in the face, stare it down, pick it up, dust it off, fluff it up and put it on again.

WILLY <cough cough>

It's been so long since you moved this chair, it seems to have become one with the floor.
(How zen of it!)

You ran across this desk chair outside the General Store.

In so doing, you tripped and knocked out two teeth.

You threatened to sue the owner, but he placated you by giving you this fine chair to keep.

You pick up the claim check, your hand trembling with the memory of the last time you wore the boots that you traded for it...

...that monster, Kenny the Kid, looking down at you and laughing as your ear bled in the hot sun...

You put those boots away, never to wear them again, and when you moved to Coarsegold, you sent them to be cleaned and polished. That was years ago. They've probably been lost or thrown away by now.

It's a claim check...for a pair of boots! Your old cowboy boots from...the Before Time? Before "The Accident?" Could it be??

(That's what you get for not opening this drawer for the past decade.)

This side of the armoire doesn't open.

(It must've been built by the same yahoo that built the outhouse by ReBoot Hill!)

You picked up this old armoire at the farmer's market.

It gave you a hernia.

So instead of paying the doctor's bills, the owner let you keep it.

Look, your closet full of pharmacist duds.

The armoire door is wide open, displaying your outfits for all the world to see and admire.

The drawer at the base of your armoire is apparently empty, except for a few stray black widows.

It's the open drawer of your armoire, currently exceedingly empty and devoid of stuff.

You take your old gunslinger clothes and your "Good Guy Model" Stetson hat.

Your old hat and gunslinging outfit! And ... mmmm! ... it smells of camphor!

You take the key.

It's a key! Hot dawg, now we're gettin' somewhere.

The dresser is artistically placed as it is. No need to move it.
You stumbled onto this big ol' dresser at a moving sale.

And broke your toe.

So rather than pay to have your toe fixed, the owner let you keep the dresser.

(In fact, you got ALL your furniture by accident!)

You'll hafta close the dresser drawer before you can do that.

(Damn these one-bedroom apartments.)

The drawer is empty, save for a few cobwebs, dust balls, and dead gnats.

If you had some socks and underwear in there, they'd need washing pretty badly.

There you are, Freddy Pharkas, you are mostly indeed a picture of stately mysterious strangeness.

Nobody will be positive to recognize you any now.

FREDDY Thanks for your help, Srimi. Coarsegold owes you a debt of gratitude it can never repay. If anyone asks, Freddy Pharkas has left town. And if I don't come out of this alive, the Pharmacy is yours.

SRINI That is of a true generous nature you are displaying, Freddy Pharkas. As for me, I would like to open a pharmacy on the reservation among my people. But whether that is fated to be or not is in the hands of someone who is not I.

SRINI Luck be with you, Freddy Pharkas. I am proud now.

With your boots, your clothes, your guns cleaned and loaded, your silver ear, and your lucky neckerchief, you're ready to get dressed and assume your identity as the Gunslingin' Stranger.

You return to your penthouse suite, high atop the glittering Pharkas Pharmacy in Beautiful Downtown Coarsegold.

There, Srimi greets you and solemnly assists you in the Final Preening.

It's a somber, and yet somehow exciting, event.

It's a reading lamp, isn't it? So don't bother it while it's reading.

While browsing at a second-hand store, you were struck by this particularly sturdy reading lamp.

The result was a mild concussion.

The guy who'd accidentally dropped it out of the second-story window was very apologetic, and rather than pay for the skull surgery, offered to let you take the lamp home with you.

There's nothing under there but more moose.

Your authentic moose-skin rug looks very attractive with those eyeglasses on it!

(It would've been a mite less lumpy if somebody'd remembered to skin the moose first.)

There's nothing left in the drawer you can use.

You've got nowhere to take it.

While window-shopping in Chowchilla, your eye fell on this plain but serviceable nightstand.

They got your eye back in, but the owner didn't want to touch the nightstand anymore. He let you keep it.

Don't move it, it's covering up the results of a failed experiment involving Madame Ovaree, a dog, a melon and a Tibetan hanging basket.

A small picture of your Mother, rest her soul.

If only she could have lived to see you now: an ex-gunslinging pharmacist in Coarsegold, California.

She'd have had a heart attack and died.

Sturdy timbers. Solid construction. Indoor plumbing.
(Any or all of them would have been an improvement!)
This is your cozy li'l bedroom.
You wonder how it would look with a little paneling.
You usually try to avoid talking to your surroundings.

SRINI FIRE! FIRE! Freddy Pharkas, please come urgently!
FREDDY Whu...what's wrong, Srini?
SRINI A tragedy is becoming!! The Assay Office is aflame! She is burning with a might most severe! The Pharmacy may be next alighted!
SRINI Get dressed as soon as possible!
FREDDY I am dressed. I don't have any pajamas.
SRINI Take mine! No, wait, there is not time to perform such an effort. Just hurry and scheme in such a way so as to extinguish the most threatening fire!

You can only take the stairs up or down. You can't take them anywhere else.
The stairs lead down to your back office.

Careful, that trunk is DANGEROUS! And you've got the scars to prove it.
Your Dad unloaded his old vaudeville trunk on you.
Not on purpose, though; he didn't know you were standing underneath when he unloaded it off the top of the stagecoach.
Ever since then, you've had brief blackouts. But hey, free trunk, right?

You need to close the armoire first. What do you think this is, the Embassy Suites?
There is nothing more in your trunk.

Barbershop

It's only an image on glass. You can't take it, touch it, or even show it tender loving care.
It's Salvatore O'Hanahan, looking very odd.
That's it, he looks BACKWARDS. His part is on the wrong side and his facial features are reversed.
You hope this "mirror" thing hasn't captured Salvatore's soul or anything.
FREDDY Hey, Salvatore's reflection, how goes it?
SALVATORE ?ot gniklat uoy er'ohw ,yeH
FREDDY You! I mean...no, never mind.

Salvatore O'Hanahan has spared no expense installing a large expensive mirror for the convenience of his customers.
You catch a quick peek of yourself in the mirror and hope that no one noticed.
FREDDY That's quite a mirror, Sal!
SALVATORE hat'sa right. There ain' ah nobody believes justa how mucha costs to ship around de Isthmus!

Sal has a back door in case angry customers queue up out front to file lead complaints about their haircuts!

FREDDY Hey! Like my silver-filled mold?
SALVATORE 'Atsa-nize silver-filled mold, laddie. You musta be some-a hero!

FREDDY Not yet, but I'm workin' on it.

SALVATORE Some pile o' baking soda you've got there, lad! Atsa real nize!

SALVATORE No-tanka you, Freddy, lad! You gotta Chianti?

FREDDY Nope...sorry.

SALVATORE Too bad. 'Ow about a wee bit o' whisky, then?

FREDDY Sorry, none of the hard stuff.

SALVATORE Atsa always the way, eh? Same all over.

SALVATORE You keep 'em! I no gotta anymore beige-anna-turquoise shoe polish!

SALVATORE Hey, you-a no gunslinger! What you do with-a those?

FREDDY I thought I'd brush up on my shooting a bit...just in case.

SALVATORE Well, laddie, be careful now! Don't be putting' yer eye out! I hardly know ye!

SALVATORE This-a no moustache wax! I dinna ken what kinda wax it is, either!

SALVATORE Some nize chunks-a charcoal. You wouldn't be takin' 'em from the Blacksmith's forge, would ya now, laddie-a?

FREDDY Smithie's gone, Sal. He hit the trail.

SALVATORE Oh, I'm-a sorry to see 'em go..him bein' such a fine broth of a smithie, too.

SALVATORE Sure 'n that key notta belongin' to me!

FREDDY Sal, do you still have that pair of boots I dropped off for a shine? I know it's been about six years now, but I just remembered I left them here!

SALVATORE Hmm. Let me see...

SALVATORE What's the number on this claim check?

He searches under the counter...

SALVATORE Yup, they're still here.

SALVATORE They'll be ready next Tuesday!

FREDDY Never mind. I'll just take them as is.

SALVATORE Hey, don't worry 'bout the storage charges, okay?

SALVATORE I doan needa that, I'm-a no takin' any dental impressions today. But sure'n you're a nice lad for thinkin' of me.

SALVATORE Sure 'n begorrah, atsa' the Sheriff's gun cleaning-a kit!

SALVATORE Wottsatta matta you? I'm-a look like a tailor to you?

SALVATORE Faith 'n Begorrah, if I've been-a tellin' ya once, I've been-a tellin' you over anna over, I'm-a Dentist, Barber, Shoeshine, anna Cobbler. I ain't no tailor!

SALVATORE I'm-a not thirsty. Already hadda twenty cupsa coffee today, and ho boy, I'm-a bit shaky already!

SALVATORE Don't be givin' it to me, lad. I'm-a not have any problems inna da lower regions!

Salvatore mutters under his breath:

SALVATORE |c1|'ey, hands off while I'm a-workin' onna this guy!|c|

Salvatore sings away, unmindful of your poking and prodding.

SALVATORE Ah, no thankee, lad. I had a wee bit of that stuff last night, anna whoo boy, I'm-a payin' today. (elixir)

SALVATORE Sorry, this-a week I only accept aluminum.

SALVATORE That mold, she's-a empty! What you gonna fill that with, Freddy?

FREDDY If I knew what to fill it with, would I be here now?

SALVATORE Haha! Atsa' good one. I'm-a smilin' now.

SALVATORE Woo boy, atsa' some stinkin' bagga sumpthin'!

SALVATORE Them's a funny-shaped silver bullets you forgin' there!

SALVATORE What, you wanna bag o' hair clippings? Sorry, 'atta would be violatin the right to privacy o' me customers!

FREDDY I understand.

SALVATORE I'm-a not needin' that gas mask, laddie, as long as I'm-a stayin' inside!

SALVATORE I wouldn't be wavin' that thing around iff'n I were you, Freddy. It's notta gonna earn

you no friends!

SALVATORE Say, that thing, she's-a sharper than mosta my dental instruments! You wanna trade for ol' rusty drill?

FREDDY Nah, I don't think so. Thanks for the offer, though.

SALVATORE 'Ay, I'm as healthy as-a da horse! Maybe two-a horses! I dinna need any medicinations!

SALVATORE Nize-a switchblade! Now be a good laddie and put that thing away.

SALVATORE What, you wanna climb uppa me? Wanna see the topa my head? Wotsa big deal?

SALVATORE 'Ay, I'm-a notta herd o' cattle! You should be usin' that lasso somewheres else, lad.

SALVATORE 'Atsa nice strop! Good for sharpenin' blades! But I gotta whetstone, I no needa da strop. Thanks anyways!

SALVATORE 'Ey, dis is a letter from-a Philip Graves! So? Ain't none-a my beeswax!

Salvatore O'Hanahan, town barber/dentist/bootblack, is hard at work on his customer, Eb Sorbeen, Jr.

(Salvatore also happens to be the only Irish-Italian in town!)

Salvatore O'Hanahan is taking a moment to sing a few bars from "The Barber of Seville."

SALVATORE 'Ay, you gotta prize! Bueno! 'ere's to yer!

SALVATORE 'Atsa not necessary, Freddy. You don't owe me any money! You haven't been in for a haircut or tooth job for months!

SALVATORE Atsa swell hankie you got there!

FREDDY It's not a hanky, it's a neckerchief.

SALVATORE If you say so, Freddy! Looks-a-like a hankie to me! But hey, I'm-a no cowboy! I'm-a justa simple country barber/dentist/bootblack!

SALVATORE 'Ay, now, we traded fair 'n square! I love-a doze French Postcards, I'm-a keepin' 'em! You keep-a da laughing gas! Feh!

SALVATORE Mmm, atta pie, she's-a looking sum good!

FREDDY Wanna trade for something?

SALVATORE No thanks! I'm-a tryin' to watch-a my weight!

You aim the pistol at Salvatore.

SALVATORE 'Ay, what am I ever done to YOU, eh?

SALVATORE I gotta wife anna kids at home!

SALVATORE I'm-a hardworkin' shlub! I gotta no money!

SALVATORE I was a-gonna retire soon, watch-a my kids grow up and move away, watch-a my wife growin' old and wrinkled and crabby.

SALVATORE I was a-plannin' to die atta home, a poor anna broken man.

FREDDY You're right. I can't do it. I won't do it.

You holster your pistol.

SALVATORE No, waitta momento...come-a to think on it, maybe it would be quicker anna more painless this way. C'mon, shoot me.

FREDDY No, no, you were right the first time. Just forget it.

SALVATORE Somma friend you are!

You hand Salvatore the French Postcards.

FREDDY Your customers may not be able to read, Salvatore, but I bet they would enjoy looking at pictures!

SALVATORE No, they're not interested in... WAIT A MINUTE! What in the hell are those girls doing?!

FREDDY I'm not sure, but I don't think it's legal on this side of the Sierra Nevada!

SALVATORE Well now, your exceptional generosity's gotta be reciprocated! Could I be interestin' you in a free shave?

FREDDY No, thank you, Sal.

SALVATORE Then, how about a free wisdom tooth extraction?

FREDDY Oh, mine are already out. Had 'em pulled in the dental department while I was in

college. Needed the extra money for tuition.

SALVATORE Well, then, lemme see...

He studies his barbershop's interior carefully.

SALVATORE Hey, 'atsa got it! Take this-a bottle of that new-fangled nitrous oxide I got off'n the Fars Wellgo wagon last week. Ain't none o' these guys around here wants to be the first man too sissy to stand up to my forceps for a little ol' tooth-pullin'!

FREDDY Why, thank you, Salvatore. Perhaps I can use this in some of my experiments.

SALVATORE Atsa nice offer, Freddy, butta my hemors aren't a-rhoiding.

SALVATORE I don't know nuttin' about fillin' no prescriptions, Miz Scarl...I meanna, Freddy!

SALVATORE I'm-a no needin' that, Freddy! I'm-a sterilizin' my water wi' whisky!

SALVATORE Some hanka rope you're havin' there, laddie.

FREDDY I was going to tie you up.

SALVATORE Ah, couldn't be lettin' ye do that, now. Nope, nope.

SALVATORE I don't needa da shovel. I'm-a not diggin' anything.

SALVATORE 'Ay, 'atsa nize silver ear you gotta there!

SALVATORE I don't needa da snails. I'm-a da vegetarian.

FREDDY How's business, Sal? Seems like you always have a customer these days.

SALVATORE Notta so good, Freddy. My earnings are up, butta ma profits are down!

FREDDY That's too bad, Sal. Do you have any ideas about how to increase business?

SALVATORE Well, ah do have one idea. I've been thinkin' 'bout providin' dirty reading material for ma customers ta read whilst they wait.

FREDDY But your customers are primarily illiterate!

SALVATORE Yup, an' they cain't read so good neither!

FREDDY Howdy, Sal! How's things?

SALVATORE I canna complain, Freddy! I'm-a gettin' plenty business.

FREDDY Did you notice that the Hotel's been shut down?

SALVATORE Yeah, I noticed that this-a morning! What's up with THAT? Who'sa-da genius who came up with THAT?

SALVATORE We're gonna lose-a da tourist trade!

FREDDY Well, if you hear anything about it, let me know, willya?

SALVATORE Hey, you got it, Freddy! Anna same to you! You hear anything, you letta me know! I be right here, uppa to my arms in this guy's head!

FREDDY Sal...

SALVATORE Gimme a break, Freddy! I gotta customers. Don't you gotta customers?

FREDDY Well, I suppose so.

SALVATORE Then do me a favor, hokay? You come-a back when you gotta news, hokay? I gotta make some headway onna this guy!

SALVATORE Hey! I made a funny! "Gotta make some headway." Get it? Get it?

FREDDY Got it.

SALVATORE Good!

FREDDY Hey, Sal!

SALVATORE 'Ey, that's Salvatore to you, stranger. What can I do for ye?

FREDDY Oh...that's right...um...I was here for a teeth cleanin'.

SALVATORE Sorry, I gotta customer gettin' "The Works." That's gonna take all day. (Oh, no! He's got one of those "All Day" suckers.)

FREDDY Congratulate me, Sal. I've got an assistant now!

SALVATORE So I hear! Now mebbe you can do somethin' about the town's water supply, eh?

FREDDY One thing at a time! I'm on the case, okay?

FREDDY Sal, all hell has broken loose.

SALVATORE What's-a da problem, Freddy, me lad?

FREDDY The Sheriff shut down Smithie. Then he shut me down, too. Some crap about

being a fire hazard.

SALVATORE Say it ain't so, Freddy!

FREDDY 'Fraid so, Sal. And if that weren't bad enough, the whole town's bein' gassed by flatulent horses. Someone must've poisoned the horse's feed.

SALVATORE Tell-a me about it! I been stuffin' hair in the door jamb, tryin' to keep the stench out! You gotta do sumpin', Freddy!

FREDDY But...but I'm just a pharmacist!

SALVATORE Yes, and the horses, they just have gas, right? So do sumpin' about it!

FREDDY OK! I'm thinking, I'm thinking!

FREDDY Sal, I'm heading out of town for a while.

SALVATORE But you were doing such a good job, m'lad! Fixin' the water supply, puttin' out the fire...we need ye, Freddy!

FREDDY I know, but now the Sheriff and the Banker are out to get me. It's not safe for me in town any more.

SALVATORE You wan' me to talk to 'em for you? Maybe Salvatore throws his weight around a li'l, eh?

FREDDY No, no, no. It's not worth the trouble. I'll be back, Sal. And if I'm not...you take care.

SALVATORE 'Ay, you take care, too, you a nize boy.

FREDDY Don't go out on the street, now, Salvatore! There's a lot of shootin' and nastiness goin' on out there!

SALVATORE Thanks for the warnin', stranger! Much obliged!

FREDDY Sal! Great news! I derailed the snail stampede. Those snails are history.

SALVATORE Atsa my boy! Your mama mus' be so proud.

FREDDY Now if I can just figure out WHAT'S going on in town...and how to get an Indian off an anthill!

SALVATORE Well, the former problem, she sounds like-a very tough problem. But the latter problem, she sounds pretty easy!

FREDDY You can breathe easier now, Sal. I took care of that problem with the horses. Turns out somebody put lentils in the feed! Ever hear of anything so dastardly?

SALVATORE Atsa devious alright, Freddy! But now whatta ya gonna do about that-a stampede headin' for town?

FREDDY What am *I* gonna do about it? Why is it always ME?

SALVATORE Sure 'n yer the smart one, Freddy Pharkas...the one in control, the one we're all watchin' and countin' on. The rest of us are just extras.

SALVATORE Now go be a bonnie lad and STOP THAT STAMPEDE!

FREDDY Hey, I put a fire out last night and saved the town. Proud of me?

SALVATORE Of course I'm proud of you!

SALVATORE You no needa my charity, Freddy. You doin' hokay.

SALVATORE I'm-a not drinkin' beer, it throws off my clippin'.

FREDDY It's water, not beer.

SALVATORE Ho, you thinkin' I'm-a just born offa da boat? I can tell-a da difference between water anna beer. I just lookit the label!

SALVATORE Nice job, Freddy! I hope you gotta big points for that!

FREDDY Yepper!

SALVATORE I wish I'd-a thoughta that.

SALVATORE Nice-a sculpture! Wotta you call it?

FREDDY Um...I call it "Earwax Revisted."

SALVATORE Hunh. Well, I dunno nothin' about art, but I know what I like, anna I like your big lumpa earwax, whatever she's-a called.

SALVATORE Not awhile I'm a-workin', Freddy! I wouldn't want to be operatin' heavy machinery like this chair while under the influence, now, would I?

SALVATORE Hey! That's-a wax ear inna clay! Pretty impressive!

Hey now, that's for the comfort of Salvatore's clients.

Back in the old days, when Coarsegold was a bustling Gold Rush city packed with men returning from panning the mountain streams or heading for mountain claims, Sal often filled that bench with hirsute miners.

Better not, they might belong to somebody.
Those old boots look vaguely familiar.

SALVATORE Hey, now, 'atsa my colorful comb water! Doan' be takin' it, I'll have-a to buy some-morea food coloring.

Although that comb storage jar is labeled "Disinfectant" you know for a fact that Louis Pasteur's recent research has proven that colored water will disinfect nothing!

SALVATORE Please keepa you hands off! I've only gotta two dabs left inna there.
The label reads, "Dullcryme, A Big Dab'll Do Ya!"

SALVATORE 'Atsa my private stash of butterscotch schnapps. You wanna snort?

FREDDY No thank you, Salvatore, I'm a sarsaparilla man m'self.
This bottle is labeled "22% alcohol by weight."

There's nothing there except a few tonics 'n stuff that you sold Salvatore.
Sal used to keep this shelf filled with toiletries...

...until he found out there were no toilets in town!

SALVATORE You thinkin' a growin' a beard?

FREDDY No, I just wanted to see what I can do with this.

SALVATORE You can put it down, it's-a not yours.
It's a shaving bowl and brush.

FREDDY Nice buffalo! Nice buffalo!

(Did he say "buffalo" or "Buff Al Lowe?")

Sal didn't really want a buffalo head mounted on his wall, but when it ran through the back of the building, he decided to just leave it.

FREDDY Hello, you majestic creature of the North American Plains!
Flattery will get you nowhere with that beast.

SALVATORE 'ey, leave-a my boring tonsorial equipment alone!
This cabinet contains boring tonsorial equipment.

You're not here for a trim.

Salvatore's adjustable barber chair.

(Apparently somebody ripped off the hand restraints, probably during a tooth extraction.)

SALVATORE You wanna some teeny-tiny little hairs? Sure, help-a-yousef!

You actually decide you have no use for teeny-tiny hairs.

Upon close inspection, you realize Sal's counter is filled with little, teeny-tiny hairs...

...as is everything else in this place!

(Including Sal!)

SALVATORE Doan you smudge-a my window!

This barbershop and dental emporium is under the exclusive proprietorship of Salvatore O'Hanahan,

Coarsegold's only Italian/Irish barber.

But it hasn't been offered to you! What is this attitude where you're trying to take everything that isn't nailed down?

You can't get away with that in real life, you know...ESPECIALLY not in the Old West. That appears to be a canister, labelled NO2.

This thing wouldn't work if you pumped 50,000 volts into it.

(Just like the Banker, the Sheriff, and about a dozen other folks in town you could name!)
Once this lamp burned whale oil, but you know how hard it is to find whales these days?

Please don't poke the plumber!

Fletcher Castoria, the town plumber, sits here patiently, waiting for his turn in the chair.

(He's got nothing else to do, since nobody in Coarsegold has plumbing!)

FREDDY Hey, Fletcher, how's the plumbing business?

He doesn't respond.

Apparently he's too engrossed in reading the latest copy of the Skoocherdownan Examiner!

SALVATORE You tryin' to take-a my pitcher? No tenk-a-you, I'm-a camera shy!

You're glad this pitcher is only used for storing water for hand washing. If you are thirsty, you'd be better off drinking from the horse troughs outside than trusting your life to this mess.

SALVATORE Hey, no Indian giving!

The naughty French postcards you gave to Salvatore!

Please quit pokin' anna proddin' everything. You make-a me nervous.

This combination barbershop and dental emporium is under the exclusive proprietorship of Salvatore O'Hanahan, Coarsegold's only Italian/Irish barber.

The words just aren't flowing freely, so you decide to shut up.

There's nothing on the shelf worth stea...er, borrowing.

You see nothing in Sal's barbershop that you would consider useful.

It's cold. Funny how rarely Salvatore cranks up the heat in 110-degree weather.

You are certainly happy it's not winter now. When Sal cranks up the heat in this baby, you can smell the memories of hundreds of miners, many of whom are now long dead...
...or at least smell that way!

You poke through the bottles to see what's what.

Hmmm... preshave, aftershave, duringshave, notgonnashave, nevershave, wannashave and tooyoungtoshave.

(Remember: shave early, shave often!)

You wouldn't care to give this place a "white glove" inspection...

...unless you wanted black gloves!

General store

None of the items along the back counter are for sale. Chester's stocking up for the Big Quake,

which is due any day now.

The heavily-stocked back counter runs along the eastern wall of the General Store.

Chester isn't selling any more smoked pickles. He's recently developed a major craving for them, and goes through about a barrel a week.

Barrels of Chester Field's most famous smoked delicacies.

Due to a recent scandal, Chester refuses to sell any more Broccoli Roll-ups.

Big ol' crates of the newest taste sensation sweeping the East.

(Unfortunately, it's a taste sensation that hasn't reached the West Coast yet, hence all these full boxes.)

It's out of reach.

Chester puts everything up there that he really kinda wants to hang onto.

It's a hanging broom.

(The nineteenth-century equivalent of an "air cleaner.")

Chester stopped selling these after they levied the state-wide New Bucket Tax.

Assorted-size buckets.

Chicken, grease, slaw, taters and brown gravy-like paste not included.

The door swings open. From the back, you hear Chester say:

CHESTER Help yourself. I'll be right out.

It's the General Store's front door.

It's Chester's private property. He won it in his divorce settlement.

(You're naturally thinking, "Divorced? On what grounds?")

A coffee grinder from the 1883 Shear's Catalog.

That makes TWO big cranks they've got in this store!

What? And take away Chester's good luck charm?

It's a horseshoe from Chester's old swayback horse.

The one that got spooked by the Fars Wellgo wagon, ran into the street and broke his leg under the wagon wheel.

Chester sent it to a veterinarian in San Francisco at an outrageous cost, but in the end, the horse died anyway. Took every penny Chester had, since the horsemeat guy wouldn't buy the carcass.

Guess he keeps the horseshoe up there for good luck.

You pick up Whittlin' Willy's knife, just to borrow awhile.

It's Whittlin' Willy's authentic whittlin' knife.

Chester only sells lanterns in combination with kerosene, but there's no kerosene to be found these days.

An old kerosene lantern.

But...but...but...but that would be STEALING!

A hanging kerosene lantern, used to provide light in the store at night.

(Since there's no more kerosene to be found, though, Chester closes up at night.)

It's not for sale. Chester likes to keep his store bug-free.

It's an Early American Bug Zapper.

It's a scented candle with Bits O' Gunpowder\08 melted into it.

It's nailed in place. Apparently Chester wants to keep it.
A small metal mirror.

Even though they're still hanging up, Chester yanked 'em off the market when it was discovered that lead, mercury and chlorine are all toxic.

The manufacturer denies any responsibility.

Industrial-strength heavy-duty cast-lead pans.

They're coated with a mercury-chlorine compound in order to make them stick-resistant.

Leave it up, just in case somebody spots that no-good, scene-stealin', code-snitchin' wiseass sonnuva...

|c2|Wanted! Dead or Alive!

For Crimes of Bad Taste,

Innuendo & Gentle Perversion

Albert "The Tinkler" Lowe

Alias "The Talking Bear"

Alias "Rottweiler Al"

Alias "Creator of the Cult Classic BOP-A-BET"

Reward:

\$500 Dead

\$15 Alive|c|

Criminy, if you were missing |c0|your|c| ferret, would |c0|you|c| want somebody to take down your lost notices?

|c3|Notice!

Lost: one ferret

Brown & white, answers to the name of "Daisy"

Enjoys sniffing out dead bodies

If found, please return to Dr. Olympia Myklos

c/o Leyendecker Museum, New York City, NY|c|

Better not touch it. Whoever this Kay Graham is, she might be very upset.
Announcement to All!

|c1|I am no longer responsible
for any debts incurred by my
wife Valanice, my son Alexander
or my daughter Rosella.

Correspondence may be sent to:
K. Graham of Daventry
c/o P. Patti
Washington, D.C.|c|

We won't let you remove any of the free plugs for other games.

|c2|* Sunday! Sunday! Sunday! *|c|

We've turned the floor of the Coarsegold Arena into a giant |c3|Mud Bog!|c|

|c0|SEE!|c| Funny Stagecoaches!

|c0|SEE!|c| The Giant 18-Wheel Monster Stagecoach crushing EVERYTHING in its path!

|c0|SEE!|c| "Kit," the amazing steam-powered covered wagon from "Night Riders."

ONLY at the Coarsegold Arena!

|c2|* Sunday! Sunday! Sunday! *|c|

Hey! Believe it or not, some people ENJOY seeing that stuff! (Sure, a hundred years from now, they'll probably look back at that kind of entertainment and laugh...but for now, it passes the time!)

It's a very old notice, curled at the edges and yellowed:

|c0|General George Armstrong Custer|c|

|c1|is looking for|c|

|c2|a Few Good Men!|c|

Able-bodied Young Men desired for vacation to idyllic Little Big Horn. Intelligent, competent leadership. Wipe out a couple dozen Sioux, how hard can it be? BYOB (Bring Your Own Blunderbuss). Benefits. Contact your local recruiting office.

Chester has a contract with DadGummCo stipulating that this sign must remain visible at all times.

For which, in return, DadGummCo provides insurance to Chester just in case somebody actually |c0|buys|c| a bottle!

It's a colorful advertisement for Dad Gumm's Magic Elixir.

"Melancholia? Vapors? Cold? Headache? Neuritis? Neuralgia? Dad Gumm it!"

Hey, this guy is still on the loose.

He keeps popping up every few years, just when you thought he was canceled...er, caught.

|c0|Wanted: Dead or Alive!|c|

|c0|Kwai Chang Caine|c|

Alias "The Grasshopper"

Alias "Hey, you! Chinaman!"

Unarmed but extremely dangerous.

Reward: \$25 worth of Turd-All Wax, \$50 worth of Ed's Kimono Pies, and a \$100 gift certificate to the famous Shwingle Catalog. Over 50,000 quality items providing value, selection & economy. Shwingle, Chicago, Illinois, 60609!

You take a complimentary paper bag.

Brown paper sacks.

Considering that there isn't much in this store that's for sale, you wonder why Chester even bothers keeping them around.

You won't need any Kitty Porn in this game!

It's a nice picture of a pussycat laying on its back.

Federal law prohibits the sale of items that once contained unpasteurized milk.

An old milk pitcher, only slightly used out on the farm.

They'r note fore sal.

Potatoe sackse.

Chester's playing it safe; he won't sell these until he's determined that there's no lead, mercury or chlorine in their manufacture.

SevereWare\08 Non-Clad Kettles.

The building's not for sale. It's Chester Field's livelihood!

It's the interior of Chester Field's mercantile.

(He used to call it a "General Store" until Generals went out of stock.)

Most of what's in the General Store won't talk to you, unless it has vocal cords.

It's already been sold; Chester's just waiting for Hank to pick it up.

A hank of rope.

Pressure from local conservatives convinced Chester to stop selling these...

...as they felt he was promoting premarital sacks!

Sacks of Bachelor's Favourite\08 Flour.

Too bad you won't need any, since they're obviously available...

...at substantial shavings!

Those are wood shavings from Willy's skillful whittlin'.

It's not for sale, dummy, it's a permanent fixture!

(Much like Willy.)

The old potbelly stove.

Many's the day you'd find Willy, Chester, Smithie, and a few others in here, all with their feet up on the stove, playing checkers, whittling, and expectorating.

They stopped doing that after the backs of their ankles got too crispy.

FREDDY Willy, I'm in need a way to disguise my ear. Do you think you could do something creative with this, something in the shape of an ear, perhaps?

WILLY Offhand, I'd say, do it yer dang self! M'nap time's comin' up shortly, I've had a hard day of whittlin'. But you could mebbe do sum lost-wax castin' with this sucker'd do the trick.

FREDDY Lost...wha?

WILLY Lost-wax castin', son! Whut'd you do, sleep yer way through metal shop?

FREDDY I guess I must've. What's "lost-wax casting?"

WILLY That's "castin'," with an apostrophe, sonny, not an "ing." Anyhoo, yew kin make all sorts a things by makin' a wax positive, using clay to make a mold, then meltin' down the metal and pourin' it inter a mold.

WILLY To make a mold, y'carves whatever ya wanna cast outta wax, see. That's whut we call a "positive." Once you got the wax positive, ya takes some clay, see, and ya packs the clay all 'round the positive. Y'just leave a li'l hole at the top so's you kin get the wax out.

WILLY So now you gots yur wax inside the clay. Welp, you just heat that sucker up 'till the wax goes all oozy, and you pours the wax out. That's the lost wax part, see?

WILLY Now your gotchur empty clay mold, whut we call a "negative." Ya smelts down your metal and pour the metal into the negative. Oncet hardens up, yew kin jus' scrape off the clay, and there you are!

WILLY Didja get all that?

FREDDY I think so. I'm not sure.

WILLY Welp, that's whut yur "restore" button's fer, kiddo. Now scrambooch.

WILLY I already tole ya, it'd make fer sum fine lost-wax casting'!

WILLY I sees ya got...whut, about a hunnerd sack?...of bakin' soda there, sonny.

FREDDY Yep, and it's feeling a little heavy, too.

WILLY Shucks, son. I remembers when I wuz just a sprite in my mama's apple, I used to have to carry FIVE HUNNERD sack o' baking soda to school and back, ever' day, twenny-five miles in each direction.

WILLY Yer jus' SPOILT, sonny, thet's what's wrong witcha! Now get back to whuch yer doin', and leave me to my whittlin'.

WILLY I dasn't drink beer, young 'un! How d'yall think I got to be this age?

FREDDY I don't know, sir.

WILLY Well, it warn't by drinkin' that St. Louis pisswater. Make mine rotgut, every time!

WILLY Nice pair o' sissified boots ya gots there, kid! Ain't nuttin' like a li'l turquoise 'n beige to strike fear inter the hearts of men!

WILLY Hey, them's some nice, shiny new bullets ya got! Won't do ya much good settin' in yer sweaty palm, though. Load 'em or lose 'em, kid!

WILLY Nice bit o' wax ya gots there, sonny! Good fer lost-wax castin'!

WILLY That reminds me, I wuz gonna finish whittlin' that pair o' skis. Welp, I'll get to it tomorrow.

WILLY That's whut ya calls yer charcoal, boy.

WILLY Whut of it?

FREDDY I'm not sure why I've got it.

WILLY So what else is new, boy! You bin walkin' around, pickin' up everthing that ain't nailed down!

WILLY You'll find a use for it eventually, I'm sure.

WILLY That ain't MY key, son! Yew just hang onto it.

WILLY Oh, yeah!

WILLY That thang!

WILLY It'll be ready Tuesday!

WILLY Ha ha ha, that's a thigh-slapper, son!

WILLY Shoot, I wuz jus' funnin' ya. I dunno what that's fer.

WILLY That there's clay! You lookin' to do some lost-wax castin'?

FREDDY Some what?

WILLY Never mind, it'd take too long to explain to ya.

WILLY Keepin' yer pistols polished, son. Thet's what it's all about.

WILLY Nice duds ya got there, whippersnapper!

WILLY Beige 'n turquoise. Reminds me a fella I knew, openin' up a restaurant by the Eastern Pacific line.

WILLY Howie Johnson, I think his name wuz. Loved beige 'n turquoise.

WILLY "Go with bright orange," I says to him, "Beige is sich a prissy li'l color."

WILLY "But it goes with anything," he says to me.

WILLY "Whut if it does?" I says. "Folks'll remember orange and turquoise. Nobody remembers beige and turquoise."

WILLY I don't know if he ever listened to me. Oh, well.

WILLY Anyways, nice duds. Next time, ya might think about goin' with orange instead of beige.

WILLY I don't drink thet stuff. Eats m'gullet out. Gives me ulcers.

WILLY But you run across some Everclear, I'm right there besides ya.

WILLY I don't need any of that pharmacy crap. I've got the constitution of an oxe.

WILLY <wheeze> <hack> <cough>

WILLY Don't be jostlin' my arm, son. You'll mess up my whittlin'!

WILLY Sorry, son, that stuff's too strong fer me!

WILLY But y'know, some moonshine'd go down real good right now!

WILLY They're empty, son!

FREDDY I know!

WILLY Well, whut'd you want me to do with 'em? Pee in 'em?

FREDDY Maybe.

WILLY Well, I went awhile ago. Thanks anyway!

WILLY What the HELL you want me to do with THIS thing?

FREDDY Nothing, I guess.

WILLY Good! It smells like horse poop, only it don't weigh nuthin'!

WILLY Whut is it, "Horse Poop Lite" or somethin'? Get it outta my face!

WILLY If you didn't want it, why'd you take it?

WILLY No thanks, I hate eatin' charcoal outta a feed bag.

FREDDY It's a gas mask, not a feed bag.

WILLY Well, whutever it is, I don't need to be strappin' it on like some danged fool.

WILLY You go ahead. It suits you better.

WILLY Whut'd you want me to do with THIS? Whittle it into sumpthin'?

WILLY It's too soft! Bring it back in a couple weeks, when it's toughened up a little. (66)

WILLY I cain't carve nuthin' with THAT! It ain't got a blade!

WILLY 'Spoze I could poke holes in sumpthin' with it, but I don't really need to.

WILLY Nice piece o' lumber, kiddo. You wanted some stuff whittled into it?

WILLY Take a number, I gotta finish this piece of scrimshaw.

WILLY Gotcherself a nice-lookin' lasso there. You tie it?

FREDDY Yep!

WILLY Hmm. I'm gonna keep m'eye on you. You got the makin's of a real Western hero.

WILLY Someday they'll be tellin' stories about you, mark my words.

WILLY Now vamoose.

WILLY Don't whup me, boy! Don't whup me!

WILLY I cain't read this. I ain't got muh readin' glasses on.

It's Whittlin' Willy. He's been here ever since you got to Coarsegold, and he hasn't aged a day.

He's always been about 140 years old.

He spins a mean yarn, and somehow he always seems to know what people did even when he wasn't in the room.

WILLY It's m'secret powers, kid. I got X-ray vision and super hearing. 'Kay? Now scram.

WILLY That's a fine bit o' silver, kiddo, the kinda thing you could molten' down and use fer lost-wax castin', if you were a mind to!

WILLY That reminds me, gotter get to Sal's one of these days to have muh false teeth re-silvered.

WILLY You don't owe me nothin'. Take it away afore I change m'mind.

WILLY Cain't whittle nothin' outta THAT, kid! (neckerchief)

WILLY Whut do you think I am, stupid or sumpin'?

WILLY I try and whittle that, I'll puncture it, and you'll get laughin' gas for blocks around! We'd all die laughin'!

WILLY Not that it'd be a bad way to go, but hell, son, I got plans! There's tales to tell and wood t' whittle!

WILLY Get outta here now.

WILLY That shore does smell good, kid! Wouldn't mind whittlin' myself a slice o' that.

WILLY Gives me the craps, though, so get it away from me.

You aim the gun at Willy...and pull the trigger!

WILLY HAH!

WILLY My skin's tough as nails, kid. Like old rawhide. Bullets cain't stop me.

WILLY I don't look at no nekkid pitchers of wimmenfolk.

WILLY But hey, iffn you get any pitchers of sheep, bring 'em on by!

WILLY Now git.

WILLY That stuff don't do me any good. M'hemorroids're too far gone for that pap.

WILLY Little bit o' horse glue, though, an' I'm back in the saddle agin!

WILLY Y'all got a hank of rope there!

WILLY Yew bin garbage-pickin' down at Smithie's old place?

FREDDY Yep!

WILLY Glad to hear it. Now git.

WILLY Hey, that ain't yourn!

WILLY That belongs down t' the cemetery, don't it?

FREDDY I was just borrowing it for a while.

WILLY Oh, yeah, right. An' Mrs. Lincoln enjoyed the show.

WILLY Git lost, yew shovel-stealin' varmint.

WILLY Escargot sushi!

FREDDY What what?

WILLY Never mind, kid. You'll learn whut it means in another 100 years or so.

WILLY Now skedaddle!

FREDDY Hiya, Whittlin' Willy! How's the Whittlin' going?

WILLY Hiya, sonny! Just splendidly, thanks! I'm workin' on a ol' dead beached whale. 'Sgonna be m'best work to date.

FREDDY Will it be for sale?

WILLY Will it be for sale? NO, it AIN'T gonna be fer sale! I'm an ARTISTE, dag nab it!

WILLY 'Sides, iff'n I hang onter it fer awhile, mebbe it'll be worth sumpthin' someday.

WILLY Now scam.

FREDDY Hey there, Willy!

WILLY It's WHITT LIN' Willy to you, son. Respeck yer elders.

FREDDY Sorry.

WILLY Fergit about it. Jus' get outta here, I'm whittlin'.

FREDDY Whittlin' Willy!

WILLY Thunderation, boy! Ain't you got nothin' better ta do than interrupt when I'm whittlin'?

FREDDY Geez, sorry! It's just that you're a colorful old character, and I enjoy hearing tall tales and Western folklore from your oral traditions.

WILLY Yew jus' keep my oral traditions outta this, son. Don't you gotta pharmacy to run? Ain't you got customers to wait on?

FREDDY I guess so...

WILLY Then git along! Move 'em on! Head 'em up! Cut 'em out! Tie 'em in! Ride 'em in! Turn 'em in! Cut 'em out!

FREDDY Okay, okay.

FREDDY Willy, I got myself an assistant down at the Pharmacy.

WILLY What the sam hill you need an assistant fer, kid? The Sheriff done closed your store down!

FREDDY Well, I've been so busy helping people and stuff, and I was hoping to reopen the store soon, so I thought...

WILLY You thought, eh? Well, THAT'S a first! Anyhows, that assistant might come in handy eventually. But fer the time being, head on out to the outhouse and figger out whut's goin' ON out there!

WILLY Seems like half the town's got the big-time runs!

FREDDY The what?

WILLY I sez, |c2|GIT|c|!!

FREDDY Hey, Willy!

WILLY Leave me alone, I'm crabby.

FREDDY So what else is new? Listen, I'm gonna be leaving town for a while.

WILLY Yeah, right.

FREDDY No, I am!

WILLY Yew are not. Yer gonna practice yer gunslingin', then yer gonna dredge up that mucky ol' past of yours and go back to bein' a bigshot hero.

FREDDY How do you know?

WILLY Hey, half the Western Heros in America done the same thang. Good luck to ya. See ya in the dime novels. Now get a move on.

FREDDY Hiya, Whittlin' Willy!

WILLY How'd the gunslingin' go?

FREDDY Great! I'm getting ready to leave town now.

WILLY Drop the "leavin' town" bit, sonny. I know whut you're up to. This is my story, 'member?

FREDDY Oh, yeah.

WILLY Now finish puttin' that disguise together and git to it, so's we kin git this town cleaned up once 'n fer all!

FREDDY Hey, you don't have to tell me twice!

FREDDY Willy, you know what's going on out there?

WILLY How could I MISS it, son? Whillikers, you step out there and it's like bein' smacked with a sack o'...welp, guess I don't hafta tell YOU, I smelt you comin' in!

FREDDY We gotta do something about it!

WILLY I'm doin' my part, sonny. I'm whittlin' m'will.

FREDDY That's not good enough!

WILLY Hey, yer the pharmacist 'round here. We ain't got no veteran aryan. Them horses're obviously havin' some sorta lower gastro-intestinal discomforture, so diagnose 'em, dammit, and give 'em sumpthin' to make 'em better!

WILLY Now leave me be.

FREDDY Well, I got rid of those snails! Aren't you proud of me?

WILLY Yeah, yeah. Only it's gonna get a lot worse, I'm tellin' ya!

FREDDY How do you know?

WILLY Who's tellin' this story, you or me?

FREDDY Well, you, I guess...

WILLY Then I guess I know whut I'm talkin' about, don't I?

WILLY Now git on out to the desert and git that guy offa the anthill 'afore I pick you up and carry you there!

FREDDY Alright, alright!

FREDDY Willy, you heard about the snail stampede?

WILLY Yepper.

FREDDY Ever hear of anything like this happening?

WILLY Nope, never.

FREDDY Well, what am I supposed to do about it?

WILLY Hey, boy, I'm jus' an ol' whittler, settin' around watching events unfold and commentin' with m'folksy, old-timey attitude...

WILLY ...y'know, kinda cranky, but with a sense of humor, too.

FREDDY Can't you give me some advice?

WILLY Welp, that ain't m' speciality, but I'll tell ya this: them snails ain't much different from your ordinary garden slugs.

WILLY They prob'ly likes the same things. So jes' keep that in mind when dealin' with 'em.

FREDDY Thanks!

WILLY Yer welcome. Now get outta here, I'm done witcha.

WILLY Hey, I may LOOK like an old goat, but I don't et like one!

WILLY I don't drink beer!

FREDDY This isn't beer, it's water.

WILLY Yew bin drinkin' the wrong beer, then. Yuh need a beer with the flavor that stays with yuh, beer after beer.

WILLY Hey! Smart thinkin', sonny!

WILLY Didja get big points fer that?

FREDDY Pretty good, yeah.

WILLY Well, all right then! Good goin'! Yew'll be a hero yet!

WILLY It's empty!

FREDDY Yeah.

WILLY Welp, bring it back when it's full, and we'll get stinkin'!

Mom's Coffee Shop

It won't be worth taking 'till it's hardened.

(At least, that's what Madame says!)

A bottle of Mom's home-pressed apple cider.

Mom is just merciless to those apples. As she turns the press, she screams, "Die, you suckers, die!"

If you value your right hand -- and we |c2|know|c| you do -- don't be opening Mom's cabinets. Helen's china cabinet.

Rumor has it that she keeps the heads of her three dead husbands somewhere behind the Melmac plates and dishes.

HOP Oh oh oh! You in big water now!

HELEN |c2|LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!!|c| Freddy Pharkas, I'll see you run out of town for this!!

HELEN Hop Singh, hop to it! Get out here and clean up this mess!

HELEN Damn these flies!

HELEN Mom offers free coffee to her regular customers. You're as regular as anyone -- 11 a.m. every morning, you head straight for the outhouse!

HELEN So, as usual, you pour yourself a steamin' hot cuppa joe.

HELEN Mr. Pharkas, I have no objection to your coming in here and taking a cup of coffee. But please, limit yourself to one cup at a time.

HELEN Or I will have no choice but to break your skinny bones like matchsticks. Are we clear on this now?

HELEN Good.

You take another cup of coffee.

HELEN Oh, sure. Mom's bottomless pot of coffee. Drink up all my profits, why don't you? Take cup after cup. What do you think, I'm running a restaurant here?

FREDDY Sor-REE! Gee, Mom, get off my back! Nag, nag, nag!

It's one of those newfangled Ol' Missuh Coffee machines. Helen sets it out every other day for free coffee.

You won't need any of |c2|that|c| corn...

...you're getting more than enough corn just by playing this game.

But that can is full of corn! You'll get corn-packing-juice all over everything!

A can of P&W Corn.

"The firm, crisp kernels that look as good coming out as they do going in!"

You see nothing on the counter worth snitching.

The clean, spanking-white counter of Mom's Cafe.
(Helen Back is anal-retentive about cleanliness.)

Fer cryin' out loud! You've dropped a horse pie in the middle of Mom's Cafe!
What could you have been thinking of?
It wasn't lunch, that's for darn tootin'!

HELEN Damned flies! This place is like a stable!

HELEN Maggots crawling through the door and flies circling the ceiling! What's this town coming to?

HELEN Flies in the summer, snow fleas in the winter. God, but I miss Missouri!

HELEN Hop Singh, haven't you put up those no-pest strips yet?!?

HELEN Freddy Pharkas! Look what you brought in with you. What's next? Honestly.

HOP Sorry, Mom. They on order.

There are too many to catch, and they're too fast.

A swarm of flies makes a constant circuit inside the Cafe.

They're the bane of Mom's existence!

(Along with customers, employees, or anyone who talks to her or has anything to do with her in any way.)

FREDDY Hello, Flies! If I chase that nasty ol' Mom away with a stick, will you give help me find a magic key or something?

They just buzz at you a little bit.

Don't forget, this ain't fantasy, this is REALITY!

Mom would cut off your testicles and serve them for lunch.

(And knowing the locals, they'd enjoy 'em, too!)

Helen, a.k.a. Mom, loves to decorate the room with fresh-cut flowers.

But since there are no flowers in Coarsegold, she has to make do with these sprouted collard green tops.

HELEN Hmmph. Dunno who around here will eat these, since they don't give you gas, but I'll put them in a bag of cornstarch and think about it.

HELEN And I suppose a thank-you is in order, so thank you.

HELEN Are you implying that my customers are in need of bicarbonate?

FREDDY Well, I...

HELEN You've got your nerve! At least MY customers aren't sick when they walk in the DOOR!

You narrowly avoid making an obvious comeback.

HELEN Do you see a liquor license anywhere on the wall?

FREDDY No, but...

HELEN Then take that out of here before I get my butt hauled into the pokey!

HELEN Are you implying that my steaks are as tough as leather?

FREDDY Not at all, I was just...

HELEN Take those smelly old things out of here before I lose any sense of aroma I might already have had.

HELEN Those are certainly not fit for human consumption!

(Gee, what in this Cafe IS?) (bullets)

HELEN If it isn't carnauba wax, take it away.

FREDDY It isn't.

HELEN Take it away.

HELEN We don't do any GRILLING here, you fool! We FRY!

(Oh, if only she would!)

HELEN Do I look like a person who's lost a key?
FREDDY Not exactly, but...
HELEN Then take it away! Honestly, some people's children.
HELEN That's not going to be ready 'till Tuesday.
FREDDY Oh. I was hoping to...
HELEN It was a joke. A JOKE! Do you even understand what a joke is?
HELEN Honestly.
HELEN That's clay! What am I supposed to do with it?
HELEN Are you implying my complexion isn't what it ought to be?
FREDDY No, I'm...
HELEN Then take it away. I've never been so insulted in all my life.
(Oooh, Freddy, and you were there!)

HELEN Nothing HERE needs cleaning! We thoroughly wash everything before serving it. Isn't that right, Hop Singh?
FREDDY You told me not to waste water except when FDA man...
HELEN It was a rhetorical question, dammit. You: back to work. Freddy: stop pestering me.
HELEN I wouldn't be caught DEAD in an outfit like that! What do I look like, some sort of cowboy?
(No, cowboys don't put on their makeup with putty knives!)

HELEN If you don't like it, you don't have to drink it.
HELEN You idiot, it's the HORSES that are sick, not my customers! They're all happily dining on my freshly-cooked specialties.

HELEN Well, I never!
(Maybe that's why she's so tense and irritable all the time.)

HELEN I don't need that! I never get indigestion!
FREDDY You eat here, though, don't you?
HELEN Heavens no! I send out. What do you think I am, crazy?

HELEN I don't want your steenkin' empties!
HELEN You've got something absolutely putrid in that bag, Freddy Pharkas!
FREDDY So you want me to take it out the restaurant?
HELEN You might as well. We've already prepared the Blue Plate Special for today.

HELEN Well, that's a fine how-do-you-do! Walking in here with a doggie bag and expecting me to fill it for you.
FREDDY I wasn't...
HELEN Oh, of course you were. I don't want to hear another word about it.

HELEN We're SAFE in here, you dolt! There's no gas in here!
(Really? Has she tried the Chili 'n Broccoli Surprise?)

HELEN That filth will attract flies! Get it out of here at once!
HELEN You are truly disgusting!
HELEN I'm flabbergasted!
HELEN I'm speechless!
(As if!)

HELEN Tell me, what do I need an ice pick for when I've got Hop Singh's hands?
HELEN They're deadly weapons! They're registered!

HELEN I don't remember needing anything from the Pharmacy right now. So pawn it off on one of your other victims!
HELEN I don't remember needing anything from the Pharmacy right now. So pawn it off on one of your other victims!

HELEN I already told you that I don't want that. Would you like me to find a NEW PLACE to put it?

FREDDY I don't think so.

HELEN Good! I don't relish the thought either.

HELEN I've got plenty of knives here already. I'm not ill-equipped, you know!

HELEN Honestly.

HELEN I don't need a ladder. Whatever Hop Singh or I can't reach, we just throw things at.

HELEN Get that rope away from me. I'm not a heifer!

(Not much!)

HELEN What am I supposed to do with a leather strap?

HELEN Honestly.

HELEN Normally I'd LOVE to read somebody else's mail. But I'm just a bit busy right now.

It's Helen Back, better known as Mom.

(If she was really your Mom, you'd run away.)

HELEN So your assistant won a medal. Big deal. Hop Singh's won more Cordon Bleu awards than you can shake a spatula at.

HELEN You don't owe me any money. You haven't bought anything from me in ages!

HELEN You just keep coming in here every other day and getting free coffee.

HELEN Freeloader! Honestly.

HELEN Take that ragged old napkin away. I'd never use such a garish piece of garbage.

HELEN Honestly!

HELEN I don't know what that is, but I don't find it the least bit funny!

(Figures.) (nitrous oxide)

HELEN Where did that come from? That looks like one of Hop Singh's!

FREDDY I must confess, I took it. I need it. I promise to repay you.

HELEN You'd better! I don't want THAT one back anymore, you've dented it!

Aw, c'mon, you'd want to off this sweet old lady? The one everybody calls, "Mom"?

Yeah, we would, too, but we just can't let you!

HELEN Take this smut out of here instantly!

HELEN Wait a second, let me see those.

HELEN Got 'er, got 'er, want 'er, got 'er, want 'er, had 'er, need 'er, want 'er, got 'er, got 'er.

HELEN OK, thanks! Now get that smut out of here immediately!

HELEN My backside is scarcely in need of lubrication!

HELEN Honestly.

HELEN I don't cook with water. I cook with 100% fatback. So we won't be needing any of your half-assed concoctions in here!

HELEN Take that filthy thing out of here. It's got graveyard clay all over it!

FREDDY 'Morning, Helen!

HELEN Freddy Pharkas! Since when are we on a first-name basis?

HELEN Only my closest friends may call me "Helen." You and I are acquaintances, nothing more.

HELEN Therefore, you should address me as "Mom."

FREDDY Land's sake, I'm sorry, Hel...er, Mom!

HELEN That's better. Now, what did you want?

FREDDY Uh...

FREDDY When I remember, I'll let you know.

HELEN Honestly, some people.

FREDDY Hel...Mom! Did you know that the Hotel's been shut down?

HELEN Why, of course I did! Where on earth have you BEEN, Freddy Pharkas?

FREDDY Any idea of who did it, or why?

HELEN Sheriff Shift and Phineas were there, talking about it being a fire hazard and something about there being back rent owed.

HELEN But I'm no gossip. Don't go by what I'm telling you!

FREDDY Have you heard anything else?

HELEN I'm no gossip, Freddy Pharkas, and I've got work to do. Why don't you go do yours?

HELEN Yes, I believe that's the best idea. You get along and get back to work.

FREDDY Mom, I apologize for leaving that little souvenir with you.

HELEN I'm not talking to you right now. I'm ashamed to be your Mom.

HELEN Now you just turn right around and go outside and THINK about what you've done for awhile.

HELEN You can come back in here when you decide to behave like a human being again.

FREDDY Mom, there was a fire last night that almost burned the whole town down.

HELEN Don't you think I saw that for myself on the way to work this morning? Honestly!

FREDDY Fortunately, I was able to put the fire out with a little baking soda.

HELEN So THAT'S the stench I've been smelling! What an inconsiderate clod you can be. That burnt baking-soda smell is simply nauseating. It's no wonder I've got no customers today.

FREDDY I thought I was doing the town a favor.

HELEN Well, next time, think a little harder.

FREDDY Mom, I'm going to be leaving town awhile. Just wanted to tip m' hat and say thanks.

HELEN Fool, you're not even wearing a hat.

FREDDY And in case I don't see you again, I think you're a brave, feisty, spry li'l lady.

HELEN Why, you condescending twerp, I'm not a "little lady," and if you ever call me "feisty and spry" again, you'll need a blacksmith to help you swallow your lunch.

FREDDY Yes, well...so long, now.

HELEN Whatever.

FREDDY Mom, where are all your customers?

HELEN Damned if I know. They all jumped up at more or less the same time and ran to the outhouse.

HELEN It's not my fault, though. They hadn't even et yet. Just had a glass of water, and bam, they're gone.

HELEN If you tell anyone about it, you're dead meat on a hook.

FREDDY That sounds fair.

FREDDY Mom, you'd better keep everyone inside 'til I can get this horse flatulence thing straightened out.

HELEN Not that it's any of your business, but I'll be keeping my customers in here as long as I can.

HELEN 'Course, if they just keep ordering weak tea and Uwanna Biscuits, I'll toss their butts into the street. Can't make any money selling tea and frickin' biscuits!

FREDDY Mom, what do you know about ants?

HELEN Keep your voice down, Freddy Pharkas. That was a long time ago, and I paid the fine and got rid of the ants.

FREDDY No, I meant wild ants.

HELEN You're talking crazy talk. There's no such thing as domesticated ants. Ants is ants. Now get out before you scare away the customers.

(What customers??)

FREDDY Mom, Mom!

HELEN Let me guess. You only have one cavity.

FREDDY Huh? No, I wanted to know if you have any salt. There's a stampede of snails a-comin', and I need to stop 'em.

HELEN I don't know anything about no stampede. Unless they're stopping here to eat, I don't even care.

HELEN As for salt, you KNOW we're a salt-free community! That's why everyone's so laid back. Low blood pressure. And we aim to keep it that way.

FREDDY Dang!

FREDDY Helen, have you ever thought of putting escargot on the menu?

HELEN You've already taken it, I don't want it back. Like I said, take it out of here, I'm sick of the sight of it.

HELEN Honestly!

HELEN We don't serve beer in here, Freddy Pharkas.

FREDDY It's water, it's just in a beer bottle.

HELEN Do you think I was born yesterday, Freddy Pharkas?

FREDDY Obviously not.

HELEN Well! I never!

FREDDY Well! Maybe you SHOULD!

HELEN I must say, Freddy Pharkas, that's pretty clever of you.

HELEN You DID get points for that, didn't you?

FREDDY Yes, Ma'am.

HELEN I should hope so.

HELEN That looks like Saloonware, not Cafeware.

HOP No no! Only need bicarbonate AFTER eating food, not during preparation phase!

HOP Prefer plum wine! You got any plum wine?

FREDDY Uh...no.

HOP Thought not! Nobody in town ever get plum wine! Bah!

HOP Not mine! Hop Singh's feet bound to take smaller size!

HOP Hmm...not need bullets, not called for in repertoire of recipes!

HOP Not need wax, unless you got carnauba wax for pastries. You got any carnauba wax?

FREDDY Uh...no.

HOP Same all over town! Feh!

HOP Ahh, perfect for hibachi! You got hibachi?

FREDDY Um...nope.

HOP Nobody got Hibachi in Coarsegold. Sad, sad!

HOP Not need key! Hop Singh welcome everywhere in Coarsegold. You welcome everywhere in Coarsegold?

FREDDY Nooooo, I couldn't say that.

HOP Didn't think so! Hop Singh most popular in town!

HOP Ah, so! It be ready Tuesday!

HOP Sorry, little joke. Cousin Lo Fat have laundry in New York. Hop Singh not know what claim check is for.

HOP Ooh, Freddy Pharkas make lousy pudding! Very gummy, bad flavor.

HOP That not mine! Hop Singh use cleaver, not gun!

HOP Very bad taste! Turquoise and beige. Try black and red and yellow. Now that is color combination.

HOP You not like it, you don't have to drink it. Hop Singh not want it back.

HOP I look like horse to you?

FREDDY Nay. I mean, no.

HOP Good! Then take away!

HOP Not in front of food!

HOP Hop Singh fit as fiddle! Not needing nostrums!

HOP We not accept empties. Sorry!

HOP Ooh, take away before Mom sees! Mom keep very neat restaurant, not appreciate bag of flatulent.

HOP We already have plenty doggie bags.

HOP Hop Singh have advanced filtration nostrils, not need gas mask. Thank you kindly anyway!

HOP No no no no no! Take away! Mom make me clean that up if you leave it here!

HOP Hop Singh use karate to chop ice, not needing ice pick.

HOP You already offer that to me! What, you no take "no" for answer?

HOP No no no!

HOP You not want to threaten Hop Singh. I break bones like that.

HOP Not needing ladder. Everything in kitchen down low.

HOP Always wanted one of these! You have one made out of silk?

FREDDY Oh, gee, not on me.

HOP Too bad. You find silk lasso, let me know. Hop Singh got kinky idea.

HOP That pretty pitiful whip. Much too short and flat.

HOP So sorry, cannot read that. Lost contacts.

It's Hopalong Singh, Helen's faithful cook from the Far East.

He used to work as a professional chef for a chain of Ponderolla restaurants.

HOP Very nice medallion! Congratulate Srini for me!

HOP Not need your money. Mom pay me better than I make in San Francisco.

HOP Develop "Nouvelle Frontier" cuisine. Very popular!

HOP Nice quality neckerchief. Where you steal it from?

FREDDY Steal it? Don't be silly. It's mine!

HOP Uh-huh. Never seen you with neckerchief before.

FREDDY I had it put away for safekeeping. It's my lucky neckerchief.

HOP Ah, no wonder you have so little luck lately.

HOP No thank you. Hop Singh not in laughing mood just now.

HOP That pie look awfully familiar!

HOP Look like one I just made awhile ago and now is missing! Where you find it?

FREDDY Uh...my Mom sent it to me.

FREDDY Yeah, that's it, my Mom sent it to me.

Hop Singh smells the pie.

HOP Say! You Mom almost as bad a baker as I am! I cannot bake pie to save life!

You level the pistol at Hop Singh.

HOP Do not try it! Wearing bulletproof apron! Hah!

HOP Not interested in looking at pictures of American women.

FREDDY They're French, not American.

HOP Even worse! You got pictures of chocolate desserts?

FREDDY Uh...no, sorry.

HOP Nobody in Coarsegold got pictures of chocolate desserts. Phooey!

HOP That for tea?

FREDDY Well, it's for the town's water supply.

HOP Then no concern to me.

HOP Nice rope, so?

HOP Shovel very dirty. Please to remove it from restaurant before Mom have hissy fit.

HOP Hmm, mediocre quality snail. Very tough, make chewy appetizers. You show to Mom, she make buying decisions. Hop Singh just work here.

FREDDY Howdy, Hop! How's the restaurant business?

HOP Pretty slow! Not much business. Seem like town closing up and blowing away.

FREDDY You've noticed that too, have you?

HOP Oh, yes. First Old Abandoned Mine, then Assay Office, then Post Office, then Tall & Thin Shop, then Theatre, yesterday Hotel. What next?

FREDDY Well, I intend to get to the bottom of this.

HOP Maybe hurry, before Mom's next to go! Hop Singh not want to lose his job!

FREDDY Can I ask you a question, Hop Singh?

HOP What is it?

FREDDY It's an inquiry, an interrogative sentence calling for an answer.

FREDDY But that's not important right now.

FREDDY I'd like to know if you've got something against pronouns, contractions and

conjunctions. You use so few of them.

HOP I can anytime I like. It's simply that Helen Back paid me handsomely to come and act like an "authentic" Chinese chef.

HOP Granted nobody actually speaks like this, but she seems to THINK people speak like this. So, hey, she cuts the checks, I just play along.

HOP That answer question?

FREDDY Perfectly. Thanks!

FREDDY Hey, Hop!

HOP Freddy Pharkas again! What with you? I have restaurant to run, you still have Pharmacy to run, yes?

FREDDY Er...yes.

HOP Then get back to it! I busy here!

FREDDY Hop Singh, you're not mad at me, are you?

HOP |c0|OUT! OUT! OUT!|c| Hop Singh not want you slinging the bull in here no more.

FREDDY But it was an accident! It slipped, okay?

HOP Slip? Slip? What you carrying that plop around for in first place? How stupid can one pharmacist get?

HOP Honestly!

(Uh-oh, he's been hanging around Mom too long!)

FREDDY Say, Hop! Hear about the big fire last night?

HOP Oh yes! Very dramatic.

FREDDY I came to the rescue, though. Put out the fire single-handedly!

HOP Ohhh, very good. We all proud of you. You BMOC!

FREDDY BMOC?

HOP Big Mensch Of Coarsegold!

FREDDY Hop Singh, I'll be leaving town for a while.

HOP Okay! Hate long goodbyes! Sayonara!

FREDDY I'll miss you, too.

HOP Sayonara!

FREDDY You've been just like a chef to me.

HOP SAYONARA! Arrivederci! Adios! Hasta la vista!

FREDDY Gee, I don't know much Chinese, Hop, so I don't know what you just said, but...goodbye.

HOP GOODBYE!

FREDDY Hey, Hop Singh! Don't serve any water 'till I've had a chance to check it out. I think something's up with the water supply.

HOP No problemo! This California. We not serve water with meals unless customer beg.

FREDDY Hop Singh, I just want to warn you NOT to go outside and NOT to let your customers go outside 'till we've cleared the air.

HOP We having big argument or something?

FREDDY No, not that I know of.

HOP Then why need to clear the air?

FREDDY Never mind. Go outside all you like.

HOP Thank you for kind permission!

FREDDY Hey, Hop Singh, you know anything about getting people off of anthills?

HOP Not hardly!

FREDDY Thanks, you're a big help.

HOP You not talk to me like that. I got big cleaver.

FREDDY Have you heard, Hop Singh? Thar's a stampede a-comin'!

HOP Nobody tell Hop Singh nothing back here. Hop Singh could fall over and die and rot and nobody would even know for days.

FREDDY Well, I'm telling you now.

HOP Ye, yeh. Go and leave Hop Singh to suffer in silence. So what if everybody ignore me? So what if nobody talk to me back here, except Mom when she want something?

HOP So what if Hop Singh slave over hot steam table all day and work fingers to the bone?

FREDDY I thought you were going to suffer in silence.

HOP OK for you, Freddy Pharkas! You get yours, you see! You just like all the rest!
Vamoose!

HOP That brand of beans we use! Some coincidence!

FREDDY I got this can here. Mom gave it to me.

HOP Oh! Impressed. Mom not give old empty tin can to just anyone. Must really like you!

HOP Hop Singh not beer-drinker!

FREDDY This is water, not beer.

HOP Oh-ho, you very sneaky, try to get Hop Singh drunk and give away cooking secrets.

FREDDY That's truly not what I had in mind.

HOP Do you no good! Hop Singh not HAVE any cooking secrets! Play it by ear! Guess that twice the work for you, eh? Heh!

HOP Very clever! Hop Singh hope you get big points for that.

FREDDY A-yep!

HOP Good, good! You be hero yet!

HOP Hop Singh have no need of empty glass.

You can't reach anything in the kitchen from here.
Mom's kitchen, spotlessly clean and efficiently-run.

The kitchen counter.

(Let's see...you count 1 kitchen!)

There's nothing on the counter you need.

Hopalong Singh (Hop, for short) doesn't take kindly to people invading his inner sanctum.

HELEN Nobody goes into my kitchen without my permission. |c0|Nobody,|c| do you hear?

Heed her warning. The last customer who crossed Mom ended up on the Blue Plate Special.
The swingin' kitchen doors.

You poke her in the shoulder pad. Ewww! It's all mushy and bloated!

Charlotte doesn't even glance at you. She's too busy talking with her mouth full.

Yes, it's SOOOO tempting!

But you'll have to restrain your murderous impulses. It's just not in character.

She's too intent on getting her just desserts to care about that.

Charlotte Russe, one of the local gossips, is stuffing her face with dessert (some sort of sponge cake and whipped cream monstrosity).

(It makes your arteries seize up just looking at her!)

FREDDY Hello, Mrs. Russe. That sure is a lovely dessert you're wearing today!

You hear only a garbled, "Mmph gluphum truph aphuphuphum."

You poke Sarah in the back, but she doesn't stop talking for a moment.

What concentration! What dedication!

What a MOUTH!

That would be justice, wouldn't it? Sarah's stabbed so many people in the back, it would only be fair for someone to turn the tables.

But a first-degree murder charge might interfere with your efforts to save the town just now.

She's far too busy cutting down people she hardly knows to bother with the likes of you.

(Maybe you should offer her a saucer of milk!)

It's Sarah Hardtbern, the director of the local community theatre. She's doing some power-

klatsching...massacring several cheese danish, numerous cups of cappucino, and three or four reputations.

FREDDY Howdy, Sarah. Any big productions planned this season?

She ignores you. Apparently she doesn't like to be interrupted in mid-slander.

No need to, since it's always bright, sunny and cheerful in Mom's Cafe.

Mostly because the weather wouldn't DARE cross Mom!

A decorative oil lamp is attached to the wooden support beam.

This is no time to sit and chow down. You've got work to do!

Just one of the homey, red-and-white-striped spotless-tablecloth-covered tables.

Better not let Mom catch you fooling around with her order wheel!

HELEN Do you have an order to put on the order wheel?

FREDDY Uh...no.

HELEN Then were you going to take one of the orders and fill it?

FREDDY Er...no.

HELEN Then kindly keep your hands to your sides before I decide to make them a permanent fixture.

It's an order wheel.

PENELOPE No thank you, Frederick. I don't drink, and I hope you don't, either.

PENELOPE After all, lips that touch liquor will never touch mine!

FREDDY Hey, I hear ya, Penelope! Lips that lick...yes, what you just said.

PENELOPE A pair of cowboy boots. The kind that ruffians and hooligans wear. Wherever did you find these?

FREDDY They were my...I just...they...um, I forget.

FREDDY Yes, that's it, I forget.

PENELOPE Hm. Well, I'd get rid of them immediately before somebody gets the idea that you're some sort of gunslinger!

FREDDY Look, Penelope...candle wax!

PENELOPE Why, yes it is, Frederick. How lovely for you. Are you starting some sort of collection?

FREDDY No. I mean yes.

PENELOPE Oh. Well, if I run across any myself, I'll be glad to save some for you.

PENELOPE How quaint, a handful of charcoal.

PENELOPE You'll pardon me if I don't take those off your hands, won't you? I don't want to muss my dress.

FREDDY Shoot, no problem, Penelope. I'll take care of this.

FREDDY Look, Penelope, see what I have here!

PENELOPE A key?

FREDDY Yep!

PENELOPE I'm very happy for you, Frederick.

FREDDY See this claim check, Penelope? Does it mean anything to you?

PENELOPE I'm sure it doesn't, Frederick. I'm sorry. Perhaps one of our local shopkeepers would recognize it.

FREDDY Look, Penelope! Clay!

PENELOPE Hmmm, this is quite interesting. Hydrous aluminum silicate, mixed with powdered feldspar, quartz, sand, iron oxides and other minerals. Very malleable!

FREDDY Penelope, you've never looked more beautiful to me than you do now, analyzing the chemical makeup of this compound.

PENELOPE Thank you, Frederick. I like looking at you, too.

FREDDY Penelope, look! I've concocted something that will cure the horses of their noxious fume-emitting!

PENELOPE Tres magnifique, Frederick!!

FREDDY No, it's nothing like that. I call it "Deflatulizer."

PENELOPE Oh, I see. Well, I'm very proud of you nonetheless.

PENELOPE Frederick, please! Not in front of Mom.

FREDDY Look, Penelope!

PENELOPE Isn't that the key to your Pharmacy, Frederick?

FREDDY Yes, Penelope! Very good, ten points!

PENELOPE But you shouldn't be waving it around, Frederick! You wouldn't want anyone to steal it and rob the Pharmacy, would you?

You chuckle confidently as you slip the key back into your pocket.

FREDDY Here, Penelope.

PENELOPE I'm sorry, Frederick, you know those drugstore remedies don't do me any good!

FREDDY Some empty bottles, Penelope?

PENELOPE What a...[c2|thoughtful|c]...gift, Frederick. Tell you what: why don't YOU hang onto these for me, since I'm at work right now. Thank you so much.

FREDDY Sure. A-yuh. A-yuh.

FREDDY Want to look in this bag, Penelope?

FREDDY G'wan, I dare you.

PENELOPE Why, certainly, Frederick. I'll be happy to open this bag and look inside, if that's what you'd like me to do.

PENELOPE Bear in mind, though, that I don't really like surprises very much.

PENELOPE Let's both hope there's nothing in this bag that would make me cross with you.

PENELOPE Shall I open it now?

FREDDY No, no, no, no, no. No. I just wanted to see if you wanted to. Don't open it.

PENELOPE Very well.

PENELOPE No thank you, Frederick. My, I haven't purposefully hyperventilated since my college days!

FREDDY Look at this new invention of mine, Penelope.

FREDDY It filters noxious odors out of the air by forcing air to pass through a chamber filled with activated charcoal.

PENELOPE That's exceedingly clever, Frederick! If you provide one of these to every man, woman and child in the town, we'll be safe from the poisonous fumes being emitted by the horses!

FREDDY Oh...well, I only made this one. This is all the charcoal there was.

PENELOPE Ah, well then. Use it wisely, Frederick. Our safety is in your hands, my handsome pharmacist!

PENELOPE That certainly looks sharp and pointy, Frederick! Please, take it away before I puncture myself!

PENELOPE This looks like somebody else's prescription, Frederick! You'd better get back to work and give it to him right away. It might be important!

FREDDY Good thought! You're so smart, Penelope.

PENELOPE You're so obedient and puppy-doggish, Frederick. Now straight off with you!

PENELOPE That looks like the ladder from our playground slide, Frederick.

PENELOPE I certainly hope it isn't. I'd hate to think you'd stolen that from the children. I would have to rethink our whole relationship.

FREDDY No, it just looks like the playground slide. I wouldn't steal anything from children.

FREDDY *gulp*

FREDDY Look, Penelope! It's my lasso! I made it out of rope!

PENELOPE That's VERY good, Frederick. VERY good!

PENELOPE I certainly hope you're not expecting ME to use that leather strap, Frederick. I do not go in for those unusual games.

FREDDY Uh, no, I was just showing it to you.

PENELOPE Well, then, that's fine.

PENELOPE Oh, did you need me to read this to you?

FREDDY No, no...I was just seeing if you wanted it.

PENELOPE Whatever for, Frederick? It's addressed to you. Why would I want it?

FREDDY Well, I...

PENELOPE Don't tell me you were just wandering around, trying to give items to people at random? That's no way to be a Western Hero.

FREDDY No, no, I wasn't, I swear.

PENELOPE That's good, let's keep it that way, shall we?

FREDDY Yes, yes, whatever you say, Penelope.

It's Penelope! Just look at the way she sits at that table and eats and talks!
Isn't she simply DREAMY?

FREDDY Quit making fun of my sweetheart. You're not the boss of me.

PENELOPE You don't owe me any money, Frederick. You keep it, I insist.

FREDDY Yes, I was just showing it to you.

PENELOPE Oh! Well, it's a very nice bankroll, Frederick.

FREDDY Thank you.

FREDDY Would you like some beer, Penelope?

PENELOPE Brewed malt beverages are an acquired taste, preferred by lowbrows and ruffians. Surely you don't drink them, do you, Frederick?

FREDDY No, but this is beer.

PENELOPE Beer IS a brewed malt beverage.

FREDDY Oh.

FREDDY I knew that.

FREDDY No, I don't drink beer, that's why I was offering it to you.

PENELOPE Oh. I see. Hmmmm.

FREDDY Look, rope!

PENELOPE Yes, Frederick, it certainly is.

FREDDY Want it?

PENELOPE No. Don't you?

FREDDY Yes, but I was just checking.

PENELOPE Oh! That was considerate of you, thank you!

FREDDY Penelope, be careful. For some reason, the horses in town are expelling huge quantities of poison gas! It's not safe outside.

PENELOPE My hero!

PENELOPE I'll stay inside until it's safe. Thank you, Freddy. You may have just saved my life.
(and she coyly adds...)

PENELOPE I suppose I'll have to find a way to repay your kindness...if that's all right with you.

FREDDY Why, sure! I mean...wow, hot dog, Penelope! I mean, er...sounds good!

FREDDY Empty can of beans?

PENELOPE No, but thank you for asking!

FREDDY You're most welcome.

You can't reach that hot apple pie from here!

How tempting! Fresh apple pie, still warm from Mom's oven. What could be more American?

Where were you going to go with it? To the "post" office?

A support post. Mom's Cafe has been held up every day for years.

You consider doing your Famous Tablecloth Trick, but there's nobody around to be impressed!

FREDDY Anybody wanna see my Spectacular Tablecloth Trick?

HELEN Anybody want to see my famous "Julienne the Troublemaker and Serve Him As A Side Order with the Chicken-Fried Steak" trick?

FREDDY On second thought, the Tablecloth trick isn't that spectacular. Let's skip it.

HELEN Smart boy.

Just one of the homey, red-and-white-striped spotless-tablecloth-covered tables.

If you get your fingerprints on anything in this spotlessly clean, cozy little cafe, Mom will check out the fingerprints, trace them to you, and make you one sorry hombre.

HELEN Get any fingerprints on anything and I'll be happy to staple your fingers over them.

It's Mom's Cafe, owned by Helen Back, "The Surliest Mom In The West."

It's Mom's Cafe, owned by Helen Back, the Surliest Mom in the West.

HELEN I'm not |c0|your|c| Mom, buckaroo. And don't call me Surly!

That's there to be admired, not conversed with.

Better wait 'till Mom is here before you try to take anything from her shelves.

HELEN I'm so glad you like the decor in here, Mr. Pharkas.

HELEN Of course, if you were to rearrange it, or move it, or touch it in any way, I would have to shoot you. You do understand, don't you?

FREDDY Certainly, yes, I understand.

HELEN That's good. See how nice things are when we cooperate with each other?

A high-up shelf, where Mom has stored some decorative empty bottles, plates, and those unique and wonderful "Air Ferns" she bought out of Pureed Magazine.

HELEN Did you know what Hop Singh did to the last customer who tried to go into my kitchen?

FREDDY Nope.

HELEN Did you try the Beef Wellington last week?

FREDDY Yes, I guess I did.

HELEN Then I'm sure you'll figure it out on gut instinct.

These swinging doors lead to the kitchen.

Better not disturb any of Mom's shelves unless you're here to get her permission.

FREDDY Hey, Mom! Would you mind if I took this empty can?

HELEN If you must. I suppose there's more where that came from.

HELEN In fact, I |c0|insist|c| you take it. Get it out of here. I'm sick of the sight of it.

That may be a fine idea later on, but right now, that isn't your can to poke!

It's an old, empty can of P&W beans.

"The firm, crisp beans that smell as savory on the way out as they do on the way in!"

Saloon

ACES Lay a hand on me and they'll be sifting your corpse for buckshot.

FREDDY Geez! In Europe, I hear men touch each other all the time, and hardly ever shoot

each other for it.

ACES Yeah, well, over here, we're much more civilized.

ACES Get away from me, kid, ya bother me.

Say! That's Wheaton "Aces" Hall, the infamous riverboat gambler!

ACES How peculiar. Why would a riverboat gambler, especially one as successful and popular as Aces, come to a two-bit burg like Coarsegold?

ACES This can't be a coincidence. Someone must've sent him a wire.

ACES But WHY?

ACES And HOW? Our telegraph office closed down two weeks after it opened!

You can't shoot him in cold blood, Freddy. It runs contrary to every fiber of your being!

(Besides, there are better ways to impress the ladies!)

FREDDY How's the game going, slick?

ACES Who wants to know?

FREDDY Just interested.

ACES Well, it's going very nicely, Justin. I've won the deeds to the Saloon, the Cafe, the School, and several other plots of land. My employer will be pleased. I should have the rest of the town sewn up in a few minutes.

FREDDY Who's your employer?

ACES Sorry, that information is covered under the terms of boss-huckster privilege.

FREDDY Doesn't it bother you that you're bilking these people out of their homes and businesses?

ACES I've seen their homes and businesses.

ACES I'm doing them a favor.

FREDDY I'm making a citizen's arrest. You're cheating, I know it.

ACES Citizen's arrest! Citizen's arrest!

The gambler chuckles derisively.

ACES Don't even try it. The Sheriff knows I'm here. In fact, I think I've got his blessing.

SHERIFF Ah'm gonna have to arrest yew for attempted murder, stranger.

SHERIFF Yew shouldna' oughtta shot at him in cold blood like that. Gamblin's one thing ah kin overlook. Really suspicious accidents, ah kin overlook.

SHERIFF Unfortunate co-inky-dinks, ah kin overlook.

SHERIFF But you shot this boy straight out, son. Hate to hear whut th' Judge is gonna have to say about this! Why, I think yer gonna HANG, boy!

Looks suspiciously like a door of some sort.

You don't want to touch these hombres. They don't look like they're into close physical contact.

They don't want it. This isn't trick-or-treat for Unicef.

(Or soap and water, for that matter.)

Three mean-looking hombres sit up close to the stage.

Upon closer examination, you see that they're drinking wine spritzers. Maybe they're not so mean after all.

As you cock the hammers back on your pistols...

...you suddenly hear a whole CHORUS of pistols make the same sound.

You gently ease the hammer forward, slowly, without making any sudden moves.

Smart boy.

FREDDY Welcome to Coarsegold, strangers! I haven't seen you around these parts before. You new in town?

You hear the unmistakable sound of grinding and cracking teeth.

You hear the splitting, tearing sound of six severely chapped lips curling up in ugly sneers.

You hear the pop of knuckles as three trigger fingers flex in readiness.

You decide your friendly, offhand comments have been misinterpreted.

Try as you might, you can't seem to take the bar. Sam must've nailed it in place so that nobody throws it at nobody else during a brawl.

Sam Andreas's burnished maplewood bar.

It's the one bar to belly up to when you're bellying up to more than one!

Even though you're one of his more refined customers, you try taking one of those bottles and you'll be doing shots of hot lead.

(The hard way -- directly through the abdomen!)

Sam has stocked the bar with every brand of cheap rotgut listed in the Mr. Fresno's Saloonkeeper Guide:

DeVypur Venom-Flavored Schnapps...

...Granny's Walker Black...

...MD 20W-40...

...Cuddly Shark Blended Botched Whisky...

...Wild Smoked Turkey...

...Harold's Bristle Creme Slurry...

...oh, and a bottle of Davidbuie, a sweetened liqueur.

Those chairs are for drinking customers only, and if I'm not mistaken, you're the Designated Hero this week.

Hey, these chairs don't have any chewing gum stuck to the undersides!

(But look out for wads of chewing tobacco.)

You're not nearly drunk enough to do any chandelier-swinging.

(And you can't get drunk...you're the Designated Hero!)

This is a chandelier. Most nights you can find at least one or two drunk 'n rowdy cowhands swinging from this thing.

Business must be a mite slow today.

It's way over your head.

(Just like most of the jokes!)

This is a chandelier. Most nights you can find at least one or two drunk 'n rowdy cowhands swinging from this thing.

Business must be a mite slow today.

Don't touch 'em, you'll throw off their timing.

Besides, the lanolin will make your hands soft and squishy like a girl's.

It's Baa-Bara Mandrill and the Baa-bettes! Stars of stage, screen and barnyard!

FREDDY Shear it off! Shear it |c2|ALL|c| off!

It won't do you any good. The dice are missing and it isn't Casino Night.

It's the dice game, sometimes known as Chuck-A-Luck.

Since you're living in Coarsegold, you've apparently chucked your luck already.

You thrust the prescription and the whisky glass under Doc's nose.

FREDDY Hey, Doc, this says "Testosterate." You really want to prescribe this to a WOMAN?

DOC Teshtosterate...hmmm...no, I spoze that would be uneffi... <|c2|hic|c|>

DOC Ineffi... <|c2|hic|c|>

DOC ...a poor choice.

DOC Leshee, this was for Sadie Ovaree, right? I mushta meant shomethin' else.

Doc scribbles a correction on the prescription and hands it back to you.

DOC Here ya go, take thish back to your Pharmashy and have fun.

FREDDY Thanks, Doc.

DOC And don't come crying to ME, George Bailey! I'm gonna shwear out a warrant for your arresht!

You thrust the prescription under Doc's nose and demand an explanation.

FREDDY I demand an explanation!

DOC Wussa problem? Wussamatter with it? Looks fine to me. Get it outta my face.

DOC And while I'm tellin' you off, you're worth more dead than alive, George Bailey! <|c2|hic|c|>

Don't bother him. He's sleeping it off.

Then, when he wakes up, he'll have a hair of the dog that bit him, and the cycle will begin anew...

...like the miracle of life itself!

DOC I cain't read this so good. Mus' be sumptin wrong with ma eyes.

DOC There'sh nothing wrong with my stomach, Freddy Pharkash...<|c2|belllllch|c|>.

DOC Never toucha stuff <|c2|hic|c|> toucha stuff. Beer ish a very pedeshtrian beverage. Thash why I shtick <|c2|hic|c|> to wishky.

DOC \Ish jusht far more shophishticated. <|c2|belllllch|c|>

DOC Hey, you shtole my bootsh! <|c2|hic|c|> How did you do that?

FREDDY These are MY bootsh. I mean, MY boots.

DOC Oh. Then what did you do with my wishky?

FREDDY It's right in front of you. And all over you.

DOC Thash good, lesh keep it that way.

DOC Whoa! You got bulletsh! <|c2|hic|c|> Are you THREATENING me, George Bailey?

Uh-oh. He's in one of his brief "Mister Potter" moods.

DOC Well, you don't shcare me! You kin take yer lousy bulletsh and your crummy ol' Building & Loan and get out of my offish!

The drunken Doc starts to cry pitifully.

FREDDY What's wrong?

DOC <sob> <hic> You melted it!

FREDDY It was only a candle.

DOC <sniff> And now ish gone, jush a puddle of old waxsh. Thish ish the shaddest thing I ever sheen.

Poor Doc. His emotions are really close to the edge these days.

DOC Aauuughh! You burnt down the brothel!

FREDDY What are you talking about? This is charcoal from Smithie's forge. I just wanted to see if I could mellow you and age you in charcoal, like with whisky.

DOC Don't mind if I do! <|c2|hic|c|>

DOC Why, that looksh like the key to your Pharmashy! <|c2|burrrrrp|c|>

FREDDY You're some help.

DOC Hey, I heard that, and I won't even jushtify it with a reshponse.

SAM Oh, go ahead and justify it.

DOC Oh, yeah. <|c2|hic|c|> That vasectomy will be ready on Tueshday.

FREDDY What? I didn't order a vasectomy.

DOC Waitaminnit...<|c2|belllllch|c|> Who are you? Wha...you're not Sam! Get outta here!

FREDDY Say, thanks much, Doc.

DOC Anytime, m'boy, anytime! <|c2|burrrrp|c|>

DOC Wussat?

FREDDY It's clay.

DOC You're a liar, thash what you are! Ish CLAY!

FREDDY I guess you're right.

DOC You bet your ash I'm right. Now take it away from me, whatever it is.

DOC Wussat?

FREDDY It's a gun-cleaning kit.

DOC It'll never work. The brishles are too shtiff on this brush. Tear the roof of your mouth right out.

FREDDY It's a GUN-cleaning kit, not a GUM-cleaning kit.

DOC So what? It'll shtill tear your mouth up. <|c2|hic|c|>

DOC Wussat?

FREDDY These are my old gunslinging clothes.

DOC I don't want your CHARITY, George Bailey! Gwan back to your drafty ol' Building and Loan! What are you but a warped, frushtrated young man! Go on, run! <|c2|hic|c|> <|c2|belllch|c|>

You try to sober up the Doctor by plying him with coffee.

DOC That shtuff's POISHON! Eat yer shtomach lining right up, poof, yer dead.

DOC Thash why wishky's the drink for me. Passhes right through the shtomach lining, shstraight into the blood shtream for fashter assshimilation. Buildsh shtrong bodiesh twelve waysh.

DOC I already fixed that for you. Go back and fill it, you lazy good-for-nothing flibberdeegibbit! (Oooh! Such language!)

DOC I don't need that, shonny. I know the SHECRET to never breaking wind. C'mere, I'll wishper it to you.

FREDDY Well...all right.

You lean down to hear the Doc's medical wisdom.

DOC <|bellllllllllch|!|>

The Doc laughs hysterically, and adds:

DOC But it worksh! It worksh!

DOC Why, that looksh like the key to the Church! <|c2|hic|c|>

FREDDY You're a big help, you are.

DOC Oh, yeah? Well, Merry Chrishmash to you, George Bailey!

DOC That looksh like the key to a shafe-deposit boxsh!

FREDDY You're a big help.

DOC Alright for you, George Bailey! Go back to your flea-bitten friendsh!

DOC Don't you touch me, Freddy Pharkash! I'm shterile! An' I don't need your help!

FREDDY OK, Doc. Just take it easy.

DOC And Happy New Year to you, George Bailey. IN JAIL!! <|c2|hic|c|>

Oh, no! He thinks he's Lionel Barrymore. It happens once in awhile.

Well, for goodness' sake, don't rip the glass right OUT OF HIS HAND!

DOC Hey, isn't that the key to a roll-top desh?

FREDDY Whoa, you're a real help.

DOC Same to you, buddy!

DOC Dad Gumm's Elixir? Never toucha shtuff. Too many medishinal ingrediensh. Gesh in the way of the booze.

DOC Whaddaya want me to do with THOSE things?

FREDDY I was thinking you might want to upchuck into them.

DOC I'm not feelin' up to that. <|c2|hic|c|> Thanksh fer thinkin' of me, though.

DOC Pyew! Wussat?

FREDDY It's a sickness bag.

DOC I think shumbody wuz already shick in it!

DOC Whaddayoo want me to...<|c2|hic|c|>...me to do with THAT?

FREDDY I want to sober you up. C'mon, put this bag over your head or breathe into it or something.

DOC Whuffor? So's I kin shee whut a hellhole of a town I'm shtuck in? So I kin shee whut a mesh I've made of my life?

FREDDY No, so you can stop writing illegible and incorrect prescriptions ... and get rid of the hiccups.

DOC Thash you all over, you selfish shwine...always thinkin' of yourshelf! <c2|hic|c|>

Doc Gillespie doesn't need the gas mask. Every breath he takes is sanitized by his booze-soaked nose hair!

DOC Aaaaugh! You melted one of the horshes!

DOC Ah, you liquidated it, eh? Very reshorsful. <c2|hic|c|>

FREDDY Actually, I was hoping the stench would sober you up.

DOC It shmells like roses to me. <c2|burrrrp|c|>

FREDDY Amazing how drunk you must be for this to smell good to you.

DOC I didn't shay it shmelt GOOD! I said it shmelt like ROSE'S! Ish my favorite brand of wishky, I'm drinking shum now.

Your basic instinct won't let you stab Doc with the ice pick!

DOC I can't tell anything about thish, Pharmamarmamarmashist! <c2|hic|c|> I'd need to shee the prescription. <c2|bellllch|c|>

DOC Auuuugggh! Ish a holdup! Take my money, but no shears, no shears!

FREDDY This isn't a holdup! I was just playing around a little!

SAM It's just as well, he doesn't have any money. That's why he's been nursing that one drink for the past eight hours.

DOC So you've got two laddersh. <c2|hic|c|> Big deal, you can only use one at a time!

DOC Yippie-oi-vay! <c2|hic|c|>

DOC <c2|hiccup|c|> What are you gonna do with that handful of leather shtraps?

FREDDY This is only one leather shtrap...I mean, strap.

DOC Anything you shay...you're the shtrapping lad around here anyway! <c2|hic|c|>

DOC How do you ekshpet me to read thish? <c2|bellllch|c|> Shumbody wrote all over it.

Why, it's old Doc "Dizzy" Gillespie. He's been drinking again.

(Must be office hours.)

DOC Whoa! A shilver medallion! You mus' be shum hotshot!

FREDDY Actually, it belongs to Srini, my faithful Indian companion.

DOC Ahh, shum hero! Shtealin' from hish own shidekick! <c2|hic|c|>

DOC A windfall! Yahoo!

DOC Sham, drinksh are on me!

SAM You got it, Doc. Drinks for everyone.

DOC No, Sham. I mean put the drinks ON ME!

FREDDY Wait, wait, wait. I'm not giving you this money so you can get drunk. I'm giving it to you so you can get a new start, a whole new beginning.

DOC Thash what I'm doing! I'm gonna get drunk all over again. A whole new shtart!

FREDDY Then I'm taking my money back.

SAM Whoa, big surprise there.

DOC Auuuugggh! A bloody bandage!

FREDDY It's my lucky red bandanna.

DOC A red bandanna? <c2|hic|c|> Don't eat it, ish not ripe yet.

DOC How did you get ahold of THISH, George Bailey?

DOC Why, there'sh enough preshurized nitroush oxide in this canishter to fill a couple of city blocksh with masshive amountsh of laughing gash!

FREDDY Want to try some?

DOC Not me, noshir! I don't ingesht recreational drugsh, they're abushive to the body and deshtructive to soshiety.

DOC Welp, one more li'l drinkie-poo and then I'll be drivin' my wagon home. <c2|hic|c|>

SAM Not tonight, Doc. You stay here and sleep it off. I've already taken the keys to your carriage.

FREDDY Thanks, Sam.

SAM 'Sokay, Freddy.

This has been a public service message. Remember, friends don't let friends drive drunk.

This includes horse-drawn vehicles.

DOC Hot dog, ish a wishky pie!

FREDDY It's an apple pie.

DOC Wishky.

FREDDY Apple.

DOC Wishky, wishky, wishky!

FREDDY Apple, apple, apple!

DOC Lishen, if you'd been dipping YOUR nose in wishky all day, you'd shay it shmelt like wishky too!

You aim the pistol at the Doc...

...and then you think of what a pitiable man he is...

...an educated gentleman who ended up on hard times, stuck in a one-horse Northwestern town, practicing medicine on a bunch of hicks, deadbeats and bizarre characters.

(It's "Northern Exposure" all over again.)

You look into Doc's rheumy old eyes and lower your pistol, suddenly filled with overwhelming compassion for this old man...

...who promptly belches and drools on your foot in gratitude.

DOC Shhhhay! Three-dee postcards!

FREDDY You hold the postcards up to your nose.

FREDDY Three-dee? Where? Where? Where where where?

Apparently you need to get plenty schnockered before you can see what HE sees!

DOC Wussat?

FREDDY Preparation G. It's an anti-hemorrhoidal ointment.

DOC Well, I don't need it! I'm sittin' on a doughnut.

DOC Wussat?

FREDDY Just a little water purification solution I worked up in the lab.

DOC How doesh it mix with wishky?

FREDDY I dunno, I never tried it that way.

DOC Well, lemme know if you got any leftovers. I wouldn't mind givin' it a try. <|c2|hic|c|>

>

DOC Ow! Shtop hittin' me with that.

DOC Auuugh! You killed the tin man!

FREDDY What? I made this. This is my ear.

DOC Well, why isn't it on the shide of your head, where it belongsh?

FREDDY Good question.

FREDDY Care for some escargot?

The Doc turns slightly green. His cheeks begin to puff out. His head begins to lurch.

You discreetly pocket the snails before this scene can get any uglier.

FREDDY Doc! Hey, Doc!

DOC Huh? Wuzzat?

FREDDY Are you drunk again?

DOC Me? Drunk? <|c2|bellllch|c|> Never! I'm shober as the day I was plowed off my ass.

<|c2|hic|c|> I mean, the day I was born.

FREDDY Doc, you're not writing prescriptions while you're drunk, are you?

DOC No, no, no, never. <|c2|hic|c|> I'm a reshponshible individual with an impeccal...<|c2|hic|c|>

DOC ...impeccer...<|c2|hic|c|>...

DOC ...imperfect reputation! <|c2|bellllch|c|>

FREDDY Doc?

DOC Wha...? Whuzzat? I shwear, ish an eshtablished medical proshedure. I wuzh not

negligent.

FREDDY No, Doc, I just wanted to tell you that I'm worried about you. Your prescriptions have been getting sloppier and sloppier. Let's work together on this.

DOC You have my complete cooperashun. Lesh drink to it! Barkeep? Another round for my preshcription-fillin' friend here.

SAM Just simmer in your own juices for a while.

FREDDY Doc! You've got to come and help! The Assay Office is on fire!

DOC Oh, HALLO, Freddy Pharkash! <c2|belllllllch|c>

You catch a whiff of Doc's breath.

FREDDY On second thought, maybe you'd be safer if you stay here and don't breathe too closely to the fire.

DOC Thash very conshiderate. <c2|burrrrrrp|c>

FREDDY Hey, Doc...don't you think you ought to sober up? There's a lot of sick people in this town, and they need your attention.

DOC I'm attem...<c2|urrrrrrp|c>...empting to asshisht by sh...sh...shimulating their condishun. But thish wishky is slow-acting. It may take awhile before I reash their level of dishcomfort. <c2|burrrrrrrp|c>

FREDDY OK, Doc, I'm makin' my goodbyes. I'm about to cut outta town.

DOC <c2|hic|c> G'wan, run, George Bailey! You can run, but you can't hide! Happy New Year to you, in JAIL! <c2|burrrrp|c>

Oh, dear. You hate to leave him like this. So you decide to fulfill an old man's bleary, whisky-soaked fantasy:

FREDDY Please, Mr. Potter! Can't you loan me the \$3000? I'll give you anything!

DOC HA HA HA! <c2|hic|c> <c2|hic|c> I've got you now, George! You and your worthless friends! Run! Run all you like!

DOC And thanksh! That was fun! <c2|belllch|c>

FREDDY Doc! What do you recommend for extreme flatulence?

DOC Hmm...raw vegetablesh, beansh, and pizza ushually do the trick for me. <c2|bellllllch|c>

FREDDY Doc, what do you do when you're awake and you can't get back to sleep?

DOC I conduct an exshperiment. <c2|burrrrrp|c>

DOC I attempt to find out how many shots of wishky it takesh to get to the center of a liver condition. <c2|hic|c>

FREDDY Doc, what can you tell me about ants?

DOC Shorry, I'm jusht a little blotto at the moment. Perhapsh shum other time...<c2|borrrrrrp|c>

FREDDY Doc, what do you know about snails?

DOC They make me shick to my shtomach. <c2|Urrrrrrp|c>

FREDDY Pardon? They make you what?

DOC Shick! Shick!

SAM That'll be quite enough of that, Doc. We're not plugging any shaving cream companies in this game.

FREDDY Doc!

DOC Wuzzat? <c2|hic|c> What?

FREDDY I just want you to know I'll be leaving town soon. Once I do, Srini's going to be in charge of the Pharmacy. I've deputized him to fill prescriptions.

FREDDY OK?

FREDDY Doc?

DOC Zzzzzz...<c2|snort|c>...<c2|hic|c>...<c2|drool|c>...

Damn! He's fallen asleep with his eyes open again.

DOC Why, I wouldn't give you a dime! Collateral, none. Real eshtate? None. Nothing but that bankrupt old Building & Loan.

DOC Why, you're worth more dead than alive, George Bailey! Bwa-ha-ha-ha! <|c2|
be|llllll|ch|c|>

Poor Doc. He really wishes he were living in someplace nicer, like Bedford Falls.
And apparently you look more like Jimmy Stewart than you thought.

DOC I don't drink beer. Ish a shishy drink!

FREDDY This isn't beer, it's water.

DOC Worsh yet!

DOC Arrrrgh! Ish an ear!

DOC Wheresh the ranshom note?

FREDDY This is a wax ear, not a real ear. Does it look anatomically correct to you?

DOC Very convinshing! Of coursh, I knew it was fake all along.

(But there's a new aroma about the Doc that indicates that maybe you DID fool him, just for a few seconds!)

DOC I don't want it back now! You emptied it!

FREDDY No, it was empty when I got it from you.

DOC Sam! Freddy drank my wishky!

SAM It's not a contest, boys. Now play nice.

There's nothing on the table worth taking. And the table itself isn't even worth taking.
The is the Wheel of Fortune table.

Guess the right number and Sam will tell you your fortune.

You're tempted to spin the wheel and shout, "Big money! Big money!" But you hate looking like an absolute moron.

It's the Wheel of Fortune, used mostly on Wednesday nights (Casino Night at the Golden Balls).

Then, every third Tuesday is Kink Night. They strap Whittlin' Willy to the Wheel, and...never mind, you don't want to know.

It wouldn't do to be caught walking off with somebody's hat, coat, gun belt...

...or whatever.

It's a hat rack, where the patrons hang their hats, coats, gun belts...

...and the occasional short stranger!

You prod him, just to see if he's real or some sort of waxwork.

JIM Hey, there! Don't be touching me, fella! Don't want the womenfolk to be gettin' the wrong idear!

JIM I'm a MAN'S man, y'know? I mean, I'm a woman's man, but a MANLY man.

JIM Say, did I catch your name? Mine's Laffer...Zircon Jim Laffer.

FREDDY Uh, sorry, I was looking for somebody else.

Whew!

FREDDY If I give you this, will you go away?

JIM Are you kidding? You give me one of THOSE, and I'll be your friend forEVER!

JIM Bosom buddies! Ol' pal, ol' bean!

JIM Together, whatever the weather!

JIM Two of a kind! You and your shadow! Inseperable!

You hurriedly stick it back in your pocket, rather than face further companionship!

It's "Zircon" Jim Laffer.

Years from now, his brother Ezekial will sire a son...

...who will beget Ethan...

...who will beget Bartholomew...

...who will beget Lawrence.

That's right! It's Larry's great-great-granduncle!

(Or something like that.)

What an excellent idea!

But if you do that, Leisure Suit Larry will never have been born, and you'll throw Sierra On-Line into a time-space paradox from which it will never recover.

FREDDY Howdy, stranger. New in town?

JIM Hi! I sure am, and I'm looking for a hot time.

JIM I've been noticing some of your fine Coarsegold fillies, and I wouldn't mind an introduction! Perhaps you could put in a good word for me with one of them?

JIM 'Course, I know a lotta you boys gotta PAY for your fun, but I figger a guy with my looks and breath, hey, they should be payin' ME, y'know? Right? Right!

JIM By the by, my name's Laffer...Zircon Jim Laffer. Don't believe I caught yours.

FREDDY Whoops, I think I smell something burning, or something. Catch you later.

Whew! What rock did HE crawl out from under?

What, and steal an original Stuart Little oil painting?

It appears to be a tiny picture of some field mice playing poker.

It's way out of reach.

Just like prosperity.

It's a Moose head.

(The only domestic brand Sam serves!)

FREDDY Here, moosey moosey! Have some cashola!

The moose just looks at you as if to say, "I don't need your money. All I need is a home to hang my head on."

That would certainly be adding insult to injury!

Glancing around to make sure nobody's looking, you turn to the moosehead and say...

FREDDY Hey! Decided to quit while you were ahead?

You chuckle quietly to yourself.

That is, until you hear the moose reply, "Hey, buddy, you're really funny! Why, that's the first time I've heard that joke..."

"...TODAY!!!!"

This is no time to be messing with that!

SAM It'll be twenty bucks for a quick feel of the painting.

FREDDY Sorry. Never mind, then.

(Doesn't matter, there's nothing behind the painting anyway.)

It's a likeness of Chastity, one of the girls over at Madame Ovaree's. She's so lifelike, you feel as if you could just reach out and touch her.

(And you could save about \$20 that way, too!)

FREDDY Chastity, Chastity, Chastity.

CHASTITY Shh, don't talk to me while I'm painting.

There's nothing behind the painting (except for a \$2 price tag).

A beautiful mural from the Starving Artists of Oxnard. They used to hold sales a couple times a year over in the lobby of the Dirty Sheets Hotel.

Sorry, you're not allowed.

(This is a Union set, folks!)

It's a honky-tonk piano, 82-and-a-half keys of pure musical entertainment.

Don't throttle him, he's doing the best he can.

Neville earns a good salary, plus tips. He doesn't need your contributions.

It's Neville Shute, The Piano Player.

(You know...Neville Shute, the Piano Player: He's Doing the Best He Can!)

Hey! You're not supposed to shoot him!

Just turn down the volume if you don't like the music.

FREDDY Play it, Neville.

Neville, in order not to lose track of the piece he's playing, says nothing.

However, he raises his eyebrows as if to say, "Certainly, sir, I'll be happy to play whatever selection you'd care to hear, and what's more, I'll make this old piano sound like a whole orchestra!"

Ollie ignores you. Apparently he's a little preoccupied with this "losing your home and livelihood" business.

Don't bother trying to distract Ollie with doodads and knickknacks. His attention is firmly established elsewhere.

It's Ollie Oxenfree, the guy who owns the fig farms on the northern side of Collier Bluff!

He's the worst gambler in town! He'll lose the entire North 40 in no time!

Ollie's not worth shooting.

However, he IS worth hanging. Maybe in the next game.

Ollie, listen to me! Don't do it! It's not worth it!

Don't waste your breath. Ollie needs what little concentration he has just to hang onto his farm a few minutes longer.

Don't bother him now, he's trying to recoop!

Cooper apparently isn't interested in "Show 'n Tell."

Gambling away his Keg 'n Barrel shop is Cooper "Coop" Cooper. He, his wife, his children, and his parents all work in the shop; he's a cooper, she's a cooper, they're all coopers.

Wouldn't you like to be a cooper, too?

But...but Cooper's got a wife and kids!

(Maybe that's why he's in the Saloon instead of at home.)

FREDDY Hey, Cooper! Don't do it! You'll lose everything!

He ignores you. You're spoiling his lack of concentration!

Don't poke him right now, he's concentrating on losing everything.

(And he's doing very well!)

Don't bother giving that to Muff. He'll just gamble it away.

That's Muff Potter. Nice to see him and Joe getting along again!

He owns -- or at least, he DID own until he started gambling today -- a huge tract of land along the south side of town, where Chinatown used to be.

You'd shoot poor ol' Muff?

Shame, shame!

FREDDY Hey, Muff! Don't play with this guy, he cheats!

Muff nods his head in agreement, then returns to playing.

Muff's never been too bright.

Don't poke this guy. He's mean.

Joe is far too proud and noble to take what you have to give him.

(He'd rather steal it!)

That's Joe, the guy that had a bad time with ol' Muff Potter a few years back.

He owns a local tourist trap.

(And we do mean "trap." He trapped these two punks in there a few years back, Tom and Becky somebody or other. They almost didn't get out. Somebody oughtta write a book about it!)

You can't shoot a man for gambling!

(Well, maybe in SOME states.)

You're gambling the Tourist Center away? Say it ain't so, Joe!

Joe grunts.

That's the most you've ever heard him say!

There won't be another poker game here for quite awhile.

You're not the type to gamble.

(In other words, you're POOR!)

You don't want to start playing Poker with this guy. He's known far and wide as a cheat.

(In fact, if you could catch him red-handed, you might be able to stop him before he wins away every last piece of property in town!)

It's the table usually reserved for the guys who play poker.

(And the women who love them!)

You've got more important things to do right now than play with those balls!

Looks like somebody scratched. And badly, too.

But you don't know where that bar rail has been!

The brass rail runs along the length of the bar.

Rewind

Rewind-O-Matic\05

Be Kind! Please Rewind!

That's Sam's property. Keep your prescription-fillin' hands offa it.

Sam Andreas's Golden Balls Saloon. He was going to call it "Sam Andreas's Nugget," but that had disgusting sexual overtones.

Most saloon fixtures won't talk to the customers.

Now's a bad time to go for a spin. You've got responsibilities!

This roulette table is for Casino Night.

Without warning, you hear gunshots out in front of the Saloon.

There's a lot of yelling and shouting, too.

What's going on out there?

SAM Looks like you've been doing some lost-wax casting. Not bad, for an amateur.

SAM Baking soda? Hey, if it was Baking Soda you wanted, why didn't you just say so? I've got a few tons of it under the counter here, just taking up space.

SAM No refunds, Fred. Like to help, but no can do.

SAM Boots. Thanks for sharing that with me.

SAM Got a handful of bullets there.

SAM Guess that makes you some sort of badass hombre.

SAM Melted wax. You starting a collection?

FREDDY I hadn't thought about it.

SAM You might want to. You've got a nice start there.

SAM Charcoal? Well, thanks muchly, Fred, but I couldn't possibly accept such a gracious gift.

FREDDY No, but it's a thought.

SAM Well, sleep on it.

SAM Not in the market, thanks.

SAM Got yourself a nice key there. Hang onto it.

SAM Thanks, it'll be ready Tuesday.

SAM Just yanking your rein. I don't know anything about this claim check.

SAM Thanks for bringing this by, Fred, but no thanks.

SAM Maybe we could use it later, at playtime, after we've had our milk and put our heads down on the tables.

SAM A fine cleaning kit you have there, Fred. Keep it. Maybe someday someone'll buy you a gun.

SAM Is there something wrong with what I've already got on?

FREDDY Not especially...

SAM Then you hang onto 'em. I like man-made fibers.

Thanks, but no thanks. My doctor tells me caffeine makes me jittery.

SAM 'Course, he might just be saying that because he's looking at me through jittery eyes.

SAM Doc's been messing up his prescriptions again, eh?

SAM Maybe I should cut him off for a while.

SAM Some sort of chemical deflatulent, I see.

SAM The only difference between men and boys is the size of their chemistry sets.

SAM Looks like a key to one of the safety-deposit boxes.

SAM But what do I know? I'm a bartender, not a locksmith.

SAM Hm. Last time I saw a key like this, it was sticking out of my roll-top desk at home.

SAM But hey, don't listen to me. I'm just a humble bartender.

SAM Hey, buddy, this isn't that kind of a bar.

SAM Looks like a roller-skate key to me. But you don't skate, do you? I didn't think so. So I must be wrong, right?

SAM No thanks. That stuff's too strong. I'll stick to grain alcohol as my beverage of choice, thank you very much.

SAM Bring 'em around in another, oh, ninety years or so, once the recycling laws are enacted.

SAM Nice mold.

SAM You're a multitalented individual, Fred.

SAM I prefer a less pungent, more mellow fart-in-a-bag. Thanks for thinking of me, though.

SAM Nice of you to consider me, Fred. But I don't get motion sickness. You hang onto it.

SAM Don't need it, Fred. I figure I'm safe as long as I stay inside and don't use the lower two-thirds of my lungs.

SAM Is this for me? What a pal.

SAM Tell ya what, though, why don't you keep it for me? I've already got all that manure that Sadie, Smithie, Doc, and Chester brought me last month.

SAM That's mine, but you can keep it if you want. No ice around here anyway.

SAM But hey, if we ever get any icebergs drifting down Blackwater Creek or something, I'm going want that thing back.

SAM No thanks, I've always heard it's unsafe to swallow other people's prescriptions.

SAM Let's see. It's a knife, right?

FREDDY Yep.

SAM That was fun. Let's play that again sometime.

SAM Let's see. Ladder?

FREDDY Bingo.

SAM That was fun. Let's play that again sometime.

SAM A lasso. You taking up wrangling?

FREDDY Maybe.

SAM Hm. Can you say, "Yippie-ki-yay?"

FREDDY Yippie-ki-yay.

SAM I knew you could.

SAM A leather strap. You going to try the trick with the chicken, the leather strap, and the trampoline?

FREDDY What trick is that?

SAM Never mind.

Sam scans the letter quickly.

SAM A letter to you from Phil Graves. So?

SAM Thanks for sharing it with me.

Sam Andreas owns and runs the Golden Balls Saloon.

He's smart, savvy, and generous to a fault.

SAM Nifty little medallion. Yours?

FREDDY Not exactly.

SAM Well. Guess our little Freddy's all grown up and started out on a life of crime.

FREDDY Hey, Sam! Gimme a case of the beer you just got in from St. Louis!

SAM One case of Loebrau for the pharmacist, comin' up.

Sam hands you a case of Loebrau, "The Beer That Gave St. Louis Blues."

SAM Now, you know that this beer doesn't come corked, right? They're using some new-fangled pinched metal tops.

FREDDY No problem, Sam. I'll take care of it.

SAM Okayfine. That'll be \$4.87.

FREDDY Here ya go.

SAM Nice bankroll. Come back anytime.

SAM You're not going to show me your handkerchief trick, are you?

FREDDY Well...

SAM Thanks anyway!

SAM Some nitrous oxide in a pressurized canister.

SAM Sorry, Fred. They're no-deposit, no-return.

SAM Hot apple pie?

FREDDY Yep!

SAM Want some fries with that?

FREDDY Huh?

SAM Never mind.

FREDDY You point the gun at Sam...and fire.

SAM Whoa. I'm scared.

SAM I've got a bullet-proof vest, hombre. Been working here too long to be caught off-guard.

Sam takes the postcards and quickly thumbs through them.

SAM Got 'er...

SAM Want 'er...

SAM Got 'er...

SAM Got 'er...

SAM Want 'er...

SAM Got 'er...

SAM Want 'er...

SAM Got 'er...

SAM Want 'er...

SAM Got 'er.

He hands the cards back to you.

SAM No thanks, Freddy. But hey, if you get in any of that Dissolve-A-Goiter\08, my Mom could use some.

SAM Dammit, Freddy, I'm a Bartender, not a doctor.

SAM Looks like Doc's handwriting to me. But what do I know? I'm a bartender, not a licensed graphologist.

SAM Hm. One of these days, ol' Doc's gonna get a bit too soused and write a bad prescription, and there's really gonna be trouble.

SAM Malpractice insurance can really kill a guy.

SAM Looks like some sort of water purifier. Nice job. You've made the sewers safe to drink from

again.

SAM A rope. Nice. Mine is longer, but of course you had no way of knowing that.

SAM Yep, I've got one, too. It does get a little deep around here sometimes, doesn't it?

SAM No thanks. I'm having mine bronzed.

SAM When the time comes, of course.

SAM I think I'll stick to the usual maraschino cherries, olives, and twists of lime. But hey, thanks for thinking of me.

FREDDY Well, if it ain't Sam Andreas, the bartender's bartender!

SAM If it ain't, I'm having a severe identity crisis.

FREDDY How the heck are ya?

SAM Tolerable well. Yourself?

FREDDY Can't complain. Pharmacy business seems to be pretty good lately.

SAM Ah. Well, the pharmacy business has always been a little TOO interesting for me to hear about, so hey, don't be a stranger.

FREDDY Say, Sam, I think I'll take an Ovaltine.

SAM In a cracked glass?

FREDDY Yes, with a hair in it, too.

SAM And the usual lipstick smear on the glass?

FREDDY Yep, and a ring of dried soap around the inside lip.

SAM On a coaster?

FREDDY No, I like leaving rings on your bar.

SAM Rocks with that?

FREDDY No, but some ice cubes would be nice.

SAM We're outta ice cubes.

FREDDY Then I'll take it straight.

SAM Out of Ovaltine, too.

FREDDY Oh. Okay, I'll check back later!

SAM Feel free.

FREDDY Got any Ovaltine in stock yet?

SAM Oh, yes, in the last ten minutes we got in a whole wagonload.

FREDDY Really?

SAM No. I was being sarcastic because you were asking a stupid question.

FREDDY Sam, I'm gonna be going away for a while.

SAM OK. We'll forward your mail.

FREDDY Aren't you going to ask why I'm leaving?

SAM What for? You're going to tell me anyway.

FREDDY I'm a marked man. Sheriff Shift, P.H. Balance and somebody called "The Boss" are out to get me. So I'm skipping town.

SAM Smart move. Give my regards to Broadway.

FREDDY To what?

SAM Never mind. Good luck to you.

FREDDY Howdy, Sam.

SAM You still here? I thought you were leaving town.

FREDDY am, I am! Don't rush me!

FREDDY You're not going to see me around these parts. No sir-ee, Bob.

FREDDY I'll be gone with the wind. Outta town by sundown. Whoosh. No more Freddy Pharkas.

SAM Sounds like a plan.

FREDDY Okay, Sam, you beat it out of me.

SAM Say what?

FREDDY I'll tell you the truth, because I know I can trust you.

SAM You do, do you?

FREDDY I'm not REALLY leaving town at all. I'm going to put on a disguise and save the town once and for all. You won't know it's me, though, by the time I'm finished.

SAM Fine.

FREDDY In case I don't survive, I just want you to know that I respect you tremendously. You're a fine person. I'm honored to call you my friend.

SAM And you are.....?

FREDDY Pharkas! Freddy Pharkas!

SAM Oh, right, right. Well, thanks, Fred, and good luck to you.

FREDDY Sam! What the devil is going on here?

SAM Do I know you?

FREDDY How could you let this...this scoundrel...swindle people out of their homes and life savings?

SAM And you are...?

FREDDY I'm Fr...waitaminnit, no, never mind, you don't know me.

FREDDY But the folks of Coarsegold are losing their shirts to this lying, thieving, cheatin', low-down no-good scum-sucking drifter!

SAM Please, sir, don't talk that way about the Saloon's new owner.

SAM I just work here now.

SAM If you have any complaints or suggestions, feel free to put them in writing and I'll be happy to pass them along to the new management.

FREDDY Sam, anything unusual going on?

SAM A lot of my customers have headed off to the outhouse to "wash their hands," or so they say.

FREDDY That can't be so odd.

SAM Well, usually they just wash their hands out against the side of the building.

SAM Must be a number two kinda thing.

FREDDY Hmmm...hmmm...

FREDDY Sam, come quick! The assay office is on fire!

SAM Geez, Fred, I'd love to help, only I'm watching the saloon.

FREDDY There isn't going to BE a Saloon if we don't put this fire out.

SAM You'll think of something. Just throw your weight around a little. I'm not worried.

FREDDY Grrrrrrrr!

FREDDY Sam, Sam! Don't let anyone go out on the street 'till I give you the say-so.

FREDDY The town's being smothered in horse gas. I don't know how it's happened, but I'm gonna do something it 'afore we all choke to death.

SAM Yeah, I thought somebody'd burnt some popcorn or something.

SAM Silent-but-deadly, for sure. But don't worry about my customers, Fred. They're not going anywhere.

FREDDY Sam, what's going on outside? You got any idea?

SAM All I know is that someone paid some cowhands to stop in the middle of their cattle drive, come into town and shoot the place up. Dunno why.

FREDDY It's dangerous out there! A person might get shot!

SAM Duh. But I figure they'll get bored sooner or later, or they'll shoot each other, or something.

FREDDY Sam, have you noticed what's going on in this town?

SAM A-yep.

FREDDY Sheriff Shift's closed up half the businesses in town, including mine.

SAM A-yup.

FREDDY Somebody deliberately poisoned the horse's feed with lentils and tried to gas the whole town!

SAM A-yip.

FREDDY I think somebody's trying to wreck Coarsegold, and us along with it.

SAM A-yeah?

FREDDY We've got to do something about it. We've got to band together and save ourselves.

SAM A-yup.

FREDDY And you're just the guy to help me.

SAM A-nope.

FREDDY Then I guess I'll have to find someone else to help me.

SAM A-mebbe.

FREDDY Sam!

FREDDY There's a stampede headed for town! Don't go outside!

SAM We're open 24 hours a day, Fred. I never go outside.

SAM Besides, the sun dries out my beautiful skin.

FREDDY I'm just saying, y'know, for your own safety.

SAM Gotcha. Tell you what: I'll stay in here and just sort of serve drinks and collect money. You run around outside like a chicken with your head cut off and save the town. Okay?

Okay.

FREDDY The fire's out at the Assay Office, Sam. You can stop panicking.

SAM Oh, yes, the fire at the Assay Office. I was all in a tizzy for a while there.

SAM If I had a goat, I'm sure he'd thank you. But I don't, so you just hang onto that. Okay? 'Kay.

SAM I don't drink on the job.

FREDDY This isn't beer, this is water.

SAM Yeah, these domestic beers are weak as hell. But hey, I stock what I can get.

SAM Say! That's pretty smart. Hope you got a lot of points for that.

SAM It's a good likeness, but is it art?

SAM Nah, that's enough for Doc. I'm cuttin' him off for the time being. But feel free to keep the souvenir glass.

SAM Doing some lost-wax casting, are you? What a guy.

There's nothing on it worth taking, and you can't move it.

It's one of Sam's rickety old tables.

The Ballad of the Frontier Pharmacist

My Sweet Cranky Ol' Mom

Revolucion Numero 9

I've Grown Accustomed to Your Ace

Hot Lead in the Old Town Tonight

The Varmint of Baghdad

Gunrise, Gunset

When You Say Blood

Zircon Jim's Theme

Singh Sungh Blue

Play it, Neville. Play...

That's not the way to get onto the stage.

It takes practice, practice, practice.

This is the world-famous Golden Balls Stage.

Most days, you can find major vaudeville acts here, bringing their own unique brands of music, comedy, dance, and magic to the deserving folks of Coarsegold.

Some of the more popular acts include: The Amazing Baloni; Bruce the Singing, Sashaying Cowboy; Mimi, Dotty & Franny - The Singing Siamese Triplets with a Little Back Trouble, and Young Dogies In Love.

It's glued to the floor by thousands of layers of mostly-dried beer.
Just one of the rugged rough-hewn tables in the Saloon. This one is reserved for the rowdy, ugly,
nasty and mean drunks.
In other words, it's open seating.

You try to move it, but the layers of beer on the floor only allow it to move an inch or so, making a
sound like velcro being pulled apart.
(If you've ever been to a beer hall or movie theatre, you know the feeling.)
Just one of the rugged, rough-hewn tables in the Saloon. This one is reserved for down-on-their-
luck losers, imbeciles, sad sacks, hopeless cases, and deadbeats.
(That is to say: General Admission.)

You pick up the whisky glass.
It's Doc's whisky glass, mostly empty right now.

The bank

Wanna sell me your property? You won't regret it!
Upon closer examination, you realize that the entire painting is a trompe l'oeil. Even the frame is
actually just painted on the wall.
"Bob" must've wanted to make sure that he stayed hung.
A masterful portrait of P.H. Balance's father, Bacillus Ophicleide Balance (or B.O.B. for short). It's
got a little plaque.
(Apparently it doesn't have time to brush between meals.)
FREDDY You're a mean-lookin' sonnuvabitch, y'know that?
BALANCE Mr. Pharkas, I'm afraid my father cannot hear you any longer...he's been dead
for many years now.
BALANCE But I'm sure he would've appreciated the sentiment.
BALANCE I don't appreciate you throwing clay around my bank, Pharkas! Please remove it from
the vicinity immediately.
Under your breath, you say:
FREDDY |c1|You're asking for it, dude.|c|
BALANCE What was that?
FREDDY I said, "As you asked, I was so rude."
BALANCE Oh! Yes, that is correct!
BALANCE I'm sorry, you backwoods pharmacist, we do not accept large deposits of baking soda!
To yourself, you say:
FREDDY |c1|You're full of hot air.|c|
BALANCE Excuse me? What did you say?
FREDDY I simply said, "You've got a full head of hair."
BALANCE Oh. Yes, do you like it? It's imported.
BALANCE The beverage of morons. Take it elsewhere forthwith.
You mutter to yourself:
FREDDY |c1|You worthless waste of space.|c|
BALANCE Did you just say something?
FREDDY I said, "Your worth is based on taste."
BALANCE Oh. Yes, I've invested a fortune in these beautiful paintings!

BALANCE Take those smelly old things away, or I shall be forced to remove you bodily from this bank!

You quietly respond with:

FREDDY |c1|Yeah, you think so? You'd be sorry.|c|

BALANCE I'm sorry, what did you just say?

FREDDY I said, "Yeah, they stink like calamari."

BALANCE Oh! Yes, exactly.

BALANCE I do not accept these as currency. In fact, I prefer not to have them in my bank! Please remove them forthwith or I shall have to remove them myself.

To yourself, you say:

FREDDY |c1|Any stinkin' day, you dried-up horse.|c|

BALANCE Pardon me? Come again?

FREDDY I said, "Anything you say. You're right, of course."

BALANCE Oh! Well, of course I am.

BALANCE I find your wax utterly irrelevant.

Under your breath, you mutter:

FREDDY |c1|Yeah, and I find YOU utterly an elephant!|c|

BALANCE I'm sorry? Please repeat that, I missed it.

FREDDY I said, "I think you are a hell of a gent."

BALANCE Oh. Yes!

BALANCE This is trash. Away with it!

You add, under your breath:

FREDDY |c1|It's not the ONLY trash in here.|c|

BALANCE I can't hear you. What was that?

FREDDY I said, "There's lots of lonely cash in here."

BALANCE Oh. Whatever you say.

BALANCE I don't recognize that key. It certainly opens nothing around here!

You add, quietly:

FREDDY c1|Like the key to your generosity.|c|

BALANCE Say again, please.

FREDDY I said, "Look at me, I'm a sight to see!"

BALANCE Oh. You look pretty scrawny to me.

BALANCE It'll be ready on Tuesday, Pharkas.

Hehe...just making a funny. This isn't redeemable here.

BALANCE What am I supposed to do with this?

BALANCE It's not bankable. Take it away.

You respond in a quiet voice:

FREDDY |c1|You've got your nerve, you dirtpile.|c|

BALANCE Huh? What was that?

FREDDY I said, "You've got verve and earthy style."

BALANCE Oh! That is so!

BALANCE That suit is clearly meant for somebody much scrawnier and less robust than me. Take it away.

Offhandedly, you whisper:

FREDDY |c1|One of these days...bang, zoom!|c|

BALANCE Did you just say something?

FREDDY Oh, I just said, "One of these days, banking boom!"

BALANCE Oh! I certainly hope so.

BALANCE Thank you, Pharkas, but no thank you. I prefer a more cultured beverage, specifically, tea.

You quietly add:

FREDDY |c1|I hope you choke on your tea!|c|

BALANCE What did you say, Pharkas?

FREDDY I said, "I guess the joke is on me!"

BALANCE Oh! Yes, I suppose it is, isn't it?

BALANCE Are you suggesting that *I* need something like this?

BALANCE I'll have you know I never expel gas!

To yourself, you add:

FREDDY |c1|Maybe you SHOULD, then, before you EXPLODE.|c|

BALANCE I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch that.

FREDDY I'm sorry, I said, "Maybe I should spend more time in the commode."

BALANCE Oh! Well, I don't want to hear about your personal problems.

You hand the safe-deposit key to P.H. Balance.

BALANCE It'll be ready Tuesday.

BALANCE OH! I mean, allow me to fetch your safe-deposit box for you immediately.

BALANCE Please keep your grubby hands to yourself.

You whisper, sotto voce:

FREDDY |c1|Yeah, how would you like me to turn your butt in to the ol' IRS, you goat!|c|

BALANCE Did you say something?

FREDDY I said, "How I would love a turn at buttoning your Old Squire's blue coat."

BALANCE Oh. Thank you, I'll button it myself.

BALANCE Don't try to sell me any of that bilgewater, Pharkas. It's chicanery, pure and simple.

BALANCE I don't need any of your castoffs, Pharkas. Throw them out yourself.

BALANCE What is this, your lunch? Take it away, Pharkas, I'm watching my weight.

BALANCE I don't require a bag for anything. Goodbye.

BALANCE Your concern is misplaced, Pharkas. I'm perfectly safe in here. You may go.

BALANCE And don't permit the door to strike your posterior as you depart!

BALANCE REMOVE THAT FILTH FROM MY BANK AT ONCE, DO YOU HEAR?

BALANCE And while you're at it, REMOVE YOURSELF, TOO!

BALANCE Do not attempt to threaten me with your puny ice pick, Pharkas. I have the protection of the local constabulary.

BALANCE I do not recall asking you to provide me with your phony nostrums and fraudulent potions.

BALANCE In fact, I believe that's what I'll call you: Freddy Pharkas, Fraudulent Phony!
Heh heh!

BALANCE What damage do you think you're going to do with that little penknife?

BALANCE Just remember, Pharkas, I've got friends in this town. Powerful friends. Not like your flea-bitten pals.

BALANCE So don't threaten me. Your day will come.

BALANCE And soon, too, I guarantee you.

BALANCE Still trying to get to the top of the ladder, eh, Pharkas?

BALANCE I suppose this is the only way you're going to do it.

BALANCE Cease your ridiculous antics, Pharkas. Do I look like a cow to you?

BALANCE You always were a strapping lad. Heh.

BALANCE Ah, yes, a letter from your worthless crony Mr. Graves.

BALANCE A shame he had to die.

Sitting behind the counter is P.H. Balance, current owner and operator of The Bank of Bob.

FREDDY Yeah, and he's a bore and a lice-infested jerk.

BALANCE Come again? Did you say something, Pharkas?

FREDDY I said you were more than just a nice, respected clerk!

BALANCE Oh. That's very different.

BALANCE I'm sure this silver is not investment-grade.

BALANCE Nice try, Pharkas. But you hang onto it. I'm sure it has great sentimental value.
The banker snickers as he gives the medallion back to you.

BALANCE I'd be happy to keep it safe in your Christmas Club account here at the Bank of Bob.

BALANCE If you'd open one, that is.

BALANCE I don't want your smelly old neckerchief!

BALANCE Wrap it around your scrawny li'l chicken gullet or something.

You mutter under your breath:

FREDDY |c1|I sure can't believe you smell so rank!|c|

BALANCE What was that, Pharkas?

FREDDY I said, "You sure have achieved a swell bank."

BALANCE Oh! Why, thank you. I'm proud of it.

BALANCE That canister has no redemption value at all.

BALANCE But thank you so much for thinking of us here at the Bank of Bob.

BALANCE Don't try to bribe me with pie, Pharkas. I'm not some backwoods hick like some of the folks in this one-horse town.

You level your pistol at the Banker.

BALANCE You try it, Pharkas, and you'll wind up hanging from the tallest limb in town.

BALANCE The Sheriff and I are keeping our eyes on you. One wrong move, and you're history.

You lower your pistol. You hate to admit it, but he's right; you'd never get away with shooting him in cold blood.

BALANCE Vulgar displays of pulchritude do not impress me, Pharkas.

You whisper:

FREDDY |c2|You're no saint, you no-account rear!|c|

BALANCE Pardonne moi?

FREDDY I merely say, "I ain't got no account here!"

BALANCE Oh. Well, whose fault is that?

BALANCE My anus sphincter is in perfect health, thank you very much. I move my bowels twice a day, and never strain.

BALANCE What's more, I find your offer most distasteful.

BALANCE This is privileged information. I shouldn't even be looking at this.

BALANCE Trust you to fly in the face of propriety, Pharkas.

BALANCE I'm not experiencing any of the lower GI problems that so many of the rabble seem to be afflicted with. Therefore, feel free to take that solution elsewhere.

BALANCE You don't have the gumption to tie me up, Pharkas.

Under your breath, you comment:

FREDDY |c1|And I don't have enough rope, either!|c|

BALANCE What was that? What did you say?

FREDDY I said, "You don't happen to be a dope, either."

BALANCE Oh. Too true, too true! Heh, heh.

BALANCE Taking up digging, are we? Couldn't make a go of that pharmacy, eh?

BALANCE I'm not surprised. You haven't demonstrated much business sense.

FREDDY You add, in a whisper:

FREDDY |c1|I'd like to dig a grave for YOU.|c|

BALANCE Speak up, Pharkas, I can hardly hear you.

FREDDY I said, "I'd like to invest my savings with you!"

BALANCE Oh. I'm sure we can arrange something at a later date.

BALANCE It's an interesting trinket, but hardly worth my time. Take it back, Pharkas.

BALANCE Snails? What am I supposed to do with these, deposit them?

BALANCE You're even more demented than I gave you credit for, Pharkas.

BALANCE Say, it was too bad about your Pharmacy being shut down. Must be hard to lose a business so sudden like. We here at the Bank of Bob sympathize.

BALANCE Yeah, I'm sorry about your pharmacy. Maybe you should think about selling up and leaving town.

BALANCE Well, I know you can't be coming in to make a deposit here at the Bank of Bob. No business, no money, right? Might as well be selling the old place.

BALANCE You know, it would be a shame if the Bank of Bob had to foreclose on your Pharmacy. Maybe you could sell it before it gets that bad. I might be able to suggest an investor.

BALANCE How about it, Freddy? Thought any more about selling that run-down store of yours?

BALANCE You better be selling, Pharkas. Life in the West can get downright dangerous for people who can't pay their way. I could take that place off your hands. Of course, I'd offer a fair market value. Not that that's much with the market the way it is. But the Bank of Bob wants to be fair.

BALANCE Come to sell me your store yet?

BALANCE I don't do business with losers. And you're about to lose, Pharkas. Big time.

BALANCE Have I told you about our new Columbus Day account? It's a full benefit, non-interest-bearing account.

BALANCE Did you hear about our Easter Club account? We may even make it an interest-bearing account if we can bear to part with the interest!

BALANCE Yessir, our latest Halloween passbook account is very innovative! We give you zero percent interest and only charge you a nominal fee.

BALANCE We have a new Yom Kippur savings account. Irving over at the deli in Bass Lake just opened one up. I'm sure he'd recommend it.

BALANCE You know, this is the last day to be eligible for our interest-free Secretary's Day checking account. It's only \$27.00 per month and we bill your secretary!

BALANCE Soon it'll be time for the Saint Patrick's Day promotion. We give you the account and you give us the green!

BALANCE Tomorrow's my birthday. Leave me a present and I'll open you a P.H. Balance Birthday Club account!

BALANCE For Memorial Day, we're letting you remember us by taking your money and hiding it in our vault.

BALANCE You are a desperate individual, Pharkas. I do not give handouts.

Under your breath, you say:

FREDDY I|You are a swine, a cad, and a rank bounder!|c|

BALANCE What say?

FREDDY I said, "Your fine Dad was the bank founder."

BALANCE Oh! Yes, indeed!

BALANCE Clever, Pharkas, very clever.

BALANCE Hope you got a good many points for this.

BALANCE Take that nasty little glass away from me. It's stinking up my class establishment.

You don't want it. You saw it at the Starving Artists of Fresno sale and you decided it wasn't worth the \$0.14 they wanted for it.

It's a velvet mural that depicts the driving of the Golden Spike as performed by a toreador and a couple of children with really big, sad eyes.

BALANCE Do you like it? That's my "plant on premises!"
Some sort of large potted fern is standing in the corner.

FREDDY Hey, you're a healthy one, aintcha?

The plant shifts its leaves slightly as if to say, "Yes, this is a calm, restful environment in which to grow and flourish. It would be perfect were it not for the negative vibrations I receive from that miserly banker. Say, do you have any plant food?"

Yep. I want the cashola!
And give up my dreams of herohood?
Never, you CAD!

It's too high up to reach.
That's okay, you'd take a lousy shot anyway.
Phineas H. Balance has cleverly situated a newfangled box camera up in the corner to photograph customers.
Only trouble is, most customers don't stand in one place for 15 minutes.

FREDDY I'm all done now.

BALANCE Thank you for using the Bank of Bob.

BALANCE I understand that certain ruffians enjoy swinging from the chandeliers, Mr. Pharkas, but if it's not too much trouble, please try to restrain yourself.

Under your breath, you say:

FREDDY |c1|Ah, you're just a warped, frustrated old man.|c|

BALANCE Pardon me? What was that you just said?

FREDDY I said, "You're a warm, first-rated old man."

BALANCE Oh. Yes!

It's always nice to see a small town like Coarsegold get some big-city tackiness like this horrible chandelier.

You can't reach it; it's on the wrong side of the gate.

It's P.H. Balance's clock, eternally set to 3:57 so that he can hustle people out of the bank with a "We're closing in five minutes!"

Don't pick at it! You'll just make it worse.

Someone's head was accidentally rapped sharply against the plaster here, during an ugly incident in which a customer asked for free checking.

There's nothing on the desk you need to take.

It's a heavy table where customers can fill out bank slips, examine safe-deposit boxes, and so on.

BALANCE Mr. Pharkas, those are Bank files. They're not for your perusal.

Under your breath, you say:

FREDDY |c1|Right, you depraved, rotten old ass.|c|

BALANCE Excuse me? What was that you said?

FREDDY I said, "You're brave and you've got class."

BALANCE Oh. Yes, that is correct, sir!

It's Phineas's file cabinet.

BALANCE That area is off-limits to everyone except people who work at the bank, Mr. Pharkas!

Under your breath, you say:

FREDDY |c1|I guess that leaves YOU out, eh?|c|

BALANCE Pardon me? What did you say?

FREDDY I said, "I guess you've got a lot of clout."

BALANCE Oh. That is correct, sir!

It's the cute li'l fence that separates the "Officials Only" area from the "Customers and Other Unwelcome Guests" area.

You won't need to sign anything.

A quill pen for filling out slips, signing the register, and stuff like that.

You thumb through the register.

How about that! You didn't know that li'l Charlie Keating kid had an account here!

Well, you reflect, that's how little acorns grow into mighty oaks...one penny at a time, or something like that.

There's a register here for new customers.

If they sign in, they'll get all the usual brochures prompting them to take advantage of The Bank of Bob's home equity loans and other really smart investments.

BALANCE Being a little touchy-feely today, aren't you, Pharkas?

You see the green flocked wallpaper, rough-hewn wood floor, and tinned tile ceiling of The Bank of Bob, Coarsegold's first (and probably last!) financial institution.

You'd never get away with them.

A couple of pretty cameo portraits of P.H. Balance's favorite "pin-up girl."

(That Carrie Nation...wotta looker!)

Nope, no trap doors, keys, dirt or blank checks.

It's a real authentic mohair rug.

(Much like the one P.H. Balance wears on his head. After all, he needs much mohair than he really has!)

BALANCE Excuse me there, Mr. Pharkas. Please don't touch the Poison Ivy.

One of the local plants, pulled up and potted.

FREDDY \Hey, you're a nice little plant, aren't you? Yes, you are!

The plant rustles its leaves slightly, as if to say, "Aw, g'wan witcha, yer just full of complements today."

There's nothing on the counter to take.

These are the tellers' stations.

BALANCE Tut tut, Freddy m'boy, y'all can't get in the door without the combination...

BALANCE I'll be happy to bring out your safe-deposit box, long as you've got the key.

Yes, you could probably dig through the vault door in short order using the ice pick...and then plunder the entire town of its valuables!

But you don't have any use for two pieces of rusty costume jewelry and a form letter signed by Millard Fillmore.

The vault door is two solid feet of case-hardened, high-carbon balsa wood, painted gray to look metallic and fool would-be bank robbers.

It's not accessible behind the teller's window.

You don't need to put anything in the safe-deposit box. Your future is too uncertain to store anything long-term!

It's your safe deposit box. You haven't even LOOKED in this box for...what, ten years now? Ever since you moved to Coarsegold!

You take your lucky neckerchief out of the safe deposit box. Now you're REALLY beginning to feel lucky!

Wait a minute, the last time you wore this...

...that was when Kenny shot off your ear in St. Louis.

(Well, maybe it's not THAT lucky a neckerchief!)

You'd forgotten...you used your old lucky neckerchief to wrap those pistols in!
You lovingly lift your pistols from the box where they've spent the past decade.
These are your two gunslinger pistols, left over from your salad days.
(You know...those days when you were still green!)

Police station

SHERIFF Them there bars're mortared in place nice and tight, bwoy! No amount of tuggin's gone budge 'em. Jes' give that one up right NOW.
Sheriff Shrift has tastefully decorated his window in the fashionable "Nouveau Leavenworth" style.

SHERIFF Leave 'em be, Pharkmeister, y'all ain't got no business stickin' your nose in mah penal codes.

Some of the Sheriff's law-and-order books:

PentUpHouse, Letters to PentUpHouse, PentUpHouse Pets, PentUpHouse Forum, Female Convicts in Bondage, Babes 'n Bars, and Debbie Does Cell Block D.

SHERIFF Hey! Pharberg! Y'all keep yer hands offn mah bookshelves.
This is where the Sheriff keeps his trade journals.

SHERIFF They're cee-mented in place, Pharkberg. Do yer worst, y'cain't hardly move 'em.
(Technically, the fiberglass polymer set is all one piece, so you can't move it.)

It's authentic masonry.

(Actually, it's a fiberglass polymer, nice and light and perfect for Western sets like these.)

SHERIFF Quit pokin' 'round in muh foot-soaking tub, Pharkblatt, unless you wuz goin' to soak muh feet fer me. Hyar, hyar!

It's an old bucket. Sheriff Shift occasionally likes to soak his feet.

You can't move the chair legs. They've become part of the floor.

(Sheriff Shift isn't exactly a go-getter.)

The Sheriff's favorite desk chair has, over the years, just about welded itself to the floor.

SHERIFF It don't need windin', Barkus, it's one of them clocks what winds itself from the constant vibrations of California's shaky tectonic plates.

It's an old Register clock.

SHERIFF Y'all jus' leave them duds alone, bwoy. You knows I like you, bwoy, but you go pokin' 'round in a man's privates, I takes your hand off in nuthin' flat, bwoy, jus' like that.

The Sheriff's hung his hat and long coat on the rack.

SHERIFF Ah'm not done drinkin' it yit, Pharquar!

That's the cup of coffee you thoughtfully provided to the Sheriff.

SHERIFF Keep your hands offn m'crap, Parakwat.

FREDDY Pharkas.

SHERIFF Whutever.

The Sheriff's big old desk is cluttered with all sorts of crime-fighting paraphernalia...
...just in case the Sheriff decides to fight some crime someday.

SHERIFF Hey, Porkers! Them's my official shootin' irons, an' yew don't wanna be touchin' 'em. I
could clap you in irons fer thet.

Those are the Sheriff's six-guns.

(Actually, they're revolvers and rifles...but there are six of them!)

SHERIFF Yew wantin' to spend a night in the hoosegow, son? I think that can be arranged, hyuk
hyuk!

That's the jail cell, where Sheriff Checkum ("Chicken") P. Shift tosses the bad guys.

SHERIFF With the town's population dwindling, there haven't been many occupants lately.

SHERIFF Leave it be, Pharmint, I gotta see muh penal diagrams good.

It's the lamp, which the Sheriff keeps lit so's he can read his procedural manuals and see the pictures
REAL good.

SHERIFF It ain't et yet!

That's the stolen apple pie you gave Sheriff Shift.

SHERIFF Whut choo lookin' for, bwoy?

It's a real turn-of-the-century Sheriff's office.

(Manned by a real turn-of-the-century Sheriff.)

You can't commune with the environment in that fashion.

FREDDY Here, Sheriff Shift. I know how much a law-enforcing person like yourself appreciates a
good fatty dessert-like foodstuff for breakfast.

SHERIFF Whey, thank cue! I bin so hongrey I coulda et a bear! But, do ya think I could git
a cuppa coffee to go with this?

FREDDY Why, sure, Sheriff. But, in the meantime, I've been thinking about moving to
another city. But, I've got no bullets. I was wondering if you have any bullets that would fit
an old .45?

SHERIFF Whey, shore, son. Here. Have a box o' these Remingtons! No charge; they're on
the County.

FREDDY Say, Sheriff! I know how much a law enforcement person like yourself enjoys a good hot
cup of coffee every now and then.

SHERIFF Thanks, pardner! But 'cha know what? Sumptin sweet would shore taste good
right now!

FREDDY Why, I bet that's true. I'll be glad to try and find you something to munch on.

FREDDY But, in the meantime, I've been thinking about moving to another city. But, I've
got no bullets. I was wondering if you have any bullets that would fit an old .45?

SHERIFF Whey, shore, son. Here. Have a box o' these Remingtons! No charge; they're on
the County.

FREDDY Here you go, Sheriff Shift. I found some of Mom's nice hot Apple Pie for ya. I know
how much a law-enforcing person like yourself enjoys sweet, fatty breakfasts.

SHERIFF Whey, thank cue! I bin so hongrey I coulda et a bear! This'll shore go good with
that cuppa coffee ya brung me earlier!

FREDDY Uh, Sheriff? do you have anything I could use to clean these old guns of mine
before I leave town? They're mighty dirty and I want to be prepared for my long journey!

SHERIFF Okay, son. But this gun cleanin' kit'll be the last thing I give ya. Now git chur

guns cleaned, git chur horse packed and git chur ass outta ma town!

FREDDY Here's what you wanted, Sheriff. A nice hot cup of Mom's coffee.

SHERIFF Thanks, pardner! This'll shore go good wit' dat apple pie you gave me!

FREDDY You are most welcome, Sheriff. Say, you wouldn't happen to have a spare gun cleaning kit, would you? These old pistols of mine are dirty as sin!

SHERIFF Okay, son. But this gun cleanin' kit'll be the last thing I give ya. Now git chur pistols cleaned, git chur horse packed up and git chur ass outta town!

SHERIFF Walp, if this ain't the stoopidest hunk o' lost-wax castin' I ever did see! An ear? Who you fixin' to fool with THAT thang, Pharkum?

FREDDY I know I could never put one over on YOU, Sheriff.

SHERIFF You kin bet yer boots -- I sez, you kin bet yer boots -- on THAT!

SHERIFF Whoa there, son! You must have some whopper of a bellyache there!

FREDDY Actually, I was kinda hoping I could bury you underneath all this baking soda.

SHERIFF Hyuk hyuk hyuk! You ain't gotta snowman's chance in hell of doin' THET, bwoy! Ah may be short, but I'se wirey!

SHERIFF Ah never drinks when ah'm on-duty, bwoy. Whut kinda lawman yew think I AM, anyway?

FREDDY Well, I...

SHERIFF Yew think, jes 'cuz ah'm MEAN, I'm STOOPIT?

SHERIFF Ah got loaded weapons here, bwoy! Ah gotta be alert! Cain't be out-drawin' no varmints wif a skull full o' MUSH, bwoy!

SHERIFF Now git yer patootie OUTTA here 'fore ah has to remove it fer ya!

SHERIFF Them's sum pretty dooded-up boots ya gots there, son! Them suckers your'n?

FREDDY A-yep. I mean, yes.

SHERIFF Well, well, well! Mebbe I misjudged ya. Mebbe wif them stunnin' turquoise 'n beige boots, yer a real honest-to-gorsh GUNSLINGER!

SHERIFF HAW HAW HAW!

FREDDY I think you're being sarcastic.

SHERIFF Wal shoot, bwoy, mebbe ah am, mebbe ah ain't.

SHERIFF It kinda depends on what "sarcastic" means.

SHERIFF I tole' ya, bwoy, those 'r on the house! Now take 'em and head on outta town, buckaroo, 'afore you git hurt.

SHERIFF Yew fixin' to do sum candle-makin'?

FREDDY Not exactly.

SHERIFF Walp, nice to know you gotcherself a hobby. Everbuddy needs a hobby. Y'know whut my hobby is?

FREDDY Nope.

SHERIFF It's makin' life miserbul for pipsqueaks. Yew know whut a pipsqueak is, dontcher?

FREDDY Yep.

SHERIFF Gooood. Word to the wise, Furpiece. Catch ya later, bwoy.

SHERIFF Walll, lookee whut yew got. Charcoal.

SHERIFF Yew plannin' on makin' a homemade bomb, mebbe? Gonna blow up the Ol' Abandoned Mine or sumpin'?

SHERIFF Fella kin get inna lotta trouble, messin' around with dynamite. Take yer hand right off.

SHERIFF Here's some advice fer ya, friend-to-friend, guy. Don't go tryin' to make no dynamite. Find a peaceful use fer that charcoal. You'll breathe easier. 'Nuff said!

Sheriff Shift eyes you suspiciously.

SHERIFF 'Zat YER key, bwoy? Yer not STEALIN' no keys now, are ya?

FREDDY Sheriff! Do I look like the kind of person who'd steal ANYthing?

SHERIFF Welp...I spoze ya don't. In fact, ya look too chicken to steal a kiss from a miss.

SHERIFF Y'all should be stoppin' back on Tuesday, bwoy! Yor boots'll be ready then!
SHERIFF HYUK HYUK! Just joshin' ya, son, ah dunno where this thang come from.
You toss the clay at the Sheriff.
SHERIFF What in tarnation? Hey, Pharmhouse! Dontcha be throwin' yer mudpies at ME, bwoy!
SHERIFF Hell's bells, son, g'wan back ter elementary skool iff'n yer gonna start playin' wif clay!
SHERIFF Geeeee. I dunno why we's even worrying about this fool, he's jus' a case of arrested developmint.
SHERIFF I tole yuh, it's YERS, bwoy! Now take it and shimmy yer butt outta town afore we gotta shimmy it FER ya!
SHERIFF Why, thet there's a fine, spankin' new turquoise 'n beige cowboy suit yew got there, sonny bwoy!
SHERIFF Didjer MOMMY sew it fer ya?
SHERIFF HYUK HYUK HAW! HYUK HYUK HAW!
FREDDY That's a very good donkey imitation, Sheriff. Do you do horses?
The Sheriff stops laughing and eyes you narrowly.
SHERIFF Don't be wisin' off to me, Paraquat. I got yer number, see? I bin keepin' my eye on yew.
SHERIFF And let me tell yew sumpin'. I don't lahk yew. Yer a do-goodin', high-falutin' sunnuva gun, and we don't lahk yer kind in these parts.
SHERIFF So watch yer back, bwoy. I'm watchin' yew. I'm ALWAYS watchin' yew.
FREDDY Here you go, Sheriff. Another nice, hot cup of coffee.
SHERIFF Yew blind, bwoy? Cain't you see ah've already got a cuppa coffee here ah ain't drunken yet? Git that thing away fum me!
FREDDY You're welcome to stop in any time, Sheriff.
SHERIFF I cain't read thet, Pharphtetch. Yew know ain't nobody 'round here kin read that ol' drunk's chicken scratchin'.
SHERIFF And say, that reminds me. Ah'm gonna be stopping 'round at the Pharmacy a little later. Hope yew don't mind.
SHERIFF Thet's fine, bwoy, jus' fine. Ah'll be seeing you later, then.
SHERIFF Whaddaya call thet, Pharkwas?
FREDDY It's "deflatulizer." It'll cure the horses of their terminal flatulence.
SHERIFF Oh.
SHERIFF Well, thet's reallll good, bwoy, reallll good. You done the town a service.
SHERIFF An' I ain't gorna forgit it. Nosiree bob. Ain't gorna forgit it.
SHERIFF Hey hey hey, bwoy! Yew bin livin' here long enuf to know we's a pretty macho bunch, Pharkberg. Don't be tichin' me.
SHERIFF Leastways, not with the window open!
SHERIFF Yew tryin' to peddle yer potions door-to-door, Phartkis?
FREDDY No, no, this is Dad Gumm's Elixir. I found it on his wagon; I don't even carry the stuff.
SHERIFF Welp, that's fine, bwoy, yew jus' hang onto it. Wouldn't want one of children gettin' ahold of it, would we?
SHERIFF Yer not plannin' any vandalism with those thangs, are yew, bwoy?
FREDDY Of course not, Sheriff! Do I look like the kind of person who'd break bottles frivolously, for target practice or something?
SHERIFF I spoze not, yer too much of a goody-two-shoes fer thet, aintcha?
SHERIFF Welp, jus' keep those away from the kids. Dang vandals, every one of 'em.
SHERIFF Pharkist! Whut the Sam Hill are yew tryin' to do, gas me?
SHERIFF Ah'm sufferin' as it is, whut with m'front window permanently open! Take that bagga gas outta here 'afore I pass out!

FREDDY Here, Sheriff. I thought you might like to try putting this bag over your head. It'll make your appearance more pleasing.

SHERIFF Pharmakus, iff'n ah didn't know better, I'd swear you'se tryin' to insult me. But yer not clever enuf fer that, areya?

FREDDY No, Sheriff, I'm much too much of a dullard for that.

SHERIFF Yeah, thet's whut I thought.

SHERIFF Whut in thunderation is thet thang?

FREDDY It's a gas mask. It'll help you breathe safely until I get the horses cured.

SHERIFF Yer gonna cure them horses?

FREDDY Why, of course! That's what you want, isn't it?

FREDDY You don't want the poor folks of Coarsegold to choke to death, do you?

The Sheriff sputters, hardly able to speak.

FREDDY Well, Sheriff? I'm waiting for an answer. Is that what you want?

The Sheriff sputters some more.

SHERIFF Why, I...

SHERIFF I mean...

SHERIFF ...you...

SHERIFF I mean, NO! Of COURSE thet's not whut I want! An' anything you kin do to alleviate our current sichyation will be MOST appershiated.

SHERIFF MOST appershiated.

SHERIFF Now take yer gas mask and git outta here. I got work to do.

SHERIFF Pharsight! Yew are a sick pig, yew know thet?

SHERIFF Take that maggot-infested thang outta this here govermint office 'afore I has to THROW you out!

SHERIFF HEY HEY HEY! Tryin' to stab a Sheriff is grounds fer inkarserayshun!

FREDDY I was merely showing it to you.

SHERIFF Well, criminey, bwoy, ah've seen ice picks before! Now vamoose, before I change muh mind and toss you in the hoosegow fer attemptin' to aerate an officer of the law!

SHERIFF GOOD!

FREDDY Tryin' to POISON me, bwoy?

SHERIFF Do I LOOK sick? I don't THANK I look sick! Wuz I sick wiffout mah KNOWIN' it?

FREDDY I don't think so.

SHERIFF Yew bet yer prescription-filling BEHIND yew don't thank so! Now don't you be slippin' me none of yer medications agin, or ah'll be VERY unhappy witchoo.

SHERIFF Yew hear me, bwoy?

FREDDY I hear ya.

SHERIFF GOOD!

SHERIFF HEY NOW! Yew jabbin' thet thang at me!

FREDDY No, no, I wasn't.

SHERIFF THERE! Yew done it AGAIN!

FREDDY No, no, no. I'm just practicing my knifework.

SHERIFF Welp, take it OUTSIDE, bwoy! Take it OUTSIDE! Jehosopha, bwoy, iff'n I didn't know yew wuz a chicken, ah'd thank yew wuz tryin' to ventilate muh spleen!

SHERIFF Thet looks suspiciously lahk the ladder Miz Primm wuz sayin' wuz taken from the schoolhouse playground! Lemme see the serial number on thet ladder.

FREDDY There isn't any. I made it m'self.

SHERIFF Oh. Well, thet's OK, then. Carry on, bwoy.

SHERIFF Jumpin' Jehosopha, bwoy, yew tryin' to hogtie me?

FREDDY What if I am?

SHERIFF Walp, ah'd say you were pretty pitiful with a lasso!

SHERIFF HAW HAW HYUK! If that ain't the PUNIEST lookin' whip I ever did see!

FREDDY It's not a whip.

SHERIFF YER tellin' ME, bwoy!

SHERIFF This thang ain't got no pictures or conversations innit!

SHERIFF Whut the devil's the use of a letter wifout pictures or conversations innit?

SHERIFF Bor-ring, Pharmhand, bor-ring!

It's the honorable Sheriff Checkum P. Shift, trying to invent "coffee and donuts."

SHERIFF Wail, ah'll be a monkey's uncle. Gotcherself a holda some real silver there, ain'tcha?

FREDDY I believe it is, yes.

SHERIFF Well, if thet ain't sumpin' special. Y'all mus' be as pleased as punch.

SHERIFF Why don't you CELERBATE, bwoy, by gittin' OUTTA TOWN BY SUNDOWN?

I think thet's a RIGHT good idea! A change of scenery do you a WORLD o' good, bwoy.

SHERIFF Might even save yer life!

SHERIFF HAW HAW HAW! Hyukhyukhyukhyuk!

SHERIFF Yer not tryin' to BRIBE me to open yer store back up, are ya?

FREDDY What if I were?

SHERIFF If yew wuz, I'd have to ARREST ya fer tryin' to bribe a SHERIFF! Then ah'd hafta toss ya in the HOOSEGOW! Then ah'd hafta HANG YA.

SHERIFF So ah'll ask ya again, wuz yew tryin' to BRIBE me?

FREDDY No. I was asking you to look at this money and give me your assessment of whether or not it's counterfeit.

SHERIFF It ain't. And thank kyew so much fer askin'! Right proper of you.

SHERIFF My, my! Whut a purty hanky you got there!

FREDDY It's my lucky neckerchief, not a hanky.

SHERIFF Well, whutever yew callin' it, bwoy, it's right purty. Why, you could even sop up yer own blood with it if yew had to! That IS a lucky hanky, ain't it?

SHERIFF Let's hope you never gotta do nuthin' like that! It'd be a shame to stain such a purty hanky! Wouldn't it now?

SHERIFF Hyuk hyuk haw!

SHERIFF Yew tryin' to gas me with thet thang?

FREDDY Yes, only I can't get it open. Would you open it for me?

SHERIFF Whut, so's you kin turn around and gas me with it?

SHERIFF Hyuk, hyuk, yew must be dumber than yew look!

FREDDY Ha, ha! But not dumber than YOU look, right, Sheriff?

SHERIFF Haw haw! Yer darn tootin', bwoy, darn tootin'!

SHERIFF Now jus' hold on a cotton-pickin' minute.

SHERIFF Yew mean to tell me that yew, some kinda Western Hero, is jus' gonna walk in and shoot the Sheriff in cold blood? No fair fight, no shootout in the middle of the street, no nothin'?

SHERIFF Does that sound like a act of a Hero? Or does it sound like the act of a coward?

FREDDY Uh, coward, I guess.

SHERIFF Yew bet your boots. Let's just pretend that whole thang didn't happen, shall we?

SHERIFF Let's see if yew kin get through this whole thang without shootin' anyone outright. 'Kay? 'Kay.

SHERIFF Say, these are sum purty li'l fillies!

FREDDY Yes, would you be willing to trade something for 'em?

SHERIFF Nope! Got m'self a photographic memory. Got 'em all memorized. Thanks much, bwoy!

FREDDY Need anything for your piles, Sheriff?

SHERIFF If I WANTED sumpin' fer m'piles, I'da come inna yer store and AST ya fer sumpin'!

SHERIFF Which reminds me, ah'll be payin' yew a visit shortly. Yew best be in when I gets there.

FREDDY Certainly, Sheriff. Anything to help.

SHERIFF That's whut yew say now! HAW HAW HAW!

SHERIFF Whut you got there?

FREDDY It's a water purification solution. It'll help alleviate the town's gastric troubles.

SHERIFF Lemme git this straight. That there stuff's gonna alleviate the town's gastric troubles?

FREDDY Uh, I think I just said that, yeah.

FREDDY That IS what you want, isn't it? You don't WANT the whole town to die of dehydration from excessive diarrhea, do you?

The Sheriff sputters.

SHERIFF I mean, nobody would've PURPOSEFULLY poisoned the town's drinking water, right? So I wouldn't be BOTHERING anybody by purifying the water, would I?

SHERIFF You...

SHERIFF I mean, the whole...

SHERIFF That is...

SHERIFF Well, NO, for corn sake, that's just PERFECT, Pharquar, just flippin' PERFECT. Go ahead an' CURE the whole dang town. That's right neighborly of you.

SHERIFF RIGHT neighborly.

SHERIFF Yew tryin' to tie me up, bwoy?

FREDDY No, I'm trying the old rope-a-dope trick.

SHERIFF That's wrasslin', bwoy, not ropin'! HAR!

SHERIFF Yew pretty dumb, yew know thet?

SHERIFF Whoa there! Yew almost took mah head off with thet there shovel!

FREDDY Oh, sorry.

FREDDY Let me try again. I'm sure I can get it right this time.

SHERIFF Whut? Stop talkin' garbage, bwoy. You'se stoopit.

SHERIFF You outdone yerself fer stoopidness this time, bwoy. Thet's the dumbest-lookin' silver ear I ever seen.

SHERIFF It's all crooked and ugly.

FREDDY I guess you would know, wouldn't you, Sheriff?

SHERIFF Say what?

FREDDY Never mind.

FREDDY You like snails, Sheriff?

SHERIFF I hates 'em! They're mean, slimy li'l critters.

FREDDY Takes one to know one, eh, Sheriff?

SHERIFF Whut? Quit talkin' crazy talk, bwoy. Yew bin out in the sun too long.

FREDDY Sheriff!

SHERIFF Pharkberg! Whudda YEW want?

FREDDY Why'd you close down the Dirty Sheets Hotel?

SHERIFF Whut's it to ya?

FREDDY Well, I...I'm a little worried about the tourist trade, and...

SHERIFF It's not yer place to worry about the "tourist trade," bwoy! Leave that to ME!

SHERIFF Now, as fer the Hotel, IF it's any o' yer business, it wuz attractin' the wrong sorta bizniz...transients, hobos, people of low moral fiber. Cain't be havin' none o' THET goin' on in Coarsegold, can we?

FREDDY But at the rate these places are closing down, there won't be any town LEFT in a matter of days!

SHERIFF Lissen to me, bwoy. Thet ain't none of my never mind. I'm jus' lookin' to make this place as SAFE as kin be. So if I gotta close down a place or two, welp, y'all will jus' hafta live with that.

SHERIFF <|c3|Hocccccccccck...|c|>

SHERIFF <|c3|pa-tooey!|c|>

The spittoon makes a resounding "ping!".

FREDDY Sheriff, I don't understand how the Opera House was making Coarsegold unsafe. Why'd you close it down?

SHERIFF They's showin' SMUT there, and it wuz attractin' the wrong kinda customer!

FREDDY Smut? Like what?

SHERIFF Chaucer!

SHERIFF Rebelais!

SHERIFF Baaaaalzac!

FREDDY And furthermore...

SHERIFF Whut the Sam Hill do yew want now? Don't you have customers to git to, Pharkenstein?

FREDDY Yes, but I don't see why you had to close down the Tall & Thin Shop! What in the world was wrong with THAT?

SHERIFF Lissen to me, bwoy. Tall & thin folks are SNEAKY.

FREDDY Oh, that's ridiculous.

SHERIFF It's NOT ridiculous! They look down on everbuddy, and when they wanna sneak around, they turn sideways towards ya so's you cain't hardly see 'em!

SHERIFF Luckily, their collarbones break more easily than most folks', so's you kin' whup on 'em realll good.

FREDDY That's the most insane load of horse manure I've ever heard.

SHERIFF Nobody's askin' yew to believe it, bwoy. Iffn yew don't like how ah'm running this town, why, yew jus' go right on and leave.

SHERIFF In fact, ah should be seein' yew about this VERY soon, bwoy. VERY soon.

FREDDY Sheriff!

SHERIFF Yeah? Do I know you?

FREDDY I'm Fr...I mean, I'm afraid you've got a problem.

SHERIFF Oh, do I? What problem would that be? Seems to me mah BIGGEST problem already left town! Jus' got a lotta little ones left.

FREDDY You've got an infamous riverboat gambler in your Saloon, gambling up people's property.

SHERIFF Nothin' illegal 'bout that. Nobuddy's forcin' anyone to gamble.

FREDDY But he's CHEATING!

SHERIFF Welp, I spoze if yew wuz to CATCH him cheatin', ah might have to run him in.

SHERIFF But he's very good, ah don't think yew'll catch him. He came highly recommended.

FREDDY What do you mean?

SHERIFF Nothin', nothin'.

FREDDY I'm going to have to bring that gambler to justice!

SHERIFF Hey, mister, ah don't want any trouble 'round here. Don't yew go shootin' nobody, I'll hafta run you in. Yew let thangs take their nacheral course.

FREDDY Sheriff, I know you couldn't care less, but folks around town are having some sort of mysterious stomach ailment.

SHERIFF Welp, guess the water in these parts has gone sour. Ain't no surprise, really, it were bound to happen sooner or later.

SHERIFF I figger those that don't die from the dysentery will jus' have to pull up stakes and find someplace where the water's good.

FREDDY I don't think that's it at all. I think somebody poisoned the water.

FREDDY If you were any kind of Sheriff, you'd look into it.

SHERIFF HYUK HYUK! Like yew know ANYTHANG about bein' a Sheriff!

SHERIFF 'Sides, ah know the water ain't poisoned, ah had some m'self awhile ago.

FREDDY I'm going to cure the poor folks of this town if it's the last thing I do!

SHERIFF Yep, an' it's gonna BE the last thing yew do iffn yew don't stop MESSIN'

AROUND with the fine people of Coarsegold!

FREDDY Messing around? I'm trying to SAVE them, dammit!

SHERIFF |c0|Yew cuss at me one mo' time and ah'll throw yew in jail so fast yew'll be BEGGIN' me to let yew quit, restore or restart!|c|

FREDDY I apologize.

SHERIFF That's better. See? Now we kin all be friends.

FREDDY Sheriff, I'll be leaving shortly. Thanks for the ammo and cleaning supplies.

SHERIFF Yep, yep, sure, sure, glad to help, whutever yew say, bon voi-ah-gee.

FREDDY Sheriff, do YOU aim to do anything about the flatulent horses out there?

SHERIFF Not much ah CAN do, Pharkwat. Yew cain't go 'round pluggin' up the horses, they'll explode.

SHERIFF We'll jus' have to set tight 'till they get over it.

FREDDY But the town will be gassed to death by then! We've got to take action NOW!

SHERIFF I AM takin' action, bwoy!

SHERIFF Ah'm catchin' up on m' office work! Cain't go outside anyways 'till this whole thang blows over!

SHERIFF HYUK HYUK! I made a funny there! "Blows over." Git it? Git it?

FREDDY You're a big help.

SHERIFF That's whut I'm here fer, bwoy.

FREDDY Sheriff, if you're not going to help these people, then I am.

SHERIFF Yew do whut yew hafta, bwoy. Iffn yew think yew kin cure them horses 'afore evvabuddy gits gassed, yer welcome to try!

(The Sheriff snickers to himself.)

FREDDY Hey, Sheriff Shift!

SHERIFF Well, if it ain't the fella whut caught "Aces" Hall! Whussup?

FREDDY Don't you know? Your entire town is being shot up by a bunch of rowdy cowhands!

SHERIFF Yep! Aren't it awful? Evvabuddy in town who don't git shot up is gonna git skeered away! HAW HAW! I hate it!

FREDDY I don't understand. Why do you want everyone to leave Coarsegold so badly?

SHERIFF Oh, it ain't ME, Stranger. It's m'boss, the one who already owns half the property in town and wants the rest of it.

FREDDY But why? Why would anyone want a broken-down piece of underdeveloped property like Coarsegold?

SHERIFF Ah'm afear'd that ain't none of yer business, pard.

FREDDY Well? Are you going to stop those rowdy cowhands?

SHERIFF Hell no, bwoy! Ah'm gonna let 'em do their business, then ah'm gonna collect m'cut and git outta this town!

SHERIFF And ah'd advise YEW to do the same!

FREDDY I don't suppose you could help me rescue an Indian from an anthill?

SHERIFF No, ah don't suppose ah could! There's places in town whut need more fire inspections. Git along.

FREDDY Welp, Sheriff, I stopped that stampede, no thanks to you.

SHERIFF Say WHUT? But...how?

FREDDY A little Yankee ingenuity. Something you wouldn't know anything about.

SHERIFF Hey hey! Yer beginnin' to really PIDDLE ME OFF, bwoy! Yer spozed to be shuttin' down yer Pharmacy and leavin' town, yer NOT spozed to be runnin' around like the flippin' Lone Ranger, savin' people right and left!

SHERIFF Ah don't wanna hafta -- ah sez, ah don't wanna hafta talk to yew about this AGIN! Fer yer own safety, just vamoose!

FREDDY Sheriff, I'm not jokin'. Get a posse together! We can round 'em up, I KNOW we can!

SHERIFF Y'all mus' think ah'm CRAZY, bwoy! Yew wouldn't catch me outside this office

'till thet stampede is over! Now git along!

FREDDY Sheriff! Are you going to help me stop that stampede before it runs over the whole town?

SHERIFF Now look here, Pharkblatt!

SHERIFF Stoppin' them horses from pootin' the town away wuz all well and good, but yew cain't stop a stampede, can ya?

SHERIFF Why, there's nuttin' to be done but batten down the hatches and hope fer the best!

Me, I figure I'm safe in here, this's the only buildin' in town made outta rock!

SHERIFF You go save yer own butt, bwoy, or git outta town like the smart folks are doin'.

FREDDY Dag nab you, Sheriff! You're not doing ANYTHING to help!

SHERIFF Why, shore ah am! Ah'm refusin' to PANIC!

FREDDY Grrrr.

FREDDY Sheriff, I'm going to be saying my goodbyes soon, and I just wanted to thank you for all your help.

SHERIFF Don't mention it, bwoy! Iffn ah kin do anything to make yer departure more hasty or pleasant, feel free to ask!

SHERIFF Shoot, bwoy, I wouldn't give yew a plugged nickel. Yew kin jus' go beggin' elsewheres.

SHERIFF Ah don't drink beer on duty, bwoy!

FREDDY It's nothing but water. I took it from the water tower.

SHERIFF Then ah SURELY doesn't wanna drink it.

FREDDY Why, Sheriff? Do you know if there's something WRONG with the water? Could somebody have done something TO it? Something YOU know all about?

SHERIFF Quit talkin' to me in all them capital letters, bwoy! I don't know whut yer squawkin' about! Git outta mah face! G'wan witcha! Scat!

Hmmm. He seems just a slight bit defensive.

SHERIFF That's a fine bit o' detective work, bwoy! Yew get sum big-time points fer that one?

FREDDY Sure did!

SHERIFF Well, thet's fine, jes' fine. Now skedaddle on back to yer Pharmacy there, Pharsky, an' I'll be over in a li'l while.

SHERIFF Well, looks like yew'll have a new line o' work onct you git outta town, bwoy...carvin' prosthesises!

SHERIFF That is, iffn yew git outta town IN ONE PIECE! Haw haw haw!

SHERIFF Why, that's ol' Doc Gillespie's whisky glass! I'd rekanize that anywheres! Whut you doin' with it, Pharmakas?

SHERIFF I'm saving him from himself.

SHERIFF Thet's the stoopidest thang I ever heard. Cain't save someone frum themSELF. How could yew git away?

SHERIFF Well lookee here, it's arts and crafts time with everbuddy's favorite Pharmacist!

SHERIFF Thet's a lovely piece of clay-and-wax sculpture there, bwoy! Yew gonna go FAR!

SHERIFF And if you don't git outta town SOON, yew gonna go farther then yew THOUGHT!

SHERIFF HAR HAR HYUK!

SHERIFF Drop it, Pharkenstein. I'm startin' a collection.

The Sheriff's spittoon, where he gets most of his target practice.

SHERIFF Yew break it, yew bought it! Hyuk, hyuk.

Looks to be a table of some sort.

That key doesn't work with this trunk.

(Anyway, there's nothing in the trunk.)

That key won't open this trunk.

(There's nothing in this trunk anyway! Leave it alone!)

That's not a trunk key.

In fact, there IS no key to this trunk. Just let it alone.

SHERIFF If yew get that thang open, Pharkly, let me know. It's bin locked fer years. Nuttin' in it, as fur as I know.

That's the key to the Pharmacy, not the key to this trunk.

(There IS no key to this trunk! It can't be opened!)

You can't open the trunk with the ice pick.

In fact, you can't open the trunk at all.

There's no need to pry the trunk open with the knife. There's nothing inside the trunk.

That's an old trunk, dated back to the 1870s.

(Actually, in that case, it's pretty new!)

There's no reason to shoot the trunk open. There's nothing inside.

SHERIFF Wouldja mind not tearin' that down, Pharkem? I ain't caught that critter yet.

SHERIFF Y'all mind leavin' thet thang up there? Whenever I feel m'self gettin' soft, I jes' look at that ugly varmint and get the ol' fires stoked up again.

Inventory

You scrape the clay off and discard it, leaving you with a gleaming silver ear! Beautifully done!

With an ear like this, you could...dare I say it...

RULE THE WORLD! Nyah-ha-ha-ha!

Your "ear mold" (yucch!) is now filled with the melted silver from your award medallion.

(Y'know, they're NOT going to send Srini another one of them medallions!)

Those two just don't go together.

You try tearing open a sack with your bare hands, but in the battle of Man vs. Burlap, you lose.

You ordered one sack of baking soda. Owing to an administrative error, you are now the proud possessor of one hundred sacks of baking soda...and the superhuman strength required to carry it around.

With muscles bulging from years of grappling with childproof caps, you deftly wield the church key and wrench the tops from all the beer bottles.

Sorry, they've only just developed the bottle-cap. They haven't progressed to the twist-off top yet!

A case of Loebrau, "The Beer that Gave St. Louis Blues," all the bottles tightly stoppered with those newfangled metal caps.

You reach inside your old boots and find...

...nothing but the remains of a pair of nasty, rotting old Odor Beaters!

Ah, your old passenger pigeon-skin boots...the boots you used to wear in the days before Kenny the Kid gave you an ear job.

What are you trying to do, open up the bullets? Not a smart endeavor!

Tons o' ammo! Hot lead! Hollow-points! Dum-dums!

You try to mold the wax with your bare hands, but the wax is just a bit too stiff to handle.

(A feeling not entirely unfamiliar to you!)

With your newly-acquired skills, you whittle the candle wax into the shape of an ear, one that should theoretically attach snugly to the small knot of cartilage that remains of your original ear.

(Ewwwww! Where's the warning on the box that sez, "Warning, this game contains references to small knots of cartilage"?)

Having inadvertently gunked up the knife good and proper with wax, you toss it away...hoping that Willy finds it sooner or later and thinks he stupidly dropped it.

A puddle of candle wax from the Church, suitable for chewing (trouble is, it loses that "Church" flavor after only a couple of minutes!).

You search for something inside the charcoal, but there's nothing to be found.

A handful of charcoal. Don't forget to wash your hands when you're finished playing the game.

It's solid and heavy and refuses to bend.

The key to the Church. Nobody will miss it, since the Church is never locked anyway.

You turn the claim check over, searching for a locker combination, but there's nothing written on the other side.

It's a tattered, well-worn claim check.

You try to shape the clay, but you're no sculptor. (Maybe you should take up whittling instead!)

Clay from a gravesite. Now if you only had some eye of newt and bat's tongue, you could probably reanimate a corpse!

You poke around in the cleaning kit, but other than the items necessary for cleaning guns, you find nothing useful.

Sheriff Shift's gun-cleaning kit. He may be a low-down, corrupt, no-good varmint, but he's got the cleanest pistol in town...or so says Madame Ovarree!

You search through the clothes and see your pants, your jacket, your gun belt, and your hat. All in apparently good condition!

Your old ex-gunslinging clothes, including your "Good Guy Model" hat!

(Mr. Pharkas's Wardrobe by Festus Lauren of Cheyenne.)

No one but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.

Mmm, a steamin' hot cuppa Joe, courtesy of Mom's Cafe, and brewed from mountain-grown beans from the steep-sloped hills of Jamaica!

(That's the richest, most aromatic kind of coffee...unlike those shoddy trench-grown coffee beans from the steep-sloped ditches of Peoria, Illinois!)

You turn the prescription over, looking for a hint of some sort, but there's nothing to see on the other side.

Madame Ovarree's prescription, fully amended and corrected by Doc Gillespie:

"Madame Ovarree, Estrosterane, 1 paper each morning after."

You dip your finger into the deflatulizer and lick it off. Mmmm! Aminophyllic Citrate! Really hits the spot!

Taa-daa, your latest invention...Equine Deflatulizer, an exclusive blend of secret ingredients guaranteed to neutralize noxious methane emissions from the lower gastro-intestinal tract of Equus caballus.

In other words, it's Gastroentrolological- Veterinarian-In-A-Drum!

You turn the key over carefully, but it reveals nothing new.

The key to your safe deposit box, pried from the cold, rigid fingers of your dead pal Philip.

You attempt to do that key-bending routine you used to know when you were a kid, but somehow you've lost your touch.

This is the key to your roll-top desk.

The door key's got a nice heft to it!

The key to your pharmacy.

You open the bottle and take a whiff.

The small cilia lining your nose curl up and fall out.

Your sinuses start to drain.

Your eyes begin to water and your face turns red.

Say, this stuff is REALLY effective!

A bottle of Dad Gumm's Magic Elixir. "Positively guaranteed to cure myopia, melancholia, the vapors, congestion, consumption, malaria, piles, shingles, rickets, leprosy, bubonic plague, gout, bursitis, arthritis, and the galloping crud."

"190 proof."

Yowzer!

You cleverly shove your finger into a bottle and get it stuck there.

You manage to twist it out, but not before popping a half-dozen knuckles. Next stop, Arthritis City!

Now that the snails have been eradicated, you're left with a lot of empty beer bottles.

Unfortunately, the California Redemption Act won't be made into law for another 100 years.

(After all, the bill was only introduced five years ago!)

You gingerly examine the clay "negative" mold. Looks like a pretty decent piece of craftsmanship, if you do say so yourself!

It's an empty clay mold of an ear.

Don't open it! You'll let the precious contents out, and this isn't how you're going to use them.

It's a bagful of something which does NOT meet California Emissions Standards!

You peek inside the bag. Nope, nothing in there yet!

One of Chester Field's sturdy brown paper bags, suitable for penny candy, two-penny nails, and half-pint containers of Danny's Sourmash-Flavored Yogurt.

(You know, the kind you have to stir...with the whisky on the bottom!)

You adjust the leather strap just so.

A homemade gas mask. Devilishly good work!

You're unwilling to touch it any more than necessary.

How can we put this delicately?

It's a fragrant, freshly-baked Road Apple...or is it a pile of corn fritters?

You touch the ice pick to your finger. That thing's sharp! And MEAN!

An ice pick from out in back of the saloon.

Now that you've taken it, everyone in town will have to find something else to pick their teeth with!

You can't get it open! Damn these childproof tins!

It's a prescription. You hope you got it right!

After all, pharmacology is an art, not an exact science!

You can't get it open! Damn these childproof caps!

Click here to change your cursor into a Hand, then click the Hand on one of the Inventory objects to do something to it.

Click here to change your cursor into a Question Mark, then pass the Question Mark over the other icons to learn about them.

Click here to change your cursor into the Look cursor, then click the Look cursor on the Inventory objects above to examine them more closely.

Click here to close this Inventory window and return to the game.

Click here to see more Inventory objects.

To use an Inventory item, click here to change your cursor into an Arrow, then click the Arrow on the item you wish to use. The Arrow will change into that item.

The item may then be clicked on other items in the window, or on the "OK" button to close the Inventory window.

You close the knife and open it again. Smooth. Silent. Deadly. Stolen.

These Confederate Army pen knife replicas are becoming quite popular among the more sophisticated whittlers.

You check the ladder to see that the rungs are nice and tight.

(A feeling not entirely unfamiliar to Doc Gillespie!)

You've taken the ladder from the playground out in front of the school.

What a hero!

You have no reason to untie your adroitly-constructed lasso!

It's your new trusty lasso.

You test the leather strap. Wow, it's really durable!

A rugged leather strap. Your mind reels with the possibilities!

You turn the paper over, looking for a return address or something, but there isn't one.

It's a letter you received some years back from your dearly-departed friend, Phil Graves:

"Dear Freddy,

Thank you so very kindly for your recent gracious hospitality during my recent convalescence. The floor of your workroom proved an extremely comfortable bed, and the stale Pharmacy goods you gave me to eat helped stave off starvation quite adequately."

"I must admit to being a little curious by your request that I retain your safety-deposit key for you; I cannot imagine what you have secured in the bank that creates such strong feelings of both revulsion and endearment."

"However, I have done as you have asked and taken the key with me. I swear to you that I will never return this key to you nor even allow it within your sight, and I further swear to keep it with me wherever I may go."

"On this you have my word of honor, for I am

Ever your friend,
Philip D. Graves"

It's solid silver! You can't bend it, break it, or scratch it.

It's Srini's 99.9% silver medallion, awarded to him by the American Society of Salves, Holistic Ointments, Liniments and Emollients Salesmen.

You can't get it open. Damn these childproof tins!

It's a prescription. You hope you got it right!

After all, pharmacology is an art, not an exact science!

You count your money.

(You should never do it when you're sitting at the table. There'll be time enough for counting when the game is done.)

Four dollars and eighty-seven cents! Smithie's tab at the pharmacy, paid in full.

Say, let me show you a little trick with a borrowed neckerchief...

Now you see it...

Now you don't!

Just kidding.

Your old trusty neckerchief. Wow. If neckerchiefs could only talk, boy, the stories this neckerchief would tell.

It seems to be sealed, and you can't get the valve open with your bare hands.

But tanks for trying!

A canister of laughing gas, technically 'nitrous oxide.'

You dip your finger in the beer and taste it. Mmm, that hits the spot!

(Of course, it's a liver spot.)

It's a case of open Loebrau.

(Don't be caught with it in your buggy!)

You squish a bit of the pie to see what oozes out. Looks like apples!

Mom's Apple Pie.

Now all you need is for somebody to invent Baseball, and voila, instant Americana!

You slip the bullets in the chamber. All the old memories come rushing back to you!

(Even the ones about you and your first cousin under the day bed, back when you were a

curious 8-year-old.)

With the Sheriff's cleaning kit, you lovingly clean and polish your old pistols 'till they're like new. You remove a fair amount of rust from the barrel, a damn good thing or you might've had a disaster on your hands!

You remove the bullets from your old pistols. Then, with the cleaning kit, you lovingly and polish the pistols 'till they shine like a Coarsegold kid with his first passing grade. You remove a fair amount of rust from the barrel, a damn good thing or you might've had a disaster, and you replace the bullets in the chamber.

You cock the hammers, twirl the pistols, fake a shot, and slowly let the hammers back up. Hot damn, that feels GOOD!

You draw your pistol.

You don't want to draw until you're ready to fire, and you can't possibly hit anything useful from here.

Your old pistols, looking somewhat tarnished after so many years in storage, but probably still serviceable.

Your old pistols, now cleaned and restored to their original working condition!

Your pistols, cleaned and loaded for bear! You're cookin' now!

Your old pistols, loaded with the Sheriff's surplus ammo.

You riffle the spicy French Postcards, but they don't animate smoothly.

Ooh-la-la and Va-va-voom!

(They're the two ladies featured prominently on these spicy French postcards.)

(Or, rather, they're the two ladies with the prominent features on these spicy French postcards!)

You press down on the tube, and it crumples ever so slightly.

(What WILL modern technology think of next??)

A tube of Preparation G, the latest anti-hemorrhoidal unguent from the folks at Parke-Loomis.

"Fine tushy ointments since 1848!"

You turn the prescription over, looking for a locker combination or something, but there's nothing written on the other side.

It says, "Penelope Primm, 4 mls Tyloxpolynide orally 2x/5 days."

Why, the poor dear! She must be suffering from the vapors, those injurious exhalations produced within the body creating feelings of hypochondria and depression.

The prescription is in Doc's usual scrawl, and smells of whisky, so you know it's authentic!

You hold the prescription up to the light to see if you can see any secret messages, but nothing is visible.

Helen Back's prescription is barely legible due to all the whisky spots, but you eventually decipher it:

"Helen Back, Quinotrazate tabs, 3x/7 days."

You try reading it backwards, but it's still a whisky-sodden, poorly-written prescription. Dang that Doc Gillespie anyway!

This prescription is impossible to read.

That's what happens when Doc writes a prescription through his bleary, whisky-soaked eyeballs!

You shake the solution up a bit, just to make sure it stays well-mixed.

This should do the trick! You think you'll call it "Pharkas's Patented Anti-Poopulent." Now if you can just find a handy way to make sure everybody in town gets a drink.

With a few quick movements, you make an authentic Western lasso out of the rope. It's like falling off a log...once you learn how, you never forget!

A hank of sturdy rope.

Give yourself enough of it, and you'll lynch yourself.

You feel the edge of the ear. It's ragged, but sharp as the dickens!

You've honed your silver ear to deadly razor sharpness.

You scrape some of the dirt off the shovel, but it's still hopelessly dirty.
This shovel's been left around ReBoot Hill for the convenience of the gravediggers.
You carefully examine the silver ear. Fine workmanship. A nice socket for your cartilaginous earplug. No dangerous rough edges. A spectacular job, especially since this is your first foray into the wonderful world of lost-wax casting!
It's your soon-to-be-world-famous Silver Ear, symbol of truth, justice, and the Pharmacological Way!
You poke the snails, and they recede quickly into their shells. Reminds you of a cold shower you took recently!
A few snails, perfect for stuffing into mushroom caps.
You pour a small amount of beer on the snails.
They quickly begin to weave around uncertainly, as if...as if they were DRUNK! How bizarre!
You run your hand up the length of the blade. Criminy! This thing is SHARP!
You make a mental note to write a letter of complaint to the Franklin Mint if you ever get out of this mess.
It appears to be a Confederate sword.
You drop the charcoal into tin can.
You poke around inside the can for a few leftover beans, but no dice.
(No beans, either!)
You gently stir the coal, and a little of it sifts through the holes in the can.
You stir the can full of charcoal with your finger. Whee.
You feel the jagged edges inside the can where the ice pick has poked through. You feel the leather of the strap where it passes through the holes.
You feel utterly silly standing here feeling this furshlugginer can.
Yep, feels like holes goin' straight through that can!
With all the precision of a serial killer, you deftly poke some holes in the tin can with the ice pick.
Hah!
(With the ice pick hopelessly dulled and bent by your manly efforts, and with absolutely no regard for the stinking, barren piece of locality laughingly called the "environment," you carelessly toss the ice pick away.)
You slip the leather strap through the holes in the tin can. You always wanted a feed bag.
The leather strap won't fit in the tin can...
...at least, not yet.
It's an empty can of beans. Why would Mom keep an empty can of beans on her shelf?
Well, Mom's memory ain't what she used to be.
The hole-ridden tin can is chock full of charcoal.
This tin can is fulla charcoal.
The tin can, riddled with holes from your trusty ice pick, has a leather strap threaded through two of the holes.
You've poked major holes in the tin can!
Careful, you'll get your finger stuck in one of the bottles.
You've taken one of the empty beer bottles and filled it with water from the water tower. The other bottles are all empty.
You're too precariously balanced to juggle paper and glass. Get on solid ground first!
The prescription, as Doc Gillespie must've seen it as he wrote it: through the bottom of a whisky glass!
You carefully pack the clay in and around the wax ear, leaving some of it open so that you can pour the wax out later.
You try to attach the wax ear to the small knot of cartilage on the side of your head, but the wax is too slippery to stay on. Apparently you'll need to do something else with the wax ear to build yourself a prosthesis.

It's a handsomely-carved wax ear, looking very much like the one Kenny the Kid shot off so many years ago!

You stir the few remaining drops of whisky around, then lick off your finger. Mmm! Single-malt! Doc's whisky glass. Poor Doc! What's he gonna do without the thinking man's beverage?

Scraping off the clay now would destroy the mold!

It's a mold, made by packing clay around a wax "positive" of an ear.

That would make a mighty ugly boot-'n-ear!

Don't put bullets in your ear. Grow up.

No matter how much you dig around with that church key, you'll never get ALL the wax out of that ear!

You do not need a waxy, very lightly brown claim check.

Very close, but rather than smooshing the wax ear into the clay, try the other way 'round.

Don't you remember? Never stick anything bigger than a pair of shorts and a tee-shirt in your ear!

No matter how much you dig around with that safe-deposit key, you'll never get ALL that ear wax!

No matter how much you dig around with that desk key, you'll never get ALL the wax out of that ear!

No matter how much you dig around with that door key, you'll never dig ALL the wax out of that ear!

There's no time to wax nostalgic now!

No matter how hard you rub, none of the silver comes off on the wax.

Using your lucky neckerchief, you buff the ear to a real paste wax shine!

You try to get the nitrous oxide to blow in your ear, but it fails to follow you anywhere.

All right, nobody moves or the ear gets it!

Oh, your virgin ears!

Trying to dig out that ear wax? Good luck!

You can't click the wax ear on the wax ear. Why? Well, because you really only have one, though it APPEARS that you have two. This is a state-of-the-art optical illusion.

You have no desire to cruelly grind the mold into clay & wax mudpies.

You've really only got one wax-filled mold. So you can't use it on itself. Nice try, though!

Now now, those bullets aren't toys. Don't be sticking them in your ear!

You can't dig the wax out of the mold with the church key...you'll ruin the mold!

The wax-filled mold says, "It'll be ready Tuesday."

You can't make a mold of your entire outfit!

You can't dig the wax out of the mold with the safe-deposit key...you'll ruin the mold!

You can't dig the wax out of the mold with the desk key...you'll ruin the mold!

You can't dig the wax out of the mold with the door key...you'll ruin the mold!

The medallion doesn't fit inside the mold that way!

You can't wipe the wax out of the mold without destroying the delicate detail work!

You try to blow the wax ear out of the mold, but the valve on the canister is simply too tight.

Contrary to how it works in real life, you can't dig wax out with the corner of a post card.

(Besides, you'd gunk up those naughty pictures!)

The shovel is too large and clumsy an implement to be used with the wax-filled mold.

What are you trying to do, dust the door key with baking soda?

Legand Hammer would not be particularly impressed.

The door key clanks uselessly against the bottles of beer.

The key is well-worn from years of use. It doesn't need to be polished.

There's no need to blacken the door key.
You briskly rub the claim check against the door key, revealing...
...your utter desperation!
You could make an impression of the door key to make a duplicate, but you won't need one.
The key doesn't need cleaning!
Don't smudge your clothes polishing the key.
The door key only drinks cappuccino.
The door key isn't licensed to fill prescriptions.
The door key isn't having a flatulence problem right now.
And it's a little insulted that you think it is.
You hear the sound of two keys hitting each other. Good job!
You can't USE the door key ON the door key...you only have one!
There's a better use for that elixir.
You clank the empty bottles against the key, just to see what fun it is!
It isn't!
You could make an impression of the door key to make a duplicate, but you won't need one.
The bag-o-flatulence doesn't sit very well on the door key.
(Of course, something didn't sit very well with those horses, either.)
You don't need to bag the key.
The door key doesn't need the gas mask, because it doesn't inhale.
(And if you believe that, then vote for it!)
You're right. If you DID need to hide the key, that would be the last place someone would look for it!
(But you don't need to hide the key.) (horse dung)
You can't change the shape of the key with the ice pick.
You can't carve the door key.
The door key doesn't need a ladder.
Yee-haw! You practice your lariat skills by successfully roping the door key.
On the other hand, door keys don't usually put up much of a struggle. So it's not like you get a WHOLE helluva lot of practice.
The leather strap's too thick to use as a key chain (not that you need one!).
You rub the door key with the letter, and you find...
...that you've slightly smudged the letter! Big whup!
The door key doesn't need any medication.
Don't give the money to the door key.
It's liable to spend it all in one place.
The door key is in fine shape; no need to polish it with your lucky neckerchief.
The beer would only make the door key sticky.
The old pie-on-the-pharmacy-door-key gag, huh?
Let's attempt to rise above it.
The key hardly responds to your idle threat.
The key seems to stiffen slightly at the sight of the luscious French models!
The door key has no need of Preparation G. It never strains.
The door key isn't in need of polishing with Penelope's prescription!
The door key isn't in need of polishing with Mom's prescription!
The door key isn't in need of polishing with Sadie's prescription!
The door key doesn't need any medication.
That's awfully thick to use as a key chain (not that you need one). (rope)
Haven't you got better things to do right now than to try to whack at the door key with the razor-sharp ear?
How symbolic! You're trying to dig the key to your digs!
The key to your Pharmacy works just fine without a layer of snail slime.

You practice a little fencing with the door key, which doesn't put up much of a struggle.

Clunk! (tin can)

The water from the water tower will only make the key rusty.

The door key doesn't fit into your neat little arrangement!

You hold the wax ear up to the door key.

Listen! You can hear the sound of the keyhole!

Clink! (tin can, silver ear, nox, medallion)

You'd just make a mess of the key.

Penelope probably wouldn't like bootprints all over her crisp new prescription.

You wrap the prescription around the church key, but all you accomplish is a few more wrinkles in the paper.

Penelope's prescription would prefer something in a simple frock.

You do not need a brown, wet prescription!

The desk key fails to interact in a meaningful way with Penelope's prescription.

(Or even in a NON-meaningful way!)

Penelope's prescription makes a fine landing pad for the door key.

If you pour the elixir on the prescription, it will be even more illegible. Besides, enough alcohol went into this prescription already.

You put the prescription in the bag and pull it back out again.

It reminds you of the tests you took in psych class in college. All those square pegs...

You poke a few holes in the prescription, making Doc's scrawl even harder to read.

Yee-haw! You have successfully captured the renegade prescription.

You threaten the prescription with the leather strap and it quiets right down.

You compare the medication to the prescription.

"HmMMM. HmMMM. Aha. Oho. Yes, yes, I see."

"Well, maybe this is right."

Oooh. Yuck. Now the prescription is all sticky! (prep G)

You've only got one copy of Penelope's prescription. You can't click it on itself!

You try an old magic trick that requires a piece of rope and a piece of paper, but neither one will disappear for you.

(Good thing. You might need one or the other later!)

Don't put the prescription in there. You'll cut yourself on the edges trying to get it out again! (can)

Looking at the world through whisky colored glasses...

Don't stomp on the medicine!

You give the medicine a few whacks!

You tap the medicine bottle with the church key.

There's no answer.

Apparently, you haven't succeeded in created a sentient life form.

Trying to put a message in a bottle?

The bottle's already full!

The medicine bottle isn't nearly big enough to hold all those clothes.

The medicine bottle isn't locked!

(And it looks nothing like a desk!)

Dipping your door key in the medication is not only an irresponsible and dangerous thing to do to the medicine, but what's worse, it might tarnish the key!

Better not mix those without asking a QUALIFIED physician!

(Of course, there IS none in Coarsegold.)

It's environmentally irresponsible to use a bag for every li'l prescription you sell.
You already took a stab at filling the prescription!
The bottle is plenty small. You don't need to climb to the top!
The letter doesn't fit in the bottle.
You can't use the medicine bottle on itself! You've only got one!
Ow! At least ONE of those medications is for EXTERNAL USE ONLY!
You compare the prescription to the medication.
 "Aha. Hmmm. Yes, yes, I like what I've done here. Yes. Aha. This looks perfect."
 "Very possibly."
(We have thoughtfully omitted the goose-flesh-producing sound of jagged tin scraping against glass.)
There's not enough whisky in the glass to bother pouring into the medication.

You wrap the prescription around the church key, but all you accomplish is a few more wrinkles in the paper.
Mom's prescription would probably prefer something in an ugly flower print dress with lots of lace.
You do not need a brown, soggy prescription!
The desk key doesn't interact with Helen's prescription in a meaningful way.
 (Or even a NON-meaningful way.)
The door key fails to excite Helen's prescription.
If you pour the elixir on the prescription, it will be even more illegible. Besides, enough alcohol went into this prescription already.
You put the prescription in the bag and pull it back out again.
 It reminds you of the tests you took in psych class in college. All those square pegs...
You poke a few holes in the prescription, making Doc's scrawl even harder to read.
Yee-haw! You have successfully captured the renegade prescription.
You threaten the prescription with the leather strap and it quiets right down.
You compare the medication to the prescription.
 "Hmmmm. Oho. Hummmm. Aha. Yes, yes, this looks good."
 "I think."
Oooh. Yuck. Now the prescription is all sticky!
You only have one copy of Helen Back's prescription, so you can't REALLY click it on itself.
 But hey, you get a quarter of a point for effort.
 (Too bad we're rounding points down!)
You try an old magic trick that requires a piece of rope and a piece of paper, but neither one will disappear for you.
 (Good thing. You might need one or the other later!)
Don't put the prescription in there. You'll cut yourself on the edges trying to get it out again!
Looking at the world through whisky colored glasses...#58
You symbolically trod on Mom's prescription, just to show her what you symbolically think of her.

Don't stomp on the medicine!
You give the medicine a few whacks!
You tap the medicine bottle with the church key.
There's no answer.
Apparently, you haven't succeeded in created a sentient life form.
Trying to put a message in a bottle?
 The bottle's already full!
The medicine bottle isn't nearly big enough to hold all those clothes.

The medicine bottle isn't locked!

(And it looks nothing like a desk!)

Dipping your door key in the medication is not only an irresponsible and dangerous thing to do to the medicine, but what's worse, it might tarnish the key!

Better not mix those without asking a QUALIFIED physician!

(Of course, there IS none in Coarsegold.)

It's environmentally irresponsible to use a bag for every li'l prescription you sell.

You already took a stab at filling the prescription!

The bottle is plenty small. You don't need to climb to the top!

The letter doesn't fit in the bottle.

You can't use the medicine bottle on itself! You've only got one!

Ow! At least ONE of those medications is for EXTERNAL USE ONLY!

You compare the prescription to the medication.

"Aha. Hmmmm. Yes, yes, I like what I've done here. Yes. Aha. This looks perfect."

"Very possibly."

(We have thoughtfully omitted the goose-flesh-producing sound of jagged tin scraping against glass.)

There's not enough whisky in the glass to bother pouring into the medication.

Madame's prescription doesn't go in for the kinky stuff. (The spurs tend to hurt too much!)

You wrap the prescription around the church key, but all you accomplish is a few more wrinkles in the paper.

Madame's prescription would probably prefer something slinky, tight-fitting and low-cut.

You do not need a brown, soggy, illegible prescription!

(Besides, it's illegible already!)

The desk key fails to react in a meaningful way with Sadie's prescription.

(Or even in a NON-meaningful way!)

The door key is actually smaller than the prescription.

What you see here is artistic license.

If you pour the elixir on the prescription, it will be even more illegible. Besides, enough alcohol went into this prescription already.

You put the prescription in the bag and pull it back out again.

It reminds you of the tests you took in psych class in college. All those square pegs...

You poke a few holes in the prescription, making Doc's scrawl even harder to read.

Yee-haw! You have successfully captured the renegade prescription.

You threaten the prescription with the leather strap and it quiets right down.

You compare the medication to the prescription.

"Let's see. Aha. Yes. Oh, um-hmm. Yessss, yesssss. This looks perfect."

"Maybe."

Oooh. Yuck. Now the prescription is all sticky!

There's only one copy of Sadie's prescription in your inventory. You can't possibly use it on itself.

But hey, A for effort!

You try an old magic trick that requires a piece of rope and a piece of paper, but neither one will disappear for you.

(Good thing. You might need one or the other later!)

Don't put the prescription in there. You'll cut yourself on the edges trying to get it out again!

Looking at the world through whisky colored glasses...

That's not the way to "kick the habit!"

You'd only stink up the candle wax.
How sacrilegious!
You don't need a brown, damp, aromatic, smooooth whisky-covered claim check!
You can't fit all those clothes into that itty-bitty glass!
 Maybe if you had a big brandy snifter or something.
It makes a pleasant tinkling sound.
 (Just like Doc, having a "bad bladder day.")
Clenk!
This elixir isn't BOOZE, you know!
 It's a highly efficacious placebo DISGUISED as booze!
Even if you crumpled it up very tightly, you couldn't fit the bag into the glass.
You consider chipping away at the whisky glass, but you can't think of a single good reason to do it.
 (That is, WE couldn't think of a single good reason for you to do it!)
If it's a choice between an empty glass of rotgut and a ladder...
 ...you'd prefer the latter!
You'd only succeed in smearing the handwriting by dipping it in the mostly-empty whisky glass.
Pouring the contents of the bottle into the whisky glass is dangerous, since alcohol and medicine don't mix.
 (What an enlightened attitude for the 1880s!)
Pouring the contents of the tin into the whisky glass is dangerous, since alcohol and medicine don't mix.
 (What an enlightened attitude for the 1880s!)
You are positively revolting. We're going to save you from yourself by preventing you from poisoning Doc with the Preparation G.
Ooh! Ooh! You're SOOOOO close! But it's not a matter of sticking the unreadable prescription IN the glass!
A toast! To whisky and beans!
 (Hiccup! Brrrrraaaaap!)
What is the sound of one whisky glass knocking against itself?
 (We didn't know either, that's why you're not hearing any sound effect for it!)

You've already got the prescription readable under glass...there's no need to add footwear to boot!
You won't need to use the wax with the prescription under the whisky glass.
You prefer your prescription-under-glass shaken, not stirred.
You can already see the claim check just perfectly.
 (Unfortunately, it doesn't say who the claim check is FROM!)
There's no point in trying to put the clothes under the glass with the prescription. You tore all the labels out many years ago.
 (You didn't want anyone to know you had a cowboy suit made by Garanimals!)
Pouring the elixir into the glass when it's on the prescription will make it HARDER, not EASIER, to read.
The glass and prescription are just great the way they are. They don't need the addition of a folded bag to make them very useful.
There's no need to perforate EITHER the prescription OR the whisky glass.
The bottle doesn't fit in with the glass and the prescription.
There's not nearly enough room in the glass for a LADDER, silly!
 So put the ladder back in your pocket and forget all about it.
You can read the letter just fine without the need of glasses!
The tin doesn't fit in with the glass and prescription.
Putting the Preparation G in the whisky glass won't make this prescription easier to read, but it

There's no room for the letter among all the little powders in the tin.

You can't use the medicine tin on itself! You've only got one!

Ow! At least ONE of those medications is for EXTERNAL USE ONLY!

You compare the prescription to the medication.

"Aha. Hmmmm. Yes, yes, I like what I've done here. Yes. Aha. This looks perfect."

"Very possibly."

(We have thoughtfully omitted the goose-flesh-producing sound of jagged tin scraping against metal.)

That would be too much of a juggling act!

You'd ruin the powders if you got the remaining few drops of whisky on 'em.

Then you'd have to go back to the laboratory screen, and WOULDN'T YOU BE SORRY??

Don't DO that! Preparation G would shrink the boots!

There's no need to provide the Preparation G with a wax seal. It's already sanitized for your protection!

The tube of Preparation G isn't locked.

(After all, who'd want to get in??)

The Preparation G says, "It'll be ready Tuesday!"

The clothes MAY itch a little bit, but aren't painful or swollen enough to treat them with Preparation G.

That would really waste the elixir, as Preparation G is for external use only!

You've already "bagged" the Preparation G.

Hey, chill out! There's no reason to ventilate the tube of Preparation G.

You don't want to risk ruining those medications by mixing them. What do you think you are, a pharmacist or something?

You climb all the way to the top of the Preparation G tube and look around.

Wow, you can see your other inventory items from here!

The letter is written on PAPER...

...not on an inflamed TISSUE!

You very carefully siphon the contents of the tube you're HOLDING into the tube in your inventory window.

Shhhyeah, as if!

It would be a nice surprise for Penelope if you wrapped the Preparation G in her prescription and handed it back to her.

But she might not see the humor.

Yes, Helen Back is a bit of an ass, but she IS a customer, so don't try to sneak the Preparation G to her as a "hint."

It wouldn't be unusual if Sadie were to display several afflictions of the southern region, but hemorrhoids don't appear to be one of them.

You roll the tin can on the tube of Preparation G, flattening it slightly.

That accomplishes absolutely nothing.

The weight of the prescription and the glass would undoubtedly crush the tube and cause the Preparation to ooze prematurely!

You try to play "Which glass is hiding the hemorrhoidal ointment," but since you only have one glass, and it's clear, there's not much challenge.

Your mold is coming along splendidly. Don't mush it with the boots.

Digging around in the mold with the key will ruin your carefully crafted impression!

Never put anything the size of a claim check in your ear mold.

The mold isn't nearly large enough to hold all those clothes.

(It could maybe hold one cuff link.)

Through a trick of technology, it only LOOKS like you've got two empty molds.

But you've only got one, so don't try to use one on the other.

Trying to make a mold of an ear with a letter in it is NOT helpful.

That's a damn good idea!

Trouble is, the medallion doesn't seem to be conforming to the shape of the mold. Perhaps there's a way to make the medallion more malleable.

You daintily wipe out any stray bits of wax and tiny grains of sand with your lucky neckerchief.

(No, it's not worth points, so don't bother looking.)

Aw, blow it out your ear!

He took a helpless lump of clay,

And then he said, "Hey, listen,

I'm gonna shoot ya full of holes,

'Till most of you is missin'!"

This little poem was brought to you in lieu of an explanation as to why we won't let you blast a hole in your clay mold.

You'd find that girlie postcards make a lousy casting medium. Try something else.

You already dug that stuff once!

Adding baking soda to water is a waste of time.

BUT, when you're done playing FREDDY PHARKAS for the day, if you want some science fun, pour a bottle of vinegar into a bowl. Now dump in a whole box of baking soda all at once.

And stand back!

Please don't kick the bottles. They've always spoken so highly of you!

You could probably insert the bullets into the bottle of water, but that would ruin your freebie ammunition!

There's no point in waxing the bottles.

The bottles have already been opened. You were very clever.

The claim check will be of little value to you if you stick in a bottle of water.

The clay is malleable enough, there's no need to dampen it by sticking it in the bottle of water.

Attempting to pickle your clothes in a bottle full of water is fruitless.

Mmm, coffee and rainwater.

You'll pass.

The deposit key would only get rusty, and it would impart an off-taste to the water.

The desk key doesn't fit in the bottles.

The door key won't fit through the neck of the bottle.

Your stomach is not strong enough to squeeze the plop into the bottle.

There's nothing to see at the top of the bottles.

Gonna rustle you up some bottled water?

Why put the letter in the bottle of water?

What unresolved angst from your childhood would lead you to such a pointless and unwarranted act of destruction?

Get a grip!

You carefully wipe the tops of the bottles with the neckerchief.

(You don't want to catch cooties!)

That's no way to make seltzer!

The pie won't fit in the bottle.

Don't shoot it, just drink it!

Those postcards are pretty hot already. Put them in a bottle of water, and they'll be hot AND wet!

You've got the right idea. But think BIG. Think "mass distribution."

Don't put the rope in the bottle of water. You'll get your wick wet!
The snails, being from San Francisco, prefer either sparkling mineral water or a wine spritzer, rather than the plain bottled water you've siphoned from the water tower.
No way, Jose! You've only got ONE bottle of water from the tower, despite the optical illusion, and you don't need to pour the water from one bottle to another!

The baking soda is best kept in the sacks.
But beer always tastes so much better from BOTTLES!
Now's no time to be playing "Kick the can!"
The wax just kind of sits in the bottom of the can...like a lump of wax. Big whup.
Clunk! (church key)
Sorry, your boots aren't in the can. Better turn that claim check in somewhere else.
Cramming the clothes into the can would wrinkle them. Later on, that might cause you some credibility problems.
You can't can Sadie's prescription, even if it's corrected!
Clank! (46)
Clonk! (desktop key)
Clink! (door key)
Given the tendency of this elixir to evaporate if not kept tightly stoppered, decanting it into the tin can would be a poor idea.
The bag does fit in the tin can, but the bag was created for some Higher Purpose than that.
You don't need to climb in the can right now!
What a wimp, trying to lasso a tin can! Be a |c2|MAN|c|!
It would be disrespectful to keep that letter in an old empty can of beans.
The medication is already in a container of its own. No need to be redundant.
That is, no need to repeat yourself.
The change would clink around too much. You'd get mugged. You're better off keeping the money in your shoe 'till you spend it.
Beer from a bottle always tastes better than beer from a can, so there's no reason to pour the beer into the can.
What are you trying to do, cheat your customers?
Squirting the Preparation G into a jumbo can, so you can seal it up again and sell it as the Giant 128 oz. Really Uncomfortable Sperm Whale size?
For shame, for shame!
You've just invented Penelope's Prescription-In-A-Can!
What a stupid idea.

Yeah, you'd LIKE to can Helen Back's prescription, not to mention Helen herself!
You can't can Sadie's prescription.
You can't make a telephone by attaching the rope to the tin can.
(Well, maybe in the sequel, okay? I promise.)
You only THINK you've got two tin cans. You only took one, remember?
With the prescription underneath it, the whisky glass doesn't fit into the tin can.
The shot glass does fit neatly inside the tin can!
However, it also makes an annoying clanking sound when you walk, so you take it out again.

Beer on ice? Sure sounds nice!
The boots already provide adequate ventilation; they don't need any additional holes.
The ice pick is deadly as it is; it doesn't need to be waxed and polished.

There's no point in rubbing activated charcoal all over the ice pick.

(No "point." Get it? "Point?")

(Alright, it wasn't very funny. Let's hear YOU do better!)

Clink! (church key)

You take a poke at the claim check, but it doesn't reveal anything new.

With the help of the ice pick, you manage to make some of the buttonholes a little larger. (After all, you've put on a little extra weight since your gunslinging days!)

Stop picking at your food!

Now that you've finally got it perfect, don't perforate it!

Clank! (desktop key)

Clunk! (door key)

You could conceivably sterilize the ice pick in the highly alcoholic elixir, but you won't need to waste the elixir on that.

Don't conceal the ice pick in the bag. Maybe people will be more respectful of you if you carry it out in the open where everyone can see what a tough, ice pick-wielding guy you are!

You can't stab one ice pick with the other ice pick because you only have ONE ice pick.

The ice pick isn't tall enough to require a ladder.

We smell a desperate game player, wasting his/her time trying to lasso an ice pick!

Honestly!

You whip the ice pick around a little bit, just to show it who's boss.

Don't pick at your friend's handwriting. Yours isn't so hot, either.

The ice pick is scarcely in need of medication.

You offer the ice pick cash money to tell you what it's used for, but it's not talking.

Beer on ice? Sure sounds nice!

OUCH! We don't even want to ASK why you'd want to do that!

(Hopefully, it doesn't involve some sort of new method of applying the ointment!)

Hey! You can pick your friends, and you can pick your nose, but you can't pick Penelope's prescription!

Hey! No taking your frustrations out on Helen Back's prescription.

Picking at the prescription won't make it any more readable.

Don't tie up the ice pick, you need it for something else right now.

You rap the can smartly against the ice pick, producing a tinny sound.

(You've got a great idea there, but you're going about it back-asswards!

It's the battle of the century! Whisky glass versus ice pick! OH, and the winner is...

...a tie.

The beer has already been cold-filtered, for the fresh, crisp taste of St. Louis river water!

Walking around in those boots will get them dirty enough without you intentionally mucking them up!

Trying to make self-lighting charcoal? You're ahead of your time!

You use one piece of charcoal on another piece of charcoal.

Now they're ALL dirty!

You attempt to inscribe your name on the charcoal with the church key, but that seems to be a skill you simply haven't developed yet.

The charcoal doesn't have the least idea of where that claim check comes from.

Ask it later; it's pretty burnt right now.

Better not. Coarsegold doesn't get a dry cleaner 'till 1991!

You poke around in the charcoal with the desk key, looking for something special, but all you see is charcoal.

You tap the charcoal lumps sharply with the Pharmacy door key, hoping this will be your lucky day and one will break open and reveal a DIAMOND!

This must be your unlucky day.

Yes, it WOULD work as lighter fluid, but you don't need to light the charcoal! (elixir)

There's no need to keep the charcoal in a bag...though you're getting warm.

The charcoal doesn't require chopping up, it's already nice and crumbly.

It's just a small pile of charcoal. It doesn't require a ladder.

Hot dawg, you've rustled yourself up a fine mess o' charcoal!

All right, you've got that charcoal whipped up into a frenzy. It's the most overheated, whupped-up charcoal this side of the Rockies. Now what?

What do you think you are, an amateur detective? Rubbing the letter with charcoal to see what was written on another sheet of stationery?

Well, it DOESN'T WORK! So go back to journalism school, Laura Bow!

You rub the money on the charcoal.

Talk about filthy lucre!

Hey! You've just invented lighter fluid! (beer)

That's it, bwoy! Tie up that charcoal so's it can't get away!

(You've GOT to be kidding.)

You could crush the charcoal with the tin can if you REALLY wanted to, but you don't.

(However, you DO have the germ of an idea there.)

You tamp the leather with the beer bottles. There is no discernible difference.

Wow, when you hold them up together like that, you realize they're both made from the flailed skin of a gentle, tame animal.

Fortunately, nobody in Coarsegold is liable to throw red paint on you for wearing it.

It doesn't rain in California often enough to make it worthwhile to wax the leather strap.

There's no reason to blacken the leather strap.

You have many talents, but you're not a Black Belt!

Does this strap of leather look ANYTHING like a church to you?

No?

Does it look like it has a LOCK anywhere on it?

No?

Then stop trying to be so creative!

The leather strap refuses to redeem your claim check.

Hmmmm. Hmmmm. The bridle's a bit too thick for a belt, but I DO like the beige ensemble.

You unlock the leather strap, revealing...

...a very CONFUSED adventure game player!

(Hey, that's YOU! The one who tried using a key on a leather strap, just to see what would happen!)

You try using the door key on the leather strap.

And you end up just feeling door key.

(Say it out loud.)

The leather strap already has a nice, horsey aroma to it. You wouldn't want to change that with a shot of elixir!

What, you want to put the strap in the bag so people will think you BOUGHT it?

C'mon, don't be a wimp.

You enlarge a few of the holes in the bridle, just to make sure it still buckles.

You whack the leather strap around a bit with the ladder.

Hopefully, nobody saw you do this. It would be hard to explain.

It's much more challenging to lasso the leather while it's still on the bull, isn't it?

You attempt to use the leather strap on itself, creating a leather mobius strip.

This gives you a pounding headache, since you're living in too early an age to fully reconcile the concept of a one-sided bridle.

So you undo it and attempt to get by with the just the plain leather strap, no fancy knots or

impossible twists.

You read the letter carefully to the leather strap.

Ahh, trying to make a money belt! Very clever!

Also very unnecessary.

You've heard somewhere that pouring beer on leather is good for the leather.

So you spill a few drops on the strap, just to see what happens.

It turned dark. Big deal.

You could tie the rope to the leather to make an extra-long strap of some sort.

Or not.

Let's not and say you did.

The tin can doesn't fit through the leather strap.

Try standing on your head.

You tamp the charcoal down slightly with the butt end of one of the beer bottles.

You've created a perfectly useful gas mask. Why crush it with those boots?

The gas mask is working perfectly. It doesn't need any candle wax.

The church key will interfere with the proper functioning of the gas mask.

The claim check will breathe easier once you've turned it in.

es, the clothes ARE in need of a good airing out, but this is a clumsy way to do it!

Gee, with those two items in hand, you are really prepared to dig into Mom's Baked Bean 'n Lentil

Radish Plate! (deflatuliser)

There's no room in the gas mask for the desk key.

You don't need to put the door key in the gas mask.

In fact, you don't need to put ANYthing in the gas mask, except your face, occasionally!

Pouring the elixir into the gas mask might kill you from the fumes!

No filter paper will be necessary! The activated charcoal is doing a fine job of filtering the noxious horse fumes.

The gas mask won't be needing the gas mask in this game. It's breathing just fine by itself.

The ladder can't possibly fit in the gas mask.

You practice your lariat skills by snagging the gas mask.

We're all mightily impressed.

The letter doesn't need any fresh air. It's done all right sitting in your desk drawer for years, hasn't it?

The gas mask is just doing its job. It doesn't accept tips.

Pouring beer into the gas mask might easily destroy the filtration properties of the charcoal...and result in your eventual demise!

(But what a way to go!)

The gas mask already has a handy leather strap for securing it tightly to your face. The rope would be redundant.

(It would be redundant.)

You can't add beer to the Deflatulent. In fact, you can't add beer to ANYTHING while it's still sealed.

Don't give the Deflatulizer the boot until you've at least TRIED using it!

The Deflatulizer is scientifically correct. Adding wax will only gum up the works.

You prefer your Deflatulizer shaken, not stirred.

The claim check hasn't had anything to eat in ages. Its problem is not flatulence.

The clothes are not flatulent. Perhaps they were worn by somebody who WAS. That might explain the lingering aroma.

The Deflatulizer itself, being an inanimate object, doesn't need to be deflatulated!
The desk key is not in need of Deflatulization!
The addition of some undefined metallic substance to the Deflatulizer might impact its efficacy in a negative sphere.
(In other words: don't!)
Don't mix those two! Drunk, deflatulent horses tend to implode.
That's okay, you'll drink it here.
(Kidding, kidding! The Deflatulizer is not for human consumption!)
The gas mask doesn't need any Deflatulizer. Nor the other way around.
Trying to make Defladderizer?
You've already rustled yourself up some mean Deflatulizer. No need to lasso it!
The letter doesn't need to be dipped in Deflatulent!
(But we appreciate you taking these small steps to be on the safe side.)
You're beginning to sound like a politician: throw enough money at a problem, and it'll go away!
Well, it Just Doesn't Work Like That.
Don't you think that beer and Deflatulent might work at cross-purposes?
There's nothing to be gained by soaking the rope in Deflatulent.

Ah yes, a sprinkling of baking soda DOES help a snail keep its shell fresh and clean-smelling!
Not a bad idea. Unfortunately, the bottles are still closed.
I'm sorry, no snails will be injured in the making of this movie!
That DOES have the potential for an interesting new parlor game! (wax)
The shells are locked. Come back later.
The snails refuse to say, "It'll be ready Tuesday."
(At last, somebody gives you a break!)
Those pants would need to be taken in a tad to fit the snails.
You mercilessly try to pry the snails from their shells with the desk key, but they retract deep inside themselves...
...sort of like what happens when a man swims in very cold water!
Your key doesn't unlock the snails' shells.
Even snails don't buy into this "patent medicine" fraud!
Perhaps you're feeling rowdy, but breaking the empty bottles over the heads of the snails is hardly going to help you win the trust and admiration of nature's little animal friends!
Trying to make "Shake 'n Bake Escargot?"
Why don't you pick on somebody your own size??
The snails have nowhere to climb to.
You get minimal practice by roping snails.
You read the letter to the snails, but they're unmoved.
The snails have already been paid off.
(But by WHOM?)
You can't tell a drunk snail from a sober one, so where's the fun in that?
Whipping the snails will do you no good. They're not talking!
You try to introduce the snails to each other, but they already met on the way from San Francisco.
Being from San Francisco, the snails prefer either sparkling mineral water or a wine spritzer.

You've got money to boot!
You wax ecstatic over your new-found wealth!
You rub the charcoal on the money.
Talk about filthy lucre!
It is easier for a man with a church key to enter the kingdom of money than it is for a rich man to

enter the kingdom of church keys.
You can't figure out who that claim check belongs to for love nor money!
Hey, don't let that money touch your clothes...
...it'll burn a hole in your pocket!
Using the Deflatulizer on your money won't make the pay stink any less!
Sure, keep the desk key in your money, where NOBODY will steal it. Hah!
The door key doesn't open your way to more riches!
None of those four George Washingtons are in need of medication.
Sure, the money stinks around here, but why make it worse?
No need to keep your money in a bag. The folks of Coarsegold are as honest as the day is long!
(Say, aren't the days getting shorter?)
If you could pick your money, you would've picked a lot more than this!
With all that money, you're already on top of the heap!
They don't make a lasso small enough to rope YOUR salary!
Strapped for cash?
You hold the two up against each other.
"Hmm, money or letter?"
"I think I'll keep them both!"
You rattle the change against itself. Clinkity-clink! Whoo-hoo, you're rich now!
Your keen intelligence tells you, at the last moment, that this would be a real boneheaded thing to do.
Don't tie up your money. Invest in short-term projects.
The snails aren't impressed. Salaries are much higher in San Francisco.
You panhandle yourself, and you give yourself all the money you've got.
What a generous guy!

The bottles clank against each other satisfactorily.
You consider kicking the bottles, but there's probably a more gentle way to open them.
The beer's already sealed tightly.
The beer has already been cold-filtered for real draft taste. No need to drop lumps of charcoal in it.
Clunk! (church key)
The claim check is far too flimsy to use for opening the beer bottles.
You wipe off the bottles with your cowboy outfit. Now they sparkle and shine!
And your clothes smell like a St. Louis brewery.
If the beer was flat, you might want to Deflatulize it, but fortunately, the beer, being tightly sealed, still has a lot of carbonation!
Clank! (desktop key)
Clink! (door key)
Hmmm, elixir with a beer chaser!
Real men don't hide their beer in paper sacks.
Beer, unlike wine, does not need to "breathe" before it's served!
That would shatter the bottles, dull the ice pick, and spill the beer.
You whack the beer with the ladder, and it replies:
"You rung?"
That'd make one HELL of a beer commercial, eh?
Strapped for beer?
The letter makes a delightful coaster!
Mmm! Hemp with a little extra kick!
You can't tell a drunk snail from a sober one, so where's the fun in that?

Mm! Adding sweaty boot-squeezings to the beer will definitely give the beer a little extra "kick!"
If you prefer a waxy-tasting beer, next time try a case of Bierlobe, "brewed from the earwax of pure mountaineers."

Say, mesquite-flavored beer. You're ahead of your time!

You've already got the beer open! Put away that key!

You do not need a brown, wet, lite claim check.

What, you wanted to smell like Doc?

The anti-flatulence solution would not be able to remove all that fizz, even if it could absorb a thousand times its weight in excess stomach acid.

The desk key won't fit into the beer bottle.

The key makes a nice tinkling sound against the open beer bottles.

Hmmm, elixir with a beer chaser?

You could try doing that, but the thought of opening the bag for ANY reason makes you reluctant to experiment.

Wait! You'd lose your deposit!

Wouldn't it be nice to just climb in that beer and soak for awhile?

That would make one hell of a beer commercial, eh?

Whipping up the beer with the leather strap will only hasten the loss of carbonation.

Soaking the letter in beer is going to add a certain off-flavor to the brew.

(It MIGHT actually improve it!)

A toast! To beer!

There's no point in dipping your wick in the Loebrau!

Beans 'n beer, that'll have ALL your excretory functions operating at full blast!

You'd have bottles full of baking soda. Big deal.

Yes, it would be fun to release some of that pent-up frustration and kick the heck out of them bottles.

But have patience. Take a breath. Get a grip.

Come now, that's not nearly as challenging as trying to put a SHIP in a bottle!

You try to do the Italian Restaurant thing, dripping gobs of wax all over an empty bottle, but the wax isn't gooey enough.

Besides, you don't own an Italian Restaurant.

Clink! (church key)

You'd never get the claim check out again.

There's no market in Coarsegold for clay-in-a-bottle.

There's no need to clean the empty bottles.

Trying to invent "Cowboy Clothes-In-A-Bottle"?

Who's the marketing genius who dreamed THAT up?

That's a college prank at best, and a solution to a demo puzzle at worst.

Clink! (enhanced door key)

Tap tap tap! (roll top key)

Clunk! (door key)

The empty bottles are fine empty, and the elixir is fine in its bottle.

And everything's in its place, and all is right with the world.

The bottles clank against each other.

Wheeeeeee. Big whup.

That would be a bottle with a very large deposit, wouldn't it?

Wait! You'd lose your deposit!

The ladder's too big to fit in the empty beer bottles.

Duh!

Lassoing empty bottles is a sign of old age.

Trying to put a message in a bottle?

Don't bother, nobody's going to come and rescue you.

You wipe the bottles briefly with your neckerchief.

You can't fill the bottles with nitrous oxide because:

1. You have no way to stopper those bottles. (The corks in your laboratory are for much smaller bottles.)

2. You have no way of releasing the nitrous oxide in a controlled manner.

But hey, thanks for trying! Check back with us in the sequel!

If you tried to cram the pie into the empty beer bottles, you'd destroy the beautiful flaky crust!

That would be a good way to practice your target shooting, but not while you're still holding the bottles!

You'd have a devil of a time getting those postcards back OUT of the bottles when you needed 'em!

Careful! Don't contaminate the water purifier by transferring it to an unwashed beer bottle!

Nobody wants to see the ol' "rope in a bottle" trick right now.

There's nothing to be gained from breaking the bottles...

...except a lot of broken glass and shattered dreams.

You often dream of getting your own "Snail-In-A-Bottle" Fast Food franchise, but it ain't gonna happen.

Stop trying to pull stunts with your silver-filled mold. Just finish the ear!

Trying to deodorize the church key? It already smells like heaven!

The Church Key doesn't drink alcoholic beverages.

It's bad enough you stole the Church Key, now you want to defile it, too?

Heretic!

Ho! The bullets seem to bounce right off the Church Key!

The church key doesn't need waxing.

There's no need to disguise the Church Key. Nobody knows you STOLE it.

With only one church key, you can't very well use it on itself.

The Church Key can lead the way to redemption for the good citizens of Coarsegold, but it can't redeem that claim check!

You don't need to make an impression of the Church Key.

The Church Key is sparkling clean already. Reverend Hallelujah is nothing if not anal-retentive.

The Church Key prefers something in a long, flowing black robe.

You anoint the Church Key with a drop of coffee.

So?

The Church Key can't read the prescription, even with those corrections on it.

The Church Key isn't currently suffering from excessive bodily emissions.

Clink! (enhanced door key)

You hear the sound of two keys hitting against each other. Good job! (desk top)

You can't unlock the door key with the church key, mostly because the door key isn't a church, but also partly because the door key is already unlocked.

The Church Key is, naturally, a teetotaler.

Clank! (empty bottles)

Pressing the mold against the key will ruin that lovely impression of a wax ear!

That would be disrespectful to the sanctity of the Church Key!

You've already bagged the Church Key.

Being an inanimate object, the Church Key scarcely requires the services of the gas mask.

How profane! How revolting! (horse dung)

The Church Key doesn't need picking.

The key resists your best efforts to carve it.
The ladder's way too short to climb to the Pearly Gates!
The lasso is a bit unwieldy to use as a keychain, don't you think?
You flagellate the key for awhile.
 (Look it up, it's not as shocking as you think!)

The Church Key doesn't read other people's mail.
They clink together nicely. (medallion)
The Church Key is amazingly healthy and doesn't require treatment.
Offering money to the Church Key will do you no good. However, tithes are cheerfully accepted at
 Sunday Services!

With your neckerchief and a little spit, you polish up the Church Key 'till it shines like a child's face
 on Easter Sunday.
 Then you dump it back in your pocket along with all the other crap you're carrying in there.

Don't bother, the Church Key doesn't have a sense of humor.
Pouring beer on the key will only make it sticky, which is not what you need to do.
Now, what has the Church Key ever done to warrant being pied?
Don't shoot the key! You might need it later!
The Church Key is absolutely shocked!
 (Wait, it wants to see them again.)

Does this key look like it's suffering from pain and flare-up of inflamed hemorrhoidal tissue?
The Church Key is singularly unimpressed with Penelope's prescription.
The Church Key looks over Helen Back's prescription, but remains divinely silent.
The Church Key can't read it, either.
 (It only knows Latin!)

The Church Key is already about as pure as a key can be.
That's awfully thick to use as a key chain (not that you need one!).
The sharp ear isn't quite sharp enough to cut that church key.
You heft the shovel and beat the Church Key mercilessly with it.
 Feel better now? Got all that out of your system? Great, let's get back to the game.

Tink! (ear)
The snails won't be needing to get into the Church.
 (Friday is Snail Services!)

You can't cut the church key in half with the sword!
Clink! (tin can)
The Church Key only likes Holy Water.
That would be too much of a juggling act!
Remember your mother's words of warning: never stick anything bigger than an ear in your Church
 Key!

The whisky glass totters uncertainly on the church key.
Hmmm, trying to make a lost-wax casting of an ear with a key stuck in it?
 That would make one side of your head heavier than the other.

You sprinkle a bit of baking soda on the ladder.
 (Just to keep it fresh and clean-smelling.)
You can't open the beer by striking it against the ladder.
 (You're not trying to end up with jagged broken glass bottle!)

"Walks up the stairs, without a care..."
Oh, charming idea, Freddy. Wax the rungs so the ladder is especially slippery.
 You'd break your neck!
(Insert your own joke about a charcoal-covered ladder here!)

(And good luck!)

The ladder is presently unlocked.

(Otherwise you couldn't have stolen it!)

You've already got the ladder; there's no need to claim it!

Yes, you could fold the clothes nicely and hang them on the rungs of the ladder like a tie rack.

But it would be wrong.

The corrected prescription is afraid of heights.

No, no, you're thinking of "Defladderlizer," which is something else entirely.

The ladder is feeling just fine at the moment, and doesn't require any of that phony-baloney elixir.

The empty bottles teeter uncertainly on the ladder.

Putting the bag o' flatus on the ladder doesn't do anything for you.

(And it CERTAINLY does nothing for the LADDER!)

Somehow, the ladder doesn't quite fit in the folded bag.

So just put that ladder back in your pocket where it belongs.

The ladder can hold its breath almost forever.

Aha! Sabotaging your own ladder by chipping away at it with an ice pick! How clever!

How pointless!

How about you try something else entirely!

Using the ladder on itself is pointless and futile...

...like using a Democratic President on a Republican congress (or visa-versa)!

Woo, dogie! That ladder almost got away, didn't she? But you roped it just in the nick o' time!

Tying the leather strap to the ladder will make a most clumsy sort of batarang.

Don't let the letter alight on the ladder.

The ladder is in tip-top condition already!

The ladder blushes as you offer it money...

...after all, it's so used to being stepped on!

Pouring beer on the ladder will only make your feet smell like St. Louis!

The ladder has been standing for years, so its hemorrhoids are already cleared up.

That's a bad place for Penelope's prescription. You might forget it and leave it there, then later on, you'd STEP on it!

Helen Back's prescription doesn't need to be ladderized.

Madame Ovarie's unreadable prescription doesn't require the services of the playground ladder.

The ladder is already pretty purely a ladder.

Tying the rope to the ladder is a very clever idea.

But it serves absolutely no purpose.

Waiting for the snails to climb the ladder would take too long.

You clang the tin can against the rungs of the ladder...like a boy with a stick walking past a picket fence.

You only succeed in annoying the neighbors (like a boy with a stick walking past a picket fence).

What were you going to do, christen the ladder? (23)

There's no good spot on the ladder to set the prescription, on top of which sits the whisky glass.

There's no place on the ladder to set the whisky glass.

Great, now how are you going to get that baking soda smell out of the rope?

Clever idea, trying to make a real fuse or wick out of the rope by putting wax on it.

However, it won't be necessary. Thanks anyway!

But if you put charcoal on the rope, then you use the rope, the charcoal will get all over your hands and...eww, ish!

The rope's awfully thick to use as a key chain (not that you need one)!

The rope is unmoved by the claim check.

No, the beige-and-turquoise clothes don't go with the burnt umber rope very well. Maybe

something in a taupe?

(Ahh, taupe-on-a-rope!)

The rope is not presently flatulating.

If it starts to, we'll let you know.

The rope's awfully thick to use as a key chain (not that you need one)!

The rope doesn't require a splash of elixir.

The contents of the bag are certainly explosive, but the rope won't work as a fuse.

The rope is too big to fit in the bag.

Does the rope need the gas mask?

Frayed knot!

Doing so will damage the integrity of the individual entwined hemp fibers and make the rope less utilitarian than it otherwise would have been.

So don't.

Frayed knot!

You can't lengthen the rope by attaching the leather strap.

Trying to make "dope on a rope?"

Don't tie up your money in long-term investments!

Pouring beer on the rope will make it smell like that cheap St. Louis string that passes for rope in the Midwest.

It's already 100% pure hemp fiber. You can't purify it any further.

You can't use the rope on the rope...you'll only tie a slip-knot!

The snails are pretty much unimpressed with your hank of rope.

You think, "Hey, I can make a device to transmit sounds by attaching the tin can to the rope and stretching it out."

Unfortunately, without a second tin can, it won't work.

(And no, you can't get another tin can.)

Dampening the rope with the water will only make your hank flaccid.

(A feeling not entirely unknown to you!)

Great, now how are you going to get that baking soda smell out of the lasso?

Clever idea, trying to make a real fuse or wick out of the lasso by putting wax on it.

However, it won't be necessary. Thanks anyway!

But if you put charcoal on the lasso, then you use the lasso, the charcoal will get all over your hands and...eww, ish!

The lasso is unmoved by the claim check.

No, the beige-and-turquoise clothes don't go with the burnt umber lasso very well. Maybe something in a taupe?

(Ahh, taupe-on-a-rope!)

The lasso is not presently flatulating.

If it starts to, we'll let you know.

The lasso's awfully thick to use as a key chain (not that you need one)!

The elixir would only make the rope more flaccid. For a lasso, you want a good, stiff hank.

The contents of the bag are certainly explosive, but the lasso won't work as a fuse.

The lasso is too big to fit in the bag.

Does the lasso need the gas mask?

Trying to lasso the lasso with the lasso?

Your head starts pounding with the infinite irony of it all.

You can't lengthen the lasso by attaching the leather strap.

Trying to make "dope on a rope?"

Don't tie up your money in long-term investments!

Pouring beer on the lasso will make it smell like that cheap St. Louis slip-knot stuff that passes for a lariat in the Midwest.
It's already 100% pure hemp fiber. You can't purify it any further.
You snare the snails with your lasso. Wow.
What a multi-talented individual you are.
You think, "Hey, I can make a device to transmit sounds by attaching the tin can to the rope and stretching it out."
Unfortunately, without a second tin can, and with the rope tied in a lasso shape, you can't do that.
(And no, you can't get another tin can...and you can't undo the lariat!)

Sodium bicarbonate is NOT a proper ingredient of Bisalicylate Antitoxidene!
The boots are beyond purification, and are closer to putrefaction!
That would impurify the purification solution!
You've sealed the bottle. No need to pry it open with the key.
Swishing the claim check around in the purification solution will reveal no secret codes or messages.
The clothes require something more extreme than purification...
...like fumigation!
The purification solution is fine in its little bottle. No need to put it in those beer bottles.
That would impurify the purification solution!
That's okay, you'll drink it here.
(Not! Don't! Just kidding!)
The purification solution, being distinctly unfrozen, doesn't require the ice pick.
The ladder is already pure.
The lasso doesn't need anointing. It's pure enough already.
That would be purely a waste of time.
No need to. The beer was already made with pure, clear mountain spring water, triple-filtered and distilled, packaged in vacuum-sealed sterilized glass bottles that were blown by first-born virgins.
The purification solution is purified enough without being further purified by the addition of a little of itself.
(Now, aren't you sorry you tried that?)
Purifying the rope is a nice symbolic gesture, but is relatively meaningless in the Great Scheme of Things.
The snails are already pure of heart and clean of spirit.
Don't can the solution, now that you got it right!
You DO need to dilute the purification solution, but you'll have to think on a larger scale than THAT!

You can't blow the clay off the silver with the canister!
Don't give the canister the boot 'till you've found a use for it!
Tossing the bullets at the canister doesn't do much except dent the canister ever-so-slightly.
The wax can't help you get that stuck valve open!
The key opened the beer bottles, but it won't open the canister!
The claim check has no effect on the canister.
Packing the canister in clay is a groundless attempt.
The canister is clean enough. Find something else to clean.
The canister isn't nearly large enough to wear your clothes.

You can't pour the coffee into the canister.
The deposit key's just a wimpy li'l thang. You can't open the canister with it.
That desk key won't unstick the canister valve.
The door key doesn't have any effect on the canister.
The bottles are no match for the metal canister!
Don't bother, this game is already full of funny crap.
You try to pry the valve open with the knife, but it just won't budge!
 Dag nab it!
That letter is no laughing matter!
The medallion, being made of a fairly soft metal, only scratches the surface of the canister.
You buff the canister slightly, so it sparkles!
 After all, can't be seen with a dull canister, can we?
You can't use the canister on itself any more than you can knock your head together!
The pie won't fit through the eentsy-weentsy valve.
You could certainly trying shooting the canister, but at this close range, that'd be deadly!
Can you dig it? What a gas!
You try to twist open the canister using the silver ear, but you only succeed in putting a slight bend
 in the ear. Dammit!
The wax ear doesn't have any beneficial effect on the canister.
You try to blast the clay off of the wax ear with the canister, but you can't get the valve open.

You gently hit some of the sacks with some of the other sacks.
 (Bet you never knew this game had so much explicit sacks!)
Even that much baking soda wouldn't deodorize those boots!
If you hide the candle wax somewhere in the sacks of baking soda, you'll have to befriend some
 ants to help you find it later!
No need to deodorize the church key in the sacks of baking soda.
 It smells like heaven already!
You don't need a white claim check!
Those clothes need a lot more than baking soda at this point.
 They could use a good sandblasting!
That's smart, nobody would EVER find the desk key in and amongst all those sacks of baking soda!
 (Including YOU!)
The door key doesn't need to be buried amongst the sodium bicarbonate.
You don't need bottles of baking soda. Sacks will do just fine.
 (In fact, you try to get as much sacks as possible!)
The ladder reaches all the way to the top of the sacks of baking soda.
 Yay! You're King of the Hill!
The letter DOES smell a little musty, but not badly enough to need to be buried in bicarbonate.
The baking soda is already pure. Pouring purification solution on it will only make it gummy.
There's no need to tie up the sacks of baking soda. They seem to be forming a neat pile in your
 pocket.
Giving the snails a light dusting of baking soda doesn't do anything.
 You're probably thinking of salt, but Coarsegold, ever-vigilant against health hazards, is a
 salt-free city!
You don't want to dampen the baking soda. You hate it when baking soda clumps up.

Those postcards are dirty enough without getting them any dirtier!

What? And cover up those pictures?
You arrange the bullets on the postcards for a subtle 3-D effect.
Those postcards are not, but not QUITE hot enough to melt wax!
The Church Key is absolutely appalled at those dirty pictures!
 (Wait, let's see them again.)
Careful, don't lose that claim check among those postcards!
But if those cards were CLEAN, they wouldn't be any FUN!
You're a real wet blanket, aren't you?
What? You'll smear the figures!
You can't put the key on them, but you wouldn't mind getting a lock on them!
But the desk key will cover up all the really good parts!
The door key just sits on the post cards, not saying much.
 It's just sort of content to be lying there on top of those gurls!
By looking through the bottles, some of the features in those postcards look MUCH bigger!
Don't put the clay mold on the pictures. They don't need to be any dirtier than they already are!
Sorry, the girls on the cards aren't nearly that kinky.
Hey! What are you, some sort of pervert?
 (Obviously you are!)
Given your choice, you'd much rather read those postcards than that letter.
The girls appear unimpressed by your medal.
What? And cover up those pictures?
Sorry, those French girls are not inflatable!
There's no need to put pie on the postcards. They've already got cheesecake all over them!
Careful, those girls shoot back! (Notice they're all packing .45s!)
You shuffle the postcards together.
 Unfortunately, there aren't nearly enough to get up a good game of strip poker!
Dig those chicks!
Ooh! You hold your silver ear up to the postcards, and you can hear the flow and ebb of the
 Atlantic!
 (Flo and Ebb...y'know, your aunt and uncle in France!)
You hold the ear up to the postcards.
 But you can't hear anything. Maybe there's too much wax in your ear.

The wax from the church candles doesn't need to be deodorized. It already has a pleasant, delicate
 fragrance.
 (It's called "Eau de Pew!")
The beer doesn't affect the wax (at least, not while it's closed!).
Wait 'till skiing season to wax your boots!
Trying to make explosive suppositories?
 You've got some sense of humor.
You've only got one lump of wax, so using it on itself just isn't possible.
Self-lighting charcoal! You're ahead of your time!
 So try it some other time.
There's no advantage to waxing the key.
You do not need a waxy claim check.
Close, so close!
If the wax was in your ears, THEN you could clean it!
You can't waterproof your cowboy outfit like that!
One lump of wax or two?
Waxing the corrected prescription won't make it any easier to fill.

So fill it before Madame Ovaree cuts you off!
(I mean, before she cuts off your perks!)
Hey, the flatulence problem is none of your beeswax!
The wax doesn't need to be keyed.
The wax is impervious to alcohol!
The beer bottles have no effect on the wax (at least, not while they're empty!)
You try to create the first waxed paper bag, but fail miserably.
(A feeling not entirely unknown to you!)
The wax doesn't breathe. It just sits there, bathed in methane fumes.
No can doo!
You won't be needing a handful of chopped wax.
Oh, that's smart, wax the rungs of the ladder! You'll break your neck!
Yippie-ki-yay! Gonna rustle you up some wax from a candle in a church foyer!
You're a strange person, did you know that?
Sure, I knew you did!
You whip the wax briefly.
Large charge.
There's no time to wax nostalgic now!
The medallion is already highly polished and doesn't require waxing.
It's a perfectly healthy lump of wax from a perfectly healthy hive of bees!
The wax is a little short of change right now.
There's no reason to wax your lucky neckerchief.
The wax isn't liable to laugh very hard.
The beer has no effect on the wax (at least, not while it's open!).
Hey, what's that candle wax ever done to YOU?
You wouldn't shoot a helpless lump of wax, would ya?
You try to transfer the image on the postcards to the wax.
Unfortunately, it's just plain wax, not Silly Putty. Sorry!
But one of the advantages of Preparation G is it doesn't leave you with that uncomfortable waxy feeling!
Waxing the prescription won't make it any easier to fill.
So get to it before Penelope jilts you!
Waxing the prescription won't make it any easier to fill.
So get to it before Mom chews your head off!
Waxing the prescription won't make it any easier to read.
So figure out what to do with it!
The candles are already 100% pure beeswax. You'll never get them any purer.
By applying wax to the rope, you could make a very effective wick or fuse.
But you won't be needing either of those.
The shovel is far too large and unwieldy a tool to use on the wax.
Nothing happens, but it DOES have the potential to make an interesting new parlor game!
You can't can the wax, can you?
The beer bottles have no effect on the wax (at least, not while one of them is full of water!).
Nothing happens when you put the wax under the prescription under the glass.
The whisky glass hardly makes an impression on the hardened wax.

Trying to make one of those "tire-kickers"? Sorry, there are no tires to kick in this game.
The knife doesn't need waxing.
However, if you tried a little reverse psychology, you might be able to use some of what
Whittlin' Willy tried to push through that bullet-shaped head of yours!

Keys don't work with this knife. It's not a locking switchblade, it's just for whittlin'!
You don't need to take an impression of the knife. You have the original.
You cut a few stray threads off the cowboy suit.
You can't use the knife on itself.
(It's got built-in survival instinct!)
Let's see. Paper covers knife...no, knife cuts paper...no...
Oh, forget it.
Silver is a soft metal, but not soft enough to be carved with a knife.
Using your lucky neckerchief, you buff Willy's whittlin' knife 'till it gleams...like the sun off a game
designer's bald spot. Wotta guy!
Even with the knife, you can't seem to pry open the valve on the canister.
That's Willy's property. Don't shoot it! Please, mister?
You're quite the little sickie, aren't you?
You can't dig the knife itself. You're just not into weapons.

You could make an impression of the desk key to make a duplicate, but you only need the one
you've already got.

What are you trying to do, dust the desk key with baking soda?

Legend Hammer would not be particularly impressed.

The desk key clinks uselessly against the bottles of beer.

The key is well-worn from years of use. It doesn't need to be polished.

There's no need to blacken the desk key.

You briskly rub the claim check against the desk key, revealing...

...no static electricity whatsoever!

The key doesn't need cleaning!

Don't smudge your clothes polishing the key.

The desk key only drinks cafe au lait.

The desk key isn't licensed to fill prescriptions.

The desk key isn't having a flatulence problem right now.

And it's a little insulted that you think it is.

You hear the sound of two keys hitting each other. Good job! (enhanced key)

You can't open the desk key with the desk key.

(But you can give yourself an aneurysm trying!)

The two keys hit each other. Cool! (door key)

There's a better use for that elixir.

You clank the empty bottles against the key, just to see what fun it is!

It isn't!

You could make an impression of the desk key to make a duplicate, but you won't need one.

(After all, you've only got one desk!)

The bag-o-flatulence doesn't sit very well on the desk key.

(Of course, something didn't sit very well with those horses, either.)

You don't need to bag the key.

The desk key doesn't need the gas mask, because it doesn't inhale.

(And if you believe that, then vote for it!)

You're right. If you DID need to hide the key, that would be the last place someone would look for
it!

(But you don't need to hide the key.)

You can't change the shape of the key with the ice pick.

You can't carve the desk key.

The desk key doesn't need a ladder.

Yee-haw! You practice your lariat skills by successfully roping the desk key.

On the other hand, desk keys don't usually put up much of a struggle. So it's not like you get a WHOLE helluva lot of practice.

The leather strap's too thick to use as a key chain (not that you need one!).

You rub the desk key with the letter, and you find...

...that you've slightly smudged the letter! Big whup!

Clink! (medal)

Don't give the money to the desk key.

It's liable to spend it all in one place.

The desk key is in fine shape; no need to polish it with your lucky neckerchief.

Clank! (nox)

The beer would only make the desk key sticky.

The old pie-on-the-roll-top-desk-key gag, huh?

Let's attempt to rise above it.

The key hardly responds to your idle threat.

(It must know you're bluffing!)

The key seems to stiffen slightly at the sight of the luscious French models!

The desk key has no need of Preparation G. It has no bowels.

The desk key isn't in need of polishing with Penelope's prescription!

The desk key isn't in need of polishing with Mom's prescription!

The desk key isn't in need of polishing with Sadie's prescription!

The desk key doesn't need any medication.

That's awfully thick to use as a key chain (not that you need one).

The ear puts a sizeable nick in the desk key, but otherwise accomplishes little. Why are you wasting your time doing THIS?

It's just a key. There's nothing to dig for. Get with the program!

Clink! (ear)

The key to your roll-top desk works just fine without a layer of snail slime.

You can't quite cut the desk key with the sword. You'd slice off your fingertips.

Clunk! (tin can)

The water from the water tower will only make the key rusty.

The desk key doesn't fit into your neat little arrangement!

You hold the wax ear up to the desk key.

Listen! You can hear the sound of the roll-top desk opening!

Clink! (whiskey glass)

You'd just make a mess of the key.

What a mess you'd make of that letter!

The letter has been kept nice and dry, and doesn't require any deodorization.

The letter makes a lousy coaster for the case of LoeBrau.

Don't take your frustrations out on the letter. Deal with them in a constructive way.

The letter makes a lousy container for the bullets.

You naively rub the letter with charcoal in order to see what was written on the sheet of stationary ABOVE this one.

You do a very nice job of smearing soot all over the letter.

(Apparently those quill pens just don't press hard enough to make much of an impression.)

Leave the letter unlocked for now. You might need to read it on the spur of the moment.

Philip doesn't have the least idea what you're supposed to do with the claim check.

You don't need a damp, reddish letter.

The letter doesn't need any cleaning. All that ink is on there for a reason.

Playing "dress up the old letter" again? Tsk, tsk.

You don't need a soggy, brown letter!
The letter would not benefit from an application of Deflatulizer.
If you don't like the letter, fine, you don't have to read it. But that's no reason to soak it in elixir!
Why? (empty bottles)
What is that, some sort of symbolic gesture of disrespect to your friend Philip?
There's no reason to put the letter in the bag.
Philip's letter isn't bothered by the gaseous air.
No can doo!
What has that letter ever done to YOU?
The knife is plenty sharp. There's no need to test it out by slicing up the letter.
The ladder doesn't do much for the letter.
Yippee-skippee, you've lassoed yourself a purty fine li'l letter there, buckaroo.
Recalling a fight in your early days with Philip, you give the letter a few whips with the bridle.
Wasn't that cathartic? Can't you sleep easier now?
Don't use the letter on the letter. You'll only confuse it.
Philip would be very impressed with your medallion.
(Until he found out it was Srini's.)
You compare the medication to the contents of the letter.
"HmMMM. Aha. Oho. HmMMM."
"Well, this isn't a prescription, it's a letter. So, I'm basically wasting my time."
Philip doesn't want any money, he just wants your love and respect.
(You've always wondered about Philip.)
You dust off the letter with your neckerchief slightly.
The letter is no laughing matter!
Pouring beer on the letter would be cruel and unusual.
(Well, it would be unusual.)
That's no substitute for giving the REAL Philip a pie in the face!
Isn't that typical? Shooting the message instead of the messenger?
Philip's letter prefers the written word to such vulgar displays of pulchritude.
Obviously, the postcards feel just the opposite; that one picture is worth a thousand words.
What do YOU think? Write us at Sierra and tell us. We'd like to know.
If you do, the letter will shrink down to the size of a Post-It\08. (prep H)
You compare the letter with the prescription.
"A-HA! The handwritings are COMPLETELY DIFFERENT! Therefore, they CANNOT have been written by the SAME PERSON!"
(No flop, Sherlock!)
The letter is already pure. (Pure tripe!)
The rope sits on the letter, doing nothing impressive.
Yes, Philip sure knows how to shovel the manure, doesn't he?
You can't hear anything by holding the ear up to the letter.
(It's not one of those multimedia letters.)
You really don't want to get slime on that.
You put the tin can on the letter for a moment, then remove it.
What now?
You sprinkle a few drops of tower water on the letter, just to give it that "tear-stained" appearance that tugs at the heartstrings.
You'd obscure the letter and learn absolutely, positively nothing for your efforts.
This is no time to wax nostalgic!
You can read the letter just fine as it is. Putting the whisky glass on it would only distort it.

The shovel is too clumsy an implement to use for scraping the clay off the silver.

You stick one of the boots on the end of the shovel. It fails to amuse you.
The bullets tumble out of the shovel. Nice try.
The shovel doesn't need waxing. It's rough, tough hardware, and wants to be treated harshly. Go ahead. Leave it out in the wind and rain.
You whack the shovel with the key as hard as you can:
 tink! (church key)
Sorry, you'll have to dig a little further to find out what to do with the claim check.
The shovel is filthy dirty. It doesn't need any more dirt on it.
Don't bother cleaning the shovel; it'll just end up being put back in the dirt.
The shovel, unlike you, has retained its girlish figure and doesn't wear the clothes very well.
The shovel doesn't do caffeine.
The clay's already been dug up.
If you want to spend your time shoveling plop, just go work for any Fortune 500 company!
The shovel is way too hard and solid to be carved.
You carefully read the letter to the shovel.
 Funny, no reaction.
The medallion tumbles out of the shovel.
Wiping off the shovel with the neckerchief would make it unfit for neckerchieving!
Whacking the canister into the shovel just dents the canister.
Ah, then this is NOT the first time you've tried to eat one of Mom's Apple Pies!
That's a good way to put out an eye, young man!
The shovel is unimpressed by the postcards.
 (But just try showing it a nice, sexy ball peen hammer, and stand back!)
Dig that crazy shovel!
It sounds like a shovel being carried around by a very confused Pharmacist.
The shovel is far too clumsy an implement to remove the wax from the mold without destroying it.

You could make an impression of the deposit key to make a duplicate, but you won't need one.
You might bend the key!
You'll need those bullets shortly; don't lock them in your deposit box.
The key doesn't need waxing.
The deposit key doesn't need to be blackened.
The claim check doesn't belong in your safe-deposit box.
The deposit key is more than clean enough.
 It's clean AND bright!
The clothes don't go with the deposit-box key.
The deposit key doesn't do caffeine.
The deposit key doesn't work on the deposit key.
 Well, it does, but it doesn't do anything.
You hear the sound of two keys hitting each other. Good job! (desktop key)
You don't want to destroy a perfectly good ear impression, do you?
If you DID need to hide the key (which you don't), that would certainly be the last place anybody would look for it!
You scrape a little dirt off the deposit key with the whittling knife.
The letter's not valuable enough to lock in your safety-deposit box.
Clink! (medallion'
You give the key a quick wipedown with the neckerchief, just to keep it nice and tarnished.
The bank key, having been in a coffin for the last few days, doesn't need any more gas.
The pie isn't the key to the problem!
Don't shoot the key! It has a lockpick and five little keylets at home.
You could lock the postcards in your safe-deposit box, but as they were printed on cheap cardboard,

they'd crumble to dust before they got valuable.

(Even if you collected the entire set!)

You whack the deposit key as hard as you can with the shovel:

|c0|CLANNNG-NG-NG-NG!!!!|c|

You press the silver ear on the deposit key.

Pop!

Oh no, you punctured your silver eardrum!

That's what you get.

There's no earthly reason to ruin your wax ear polishing the deposit key.

The deposit key isn't wieldy enough to dig the wax out of the mold.

The boots are already shot!

The wax would only plug up the works.

Keys make lousy ammo!

You don't need a claim check full of powder burns.

You don't want to pack your pistols in clay!

It'd be dangerous to polish your pistols with your cowboy outfit...

...you might shoot your dickey off!

You wouldn't shoot this coffee at your worst enemy.

Not here! Not like this! (empty beer bottles)

You don't feel like shooting the...

...plop! (horse manure)

You'll get a notch in your pistol when you've KILLED someone, dammit! And not a moment before!

It's a loaded letter, all right, but you can't use it in the pistol!

That's a silver MEDALLION, not a silver BULLET!

You give the pistols a bit of a sheen with the neckerchief.

Since you can't get the canister open, you can't very well use the gas on the pistols.

Getting shot with this pie WOULD do more damage than your average bullet, but it's not your choice of ammo.

Don't shoot your own pistols. They're going to be worth something someday!

That's your whole life, isn't it? Guns 'n gurls!

You bang your pistols with the shovel.

That's a fine way to treat your cherished six-guns!

No, it's a silver EAR, not a silver BULLET!

What for?

Hey! What's that pie ever done to hurt you?

Hey, hey, hey. No pranks. Someone might break his teeth on that!

You do not need a brown, soggy, pie-encrusted claim check.

That's supposed to be pie a la MODE, not pie a la MONDE! (clay)

No need to clean the pie; Hop Singh rinsed it off as soon as it came out of the oven.

Mmm! Cowboy Costume Custard Pie, a new Lowe in culinary dee-lights!

What a remarkable combination! Coffee and pie!

You just may have something there, Freddy!

That would certainly make it crunchier! (empty bottles)

No doubt the ink would improve the taste and the paper would improve the texture. But still, it's a waste of a letter.

It's a neckerchief, not a potholder!

The pie will give you enough gas as it is!

|c0|Error|c|

Sorry, your computer system is not powerful enough to compute the value of pie squared.
The pie refuses to talk.
Trying to slip a little cheesecake into the pie?
Dig in!

Talk about your non-dairy creamers!
Now THAT's a nauseating combination!
That would be dangerous to swallow. You might shoot your stomach.
One lump or two? (charcoal, wax)
Mmm, there's nothing quite like a steaming hot cup of Cafe Au Church Key. Friends must be here from Europe!
You don't need to soak your claim check.
Mmm! Real ground, roast coffee!
Yuck!
The coffee prefers a club soda, but thanks you anyway.
Please! Juan Valdez's products need no artificial additives!
Yum, the rich aroma of mountain-grown beans laced with Poughkeepsie-forged steel!
Ahhh, the sweet scent of Hazelnut Desk Key Mocha!
Ahhhh, the rich taste of Viennese Pharmacy Key Cappucino. It reminds you of that waiter.
What was his name?
Jean Luc!

No thanks. You'd rather have your elixir straight up.
There's nothing in the bottles to pour into the coffee cup.
You could try doing that, but the thought of re-filling the bag makes you reluctant to experiment.
One lump or two? (Eccch!) (horse manure)
Stop picking at your food.
Say! That coffee's so thick, it stands up to a knife!
You dip the neckerchief in the coffee and squeeze it out real well.
(Just to give it that out-on-the-range, chuck wagon, brewed over an open campfire and drunk from the pot by a lot of sweaty cowboys flavor!)
The coffee will give you enough gas as it is!
El Exigente would not approve!
Try and imagine the mess you'd make by dunking a slice of apple pie.
In fact, go try it right now, then come back and tell us if it worked.
The coffee's not talking, no matter how you threaten it!
You don't want to get those postcards all wet and brown!
El Exigente would not approve. (prep G)
Decaffeination won't be invented for years yet!
That's a slightly awkward way to stir coffee, isn't it?

Not only don't the boots work with the cleaning kit, but the cleaning kit doesn't work with the boots, either.
The cleaning kit is for the guns, not the bullets, Einstein!
The cleaning kit is complete and doesn't require any wax.
The cleaning kit doesn't have a lock!
Presto! Nothing happens. (claim check)
Don't dirty up the cleaning kit.
The cleaning kit is clean enough. Use it on something else.
Those clothes are dry-clean only.
(Trouble is, One-Hour Martinizing\08 won't come along for another 70 years or so!)

You got that cleaning kit for a reason. As a nifty container for manure was NOT it.
The cleaning kit doesn't know a damn thing about any damn letter.
Don't bother polishing the cleaning kit with your neckerchief.
The canister is already pretty much as clean as it's going to get.
That's a totally backwards way of cleaning your gun!
The postcards are just fine the way they are: dirty as can be!
The cleaning kit doesn't require any shoveling.

You'll just get bullets all over the place.
You jumble the bullets together.

Oh, drat! They're all out of order now!
Those would make might dangerous candlettes!
Tap tap!

|c0|BLAM!|c|

(Kidding, kidding!!) (church key)

The claim check and the bullets simply don't have any chemistry.
Getting the bullets dirty might cause a misfire.
The cleaning kit is for the gun, not the bullets, Einstein!
It's hard to tell the duds from the duds!

Hey, you! Don't get those bullets wet! You'll need them!
Clink clink!

|c0|BARROOM!|c|

(Not!) (enhanced key)

Rap rap!

|c3|Ka-BLOOEY!!!!|c|

(Not really.) (desk top key)

Tink tink! (door key)

|c2|KA-BLAM!|c|

(April fool!)

Come now, that's not nearly as challenging as "ship in a bottle."

Wow! Number Two with a bullet! (horse manure'

You think the bullets are going to listen to you read that boring letter?

They're not dum-dums, y'know!

You put a shine on the bullets. They won't pass for silver, but at least they'll look spiffy!

Nothing happens when you use the canister of gas on the bullets.

Don't put the bullets in the pie. Someone will chip a tooth!

Now just HOW in the world are you going to shoot your ammunition when there's none in the gun?

You arrange the postcards underneath the bullets to create a convincing, eye-popping 3-D effect!

There aren't enough bullets to really dig into.

Walking around in those boots will get them dirty enough without you intentionally mucking them
up!

You stick the bullets in the clay.

Wheeee! It's arts 'n crafts!

Why bother? (wax)

You press the Church Key into the soft clay.

It makes quite an impression!

Hey, this clay's goooooood!

You do not need a brown-stained, damp claim check.

You mush the clay in on itself. Fun!

Maybe later, when you're all done with the game, you can try to make a horsey.
It's pure dirt. If you cleaned it, there'd be nothing left.
Better not, Coarsegold doesn't get a dry cleaner 'till 1991!
Mmmm! Real ground, roast coffee!
You mush the key into the clay.
 It takes a very good impression!
You smoosh the desk key into the clay.
 Hey! It makes quite an impression!
 This clay's Gooooood!
You imbed the door key in the clay, and it makes a very good negative impression.
 Pretty spiffy!
You can make a lot of round impressions in the clay with the bottoms of the empty bottles.
Mmmmm! Stew! (horse manure)
The clay is a terrible whittlin' medium. It tends to stick to the knife blade.
You don't need a brown, damp letter!
Wow, kids! You press the medallion into the clay and get a reverse-image of Morton Della,
 President of the American Society of Salves, Holistic Ointments, Liniments and Emollients
 Salesmen.
You'd muck up the neckerchief beyond repair.
Gaseous Clay? You're quite the punster!
That's pie a la MODE, not a la MOUND!
He took a helpless lump of clay,
 And then he said, "Hey, listen,
 I'm gonna shoot ya full of holes,
 'Till most of you is missin!"
 In other words, nothing happens.
Those postcards are dirty enough without you getting them any dirtier!
You've already done that!
There's little to be gained from smooshing the wax ear into the clay.
 You might have astounding success, though, if you took another approach.

You didn't steal Srini's medallion just to kick it around, did you?
The medallion already has a brilliant sheen! It doesn't need waxing.
Clink! (church key)
The claim check isn't big enough to cover the whole medallion.
 (The medallion does NOT appear actual size, unless you have one of those 48" VGA
 monitors!)

You want to do an impression of the medallion?
 Here's one:
 "Hey, I'm a medallion! I was hangin' on the wall awhile ago, now I'm not! Hey hey!"
They're a tacky combination. Better not try to wear the medallion.
Clenk! (enhanced key)
Clank! (desktop key)\
Clonk! (door key)
That's almost a good idea. (empty mold)
The medallion may be soft pure silver, but it's still too hard to be carved.
The letter covers the medallion.
 What's your point?
You've only got one medallion. If you want to use one medallion on another, you'll just have to
 steal a second one!
You wipe a smudgy fingerprint off the gleaming almost-pure silver medallion.

There! Perfect!
Clank! (nox)
Don't shoot the medallion.
It may prove useful...nyah-ha-ha!
The girls are unimpressed by the shiny medallion.
(Maybe they realize you lifted it!)
There's no reason to shovel the medallion!
You'll crap the medallion up with all that clay and wax.

Oh, by the way: whatever you do, do NOT click the silver-filled mold on the silver-filled mold. We cannot be responsible for the outcome.
(Just kidding.)

Your boots don't need any more mold.
You can't dig the clay off the silver with that key. You might scratch the silver.
The cardboard claim check isn't quite up to the task of scraping off all that clay.
You don't want to get clay all over your clothes.
Wiping the clay off the silver with the letter would ruin the letter and get you all gooey.
You'd get that nice lucky neckerchief full of clay.
You can't possibly blow the clay off the mold with the canister.
All right, nobody moves or the ear gets it!
Digging around in the clay with the postcards will utterly destroy their artistic value.
Say! THAT'S no way to cut a tomato!
Oh, wait a minute. I mean, THAT'S no way to scrape off clay!

That would make a mighty ugly boot-'n-ear!
The silver ear glints in the sunlight, a sterling beacon illuminating the way to truth and justice.
Waxing it would be just gilding the lily.
Don't mar the freshly-minted silver finish by scraping it with that brassy key!
The rounded edges of the silver ear don't grip the claim check very effectively.
Maybe you should've carved a cauliflower ear instead.
The silver ear looks brilliant next to the cowboy clothes. Looks like you're assembling a magnificent ensemble!
You'll nick your finely-crafted silver ear!
You'll scratch the delicate inlaid ear-shaped filigree!
You clumsy oaf, that silver ear won't be HALF as impressive if you scratch it with that big ol' key!
It's a fake ear. You can't really stuff a letter into it like you could with a REAL ear.
Using your neckerchief, you wipe a tiny bit of clay from the ear.
There! More perfect than ever!
Blow it in your ear and I'll follow you anywhere.
Okay, nobody move or the ear gets it in the ear!
The postcards don't fit in the ear, which is okay since they're not exactly multimedia.
There's no wax in that ear, so there's no need to try to dig it out.
You hold the silver ear up to itself. Listen! You can hear the ocean!

You wouldn't want to get clay all over your clothes!
Even that much baking soda wouldn't deodorize those clothes!
At first, you think you should wrap up that beer in your clothes so that nobody sees.
But then you remember: hey, this is the eighties! Prohibition hasn't even started yet! You've got nothing to be ashamed of!
The boots and the clothes look simply scrumptious together.

You could keep the bullets in your gun belt, but they'd be more useful in a gun, wouldn't they?
The clothes don't need waxing.

(They could use a good disinfecting, though!)

Nope, the claim check isn't for the clothes.

Better not, Coarsegold doesn't get a dry cleaner 'till 1991!

It's a GUN-cleaning kit, not a DRY-cleaning kit.

They look identical, don't they?

That's because they're one and the same, you knucklehead!

Better not. You're fresh out of new, improved Aura, with stain-fighting enzymes!

That silent-but-deadly aroma (not so silent, maybe) is NOT coming from the clothes.

There are no pockets in these clothes! Who's the clothing designer genius who dreamed THAT up?

That would stain the clothes and, if you were to wear them, make you the laughingstock of the Dead
End Kids!

Naah, you don't want any errant drops of beer spilling out and giving your outfit that manly
fragrance of a St. Louis brewery.

Don't get clay all over your good cowboy outfit!

The clothes smell sweaty and musty enough with the addition of a little Eau d'Equine!

The clothes would never fit in the bag.

There's no need to include the gas mask in your outfit. Just use it once in awhile!

My, you ARE the fashion plate! (horse manure)

The stone-washed look is out. Time for "Ice Pick Mangled Jeans!"

Ahh, clothes for the Detroit city-dweller: pre-stabbed jeans!

It's a bad fit.

Thought you'd rustle up some duds?

The clothes already have their own belt.

You tuck the letter safely in and amongst the clothes.

Then again, you're always forgetting your clothes somewhere. Better not.

The silver looks great against the beige and turquoise clothes, but somehow a medallion just doesn't
cut it.

The clothes don't need medication (though you might, if you wear them!).

There's no money belt!

Yes, that looks like a beautiful ensemble!

The cowboy suit is laughable already!

You'd rather not do that on purpose, since it happens accidentally often enough. (beer)

You don't need hot apple pie on your clothes.

But would you like some fries with that?

The pistols are the perfect complement to the cowboy outfit.

Now, have you got a WHOLE outfit? Are you missing anything?

Yes, you'd like to wear the postcards close to your body, but there's another purpose behind them.

That might prompt people to ask some very awkward questions. (prep G)

Hmmm...no pockets in those clothes! That'll be inconvenient!

The clothes are way beyond purification, they're well into putrefaction!

Taupe on a rope?

Hey, man, dig those duds!

Yes! It's the perfect thing to go with your cowboy outfit! Lee Marvin would be so jealous!

(Wow, he's not just a Pharmacist...he also knows how to accessorize!)

You really don't want to get slime on that.

Hmmm. The clothes DO seem to look nice with silver accessories, but the tin can is just too
gauche.

Why get your clothes damp?

They'll be damp enough later on, when you wear 'em and start sweating!

The glass-and-prescription combo doesn't do much for your old outfit.

The ear doesn't look BAD exactly next to the clothes, but somehow it lacks luster and shine.
Now, don't go staining your clothes before you've even had a chance to wear them.
You'll get clay and wax all over your duds!

The claim check doesn't need deodorizing. It needs claiming!
The claim check is too small to use as a coaster.
The claim check isn't impressed by the Sheriff's ammo.
You do not need a waxed claim check in this game.
That would make the claim check awfully hard to read.
The claim check can't be claimed with the claim check.
You do not need a clay-like, dark brown claim check.
The claim check isn't in need of cleaning.
The clothes are not for the claim check, and visa-versa.
Your claim check only drinks General Foodstuffs International Deluxe Hazelnut Vanilla Mocha Espresso.

You can't claim Madame Ovaree's prescription, it's rightfully hers.
You sprinkle just a bit of the Deflatulizer on the claim check.
It remains flat.

The key doesn't do a thing to the claim check.
Elixir won't make the claim check any easier to redeem!
The empty bottles completely obscure the claim check.
An application of clay would only make the claim check harder to read.
You could easily put the claim check in the bag of flatus, but who'd want to go in after it later?
The claim check might be forgotten in the paper sack.
The claim check hardly needs the gas mask.
You do not need a brown, damp, stinky claim check!
The claim check is already perforated!
Don't cut up the claim check. We put it in the game for a reason.⁵The ladder towers over the claim check, which cowers in fear.
It would not be much of a test of your lariat skills.
No amount of whipping the claim check will reveal any further information.
They have so little in common.
The claim check is briefly hidden under the medallion.
The claim check is perfectly healthy, it's just lost.
The claim check has no use for all that money.
You wipe off the claim check with the neckerchief, but no additional writing is revealed.
Nada.

Trying to make Claim Check Lite?
You do not need a brown, soggy, apple-flavored pie-encrusted claim check!
Shooting the claim check will probably make it harder to redeem.
Now, what did you do THAT for? To make the lowly claim check jealous?

At least it still has its dignity! (postcards)

The claim check doesn't suffer from hemorrhoids.
(However, it seems to be making YOU suffer from amnesia!)

You can't claim Penelope's prescription. It's rightfully hers.
You can't claim Helen Back's prescription. It's rightfully hers.
Don't get them confused, you might try to create a pair of boots in your laboratory.
The claim check is hardly the source of the impurity.
The claim check's too small to be tied up.
You can't dig it.
You hold your silver ear up to the claim check, but you don't hear anything.

The snails claim innocence.
The tin can is much larger than the claim check in real life.
(Certain objects may appear smaller than in real life.)
You'll learn nothing by dousing the claim check in the water from the tower.
Even under glass, the claim check doesn't reveal any new information.
You take a few wax at the claim check!
You do not need a brown-stained, damp, aromatic, whisky-covered claim check.

Your boots don't need any more mold.
Not even that much baking soda would deodorize those boots!
The beer is bad enough without you making it worse with your ancient foot odor!
Those boots aren't made for walking on themselves.
Those bullets are supposed to lead you to the thrill of victory...
...not the agony of de feet!
The boots might benefit from a little mink oil, but candle wax is no substitute.
Walking around in those boots will get them dirty enough without you intentionally mucking them up!
It's not a shoeshine kit, it's for guns.
They make a very impressive outfit together!
That would make for a unique walking experience!
The obnoxious foot odor emanating from your boots cannot be treated with Deflatulizer.
(In fact, science has not yet invented the chemical that can destroy THAT odor!)
Keep the key handy.
Drinking champagne out of a shoe, we've heard of. But drinking elixir out of a boot? Disgusting.
Come now, that's not near as challenging as "ship in a bottle."
That'd just smell up the bag.
How ironic. Never mind.
Yes, those boots DO tempt one to use a gas mask!
You could get the same result just by walking around here in those boots! (horse manure)
That would be a slow and difficult way to make moccasins.
They're big boots, but they're not THAT big.
Roping that cowhide is easy when it's not on the cow, isn't it?
The bridle and boots are basically incompatible.
Those are mighty big shoes to Phil!
The silver medallion is a nice complement to the boots, but it lacks the charisma of something more striking.
You didn't make any crude foot powder, which is the only medication you'd REALLY want to put in the boots.
What do you think this is, New York City? You have to keep your money in your boot? Well, it won't work, that's the first place thieves look.
The boots set off the red neckerchief perfectly!
You'd need a stronger gas to deodorize those boots...
...or maybe some napalm would do the trick!
You wouldn't find anyone gallant enough to drink out of your boot!
Someone might actually WANT that pie, y'know.
The boots are already shot!
What? And cover up those pictures?
Just what you need, hemorrhoid ointment with a kick!
Penelope would not appreciate the new fragrance you'd impart to the Prescription.
Helen Back would most certainly make you life hell if you were to foul up her prescription.
Madame Ovaree would be not at all appreciative of you giving her prescription a unique aroma.

The boots are beyond purification, and are closer to putrefaction!
All that rope won't fit in your boots.
Using the shovel, you scrape some offensive substance off the bottom of the boots.
Now they only smell VERY bad instead of EXTREMELY bad.
That would make a mighty ugly boot-'n-ear!
You wouldn't want the ASPCS to get after you! (snails)
If you're trying to play "Kick the Can," you're getting it ass-backwards.
The boots will get damp enough later, when you actually WEAR them.
There's no reason on earth to keep all that stuff in your boots.
That would make a mighty ugly boot-'n-ear!
You'd put the glass in your boot. Then, later on, you'd forget it was in there and put your foot in it.
And then it's toot-toot-tootsies, goodbye!
Your boots don't need any more mold.

They go splendidly together! Then again, they were meant to.
That's not a safe place to keep bullets.
Try someplace safer...like inside a gun!
The neckerchief makes you wax nostalgic!
Isn't it about time you found something better to do with that claim check?
You'll muck it up! And you've kept it so nice all these years!
The cleaning kit isn't for laundry.
Yes, that looks like a beautiful ensemble!
Now's not a good time for the vanishing-coffee-in-the-neckerchief trick.
Hmmm, I don't know any tricks with a key and a handkerchief, but I know one that just uses a handkerchief!
What were you going to try to make, a Molotov cocktail?
You're eighty years too early for terrorist activities!
My, you ARE the fashion plate! (horse manure)
That's a rather roundabout way of cutting your own throat, isn't it?
The letter rests uncomfortably on the neckerchief...
...much like Philip's soul, now that you've plundered his grave!
The silver and red go very well together, but somehow the medallion isn't quite evocative enough of rough Western heroes.
You can't get anywhere by using the neckerchief on itself.
Of course, you DO win the respect and admiration of your peers for trying!
The canister is too large to sit in the neckerchief.
The neckerchief makes an attractive placemat.
Don't shoot the neckerchief.
Trying to sneak those things around, are you?
Yes, burying that neckerchief wouldn't be a bad idea, but you'll need it.
Ah, the silver ear is the PERFECT accessory for that neckerchief!
That'd make a big mess, and there's no laundromat within years of here!

This isn't a locking switchblade, it's a big, bad, nastyass sword!
One blade is far longer and more maneuverable than the other, which looks more like a Chinese throwing star than an ear!
Trying to use the sword on itself is like trying to use the sharp ear on itself.
(Just try it!)

Urgh! You stepped in it!
Wow, Number Two with a bullet!

That would make a most fragrant candle!
Mmmmmm! Stew!
You do not need a brown, wet, stinky claim check.
Mmmmm! Boeuf en daube! (clay)
No amount of cleaning THAT is going to make a difference!
Mmmm! Horse MacNuggets au jus! (coffee)
If you DID need to hide the key, that would be the last place anyone would look for it!
Don't think much of that St. Louis brew, do you?
You mush some of the horse plop into itself, just to check it for malleability and elasticity.
 It proves very malleable and not very elastic.
 Hope this information helps!
That would be a crappy thing to do the letter!
You can dress it up, but it's still just horse plop.
Your inventiveness boggles the senses. (nox)
Ah, so you've heard the expression about shooting the...
 shpoop!
The postcards are dirty enough without getting them full of THAT!
If you want to spend your time shoveling plop, just go to work for a software entertainment
 company!
Garlic butter, yes. Horse plop, no. (snails)

Real men don't hide their beer in paper sacks.
The boots are way too big to fit in the bag.
You don't need a bag for the wax. It's easily transportable the way it is.
The bag's not an appropriate container for charcoal.
The key's just fine in the bottom of your pocket.
The claim check doesn't need a bag of its own.
It's not a garment bag, it's just a little brown paper sack.
It's just a piece of paper, it doesn't need a bag.
That's okay, you'll drink it here.
 (Yuck!)
The key's just fine in the bottom of your pocket.
Considering the alcoholic content of the elixir, it WOULD be proper to keep it in a bag.
 But it's unnecessary.
There's far too many bottles to fit in that bag.
Putting the folded bag into the folded bag is a far too kharmic and supernatural concept for you to
 grasp.
You need the gas mask too frequently to bother bagging it.
First you take a bag, then you want to destroy it for no apparent reason. Make up your mind!
You'd need a much larger bag to carry that ladder!
Yee-haw! Gonna rustle you up a brown paper bag!
Whatever reason you may have had, it's not good enough! (strap)
Leave the letter unbagged.
Your customers are very ecology-minded. No bag is necessary.
Well, we'll just call you "Mister Moneybags," then, won't we?
Your keen intelligence tells you, at the last second, that this would be a real boneheaded thing to do.
Smithie doesn't want no bag. He's a MAN! He'll carry it out in the open where everyone can see it.
On his gravestone someday, they'll write, "He Wore His 'Roids With Pride."
The old bag doesn't need a bag for her prescription.
It's just a piece of paper, it doesn't need a bag.
You're presumably going to use that solution shortly. (water purification)

That's a mighty big hand of rope and a mighty small bag!
Escargot Shake & Bake?
An empty tin can in a bag?
 We think not.
Trying to squeeze more points out of that clever solution, are you?
 Well, tough!
Why not just get it in a "to-go" cup?

Hmm, beer with an elixir chaser?
Elixir boots?
 What does he do THAT for?
A waxy elixir bottle will not be necessary.
Soaking the charcoal in the elixir will make self-lighting charcoal!
 You're about 100 years too early.
The key doesn't fit in the bottle!
That would make the claim check nearly unreadable.
 (Though it would probably do wonders for the elixir!)
Mixing those two might cause an implosion of overmedicated non-flatulent drunken horse innards!
The elixir is already as much in the elixir bottle as it's going to get!
Don't confuse the elixir bottles with the empty beer bottles.
It's not worth opening that bag up to put the elixir inside!
It WOULD be appropriate to keep the elixir in the bag, but you won't need to do that.
Yes, you NEED a gas mask to inhale the fumes from that elixir!
Don't mix those two without consulting a QUALIFIED physician first! (Of course, there isn't one within miles of here!)

Gonna rustle you up some of that bogus "Magic Elixir"?
Yes, Dad Gumm is a cheat and a swindle, but there's no reason to whip him silly.
The ink would affect the efficacy of the elixir.
 (Ho ho, as if it HAS any efficacy!)

Whoever told you to "put your money in patent medicines" was leading you astray.
Just what you need, hemorrhoid ointment with a kick!
You compare the prescription to the bottle of Dad Gumm's elixir.
"Mm-mmm. Aha. Yes, yes."
 "Definitely not."
Frayed knot!
How did you know that snails like alcohol so much?
 But the herbal ingredients in the elixir make the snails turn up their li'l noses.
But elixir always tastes so much better from a bottle than from a can!
Diluting the elixir will lessen its ability to make the patient absolutely blotto.
The prescription and the whisky glass totter uncertainly on the bottle of Dad Gumm's elixir.
Clink! (whiskey glass)

It would take more than that 144 sacks of baking soda to deodorize what's in THAT bag!
The boots are smelly enough as it is!
You'd rather not open the bag for that! (bullets, bottles with cap)
It's not worth opening that bag to put the candle wax inside!
The activated charcoal might actually do something to filter out the odor in the bag, but there's no point in wasting the charcoal on the fart-in-a-bag.
You'd prefer not to let the "braaaaat!" out of the bag just to find a handier way to carry the claim

You'd ruin the powders if you got the remaining few drops of whisky on 'em.

Then you'd have to go back to the laboratory screen, and WOULDN'T YOU BE SORRY??

Go ahead. Make our day.

I'm one bad hombre! Do your worst!

I'm feelin' pretty tough. But don't bust my chops.

I had too much tequila last night! Go easy!

SRINI Very good, Freddy Pharkas!. Let us try some quickdrawing. Just make sure you hit the target and not me!!

SRINI I am applauding inside myself! Now for the big challenge of all-- six bottles at once!

Srini dodges the bullet!

SRINI Okee the dokee, Freddy Pharkas! First, we shall see if you can successfully strike the bottles from afar with the bullets of your pistol.

SRINI Then I will toss the bottles up in the air and you may try to hit them in flight.

SRINI Good luck and may the best man win.

Feeling lucky, punk?

Pardner, I could outgun the Magnificent Seven! Bring 'em on!
Well, I won at tiddly-winks the other day. I'll give it m'best shot.
Let's face it, I'm a wuss.

Endgame

ACES Touch me and you'll get a bullet in the heart before you know it.
FREDDY Geez! Talk about homophobia!
Wheaton "Aces" Hall, the infamous riverboat gambler, seems to have you under a barrel!
FREDDY How peculiar. Why would a riverboat gambler, especially one as successful and popular as Aces, come to a two-bit burg like Coarsegold?
FREDDY This can't be a coincidence. Someone must've sent him a wire.
FREDDY But WHY?
FREDDY And HOW? Our telegraph office closed down two weeks after it opened!
FREDDY Give yourself up, Aces! I caught you red-handed!
ACES Never!
ACES Not gonna do it. Nope. Wouldn't be prudent at this juncture.
FREDDY But I caught you!
ACES Yes, but I ain't goin' nowhere if I can help it!
ACES And I warn you, if you shoot me in cold blood, you'll HANG!
FREDDY Drop your gun and give up! You can't win!
ACES Considering you're the one cowering behind a table, don't you think YOU should be the one to give up?
FREDDY I'm not cowering!
ACES Could've fooled me.
FREDDY I'm going to count to three, and when I reach three, you'd better have your hands in the air!
ACES Oh, my, I'm a-scared.
FREDDY ONE!
ACES You realize, I hope, that the moment you show your head or any part of your body around that table, I'll shoot you dead.
ACES You DO know that, don't you?
FREDDY TWO!
ACES It's no shirt off MY back, of course. The Sheriff'll never arrest ME for murder. We're both paid by the same boss, y'know.
FREDDY TWO-AND-A-HALF!
ACES Maybe you'd better just let me shoot you now. This is painful.
FREDDY TWO-AND-SEVEN- EIGHTHS!
ACES Not to mention tedious.
FREDDY Okay, you apparently didn't understand me. I'll start over.

SHERIFF Ah'm gonna have to arrest yew for attempted murder, stranger.
SHERIFF You shouldna' oughtta shot at him in cold blood like that. Gamblin's one thing I

kin overlook. Really suspicious accidents, I kin overlook.

SHERIFF Unfortunate co-inky-dinces, I kin overlook.

SHERIFF But you shot this boy straight out, son. Hate to hear whut th' Judge is gonna have to say about this! Why, I think yer gonna HANG, boy!

PURITY He did it! What a MANLY man! Riverboat gambler in the corner pocket!

FREDDY Yee-hawwww!

JIM I could have done that if I'd wanted to. I just didn't feel like it, is all.

WILLY Now, when the townsfolk caught wind o' how Aces'd been cheatin', the Sheriff had no choice but to arrest him and return all the deeds. But no sooner had one brouhaha died down than another started up...

Don't bother him. He's sleeping it off.

Then, when he wakes up, he'll have a hair of the dog that bit him, and the cycle will begin anew...

...like the miracle of life itself!

You can't reach him now. Throttle him later, once you've settled with Aces.

FREDDY Hey, you wouldn't want to do me a little favor, would you? Kinda distract Aces so's I can get a shot off?

JIM What's in it for me?

FREDDY Nice 'tude.

A brass rail runs along the length of the bar. This is a decorative, if uncomfortable, place for the drunks to rest their heads.

Rewind

Rewind-O-Matic\05

Be Kind! Please Rewind!

There's nothing you can reach from your strategically rotten position behind the overturned table.

Goodness, the Saloon sure filled up fast! Practically the whole town's gathered round to see you die a bloody death...I mean, to see you bring Aces to justice!

Don't ask the townies for help, Freddy. The ball's in your court.

ACES Quit prodding me, stranger. I'll finish with you later.

ACES Take it away. Can't you see I'm busy?

FREDDY I can see you're up to no good!

FREDDY And I can see you're holding three of a kind, Kings, and the rest of your hand is garbage.

ACES Shut up! Don't listen to him, boys, he's just trying to rattle ya.

Wheaton "Aces" Hall, slick big-time, back-East, riverboat gambler, has turned the saloon's friendly poker game into vicious high-stakes gambling, winning money, land, buildings, and businesses from the local bumpkins.

Despite his slimy demeanor and underhanded undertaking, you can't bring yourself to shoot him point-blank. You'll have to find a better way.

ACES Scoot along, Silver Boy, before I deal you the Dead Man's Hand.

ACES Don't touch my cards, Silver Boy. Wouldn't want to be accused of CHEATING.

Aces' is holding his cards tightly. One of his hands appears unusually stiff. Maybe he's nervous?

Despite his slimy demeanor and underhanded undertaking, you can't bring yourself to shoot him point-blank. You'll have to find a better way.

ACES Hands off that! It's mine, I won it, fair and square!

FREDDY Are you sure about that?

ACES Am I sure? Am I SURE? I'm the most honest gambler in this town!

FREDDY Oh, like THAT'S saying much!

Aces is clearly winning by a mile. A lot of chips, representing a lot of property, seems to be piled up in front of him.

FREDDY You're cheating! That's a fake left hand! Your real hand is hidden under the table!

FREDDY You've been feeding good cards into your hand and taking away the bad ones!

ACES Why, yes, silver-eared stranger! You're correct...almost! As you see, I have no cards in my left hand. I only have this...

ACES Now turn around, silver-ear! I think I'd rather shoot you in the back, so I don't have see that ugly face of yours!

Leave the frame right where it is. It's doing such a good job of adding to the composition of the image.

You've got to think of a way to frame Aces!

Ollie ignores you. Apparently he's a little preoccupied with this "losing your home and livelihood" business.

That's old Ollie Oxenfree, up close and personal! He's the guy who owns the fig farms on the northern side of Collier Bluff.

He's the worst gambler in town! He'll lose the entire North 40 in no time!

FREDDY Ollie, listen to me! Don't do it! It's not worth it!

Don't waste your breath. Ollie needs what little concentration he has just to hang onto his farm a few minutes more.

Don't bother him now; he's trying to recoop!

Gambling away his Keg 'n Barrel shop is Cooper "Coop" Cooper. He, his wife, his children and his parents all work in the shop; he's a cooper, she's a cooper, they're all coopers.

Wouldn't you like to be a cooper too?

FREDDY Cooper, please! You can't lose everything, you just can't!

He doesn't speak, but his attitude is clearly, "Oh, yeah? Just watch me!"

Don't poke him right now, he's concentrating on losing everything.

(And doing a damn good job of it, too!)

That's Muff Potter. Nice to see him and Joe getting along again!

He owns -- or at least, he DID own until he started playing -- a huge tract of land along the south side of town, where Chinatown used to be.

Hey, Muff! Don't play with this guy, he cheats!

Muff nods his head in agreement, and keeps playing.

Muff's never been too bright.

Don't poke this guy. He's mean.

That's Joe, the guy that had a bad time with ol' Muff Potter a few years back.

He owns a local tourist trap.

(And we do mean "trap." He trapped a couple of punks in there a few years back, Tom and Becky somebody or other. They almost didn't get out. Somebody ought to write a book about it!)

FREDDY You're gambling the Tourist Center away? Say it ain't so, Joe!

Joe grunts.

(That's the most you've ever heard him say!)

Don't take Ollie's money, he needs all he can get right now.

Ollie's money is dwindling rapidly.

ACES Hey, keep your hands off the table. And don't make me tell you again.

This is the poker table. Most of the value of Coarsegold seems to be going from this side to Aces' side.

ACES Hey, hey, hey. Nobody at this table's gonna take kindly to you walking off with the chips. Coarsegold has really gone to pot now!

ACES Get that finger away from me. You're making me nervous. And I don't LIKE people that make me nervous.

Aces is even uglier close-up than he is from afar!

(Maybe it would help if you squinted.)

Shhhh, it's rude to talk to that while the game's in progress.

It appears to be a third hand! So THAT'S how Aces is cheating!

Despite his slimy demeanor and underhanded undertaking, you can't bring yourself to shoot him point-blank. You'll have to find a better way.

Your respect for frontier etiquette won't let you draw first. Wait 'till you see Kenny start to draw, then do your best!

FREDDY Kid, I want you out of town by sundown!

KENNY Why, sure, Stranger! I'll be ridin' outta town well BEFORE sundown...

KENNY ...leavin' your sorry carcass for the buzzards to pick apart!

FREDDY Will not.

KENNY Will too.

FREDDY Not.

KENNY Too.

FREDDY N.

KENNY T.

FREDDY I refuse to play this juvenile word game with you.

KENNY I refuse to play this juvenile word game with you.

FREDDY What are you doing now, repeating everything I say?

KENNY What are you doing now, repeating everything I say?

FREDDY So THAT'S why they call you "Kenny the |c2|Kid|c|!" Because you're nothing but an immature little child, an anal-retentive case of arrested development, with an unresolved Oedipal complex and probably co-dependent to boot!

FREDDY Y'know, you were a punk when I faced you back in St. Louis, and you're a punk now.

FREDDY Say your prayers, Outlaw.

KENNY Say your prayers, Outlaw.

FREDDY NOW CUT THAT OUT!

KENNY St. Louis? I didn't know anybody with a silver ear in St. Louis. Yet you seem vaguely familiar...

FREDDY Maybe we'll have time to compare yearbook photos...

FREDDY ...IN HELL!

Kenny has managed to shoot off a sizeable portion of your GOOD ear!

You poke yourself. You're still alive, but barely.

You've looked better.

Trying to put yourself out of your misery?

What are you, a man or a horse? Save yourself!

Kenny looks down at you with pure, undisguised malice and disgust.

KENNY Welp, Mister Bigshot Gunslinger, looks like yer bark was worse 'en yer bite.

KENNY Just wait 'till I tell the Boss how I whupped your butt, yew sorry excuse for a hero.

KENNY Guess I'll just leave yew here to die like the puny li'l pig yew are!

KENNY See y'all in hell, pal!

He laughs a short, mean laugh, spits into the dust, and trudges off cockily.

And as the blood runs from your body, so do your hopes of saving Coarsegold and achieving legendary Western Hero status.

The blood runs through your fingers. Eccccch!

It's your good ear...or what's left of it!

You place your lucky neckerchief on your ear and press on it to staunch the flow of blood.

(You'd never realized that there are major arteries running through your ear!)

With every remaining ounce of strength, you pull yourself up and head off towards the schoolhouse...

...to see Penelope...

Penelope, the sweet...

Penelope, your beloved...

Penelope...the TRAITOR!

You poke yourself in the eye. Good going!

Your eyes are getting heavy...

You flubble your lips with your finger.

FREDDY Flubble-ubble-ubble-ubble!

Now that we've got THAT out of the way, do you think you can try to save yourself?

That's your bleeding mouth.

Kenny's gun is still smoking.

(Of course, that's very bad for its health!)

Your hat. Like most Western Hero hats, it stays on through just about ANYthing!

You shoot the gun out of Kenny's hand!

Unfortunately, you don't manage to do this before HE shoots YOU!

Kenny the Kid looms over you, grinning cruelly.

KENNY Welp, ya knocked the gun outta my hand, Hero, but it warn't good enuf to keep me from hittin' YOU first!

KENNY Sorry I got a mite too sloppy when I PIERCED YER EAR there! HAR HAR!

KENNY I reckon you'll be bled to death in a few moments. Guess I can tell Penelope that yew won't be interferin' with her plans anymore.

Penelope?!? What did he say?

Your head's swimming, but you KNOW you heard him say, "Penelope!"

Could it be? Could SHE be the cause of all this?

You weakly pull the neckerchief from around your neck.

It's your lucky red neckerchief.

You can hardly move. You can't reach anything beyond yourself.

You've never seen Main Street from this angle: lying half-dead in the middle of the street, your life swimming before your eyes as your blood pools in the dust...

What a view! You imagine you'll never see a view like THIS again as long as you live!

It's too heavy to be hurled effortlessly.

Or even picked up.

Or just moved.

You see a bench, where the children sit to remove their mukluks.

Nothing on the desk looks immediately useful to you.

The teacher's desk stands on the raised platform.

You can brush up on your geography |c0|later!|c| Have you tried playing "Gold Rush"?

There's a large, colorful map of California on the wall.

Wait 'till the teacher calls on you.

(And somehow, you don't think she's going to!)

There's a large chalkboard on the wall behind the teacher's desk.

You've got no time to brush up on your reading skills!

It's a fascinating book about Puff and Spot...

...a dragon and a soda-pop character.

You've got no time for Sex Ed right now!

It's all about Bob, Dick 'n Jane.

(And how much fun it was for Bob and Jane!)

This is no time to be reading the classics!

(You'd be bored silly!)

Textbooks and classics of literature sit on this shelf.

This is neither the time nor the place to brush up on your phonics.

(Well, okay, it's the |c0|place,|c| but it isn't the |c0|time.|c|

It's a McGruff's Reader.

Looks like somebody's taken a bite out of it.

Now's no time to brush up on the American Revolution!

(All 33,000 deaths worth!)

It's a copy of AMERICAN HISTORY FROM THEN UP 'TILL NOW.

(All 33 pages' worth!)

No need to take the broom. It's not like you have to bring it back to the Wizard as proof that you defeated Penelope.

There's an old broomstick leaning against the wall.

The old wooden bucket isn't sturdy enough to be of any use.

It's a rickety wooden bucket, long past usefulness and into the "quaint decor" mode.

WILLY When Freddy stepped inside, Penelope wuz standin' at the desk, packin' in a hurry. She didn't even notice him come in.

WILLY Gazin' at her like that, Freddy saw her fer the conniving snake-in-the-grass she really wuz.

WILLY All the bitter hurt and betrayal and rage wuz too much for Freddy to hold down. It churned around inside of him and finally welled up, bubblin' to the surface in a furious storm of outrage as Freddy cried out:

FREDDY HEY, PENELOPE!

FREDDY What gives??

PENELOPE Oh...why, it's you! The silver handsome-eared stranger!

FREDDY Handsome silver-eared stranger, you mean.

PENELOPE Oh, right! I...uh...I thought Kenny'd taken care of you...

FREDDY Are you kidding? He did just the OPPOSITE. He HURT me! Just look at my ear!

PENELOPE Why, you poor man...you poor, brave cowboy...

PENELOPE ...you're wounded. Here, I'll just tear this strip off my petticoat.

WILLY Penelope placed her hands up to her bodice...and began to slowly unbutton it.

PENELOPE You know, ever since I saw you capture that big, bad gambler at the Saloon, I've been thinking about you...

PENELOPE ...thinking about how I wanted you...

WILLY She slowly slipped her hands under the fabric.

FREDDY (Could this be MY Penelope?)

FREDDY Is it hot in here, or is it just me?

FREDDY Am I the only one breaking out in hives?

PENELOPE ...thinking about how I |c2|needed|c| you...

PENELOPE And before Freddy knew it, Penelope yanked a Derringer from her bosom and aimed it at him!

PENELOPE ...DEAD! Drop 'em, gunslinger!

PENELOPE NOW!

You grab for the slate, and whip it around just in the nick of time!

As you bend down to pick up your gunbelt, Penelope hurls the Derringer straight at your head!

What are you trying to do, beat a hasty retreat? Deal with the problem at hand, Freddy!
The left window is closed.

You rifle through the child's coat pockets, looking for loot, but you find nothing.
(You crum!)

A row of pegs for coats is hung on the wall here.
Looks like one of the children forgot to take his or her coat.
(There's gonna be hell to pay at home later!)

You briefly consider throwing or hiding behind a desk, but decide instead that cool concentration and cunning are the secrets to bringing this encounter to a quick and just conclusion.
You see row upon row of quaint school desks, complete with one-piece bench, desktop and inkwell.
(Eww, one of 'em still has a pigtail stuck in it.)

Ignoring Penelope turns out to be a bad idea.
She decides you have inadequate ventilation.

This would be a terrible time to wrap yourself in the flag!
(It has a very low armor factor!)
The latest and greatest American Flag stands limply at attention.
(A feeling not entirely unfamiliar to you!)

You can't reach the strange orb!
It's a ball of some sort, with strange markings all over it.
At first, you think it's supposed to be the Earth, but the Earth is very slightly egg-shaped, so that obviously isn't it.
Anyway, you scarcely have time to worry about it right now.

You resolve to return at a calmer moment and retrieve some of these pictures to decorate your pharmacy.
How nice! Some of the children's artwork has been placed up on the wall for all to admire.
In a flash of brilliance, you think to yourself, "Say, if only somebody would invent a box with an electric heat exchange unit and some sort of gaseous coolant, you could use magnets to affix these pictures to the outside of the box and display them thusly in a kitchen!"
But that's not important right now.

There's more than enough light for you to see what you need to do.
That's one of the hanging lamps that helps illuminate the peaceful, yearning, upturned faces of the ignorant and uneducated...
...who come in on Parents' Day to see how their children are doing.

Your life is in jeopardy. Don't make things worse by making the room stuffier.
And no, you can't escape by leaping from the window! Penelope would run you through the moment you turned your back.
This window's propped open.

This is no time for arts 'n crafts!
Some old camel's hair paintbrushes sit on the shelf.
(Just in case the kids decide they want to paint some camel hair!)

There's no way you'll be able to grab her gun before she can pull the trigger.
You see Penelope in a whole new light, now that you know what a cad and a bounder she is!
That angelic face belies the vicious, calculating, cold-hearted murderer she really is!
(But, hoo boy, you still wouldn't mind those lips touching yours, and...NO! Stop thinking
that way! She's a BAD girl! BAD girl!)

FREDDY Can't we talk this over?

PENELOPE There's nothing to talk about. You've interfered with my plans once too often!

You resignedly unbuckle your holsters, letting your guns slip to the floor.
Penelope appears to relax a little, but her finger is still on the trigger of the Derringer.
Looks like she might shoot at any moment!

That won't help you |c0|now|c|, Freddy!!

This is the one-room schoolhouse. It's a lot dingier and darker on the inside than it looked from the
outside...

...just like Penelope!

Now's not the time for idle chit-chat! It's time for ACTION!

PENELOPE You fool, you've deliberately tried to ruin all my plans.

PENELOPE I just wanted you to know I don't regret what I'm about to do.

PENELOPE Say Hi-yo, Silver!

FREDDY "Hi-yo, Silver?"

PENELOPE When I say "Drop 'em", I mean "Drop 'em"!

A child's slate sits rests on a nearby desk.

Perfect! You grab the map, roll it up, and konk Penelope over the head with it.

(Not!)

There's a small map of the United States.

Have you noticed how California, on the map to the right, appears to be larger than all the
United States put together?

That's California ego for you!

Those li'l pictures are too flimsy to be of any use to you.

There on the wall are a couple of small daguerreotypes. Looks like the kids took some crayons to
'em.

The stove is cold and empty.

(Like Penelope's heart!)

This stove keeps the kiddies warm in the winter, and dries their mukluks.

There's no way to reach that when Penelope's got a gun pointed straight at you!

A couple of Civil War swords, or at least fabulous replicas from the Frankenheimer Mint, are
mounted high up on the wall.

Now's no time to be taking pictures!

Looks like somebody started a very nice portrait of George Washington...

...the Father of Plywood Dentures!

Neither the chunks of wood nor the scuttle itself will help you out this mess!

Some old chunks of hardwood sit in the scuttle.

Try looking at it and reading the words very carefully.

An old barrel of some sort stands far out of reach in the corner of the room.

You may be an intellectual, Freddy, at least compared to most of the other moksers in this town, but you do choose the |c2|darndest|c| times to try to catch up on your reading!

There are a lot of books stacked up in the corner. You'd like to read some of the clever titles, but they're too far away.

From here, though, they do look very flammable.

PENELOPE FREDDY! You?!

FREDDY Yes, it's me.

PENELOPE Yes, it is |c2|I|c|.

FREDDY Boy, you can take the wicked villainous hoodwinking double- crossing lying slut out of the schoolteacher, but you can't take the schoolteacher out of the wicked villainous hoodwinking double- crossing lying slut!

FREDDY Why, Penelope, why? Why on earth have you done all this?

PENELOPE I suppose I can tell you. You know too much already, so I can never let you live.

I had just finished my education back in western Pennsylvania at the local Meadville Normal School when I saw a small ad on the school bulletin board seeking teachers "...for a lovely little village, way out West."

I wrote a letter of inquiry and was offered the position by the Coarsegold Board of Education. They even sent me stagecoach fare!

PENELOPE Soon after my arrival (which you saw in the Prologue, I believe), I noticed the oily swamp behind the schoolhouse. Being a good Pennsylvania oil country girl, I grasped immediately that Coarsegold was literally oozing money!

PENELOPE But I could never afford to buy mineral rights on the meager pittance they pay a single unwed female teacher, so I made a little arrangement with Mr. Balance.

PENELOPE He foreclosed whichever mortgages he could, and convinced Sheriff Shift to shut down everyone else. Balance would get the land and buildings for a song and give me the mineral rights |c2|I|c| wanted, as long as I gave him what |c2|he|c| wanted!

FREDDY But Penelope! You seemed to be such a sweet, innocent young woman. How could you be such a SLEAZEBAG?

You manage to slice into the ropes with the sharpened silver ear!

Yeah, right, you'll slice your way out of these ropes with the book binding, then you'll dash upstairs and give Penelope a fatal paper cut.

Some books have been stacked at the base of the column.

They're around the corner, where you can't get at them.

A large crate and a smaller one sit at the base of the column.

Those charts will do you no good whatsoever.

(They're years out of date!)

A few dusty schoolroom charts lean against the large crate.

The column ain't goin' nowhere. In the position you're in, you can't even get a grip on it.
A large stone column, topped with wooden beams, dominates the room.
You'd never be able to shimmy over to it in time!

Even if you could get over to them, you wouldn't have the leverage to break them open.
Some old crates are piled up here.

They're way 'round back of the column, where you can't get at them.
A few old schoolroom desks have been piled haphazardly on the far side of the column.

What were you going to do, bang the drum slowly?
There's a child's toy drum on the shelf.

Feels like solid rock with a bit o' dirt.
The basement floor is bare rock.

Well, it WOULD be bare if it weren't so dirty.
Smart thinking! You frantically give the silver ear a few quick rubs on the stone floor.
In a trice, the silver ear gets a sharp edge...ragged and rough, but sharp enough to be dangerous.

The jars are far out of reach.
Some jars sit on the top shelf of the bookcase over yonder.

From here?? You must be thinking of that other game, |c3|"Plastic Man, Frontier Pharmacist"|c|. It appears to be a Harlequin doll, his eyes glaring at you in the flickering firelight, his mocking grin making you feel all oogy inside.

Oh, sure, let's pour a little moonshine on the burning oil and see if |c0|that|c| helps.
Anyway, you can't reach it from here.
It's a brown jug.

You are deluding yourself in a big way.
It's a kerosene lantern, way up out of reach.

PENELOPE Oh, well. Coarsegold won't be needing a schoolhouse anyway!
FREDDY Wait! There were a lot of other people I didn't suspect!

Your instinct for survival tells your natural curiosity to shut up about the map and start concentrating on getting |c0|outta here!!!!|c|
A rolled-up chart or map of some sort stands in the corner of the basement.

Of course! You'll |c0|play|c| your way out of here with a few old family favorites!
Wait, that logic seems somehow flawed.
A decrepit piano sits under the stairwell.

Dream on!
(And if you don't find a way out of this predicament quickly, you |c0|will|c| be dreaming on and on and on and on...)
An old pitcher, decorated with images of elder statesmen.

PENELOPE It HAD to be me, Freddy. Don't you see? It's ALWAYS the person you LEAST SUSPECT.

FREDDY I didn't suspect Srini. Could it be him instead?

PENELOPE It's a little late for that now.

FREDDY Wait! I REALLY didn't suspect ME!

PENELOPE Well, if it's YOU, then I'm doing the town a favor by disposing of you, aren't I? Penelope snickers cruelly. Then, readying her handbag, she eyes the lantern sitting on the newel post.

PENELOPE Oops! How clumsy of me!

PENELOPE Before I kill you, Mr. Gunslingin' Stranger Hero-type, let's find out who you REALLY are behind that silver ear!

Maybe you should be finding a way to avoid the oil as much as possible, rather than trying to splash about in it.

Looks like the oily swamp water has seeped into the basement.

Wait! That's not swamp water. That must be |c0|oil|c|!! It's what Penelope was after all along...Coarsegold was sitting on a rich oil deposit, and you never even realized it!

It also appears to be burning quite readily, and from what little you know about oil, you don't have long before the whole thing goes up in flames, taking you and the schoolhouse with it!

Boy, were you guys |c0|stupid|c|, or what? Still, this seems like a rather severe punishment.

There are no trap doors, no hidden exits, nothing whatsoever that would help you.

It's the dank little schoolhouse basement. The walls and columns are made of rough brick; the stone floor is dirty and uneven.

You've got VASTLY more important things to do than to chat with the scenery!

You "scooch" the chair closer and closer to your precious silver ear...and just manage to snag it!

You can't reach it from the chair, Freddy!

It's your silver ear. Your cover's blown now!

Hey, that's school property, leave it alone.

There's a small bookshelf set in the wall near the stairs.

You'd never be able to drag your chair up those steps...at least, not in time to avoid being incinerated first!

Stairs leading up to the schoolroom. And they're looking mighty attractive right about now.

You can't even hope to reach those shelves.

There's a tall set of bookshelves jammed in the corner.

Yes, crawling through the puddle of oil to get to the toy chest seems like a smashingly good idea, doesn't it?

Think again, Brainiac!

An old decorative toy chest.

I can take her! Hell, she's just a girl!

Hmmm. I dunno.

That was a pretty impressive half-gainer.

Oh, my God.

I'm going to die. Give me a break!

PENELOPE Did I forget to mention downstairs that Meadville Normal had the nation's first female fencing team?

FREDDY Justice will be done, madam!

PENELOPE I knew I shouldn't have wasted my time packing these cumulative grading folders!

PENELOPE I shall allow you to choose the manner of your demise.

FREDDY Say what?

PENELOPE Sorry, you took too long to decide.

Penelope grabs one of the swords off the Civil War display above the blackboard.

PENELOPE Curses! You've foiled me!

FREDDY It's not a foil, it's a sabre.

FREDDY A foil is straight and has two sharp edges, unless it's the smaller French foil which is dull and is used chiefly for thrusting. A sabre, like this one, is curved and has one sharp edge.

FREDDY As a teacher and a member of the fencing team, you of all people should have known THAT!

PENELOPE Oh, no...defeated AND corrected! Now I REALLY feel bad.

FREDDY (And thank god for my high school intramural sports program! Otherwise, I'd be fettucine al Freddy by now!)

He who fights and runs away...

... gets skewered!

There's a raging inferno down there, Freddy! Going that way is certain death!

You think you can see smoke curling up around the door jamb.

KENNY Why, it's you! I recognize you now! From the old neighborhood. Freddy something!

FREDDY Good to see you again, Kenny. I hope I didn't hurt your hand out there in the street.

KENNY Whoa! That was you, out there? I didn't recognize you. Have you done something with your hair?

KENNY It's funny, Pharkas! I thought I killed your sorry ass back in St. Louis!

FREDDY Not my hair, Kenny, but with THIS!

Wielding your sharpened ear like a Chinese throwing star, you whip it across the room at Kenny, and it catches him right in the throat!

KENNY Freddy Pharrrrggggghhhhh!!

If you touch Kenny, you'll have to turn your back on Penelope, and she'll stab you through the heart.

Then again, if you ignore Kenny, he'll surely put a bullet through your heart.

This basically sucks.

Him again! It's Kenny the Kid, your arch-nemesis from your gunslinging days.

He stares at you murderously, with glassy eyes and icewater in his veins.

(Or maybe he's got icewater in his eyes and glass in his veins?)

(No, wait! He's got veins in his eyes and icewater in a glass! That's it!)

Unfortunately, you're using the sword to keep Penelope at bay. You'll have to find some other way to deal with Kenny!

FREDDY Kenny, we're not kids anymore. We're grown up. We're both adults. Let's settle this reasonably.

KENNY I don't wanna. You can't make me. You're not the boss of me!

FREDDY I take back what I said about us both being adults.

KENNY Yeah? Well, I'm rubber, you're glue, everything you say bounces off me and sticks to you!

You resolve to return at a calmer moment and retrieve some of these pictures to decorate your Pharmacy.

(The fire burning downstairs notwithstanding.)

There's no way you'll be able to grab her before she turns you into Fred-Ka-Bobs!

There's a better deadly weapon for dealing with her!

(Actually, there's TWO, but this game is rated PG!)

FREDDY Penelope, can't we talk this out like civilized people?

PENELOPE Talk all you like. I'm fencing.

FREDDY Oh my gosh! First you plot to destroy Coarsegold, then you sell stolen property? The shame of it all!

PENELOPE Not THAT kind of fencing, you fool! Fencing with SWORDS!

FREDDY Oh, okay! Now I got it!

One of the two Civil War Swords is still above the blackboard.

While you're stupidly standing there taking in the scenery, Penelope decides you're not really interested in fighting back.

PENELOPE Oh, Freddy!

FREDDY Ah, yeah?

PENELOPE Here.

WILLY Yes, sir! By gum, by cracky!

WILLY With his one good ear all mangled and grody, Freddy managed to leap from the schoolhouse just seconds before it went up in the biggest conflagration Coarsegold'd ever seen!

The truth came out about Penelope, and how she'd bin plottin' to buy up the oil rights. There wuz no earthly way she coulda survived the blast; still, it were curious how they never recovered her body.

Sheriff Shift and P.H. Balance were run outta town on a rail. The townsfolk leased the oil rights to sum big developers...soon everbody was rollin' in dough, sprucin' up the town and revitalizin' Coarsegold.

Me? I eventually found m' whittlin' knife, all gunked up. I don't 'member droppin' it, I must've had a spell of stupidity or sumpin'.

And as fer Freddy, welp, he made hisself another couple o' silver prosthesii...one to replace the ear that Kenny'd just shot off, and one to replace the silver ear that ended up fatally lodged in Kenny's windpipe.

Whut with all the fuss, Freddy was able to keep his gunslingin' identity a secret. And it were a good thing, too, 'cuz Freddy's adventures wuz far from over.

But that, li'l nipper, is another story.

Now git off my lap. Yer startin' to compact my vitals.

Copyright (c) 1993 Sierra On-Line.

Copyright (c) 1993 Screw Loose Amusements.

Thank you for playing FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER

PHARMACIST.

You done REAL good, kid!

Yer final score wuz
out of 999 points! Not bad fer a tenderfoot!
out of 999 points! Hold yer head up high, Buckaroo!
out of 999 points! Yer mama'd be so proud!
Now the whole town still remembers
How the old schoolhouse was blown to embers,
Though Miss Primm's body was never, ever found.
While the Sheriff and the Banker
Left the folks of Coarsegold red with anger,
So, tarred and feathered, they ran 'em out of town.
And Srini, he became an
Ordinary Rexall Teepee Shaman
Down on the Pecos, where Injun hearts still burn.
While the townsfolk, safe from danger,
Talk about that silver-earlobed stranger,
Where did he come from, and when will he return?
Pharkas, Freddy Pharkas.
Black gold fields were his legacy.
Freddy Pharkas, Freddy Pharkas.
Peerless, earless and free!
Restore
Restart
Continue
Quit

Deaths

At least your aim is improving.
You shot your eye out with that thing, kid!
Oops! You tried something really incredibly stupid.
You shot your damn foot off!
Remember...SAVE EARLY, SAVE OFTEN! You shot yourself, fool!

Restore

Restart

Quit

Caution: the Surgeon General has determined that you've gotten EXACTLY what you deserved.

Next time, don't inhale.

Poor, poor Freddy...died for lack of garlic butter!

The Second Rule of the Old West Medicine Chest: Never drink your own mistakes!

Next time, try drinking something healthier...like radiator sealant.

Next time, don't inhale!

Rest in pieces.

Guess you're a flatlander.

As the town hero, you've been given the sack.

A crushing defeat!

Rest in pieces, Freddy Pharkas.

That's what you get for firing a weapon that hasn't been cleaned since Lincoln was assassinated!

Shooting people point-blank is frowned upon in polite society.

A bubblin' crude! Blood, that is. Red gold. Tourniquet Tea.

You come to a sworded end!

Maybe if you could've caught him red-handed...

It's Slime Time!

Take a burn!

Coarsegold's shot to hell now!

A death too disgusting for even US to describe!

Dammit, Freddy, you're a pharmacist, not a veterinarian!

You've sold out. Some Western Hero YOU are!

WILLY An' that's how Freddy met his ironic ol' death...fum ingestin' horsey products that wuz never meant to be ingested.

A few days later, all o' Coarsegold got bought up by some mysterious East Coast consortium, and...well...

The rest, as they's fond of sayin', is history.

WILLY Yip, Freddy's itchy trigger finger got th' best of him. The sheriff wuzn't about to let Freddy git away with shootin' folks in cold blood.

'Course, the Sheriff pretty much shut down the town a few days later, throwin' everybuddy out into the street. Never did figger out who he was actin' on behalf of, anyways.

And that's m'story fer now, boys and girls. The ol' epiglottis ain't whut she used ta be.

WILLY So Freddy were left fer dead, oozin' blood into the hard-packed dirt of the streets of Coarsegold.

Not long afterwards, those who wouldn't git outta their beloved Coarsegold ended up the same way. Life's a real bitch sumtimes, ain't she?

Pardon me now, nature's callin'.

WILLY So 'cuz Freddy couldn't think of a way to put out the fire, all of Coarsegold was in ashes by the next mornin'.

The loss of life wuz tree-menjus, but somewhere, sumbuddy was sure happy about it, 'cuz before you knew it...

Well, that's another story, boys 'n girls.

WILLY So, sorry to say, that's how Freddy Pharkas done up and died.

Takin' medication he didn't need were the death of him, and it warn't long afterwards that Coarsegold fell into the hands of...of...

Gol darn it, I'm too choked up to tell yuz how it all ended. *sniff*

WILLY Guess ol' Freddy just warn't thinkin' too well thet day. Them guns hadn't been fired in decades.

The resultin' explosion took off Freddy's hands, his forearms, shattered his clavicle and broke his whutch a call your left tibia. He died kinda messy-like a couple hours later.

As fer the rest of Coarsegold, well...let's just say it wuz laid to rest not long afterwards.

WILLY 'Course, the rilly ironic thang is thet Freddy shoulda known better'n to drink that arful patent medicine. It wuz like to pourin' a bottle of grain alkyhol down yer gullet.

Freddy died jes' a li'l while later, foamin' at the mouth and pointin' at sum purple wild dingos he thought he wuz seein'.

Coarsegold came to a nasty end, whut with the...well, I don't like t' talk about it, it gimmee the ol' white trash blues.

WILLY Nope, Freddy didn't quite make it outta that schoolhouse alive. Nope, nope, nope, nope, nope. Nunh-unh.

Penelope, she bought up the whole town, or whut wuz left of it after the explosion, and made a fortune with the oil rights.

How wuz we to know the town wuz built on oil fields? We didn't even know whut oil wuz!

We warn't STUPID, y'know. Just nobody'd told us whut OIL were! Fer corn's sake!

Now I'm riled. Go tell yerself stories fum now on. Don't even talk to me.

WILLY Yep, Freddy fell down, went "boom."

It were a sad day, we found 'em all squished and not really livin' anymore.

'Course, we had our own problems to deal with, all of a sudden-like. Thet's about when the town of Coarsegold ceased to exist, as we'd done known it. But thet's another story, boys 'n girls. I gots to be alone wif my thoughts fer awhile.

WILLY Too bad about thet, y'know. Guess Freddy's constitution couldn't handle th' noxious fumes that wuz expectoratin' through town.

Seems to me a man with his edukashun shoulda known whut to do about a simple bit o'flatulence, but hey, I'm just a simple whittlin' sorta story-tellin' entertainin' kinda guy.

And thet's m'story for now. Now git along into bed, it's past yer bedtime.

WILLY So after awhile, most folks in town plum passed out from the noxious fumes. Them that didn't get kilt by the aroma got kilt when sum idjit struck a flint.

Anyways, it was a painless way t' go, even if it were kinda nauseating. And Freddy, well, at least he didn't have to reckon with his secret past anymore.

Now if Freddy had just thunk a little bit faster an' a little bit smarter, things mighta turned out a mite different. Now, how 'bout another story, or did you wanna hear this one again?

WILLY Poor ol' Freddy Pharkas done laughed hisself to death...

...but the folks of Coarsegold, they wuzn't laughin' two weeks later when the whole town got bought up from underneath 'em.

Ol' Willy's done spinnin' yarns fer now. This one always makes me go all teary-eyed and phlegmy.

WILLY ...Mebbe if Freddy'd found sum way to stop "Aces" before he'd won up all the deeds to the town, there'd still be a Coarsegold today. 'Course, Aces weren't actin' on his own,

sumbuddy'd put him up to it. Never found out who or why, though.

And as fer me, I got outta town by sundown and hightailed it to the Ozarks, where a man kin still be a man wifout other men questionin' me about bein' manly or not.

But that ain't neither here nor there. Now get outta here.

WILLY That's how it all ended. Freddy'd let the whole dang town die o' the creepin' cruds.

I wuz lucky, I stuck to whisky so's I wouldn't get poizoned by the town's drinkin' water.

Iffn only Freddy'd used his pharmacological powers fer the good o' the town. *sigh* Then this story'd mighta had a happier endin'.

WILLY So that's how Freddy's brilliant career done come to a screechin' halt. He sank into the swamp and wuz never seen again.

A shame, too, 'cuz the rest of us were kinda plannin' on bein' in the sequel.

That ain't one of my better stories, anyhoo. Say, did I ever tell ya the story about ol' King Graham? It seems there wuz this evil wizard, and he got Graham into just a peck o' trouble...

WILLY Well, you gots to admit the fella died tryin' to defend his town.

Now, we all either hadda leave town or get shot up anyways, so it's not as if Freddy'd done any real good, but it were still excitin' to have him around fer awhile.

I guess that story don't end so good. Lemme see, have I told you th' one about the travelin' band uniform salesman and the librarian? Welp, it seems there was trouble in River City, and they had this pool table, and...

WILLY ...and them rowdy cowhands, whom sumbody'd hired to come in and skare folks off a bit, ended up shootin' Freddy and chasin' everbody outta town.

And as fer Coarsegold, well, none of us ever found out who wuz behind all the evildoin's.

Not that we cared. It warn't that much of a town, anyways. Say, did I ever tell ya the story about a little nose-pickin' brat named Willy Beamish? Welp, it all started in this town that wuz mostly strip-malls...

WILLY Yip, Freddy met his death at the tip of a sword. Too bad, 'cuz he'd gotten so close to savin' Coarsegold from fallin' into Penelope's mercenary clutches.

So Penelope went ahead with her little scheme. She bought up the town real cheap and made millions in the oil industry.

She died just a few years back, but she wuz so rich that she had herself froze solid 'till they could find a way to bring her back to life. Ain't that a hoot?

WILLY And that's how Freddy done up and died...from eatin' mollusks without the proper accompanying condiments.

And as fer Coarsegold, well, it wuzn't long before it was wiped from the face of the earth. (sob) (sob) (sniffle) (retch)

WILLY Now it wuzn't as if Freddy didn't have enuf time to stop them snails, but somehow, he screwed it up but good. The snails ran over Coarsegold and slimed it to kingdom come.

Those of us that wuzn't kilt hadda leave town without bringin' anything with us.

I wuz one of the ones that didn't make it. That's right, sonny! Yer talkin' to a GHOST! BOO!!! Nyah-ha-ha...*cough* *wheeze* *hack*

WILLY So before he hardly got nowhere, Freddy sold out to the Banker and walked outta Coarsegold with enough cash to start a new life somewheres else.

Naah, we don't keep in touch no more. I kinda resent the guy, him sellin' us all down the river and sich. We all hadda give up our propitty after that. For all I know, he died in a pharmacy, and good riddance to him.

He wuz never nuttin' special, anyway. I forgit why I even brought him up.

WILLY Kinda silly, but yep, that's how Freddy died...crushed by a load of bicarbonate while tryin' to put out the fire at the ol' Assay office.

The whole town burned to the ground that night, and the British troops got turned back.

British Troops? Waitaminnit, I'm getting confused. OH, okay, now I remembers. It wuzn't Freddy that got squashed by them sacks of powder, that wuz sumthin' else. Lemme go back and figger out what actually DID happen to Freddy Pharkas.

Credits Tomfoolery

PENELOPE FREDDY! You?!

FREDDY Why, Penelope, why? Why on earth have you done all this?

PENELOPE I suppose I can tell you. You know too much already, so I can never let you live. I had just finished my education back in western Pennsylvania at the local Meadville Normal School...

PENELOPE Wait, Josh, can I ask a question?

|c0|CUT!|c|

FREDDY Shelley, how many times are we gonna do this scene??

PENELOPE It's just that I don't understand my motivation for this speech.

Oh, geez.

PENELOPE I mean, why would Penelope reveal all this to Freddy? Why doesn't she just kill him and get on with it?

FREDDY Just |c2|do|c| it, all right? I wanna get home tonight.

PENELOPE This is about |c2|acting|c|, Gil. You wouldn't know anything about it!

Shel, it's just a plot device so that the audience understands what's going on. Otherwise we leave a lot of unanswered questions.

PENELOPE Can't we put it in the manual instead, Joshie, sweetie? It's so |c2|dull|c|.

No, then they might read it before they finish the game. Ready to take it again?

PENELOPE I suppose.

And...ACTION!

FREDDY Ow!

PENELOPE Oh, god.

FREDDY You HIT me again. You REALLY hit me.

|c0|CUT!|c|

FREDDY Yes, I'm cut, and I'm bleeding, too.

PENELOPE I hope it's serious.

FREDDY I'm gonna sue. This is what happened to Margaret Hamilton, y'know.

Where are you bleeding?

FREDDY My finger!

PENELOPE He'll never pick his ear with that finger again.

FREDDY You shut up, this is all your fault.

Can you suffer through one more take, Gil?

FREDDY Sure, Josho, and I'll bleed to death, but you'll have your game. That's what you want, isn't it?

FREDDY So c'mon, let's do it. What are we waiting for? C'mon, let's go.

Use the pain. Direct it at Shelley.

FREDDY ALL RIGHT!

And...ACTION!

SRINI Oh, my formal fellow, I am but a weary traveler from-a da land far, far way.

|c0|CUT!!|c|

SRINI Whatta was wrong with-a that?

The accent slipped, Antonio.

SRINI Wotta you talkin' about? That wassa perfect! You doan' know an Indian accent-a iffa she hits you over da head!

FREDDY didn't hear any Italian creeping in. I thought it was pretty good.

SRINI I'm-a goin' to my trailer! I can't work under these-a conditions! You call-a my agent, you don't like-a my accent!

Antonio! Don't walk on the ants!
SRINI Ants! Hah! 'Atsa what I think of your lousy ants!
Mike, get Antonio's agent on the phone. Steve, get the rest of the programmers down here.
Gil, take five.

FREDDY STUNT!

FREDDY STUNT DOUBLE!

FREDDY Hey, I said STUNT DOUBLE!

FREDDY I'm not doing this jump myself. I could break my neck.

Gil, just do it.

FREDDY Yeah, right, like THAT'S in my contract. My stunt double is supposed to handle this.

She can't, she quit yesterday.

FREDDY What? Why?

People, people, work with me here! I'm sensing reluctance! Now please, just do the jump before we lose the Assay set, all right?

OVAREE Doesn't this scene take place at night?

We're shooting day-for-night. It's cheaper. The artists will fix it in post-production.

OVAREE Oh, I see.

Off the set, Millie.

OVAREE But I wanted to watch Gil break his neck!

Get out! He's nervous enough about doing the scene without you watching him.

Ready, Gil?

FREDDY This is ridiculous. I swear, I'll sue if something goes wrong. This is what happened to Margaret Hamilton, y'know.

Just DO IT! And...ACTION!

FREDDY OW! Worker's comp! Worker's comp!

CUT!!

This adventure game is a work of fiction and is protected under the law under the general heading of parody, which means we really hope we can get away with everything we said and did in the game. If not, we'll just fall back on the old "the people and events described herein bear no relation to any real or imagined people and events" loophole.

A total of 34 animals were injured or maimed in the making of this game. After all, we wanted complete realism.

Credits

FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST is brought to you in living VGA by the hombres out at Sierra On-Line, Inc. and Screw Loose Amusements.

Designed and written by

Al Lowe and Josh Mandel

Produced and Directed by

Josh Mandel

Authentic Western Art by

Bob Gleason,
Ruben Huante,

Phy "No Relation" Williams,
and Karin Young

Authentic Western\08 Programming by

Steve Conrad,
William R. Shockley,
and Cynthia L. Swafford

Authentic Western\08 Music & Sounds by Aubrey Hodges and Authentic Western\08

Quality Assurance by
Mike W. Pickhinke

Additional Animation and Mondo Thanks To:

Jeff Crowe
Joan Delehanty
Maria Fruehe
Gloria Garland
Michael Hutchison
Tony Margioni
Jerry Moore
Cindy Walker
Chris "Smokehouse" Willis
Deanna Yhalkee

Special Guest Programming:

Doug Oldfield
Carlos Escobar
Brian K. Hughes

Customer Service Liaisons:

Larry Buchanan
Mike Weiner

Systems Programming:

Vana Baker
Ed Critchlow
Dan Foy
J. Mark Hood
Brian K. Hughes
Ken Koch
Jack Magne
Terry McHenry
Martin Peters
Larry Scott
Christopher Smith
Mark Wilden

Special Thanks To:

Bob Ballew
Donovan Holmes
Jeff & Jon Martin
Rick Spurgeon
Nathan Gams
Alan Mandel
And the Freddy Pharkas Beta Testers

If you're not enjoying FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST, you will no doubt also dislike Al Lowe's other groundbreaking comedy adventure games:

|c1|Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards;|c|c2| Leisure Suit Larry 2: 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.

To order these or any other Sierra products (including the handy six-pack of FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST), call 1-800-326-6654, 7:00 am to 7:00 pm, Monday through Friday; or fax us your order at 209-683-4297. For International orders, call (44) 734303201.

Hints for Freddy Pharkas are available on our 24-hour Hint Line, 900-370-5583 (United States) or (44) 734304004 (United Kingdom). \$0.75 each minute; long distance charges are included in the fee. Callers under the age of 18 must get their parents' permission before calling.

Hint Books may be purchased from our Sales Department. Hints or answers are also available for free by mail (P.O. Box 200, Coarsegold, CA, 93614-0200, Attn: Hint Department), or can be found on the Sierra Bulletin Board, (209-683-4463).

Our Customer Support people can help with technical problems, disk replacements, etc.: 209-683-8989 (phone) or 209-683-3633 (fax). Absolutely no hints will be provided through our customer support lines.

This half-hour infomercial has been brought to you by Screw Loose Amusements, the Freddy Pharkas team. Now back to the game, already in progress.

The credits aren't in need of anything you've got.

You can't take credit for something you haven't done!

This is a credit. This wasn't actually found in Coarsegold in the 1880's, but if they WERE, they'd have looked a lot like this one!

Talking to credits? You are in need of counseling.

That person doesn't want what you're offering. What an ungrateful wretch!

What's the matter, you don't like your OWN name, so you want to take somebody else's?

It looks like the name of a hardworking employee with a large ego.

Shhhh, that person's already working on another game.

Sierra Customer Service

Call Sierra Customer Service for inquiries about returned merchandise, back orders, defective merchandise, company policy, and general game information. You can call Sierra Customer Service at (800) 743-7725, 8:15 A.M. - 4:45 P.M. Pacific time, Monday-Friday.

For Sierra U.K. Customer Service, call (44) 734 303171 or fax (44) 734 303201.

NOTE: No game hints will be given out over the phone! See "Game Hints" elsewhere in the "Help" menu for hint information.

Sierra Sales

To place an order with Sierra On-Line, call (800) 326-6654 from 7:00 a.m. through 7:00 p.m. Pacific Time, Monday through Friday, for convenient, person-to-person service.

If you prefer, you may place your order via fax (209) 683-4297 (please include your name, address, phone number, credit card number and expiration date.)

To place an international order with our Sierra U.K. Sales Office call (44) 734-303171 for convenient, person-to-person service, or fax your order to (44) 734-303201. You can also place your international order with our U.S. office at (209) 683-1263 or fax your order to (209) 683-4297.

Sierra Technical Support

Technical assistance is only a telephone call away. Call (209) 683-8989 for convenient, person-to-person service. If you prefer, you may request assistance by fax (209) 683-3633 or mail.

If you write in with your help request, please give us detailed information on both your computer system and the nature of your problem. Please include your address and telephone number in case

we need additional information.

Send your written request to:

Sierra On-Line
Attention: Technical Support
P.O. Box 800
Coarsegold, CA 93614-0800

Sierra Technical Support is also available through:

|c3|*|c|Sierra BBS: |c2|(209) 683-4463|c|
|c3|*|c|CompuServe: GAMAPUB Forum
(Type GO GAMAPUB)
|c3|*|c|Prodigy: WBWW55A
(Technical Support ID)
|c3|*|c|America On-Line
|c3|*|c|GEnie

Technical Trouble-Shooting Tips

If you're experiencing any type of technical difficulties with your program, here are some suggestions we recommend you try.

1. |c0|Review the README file in your game subdirectory.|c| You may do this by typing README at the DOS prompt from the game subdirectory (the default game directory is C:\SIERRA\FPPF, but you may have changed this during the INSTALL procedure). The README file may contain additional instructions since the documentation was printed.
2. Boot your system with the Boot Disk you created. (See Boot Disk Instruction in the Sierra Game Manual.) Then reinstall and run the game under a Boot Disk environment.
3. If you are experiencing any form of program hesitation or lockups during game play and you are using a Sound Blaster or compatible sound card, the following information is a temporary solution to have you up and running quickly:

For Sound Blaster or compatible sound card users, run the install procedure from the game sub-directory, select the "Adlib" or "PC Internal Speaker" option for music, and select "No Audio/Speech Card" for speech where applicable.

Note: |c0|This temporary solution does not give you the option to hear the sampled sounds or the speech that may be available in your game. For correct sound card functionality, a call to Sierra On-Line's Technical Support is recommended.|c|

4. If you are currently using the PS/1 option for speech and are encountering program hesitation or lockups during game play, run the internal procedure from the game sub-directory and select "No Audio/Speech Card" for speech where applicable.
5. If applicable, select "Do Not Use Extended Memory" for the memory option.

If the problem continues, call or fax Sierra Technical Support.

Telephone: |c2|(209) 683-8989|c|
fax: |c3|(209) 683-3633|c|

Answers to our most frequently asked technical questions are available by calling our Technical Support Line at |c1|(209) 683-8989|c| and following the menus. If your specific issue is not addressed, an option to speak to a Technical Support Representative will be available.

Answers to our most frequently asked technical questions are also available on the free Sierra BBS. At the main menu, select the option for Technical Help and then select the option for the Top 10 Technical Issues.

Warranty Information

If you need to send for replacement diskettes, send the original disk #1 to:
(In the United States & Canada:)

Sierra On-Line
Attention: Returns

P.O. Box 485
Coarsegold, CA 93614

(In the U.K.):

Sierra On-Line Limited
Attn: Returns
Unit 2, Theale Technology Centre,
Station Road
Theale, Berkshire RG7 4AA
United Kingdom

Be sure to include a note stating your computer type, and the size of diskette you need (5.25" or 3.5"). We will gladly replace your program free of charge for the first 90 days of ownership (please enclose a copy of your dated sales receipt with your request).

After 90 days there is a \$10.00 (6 Pounds in the U.K.) charge for 3.5" or 5.25" diskettes.

THE PROMISE: We want you to be happy with every Sierra product you purchase from us. Period. If for any reason you're unhappy with the product, return it within 30 days for an exchange or a full refund...**EVEN IF YOU BOUGHT IT RETAIL!**

THE ONLY CATCH: You've got to tell us why you don't like it. Otherwise, we'll never get better. Send it back to us and we promise we'll make things right. (If you bought it at a retail outlet, please send us your original sales receipt.)

Game Hints

No, this isn't a menu of hints. You'd cheat. We know you would, because we play games, too, and we cheat every chance we get.

But we have a lot of ways for you to GET hints.

Hints are available by phone, hint books (order through the Sierra Sales Department), through the Sierra Bulletin Board Service |c0|(209-683-4463)|c|, TSN (The Sierra Network), or by mail (P.O. Box 200, Coarsegold, CA 93614-0200, Attn: Hint Department).

If you want an immediate response, you can call our 24 hour Hint Line at |c3|900-370-5583|c| (in the U.S.). In the U.K., call |c2|(44)734 304004|c|. The charge is \$0.75 each minute. Long distance charges are included in the fee. U.K. customers will be charged the normal rate for U.K. telephone calls.

|c0|Callers under the age of 18 must get their parents' permission before calling the Hint Line.

ABSOLUTELY NO HINTS WILL BE PROVIDED THROUGH OUR CUSTOMER SUPPORT LINES. At this time, the automated hint system is only available within the United States.|c|

All contents are copyrighted by Sierra On-Line and may not be reproduced in any form without express written permission.

EXIT

Help With ...

Freddy Pharkas Frontier Pharmacist Script Code!

Verbs

- 1 Look
- 2 Talk
- 3 Walk
- 4 Touch
- 5 use elixir
- 6 Inv item
- 7 Help

9 use door key
10 use prescription
11 use meds
12 use prescription
13 use meds
14 use prescription
15 use whiskey
16 use prescription/whiskey combo
17 perforated tin can
18 use meds

20 Preparation G

23 use water
24 use tin can
25 Use ice pick
26 use charcoal
27 Use leather strap
28 use gas mask
29 Use deflatuliser
30 use snails
31 use money
32 use bottle cap
33 Use beer
34 use empty bottles
35 Use church key
36 use ladder
37 use rope
38 use lasso
39 use water purification
40 use nitrous oxide
41 use baking soda?
42 use naughty postcards
43 Use wax
44 Use knife
45 use desktop key
46 use enhanced door key
47 use gun
48 use apple pie
49 use coffee
50 Use cleaning kit
51 Use bullets
52 Use clay
53 use medallion

55 silver ear
56 use cowboy clothes
57 Use claim check
58 Use boots
59 use neckerchief
60 use sharp ear
61 sword

62 use letter
63 use shovel
64 use full bag
65 use empty bag
66 use horse dung
67 use ear in mold
68 use wax in mold
69 use empty mold
70 use wax ear
71 use medication
72
83 use meds

SPEAKERS

99 narrator
1 Billy
2 Chester Field
3 Sam
5 brat
6 pickpocket guy
7 Mrs Tucker
8 ol' Pete
9 Dominick
10 Herbert
11 Pete
12 Hop SIng
14 Ezekial
15 Carrie Sue
16 dog Rover
17 Dog with three legs
18 sheep
19 duck
20 chicken
21 pig
22 tumbleweed
23 girl
24 veteran
25 Texas ranger
26 Pony Express
27 poncho guy
28 Ima Flirt
29 Mrs O'Hanahan
30 Olga the sheep
40 Srini
42 banker
43 Salvatore the barber
44 Chasity
45 Purity
46 Virtue

47 Madame Ovaree
48 Doc
49 Freddy
50 Aces
51 judge
52 Zircon Jim Laffer
53 Helen
54 Kenny
56 Penelope
57 Willy
58 sheriff
59 Smithie